

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY JANUARY, 23, 1904.

ST. JOHN STAR, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1904.

Now, you have coughed long enough. Get a bottle of **Royal Cough Balsam**. You will find it safe and sure. 25c. At Royal Pharmacy, S. McDIARMID KING ST. Tel. 403.

TO LET.

Advertisements under this head: Half a cent a word. No less charge than 10c. TO LET—May 1st, that will known dry goods store, corner King and Laidlaw streets, N. B., occupied by Mr. B. O. Parsons. Has been continuously rented for the last thirty years as a dry goods store. Apply to S. McDIARMID, 225 King street, West End.

A Child Thrives Well
ON
Good Bread and Milk.



Hygienic Bakery, 124 to 128 Mill street. Phone 1197.

FOR SALE. Advertisements under this head: Half a cent a word. No less charge than 10c. FOR SALE—A bargain—A new, light, four-story house, 3 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and a large front porch. Apply to S. McDIARMID, 225 King street, West End.

FOR SALE. Advertisements under this head: Half a cent a word. No less charge than 10c. FOR SALE—A new, light, four-story house, 3 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and a large front porch. Apply to S. McDIARMID, 225 King street, West End.

HELP WANTED FEMALE. Advertisements under this head: Half a cent a word. No less charge than 10c. WANTED—Good general girls and cooks. Apply to S. McDIARMID, 225 King street, West End.

HELP WANTED MALE. Advertisements under this head: Half a cent a word. No less charge than 10c. WANTED—A young man to drive delivery wagon. Apply to S. McDIARMID, 225 King street, West End.

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THE ST. JOHN STAR is published by THE SUN PRINTING COMPANY (LTD.), at St. John, New Brunswick, every afternoon (except Sunday) at \$2.00 a year. TELEPHONE:— BUSINESS OFFICE, 25. EDITORIAL AND NEWS DEPT., 1127.

ST. JOHN STAR.

ST. JOHN, N. B., JANUARY 28, 1904.

BARGAIN WITH THE C. P. R.

The tentative agreement between the city and the C. P. R. as outlined in the Star yesterday, seems in every way an admirable method of providing for the additional wharves which must be built if this port is to be in a position to satisfactorily handle next season's traffic. The absolute control over the property given to the C. P. R. might be objectionable in a scheme for the general development of the harbor front, which must be made as the country and the traffic grows, but cannot be fairly raised against this partial proposition, which only provides for four berths, as these must depend exclusively upon the C. P. R. for all the freight handled thereon.

On the face of the agreement the other terms are so favorable to the city that one is inclined to wonder why the C. P. R. did not undertake the building of the wharves itself. The company agrees to pay to the city an annual rental equal to five per cent. of the cost of construction, a sum so much in excess of the interest the city will have to pay for the money borrowed that the committee hopes, with the surplus to be able to pay that debt. This means that in 1914 these wharves and warehouses will be the property of the city and the reduced rental which the C. P. R. will pay after that time will be clear profit, as the company undertakes to keep the facilities in thorough repair and to insure them against fire.

There is one clause in the agreement which, it is understood, has not been finally settled. This is regarding the disposal of the harbor front from Sand Point down to the breakwater. The C. P. R. is anxious to obtain a grant of this as part of the agreement, but certain of the committee object to so rendering impossible the approach of any other railroad from that side of the harbor. While it does not make any difference to the city which road or steamship line brings traffic here, so long as traffic is brought, it would not be a wise move to place such a valuable piece of property entirely out of the city's control before it is finally evident what use will be made of it.

But that part of the agreement which demands the closest attention now is that which places the whole responsibility for the dredging for the new pier upon the city. The C. P. R. will pay no interest upon that and because it is felt that the citizens have already spent more than their share in the development of this national port the major and the committee have bent every effort toward imposing the burden of the dredging upon the city.

My dear friends of the south, you are the ones to be commiserated. We do not know you your roses and your perpetual sunshine. We pity you and if you only knew what you are losing by not having the enjoyment of a good old-fashioned winter you would pity yourselves. We pity your little children who never know the luxury of coasting. We pity your boys and girls who never saw a snow foot or saw one bombardier or a flock of geese. We pity your young men at a mid-winter who never knew the luxury of skating as swiftly and gracefully as the fleet of a bird. We pity your lovers who never sat closely together behind a swift horse on a bright moonlight night and listened to the music of the bells as the sleigh slid over the icy road.

THAT CRISIS.

Once upon a time a premier cried to his people of a danger that closely threatened their land, and from a lofty oratorical height, threw out a life line to the sinking country with a fervent prayer to heaven that the means of rescue might not have been sent too late. The perishing people, with great recklessness, declined to be convinced of their peril. Moreover, they showed an inclination to argue that even if there was a danger the method of escape offered might, if seized, land them in even a more lamentable position. They pointed out what seemed to them many flaws in the line, and questioned the adequacy of its anchorage. But none of their suggestions was received with other than the contempt due to persons who doubted the infallibility of those in authority over them.

And as the premier and the people with money bags, who whispered things in his ear, continued to praise the strength and the efficacy of the line, it fell to pieces of its own weight, for, as the people had suspected, it was rotten and the men who should have held it fast had their hands in their pockets jingling many coins.

THE MACHINE ON THE PITY.

The determined Globe serves notice on the Liberal party in this constituency that "there is, strictly speaking, at the present time but one candidate known to be actually in the field, Mr.

R. O'Brien, who has been canvassing in the liberal interest." This may be taken to mean that in spite of dictation from outside in favor of Hon. Mr. McKewen and in spite of the pull possessed by Col. McLean, Mr. O'Brien is firm in his intention to offer himself as a candidate to the liberal convention which will be held next week and to leave the choosing to its members rather than to the machine. Considering Mr. O'Brien's good work for his party for many years and the consistent support given to the liberals by a great number of Catholics in this constituency his claim for recognition seems to be well founded. If the decision is actually left to the convention there is every probability that he will be nominated. Should the machine ignore the rights of local liberals to choose their own representative and name a candidate without properly consulting their wishes, there will undoubtedly arise resentment which will require Mr. Emmerson's greatest suavity to smooth the election day.

The impressive Gazette treats with lofty scorn the insinuation that the simultaneous announcement of the bye-election and the government's decision concerning the dredging was other than a coincidence. Were another than Attorney-General Pugsley responsible for the policy of that paper, one might be tempted to think the Gazette was insane.

THE END OF THE WEEK.

It happens every Saturday, when all the church is done. An' the day is restin' some'er an' the stars is havin' fun. A-twinklin' an' a-dancin' in the clear an' distant sky. To the music of the sleigh bells as they go ad-jinglin' by. We have tended to our labors; all the week we've done our best. An' we feel that before we start to a night of honest rest; An' maw has washed the dishes, an' the hired man's fed the stock. But the week's work ain't quite finished until gran'paw winds the clock.

SATURDAY SERMONETTE.

"There are compensations." I suppose there are people in Canada who envy their friends who write them from the "Sunny South" and southern California about the mild sunny days, and the flowers blooming everywhere. I suppose there are people in the warm south lands who shiver when they think of our northern winters, and pity us as they picture us trying to live with the mercury ten, twenty, or thirty below zero.

My dear friends of the south, you are the ones to be commiserated. We do not know you your roses and your perpetual sunshine. We pity you and if you only knew what you are losing by not having the enjoyment of a good old-fashioned winter you would pity yourselves. We pity your little children who never know the luxury of coasting. We pity your boys and girls who never saw a snow foot or saw one bombardier or a flock of geese. We pity your young men at a mid-winter who never knew the luxury of skating as swiftly and gracefully as the fleet of a bird. We pity your lovers who never sat closely together behind a swift horse on a bright moonlight night and listened to the music of the bells as the sleigh slid over the icy road.

JUDGE STOPS GUM CHEWING.

NEW YORK, Jan. 22.—Just as counsel were about to sum up, yesterday afternoon, in the libel suit of Miss Emma Walker against William H. Maxwell and Lyman A. Best, Judge Maxwell, in the Supreme Court, Brooklyn, held up his hand and enjoined silence. Counsel became seated and then the judge said: "Once before in my judicial career I had occasion to refer to the custom of gum chewing in the jury box. It is not in keeping, gentlemen, with the dignified position that you hold. I will say nothing more."

OLDEST VOTER KNOWN.

Stephen Joyce, a Texas Resident, Makes Affidavit That He Was Born 1848 Years Ago.

DALLAS, Texas, Jan. 22.—Stephen Joyce, believed to be the oldest man in the world, has received an exemption certificate from poll tax payment by the tax collector of Macdonald county, Waco, so that he may qualify as a voter.

L. O. A. FUNERAL NOTICE.

West St. John, N. B., Jan. 22nd, 1904. THE OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE L. O. A. No. 11, are requested to meet at their Lodge Room on Monday, January 23rd, at 7.30 p.m., to unite with the L. O. A. No. 7, and attend the funeral of their late brother, RICHARD SEELY. By order of the W. M. JOHN NICHOLS, R. S.

LOCAL NEWS.

The memorial service of the late John Kimball will be held in the Reformed Baptist Church, Carlton street, Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. True Blue L. O. A. No. 11, will meet at their room on Monday at 1.30 p. m. to attend the funeral of their late brother Richard Seely. See advt. The Young People's Union of Main street Baptist church visited the Senior League of Portland Methodist church last night and had an interesting religious and social meeting, having for a topic The Influence of Christ on the Home Life. A temperance meeting was held last night in Brussels street Baptist church under the auspices of the Y. P. S. of the church. Addresses were made by Col. A. J. Armstrong and Rev. A. B. Cobbe. L. A. Belyea and Albert Beidling gave readings, and a selection was rendered by the male quartette of the church choir. The Rev. L. R. Burrows of Harmony, New Jersey, will occupy the pulpit of St. Andrew's Church at both services tomorrow. Mr. Burrows is a graduate of Old Princeton and a son of Rev. Dr. Burrows, the esteemed pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Hamilton, Bermuda.

An employee of the New Brunswick Southern Railway since that road was started passed away yesterday morning at his residence, Sand Point, in the person of William Connelley, fifty-one years of age. He was a widower, and leaves a son and daughter. The anniversary of the Sabbath school in connection with Zion Church will be held tomorrow evening, when the work of the year will be reviewed, officers announced, and addresses delivered by the superintendent, J. Hunter White and the pastor, Rev. Dr. Wilson. All made welcome.

MADE FIRE TO SEE MAMMA PUT IT OUT.

Little Girl Accounts for One Blaze Out of Many That Had Frightened Tenants.

NEW YORK, Jan. 22.—Explanation was made yesterday of at least one of a half dozen small fires that have started recently in the apartment house at No. 425 Sixth street, Brooklyn, when nine-year-old Evelyn Devins, who lives in the house, admitted to Judge Wilkins in the Brooklyn Children's Court, that she had started a fire on Monday afternoon in her mother's washbub. Fire broke out in the child's room, and succeeded in the house that tenants have threatened to move. Most of the blame were in the apartments of William C. Devins, little Evelyn's father. Judge Wilkins took Evelyn aside in his office and questioned her in a kindly way. The child answered frankly. "Yes, sir, I did start a fire in the washbub with a lot of paper, but I didn't mean to do any harm," she said. "I just wanted to see mamma put it out. I ran and told her. There's another fire, and she got awful frightened, but she put it out easy. That's the only one I started, though. I don't know a single thing about the others."

BROKE AN ARTERY AS SHE LAUGHED.

Comedy Scene in a Theatre Too Much For Mrs. Richmond, Who Is in Critical Condition.

NEW YORK, Jan. 22.—Hearty laughter broke an artery and caused the death of a woman, who died yesterday afternoon, in the libel suit of Miss Emma Walker against William H. Maxwell and Lyman A. Best, Judge Maxwell, in the Supreme Court, Brooklyn, held up his hand and enjoined silence. Counsel became seated and then the judge said: "Once before in my judicial career I had occasion to refer to the custom of gum chewing in the jury box. It is not in keeping, gentlemen, with the dignified position that you hold. I will say nothing more."

LAGER BEER MYSTERY.

Judges Decide Now That the Beverage Is Not "Malt Liquor" in Legal Sense.

NEW YORK, Jan. 22.—Lager beer has split in opinion the bench of the Court of Special Sessions, Brooklyn. Yesterday afternoon, because it was not proved that a saleskeeper named John King had sold on Sunday to two policemen two glasses of "malt liquor," the charge being that he sold "lager beer," which was admitted, the accused was acquitted by two votes to one. And lager suddenly developed into a mystery.

Luke O'Reilly, counsel for the prisoner, argued for a dismissal of the charges on the ground that the court could not take judicial notice that lager beer is "malt liquor," where it is not specifically named in the statutes, and that there was no evidence that beer was distilled or rectified spirits wine fermented or malt liquor as defined in the statute. Learned discourse followed. Counsel's arguments finally won two of the judges, but Judge Fleming felt worried. He asked that his dissent be recorded and then he handed down an opinion.

STEAMBOAT SERVICE.

By Dominion Atlantic. S. S. Yarmouth leaves St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday at 7.45 a.m. arriving from Digby at 8 p.m. By Eastern S. S. Co. Steamer leaves St. John at 8.00 a.m. on Thursdays for Lubec, Eastport, Portland and Boston. By Grand Manan S. S. Co. Leave St. John (turning a wharf at 7.30 a.m. on Wednesdays for Grand Manan, Campbellton and Eastport. Returning, leave for St. John on Monday at 8.30 a.m.

MANCHESTER ROBERTSON ALLISON
KING ST. GERMAIN ST. AND MARKET SQ. LIMITED

TONIGHT!

A BRIEF INTIMATION OR TWO FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF SATURDAY NIGHT SHOPPERS.

The Linen and Whitewear Sales.

These two annuals are fixtures which are kept in mind by St. John people from one year's end to the other. Every article fresh from the manufacturer and the latest in point of style and quality.

M. R. & A's. Unrivalled \$10.00 Suits for Men!

A "Special" in Kid Gloves--New Homespuns.

With the passing of January Reductions in the prices of many lines of goods will be withdrawn. The Kid Glove Sale has been a most attractive offering.

ODD SIZES in black, tan and grey. **REGULAR STOCK**—In brown, greys, white and black. Two domes and pairs points, 50c. **SUEDE GLOVES**—In brown, greys, black, Two domes and points, 50c. **WOOLLEN GLOVES**—All colorings and designs. Special prices.

Men's Undershirts, 25c. Up; Top Shirts, 20c. Up!

TRAVELLERS' SAMPLES THAT TAKE UP TOO MUCH ROOM!

MANCHESTER ROBERTSON ALLISON
KING ST. GERMAIN ST. AND MARKET SQ. LIMITED

The Attractions of Our Stores Are Their Low Prices.

D. A. KENNEDY,

(Successor to WALTER SCOTT.) 32-36 King Square, St. John, N. B.

A Big Time For The Men On SATURDAY!

A Day To Save Money!

SHIRTS AND DRAWERS—All our Men's Shirts and Drawers in All Wool or Fleece Lined Reduced twenty-five per cent. for Saturday. Come in and get a bargain, 50c. suit, \$1.00 per suit. **MEN'S REGATTA SHIRTS**—A January Clearance Sale of Men's Regatta Shirts. Nothing like the Values at any other store in the city, at 55c, 75c, each. **TOP SHIRTS**—A clearing out Sale of Men's Heavy Top Shirts. These are THE GREATEST VALUES ever shown at 45c, 55c, 75c, each. **SALE OF MEN'S OVERALLS** at only 50c, 70c, pair.

Charm RICHMOND

Its a good looker, perfect baker, easy on fuel. Removable nickel, latest oven Thermometer. Can give testimonials from all over the city.

PHILIP GRANNAN,

568 MAIN ST.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE. Passenger service to and from St. John, in effect Oct. 1st. **DEPARTURES.** By Canadian Pacific. Express for Boston 6.45 a.m. Express for Fredericton 6.50 p.m. Express for Montreal 6.50 p.m. Express for Boston 6.10 p.m. By Intercolonial. Mixed for Montreal 6.30 a.m. Express for Halifax, Campbellton, Pictou and Sydney 7.00 a.m. Express for Montreal and Point du Lac 7.15 p.m. Express for Boston 7.15 p.m. Express for Montreal 7.15 p.m. Express for Quebec and Montreal 8.00 p.m. Express for Halifax and Sydney 8.15 p.m. By New Brunswick Southern. Express for St. Stephen 7.30 a.m. **ARRIVALS.** By Canadian Pacific. Express from Fredericton 8.35 a.m. Express from Boston 11.35 a.m. Express from Montreal 11.35 a.m. Express from Boston 11.35 p.m. By Intercolonial. Express from Halifax and Sydney 6.20 a.m. Express from Sussex 8.00 a.m. Express from Montreal and Quebec 8.20 p.m. Express from Montreal 8.20 p.m. Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton 6.40 p.m.

Broad Cove Coal,

\$7.00 a Chaldron. Delivered. Tel. 1033.

E. RILEY, 254 City Road

ST. JOHN STAR, SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1904

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Woman's World.

CULINARY HINTS.

CREAM. To whip easily, must be at least thirty-six hours old, of good quality, and icy cold. There are various articles which may be used for the whipping of cream, all of which do the work equally well, provided the conditions of the cream are right. If you are skimming the cream yourself take more cream from night's milk and stand it away until the following day. "Separator" cream, that which has been separated but once, is sufficiently thick to whip easily, provided it is cold. Cream that is not thoroughly chilled quickly turns to butter, which accounts for the oily, close, heavy whipped cream so frequently seen.

Desserts made from whipped cream should be light and frothy with sufficient body to stand and keep their shape for hours. Charlotte russe made after the old-fashioned rule is simply whipped cream sweetened and flavored. In these days of untrained cooks use just a little gelatine to "hold it," otherwise at serving time the charlotte is soft and milky. It is quite certain that if the average housewife, even the one with a limited amount of money for her table expenditures, only knew how far a little cream would go if carefully whipped, desserts would be more simple, palatable and wholesome. Dainties are, as a rule, rich in nitrogen. Desserts made from egg and milk, or one made with flour and set in the form of a pudding, is too heavy and requires too much effort for digestion. A glass of whipped cream nicely seasoned enriches a dinner without taxing the digestion or adding nitrogen to an over-nutritious meal.

WHEN COLD.

When cream is thoroughly cold it may be easily whipped with a common wire egg-beater; five minutes is sufficient time to whip an entire quart. Froth may be skimmed from the surface as fast as it appears, or the whole may be whipped to a very hot foam. The old-fashioned syllabub churn takes longer than a wire egg-beater, but does the work equally well. Best of all is the tin churn known in the market as a "whip churn." As a quart churn will whip only a pint of cream it is more economical to buy the larger size, which sells for a dollar and fifty cents. The pint churn is one dollar and fifty cents and will whip but a half pint at a time. The churn must be only half full to whip easily.

Results are always better where the seasonings—that is, sugar and flavorings—are added last, and the ingredients carefully mixed together with a wooden spoon. The cream is placed in a bowl or basin, and in another containing cold water or cracked ice. After one masters the art of "whipping" hundreds of desserts may be made and quickly made. For instance, the whole line of Bavarian creams, which scarcely need individual recipes, as "separation" for one will answer for all. Half a box of gelatine, which means an ounce, one pint of liquid and a pint of cream, whipped with seasoning and sweetening make a Bavarian cream.

A GOOD RECIPE FOR PEACH

BAVARIAN CREAM. To make peach Bavarian cream, mash through a colander a sufficient peeled and sliced peaches to measure a pint. Cover half a box of gelatine with half a cup of cold water; soak for half an hour; then stand over the tea-kettle to slowly dissolve. Add it and two-thirds more of cold water. Begin at once to stir slowly and carefully; turn the bowl with your left hand, scraping the sides constantly with the spoon, so that every part of the peach will be equally distributed throughout the cream. As soon as it begins to thicken turn it in a mould that has been dipped in cold water, and stand it on the ice until perfectly cold. This dish may be made more attractive if garnished prettily, or served with a sauce made by mashing another pint of peaches and adding sufficient powdered sugar to sweeten.

The proportions must be the same no matter what flavoring is used. For coffee Bavarian cream take a pint of boiling coffee; add the gelatine and water; add it to the hot coffee; sweeten, turn it in a bowl in ice water, and when it begins to thicken fold it with the whipped cream. The cream must always be added when the mixture is cold but not thick. A pint of hot chocolate may be used in the same way. One may make cherry, strawberry, raspberry, currant, pineapple, peach and apple Bavarian cream.

Plain whipped cream that is nicely seasoned, heated into gelatin or purchased, forms a delicious dessert under the name of "syllabub." Tiny sponge cakes, baked in gelatin, may be made into a delicate dessert by scooping out the centres and filling the spaces with whipped cream. Garnish with chopped candied cherries or nuts. A frozen charlotte is made by freezing a plain charlotte russe in a "cave" or mould.

CHATS WITH WOMEN ABOUT BUSINESS.

(The Housekeeper.) If a woman gives her note for a certain amount it is well when she pays the interest to notice the endorsement, turning the note over and examining its face, to be certain that it is the right note, for mistakes have been made in endorsing the wrong paper. The practice of making payments with notes endorsed on the note of the borrower is a bad one, for no matter how parties may be, if the note or other paper is then the owner's, the interest, for instance, on full payment. Here, an endorsement on the note, can be sent to the bank, and the owner, and she can see that the endorsement is correct. The bank will then return the note, together with received, less a small fee. Or the interest or principal can be sent by bank near the owner, who can then return the note to the borrower, and the needed endorsement is made. The borrower then sells a note with the un-

derstanding that she is to be relieved of further responsibility, she should write over her name at the back the words "without recourse." If the note is drawn payable to order it will be necessary that the holder sign her name on the back of the note, so that it is legally transferable and with her name on the back she also becomes responsible if the maker fails to pay. For instance, Susan R. Brown lends a sum of money to Jane A. Mitchell, taking her secured or unsecured note as an acknowledgment. This note is drawn payable to order, and so that it may be sold, Susan R. Brown signs her name on the back. This act, however, renders her liable for the face of the note if Jane A. Mitchell fails to pay.

Sometimes the banks will lend money against persons that are secured, it is properly secured. In such a case, if a woman values her credit, she should be prompt in calling at the bank at the time the note or interest is due and not put the bank to the expense and trouble of sending a notice. If it is found inconvenient to pay at maturity, the banker should be told the exact situation, and persons who are prompt and frank always find it easier to borrow than those who are careless. When calling at a bank for a note, the date on which it falls due should be mentioned, and the names of all persons concerned in the transaction. If the caller has not forestalled them, arriving before the notification is sent, she should present the letter or notification received from the bank. Banks keep their own notes and those of their customers carefully and methodically, each date and name by name. They can readily find them if sufficient data is given.

It frequently happens that a woman holds an endorsed note and the signer desires an extension of time. This should not be given without consulting the person who has signed as surety, and the same rule holds good if a new note is drawn up. Three days of grace are allowed on all time notes, and the time of payment expires; if not then paid, the endorser, if any, must be legally notified to be held. Endorsers are payable on presentation, and bear legal interest after a demand has been made. If, as so written, a well known banker advises that when certificates of stock are accepted as security for indebtedness the concern issuing the stock should be notified. This would include, of course, suggestions regarding the avoidance of all obligations in the nature of promissory notes have already been made in these articles. It is a very easy matter to attach one's name to such paper, but the obligation created by the signature is not so easy to fulfill. Of course, the principal purposes of making promissory notes are, on the part of the makers, the borrowing of money and postponing of the payment of debts until such time as shall be more convenient, and the purpose of the payee is the obtaining of written evidence of the debt and the obtaining of obligations which must be paid, and have the note dishonored or protested. Promissory notes are, however, responsible for many losses, and such a note should never be signed or endorsed except under extraordinary circumstances and the payee should be paid. If such circumstances occur, the woman borrowing should realize that she is creating a debt, and she should be paid. If she has signed, and possibly may have to pay the one she has endorsed. An obligation is incurred in either case, and when the time comes she must be prepared to meet it.

The usual form of a promissory note is as follows:

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 1, 1903.

On demand, I, the undersigned, do hereby promise to pay to the order of RACHEL DOE, \$1,000.

SIMPLE METHODS FOR TREATING VARIOUS AFFECTIONS.

Honey is wholesome and nourishing. Maple Syrup is better than cane sugar, and maple syrup better than molasses.

The juices of pineapple cuts the membrane from the throat in diphtheria. Sour oranges are said to be a good fruit in cases of rheumatism.

The anti-scorbutic properties of lemons are well understood, and they are extensively used in gout and rheumatism.

"Throw physic to the dogs," they won't touch it, and if you feel bilious eat lemons or drink the juice in hot or cold water, unless you prefer to fast a few days and so save an illness.

Cranberries are used internally and externally in cases of erysipelas. Oranges and pineapples make fine for sore throats.

The raspberry and blackberry have long been recognized for their medicinal qualities, says "Health Culture." In France blackberry juice is used for drink in fevers. Indeed, there seems to be some medicinal quality sacred to every herb, tree and fruit that the earth produces, and if people ate a little fruit for breakfast and nothing else the doctors' signs would diminish.—Ex.

BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW.

The annual meeting of the Local Assembly of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew was held last evening in the council room of the Church of England Institute, President J. N. Rogers in the chair. Reports of the year's work were received. A committee was appointed to consider the advisability of holding monthly services for men during Lent.

The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Herbert J. Smith; vice-president, Henry J. Pound; secretary-treasurer, O. Arnold Burnham.

Michael Connolly and Peter Hume of Montreal, who spent a couple of days here looking into the dry dock plans, returned to Montreal last night.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

St. John's Church.—Rev. J. de Soyres, rector. Services tomorrow (III. Sunday after Epiphany): 8, Holy Communion; 11, Morning prayer and sermon; 3, Sunday school; 7, Evening prayer and sermon. Service on Wednesday evening at 8, with address by the rector on the Book of Common Prayer.

Trinity Church.—Rev. Canon Richardson, rector. Services tomorrow (III. Sunday after Epiphany): 8, Holy Communion; 11, Morning prayer and sermon; 3, Sunday school; 7, Evening prayer and sermon. Service on Wednesday evening at 8, with address by the rector on the Book of Common Prayer.

Mission Church St. John Baptist. Paradise Row.—Rev. P. Owen-Jones, priest in charge. Third Sunday after Epiphany. Holy Eucharist (plain) at 8 a. m.; High elevation and sermon at 11 a. m.; Festal evening (eve of the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul) and sermon at 7 p. m.; Catholic Ritual. All seats free.

St. James' Church, Broad Street.—Rector, Rev. A. D. Dewdney. Third Sunday after Epiphany. Services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. The rector will preach at both services. All seats free. Strangers heartily welcome.

St. Luke's Church.—11 a. m. Morning prayer and sermon; 2.30 p. m. Sunday school and Bible class; 7 p. m. Evening service with sermon. The rector will preach at both services. All seats free. Strangers heartily welcome.

St. Paul's Church.—11 a. m. Morning prayer and sermon; 2.30 p. m. Sunday school and Bible class; 7 p. m. Evening service with sermon. The rector will preach at both services. All seats free. Strangers heartily welcome.

St. Peter's Church.—11 a. m. Morning prayer and sermon; 2.30 p. m. Sunday school and Bible class; 7 p. m. Evening service with sermon. The rector will preach at both services. All seats free. Strangers heartily welcome.

St. Thomas' Church.—11 a. m. Morning prayer and sermon; 2.30 p. m. Sunday school and Bible class; 7 p. m. Evening service with sermon. The rector will preach at both services. All seats free. Strangers heartily welcome.

St. Vincent's Church.—11 a. m. Morning prayer and sermon; 2.30 p. m. Sunday school and Bible class; 7 p. m. Evening service with sermon. The rector will preach at both services. All seats free. Strangers heartily welcome.

St. Xavier's Church.—11 a. m. Morning prayer and sermon; 2.30 p. m. Sunday school and Bible class; 7 p. m. Evening service with sermon. The rector will preach at both services. All seats free. Strangers heartily welcome.



THE WHITEWEAR SALE

Is of all Importance For Monday and Next Week.

There is the greatest satisfaction in collecting the daintiest garments from all sources.

You will be pleased with our styles and prices. A simple comparison with other stores will show you the advantages.

- | | |
|--|---|
| White Undershirts. | Cowns. |
| At 90c. | At 65c. |
| Muslin blouse with Schiffe Embroidery. | Special Empire Gown—wide flowing muslin ruffles, hemstitched. A very pretty gown for price. |
| At \$1.00. | At 75c. |
| Deep embroidery blouse with insertion and fine tucks. | Lace Trimmed Gown—Fine Torchon Lace front, sleeves and collar. |
| At \$1.25. | At \$1.05. |
| Lace Trimmed Skirt—19-inch blouse—three inch torchon insertion and wide lace ruffles. | Cambric Gown, yoke clusters of tucks and three-inch Schiffe Embroidery. |
| At \$1.80. | At \$1.25. |
| Princess Cambric Skirt, India lawn blouse, full insertion and lace. | Dainty Empire Gown—wide muslin ruffles and bands of insertion. |
| At \$1.75. | At \$1.40. |
| Handsome Skirt, India lawn blouse, bands torchon insertion, gathered lace ruffles. | Extra Value Gown—Yoke of insertion, gathered ruffles of embroidery. |
| At \$2.10. | At \$1.60. |
| Cambric Skirt, India lawn blouse and 7-inch Swiss embroidery. | Cambric Gown—Entire yoke of Swiss insertion and Val Lace muslin ruffles, edged with lace. |
| At \$2.90. | At \$2.10. |
| Fine Cluny Lace Trimmed Skirt—India lawn blouse, band of Cluny insertion and gathered Cluny ruffles. | Dainty Nankeen Gown—Yoke Swiss insertion, wide gathered ruffles of Swiss embroidery. |
| Drawers. | Corset Covers. |
| At 22c. | At 12c.—Plain well made, fitted Corset Cover. |
| Of good, soft, white cotton, trimmed tucks and lace. | 18c. |
| At 25c. | At 15c.—Round Neck Trimmed Lace. |
| Of Princess Cotton, with deep gathered, hemstitched ruffles. | 25c. |
| At 32c. | At 15c.—Round Neck Trimmed Embroidery. |
| Of Princess Cambric and ruffles of Swiss embroidery. | 29c. |
| At 50c. | At 25c.—Round Neck, Cambric Finish, trimmed Torchon Lace. |
| Of Princess Cambric, ruffles of Torchon Lace and fine tucks. | 35c. |
| | At 35c.—Neck Corset Cover with Embroidery at neck and front. |
| | 45c. |
| | At 45c.—French styles cover, prettily trimmed, fine embroidery. |

SPRING GOODS JUST IN!

In Cotton Department.

Special Summer Suitings, 20c. yd.
 End to End Zephyrs, scarce, 20c. yd.
 Welt and Suitings—effective, 20c. yd.
 Linen Knicker Suitings, 20c. to 40c. yd.
 Flake Knicker Suitings, 25c. yd.
 Special Mercerized Suitings, 35c. yd.
 Muslin de Soie, 55c. yd.
 Jacquard Silk Zephyrs, 65c. yd.
 Linen Suitings, 27 and 36 inches wide, in all new shades.

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Novelties Ladies' Neckwear, Duchesse Ribbons, all colors.
 Velvet Ribbons, all colors.
 New Waistings, special designs.
 New Washing Laces.
 New wide Crush Leather Belts.

In Dress Goods Department.

New Canvas Suitings.
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 New Knicker effects.
 Novelties in Blacks.

F. W. DANIEL & CO.,
 London House, Charlotte St.

Sporting. The Ring.

EDGREN SIZES UP BRITT.
 (By Robert Edgren.)

Jimmie Britt, of San Francisco, who is to fight Young Corbett in that city in February, is one of the best in the business. He will give Corbett all the mixing he wants as long as the fight may last, and in my opinion he will have no worse than an even break in the chances of winning.

Britt is a fighter, and has been a fighter since the day his parents first allowed him, dressed in short skirts, to go out on the streets. He was brought up "south of the slot," as the district in San Francisco south of Market street is called. There is where all the prize fighters not from the precincts of Telegraph Hill come to.

It is just as natural for Britt to be in the fighting game as for John D. Rockefeller to be fussing with oil and everything else that there is money to be taken out of. Britt always liked to fight, whether or not there was any money to be gained.

Wanted to Whip Brother.

His brother Billy was featherweight champion (amateur) of the coast, and as clever a little fighter as could be met with in many a day's journey. From the time he donned his first pair of pants it was Jimmie's ambition to whip Willie. He seconded his brother in several fights, and boxed with him when in training. I remember the first time that it dawned upon Willie that his "kid" brother was beginning to threaten his supremacy with the gloves. Willie came to the office (he was a "cub" reporter on the San Francisco Examiner) with his eyes shining with excitement. He called me over into a corner with an air of mystery, and in a whisper said:

"Say, what do you think? Jimmie can lick me."

When I expressed my complete disbelief in the idea that anyone could put more time that it dawned upon Willie that his "kid" brother was beginning to threaten his supremacy with the gloves. Willie came to the office (he was a "cub" reporter on the San Francisco Examiner) with his eyes shining with excitement. He called me over into a corner with an air of mystery, and in a whisper said:

"Say, what do you think? Jimmie can lick me."

Willie was Walloped.

"That's on the level. We had the gloves on this morning up in our room and he walloped the stuffing out of me." (Willie does not affect the dialectic speech of Jimmie—he talks straight from the shoulder.)

"He's been betting with some of those fellows out at the beach, and he's a champion. I'm going to get him on a train and go into the amateur tournament at the Olympic club. He'll beat all those fellows like rolling off a log."

As Willie reported to me day after day the progress that his "kid" brother was making, and grew more and more enthusiastic as the weeks passed, I was finally induced to go up to the tournament and see the youthful phenomenon.

Jimmie did all that was expected of him. He beat all his opponents with quite ridiculous ease, and straightaway became an amateur champion. The professional title was to come.

Jimmie showed himself to be a fighter. He crouched and bowed in a vicious, always willing to take a return. That is the way he has been fighting ever since, in general style, although as a boxer he has vastly improved. Just before the Fitz-Gardner bout a few weeks ago, I had the pleasure of seeing Jimmie Britt in one of his best fights. It was the battle with Martin Canale, the most clever of all little fighters in the country today. Canale's cleverness did not save him from getting a beating at the hands of Britt. He outpointed Jimmie for a while, but the Californian's attack was too great a strain for him to hold against. Canale's splendid exhibition of cleverness and gameness.

Beat Canale Badly.

Britt fought like a champion in that fight. He was cool and steady in the way. He forced the fighting steadily for 30 rounds, never wincing as Canale drove blow after blow into his stomach and against his battered face. Canale cut him up more than any other fighter ever succeeded in doing. During the last five rounds Britt cut loose, chased Canale around the ring, knocked him down once and beat him more than a round or so further, in spite of his gameness, while Britt was practically as fast and strong as he was at the start.

Jimmie Britt is like Young Corbett in many ways. He has almost the same features, with exactly the same characteristics. His mouth and chin might have been cast from the same mould. His lower lip protrudes less than the upper. His jaw has the same projecting, rounded curve. He has a high forehead and deep set eyes. His eyes alone differ from Corbett. He is strongly built in body and legs.

In fighting, too, Britt resembles the featherweight champion. He hits as hard a blow, although his hands are much smaller and more delicate. He crouches and rushes in consistently. His position is all his own. A crouch in which his shrugged up left shoulder affords a perfect covering for his face. Canale cut Britt up about the eyes, but was unable for all his willingness, to reach the vulnerable part of his chin.

Eastern people who have not yet had

a chance to see Britt in action, do not know how really great a fighter he is. But the records of his victims should furnish some line in his ability. Among those whom he has beaten are: Frank Erne, Willie Fitzgerald, Martin Carole and Kid Lavigne.

HOW BIG JEFFRIES LOOKS TO CORBETT.

Jim Corbett sat in the cage of the Iroquois hotel in Pittsburgh, the other evening, chatting with a party of friends when he was asked to tell some of the more impressive happenings of the last memorable meeting with Jeffries.

"I'll say this," said Corbett, as he slipped his wire. "I'll take just about three men to lick Jeff. He's so big and so hard that it seems impossible to hurt or stop him. His composition appears to be a cross between mahogany and forest oak. Now, there are not a heap of people who know it, but I was licked in the second round of the fight. I knew it. I didn't want Jeff to know it, however, but when he put that awful punch in on the body I knew that it was done. That one blow sent my floating ribs against my diaphragm and I went down as though I had been kicked by a mule. I looked at the time-keeper, and when I got my eyes on him, if the face of a man meant anything mine must have meant to that time-keeper. 'Go slow, old pal. Don't count any faster than you have to and I'll get up.'"

"I got up and stilled and managed to stay for a number of rounds, but I couldn't use my speed. That was all I had. I had taken my strength all from me."

"You've all seen Jeff. Well, you ought to see him in the ring when you happen to be the other fellow in it; especially if he has just carved your ribs in and you are looking at him through a haze. You don't know how big he looks. I'll swear that when I was trying to get up that night Jeff looked as big as a two-decker Pennsylvania ferry boat to me, and I knew that he was just as dangerous as a United States battleship. He's big and strong, and is the hardest human proposition that ever pulled on a glove. My hat's off to him, for he's a mighty good fellow also, with a kindly, generous disposition, and he is justly entitled to the large number of friends he has."

JACK O'BRIEN'S CAREER.

Very few pugilists have had a more varied career in the ring than Jack O'Brien of Philadelphia. Practically unknown five years ago, O'Brien is now the possessor of a sum of fortune, well up in his class, an embryo lawyer, a real estate agent and a likely aspirant for the middleweight championship of the world.

The other day O'Brien told the story of his career, which is all the more interesting because of his struggle, fame and glory. O'Brien tells of his first fight, which was a very close one. He was beaten, but he was not discouraged. He was a fighter, and he was a winner. He was a champion, and he was a hero.

O'Brien was a fighter, and he was a winner. He was a champion, and he was a hero. He was a fighter, and he was a winner. He was a champion, and he was a hero. He was a fighter, and he was a winner. He was a champion, and he was a hero.

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EXHIBITION ASSOCIATION.

A meeting of the directors of the Exhibition Association was held in the Board of Trade rooms yesterday afternoon, at which the following gentlemen were elected officers of the association for the current year:

R. B. Emerson, president.
 R. O'Brien, 1st vice president.
 Colonel Markham, 2nd vice president.
 Alex. Macaulay, treasurer.
 A. O. Skinner, T. H. Estabrook, D. A. O. Skinner, C. H. Allan, J. H. McAvity, executive committee.

It was resolved that an exhibition be held in St. John in September next.

Main Street Baptist Church.—"The Strangers' Sabbath Home."

Howard H. Roach, minister, will preach at 11 and 7. Bible school and meeting of the "Men's League" at 2.30. Sacred literature class of B. Y. F. C. Wednesday at 8 p. m. Mid-week prayer meeting Friday evening.

The Correct Time in St. John.

"As regular as a clock," is an oft-heard expression, and yet there are few who have not had cause to complain of the unreliability of the clock's regularity. The clock is a device of man, and not unlike man, needs constant attention in order to fulfill to any serviceable degree the object for which it was designed.

A few clocks in St. John keep good time; they can be numbered. Those which both regularly and irregularly keep bad time are impossible of enumeration, though it would not be difficult to give a minority list. Go along Prince William street and as you pass the post office glance up at the large clock; it is one minute to twelve. You have an engagement at twelve, but because the post office clock says you may linger a minute you stop to chat with an acquaintance. Your engagement never takes place for an obvious reason, the clock was one minute slow. Go along Mill street on a zero evening and as you pass the depot glance up at the clock; it is precisely eight. Slipping yourself on your back you articulate: "Me for punctuality." But you may wait until you become an idiot, the other fellow has gone off with her, and for an obvious reason: the clock was one minute fast.

A minute is a small fraction of time and yet to some it may be of incalculable value. Somebody has said "Time is money," and in these times phrase is round up the wisdom of minutes. Those who count time by minutes are the world's great men. Upon them rests the duty of maintaining the world's progress, and for such men there must be time-measures of tried reliability. There are two such clocks within St. John and these are situated at the Meteorological Observatory, but they require watchful attention in order that they may attain the accuracy which is expected of them. No two other clocks in the maritime provinces are so assiduously looked after than these.

The means taken day after day by the director of the Meteorological Observatory to keep his clock on time to the second, while to him nothing novel, he must be calculated to excite in an outsider interest and possibly wonderment. The Star man happened in there about noon one day, and found Director Hutchinson engaged in surveying the sky through a telescope. Questioning him as to what he was doing he was dumb-struck for the time to learn that the director was observing a star. The director was invisible by day, but by means of the powerful lenses of the meridian telescope used at the observatory they became as plain as though it were night.

Director Hutchinson, as a rule, makes his sidereal observations after dark, because then he is not limited in his choice of stars. In the day time he must restrict his observations to the standard stars, or stars of the first magnitude, as being the more readily visible. After dark, stars of lesser magnitude may be chosen and their number greatly obviates the difficulty of the observations. The director was observing on the day in question Alpha Centauri, the first star of the constellation of the Centaur. Its transit of the meridian near the noon hour makes it a convenient object of observation, as about that time the director is engaged in comparing his clocks—that is, his meridian clock, or the clock of ordinary time, with the sidereal clock, which is regulated by observations of the stars to detect any errors.

The operation of detecting errors in time is one of delicate minuteness. The director begins by taking observations of the stars. If the time is right the observations will embrace probably a dozen stars. This number of stars is taken in order to ensure accuracy in his calculations. Changes in temperature and other supervening agencies, while the observations are in progress, often have the effect of making the calculations variable, so that the more stars observed the greater the possibility of arriving at absolutely correct results.

The meridian telescope through which the observations are made is an instrument of superb workmanship, mounted on a solid immovable base and provided with levels and other necessary appliances. It may be moved to point to any part of the heavens with the greatest facility. To show how nice and detailed the observations are it is only necessary to mention that the telescope is provided near its outside with nine vertical and two horizontal wires—or rather spider hairs, as in that fact they are placed there to assist the observer in ascertaining to a nicety the exact position of the stars as they pass. As soon as the desired star appears Director Hutchinson carefully notes its position so that it corresponds with the position it occupied in the great star-sphere at the same time on the previous night, and having ascertained this, he instantaneously transmits a record of it to the chronograph in the room below by pressing an electric button which he holds in his hand. As other stars appear a similar record is made of them. Every night at the same hour, provided it is not cloudy, these observations are repeated, the same recurring stars, of course, being taken into account. The director having made his observations repairs to the room below to determine the result and correct any errors in his calculations. It should be mentioned here that the sidereal day is 24 hours long, being the interval between two successive appearances of a certain fixed star, or a set of fixed stars. The sidereal day, however, owing to a slight variation in distance every night of the month, does not correspond to the common day. A day, or a set of stars make their appearance at any assigned hour four or five minutes earlier or later than the mean, or the clock of ordinary time.

This constant acceleration of the sidereal clock is never with, for the reason that in a year the sidereal clock doubles up on itself, or in other words, it is in a relative position to the mean, in which it was the year. This is possible of proof to a simple mathematical calculation.

The director now proceeds to make use of his observations, a record of which has been made on the chronograph. The chronograph gives the exact time, according to the sidereal clock, when the observations were made. A comparison between the sidereal clock and the mean time clock is made to detect and rectify any errors in the mean time, which is the local time. In this comparison of the two clocks the chronograph is brought into use by means of electric wire connected with both clocks. The beats of the clocks are recorded on a revolving drum—the same drum on which a record of the observations is made—which makes one revolution in a minute. If the clock does not beat in coincidence the difference of their beats is indicated on the drum to a nicety. On the day the Star man happened in the observatory the record on the chronograph showed that the mean time clock was 30th of a second fast. Even greater accuracy than this may be attained by causing the chronograph to move at the rate of a revolution every half minute.

The sidereal clock gives the standard time, and in cloudy weather when observations of the stars cannot be made it has to be depended upon to carry the time. The notion is commonly entertained that the sun is the celestial body used in the measurement of time. This is not true. Director Hutchinson gives some reasons why the sun is not used by meteorologists in the computation of time. The first reason the sun is a very large body and only an edge of it can be observed at a time. This is a difficulty never met with in the stars. The whole star may be used at once, or as desired, it may be bisected and half of it taken for purposes of observation. The second reason why the sun is not used is on account of its variable motion, and the variable inclination of its orbit to the earth's equator. The sun, therefore, would not be a uniform measure of time, and if it were used as a body for taking observations intricate calculations would be entailed in arriving at the mean time.

The two clocks at the St. John Meteorological Observatory—that is, the sidereal clock and the clock of ordinary time—are of the same make, and there are dozens of them down there, as the regulators of time within the observatory. Upon them the city's timekeepers depend. Every one is familiar with the dropping of the ball at the customhouse at the noon hour. This is the method taken to inform the townspeople that it is one o'clock, noon, or midnight. The clock at the observatory is the standard, and the clock at the customhouse is regulated by the clock at the observatory. The superintendent of the fire alarm daily makes it a practice, the weather permitting, to watch the clock at the customhouse, and if the clock of the ball at the customhouse, so that the blow which he sounds on the fire alarm system at the noon hour may correspond exactly.

There are three clocks in the city upon which dependence can be placed, for the reason that they are regulated by the clocks at the observatory. The clock in the window of A. B. Smalley & Son, jewellers, Prince William street, is one of them; the clock at Ferguson & Page's jewelry establishment, King street, is another; and the clock at the observatory is the third. These are the only clocks in the city strictly reliable, and the possible exception of the one carried by the Star man and upon this latter fact there hangs a tale.

The day on which the Star man found the director of the Meteorological Observatory engaged in observing stars was a day of awakening to him, in the sense that it showed him that hitherto he had been moving had been regulated by four great clocks in the city, namely, the post office clock, the depot clock, the church clock, and the clock on St. Luke's church steeple, were the timepieces by which he regulated his watch. He occasionally found differences between his watch and the clocks but generally laid the blame on the watch. Correcting his watch by the mean time clock at the observatory he determined to find out just where the fault lay, with the following astronomical curiosity noted.

Going first to the post office clock he found that it was one minute slow. Stepping within the post office he found that the clock there was one minute fast. Government clocks, like government politicians, are evidently inconsistent, but their inconsistencies are easily discoverable by a mere reading of their faces.

The clocks at the depot were almost a repetition of the post office clocks, but much worse. The big clock outside of the depot was one minute to two minutes slow, while the clock on the inside was one minute fast. As the clock on the inside was one minute fast, it was to be expected that it would be slow by the time it reached the depot. It was found that it was one minute slow when it reached the depot.

Comparisons were made with the clocks at the stores of A. B. Smalley & Son and Ferguson & Page, but the differences were too slight to amount to anything, and so the reputation of these clocks were fully sustained. Probably one of the oldest of the large clocks in the city is that on the south side of Market Square. A comparison with this shows that it is still quite as reliable as more modern clocks. It was found to be two minutes fast, and a tendency to be fast is a more pardonable fault in a clock than an undue laxness behind.

"TINKER'S DAM" IS THE LIMIT.

Students' Anti-Swearing Society Declares Its Members Shall Not Be More Emphatic.

"Tinker's dam" is the limit to which Columbia students who have organized an anti-swearing society are allowed to indulge themselves without paying a penalty. Being wise in their generation, the young men have learned that "not worth a tinker's dam," for instance, is a legitimate expression, though its origin runs back to the days when travelling tinkers, ignorant of the use of rods in soldering holes in tinware, used a dam of dough to keep the solder from running. Nothing was known more useless after it had thus been baked than the little dam of dough.

But if any member of the society should so far forget himself as to leave off the prefix to the expression, alas for his standing in the student community! One cent is the fine for each profane word uttered in the presence of witnesses, whereas for a similar thought, but unspoken, the fine is but half of that amount. That is the penalty for the more ordinary cases of profanity. For more heinous expressions the fines run up as high as five cents for each offence. There is also a class of expressions which are included within the "example" class, "Pardon" is permissible, and "dam" is merely frowned upon. One of the bylaws of the club provides penalties for "knocking" as well as swearing, and there is a movement on foot to increase the amount of fines for speaking ill of others, as a major part of the club's members are inclined to think this a more serious offence than profanity. This matter will be taken up at the club's next meeting. Other members are more deeply interested in the timepiece than in the movement may have on the athletic side of Columbia. They point to the statement of a former president of the American Amateur Athletic Union that wearing is a considerable hindrance to athletes, causing "improper coordination of movements, which tends to alter respirations and heart beats, and consequently to 'wind' a man."

NEW WORLD AUTO RECORD FOR AMERICA.

Eltherto France, Germany and England have all beaten us in speed records for automobiles. At last, however, the world's automobile record has come to America, as Henry Ford's straightaway mile on the Lake St. Clair course at Detroit on Tuesday in 23.4 seconds beat the former world's record by almost seven seconds.

The world's record for automobiles was made in 1903 by M. Augier, with a racing machine at Dourdan, France, November 19, in 46 seconds. The new American record of 23.4 seconds was cut last week to 23.2 seconds by Charles Schmidt's Gray Wolf. The new record came as a surprise, following this, and at that time it was considered impossible for an automobile of the present style to make such a wonderful speed, beating, as it does, the fastest train record.

The record for the mile was unique. The ice was scraped clear of snow for five miles. Hot clinders and sand for the rest of the track. The car, driven by a course 15 feet wide for the entire distance. Next morning all that could be seen of the record was a thin track of water ready for the test. Lowering water had made the track lumpy during the night, and the car was driven for the safety of the driver, as it was

impossible for him to regulate the gasoline supply. His mechanic, "Spider" Hunt, volunteered to hang on to the side and regulate it.

Whenever the machine struck a bump it bounced into the air and did not touch the ice again for 50 or 60 feet. Such daredevil driving was never before seen in that vicinity. Near the half mile post, where the machine achieved its greatest speed, "999" was thrown clear of the track. When it came down again Ford lost control of it for a moment, and the automobile dashed into the drift thrown up by the scraper. Ford threw it back into the track again, but at a sacrifice of over a second of time. Past the finish the machine sped with a roar, and in a few seconds more, in spite of a clutch and put on the brake, it dashed through the end of the course into the snow that covered the lake, straight for an old mill covered to a wharf half a mile away.

It was only by a quick turn that a wreck was avoided, and when the turn was made the snow, thrown 20 feet into the air, covered the machine and its passengers in a vast cloud.

AT THE 'PHONE.

Maud Muller, on a summer day, Called, "Number, please," to earn her pay.

Before her, numbers, printed small, Fell down when any one would call. The judge took down his office phone, And made to Maud his wishes known.

Said he, "Till ask you just once more For four-teen-forty-four."

Said Maud, as mild as summer seas, "What number did you ask for, please?"

Said he, "I told you twice before—It's four-teen-forty-four."

Said Maud, and you could hear her smile, "Just 'told the 'phone a little while."

A weary interval ensued; The wires hummed an interlude, And broken bits of talk came o'er The phone, and made the water sere.

The wishbone-shaped receiver hook He seized upon and wildly shook. Till Maud's voice he heard once more, "What number did you ask for?"

The judge responded with a roar, "For four-teen-forty-four."

Serenely Maud made answer then, "That line is busy; call again."

The judge had business late that day, And so he merely walked away.

But as he walked he shook his head, And this is what he said; said:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen, The saddest are, 'Busy' and 'Call again.'"

Portland Oregonian.

They were uttering the tender nonsense, and the great question was, "And," said the girl, bravely, "if poverty comes, we will face it together."

"Ah, dearest," he replied, "the mere sight of your face would scarce the wait away."

And ever since he has wondered why she returned his ring.—Till-Bits.

A LUMBER COMBINE.

Canadian Trade in the Hands of a Few Dealers Who Keep Prices Up.

(Toronto World).

What does the enormous price paid for Canadian timber mean? Is the timber of our country becoming depleted? Is there a combine of the great firms engaged in the carrying on of this important industry, or is the demand for our lumber in the markets of the world so great that the supply is less than the demand? The answers to these questions have all a bearing on a situation which reveals the fact that the lumber industry of this country was never in a better condition than at the present.

There exists today what might be termed a community of interests among the big dealers, resulting in a tendency to decrease the number of small interests, by suggesting them out in many instances and through absorption into others. It is through fear, the lumbermen say, that there would soon be a scarcity of lumber in Canada should it be sold at a lower schedule, that they are keeping the price up and curtailing the yearly cut. As an outcome of the increased demand, the added cost of labor and the fact that the industry is in the hands of a few, the price of lumber has gone up 75 per cent since 1895.

Now that there is no monitor by the price of the product, the combine regulated, the result can be seen. The lumber merchants of Toronto declare that nothing in the way of a combine could ever be established. The conditions under which the individual firms work make this possible, they say. The quality of lumber varies so greatly in different sections of the country that it would not be practical to agree upon any fixed price. However, there is, they admit, a minimum scale for certain kinds of lumber that is not being maintained, and as a result of this they are getting what they can as long as they do not go below that mark.

There is an arrangement entered into during some years that they shall restrict the cut for the year in anticipation of the slight falling off of the demand and a consequent cut in the price. One of the most extensive operators in the forests of this province told The World yesterday that the business was getting more and more difficult, and that the price of lumber was falling, and that the result that the output and price could be much better regulated.

Some of the big firms there are forty or fifty large firms in Ontario that virtually control the manufacture of lumber. It is they who set the price and control the market. They are always the danger that the market will become overstocked, and it is they who control the market.

Propaganda work is being done by some greedy men who, thinking the others are not going to produce to any great extent, are making an extra effort to produce more. They are therefore reaping a greater profit than the others, and this has the effect of making the others a little dubious about entering into an agreement the next year.

As a matter of fact, we have not much lumber left in comparison with the demand. If we cut for the entire consumption of the United States for two years we would have hardly any lumber left in Ontario. In one year the States consumes something over 12,000,000 feet of lumber, while the output in Ontario last year was not over 1,500,000,000. The eastern States, however, our principal market. The States per capita use a great deal more lumber than Canadians.

A FLIGHT FROM RUSSIA.

What Tennyson's Father Knew About Emperor Paul's Assassination.

Shortly after the assassination of Emperor Paul of Russia, Tennyson, the father of the poet, died with Lord Henry, the British ambassador in Moscow. Several Russian officers of high rank whose names he did not know were also guests. During the evening a guarded reference was made to the emperor's death. "Why do you speak so gingerly about a matter so common?" cried Tennyson impulsively, leaping across his neighbor, a Russian whose breast was covered with orders. "We knew very well in England that the Emperor Paul was murdered. Count Zoroff knocked him down. Bennigsen and Count Pahlen strangled him." There was a strained silence, then the ambassador abruptly changed the subject. As the guests fled into an adjoining room Lord Henry said: "Tennyson drew 'Don't go into the next room. The man next you across whose breast you leaped, was Count Pahlen, and Zoroff was also at the table." He gave a few hurried directions and Tennyson rushed off, threw his clothes into a portmanteau and fled behind fast horses to Odessa, still in evening garb, though the cold was intense. He lay hidden for weeks and at last, in the disguise of a servant, was smuggled on board an English frigate.

HIS TRAIN, BY GYM.

(Indianapolis News).

Out in Tanshopolis, Ind., is a solitary railroad station, but it makes up in modern conveniences what it lacks in companions. To the right of the ticket office hangs the electrical device for informing the curious as to the time of leaving for the next ten or twelve trains, together with information as to whether they are late or on time. The train numbers and time form a circle, within which is the date. A slot just above the date allows for a general information slip.

On the first of last September a farmer entered the station and purchased a ticket for Indianapolis. He asked if he would have to wait long for his train, and was referred to the time table.

When he looked at it, an extra attachment was at work. All trains were on time, and a print slip in the slot above the date announced the fact.

The farmer gazed unsatisfiedly, and pulled his whiskers. "My luck's agin me, I bet a peanut," he murmured. "That thing says, 'All trains on time Sept. 1,' an' that one's sure to be mine!"

STORIES ABOUT BIRDS.

The Cow-hunting of New England.

What in the vernacular you might call a "frustrated" hunter. She never builds a nest. She knows too much. She doesn't have to. She simply lays her eggs in the nest of some bird whose young, like her own, are fed on insects, and then she decamps, leaving the hatching and the bringing up of her young ones to some "easy made" of a mother. A cow-bunting deposited her eggs in the nest of a sparrow in which the latter already had deposited one of her own eggs. When the sparrow returned she saw the big, hated egg lying beside her own dainty one and felt disgusted. She understood perfectly what was expected of her, but she wasn't going to do it. Neither did she intend to desert the home she and her husband had spent so many days building for their babies. After consulting with her better half she fled on her mode of procedure. Together the pair built a bridge of straw and hair directly over the two eggs, making a second story to the house and thus leaving the two eggs below out of reach of warmth of her body. In the upper story she deposited four eggs and raised her four children, and in the museum at Salem you can see that nest with the two imprisoned eggs to this day.

That incident is a case of "indication" that a sparrow is too stupid to bear watching, and here is a story of a thrush that built a nest in a blue-stone quarry and learned to evade the danger and annoyances of blasting, as soon as she learned that a steam shovel always gave warning of the event. The sweet singer, unfortunately, had located in the very heart of the quarry, where blasting went on at intervals every day. At first she was severely discomfited by the flying fragments and the loud reports of the exploding dynamite, but she would not quit her egg for the best dynamite ever molded into cartridges.

Before long she observed that whenever a blast was to be fired a steam whistle would give warning and all the laborers would be ordered to take distance. In a few days it was noticed that as soon as the signal was "tossed" she would quit her nest for the time being and fly back to it right after the explosion.

From the workmen the story of the thrush bird got to the owners of the quarry and to visitors, and several times the whistle warning was given just to illustrate in anticipation of the slight falling off of the demand and a consequent cut in the price. One of the most extensive operators in the forests of this province told The World yesterday that the business was getting more and more difficult, and that the price of lumber was falling, and that the result that the output and price could be much better regulated.

Some of the big firms there are forty or fifty large firms in Ontario that virtually control the manufacture of lumber. It is they who set the price and control the market. They are always the danger that the market will become overstocked, and it is they who control the market.

Propaganda work is being done by some greedy men who, thinking the others are not going to produce to any great extent, are making an extra effort to produce more. They are therefore reaping a greater profit than the others, and this has the effect of making the others a little dubious about entering into an agreement the next year.

As a matter of fact, we have not much lumber left in comparison with the demand. If we cut for the entire consumption of the United States for two years we would have hardly any lumber left in Ontario. In one year the States consumes something over 12,000,000 feet of lumber, while the output in Ontario last year was not over 1,500,000,000. The eastern States, however, our principal market. The States per capita use a great deal more lumber than Canadians.

NOTES OF INTEREST.

Mother—"Jonny Jones, did you get that awful cold out skating?" Son—"Mother I think I caught it washing my face yesterday morning."—Judge.

Stranger—"Seems to me this crowded street is a queer place for a hospital."

Native—"Well, I don't know. Two trolley lines meet here!"—New York Weekly.

"Then he doesn't want to be called the Hon. Mr. Smith?" "No. It's an unpleasant reminder that he used to be in politics, and, with strangers, it might hurt his reputation."—Puck.

"Do you think that then that men descended from chimpanzees?" asked Willie Washington. "Some did," answered Miss Cayenne. "An monkey says you remained stationary."—Washington Star.

"Before I was married," said the confirmed pessimist yesterday, "I spent my money on candy, and as the result I now have to spend it on my wife's dentist bills."—Portland Oregonian.

"To be willing to work fifteen hours a day for you, darling," he ardently pleaded. "Scab!" she hissed, as she swept from the room; for her papa was a walking delegate.—Town and Country.

Mr. Huggins—"It is really the little things that count in this world." Miss Dimples—"I guess you are right, Mr. Huggins. My little brother Willie says you have been here just eighteen evenings this month!"—Yonkers Statesman.

"A Fair Question."—"If you refuse me, I shall never love you another man." "Does the promise hold good if I accept you?"—Town Topics.

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MEN'S HOCKEY SKATES, sizes 11, 11-12. Regular price \$1.50. Now..... 75c.
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