

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN IN THE WEST.

Magistrate E. G. Scovill and an Important Case That He Had in Hand.

Magistrate E. G. Scovill of Peterboro, B. C. is a son of Mr. E. G. Scovill of this city, and though he has been in the western country but a short time he occupies an important position in this apparently wild place. A recent issue of the Outlook, a newspaper, a few weeks old, published in Canterbury, contains an account of a desperate encounter between two well known men of the place. Both appear to have lived in Eastern Canada and one of them was a member of the Wizard Oil Company which was in St. John for so long a time.

One of the names of the men was Collins and he was hunting for his antagonist, Dando, with a revolver. The latter was staying at the Union hotel and when Collins entered, Joe Simpson, Jas. Quinliven and John Reads were in the bar. He asked where the proprietors were and was told by Simpson he did not know. Collins then said "They had better get home pretty quick." He then asked if the Barjo Kid roomed there. Simpson told him he did not know. He then pulled a revolver out of his pocket and said he would blow the brains out of Dando as sure as his name was Fred Collins, at the same time edging away from Simpson as though afraid he would take the revolver away from him. He then put the revolver in his pocket and went up stairs. Mean time those in the bar room fearing there would be shooting got into places of safety from bullet shots.

When Collins arrived up stairs he went into Dando's room and waking him told him it was all off with his brains and shot Dando in the groin. Dando got up and there followed some scuffling and a second shot pierced Dando in the left side. Collins then ran down stairs, through the bar room saying, "Dando took my gun from me and shot me." His face was covered with blood. He made cross towards Harry Munson's throwing the revolver away and falling down several times. He reached the store and went on through to the kitchen where he was followed by Geo. Starke and Jas. Quinliven, who found him lying on the floor by the back, crying. They arrested him and when they dragged him outside. Magistrate Scovill had sworn in Dave Keaton, Wm. Colton and J. Williams as special policemen, who took him in charge and locked him in the Delphine staving parlor and he was afterwards removed to B. Hart's cabin.

When Collins passed through the bar room, Quinliven and Simpson came out of their places of retreat and rushed up stairs, where they saw Dando lying on the bed in the landing. He lay across the bed on his left side with his face down. They turned him over and straightened him on the bed. He was gasping or rather opening and shutting his mouth. His pants were burning where the bullet entered and Quinliven put it out with his hand. They then started out after the murderer.

Dr. R. Elliott was instructed by Magistrate Scovill to make a post mortem examination of the murdered man and had him removed to an empty log house across the street. He found that death must have occurred instantly after the second shot as it passed through his left side and struck the top of his heart lodging between his seventh and eighth ribs on his right side. The first shot entered the left groin and went straight in for some distance which was proven by probing, but the bullet could not be found for some little time and then it was discovered just under on the right side, so that it must have turned in its course. In his work the doctor was obliged to make several cuts and says that the first shot would have proven fatal, and that the second would have killed him even if it had not struck the heart.

Perhaps no one in the valley has known Arthur Dando longer than W. P. Evans of the Outcrop, who has known Dando since 1895 in Edmonton, where Dando's mother lived at the time and where she died some three years ago. Evans afterwards met him in Sandon in '98 and in Kaslo a year ago. He went from Kaslo to Argenta and opened a barber shop. Afterwards coming to Peterboro. He was an Englishman, but has lived in Canada many years. He lived in Ontario at one time,

afterward in McLeod, Alberta and Edmonton. He was of a roving disposition and not overly fond of hard work. Sometimes he earned his living as a bar tender and barber or at anything else he could find to do. He earned a little by playing banjo and "for that reason was named the "Banjo Kid." Deceased was a man of about 35 years, but looking younger. His complexion light. His hair a light brown and mustache reddish brown. He could be very amiable when so disposed, but was often quarrelsome, especially when under the influence of liquor. He had hoped to get the appointment as police officer here, but no one else expected he would and he was so informed by the Hon. Mr. Wells a week before his death. Dando had a very good education, but it is not known how or where he obtained it. There was no money found among his possessions and he doubtless died without a dollar belonging to him.

Frederick Collins, who is now held for the awful crime of murdering A. Dando, was born and raised in Woodstock, Ont. He, like Dando, was of a roving disposition and a banjo player. He has travelled extensively in Canada and the United States and for many months traveled with a Wizard Oil troupe. He came to Canterbury with "Curley" Burns from Golden last July to paint the Hotel Canterbury after they got through in August "Curley" went to Seattle, and Collins to Peterboro where he got odd jobs of painting. He was a very good landscape artist and wood carver. He lived with two girls, although it is said to his credit that he paid the rent of the house and continually gave the girl Freddie money. He often pleaded with the girl to quit her life and marry him, but she refused saying she was not good enough for him. He was always, when sober, a good hearted and jovial fellow, generally good natured when drunk but was known at times to become fairly wild. Some claim he was in the habit of taking a dope of some kind and believe he had taken so much that he did not know what he was doing when he committed the awful crime.

All day Tuesday he laid on the bed in Hart's cabin with handcuffs on, talking senselessly and did not appear to know what he was doing. His face looked hard. It was dirty and several cut about his left eye from the bottle which Dando hit him with made him appear repulsive. He did not appear to recognize the Outcrop reporter and refused to recognize any names mentioned of those present. Whether this was actually the case or assumed is hard to tell. He is of dark complexion, with black hair and mustache. He has little of the appearance so generally depicted in a murderer. When searched Collins had \$35 in his pockets.

A preliminary trial was held by E. J. Scovill, J. P., Tuesday evening in the Town Hall, Mr. H. Macdonald acting for the Crown. When the following witnesses were examined: Jos. Simpson, James Quinliven, J. Reads, Dr. R. Elliott, B. C. Burton, W. H. Skelton, Wm. Colton, H. Munson and Geo. Starke. When the prisoner was brought in he had a much better appearance than during the day as he had washed and looked brighter. Throughout the trial he did not appear to take much interest in it, acting very stupid and when the charge of murder was read refused to answer, but finally stammered: "I didn't do anything," but not until his worship demanded, no nonsense." The prisoner was committed for trial at the next assizes which takes place in Revolt-stoke.

Followed Instructions Too Closely. There was some unnecessary challenging on election day. For example, Collector W. A. Lockhart was asked to swear that he had not voted before and just about the same time C. E. L. Jarvis was asked to subscribe to the same oath. Both gentlemen did so. It appears that it was thought they had voted in the county and were voting again for the candidates. Senator Ellis was asked if he had voted before. These things do not seem necessary where men are well known but representatives sometimes follow instructions too closely.

A VERY PLEASANT AFFAIR.

Mr. Char. E. Marston Entertains a Few Good Friends at the Hotel Dufferin.

Mr. Charles A. Marston of Fall River, Mass., who has been in the city for several weeks and met many pleasant acquaintances, took the opportunity of giving a dinner to a "few good friends" on Tuesday evening last. It was a delightful affair from every point of view and reflected great credit on the host who superintended the arrangements, as well as upon the manager of the Dufferin, who carried out his ideas. Mr. Marston is proprietor of the leading hotel in Fall River, and it can well be imagined how just how such an impromptu gathering of good friends should be entertained and the best way to do it. The floral decorations were delicate, profuse and tastefully arranged. The service was in every way excellent, and the menu could hardly be surpassed. Among those who were present were: Messrs M. A. Finn, W. H. M. Qaude, John Kelly, Bruce Caldwell, E. S. Carter, Warden McGoldrick, D. C. Clinch, G. L. Purdy, John Walsh, Frank Foster, J. T. Powers, Dr. Morris John W. Wetmore and F. D. LeFebvre.

A pleasant feature of the evening was the presentation of a very handsome gold headed cane to Mr. Marston, which was done in a very graceful manner by Warden McGoldrick. Mr. M. A. Finn was the toast master of the evening. The speeches in response to the patriotic and other toasts that were proposed were replete with fun and repartee.

Mr. Marston has been in the habit of coming to the provinces and Newfoundland every year in search of big game. There is no doubt that he was quite successful this season as ever and he returns to Fall River with a better knowledge of the city of St. John and its people than he had before. People who met him were delighted with his companionship and will be glad to see him again whenever and wherever they are privileged to meet him.

ST. JOHN WILL MISS HIM.
The Death of Dr. John Berryman—Friend of Rich and Poor Alike.

The death of Dr. John Berryman, which occurred a few days ago, removes a gentleman from the ranks of the citizens of St. John whose place it will be almost impossible to fill. There was no man better liked, better known or more respected than Dr. John Berryman. His reputation as a physician was of an enviable character; his kindness as a friend was something that those who possessed the privilege of knowing him can never forget. He has occupied many positions in the public eye and could have had all that he wished had he chosen to accept them. His work was always of a patriotic order and the little spare time he could afford from his profession he devoted to the welfare of a member of the various health bodies, of the hospital commission or whatever position he accepted he endeavored to fill it to the best of his ability, which is saying a great deal.

Some years ago the liberal party, of which he was a member, induced him to accept the nomination for the city of St. John in the House of Assembly at Fredericton. The fact that he was elected by a tremendous majority showed in some faint degree the esteem in which he was held and his popularity among the people. PROGRESS will not attempt to enter into the details of the life of Dr. Berryman. His daily work spoke for itself. He died, as it were, in harness, and the grief that was felt for his somewhat sudden taking off in the hundreds, yes thousands, of families of the city of St. John, was as heartfelt as if he had been a near relative instead of a friend.

An Old Voter.
An old man 111 years of age turned out in St. Martins to vote for Col. Tucker. He walked into the booth and marked his own ballot. Probably he can claim that he was the oldest voter in Canada that day. He must have had a great interest in the contest to think of going to the polls. No wonder Col. Tucker got such a majority in the village by the sea. PROGRESS hopes to have a portrait of the old voter for its next issue.

Queens Beccated Game, Splendid Performance, Dances, 17 Waterloo

THE STORY OF THE FIGHT.

How the Majorities Rolled up in the City and County of St. John and the Province.

The campaign is over. The elections have been held and the liberals throughout the country are returned by an even greater majority than before.

In the maritime provinces the result is as much if not more in favor of the liberal party than it was in 1896 in favor of the conservative party. New Brunswick and Nova Scotia have both shown that they are in sympathy with the administration of the Laurier government and Prince Edward Island is sending five members to one to support the same view.

When it is considered that only a week ago the conservatives were intensely confident that the Maritime provinces would support them the result is all the more surprising. Their two great leaders Tupper and Foster went down with the majority of their followers and today the strange spectacle is presented of the gentleman who stalked the province haranguing here and there of what the conservative party had done and of those things that it might do, condemning in the most bitter words the acts of their opponents, being retired to private life by majorities which ranged from 600 to 1000.

The defeat of the venerable Sir Charles Tupper was not anticipated, but now it is assured that all the while the liberals in Cape Breton were quite confident of the result.

So far as Mr. Foster is concerned he never had a chance of election. The canvasses that he presented were of the most false and absurd kind, and the only thing that gave them prominence was the support they received from the president of the Canadian Pacific railway. The attempt to make the people of St. John believe that its future would be blasted if it elected the Hon. Minister of Railways proved an utter failure and the Canadian Pacific is no doubt receiving a well merited lesson and rebuke from the result.

The city of St. John said by over 1000 of a majority that they relied upon the assurance of the Minister of Railways rather than upon the clap trap of the ex-minister of finance.

The contest was most dramatic and the result so satisfactory, that it almost surprised those who worked so hard for it. The greatest efforts were put forth on both sides and at times some bitterness crept into the campaign that had better been omitted. A portion of this was no doubt due to the establishment of the so called Development Club, the creation, it might be said, of Mr. H. R. M. Lellan, who endeavored to bring about a support through the younger laboring men that would assist in the defeat of the Hon. Minister of Railways. The project was not successful and the last has been probably heard of the Development Club and its wide spread efforts at reform. Perhaps the best evidence of this is the disturbance which ensued in the rooms of the organization on the evening of the election. The cause of it is not to be stated here, but it was chiefly due to disappointment and mutual feelings of distrust and rancor. The call for the police was not answered promptly enough to catch the offenders, for when the officer arrived the place was deserted.

Nobody can attempt to describe adequately the demonstrations following the reading of the returns in St. Andrews rink where the liberal party held forth. The speeches of the candidates were received with a fervor and enthusiasm that was intense and deafening. On the streets from the rink to the hotel, the dense mass of people reminded one more of the day when the soldiers left for South Africa, than anything else. The crowds blackened King street, when the minister and other speakers addressed the people from the portico of the Royal hotel, and the reception which he held in his parlors was something to be remembered.

In striking contrast to this was the scene at Victoria rink which the conservatives, in their certainty of success, had engaged for the occasion. The crowd only lasted a short time. A few of the returns were sufficient for them and those whose only

interest was to be on the right side hastened to join the glad throng at St. Andrews rink to show themselves among the enthusiastic liberals and many of them to endeavor to make it appear that they had always been upon the certain side.

It was not all joy there. The results from Kings County were not as satisfactory as they might have been and it could not be decided whether Col. Domville or Mr. Geo. W. Fowler had won. It was not until late in the evening that the liberals learned exactly that Col. Domville had been defeated by 118 votes. The electors had turned out in greater force than usual and it was evident that the organization of Mr. Fowler's forces was very complete. He himself was at Rothesay and all day long engaged in watching the non-resident votes to say nothing of endeavoring to persuade the resident voters of that important parish that he was the right man for them to elect. His friends in St. John turned out in force to his assistance at Rothesay, his working committee was well organized and it is safe to say that not more than four or five votes were polled that were not legitimate. This is the first time in the history of non-resident polling at Rothesay that the same energetic watchfulness has been and the result, while a majority for Col. Domville, was not as satisfactory as might have been expected, the election being held in St. John and throughout every county preventing many who would have voted for him from going to the polls. More than that the confidence they had in the ability of the Colonel to defeat his opponent was owing largely to the result of the victory of the Hon. Mr. Pugsley over Mr. Sproul, which lent an over confidence to those who favored him, which was itself almost fatal, because they did not think it necessary to put themselves out to go to the polling place.

Even under these circumstances the non-resident vote polled was larger than it has ever been, but it was more Conservative than usual.

In Queens Hon. Mr. White had to contend with the same difficulty, and he did not have the same organization that Mr. Farris possessed a few weeks ago. Sunbury went for Mr. Wilmot and Queens, too, by a small majority. Mr. White's friends had the same over confidence that Col. Domville's had and the result was a failure.

Mr. Gibson's success in turning a majority of 1500 into a minority of 95 was a great triumph for York liberals. He had a strong opponent in Dr. McLeod a man who is known in religious, temperance and protestant circles, and who has been in the political stump before.

Another close county in New Brunswick was Albert when Dr. Weldon was defeated by 61 the majority of Dr. Lewis.

The following are the majorities, corrected, as far as possible before, declarations:

	Maj.
Albert—Lewis, Liberal	61
Carleton—Hale, Conservative	215
Charlotte—Ganong, Conservative	481
Gloucester—Turgeon, Liberal	1029
Kent—LeBlanc, Liberal	618
Kings—Fowler, Conservative	118
Northumberland—Robinson, Con	143
Restigouche—Reid, Liberal	500
St. John city—Blair, Liberal	1017
St. John county—Tucker, Liberal	639
Sunbury—Queens—Wilmot, Con	254
Victoria—Costigan, Liberal (accl.)	
Westmorland—Emmerson, Liberal	440
York—Gibson, Liberal	95

After claps of the campaign have been many and some of them most amusing. The telegrams of congratulations to Mr. Blair have, some of them, come from unexpected quarters. Even the managers of the steamship lines who declared that their vessels would not come here if Mr. Blair did not fall in line with the C. P. R., hastened to send in their kind expressions of joy. So far as is known Agent Schofield did not do this, but then it is asserted that he does not expect to direct the business of any subsidized lines under the present administration. His letters to the press, his speeches from the platform were directed against the administration that gives assistance to companies for which he acts as

Continued on page four.

Oct. 17, Mr. George L. Nickerson to Nickerson.
Mrs. Co., Oct. 16, Bessie P. Morten to Widdaman.
Mrs. C. B., Oct. 9, George W. to Jessie MacLean.

DIED.

26, W. E. Pace, 62.
30, Rev. T. F. West.
26, J. E. Blacker, 48.
28, John Myers, 80.
6, Sophia Bacon, 64.
25, C. E. Roberts, 80.
27, Mrs. M. White, 83.
Oct. 26, B. F. Tracy, 56.
Oct. 22, Chas. Crosby, 73.
Oct. 22, Howard Dawson, 42.
Oct. 23, J. S. Wyman, 62.
Oct. 25, W. F. Allen, 47.
Oct. 24, Mary A. Hayes, 51.
20, Ethel M. Hayes, 11.
19, David Young, 72.
Oct. 2, John T. Hayes, 2.
Oct. 27, Edward Bishop.
Sep. 28, Annie Cameron, 80.
Mrs. Charles Cannon, 85.
Thomas Ray Godfrey, 66.
Oct. 18, Thomas E. Lamsler.
many, Oct. 6, Bruno Siebels.
20, Harland W. Baird, 2 years.
Oct. 24, Mrs. Ann Mitchell, 78.
Oct. 8, Oct. 21, Benjamin Shortt, 9.
Oct. 25, Robert Baerman, 71.
Anst., wife of Stephen Graham, 50.
Oct. 4, Jessie Duncan McArthur.
Catherine J., widow of the late R. J.
Oct. 25, Jane, widow of the late Geo.
Oct. 2, Alice E., wife of Wallace W.
Annie Cosman, wife of Capt. Everett.
Oct. 21, Annie, wife of Gordon.
Mary, widow of the late C. W.
Catherine, widow of the late T. S.
Oct. 17, Cecilia, widow of the late C.
25, Almira Shorey, widow of the late.
Harriet F., widow of the late.
Margaret, widow of the late Hon.
Oct. 11, Helen, wife of Rev. David.
Mrs. England, Oct. 11, Captain Joseph.
Oct. 27, Caroline, widow of the late.
Mrs. C. N. B., Oct. 25, H. Kate, late Arthur Wain.

My treatment will cure promptly and permanently all diseases peculiar to women such as displacements, inflammations, ulcerations & irritation of womb, painful suppressed and irregular menstruation and leucorrhoea. Full particulars, testimonials from grateful women and endorsements of prominent physicians sent on application.
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Sleepers, 1st Class Couches, Dining Cars.
A. J. HEATH, D. P. A. C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

perial Railway

18th, 1900, trains will run daily as follows:—

L LEAVE ST. JOHN

Belmont, Pugwash, Pictou	6.30
Moncton and Point du	7.15
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"Two Strike," —the Sioux.

Two Strike, the wily, the bitter enemy of the whites, is dying in his Dakota wigwam firm in the belief of his fathers that he will but close his eyes on earth to open them again in the happy hunting ground. About none other of the elders of the tribe of Daotah does there centre so much interest as about this old brave, whose heart holds a nobility of heart for the enemies of his people. The chief took part in the last uprising of the Sioux against the whites 10 years ago, and when forced with the others to give up the unequal combat he said: "The body is given up, but the spirit never surrenders." There is only one being on earth whom Two Strike holds in greater hatred than the white man, and that is the hereditary foe of his tribe—the Pawnee warrior.

Old Two Strike bears the distinction of having been the leader in the last battle which took place on the American continent between two hostile tribes of Indians.

For years about number the Pawnees and the Sioux have hated each other. The wars that were waged between them were wars of extermination. No prisoner, warrior, squaw or papoose was taken in battle or in the raids upon sleeping villages. All were put to the knife or the tomahawk.

In one of Cooper's novels, *Hard Heart*, the Pawnee Chief, taunting the Sioux, said: "Since waters ran and trees grew the Sioux has found the Pawnee on his warpath." The battle in which Two Strike led the hosts of the Sioux against the Pawnees was fought near a little stream known as The Frenchman, a branch of the Republican river, about 100 miles south of Lexington, Neb. For generations the Pawnees had held the valley of the Platte. It was the most famous buffalo hunting ground on the continent. The Sioux from the north constantly invaded the buffalo plains of the Pawnees. This in itself was enough to bring about constant battles, but back of everything else there was set a hereditary hatred between the two nations, the beginning of which not even the old men of the tribes pretended to know. The masterful Sioux had thrashed all the Indian tribes with which they had come in contact, but they met a foe worthy of their tomahawks every time they came in contact with the Pawnee. About the middle of the 19th century disease ravaged the Pawnee nation. It carried off the children and Pawnee warriors with equal impartiality. The strength of the tribe was sapped but its spirit was unbroken. The Sioux won frequent victories over their weakened enemies and forced them to a course which they had ever before spurned, an alliance with the whites.

The Sioux had killed scores of whites who had had the courage to pierce the wilderness and establish homes. Soldiers were sent against them to punish them and the Pawnees, burling for revenge, went with the white soldiers as scouts. The Sioux warriors were punished. Two Strike bided his time. With the other chiefs he finally urged his people to peace with the whites. It was the only time that words of peace had ever been known to come from the chief's lips. It was not a mere peace, but the Pawnee more. With the end of the active campaign the soldiers withdrew from the Pawnee allies, who returned to their hunting ground and their villages. Adabel Ellis, who knew better, perhaps, than others, the fullness of the Pawnee situation, has told the story. Two Strike and his Sioux watched for an opportunity. They would not be content with a mere battle in which so many warriors would be killed off, but they were after a chance for extermination. They wished to root the tribe out from its place in the land.

Early in August, 1874, the Pawnees started from their homes on a great hunting expedition. They were led by Sky Chief, once noted for his prowess in the Pawnee tribe. Sioux runners carried the information of the hunt to Two Strike. Then the Sioux took the war path. They cut down into the heart of the buffalo country, and finally found the Pawnee encamped in a comparatively narrow canyon. The Sioux started a small herd of buffalo, and, driving them into the upper end of the canyon, started them down toward the camp of the Pawnees. The Sioux guarded the animals from the rear, but took themselves out of sight just before coming within vision of the Pawnees. The buffalo went headlong through the canyon and the Pawnee warriors, hastily mounting, followed

them on to the broad plain, leaving the women and children behind. Then the Sioux swept forward and began the work of extermination. They spared neither young nor age, and had almost completed their slaughter when the Pawnee braves returned. Then followed a conflict in which the twang of the bowstring was heard often rather than the crack of the rifle. The Pawnees fought, as they had always fought to the death, but the Sioux, armed for war and not for hunt and with overwhelming numbers, won the day, and of the great nation of the Pawnees only a vestige remained. Two Strike with his own hand slew Sky Chief. The conflict served to whet the Sioux appetite for that other conflict less than two years later, when the same warriors attacked Custer and his band and let not one live.

Two Strike's conscience is not troubling him as he lies in his wigwam. With him the slaying of the enemies of his people is a virtue, and about his feelings there is something that is not solely characteristic of the savage.

LIZARDS DROPPED WHEN ATTACKED

California Lizards Have a Queer Defense
Their Weakness: Lizard Gets Away.

A remarkable defence among lizards has recently been the subject of investigation here by a prominent member of the Academy of Sciences. To save its life, he has discovered, the California lizard will sacrifice its tail, imparting to the abandoned appendage a temporary life of its own which enables its owner to escape. "I noticed first," said he to the N. Y. Sun correspondent, "that many of the lizards I lost their tails when I caught them, and when I had a collection of twenty or more I found that I had a singular assortment. Some of the little creatures had no tails; others straggled an inch or two long. One had two tails, or stumps growing, and the greater number had new tails in process of growth. The enemies of the lizards here are snakes; and the roadrunner—a bird—but it appeared somewhat remarkable that so many lizards should have escaped with merely the loss of the tail. It was evident judging from my collection, which included four kinds of lizards, the most of the lizards attacked got away; but that they were saved by deliberately releasing the tail never occurred to me until I actually saw the operation.

I kept some of my lizards struck off by long cords in the sun that I might watch them. One day a cat had discovered the unfortunates and she proceeded to attack them. She struck at the lizard with a blue patch beneath its mouth and clawed the ground a few inches away. The lizard darted off to the left, leaving the cord, leaving to the amazement of the cat and I may say myself, a lizard which possessed of life of its own. The squirming tail attracted the attention of the cat, which assumed it to be the lizard, and seized it only to find that the tail was an active partner in the latter's plan of escape. For two or three minutes the tail leaped and struggled, and as it was two inches long its simulation of a living animal or a small lizard was complete; so exact, indeed, that the cat was deceived and devoted her attention to it, allowing the animal itself to escape.

"This solved the mystery of my lizards with stub tails; they had all lost their tails in a venture of life or a similar kind, and the tick had saved their lives. It is a confidence that it is not an accident, but that it constitutes a well defined feature of the defence of the lizard. I will illustrate it for you."

Forthwith the naturalist led the way to back of his garden where he took from a box a brown and green lizard nearly a foot in length.

"This is one I have been reserving for an experiment," said he, "and I wish you to note that it will toss off its tail, and that it is not pulled off."

The lizard was placed on the ground and the attention of a fox terrier was attracted to it. The dog ran about barking and snapping, but did not touch the lizard apparently taking it for a snake. The lizard drew back in a partial coil, certainly resembling a snake. The dog grew bolder, and finally its nose touched the lizard, which straightened out so rapidly that the eye could not follow the movement, and the observer saw what were apparently two lizards, one running rapidly away the other bounding about in coils, presenting a remarkable appearance of energy

and activity. The naturalist stopped the running terrier, which immediately coiled itself up, until it appeared very much like a stone; so much so that it never would have been noticed, while the tail was dancing a veritable jig, making itself as conspicuous as possible. The dog dashed about it barking excitedly.

"Time it," said the naturalist, "and see how long the tail will show signs of life." The correspondent took out his watch and placed the jumping tail upon his hand; but it was impossible to keep it there; it coiled, twisted and leaped the ground as though in agony, while but a few feet distant was the "live part of it," coiled and motionless. The seconds slipped into minutes, the tail still rolling over, though not in the active manner it did at first, and at the end of four minutes it still exhibited enough signs of life to attract the attention of a cat or dog.

"The idea is this," said the naturalist: "The lizard when I had pressed jerks of its tail, which is imbued with the same muscular activity which enables it to run out its tail, the programme of action is the same as that of the enemy, while the real living body escapes. I believe the operation is a purposeless one to the lizard; the vibrations are so connected that the tail readily comes off, and, as you see, there is no loss of blood. I have kept these tailless specimens to find out, if possible, how soon the new tail begins to grow, and how long it takes to complete its growth. In about two months the new tail appears, looking like a bud, of a dark blue color, which is retained for some time. In the course of events the tail is restored and doubtless can be duplicated a number of times, though I have not observed it. The earliest way to make the lizards drop their tails is to strike the ground near them."

To thus make the lizard drop its tail several specimens were placed in a box, then a switch was made to the ground near them. One of the little creatures at once threw off its tail and ran for cover.

"Of course," said the experimenter, "it is impossible to say that the lizard has figured all this out, and that it knows that the wriggling tail will attract pursuit long enough for it to escape; but if it does not it is very singular. Nothing could be more successful as the tail at once makes a kicking but wounded animal, attracting the attention of the enemy exactly as does the snake when she effects a broken wing to lead an enemy away from her eggs. The object is the same, and in 50 per cent the lizards escape with the loss of the tail."

The play by a large green lizard in a similar experiment was remarkable, first throwing off the tail, which extended the dog, then curling up its head to its snout of a tail, producing a very peculiar position of a stone, and refusing to move even when touched, showing at its method of protection was almost perfect.

Mirac By the Light

The mollet that figure in the following story on being eventually went the way of all fish, but the account of their progress from their native element to the land is marked by some interesting and peculiar features.

"How would you like to catch fish without hook, line, net or resin?"

"Shoot them, you mean?"

"No."

"How, then?"

"Let them jump into the boat."

"Oh that's preposterous!"

For reply, the first speaker, a Virginian living near Charlestown, north of Cape Charles, called to a passing stevedore and asked him if the fatbacks were arriving.

"Reasonable, sub, reasonable," was the answer. "Dey hez been better, on dey hez been worse."

"Be ready to take us to shore after supper," the Virginian said to the negro. To his visitor's eager questions he returned the uniform reply: "Wait until nightfall."

It was dark when they finished supper, and there were clouds in the sky—conditions pronounced "ideal" for the sport. Within an hour they were on the soft, smooth beach of one of the inlets on the Chesapeake side. There was the fishing-boat, a long canoe or dugout. At the stern was a platform, on which was a bench half-full of earth. Behind the stern seat was a pile of light wood logs. The negroes had long poles.

"New" said the Virginian to his visitor, "all we ask of you is to keep as still as you can!"

In a few minutes the canoe was shoved gently through the water. By this time a bonfire had been started on the soil in the basin, and as the flames got hold on the resin of the pine knots, the glare lightened up the big trees that lined the shore.

"They're jumping!" announced the negro in the bow, in a very hoarse whisper.

The negro in the stern gave a merrily vigorous shove with the pole, and before

anybody could say "Jack Robinson" plump! plump! the fish came jumping into the boat, over the boat, on laps and even up sleeves!

There were thousands of them, but the sportsmen got only the smallest fraction of those they saw; for when they counted their catch, at the end of an hour or so, by the light of the bonfire, they found that they were one hundred and forty-three.

"That is very ordinary," was the Virginian's comment. "Three hundred is a good catch."

Fatback is the local name for the small mullet which abound in these waters. And there is no mystery about the ease with which they are caught. On the flood-tides after dark they get into the shallows in streams for food. They have great leaping ability, and when surprised make for deep water by leaps and bounds. The glare from a boat startles them. The body of the boat being dark, they do not see it, and when they jump into it they are going through space into deep water.

GUBERILLA EMERSON

The Fate of a No. 1 Confederate Who Once Raided Chicago.

Capt. S. P. Emerson, formerly of Dr.'s, died in Denver, Col., on Tuesday last. Capt. Emerson was one of the most noted characters produced on the western side by the war between the States. A native of Kentucky, he had served in Southern regiments, and when the war broke out he joined and commanded an "irregular" Confederate force commonly known as guerrillas.

Many of the exploits of Emerson's career were as daring and sensational as those of Quantrill, Morgan or Mosby. In one of his raids he was captured and imprisoned in Kentucky, but made a bold escape by cutting through the prison roof. He was soon in action again, and in 1863 or 1864 had command of the force of about one hundred men that rode into Chicago with the intention of causing an uprising that should capture or destroy the city. In this hope Emerson was disappointed. He escaped capture, as he often related, by stealing a horse and riding beyond the lines of danger. He then led the horse loose and "hoped it got back to its owners, as he always expressed it.

Capt. Emerson was a friend of Fr. James in war days, and also of Cl. Marshall Puller of Ardmore, I. T. These men have often spoken highly of him as a man and soldier. Capt. Emerson lived for many years on his Dallas farm, near Richardson. He was an old bachelor and inclined to reticence on the subject of the Civil War particularly in regard to his own part in it. He never got over his grief for the "Lost Cause." Before going to Denver, when his health failed him he called on Mrs. Kate Cabell Currie of Dallas, former National President of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and now at the head of the local chapter of the order. He said to her:

When the Southern Confederacy perished I lost what stood to me in my reflections the same as do a wife, children and friends to other men. When I am dead, which will be soon, I ask that you see that I am buried among my own kind of people. I desire that a plain monument, surmounted by a life-size Confederate soldier, be erected over the cenotaph of my grave and that on that monument shall be carved this epitaph only: "Here lies a man who believed in the traditions and achievements of the old South."

"In my will I shall make provisions for my burial expenses."

Mrs. Currie pronounced Capt. Emerson that she would do as he had requested. When notified last Tuesday of his death she made the arrangements for his funeral. The body was met at the railway station on its arrival from Denver by a squad of former Confederate soldiers, who bore it to the residence of Judge Ed S. Landers, from which the funeral took place. The grave was in the middle of the burial lot owned by the Daughters of the Confederacy. Camp Sterling Price, United Confederate Veterans, attended in a body and their old battle-scarred Confederate flag was spread over the coffin.

A Tame Gull.

Vincent S. Stevens, in the *Christian Advocate*, says that birds do not become tame nearly so readily as most other animals, and then relates the story of an exception which he noticed when living in the east country.

Looking over my neighbor's fence one day, I was surprised to see on his doorstep these queer companions; a beautiful white sea-gull and my neighbor's pet cat, sitting quietly together.

Becoming interested, I jumped the fence and asked Jones about his feathered pet.

He told me that some boys had shot the gull a few days before and broken its wing, and as they were passing his house he noticed the poor suffering thing and bought it. He bandaged the broken wing, and the gull, seeming to understand his kind became quite tame and nestled its pretty head against his hand.

Jones entertained me by showing how the gull usually took its meals. Bringing a plate of oysters and a fork, he called, "goosey, goosey, goosey!" and the bird came jumping to him. Then he held out an oyster on the fork, and the gull sized it quickly with its yellow bill and ate it as demurely as if oysters had been served to it in this way all its days.

The oddest thing occurred one day when my neighbor gave the gull some small pieces of meat for dinner. He placed the meat on the ground near the gull, but the gull spying a pan of water near by, took meat piece by piece, and walking over dropped it into the water. Then, true to its nature, it began fishing for its dinner.

It is my neighbor's intention as soon as the gull's broken wing is healed, to take it back to its native ocean beach and leave it there to rejoin its wild companions.

Lost at Sea.

An illness of life on the large ocean-going ships is given in the following story from a Philadelphia exchange:

On one of the voyages of a great steamship from Hamburg to New York, a little seven-year-old immigrant boy was lost for three days. He left his mother and started in quest of adventure about the big ship, but upon losing sight of the vessel he found his way back to her. Instead of asking some one where to go, or telling that he was lost, the young tourist decided to continue his explorations indefinitely.

When found, he was sleeping in an empty coal box down among the engines. One of the crew took him to the captain, who deeded two stewards to search for his mother.

They found her with some difficulty, and discovered that she, too, had been lost. She had started out to look for her son, and had not been able to get back to her own part of the ship again.

Strange Snow on Mars.

Prof. Johnstone Stone, in developing his theory of the escape of the gases from planetary atmospheres depending upon the force of gravity of the particular planets concerned, has concluded that helium at present is slowly escaping from the earth and in a short time it probably escaped much more rapidly. From Mars, he says, water vapor must have escaped with about the same readiness as helium fled from the earth, and accordingly the visible white patches about the poles of Mars were not snow, but probably are frozen carbon dioxide. Other appearances frequently observed on Mars are due, he thinks, to low lying logs of carbon dioxide vapor shining alternately between the poles and the equatorial regions.

A Doctor.

Old Lover: "I know I am old enough to be your grandfather, but, my darling, I have an immense fortune to bestow upon you."

Young Heart: "I hesitate to answer."

Old Lover: "Do not keep me in suspense. I have heart disease, and under undue excitement I am likely to die at any moment."

Young Heart: "Then I will be yours."

His All.

Dibbs: "Yes; Coker has left everything he had to the city."

Dabbs: "What was it he left then?"

Dibbs: "Five children."

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If you take "Seventy-seven" you don't take Cold or have the

GRIP

If you will keep a vial of "77" at hand and take a dose when necessary, you will never have a cold. It doesn't matter if the weather changes suddenly; if you are caught out with light apparel, without overcoat or wrap; if you get over-heated and ride in an open car, or are exposed waiting for your carriage; if you work or sew in a cold room, or sit in a draughty church, meeting-house, opera or theatre. If you carry a vial of "77" (it fits the pocket and pocket book) and use it freely, you will be protected and will not take Cold.

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Music and The Drama

TONES AND UNDERFORMS.

The Maurice Grau opera company left New York last Sunday for California where it will open its tour on Friday next.

The first of the Cambridge concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra was given on Friday last before a large audience. Gertrude May Stein was the soloist. The next concert will be on Nov. 22.

Pollini, an Italian composer has published an opera called "Mose" for young girls voices. Several English and American writers have produced similar works but the idea seems to be a novelty in Italy.

"Zepher" under the direction of Mr. Averill is holding rehearsals at the Oddfellows hall on Union street and it promises to be a very magnificent scenic production. Mr. John Kelly will sing the leading male role.

Earl Matthews, once famous throughout the United States as musician and orchestra leader was found dead in his room at Los Angeles Cal. Saturday last. He was a victim of consumption and his death was hastened by dissipation. Matthews was educated in Brussels and Leipzig and was at one time leader of Emma Abbott's orchestra.

Miss Josephine Ludvig of St. Louis is said to have scored a great success in her debut at Chicago. Mrs. Gertrude Faust says the character of Miss Ludvig came to Chicago unimpaired and almost unknown, but her first performance immediately gave her rank as one of the youngest and most promising of American prima donnas.

Fanchon Thompson, the latest addition to the Metropolitan English opera company, New York, failed on the right of her first appearance with the company. Miss Thompson had only received on a hard seasons work in Paris and was ill when she reached New York and it was against the advice of physician and friends that she went on. In one of her scenes she broke down, became hysterical and was obliged to leave the stage. She feels her position keenly though her physicians say she will be all right in a week or so, and the opera management have unbanded with her vocal powers.

"Les Cloches de Corneville," says the London Chronicle, have up to the present been nothing more than a nuisance for this Non non village, despite its stage success every quarter of the globe, has never yet boasted the possession of a perfect bell. The omission has been supplied by the Marquis de la Rocheblon, whose efforts have been backed up by other nobles of Normandy, not only in distant French provinces, but in other parts of the world. Funds were soon obtained sufficient to provide a canon for the village bell, and the inauguration ceremony on Sunday was made memorable by an open-air performance of "Les Cloches de Corneville" in the presence of 10,000 spectators. The twelve new bells played between the acts the best known parts from the opera, and were also called at the moment indicated in the music stage direction. Each bell bears upon it the name of the country or province in which the money was produced, Canada, England, Denmark and Russia being among the contributors so commemorated. The role of Serpentelet was interpreted by Mrs. Charlotte Wiehe, a diva from Denmark.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The L. Use Stock Company opened a six weeks engagement at the opera house last Thursday evening and since then have been playing to large and appreciative audiences, despite the fact that the days and nights are filled with excitement, political and other. The company is a good all around one and contains very good people, and especially it is strong in the male portion of the cast. Among the best of these may be mentioned Mr. A. Lee Price, a Mr. Lee D'Arcy and perhaps Mr. Kendall Weston. Miss Eileen Morista is the leading lady of the company, and barring a few little mannerisms and a certain staginess in her gestures particularly, she is very good, and in "Frober Lights" was very sweet and graceful. The piece was played here two or three years ago under the much more appropriate name of "A Soldier's Sweetheart." The company opened in "The Cherry Ball" of which they gave an excellent performance. The company is very well dressed, and in fact, in the respect the company excels, and for the sake of the pictures presented in the stage and scenic arrangements, credit is due Mr. Kendall Weston. "Harbor Lights" was played on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday and later in the week "A

Poor Young Man" was the interesting bill. It might be suggested that a little earlier closing would make patrons more appreciative of a really good show.

Lealie Carter in "Zepher" will be seen at the Hallis street theatre, Boston, in the course of a few weeks.

Clyde Fitch is writing a new play of simple country life which William A. Brady will present after the holidays.

"Lost River" by Joseph Arthur is proving a big success in Boston. It is very dramatically and elaborately scenic and mechanically devised.

The same version of Quo Vadis given here by W. S. Harkness, late of St. James's Theatre, is being played in Boston with all star cast.

Phoebe Davis so long identified with "Way Down East" as its sweet and sympathetic heroine will be seen next spring in a new romance of the American Revolution.

Ella Wren Hasmon is a popular member of the Truss company at the Opera House, and friends made upon previous visits to this city greet her nightly with warmest applause.

Edward H. Sothern is still confined to a bed more hospital with the injury to his foot that he received while acting Hamlet. He has had to cancel the engagements set aside for him in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Harold Russell has been engaged to fill Mr. Edmund Breesee's place in O'Neill's production of Monte Cristo. Mr. Breesee having gained the Castle Square company this week.

Leo Daeichstein has completed his dramatization of "Unleavened Bread." Judge Grant, author of the novel, it is said, is highly pleased with the play which has been derived from the book.

The last number of the New York Mirror Express contains an excellent portrait of Miss Jessie Bonst's, who made a great success the past season at the head of a stock company in Rochester, New York.

Henry Miller has secured "The Lucette Ryley's" new play, "Richard Savage" will present it in New York this season. Mr. Miller will return from England in time to resume his starring tour January 1, in Washington.

Olgo Nethersole, who has been visiting Paris, has left for America, and will arrive in New York in about ten days, when she will make her reappearance in Clyde Fitch's dramatization of Daudet's "Sapho" in which the distinguished actress appeared last winter and right up to the summer.

The company which has been engaged in especially strong, and is now rehearsing day and night prior to the arrival of the actress. Mrs. Nethersole's tour is this year under the direction of Louis Netherole, her brother, who has concluded her business during all the several seasons she has appeared in America.

Daniel Frohman is to have a play written for him by Harry B. Smith, based on Charles Dana Gibson's pictures of "The Education of Mr. Pipp." The play was to be finished during the summer but Mrs. South has been so busy on his comic opera librettos that the work has been delayed.

Mr. James Brooks, well remembered as the popular representative of some good repertoire companies a few years ago was in the city this week on his way from Nova Scotia to the United States. Mr. Brooks is ahead of the Humpty Dumpty company, which has been successfully playing Sydney, C. B. and other provincial towns.

Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon have made an arrangement with Charles Frohman by which they will shortly produce Medea-Fae Lucette Ryley's play "My Lady Dainty." This play was produced by Mrs. Ryley last July at Brighton, England, where it met with such success that it was secured by Charles Wyndham for his London theatres.

Liebler and company have decided to withdraw "The Adverser of Franco" at the end of the week. They will not make it on tour, the reason for this action is that they do not consider the play a winner in its present shape. They have asked the playwright Mr. Langdon Mitchell to allow some other play right to go over it and supply the needed something that prevents its being a success. Mr. Mitchell will not consent to this. The company that played "Fenelon" will be seen in a new play by Harry E. D'Arcy and William Gill, based upon incidents in the life of David Goliath.

Shakespearean productions are once more in the ascendant during the coming London season. Mr. F. R. Benson, whose advent is heralded by a committee list which extends to nearly six hundred persons of more or less distinction, will commence a series of Shakespearean revivals at the Comedy Theatre with the "Merry Wives of Windsor," on the 10th of December next. Eight plays in all will be presented, including "Coriolanus," which both Sir Henry Irving and Mr. Tree have had some thought of restoring to the stage. The unabridged "Hamlet" will also be given again. The season will be given for a fortnight, but only on Monday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, and Thursday and Saturday afternoons—save which times the Comedy Theatre will be, as now, in possession of the German company, under the direction of Herr Schirz-Curtius. Meanwhile there is some prospect of a Shakespearean season at the Theatre Royal, which is for the moment without a tenant. That clever young actor, Mr. Vanderfelt, is reputed to be responsible for the enterprise, and it is said that he is contemplating a revival of "As You Like It," in which he will play Orlando to the Rosalind of Miss Constance Stuart. His company will also include Mr. Norman Forbes, Mr. Fred Wright, Mr. F. J. Parfitt, Mr. Frank Vernon, Miss Agnes Parfitt, Miss Mary Wright, and Miss May Roy.

A good story of Mrs. Sara Rarrard's untimely death to acknowledge any superior in any branch of her art is just now being told by a Bostonian recently returned from Paris. Mme. Beaudet, it appears, had heard of the fame of the Japanese players who have been one of the attractions at the Paris Exposition, and particularly that Mme. Yacco was "doing the best death scene ever seen in the French capital. That anyone could portray death better than she the idol of the Parisians, was more than Sara could endure, so she decided to see for herself what the famous little Japanese tragedienne could do. She went to the theatre to the company of a few American women, which probably accounted for her expressing herself in blunt American English. For a long time Mme. Beaudet sat without making any verbal comment, though her face plainly indicated the actual state of her feelings, for as the story goes, she saw the whole gamut of human expression, though not of the enormous order. First she betrayed pity for the little Japanese woman, then a look of sorrow spread over her features, which soon gave way to an expression of contempt. Finally with a swift transition from horror to disgust, she heaved a sigh and burst out quite loudly, "Rate, rate," this probably intended to be a tribute to American slang.

TRAAGEDIES OF THE STAGE. The number of the "Killed" worded in English Theatre. The Grenelle Theatre in Paris the other day an actor came near killing his talented professional friend with a stage dagger whose spring got out of order. The victim yelled so loudly and the blood flowed so freely that the audience was delighted and never realized the reason until the curtain dropped. The accident prompted a Parisian scribe to hunt up the record of things somewhat similar upon the stage. According to his story Mme. Benoit at Pargas in a suicide scene stabbed herself seriously.

William Morris killed his associate, Temple Crozier, in the Novel's Theatre of London. In the play of "The Indian Empe" of the English actor, frequently playing the part of Guyon, dangerously wounded another player who, unfortunately, had to take the part of a Spanish General, a role which Fragar wisely had reserved for the stage. Macready in "Moby" at one time came so near scoring a victory at Dunsinane that poor Macduff had to be taken to the hospital, where he remained for six weeks.

Gertrick in "Othello" half choked more than a dozen Desdemonas. In the banquet scene of "Macbeth" Charles Kemble flung away his wine cup with such violence that it smothered a chandelier, and the pieces of broken glass flew first into the face of Mrs. Siddons who was playing Lady Macbeth, but she never moved a muscle.

Sarah Beaudet, playing the Dame aux Camelias, with Darnont in the role of Armand Darnal, caused many heads temporarily during the play and provoked some astounding and ridiculous expressions.

But it will be hard to beat the record of the old time "Passion Play" performed a few hundred years ago before King John II of Sweden. A fatal bird on the part of the actor in the role of Longus the Centurion caused the death of two artists. Enraged, the King brandished upon the stage sword in hand, and with a first class right hand swing that made the blade whistle decapitated poor Longus. The audience rose in a fury and literally tore his Majesty to pieces.

Every child born into the world with an inherited or early developed tendency to discharging, disfiguring humours of the skin, scalp, and blood, becomes an object of the most tender solicitude, not only because of its suffering but because of the dreadful fear that the disfigurement is to be lifelong and may its future happiness and prosperity. Hence it becomes the duty of mothers of such afflicted children to acquaint themselves with the best, the purest, and most effective treatment available.

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This last story needs confirmation, but it holds good with the gallery in the light of the historic fact that a French Ambassador to Spain, Gaubier de Bravault, witnessing a representation of the battle of Pavia, in which a Spaniard got largely the better of a Frenchman, killed the unfortunate actor who played the Spaniard. All of which goes to show that there is only one step between the stage struck and stage stack.

Peen's Remedy. William Penn's keen understanding was often directed toward drink. "All excess is ill," he wrote, "but drinker's excess is of the worst sort. In fact, he that is drunk is not a man, because he is so long void of reason, that drinking makes a man from a beast."

But Penn was the living spirit of aphorism, he rose Laew when and how to apply his maxims. Given a drinker, he could treat his case in a characteristic yet plain and reasonable way. He was once advising a man to leave off his habit of drinking intoxicating liquors. "Can you tell me how to do it?" said the slave of the appetite.

"Yes," answered Penn. "It is just as easy as to open my hand, friend." "Convince me of that, and I will promise upon my honor to do as you tell me." "Well, my friend," said the great Quaker "when thou findest any vessel of intoxicating liquor in thy hand, open the hand that grasps it, before it reaches thy mouth, and thou wilt never be drunk again."

The toper was so pleased with the plain advice, says the narrator of this anecdote in short stories, that he followed it. PARTIAL GUESTS. Parts of the southern coast of Newfoundland near Cape Race and of the southwest coast near Cape Ray have a well-earned reputation as the scene of many disasters. While the native of Newfoundland is keen about getting material benefit from rocks, he is also distinguished for his generosity in saving life and for care of the dead. So says a writer in the Newfoundland Magazine.

Near Cape Ray, about 1880, an old man and a young girl and a boy of twelve saved all the crew and passengers of a Canadian packet ship. So common are wrecks that when men engage for fishery it is part of the agreement that the sextant shall get his share of the wreck. Houses in these neighborhoods are all furnished and ornamented with lost ships.

When the Rev. J. J. Curling first came to the colony he was holding a service in one of these places. An old fisherman kept looking at his fine coat. "It must be a fine piece of cloth," said the old man, at last, laying his hand on the minister's arm. "Never see'd a better bit of cloth in my life. Get 'out of a wreck, sir?"

Terrible Fall. This is said to be one of the diversions occasionally indulged in at Farnass City: Solemn-faced man (with newspaper)—Well, I see there was a singular accident at one of the slaughter houses out at the stock yards yesterday. A man who was leaning out of an upper story window let go and dropped sixty feet, and wasn't hurt a particle. Eager listener—How did that happen? Solemn-faced man—They were pigs' feet.

Home-lic. The following very little classic comes from Co. Hill: A few years since two gentlemen, each bearing the surname of Homer, not an unusual one in Dorset, contested a coroner's division, and at a public meeting one of them, feeling suddenly unwell, had to retire, when a local humorist, on his opponent's side, remarked: "Homer's Odd, I see."

"Homer's odd, I add!" promptly rejoined an adherent. Prince Ching—Why doesn't the emperor bow to the inevitable? Li Hung—I think he has the lumber.

Something for MOTHERS. EVERY CHILD born into the world with an inherited or early developed tendency to discharging, disfiguring humours of the skin, scalp, and blood, becomes an object of the most tender solicitude, not only because of its suffering but because of the dreadful fear that the disfigurement is to be lifelong and may its future happiness and prosperity. Hence it becomes the duty of mothers of such afflicted children to acquaint themselves with the best, the purest, and most effective treatment available.

Warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP to cleanse the skin and scalp of crusts and scales, gentle applications of CUTICURA Ointment to allay itching, irritation, and inflammation, and soothing and healing followed in the severe cases by mild doses of CUTICURA Bismuth, afford instant and grateful relief, speedy cure, and leave nothing to be desired by anxious parents.

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It keeps their delicate skins in good order. Made entirely from vegetable fats, it is as emollient as well as a cleanser, and is as useful on a lady's toilet as in the nursery. Purity but exquisitely aesthetic. Beware of imitations.

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EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction on Saturday the Seventeenth day of November next, at twelve of the clock noon, at Chubb's Corner (so called) in Prince William Street in the City of Saint John in the County of Saint John, pursuant to the direction of a Decreeal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity made on the thirty first day of August last past, in a cause therein pending wherein Margaret Ann Haasard is plaintiff and Eliza McKay, Thomas H. Somerville and Stephen P. Taylor are defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee the mortgaged premises described in the Bill of Complaint in the said cause and in the said Decreeal Order as follows, that is to say:—

ALL that lot or half lot of land described in a certain Indenture of Lease dated the first day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety, and made between "The Trustees of Saint Andrews Church in the City of Saint John of the one part and the said Eliza McKay of the other part, and in the said Indenture of Mortgage as:—

ALL that half lot or parcel of land situate lying and being in Drake's Ward in the said City being the North half of lot twenty one (21) owned by the said Trustees of Saint Andrews Church, fronting on Sydney Street formerly included in a lease to one Edwin N. Stewart and by him assigned to the said Eliza McKay who is now in possession of the same and which Northern part or half of lot number Twenty one is bounded and described as follows:— Beginning at the Northwesterly corner or angle of said lot twenty one, thence running Southerly along the Eastern line of Sydney Street twenty one feet, thence Easterly parallel to the Northerly side line of said lot twenty one to the Easterly boundary of the said lot, thence southerly along the Eastern boundary twenty one feet to the Northerly corner of the same lot and thence Westerly along the Northerly boundary of the same lot to the place of beginning; together with all buildings, erections and improvements, easements, privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging and the said Indenture of Lease and all benefits and advantages to be had or derived therefrom.

For terms of sale and further particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor, or the undersigned Referee. Dated the seventh day of September, A. D. 1900. F. C. CALVERT, Referee in Equity.

at some boys had shot the... were passing his house he... or suffering thing and bought... aged the broken wing, and... to understand his kind... and nestled its pretty... is heard.

77" "Seventy-seven" you... Cold or have the... GRIP

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, at 25 to 11 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B., by the PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY (LIMITED), INC.

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

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

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

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 10

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

RESULT OF THE ELECTION.

The great liberal victory of Wednesday last throughout all Canada was not unexpected, but it is none the less gratifying to find the people supporting the progressive policy of the Laurier government.

Looking at it from every standpoint the result in the province of New Brunswick is the most satisfactory of any in the Dominion. We had five liberals in the last parliament and today the conservatives have only five. It was a complete and decided reversal of opinion and we have to thank the leadership of the Minister of Railways for the great result. His victory in St. John by the tremendous majority of over 1000 votes was the triumph of the campaign. His opponent, GEORGE E. FOSTER has discovered what the people of St. John thought of him and Dr. STOCKTON has had a former verdict emphatically endorsed. He has found out that Colonel TUCKER was not as he represented him, and discovered to his sorrow that his career as a politician is ended. Why it ever should have begun is a mystery. Religious prejudice accomplishes strange results at times and the elevation of STOCKTON and PITTS in former years to positions of responsibility is one of the things that can only be accounted for in this way. The political death of Dr. STOCKTON is something there fore that will not be regretted.

The decisive victory throughout the province is a matter for great congratulation. The liberals have cause to regret the defeat of Col. DOMVILLE in Kings and the loss of Queens-Sunbury but the victories were so decisive that it shows some energetic personal work must have been done by the conservative candidates. Mr. GHO. W. FOWLER was an old campaigner in Kings and his friends were hopeful of success from the start. We think the people of Kings have made a great mistake in defeating a man who has done as much for them as Col. Domville. He has paid attention to their wishes and was in every way deserving to be their representative.

Hon. A. S. White was a comparative stranger to Queens county while Mr. Wilnot was a popular resident. The result was not surprising, and yet when we think that Kings and Queens both returned local government candidates by large majorities but a few weeks ago it is disappointing.

It would have been better for Col. DOMVILLE and Mr. WHITE had these elections not taken place because they gave their friends over confidence which in almost every case is fatal to success.

CITIES THAT RISE AGAIN.

Nearly twenty five years ago St. John was practically a "ruined city." The great fire destroyed the most valuable portions of it. And yet to day this city of ours is greater in every sense of the word than it was then. The Youthful Companion in a carefully considered article on the same subject points out that this is true of many communities.

The flood that swept down upon Johnstown, Pennsylvania, on a May night of 1889, left desolation in its wake, but not discouragement. The Johnstown that was submerged was a city of twenty-one thousand inhabitants. The newer Johnstown counts more than thirty five thousand.

Others of our cities have been temporarily overthrown by other agencies. Portland in 1866, Chicago in 1871, Boston in 1872 were reduced almost to ashes. But

the men who made them survived, and new cities have arisen, larger, fairer and more substantial than the old.

There is a reason for every one of these places. They are natural centres of trade, hence the forces of industry, commerce and finance united, more or less consciously, to sustain the brave hearted citizens who rebuilt them. Galveston has equal claim to exist, and she will be aided in the same way.

The real test of wisdom, unselfishness and courageous enterprise comes when rebuilding begins. The temptation is to do things hastily, in a slipshod way, in order the sooner to resume the interrupted money making. But the strong men of Galveston must hold the people back, rather. Now is the time to consider the future and correct the mistakes of the past.

If there is any method of strengthening the city's defence against water, it should be adopted. Streets should be straightened and widened. "Fire limits" should be fixed, and it should be understood that wooden buildings erected in the business district are to be removed as soon as they have served the temporary need. Sanitary arrangements, sewers and pavements should be planned in a large way, looking towards the greater Galveston.

On the morrow of a calamity these sound like exorbitant demands. But other "ruined cities" have substantially met them, and only by meeting them may a community hope to find "the soul of good in things evil."

A few weeks ago high water along the Mississippi River swept away the last vestiges of old Kaskaskia, once the western outpost of civilization in America. Fifty years before there was even a military fort at Pittsburg, Kaskaskia was a thriving village. Long before Chicago was dreamed of Kaskaskia, wharves were crowded with vessels from New Orleans. The traffic of all the west gathered to it. Men and women crossed the wilderness to find the charm of life there. The white uniform of France, the scarlet of England the motley of continental troops, the sulky figure of Pontiac, in turn moved through its streets. When the state of Illinois was carved out of the vast Northwest Territory, 'sacred forever from slavery,' Kaskaskia became its first capital. The 'Father of Waters,' however, which had brought it prosperity, worked its doom. The great flood of 1844 wiped out the peninsula on which it stood, and little by little its upper mines have fallen into the encroaching stream. Kaskaskia is gone, but its name and story are part of the very warp and woof of American annals.

A Chicago school has lately furnished a very pretty instance of childish sympathy and childish resourcefulness. Some people having complained of a dog which had no home and no visible means of support, a policeman was detailed to shoot the animal. When he appeared near the schoolhouse with his revolver, one of the little girls asked him what he was going to do. He told her, and she begged him not to shoot the animal. "But I must," he said, "for he hasn't any license." "We'll get him a license if you won't shoot him," said the little girl, and so the policeman granted a few days' respite. The little girl interested eight or ten of her friends, arranged for a "show," consisting of speeches, recitations and music, to be given by themselves, and persuaded their teacher to announce it, with its charitable object. They cleared enough money to raise the dog from a condition of vagrancy to a position of affluence and independence. They paid his license fee, bought him a new collar, and were even able to deposit a small sum with the butcher to provide their canine friend with juicy marrow bones and choice cuts of chuck steak in days to come.

Little has been said, and probably as little thought, of the beneficent work done by the railroads in aiding and promoting the measures set on foot for the relief of stricken Galveston. Thousands of refugees from that city received free transportation to any part of the country, and immense quantities of supplies were rushed forward without charge. This ready response to the cry of human needs characterized all the great railway systems of the country, the express, telegraph and telephone companies. The cash value of services thus rendered is as impossible to estimate as the amount of human suffering and misery they helped to alleviate.

Smith's Opportunity.

The commissioners decide that the most valuable oyster beds of Long Island belong to Smith. Come on, Smith; there's an oyster apiece waiting for you.

Hawkins—"I see a man out West rescued a widow from drowning, and she married him in three days." Robins—"What caused the delay?"

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

In the November Woods,
I see again the leaf strewn walk,
Where lengthened sun fire shines;
Golden fringed are the stately pines;
And here with them I talk,
Together they kindly welcome,
There well known voices roll;
Into the sadness of my soul
Like waves from the brooding sea.

Your voice true heart they surely know
They blend in one deep tone,
The parting words we said alone,
In their shrouded years ago.
All things about me are the same,
Still the chill November air
Still the high for seasons fair,
Still your own dear name,

Together their fond words were ours,
But you were sweeter far;
Then all these low voiced whisperers are,
Among the withered flowers,
We lingered till the stars of night,
In glory looked to see,
That tearful hour to you and me;
But you were all my light.

When you were here that made all,
Those passing autumn tints
A sapphire gleam in happier days,
Not but a wintry pall,
But still down in my heart my own,
We walk in dreams of love and peace,
Those memories dear can never cease,
Though summer long has flown.—
—CYPRUS GOLDB.

The Ducks Are on the Wing.
The nipping wind is whistling and the gray clouds
Upon the edges of the rakes the thin ice-ribbons
cling;
The morning breeze is sighing through the rushes,
dead and dry,
And guns are gayly popping—for the ducks are on
the wing.

The canvas-back drops quickly from the clouds
toward the lake;
From the marsh's weed-grown mud the lazy mallards
swim;
The dainty teal flies swift and low when daylight's
colors break,
And all the air seems throb-bing—when the ducks
are on the wing.

The drake's discordant clamor sounds across the
wild stirred sky,
And through the frosty, bracing air the countless
pinions stir;
The old blind is waiting, and the fever's in our
blood,
The red-gods loud are calling—for the ducks are
on the wing.

So get the 12-bore ready, the old hunting coat as
well,
Decoys and ammunition, boots and every needed
thing;
Leave the dull world behind you for awhile, and
go to dwell
Where Nature bids you welcome, and the ducks
are on the wing.

To the Public.
My age is fourteen months or so;
I've laugh myself to walk;
But I'm now concerned to know
How I shall learn to talk;
In fact, how any babe who lives
Both day and night among
His idiotic relatives
Can learn the English tongue.

And therefore I would make it clear
Nor deem the act amiss
What chance I've when all we hear
Is language such as this:
'Ze precious dung!' 'O, wotay woots!'
'His muzzer's tumint' pet!'
'Ze itty, pitty, wity toots!'
Now what does damna det'?

They tell me that a drink's a 'dink';
'Tis 'dink' 't' 'dink' 't' 'dink';
That think is 'sink,' or also 'bink';
And that a car's a 'tar.'
What 'tumpy tump' and 'bow wow wow,'
And 'diddy, diddy, dee,'
And other phrases that, I vow,
Are useless, quite, to me.

So when from mother, aunt and all
I claimed a moment's grace,
With none to clutch me lest I fall,
O stare me in the face.
I've printed out this statement rude
The letters learned with pain
From cans of patent baby food
And hope 'tis not in vain.
—Edwin L. Sabin.

On With the Old Love.
Put away the caps and mittens—
That our baseball heroes wore;
Fold the sweaters and the stockings—
They're not needed any more;
Take the cushions from the cushioned,
Put the balls and bats away;
Strip the halos from the heroes—
They are only common clay.

They who late with fashion glances
Set the grand stand hearts in throbs,
Now, ununiformed, are roaming
In the cold world, hunting jobs,
And the "summer girl" 'so fashionable'
Slights her old-time idol's shrine,
Traces gridirons o'er the diamond,
Writes "eleven" over "nine."

She who lately smiled on shortstop,
Wore his colors every day;
Shakes him for the husky half back,
And his shock of moppy hair,
Her talk is now of "jackets,"
'Touchdowns," "goals" and falls and halves,
And her time is spent in mixing
Sealing biscuits and salves.

Put away the caps and mittens,
Solve the grand old national game;
Loose the 'leven with the pigskin,
Bid them run and march and man,
We will be patient till springtime
Shall the waning nine restore,
When with fans we'll grow fanatic
And with rosters root once!
—Louis Leigh.

He—Isn't that your chaperon over there?
She—Yes; she's as blind as a bat without her glasses.
'Too bad, isn't it?'
'Oh, I don't know! I've got her glasses in my pocket!'

Mistress: 'Why, Mary, you have dated your letter a week ahead.'
Maid: 'Yis'm; it will take over a week for it to get to me mother, and she wouldn't care to be reading old news even from me.'

'I see that Mrs. Blikins has colored her hair now.'
'Has she?'
'Yes, she got so tired of having people ask her if her hired girls were related to the family.'

'That bunch of jokes,' said the vaudeville manager, hasn't one in it that is less than 80 years old.'
'And the crowd that comes to your theatre,' retorted the would-be monologist, 'will average less than 80 years of age.'

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

THE STORY OF THE FIGHT.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

agent and no one can tell what will happen as a result.

Good work was done by all who entered heartily into the campaign. That fault should be found at times was to be expected for every man thinks his way the best but the result is the best evidence of the success of the plan of the campaign. Mr. Milligan as general secretary had a job nobody wanted. He did his work well and though remonstrated with again and again because he could not satisfy everybody in the province and breed orators at will he kept on doing the best possible with the material at hand. He deserves credit.

So do the speakers. They are too numerous to mention here but the people know them all.

Workers were not wanting. It was a pleasure to see such an old campaigner as Col. Blaine with his coat off in Dukes and young men in line on all sides. No wonder the result was what it was. The day was fine and the voters came out with alacrity and pleasure.

Queer Things to Observe.

Miss Lonise Hodgkins, in a letter to Zion's Herald dated early in the present year, describes her arrival at the city of Chinking on the bank of the Yangtze River. The primitive character of the city is not due entirely to its age, for it has been largely rebuilt since the Taiping Rebellion a date that in China corresponds to our "before the war." With a chance to begin afresh, the inhabitants only crowded closer to the shore, leaving the hills to the tort, the barracks and the various missions.

It was ten o'clock at night when the writer reached this Chinese city. A bright starlight enabled her to follow a friend through the Concession, along the unpaved streets and up to the heights beyond.

"What are these curious haystack mounds?" was the newcomer's first question as she picked her way among strange hill locks.

"Oh, these are graves," was the reply. "Didn't you know we lived in the very middle of a graveyard?"

There were hundreds of them, each surmounted by a cap of fresh sod of the size and shape of an inverted milk-pan. This sod is the new cap provided annually for the traveller journeying to the undiscovered country. Miss Hodgkins did not chance, as often happens, to stumble over a coffin left uninterred until the family Solon should declare that the propitious moment for burial had arrived.

"And what are these?" was her question a few minutes later, as by the light of a coolie's lantern, she and her friend stumbled among graves and mud-puddles, and came suddenly upon what looked like the top of the traditional prairie-schooner, save that it was a trifle broader and thatched.

"These are the huts of the very poor," was the answer; and huts they were. Wind-dowless, doorless,—except for an entrance hole,—fireless, floorless, they were all the shelter the occupants had through winters as severe as those of New England. The deep breathing within and the occasional bark of a dog gave constant token that the travellers were passing through a thickly settled neighborhood.

Next morning, under the sunlight, the graves looked numberless, but they were soon to blossom with violets and dandelions. Far below, too far for its squalor and wretchedness to be seen, stretched the city, while under the windows of the house was the parade-ground.

Breathlessly the newcomer inquired what the soldiers at drill were doing with the long fishing-rods, with which they appeared to be running violently at each other, uttering wild Indian yells.

It was explained that this was an ancient form of onslaught come down from the days of Confucius at the latest. Its object is to trip up the antagonist with the long stick, throw water in his face, and in the midst of his bewilderment at this extraordinary treatment to cut off his head.

The writer found it hard to believe her eyes and ears. And all this was after the recent Chino-Japanese War, when the Chinese found out to their humiliation, but evidently not to their enlightenment, what the enemy would do while they were shaking sticks and fans at them.

PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

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- PAGE 2.—"The Strike," the Sioux—a tale of a famous Indian warrior.
- PAGE 3.—Musical and dramatic news of the week.
- PAGE 4.—Editorial, poetry and other interesting matter.
- PAGES 5, 6, 7, 8.—Social items from all over the provinces.
- PAGE 9.—The victors of the late campaign.
- PAGES 10 and 15.—Last instalment of the serial "For a Woman's Sake."
- PAGE 11.—Sunday Reading—A page of reading for the Sabbath.
- PAGE 12.—Another tale of Abe Cronkite, the detective.
- PAGE 13.—Facts and fancies from the fashion world.
- PAGE 14.—The Jews in China—Other bright miscellany.
- PAGE 16.—"Susan's Lesson"—An interesting short story. Births, marriages and deaths of the week.

RAILWAY TRAVEL IN RUSSIA.

Cheap Rates for Great Distances on the Siberian Road.

The cost of railroad travel in Russia over the great Siberian route is beyond criticism. There is nothing in the world like it, says Henry Forman in Scribner's Magazine. A few years ago when it was discovered that the people were not making sufficient use of the railways, the heroic decision was made to put railway travelling literally within the reach of everyone. The zone system of charges was adopted, the tariff made cheaper the longer the journey, and the rats put at on a stunningly low figure for the whole empire Irkutsk is 3,371 miles from Moscow and the journey thither occupies close upon nine days. The price of a first-class ticket is 62 roubles, and there are supplementary charges of 12.60 roubles for "express speed," 7.50 for the sleeping berth, and three roubles for three changes of bed linen en route. Total, 86.10 roubles; \$44.30. And this is for a train practically as luxurious as any in the world, and incomparably superior to the ordinary European or American train. The second class fare for the same journey is only £6, or less than \$30, and the third class passenger, travel by the ordinary daily train, and spending 30 hours or more on the way, can actually travel these 3,011 miles for the ridiculous sum of about £2 14s, or, say, \$13.50.

Giant Oregon Fungus.

A remarkably large fungus, one of the kind which grows on the trunks of trees or stumps, shaped like a bracket, has just been added to the free city museum. It is 4 feet 6 inches lengthwise the surface, 3 feet across and 13 inches deep and weighs about 250 pounds. W. J. Collins, one of the men employed in stringing the telegraph wire to Tillamook for the Oregon Telephone and Telegraph Company, discovered it in the woods on the Trask River and wrote to L. L. Hawkins about it, stating that all who had seen it, pronounced it the largest they had ever seen and offering, if it were desired for the city museum, to send it to the railroad station at North Yamhill free of cost. Mr. Hawkins at once asked that it be forwarded, and yesterday it arrived and was placed in the museum, the railroad company bringing it from North Yamhill for nothing. It took eight men to get it out of the woods to the road and Mr. Hawkins had to procure several men to assist him in getting it into the museum. The surface of this giant fungus, originally smooth and velvety has become mossy from old age and has been soiled in handling, but it is wonderful on account of its great size.

MoJigger—Our friend Jenks is either going to extremes in the matter of mourning for his late wife or he's looking for a new one.
Thingumbob—Why, how is that?
MoJigger—He has dyed his hair and mustache jet black.

BAKING POWDER... pure and wholesome

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The cost of railroad travel in Russia the great Siberian route is beyond comparison. There is nothing in the world it, says Henry Forman in Scribner's Magazine. A few years ago it was discovered that the people were not making sufficient use of the railway, the heroic decision was made to railway travelling literally within the grasp of everyone. The zone system of charges was adopted, the tariff was cheaper the longer the journey, and the rate put at a soundly low figure for the whole empire. Irkutsk is 3,371 miles from Moscow and the journey thither occupies close upon nine weeks. The price of a first-class ticket, including meals, is \$12.60, and there are supplement-ary charges of 12.60 roubles for "express" service, 7.50 for the sleeping berth, three roubles for three changes of bed linen en route. Total, \$44.30. And this is for a practically as luxurious as any in the world, and incomparably superior to the ordinary European or American train. Second class fare for the same journey is only £6, or less than half the ordinary daily train, and spending more or more on the way, can actually save these 3,011 miles for the ridiculous sum of about £22 14s, or, say, \$13.50.

Giant Oregon Fungus.

Remarkably large fungus, one of the which grows on the trunks of trees or on stumps, shaped like a bracket, has just added to the free city museum. It is 6 inches lengthwise the surface, 3 inches across and 13 inches deep and weighs 250 pounds. W. J. Collins, one of the men employed in stringing the telegraph wire to Tillamook for the telephone and telegraph companies, discovered it in the woods on the North Yamhill River and wrote to L. L. Hawkins, stating that all who had seen it, conceded it the largest they had ever seen and offering, if it were desired for the museum, to send it to the railroad station at North Yamhill free of cost. Mr. Hawkins at once asked that it be forwarded, and yesterday it arrived and was placed in the museum. The railroad company bringing it to North Yamhill for nothing. It took men to get it out of the woods to the station and Mr. Hawkins had to procure men to assist him in getting it into the museum. The surface of this giant fungus, originally smooth and velvety has become mossy from old age and has been in handling, but it is wonderful on account of its great size.

Digger—Our friend Jenks is either an extreme in the matter of mourning his late wife or he's looking for a new one.
Digger—Why, how is that?
Digger—He has dyed his hair and the jet black.



There has been little stir in the social world this week. The whole to be seen has been steeped in politics and social functions of any importance have been out of the question. Even the ladies have shown a greater interest than ever in the results of this election, and while they rarely, if ever, differ from the male members of their families in politics, still they are capable of great enthusiasm as has been plainly shown at several of the important meetings during the campaign.

The ladies of Trinity church intend holding a Mission sale in the Church of England parlour rooms, Gorman street, during the latter part of next week. Refreshments will also be served and as the proceeds are for so worthy an object, a liberal patronage will no doubt be extended.

Rehearsals for Jephra still go steadily on. The parts have all been assigned, and the club think they will be able to present the spectacle at the Opera house about the 15th or 20th of this month. Some of the choruses and dances are extremely pretty and as an amateur effort Jephra promises to exceed anything ever produced here, even Parada it is said. Mrs. R. L. Johnson, it is understood, will take the part of Queen Jephra, Miss Ethel Fay will make a very pretty Flora, and Miss Clara J. Brennan the Princess Niers. The part of the fairy godmother will be assumed by little Miss Daisy Sears. Mrs. Jack Kelly the popular tenor will be heard in the leading male role, and Messrs. J. N. Sutherland, Seely and Ritchie will also take part.

Mrs. M. Lewin and her daughter Miss Louise Lewin of Lancaster are visiting friends in New York city.

Mrs. G. Murdoch and Mrs. Ira Cornwall left St. John on Thursday afternoon for Victoria B. C. Miss Julia Carter arrived here from Boston this week, being called home by the serious illness of her mother.

A number of the Neptune Rowing Club boys, with the assistance of a number of ladies took down the decorations of flags, bunting etc., which had adorned the bare walls of St. Andrew's rink, and rendered the place so attractive for the banquet. When the work had been done, some one ventured to remark "how lovely it would be to have a dance here." The sentiment seemed to be appreciated and it was not long before a violin and mandolin, in capable hands, were discoursing sweet music to the lads and lassies, who for a couple of hours, merrily tripped the light fantastic. The dance being so impromptu made it all the more enjoyable.

The ladies of the Red Cross Society and the Soldiers Wives' League are receiving congratulations on the very excellent manner in which they planned and carried out, in perfect detail, the grand banquet given to the returned members of the first contingent at St. Andrew's rink, on last Saturday evening.

The finishing touches had been put to the different tables during the afternoon and long before the guests of the evening arrived, everything was in readiness for their reception.

The scene as viewed from the east gallery seemed like a glimpse of fairyland. The tables covered with snowy lilies and glistening with cut glass and silver, were prettily decorated with palms, potted plants and cut flowers, while the many lighted tapers and the profusion of red in the decorations rendered the place home like and cheery. None the less attractive were the waitresses, looking as pretty and dainty as possible in their white dresses, brightened up by the addition of the patriotic colors.

As the soldiers entered they were received by Lady Tilley, Mrs. H. B. McLellan, Mrs. Edward Sears, Mrs. A. R. McMillan, Mrs. J. Daniel, Mrs. Thomas Walker, Mrs. James Donohoe, Mrs. George West Jones, Mrs. J. J. Kaye, Mrs. Daniel Hannington, Dorchester, Mrs. Arnold, Sussex.

Two little people who rendered very valuable assistance were master Alvin Sturdee and little Miss Daisy Sears. The former as bugler blew the advance of the heroes, the dinner call and when silence was required for the toasts. The latter acting as usher took charge of the late coming soldiers and conducted them to their respective places. At the conclusion of the banquet Miss Daisy presented each one of the soldiers with a copy of the book of poems written for and dedicated to them by Mrs. D. McLellan of this city. Private Wm. Donohoe was also the recipient of a handsome bouquet from the hands of the little Miss. The tables were in charge of the following ladies:—

Table A—Mrs. Robert Thomson, Mrs. Kellie Jones and Mrs. James F. Robertson assisted by Mrs. H. Puddington, Misses Mabel Thomson, Blair, Hamilton, Alice Hamilton, Bessie Sadler and Mattie McLoughlin.

Table B The ladies in charge were Mrs. Taylor

Miss M. McLaren, Mrs. S. Skinner and Mrs. Alward, assisted by Misses Shewan, Ostram, Allison, Jones, Yroom, Lillian Hazen, Gertrude Fairweather, and Miss Fairweather.

Table C—Mrs. A. Markham, Mrs. Frank Rankine, Mrs. Miles, Mrs. F. S. McNutt, assisted by Miss Clara Schofield, Helen Frith, Laura McLoughlin, Edith Markham, Miss MacNutt, Misses Lillian Markham, Olive Lawton, Miss Beer and Miss Gertrude Seely.

Table D—Mr. James Dever, Mr. J. V. Ellis, Mr. James H. riding, Mr. Charles Coster, Miss Dever, Miss Helen Smith, Miss Amy Smith, Miss Maud Thompson, Miss Nellie McAuliffe, Miss George Scammell, Miss Farlong, Miss Leslie Smith and Miss Stephenson.

Table E—This table was presided over by Mrs. Allison, Mrs. Holden, Mrs. H. P. Timmerman, and Mrs. Travers, assisted by Miss Holden, Misses McLaren, Misses Travers, Misses Barnaby, Hegon and Robertson.

Table F—The ladies in charge of this table were Mrs. D. McLellan, Mrs. Edward Sears, Mrs. Fred Titus, Mrs. H. C. Tilley. They were assisted by Mrs. Fred Harding, Misses Tapley, McIntyre, Misses Harding, Miss Ella Macaulay, Miss Brown, Miss Geraldine Sears, Misses Maize and E. Titus.

Table G—Mrs. H. D. McLeod, Mrs. Busby, Mrs. Clarence Barker and Mrs. I. Allison. The young lady waitresses were Misses deForest, Mary Inches, A. Lion, Edith Skinner, Sanford, Christie, Louise O'By and Ada Dunn.

Table H—This was also a soldiers' table. The ladies in charge were Mrs. G. W. Jones, Mrs. J. W. Daniel, Mrs. H. B. Emerson, Mrs. deBoyer, Mrs. Charles McLoughlin, Mr. F. E. Kaye, Miss Emma Tack, Miss Josie Troop, Miss Celia Armstrong, Mrs. McLoughlin, Miss Winnie Hall, Miss Gladys McLoughlin, Miss Annie Smith, Miss Lou McLellan, Miss Lou Parks, Miss Lou McAviry.

Table I—Mr. E. A. Smith, Mr. W. W. White, Mrs. Charles McLoughlin, Mr. F. E. Kaye, Miss Emma Tack, Miss Josie Troop, Miss Celia Armstrong, Mrs. McLoughlin, Miss Winnie Hall, Miss Gladys McLoughlin, Miss Annie Smith, Miss Lou McLellan, Miss Lou Parks, Miss Lou McAviry.

Table J—In charge of J table were Mrs. J. M. Robinson, Mrs. Leah Harrison, Mrs. W. O. Raymond, and Mrs. Barker, assisted by Misses Isabel Donville, Bessie Donville, Miss Robinson, Vera Robinson, Constance Arnold, Miss Arnold, Misses Madeline Barker and Winifred Raymond.

Distribution tables—Mrs. W. E. Yroom, Mr. F. Inches, Mr. W. Alfred Porter, Mrs. John Thompson, Mrs. John Burpee, Mrs. A. A. Stockton, Mrs. E. T. C. Studee, Mrs. Kirkpatrick.

Tea table—Lady Tilley, Mrs. H. H. McLean, Mrs. J. R. Armstrong, Mrs. John McMillan, Mrs. M. B. Edwards, Mrs. Oty Sharp.

On Monday evening the ladies interested in the Home for Incubables met and formed a Women's Aid society in connection with that institution. The society will meet on the first Monday of each month. The following ladies were elected officers. Mrs. W. W. Turnbull, president; Lady Tilley Mrs. George F. Smith and Mrs. S. Alward, vice president; Mrs. R. C. Skinner, secretary; and Mrs. Thomas Walker, Treasurer.

Mrs. Malcolm McLeod of Amherst is in town for a short time visiting Mrs. J. D. McLoughlin Gorman St.

Miss Ella Paine has returned from a very pleasant visit to Fredericton.

The many friends of Miss Geraldine Sears, daughter of ex-Mayor Sears, are grieved to hear that she is again quite ill at her home on Pitt street.

Mrs. Parlee of this city is in Moncton the guest of Mrs. J. Robinson.

Mr. Harold Williams, who has been touring with the Robinson opera company as bass violinist returned home on Friday. When he leaves again it will be with the W. S. Hawkins Co.

Miss Annie Parks is seriously ill at her home on Elliott Row.

Mr. and Mrs. Z. G. Alwood of Boston formerly of this city, are receiving congratulations on the addition of a son to their happy little home.

Mr. Frank Colwell is dangerously ill at his home on Leinster street with pleura pneumonia. Mr. Colwell is a general favorite, and his friends will learn of his illness with sincere regret.

Mr. Chas. H. Williams Jr., who has been employed in the electric light power house for five or six years past, severed his connection with that company on Monday, when he was presented by his fellow employees with a solid gold locket, beautifully engraved with his initials. Mr. Williams has taken up an agency for the International Correspondent Schools of Scanton Pa. He will not leave the city but will continue to carry on his business for the present, at his office 252 Union Street.

Rev. H. F. Waring spent part of last week in Truro.

Miss Gertrude Belys of Queen street, has been confined to her home for the past week with a severe attack of rheumatism.

The marriage will take place at the Cathedral of the immaculate conception at an early hour Monday morning of Mr. Patrick Ryan of the firm of Ryan and Bros., King Square, and Miss Cecelia Drummond of Gilbert Street. The ceremony will be performed by the Rev. F. J. Murray in the presence of only the relatives and friends of the contracting parties. The bride will be attended by Miss S. Moran while Mr. Will Caples will do the honors for the groom. After the ceremony breakfast will be served at the bride's home, after which the happy couple will take the morning train for a short trip through the province.

The Guild of St. Lawrence in connection with the Mission church, gave a dinner in honor of Henry A. Morley, one of our South African heroes, at the Mission house on Wednesday evening. The evening was very pleasantly spent with music, speeches

being very much in order. Mr. Morley told many interesting incidents of his life in South Africa, and spoke very feelingly of the influence that the thoughts of the Guild had upon his career even in that far away land. At midnight a sumptuous menu was served, during which toasts to the Queen, returning hero, the Guild, the host, Fathers Devenport, and Jones, the ladies, were proposed and were heartily responded to by Messrs Kendrick, E. K. Williams, Muir Frith, Euno Hoben and Gibson Williams.

On Tuesday evening a large number of young people gathered at the residence of Mr. S. D. Scott on Charlotte street, for the purpose of congratulating Mr. Seaman Hatfield on his safe return from the scenes of war in South Africa. During the evening Mr. Deig presented Private Hatfield with a beautiful gold locket bearing his monogram on one side with the word "Paardeburg" on the reverse. The presentation was accompanied by a suitable address. Mr. Hatfield responded, and for some time held the attention of the guests with his tales of life in South Africa. Refreshments were served and the evening passed most enjoyably.

In the death of Dr. John Berryman, St. John loses one of its best known and most highly esteemed citizens. Although Dr. Berryman had been ill for some few weeks, yet his death came as a severe shock to a great number of people. The funeral services at Trinity church were largely attended and the entire community are expressing heartfelt sympathy for Mrs. Berryman and the deceased gentleman's family in their hour of trial.

An interesting and pretty event took place at the residence of Mr. Henry Seely, Durham street, on Monday evening, when his daughter Miss Maggie, was united in marriage with Mr. David Walton of Hallowell, Maine. The wedding was a very quiet one, only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties being present. The Rev. David Long was the officiating clergyman. Mr. and Mrs. Walton left by F. S. Co. boat for their future home in Boston.

Another pleasant event, also on Tuesday evening, was the reception tendered by the ladies of St. Mary's church to several of the returned heroes who were members of that congregation. These gentlemen, Messrs. Walter Irving, Wm. Donahue, W. C. Unkuf, and Fred Kirkpatrick were of course present and were given seats of honor on the platform. Lieut. Kaye, Capt. F. G. Jones, and Col. and Mrs. Geo. West Jones were also in attendance. After the formal addresses of welcome were made by Mayor Daniel and Rev. Mr. Raymond rector of St. Mary's, the boys were called on to speak and each in turn told some pleasing and interesting story of the experiences of "Garry" during the war. A dainty repast was served by the ladies of the different societies in connection with the church and the social was brought to a close by the singing of the national anthem.

Miss M. Louise Stewart who has been visiting friends in the city, returned on Saturday last to her home in Chatham street.

Private W. G. Ritchie of the first contingent, son of the late Sir W. J. Ritchie, spent a few days this week with Mrs. D. D. Robertson at Rothesay, before returning to his home in Upper Canada.

The very many friends of Mr. George A. Schofield are pleased to hear that he is reported as improving and great hopes are now entertained for his recovery.

Rev. A. S. Banchoff Dalhousie was in town during the early part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Marchie of Calais are spending a few days in the city.

Miss Jessie Walker came home from Boston this week, where she was spending several weeks with relatives and friends.

Miss Daisy Outram has returned from a brief visit to Halifax.

Miss Katie Gorman, who has been spending some weeks with her sister in Boston, has returned home.

Mr. George H. Binney of London was in the city for a few days this week.

Mr. James Robertson, Jr. who has been in the city for a short time, left on Monday for his home in Springfield, Mass.

Mr. H. H. Magee of Sydney, accompanied by Mrs. Magee paid a short visit to the city this week and while here was a guest at the Royal Hotel.

Miss Katie Weldon is in Hampton, paying a visit to her friend, Miss Brown, St. John's Road.

A number of McGill University students came down from Montreal this week, with the intention of exercising their franchise.

Mr. E. J. Vickery has returned from a trip to Boston.

Miss Lizzie White of Paradise Row who was slightly injured by a run away team on Monday, is able to about again, none the worse for her little mishap.

The annual meeting of the Ladies' Association of the Natural History Society was held in the society rooms, Market building, on Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock. Officers were elected for the ensuing year and plans were laid for the winter's work. Part of the proceeds of the Scientific Tea, held in the spring, was extended for a beautiful new luncheon for the library and a carpet for the Lecture room, and it was decided at the meeting to devote the remainder of the funds to the purchase of mineral cases. The ladies also decided to have a Ladies' lecture course similar to last year. The lectures to be delivered every Thursday afternoon, commencing the middle of January.

Mr. and Mrs. Emery Titus of St. Martins were in the city over Sunday.

Miss Ethel Fales is seriously ill with appendicitis, at her home on Sydney St.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Chipman left on Thursday morning for Boston, where they will in future reside. Mr. Chipman who has been manager of the Messenger and Visitor for the past four years, will be greatly missed in business circles.

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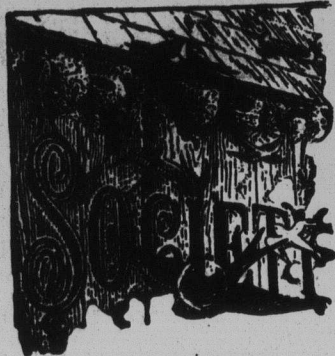
When You Want a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE' ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899. E. G. SCOVIL—'Having used both we think the St. Augustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic. JOHN C. CLOWES. E. G. SCOVIL, 62 Union Street

Buc-touche Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Buc-touche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER.

Pulp Wood Wanted. WANTED—Undersized saw logs, such as Belling or Spilling. Parties having such for sale can correspond with the St. John's Pulp Company, Ltd., stating the quantity, price per thousand superficial feet, and the time of delivery. M. F. MOONEY.

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED SOLUBLE COCOA. Fry's Pure Cocoa is a rich, delicious, and healthful food. It is made from the finest cocoa beans and is suitable for all ages. It is a perfect substitute for chocolate and is a most valuable food for the sick and convalescent. Fry's Pure Cocoa is sold in all grocery stores and is a most popular food.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



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

- Barrington street... Barrington street... Barrington street... Barrington street... Barrington street...

Nov. 8.—The marriage is announced of Mr. Wm. Vaughan, a native of this city, now with Chase & Freeman's Red Robe company, to a daughter of a prominent hardware merchant of Milk street, who is well known in musical circles in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton Drake who have been visiting relatives in Dartmouth, has returned to her home in New Glasgow.

The banquet given by the officers of the 68th P. I. F. to the officers of Co. H. Capt. Stairs, Lieut. Williams and Clerk at the Halifax hotel on Monday evening was a most brilliant function in every sense of the word, and will be recorded as one of the most noted of the many honors tendered the returned South African heroes.

Mr. and Mrs. Colin Jones have returned from a visit to Mrs. Jones's father, James Lane at Detroit, Mich.

Miss B. Connor of Toronto is spending a few days in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Moxley received their friends at their home 220 Robie street, on Friday of last week.

Mrs. (Rev.) Dr. Black entertained the Halifax Football team at her home on evening recently.

Wm. B. Scriver, wife and family have gone to Dorchester, Mass., where they will remain for the winter.

Miss R. Ibbotson is visiting friends in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Maber have returned from their wedding tour and will receive their friends this week.

Much sympathy will be extended to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Casavant, in the death today of their infant daughter Lillian Rita.

Mr. John P. Dixon (of Dillon Bros.) leaves on Thursday on a tour to Colorado, for the benefit of his health, to be absent several months.

Mrs. W. A. Lyons accompanies her husband to the city this week to visit her daughter in British Columbia.

Mrs. A. N. W. Almon, 100 Pleasant street, entertained her lady friends at her home on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. B. Macdonald, 433 Brunswick street, has issued "At Home" invitations for Friday afternoon, 9th, from 4:30 to 6:30.

A quiet but very pretty ceremony was performed on Wednesday morning at St. Mary's Cathedral by Rev. Fr. Merlati, when Joseph D. Abriel, of Pines Harbor, Halifax Co., was united in marriage to Miss Helen F. Priest, of St. J. Harbor. The bride was attended in a pretty gown with white satin and lace "trimmings" and white hat. Miss Bernice Abriel, sister of the groom, was best woman. Her dress was of brocade with white trimmings and hat to match. The groom was supported by his brother, Joseph L. Abriel. The bridal party drove to the Episcopal House where reception was served a few relatives and friends.

The happy couple left the cathedral on a trip through the provinces. Heavy handoms and useful presents were received. The groom's present to the bride was a gold watch and chain.

Miss Mary McLean of Sydney is in the city.

WINDSOR.

Nov. 8.—Mr. Thomas Chisholm has moved to Digby, where they will reside.

Mrs. Gibson Mosher and her children, Beryl and Cecil, who have spent the summer here, guests at the home of Mr. T. B. Smith, returned last week to their home in Kennebec.

Mrs. Walter Cochran and Miss Emily Cochran have returned to their home in Portland, Oregon, after spending a pleasant summer with friends in New York and vicinity.

Rev. A. Daniel, Mrs. Daniel and their two sons are home from a two weeks' trip to Boston.

The many friends of Mrs. F. W. Kelly of Antrim are pleased to hear of her very serious illness.

Mr. Frank Storey has been on a visit to his mother.

Mrs. A. L. Forsyth has returned from Boston.

Miss Ethel Miller of Dartmouth is visiting in Kennebec, the guest of Miss Belcher.

Mrs. Geo. N. Seabrook, Burlington, accompanied Mrs. John H. Garo of Kennebec Plains last Wednesday, and will remain there for the winter.

Miss Dickie, mother of Rev. H. Dickie, and Miss Lantia Dickie, who went abroad early in July, are now at Lacrosse, and will probably remain away all winter.

Miss Lillian I. Davin returned on Friday evening from a pleasant trip to Boston.

On Miss Dakin's return she remained off of the roads in Digby Co. Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Davidson, Halifax, and their daughter who recently came to Windsor, are remaining here for the winter.

Misses Marjorie and Elizabeth Burgess, who have been spending the summer with their parents Mr. and Mrs. Charles Burgess, of Cheverie left for the United States last week.

Mrs. Avarad Forsyth left on Friday last for Savannah, to meet her husband Capt. Forsyth, of the ship Harvest Queen, which sailed from Tybec on the 29th for Savannah.

Mrs. Beth, sister of Mrs. Geo. D. Geldert has gone to Springfield Mass., where she is to have the superintendency of a large new hospital, Mr. Beth last year graduated with honors from St. Luke's hospital. This is a splendid appointment, and is a direct compliment to this clever lady's ability.

Nov. 8.—Mrs. J. Woodworth, Gay's River is visiting her daughter in the United States and will not return to her home until Christmas.

at the home of Mr. Jones' parents for three weeks have returned to their home in Emporium, Pa.

Mrs. Charles Armstrong and two children who have been visiting in Windsor, returned to their home in Truro last Thursday, and was accompanied by Miss Gladys Dimock.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Dakin were in town on Monday, on their way from Truro to Digby and Weymouth.

Miss Jane Curry spent Sunday in Halifax with friends.

Mrs. Holland of Halifax, is visiting her mother Mrs. Levi Coe.

Archibald Smith, Sydney, is spending a week's vacation with his parents in town.

Mrs. Moody and daughter Miss Doris are visiting friends in St. John and Digby.

Miss Saunders, Truro, is the guest of her brother Mr. W. H. Saunders, Mass. Coak.

Rev. A. Hay, Mrs. Campbell, Waterford, N. B. are visiting Milford and Elmsdale.

Mr. J. W. Morris has returned from a two weeks vacation in Truro, Moncton and Halifax.

Mrs. Bendler returned home on Saturday evening, having spent a month with friends in Boston.

Miss Elsie B. Johnson has returned from a pleasant visit with friends in Boston and New York.

Miss Florence Anslow returned from Boston on Wednesday, after a pleasant month spent in Boston and vicinity.

The ladies of the Foreign Mission Society of the Methodist Church had an At Home at the residence of one of their members, Mrs. B. B. Dakin, on Friday, Nov. 2nd, from 3:30 to 5:30 to welcome back Mrs. W. Phillips, their former President from England.

On Wednesday, Oct. 21st a very pretty wedding took place in St. Paul's church, Northfield, Hants Co., when Douglas Miller, eldest son of Herwig Miller, was united in marriage to Miss Myrtle Laidlaw, second daughter of the late James Laidlaw.

Mr. George Miller who labored as a catechist at Mount Unalaska last summer has again resumed his studies at Dalhousie college.

Fraser Hill college has again resumed work for the winter session. The Freshman class will be very small this term. Only five new students have entered.

FERRISBURG.

Progress is for sale at Ferrisburg Books etc. Nov. 8.—The electric with excitement on this eve of the election and there is but one subject of conversation. Mr. Sprague of Hiram spoke in St. George's Hall last evening in the political question. Messrs H. J. Logan, M. P. and W. S. Pines Q. C. held a meeting this afternoon and Mr. Logan has the last word this evening.

Mr. Longhead leaves tomorrow to spend the winter in California.

Capt. and Mrs. Nordby, Dr. Hayes, E. Monahan, Mrs. Beverley, Mrs. Gertrude Holmes, Rev. W. G. Love, Messrs J. O. Holmes, E. B. Reid, Rev. H. K. McLean and Paul Gillespie were among those who went to Halifax to welcome the bride.

Rev. Mr. G. L. M. G. and the Rev. Mr. G. L. M. G. have been guests at the reception in Windsor on Wednesday to return home to Spruce Bay.

Mrs. Upton of Spruce Bay is on her way to her relatives here. Her father Mr. N. H. Upton is recovering from his severe illness but has not yet been out.

Mrs. F. A. Rand and Master F. E. are at present at Digby.

Dr. Sprague has returned from Boston.

The ladies of the Baptist Congregation provide dinner in the skating rink to meet Mr. J. Logan, Mrs. J. N. J. and Miss H. J. Logan.

Miss Stella Cannabell is at Wol. Hill on a visit to friends.

Miss May Gilchrist is visiting her sister at Annapolis.

Mr. Martin Doyle is at home from college for a short time.

Dr. J. C. Townshend lately left Montreal for Vancouver where he has been engaged in obtaining a position on the C. P. R. steamer "Star" returning to Vancouver in November and Hong Kong.

Mr. V. Watson spent a part of last week at Sydney.

Mr. Thomas Lee arrived last week on Wednesday, Mass. bridge, and the remains of Miss M. A. Leake home for interment.

Rev. W. Briffeld went to Cambridge on Wednesday returning on Saturday.

Rev. Fr. B. purchased the young eagle shot at Riverside and is having it stuffed.

ANNAPOLIS.

Mrs. Speer, wife of J. D. Speer, M. L. A. who has been visiting in Yarmouth, returned to Annapolis this week to spend a few days at the Methodist parsonage, an invite for her home in Pettit Street.

Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Buehler arrived Saturday last from a trip to Boston.

Mrs. F. W. Pickles, Mrs. A. M. Belding and Miss K. C. who have been visiting in St. John has returned home.

Mr. Howard Hulsman of Yarmouth is visiting her sister, Mrs. H. Riley.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Edwards returned home Saturday from their trip to Boston and New York.

Miss Josie Riley of Bear River, spent Sunday at her home here.

Miss Josie Jordan is visiting friends in Halifax.

Mr. G. W. of Weymouth, has been secured by the school commissioners to fill the position of principal of the County Academy, recently vacated by J. N. Creed.

TRURO.

Nov. 7.—Miss McKay entertained a number of her lady friends, married and single, most pleasantly last Saturday evening. A thimble party and a thimble each lady brought and also dainty needlework. Between five and six small quarts of men arrived who did much to enliven the tea hour.

Dr. and Mrs. Yarnall and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh MacKernie were in Halifax for a few days last week.

Misses Schurman returned last Friday from Halifax.

Mrs. C. A. Armstrong and family are home from a visit with Windsor friends.

Mr. J. W. Murray, manager of the Commercial bank, Boston, is in town for a day or two.

Mr. Atwater left on Monday morning for his home in Baddeck, which place tendered the "Gentlemanly" an elaborate reception on his arrival.

Incidentally Soloman and Mrs. Soloman were in Halifax last week for the celebration.

Mrs. Learmont and master Jack were spending a day or two last week with Halifax friends.

Mrs. A. B. Murphy and Mrs. S. L. Walker, were in Halifax last week, witnessing all the gay doings.

MONCTON.

Nov. 8.—Mr. Theo. M. LeBlanc who has been in

Hydraz, Q.B. the past few months, has returned home.

Mr. B. Toombs has returned from Charlottetown, P. E. I., after a pleasant visit visiting friends.

Mrs. Parke, St. John is visiting at the residence of Mr. W. E. Sheppard, Robinson street.

Mr. J. W. Roberts, of the I. C. B. audit office is home from a holiday trip to Montreal.

Mr. B. Clark manager of the bank of Montreal, returned on Saturday last after a successful business trip to Newfoundland.

Mrs. B. Tramba has returned from Charlottetown, P. E. I. after a pleasant visit visiting friends.

Miss Gertrude Pittfield returned this week from Belleville, Ont. where she has just completed a very successful course in book-keeping at the Belleville business college. Miss F. Pittfield takes a position on the Moncton business college staff.

Mr. Frank Holstead is home from the west on a holiday trip.

Mr. D. Hogan of Sydney is spending a few days in the city. Mr. Hogan's many friends will be pleased to learn that he is doing well in the "Living Cape Breton town."

Mr. J. McLean is out again after a lengthy illness of typhoid fever.

Mr. Robert Bosch of Amherst, is at the Brunswick. Mr. Bosch has recently removed his family from Newfoundland.

Mr. Geo. McSweeney of the Hotel Brunswick has been confined to his room for some days.

Mr. J. S. Benedict, US Consul at Campbellton and Mrs. Benedict are in the city.

Miss Mary A. McLean and Miss M. J. Kennedy, who have been visiting relations at Malchu Cammings, left on the C. P. R. for Boston Monday afternoon.

Master C. T. McLean spent Friday with his parents Mr. and Mrs. W. M. McLean at Harcourt, returning Tuesday to his studies at Robt's college for boys.

An interesting event took place at St. Bernard's church, Moncton, on Nov. 7th, at five o'clock, when Miss Aggie Joyce was united in marriage to Mr. John O'Rourke, of the treasurer's office, C. O. B.

The bride was given away by her father, and was attended by Miss Annie Woodlock, of Passabook, and the groom was supported by Mr. B. Kelly. The bride looked charming in a dark blue ladies' cloth costume with hat to match. At the ceremony the invited guests partook of a sumptuous repast at the home of the bride. The presents were numerous and costly, among them being a substantial cheque from the bride's parents.

A happy couple left on the matrimonial express last night for Montreal and Quebec and other cities in the upper provinces. The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. O'Rourke wish them every happiness and prosperity.

NEWCASTLE.

Mr. Labllois, Dalhousie, paid a pleasant visit to Mrs. John O'Brien, Nelson last week.

Mrs. Annie Brown, Charlottetown, was the guest of Mrs. John O'Brien last week.

Mrs. John O'Brien has returned from a pleasant visit to Boston and other American cities.

Miss Jean Thompson has returned to Halifax.

Miss Alice McCabe entertained a number of friends at her home quite recently.

Miss Troy of Newcastle is the guest of Miss Murray at Campbellton.

Mrs. Fred Jones and children who have been spending the summer months with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Jardine, returned to Windsor last week.

On Tuesday morning last a very fashionable wedding took place in the B. C. Carver, Nelson. The participants were Miss Lucinda Monahan of Nelson, and Mr. Richard O'Brien of Bonaville River.

The Nuptial Mass was celebrated at a charmingly decorated altar in a "charming" Navy blue costume, and carried a magnificent bouquet of white roses. She was attended by her cousin Miss Josie Monahan. Miss Deane of Charlottetown was maid of honor. Each carried a bouquet of roses and a pair of white hair pins. The room was ably supplied by her brother. As the bride entered the church, the wedding march was played, and during the nuptial mass appropriate hymns were sung. Miss H. H. H. presided at the organ with good taste, and very pretty solos were rendered by Miss Hays.

[Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. A. Doane & Co.]

Nov. 7.—A pretty wedding took place on Wednesday Oct. 31st, at the residence of Mrs. E. M. Boyer, when her daughter Miss Lina Knie was united in marriage to Mr. Ernest H. Clark of Boston, Mass., formerly of Woodstock. The ceremony was presided over by Rev. Mr. of the Methodist church. A number of invited guests were present and partook of a dainty luncheon, after which Mr. and Mrs. Clark left for their matrimonial home in Boston.

Miss Collier, St. John, is the guest of Miss Mary Conner.

Miss B. H. Brumpton, Fredericton, has been visiting in G. O. A. White.

Mrs. Dr. Kilburn, P. E. I., is visiting her sister Mrs. Williamson Fisher.

Miss Bessie McLachlan is home after a visit to her friends.

Mr. E. B. and wife and Miss Lucy Burt are visiting at Boston.

Mr. C. P. Conner is home after quite a long visit to friends in Yarmouth, N. S.

Miss Agnes G. Lagger returned from her Boston visit Monday.

Mr. Lee Raymond and wife have returned from a pleasant visit to Mrs. Raymond's home and friends at Ken. Hill, N. S.

Miss Lizzie Nugent, after spending a month's pleasant visit at St. Stephen and Calais, returned home Monday.

Mrs. Archdeacon Nesles and family arrived home Wednesday, and Thursday being the anniversary of his arrival in Woodstock, his parishioners in large numbers waited upon him at a day evening to happily greet the return and reunion with their people. Mrs. Nesles was presented with a dinner set, and the Archdeacon with a Morris easy chair. Many members of the congregation at once brought substantial tokens of their pleasure at the return of their pastor and family.

A number of young people are attending the dancing class, which is being instructed by Miss Mary Gidden of Houlton, Maine.

A Christmas Gift Now All the Year Round.

In choosing a Christmas gift what can afford more present or lasting pleasure than a subscription to The Youth's Companion? The delight with which it is welcomed on Christmas morning is renewed every week in the year.

Those who wish to present a year's subscription to a friend may also have the Companion's beautiful new "Puritan Girl" Calendar for 1901 sent with it. The Calendar reproduces in 12 color printings an ideal portrait of a Puritan maiden of Plymouth. In addition to this all the issues of the Companion for the remaining weeks of 1900 are sent free from the time subscription is received for the new volume.

Those wishing to make a present of The Companion and mentioning it when subscribing will receive, in addition to the gift offered above, a beautiful printed certificate of subscription to place among the presents on Christmas morning.

Illustrated announcement of the volume for 1901 sent with sample copies of the paper free to any address. The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

Recently there have been several cases of prominent men suddenly falling in collapse just after eating a hearty meal. These men have all been under treatment for gastric "trouble," and yet the result shows that the treatment they had received had smothered the symptoms but had not retarded the progress of the disease.

There is a real danger in the use of palliatives when there is disease of the stomach and its allied organs of digestion and nutrition. The disease in such cases goes on, while the distressing symptoms alone are stopped. Presently, like a smothered fire, the disease breaks out in new places, involving heart, lungs, liver, kidneys, or some other organ.

The use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and its allied organs of digestion and nutrition. It cures diseases of heart, lungs, liver, kidneys, etc., when the disease of these organs has its origin in the diseased condition of the stomach and digestive and nutritive system.

"I will tell you what myself and family think of your medicine," writes Mr. M. M. Wardwell, of Linwood, Leavenworth Co., Kansas. "I will do all you say, and more. I was taken sick nine years ago; I got so weak I couldn't lie down, nor hardly sit up; was that way two or three months. I picked up one of Dr. Pierce's Memorial Books one day and saw your description of catarrh of the stomach. I thought I hit my case. We had a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in the house that was got for my mother. You recommended it for catarrh of the stomach, so I went to taking it. The one bottle nearly cured me. I got two bottles next time and took one and one-half bottles and was well. Your medicine cost me three dollars and the doctor cost me fourteen dollars."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps, to pay expenses of customs and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



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FOR ARTISTS.

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

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

FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES. Wholesale Agents for Canada.

A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL.

Free Cure For Men.

A new remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, varicocele, night emissions, premature discharge, etc., and restores the organs to strength and vigor. Dr. L. W. Knapp, 300 E. Building, Detroit, Mich., gladly sends free the receipt of this wonderful remedy in order that every weak man may cure himself at home.

Something Choice.

My Gum Picker has arrived with a lot of that lovely

SPRUCE GUM.

Come and see my window display with the real Gum Trees showing how it is produced. Don't fail to get some of this gum.

REMEMBER THE STORE: ALLAN'S WHITE PHARMACY:

By Charlotte Street. Phone 239. Mail orders promptly filled.

Scribner's FOR 1900

INCLUDES

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

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

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles.

HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day.

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

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

SPECIAL ARTICLES The Paris

TS. & NEWTON'S COLORS. ER COLORS, ANVAS, etc., etc. Agents for Canada. My Gum Picker with a lot of that. WHITE PHARMACY: Street. Phone 239. Scribner's 1900 INCLUDES: MORRIS'S "Tommy and ... ROOSEVELT'S "The ... HARDING DAVIS'S ... NORMAN'S The Russia ... by WALTER A. WY- ... of "The Workers". STORIES by Nelson Page, ... an Dyke, ... Thompson, ... harton, ... Chanet, ... Allen White. ARTICLES ... IRLAND'S ... and exploration. ... FIFTY ... AGO," by Sena- ... ART FEATURES ... ILLUSTRATED American ... artists. ... Chavannes, ... LAFARGE, illus- ... color. ... illustrative schemes (in ... black and white) by ... RAPPLETON CLARK, ... KETTO, HENRY MO- ... DWIGHT L. HELMEN- ... and others. ... Illustrated Prospectus ... to any address. ... SCRIBNER'S SONS, ... publishers, New York.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALLIS.

[Programs for sale in St. Stephen at the book store of G. S. Wall and T. E. Atchison.] Nov. 6.—Mrs W B Wetmore has returned from Manchester, N. H. Collector Graham has gone to Annapolis, Ont, to accompany Mrs Graham home, and to visit Harry Fe'bleck. Mrs George A Co ran has returned from Boston. Mr and Mrs O Eaton of P. Boston were visiting in Calais. Mr and Mrs Daniel Moore of Carleton and Mrs William Blakely of V. Scarborough have been visiting Mr and Mrs W G Kirk. Mrs John E Jger has returned from a very pleasant trip to Boston. Mrs L. Rice Love and Miss Irene L. Love of Pembroke are visiting in Calais. Miss Jennie Kennedy, St. Andrews, and Miss Maymie Kennedy of Caladoute, Ont, are visiting the Misses Sho. Mr and Mrs Ned H Mordue of Carleton, have returned from Calais. Mrs C M Greve has been the guest for several days, of M. H. Green Grimmer. Mrs Percy L. Lord is home from Boston. Miss Alice Gertrude Heny, returned home on Saturday last, having spent three weeks calling relatives and friends in Cambridge, Mass., and East Angling. Mrs C C Masters of St John was a guest of Mrs Newham at Christ Church rectory last week. Mr and Mrs A. M. Tord have been spending a few days on Deer Island. Miss Rudlock of D. G. by s. lived last week and is visiting with Mrs F. K. H. Miss Adelle E. arrived on Cambridgeport Mass., last week and is spending a fortnight with Mr and Mrs Thomas Storr. Miss Dea. Bo's is quite ill and confined to her home. Mrs John I. Scott is home from Washington, where she has spent several months for the benefit of her health which is now much improved. Dr and Mrs Franklin Eaton and Miss J. one Eaton have returned from their holiday tour at Grand Lake. Miss Fannie Moore is in Fredericton visiting her sister, Mrs Shute. Miss Halliday has returned from a visit in Portland. Miss Ma. Star is visiting in Calais. Mrs D G Smith of Chatham is the guest of Miss Katherine Grant. Miss Gertrude E. has gone to Deer Beach, New Jersey, to spend the winter with relatives. Mrs F. ede. ck H. and her son are on their way home in Calais after a pleasant visit to Waltham and vicinity. Dr and Mrs Walter Moore are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son. Miss Jessie Wall spent Sunday with Miss Margaret Maxwell at Old Ridge. Mr John Black gave a small party at her residence on Monday evening for the pleasure of her daughters, the Misses Margaret and Esther Black and their guest Miss Star. Mrs John Clarke Taylor gave a very charming luncheon and card party at her residence on Friday afternoon to a number of lady friends. Mr and Mrs H. Perkes of Medford, Mass., were recently guests of Mr and Mrs F. O. Sullivan. Mrs John Hodgins has returned to her home in Ottawa. Mrs J. T. Walllock was Mrs C. F. Berd's guest on Sunday. Mrs W A Henry gave a very pleasant party at her home on Douglas street, Calais, last Monday evening, which was much enjoyed by her guests. A number of young people, both on both sides of the river enjoyed a drive to the stone house at the ledge below Calais on Hallow e'en, where they indulged in Hallow e'en pleasures and a dance. A dainty basket supper was served before leaving for home. Mrs John McW. has returned on a pleasant visit with relatives at Calais. Reuben E. L. was the guest of Mrs J. N. Y. to spend the winter. Mrs Hazen Grimmer gave a very merry party at her residence on Hallow e'en for the pleasure of her daughter Lois and a number of her girl friends. Mr and Mrs Geo. Downes of Calais expect to spend the winter with Mrs Downes' parents, Mr and Mrs E. ederick H. Mr and Mrs A. bur Price are home after a visit in Boston. Guy Hunter left last week for Sea. le, Wash. Rev J Hunter Boyd and Mrs Boyd of Waweg were in town during the week. Mr and Mrs Ernest Po. e. e. p. st. go to Sydney, C. B. I. reside. Mrs J D Lawson gave a Hallow e'en party for the pleasure of her daughter, Miss Elsie Lawson, and her young friends. Mrs Webb, who has been visiting Mrs Alfred Saunders, has returned to Portland. Mrs W B King has returned to Pembroke where she is the guest of Mrs William Hobbs. Rev Joseph Lee is in Red Beach, the guest of his sister, Mrs C H Newton. The residence of Mrs. James Wooster was the scene of a pretty wedding on Wednesday afternoon of last week when her daughter, Miss Zelma Wooster, was united in marriage to Mr. Alfred Richards of Portland, Me. Rev C G McCully officiated. The happy couple proceeded to their new home on the evening (6th). A pleasant wedding took place in Mill's on a Thursday afternoon, Nov. 1st, when in the parlor of the Congregational parsonage, Mr Wadsworth E. Kilby of Derbyville, Maine, and Miss Percie E Smith of E. W. in the same state, were made one, Rev Lucie D. LeLean officiating. Mr and Mrs Kilby have been visiting at the Union and soon after the wedding left for an evening drive to their home in Derbyville. Miss Paulson of Eastport is a guest of Mrs J E Sedgwick. Miss Adelle Wilson has successfully passed her entrance examination at the Massachusetts general hospital. She now enters the training school for nurses and will take a two years' course at that institution. Will H. Cadin, who has been visiting his parents here returned by boat on Monday to Portland. Mr John M Stevens arrived from Edmuntston on Tuesday evening. Mr and Mrs F F MacNichol are now occupying the Eaton house which they have rented for a term of years. The ladies auxiliary of the Union street Baptist church will hold a hot supper and apron sale on Thursday, November 22nd. Mr and Mrs Joseph H Meredith have returned from a trip through the White Mountains. Miss Meredith also spent several weeks in Portland. After a pleasant visit of two weeks with Mrs C N Vroom, Miss Emma Watson has returned to her home on Water street. Miss Maud Foley very pleasantly entertained a

number of her friends at her home on Hallow e'en. Mrs W D McLaughlin who has spent the summer on Grand Manan, arrived home with her young son last Thursday. Mr McLaughlin will come at a later date. Miss Helen New' n has returned from her European trip and is at her home in Red Beach. Miss Beatrice Vroom expects to spend the winter in New York city with Prof W F Vroom. Mr and Mrs Frank Faine of Eastport, and their daughter, Kathleen, will reside during the winter with Mrs Ernest Haycock, Calais. Mrs D G Smith spent a day or two this week in St Andrews with Lee street. Mr John Hodgins of O. Lawa has been visiting Mrs A B Murray in Calais. Mrs Horne D Bates and Miss Alice Bates entertained a party of young ladies at their most pleasant at their home on Prince William street last Friday evening. Miss Beatrice of Charlottetown, P. E. I., is a guest of Miss Margaret Black, Elm street.

Latest styles of Wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any of trees. Progress Job Print.

ANAGRAM.

Nov 8.—Mr and Mrs George H Davidson spent last week in Halifax enjoying the demonstrations in connection with the arrival of the Idaho. Mrs Gaila McNaughton has returned home from Dorchester where she had been visiting relations. Mrs W C Davidson and master Lorne who have been spending some four weeks with the Davidson family, Apple Hill, for their home in Boston last Tuesday. Miss Annie Nicherson spent Tuesday in Portland. Mrs Charles F Goddard with children have been visiting in Sussex lately. Mrs Dr Jiel Wilson and two little girls, of Boston arrived in Calais Tuesday to spend some time with relations at C. A Hill and Sunset Point. Mrs J. A. Solomon Traves is a receiving correspondent on the arrival of a young daughter at their home. Mrs Wesley Dr. told has been very ill for the past few days with a cold of the lungs. Mr Wm E Smith and daughter, Miss Evelyn, were visiting in De' foodiac last week. Miss Ber' n Davidson was in Fenouquis on Friday in attendance at the coroner's inquest. Mrs George Davidson was visiting in Saint John and Moncton prior to her week's sojourn in Halifax. Mr and Mrs Dunc' n MacNaughton spent Sunday at 'Sallabury' with their daughter, Mrs Byard McLeod. Mr George Laurier Holmes was up to Moncton for a few days last week. Rev Mr Ferguson of Gagetown, preached in the P. C. Church at P. o. age, Sunday, to quite a large congregation. Mosquito.

THINGS OF VALUE.

Is Miss T. her an obliging singer? 'Oh, yes; half the time she sings for me.' Sale, Co. at 'Prompt Economic'—These few adjectives apply with peculiar force to L. A. CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE. It is a standard excellence and its remedy, adapted to the relief and cure of swollen, sore throats, hoarseness and all other ailments of the throat, such as coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., etc. There is no perseverance in the world equal to that of a woman who is working for her church or in removing a freckle. Why will you allow a rough, irritated throat or large and inflamed tonsils to cause you rheumatic pains. This irritation is owing to a deranged and unhealthy condition of the liver. Any one subject to these ailments should use and remedy in Dr. Calvert's Vegetable Pills. Their action upon the kidneys is pronounced and most beneficial and by restoring healthy action they correct impurities in the blood. Ragged Robe.—'What you do?' 'Mouldy Mike—I'm layin' wid my head in de sun to get me' 'substant.' 'What you do now?' 'I use a temperance feedin' place and th' corner, an' th' redder a m' 's nose is th' more sympathy he gets.' Impurities in the Blood.—When the actions of the kidneys become impaired, impurities in the blood are a most sure to follow, and eventual derangement of the system ensues. Dr. Calvert's Vegetable Pills will regulate the kidneys, so that they will maintain healthy action and prevent the complications which certainly come when there is derangement of these delicate organs. As a restorative these Pills are in the first rank. In Kentucky—Mr. Wm.—'Did you know, dear, your little cousin in Frankport, is dead?' Isabella—'Who shot her?'

and at a recent celebration in his honor delivered an address which was Addisonian in its style and finish. His reminiscences would fill volumes, as he has always taken an active interest in public affairs and has been on terms of friendship with many of the leading men of the country for three generations. The late Rev. Richard S. Storrs once said: "There is a law of contrarities often makes a man the opposite of his name. Mr Stout is usually thin, and the only Mr. Thynne was very fat. Men named Short are often tall and those named Long are below medium height. I once knew a very foolish man named Wise, and one of the wisest men I ever knew is our distinguished friend, Silliman."

COOK ISLANDS ANNEXED.

Great Britain Takes Formal Possession of Them at the Request of the Chiefs. On Oct. 3 the Governor of New Zealand landed on the Cook Islands and formally annexed them to the British Empire at the unanimous request of the chiefs and people. For twelve years the islands have been under the protection of Great Britain and every enactment of the native Legislature has had to receive the approval of the British Resident at Raratonga before being regarded as law. But there has never been any formal annexation of the group and the natives were probably delighted to have that ceremony carried out. The islands, lying far southeast of Samoa, are off the usual lines of steamer traffic and most of their trade is carried on with New Zealand and New South Wales. They properly bear the name of the great navigator Cook, for he discovered the greater part of the group on his second journey in 1773, and made them better known by his voyage of 1777. Cook named one of the islands Hervey Island and the missionaries who settled there somehow got into the habit of applying the name Hervey to the whole group, and today they are called indifferently, the Cook or Hervey Islands. All the three islands, lifted only a little way above the sea level, except Raratonga, the largest and most populous, whose volcanic mountain rises to a height of 4,000 feet. Raratonga is one of the pearls of the South Seas and is rich in all the products of the Southern archipelagoes. The natives have long used cotton cloth as money, but coin is now likely to be introduced.

Women are more pleased with boarding than the men, because it is easier for a woman to smile when she doesn't feel like it. A lady writes: "I was enabled to remove the corns, hot and red, by the use of Holloway's Corn Cure." Others who have tried it have the same experience. Uncle, severely—'When I was your age I always stood at the head of my class! Sam—'What a chump you must have been at football! A Cure for Rheumatism.—The last issue of uric acid into the blood vessels is a 'real' cause of rheumatic pains. This uric acid is owing to a deranged and unhealthy condition of the liver. Any one subject to these ailments should use and remedy in Dr. Calvert's Vegetable Pills. Their action upon the kidneys is pronounced and most beneficial and by restoring healthy action they correct impurities in the blood. Ragged Robe.—'What you do?' 'Mouldy Mike—I'm layin' wid my head in de sun to get me' 'substant.' 'What you do now?' 'I use a temperance feedin' place and th' corner, an' th' redder a m' 's nose is th' more sympathy he gets.' Impurities in the Blood.—When the actions of the kidneys become impaired, impurities in the blood are a most sure to follow, and eventual derangement of the system ensues. Dr. Calvert's Vegetable Pills will regulate the kidneys, so that they will maintain healthy action and prevent the complications which certainly come when there is derangement of these delicate organs. As a restorative these Pills are in the first rank. In Kentucky—Mr. Wm.—'Did you know, dear, your little cousin in Frankport, is dead?' Isabella—'Who shot her?'

PRESERVE YOUR TEETH

and teach the children to do so by using CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER 6d., 1s. and 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d. Tins, or CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE 6d., 1s. and 1s. 6d. Pots. They Have the Largest sale of Dentifrices. Avoid imitations, which are numerous and unreliable. F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester

FARM HELP.

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

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 50 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line. HUSTLING YOUNG MAN can make \$40.00 per month and expenses, permanent position, experience unnecessary. Write quick for particulars, Clark & Co., 4th & Locust streets, Philadelphia, Pa. U. S. Gold & Copper Mining Company (Sultan Basin, Washington) 10c. per share. Returns used money. Regular price 10c. Address "C" Box 128, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company

OF NEW YORK! RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING AUGUST 11, 1900.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Amount. Income, \$ 58,890,077 21; Disbursements, 38,597,480 68; Assets, 304,844,837 52; Policy Reserves, 261,711,988 61; Guarantee Fund or Surplus, 50,132,648 91; Insurance and Annuities in Force, 1,052,665,211 64; Loans on Policies During the Year, 4,374,636 86.

J. A. JOHNSON, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland. ROBERT MARSHALL, Cashier and Agent, St. John, N. B. M. McDADE, Agent, St. John, N. B. C. E. SCAMMELL, Agent, St. John, N. B. JOHN ADAMS DIXON, Agent, St. John, N. B.

Job... Printing.

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

Consult Us for Prices.

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

Progress Department. 29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

NOVELS. CAFE ROYAL

BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in... CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS. OYSTERS always on hand. FISH and GAME in season. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

THE DUFFERIN

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

Victoria Hotel,

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

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

and dining were indulged in and a very pleasant time spent.

Mr. Kenneth Webster went to Boston Saturday to take a course at Harvard University for the degree of Ph. D.

An interesting event, in which a popular young lady and a gentleman from Boston, will play the important part, takes place this evening at the residence of Mr. E. J. Webb, Main street.

Mr. and Mrs. James McConney are receiving congratulations on the arrival on Tuesday last of a baby girl, at their home on Broad street.

FREDERICTON.

[Parades for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenety and J. H. Hartorne.]

Nov. 7th.—This week affairs of state have so completely overshadowed all else that even the several parties we have had and all very pleasant ones, have not occupied even the mind of the most of the citizens usually expects in that quarter.

The welcome given the returning heroes on Friday evening was worthy of the occasion. All classes and people, as one were in accord and our charming little city presented a gala appearance in holiday attire all anxious to do honor to our soldier boys who were returning home from the war. The heroes were J. Albert Perkins and John Wilson, of the 71st York Regiment and Hallimore, Keddy and Henry of No. 4 Co., R. C. R. I and they were accompanied by Sgt. Frisole of Stanley, and Baker, Flewelling, Simpson & Miller of the R. C. R. I and Jones of the 71st, Luty of Moncton, Creigh and Wainwright of Sussex. They were met at the station by the reception committee and citizens on parade. The parade which was given by the ladies of the W. C. T. U. in honor of the returning heroes was a happy finish to the wild enthusiasm which attended their arrival home. The gymnasium of the Y. M. C. A. where the banquet was spread had been gorgeously decorated with flags, bunting and welcome notices. The table was in the form of the letter H and with the beautiful decorations of flowers and holly presented a feast fit for gods. Those who had seats at the table were the ladies in khaki, the mayor and aldermen, officers of the R. C. R. I and 71st regiments, the band, city clerks, veterans of 66 and the honorary members of the W. C. T. U. During the repast the orchestra furnished music and at the finish came a round of speeches. Those speaking were Mayor Beckwith, Colonel Loggie, Colonel Dunbar, Dean Fairbridge, Rev. D. J. McLeod and several of the returning soldiers.

Mrs. T. Corbett Allen entertained a number of her lady friends at Echuhe last Wednesday evening (9 tables). The fortunate winners of the prizes were Mrs. Maquie, ladies first, Miss Burns, gentlemen's first, Mrs. Eaton getting ladies' bobby and Mr. T. G. Loggie the gentlemen's. At the finish of the games a sumptuous supper was served.

Miss Dunbar of Quebec, is in the city the guest of her brother Col. Dunbar at the Barracks. Several little strangers have arrived in the city and are receiving hearty welcomes.

One has come to the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Crowe and is being welcomed as a young son. Another young gentleman has come into the home of Mr. J. A. Barry, Judge of Probates.

A little daughter is receiving attention at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Toner.

Mrs. Boston and Miss Fehlan of Calais, are visitors in the city.

The Barkers Whist Club met last evening at Acadia Grove with Mrs. J. A. Gregory.

Mrs. Hazen and Mrs. Burnside entertained the ladies of the Lang Synce Whist club last evening when the winners of the prizes were Mrs. Bliss last, Mrs. Tabor 2d and Mrs. Balloch the consolation.

Mrs. John Palmer has issued cards of invitation for Friday afternoon from 4.30 to 6.30.

Mr. T. Mons Aiken, one of our South African heroes is the guest of his friend Mr. Mont Wiley for a few days.

Mr. Aiken was dined at the Barker House by a number of his friends last evening. Speeches, songs and toasts occupied several hours of the pleasant evening after the dinner had been disposed of.

Mrs. Rahn, Winmore has invitations out for a Echuhe party on Friday, Nov. 10th.

Saturday afternoon was an ideal day for bare and hounds and a large meet were gathered, the run was a long one back over the College hills, out down below Salamaqua over garden walls and through to Queen street, but the hares Miss Agnes Taber, Miss Jean Neil and Miss Margaret Babbitt, were in flight for the hounds and arrived at Mrs. Dave Hain's the rendezvous, in safety.

Miss Markham has returned to her home at St. John after a pleasant visit of several weeks here the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Bailey. CRICKET.

Meeting a Polar Bear.

Adventures with polar bears were frequent during the long winter spent on Frazz Josef Land by Mr. F. G. Jackson, and described by him in his interesting book, 'A Thousand Days in the Arctic.' Early one February morning at the close of his watch on the ship, Mr. Jackson heard the dogs bark, a signal that a bear was near. He seized his rifle and set off alone in pursuit.

After stumbling two miles or more over the rough snow, guided by the barking, I came upon a bear close up to the open water, with the dogs yelping around him, and he roaring and making dashes at them. Going up to within ten yards, I wounded him in the neck, but not sufficiently to stop him. He took to the water, and the dogs and I followed. He bade fair to get away, and I fired at sixty yards. The bear turned.

In my haste I had taken but three cartridges, and now had but one left, so that on coming up with the brute again at the edge of the floe, I was particularly anxious to make sure of a fatal shot.

I had approached within six or seven yards of him, when he rushed at me, at first with his head low down. I fired at his head; but just as I did so he threw it up, letting the bullet go between his fore legs. He came at me with a regulation menagerie roar, his mouth wide open, and in a second he was upon me.

I could feel his warm breath on my face, and could see the gleam of his teeth, the

shape of his long grey tongue and the glare in his eyes.

I had just time to remove the rifle from my shoulder, half-dazzled as I was by its flash in the darkness, and to thrust the barrel with all my force into the bears open jaws, and then draw it back for another thrust.

This was a trifle too much for him, and he whipped short round and took to the water. My left hand, which entered his mouth up to the wrist, as shown by the teeth marks upon it, bled a good deal. I returned to the ship for more cartridges and resumed the hunt, but the bear had made good his escape.

Delusive Dummies.

An American who spent a large portion of the past summer in Paris found no small part of his pleasure in the exposition in the 'dummies' scattered about among the exhibits.

There are a great many of these dummies so called, effigies and manikins, representing different races and tribes, and illustrating styles of dress, uniforms and so forth. Many of them are very lifelike, and in the shadow of an arch or an indoor pavilion it is not always easy, at first sight, to distinguish a dummy from a living person, when the latter is motionless.

The American visitor was much amused one day at witnessing the discomfiture of a large, elderly Englishman whose eyes were probably not quite as good as they once were. He was passing through the Indo-Chinese Building, and had paused in front of an alcove where stood a little brown Malay woman. She was, perhaps, homesick or depressed by her small sales, for she stood as still as a stock by its cost.

The large Englishman regarded her tentatively for some moments, then moved his head from side to side for a better view. Almost, it not wholly, convinced that this was a manikin and not flesh and blood, he carefully moistened his forefinger and, leaning forward, rubbed one of the brown cheeks.

With a cry of irritation, the little dusky woman jumped backward, and let go at the embarrassed Britisher such a flight of indignant Malaysian epithets as must at least have convinced him that she was very much alive.

The American was telling this story next day to a friend, as they were walking through the 'Palais of Agriculture.' 'They are very deceiving—these dummies,' he replied. 'Look at that one by the big wine butt, just ahead of us. You would almost say that that fellow in uniform was real flesh and blood,' and he tapped it on the arm in passing.

To his chagrin and my no little amusement, the supposed dummy gave his belt a hitch and turned his back in superb disdain.

Daniel O'Connell's Last Case.

Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish agitator, was in his lifetime scarcely less famous in law than in politics. He was a marvelous advocate, but he was justly accused of using unfair means to procure verdicts. He would blarney or bully as the case seemed to require; he would mimic, he would declaim, he would denounce, and resort to dramatic surprises and clever traps—anything to succeed.

His excuse was his warm heart, and the terrible severity of the times, which made him desperately anxious to save his clients from punishment, and often scarcely less so when he himself believed them guilty than when they were innocent. It was the day of little discrimination, less mercy, and much hanging and transportation; and O'Connell disapproved capital punishment. A recent article by Mr. Michael MacDonagh gives a thrilling account of Counsellor O'Connell's last case—that of the 'Doneraile Conspiracy.'

An unpopular Irish magistrate has been murdered, and the resulting investigation unearthed a conspiracy to kill a number of oppressive local magnates. One hundred and fifty persons were indicated, and were to be tried in three batches.

In the defence of the first batch O'Connell was not engaged, and they were all convicted and sentenced, lads and aged men together, to execution within the week. The remaining prisoners and their friends, seized with panic, sent an urgent messenger from Cork to Darrylane, ninety miles away, and O'Connell went to the rescue.

There was not a moment to spare, as the judge had refused to delay the opening of the second trial for his arrival. Travelling in a light gig with relays of horses, and scarcely stopping for rest or food, O'Connell traversed the frightful Kerry roads at full speed, and at length arrived in the court-house square flogging his exhausted horses which dropped dead between the shafts as he descended, hailed by a crowd of thousands with wild shouts, 'He's come! He's come!'

Amid a frantic uproar of cheers, he was

"Hit the Nail

On the Head."

If you have eruptions, pains in the head or kidneys, stomach trouble and feelings of weariness, "Hit the nail on the head." Hood's Sarsaparilla is the hammer to use. It will purify your blood. The masses praise it for doing this and making the whole body healthy.

Sick Headache—"I was troubled with sick headaches. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, my husband having been cured of salt rheum by it, and soon it made me feel like a new woman." Mrs. Robert McAfee, Deerhurst, Ont.



swept into the court room, where the opposing lawyer Mr. Doherty was addressing the jury.

The solicitor general turned white. The cloud of despair lifted from the faces of the prisoners in the dock. O'Connell at once bowed to the judges, and apologized for not appearing in wig and gown. He also craved permission to refresh himself in court. A bowl of bread and milk was brought and he ate, a young barrister on either side of him poured into each ear an account of all that had been done, and of how the case stood.

It was a contrast, the big massive counsellor snatching his hasty breakfast, and the graceful aristocratic Mr. Doherty talking in the most refined way to the court. As he laid down a doctrine of law, O'Connell, with marked contempt, cried out, with his mouth full of bread and milk. 'That's not law.'

Again and again he interrupted but always the decision of the judges upheld him and affirmed the error of his antagonist. He was still more successful when the witnesses fell into his hands for cross-examination. They told, or tried to tell the same story upon which the former prisoners had been convicted; but O'Connell so badgered, tripped and terrified them that their evidence went hopelessly to pieces.

'Wish, then,' cried one hysterically, visibly trembling, 'God knows 'tis little I thought I'd meet you here this day, Counsellor O'Connell! May the Lord save me from you!'

The jury could not agree although locked up and starved for a day and a half. Nor were the accused tried again, for the third batch having received meanwhile a full acquittal, the government despaired of conviction and they were discharged, while the sentence of the unfortunates already condemned to be hanged was commuted to transportation.

His Father's Name.

A new realization of what war means came to the readers in a certain English newspaper not very long ago. There were readers before all the stands. The room was full. Work people curtailed their dinner hour, and even children, going home from school, looked to see the latest telegrams. The London Academy tells the story of one small reader.

He came in, a little lad in a sailor suit, with a cap set well back on his head. Any attempt on his part to read the newspapers on the high wooden stands was out of the question. He was too small to do anything but look up at them inquiringly.

He paused in the centre of the room, eagerly scanning the faces of the readers, as if trying to solve a difficult problem. Presently he walked up to a tall man absorbed in the war telegrams. The child pulled him by the coat and in a high whisper preferred his request: 'Will you lift me up? I want to see the list for mother.'

Every head was turned. The gaze of all the readers was fastened on the tall man as he lifted the little boy in his arms. Evidently the child could read, for his quick bright eyes followed his stubby little forefinger as it travelled line by line down the broken column of names. Everybody watched him breathlessly.

The finger lifted, the boy gave a little wriggle in the tall man's arms, and exclaimed: 'No, 'e ain't there. Mother won't never buy no paper till I been and looked, for fear 'er should see it suddint like. Thank you, sir!'

Carpeted Rivers.

The search for convenient ways of transportation by which the products of the Sudan may reach the outer world has called attention to a remarkable phenomenon of vegetable life on some of the head waters and tributaries of the Nile. This consists of enormous growths of papyrus and other plants, completely covering the streams and forming carpets of vegetation two or three feet thick, beneath which flows the water. Navigation by

small boats is, of course, entirely interrupted by this obstruction, which is in places supplemented by vines and clinging plants which arch 'he streams from bank to bank'. Heavy floods occasionally sweep away the accumulations of plants, but they are quickly reformed.

Snatching a Tiger.

An English missionary to British Guiana penetrated a few years ago to the remotest settlements of those tropical wilds, where he was entertained by a half breed settler. He reports one story told him there on a rainy day. The story is of interest for its dialect, as well as for its adventure.

Hanging over the fence about the cabin was a huge tiger-skin. We had arrived only a few days after the animal was killed. 'Tell us about it,' I said, for like the Athenians of old, we had nothing else to do just then but to tell or to hear some new thing.

'Well,' said Alec, 'nebba trouble trouble till trouble trouble you. Dis fellow trouble a' we too much. He came in de night and steal de pork. He came 'gain and take a we fowl. So we say, 'We no clea' groan' fo' monkey fo' run 'pon, and we no rear fowl fo' tigh to eat. So we must catch he one dem nights.'

'Three of us get we guns, we climb 'pon tree, and we wait and we say, 'Ebry day debil help tref, one day God mus, help watchman.' By and by we hear noise, massa. Tigh come carrying hog 'twon he test.' Bang! Tigh stop, tigh a rowl. Bang! Tiger roll ober. He keep still, but we say, 'Ebry shut eye no sleep.' We gib he one more. Bang! He dead fo' true. We haul he up Dere he skin. 'No ketchee, no habee.'

Subsidence of the Bermuda Islands.

According to the results of studies by Prof. A. E. Verrill the beautiful Bermuda Islands are merely the remnant of an island, very much larger than the present entire group, but which has sunk in the ocean. The original island had an area of 800 or 400 square miles, whereas the Bermudas to-day are only about 20 square miles in area. Within a comparatively recent period, says Professor Verrill, the Bermudas have subsided at least 80 or 100 feet. Their base is the summit of an ancient volcano, while their surface is composed of shell sand drifted into hills by the wind and consolidated by infiltration.

More Remains of Ancient Man.

In some grottoes in Algeria French explorers have recently discovered stone implements mingled with the remains of extinct animals belonging to Quaternary times. Further explorations indicate that during the age when the grottoes were inhabited, the coast of Algeria had a configuration different from that of today. Among the animals associated with the ancient human inhabitants of Algeria were the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus and various species of ruminants.

The Land of Earthquakes.

It is with some surprise that one reads in a recent report of the director of the National Observatory at Athens that, taking area into account, earthquakes are about twice as frequent in Greece as they are in Japan. The latter country has usually been looked upon as par excellence the land of earthquakes. It would appear that its earthquakes are, upon the whole, more severe than those in Greece, although the great architectural monuments of Greece have suffered much from seismic disturbances.

A Hundred and Fifteen Miles an Hour.

An electric railway is to be constructed between Liverpool and Manchester, intended especially for the swift transportation of passengers. It is said that the system adopted will be that of the single elevated rail, the cars being suspended from the rail. The projectors talk of sending trains from one city to the other, a distance of about 29 miles, in 15 minutes, or at the rate of 115 miles an hour.

Miss Dim Idea.

A teacher was giving to her class an exercise in spelling and defining words. 'Thomas,' she said to a curly-haired little boy, 'spell 'ibex.' 'I-b-e-x.' 'Correct. Define it.' 'An ibex, answered Thomas, after a prolonged mental struggle, 'is where you look in the back part of the book when you want to find anything that's printed in the front part of the book.'

Photographing Distant Objects.

Recent improvements in telephoto cameras are said to have obviated the old difficulty which required long exposures, and have rendered it possible to take pictures with such cameras as quickly as with those of ordinary construction. The improvement has been effected by placing a tube, containing a positive lens at one end and a



Makes Child's Play of Wash Day

SURPRISE SOAP

is a pure hard soap which has remarkable qualities for easy and quick washing. SURPRISE really makes Child's Play of wash day. Try it yourself. ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO. St. Stephen, N.S.



It's All Right!

There's no big wrong with any part our laundry work. Better than that—very part of it is the best that can be done anywhere. Colored shirts do not fade—woolens do not shrink—collars do not acquire saw edges—but buttons are left intact when we do our work. Where shall we send the wagon, and when? Phone 214.

AMERICAN LAUNDRY,

98, 100, 102 Charlotte St.

JODSOE BROS., Proprietors.

Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal Dyers," Montreal.

negative at the other, in front of the ordinary lens of the camera.

Scientific Extermination of Rats.

Monsieur Danysz of the Pasteur Institute in Paris has discovered a microbe which breeds pestilence among rats. He has had cultures containing the rat destroying bacilli tested on farm and in warehouses with much success. In half of the cases the population of rats was completely destroyed; in other cases the number was greatly reduced.

Equipped.

Nell: 'Flora's going on the stage.' Belle: 'I didn't know she had any talent.' Nell: 'She hasn't; but her aunt, the great actress, has died and left Flora her wardrobe.'

Her Best Friend—Oh, it was just beautiful in you!

Singer—Who?

Her Best Friend—Why, your refusing to sing when you know how much the guests did not want you to sing and how much you wanted to sing.

Tick-Trigger Sam—I hear Ace H. Joe has got married. Wall-Eyed Pete—Co-r-rect. He's reformed too. Tick-Trigger Sam—Wot! Reformed? Wall-Eyed Pete—Yep. Saw th' notice in th' paper an' it sed "No cards."

THE CLERGY

LIKE IT.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder cures all Creeds. It Relieves in 10 Minutes.

Here are a few names of clergymen of different creeds who are firm believers in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder to "live up to the preaching" in all its claims: Bishop Sweetman, Rev. Dr. Langtry (Episcopalian); Rev. Dr. Withrow and Rev. Dr. Chambers (Methodist) and Dr. Newman, all of Toronto, Canada. Copies of their personal letters for the asking, 50 cents. J. T. B.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1900.

Liberal Candidates Elected.

Messrs. Blair and Tucker are the Choice of the City and County of St. John.

SMUGGLING DIAMONDS

The Great Trail is From Montreal to New York.

Nearly all the precious stones that are smuggled into this country come by the 'diamond trail,' which leads from Montreal to New York city. It is estimated that in this way \$1,000,000 worth of gems reach this country every year free of duty. The duty on the most gems is only 10 per cent, being made low purposely to avoid offering too great a temptation to evasion of payment. Diamonds represent such a highly concentrated form of value, and are concealed so easily, that almost no duty at all would be collected if the tariff were high. Even as it is, the business of smuggling them is sufficiently profitable to employ many sharp-witted persons, who are so clever at it that the government detectives rarely succeed in capturing a contraband consignment of this kind or in securing the conviction of an offender.

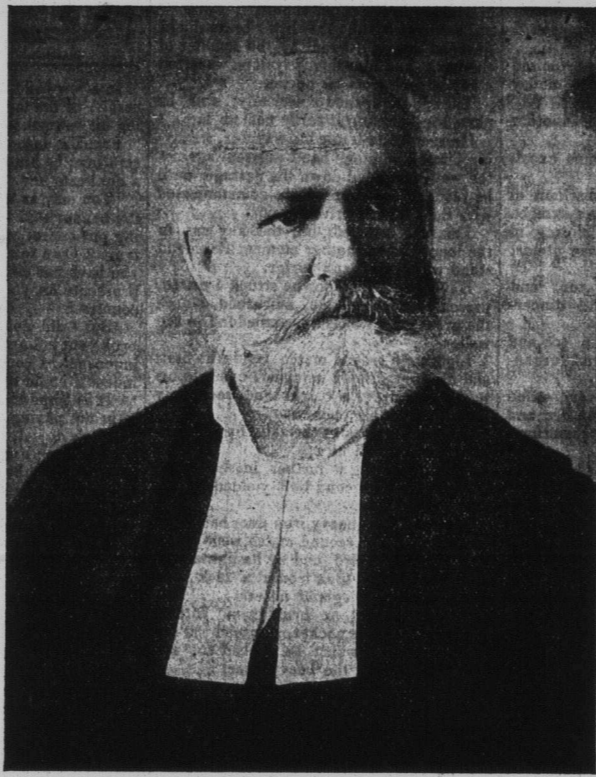
The real center of the diamond smuggling industry is in Maiden lane, New York. In that neighborhood is the famous 'jewelry district,' which supplies the trade all over the United States. Diamonds are a staple, not subject to much fluctuation, and ordinarily they are sold pretty 'close'—that is to say on no large margin or profit. Hence it comes about that the saving of the 10 per cent, duty, if it can be evaded, is a matter of no small importance, and the discovery that a dealer is selling large quantities of diamonds at prices under the market always excites a reasonable suspicion that he is importing the stones by the Canada route. Other dealers privately call the attention of the customs authorities to the circumstances and agents of the suspected concern are shadowed painstakingly.

Canada admits gems free of duty, and so there is no difficulty in sending any quantity of diamonds from Europe to Montreal through the mails. It is then a question merely of collecting them at the Montreal postoffice and conveying them to the United States. This cannot be done safely either by mail or by express, because the postal and customs authorities are too actively on the watch, and so it is necessary that some person shall carry them, and here is just where an ingenuity of the highest order is exercised. The border is watched with a vigilance that never sleeps, and inasmuch as the diamonds are always brought through by the regular routes of travel, the smugglers being obliged to pass inspection by the customs officers, it might be supposed that they would frequently be caught. Yet such is by no means the case.

Smuggling of diamonds may be said to have two branches, professional and amateur, the dealers making their illegal importations by way of Canada, because the "diamond trail" is the easy route, while individuals fetch over small quantities of stones, relying upon various methods of concealment more or less ingenious. Women are said by the customs officers to be the best smugglers, usually hiding things about their persons, and a bonnet or a pocket in a corset may contain a fortune in diamonds.

Diamonds have often been concealed in cakes of soap on the voyage across the ocean, and is a record of a maid servant accompanying a wealthy mistress on the trip who slyly robbed a candy box of a chocolate cream drop, and found on biting it that it contained a three carat diamond. A hollow cane belonging to an enterprising speculator is said to have made 12 successful transatlantic journeys, coming back each time with a load of precious stones; but the owner would not trust it for a 13th trip, and so bought a new one. The glass grapes which adorned one woman's hat were found to have valuable gems in them, though it would never have been suspected if she had not betrayed herself by nervousness regarding that article of her apparel, and in another instance several good-sized diamonds were found behind a porous plaster which ornamented a smuggler's chest.

Bustles, when they were in fashion, were favorite hiding places for jewels. Hollow

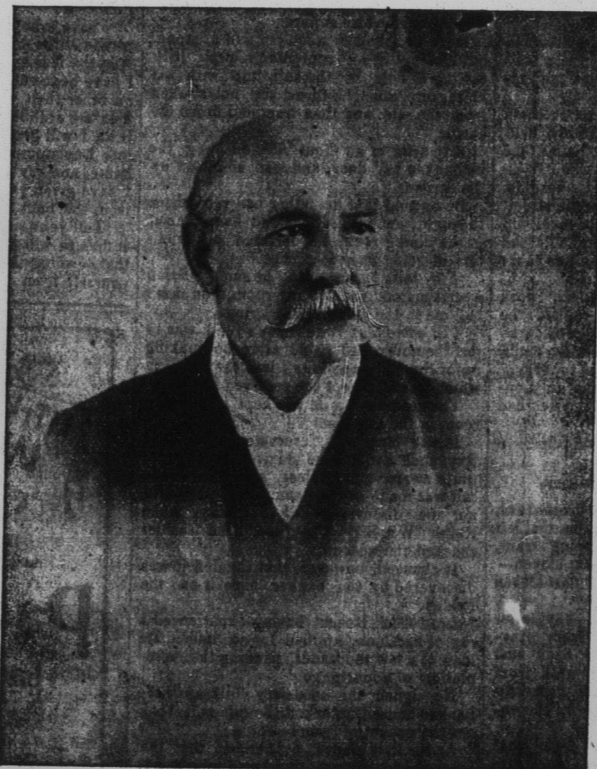


HON. ANDREW G. BLAIR, Minister of Railways, Elected on Wednesday by the Liberal Party for the City of St. John.

heels of shoes, bicycle tires, handles of shaving brushes, cork legs, false calves and dolls have been similarly employed. One ingenious person removed the powder from behind the bullets in several revolver

cartridges, putting diamonds in the cavities they made; while another, when being searched on ship board, dropped a small tortoise in gems into the water pitcher without being observed, afterwards going

back and recovering them. Less well authenticated is the story of a pet pelican which concealed rubies in its pouch. One woman borrowed the jacket of a steersman passenger; afterward she returned it, but



COL. JOHN J. TUCKER, Elected on Wednesday by the Liberal Party for the City of St. John.

bought it again from the owner at a high price. It was sewn full of jewels. The Bible of a solemn-visaged and white-whiskered clergyman was found to be hollow and filled with similar contraband merchandise.

One smuggler, with a scheme of his own would take a state-room at Liverpool, tuck a lot of diamonds under the carpets, and leave them there when he got off the ship at New York, after engaging the same room to go back on the next trip. When he went, on saying farewell to his family on board, he put the gems quietly in their hands. Of course, they were not subjected to any search, and so the stones got through all right.

ENCOURAGING THRIFT.

A Western Merchant's Way of Helping His Employees to Lay Up Money.

"I always have confidence in people who save a little money out of their salaries," said a prominent Western merchant, "and I do what I can to encourage habits of thrift. I employ about seventy-five clerks in my establishment, to whom I pay weekly salaries ranging from \$10 to \$40. Naturally enough, more of them get the former than the latter amount, but they are none the less worthy on that account.

"In the beginning, when I employed only two people, I lived pretty close to them, and I knew how thriftless they could be when they were not encouraged to do otherwise. I have discharged more clerks for that sort of thing than for any other cause. They spent their salaries, large or small as might be, in a reckless fashion, and let debt accumulate quite regardless of the rights of creditors. As my business increased, and with it my profits and my force of people, I began to give the matter more study, and in the end, when I felt able to be of material assistance in encouraging thrift and honesty, I proposed a yearly recognition to those who would save something out of their salaries. It was small at first, but was so successful that today I haven't a clerk who has not some kind of a bank account, and not one who willfully refuses to pay his debts. When we get a new one who refuses to take advantage of the opportunities afforded we let him go at the end of the first year.

"My present plan is to double the savings of all clerks who receive \$10, \$12 and \$15 a week, to add per cent, to all who receive from \$15 to \$25, and 10 for those over \$25. A clerk on \$15 a week or under cannot save much, but as a rule that class of clerks have no one to maintain but themselves, and if one cannot save more than \$25 out of his year's labor, it is rather pleasant for him to get \$25 clear profit. Those who receive the larger amounts usually have families and their savings are not large, but whatever they are they are comfortably increased. One of my \$1,200 a year clerks, with a wife and two small children, saved \$100 last year, and my check for \$100 additional was deposited to his account the day after New Year. A young woman in charge of a department at \$900 a year has almost paid for a nice little cottage in the suburbs out of her extra, and so the list runs on through every branch of the business. I make it a condition that all current obligations must be met at the end of the year, so that the savings are actual net profit. Every year some of the clerks are not entitled to any extra, but if this is the result of sickness I assume a part or all of the doctor's bills. You may say it costs something for me to do this, and I am under no obligation to do it, and you are right. But I have the best class of clerks in the city, and as a result I have the best class of custom in the city, and I guess I don't lose enough by it to necessitate an assignment at an early date," and the merchant smiled with a very confident satisfaction.

'Why do you say he is such a good actor?'

'He did such good work in the character of a fool that—'

'But that wasn't acting for him.'



Child's Play of Wash Day

SURPRISE SOAP

Hard soap which has remarkable qualities for easy and quick washing. SURPRISE really makes Child's wash day. Try it yourself. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO. St. Stephen, N.B.



Right!

There's no thing wrong with any of our laundry work. Better than that—every part of it is the best that can be done anywhere. Colored shirts do not fade—collars do not shrink—collars do not acquire saw edges—but holes are left intact when we wash our work. Where shall we send the wagon, and when? Phone 214.

AMERICAN LAUNDRY, 100, 102 Charlotte St.

Proprietors, A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal" Montreal.

the other, in front of the lens of the camera.

the extermination of rats. Danysz of the Pasteur Institute discovered a microbe which feeds on rats. He has had a rat farm and in warehouses access. In half of the cases of rats was completely destroyed other cases the number was reduced.

Equipped. "Mrs. Jones is going on the stage." "I didn't know she had any talent." "She hasn't; but her aunt, the other, has died and left Flora her share."

Friend—Oh, it was just beautiful. "Why?" "Friend—Why, your refusing to sing when you know how much the other want you to sing and how much she wanted to sing."

Sam—I hear Ace Hill Joe has got a new car. "Pete—Co-r-rect. He's reformed too." "Sam—Wot I Reformed?" "Ace—Yep. Saw th' notice in th' paper 'No cards'."

CLERGY LIKE IT.

How Catarrhal Powder Relieves Inflammation.

The few names of clergymen of St. John who are firm believers in Catarrhal Powder to "live preaching" in all its claims: Rev. Dr. Langtry (Methodist); Rev. Dr. Withrow and Rev. Dr. (Methodist) and Dr. of Toronto, Canada. Copies of Catarrhal Powder for the asking.

Sunday Reading.

By The Very Reverend Frederic W. Farrar, D. D., F. R. S., Dean of Canterbury.

There are some who argue—and among them is my friend, the present Dean of Rochester—that every sermon ought to be "extempore," as it is called, i. e., delivered without book; and that if it be read from a manuscript it is hardly to be called a sermon at all. Yet it is certain that more preachers have, in this century, produced a powerful effect by written sermons than by those which have been, more or less, learned by heart, or as the Scotch used to call it, "committed."

Cardinal Manning was very effective as a preacher. As a preacher he seems to have produced stronger spiritual emotion before he left the pale of the Church of England than afterward. One who was himself eminent and interesting both as a preacher and as a man—the late Edward Monro of Harrow Weald—described to me how once Mr. Manning had preached in Balliol College Chapel on the text, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God;" and how, as the sermon flowed on, the silence became more and more breathless, more and more "a silence that could be felt," while the eye of every young undergraduate was fixed upon him, and all those youths seemed to be literally hanging upon his words.

The two preachers whom I shall next mention were among the acknowledged leaders of the Evangelical party. Hugh McNeile, D. D., afterwards Dean of Ripon was for many years the leading clergyman at Liverpool, where he acquired great power and influence. He was a man of very fine and striking presence, and the effect produced by the tall figure and handsome face enhanced by a grace of bearing and gesture which would have made the fortune of an actor. Whenever he was announced to preach, a crowd was sure to fill the church to its utmost capacity, and he invariably visited London for the "May meetings" every year. I have not frequently heard him both speak and preach; and I must confess that, while I had the utmost respect for him as a sincere and a deeply religious man, his success as a preacher seemed to me to be due far more to his extemporaneous method and his grace of manner than to any original truths or striking passages.

Hugh Stowell, another noted Evangelical, was equally popular, but his style was absolutely unlike that of Doctor McNeile. He was by birth a Manxman, and had to a high degree the periphrastic ingenuities of the Celt. He spoke with a rush of words and an obvious intensity of feeling, and certainly produced on my mind when I was a boy far more of the effect of natural eloquence than was ever done by Doctor McNeile. I can recall both their vividly, and many things which they said, but nothing which seems worthy of permanent preservation, however admirably it may have fulfilled its immediate purpose. With these two was often associated at meetings the Presbyterian minister, Doctor Cummings. He, too, was extremely popular, full of anecdote, sprightly and effective. He won his chief fame as an expounder of the Apocalypse; but he would not have denied that all which was really valuable in his system was borrowed from Elliot's "House of Apocalypse." The popularity of Doctor Cummings was evanescent, and he outlived such small fame as he had acquired. He made little or no impression on my boyish mind.

E. D. Maurice, on the other hand, was a great teacher, a great thinker, and in many respects a great man. His sermons were deeply impressive and sank into many minds. He exercised a more permanent and powerful influence on the thinkers of his time than any of the preachers whom I have mentioned. I never found in him that "obscenity" of which many complained—partly, perhaps, because I had been his pupil for three years, and was familiar with his method of approaching a subject. There never was a nobler character. He lived for the most part, as most of the best and greatest men do, amid a roar of ignorant obloquy from party newspapers; but if any man ever loved his enemies it was he. I never knew a man so full of genuine and kindly nobleness. His candor, his sincere desire to understand the minds of even those who were most bitterly opposed to him, his endeavor to see truth in all possible lights, were unique features of his character.

He was not a popular preacher. He attracted no crowds to hear him, but he moulded the minds of many who have deeply influenced their generation. His sermon on the "Idea of Eternity" left a very permanent impression on my mind. I have somewhere ventured to describe it—from my point of view not too

enthusiastically—as one of the noblest sermons of ancient or modern times. I cannot at all agree with my friend Mr. Matthew Arnold that "he spent his life in beating about the bush with deep emotion, without ever starting the hare."

Henry Melville, for many years of his life, would, I suppose, have been mentioned by multitudes as "the greatest living preacher." He was a man of marked ability. He took such immense pains with his sermons that, according to current myth, he devoted to them seven hours a day. He had a highly poetic and effective style, more ornate than would now find favor, but very attractive to all his contemporaries.

I remember one sermon of his in which he imagined himself to be walking in a churchyard and musing on the varied lives of those who lay in those mouldered graves. But if one element of his success lay in his style, another was the ardor of conviction which expressed itself in his delivery. He would work himself up in the pronunciation of a passage until at its close, his whole body seemed a tremble, and his sentences became the utterance not only of the lips but of the whole man. His addresses were largely utilized by other preachers. One of his friends, and I believe former curate, was the late excellent and beloved Canon Rowell of Westminster—himself a very remarkable preacher. He told me that on one occasion he went with Melville to hear a well-known bishop preach. As they went out, he asked Melville what he had thought of the sermon. "Of the manner," said Melville, "you can judge as we'll as myself. Of the matter I cannot profess to be a critic. It was word for word my own!"

It is worth mentioning that Melville had the art, which I never saw equaled by any other preacher, of preventing himself from being interrupted by coughing even at times of the year when colds were most prevalent. No one coughed while he was speaking, but whenever he had finished any clearly marked paragraph in his discourse, he used to pause. Then every one coughed and blew their noses, after which he would proceed to the end of the next paragraph! This was an absolutely unique phenomenon in the delivery of Melville's sermons.

Thomas Dale, for many years Vicar of St. Pancras and afterward Canon of St. Paul's, and for a very short time Dean of Rochester, is not very widely remembered; yet in his day he was a well-known preacher, and I have heard him deliver sermons of striking beauty. He read them, but he read them effectively. He was something of a poet, and there are beautiful passages in his little-known poem on "The Widow of Nain."

Some thirty years ago I first made the personal acquaintance of Doctor Liddon. Doctor Vaughan, afterward Master of the Temple and Dean of Llandaff, invited Doctor Liddon and myself to preach the morning and evening sermons respectively in his church, at some great musical festival. As we came out of the morning service I said to Doctor Liddon that his sermon had been delightful in every respect, but this—that it seemed to make it impossible for any one to follow him. For many years Doctor Liddon preached without book. He afterward deliberately abandoned this practice and read his sermons. The vast audiences which listened to him Sunday after Sunday at St. Paul's Cathedral show that, learned and refined as he was, he yet could reach the masses as well as he had reached his university audiences. He was a High-churchman, a friend and follower of Pusey's. There was an immense charm in his modest and kindly bearing. As a preacher I think that he used too many words. He was too long in entering into his subject, although he was always rank as a great preacher of exceptional gifts. I remember for less of the sermons I heard him preach than of those which I have heard delivered by far less gifted men. His sermons were matters of the deepest anxiety to him. On one occasion I had asked the headmaster of Harrow to "write him to preach in the school chapel, and on his arrival on Saturday evening I told him the touching details of the death, the day before, of a dear boy who was one of my pupils. I said that he would do well to allude to this, as the death of a boy at school always produces a deep impression on the minds of his companions. He was much affected by my story, and during a great part of that night he was heard pacing up and down his bedroom, while he altered his sermon in such a way as would best point the lessons of that sad but beautiful dying scene.

Making Money in the Holy Land. In the Bible, Palestine is described as a land flowing with milk and honey. In both respects it is singularly bare at the present day, but some progress is taking place, and enough has been done to show what could

be done if the country had a government that would favor industry instead of crushing it. The tale of the Baldenspergers, told in a recent report by Mr. Selah Merrill, United States Consul at Jerusalem, illustrates the situation with gleams of humor rarely found in an official report, and which appear in this one not from the intention of the writer, but from the farcical character of Turkish governmental methods.

The Baldenspergers are a Swiss family who settled at Artas, a small village about seven miles south of Jerusalem, near the famous pools of Solomon. The father began bee raising, and as the sons grew up they took an interest in the business and tried to develop it. They brought improved appliances from Europe and gave such thought and attention to the matter that eventually they obtained large crops of honey from orange blossoms, from cactus and acacia blooms, respectively, from lemon blossoms and from thyme. The business expanded so that the apiary at Yata alone was yielding 6000 pounds of honey in less than a month, when the industry attracted the attention of the Government, and a tax of a little less than ten cents a hive was imposed. In collecting the tax the officials reckoned as a hive every aperture through which they could see bees moving, so that in one apiary 150 hives were counted as 9000. The Baldenspergers refused to pay, and the apiary was sold at auction by the government. The purchaser, the officials, and a number of camel drivers with their camels went to the place to take away the apiary, but the bottom boards of the hives had been unhooked, and when they were disturbed the bees swarmed out, and there was a scene of wretched trouble. The purchaser sold his tax title to the Baldenspergers, and the apiary remains.

It is, of course, impossible for industry to make progress under such government but help cometh. European capital and enterprise are being directed toward Asia Minor in a way which will eventually remodel government in that region, now sunk in squalor, but once populous and productive, possessing cities which were centres of art and refinement. With proper industrial opportunities, civilization will revise its ancient seats and turn the wilderness into a garden. At present there is a railroad, built by a German company, extending from Constantinople to Konak, in the corner of Asia Minor north of the Mediterranean. Recently it was announced that the company had obtained concessions for the extension of its lines to Bassora on Euphrates, a port for the commerce of the Persian Gulf. The point of the projected line nearest to the Holy Land is Aleppo, just north of Syria, but the extension of the system will undoubtedly include Syria.

CATARACT. The Proper Treatment of this Troublesome Malady.

A cataract is a disease of the crystalline lens of the eye, whereby its transparency is more or less diminished and the sight correspondingly impaired. The trouble occurs most commonly as an accompaniment of advancing years; but it is by no means confined to the aged, for cataract is often seen in children, and may even exist from birth.

The opacity may be in the lens itself, or in the capsule which covers it, and it may involve the entire length and thickness of the lens, or a part of it only.

It is impossible to discover the cause of a cataract, but it is usually some disturbance of nutrition, such as rickets in the young, diabetes in the middle aged, and the normal failure of the nutritive processes in the old. The cause is sometimes a local one, such as a blow or a puncture of the lens by a scap of iron filing or other minute body thrown with force against the ball of the eye. Eye strain, resulting from astigmatism or other imperfection of vision, which is allowed to go uncorrected by glasses, is another undoubted cause of cataract.

The early symptoms of the trouble are not very pronounced. There is no pain, the pupil of the eye is not cloudy, and the sight—in the case of an old person—may even be improved at first, so that the patient is often said facetiously to be renewing his youth and to be getting second sight.

Frequently one of the first things noticed—and it is one which should always suggest to a person past middle life the desirability of consulting an oculist—is the seeing of two or more images of an object when it is looked at with one eye.

Later the sight grows dim, and if the pupil is inspected, more or less of its center is seen to have a milky appearance. In most cases the patient can see best in a dim light, for the pupil is then dilated and he sees around the obstruction; but sometimes when the change in the lens begins at the edge, the sight is best in a bright



Hard facts

for women who wash. No work you do is unhealthful as your work over a washing tub. This hard, perspiring work in the midst of soiled clothes and tainted steam will make trouble for you. The less of it you do, the better. Wash with Pearline, and there is little or none of it. Nothing but rinsing the clothes, after soaking and boiling them. Consider your health.



light when the pupil is contracted. The operation for cataract is usually postponed until the process has advanced to such a point that the patient can just make out the light of a candle across the room, and the swelling of the lens, which generally occurs at one stage, has subsided. The most common operations are 'dissection,' by which the cataract is broken up and absorbed, and extraction. The first of these is as a rule, more appropriate in the case of a child, the second in the case of an old person.

BOKE IN THE SAME BOAT.

How a Rural Bridegroom Fooled William C. Whitney. Hon. William C. Whitney, statesman, millionaire, trust magnate, lover of fine horses and former secretary of the navy, is a fine-looking man, and has just turned the sixty-year point. He is for the second time a widower, and his first wife was a daughter of the late United States senator Payne of Ohio.

His marriage with Miss Payne took place in Cleveland, and after the ceremony the couple were driven, unaccompanied, to the railroad station. "We shan't let anybody know we are newly made bride and groom," said Mr. Whitney. "We'll act just like old married folks. It always seems so foolish for bridal couples to flaunt the fact that they are just married." Mrs. Whitney warmly agreed, and the two entered a parlor car and quietly seated themselves.

The train stopped at several stations before reaching Buffalo, and at one of them a newly married couple came aboard, after being pelted to the very doors of the car with showers of rice by a throng of laughing friends. All this did not embarrass them in the least. They merely looked supremely happy, and then, as the train pulled out, proceeded to bill and coo unrestrainedly.

The other passengers either smiled or looked annoyed, but to all manifestations, whether pleasant or otherwise, the couple paid no attention. They were just married and they didn't care who knew it.

"How ridiculous we should be, if we were making an exhibition like that of ourselves!" said Mr. Whitney. "We are too sensible for that. No one can possibly suspect that we are just married!" "No one can possibly suspect it," agreed Mrs. Whitney. "How wise we were to decide to keep the fact to ourselves!"

At Erie the train stopped for some minutes on account of a hot box, and a few of the passengers got out and walked up and down the platform. Mr. Whitney was one; the newly made country bridegroom was another. Whenever they passed, on their walk on the boards, the youthful countryman leered at Mr. Whitney with a knowing grin. Finally he walked up to him and, giving him a vigorous punch in the ribs, chucklingly exclaimed, to the wealthy man's consternation: "Well, we're both of us in the same boat, I see!"

A Waste of Flowers.

It is a pity that supply and need are often so far apart. What a fund of wealth to one of the flower missions of the city would be an active connection with a Dutch bulb-farm as rich in bloom as those described in the Windsor Magazine! Field after field of exquisite flowers, and no gatherers, is the story of these farms.

The most casual visitor, travelling in the train from Leyden to Haarlem in the spring, cannot but find his attention arrested by the splendor of coloring on either side. From early April, when the hyacinths bloom, to late June, when the Spanish irises are at their best, the fields hold carnival. Snowdrops come first, and then crocuses, hyacinths, narcissi and tulips; buttercups, anemones and peonies follow, and the stately Spanish iris brings up the rear. The air has a sweetness comparable to that of the orange groves of Seville or Jaffa.

But these delicate flowers are of little importance to the bulb-grower. He wants the bulbs, not the blossoms. Tons of exquisite blooms are destroyed every year. For trade reasons the flowers are not sold, and for the sake of the bulbs they must be cut as they approach the height of their bloom. So they are cut and conveyed

away in barges for destruction.

One of the most curious details in work of the bulb-farmer is observed in the summer, when the lilycut prepared for purposes of propagation. Formerly a bulb was slashed transverse and set in the ground. By the following summer it had thrown off a number of young bulbs. Accident taught the growers a better method.

Among the bulbs were some out of which mice had eaten the bottom, and in all such cases, in the place where the mice had eaten, an extraordinary number of baby bulbs were found to be growing. The bulbs had reproduced itself thirty or forty fold.

The growers took the hint. Today they cut away the bottom of the bulb from its center and stand the bulb in the sun for some time; then they plant it out, and every section raises little ones and nourish them with its own life. Next season the parent bulb has disappeared, and thirty or forty little bulbs have taken its place.

WHAT IS

Mr. Rockingham: "No, sir, I cannot consent to let my daughter become the wife of a man who is as wild as you are." Mr. Heneywell: "How do you know I am wild, sir?" Mr. Rockingham: "Oh, that's all right. I get about town a little myself occasionally, and hear these things from people who know all about it." Mr. Heneywell: "Very well! I'll go and explain to Alice and her mother just how it is." Mr. Rockingham: "I say, hold on. My boy, you can have her. It's all right. I was only bluffing you."

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

Is the question on the lips of many who are hearing of the wonderful cures brought about by this great Restorative.

For a comprehensive answer to this question you must ask the scores of thousands of cured ones in Canada and the United States who have tasted and proven the merits of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food—the famous blood-builder and nerve restorer.

Ask the pale, weak, nervous, irritable and despondent women who have found new health, new hope and new vitality by its use.

Ask the overworked and worn-out men, sufferers from brain-fog, nervous dyspepsia and nervous headache, who have felt new energy and vigor return to their bodies while using this famous treatment.

Ask the puny, sickly children who have been made healthy and robust by using this process of restoration.

Ask people of all ages how they were rescued from nervous prostration, paralysis, locomotor ataxia, epilepsy. They may tell you of doctors failing, of medicines taken in vain, but one and all will point to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food as the only hope of persons with thin, watery blood and exhausted nerves.

Mrs. Margaret Iron, Tower Hill, N. B., writes: "Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done me a world of good. I was so weak that I could not walk twice the length of the house. My hands trembled so that I could not carry a pint of water. I was too nervous to sleep, and unable to do work of any kind."

"Since using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I have been completely restored. I can walk a mile without any inconvenience. Though 76 years old, and quite fleshy, I do my own housework, and considerable sewing, knitting, and reading besides. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has proved of incalculable value to me."

In appearance Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is an oval, chocolate coated pill. It is easy to carry and easy to take. In this condensed form it contains all of nature's most strengthening and invigorating tonics and restoratives, and for this reason it is unsurpassed as a blood builder for spring.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cures naturally and permanently by the building up process. It used regularly and persistently it cannot fail to make the blood rich and the tissues of the body wasted by disease, overwork, worry. Fifty cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Advertisement for Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Text includes 'Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy' and 'The Best Remedy for Children'.

Fragment of text from the left page, including 'CHAPTER V. THE MOMENT OF TRIUMPH' and 'had schemed well to get rid of'.

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Advertisement for Cancer medicine. Text includes 'CANCER' and 'For Canadian testimonials & 20-page book, write Dept. 11, Masco Medicines, 100 Harbour Street, Toronto, Ontario.'

HID IN THE NETHER WORLD.

Abe Cronkite's Search for an Absconping Confidential Clerk—Reasoning That Led Him in Another Direction.

To say that old Tennis Van Dyck, senior partner in the great banking house of Van Dyck & Platner, was indignant when it was discovered that Sylvester Quarles, his confidential clerk, was a defaulter to a very large amount through methods of false bookkeeping as simple as they were clever, did not fittingly express his mental condition. He was enraged by the audacity as he was humiliated by the duplicity of the man. All the hard, tenacious qualities of his being, which his competitors in any important transaction had learned to know and dread as his direct inheritance from his Dutch ancestry, were roused to fullest action. To catch and punish the thief became an enthralling purpose in comparison with which his financial interests seemed as inane as the sports of his far distant childhood.

It was not the loss, Van Dyck & Platner could charge off, as they did, the deficit of several hundred thousand dollars and not realize its absence in any business or personal way. But Tennis Van Dyck cherished strong convictions concerning an anker's duty in such a case, and had often expressed them, alas! to his favorite clerk. "The banker is the trustee of industry and thrift," he was wont to say, "having a duty as sacred as that of the priesthood. Defalcation is an assassin's blow at modern life—the commercial unpardonable sin. The very moment a banking house discovers that one of its assistants has been unfaithful, all the resources of the law should be concentrated on bringing the scoundrel to justice."

So the banker had announced his views many a time; and the very man who had occurred in them so intelligently was even then stealing right and left, and now was missing, together with half a million. Hence, if ever a man had incentive to superhuman exertion, that man was Tennis Van Dyck.

He lost no time in vain regrets, working even while he cursed. In a few strokes of his pen all the public and private agencies of detection were enlisted to the efforts of their lives in apprehending Sylvester Quarles. The daily press, too, proved a mighty coadjutor. Sylvester's picture was seen on a thousand sheets; dapper, well dressed, clean-shaven, with inevitable glasses shining reassuringly. His record was revealed in the cold, remorseless light of publicity. Indeed, it might be said that his records were revealed, for so many evils were attributed to him, such dissipation and gambling, such double living and consorting with strange women, that it really was a wonder where he had found time for those misdirected efforts which were the cause of all this wrath and woe.

One day, at the very height of this laudable excitement, a small, slight woman dressed in black and heavily veiled called on Judge Josiah Marcellus and was invited at once into his private office.

"What, Julie, my poor child," cried the eminent lawyer, as his visitor disclosed a white face, the whiter for dark, flashing eyes which gave it an expression of intensity; "believe that I commiserate with you from my heart. But there are alleviations you know. No one for one moment thinks that you were cognizant of your husband's crime. You have consolation in your friends and children and future relief and protection in your father's loving care."

"The police," began Mrs. Quarles. "Yes, I know," interrupted the judge in his eager kindness, "they are displaying unusual efforts, but hope for the best, my dear. Sylvester had a three days start, which means nearly 8,000 miles in these days of limited expresses. I may tell you for your comfort, what I heard confidentially, that there is not a clue, a trace, to his whereabouts. The authorities are completely balked."

"That's it, that's it," exclaimed the little woman in a white heat of impatience and indignation, "the police are weak and incompetent, they have not found him, and so I come to you, our old family friend, my father's trusted adviser, I come to you for help in catching him."

"What, your own husband, the father of your children?" "What sort of husband, what sort of father?" retorted Julie passionately. "Do you think I have no feelings, no shame! The police, indeed; if they are not hoodwinked, they are dishonest; for they never tell how bad a good man really is until it is too late!"

"Perhaps he has made away with himself," suggested the judge feebly. "Impossible! He wasn't suddenly tempted; he didn't impulsively yield; he did

none of those momentary acts which bring on remorse! Haven't you read the papers? This was a deep-laid plot of his to dishonor the wife of his bosom by fleeing with that woman, that unknown woman, of whom so much is now said. They are away, in safety, in luxury, together, while I am left to beat the ignominy alone!"

"Since he is so unworthy, you should put him out of your mind," advised the judge. "Can I put the years of love and devotion out of my mind? Can I put the children, the fatherless children, out of my mind? No, no, no! I can never rest content until they're found, unmasked, stripped of their plunder, punished! And so, as I say, I come to you."

"But you surely don't think that I—"
"Oh, no," answered Julie, "I know that you are not a police runner; that your cases, to be respectable, must deal with millions; but I have often heard my father speak of your man, Abe Cronkite, and the sensible way he has of getting at the truth. Now, I want you, my dear Judge, to put me in touch with him, so that he may take up the search and carry it through for me."

At first the Judge remonstrated, urging such feelings of revenge were unworthy, but the very contrast of her bright, happy face, as he formerly knew it, with her tense, livid energy now deprived him of his determination; so stipulating that he should be free from further responsibility or knowledge, he called Abe Cronkite into the room.

What the former detective thought of the assignment did not appear from word or look; the fact that the Judge wished it was sufficient to bring his trained powers into full play. Quickly exhausting the information that Mrs. Quarles could give—that her husband had gone to work one day and had not returned that he had taken none of his clothing with him and that she had no means of knowing how well supplied with money he was—he then called on Tennis Van Dyck, and without telling who had employed him, said that he too was seeking the defaulter.

The old financier gladly furnished a skilful detective as Cronkite with a description of the steps already taken to apprehend the thief. They were indeed comprehensive. For the past six weeks the legal machinery of two continents had been dragging a net for Sylvester Quarles. The various means of transportation leading out of the city, with their connections, had been scrutinized and searched. Where ever the telegraph wires reached there had gone offers of lavish reward, and descriptions faultless in minute particulars. The whole world had been papered so that the reading eye, wherever it might be, could recognize the fugitive, and yet the result of his expenditure, actual and conditional equalling in amount at least one-half of the loss was purely negative. If Quarles had been suddenly swallowed up by the earth, less could not be known of him.

Abe Cronkite sought his room and retired into consultation with himself. He had derived one conclusion from his conversation with the banker, and that was that, wherever Quarles was, he was alone. The detail of a feminine companion was picturesque, nay, almost indispensable to popular satisfaction, but too improbable for serious consideration. Geometrical proportion could not fairly represent the way the risks of a man so handicapped would multiply, and every succeeding day of immunity from discovery gave the lie the clearer to such a theory.

What then remained? The identification bill, which had one Sylvester Quarles under the microscope of the world. Abe Cronkite read over the description again and again, and in the end he had an accurate mental picture of the defaulter as he appeared in the bank, on the streets and at his home—slight, dapper medium height, smooth-shaven, eyeglasses habitual, good bearing and careful dress, lip and drawl of speech, fond of high living, billiards and horses. Yes, there was the man as he was, a photograph less than a month old, so definite, so exact, as to limit the seekers not only to a personal preconception, but also to a circumscribed territory. The steamships, the parlor cars, the hotels had been searched, and well searched, there was no doubt of it; but nothing had come of it, as something must have come had Sylvester Quarles remained the same as he had been.

Was such an assumption, so universally adopted through faith in the poster, tenable? What then, were the facts and cir-

cumstances of the case beyond dispute. First and foremost, Quarles in his stealing and in his flight had acted deliberately. No sudden temptation had overcome him; no suspicion had hurried him. Throughout the transaction there had been intelligent design.

In the next place, the man had been warned in advance of the difficulties and dangers he must withstand. Mr. Van Dyck had made it plain that no expense would be spared in his detection; that no item of personal knowledge that could be used against him would be lacking. Such were the conditions which would have to be considered before delatation could seem a practicable risk; and yet, since he had persisted in his purpose and had not been apprehended, he must have seen his way clearly to subvert them.

Then there was the poster, a warning to all men to look out for such a person as Sylvester Quarles had been; but was it not especially a warning to Sylvester to guard against his natural appearance and tastes?—Had not the authorities furnished the fugitive with a chart of the ways that must be avoided? It would seem so, since into none of these ways had he steered his dubious fortunes. What, then, had he abstained from doing and being under the guidance of such conditions and efforts?

Why, he must have kept from ordinary modes of travel and his accustomed manner of living, shunning the steamships, the parlor cars, the hotels, and becoming rough and dirty in dress, dishevelled in appearance and uncouth in bearing and speech. Common prudence would warn him in passing through the enemy's country to disguise himself and keep close to the border. But what was the enemy's country to him? Why, the reputable walks of life, of course; yes, and its border must be the nether world. So Abe Cronkite considered, so he deduced and when he had at length reached a logical conclusion, he exclaimed:

"I believe the man took to the road and became a tramp."

Here, however, an alternative presented itself. Had the defaulter fled at all? Was he not, on the contrary, concealed somewhere within the great city? Faithful to his system of examination and elimination, the detective went over this new proposition carefully, but finally discarded it. Such procedure could accomplish nothing except delay, at some time or other, unless he hoped for composition or contemplated surrender, the conditions and efforts would have to be faced and circumvented. But no offer of compromise had been made to the bank, and Quarles well knew from Mr. Van Dyck's own lips that it must fall, if made, besides one who deliberately steals plans some other ending to his adventure than surrender.

What, then, may have been the defaulter's reasons for disappearing? The theory of the police and the public was that, having lined his pockets, he had fled to parts unknown with a woman with whom he was infatuated. The feminine detail Cronkite had already rejected as part of the stock setting for the same reason he questioned the retention of very much of the plunder. It was alluring to the imagination, the wealthy fugitive plunging into wild extravagance in some corner of the world, but he belied his experience. Defaulters, as he had known them, had become such either through stress of circumstances or habits which consumed what they stole or in the hope of securing a fortune through speculation. In the light of all he had heard of Quarles' life, seemingly discreet, at all events, it appeared to Cronkite that this latter case was the more probable. It was likely, then, that he had lost until he had feared to risk more likely, then, that some chance event had shown him the certainty that his methods would be found out. Therefore he had disappeared through fear and the fearful flee! Again Abe Cronkite repeated his conclusion.

"I believe the man took to the road and became a tramp."

This much granted, what, then, followed? Why, that Sylvester Quarles, ragged, unwashed, unkempt, walking instead of riding, subsisting on odds and ends instead of dining, dozing uneasily in hedges instead of sleeping peacefully in bed—a citizen, in fact, of that nether world of distress and degradation where misfortune is a protection and the selfishness of respectability a warrant of isolation—must inevitably escape observation except from those with whom he had chosen to eat his bread. Among the tramps he must be sought; for Cronkite well knew that there are no tramps in that community any more than among vermin ever clustering closer and closer together.

A hopeless task, one would say, considering the endless roads, the boundless distances, but to Cronkite's view the kingdom was circumscribed. Tramps have their routes and resting places, their natural habitats, as thoroughly understood as the territory of a Scottish clan. Tramps

like other hibernating animals, have their winter quarters, to which they return with true homing instinct. It was now late in the fall, and in his mind's eye Cronkite could see congregating in the state, from south and west, via bumpers and ties and turnpikes, the countless hordes to whom its penal institutions were a refuge from cold and storm. With some such party Quarles must have fallen in; and with some such party he must remain, finding safety in acquiescence and freedom from inquiry in regularity of conduct.

Over to the Park went Cronkite, fairly assured that there he would come across some of the hobo leaders bidding a lingering farewell to urban sights and sounds for the next three months. Nor was he disappointed; for on a slightly bench, with hobnails stretched out and jumpers closely buttoned and hands deeply pocketed, were old Mackey and Sailor Ben and Pickles the Bum, three of the inveterates, known and welcomed in every jail in the State as handy and trusty ballmen, with eyes to the front but conversing obliquely.

They greeted the former detective cordially yet expectantly, like travellers in the desert awaiting news of an oasis. He indicated with his thumb—the second tongue of all rascaldom—a neighboring hostelry, and thither proceeded, the others silently following in natural file. After fitting libations had been poured out and down and in Cronkite described the object of his quest, building up the stranger tramp, even as a naturalist may construct an antediluvian bird, from knowledge rather than from information. The three men looked at one another uneasily and shifted in their chairs. Finally old Mackey spoke by virtue of seniority.

"It is straight goods, Abe?" the old cadger asked anxiously; "we're on to your grad, you know, and though you've come down good with the lusb, and are a safe mark for some kippies, it's not us, so it isn't, that will intarm. It, so be, it's only curiosity, or perhaps a tortun' involved, why, thin, there might be somethin' to be told, and agin, there mightn't."

"I think I can safely promise you that no harm will come to him through me," replied Abe Cronkite, once more having recourse to his knowledge rather than his information.

"Give it to 'im, Mack," advised Sailor Ben.

"G'wan," concurred Pickles the Bum, with a glance at the empty glasses.

The essential emollient to loquacity having been supplied, old Mackey proceeded as follows:

"It were 'tree or perhaps four week ago, and we was trampin' 't'roo the inter'or, wukkin' our way easy like to the city, takin' the bumpers now and then for the exercise, but mostly follerin' the towpat' be day and coppin' the haymows be night. Occasunally, whin the wedder was salt and fine, wit' a haz' in the air, and the stars a shinin' 't'roo, like kind and sympathetic eyes behind tears, we'd gather broken pieces from bot' the farmhouses and the woods, and camp out, a-munchin' our grub by the fireside. It was wan sech night, and the ham bone was a-succulatin' and the faghots a-crackin', whin from the hedge beyond there came a groan.

"Sperruts," says Pickles, gittin' pucky about the mout'.

"Not on your life," says Sailor Ben, who been in furren parts and orter know. "Sperruts kin walk n'iseless and pint with fingers a full yard long, but havin' no breath, they naverally ain't got no vices."

"And the long and short of it was that we broaced up and dragged out of the mire, that halt kivered him, a cove as like to the wan you speak of as wan tin is to anudder. He was a touge cove to look at and a strange cove to talk, so he were, half starved and halt perished, and makin' all sorts of bad breaks in his ineffectual efforts arter the patter. We sized him to onot as wan in hidin', a swell thief, perhaps, or a actor that had scoffed his missis. But that was all right, too, and the fate of many a wuss man; he trusted hisself in our hands, and we wudn't have throwed him down for twict what he didn't git away with. For it was apperient befor' long that whatever it was that he did he bed somehow or nudder slipped up on the swag. What he had in his clothes he turned out and divided honorably; but it was our private conviction that he had allus been a little ahead of his dragoff, blowin' the swag into speculatur or some udder bottomless hole.

"Well, he jined heart and hand, as the sayin' is. Niver did I see wan pass so quick from the made-up stage to the genuino conditun of bein' into the manners born. He out-hoosed us hoboos, he did, in two week, readin' the marks and 'rowin' the bluffs and jawin' the patter ekel to our bist representatives; and for wukkin' bang-up hand-me-outs he didn't hev' his cooper on the road, blow me, if he did.

"But it's the constitutin that counts, and you can't git the cash-iron wan necessary

unless you growed up to it. His innards went agin him, and what with cold and rheumatiz and fever, he had no more witality than a' doare-crow. Thin it was thet Pickles here, who was sorter yearnin' for a tin-dy spill wit' some of the ould boys up at the jnt, where you did time yourself, Abe, and no denyin' of it, perposed that our frind should take a ninety-days bit and git generally repaired 't'roo the winter. And to make a long story short, there he is now, happy as a clam, carryin' bolts and doin' chores, a-rivin' in the hute and growin' fat on dilated bootleg and the second bilin' of the soup. And whin he comes out his eddicatun will be so 't'rough and his initiatun into the frater-nity so complete that his own mother coudn't pick him out from the smallest gang goin'." A lucky find and a lucky transmigratun it was for him, Abe, for most men don't know whin they're well off, but he does!"

Abe Cronkite, again promising the three men that their confidence should not harm their new associate, hastened to report his tidings to Mrs. Quarles. Evidently in this assurance he estimated her nature with accuracy, for she at once discharge any intention of furnishing the information to the authorities.

"I thought he was living in luxury with that woman," she explained, "and so of course; I wanted them punished. But now, poor fellow, let him go; I still have paps and the children, as that good, kind Judge said."

And so Tennis Van Dyck was left to continue his search, which daily becomes more and more hopeless, without the trained assistance of Abe Cronkite.

Every One

Should remember that by the loss of health, enjoyment and happiness are also lost forever. Check the lightest cough or cold by using Adamson's Bismuth Cough Balsam, according to directions printed upon the label of the bottle 25c. all druggists.

Visitor—Ah! What a picture of innocence that child is!
Mother—Dear me! I hadn't noticed! Gertrude, what have you been doing?

Rheumatic Joints.—Mrs. George Smith, 62 Charron street, Point St. Charles, Que., says: "Rheumatism in my joints caused me sufferings that words cannot describe how terrible. I took four bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure and am a well woman. I have recommended it to others with as good results. Think the treatment nothing short of a wonder."—10

"To make money requires genius, said the magnate to a Chicago literary friend. "It does."

"I have made many millions. There fore I must be as great a genius as Shakespeare."

"Perhaps you belittle yourself. It has been hinted that Shakespeare did not actually write all his plays."

"Oh that merely heightens the similarity it has been hinted that I did not earn all my money."

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart acts directly and quickly, stimulates the heart's action, stops most acute pain, dispels all signs of weakness, fluttering, sinking, smothering, or palpitation. This wonderful cure is the sturdy ship which carries the heart-sick patient into the haven of radiant and perfect health. Gives relief in most acute forms of heart disease in 30 minutes.—11

Parson Johnson—Trust yo'! Why you course, low down, light fingered, chicken thief, I wouldn't trust yo, wil an old cat I wanted to get rid of.

Nervousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and kindred ailments, take yours before the healing qualities of South American Nervine. Thomas Hoskins, of Durham, Ont., took his preacher's advice, followed directions, and was cured permanently of the worst form of Nervous Prostration and Dyspepsia. He has recommended it to others with gratifying results. It's a great nerve builder.—12

Mr. Medderrass—Well, them New York folks has certainly gone the limit now.
Mr. Crosslots—What they do?
Mr. Medderrass—Goin' to have a horseless horse show.

Take One of Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills after dinner. It will promote digestion and overcome any evil effects of too hearty eating. Safe, prompt, active, painless and pleasant. This effective little pill is supplanting all the old school nauseous purgatives. 40 doses, 10 cents.—13

Editor—I'm very sorry that the house is so nearly empty.
Candidate—What's the cause?
Editor—The opposition got up a lynch-party just out of pure spite.

That Cutting Acid that arises from the stomach and almost strangles, is caused by fermentation of the food in the stomach. It is a foretaste of indigestion and dyspepsia. Take one of Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets immediately after eating, and it will prevent this distress and aid digestion. 60 in a box, 35 cents.—16

"The greatest feat I ever saw was in Chicago," began the athletic person.
"You mean they were in Chicago," interrupted the intensely grammatical person.

Kidney Duty.—It is the particular function of the kidneys to filter out poisons which pass through them into the blood. When the kidneys are diseased they cannot do their whole duty, and should have the help and strength that South American Kidney Cure will afford in any and all forms of kidney disorder. It relieves in 6 hours.—14

Chat of

Gowns made entirely of the season's fashion, plique decorations of them being silk done in shades of blue mixed with gold or effective mode of contrast is seen on a pinstriped tulle, where the bodice and belt with strands of black in and out through size of a five cent broided with gold and the taffeta end aiguillettes, or ferr here. A wide collar lined guipure is a model in dull soft, could be prettily edged with the same around the skirt.

The gowns which orn editions of the Louis XIII show lars of lace and little to the bodice all around we have the puffed tatively appeared in getting no similarity of that especial time the elbow fastened underleaves swell second puff, below quite close to the all of the latest al puffing at the elbow sam, according to directions printed upon the label of the bottle 25c. all druggists.

Deductions in rather difficult, since such a variety of One thing is certain a very comfortable though they are quite close to the elbow fitting the arm from worn, too, by very there is no one supreme. Cloth vertical lines from above the elbow, turns back, with a cation of lace on it is pale gray or faintly lingerie and it may be made of upper sleeve, but finished at the wrist black with embroidered narrow wristband are the fashion ne coats as well, and and fur. Many and collars are cures so it is propeats herself in dancy. Some of the fancy and flaring from rather wide close the sleeve is gathered sort of puffed effect little shorter than

Among the mag gowns is that of silk in two colors color of your gown inverted or genuin overlapping a str or black silk, wh This makes a pro a bolero and of circle the skirt front seams. Vel tion are used in lapping the silk a raw edge. mentioned before fine quality. An in bands of tucked edged with fancy black and white they are very eff materials in pale of gold cloth, st row black velvet the edges with the ribbon is ru

The gold feet every varying applied is eager other fad in dress by inferior imit short. One sty panne cloth is t stitched strapning down from the knees in na of sable edges of cloth encircled is made slightly band of gold, edg buttons with l Irish lace form vest and also th

Chat of the Boudoir.

Gowns made entirely of panne are one of the season's fancies, and they show elaborate decorations of various sorts, one of them being silk embroidered flowers done in shades of the color in the gown, mixed with gold or silver thread. A very effective mode of producing a pretty contrast is seen on a panne gown of a yellow mastic tint, where the neckband, fronts of the bodice and belt are caught together with strands of black taffeta silk, threaded in and out through embroidered holes the size of a five cent piece. These are embroidered with gold thread and black silk, and the taffeta ends are finished with gold aigillettes, or ferrets, as we call them here. A wide collar of gold embroidered linen guipure is the feature of another model in dull soft, light pink panne, which could be prettily carried out in cloth and edged with the same narrow band of fur around the skirt.

The gowns which are described as modern editions of the modes in the time of Louis XIII show the broad shoulder collars of lace and little square tabs attached to the bodice all around the hips. Here we have the puffed sleeves which have tentatively appeared in some other gowns, suggesting no similarity to any of the modes of that especial time. The puffing is at the elbow fastened with rosettes, and the underleeves swell out enough to form a second puff, below which it is gathered quite close to the arm. Rumor says that all of the latest sleeves have their widest puffing at the elbow and not so much at the wrist as during the past summer.

Deductions in regard to sleeves are rather difficult, since they have assumed such a variety of forms and decorations. One thing is certain, however, and that is a very comfortable fulness at the top, even though they are quite fit and apparently close to the elbow. Quite plain sleeves fitting the arm from shoulder to wrist are worn, too, by very fashionable women, so there is no one special style which reigns supreme. Cloth sleeves are tucked in vertical lines from the shoulder to a little above the elbow, where the flaring cuff turns back, with embroidery or an application of lace on black panne if the gown is pale gray or fawn color. Where the dainty lingerie undersleeve is not desired it may be made of the cloth tucked like the upper sleeve, but fitting the arm well, and finished at the wrist by two little bands of black with embroidery between, forming a narrow wristband. In fact, undersleeves are the fashion not only in gowns but in coats as well, and are made of velvet, satin and fur. Many of the details in sleeves and collars are copied from old-time pictures so it is proved again that history repeats herself in dress as in everything else. Some of the fancy coat sleeves are cut long and flaring from the elbow down to a rather wide close-fitting wristband, to which the sleeve is gathered and sewn, giving a sort of puffed effect, as the lining is just a little shorter than the outside.

Among the many modes of trimming our gowns is that of using stitched bands of silk in two colors. For example, silk of the color of your gown is cut into bands with inverted or genuine scallops on one edge overlapping a straight edged band of white or black silk, whichever is most effective. This makes a pretty finish for the edges of a bolero and of fancy vests, and many encircle the skirt at the hem or cover the front seams. Velvet and silk in combination are used in this way, the velvet overlapping the silk and being stitched on with a raw edge. This fashion, as has been mentioned before, requires velvet of a very fine quality. Another mode of trimming is in bands of tacked silk cut on the bias and edged with fancy braid. In white silk, with black and white silk braid on the edge, they are very effective on some of the thin materials in pale colors. Undulating bands of gold cloth, striped vertically with narrow black velvet ribbon and finished on the edges with guipure lace, through which the ribbon is run, are a pretty trimming.

The gold fever is at its height now and every varying mode in which it can be applied is eagerly sought, but like every other fad in dress which can be cheapened by inferior imitations its career will be short. One stylish gown in russet brown panne cloth is trimmed on the skirt with stitched strappings of the same cloth running down from the waist and ending at the knees in narrow-head points. A band of sable edges the hem. Stitched bands of cloth encircle the blouse bodice, which is made slightly full to droop over a waist-band of gold galloon. The narrow vest is of gold, edged with fur and tiny gold buttons with loops of brown velvet ribbon. Irish lace forms the chemise above this vest and also the collar band, and both

are brightened with gold thread outlining the pattern.

Gold cloth, dotted over with black velvet spots, makes a pretty collar band for cloth gowns, and sometimes it is cut to extend down into the lace vest in a point. Another effective collar band is in cloth like the gown, if it is of a light color, embroidered in gold thread and white silk and finished with an inch wide turn-over band of black panne stitched with white silk.

One of the models shown in the illustration is in brown cloth trimmed with stitched bands of brown velvet, gold buttons and embroidered crotona galloon on a cream satin vest, and at the edge of the slashed sleeve showing a satin puff. A gown of gray panne shows one of the new plain skirts with short stitched bands extending down from the hips. The waist-coat is of white panne dotted with black, and gray silk cord motifs are the finish. The belt and bow where the bolero meets are of black taffeta.

Zibeline in a new soft shade of dull pink forms the third costume, the skirt being simply trimmed with a band of fur and two tucks above. The bodice is laid in wide tucks around and turned back in front with stole revers of satin of the same color and covered with embroidery of silk and chenille. Pink chiffon and yellow lace over pink satin form the bvos. One form of what is called the Jupe corselet, already described, is shown in the next model, and the gown is trimmed with bands of velvet and silver braid. The skirt with three tucks is the feature of the next gown with coat bodice finished with a velvet vest and velvet revers inset with tiny lines of cream cloth edged around with narrow braid. The vest is of cream cloth with a scalloped band of velvet on the edge, also finished with the narrow soutache braid and gold buttons.

A pretty model for either smooth cloth or zibeline has two narrow circular frills on the skirt, stitching being the finish, and is trimmed on the bodice with black velvet ribbon, gold ferrets for the ends gold buttons and gold braid. Another gown in biscuit faced cloth shows a lace collar and embroidered satin waistcoat. The bodice is finely tucked, like the shirt, but much the same effect can be produced with pipings of silk or velvet. Bands of velvet of a deeper shade are the trimming on a fawn cloth gown, and still another model in palest fawn has a belt and vest of pale blue panne and a decoration of Oriental embroidery. The skirt is laid in inverted box plaits at the side, stitched down half way and fastened with embroidered arrow heads.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Gowns for girls between the ages of 10 and 15 are especially interesting to the mothers who have to make them, and although there is nothing very new or original among the models, they are prettily modified editions of the older gowns and very attractive. For school dresses the Scotch plaid wool materials, which come in an unusual variety of colorings, are very much employed, and so are the fine tweeds, serges and smooth cloths which are so serviceable. Corduroy velvet is another very popular fabric which shows some variety in colors; but the shades of gray and brown in all the tints from a dark color to the palest tan are most desirable.

Cloth in a contrasting color is sometimes used in stitched bands for trimming and again the velveteen is made up quite plain in Russian blouse style, with a few runs of braid around the neck and some bright buttons down the side, like the model shown in the illustration. A plaited skirt simply hemmed and a regulation blouse waist with a belt, cut out in the neck to show a small square yoke, and collar band of cream cloth form another pretty mode. Pale blue cloth is pretty with the gray or tan, and it may be embroidered, striped with fancy braid, or dotted over with hand-embroidered polka dots done in silk.

Narrow satin bands in black of a color stitched on are a pretty trimming for wool materials, and then there is this season great variety of narrow fancy braids, besides the varied uses of narrow velvet ribbon, and stitched strappings of cloth. Rows of stitching are used on every kind of material and in every possible form. A dark blue cheviot cut with a circular skirt and a circular flounce is finished simply with rows of stitching. This gown for a girl of 14 has a fancy coat in blouse form with revers of blue panne velvet stitched on the edge and trimmed with black military braid and small gold buttons. The open sleeve with fancy undersleeve finish is as much a part of girls' fashions as it is of the grown-up gowns, and in this case the undersleeve is of the velvet.

For dressy gowns the crepes de chine with embroidered polka dots are very popular, and then there are the thin silks, poplins, liberty satins and muslins, which are always dainty and pretty if well

made. Some of the skirts in both cloth and silk are made with two-inch box plaits all around with spaces their own width between. These plaits are stitched down to the knee with three rows on either side and two groups of cross lines in deep points. Another pretty skirt is tucked around the hips in narrow tucks of graduated lengths, the longest one in front, and still another skirt is cut in three pieces, a front gore, and circular sides, which are laid over the front seams in a stitched down plait, and small tucks extend all around the hips.

Boleros and blouse waists with yokes and vests are the prevailing style of bodices. Bertha collars of lace, silk, or the material of the gown trimmed with braid or narrow row stitched bands are one feature always in order for the blouse bodice with a yoke, and tucked taffets, louisine silk and panne are used for vests and yokes as well. Tucked chiffon is also employed and is made very effective by stitching in the tucks with colored silk.

The tendency to the long-waisted effect is distinctly evident among the smaller gowns for girls of 8 to 10. They have the appearance of being made waist and skirt all in one, and are worn with a belt or a soft silk sash, draped low down. Dainty little boleros are made of lace, or lace insertion alternating with a little open work trimming, which can be bought by the yard, for the older girl's dressy gown. It is two bands of satin baby ribbon joined with a berringsbone stitch above in silk of the same color, and while it is simple it is very effective with lace or for joining bands of silk.

Cashmere stockings embroidered and with various lace effects in front are the latest thing in hosiery. Then there are the new French lisle stockings in black with colored silk clocks and one band two inches in width of fancy colored striping running around just above the clocks.

A novelty in undergarments is the use of colored wash silk in hem, which is hemstitched on to nainsook ruffles.

CHILDREN ADOPT A BEAR.

Unexpected Complications Caused by Brutal Change of Autumn Ways.

Old hunters, old women and venerable tradition, which is more aged than either, assert that when the bears get ready to go into winter quarters they pass their last week of wakefulness under the oak trees, eating the fallen acorns. These are full of tannic acids which pickers up the internal organs of the bears so that they shall not feel the pangs of hunger during their protracted naps in hollow trees and under windfalls. Having reduced their stomachs to less than half the normal size, the bears swallow large quantities of indigestible spruce gum to take up the gastric juices, and then turn in for a good long sleep.

This year the bears have introduced a new feature into the programme. They took the acorns all right, but when it came time to begin their sleep, the apples were so ripe and juicy in the orchards that appetite got the better of habit, and for the past two weeks the orchards have been suffering from more dangerous foes than the small boys. The bears have cheated the cider mills of half their output this fall.

In spite of every expedient that could be adopted to scare the animals away, they have broken down limbs of trees and wrought great damage, invading the villages where no bears had been seen for half a century, and keeping many women at home from harvest suppers and sociables that only a death in the family would otherwise have hindered them from attending.

Partly to get bear meat for winter consumption, but chiefly to save the apples from destruction, the farmers organized a hunt during the last warm spell. Everybody who owned a gun was invited. The men formed a line more than half a mile long and swept the town from the Bradley line to Clifton. A mile to the east of Sunk Haze meadows they scared up two bears, one of which was brought down before it had gone a mile. The other kept on to the base of Black Cap Mountain, going up on the north side and keeping among the bushes until it stood out on the bare top.

The men who were hemming the animal in on three sides began to fire when they were half a mile away. As the shots began to hit the ledges nearby the animals showed signs of uneasiness, facing its pursuers and threatening to charge. Then a shot would come zipping against a rock, causing the bear to turn and attempt to descend the steep front of the cliff.

The teacher of the Clewleyville school had taken her pupils out that day for a picnic in the woods, mixing pleasure with some lessons in nature study. They had made beautiful wreaths of autumn leaves which they had bound about their heads and waists, and were sitting down for luncheon when the bear, driven to take the

risk by the approach of the hunters, started to pick its way down the quartz face of Black Cap. The ledges were steep most of the way, and in places they were very slippery, so that no animal except a bird could gain so much as a toe hold.

By the time the bear had gained the shelf, where a raven's nest had been built for many years, the hunters were on top of the hill and pouring a dangerous shower of shot upon the creature's head. It was too much for bear nature to endure, so the animal got rattled at the very time when it should have kept its head and came tumbling down the last part of the cliff, landing not two rods away from the party of school children. Several bones had been broken in the fall, though the beast was still able to put up a good fight. As soon as the usual amount of screaming had been done the young folks gathered around the injured animal and began to express their pity in words of endearment.

When the farmers came around the hill to kill the bear they were met by children, who stood in front of the rifles and protested against such a cruel act. The pleadings of the young people prevailed, and the bear was patched up and taken to a warm barn, where it will spend the winter as the guest of all the children in the village.

How One Husband Was Tamed.

I dare say that there isn't a woman on earth who hasn't a theory on the subject of how to manage a husband, and I have never yet come across a man who was any worse for a little scientific handling now and then. If I were in the florist business I'd send a 'palm to,' a certain Senator's daughter, who has set an example managing wives might follow with profit. She has a husband, this Senator's daughter, who is disposed to be critical. Most of his friends are men of great wealth, who live extremely well, and association with them has made him somewhat hard to please in the matter of cooking. For some time the tendency has been growing on him. Scarcely a meal at his home table passed without criticism from him.

'What is this meant for?' he would ask after testing an entree his wife had racked her brain to think up.

'What on earth is this?' he would say when dessert came on.

'Is this supposed to be a salad?' he would inquire sarcastically when the lettuce was served. His wife stood it as long as she could. One evening he came home in a particularly captious humor. His wife was dressed in her most becoming gown and fairly bubbled over with wit. They went in to dinner. The soup tureen was brought in. Tied to one handle was a card and on that card the information in a big round hand:

'This is soup.'
Roast beef followed with a placard announcing:

'This is roast beef.'

The potatoes were labelled. The gravy dish was placarded. The olives bore a card marked 'Olives,' the salad bowl carried a tag marked 'Salad,' and when the ice cream came in a card announcing 'This is ice cream' came with it. The wife talked of a thousand different things all through the meal, never once referring by word or look to the labelled dishes. Neither then nor thereafter did he say a word about them, and never since that evening has the captious husband ventured to inquire what anything set before him is.

She Was Saved

From days of agony and discomfort, not by great interpositions, but by the use of the only sure pop orem cure—Putman's Painless Corn Extractor. Tender, painful corns are removed by its use in a few days, without the slightest discomfort. Many substitutes in the market make it necessary that only "Putman's" should be asked for and taken. Sure, safe, harmless.

JOURNALISM IN GREENLAND.

First It Was All Ours, Next Came Heads and Afterward Whole Sentences.

One of the most amusing skippers visiting Philadelphia, is the genial commander of the British Bark Calcium, one of the fleet of Greenland cryolite traders which has just discharged her cargo here and loaded coal for Demerara. A fine specimen of the real old-time sailor. Capt. Smith possesses a fund of knowledge gathered through years of rough experiences, the record of which would form the ground work for an up to date sea novel.

For years this picturesque skipper gained knowledge of the high latitudes that has been of great benefit to him in his present trade through service aboard one of the old Peterhead whalers, a fleet once famous, but now almost extinct. Capt. Smith has been one of the most successful of the Arctic traders, his only mishap being the loss of the British bark Asgents, which he commanded in the fall of 1896. This vessel was actually crushed to atoms by the Arctic floe ice. All were rescued after a thrilling experience, and made their way to Fredericksbaah, where they

Hood's Pills

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

Rouse the Liver

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

were housed and led by the Danish Governor.

Capt. Smith has a greater knowledge of Greenland than any other man in the merchant service. When he can be induced to tell of the bleak settlements surrounded by the polar ice his stories are always appreciated and he is sure of a large and highly appreciative audience. Several days ago, just before his departure for Demerara, the skipper told a most interesting story of journalism in Greenland. Journalism in Greenland, he said, is represented by a single paper and to its proprietor, Mr. Moeller, is due the credit of educating a large number of the natives, because he not only printed the paper for them, but also taught them how to read it.

This wonderfully energetic man performs single-handed the functions of editor, reporter, proprietor, printer, distributor and business manager. The entire paper, which is printed in Godthaab, is the product of his own pen.

Some time ago he set up a primitive printing establishment, and every two weeks he performs a long journey on skates to dispose of his journal.

Originally it contained only a few crude illustrations, but gradually other matter was introduced until now it contains articles on the affairs of the day. This man actually taught his subscribers to read his paper, first introducing words, then sentences, and now articles on the topics of the day.

Mr. Moeller is a Dane and has lived in Greenland for many years. He takes a deep interest in anything calculated to make lighter the burdens of the natives, and is beloved by all who know him.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Nichols' Artificial Ear Drums, has sent £1,000 to the Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to the Institute, 780 Eighth Avenue, New York.

'Ab, darling,' she sighed, 'how can I prove to you that I have never loved before—that you are the only girl I ever—' 'Don't worry, dearest,' she replied. 'You have proved it to me. If you had ever loved before, and if I were not the only girl, you would not be standing there now with your hands behind your back since I have told you that you may hope.'

A Pleasant Duty.—'When I know anything worthy of recommendation, I consider it my duty to tell it,' says Rev. Jas. Murdock, of Hamburg, Pa. 'Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder has cured me of Catarrh of five years standing. It is certainly magical in its effect. The first application benefited me in five minutes. 50 cts.'—9

'Will you marry me, Miss Tommey?' asked Mr. Collingwood. 'No, indeed,' replied she. 'I wouldn't marry the best man on earth.' 'Of course you won't. You'll never have an opportunity. But that is no reason why you shouldn't marry me.'

Those Worrying Pills!—One application of Dr. Agnew's Ointment will give you comfort. Applied every night for three to six nights and a cure is effected in the most stubborn cases of Blind, Bleeding, or Itching Piles. Dr. Agnew's Ointment cures Eczema and all itching and burning skin diseases. It acts like magic. 35 cents.—13

'I'd fix that Hall of Fame all right.' 'What would be your basis of choice?' 'Why, I think no man's name ought to go in there until everybody is dead that knew him.'

APIOL & STEEL PILLS

A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Pil Cochis, Pils Penroyal, &c. Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C., or Martin Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton, Eng.

USE THE GENUINE...
MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water
"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"
For the Handkerchief, Toilet and Bath.
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES!

CHINA'S MYSTERIOUS JEWS.

A Colony That was Once Rich and Powerful—They Have Lived in China 1500 Years.

In the heart of China, 700 miles from Shanghai, on the banks of the Hoangho or Yellow River, live seven families of Chinese Jews, the remnant of seventy clans, 5,000 strong, who come into the Celestial Kingdom at the time of Mingto II, who reigned about 319 A. D.

These seven families represent what at one time was a power in China, a city of Jews, so wealthy and esteemed that an emperor built a magnificent synagogue for them and made one of them the treasurer of a great province and another a general in the Imperial army, and honored them in various other ways. Then in the golden age of Judaism in China these Chinese Jews prospered to so great an extent that they grew careless in their worship and neglected the God of their fathers. Today, their synagogue is a mass of ruins most of it sold to furnish food for the seven surviving families, and abject poverty reigns among them. Their sacred books have been sold, their religious rites forgotten, their language has become a mere memory and their origin one of the mysteries of the mysterious Orient.

The existence of Chinese Jews has long been a mystery, for although their presence has been established beyond doubt, yet so much of their history is speculative that scholars and students of Jewish and Oriental history have been at variance as to their origin. The records of those seen and spoken to during the last 250 years all bore the unmistakable racial imprint of the Jew. There could be no doubt that their race. Not only that, but they observed most of the customs of their ancestors and worshipped in the orthodox manner. The fact of their Hebraic origin and descent has not been in dispute, but the reason of their presence in China has caused considerable controversy among those interested in such matters.

Some have held that they were the lost tribes of Israel, but this is wild speculation, especially as China was referred to only once in the Bible, when Isaiah xlix, 12, says: "Behold—and these from the land of Sinim" China. At the time of Isaiah, 740 B. C., Tiglath Pileser III., a contemporary of Jeroboam II., ruled Egypt and the Jews were even then renowned traders, whose voyages extended into the farthest East. If the Chinese Jews had been the lost tribes, Chinese history would in all probability have referred to them and their own history would have done likewise. Neither is the case.

Chinese history asserts that the Jews came to China during the reign of Mingto II, of the Han or Tsin dynasty, about 319. The history of the Jews themselves declare that they came into China 224 A. D. from Theonohu Cabul. The leaders were the heads of the Yen, Le, Gao, Ksou, Chau, Kin, Chow, Shih, Hwang, Nee and Tao families. They brought with them tribute of "si yang pu"—cloth from their western ocean. This might serve as a clue to their origin, but it is doubtful which ocean is meant. It may be the Indian Ocean, the Red Sea, the Mediterranean or even one of the inland seas of Asia.

In the days of Mingto II, China was the most highly civilized nation in the world and all the world traded with her. Half a dozen caravan roads led across Asia to the marts of China and the Jews, following their occupation of leaders, traveled over them repeatedly. It took 250 days to travel from Syria to China. It is probable that the Jewish traders, finding the country fertile and the people friendly, advised their brethren to emigrate. So a huge caravan was made up and seventy clans or families started for their new home in China. They left Yew-se (Judea) in 224 A. D. and traveled by easy stages across Asia. With them went rabbis and learned men, who carried holy books and the sayings of the prophets. Finally, after a year of wandering, the caravan arrived at Peen on the Hoangho, the Kaitungfu of today, situated to the south of Pekin. No sooner had the caravan arrived than the Chinese bestowed a name upon them—the followers of the religion which enjoins the extraction of the sinew—the Maankinkian. This referred to the Hebrew custom of extracting the sinew or nerve of fish used for food.

For many years, nearly 600, the settlement at Kaitungfu prospered and gradually Jewish traders penetrated to all parts of the Empire. They established an important trading station at Nhangpo, which they used as a port of entry. So well did they do that in the year 800 another influx of Jews took place and the power and influence of the settlement increased greatly.

Chinese history first mentions the Jews in the eleventh century, when the annals of one of the dynasties refers to them as having served in the Imperial army with distinction and bravery. The next mention is found on a tablet erected in their temple, discovered by a Jesuit in 1511. This tablet declares that the religion was founded by Awolohan (Abraham), who handed down the precepts to Mayshe (Moses). The synagogue or temple was built in the first year of Lurching of the Sung dynasty in the twentieth year of the sixty-fifth cycle (1164). Leeching and Woosze's, two rabbis, superintended the construction of the temple, while Yentoola furnished the funds. The structure burned down and was rebuilt in 1279 on Thoc she-tze street, on the southeast side.

The temple was seen in the seventeenth century by one of the Jesuit fathers and according to his description was a superb affair. The authorly asserted that the temple was 350 feet long and 150 wide. Before, or rather around the synagogue proper, was a series of courts, extending from east to west. In the centre of the first court was a large and beautiful arch of white alabaster, inscribed with golden letters, dedicating the place to the Creator and Preserver of all things.

In the Holy of Holies beyond, which only the priest could enter at time of prayer stood twelve tables, each bearing a roll of the law—one for each tribe in Israel. In the centre stood another table, for Moses. Each table was enclosed in silken draperies. On the extreme western wall were two tables containing the Ten Commandments in golden letters. On the other side of them was a closet for books and before each, a table, urn and candelabrum.

At service, the men and women sat apart and all took off their shoes. The men wore blue hats. When reading from their Biblical scrolls, the rabbis wore a veil over their faces for Moses covered his face when descending the mountain after receiving the Ten Commandments. A red silken scarf was suspended from the right shoulder of the rabbi and tied in a knot under the left arm. All present faced the west—toward Jerusalem. The name of Jehovah was never pronounced. Eternal (Adonal) being substituted, or the Chinese word "theen" heaven.

As stated, the Chinese Jews gradually rose in power until 1368 began their golden era. In that year a committee was appointed to look after the temple and the Emperor conferred many favors upon the sect. For forty nine years prosperity was theirs. In 1416 Chou Foo Ting, a Jew, was made chief Taoist or magistrate of Chekeang province—and then began the downward career of the Chinese Jews.

The younger generation intermarried with the Chinese, the precepts of their religion were forgotten, and gradually the Chinese Jews wandered away from the teachings of their prophets. Gradually, too, prosperity left them and ill-luck began. Their temple was destroyed again, and when money was needed to rebuild, none was forthcoming for many years. At last enough was obtained, but the glory of their Holy of Holies had departed, never to return. Matters went from bad to worse until, in 1600, some of the young Jews went into the world in an effort to better their condition. One of these sought a mandarin's degree in Pekin, and while there met Matthew Ricci, the famed Jesuit missionary. According to Father Ricci, the stranger called upon him one day and said that as both were of one religion he desired to pay his respects. Father Ricci made inquiry as to the stranger's religion and learned that he was a Jew. Thinking to convert him to Christianity, he took him into the mission chapel, where the stranger bowed before a likeness of the Virgin and Child.

"Why do you bow?" asked Father Ricci in astonishment. "Because that is a picture of the prophet in childhood," replied the stranger, meaning Moses, probably. Then Father Ricci told him of the coming of the long promised King of the Jews, but the stranger laughed and declared that he was not due for ten thousand years. Three years later Father Ricci despatched three native Christians to Kaitungfu, but could get nothing definite about the Jewish settlement. In 1618 Julius Aleni, who, because of his great learning, was called the European Confucius by the Chinese, visited Kaitungfu, but was not permitted to see the Pentateuch, the fame of which had reached his ears.

This Pentateuch, so report had it, was handed down from father to son, from the earliest days of Judea. Of course, the Jesuit fathers were most anxious to obtain possession of this religious treasure and nearly every year ambassadors went to Kaitungfu with offers of money and influence, but in vain. It was not until 1673 that Father Gasani succeeded. By that time the Jews had been decimated, their wealth was a matter of history and their spirit was broken. Father Gasani was permitted to see the Pentateuch and soon discovered that it was only fragmentary. Upon his return to Europe he published a pamphlet detailing his experience and giving a translation of the tablets and scrolls he had seen. This pamphlet caused much discussion and numerous tracts and books were written to prove that the Chinese Jews were descended from the lost tribes or even Ahasuerus Wandering Jew. The stories they grew and grew, until they assumed fantastic proportions and the widest conjectures prevailed.

All sorts of propositions were made to solve the mystery, but nothing of importance was done until 1850, when a Jesuit expedition started from Hong Kong, accompanied by two Chinese natives. After being absent for some months they returned with the news that the settlement at Kaitungfu was in a deplorable state. The few remaining Jews lived in the ruins of the synagogue, have starved and broken in spirit. They had no rabbi, had forgotten their language almost entirely and had sold the synagogue bit by bit, in order to sustain life.

Now, the Chinese Jews number less than one hundred—Jews only in name, wretched, poor, despised, perished, mere echoes of the forgotten race.

REMOVAL OF THE ASHLAND MINE.

Located by the aid of Spiritualism and Has Twice Made Its Owners Rich.

The strange story of the Ashland mine and the fortunes of the Hayes brothers are just now topics of immense interest in this part of the country. After a checkered history, in which the mine has been variously rated, first as one of the most magnificent properties of the range, and again as a played out proposition not worth a day's labor, the Ashland is once more in full swing and there is one enough in sight to insure its operation at a tremendous profit for many years to come.

The Hayes brothers, E. A. and J. O., came to this part of the country from Madison, Wis., in 1884, accompanied by their mother, who had a State wide reputation at times as a Spiritualist. The whole family were Spiritualist, and they carried their beliefs to extremes that aroused much scoffing among the experienced miners operating in the vicinity. It is related that Mrs. Hayes used to travel over the pine clad range with a cane, indicating to her sons where they should dig in order to find the fortune which it had been revealed to her awaited them in northern Michigan. Whenever the ore was driven into the earth there the shaft went down. One of Mrs. Hayes finds the Ashland mine, which has already paid many millions of dollars, and the Germania, on a nearby hill, which at last gives promise of paying for the money expended on it.

Dr. Harrison and other Ashland capitalists, with Hugh Richards of Jackson, Mich., became interested with the Hayes boys in the development of the Ashland. In 1886 the mine was so far developed that the property was turned over to the Wisconsin Central under a limited lease for \$1,000,000. The Hayes brothers retained a sufficient amount of stock to give them a voice in the operation of the property, and they continued to operate the Germania, sinking about \$12,000 a month in the pit, which for years never realized them a dollar.

In 1889 the Hayes family removed to California and expended an immense sum of money in the construction of a palace at Santa Clara, the intention at the time being to establish a spiritualist community which should be the headquarters for the sect in this country. A succession of reverses so depleted the fortunes of the family that on the arrival of the panic the Hayes brothers were reduced to practical penury. There are a good many people in Hurley and Ironwood to-day who hold correspondence showing that in 1896 the Hayes family was unable to pay even small obligations. There was never any acknowledgment of failure, but the brothers frankly stated that they were unable to pay although they expected within a year or two that all their obligations would be met.

In the meantime it had developed that the Wisconsin Central company, in its operations of the Ashland property, was taking out all the ore in sight without expending a dollar for exploration. It became spread abroad that the Ashland had "pinched out" and that it would very soon have to be closed down. About this time the California palace of the Hayesses

burned to the ground. A year ago last spring the brothers returned to Wisconsin and fought an action against the Wisconsin Central to recover the Ashland property. After somewhat extended litigation the courts gave the Hayes boys complete possession.

Last spring with money raised on supposedly valueless stock in the East, the young men recommenced operations at the Ashland, and in a very short time developed new veins of ore which seemed inexhaustible. The mine has been running with a full force ever since. The Hayesses have paid every dollar of their old obligations, have constructed a palatial residence close to the mine, and are once more on the high tide of prosperity. The property is now paying \$260,000 a year net. The main tunnel has passed under the Montana River, which is the dividing line between Wisconsin and Michigan, and its head is now squarely under the main street of Hurley, 1,400 feet below the surface.

In addition the Germania is now doing a paying business, and there is every prospect that it, too, will become a valuable property. Both the Hayesses are now in California campaigning for McKinley.

THE NEWEST PIANO ORGAN.

One Which has a Snare Drum, a Bass Drum and Cymbal Attached.

Whoever might have thought that the limit of portable musical apparatus had been reached in the piano organ on wheels, which has, of recent years, become so familiar in the streets would be undeceived if he could see an outfit that had lately appeared in Upper West side streets of the city. This is a piano organ on wheels with novel attachments.

At each side of the organ itself there is built out, low down, about on a level with the top of the skeleton vehicle in which the organ is carried, a platform that is like a substantial bracket shelf. On the shelf that projects from the right-hand side of the organ, and so toward the rear as the organ is drawn, is fixed a snare drum. On the platform or shelf that projects from the left-hand side of the organ and so over the handles of the vehicle and toward the front as the organ is drawn, are a bass drum and a single cymbal. The sticks of the snare drum and that of the bass drum and a wire ring that is struck against the cymbal to sound that, are actuated by machinery that is moved by the turning of the crank by which the organ is played.

To operate all these things calls for the exercise of more power on the part of the player and to make the work less hard for him the organ crank is fixed in the rim of a balance wheel attached to the shaft.

The organ grinder of the outfit turns the crank on the organ just as he would on any organ and with the same result; but in addition, as he turns, and at such intervals as they would commonly be brought in with rattle and boom and crash.

With the novelty of its appearance and the striking musical effects produced, the outfit draws a crowd, and it seems to be a money maker, too.

TRAINERS and ATHLETES MAKE USE OF PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND The Only Medicine That Gives Nerve Force Strength and Endurance.

Trainers and athletes in every department of athletics must be vigorous and healthy men if they would excel in bicycle races, football, running, jumping, skating and snowshoeing. The athlete should have a well balanced nervous system, blood fresh and pure, and the organs of digestion should at all times be in the best condition.

For many years Paine's Celery Compound has been the chosen health restorer of our best and most prominent athletes. It has done wonderful work and kept in condition men who have made world wide reputation.

The celebrated John Graham who has trained athletes in Harvard and Columbia Universities, and who is now superintendent of Boston's famous gymnasium, says: "I have used Paine's Celery Compound to my benefit, and have no doubt that any person undergoing great physical strain will find it a grand strengthening agent."

J. R. Watson, Boston, holding the world's championship as jumper and pole vaulter, says: "The strongest of athletes often feel languid and drawn out. I have tried many things, but have found nothing that does me as much good as Paine's Celery Compound."

James Michael, the great bicyclist, Hjertberg, the champion steeple chaser, and other great athletes have declared that Paine's Celery Compound is the greatest tonic, regulator, nerve brace and strength giver for all who are weak, rundown or suffering from any ailment.

MALARIAL FEVER.

AFTER EFFECTS LEAVE THE VICTIM WEAK AND DEPRESSED.

Miss Emma Huskinson, a Captain in the Salvation Army, Tells How She Regained Health Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

From the San, Orangeville, Ont.

Among the oldest and most highly respected residents of Orangeville is Mrs. John Huskinson, whose daughter, Emma, has for a number of years been an acute sufferer from the after effects of malarial fever. A reporter of the San hearing of the wonderful effects which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have had on Miss Huskinson, called at her home to enquire into the truth of the rumor. After stating the reason of his visit, he was kindly received by Mrs. Huskinson, who gave him the following facts of the cure: "Some years ago," said Mrs. Huskinson, "my daughter Emma, who is now captain of the Newmarket corps of the Salvation Army, was attacked by malarial fever. She was under a doctor's care for a long time and although she recovered sufficiently to go about, the after effects of the fever left her very weak and the doctor did not seem able to put any life into her. She had frequent headaches, was very pale, and the least exertion would greatly fatigue her. We thought a change might do her good and consequently she went on a visit to Toronto. While there she was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and at once purchased a supply. Before she had finished the second box she noted a marked change for the better; her appetite improved, her color returned, the feeling of exhaustion had disappeared, and by the time she had taken half a dozen boxes she was enjoying the best of health, and all her old-time vigor had returned. Although her work in the Salvation Army is hard and exposes her to all kinds of weather, she has since been able to do it without the least inconvenience.

"Some time after my daughter's cure I was myself completely run down, and to add to my trouble was seized with a severe attack of rheumatism. Remembering the benefit my daughter had received from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I decided to use them and before I had taken half a dozen boxes I felt fully recovered and have been in the best of health ever since. My advice to all ailing is to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have restored more weak and ailing women and girls to robust health than any other medicine ever discovered, which in part accounts for their popularity throughout the world. These pills are sold by all dealers or may be had by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Art of Selling Chimneys.

In England an interesting method of selling lofty chimneys is practised. Its originator is James Smith of Manchester and he is credited with having led, without accident, nearly 100 tall chimneys which for one reason or another had become useless. Some of these were from 200 to 250 feet in height. The method consists in removing the stones or brick near the foot of the chimney and substituting an open frame of wood, which is afterward set on fire. About two-thirds of the area of the base is removed up to a height of five or six feet, so that most of the weight rests upon the underpinning. Experience has shown that when the work is properly done the chimney leans slightly toward the side where the underpinning is inserted, and when a slight crack appears in the masonry on the opposite side, the time has come for fire to be applied. As the chimney falls it partially telescopes in consequence of the shock produced by dropping into the void left by the burnt timbers.

The Evaporation of Gold.

Sir W. C. Roberts Austen has proved, through an experiment extended over four years that when a column of lead is allowed to rest upon a column of gold a slow diffusion, or evaporation, of the gold takes place, resulting in the appearance of traces of gold in the lead. When a degree of heat not sufficient to melt either of the metals is applied, the diffusion of the gold takes place more rapidly. The tendency of the particles is upward into the lead. As far as is yet known the evaporation of gold occurs only in the presence of another metal.

Taming the Waves With Nets.

A new plan for diminishing the force of waves has recently been tried at Havre. It is the intention of Baron d'Alessandro, an Italian residing in Paris. The apparatus consists of a network of waterproof hemp, 300 feet long by 50 broad, anchored on the surface of the water. It flattens out heavy waves and prevents them from breaking, after the manner of oil spread upon the sea.

"That is what I call a moving appeal," said Tenopet to Gasley.

"You call what a moving appeal?" "This note from my landlord telling me that I must vacate because of non-payment of rent."

PAIN-KILLER cures all sorts of cut-throats, burns and strains. Taken internally it cures diarrhea and dysentery. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c and 50c.

SUSAN'S LESSON.

'Self-willed and ill-tempered I'm much obliged to you for your good opinion of me, Mr. Arkright.'

John kissed the sweet lips that spoke the gentle words. 'Darling,' he said, 'you have such a kind, loving heart, and such an earnest desire to do right, that I am sure you will succeed; and as for me, I feel that I never fully understood you until now, and will, God helping me, be more patient with you than I have been.'

brothers in the entire country who can equal their weight and height. Tallness is a family characteristic, inherited by Fred R. and Allie R. Smith. Their family history on the mother's side contains records of many tall men.

There is usually more or less controversy as to the sources of important rivers until the region of their headwaters had been thoroughly explored. This has been the case with the Amazon but, today, geographers are in accord as to the place that may properly be called the ultimate source of that river.

While we are accustomed to think of atoms as the smallest possible particles into which matter can be divided, recent experiments, particularly those of Dr. Gustave Le Bon, have indicated that, through electrical dissociation, atoms themselves are capable of subdivision into particles of amazing minuteness.

DIED.

- Tryon, Mrs. L. and, 88.
Halifax, Oct. 21, Geo. A. Pike, 60.
Elmsdale, Oct. 27, John Bell, 69.
Halifax, Oct. 31, John Deane, 62.
Calais, Oct. 19, Howard Sarrill, 36.
St. Croix, Oct. 8, Mrs. Wm. Dill, 68.
Gays River, Oct. 27, J. B. Colter, 86.
Newton, Oct. 20, Wm. McCabe, 62.
Halifax, Oct. 31, John Deasey, 65.
Halifax, Oct. 29, Leonard Parkman.
Matland, Oct. 28, Mrs. Alex. Ross.
Windsor, Oct. 23, Harland Baird, 7.
Alaska, Oct. 11, Capt. George Bell, 65.
Albert, Oct. 27, Mrs. Hugh Patterson.
Covehead, Oct. 23, Jean Fullerton, 4.
West Point, Oct. 19, Edward Bitts, 19.
Halifax, Nov. 1, Elizabeth Keating, 78.
Bideford, Nov. 1, Edward England, 65.
Falmouth, Oct. 22, Annie Wilson, 26.
Lequille, Oct. 18, Marjorie Thomson, 18.
Halifax, Nov. 2, Mrs. George Farmer, 68.
Carleton, Oct. 18, Mrs. J. Dickinson, 44.
Lower Stewiacke, Mrs. John Norris, 63.
Milltown, Oct. 25, Mrs. Lake Barry, 40.
Beaver Harbor, Oct. 25, Nora Cross, 21.
Dorchester, Oct. 31, Wm. Backhouse, 69.
Wolfville, Nov. 1, Mrs. George Johnson.
Crest Hill, Oct. 16, Henry S. De Blois, 45.
Charlottetown, Oct. 28, Mrs. Wm. Bate, 87.
Irishtown, Oct. 28, Mrs. Kenneth Macleod.
Summerside, Oct. 15, Mrs. Benj. McKenna.
Milltown, Oct. 23, Mrs. Joseph Willest, 24.
Beaver Harbor, Oct. 27, Mrs. Wm. Allen, 27.
Windsor, Oct. 24, Mrs. George Pollard, 32.
Campbellton, Oct. 21, Penelope Ramsay, 71.
Charlottetown, Oct. 30, Nelson Armour, 45.
Mill Cove, Oct. 25, Mrs. Patrick Berney, 87.
Dartmouth, Nov. 1, Mrs. Robert Warner, 45.
Unalaska Mines, Oct. 18, Martin Fogarty, 61.
Katoowick, Germany, Oct. 6, Bruno Siebels.
Greenville, Me., Oct. 15, James Callaghan, 40.
Tower Hill, Oct. 30, Elizabeth Thompson, 68.
Victoria, C. B., Oct. 31, Catherine Batchford, 80.
Summerside, Oct. 23, Mrs. Charlotte Fowler, 76.
Upper Brighton, Oct. 21, Mrs. John Alkman, 85.
Bigger Ridge, N. B., Oct. 21, Mrs. Alice McKay, 23.
Calais, Oct. 18, Ida Inant of Mr. and Mrs. McPhail, 1 month.
Port Hawkesbury, C. B., Oct. 29, Infant of J. Hardigan and wife.
Moore's Mills, Oct. 30, Frank Infant of Mr. and Mrs. A. V. DeWolf.
Moncton, Nov. 4, Willie, infant of Mr. and Mrs. J. Wilkins, 5 mos.
Unalaska Mines, Oct. 13, Ivy, infant of Mr. and Mrs. George Dimock.
Hunter River, Oct. 23, James son of Donald and Lillie Andrews, 7.
West Point, Oct. 23, Infant of Mr. and Mrs. E. D'Estimont, 9 mos.
Halifax, Nov. 2, Lillian, infant of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Canavan, 5 m.
Windsor, Oct. 22, E. Lillie, infant of Mr. and Mrs. Archie DeLorain, 3 mos.
Alberton, Oct. 19, Marie Anne, infant of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel, infant 5 mos.
Little Bridgeon, Oct. 19, Mabel, infant of Mr. and Mrs. Moses Poirer, 5 m.

SUFFERING WOMEN. My treatment will cure promptly and permanently all diseases peculiar to women such as, displacements, inflammation, etc.

CANADIAN PACIFIC Tourist Sleepers. MONTREAL TO PACIFIC COAST, EVERY THURSDAY.

BORN. Halifax, Oct. 31, to the wife of Fred Jones, a son. Albert, Oct. 23, to the wife of Walter Tarris, a son.

MARRIED. Charlottetown, Mass., Oct. 4, Frank Wolfe to Annie De Hill.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. On and after June 18th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Suburban for Hampton, 6.30. Express for Campbellton, Fugwash, Pictou, etc., 7.15.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Hampton, 6.00. Suburban from Hampton, 7.35.

D. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 11 King Street St. John, N. B.