

# PROGRESS.

VOL. II, NO. 403.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## WANTED, A CANDIDATE

SOMEBODY NEEDED TO TAKE THE PLACE OF MR. WELDON.

The vacancy on the Liberal Ticket must be filled at an early day. Men who are talked about—Mr. Ellis may or may not continue to be a candidate.

The death of Mr. Charles W. Weldon has made necessary a change of programme by the liberal party in St. John, and will call for action at an early day in order to secure a suitable candidate to take his place. Messrs. Weldon and Ellis were the choice of the liberal convention some months ago when it was expected that an election would be sprung suddenly on the people, and the action taken at that time (namely) good, of course, at whatever time the elections may be. Mr. Weldon's decease leaves Mr. Ellis as the sole candidate, and one of the present day problems is to supply him with a running mate.

This is not so easy a matter as a stranger might suppose. The man who is needed is one with two prime qualifications, money and popularity, and the money is not the least of the considerations. There are men who have both of these qualifications who are not willing to come forward, and there are doubtless men willing to come forward who have neither. A man who had money without popularity might do a good service by helping to elect Mr. Ellis, but if he were only popular and had no money the effect might only be to give him a lead at the polls where both candidates would meet with defeat. A number of names have been mentioned, but some of them may be disposed of in very short order.

Mr. George McAvity, for instance, is by common consent looked upon as a good man for the place, but he considers his place is with his business. The McAvitys have their large business down to a system in which each of the firm has his special duties and responsibilities, and while keenly interested in the affairs of the country none of them appear to have the time or inclination to enter public life. Mr. McAvity was urged to be a candidate at the last general election, when it was felt that a young man was needed on the ticket and when from the point of view of the party managers, there was a good prospect of success in St. John. He declined very positively, and is understood to be equally as positive at the present time.

Mr. Joseph Allison would be another excellent man for the place, but there is little hope that he would consent, for though he is prominently on the front in public matters which are for the welfare of St. John and his people, an entry into political life means a sacrifice of time and attention which are needed in a business of large and increasing proportions.

Mr. James Manchester has also been mentioned, but it is believed he is not ambitious to enter into the excitement of politics, even though he has retired from active business life and has both means and leisure. Mr. Manchester would be a candidate of unimpeachable personal record, whose standing as a citizen would entitle him to high respect, and who would carry into public life a thoroughly practical mind rich with valuable experience.

During the last week, the name most frequently mentioned has been that of Col. Joseph Tucker. The Colonel is a gentleman of means and leisure, with a commanding presence and a good voice. If elected to parliament he would be the most distinctly military style of man who has gone here from St. John since the early days of Confederation, when Lieut. Col. the Hon. John Hamilton Gray was a member. He would give the people of Ontario the impression that we of the provinces by the sea are a great people in military affairs, and he would be as much at home in the chair of minister of militia as he is on the back of his charger when the Fusiliers parade in a march out around town. The Colonel's candidature would kill out any attempt of the conservatives to sound the old flag war cry in St. John, for his loyalty is one of his great virtues. The Colonel deserves one of the liberals of St. John, for he had a right to be in their future to become the largest stockholder in the Telegraph Publishing company, and to pay in his thousands without any certainty that he would ever get anything in return beyond the consciousness of having made a sacrifice in a good cause. The relationship of the Colonel to the late candidate would of itself naturally bring him to the front now, and he has also means to assist in carrying the election of Mr. Ellis.

Falling his candidature, the name of Major Hugh H. McLean has been mentioned. The Major having been the partner of Mr. Weldon for years, is probably well conversant with that gentleman's ideas and the lines on which they should be carried out. Besides, judging from the special despatches he has been sending to some of the papers from Montreal this week, he is the natural successor of his late partner in the position of solicitor or agent for many of the great corporations of the

country, and it may be thought that he should succeed to the position in politics as well. The possible objection that he might raise would be that his duties as solicitor for so many corporations, as well as his responsibilities as manager or director of various railways and the like might prevent his giving his time to public affairs. Mr. Weldon did so, it is true, but he had the Major as a partner, but where is the Major to find a new partner who would be to him just what was to Mr. Weldon? Major McLean is no novice in politics. He took an active part in the management of the party here in the last election, and had the party succeeded in carrying on election on the theories he put in practice he would have been entitled to a great deal of credit. The Major, like Col. Tucker, is an enthusiastic military man, and he would sit in the chair of the minister of militia as easily as he sits on a charger, and with even more grace than he displays on a bicycle.

Mr. H. A. McKeown has been mentioned as a possible candidate, and having been on both sides of politics, he would be well prepared to grapple with a liberal with any question of which he had previously mastered the points as a conservative. It is probable Mr. McKeown would take a nomination if it were pressed upon him.

Mr. John L. Carleton's name has also been discussed, but he has not been heard to signify his desire to come forward. Should he be nominated, it would mean a fusion of the Blair and anti-Blair elements in the party, and possibly the partial healing of the wound the Blair party received in the house of their friends in the recent local election campaign.

All the gentlemen so far have been considered as candidates with Mr. Ellis. There are some in the party who feel that the latter gentleman may find, in the loss of his colleague, a reason why he should relinquish the nomination in which, from past association, the one man seemed the natural complement of the other. There are some who go further and say that he should do so. They claim that, despite his careful course in his recent utterances, the old loyalty cry has still a force in a canvass against him. Beyond this they claim that his part in endeavoring to use the liberal party to the detriment of Mr. Blair has weakened him with many who would otherwise have not only voted but worked for him. Beyond this again, there are said to be other reasons why he is not so strong with all classes as he was even a few years ago. Should he feel that under the altered condition of affairs he ought to leave the whole question of nomination to be dealt with anew, his renomination with another candidate ought to greatly strengthen his position. Should he, of his own desire or on the advice of leading liberals, decline to again come forward, a wholly new ticket would be formed, and it might then be easier to find two candidates than it now is to find one. On this theory some additional names might be mentioned of men who are not now to the front, including Dr. John Berryman and A. I. Trueman. And there are others.

## TO SETTLE LABOR QUESTIONS.

Possibility That the Questions May Be Referred to a Committee.

The recent labor troubles in connection with the steamship lines will probably be adjusted at an early day, as the opinion seems to be gaining ground that the easiest way out of the difficulty is a consideration of the issues by a competent committee in which all interests would be represented. The questions are not in respect to wages, but as to certain regulations of the labor union, and the point would be to ascertain whether these regulations, made a good while ago, should now be maintained when the conditions of the past have changed in some respects. If the rules are to be retained then there should be a friendly understanding on both sides as to the interpretation of them.

This ought to be easily accomplished if the matter is undertaken in the right spirit. The laborers could be represented by their officers, and confer with the president and secretary of the Board of Trade, the representatives of steamship lines, and possibly others. In such a conference, too, the assistance of somebody who has had experience in the adjustment of labor troubles in the past would be valuable. In this connection the name of Mr. Michael McDade naturally suggests itself, in view of the excellent results of his counsel in the adjustment of the millmen's troubles a few years ago. He would probably be acceptable to both sides.

Something should be done in the matter, and done soon, in the interests of the port of St. John as well as in the interests of labor. These little difficulties are apt to be magnified in the reports sent abroad, and the effect is bad for the port, just at the time when there is every reason why St. John should have as good a reputation as possible.

The snowhoer's loss has been the skater's gain so far this winter.

## NOT YET IN HIS OFFICE.

A VERY LARGE BITCH IN THE CASE OF APPRAISER KELLY.

He Got the Appointment Sure Enough, but He Is Not Yet in the Office—How the Deal Was Worked—The Inner History of Those Telegrams to St. John People.

James Kelly, the de facto appraiser, returned to St. John from Ottawa this week, but declined to be interviewed by the newspapers in regard to his appointment. He has expressed himself freely enough to others, however, and he says that he is undoubtedly appointed and under salary at the present moment. As he has not been in office long enough for the first instalment of his salary to fall due, he has not yet been recouped for the money he spent in travelling expenses and telegrams, but it is likely he will get that much out of the hustle if he never gets anything more.

The correspondent who first sent word to St. John of Mr. Kelly's appointment had not so many wheels in his head as people supposed. He is really the de facto appraiser at the time of writing, whatever he may be a week or two hence, though Mr. James H. Hamilton is just as surely the de jure appraiser. Kelly is the choice of Mackenzie Bowell and C. N. Skinner, while Hamilton represents the three members for St. John, as well as the business community, so far as any of them think that any appointment whatever should be made.

Very many on both sides of politics have seen no reason why Mr. McBeath should be superannuated, but if he has to go and the choice of a succession lies between Hamilton and Kelly, they don't want any Kelly in their's. The principal objection to him is that he is considered incompetent to fill such an important position. Those conversant with the duties of the office say it would be Mr. Hamilton's year to make himself fully acquainted with the work, though he is already fully versed in all that relates to dry goods, and has both education and recognized ability. How long, then, would it be before Mr. Kelly learned how to do the work?

Mr. Kelly is reported as asserting that both he and Hamilton are appointed and both are under salary at the present moment. He seems to think that two appraisers will be appointed. In this case, it would be a somewhat odd state of affairs, for it would show that the government superannuated a man because he was considered past the time of usefulness, yet that two able-bodied and presumably intelligent men were required to fill his place. Mr. Kelly's theory is not believed to be correct. He alone has been appointed so far, but he has not yet been set at work, even though Mr. McBeath has finished and retired. Mr. Kelly is a very troublesome factor in the situation just at present, but the general opinion is that Mr. Hamilton will eventually have the call.

Kelly's appointment was the work of Mackenzie Bowell, who seems to have steered a very rapid march on the St. John members. Mr. Hamilton's name had been unanimously agreed upon by the three members and started in the usual way to go before the council, with recommendations from the proper official quarter. In the ordinary course of events this is equivalent to the appointment being made, and thus it was that Mr. Hamilton was so notified. In the meantime, however, Kelly went to Ottawa, and C. N. Skinner followed. Through some back door influence brought upon Bowell, who then believed his government to be in the throes of dissolution, Kelly's name was shoved before the council and passed upon in the place of Hamilton's name. It was an extraordinary step and a complete slap in the face for the St. John members, who seem to have learned of the deal only when the appointment was made. It was the ignoring of the wishes of a constituency as expressed through the members, and a yielding to the wishes of a man who wanted an office and of another man who wanted him to get it.

The St. John members kicked, of course, and they are still kicking, while the advice they get from St. John is to keep on kicking until the matter is rectified. That is why Mr. Kelly has not gone to work, though he has undoubtedly been appointed and the office is vacant.

It was mentioned last week that Mr. Kelly when he first arrived at Ottawa, had sent a large number of telegrams to prominent conservatives in St. John, directing them to urge Mr. Hazen to accept a position in Bowell's cabinet. Since his return to St. John he has been kept busy explaining how it all came about, and in justice to him the explanation should be made public.

On Saturday, two weeks ago, Mr. Kelly went to the telegraph office in Ottawa with a telegram for his guide, philosopher and friend, C. N. Skinner. It directed Mr. Skinner to wire Mr. Hazen to accept a position in Bowell's cabinet, then in process of reconstruction. Mr. Hazen had been sought for the cabinet, but had not then made up his mind what to do, and Kelly wanted to have Mr. Skinner say a word. As late would have it, Mr. Hazen also went to the telegraph office about the

same hour, with a telegram asking a number of people in St. John to advise him what would be the best course for him to take at this crisis. When he handed it in, he gave a slip of paper containing a number of names of citizens of St. John to whom the telegram was to be sent. These included W. H. Thorne, Dr. Wm. Christie, Ald. McGoldrick, W. Frank Hathway, Daniel Mullin, Messrs. Stockton, Shaw, Alward and Ald. Wilson. By this plan Mr. Hazen calculated he would save himself the trouble of writing a separate telegram to each man. He did, but with remarkable results.

When the operator picked up Mr. Kelly's telegram directing Mr. Skinner what course to take, he also picked up Mr. Hazen's list of names and supposed it belonged to the Kelly message. In a few seconds the words intended for Mr. Skinner alone were ticking over the wires to the leading conservatives of St. John, while Mr. Hazen's message, intended for his advisers, went to one man only.

Mr. W. H. Thorne was mildly surprised at getting a somewhat peremptory order from James Kelly to wire Mr. Hazen to accept a position. So were Ald. McGoldrick and Daniel Mullin, neither of whom belong to Brother Kelly's lodge. President Hathway, of the board of trade, wondered why on earth James Kelly should telegraph to him when he knew little or nothing of the man. Everybody else who got a telegram wondered if the excitement at Ottawa had had a bad effect on Mr. Kelly, while others were indignant that he should undertake to dictate to them.

Nobody sent any telegrams to Mr. Hazen, and he was greatly surprised at the silence of his friends at a time when he needed their counsel. In the meantime, Mr. Skinner had started for Ottawa.

By Monday, Mr. Hazen had accepted the advice of his constituents as an indication that they did not approve of his going into the cabinet. He accordingly decided to remain where he was.

In the meantime the discovery was made at the telegraph office that Mr. Kelly's telegram to Mr. Skinner had been sent to Mr. Hazen's friends, and at once an unsigned telegram was sent to the latter individuals countermanding the direction to wire Mr. Hazen. This mystified them more than ever. Then the telegraph office took another step by sending Mr. Hazen's message to all the people for whom it had been originally intended. They all replied at once, and Mr. Hazen was more than astonished to get a flood of despatches urging him not to enter the cabinet, many hours after he himself had decided not to do so.

That is why Mr. Kelly has been kept busy this week in hunting up Mr. Hazen's friends and explaining about that telegram.

## MISS PATCHELL'S TROUBLE.

Cars on the Street in Front of Her House Make Difficulties for Her.

Miss Catherine Patchell, of Protection street, Carleton, feels that she has a substantial grievance against the Canadian Pacific railway. A track extends down the street, and on this freight cars are shunted and allowed to remain. Miss Patchell has decided objections to their remaining in that position.

It should be understood that Miss Patchell lives alone in a very quiet way and works hard to earn a living by hand painting. The room which she uses for this purpose faces the street, and when the cars are on the track outside, the room is so dark that she can pursue her calling only with great difficulties. On cloudy days it is next to impossible for her to see. This is a very serious matter with her, as her means of livelihood are slender at best and she has to work hard for the little she is able to earn. The loss of a day, or even a small part of a day, means a great deal to her.

In addition to this, she had to get water from the other side of the street, and when the cars are in a close line she is unable to do this without travelling a long distance to get around them. It cannot be expected that she would crawl between them or under them, as a boy might do.

Miss Patchell does not want the earth, but only a little of the light of heaven, and a right of way across the street. She has asked that the cars be separated so as to leave an open place in front of the house, but so far she has asked in vain. The trackmaster is said to have laughed at the suggestion, and when the chief of police Sergeant Ross to look into the matter the sergeant is also said to have considered the situation an amusing one. Miss Patchell has applied to the higher officials of the road, but so far without beneficial result, and now she is wondering what she ought to do next.

The matter of the cars on the street may seem a trifling one for some people, but it is a very serious one for Miss Patchell. Some better arrangement ought to be made to accommodate her.

## ON A VERY CHEAP SCALE.

THE HALIFAX OFFICER WHO SET UP BEER AND BUNDRIES.

He Made a Good Bargain with the Public—How the Hopes of the Latter Rose and Fell—A Bargain Was a Bargain and So the Account Was Settled.

HALIFAX, Jan. 23.—There is some quiet laughing going on regarding "a lunch" given by one of the officers of the gallant 66th P. I. F. to his company not long ago. It was in this wise: The members of the company received invitations printed on cards of gigantic size to attend a meeting of the company, the significant words "and lunch" being added to the notice regarding the meeting. The sending of the invitations was followed by negotiations on the part of the captain with a saloon and restaurant-keeper to provide the "lunch." Mine host was asked for his lowest terms for a supply of beer, biscuit and cheese, at first the price named was "ten cents a round." Further conference, however, brought this down to "eight cents a round." The night for the meeting and the lunch came, and when business was over the company, 22 strong, wended their way to the saloon. The proprietor had laid in a large stock of biscuit and there were also preparations to supply many rounds of beer. The dining room was cleared for the festivities, and the captain and his lieutenant were there with the men. Round No. 1. was duly drunk and the biscuit, etc., likewise disappeared. Then the company were allowed to sing and talk. This they did to the best of their ability, for they sang and talked, and they talked and sang. By and bye they began to think that it was a long time between drinks, and eventually they besetated not to give audible expression to this fact. But further rounds appeared not. At length the "one-round lunch" came to an end and the crowd dispersed. The inn-keeper had a remarkable expression of countenance as the captain slipped up to settle. From the correctness and carefulness of the negotiations he had anticipated a big time, if not a half-the-night affair, but it had dwindled down to one drink each, and immense quantities of biscuit and cheese, far less than the regulation price of a drink apiece.

"Well, what's the charge?" "Oh, two dollars will do." "A bargain! a bargain my friend," the captain retorted. "It was to be eight cents a round, and they have had only one round." "Well, that's so," the proprietor answered, with a look of supreme disgust. "The bill is \$1.76, but you can make it even money and give me \$1.75."

So the seven quarters were counted out by Captain—of the 66th P. I. F., with a smile of relief, and he emerged to the street, the meeting and lunch for his company completely over.

As a rule the 66th officers do things on a more generous scale.

## SEEKING FOR PARDON.

Friends of Maud Lindsay Want to Have Her Released from Prison.

A petition has been in circulation recently asking for the release of Maud Lindsay, who was sentenced to the penitentiary for life, at the St. John circuit in July, 1892, by Judge Tuck.

It will be remembered that the Lindsay woman, during a fight in a house on Walker's wharf, shot a young man named Robert Longon, though she had no malice against him and the whole affair was the result of a drunken row. Longon did not die at once, but was taken to the General Public Hospital where physicians and surgeons operated on him for a number of hours, he being kept under ether. After the operation, the patient collapsed and death ensued. At the trial the point was taken that Longon died rather from the effects of the operation than from the original injury, but this was not proven. It could not be, indeed, from the important fact that the one thing which would have settled the matter, a post mortem of the brain, was not done.

The woman was found guilty of manslaughter, and it is believed the jury would have found her guilty of assault only had such a verdict been allowable. It was supposed she would be sentenced for a few years, but Judge Tuck took another view of the case and gave her the extreme penalty, imprisonment for life. Since her conviction she is reported to have been a model prisoner, and her friends and relatives now think it is time to agitate for her release. It is understood that the jury are all in favor of clemency being extended.

He Was Absent Minded. Those who are in the secret are laughing over the mistake made by a young society man very recently. He received an invitation to a social event of considerable and the conventional request was made for either an acceptance or a decline. The invitation was accepted and as the gentleman in question stood at his desk, he scribbled off an acceptance on a blank piece of paper, not intending to send this copy but merely writing it in a fit of absentmindedness perhaps. Whatever way it occurred, this copy was received by the lady giving the party, in stead of the usual acceptance, and on the reverse side were a number of office notes and a partly written bill. The gentleman discovered his mistake later on and made ample apology for it but the joke was too good to be kept and now most of his friends know of the affair, greatly to the chagrin of the unfortunate young man.

## WILL INVESTIGATE THE CASE.

The Strange Story About the Late Sheriff Morse and his Brother.

BRIDGETOWN, Jan. 23.—A painful accident came to light since the death of Sheriff Morse of Annapolis County. The S. P. C. of Halifax have been asked to investigate in the matter.

The statement made to the S. P. C. authorities is that the father of the deceased sheriff left \$4,000 to be devoted to defraying the costs of the maintenance of the sheriff's two brothers who are deaf and dumb and imbecile. It was the intention of the old gentleman, so it is held, that the money should have been spent in paying the charges for keeping the afflicted brothers in an institution where they would be comfortable. After sheriff Morse died the fact came out that the money had not been so spent, or rather their friends considered that it had not.

The two brothers were found in anything but comfortable circumstances, in the house of the deceased, and the S. P. C., in Halifax were asked to see about the case, and have them properly looked after. The appeal was not made in vain and steps were promptly taken to ameliorate the condition of the unfortunates.

An inquiry will be made regarding the \$4,000 bequeathed for this purpose.

## REVIVING DE MOLAY.

That energetic promoter of the higher degrees of Freemasonry, Right Eminent Hon. Robert Marshall, 33°, Provincial Prior, has just installed a new set of officers for Union DeMolay Preceptory of Knights Templars, which has been in a quiescent state for a number of years past. There are some good names among the new officers, including H. D. McLeod, who is at the head of the body, W. H. Thorne, who is next in order, and H. V. Cooper who will be drill instructor. It is probably that Union DeMolay will soon resume its old place as a well known and fully equipped Masonic body.

## MUST TAKE THE RIGHT COURSE.

Coroner Berryman was not permitted to address the Municipal Council the other day on the subject of a bill of \$24 for getting a skeleton, which was not that of Horn from Brandy Brook. One of the councillors asked that the coroner be allowed to explain, but the warden shut down on the idea. The theory is that if a man outside of a legislative body wants to be heard, the committee room is the place for him, and a good deal of time would have been saved had this idea always prevailed in St. John.

## IN A VEIL OF HUMOR.

It may be taken for granted that no means, fair or foul, will be neglected to secure the election of Sir Charles Tupper [in Cape Breton. In view of this, there is a vein of humor in a despatch from Sydney which says "it is feared that this fair county, so proverbial for its purity, will be demoralized with grit bloom." The sad event will cast a deep gloom over the entire community, no doubt.

## NOT AN UNBLESSED BLESSING.

The absence of snow makes the contract of the city to keep the electric railway tracks clean a sure profit. The city gets its money and has no work to do. It would be very much to the advantage of men who work who if there was plenty of shovelling and cleaning to be done. There is plenty of time for snow yet, however, and the chances are there will be some big storms when they do come.

## WILL NOT AFFECT ST. JOHN.

The period of court mourning for Prince Henry of Battenburg has been fixed at six weeks, but this will not prevent members of the St. John four hundred from playing hockey in the meantime.

## DO NOT SEAL THE ENVELOPE.

Correspondents are again reminded that sealing an envelope on which there is only a one-cent stamp makes it liable for letter postage, which has to be paid at this office.

## WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK.

Some verses from St. Stephen, by a young girl, were not in time for publication in this issue, but will appear next week.

## MAY BE A DARK FLOT.

The proposal to build a railway from Moncton to Fredericton looks like a dark plot to sidetrack St. John in the traffic between the two cities.

HALIFAX GRAND OPERA.

A COMPARISON OF HISPIANIA AND LARA THE CORSAIR.

Two Clever Young Men who Compose Operas for Local Production—Why St. Luke's Organist was Angry—A Little Incident Not in the Programme.

HALIFAX, Jan. 23.—The Hispania club scored a distinct success with "Lara, the Corsair" last week. There was criticism but it was of the comparative kind, not whether "Lara" was good in itself, but whether or not it was equal to "Hispania," which was produced last year. As the week wore an opinion crystallized into something like this: "Lara is good in itself—its music is pretty and catchy, both in the songs and choruses. It is of a higher order of merit than "Hispania," at the same time it lacks in some of the particulars which made so great a success of "Hispania." It lacks much of the life and fun possessed by "Hispania." Messrs Johnston and Ward are excellent comedians, but there must be much of the comedy, if not the positively comic, all through such a piece to make it universally popular. "Yes people want to laugh when the day's work is over, especially when they pay 75 cents per head to see comic opera." Let the opera be good, but let it be comic from start to finish, and there will be no doubt about success. The plot of "Lara" is principally defective in its lack of proper connection. The music was arranged by W. F. Compton, and that gentleman also trained the company and conducted the opera performances. Mr. Compton has reason to receive with complacency the congratulations of the admirers of his work.

R. P. Greenwood was "Lara's" librettist and stage manager. Mr. Greenwood has a genius for matters of this kind; for organizing pageants and shows generally, which places him head and shoulders above any one else in Halifax in these respects.

So much for "Lara" and its authors and managers.

In connection with the opera's production there was behind the scenes a piece of genuine comedy of which the public never dreamed. The central figure was Frank Gatward, assoc. mus. L. C. M., organist of St. Luke's Cathedral in this city. The choir of St. Luke's has a number of chorister boys who sing very well. The management of "Lara" decided that the opera required eight of these boys, and they were brought before Mr. Compton, who picked out the youths he wanted. Mr. Gatward heard of this and waxed indignant. He was angry because "his lads" had been invited without his consent first obtained, and, secondly, he was aggrieved because they were going as boys and not as boys of St. Luke's choir. Rev. Mr. Crawford the rector, soon settled the second little matter, for he privately announced that under no circumstances would he allow them to advertise as St. Luke's choir boys, though he was willing that it should be stated that they had been trained by Frank Gatward, mus. assoc., L. M. C. Subsequently Mr. Gatward expressed himself satisfied that the youths should take part in the opera if the programmes and printing matter gave credit to him for the youths' efficiency. The "Lara" management, by this time, was on its dignity and they would consent to nothing of the kind, one reason assigned being that the programmes had gone too far to be changed.

Thereafter Mr. Gatward set about to prevent the boys from keeping their engagement with "Lara." His command to them to retire was unheeded so he made a canvas of the parents in order to accomplish the purpose. This device might have succeeded, but the "Lara" people soon met the little game by a similar move. They appointed a committee also to do some parental canvassing. The parents were seen by the committee, resulting in cordial permission being given to take part as previously arranged, and Mr. Gatward found himself beaten at his own game.

On the night following the first performance Mr. Gatward, in a brief note to the papers, expressed surprise that his boys had been taken by the company without his consent and he charged the opera management with "a breach of etiquette."

There is, thus, war between the organist of St. Luke's, Frank Gatward, assoc. Mus. L. M. C. and the fifty young men who form the company of "Lara," but the hidden hostilities are most sanguinary between the committee of management and the organist who has the many letters after his name.

Someone speaking of Mr. Gatward the other day asked how it was that he pursued the plan of wearing a gown and academic hat on the street on Sundays while on his way from his residence to the cathedral, when the said gown and hat must be laid aside before entering the church. The questioner asked further what was the meaning of the blue ribbon in the scholastic hat storesaid. The reply came that these were the outward insignia of the degree of association Mus. L. M. C. They must, therefore, be all right.

The gross receipts of the week's engagement by "Lara" were \$1650. The club stand immediately getting to work on a

new opera in which the experience just gained will be put to good advantage.

It looks very much as though the Crescent amateur athletic association were soon to breathe its last. It will be a pity if the Crescents become extinct for their existence as a rival of the Wanderers has helped to keep alive a healthy athletic spirit in Halifax. The trouble arises about their grounds. These were leased from an owner who had the right to terminate the contract at any time on giving due notice. This notice has now been given, and the club are told that they must leave at the beginning of May, unless they are prepared to buy the grounds, the price being fixed at \$6,000. It is out of the question for the Crescents to think of raising any such sum as that. They could not do it. The only other alternative is to obtain grounds elsewhere. To do so is no easy matter, and it would take more than the club can afford to build a track and put new grounds in shape even if they had them. The Crescents have only 116 members most of whom are not wealthy. The treasurer has about \$350 cash in hand, the result of a tournament held last summer. It looks therefore, as if, after May 1st, the Wanderers would have undisputed possession of matters athletic in this city.

The outlay of thousands of dollars in fencing and improving the Crescent grounds, and property which they are thus compelled to relinquish so suddenly, should prove a warning to any other organization not to lay themselves open to the possibility of a similar calamity. No permanent work, such as the erection of a pavilion or gymnasium should be carried out till a long and secure lease is an assured fact. A word to the wise, and in this case they hardly need it, is sufficient.

The Little One Would Do.

A gentleman of this city, wishing to take his family into the country for the summer, looked at a small farm with a view to renting it. Everything was very much to his mind and the negotiation was nearly completed, when the question of hiring the farmer's cow came up. She was an excellent cow, the farmer said, and even after feeding her calf would give five quarts of milk a day. "Five quarts a day!" said the city man; "that's more than our whole family could use." Then, noticing the calf following its mother about the pasture, he added, "I tell you what—I will hire the small cow. I think she's just about our size."—Louisville Commercial.

Two Wicked Men.

Two wicked men in Iowa have been amusing themselves at the expense of the prohibitionists—and also of divers toppers. They started out on the streets of a temperance town selling a suspicious looking yellow-brown fluid in bottles. They cried it as "rainwater," and charged 40 cents a bottle for it. Many old guzzlers purchased the liquor, with winks and smiles. The officers of the law were soon on the track of the men and arrested them for vending whisky. When the bottles were opened, however, it was found that they really contained rainwater and the men had to be released. The game could not be worked again in that town.

Collection of Dutch Taxes.

The Dutch have an original way of collecting taxes. If after due notice has been given, the money is not paid the authorities place one or two hungry militiamen in the house of the delinquent, to be lodged and maintained at his expense until the amount of the tax is paid.

"77"

COLDS Cold Causes.

La Grippe—"77" knocks it out. Coughs—"77" breaks them up. Influenza—"77" dries it up. Catarrh—"77" cuts it short. Running of the nose—"77" stops it. Sore Throat—"77" heals it. Pneumonia—"77" prevents it. Sore Chest—"77" soothes it. Fever—"77" dissipates it. Chill—"77" checks it. Pain—"77" quickly relieves. Hoarseness—"77" restores the voice. Short Breath—"77" aids breathing. Clergyman's Throat—"77" clears it. Vocalist's Ruin—"77" saves them. Pain in Back—"77" cures the crick. Sneezing—"77" allays the irritation. Prostration—"77" builds you up. Colds—"77" the Master Remedy. Half your sickness—"77" keeps you well.

Small bottle of pleasant pills—5¢ your very pocket; sold by druggists, or sent upon receipt of price, 25¢, or five for \$1.00. Humphreys' Medicine Co., 111 & 113 William St., New York.

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CARE OF WOMAN'S HAIR.

POINTS FOR LADIES WHO WOULD HAVE SOFT TRESSSES.

Some Simple Applications to the Head do a Great Deal of Good—There is one Kind of Treatment for Blondes and Another for Brunettes—Sensible Advice.

A writer in the N. Y. Advertiser says that constant and frequent brushing of the hair tends to darken it; and washing it with white of egg, though strengthening, has the same effect, and should not be used by those with light hair. This effect is due to the fact that brushing brings out the natural oil. Persons with black or dark hair, especially if it is dry and wiry, could not use a better strengthening, for the egg nourishes the roots and makes the hair smooth and glossy. Indeed, those possessing the hair just described should give it a great deal of brushing. Before retiring shake out the hair, part it through the middle, and brush each side evenly and carefully, so as not to tear it. Give at least thirty strokes to each side and brush up from the neck and off from the temples.

It may be well to suggest that the brush used should have long bristles not too close together; short closely strung bristles are sure to tear the hair. To cleanse the scalp take the whites of two eggs and rub them thoroughly into the hair; then wash the head with white castile soap, and rinse well in tepid water, changing the water until the hair is perfectly cleaned. This should be done every fortnight.

Should the scalp be in a poor condition so that the hair falls out, the following tonic may be safely used: Half pint of rum, one ounce of bitter apples. Let the bitter apples steep for three days in the rum, strain, and apply with mop to the scalp.

As is well known, the French are an authority on all things pertaining to the toilet. For the benefit of blond, light brown, chestnut and auburn hair, the following simple recipe comes from a French barber. It is one that is constantly used, but so monsieur says, "The ladies often abuse it, and then instead of it being beneficial it proves injurious." It is simply an even teaspoonful of borax in a cup of warm water—remember, an even teaspoonful, not a handful. The latter is the quantity some women use, and when their hair is injured they declare: "Borax makes the hair fall!" Undoubtedly it does when used wholesale.

When the borax is dissolved into the warm water, wet the scalp with the preparation until every particle of dandruff is loosened and the head feels entirely clean. Let the hair dry; on the following day rinse it in warm water, followed by cold; if possible, dry in the sun; when quite dry, comb carefully and brush very slightly. Borax used in the above manner every fortnight causes the hair to become much lighter; dull blond hair takes on a bright, sunny golden hue, and brown hair a warm reddish tint.

When dressing the hair, give three or four good long strokes of the brush up from the neck and back from the temples—this will keep it in a glossy condition and give it a "well groomed look," which is certainly desirable. Those who have red hair and are dissatisfied with the color should give it a good deal of brushing; persevere in the treatment recommended for black hair, and in time red hair will take an auburn tone.

Blondes by substituting gin for rum in the recipe given for dark hair will obtain an excellent tonic if one is needed. White and gray hair should be cleaned with ammonia—a teaspoonful to a basin of luke warm water; and the hair should be well rinsed in cooler water. A little vaseline, the white, rubbed into the scalp with the tip of the fingers, will keep the hair from becoming dry. Neither white nor gray hair should be washed in borax water, for the borax is apt to produce a yellowish shade, destroying the fine silvery look which gives so many women an air of distinction. While using borax or ammonia be careful to protect the eyebrows, as these reagents will cause them to become lighter in shade.

About once a month the ends of the hair should be singed; cutting is not advisable, as it causes the hair to bleed. Each hair is a tube, and cutting allows what may be termed the sap to run out, and the hair is drained of its nourishment. Singing seals these tubes and forces the fluid back to the roots. It is said that the West Indian woman follows this custom, and certainly many of them have very handsome hair; indeed, it is not unusual to see women whose faces have long bid adieu to youth with hair that many a girl might envy.

Very often the hair continues to fall and tonics prove of little avail. In this case it is well to massage the scalp. Not infrequently the scalp becomes tight on the head. This prevents circulation, and as a result of hair become anemic and the follicle the hair falls. The only remedy is to give the head a course of massage, which is easily and simply done. Place a hand on each side of the upper part of the face, with the thumbs pressed on the head behind the ears and the little finger just above where the eyebrows begin; then spread out the other fingers over the head, and for ten minutes gently work the scalp backward and forward. Finally with the thumb and forefinger pinch the scalp, all over, continuing until the head begins to tingle; this loosens the scalp from the bone and starts the circulation. Keep up this treatment night and morning until the hair ceases to fall. Also use the tonic given above—the one treatment will help the other.

Another piece of advice: Never pull

out a grey hair, for as the old adage declares, "Twenty will come to its funeral." The saying is quite true. When a grey hair is pulled out, the dead fluid at the root is scattered among the healthy roots, and grayness follows. Avoid all dyes! They are most injurious, and in some cases have caused paralysis of the brain. Crimping and curling the hair on irons breaks it, and causes it to become faded and sometimes grey.

AHEAD OF THE PORTER.

Ingenious Device by Which a Traveller gets Back Some of His Tips.

It isn't often that a traveler gets ahead of the Pullman car porter, but it does happen occasionally.

Senator Wilson of Washington did the thing up in fine shape on one of his long rides from Spokane to this city, and the porter doesn't yet understand how he lost his bet. The Senator is an inveterate smoker, and, having run short of matches, called to the porter:

"Got any matches, Tom?"

"Yes, sir," replied Tom, producing a box from his pocket. "You can't light the match unless you strike it on this box."

The Senator lit his cigar, and while smoking pondered long over the make-up of the rough black coating on one side of the box. He knew the match could not be made to strike a light except upon that particular sandpaper.

At one of the stations he procured one of those boxes, and, going back into the smoking-room of his car, moistened the sanded side of the box until it was quite soft; then rubbed it gently on the sole of his boot until the sticking substance, with the sand, was all transferred to the leather; then he waited until it was thoroughly dry and called:

"I want another match, Tom; my cigar has gone out."

"Yes, sir," responded the porter, getting out his box again.

The Senator took a match, and, handing the box back, turned up the sole of his boot.

"Ha, ha! Mr. Wilson," laughed the colored man; "no use scratching, it on your boot; you can't light it there."

"Oh, I guess I can," said the Senator, smiling.

"Bet you a dollar you can't," said the porter.

"Put up your dollar, said Mr. Wilson. "Make it \$2," said the colored official, eagerly.

"Here's \$2—and as much more as you like," assented the Senator, pleasantly. "Holy smoke!" chuckled the broom swinger. "This is too easy—softest snap I've struck this season, and his loose change was instantly emptied on one of the chair cushions."

The Senator counted out an equal amount, then turned up the sole of his left boot.

Drawing the match across the prepared place it blazed readily, and he calmly lit his cigar.

The porter dropped his broom in amazement, while the Senator gathered in the pile of halves and quarters, remarked to a fellow traveler:

"Tom has robbed me of a good many of these pocket pieces, and this is the first chance I ever had to get even with him."—Washington Star.

Catching.

Grubb (excitedly)—Did you hear that I went home late last night and caught a burglar!

Clubb (calmly)—That's nothing. I went home late and caught the devil.

A smart school teacher— Miss Kate Hall, Bathurst, N. B., took 6 lessons in Fernin—Snell shorthand by mail (\$10) then came here and qualified for office work in one month—paying only \$10 more.

Go to a "real business" school. S. A. SNELL, - - - TRURO, N. S.

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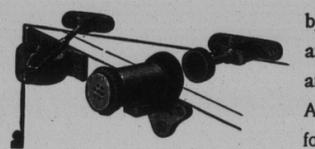
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Our revised terms give excellent opportunities for those who can spare time for the combined courses. Send for Catalogue giving terms etc. G. WEBB & SON, Odd Fellow's Hall, St. John Business College.

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We pay highest prices for old Postage Stamps used before 1870. From \$1 to \$100 paid for single extra rare specimens. It will pay you to look up your old letters. Remittances first mail after receipt of stamps. A. F. Hausmann & Co., 19 Leader, Toronto, Can. ad.

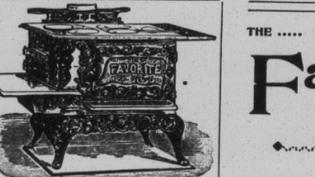
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by careless people and doors that slam are alike annoying. A desirable device for closing doors without noise, and keeping them closed, is the ECLIPSE CHECK AND SPRING. The sample we have shows that it is simple and durable. Come in and see it.

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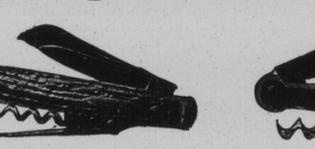
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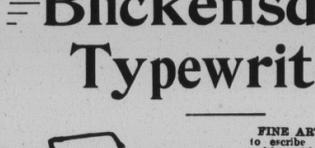
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FINE ART PRINTING is the way to describe the work, striking without ribbons. A Clear Saving of \$5.00 to \$10.00 a Year. VISIBLE WRITING AND DIRECT INKING, GOOD DUPLICATOR. Price Only \$45.00. The Visible Writing is worth the money.

A Full Key Board Machine, 24 Characters, Capitals, Figures, Fractions, French, German and English, Change Wheels! It will do all that can be done on the \$120 Ribbon Machine.

For years a large majority of the people have been looking for a practical, low priced, portable, key board machine. A machine that equals any of the high priced ones in capacity and quality of work, and excels them all in convenience. This is the purpose of the Blickensderfer No. 5.

MANIFOLDING. Heretofore it has been found impossible to manifold satisfactorily on a type writer of the wheel class. The Blickensderfer No. 5, while possessing every desirable feature of the wheel machine, has the direct powerful stroke of the lever class, thereby manifolding with unequalled force and clearness.

DUPLICATING. This machine will do excellent Mimeograph work. The annoyance of cleaning the type can be avoided by having an extra type wheel for this purpose.

DURABILITY. The Blickensderfer is a marvel of simplicity and strength. From 1,000 to 3,000 parts in other key-board machines. The Blickensderfer has about 200.

Our automatic power machine for operating the No. 5 machines makes 480 strokes a minute, 28,800 an hour, 288,000 a day. One of our No. 5 machines has been operated by this automatic power machine for months, making many millions of strokes, and yet no perceptible wear is apparent.

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Excellent of a small type-writing machine, designed to meet the requirements of general office and clerical work. It is a type-wheel machine; the wheels are interchangeable and inexpensive, writing is always in light; has very few parts; can be adjusted to any width between lines; is a good manifold, and has a light, well arranged key-board. It shows lightness, simplicity, scope, inexpensiveness and strength.

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GENERAL AGENT FOR MARITIME PROVINCES, AGENTS WANTED. Board of Trade Building, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The event of musical importance both in merit and quality last week was "The Messiah" sung in Trinity church by the members of the St. John Oratorio Society.

Mr. G. C. Coester despite his sometimes tremulous, sang and interpreted his solo "For darkness shall cover" very thoroughly.

The accompaniment to the solo "Rejoice Greatly" was an admirable piece of work, well judged as to volume and the strength of the singers and demonstrated again Mr. Ford's ability as an accompanist.

St Andrews church is to be congratulated in having secured the services of Miss Louise Skinner as principal soprano.

One of the musical events of the week was the recital at the Morley Conservatory on Tuesday evening; with one exception those who took part are well known amateurs and a particularized account would be but a repetition of what has at some time or another appeared in this column.

Tones and Undertones.

The Handel and Haydn society of Boston on the 3rd prox will give its seven hundred and third concert and its fifth performance of Verdi's Requiem, in Music hall in that city.

Miss Lillian Carlsmith, who recently became a member of Francis Wilson's opera company, has delighted all her friends with the excellence of her work in "The Chieftain" last week.

In reply to a question in what European city he would like to live. Mascagni, the musical composer, recently replied: "From 9 to 11, London; from 11 to 5, Paris; from 5 to 7, Vienna; from 7 to 10, Budapest, and after 10, Berlin.

The benefit concert recently given in Boston for the family of Mr. Goldstein, a former member of the Symphony Orchestra, was a great success.

A fund is being raised on behalf of Mme Botta Pyne (formerly Louisa Pyne) who for a long professional career of 57 years, contributed much by her talents and gifts of song, to the pleasure of the public.

"Il Trovatore" is being produced at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, this week. Miss Edith Mason and Miss Lane are alternating in the role of Leonora.

Ivory pianos are by no means common and the dowager Countess of Dudley has a magnificently carved specimen. Pianos of

ivory, are, I might say, made every year in numbers, principally for Indian princes and rich Spanish-Americans. Many pianos of solid silver are made; indeed, one was only recently completed by a London firm for the Nizam of Hyderabad, and piano cases have at various times been made of bronze, a species of aluminum, glass, porcelain and, in combination mother of pearl.

"Hansel and Gretel" has been on at the Hollis theatre, Boston, all this week.

It is said that Mascagni will give up composing for a time as he has assumed the duties of director of the Liceo Musicale, founded by Rossini in his birthplace, Pesaro.

Ovid Musin is reported as playing in Japan this winter.

Signor Mancinelli is conductor of the Teatro San Carlo at Naples this winter. He is writing a cantata, "Hero and Leander," for the next Norwich musical festival, the words by Boito, composer of "Mefistofele."

A French gentleman has at last perfected and brought out an invention which has been long looked for by many musicians. It is nothing more nor less than a recording piano. By means of a kind of typewriting instrument which is attached under the keyboard, anything that is played can and will be recorded by the instrument. The music written is recorded in a series of long and short dashes, something like the Morse alphabet.

A New York writer says: "Calve offended the social tribunal, for when asked to sing at a function she would appear only a few minutes before the time for to sing and she would leave as soon as she was through. This season she insists upon payment in advance when invited to sing in private. The reason of this is because the first winter in this country she had an unfortunate experience; the money that she looked for never came."

The late Dr. Filleau's widow, who before her marriage with the celebrated Paris physician, sang at the Grand Opera in Paris under the name of Jeanne Raunay, is to return to the stage. She has just been engaged for the winter season by the director of the Theatre de la Monnaie at Brussels, where she is to make her debut early in January in the role of Elizabeth in "Tannhauser."

Miss Leonora Jackson, a young Chicago violinist, was the soloist of the first orchestral concert given this winter at the Royal School of Music in Berlin, where she played with brilliant success the second concerto of Wieniawski Dr. Joachim conducted.

In regard to English music, the London Saturday Review said recently: "The efforts to raise up a national school of musicians have not been crowned with any success. We have no school of English music no music of our own, and the reason lies close at hand. In England music is a trade and men and women go into it as they might go into typewriting, with the one object of making it pay. There are two ways, and two ways only, of making it pay. One is to write, or, if you are an executant to sing or play vulgar music, and that is the most profitable way. But it demands a certain amount of brains, and the safer way is to make a reputation as a 'sound' teacher by never trying to do anything that no one else can do. Then, if you are dull enough, one of our 'great music schools' will take you up. For our music schools, having been founded and carried on by men who went into music as a trade, have been in the past, and are in only a slightly less degree at present, flagrantly commercial concerns."

The Vocalist complains that women's voices are, as a rule, unpleasant. That journal says: "A harsh, strident quality is taking the place of the low, soft, rich quality which belongs to women. One reason is the lack of proper training as girls grow up, and another is the odd habit many have of talking each other down, not waiting for the completion of sentences, but filling unfinished sentences and unconsciously raising the voice in the effort to do so."

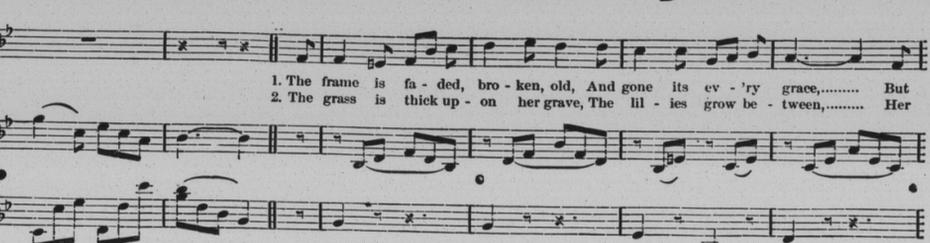
"I think there is considerable truth in this statement," comments the Song Journal, "but it is also true that men's voices are, as a rule, unpleasant. How many men do we meet whose voices are full, resonant, and well modulated? One has a nasal quality, another is chronically husky, another is harsh, and another is squeaky. The fact is, neither men nor women appreciate the importance of cultivating a pleasant speaking voice, either in themselves or their children. Vocal culture should begin with the child in the home."

Helene Hastreiter of Chicago, not long since the marvelous Orfeo of American opera, and recently returned after four years' residence in Italy, to sing in America for a time, says of Tamagno: "He was Verdi's own, proud, trained work. Whoever says he lacks aught or errs in Otello, says wrong. He was in every syllable and glance as Verdi wanted him—Verdi's own, ideal Otello."

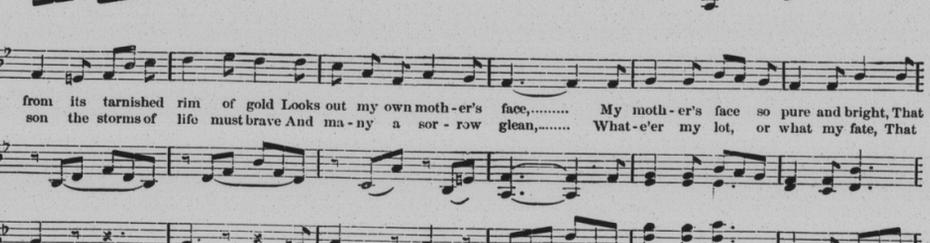
MOTHER'S PICTURE.

R. P. FULLERS.

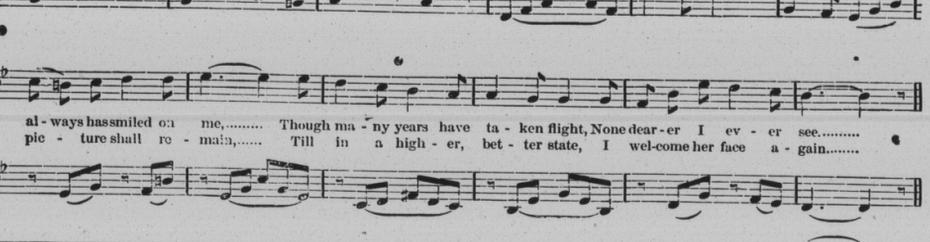
B. DAYTON.



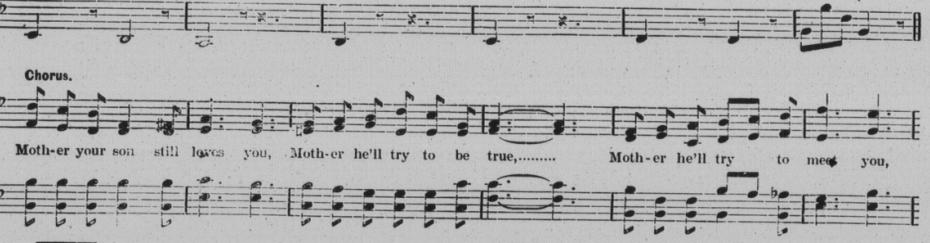
1. The frame is faded, broken, old, And gone its ev'ry grace,..... But  
2. The grass is thick up - on her grave, The lil - ies grow be - tween,..... Her



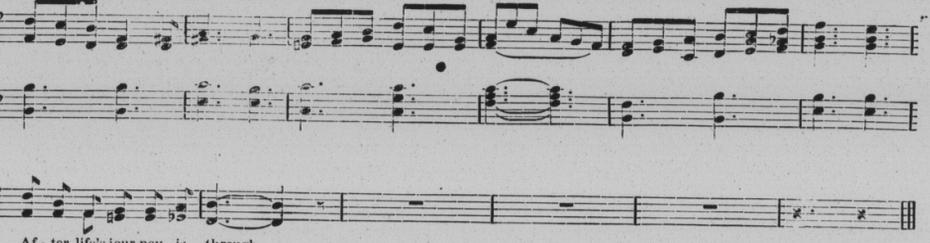
from its tarnished rim of gold Looks out my own moth - er's face,..... My moth - er's face so pure and bright, That  
son the storms of life must brave And ma - ny a sor - row glean,..... What - e'er my lot, or what my fate, That



al - ways has smit - ted on me,..... Though ma - ny years have ta - ken flight, None dear - er I ev - er see,.....  
pic - ture shall re - main,..... Till in a high - er, bet - ter state, I wel - come her face a - gain,.....



Chorus.  
Moth - er your son still loves you, Moth - er he'll try to be true,..... Moth - er he'll try to meet you,



Af - ter life's jour - ney is through,.....



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TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Katherine Rober dramatic company opened a season of two weeks at the Opera house last Monday evening. The play was "Fanchon" and the audience filled the house to its capacity.

Sidney Drew and his wife Gladys Rankin Drew have joined the vaudeville ranks. These artists were seen in this city a short time ago.

Next year MacJame Modjeska will be seen in her new version of Mosenthal's "Deborah." The play is now known on the English stage everywhere as "Leah, the Forsaken."

Bernhardt, who is now in the United States, says she will play there "Adrienne Lecouvreur" though she hates the part. She says however the Americans like it.

"The Arm of the Law" a new piece will be produced at the Columbia theatre, Boston, next month.

Bernhardt has been offered \$300,000 for her autobiography.

Mrs. Potter and Kyrle Bellew have accepted an engagement in Australia. Dan Sully, the Irish actor, who has been

seen more than one season on the Mechanic's Institute stage in this city, was playing in San Francisco about last Christmas time.

The revival of Boucicault dramas in Boston recalls the fact that in April 1875 at the Boston theatre was presented as the programme then stated, "an entirely new and original play in 3 acts, illustrative of Irish life and character entitled 'The Shaughraun,' with Dion Boucicault as Conn; M. H. Barrymore as the Capt. Molineux; Gus tuvas, Levick, Robt. Ffolliott; C. L. Allen, Father Dolan; D. J. Maguinis, Harvey Duff; George W. Wilson as Sullivan, a peasant; Mrs. Thomas Barry, as Claire; Mrs. T. M. Hunter as Moyler. Ida Savory, Mrs. C. L. Allen and Mrs. Charles Poole were also in the cast.

By the way, this was the first real engagement that Maurice Barrymore made in this country. He had but recently arrived from England. He came over on a pleasure trip, but strange are the decrees of Fate, he stayed here for good.

The original Lady Macbeth of Verdi's opera was a Signor Barbieri—Nini.

Miss Virginia Harned, who retired from the cast of "Tribby" several months ago, has become an heiress through the death of an aunt, who left her \$15,000. Miss Harned has gone to Cumberland, Md., where the estate is being settled.

Fay Templeton has a valet to take care of the masculine raiment she wears in "Excelsior, Jr." Richard Harlow has a maid to take care of the dresses he wears in "1492."

The new play "Michael and his lost angel" it is predicted will not be a success in the United States.

John Drew produced his new play "The Squire of Dames" at Palmer's theatre New York last Monday evening. It has been shaped by R. C. Carton out of Dumas' "L'Ami des femmes" a play which in its original form the public declared "was immoral, indecent and disgusting."

E. H. Sothern is reported as having made a positive success in his new play "The Prisoner of Zenda."

William H. Crane has given his new play "The Governor of Kentucky" its initial New York performance at the Fifth Avenue theatre.



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EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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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.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 25.

ANOTHER COMING MARRIAGE.

Reference was made, last week, to the marriage of the divorced husband of Mrs. OLIVER BELMONT to the divorced wife of W. K. VANDERBILT. It was what may properly be called a quiet wedding, as it was merely the scanty civil ceremony necessary to make the union legal in the contemplation of the laws of New York, though far from making it so in the contemplation of the law of God, as it is accepted by the greater portion of the christian world.

This week the announcement comes of a forthcoming marriage in which another prominent citizen of the United States is one of the parties, and which marriage seems likely to be one of the old-fashioned kind where both bride and groom can be honestly congratulated.

The groom in the new event that is to be is BENJAMIN HARRISON, of Indiana, the late President of the United States, and the lady in the case is Mrs. DIMMICK of New York, niece of the late Mrs. HARRISON. The lover is a widower of sixty-two, and the loved one is a widow whose age the papers gallantly refrain from stating, but who is many years younger than her suitor. The nearest venture as to her age is that she is on the sunny side of forty.

She is old enough to know her own mind, however, and it is believed to be a case of love on both sides. Apart from that it seems to be a very sensible sort of a marriage as they have known each other a long time, and the lady was a resident of the household of General and Mrs. HARRISON for many years before and during the presidential term of office. They have thus each had some opportunity to study the character of each other and to know something about their mutual faults and failings. This is really about the only way such knowledge can be had, though it is only in exceptional cases that engaged couples have had such opportunities of knowledge. As a rule, a man and woman merely think they know all about each other, and often find themselves woefully deceived when their fate is determined for life.

General HARRISON's first marriage was forty-one years ago and his late wife was an excellent woman, with whom he lived very happily until death claimed her four years ago, when they were residing at the White House. Mrs. Dimmick was her favorite niece, and was practically adopted by the HARRISONs when she was a little girl, and lived with them until her marriage. When her husband died she was urged to make her home with them again, and did so. During the presidential term she was the director of social affairs at the White House, as Mrs. HARRISON was not strong and was glad to have so able an assistant to attend to the many and exacting duties demanded. With a sweet voice, charming disposition and more than ordinary accomplishments, Mrs. Dimmick was a valuable adjunct to the executive mansion, and was equally esteemed by the family and their guests. During Mrs. HARRISON's last illness, her niece was constant and faithful in her attentions to her, and when she died the niece mourned for her as a daughter would mourn for a mother. Since Mrs. HARRISON's death, Mrs. DIMMICK has chiefly resided in New York, and General HARRISON, since his retirement from the presidency, has been carrying on a law practice in Indianapolis. From that city to New York is a long way for a fellow to travel to see his girl, but for the last few months, the General has found a great many excuses to visit the great metropolis, ostensibly on law business. His intentions have been pretty well understood, however, and the newspapers have fully prepared the public for the formal announcement of the engagement, which was made last Friday evening. The date of the wedding has not yet been given but it will not be until after Easter. The marriage ought to be a happy one. Some widowers at the age of sixty-two

have an idea that if they marry they should choose partners who are young and giddy. This is usually a mistake, and the right kind of a widow, neither too young nor too old, will be found a better investment. General HARRISON has the great advantage of getting a widow with whose character and disposition he has had the best of opportunities to get acquainted. He knows all about her husband, too, and she will not have a chance to parade the virtues of the dear departed DIMMICK, for HARRISON has heard all there was to be said about him, and has known him into the bargain. With a full idea of his spouse's temper and characteristics, General HARRISON already knows just now far it will be safe for him to praise other ladies whom he sees, how far he dare be late at dinner, how far he can afford to forget to order things of the grocer or butcher, and how far he will be believed in the excuses he makes when he comes home late at night. Most men have to learn all these things by experience which is sometimes tribulation.

On the other hand, Mrs. DIMMICK knows all about her future husband, and as much or more about his former wife. She knows just what kind of a cook and housekeeper the latter was, and thus the General will have nothing to remind her of on that score. She knows, too, all about the General's temper, what he says when his laundry does not come home Saturday night, and how he dances round when he finds his writing table cleared up and the papers mislaid, as well as the language he is wont to use when he is in a hurry to catch a car and can't find a collar button. She has probably seen him under these and other trying circumstances, and knows just what to expect.

One great fact on which she is to be congratulated is that he is a man of steady habits and will provide her with a good home. He is not rich, it is true, though he has an income which would put him high up in society in this part of the world, whatever his antecedents had been. He is believed to be worth \$500,000, makes about \$12,000 a year out of his law practice in Indianapolis, and could make four times as much if he were to come to New York. Besides this, he has a revenue from well placed investments, so that he is quite comfortable, though far from being wealthy as wealth is estimated among the Vanderbilts and that set.

From all that can be learned both the prospective bride and groom are to be congratulated on having made a sensible choice of each other. The General's son and daughter both being married and living in New York, he undoubtedly feels the need of loving in a domestic hearth of his own. A man at sixty, unless he be a widower with a family, is a lonely enough creature without a wife, and for the matter of that so is a man anywhere between thirty and sixty. The best thing he can do is to get married, if he is lucky enough to find the right kind of a woman to be his wife.

If Monon had not a record as a somewhat ambitious city, one would suppose it to be a place where primitive simplicity reigned supreme. A few days ago the city treasurer was found to be a defaulter to the extent of at least \$9,100 in the past year's accounts. The discovery was not made by the auditors, but by an outsider, and for all that is now known the default may extend back into previous years. The auditors seem to have taken their office as a sinecure, for they failed to notice anything wrong in making their examinations, nor does it seem to have occurred to them that the fact of the auditor being engaged in stock gambling and local note shoving for a long time past was a matter to excite suspicion. Further than this, though the defaulting official had a guarantee policy for the benefit of the city, it seems to have been nobody's business to see it was renewed by the payment of the premium, and there was for a time a belief that the policy was worthless. The unfortunate defaulter is reported to be physically and mentally prostrated, but the fact that he is a defaulter to such a large amount seems due less to any dishonest intention in the first place than to the lax system, or the want of system, which permitted him to yield so easily to the temptation to get rich by the use of money which did not belong to him. It is a sad case as regards the offender, and it has an obvious moral for those who have to deal with the accounts of officials in other cities.

A sublime instance of faith comes from the Pawnee Indians of untutored mind in Oklahoma. They have lately gone to ghost dancing and making "medicines" which they believe to have charms against this, that and the other evils of existence. One of them, with the somewhat appropriate name of CRAZY HORSE, made medicine which he declared rendered anybody bullet proof. He did not experiment on himself, however, but got his brother to take the medicine and stand up in the presence of the council of chiefs while he did the fring. The brother, confident that CRAZY HORSE was a very wise man, stood up smilingly, the bullet went straight to his heart and he fell dead. No doubt CRAZY HORSE had some good theory to account for the failure of the experiment, but the chiefs voted him a humbug and confiscated all his

horses and ponies, while the United States officials will probably indict him on the charge of murder. Thus is genius sorely requited when an inventor happens to make a mistake.

While the destination of England's flying squadron is unknown, some smart fellow in London has informed the newspaper correspondents that the commanding officers have been supplied with charts of the North American waters, the West Indies and the Mediterranean, and the newspapers on this side of the water solemnly publish this as an important piece of news. They evidently have an idea that the rule is to supply a British warship with only the charts of the waters for which she sails when put in commission, and that when she is ordered from one station to another she has to get new charts each time. It would be a rather remarkable thing if a cruiser went to sea without the charts above specified and many others in addition to them.

A Chicago judge has rendered a decision in an insurance case which may be important should it be held to be sound law. Suit was brought to recover the life insurance on a man who had committed suicide, and the company, one of the largest in America, resisted the claim on the ground that the applicant for insurance signed by the deceased contained a restriction as to death by suicide. The policy itself, however, said nothing on the subject. The court held that the application was no part of the contract, and that no matter what it contained, the company was bound by the terms of the policy, which was the real contract. That company will probably issue a new form of policy to save trouble in future cases.

If there were no party government, and if public offices were distributed by lottery, probably most of the positions would be filled by men as competent as those now appointed. The day when an office sought the man is long past, and now the man seeks the office not on any ground of fitness but because he has howled more loudly than his fellows for this party or that. Men who have failed to achieve success in the vocations which they have chosen, now ask the government to make public office a reward for incompetency when coupled with zeal in the lowest grade of party politics. And they succeed, failing only for the time when some more impudent claimant elbows his way to the front in advance of them.

One Nova Scotia concern in which the people of this province are keenly interested has just concluded a business year of splendid prosperity and added another to its many reports of successful business. The Bank of Nova Scotia differs from the Bank of New Brunswick in the respect that it covers a wide territory and comes in touch not only with the business of Halifax and Nova Scotia but with that of all Canada. Its management must be at once broad minded, judicious and energetic. With so many branches and embracing so wide a territory it speaks volumes for the executive head that controls the policy of this financial institution and for the local managers of its provincial offices.

The legislature of South Carolina has an idea that it can stop the practice of lynching by touching the pockets of the people. A bill has just passed the legislature which provides that any county in which a lynching takes place shall be liable for damages to the extent of not less than two thousand dollars for each person whose life is taken by the mob. Hanging a man in advance of his trial will thus be made on expensive luxury for the public, and when they find their taxes beginning to pile up, they may be induced to save money by letting the courts deal with the criminals.

A bill is to come before the Massachusetts legislature to fix a standard of quality for intoxicating liquors, so that the sale of the impure and adulterated article shall be illegal. There should be such a law here. It is all nonsense to say that if men will drink they must pay the penalty, and that if they want to be safe they should let intoxicants alone. The law recognizes, and in some ways encourages, the liquor traffic, and should take as much care to protect the public from the greed and dishonesty of the liquor dealer as it does to guard against fraud by the man who sells milk.

If ALFRED AUSTIN had any idea that he was fit to be poet laureate, he is probably changing his mind under the storm of ridicule and indignation which has followed the infliction of "JAMESON'S RIDE" on the British public.

New rifles are to be supplied to the Canadian militia at a cost of about \$80,000. These luxuries come high, but we must have them.

Dr. JAMESON is reported as having sailed from South Africa for England. The new laureate had better look out for himself.

The eyeball rests in a cushion of fat, by which it is surrounded on every side. When the system becomes greatly emaciated through disease, this fat is absorbed and the eye sinks further into the head, thus giving the sunken appearance so common in disease.

VERBS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Love's Truth. When sorrow trails her darkest robes, Around our hearts and homes; Or in the silent steps of night, In sad bereavement comes. What flies with healing on its wings, Test suffering age or youth, And like a blessed angel sings? Love's truth. When bitter loss and gnawing care, Rush wildly on the mind; And in the broken heart of woe, Gash wounds are hard to bind. What weeping spirit hastens near, With tender hand forenoon; And makes its presence doubly dear? Love's truth. When life's sweet roses withered lie, And in a silent room; The sick we dearly love may die, And hope is dark with gloom; What voice more kind on all the earth, With never-breath uncouth; Comes with the hallowed prayer of peace? Love's truth. When in the dark faith's cross is left, Sometimes in weakest hands; And perfect confidence and trust, Seem loosened from all bands. What friendly hand leads us to gleam, Among the whistling winds, And bids again God's golden sheaves? Love's truth.

Eye Head West, Jan. 1896. The Face of a Child. Written on seeing the picture of a poet friend's little daughter, who was killed suddenly while playing in the street. A hint of heaven In the first soft star That glowed afar, On eve's sapphire front hath smiled; In the flower my love hath given, From the edge of a snow-wreath river; And in the face of a child.

O sweet child-face beneath the daisies lying Hast thou, then, a heavenly language, too? Child of my poet! bid, nor ever spring Thy kisses young, from darting from our view. What seem thy silent lips to say, O marvels spoken never? Our faltering lips have sighed and said,—"Today;" But thine pronounce this word,—"Forever!" PASTOR FELIX.

Sweet Alice, whence that cheerful look, The bright sky's summer blue; What spirit far from realms of blue, Found its lost tell in you? The new year brings your answer sure, "I know not, no not I; Why cheerful smiles are ever mine, I cannot tell you why." Sweet Alice, may no night clouds hide, The peace that smiles at today; True love be evermore your guide, Along life's sunny way. And from that land where angels wait, Our Father's will to do; Come blessings wide in darter days, And consolation true. CYRUS GOLDB.

Patience with the Living. Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone Beyond earth's weary labor, When small shall be our need of grace From comrade or from neighbor; Passed all the strife, the toil, the care, And done with all its striving— What tender truth shall we have gained, Alas! by simply dying? Then lips too chary of their praise Will tell our merits o'er; And eyes too swift our faults to see Shall no defect discover. The hands that would not lift a stone Where stones were thick to cumber Our steep hill path, will scatter flowers Above our pillow slumber.

Sweet friend, perchance both thou and I, Ere Love is past forever, Should take the earnest lesson home— Be patient with the living. To day's repressed rebuke may save Our blinding tears to-morrow; Tho' patience, 'tween when we next edge away with a namless sorrow! 'Tis easy to be gentle when our clamor, And easy to discern the best. Then hush memory's spiteful glare; But wise it were for thee and me, Ere Love is past forever, To take the tender lesson home— Be patient with the living. —The Lover's Year-Book.

The City of Success. They do neither plight nor wed In the city of the dead; In the city where they sleep away the hours; But they lie, while o'er them range Whirls of cloud and summer showers, And a hundred happy whisperings of flowers, No, they neither wed nor plight, And the day is like the night. And their visions of other kind than ours.

They do neither sing nor sigh In that burse of joy and by, Where the streets have grasses growing cool and low; But they rest within their bed, Leaving all their thoughts to God, Declining silence 'tween that sob or song, No, they neither sigh nor spin, Though the robin be in whine, Though the leaves of autumn march a million strome.

There is only rest and peace In the City of Success From the fallings and the wallings 'neath the sun, And the wings of the swif't stars, Beat but gently o'er the beers, Making music to the sleepers every one. There is only peace and rest, But to them it seemeth best, For they lie in ease and know that life is done. —Richard Burton.

Reading Helen's Face. Helen's face is like a book— Charming in all its pages, Helen's face is like a book— What's the story I foretook, When on Helen's face I look? When her smile's enigma.

There I read an old romance; Here I see one living, There I read an old romance, But in Helen's slightest glance For a brevier tale exchange, Wild excitement giving. What is printer's ink to me? Commas, dots and dashes! What is printer's ink to me I with Helen I may be, Exclamation points to see Underneath her lashes! —The Lark.

Where is the waiting time? Where are the tears, Gone with the winter time, The bye gone years? O'er life's plain, lone and vast, Slow treads the morn, Night shades have moved and passed, Joy's day is born. Mrs. Sophie Almon-Hensley, In "A Woman's Love Letters."

FACTS ABOUT DIAMONDS.

South Africa the World's Mine and America the Greatest Purchaser. South Africa, according to the figures for the year 1895 now at hand, is the world's greatest diamond mine and the United States are the best market in the universe for diamonds. The exports of diamonds from the South African diamond fields were \$18,000,000 last year, and the world's total output was \$20,000,000, or \$2,000,000 additional. Of this total, \$20,000,000 the United States brought \$14,000,000 worth, almost entirely in cut stones. By the Wilson tariff the import duty on set diamonds was decreased from 50 to 35 per cent and on cut stones was increased from 10 to 25. It 1893 the value of diamonds and other jewels uncut imported into the United States was 1,000,000 and of cut or set stones \$15,000,000. The year following the former fell to \$560,000 and the latter to \$4,800,000. While tariff changes have affected somewhat the diamond trade in the United States, and have recently promoted the business of diamond cutting and setting here, they have been without serious effect upon the American market of purchasers, which for diamonds is the best in the world.

Intelligent and observant foreigners travelling in the United States, it has been observed, are impressed with the extraordinary popularity and almost lavish use of diamonds by Americans. Not only are there more diamonds in this country than in any other in the world, but they are in more general use. The most valuable individual diamonds of the world's supply are owned and held abroad. They are seldom worn. The largest known diamond weighs 367 carats. The value of the famous Kohinoor, which weighs 103 carats is \$500,000, but the value of diamonds is not wholly regulated by weight, color being an important element. A Cape diamond of 288 carats sold (such is the record) some years ago for \$60,000. Until a century and a half ago the world's diamond field was Indian, and for nearly a century India held this position. Then the discovery of diamond mines in Brazil brought South American diamonds into the market and in 1868, more than twenty-five years ago, the South African or Cape diamond fields were discovered and have been worked with great profit ever since and the Brazilian fields have been practically abandoned. The South African diamond region covers 15,000 square miles, and one field—the Kimberley, covering nine acres—has produced more than \$100,000,000 worth of diamonds since 1871. The present annual export of diamonds from the South African diamond fields averages 1,500 pounds, to a value, as we have stated, \$18,000,000. Two thousand white and 20,000 native miners are employed there. For some reason which is not very plain, although the products of diamond mines have been for many years in territories owned and controlled either by England, Spain, or Portugal, the business or diamond cutting has centred in and about the Netherlands, and particularly Belgium. The first guild of diamond cutters was established in the town of Bruges, in that country, more than ten hundred years ago, and since that time the business has been a very profitable one both in Antwerp and Amsterdam, though the United States is becoming it it has not already become, a rival in this field.

THE ALMOST PROPOSED. Anyway she got a Husband by Calling Back her Departing Lover. A young married woman, the wife of a Western Congressman, was one of the party in Washington the other evening talking about leap year. "I proposed to my husband," said she, "and it wasn't leap year and I'm not a new woman." Every one was anxious to hear how she happened to do it, for she is a lovely woman of the womanly type, and the last one in the world to ever ask a man to marry her. Then, too, she was a belle, and had hosts of admirers, many of whom would have been glad to have won her.

"Why, I don't know how it happened. You see, Jack had been attentive to me for years, and every little while would tell me how much he loved me, and ask me if I could care for him. I put him off, and then after two or three years he began to neglect telling me of his love. In the mean while I learned to love him, and tried in every way to make him speak, but when he called he never wanted to see me alone, and always tried to have some of the family about. When we were alone he was moody and silent, and no amount of sweetness on my part would bring him to another avowal. At last he called and said that there was no use of his staying out West. There were no ties to hold him, and no one for whom he especially cared. I used my best endeavors to dissuade him, and hinted in every way possible that he might expect a favorable answer if he would ask me to marry him. Jack said good night to the people, and I went to the door with him. We stood at the entrance some time, and I tried so hard to bring him out, but no use. He spoke of no one caring for him and all that sort of thing. Finally, we shook hands and he left. I saw him walk down the yard, and as he reached the gate I called to him to come back. I had seen him leave me forever in that minute, and could not stand it. When he came up the steps I said: 'Jack, I care for you a great deal.' The rest followed, and we were married in the spring."—Chicago Chronicle.

Tea in North Carolina. C. E. Davis has just returned from a timber inspecting trip in North Carolina. While in the mountains of Swain County he says that a peculiar kind of drink was served by his host and he asked: "What is this drink made of?" "Wilder leaves." "Do you drink it all the time?" "Mostly, 'ceptin' sassafras season. I reckon you'd drink tea."

"Yes, and coffee," said Davis. "I don't keer for tea, but I know it's kin' o' fashionable," continued the mountaineer. "We tried some o'ct. A peddler sol' it to us. We cooked a mass of it, an' the soup war too bitter, while I'd rather hev danderline than the greens part. Sassafras kin' o' liked it with molasses poured in, so I planted the rest in the garden, but it wouldn't grow, so we didn't buy no mo' of the stuff."—Washington Star.

Insult Added to Injury. "By gad," said the Colonel, "if ever I find who did it I'll shoot him like a dog. Like a worthless dog." "Shoot whom?" asked the mild Northern man. "The fellow, sah, who stole the jug of whisky out of my wagon, sah." "Would you imbrue your hands in the blood of a fellow being for a mere jug of whisky? The loss could not have been more than six or seven dollars." "By gad, the thief was not content with purloining my whisky, but he put the jug back in the wagon filled with water, sah, and I took a sniftar, sah, just before I put up my team, and neah choked."—Indianapolis Journal.

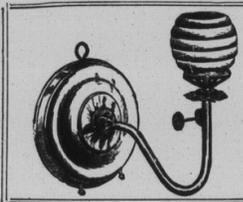
Figured It Out. (George)—Mabel, my own dear love, I beg of you, name the day. Mabel—But, George, dear, remember you have only \$10 a week. George (aware of her mathematical deficiencies)—Ten dollars a week, forsooth! I have not told you, darling—I have kept it as a little surprise for you—but I now get \$1,040 in two years. Mabel—(falling into his arms)—Oh! George, how happy we shall be!—Washington Times.

DOBORSTOR. (Progress is for sale in Doborstor by G. M. Fairweather.) Jan 23—The young gentlemen of this place gave a very enjoyable dance in Hickman's hall on Friday evening at which some twenty couples were present. The party was chaperoned by Mrs. (Judge) Hanington and Mrs. Hiram Palmer. On Thursday evening Hon. A. D. and Madame Richard entertained the members of the C. M. B. A. and their wives to a progressive whist party. There were nine tables, Mrs. P. Connell and Mr. H. J. McGrath carried off the prizes, while the consolation prizes fell to Mr. Coburn and Mr. Connell. After lunch a few dances were indulged in and all went home hoping that this was but the beginning of a social time among the members. Miss Sherry of Memmook returned home on Friday, after spending a few days with her friend, Mrs. A. D. Richard. Mr. and Mrs. P. Gallagher, Moncton, were the guests of Mrs. H. J. McGrath on Tuesday. Miss B. Hanington and Miss C. Chandler have returned to Edgely to resume their studies. Miss Maher leaves this week for Campbellton to visit her sister. She expects to be absent two weeks. Mrs. Hazen Chapman is confined to the house by a very bad cold. Mr. Roy McGrath, who has been absent in Feltville for the last two weeks, returned home Saturday. He leaves this week to resume his studies at St. Joseph's college. Mr. J. B. McGrath left on Tuesday for Montreal. He will visit New York and Boston before returning. Hon. A. D. Richard has been confined to the house for several days with a heavy cold. Madame Pointier, wife of Senator Pointier, Sheldice is visiting her friend Mrs. (Judge) Landry. His Honor Judge Landry is holding court in Albert. Mrs. A. W. Chapman is holding a progressive whist party tonight. Messrs W. and B. Douglas of Amherst, also Mr. Arthur Wallace of Sackville were in town Friday last to attend the dance in Hickman's hall. ALICE BETTODDIAO. Jan. 21—Miss Belle Stockton of St. John arrived on Monday for a short visit with Mrs. M. B. Keith's, she leaves tomorrow for Sheldice. Miss Fogarty of St. John, is visiting Miss Trites at Fairview. Mr. Geo. Seely was pleasantly surprised, one evening last week by a number of her young friends. To be at the "Dinner" is to have a delightful time and the particular occasion was no exception to this rule. I hear that the young folks enjoyed in that very interesting and old-fashioned pastime of redeeming forfeits. Mr. Otto B. Price has returned to Baltimore, where he attends medical college. Miss Mary Emmerson has gone to Fredericton to spend the winter. Miss Margaret Blakeney went to Havlock today to visit her friend Miss Annie Keith. Mrs. M. A. Fries visited relatives in Sussex and Penobscot last week. Mrs. Logan who has been visiting Mrs. King was called to her home in Stanley by the sad illness of her mother. Mrs. J. F. Lawrence is visiting relatives in Campbellton. Miss Marven has gone to Point de Bute to visit relatives. ROXBURGO. (Progress is for sale in Roxburgo by Theodore P. Graham.) Jan 23—Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Thompson entertained a small number of their friends at tea last Thursday evening. A most pleasant time was enjoyed at this hospitable home. Those present were Rev. J. S. and Mrs. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Beers, Jr. and Mrs. E. Price. Mr. J. D. Phinney of Fredericton arrived here on Monday and is the guest of his mother Mrs. J. Phinney. Miss Sarah White of Kingston is spending a few days in town the guest of her cousin Miss Jessie White. The R. A. D. Club intend giving a performance in the near future for which they are now preparing. A large driving party is in prospect for Friday night of this week, on their return they will be entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm McKinnon. Miss Sarah of Sheldice is visiting her aunt Mrs. M. McKinnon. Mrs. Harry Hutchinson of Buctouche spent last week in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. Stevenson. Mr. Archie Irving of Buctouche was in town part of last week. AUBURN. FARRBORO. (Progress is for sale at Farrboro Book Store.) Jan. 15—The skating rink was opened for the season last evening with a very large number of skaters. The band was in attendance and the ice in fine condition. Mr. and Mrs. Will Gavin arrived home on Thursday from their wedding trip. Mrs. Gavin is returning during the first part of this week assisted by Mrs. C. R. Smith; another bride Mrs. Charles Gibson is also receiving this week. Miss Alice Gillespie lately went to Halifax to attend Mt. St. Vincent school. Mr. Cox who has been here during the holidays, returned to King's college on Monday. Mrs. T. Sullivan gave a large and very enjoyable dance on Wednesday evening. Mrs. James Brown of Amherst with too of her children is visiting her mother. Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick of St. John are visiting Mrs. Stephens. Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Smith of Amherst came down yesterday and are staying at Evansville hotel.



Perhaps you are one of the few that has not yet tried Welcome Soap—if it do not delay longer. One trial will make you an enthusiastic permanent patron. The best soap in the world for Laundry and Domestic use. Don't let your grocer put you off with something just as good. There is no soap equal to Welcome. Save your wrappers and send for our premium list. WELCOME SOAP CO., St. John.

IT IS A LITTLE JEWEL.



Little Jewel

NIGHT LAMP.

The only Perfect Lamp for Halls, Basements, Bedrooms, etc. Burns ordinary Kerosene Oil without odor or smoke. One filling of oil will burn for 48 hours. For Sale only by

SHERATON & WHITTAKER.

38 King Street.

Advertisement for Massey's Magazine. Text: 'EVERYBODY WILL READ Massey's Magazine'. Includes details about the January number and subscription rates.

Advertisement for Sea Foam Soap. Text: 'A Pure White Soap. Made from vegetable oils. It possesses all the qualities of the finest white Castile Soap.' Includes the brand name 'Sea Foam' in large letters.

Advertisement for Cravenette waterproof cloth. Text: 'The Ladies, true daughters of Eve as they are, must have style with the comfort and that is one great reason the most useful costumes, wraps and cloaks. And it is something to have a porous waterproof, for most of the so called waterproofs are damp and clammy. Cravenette can be obtained in six shades—Navy, Myrtle, Brown, Grey, Castor and Black. Cravenette is the costume par excellence for street or country.'

Social and Personal.

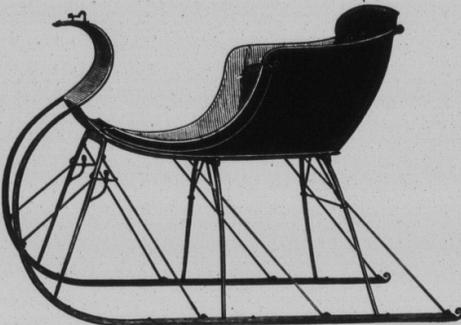
Hokey forms the principal amusement for society ladies just at present and that they thoroughly enjoy the game cannot be doubted for a moment by any one who has watched them play; it is a morning recreation however, and the evenings lately have been devoted to social duties and pleasures. On Monday evening the barjo harmonie club met with Mrs. F. Herbert J. Ruel; the members of the club are now practicing Cupids Ream, a very pretty overture. On Tuesday there was a small dinner party at Caverhill Hall, at which the table decorations are mentioned as particularly pretty; the color was yellow. The centre piece was an elaborate and very artistic arrangement of yellow chifon and a bowl of lovely yellow flowers; after dinner there was music, the guests were Miss Thomson, Miss Blair, Miss Farlow, Miss Kathleen Perleong, Mr. Usher, Mr. Adams, Mr. Jones, Mr. George Jones, Mr. S. Jones. Mrs. (Dr.) McInerney gave a very pleasant little evening this week to a few friends for whose amusement drive was provided, and later in the evening a delicious supper including salads, oysters, cream etc., was served; Miss Louise Travers helped her sister Mrs. McInerney look after her guests, who spent a very enjoyable evening. The party was for the entertainment of Miss Louise of Boston. A large table was provided to take the guests to and from Mrs. McInerney's residence; those present were Count and Comtesse de Bury, Mr. and Mrs. Boyle Travers, Mrs. D. P. Chisholm, Miss Grace Skinner, Miss Loring, Miss Alice Tuck, Mrs. Mello Vroom, Miss Ethel Parks, Miss Lou Parks, Miss Grace McMillan, Miss Minnie Millet, Miss Travers, Misses Louise and Frances Travers, Mr. Bert Gordon, Mr. Gerard, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Grant, Mr. D. R. Jack, Dr. Addy, Mr. Ned Parks, Mr. Sherwood Skinner, R. J. Ritchie, Mr. Bruce Stewart, Mr. Charles de Bury, Dr. Jack Travers, Dr. Harry Travers. A tea was given by Miss Alice Tuck on Wednesday afternoon, at which the guests of honor were Miss Kate Caverhill-Jones and Mr. Andrew Usher; a distinctive feature of this tea was the presence of a number of gentlemen, who made themselves very useful in the way of assisting with the refreshments; the day was one of the finest of this week so that most of the guests invited made a point of being present; Mrs. Kellie-Jones and Mrs. Mowatt dispensed tea and chocolate; the rooms were very bright and homelike, the ladies were looking particularly attractive, and in fact everything combined to make the tea one of the most enjoyable that has been given for a long time. Among the large number present the following were noticed, Mrs. E. H. Furlong, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Charles Coster, Mrs. George McLeod, Mrs. Kellie Jones, Misses Caverhill-Jones, Miss Crook shank, Miss Hannington, Miss Warner, Miss Travers, Miss McLaughlin, Miss Helen Sealey, Miss Louise Skinner, Miss Grace Skinner, Miss Annie Vasey, Miss Loring, Miss Gertrude Allison, Miss George Seammell, Mr. George Jones, Mr. Timmerman, Mr. S. Skinner, Mr. Bob Hannington, Mr. L. P. D. Tilley, Dr. T. D. Walker, Mr. Harry Paddington, Mr. Gerard Ruel, Mr. Jack Purdy, Mr. R. Crook shank, Mr. Coster and a large number of others. Miss Bessie Fogarty, who has been spending some time with her friend Miss Trite of Petticoat, went to Moncton Thursday for a visit to friends. Judge Vanwart of Fredericton, was in the city on a short time this week. A skating party was given by Mr. George Jones at the Slinger Club on Thursday evening, to about twenty-five ladies and gentlemen, after which an elaborate supper was served at the Dufferin hotel; the table looked extremely pretty and the supper was served in the daintiest possible manner; the list of guests included the same persons who were present at the skating party given last week. A dinner was given by Mr. R. K. Campbell last night at the Dufferin by a number of his friends. Mr. Campbell leaves shortly for Washington to accept a position in the immigration bureau, and will carry with him the best wishes for his future success from a number of friends. The concert in Centenary church on Thursday evening was very largely attended and the various numbers were rendered in an excellent manner. Miss McKean of Waterloo street gave a very enjoyable dance this week to a large number of her friends. An excellent supper was served, and the affair was a most successful social event. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Allison, Miss Allison and Master Willie left yesterday to attend the winter carnival at Quebec. Mr. Sumner Jones, Misses Jones, Miss Burton, Mrs. George McLeod, Mr. Usher, and the Messrs Jones, leave today for a visit to Quebec. Professor C. G. D. Roberts paid a short visit to the city this week. Mr. and Mrs. Charl. O. Rysolds of New York are in the city this week. Mrs. Charles Bostwick went to Woodstock on Thursday to attend the funeral of Mr. John C. Winslow. Lieut. governor and Mrs. Fraser gave a dinner at government house this week in honor of Mrs. Moritz Hays and Miss Hays who are visiting Fredericton. Miss Sadler who is also in Fredericton was a guest at a brilliant ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Gregory last week. Miss Sadler wore a pretty gown of canary silk with chiffon, roses and violets; at the same ball Miss Hazen of this city wore black satin, pink silk, with sable trimmings, while Miss Cushing who is visiting Miss George, was daintily attired in white muslin, with flowers. Miss Ethel Hatt has returned home after a pleasant visit to friends here. Mr. J. Fraser Gregory has been visiting Fredericton lately. Dr. and Mrs. McIntosh have been visiting Marysville; they spent Sunday in Fredericton with Mrs. H. H. Pitt. Miss Nan Beaton of Sherbrooke, P. Q., is expected here shortly or a three weeks visit. Miss Bessie Sadler is visiting the Misses Gregory at Eureka, Fredericton. Mrs. McIntosh is entertaining her sister Miss Madge McClelland this week. Miss McLachlin is in Fredericton visiting her sister Mrs. Lee Babbitt. Miss Nellie Peters of Halifax is spending a few days with city friends. Miss Hannah Crookshank of Fredericton arrived this week for a visit to St. John friends. At Esmouth street, Wednesday afternoon in the presence of a very large number of people, Mr. Douglas C. Stevens and Miss Jennie Raymond daughter of the late Mr. Jas. T. Raymond were united in matrimony by Rev. Mr. Shenton. The bride was unattended and was given away by her uncle Mr. W. E. Raymond; she wore a handsome travelling costume of blue cloth with hat to match; after the ceremony a luncheon was served at the residence of the bride's mother on Union street and Mr. and Mrs. Stevens left shortly after for a brief wedding trip through New Brunswick. The bride received many elegant remembrances from her friends, the grooms gift being a gold watch and chain. Mrs. D. B. White of Shediac arrived here this week to spend several weeks with friends at Cravenette, which, while perfectly waterproof and dust proof, makes up in the most useful costumes, wraps and cloaks. And it is something to have a porous waterproof, for most of the so called waterproofs are damp and clammy. Cravenette can be obtained in six shades—Navy, Myrtle, Brown, Grey, Castor and Black. Cravenette is the costume par excellence for street or country. Umbrellas, Made, Re-covered, Repaired by Duval, 17 Waterloo St. Windsor Salt for Table and Dairy Purport and Best.

Granby's Rubbers

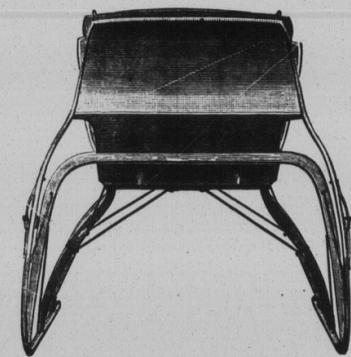
Are out again this season in new styles and in all the new shoe shapes, right up to date, but with all the same old "wear like iron" quality that has always characterized them because they are honestly made of pure Rubber. Be sure you get Granbys this year.

Trotting Sleighs.

We have the handsomest turnouts, from the family Gladstone to the lightest Trotting Sleighs that are made in the Maritime Provinces.



A Light Trotting Sleigh.



FRONT VIEW OF OUR LIGHT TROTTING SLEIGH.

Send to us for prices and terms for this or any kind of sleigh that you want for business or pleasure

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton, N. B.

Bisquit Dubouche & Co. COGNAC.

Have a world wide reputation

Age and Quality of their Brandies unsurpassed.

Ask your Wine Merchant for them.

Advertisement for Brainerd & Armstrong's Patent Skein Silk Holder. Text: 'Brainerd & Armstrong's PATENT SKEIN SILK HOLDER. INVALUABLE TO USERS OF FILO AND FLOSS SILKS FOR WASH SILKS. Latest Designs. In Stamped Linen Squares for Doilies and Center Pieces with directions how to work them and colors to be used. Ask for the B. & A. Patterns.'





WARRNER'S SAFE CURE CO. The Old Reliable. Disease is an effect, not a cause. Its origin is within; its manifestations...

95 Per Cent. of all diseases arise from deranged kidneys and liver...

WARRNER'S SAFE CURE CO. London, Rochester, Frankfort, Toronto, Paris.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Programme for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Trainor...

JAN. 22.—Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Young on Thursday evening last entertained at their elegant home...

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Young of Farrarboro N. S. Duplicate what was the amusement provided...

Mr. and Mrs. Young are most kind and genial in their home, and know well how to make their guests feel at home...

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Mr. Charles Kemp of Eastport spent a few days in Calais recently.

Miss Elizabeth Todd and Miss Amy Gould have returned from Eastport, where they enjoyed a pleasant visit with Mrs. Frank S. Paine.

Mr. F. A. Stoddard has returned from Boston. Mr. Gorham K. King was in town this week, and on Friday for Boston.

Hon. George F. Hill has returned from an extended and pleasant visit in Boston and vicinity.

SHEDDIAK.

[Programme for sale in Shediac by Fred Ingles.

JAN. 21.—Mrs. Sarah Barnes and her granddaughter Miss Sadie Arard, have returned from a visit to Bristol.

Mrs. D. R. White has been visiting St. John friends.

Mrs. Florence White left yesterday for St. John where she will remain for some weeks.

Miss Laura Deacon, who has been visiting friends in Moncton for a fortnight, came home today.

Mr. Woodford Arard, Mr. James Webster, Mr. O. McManon, and Mr. James Weidon, were in Moncton last week.

Mr. Stewart White has left for St. John, where he will be a student at the business college.

Mr. and Mrs. James Wilbur have driven to Bouchette to pay a short visit to friends, and were accompanied by Miss Ingle.

Miss Jones of Newcastle is the guest of Mrs. W. A. Russell.

Mr. R. J. Sweeney with his family, has left for New York State where he will in future reside.

Before leaving Mr. Sweeney was tendered a complimentary supper at the Terrace hotel.

On Friday evening, at her pretty home on Main street, Mrs. H. H. Schaefer entertained a number of the young friends of her eldest son, Mr. Percy Schaefer.

Mrs. Schaefer, who is always an ideal hostess, was ably assisted in entertaining by Mrs. Weidon and Miss F. White.

The sweet strains of Mr. Schaefer's violin, with piano accompaniment, made dancing irresistible, and it was vigorously indulged in until the "wee wee" hours.

During the evening delicious refreshments were served. Among those present were—Miss Minnie Lewis, Miss Wanda Campbell, Miss Beatrice Harper, and Misses Lulu and Mary Weidon, Messrs R. Murray, W. McFadden, B. Harper, S. and D. White.

A number of our young folk took advantage of the good sleighing and moonlight last Thursday evening and formed a most enjoyable sleighing party.

The volume of sound from the horns with the accompanying vocal strains would have done credit to any party of unlimited size, which the party drove all over town and then repaired to the home of Mrs. D. B. White where light refreshments were partaken of, and a most enjoyable evening was brought to a close with a little dance.

The sad intelligence of Mr. Will Moore's death brought forth universal regret. Mr. Moore, who died at his home in Moncton on the 15th inst. formerly resided here and was a great favorite with both young and old.

Such sympathy is expressed for the members of the family who are so well and favorably known in this vicinity.

WOODSTOCK.

[Programme for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. L. S. Co.

JAN. 21.—Miss Lou Smith left for Friday for Newport, R. I., where she intends entering a training hospital for nurses.

Mr. Walter S. Fisher and daughter Lillian accompanied by her sister Miss Sarah returned to Fredericton on Saturday.

Mrs. Wendell Jones entertained a number of lady friends very pleasantly at a tea party on Thursday afternoon.

Invitations are issued by the I. O. O. F. for a ball to be given in Graham's opera house on Tuesday the 28th.

A good move was taken in the appointment of a benevolent committee in connection with the women's aid of St. Luke's church. The girls' branch also had a meeting at the rectory on Monday to organize with the parsonage and handle the intention of raising funds to buy a new organ.

In this undertaking they will doubtless have the co-operation of the whole congregation.

Mr. Charles Appleby of the "Dispatch" spent part of last week in Fredericton.

Mr. C. L. S. Raymond went to St. John Monday as delegate to the C. of E. synod.

Rev. Ernest Simpson of Temperance Vale went to St. John Tuesday to attend the C. of E. synod.

Very deep regret is felt for the death of Mrs. Eno. Uphan which occurred on Monday night. The funeral services at the house were conducted by Rev. C. T. Phillips, and at the grave by Archdeacon Nesley. Many beautiful floral tributes testified to the esteem in which she was held. She leaves a sorrowing husband and infant daughter to mourn their loss.

Mr. John C. Winslow died on Wednesday morning on Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Much sympathy is felt for Mr. Winslow's family in their bereavement.

HARCOUR.

JAN. 21.—Mr. John Wathen returned last week from a visit to his sister, Mrs. Williamson at Greenwood, Kings County.

Mr. J. D. Phinney spent Sunday in Harcourt, and went to Richibucto yesterday.

Mr. David D. Johnson went to Kingston today on a business trip.

Miss Ella Wellwood has gone to Kent Junction to take charge of the school there.

Councillors Atkinson and Wathen returned on Saturday from attending the municipal council.

Mr. E. English Brayley of Montreal spent Sunday in Harcourt, and went north yesterday.

Mr. James Brown is attending the county court at Richibucto.

Mr. Lambert Flitt is receiving congratulations; a son.

Mr. James E. Buckley went to Derby Junction yesterday.

Mr. E. H. Powell is in town today.

Miss Lucy Christal left on Saturday morning for Coakville, Westmorland County, to resume her duties as teacher.

There was a pleasant gathering at Mr. James Christal's on Thursday evening, the occasion being a farewell party to Miss Christal.

GLACE BAY.

JAN. 20.—Mrs. Arthur MacKenzie entertained some of her lady friends to five o'clock tea last Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. MacKenzie performed the duties of hostess in a charming manner, and was assisted by her sister Mrs. D. F. McDonald, of Sydney, and Miss May Blakmore.

Among those present were, Mrs. James Purves of Bridgeport, Mrs. D. MacKenzie, Mrs. M. MacKenzie, Mrs. E. A. Nicholson, Mrs. H. Ripley, Mrs. J. A. MacNeil, Mrs. Geo. Jean, Miss Lena Jean, Mrs. A. Macquarrie, Miss Macquarrie, Misses Macdonald, Miss Purves of North Sydney, Mrs. J. A. Forbes, Mrs. J. G. S. Hudson, and Mrs. Bovey.

The same evening Dr. and Mrs. Arthur MacKenzie gave the first sleighing party of the season, and it was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Among those invited were, Mrs. D. J. McDonald, Mrs. E. A. Nicholson, Miss Lina Jean, Miss Purves, North Sydney, Mrs. Macdonald, Miss Cassie Macdonald, Miss May Blakmore, Miss Katie Blakmore, Miss Abbie Macquarrie, Miss Muriel Blakmore, Mrs. Hudson, Mrs. D. MacKenzie, Messrs. A. D. MacRae, J. D. Leavitt, F. Donkie, P. Blakmore, J. G. S. Hudson, Bithley Blakmore, Ed. Power, B. Macquarrie, and D. J. McDonald.

After the return from the drive, a delicious supper was served; music and dancing were indulged in until about 12 p. m. when the good nights were said and all agreed that they had spent a delightful evening.

Mrs. and Mrs. Purves spent Saturday here, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Bovey.

Dr. and Mrs. Fraser of Port Morice were here on Thursday last.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Beattie arrived here from Fricton last week. Mr. Beattie will undertake the duties of pastor in the baptist church.

MONCTON.

[Programme for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore, at the Central Bookstore and by Jones Bookstore.

JAN. 22.—Mrs. C. A. Murray gave a young people's dance last Friday at her home on Main street. The guests numbered about 25, and the evening was very thoroughly enjoyed.

I am glad to say that Mr. Walter Field who has been so seriously ill with pneumonia, is improving slowly and good hopes are now entertained for his recovery.

Mr. Charles Robertson of St. John, spent last Sunday in town the guest of his mother Mrs. William Robertson of Broadman street.

I regret to say that the illness of Mrs. W. D. Faulke, to which I referred last week terminated fatally on Wednesday evening. Mrs. Faulke had a very severe attack of grippe last winter, from which she was recovering slowly, when a sudden cold ended a life which was useful and beautiful far beyond the allotted three score and ten and was universally beloved not only by her large circle of relatives and friends but by all those who were brought into contact with her meek and gentle nature.

Mrs. Faulke was a sister of Mrs. H. W. Thorne of St. John, formerly of Brooklyn New York, and Miss Hanager of Moncton, all of whom survive her. Her three children Mrs. Thomas Robb, Mrs. Alexander McBean and Captain H. J. Wood, are all residents of Moncton. The funeral took place on Saturday morning from the residence of Mrs. Thorne at Robb, where Mrs. Faulke had made her home for many years past, and was very largely attended. The services both at the house and at the grave were conducted by Rev. W. W. Wood. The pall bearers were Messrs. W. D. Knight, J. E. Masters, W. E. Kinsey, A. G. Givran, A. E. Chapman and Dr. Bradley. Mrs. Faulke was born in St. John in June 1807, and was a daughter of the late Henry Hanager of the Royal Engineers, but had made her home in Moncton for the past 40 years.

Mr. E. A. Taylor of the bank of Montreal head office, is spending a pleasant vacation in town the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Taylor of Main street.

Mr. Stephen Thorne of St. John was in town on Saturday attending the funeral of his aunt Mrs. Faulke.

I believe Rev. W. B. Reason of Moncton has at last decided to return to his former charge in Moncton, and will enter upon his duties next month preaching his first sermon in the first baptist church on Sunday February 2d.

The many friends of Mr. Arthur Boyd of the bank of Montreal, St. John, formerly of the bank of Moncton, are glad to see him in town again. Mr. Boyd is taking the place of Mr. Will Bruce, who was injured while playing hockey, a short time ago.

Mrs. W. Thorne of St. John is visiting her daughter Mrs. J. H. Marice, of Gloucester street. Miss Fowler of Hantsport is spending a few days in town the guest of her friend Miss Taylor of Main street.

Mrs. C. A. Palmer left town last Friday for Sussex called by Mrs. W. E. Kinsey, A. G. Givran, A. E. Chapman and Dr. Bradley. Mrs. Faulke was born in St. John in June 1807, and was a daughter of the late Henry Hanager of the Royal Engineers, but had made her home in Moncton for the past 40 years.

Mr. F. W. B. Moore of the Amherst branch of the bank of Montreal, spent Sunday in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. V. Y. Cooke of Steamship street.

Mrs. Flitt of Halifax formerly Miss Mabel Hill son of this city is spending a few days in town the guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. N. Hillson.

Mr. C. J. G. Givran of Hillson street, travelled last week via New York to Moncton on the well known steamer, paid a short visit to Moncton on Monday.

Miss Bartlett daughter of Mr. W. H. Bartlett of A. A. street, and Miss Northrup daughter of Mr. C. E. Northrup of St. George street, travelled last week via New York to Moncton on the well known steamer, paid a short visit to Moncton on Monday.

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THINGS OF VALUE.

Mr. Hunt of Merrimac, N. H., remarked her 100th birthday a few days ago.

Ayer's Hair Vizer is certainly a celebrated preparation and nothing like it has ever been produced. No matter how wiry and unmanageable the hair may be, under the influence of this innocuous dressing, it becomes soft, silky, and pliable to the comb and brush.

Much of that part of the sunny South comprised in the limits of Virginia was out of sight under the snowdrifts last week. William Blackman, the oldest resident of Sonoma county, Cal., died at Healdsburg last week, shortly after passing his hundredth birthday.

Read Ayer's Almanac, which your druggist will gladly hand you, and note the wonderful cures of rheumatism, catarrh, scrofula, dyspepsia, eczema, debility, humors, and sores, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the only Sarsaparilla, admitted to the World's Fair.

Eighteen big bears were killed recently during one hunt by a party sported on the Union River near Michigamew.

The best way to avoid scalp diseases, hair falling out and premature baldness, is to use the best preparation known for that purpose—Hill's Hair Restorer.

Van Buren county, Mich., made a record last year of one divorce to every seven marriages. There were thirty-six divorces in the country during the year.

No one need fear cholera or any summer complaint if they have a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Sarsaparilla ready to hand. It corrects all impurities of the blood, purifies the system, and causes a healthy and natural action. This is a medicine which has been used for centuries, and is rapidly becoming the most popular medicine for cholera, dysentery, etc., in the market.

Six head of fat-cased, entirely sound horses were sold in the town of Lakeside, Ont., recently for an average of \$60.50 each. One of the horses brought only \$1.60.

There are a number of varieties of corn. Hollow Corn Care will remove any of them. Call on your druggist and get a bottle at once.

A dog owned by a man in Addison, Mich., walked back home a distance of forty miles recently. Its owner gave it away, but the dog didn't like its new home, and quietly trotted back to its old kennel.

Pleasant as syrup nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother's Friend's Worm Expeller.

Heavy falls of snow occurred in Washington and British Columbia during the first week of this year. In the region about Kaslo, B. C., seven feet of snow fell in ten days, blocking the railroad and causing the loss of several lives in snowdrifts.

Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most distressing disease, Dyspepsia, and at times was worn out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying of Parnell's Vegetable Pills, I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me. I would not be without them for any money."

The championly chip who has broken loose in Lexington, Ky. in a recent match ate 64 bananas against his opponent's 41. At last accounts both contestants were out of bed and getting round again.

The Best Pills.—Mr. Wm. Vandervoort, Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes: "I have been using Parnell's Pills, and find them by far the best Pills ever used for Dyspepsia, and at times was worn out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying of Parnell's Vegetable Pills, I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me. I would not be without them for any money."

Word was just received in Fall River, Mass., that a bicyclist who started from that place on Sept. 17 last to ride to San Francisco, and who had arrived at Golden Gate last week, after covering 10,000 miles, had been killed by a horse on the coast by the Southern route.

The Coughing and wheezing of persons troubled with bronchitis or the Asthma is excessively harassing to themselves, and to others. Dr. Thomas' Eucalypti Extract obtains all this entirely. It is a healthy and a healthy remedy for lameness, sores, dizziness, piles, kidney and spinal troubles.

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA. 100 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM. "Strongest and Best."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. E., Editor of "Health."

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1896.

MAKING IT REALISTIC

NETHERSOLE'S DEFENSE OF HER STYLE IN "CARMEN."

She Declares that when She is Playing the Part of a Degraded Woman She Should Be True to Life—Other Opinions on the Matter.

New York, Jan. 22.—"Hasn't that subject been pretty thoroughly threshed?" smiled Olga Nethersole, as I asked her to give me her views on her own performance of "Carmen" at the Savoy Hotel. "I have been interested so often on this subject since I produced 'Carmen' at the Empire three weeks ago, that really I don't know exactly what to say, unless I repeat what I have said already. I see no reason why such a lullaballoo should have been raised about 'Carmen' by the very people who have so highly praised my Camille. Now look here," continued Miss Nethersole, crossing her arms in a decided sort of way, and smiling at me across the teacups. "Now that I have begun to talk on this subject, I find that I have a great deal to say, after all. Be careful, or I shall unburden myself, and then I shall keep you busy listening until it is time to go to the theatre."

"For years and years it had been my dream to play 'Carmen.' I have been on the stage now a little less than seven years. I made a debut as a stage adventuress, and in two years time I had become so thoroughly identified with wicked parts that nothing short of a starring tour in Australia could have induced me to give up the error of my way. It was during that Australian tour when I began to play 'Camille' that I made up my mind that one of these fine days I would play 'Carmen,' as it had never been played before. I had never seen Mme. Calve in the role, but all the operatic 'Carmens' I had seen impressed me as being so pinchingly, if you catch my idea. I mean that it seemed to me that they were unreal, impassive. None of them gave you any definite idea of the intensity of this woman. Prosper Merimee's Carmen is not immoral. She is worse; she is unmaral. And you know that does not mean at all the same thing. She was essentially an animal; an animal with human moments; hardhearted, if you like, but not absolutely heartless in a literal sense, for there are two or three scenes in the story where you will remember Carmen shows some feelings. Well, as I was telling you this character absorbed me. Night after night I used to lie awake trying to evolve a play out of Merimee's story. But I'm afraid I shall never be a playwright," laughed Miss Nethersole. "Even my enemies have to admit that I am a good stage manager, but I know my limitations as well as any one, and therefore I shall never try to write a play. Finally, however, I met Henry Hamilton. We had many long talks about 'Carmen,' and at last one day he set to work on the play. After it was finished I secured my costumes, and then, added the actress, with a sigh, 'both the gowns and the play lay fallen for a long, long time. When Mr. Daly engaged me for my first American tour it was understood that 'Carmen' should be produced that season. However, now I am very glad it wasn't. I wanted to wait until it could be produced in a proper manner, and I have had my wish, you see. My managers, the Messrs. Frohman, spared no expense to make it a success."

"And now I will tell you the oddest thing of all about this play. The night of its production I was wrought up to such a high pitch that I had no idea how the play had affected the audience. Of course, I knew by the many curtain calls which I received that the play was a success, but it was not until I took up the newspapers the next morning that I learned how I had 'shocked' my audience. After the curtain went down two women came behind the scenes to congratulate me. They told me that they considered it the finest thing I had ever done. These women, mind you, were not regular theatregoers, and I knew that they honestly meant what they said. But the next day after I read of the erotic exhibition I was declared to have made of myself I thought: 'This is curious, why were not my two friends shocked?' Later in the day, when I saw them again, I asked them pointblank why they had not told me that I had shocked them the night before. Both of them declared that they had not seen anything to be shocked at. And this is a curious feature of this whole discussion. I have had nearly a hundred letters from women about my performance of this part, and not one—not a single one—of my correspondents have expressed themselves as being shocked by my performance. It is the men, and the men only, who have declared it to be erotic."

"Admitting that their accusation is a just one—and I am only doing so for the sake of argument—I can only say I am playing Carmen, not Olga Nethersole, and I am trying to give as lifelike an impersonation as I can. "But don't let us talk about Carmen any more," laughed Miss Nethersole, her whole face lighting up with one of her wonderful smiles. "I have to be Carmen tonight for three hours, you know. Let us talk about anything else you like—books, the possibility of war—anything but that one exhausting subject."

"Shall you be sorry to start on the road again?" "Yes and no. I dread the long journeys and my quarters here in the Savoy are so homelike that I shall be loath to leave them again. But for the rest of my tour I shall only appear in cities where I have been before, and therefore I am looking forward to seeing many old friends. I say 'old friends' purposely, because though we have not known each other long, wherever I have acted in America I have been welcomed so heartily that I feel as though I have been playing to American audiences for years and years. Sometimes it seems as if I had never played anywhere else. I should like dearly to have played 'Romeo and Juliet' before leaving New York, but it would have been silly to have taken off 'Carmen' when it was at the height of its success. "There's one thing about the New York public which I cannot quite understand. A great many persons who brought their friends to see me in 'Camille' would not come to see me in 'Denise.' Now, why? Surely between the two 'Denises' is the more moral play. 'Camille' is not a favorite play with me; the whole atmosphere of it is hectic, artificial. But I cannot imagine any one seeing 'Denise' without feeling the better for it. In my opinion Damas never wrote anything more noble and more pathetic. I love to play 'Denise.' "For one reason I am sorry that we are not playing 'The Transgressor' any more. One of the best actors in my company has no chance to act any more. Come here, Barry!" exclaimed Miss Nethersole, as a big collie rose from his earth rug. "In 'The Transgressor' Barry played quite an important role. Barry will be glad to get on the road again, won't you, Barry? New York doesn't agree with him a little bit. As for myself, it seems as if I were only beginning to know New York. You see, all last season and during the first three weeks of my season here this year, I was so busy rehearsing that I had no time whatever to devote to society. For the last three weeks, however, I have had a breathing spell, and really I don't think I have ever enjoyed myself so much in my life. It has been claimed by many of the critics that Miss Nethersole's performance of 'Carmen' is realism, but not art. Here are three opinions from three distinguished persons on the subject. Behind the scenes at Olympia last night I asked Yvette Guilbert what she thought of Miss Nethersole's performance. "Well," said Yvette, "perhaps I am prejudiced. You see, I had seen Mme. Calve play 'Carmen' just a few nights before. She is a great artist." "Who is a great artist—Nethersole or Calve?" "Oh, Calve," laughed Mile. Guilbert, with a nod of her head. "Miss Nethersole is a fine actress, untrained she has great moments but small quarters of an hour. She interested me, though I must admit that, and she shocked me. That is still more interesting is it not? I do not think those kisses of hers would be allowed in Paris, but then," added Yvette with a twinkle in her eye, "we Parisians are notoriously straight-laced." Later in the evening I saw Sarah Bernhardt. "I have not seen Miss Nethersole's performance," she said; "but from all I have heard of it I should think it must be very bad art. It is always such bad form to kiss on the stage. I never really do it myself. There is so much more in a suggestion than in a cold fact. I hope I shall see this young woman before I leave America, though. She certainly must have talent; art without its corsets on, I should imagine from all accounts. There must be something in her though to arouse all this talk, don't you think. I shall have to see for myself. Kyrie Bellew was the other person whom I asked for an opinion. I ran across him on the street in Philadelphia the other day, and asked him if he had seen the Nethersole's Carmen. "I am sorry to say I have not," he replied. "However, it must be an extraordinary performance. I don't believe in such excess of realism myself. One can make so much greater an impression on an audience by mere suggestion. I suppose you wouldn't believe me if I were to tell you that in all the nineteen years of my experience as a stage lover, I have never actually kissed an actress."

LESLIE WHITACKER: An "English Author" complains to the London Telegraph that publishers will not accept stories at present unless they contain "Scotch."

FANCY WORK BASKETS.

THE LATEST IDEA IN OUTFITS FOR ENGAGED GIRLS.

Baskets Which are Ornamental and Made Useful to Some Owners—They are Made to Harmonize With the Furnishings of the Boudoir and are Very Stylish.

Whether a woman sews for a living or whether she never so much as mends a rip in a glove, she is pretty sure to own a work basket. Women have a weakness for baskets. "They are so handy," say the burden-bearing women of the world, and "They are so dainty and useful," echo those whose only work is that involved in having a good time. Before a girl reaches her teens she is bound to receive a work basket either on a birthday or Christmas. It she be a child of the poor her basket is a large, strong affair, lined with cretonne or bright-colored chintz and fitted out with strong cotton thread, darning cotton and needles, a pair of steel cutting scissors, and other implements intended for use rather than adornment. Not so with my Lady Luxury's basket. It is a dainty white and gold affair, or olive and blue, to match the hangings in her boudoir, and as for its furnishings, they are all of sterling silver or silver gilded and cost a sum that would be a fortune to the owner of the simpler work basket. A veiled and a very young woman met at the novelty counter of a silversmith's recently; one will soon celebrate her golden wedding and the other expects to be married soon. "Oh, Mrs. Oldtime," exclaimed the young girl, "you've caught me, so I suppose I may just as well own up. I'm getting my work basket ready, and you know what that means."

"Indeed, I don't my dear," answered the elder woman, "unless it means that you are a sensible girl and have made up your mind to learn to make your own clothes, as I did long before I was your age." "No, indeed," was the astonished reply. "Haven't you heard? Why, I'm going to be married at Easter, and you know it is quite the fashion nowadays for a girl to get up a work basket before entering married life. Her friends, as soon as the engagement is announced, give her cash some article for her work basket, so that by the time the wedding comes off the bride generally has a fully equipped basket in which she is fortunate enough to have many friends. Several married women have confided to me that nothing makes a newly married man so angry as to ask his dear little wife to sew on a button or to tack his suspenders, and to have her reply that she has no needle and no thread sufficiently strong."

"And it's enough to make him swear," put in the older woman, vigorously. "The very idea of a woman entering the married state without plenty of needles with big eyes and coarse thread, to say nothing of a stout pair of shears. In my day such things were as much a part of the trousseau as were the white satin gown and slippers, and the wax orange blossoms. But young women aren't brought up nowadays as they were then."

"Wait till you've heard about my basket before you condemn us," said the engaged girl with a merry laugh. "I have most of the things to go in it, in fact all except the sharp things, and I've come in here to buy those myself, as it is dreadful hard to accept anything that cuts, sticks, or pricks from a friend. You know it would certainly break up a lifelong friendship between the giver and receiver. Well, first let me tell you about the basket itself. I had a hard time getting it, as there are so many beauties, ranging in price from fifteen cents up to \$8 to select from. Baskets are cheaper now than ever before, and the work baskets have been made especially pretty to the demand. Those made of rush in the natural ecru shade with the bamboo finishings stained in cherry are perhaps the strongest and are very popular, but are not nearly so dainty as the enamelled rush baskets. They come in square, diamond, heart, and octagon shapes, and the colors are pale blue, pale pink, white and gold, the loveliest shades of green, and pale yellow. Some of them are open, while others have pockets and compartments and a top. Two dollars will buy a beauty, and I had almost decided on a white and gold one when the willow baskets on stands caught my eye. Some held three baskets, and they were white with some dainty color braided in. My attention was distracted from these by the grass baskets in dainty green shades, with straw braiding, like the fancy straw hats, woven in various dainty shades. The combinations of green and lilac, olive and pale blue, and red and yellow were especially effective in the grass baskets, and just as I'd positively made up my mind to take one of these the clerk said to me: "Is this your engagement basket that you are getting?" "Yes," I answered in astonishment, and at first was inclined to resent the question as an impertinence, but when she showed me

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Best English, American and Canadian makes. English Widths—65, 72, 80, 90 and 100 inch. American Widths—72, 81 and 90 inch. Canadian Widths—84, 94 and 104. English—twilled, Widths 90 and 90 inch. Canadian, Twilled, Widths 84, 94 and 104. UNBLEACHED SHEETING. Plain and Twilled Widths—84, 94 and 104.

"Our Annual Sale of Ladies' and Children's Whitewear will commence on Saturday, January 25th."

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

The prettiest baskets I ever saw, made of celluloid and bamboo, I decided that she was a far-seeing woman. These baskets are not only durable, but also exceedingly artistic. The bamboo was enamelled white, and the celluloid in all colors. Some were plain flat baskets, some stood on legs, and others were on stands. One very pretty basket on a stand was boat-shaped, but I finally took three hearts, one above the other, on a stand. The bamboo is white and gold, and the celluloid olive green, and I shall line it with pale blue satin, carrying out the same color scheme in my room. The girl stopped to catch her breath, and her companion said with a sly smile, "As long as I've lived I never heard so much about work baskets, and I'm anxious to hear what you are going to put in yours."

"Loads of things," resumed the girl. "I first thought that I would use the gilded silver, but decided in favor of the bright, and the pattern that I've chosen is the chrysanthemum. I have three pairs of scissors, one for buttonholes, one for embroidery, and one for general cutting. All have steel points and silver handles. The two small pairs cost \$25 each, and the large ones, which have a silver sheath, \$5. Of course I bought these myself, but the girls have given me three needle cases. One has five numbered cells to hold different sized needles. There is an indicator on the top which is turned to the number desired, and a little shake brings the needle out. It is put back in the same way. The price of such a case is \$3, but a case that I like better is a small round silver box combining a thread case, holding three kinds, a needle case, and a thimble holder in the most compact way. It is so useful in travelling. I have a number of thread boxes. One holds one spool of buttonhole twist, and is a cute trifle costing only \$1.25. Another is called a spool carriage, and holds six spools of cotton or silk thread. It looks like a long, narrow silver box without a top, and it is impossible for the thread to get tangled in it; and then one is not aggravated by losing the ends. Another box with two spools with three compartments each, is intended to hold six colors of embroidery silk and a thimble. It is the shape of a hair pin box, and the chrysanthemum show especially well on the long flat top. I do not keep my thimble in this box, for, you see, several of my cases have compartments for a thimble, and so I do not use any, but have a separate thimble box, and that saves time in looking around for it. And speaking of thimbles reminds me. You know a thimble often rubs the finger, but I don't intend that mine shall. So I have a shield grooved so that the thread slips through it readily, to wear on my forefinger. It is a most useful device, and is really a necessity for a beginner, saving her many painful pricks. Of course, pins are almost as much for what woman does not pin her work to her lap, especially if she happens to be doing a piece of humming? My finchiness is one of my prettiest pieces, and the only one that hasn't the chrysanthemum design. It is small and round, having a Columbian half collar on the bottom. The top is olive green velvet, and my emery, mounted in two silver shells, is the same color. Emeries come made up in scores, gooseberries, blackberries, tomatoes, and strawberries, too, but they are not so new as the shell design. Wax for the thread is made up in the same designs, with silver caps, varying in price from 75 cents upward."

"The things used in embroidery work interest me more than anything else, because I do enjoy fancy work. Instead of the wooden embroidery ring that you used to make yourself I have one of solid silver, and it cost \$6, but, of course, the wooden frame answered every purpose. I suppose, though, it was an unsightly thing. Then there are the silk winders I have two double ones and four single, all alike; two cupid

with wings from design, and the silk is easily transferred to them from the skeins. I also have several silver boxes with compartments for silk embroidery. The things that ought to interest me most are those used in darning but they don't, though they are the prettiest of all. A silver ball holds a ball of darning cotton, the end of which is pulled through a hole just as twine is taken from a twine ball holder. This piece cost \$15.25, and is one of the handsomest and most useful and keeps the cotton handy to get at. Then come my two darning. Both have wooden tops which unscrew from the handles. The latter are kept in them. One has a pearl-and-silver handle, while the other is all silver, and they cost \$2.75 each. The glove darners are of similar pattern, except the tops are small enough to get into the finger of a glove, and with them comes every imaginable shade of silk and cotton thread. "I have three measurers, the first a tape, sixty inches in length, in a silver case, the second a solid silver folding foot rule, and last, and most useful of all, a darning measurer. The girl who gave me this said she was tempted to break over and buy me one of gilded silver, studded with stones, but I'm glad to say she stuck to the design that I settled upon. The plain ones cost \$2.25, and the folding foot rules \$3. "Today I'm going to buy several sharp things, and then I'll have everything. I want a ripper, and a sewing action to the word she had a clerk put out several before her. "Why, those look like silver pencils to me," ventured the older woman. "So they do," said the girl; "but unscrow this end and out comes a sharp blade, which rips the tightest stitching in no time; unscrow the other and you have a stiletto for piercing eyelet holes. "I'll take that," she said, turning to the clerk. "Now give me a silver crochet needle, one of those at 75 cents, a tape needle and a bodkin at 60 cents each, and set it swinging from a limb. That buck lost a horn the first time he hit it, and it wasn't long till the second went the same way. When I left it he was meeting it halfway every time it swung back at him, and I wouldn't wonder if he ain't worn down pretty close to the tail by this time."—San Francisco Post.

Prof. J. H. Canning. Young Doctor (on his honeymoon) Just observe, wisay dear, the curious tints of the sky. That cloud poised on the mountain crest over yonder is exactly the color of a diseased liver. An Awful Possibility. A Possibility More Awful Still.—Friend—It must be awful to have the newspapers keep saying such things about you. Political Candidate—Yes, but supposing they didn't say anything at all!

Some entertaining anecdotes are related in Temple Bar of Canning, the celebrated English statesman, who has again been in the public eye because of his connection with the Monroe doctrine. For example, though he knew the French language well, he persisted in pronouncing the words as if they were English; and his aversion to the letter "H" led him to spell "what," "phat," etc. He was a very gorgeous figure in his dress of blue nankon tights and waistcoat and tailcoat, with a broad plait down his cambric shirt and a fob-chain dangling from his watch pocket.

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"The things used in embroidery work interest me more than anything else, because I do enjoy fancy work. Instead of the wooden embroidery ring that you used to make yourself I have one of solid silver, and it cost \$6, but, of course, the wooden frame answered every purpose. I suppose, though, it was an unsightly thing. Then there are the silk winders I have two double ones and four single, all alike; two cupid

with wings from design, and the silk is easily transferred to them from the skeins. I also have several silver boxes with compartments for silk embroidery. The things that ought to interest me most are those used in darning but they don't, though they are the prettiest of all. A silver ball holds a ball of darning cotton, the end of which is pulled through a hole just as twine is taken from a twine ball holder. This piece cost \$15.25, and is one of the handsomest and most useful and keeps the cotton handy to get at. Then come my two darning. Both have wooden tops which unscrew from the handles. The latter are kept in them. One has a pearl-and-silver handle, while the other is all silver, and they cost \$2.75 each. The glove darners are of similar pattern, except the tops are small enough to get into the finger of a glove, and with them comes every imaginable shade of silk and cotton thread. "I have three measurers, the first a tape, sixty inches in length, in a silver case, the second a solid silver folding foot rule, and last, and most useful of all, a darning measurer. The girl who gave me this said she was tempted to break over and buy me one of gilded silver, studded with stones, but I'm glad to say she stuck to the design that I settled upon. The plain ones cost \$2.25, and the folding foot rules \$3. "Today I'm going to buy several sharp things, and then I'll have everything. I want a ripper, and a sewing action to the word she had a clerk put out several before her. "Why, those look like silver pencils to me," ventured the older woman. "So they do," said the girl; "but unscrow this end and out comes a sharp blade, which rips the tightest stitching in no time; unscrow the other and you have a stiletto for piercing eyelet holes. "I'll take that," she said, turning to the clerk. "Now give me a silver crochet needle, one of those at 75 cents, a tape needle and a bodkin at 60 cents each, and set it swinging from a limb. That buck lost a horn the first time he hit it, and it wasn't long till the second went the same way. When I left it he was meeting it halfway every time it swung back at him, and I wouldn't wonder if he ain't worn down pretty close to the tail by this time."—San Francisco Post.

Prof. J. H. Canning. Young Doctor (on his honeymoon) Just observe, wisay dear, the curious tints of the sky. That cloud poised on the mountain crest over yonder is exactly the color of a diseased liver. An Awful Possibility. A Possibility More Awful Still.—Friend—It must be awful to have the newspapers keep saying such things about you. Political Candidate—Yes, but supposing they didn't say anything at all!

Some entertaining anecdotes are related in Temple Bar of Canning, the celebrated English statesman, who has again been in the public eye because of his connection with the Monroe doctrine. For example, though he knew the French language well, he persisted in pronouncing the words as if they were English; and his aversion to the letter "H" led him to spell "what," "phat," etc. He was a very gorgeous figure in his dress of blue nankon tights and waistcoat and tailcoat, with a broad plait down his cambric shirt and a fob-chain dangling from his watch pocket.

HE GAVE IT A LESSON.

How a Philosopher Set to Work to Cure a Ram of its Bad Habits.

Jim McCue, rancher, politician, philosopher, and horse doctor, walked on the ferry-boat with a crutch the other day. He also had one arm in a sling and his head bandaged. "What's the matter, Jim?" inquired two or three acquaintances. "I'll bet any man in the crowd \$20 he can't but harder and longer than any ram or billy-goat in the state," responded Jim, somewhat irrelevantly, "but I guess I've broke him of it."

"You look as if you had been broken some yourself," suggested one. "Well, to tell the truth, I did get jumped around a little. I've been breaking a ram of the butting habit. This ram was raised a pet, and that's what makes him so easy. He knows who to tackle, too. He won't touch a man, because he knows he'd get a fence rail frazzled out of his head, but a woman he will butt clear over into the next pasture. "The other morning this ram jolted a lady friend of mine clear across the field and through a picket fence, and I thought it was about time to cure him of the habit. I put on an old calico dress, tied on an old sun-bonnet, and, concealing a sledge-hammer under my apron, sauntered down through the field. The minute the ram saw me he dropped all the business he had on hand and came over to have some fun with me. He squared off, shook his head, and made a run for me. When I stepped to one side to get a good swing at him with a sledge-hammer, the blamed old dress tripped me and I fell down. I started to get up, but the ram was behind me and I turned two somersaults before I hit the ground again. I didn't stand any chance at all. He just kept lifting me till he got me over again the fence, and then he lit into me. He jammed me down against the fence, then backed off and bit me another crack, and then another and another till I thought he'd broken every rib in my body. Finally he jimmied me clear through the bottom rail and I managed to crawl to the house. "But I got even this morning. I had the hired man to take a green oak log, dress it up in woman's clothes, and set it swinging from a limb. That buck lost a horn the first time he hit it, and it wasn't long till the second went the same way. When I left it he was meeting it halfway every time it swung back at him, and I wouldn't wonder if he ain't worn down pretty close to the tail by this time."—San Francisco Post.

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You Know Something

When one friend is praising another you will often hear them say, that what so and so does not know is not worth knowing. As regards our Laundry and Dye Works we feel sure that our patrons think we know something about our business, for when we get hold of a customer he comes to stay. As spring approaches we would solicit your esteemed favors for cleaning and dyeing.

WE PAY EXPRESSAGE ONE WAY. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS. 28-26 Waterloo St. (67) Barrington St. St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S.

REDDY WRIGHT.

"Whenever I drink gin as I am doing now," said the colonel, "I am reminded of Reddy Wright. He was the best gin drinker that ever faced the flag. I guess I never told you about the romance of Reddy Wright. "This Reddy Wright was a printer, one of the old vintage that figured up the national debt on the basis of how much booze it would buy at 10 cents a throw, and cut his hair with a knife and fork. He was an inveterate tramp. I guess he set type in his time in all the big newspaper offices in the country and about half the small ones. It used to be his proud boast that he had sped the leaden messengers of thought in every place from north to south and east to west on this continent that the foot of mortal man had trod. He used to say that he had rowed a skiff on the turbid bosom of the wild Atlantic and washed his feet in the limpid waters of the great Pacific, but this last assertion was often seriously disputed. He was of good family, had received an excellent education and was possessed of a flow of language that would put a gas well to shame. Being somewhat deaf, he became impressed early in life with the idea that everybody else had had receivers of sound, and he used to talk like a man calling for the police. Having a high pitched, peculiar sort of a voice that sounded something like a man suffering with the asthma practicing on a piccolo, he generally made his presence apparent as soon as he arrived. To hear Reddy Wright calling for a chew of tobacco in a crowded composing room about half an hour before time for closing up the forms was worth more than the price of admission. "Some time in his life Reddy's front name had been Dave, but it was shifted in the cut to Reddy, and I guess nine people out of ten that knew him had no more idea his name was Dave than anything else. I believe he forgot it himself, because one time when he went to vote and they couldn't find the name 'Reddy Wright' on the register Reddy swore with all the volubility and force imaginable that some sneaking, underhanded, contemptible plutocrat was trying to cheat him out of his franchise. The clerk didn't know him, but suggested that one David Wright was registered. "David, he—!" screamed Reddy. "He's some ringer." "No sooner had he said it than it occurred to him that his front name was Dave, as I said before. He felt so good about calling himself a ringer that he put on a sub that night and wound up in the workhouse. "Reddy had a way when he was drunk, which was always, of mixing up technical phrases, known only to printers, with the ordinary conversations of plain English speaking people, in a manner that was excruciatingly funny to those who understood it and somewhat idiotic to those who did not. I mind one night after the paper was out the gang was in a saloon drinking beer, eating lunch, freeing Ireland and criticizing the editor. Reddy had just bought a round, which was on the bar, and was proposing a toast of a snailpox character when one of the crowd, a printer, accidentally spilled his suds all over the bar. "Here," remarked Reddy, as if he were talking to a man on the ground from the roof of a high building. "That ain't right. I submit to you gentlemen here assembled that no man has a right to pi such a precious thing as beer." "If you don't shut up," replied the man who had spilled his beer, "I'll pi your face." "Reddy used to land in his home town about once a year and stay about a month. Then he would go out on the road again and nobody would ever hear a word from him until the next time he 'lit.' Only twice had Reddy ever communicated with his home. The first time he was in a little country town away out west. Winter was coming on and his wardrobe was not as extensive as it should have been in more ways than one. The editor of the little weekly he was working on was in a bad way financially, and it used to hustle him to get hold of enough money to keep Reddy in gin. Reddy knew it would do no good to write home for coin, so he cast about for an idea. He found one. He went to the telegraph office and sent a telegram to his brother, a wealthy man, informing him that David Wright, aged 35, printer, had just died, destitute, and asking what disposition to make of the remains. To this telegram he signed the name of the editor. The brother wired back to send the remains home. Dave took the editor into his confidence, and the editor wired back that fresh corpse must be prepaid, and asked for \$50. The brother wired the \$50. Dave gave the editor \$10 of it and caught the first train for Denver. When he got there, he wired his brother, collect—always collect—a message, about 70 words long, to the effect that some unprincipled scoundrel down in Nebraska was circulating a rumor to the effect that he was dead. He begged his brother not to believe any such stories, and assured him he was very much alive, which he was. "Another time, later, Reddy was broke away down in the swamps of Mississippi and wired home to the president of the local typographical union, of which he was a member, that a man carrying a card showing him to be a printer from Union 69—or whatever it was—named Reddy Wright, had been run over and killed by a train, and asking what disposition to make of the remains. He signed a fictitious name to it and awaited a reply. It came as follows: "John Jones, Natchitoches, Miss.: "Touch a match to the remains. If he's Reddy Wright, they'll burn up. "The message was signed by the president of the union. When Reddy got home from that trip, he said he never

had anything happen to him that came so close to breaking his heart as that telegram. He said it was the most cruel thing that ever hit the wire. "Reddy's romance began a few years ago, when he took the Keeley cure. I was working in Reddy's home town that time on a little afternoon paper of which Reddy was foreman. We had three printers, two journeymen and a 'two-third,' and Reddy used to set up the ad. He was one of the best job printers I ever saw, and our ads. looked better than the ads. in any other paper in town. But Reddy was as unreliable as a policeman's testimony. Just about the day the boss would hustle out and get a good ad, contracting to have it set up a certain way, Reddy would show up missing. I would chase out and search the railcars for him, find him and take him to the office, where he would drown us in eloquent excuses. Then he would set up the ad, and it generally looked like a wall paper pattern after he got through with it. "At that time the Keeley cure fad was strong. Some of the most notorious drunkards in town had gone down to Dwight and come back with their appetites too dead to hold an inquest on. Whenever one of them would land in town, I would make a note of it in the paper, and then Reddy and I would take a drink and revile the men who couldn't stop when they wanted to. I guess there was nobody in the world more surprised than I when the boss proposed to pay all expenses if Reddy would take the Keeley cure, and Reddy took him up. We put Reddy on the train one night so drunk the conductor would him put in the baggage car and started him off for Dwight. In a month he came back cured. "He was the most annoying man when he got back you ever saw. He wouldn't go up to the Keeley club room and swap horrible reminiscences with the other reformed drunkards. He used to hang around saloons frequented by people who didn't take much stock in the Keeley cure and talk about its advantages. He had a way of taking some young fellow off to one side and pointing out to him the horrible finish he was saving up for himself. He made such an unmitigated nuisance of himself that he was soundly licked two or three times, but that did him no good. Neither did it help matters to try to buy him, because he could gub back harder than anybody. There was some talk of taking him out and throwing him in the river with his pockets full of rocks, when there was a change in Reddy. "I walked into our little composing room one morning to register a kick about something and found the printers in a trance and the 'two-third' in a fit. When I looked at Reddy, I saw the reason for it and fainted away myself. Reddy had on a clean white shirt, a collar and a necktie, and had submitted his hair to the mowers of a barber. "That clean shirt was an event in the history of the town that ranked with the bicentennial anniversary of its foundation and German day. I deemed it of enough importance to celebrate, so I wrote an ode to the shirt nearly a column long, which Reddy said was the best stuff he ever read. He had it set up in long primer, with a slug head, and set a fancy border around it. "A couple of days after that I was sitting at my desk writing a roast on the city council because they wouldn't order certain improvements in the alley back of the boss' house, when Reddy came in, pulled a chair up close to mine and expectorated about a pint of tobacco juice in my wastebasket. He had on a new suit of clothes that didn't fit him, and his shoes were shined. I knew he had polished them himself, because the toes shone like a new tin pan, and then the sparkle decreased back to the heels, where the color of the leather was a dull brown. He had on one of those round around stand up collars, which he wasn't used to wearing, and his neck was as stiff as though he had a brace in it. His red hair, pretty scant on top, was combed carefully, and I could smell hair oil and perfume on him. He had had his long mustache shaved off, and the ends of it were waxed. All together there was a wonderful sight, and his thin, freckled face was as red as his necktie, and that looked like a case of scarlet fever. "Reddy sat still for some time chewing tobacco and depositing the juice in large quantities in my wastebasket until I reminded him that our stock of life preservers was short and that the sanctum wasn't a river bed anymore. Reddy blushed redder than ever and then remarked in a tone of voice that could be heard to the courthouse: "Say, you know Mrs. Look, don't you?" "I heard suppressed laughter from the composing room, and I was on in a moment. Dave was mashed on Mrs. Look. "Of course I knew Mrs. Look. Everybody in town knew Mrs. Look. She was the divorced wife of a doctor who had graduated from four inebriate asylums and was at that time taking a preparatory course for another term. She used to dress like a garden of peonies and paint her face like Sitting Bull. Tall and thin and spare, she was the homeliest woman in the state, and everything about her was false—teeth, hair, eyebrows, form and everything. She also had rheumatism in one of her arms and was the mother of five children. "Reddy," says I, "I confess I do know Mrs. Look when I hear her coming. What about her?" "That's what I want to ask you," says Reddy. "You see, I've been a roving man, never having a settled place of abode for any length of time. The idea of settling down and marrying a female never occurred to me. I've been figuring on it, though, ever since I came back from Dwight, and now I've concluded it's the best thing I can do. I'm getting old, and if I don't get married

pretty soon it won't be much use. Now, this Mrs. Look seems to me to be about the proper edition. I know she's as homely as a woodcut, that her nose looks like an old wooden quoin and that her general appearance reminds a man of a shooting stick. I don't care much for that myself, though, because I ain't near as good a looker as I used to be myself. You see, she's had plenty of married experience, and I haven't, so I figure that would be an advantage. Those kids are the only obstacle. They remind me of a barrel of bad ink. However, I've figured that out too. If she had the kids alone I wouldn't think of marrying her, but she's got \$1,800. Now, you've had lots of female experience, and I want to ask you, on the square, if you don't think it would be a good idea for me to get married. "When I recovered from my astonishment, I told him I thought it would, regarding in my own mind the thought that I wouldn't marry her if I was blind and paralyzed and she had \$18,000,000. Reddy went back to work and he whistled all day. The next morning he showed up and told me he was engaged. "It was about four months between Reddy's engagement and his marriage and during that time he and Mrs. Look kept very much to themselves. The only time they were seen together in public was one night when they attended Louis James' performance of 'Virginus' at the opera house. In the second act, while the house was still as a church, admiring a great scene on the stage, Mrs. Look leaned over and whispered something to Reddy. Reddy replied in the same tone of voice he used in ordinary conversation and his every word was heard all over the opera house. From what he said Mrs. Look had said something risqué, as the French say, because his language made the factors blush. The funny part of it was that he did not realize that everybody in the house heard him and Mrs. Look realized it painfully. She whispered something else to Reddy. "Come off!" he howled back. "I paid a dollar fifty for these two seats and I'm going to see the show out." "Reddy was about to marry Mrs. Look, and he did. "They went to Chicago on a bridal trip, intending to be gone a week, and they took all the children with them. The printers hired a brass band and gave him a royal send off. Much to my surprise he reported for work again in two days. "He didn't say anything for two or three hours and I didn't ask him anything. I knew he would talk in time. I took notice while waiting that he had on the same shirt he was married in, because of some tobacco juice stains on the bosom I remembered from the wedding. Just before noon Reddy came into the sanctum and exploded. Stripped of profanity his say was as follows: "Well, it's all over. The romance of my life is busted. It cost me pretty near \$500 to get married and furnish a house for my bride and her offspring, and now I find I got the double cross. The day we got to Chicago I tried to touch her for \$50, and she didn't have a cent. I instituted inquiries and found her reported \$1,500 like salary day on a bankrupt paper—not there. She never had \$1,800. A revelation like that is enough to knock the romance out of any man if he was loaded with it. We came right back, and on the way she had the galley set it made no difference about the \$1,800, because I had her. I don't want her unless I own a museum. You ought to see her with her make up off. She looks like an ossified woman. On the level, I'd feel just as good if I had married a policeman. "Of course I sympathized with Reddy, and everybody else did. The boss thought he would take to drink, but he didn't. He just buckled down to feed Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Look's five kids and grew wan and haggard in the attempt. His married life was a comedy to people on the outside, but considerable of a tragedy to Reddy. "One morning he came in the office quietly, looking like he had been run over by a fire engine. He told me his troubles at once. "The coarsest men I know," he said, "are brakemen. My married life has been such an imitation of the heartstone of hell that I don't go home at night until I have to. Last night I went home when I thought I had to, and I met a man in the hall. I asked him who he was, and he said it was none of my business. Then he soaked me. I smelled oil and smoking car on him. After he got through soaking me he threw the down stairs and out in the street and locked the door. I slept all night at a hotel, and I can't say I'm sorry, but that fellow was the gayest man on short acquaintance I ever got mixed up with. "Reddy never went back to live with his wife. He sent our office boy up after his things, and his wife chased the boy with a flatiron and a broom. Then Reddy sued for a divorce and got it. The day the decree was granted I wrote a short item about it, and Reddy saw it on the galley. He took it up and added a couple of lines to it on his own responsibility. The lines were: "This closes the only romance in the life of Reddy Wright."—Martin Green in St. Louis Republic.

AN IMPORTANT CASE. A VICTORIA COUNTY (ONT.) FEELER BEFORE THE COURTS.

Detected in Selling a Pink Colored Pill, Which He Represented to be Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—The Court Grants a Perpetual Injunction Restraining Him From Offering an Imitation of This Great Medicine—Some Facts the Public Will Do Well to Bear in Mind. In the High Court of Justice yesterday morning, before Mr. Justice Meredith, the case of Fulford v. McGabey was heard. It consisted of a motion for an injunction to restrain Fred McGabey from selling a pill which he claimed to be Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Mr. Douglas E. Armour appeared for the plaintiff, and stated that the defendant had been peddling these goods about Victoria County, claiming them to be Dr. Williams' genuine Pink Pills. It was impossible, however, on the face of it, that they could be genuine, as he sold them greatly below what they cost at wholesale price. The defendant had given consent. Mr. Armour said, that the motion should be changed to one for judgment against him. No defence was offered, and his Lordship gave an order for judgment restraining McGabey from continuing to vend the article as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The above paragraph, taken from the legal columns of the Toronto Globe of the 15th inst., contains a warning which every person in Canada in need of a medicine will do well to heed, and shows the care and pains the Dr. Williams Medicine Company takes to protect the public from imposition, and to preserve the reputation of their famous Pink Pills. It is only a medicine that possesses more than usual merit that is worth imitation. Ordinary medicines are not subject to that kind of treatment, as there is not sufficient demand for such medicine worth while. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have achieved a reputation for sterling merit unparalleled in the history of medical science. In every part of the Dominion the remarkable cures wrought by the use of this great medicine have given it a name and a fame which has made the sale of Pink Pills simply wonderful. It is because of this great merit, and the consequent enormous demand for the medicine, that it is being imitated by unscrupulous persons in various parts of the country. The imitation is cheap, usually worthless, and is only pushed because the imitator can make much more money by its sale than he can by the sale of the genuine Pink Pills. Hence the pains he takes to sell the imitations. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company annually spends thousands of dollars endeavoring to impress upon the public that the genuine Pink Pills can only be purchased in one form—namely in packages enclosed in a wrapper (or label), which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." No one can buy them in any other form, not even if they offered many times their weight in gold for them. And yet in the face of these continuous warnings there are people coming enough to permit some unscrupulous dealer to colourize them that he can supply them with the genuine Pink Pills in loose form by the dozen or hundreds, or ounce, or in some other kind of box. Any one who pretends to be able to do this is telling an untruth. Bear this in mind and refuse all pills that do not bear the full trade mark, no matter if they are colored pink, and no matter what the dealer says. Please bear in mind also that the formula from which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is compounded is a secret known only to the company, and any one who claims he can supply you with some other pill "just as good" is guilty of misrepresentation, for he does not know the ingredients of the genuine Pink Pills and is only trying to sell you some other pill, because he makes more money on its sale. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company is determined to spare no expense in protecting both the public and themselves, against these unscrupulous imitators, and will always be thankful to receive information concerning any one who offers to sell an imitation Pink Pill purporting to be Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, or "the same as" the genuine Pink Pills. Such cases will be investigated by the company's detective and the name of the person giving the information will not be made public, while any expense entailed in sending us the information will be promptly refunded. Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and take nothing else. They cure when all other medicines fail. What it Wanted. Young Housekeeper (anxiously)—Is the mince pie good? Now, tell me frankly. It's the first I ever made. Her Husband (promptly)—Yes, indeed; it's splendid, Helen. Excellent; not quite spice enough, perhaps. Her father—Very good, my daughter; but a dash of brandy will improve it. It seems dry, rather. Her mother—You've done wonderfully well, dear. The crust needs a little more shortening. Did you put any salt in it? Her sister—You needn't be ashamed, I'm sure, for a first attempt. But, goodness, why didn't you let me chop the raisins. Her brother—O. K. Nell—first rate; only, what's the matter with the bottom of it? It tastes like dough. Young Housekeeper (with exclaim)—Thank you all very much. I'm delighted to know that my pie is such a complete success.—Brooklyn Life. QUEBEC HEARD FROM. Harry G. Carroll, M. P., for Kamouraska, Que. Sounds the Praises of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. It will be noticed by those who have studied the testimonials for this wonderful catarrh remedy, that they are thoroughly unexceptional in character. Every province in the Dominion, through its members of parliament, and most prominent citizens, has told of the peculiar effectiveness of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. It is of a character that overcomes any local or climatic conditions, and as with Mr. Carroll, it is a most effective remedy for catarrhal troubles, in whatever shape, not omitting hay fever, where it works like a charm, and in every case is speedy in effect. Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

SURPRISE SOAP. NO ONE KNOWS how easy it is to wash clothes all kinds of things on wash day with SURPRISE SOAP, until they try. It's the easiest quickest best Soap to use. See for yourself.

Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's. Wine. THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE. MARCH 15th, 1896. E. G. SCOVIL, Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces.

WATSON'S DUNDEE WHISKY. Daintiest Blend on Earth.

MONARCH ECONOMIC BOILERS. Require No Brickwork, Give Highest Economy. Robb Engineering Co., Ld., Amherst, N.S. J. S. CURRIE, Agent, 57 Water Street, St. John, N. B.

Progress for York City. Give me Progress please.

# Sunday Reading.

## TEACHERS IN OUR LIVES.

Some of Them Described and the Value of The Lessons They Impart.

Life's first teacher is the external world, with its laws. Man begins at zero. The child thrusts his finger into the fire and is burned; thenceforth he learns to restrain himself in the presence of fire, and makes the flames smite the vapor for bearing his burdens. The child errs in handling the sharp tool, and cuts himself, thenceforth he lifts up the ax upon the tree. The child errs in weight of a stone, or height of a stair, and falling, hard knocks teach him the force and uses of gravity. Daily the thorns that pierce his feet drive him back into the smooth pathway of nature's laws. The sharp pains that follow each excess teach him the pleasures of sound and right living. Nor is there one infraction of law that is not followed by pain. As sharp guards are placed at the side of the bridge over the chasm to hold men back from the abyss, so nature's laws are planted on either side of the way of life to prick and scourge erring feet back into the divine way. At length through much smiting of the body nature forces the youth into a knowledge of the world in which he lives.

Man learns to carry himself safely through forests, over rivers, through fires, amidst winds and storms. Soon every force in nature becomes his willing servant; becoming like unto the steeds of the plains, that once were wild, but now are trained, and lend all their strength and force to man's loins and limbs. Having mastered the realm of physical law, the youth is thrust into the realm of laws domestic and social. He runs up against his mates and friends, often overstepping his own rights and infringing the rights of others. Then some stronger arm falls on him, and drives him back upon his own territory. Occasional floggings and instructions through the tongue of parent or teacher, or friend or enemy, reveal to him the nature of selfishness, and compels the recognition of others. Thus, through long apprenticeship, he finds out these laws that fence him round, that press upon him at every pore, by day and by night, at home and abroad, in shop or in store. These laws mature manhood. When ideas are thrust into raw iron the iron becomes aloom or an engine. Thus when God's laws are incarnated in a babe the babe is changed into the likeness of a citizen or sage or seer. Nature, with her laws, is not only the earliest but also the most powerful of life's teachers.

Temptation is another wise teacher. Protection gives innocence, but practice gives virtue. For ship timber we pass by the sheltered boathouse, seeking the oak on the storm-swept hills. In that beautiful story of the lost paradise God pulls down the hedge built around Adam and Eve. The government through a fence outside was succeeded by self-government inside. The hermit and the cloistered saint end their career with innocence. But Christ struggling unto blood against sin, ends his career with character. God educates man by giving him complete charge over himself and retelling him on the barebacked horse of his own will, leaving him to break it by his own strength. Travelers in the arctic tell us that the wild strawberry attains a sweetness of which our temperate clime knows nothing. Scientists say the glow worm keeps its enemies at bay by the brightness of its own light. Man, by his love of truth and right, in his own castle and fortress. The time has gone by for jewelers to protect their gold and gems with iron shutters. They best guard their treasure by removing the iron bars and substituting the brilliant lights burning all through the night.

As the famous victorious Old Guard were honored in proportion to the number and danger of the war through which they had passed, so the temptations that seek man's destruction, when conquered, cover him with glory. Ruskin notes that the art epochs have also been epochs of war, upheaval, and tyranny. He accounts for this by saying that when tyranny was harshest, crime blackest, sin ugliest, then in the recoil and conflict, beauty and heroism attain their highest development. Studying the rise of the Dutch republic, Motley notes how the shocks and fiery baptisms of war changed these peasants into patriots.

This explains society's enthusiasm for its hero, all scarred and gray. We admire the child's innocence, but it lacks ripeness and maturity; it is only a handful of germs. But every heart kindles and glows when the true hero stands forth, having passed through fire, through flood, through all the thunder of life's battle, ever ripening, sweetening, and enlarging, his fineness and gentleness being the result of great strength and great wisdom, accumulated through long life, until he stands at the end of his career, as the sun stands on a summer afternoon, just before it goes down. All statures and pictures become tawdry in comparison with such a rich, ripe, glowing, and glorious heart, clothed with Christlike character.

Life's teachers also include newness and rest. First, man lives his life in fresh per-

sonal experiences. Then by observation he repeats his life in the career of his children. A third time he journeys around the circle re-experiencing life in the career of his grandchildren. Then, because the newness has passed away and events no longer stimulate his mind, death withdraws him from the scene and enters him in a new school. Vast is the educational value therefore attaching to the newness of life. God is so rich that no day or scene need repeat a former one. The proverb, "We never look upon the same river," tells us that all things are ever changing, and clothes life with fresh fascination. "Whilst I read the poets," said Emerson, "I think that nothing new can be said about morning and evening; but when I see the day break I am not reminded of the Homeric and Chaucerian pictures. I am cheered by the moist, warm, glittering, budding, melodious hour that breaks down the narrow walls of my soul, and extends its life and pulsations to the very horizon."

Thus, each new day is a new continent to be explored. Each youth is a new creature, full of delightful and mysterious possibilities. Each brain comes clothed with its own secret, having its own orbit, attaining its own unique experience. Ours is a world in which each individual, each country, each age, each day has a history peculiarly its own. This newness is a perpetual stimulant to curiosity and study. Gladstone's recipe for never growing old is, "Search out some topic in nature or life in which you have never hitherto been interested, and experience its fascinations." For some, once a picture or book has been seen, the pleasure ceases. Delight dies with familiarity. Each youth should repeat the experience of John Ruskin. Such was the enthusiasm that this author felt for God's world, that when he approached some distant mountain or saw the crags hanging over the waters, or the clouds marching through the sky, a shiver of fear, mingled with awe, set him quivering with joy; truth joys as the artist pupil feels in the presence of his noble master; felt a kindling of mind and heart as Dante felt approaching his Beatrice. Philippe Brooks grew happier as he grew older, and at 57 he said: "Life seems a feast in which God keeps the best wine until the last." Up to the very end of the great preacher grew by leaps and bounds, because he never lost that enthusiasm for life that makes zest and newness one of life's best teachers.

By a strange paradox men are taught by monotony as well as by newness. Ours is a world where the words, "Blessed be drudgery," are full of meaning. Culture and character are not won through consuming excitements or the whirl of pleasures. Character comes with commonplaces. Greatness is by tasks that have become insipid, and duties that are monotonous. The treadmill is a divine teacher. He who shoofs and year in and year out needs not our pity, for, say what we will, each one has his own sad heap. The greatest mind, fulfilling its career, once the freshness has worn off, pursues a hackneyed task and finds the duties monotonous. It is better so. The voices of earth are dulled that we may hear the whisper of God. The earth's colors are toned down that we may see things invisible.

All the great have achieved their worth through monotony. Ptolemy was one of the founders of astronomy because he dwelt in a plain of sand, where the horizon held not one vine-clad hill or alluring vista. Wearying of the yellow sea, his thought journeyed along the heavenly highway and threaded the gauzy mize, until the man became immortal. Moses became the greatest of jurists because during the forty years when his mind was creative and at its best he dwelt amid the solitude of the sand hills around Sinai, and was free for intellectual and moral life. Ledley says: "The virtue of the stoic which arose triumphant over adversity always withered under degradation." That is, man is stimulated by the crisis; conflict provokes heroism, persecution lends strength. But, denied the exigency of a great trial, men that seemed grand fall all to pieces. Triumphant in adversity, men are vanquished by drudgery. The Arabs may say of the palm tree, "It must have its feet in water and its head in fire." Thus many men achieve reputations when all eyes are focused upon them, who fall into petty worthlessness amid obscurity and monotony. Life's crowning victory belongs to those who have won no brilliant battle, suffered no crushing wrong; who have figured in no great drama, whose sphere was obscure, but who have loved great principals midst small duties; nourished sublime hopes and vulgar cares, and illustrated eternal principles in trifles.

Responsibility is another teacher of righteousness. God educates men by casting them on their own resources. Man learns to swim by being tossed into life's maelstrom and left to make his way ashore. No youth can learn to sail his life craft in a lake sequestered and sheltered from all storms, where other vessels never come. Skill comes through sailing one's craft amidst rocks and bars and opposing fleets, amidst storms and whirls and counter currents. English literature has a proverb about the incapacity of rich men's sons. "The rich man himself became mighty because he began in poverty, had no hand to help him forward, and many hands to hold him back. After long wrestling with op-

posing forces he compacted within himself the strength and fortitude, the frugality and wisdom, of a score of ordinary men. The school of hard knocks made him a man of might. But his son, living in a soft nest, sheltered from every harsh wind, loving ease more than industry, is in danger of coming up without insight into the secrets of his profession or industry.

Responsibility alone drives man to toil and brings out his best gifts. For this reason the pensions given in England are said to have ruined their men of genius. Johnson wrote his immortal *Rasselas* to raise money to buy his mother's coffin. Hunger and pain drove Lee to the invention of his loom. Left a widow with a family to support, in mid-life Mrs. Trollope took to authorship and wrote a score of volumes. The most piteous tragedy in English literature is that of Coleridge. Wordsworth called him the most myriad minded man since Shakespeare, and Lamb thought him "an archangel slightly damaged." The generosity and friends gave Coleridge a home and all his comforts without the necessity of a cent. But ease and lack of responsibility wrecked him. Hunger and want would have made him famous and enriched all English literature. It is responsibility that teaches caution, foresight, prudence, courage, and turns feelings into gifts.

The contrast and extremes of life do much to shape character. Ours is a world that moves from light to dark, from heat to cold, from summer to winter. On the crest today, man is in the trough tomorrow. David had yesterday a shepherd boy with his flute, and today dwelling in the King's palace; Byron, yesterday unknown, waking this morning to find himself famous; men yesterday possessed of plenty, today passing into penury—these illustrate the extremes of life. These contrasts are as striking as those we find on the sunny slopes of the Alps. There the foot-hills are covered with vineyards, while the summits have everlasting snow, while in Iceland the hot springs gush close beside the glaciers. Man flits on between the light and the dark. During his few years and brief, he experiences many reverses. It is hard for the leader to drop back into the ranks. It is not easy for him who hath led a movement to his success to see his laurels fall leaf by leaf. After a long and dangerous service men grown old and gray are succeeded by the youth to whom society owes no debts. Thus man flits from strength to invalidism, from prosperity to adversity, from joy to sorrow, or goes from misery to happiness, from defeat to victory.

Not a single person but sooner or later is tested by the alterations. Prosperity comes to bring character to its very highest levels. It is an error to suppose that the highest manhood flourishes in extreme poverty. It has been beautifully said that "humility is never so lovely as when arrayed in scarlet; moderation is never so impressive when it sits at banquet; simplicity is never so delightful as when it dwells amidst magnificence; fertility is never so divine as when its unutilized robes are worn in a king's palace; gentleness is never so touching as when it exists in the powerful. When men combine gold and goodness, greatness and godliness, genius and grace, human nature is at its very best." On the other hand, adversity is a supplement, making up what prosperity lacks. The very abundance of Christmas gifts oftentimes causes children to forget the parents who gave them. Some are adorned by prosperity as gemstones with rich forests. Others are fortified with the baroness, but also with the grandeur and enduring strength of Alpine mountains. Character is like every other structure—nothing tests it like extremes.—Rev. N. D. Hills.

## BORROWED TROUBLES.

Imaginations That Do Much to Increase the Burdens of Our Lives.

Rev. Herbert Mott, of Providence, R. I., gives a short sermon as follows:

Murmurers and complainers.—Jude 16.

There are troubles which come to us, and some which we must meet and endure at the call of duty; there are others which we go out of our way to seek.

A great evil which results from this habit is that it gives us a wholly wrong idea of the nature of life, and, therefore, of the nature of him whose gift life is.

It makes us think existence is a poor kind of thing. I have noticed that those who hold the gloomiest views are not those who really have grief burdens, but those who fancy they have them.

Since that time he has never complained about what he had to bear. Observe, he was cured of the unhappy habit of borrowing trouble by striking a balance between the realities of his own case and those of other, and he had learned that he was carrying the burden he was best fitted to bear.

There are many occasions where it is a good thing to strike a balance and see how things actually stand.

It gave this man a new idea of the worth of the life God had given him. He would go about his business ever after in a different spirit.

I think his faith in the goodness of God would be more firmly established. Faith rests, in the long run, on our judgements concerning the nature of life.

This man had a wrong and twisted view of it. He went about murmuring and complaining that it was a burden and a misery and not worth having. He became a pessimist, a cynic, a scorner of all things; and he was this not because his life was really an evil gift, not because God had really ill used him, but simply because he borrowed troubles and then forgot they were not his own.

We know of people who borrow things and then forget they do not own them. The effect of that is bad; but the worst effect of all comes when we borrow trouble.

## RUMORS OF WARS.

They Are Many, but We Should Pray that the Clouds May Pass Away.

"And ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars; see that ye be not troubled, for all these things must come to pass; but the end is not yet."—Matt. xxiv, 6.

It was not until the dawn of the new era that the nations in our city two years ago filled sanguine souls with the beautiful hope that the reign of the Prince of Peace was near at hand. Prophets were told to declare that the night was past, and the world's fair morning had dawned at last! The morning of a day in which no hostile shot should be fired!

And now! Who can tell whether this clouded sky shall brighten or become darker and still more dark? At least we do well to pray the ancient prayer, "Give peace in our time, O Lord!" And in conformity with that prayer it becomes us to use every power we have and all our influence to the last particle in the interests of peace. Not peace at any price. Righteousness first, then peace! No peace can last that is not founded on righteousness! May the clouds all pass away, and peace smile sweetly in every land.

## The Need of Churches.

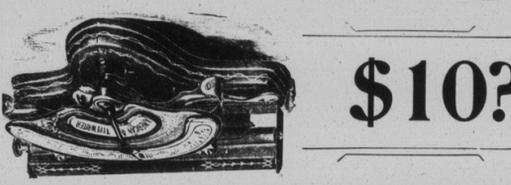
Men are too insensible of the existence of God, too skeptical, too busy, too indifferent, too pleasure-loving to seek the house of prayer. And yet what grander profession than the one which reveals to the deaf the harmonies of the universe, that opens the eyes of the blind to the beauties of life, that softens the heart to the fellowship of love? If ever a man was committed to an ennobling work he is so committed who is sent forth to help on the day when men shall no longer lie or steal, or commit adultery, or murder; he is so commissioned who is sent to speed the hour when the homes of our country can bear the full light of day and can reveal services of sacrifice and services of love so beautiful that angels may envy them. If ever a man was entrusted with a sacred task he is so entrusted who can state the needs of his hour in terms of eternal justice and love. Some think the church is a luxury and the minister a convenience to marry and bury people. But let tell you if the churches should fall in decay and the ministers' voices be hushed our sky-scrapers would tumble to ruin, our railroads would be overgrown with weeds, the wings of our international commerce would be clipped, the journal and the ledger would be useless, and hushed with the silence of death would be the halls of legislation, for none of these can exist without honesty, faithfulness, equity, justice, fidelity, conscientiousness, love.—Dr. Joseph Stolz.

## When All Things Are Ready.

So was it when the tribes migrated into Canaan itself. God took them not to the promised land till all things were ready. They were made to wait for the fitting time, for the Lord said: "The iniquity of the Amorites is not yet full." Not till the inhabitants of the land had passed the bounds of mercy, and were condemned to die, were the Israelites brought upon the scene, to be at once their executioners and successors; and when the tribes came to the River Jordan, God had prepared every thing for them, for he had sent the hornet before them, to drive out the people, and a pestilence, also, for the spies said: "It is a land that eateth up the inhabitants thereof." The Lord God had gone before them to fight their battles before they came and to prepare a place for them, so that when they entered they dwelt in houses which they had not built and they gathered the fruit of olives which they had not planted. They came to a land that flowed with milk and honey, a land in a finely cultivated condition and not a wilderness which with hard labor must be reclaimed. Israel came to a country which was as the garden of the Lord, whose fruit might at once be enjoyed, for they ate of the old corn of the land almost as soon as they passed the Jordan. So, you see, "all

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## things are ready" is a proclamation which the Lord has often in spirit made to those whom he chooses to bless.—C. H. Spurgeon.

## Had Indigestion!

For a Matter of Some Forty Years or More.

Joseph Gardner, stove dealer, of Bath, Ontario, is a great believer in Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for indigestion, constipation, dyspepsia, Bright's disease, rheumatism, and kidney, liver and stomach troubles generally.

"I was troubled for over forty years with indigestion and constipation," he writes. "At intervals I suffered from severe headache. I spent dollars and dollars without result, until Mr. Ball, our druggist, advised me to try Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I did it, and must say that they are the only remedy that gave me relief. I would not be without them for anything."

Many people suffer from rheumatism. Bad blood and diseased kidneys bring it on. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills will remedy all this and cure rheumatism, sciatica and all kindred complaints. Here is a sample case:

"My boy was all crippled up and suffered awfully with rheumatism," writes Mrs. H. Wills, of Chesley, Ont. "He also had a touch of diabetes. The doctor could do him no good, but Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills completely cured him."

Sold by all dealers and Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto, 25c.

## Maudie 'Em Both.

Jones was high sheriff of Worcestershire when Maule and Coleridge (the elder) came to Tewkesbury for the assizes. Everybody was afraid of Maule, and Jones' knees knocked together at the thought of entertaining that very free-spoken Judge. As the three drove home together after the day's work there was a great silence, for Maule was not in a humor for talk, and he generally got his way, Jones, however, thought he ought to make himself agreeable, and presently observed that he hoped there would be no less rain, as there was a new moon that night.

"And are you such a fool as to believe," said Maule, contemptuously, "that the moon has any influence upon the weather?"

Jones was so staggered at the notion of his being called a fool by his honored guest that he said nothing; but Coleridge, the soft spoken, hastily interfered in his behalf.

"Really, Brother Maule, you are rather hard upon our friend Jones. I for my part, think that the moon has a very considerable effect on the weather."

"Then you are as great a fool as Jones is," was the uncompromising reply.—Argonaut.

## HEART DISEASE STRIKES DOWN ALL CLASSES.

The Essential Matter is to be Prepared for any Emergency.

It is painful to pick up the daily papers and observe how people of all classes are being stricken down with heart disease and apoplexy. One day it is the farmer in the field, again the laborer carrying his hod or, as this week, a prominent architect in Ottawa. Perhaps it is not too strong a statement, that 80 per cent of the people of Canada are afflicted with heart disease to some degree. What a blessing it is then, that there exists a medicine like Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, which is so quick in producing relief. Instantly the patient obtains that ease that is so longed for when the heart is afflicted. There is absolutely no case of heart disease that it will not help, and with few exceptions, will produce a radical cure. Sold by H. Dick and S. McDermid.

## It is in Braeing.

When we go abroad on a crisp winter morning we say the air is braeing. That is also what the weak, nervous or debilitated person says of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic after giving it a trial. It is braeing. But it is more than that. It is a health restorer in the fullest sense. It enriches the blood, ensures a healthy digestion, and promotes restful sleep. It rebuilds the wasted tissue of the nervous and makes them strong again. It restores and invigorates the whole system and is just the remedy needed by the sufferer from nervous dyspepsia, nervous debility, general prostration of the "run down" condition following an attack of grippe or other disease. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic grows in favor year by year as a great blood and flesh builder and nerve and brain invigorator, the friend of the over-taxed human system. It is sold by all druggists and dealers at 50 cts. per bottle or six bottles for \$2.50 and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co., (Ld) St. John, N. B., and New York City.

## Taking the whole globe into consideration, there are 23 1/2 acres for each inhabitant on this planet.

AS TO FILES AND RASPS.

HOW THEY ARE BROUGHT TO THE POINT OF PERFECTION.

Made in a Great Variety of Forms for Many Mechanical Purposes—Cutting by Hand Was Once Held to Be an Art in which Power Could Not Compete.

Rasps and files in the hands of a first-class mechanic rise to the dignity of tools of the first order in a machine shop, says the Chicago Record. To "file square" is a test of skill which has caused many a braggart to lower his crest, and an A 1 vise hand is a treasure in a shop where finishing is done on the bench. To file square means to file true; to finish the face of the work without marring it with scratches and rounding surfaces, and to do this as a regular everyday thing is an art to be won only through practice and long experience. Files ruin thousands of dollars' worth of work, and files add thousands of dollars to the value of manufacturer's product.

In some of the machine shops of Chicago are gray-haired mechanics who have worn the overalls for forty years and more. They remember well the time when machine-made files were held up to ridicule and scorn, and when all first-class, well-known makes of files were cut by hand. Some of these old fellows still insist that machine-made files are not and never can be as good as the files which are cut by hand, and they carry this prejudice to such an extent that they declare they cannot do good work with the machine-cut files.

It would be difficult for them to tell the difference between the two makes of files, for within comparatively few years machines have been making files that cannot be approached by the most expert file cutters of Sheffield. Files, and many of them, are still cut by hand, and a file cutter is probably the most expert user of a hammer and cold chisel in the industrial world.

Files and rasps are made of steel which varies from the "blistered" steel for the poorer quality of files to the best crucible, or "cast cast" steel, for the higher grades. The blanks thoroughly annealed or softened, and are perfectly clean and free from scale when laid on the bench of the workman who cuts the teeth.

A file cutter generally works on the same kind of a "cut" year in and year out. This gives him a mechanical perfection which cannot be secured in any other way, and it is said that a workman's hand becomes so accustomed to the spacing that were he to become blind he could cut just as well.

Files are made on many forms to suit the great variety of work which they are called upon to do, but the "cuts" which give coarseness and fineness to files are comparatively few; they are known as "rough," "bastard," "smooth," and "dead smooth." These are the common "cuts." "Flats" are single-cut files are made by crossing the first cut with a second cut, thus changing the parallel, unbroken cutting edges of the flats into numerous points.

When a face, or one or more edges of a file, is left uncut it is said to be "safe." No matter what the form of the file is, whether flat, square, round, half-round, rat-tail, three-square, or knife-edged, the cutting is done the same way. A short, light, steel chisel, with a broad, straight cutting edge, is used. The hammer is a curious looking affair, for it is curved somewhat, and the handle is inserted well toward the smaller end. The hammer weighs from one to six pounds. In striking, the workman gives a peculiar pulling blow which raises the "burr" and gives the particular cut characteristic of files, and it was this cut that for nearly 200 years prevented inventors from designing machinery which would cut a file equal to the hand-cut article.

The workman sits on a low bench which comes out on a long wide bench. Before him is his anvil, usually a stone block or a slab of iron. The blanks are held in place by straps which pass over the tang and point, and then form a loop or stirrup under the anvil. The workman puts his foot in the loop, and thus holds the blank secure while he is cutting it. He holds the chisel between the finger and thumb of the left hand, and after each cut moves the blank slightly for the next cut. He does this by lifting the chisel over the burr and then pressing the point of the tool against the raised edge just out, at the same time loosening the strap so that the blank can be moved. In cutting small files or smooth or dead-smooth files, the hammer blows, movement of the chisel, loosening the straps, moving the blank, tightening the strap and striking the next blow are done so rapidly that they are nearly simultaneous. The flat cut is made first, and then the second cut is made. In making the second cut the workman strikes the chisel with less force, thus making a shallower cut. If the file is to be cut on the other side, the cut side is laid upon a plate of lead or pewter to protect the cutting edges. If the file is other than a flat shape, the lead or pewter is grooved or hollowed out to fit the shape.

After cutting, the files are hardened, for the annealing makes the steel so soft that the first use of the file would bend the cutting edges. Some files are curved before being tempered. This is done by heating the cut files to a dull red and bending them to the required curve over a wooden block with a wooden mallet. The files to be hardened are first covered with a mixture of salt and some sort of carbonaceous substance. This covering serves a two-fold

purpose; it prevents the teeth from oxidation and from losing the carbon in the steel, and by fusing indicates the proper heat for tempering. It also serves to prevent cracking when the file is suddenly plunged into the cooling liquid which gives the file the temper.

Naturally, a heated file suddenly cooled will warp more or less according to its form. This is prevented by giving the file a "set" in the other direction before it is tempered, so that the tendency to warp actually straightens the file. When the steel has reached the proper heat, the file is lifted from the fire by the tang and suddenly immersed in cold water, and before it has grown cold it is withdrawn and put in a screw clamp, which keeps it from curving or bending. The tang is then softened by sipping it in melted lead, and then the file is cleaned, dried, and piled.

Watchmakers' files are delicate tools, seldom more than four inches in length, slender and frail, with minute teeth. From this size files range up to great coarse ones eighteen inches long, which are used on the heaviest work. Flat files which have parallel sides and edges are called hand, pillar or mill files of small or average length, and cotter files of large. Square files usually taper somewhat toward the point; the knife file is shaped like a knife blade, and is used for finishing triangular notches or slots; half-round files are flat on one face and half round on the other; when round files taper they are called rat-tail files; the triangular file is commonly known as "three-square," a warding file is made by lockmills; it is thinner than a hand file, but of much the same shape; double, half-round, or cross files are belled on both sides, and the leather edge or screw-head file is diamond shaped in sections. "Rubbers" are heavy, cheap files for coarse work and "rilliers," or curved files, are for finishing irregular surfaces.

Rasps are cut with punches having a pyramid-shaped point, for rasps do not have continuous cutting edges, but have isolated burrs or teeth. They are graded in the cut as files are. The handles of files and rasps are placed on the tang. Sometimes the nature of the work, such as facing a slide valve, does not permit of the use of the handle; in that case the tang is bent or a holder is used something like the holder of a flatiron.

The teeth of a file are not so regular as they look, for a close examination, aided with a magnifying glass, shows that some of the teeth are deeper out than others, and that there is a uniform unevenness all over the face. This is not the result of careless cutting or unskilled handling, but, in the case of hand-cut files, is an evidence of extraordinary skill, for perfectly even teeth are not wanted in files. If all of the teeth were even in height and depth the work would all come on the first teeth to meet the surface under the file. The teeth at the tang end would not cut unless great pressure was put on the file, and even then the file would "chatter." This "chattering" is the rebounding of the file from its work, and in the early days of machine-made files it was the "chattering" which kept them from use.

Finally a machine was invented which cut the teeth with a loose chisel, and the feed was such that the gradation of width and depth gave the teeth that unevenness which mechanics demanded. The space between the cut gradually widened from the point to the heel, and this same feed was used in making the second cut; the teeth did not track, and hence, the chattering was killed. Improvements in file-cutting machinery were made from time to time, until to-day machine-cut files are better than the hand cut.

Cheaper to Move Than to Bury. Suicides are never wanted by hotel proprietors. Each one costs a hotel a considerable amount of money, and for months the room in which it occurred is shunned. At one of the leading hotels of this city lately a guest acted strangely, and the proprietor made up his mind that the man was going to do something desperate. So one night he went to the guest's room. There was no answer to his knocks and the door was locked. A look over the transom showed the guest writing a letter, a pistol at one side and a bottle of poison at the other.

"Let me in or I'll break open the door," called the landlord. The door was opened after a little hurried work disposing of the things on the table.

"I don't any suicide here," said the landlord, entering. "What's the matter with you, any way?"

"Out of money, out of work, and can't get out of town," sullenly said the guest.

"Well, how much cash will you take and agree to get out of town?" asked the hotel man.

"I could get home for \$20," was the reply.

"Here's the money; now pack your grip and take the first train."

The man went. It was a good business transaction for the landlord.

Baldness. The period in life during which premature baldness occurs is between 25 and 35. If an individual safely passes this period without losing any hair, he will not become bald until old age. When the hairs fall out, they are immediately replaced by others of a finer nature, which in their turn disappear to be replaced by others still finer, and so on until the scalp is bald and shining.

HE WAS RANTANKEROUS.

OLD SOLOMON, THE BAD BEAR, AND WHAT BECAME HIM.

He Had His Fun With the Hunters for Years but Made a Mistake at Last—His Duel to the Death With a Steamship—Victim of Big Game at Last.

"There was a bear once up in the Lake George mountains," said Captain Dolph Brown of Hague, "that was so cute and tough and always up to snuff that he just naturally had his own fun with the hunters and trappers for years and years. The stories they tell of how this sagacious bear used to steal traps that were set for him and play jokes with them on the men who set them, and how he used to aggravate and circumvent hunters who took his trail by all sorts of bold and impudent stratagems would fill a large book. One time, I remember, a couple of hunters went into camp in the mountains back of Baldwin's, with particular signs on this old bear, and, according to their story, they were routed out about daylight the second day they were there by a great rattling and banging around the shanty. On investigating the cause of the disturbance they found that it was the rantankerous bear himself. He had boldly come into camp and noisily made his presence known as if by way of a challenge. Before the hunters could get their guns, O'd Solomon—that was the name the smart bear got to be known by—was far away and out of sight. But he left a good, plain track in the snow, and as soon as the campers could get ready they started on the trail of the aggravating bear, feeling that at last he had overreached himself.

The bear led the men a fine chase for three or four hours, but none could do the hunters come in sight of their coveted game. At last O'd Solomon showed them further of his quality. They could scarcely believe their eyes at first, but there was no getting over it. The bear had brought them back right into their camp, where, judging from the condition of things there, he had preceded them an hour or so. As the hunters had gone into camp with the intention of remaining two or three weeks, they had supplied themselves well. Among other things, they had a two-gallon jug of whiskey, a gallon jug of molasses, a twenty-five pound sack of flour, and ten pounds of salt pork. The bear, after undoubtedly regaling himself liberally from both jugs, had smashed them on the floor of the shanty, and had waded about in the released rivulets of molasses and whiskey, and tracked the sticky combination all about the place. The bear had then broken open the sack of flour and spread its contents over the floor. The pork he had taken away with him when he had had his little fun and thought it time to leave the camp. The hunters gave up the campaign against old Solomon there and then, broke camp, and went home.

"This amazing bear was easily known from other bears because of a big patch of white fur on his breast, a patch as big as your two hands, which was an unusual marking on a bear. All the rest of his coat was as black as coal. I haven't any doubt at all that this bear would be having fun with folks along Lake George till this day if he hadn't got the big head and thought there wasn't anything he couldn't do, and so one day went out and bit off more than he could chew. It was the time the old Gonoukie was running on the lake. Burr Phelps was her pilot. On her early morning trip one day, after she had left Baldwin's dock, on the east side of the lake, and was nearing Anthony's Nose, her pilot saw a bear swimming in the lake, on the starboard bow. To see a bear swimming Lake George wasn't any rare sight in those days, and Phelps was showing the Gonoukie's nose along by this one without giving it more attention than he would have given a gull, when he was attracted by a loud and savage growl from the bear, and looking down at it saw that it was putting on a terribly ugly front, its eyes flashing, while it snapped its jaws and scarled, and showed its big teeth clear to the roots of the gums. The bear was headed straight for the ste mbat.

"Why, blame your ugly skin," said Phelps. "You want to fight, eh? Well, I'll just cut your comb in less than no time."

"He rang for the engineer to slow down. The boat had run on ahead of the bear, but the bear was coming right along after her. Phelps made a lasso out of a long rope, and when the bear came alongside, growling and snarling, he threw the noose, intending to drop it over the bear's head. It was a bad miss, and before Phelps could haul the rope back the bear grabbed

it with one paw and yanked it out of the pilot's hands so quick he didn't know what had become of it.

"Somebody lower a boat," he hollered, "and go chop that infernal bear's skull in."

"A boat was quickly lowered, and three men got into it, one in the bow with an ax to split the bear's head, while the other two managed the oars. The steamer had been stopped by this time, and excited passengers watched the outcome of this scuffle on the bold bear. The bear saw the boat coming and waited for it. The boat was rowed almost against bruin, and the man with the ax aimed a blow the bear that would have cloven his skull if it had landed, but with one lightning-like sweep of his right paw the bear knocked the ax flying from the man's hands, and it sank in the lake ten feet away. At the same time the bear began clumping into the boat. As he raised himself out of the water a big patch of white showed on his breast. "Old Solomon!" yelled the men in the boat, and tumbled themselves into the water and swam wildly for the steambot, where they were fished out and got aboard. The bear got into the boat as dextrously as if he had been climbing into the boats all his life. Seizing the small boat by the bow and the stern, he faced the steambot, and hurled defiance at it and all upon it by ferocious snarls and growls, and an alarming and threatening display of blood-red jaws and gleaming white fangs.

"Now, by thunder," cried Pilot Phelps, "no need all through it may be, you white chested old scoundrel, but you're much for the land forces of Lake George, but I'll be d—d if you can get away with the navy!"

"He signaled to go ahead, and he turned the old Gonoukie around and sent her sharp prow humming straight for the bear. The steambot struck the small boat amidship and cut it square in two. The astonished old bear seized the cutter with a paw on each side and clung there for ten seconds, gnashing it with its teeth.

"Thens hold broke, and he fell back into the lake. He was drawn under the wheel box on that side of the boat, and the next instant there was a crash and clatter of broken paddles, while way back in the wake of the boat the bear came to surface, ugly and defiant as ever. A score of revolvers opened on him from the boat, but he didn't mind them a bit. The boat was rounded to again, and this pilot as straight for the bear. Phelps had made another lasso. Old Solomon avoided the rush of the boat, and as he went by Phelps threw his lasso. This time it dropped square on the bear's head, and tightened about his neck before he could prevent it. The engineer put on steam and Old Solomon's days were numbered. He was towed by the rope until he was either choked to death or drowned.

"For a bear that knew as much as that one," said Pilot Phelps, as the dead bear lay on the Gonoukie's deck, "he was the biggest fool I ever heard of."

Old Solomon wasn't such a big bear, after all. He weighed only a little over three hundred pounds. And he was a victim of big head, if there ever was one." —New York Sun.

LONG HAIR FOR MUSICIANS. Its Value Practically Illustrated Through the Instrumentality of M. Ysaye.

London Truth has recently been discussing the question of the bizarre eccentricities to which the majority of musicians are given. It wonders why things are as they are. "Is long hair an unfailing mark of genius?" it asks. The answer is: No, not necessarily, but it is certainly a mark of policy. It does not require any profound wisdom on the part of a public performer to know that it is better to be talked about for his ugliness or his eccentricity than not to have his personality discussed at all, and if a man be so unfortunate as to possess a normal face and figure with the average number of features and limbs, in what quarter must he look for in dividuality save in his hair?

M. Ame Lechaume, the young French pianist who is this year touring with Rivarade, and who did the same last year with Ysaye, tells how he happened this season to bloom out as one of the long-haired brethren. When he first came to this country M. Lechaume wore his hair in every-day fashion, and also cultivated a tentative beard. People heard him play, and he was a success. "How unassuming!" went away and forgot him. Since his conversion, however, the same persons cry, "How hideous! but the man is evidently a genius. Bravo!" and they depart, and this time do not forget.

It was Ysaye who brought this change about. Last year, in the course of their travels, the two artists found themselves in a town somewhere in the West. They were sitting in a room together when Ysaye exclaimed, "It's no use, Lechaume, I can't stand that beard of yours any longer; it is too ugly, and it must come off!" "But, my dear man," answered the alarmed pianist, "I have taken such pains to grow that beard; it has cost me years of labor and anxiety; besides, you know one must have something distinctive about one."

"Yes, of course, I know that, but all you've got to do is to let your back hair grow like mine. And there's no time like the present, either, so you just sit down in that chair there and we'll make short work of the business."

No sooner said than done. In a few seconds Lechaume was sitting trembling in the chair, while the great Ysaye wielded the razor over his devoted chin. "In future, my dear boy, use a razor, but never scissors, and you are sure to become famous."

Girls at a Dance. The girl that has the best time at a dance is the one that looks fresh, bright, and happy, she may not be pretty, she may not be clever, but she will have numerous partners and a thoroughly good time. Therefore it behooves every girl not to look tired, and to guard against this she must have comkrab's eyes. A shoe that pinches in the least is bound to stamp on the girl's features a fagged expression before the evening is half over. Yet a shoe may not pinch and still be very fatiguing. A slipper especially may slip up and down at the heel if too large, and cause almost as much discomfort as a cramped foot.

A YOUNG LADY'S SUCCESS.

Miss McBrine's Experience Given for the Benefit of All Weak and Nervous Men and Women.

She Specially Recommends Paine's Celery Compound.

Miss Minnie McBrine, of Bethany, Ont., positively declares that Paine's Celery Compound is worth its weight in gold for sick people. This statement, coming from one who was raised up to health and vigor, commands the close attention, Past failures with worthless medicines, and perfect success with Paine's Celery Compound, is a strong and clear demonstration that the popular compound can be trusted in every case.

Read the following letter written by Miss McBrine, and then honestly decide whether Paine's Celery Compound is worthy of a trial as far as your case is concerned.

Consequently the girl that wishes success in the ballroom should look well to the comfort of her shoes.

THE HUMPBACK WHALE.

It is Agile and Yields Better Oil Than Does the Greenland Whale.

The humpback whale is a rorqual—"Ba'ena Gibbosa" of the naturalists—and attains a large size, though inferior to the great "right" whales of Greenland. The quality of the oil is much higher, being less inferior to that obtained from the sperm whale, while the additional advantage of yielding baleen, or whalebone, is possessed by this species. The great drawback to the capture of this cetacean is his marvelous agility. No whalerman in his right mind ever attempts to strike one in the open sea. Whenever such a mistake has been committed a very few moments have sufficed to lose the whole of the boat's line, 300 fathoms, and the harpoon, and thanksgivings have arisen that the fishermen were so soon rid of such a vigorous leviathan. At the calving season, however, the gravid cows seek shallow waters and sheltered bays for the purpose of bringing forth their young, instinct teaching them that there they will be safe for the time of their distress from their natural enemies. Of course the whalerman early discovered this interesting fact, and have often turned it to the most profitable account. Either just before or soon after parturition, the cow humpback is languid and deliberate in her movements, and consequently unable to avoid or resist the attacks of the destroyer.

The blubber of the humpback, too, at this time is extraordinary rich in oil, yielding quite 50 per cent, more than it usually does. When struck with the harpoon, if she has a call by her side, all the mother's energies are employed in its protection. For herself she takes no care, satisfied, apparently, if she can but interpose her huge body between her tender nurslings and the death-dealing lances of her foes. These she receives unheeding, and when at last, encumbered by loss of blood, she nears her last struggle, the mighty maternal instinct is even then able to overcome the throes of dissolution, and she does not go into a fury, but calmly passed from life to death, clutching her young one to her bosom with her huge pectoral fins.

Sometimes it happens that through ignorance or carelessness the harpoon strikes the calf and kills it while yet the mother's powers are unimpaired. Then, indeed, the tables are turned with a vengeance. Every device that experience can suggest and presence of mind excite are needed if the terrible rage of the furious monster is to be escaped from. Utterly careless of her own safety, she endeavors by every means she can compass to destroy the boats and their crews. Many awful accidents are recorded from such contests as these, but nearly all of them might have been avoided by the exercise of a little more care on the part of those responsible.

Advice to a Young Married Woman. The following advice, given to a young married woman, who was visited by an older and more experienced one, may be helpful to some of our readers: When the visitor arose to go the hostess came with her to the door, and out upon

"It with the greatest pleasure that I add my testimony to the volumes you have already on file in favor of Paine's Celery Compound. After suffering for a length of time, and having met with many disappointments in the use of medicines in general, I commenced to use Paine's Celery Compound which proved a complete success in my case. Your medicine cured me completely, and I feel as well as ever before in my life."

"Paine's Celery Compound is worth its weight in gold for sick people; I would specially recommend it to all weak and nervous people."

the pleasant piazza, which, however, looked a little dusty in the corners.

"Oh dear," said the young wife, "how provoking the servants are, I told Mary to sweep the piazza thoroughly, and now look how dusty it is!"

"Grace" said the older woman, looking into the disturbed young face with kindly humorous eyes, "I am an old housekeeper. Let me give you a bit of advice: Never distrust people's attention to details. Unless you do so, they will rarely see them."

"Now, if I had been in your place and noticed the dirt I should have said, 'How blue the sky is,' or 'How beautiful the clouds are,' or 'How bracing the air is.' Then I should have looked up at that as I spoke and should have gotten you safely down the steps and out of sight without you seeing the dust." —Boston Herald.

"HEALTH FOR THE Mother Sex."

This caption, "Health for the Mother Sex," is of such immense and pressing importance that it has of necessity become the banner cry of the age.

Women who have been prostrated for long years with Prolapsus Uteri, and illnesses following in its train, need no longer stop in the ranks of the suffering. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound does not perform a useless surgical operation, but it does a far more reasonable service.

It strengthens the muscles of the Uterus, and thus lifts that organ into its proper and original position, and by relieving the strain cures the pain. Women who live in constant dread of PAIN, recurring at REGULAR PERIODS, may be enabled to pass that stage without a single unpleasant sensation.

Four tablespoonfuls of Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound taken per day for (3) three days before the period will render the utmost ease and comfort.

For sale by all druggists. Prepared by the

A. M. C. MEDICINE CO., 136 St. Lawrence Main St., Montreal.

Price 75 cents. Letters from suffering women will be opened and answered by a confidential lady clerk if addressed as above and marked "Personal." Please mention this paper when writing. Sold by all druggists.

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A Certain Cure for Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhoea, Cholera Infantum, &c.

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



WOMAN and HER WORK.

I never was an enthusiast on the subject of foreign missions; the benighted state of the undraped, but contented heathen never appealed to my sympathies at all strongly!

It is asserted by those who should know best, that it takes three generations to make a gentleman, and if that is true I am sure civilization must require the same number of savages to percolate through, before any decided result is obtained.

I cannot say that I feel quite as strongly on the subject of foreign missions as Charles Dickens did, but then I have not made a study of the subject like the great novelist, and consequently I know less about it.

It seems to me that too much money has always been spent on the heathen abroad and too little on the heathen at home.

Some Englishman with a talent for figures, once computed the cost of converting one Jew in England, and though I forget the exact amount I know it ran up into thousands of pounds; an expensive luxury truly for any nation to indulge in, especially when hundreds of poor people were suffering for the bare necessities of life in all the cities of her domain.

A large price surely when counted in coin of the realm, but nothing at all to the price we have been paying lately for the supposed conversion of a scattered few Chinese! It is bad enough and cruel enough to have our men butchered in cool blood when they have resolved to consecrate their lives to spreading the word of God, in foreign lands, but these heroic men have fully counted the cost, and having looked all the possibilities firmly in the face, they are prepared to take all the consequences of their resolve, they take their lives in their hands knowingly and go forth prepared for the worst.

If they can find women brave enough, and devoted, to accompany them, and share their fate for better or for worse, no one has any right to object, and such women have at least a protector always at hand, and that is a mitigating circumstance.

But for the absolute stampede of young and inexperienced girls, to do missionary work in such places as Turkey and China which seems to be one of the signs of the times, there should be some remedy provided which would prove effective. If they have neither parents nor guardians with sufficient authority to check their misdirected ardor, or if those parents and guardians encourage them in their suicidal intentions, then it should be put a stop to by legislation! Surely some law could be enacted which would prohibit single women under 40, from engaging in missionary work in barbarous, and heathen countries? We have laws for the protection of game, and wretchedly as they are enforced, they are of some slight benefit in preventing the country from being entirely depleted of game; they are at least better than nothing; and though I am not going to try and raise the alarm that our country is in danger of a famine in young girls, on account of the missionary mania I know there are too many of our sex in the world for that, but I am going to say that in my opinion the life of one christian girl who has sacrificed herself in mistaken zeal, is too high a price for the supposed conversion of five hundred Chinese, or Turkish ruffians!

"A dreadful sentiment!" some enthusiastic reader will exclaim, but nevertheless I think the recent massacres of devoted missionaries go to prove that my language is none too strong. There has been too

much innocent blood already shed, and, if women themselves will not take warning, it is high time someone in authority took the matter in charge, and called a halt, before any fresh horror startles the world.

The sealin jacket is no longer the severely plain garment of yore, which stood aloof in its aristocratic splendor and depended entirely upon its own richness for its position in society! The seal coat of today is seen in various shapes, some of them too fantastic, one would think for so rich a material. Some are in e-ton shape with immense revers, sleeves still more immense, and sometimes a deep sailor collar. Others show an e-ton front, and a rippling skirt back. The latter is nearly always double breasted, and is closed with three very large bronze buttons; the oddest and most incongruous feature of the garment is the fact that the revers are faced with heavy white satin and edged with an embroidery in bronze silk.

Fashion has decreed that sealin is not one of the mourning furs, though it is very often but most improperly worn in mourning. Black persian lamb is the mourning fur which is most correct, perhaps because it is also the most expensive, and next on the list is black thibet, then follow black marten, Alaska sable, etc. A wrap of black thibet fur is made in a full cape with a yoke of mourning silk heavily embroidered in jet. The yoke must look singularly out of place, I should think but of course some people will wear it because it is the fashion.

I don't think there has ever been a time when so much latitude in the matter of millinery, has been afforded to individual taste! The hat or bonnet may match the rest of the costume in every detail, or it may differ so widely that no one could mistake it for the most distant relation of any other garment worn; but so long as the wearer knows enough not to wear a marten hat, with a costume of dark red cloth, or a royal blue dress and a purple bonnet, she may do pretty much as she pleases. Theatre hats are wider than ever, so wide indeed that the inevitable wings with which she adorns herself, stand out with a spread-eagle effect which excludes the man behind from a view of the stage, quite as effectually as the picture hat could do. The prettiest little Charlotte-Corday caps are worn for the theatre, and besides being most becoming they are easily made at home. Little mob caps of lace with saucy bows of velvet worn directly on the top of the head, are also fashionable for theatre wear.

Round waists with loose fronts, though not by any means the latest style, are still seen even on imported dresses, and the best dress makers develop many of their costumes in this fashion, but of course the coat basque is much newer.

The newest neck ruffles are so enormously bushy that they resemble nothing so much as the great bearskin boas which were worn a few years ago, they seem to be growing in popularity, and are made in various materials from liberty silk or heavy velvet, to mousseline de soie, gauze or tulle. They often have a large satin bow at the back, and a bunch of flowers, or a rosette in satin or lace at the sides. An easy way to make one of these stylish trifles, is to take a piece of black satin ribbon as a foundation, cutting it the required length and finishing the ends with hooks and eyes. The strip of mousseline de soie must be two yards long, and nearly three quarters of a yard wide, fold it double until you get it the width you wish, and then plait it to the foundation in triple box plait taking care to sew the plait down carefully at each edge of the ribbon foundation, otherwise the soft fluffly material will fall away from the foundation and flap loosely around the neck, instead of clinging closely to it, like a high collar. The boa, or ruff whether it be of ornamental chiffon, or comfortable fur is an important item of woman's dress this season, and it is seen in a variety of shapes and styles that seem almost endless. Fluffy long haired furs such as marten, sable, and mink, are preferred for boas, and it seems that the more heads and tails one can collect on the one boa, the more stylish it is certainly the more high priced! I do not object so much to the tails which are a pretty finish, and I can manage to endure the ghastly glassy eyed heads; one can get used to them in time, I suppose, but I do draw the line at the number of poor little limp legs sticking out in all directions, which the most fashionable ones display. One of the leading furriers in the Dominion sent me a Russian sable boa on approval, the other day, and it absolutely had no less than eight legs sticking out from it like so many sore thumbs. I tried it on in a very gingerly manner, and then viewed myself with a hand glass. The result was not encouraging because one little stumpy leg was standing up against my back hair, another was thrust out menacingly behind my right ear, and a third was shaking a fingerless fist just under my left ear; while the other five were distributed around my neck and shoulders in reckless pretension.

The effect was altogether too rakish for my unassuming charms, so I returned the ruff, and the furrier informed, me more in sorrow than in anger, that I had rejected one of the best ruffs in his establishment; it contained two entire skins, he said, legs and all! This boa, was rather a novelty from the fact that it was not ornamented with any heads; it was quite long, 40 inches, three inches wide where flattened, and about each end was finished with three thick, full tails, the legs being left just where they grew, without any attempt at artistic arrangement. Another handsome sable boa is made round and when flattened, would measure four inches in width. It meets in front with a head and paws on each side and innumerable tails hang below. Perhaps the most natural looking of all are made of one whole skin, head and all crossing in front, and finished with six tails. Ruffs with stole ends which are entirely covered with tails, are very fashionable and they suggest the "victories" of the early Victorian era. Some of the boas are so large that they call for four entire skins in making them. Lace, and velvet flowers are used to brighten up these furs, for dressy wear. Another very different style of boa is made of white chiffon twisted almost into the form of a rope, and then encircled at intervals of a few inches with frills really flounces, of the chiffon edged with narrow black lace. The ends are finished with wide black lace closely gathered.

The newest thing in shoulder capes is called the "Tribby" and it fills as the merchants say "a long felt want" it is really a shoulder cape, not a long fur garment which must be worn by itself. The Tribby can be worn over a jacket, or even over a cloth cape and it would be a real comfort with either, not to mention the fact that it is a very becoming garment indeed. It is cut very full and is pointed both in back and front, and also on the shoulders where the wide points extend over the large sleeves in a manner which is very fetching indeed. A very large storm collar also pointed in front rolls over at the throat, and can be turned up so as to entirely cover the ears in cold or stormy weather. Collar-capes made with a yoke and a ruffle of fur, box pleated all around, are very stylish with the high standing collar, which is so arranged that it will roll down, and look quite as well as it did standing, are a feature of all this season's fur garments, be they small fur capes, or long fur coats.

Chinchilla is an old fur which is very much in favor this year, and many of the ruffs, collars, and long capes are made of it. Unfortunately, like gray Persian lamb, it is only becoming to a few.

Delicious way of Cooking Potatoes.

The simplest ways of cooking potatoes were formerly considered the best and only ways of preparing them, but now when the housewife is anxious to vary the family bill of fare this homely vegetable receives considerable attention, particularly at this time of year, when potatoes are not so firm and delicate as early in the season. Sweet potatoes may also be prepared in a variety of ways.

Stuffed Potatoes. A novel way of baking potatoes is with a sausage filling. Use large potatoes and cut a slice from one side an inch and a half in size. Take a small scoop and remove part of the inside. Fill with sausage meat, or chopped veal and pork well seasoned may be used. Cover the filling with a slice of potato first cut off. Stand the potatoes in a baking pan and bake in a moderate oven.

Potatoes Timbale. Pare eight good-sized potatoes, cook them with boiling water, and let them cook thirty minutes. Drain the water from them and mash them smooth and light. Add three tablespoonsful of butter, two of finely chopped parsley, some salt and pepper, and then gradually beat into them one cup of hot milk, and stirring hard, add last three well-beaten eggs. Butter an oval basin and cover it thickly with fine crumbs. Then fill with the prepared potato and bake in a moderate oven half an hour. Let the dish stand a few minutes after it comes from the oven, then place a heated platter over the top of the basin, and turn them over together. Press the tin to loosen the sides and lift it gently from the timbale.

Creamed Potatoes au Gratin. Put in a saucepan one cup of cream or rich milk, a small piece of butter, and salt and pepper. Cut into dice half a dozen cold boiled potatoes, and when the cream mixture has come to a boil add the potatoes. Let them boil up once and remove from the fire. Place a layer of the potatoes in a buttered baking dish and scatter over them some grated cheese, and then layers of potatoes and cheese until the dish is filled. Sprinkle over the top a layer of crumbs and bits of butter over all. Put the dish in a hot oven and bake until the crumbs are browned, which should be in about fifteen minutes.

Potatoes on the Half Shell. Take half a dozen good-sized round potatoes and wash them, rubbing the skins well with a vegetable brush. Put them in a brick oven, and when baked prick a hole in the ends to let out the steam. This is the secret of a mealy baked potato. Cut

Waterbury & Rising, 61 King, 212 Union Street. These January reductions are the lowest yet. Men's Waterproof Heavy Sole Overshoes, 80c. Men's Extra Heavy Sole Rubbers, 3.00. Men's Tap Sole Laced Boots, 8.00. Men's Fine American Velvet Slippers, 61c. Women's Fine Douglas Button Boots, \$1.00. Women's GENUINE Douglas Shoes, Pat. Tip, 71c. Women's Cloth Slippers, 14c. Boy's Strong Lace Boots, 75c. Women's Goodyear Sewed Goat Skating B.o.s., regular price \$3.50, now \$2.00. And many other lines which we wish to clear out completely before 10th February.

RIP PANS ONE GIVES RELIEF.

the potatoes in half lengthwise, scoop out the insides into a hot bowl, and add a dessert spoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of hot milk, the yolks of two eggs, and salt and pepper to taste. Beat vigorously, and fill the jackets with the mixture. Put the whites of the eggs, beaten stiff, over the top, and return to the oven for a few moments until they are a nice brown. This is a very ornamental dish, as well as toothsome and delicious. Place a napkin on a flat dish, and arrange the half shells upon it to serve them.

Potatoes a la Italienne. Boil the potatoes until they are mealy and dry. While hot beat them up with a wire whisk and when fine and light beat in two tablespoonfuls of cream, the same amount of grated cheese, one tablespoonful of melted butter, and the yolks of two beaten eggs. Last stir in lightly the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Pile irregularly upon a flat dish, grate cheese lightly over the top, and brown quickly in the oven. serve at once. If desired a thick cream sauce may be poured around them.

Potato Flowers. For two cupsful of well seasoned mashed potatoes, add the yolks of two eggs, and the white of one and beat them well together. Place the mixture in a pastry bag with a tube having a large star-shaped opening and press the mixture out into a flat dish that may be used to serve on. Guide it around in a circle three inches in diameter, making each row smaller until it comes to a point. Touch the pills lightly with a brush dipped in beaten egg and place a bit of butter on each one. Put them in the oven a moment to brown lightly and serve very hot.

Potato Fingers. To make potato fingers. Use cold mashed potatoes and make them into rolls three inches long. Dip them in melted butter and then in beaten egg, and place them on a buttered tin. Put them in a hot oven and bake until brown.

Queen Potato Puff. Mix together five dessert spoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of baking powder, and a teaspoonful of salt. Grate into this half a dozen cold boiled potatoes. Add half a cup of milk, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and two well-beaten eggs. Place over the fire a spider containing melted lard. When the lard becomes smoking hot, drop the mixture into it by the dessert spoonful, and fry to a light brown. Drain the puffs on brown paper and serve very hot.

Potatoes a la Mexicaine. At a Mexican home potatoes were cooked and served in the following way and pronounced excellent: Peel large potatoes and then cut in halves, scoop out the centre and fill the space with a mixture made as follows: Take two eggs boiled hard and then mashed fine, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one of onion, and one of melted butter, and one raw egg beaten light, and make the mixture thick with finely chopped cooked chicken or meat. Heap the mixture in the potatoes and sprinkle over the top crumbs and grated cheese. Bake to a brown and pour tomato sauce around them to serve.

Sweet potatoes require to be cooked in a rather more careful manner and cut as little as possible or the strength of the potato will be lost. For baking or boiling do not cut the skins before cooking.

The Southern way of serving mashed sweet potatoes is thus: Boil dry and then peel the potatoes. Mash them fine and add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, four of sugar, and a saltspoonful of salt, and moisten with a very little hot milk if they are dry. Beat them until light and place

on a round dish, making them in the beehive shape. Brush them over with a beaten egg mixed with a tablespoonful of milk and bake in a moderate oven until a nice brown.

Another Southern mode of serving sweet potatoes is to boil, peel and cut them into thick slices lengthwise. Take a shallow baking dish and put in a layer of the sliced potatoes, sprinkle them with vinegar, dredge with flour. Repeat until the dish is filled, putting a layer of crumbs over the top with butter on them. Fill the dish with water and bake an hour briskly.

An appetizing dish is browned sweet potatoes. Boil the potatoes until done, drain off the water and dry, then peel and cut them into slices lengthwise. Put three or four tablespoonfuls of beef drippings in a spider over the fire. Sprinkle the potatoes with salt, pepper, and sugar. Drop them in the hot fat, brown on one side, then turn carefully and brown the other. Serve very hot.

Sweet Potato Croquettes. Mash two heaping cupfuls of potato fine, adding two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, and one large or small egg. Heat over the fire, and if very dry, add a little warm milk. When the mixture becomes cool, form into balls and roll first in beaten egg and then in cracker crumbs and fry in smoking hot lard.

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DOES NOT HESITATE TO SPEAK FOR THE GOOD HIS WORDS WILL DO.

A Scholarly Christian and a Beloved Pastor Who Believes in Training the Body as Well as the Mind.

The twenty-ninth day of April is a notable day in the history of the May Memorial church in Syracuse, as it is the anniversary of the installation of the Rev. Samuel R. Calthrop, D. D., the eminent divine who so long has ministered to them spiritually as pastor of the church. Dr. Calthrop was born in England and received his preparatory scholastic training at St. Paul's School London. Entering Trinity College, Cambridge, he soon became a bright figure in that brilliant coterie of scholars, literary men and wise that followed in the traditions of Mauley and his associates at the university. In the middle of the century he visited Syracuse and received his first impressions of the young city that nearly a score of years later he was to choose as his home and in which his labors have been so long and effective. The masterly pulpit addresses of Dr. Calthrop have had their fundamentals drawn from the deepest research. His people have been instructed by him, not only in things spiritual, but in the elements of the broad culture, in literature, in art and in science. His young men have been taught a muscular system of morality. In these and in many other ways has he endeared himself to his congregation, which is one of the most highly cultured and wealthy in the city.



REV. DR. CALTHROP, SYRACUSE, N. Y. Dr. Calthrop has a striking personality. To the eye he is a most picturesque figure. His head and face, framed in luxuriant masses of silky, snow white hair and beard, are of the type of Bryant and Longfellow. Although over seventy years old his rather spare figure is firm and erect and every

movement is active and graceful. His whole life long he has been an ardent admirer and promoter of athletic sports, and even at his advanced age, plays tennis with all the vigor and skill of a young man. To Syracuseans, perhaps, this remarkably versatile man is most widely known, apart from his profession, as a scientist.

On a bright April morning a reporter followed the winding driveway that curving around the hill leads to Calthrop Lodge, an old-fashioned red brick mansion, surrounded by a grove of oaks and chestnuts. Wearing a black skull cap and a black coat of semi-clerical cut, the master of Calthrop Lodge graciously received the reporter who called to inquire about his health, for, though manfully repressing all possible evidence of his suffering, Dr. Calthrop for many years had been the victim of a distressing affliction, until by fortunate chance he was led to take the remedy which has effectually cured him.

During more than half of his pastorate in Syracuse, Dr. Calthrop has been troubled with rheumatism, and at intervals he suffered excruciating agony from it. At times the pain was so great as to prevent him from walking. Many remedies were tried without success and he and his friends had given up hopes of a permanent cure or of more than temporary relief when he took the preparation that drove the disease completely from his system.

In a letter written to the editor of The Evening News, of Syracuse, last year, Dr. Calthrop told of his affliction and its cure. This is Dr. Calthrop's letter:— To the editor of the Evening News,— Dear Sir: More than 35 years ago I wrenched my left knee, throwing it almost from its socket. Great swelling followed, and the synovial juice kept leaking from the joint.

This made me lame for years, and from time to time the weak knee would give out entirely and the swelling would commence. This was always occasioned by some strain like a sudden stop. The knee gradually recovered, but always was weaker than the other.

About fifteen years ago, the swelling recommenced, this time without any wrench at all, and before long I realized that this was rheumatism settling in the weakest part of the body. The trouble came so often that I was obliged to carry an opiate in my pocket everywhere I went. I had generally a pack in my waistcoat pocket, but in going to a conference at Buffalo, I forgot it, and as the car was damp and cold, before I got to Buffalo, my knee was swollen to twice its natural size.

I had seen the good effects of Pink Pills were having in such cases, and I tried them myself with the result that I have never had a twinge or a swelling since. This was effected by taking seven or eight boxes.

I need not say that I am thankful for my recovered independence, but I will add that my knee is far stronger than it has been for 35 years.

I took one pill at my meals three times a day.

I gladly give you this statement. Yours, S. R. CALTHROP.

Since writing this letter Dr. Calthrop has not had any visits from his old enemy and is even more cordial now in his recommendation of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills than he was then. To the reporter he said: "I am continually recommending Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to acquaintances and those I chance to meet who are troubled with rheumatism or locomotor ataxia. "Pink Pills," continued, Dr. Calthrop, "are the best thing of the kind, I know of. They are infinitely superior to most medicines that are put up for sale. I know pretty well what the pills contain and I consider it an excellent prescription. It is such a one as I might get from my doctor but he would not give it in such a compact form and so convenient to take. "I recommend the pills highly to all who are troubled with rheumatism, locomotor ataxia or any impoverishment of the blood."

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ensure that I volumes you of Paine's suffering for a ring met with in the use of commenced to pound which in my case, he completely, before in my

however, lookers. ing wife, "how I told Mary to hly, and now

oman, looking ce with kindly id housekeeper. advice: Never defects. Unad- vey see them. our place and we said, "How beautiful the ing the air is." up at that as I ten you safely sight without on Herald.

HEALTH FOR THE "Other Sex."

is captioh, lth for the "Other Sex," is of immense and ng import- that it has of nancy become annoy cry of ge. been pros- with Pre- es following nger stop in ring. Miles' pound does urgical oper- more reason-

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women will by a confi- addressed as "Personal," when writ-

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THE RETIRED BURGLAR

A Singular and Most Unfortunate Mishap, with an Unexpected Ending

"In a house that I was looking over in a town up the State one night," said the retired burglar. "I came across something that I never struck but that once in all my experience, strange as it may seem; and that was a lot of wedding presents, all just as they were arranged for display. When I turned my lamp into the room I wished I had bought a horse and wagon; there was a good deal of it that wouldn't have been of any earthly use to me, but it seemed a pity to leave any of it behind. But if I couldn't carry it all off I could have the fun of picking, and I started to look the things over. They were arranged on tables and chairs and on the floor around three sides of the room; on the side opposite to the side that I had come in at, and on the side to the right and left; running around these three sides in a sort of irregular order. On the side where I was there were a few chairs. I thought I'd start in on the left and work around to the right, and I started from the door and had gone about three steps when I went down through the floor, as it seemed to me, but what I had really done was to step down through an open register. I suppose somebody must have dropped something down through it and have taken it out to get it and forgot to put it back.

"There was a wire screen under the register over the pipe opening, to keep things from dropping down the pipe, but it was very fine light wire, and it didn't stop me at all; I just slid down into the pipe, pushing that under my feet. When I dropped into the pipe I had been facing to the left; in some way as I went down I got skewed around so that when I got down as far as I did I was facing to the front; that is, toward the center of the room. The pipe didn't go straight down, but with a curve, and I suppose I might have gone plumb to the furnace if I hadn't clutched at the edge of the register opening and hung on. A minute before I was going to take my pick of a roomful; now where was I?

"I had started across the room carrying my tool bag in one hand and my lamp in the other. The shock when I went down had shaken the bag out of my hand, but I had held on to my lamp, though it was lying on its side now with my fingers clutching through the handle. The falling of the tool bag and the striking of the lamp on the floor and the scraping of the wire gauze down though the tin pipe must have made all together a good deal of noise, and I expected every minute to hear somebody moving about up stairs and coming down to haul me out, but nobody did come, and I set my lamp up straight, and after I'd waited a minute or two more I started to see if I could haul myself out.

"As I lay in the pipe my head was below the level of the floor; by a great effort I could raise myself so that the upper half of my head was above the opening, but no higher; there was no room for play; when I got that high I found myself with my elbows close to my body and fairly wedged into the pipe; I couldn't get any higher.

"I let myself down again, and after a while I pulled myself up again, and held on by one hand and held up the lamp and swung it round on the things. Then I let myself down again, and wondered what I was going to do. It wasn't only uncomfortable there in the position I was in; it was mighty hot and unpleasant every way. If I let go I didn't know but what I'd slide down against the furnace, and of course I couldn't stand it for an indefinite length of time, and when I'd been in the pipe I should imagine about two hours I made up my mind that I wouldn't try to stand it any longer; I'd get to come out some time, and I might just as well come out then; in fact, better, for while the chances of my getting away at all were mighty small, they would be better at night than they would be in the daytime.

"So I made up my mind to kick on the pipe and wake up the house and have the thing settled. So I kicked; once, twice, and then I kicked again; and by snakes! I kicked the pipe open at my feet: there was a joint there, and I'd kicked it apart; and the sections I was in sagged down with my weight, and I slid out on the cellar floor. The sagging down of that part of the pipe detached it from the part above and it fell on the cellar floor alongside of me. That made noise enough to wake everybody up; there couldn't be any doubt about that.

"I went out by the same cellar window that I came in by. It was the first and only such lot of stuff that I ever struck, and I never got a thing out of it; in fact, I added something to it myself—a set of tools and a dark lantern."—N. Y. Sun.

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RUNTING SPRUCE GUM.

An Industry That Gives Employment to Hundreds of Active Men.

At this time of the year, and all through the winter months, the spruce gum industry gives employment to hundreds of men in the forests of Maine, New Hampshire, northern New York, and Canada. For many of the former it forms an only source of income during the late fall and winter season. An experienced "gummer" makes on the average \$2.50 a day. His outfit is small, and with a hole cut out of the centre large enough to permit of its being drawn over his head. This large opening is usually bound around and stayed with leather. The bag in this way forms two pouches, one of them falling down in front and the other over the back of the gummer. In or out of the pouches he stores away certain needed tools, as hammer, hatchet, large knife, and so forth; in the other such a supply of food as he thinks will be needed. The food consists mostly of canned meats, a box of baked beans, tea and bread. These he warms and prepares over a fire.

The gummer's stay in the forest depends, of course, on his success in finding a ready supply of gum—sometimes it is only one or two days, sometimes two or three weeks. During recent years so many men have gummed over these forests that there are now certain well-known spruce camps, made of boughs and extremely rough and primitive, yet they furnish very comfortable quarters for the men at night. It is a tradition among the gummers that no one has ever yet taken cold from lying out in the spruce forests, however exposed his condition or intense the cold. Certain it is that they endure rain, snow, and cold with a glowing health that would put the trained athlete to the blush. The old, expert gummer loves his work, and it is a local saying that the men "live eight months in the year in order to gum the other four."

The greatest quantity of gum lies in rifts which run up and down the trunk of the spruce tree. An expert gummer will sight a rifted tree by the slightly oval round of its trunk even before he is near enough to see the rift. Often a tree has to be felled to get at the gum lying in the rift, but if possible the trees are climbed. This rifted gum is usually a little hard and dark, but it is perfectly malleable. The best quality is found near the top, and exudes in small, bubble-blisters. This is quite plastic and light colored. A tree must be three or four years old before the gum is hard enough for use, and a single tree may yield as much as \$5 worth at one time. The gum is carried out of the forests in the meal bag pouches, which hold from 100 to 150 pounds each.

In most regions the gum is sorted to a "first class" and "second class" either in the forests or near them. The first quality brings from 75 cents to \$1 a pound, and the second—the hard, dark gum—from 12 to 50 cents. This second-class goes through the steaming process. The backwoods manufacturing process is a separate industry. Hot steam is led from a small boiler over an immense tin pan. A layer of spruce boughs is put above the pan, then a layer of second-class gum; then again alternating layers of spruce boughs and gum. The steam melts the hard gum which filters down through the boughs into the pan. This melted product runs from the pan through an inclined trough into a large receptacle, where it cools to about the consistency of sorghum, when it is taken out, pulled and stretched in the same way as old-fashioned molasses candy. After the stretching it is rolled on a board or table, and little pieces are snipped off with sharp shears and wrapped in bits of colored paper for the chewing public. While the second-class gum is used only for chewing, the better quality is bought largely by druggists and is used for medicinal purposes. The farmers' daughters get 50 cents a day for pulling gum, and regard it as quite an aristocratic as well as remunerative calling.

One little town near the Rangleys Lakes system, a town six miles square and with a total population of about 250 souls, sends out from its solitary two-windowed store over 35,000 pounds of this gum each year. The railroad company runs a point excursion train from Lewiston to a point some six miles south of the Rangleys, advertise in immense letters on its posters a stop at this little town. The poster reads: "Thirty minutes' stop at B—the centre of the great spruce gum industry."

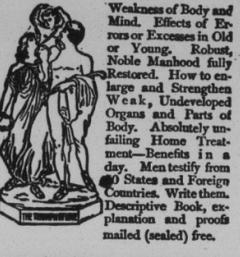
This is the town's sole enterprise, besides farming, and the tiny store wraps over its door the two words, "Spruce Gum."—N. Y. Sun.

Over 150 ambulances are provided in London for the transport of persons injured or suddenly taken ill in the streets. Four persons are killed weekly in the streets of the metropolis, and a score or two are injured.

Traffic through the Emperor William Canal has not yet realized even the most modest expectations. There is no longer any doubt that with existing docks no great increase of traffic is to be expected.

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HILDEBRAND'S LUCK.

The Accident That Prevented Him From Being Worth Many Millions.

L. F. Hilderbrand, a little, wiry Frenchman, who drives an express wagon in Deadwood, is a firm believer in "luck," for the greater number of the many years that cause his curly beard and hair to be so liberally besprinkled with silver have been spent in the mountains of the West. It is "luck" that is responsible for the fact that he is now driving a dray instead of living a life of ease and enjoying the luxuries and comforts that the possession of unlimited means make possible. Had "luck" not been against him he would now be Mr. Hilderbrand, and not "Hilderbrand, the drayman." It was "luck" that caused him, more than thirty years ago, to stumble against a mountain side in Montana, and it was the same "luck" that caused him to chip off a piece from a huge boulder he found there to find that he had "struck it rich," for the boulder was quartz, and so rich in gold that if fairly made his eyes pop and his heart beat with a rapidity that threatened serious results to its outer covering. He soon got over his excitement, and, with the prospector's instinct, began to look for the lead from which the boulder had sloughed off. "Luck" was still with him, for he traced the lead and at once he began to open it. He had a partner, and the two worked hard, for, although quartz mining was then merely an experiment in Montana, they knew the time was coming when placer mining would end and quartz mining would receive the attention of men anxious for a quick way of increasing their wealth.

They were poor, and their supply of "grub" was limited, but they knew that there were plenty of men in the Territory who would gladly "stake" them as soon as they learned of the richness of their find. So far all of their "luck" had been of the quality described as "good" but a change was to come, and that soon. Their "luck" was destined to undergo a change. In an unfortunate moment they undertook to roll of the way the great boulder which had guided them to where fortune was awaiting them. Whether it was this or something else that caused their good "luck" to change the location of the boulder offended the genit that for years had guarded the hidden treasures of the mountain, for the boulder rolled over on to the arm of his partner and so badly crushed it that it became useless. Being without money they had to leave the place, Hilderbrand going to French Gulch to seek employment in the placer mines there, while his partner went to Helena to obtain surgical assistance.

Years passed on and Hilderbrand began to think less of the "find," and when the stampede for Deadwood began he was one of the first to join the rush, and "luck" of the good kind aided him to locate a paying claim in that part of the city which was once known as El'zabethtown. After the claim had been worked out he again drifted West, and was one of the pioneers in the Creur d'Alene Mountains. Bad "luck" again became his companion, and he drifted from one place to another, until finally he found himself once more in Montana, and one day he stood once more gazing on the boulder of rich quartz on which he had feasted his eyes years before. The boulder had the familiar appearance of an old friend, but its surroundings had so changed that Hilderbrand was bewildered.

In place of the modest little tunnel he had help it to dig over a quarter of a century before, he found a monster hoisting plant raising rich ore from a shaft hundreds of feet in depth, while in the gulch thundered and roared a monster stamp mill. The boulder had been removed, and it occupied a place of honor in front of a splendid building. Surrounded by a iron railing, from which dangled signs cautioning trespassers to beware, the boulder stood an object of veneration and curiosity, for it told to the world that it was the identical rock that had led to the discovery of the famous Drum Lummon mine, one of the richest gold producers in the United States. Hilderbrand attempted to touch the boulder, but a burly watchman ordered him off. Finally elucence prevailed, and the man whose "luck" had been his ruin was permitted to place his hand on the boulder and run his fingers over the spot which marked the place from which it had chipped off a sample years before.—St. Louis Paper.

Sound to Have Style.

After the new minister had delivered his first sermon in the Presbyterian Church of a little Washington town recently, a deacon approached him and said: "You didn't give us any Latin or Greek in yer sermon today."

"No," said the minister, "I did not. I was not aware that the congregation included any who understood those languages." And this was a bit of sarcasm.

"Well, that ain't none wot dux," replied the deacon; "but we folks up here want to hey wot's going on in them city churches, an' we'll hev to ax yer to give et us."—Northwest Magazine.

Tender-Hearted. He is a Georgia goose story: Two gentlemen were standing on a street corner when they were approached by a man offering for sale to dressed geese. They decided to purchase, but the dealer insisted on selling the two fowls to one man. Accordingly one of them bought the two and sold again to his friend. After the transaction was completed the goose vender was asked why he wouldn't sell the fowls separately. Said he: "That old goose and gander have been together thirty years, and I wouldn't separate them for any consideration."—Atlanta Constitution.

DISEASED LUNGS

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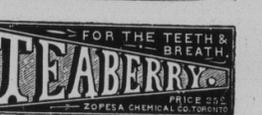
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Lesley writes... does the work... it struck her... beside the... comes along... She looks... with a flourish... making... her facilities... amount of... dearest object... She looks... at Yelverton... present kn... Cynthia, he... talk over... joined... "It's an... said Holcro... specimen... like the sub... "Too jea... ent, shaking... "Too fai... "But I thi... the same... to him, as... devote his... Holcroft... "My dear... "Ronny K... marry a nu... James as... night before... oughly about... what the gr... He pause... too. Even... their hands... "Ronny... "will make... purely a ma... doctors miss... bullet never... muscles. I... but now the... only to get... day six mo... winning over... "Thank... his heart, a... ed round th... "This is... Yelverton... days, and th... I saw he ha... ever. Hurra... told him?"... He said n... too tired to... examination... and resting... yesterday... Ronny today... "The eyes... in a flash... "If Sir... truth the d... we have g... today?"... And Lor... heavy. He... now and wh... what annou... carelessness... "I wish... to himself... indifferent... fort of the... through the... came the bro... man's a foo... agely. "Her... stuff when h... mon sense."... In the ha... the men, go... "I hope... Yelverton... "You... lives, for yo... this will... "Of cour... Lesley, with... all I," she... him in a wa... not know th... decide that... had a coun... that a town... fate. But the... Lesley, con... a looking gl... white face... own now, u... How had... She did not... ho—life con... sun rises, bu... own face sh... unburned o... and the bro... told him w... which could... beautifully... had a cleft i... and no man... women if he... The fair... would have... trast to her... the's chestn... her white r... that she bor... dy Hamilton... for these w... sympathize... being more... Suddenly... ahame at h... great, the gl... recovery had... pass through... ing to the fu... He would b... great passion



CHAPTER XXXII

Lesley read Cynthia's letter as a man does the warrant for his execution. He had known all along it was coming, yet it struck him a blow all the same, for, beside the inevitable, uncertainty becomes almost hope.

She announced the news at breakfast with a flourish, at a moment when making coffee apparently absorbed all her faculties, and putting the right amount of sugar into each cup of her dearest object in life.

She looked neither at her father nor at Yelverton, but as several of the men present knew Ronny, and one or two Cynthia, there was a general buzz of talk over the news, in which Lesley joined.

"It's an old affair between them," said Holcroft, "and she is a magnificent specimen of a woman, for those who like the subdued red haired type."

"Too jealous," said a fair man present, shaking his Rufus head. "Too faithful," said Lesley calmly. "But I think they'll be very happy all the same. She will just devote her life to him, as he might have continued to devote his to horses if—"

Holcroft smiled. "My dear Miss Malincourt," he said, "Ronny Kilmer may not need to marry a nurse, really. I dined with Sir James as I passed through town the night before last and pumped him thoroughly about Ronny's case, and this is what the great surgeon said."

He panned the whole table passed too. Even the servants, with dishes in their hands, stood listening. "Ronny Kilmer," said Sir James, "will make a perfect recovery. It is purely a matter of time. The French doctors misunderstood the case. The bullet never penetrated farther than the muscles. The wound became inflamed, but now the bullet is extracted. He has only to get up his strength, and this day six months you'll probably see him winning every big race, as usual."

"Thank God!" cried Yelverton from his heart, and the cry was warmly echoed round the table. "This is news indeed to me," said Yelverton. "I haven't seen him for ten days, and though he never complained I saw he had no hope of recovery whatever. Hurrah! Do you think Sir James told him?"

He said not. He said Kilmer was too tired to be told anything after the examination, and his mother was ill and resting. He had to go out of town yesterday, but meant to go and tell Ronny today.

The eyes of Yelverton and Lesley met in a flash that said: "If Sir James had told Ronny the truth the day before yesterday, should we have got that news from Cynthia today?"

And Lord Malincourt's heart was heavy. He knew Lesley's face well by now and what it had cost her to make that announcement with the supreme carelessness she did.

"I wish she had less pluck," he said to himself as he glanced round at the indifferent men, the picturesque comfort of the beautiful old dining hall, through the open windows of which came the brisk September air, "and the man's a fool," he added to himself savagely. "It comes seem to be pretty poor stuff when it comes to matters of common sense."

In the hall later Lesley, seeing off the men, got a cruel word in her ear. "I hope you are satisfied," said Yelverton. "You have just spoiled three lives, for you have surely imagined Cynthia will be happy?"

"Of course she will be happy," said Lesley, with her proudest air, "and so shall I," she added, walking away from him in a way that made a man who did not know the subject of conversation decide that really these country girls had a consummate cheek about them that a town girl could not hope to imitate.

But the check was all gone when Lesley, escaping to her bedroom, saw in a looking glass the blue eyes, the little white face, that was to be always her own now, never Ronny's.

How had it come, this love for him? She did not know. We do not know how life comes, how it goes, how the sun rises, but it is there. Beyond her own face she seemed to see Ronny's unburned one, with gray, coldish eyes and the brown mustache that she once told him was his stock in trade, but which could not hide the lines of his beautifully drawn, firm mouth, and he had a cleft in his firm, clear cut chin, and no man can escape his fate with women if he have that.

The fair brows of his curly head would have made a much better contrast to her own dark locks than Cynthia's chestnut one would do. In her white robe it suddenly struck Lesley that she bore an odd resemblance to Lady Hamilton's famous picture as Circe, for there was the same long limbed, symphonic air about them both, they being more than commonly tall.

Suddenly she covered her eyes for shame at her selfishness. "The great, the glorious news about Ronny's recovery had been forgotten. He would pass through the antechamber of suffering to the full life beyond that he loved. He would be able to indulge the one great passion that had hitherto filled

his existence, and what was Cynthia or Lesley or any other woman in comparison with that?

And, for her own part, to stay here at Malincourt, with the dear old dad who was better to her than any lover ever could be, was by no means an ill portion, and when Bob and the rest of them realized that she meant to be an old maid perhaps they would let her alone altogether.

That part of Cynthia's letter relating to Yelverton did not enter into Lesley's thoughts at all. She supposed the old Stourbridge woman must have got the idea into her head when she dined at Malincourt and written off post haste to her cousin, Lady Appuldurcombe, but it never occurred to Lesley that her supposed engagement had preceded Ronny's.

And then she sat down and wrote to Cynthia. "May you both be happy," she said, "you and Ronny." That was all. If a tear fell as she folded the sheet and she was too blinded to see it, did Ronny, to whom those two lines were handed next day, guess its origin?

And Yelverton wrote: "Ronny, you're a fool. Why couldn't you wait?" And not a word more. And Ronny puzzled greatly over this, and for what seemed to him an eternity no sign of any sort came from Malincourt.

CHAPTER XXXIII Yelverton had a father. If he had owned a mother, he could not for so long have closely devoted his attention to the affairs of other people, and very soon after his curt epistle to Ronny he was sent for post haste to Yorkshire, only to find that his parent, who was in a hurry, had not been able to wait and take a formal farewell of his heir.

It is thus, I think, that most of us depart, not with all our boxes nicely packed, our cupboards sealed and our keys neatly docketed to hand over to our successors. Our exits are almost as impromptu as our entries, and it is only when we retire with flags flying and all the honors of war.

The funeral and a good deal of business kept Roger well engaged till the end of September, his only correspondent besides business ones being Lesley, who in her turn wrote him frequently. Was he only a man that gradually hope whispered how, now Ronny was entirely out of her life, Lesley liked no one so much as herself, as Bob Heathcreek knew to his sorrow?

And he was to go back to Malincourt for October, while in Yelverton castle his master seemed to see the half shy, half proud, wholly lovely figure of Lesley moving about light as thistle down, and already in his stables he had selected the loose box about good enough for Miss Coquette.

And meanwhile Lesley was saying to Miss Coquette, her real confidante in these days, since from Lady Cranston she only got reproaches: "You must be kind to me, Coquette, for I love no one but you. No one but you—now." And yet no one ever dared to pity Lesley in these the most awful days of her life.

I think they were bad days to a good many people just then—to Bob, who was slowly digesting the fact that to want a thing very badly is not always to get it, and that the conqueror's baton is not carried in every lover's knapsack—to Lady Cranston, whose own play days were over and whose only interest in life lay in watching friends live dramas and acting them to go wrong—to Lord Malincourt, who cared himself for that punishment of Lesley which had proved punishment indeed to a good many people, including himself—to Ronny, realizing his folly as he grew stronger every day and emancipated himself from that atmosphere of physis and nurses that had done more to quell his spirit than all his suffering—to Cynthia, meeting only kindness instead of love, tolerance taking the cold place of eager longing—to Lady Appuldurcombe, slowly pining under some real bodily illness and very real heartache—and with a glorious, ripe autumn crowning all, and crying to every one of them to have done with human emotions and come out to lose themselves for awhile on nature's breast, to learn from her lessons of patience, of self control, to bear like her all the pain, the cold, of winter, knowing that spring would come and joy return—as indeed it did in time, to all save Lady Cranston.

And to Lesley, the day before Yelverton was expected at Malincourt, came a letter, written in Mrs. Crockett's laboratory hand (which had never kept pace with her brains), that ran as follows:

APPULDURCOMBE HOUSE, Sept 20, 1894. HONORABLE MISS—My lady is very ill, though she keeps it from Mr. Ronny, and cries in her sleep, and the curse lies on her mind as she called down upon you, and she is well aware now she does you wrong, and if I may make so bold as to say so, honored miss, a sign of you and a kind word would save her a bad illness. I write this quite unbeknownst; but, though my lady's too proud to say it or even own she was in the wrong, flowers in May wouldn't be as welcome as you'd be to her now. She seems to see as how the (her "mistake" was partly rubbed out) engagement ain't for Mr. Ronny's happiness, and I hope, honored miss, yours, as we have all heard one may be just as happy as can be. Honored miss, will you please accept me and Mr. Charville's best respects? Your obedient servant, Sarah de Crockett.

Lesley read this letter carefully over, not once, but many times, before she took it to her father.

Was there any plot among the old servants to bring her face to face with Ronny? Did they dislike Cynthia, or was Cynthia in Lady Appuldurcombe's bad books, as Lesley had been?

At breakfast she and Lord Malincourt met alone. "Dad," she said, when he had read the letter, "what does it mean?" "It means that Jane Appuldurcombe is a fool, and her folly has come back to roost," he said angrily, for he had never forgiven that cruel letter about his girl, and never would. "She did not think you good enough for her precious son Ronny, and now she doesn't think another woman good enough, and that's all about it," he added, with a man's masculine summing up of details.

"Dad," said Lesley, remembering Aunt Jane's stolen visit to kiss Ronny in his sleep, "it's a hard thing to bring up your child to make some one else happy, and that's old—at least 32—and the others have all married, and he hasn't."

"So she gets a fit of the megrims," said Lord Malincourt dryly. "Well," he added, "of course if you mean to run away again, I can't stop you."

"No," said Lesley quite gravely. No one on earth would stop her, once she had made up her mind. "But if she died and I hadn't forgiven her it would worry me to the end of my days."

"Oh," cried Lord Malincourt impatiently, "you are all in the same boat! Here is a letter from the lawyers, saying I must go up, if only for a few hours, to swear my evidence." And he quoted a case in which he was involved and of the deepest interest to all masters of foxhounds.

"Very well, dad," said Lesley, "we can go up together by the early train, and I shall do a lot of shopping after going to Aunt Jane for an hour, and we shall still get home for dinner at 9."

And though Lord Malincourt protested, yet such were the exigencies of law and his daughter's wishes that quite early next morning Lesley found herself once more—but with how different a heart!—on her way to town. Ronny could not be out of his room when she arrived, so there was no need to think of what she should say to him if they met.

CHAPTER XXXIV Ronny had not seen his mother for two days, but was put off by so many messages, all cheerful, that he did not realize anything serious, though perhaps had the clock hand been between them he would not have taken her absence so quietly.

The charm between them was broken now—they no longer spoke of Lesley—and with returning energy Ronny drifted every hour farther from her. He was always kind—oh, that deadly kindness which passion never knew—and he would marry her and be good to her when he happened to be at home, and his heart would be Lesley's to the day of his death.

He had insisted on rising early that morning, and when Lesley, invited by Lady Appuldurcombe's servants, as Lord Malincourt said angrily to himself, came to the door of his half sister's house, Charville, scarcely believing his eyes, ushered her joyfully up into the big saloon, and throwing the double doors wide open disclosed Ronny, standing in the middle of the room, one arm round Cynthia's shoulders, and in his left hand a stick upon which he leaned heavily.

Lesley walked forward slowly, blindly; as a freezing blind man draws instinctively to the warmth that he feels, but cannot see, even so Ronny drew her, her soul, her body, till the two had come face to face, and broken hearted, looked upon each other, humbly, too, as those who, not denying their love, know their yearning to be in vain. Then Lesley pulled herself together, and with all the pride of her race turned away.

But Cynthia caught and held her back, with Ronny's arm still round her shoulders. With one look at either face, she knew "as well might one deny God's sunlight as such love as this," and, murmuring, she covered her eyes, the pallid puppet play of her own

Did not know when Cynthia crept away, and Ronny's loves fallen to bits in sorrow before her. Lesley's sacrifice had been made in vain, and now her turn had come should she flinch from it? Slowly she lifted her head. The life seemed to be going out of her in great throbs as she said: "You gave him up to me, Lesley," and took Ronny's slack arm from her shoulders, and twined it, oh, how willingly, round the girl's neck, "and now I give him back to you."

I am sure that in that moment of pure ecstasy the two saw only one another, and did not know when Cynthia crept away; the world stood still and only they were in it as folding both arms about his beloved, Ronny strained

her as a man can but once in his life, when having lost and half died for his love, he awakens from his long night of anguish to find her warm heart beating against his, as only a loyal, pure heart can beat.

And Lesley took his gaunt face in her hands and kissed him, brow and lips and chin, no misgiving in her bosom, drinking deep in the one supreme joy that life cannot deny us, and perhaps they might be standing there till this moment, lost in one another, had not Charville, keeping discreetly behind the door he opened by inches, announced that her ladyship was worrying for Miss Lesley, and would Mr. Ronny come too?

When Ronny had put her hat quite straight, then made it very crooked again and dusted a spoke or two of dust from her blue lion gown with his hands of white embroidery, he remembered Cynthia, and asked a little sternly, though the sternness was not for her, what she had meant.

"We both, sir," said Lesley, making him an audacious courtesy, "had the bad taste to fall in love with you, and we drew lots, and you fell to Cynthia. Oh, poor, poor Cynthia! And now she has behaved splendidly and given you back to me."

"Poor Roger!" he said, but, being a man, not in the least as she had said "Poor Cynthia!" just now. "He is all right," said Lesley hard heartedly. "Don't our two heads make a nice contrast?" she cried out suddenly as they came to a mirror, and leaning their cheeks together, looked in each other's eyes.

"Oh, Ronny," she said, rubbing her little face against his palm one, "I never thought to see you come to Malincourt, and I'll nurse you up, and you shall be as strong as ever you were in three months!"

Charville overheard the last words as, with a subordinate, he waited with the invalid chair to carry Ronny up stairs, and he beamed upon the insensately happy pair, when they came out, his aristocratic looks.

Decency forbade Ronny's taking her hand as she frolicked up the stairs beside him, all her buoyant youth miraculously restored, but outside his mother's door he found her support absolutely necessary, so they entered with a good deal of help from one another, and Jane Appuldurcombe (had the good news already flown through the air to her?) held out her arms as they drew near and without a word kissed them both.

"I have been a very wicked woman, my dear," she said presently, her elegance, like her apartment, quite unimpaired by her remorse, when Ronny had been made comfortable in an easy chair, dozed with "drops" and generally taken care of. "I think if you had not come—and forgiven me—I should have died. And I think Ronny would have died too."

Presently mother and son were alone together, for after kissing Ronny openly, shamelessly, Lesley had stolen away. "She has gone to Cynthia," said Lady Appuldurcombe softly.

"But, thank God," said Ronny, "she is coming back to me." THE END.

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### THE DANGER OF STOMACH TROUBLE.

There is No Telling Where Disease of the Stomach and Bowels May End—But South American Nervine has Proven a Remedy for the Most Desperate Cases. The Wonderful Story Told by a Meaford Resident.

Have you noticed in how many cases of death the explanation is given that the real trouble was in the stomach? It had refused to perform its important functions. Food would not remain there, and with almost every mouthful eaten the most terrible pain had been endured.

People may well think seriously when the stomach and bowels become deranged. This was the case with Mr. Samuel Elya, of Meaford, Ont., a prominent Patron of Industry. He hardly saw how he could survive the hold disease of the stomach had secured on him. "I was in great trouble," said Mr. Elya, "with pain in the bowels; my food felt like lead in my stomach. I could not sleep, and my nerves were entirely shattered. I had used different doctors' medicines, but they all failed to cure me, or, indeed, to do me any good. An advertisement of South American Nervine came under my notice, and I purchased a bottle of this medicine from the local druggist. It did me so much good that I got two more bottles, and these three bottles, I honestly believe, cured me. I know it was the best three dollars I ever spent. I now enjoy health as I have not for many years. My whole system seems to be substantially built up, and these blessings I do not hesitate to attribute to South American Nervine."

Two Christmas Gifts. This is something that happened last year—or perhaps it was the year before, or even the year before that. At any rate, it's just as good to be telling as it were brand new. There is a man here whom Mother Nature, by way of recompensing him for the loss of his sight, has richly endowed with artistic abilities. That isn't in the story, you know, but it describes the way. One day the wife of his bosom said: "My dear, I've bought you a lovely Christmas present."

"Where is it?" he asked. "There," she answered; "it's a painting there on the wall."

"That evening he said to her, 'My dear I've just been buying you a lovely Christ Christmas present.'"

"Indeed," said she, "what is it?" "An overcoat," was the answer; "I have it on."—Washington Post.

St. Catharines, Jan. 20 (Special).—Great interest has been excited and frequent inquiries as to the case of Mr. Albert F. Kennedy, marble dealer, of his city, who had been reported as recently cured of acute rheumatism. When seen regarding the matter he said: "Words of praise cannot be to strong when I am speaking of Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"In an acute form I had gone as far as it was safe to go, for sometimes that form of rheumatism is suddenly fatal. "I had suffered intensely, at times, for the past four years; had lost the use of my hands, wrists and arms, being almost paralyzed."

"I had tried almost everything advertised or recommended before finding what I needed in Dodd's Kidney Pills. "The result of using three boxes is a perfect cure, and I have had no relapse or

hint of pain for several months since being cured."

Sold by all druggists and dealers. Price 50 cents. If not obtainable, address enclosing price, to the Dodd's Medicine Company, Toronto, Ont.

### Dumplings He Would Have.

An anecdote which was current of Ferdinand I. of Austria at one time greatly delighted his subjects and gave rise to a common saying. One summer day he was hunting in the Styrian mountains, and was overtaken by a violent thunderstorm. He sought refuge in a farmhouse whose occupants were just then at dinner, and his fancy was caught by some smoking dumplings, made of coarse flour. He tasted them, liked them, and asked for more, and when he got back to Vienna, to the horror of the royal cooks, he ordered the same dumplings to be served-up daily.

The courtiers were scandalized that such a course dish should figure on the menu, and even his physicians remonstrated against the use of such food.

The Emperor had always been the most pliant of men, but now he showed that he had a will of his own, and persisted in gratifying his new fancy. Finally the physicians pretended that it was dangerous to his health to be living on dumplings, and insisted on his giving them up.

The hitherto docile sovereign stamped his foot, and declared that he would never sign another official document if his diet were denied him.

"Emperor I am," he shouted, "and dumplings I will have!"

To prevent a stoppage of the government machinery the opposition was withdrawn and his majesty clung tenaciously to his dumplings. Then the imperial phrase became proverbial, and thereafter, when any one insisted on gratifying a silly whim, some one was sure to say: "Emperor I am, and dumplings I will have!"—Youth's Companion.

Intense Pain From Sciatica. The Myrtle Remedy, South American Rheumatic Cure Conquers it in Two Days.

The following comes from the wealthy lumberman of Merrickville, Ont., Mr. E. Errett: For a number of years I have suffered intense pain from rheumatism and sciatica in my left hip. It is needless to say I have doctored constantly, but without receiving anything but temporary relief. South American Rheumatic Cure was at last tried and its effect was truly magical. In two days the pain was all gone, and two bottles of the remedy cured me completely. I was so bad that for two years I could not lie on my left side if I got the universe for so doing. At present I have not a symptom of sciatica or rheumatism, and hence it is with much pleasure that I recommend this great remedy. I know it will cure. Sold by H. D. Clark and S. McDiarmid.

Mr. Rathbun and His Insomniacal Ram. Lon Rathbun and wife were awakened last night by a noise in the house. The next instant the footboard of their bed was struck with a thunder and split clear off. It was their ugly ram, which had broken loose and entered the house. A minute more and the washstand received an impact from the ram's head which broke the pitcher and cracked the bowl. By this time Mr. Rathbun had got into one leg of his trousers. Before he could complete his toilet the ram got his horns mixed up in them and tore them badly. Then Mr. Rathbun struck a match. Then the ram struck him. The match went out, and so did Rathbun. The ram butted him out of the chamber, which is on the first floor. Scouring a fence board, Rathbun pounded the brute into submission and tied him up until morning.—Mount Morris (N. Y.) Correspondence Rochester Post-Express.



### LUNGS

TAKING Cherry Pectoral.

cold, which settled in the chest, is often done. I then consulted a doctor, and he gave me a bottle of Cherry Pectoral. After taking a few bottles I was cured. Orangeville, Ont.

My dear Miss Malincourt, he said, "Ronny Kilmer may not need to marry a nurse, really. I dined with Sir James as I passed through town the night before last and pumped him thoroughly about Ronny's case, and this is what the great surgeon said."

Lamb, Chickens.

and Tongues, Feet, and Tongues.

THE TEETH & BREATH. CHEMICAL PREPARATIONS.

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ADAMSON, N. B. ERNEY, Proprietor. Some of the most spacious and modern New Brunswick.

MISS DILL'S DELEGATE.

Miranda Dill was "doing up" the last of her quince one November morning when some one rapped at her kitchen door. When she opened her door she saw Mrs. Draper standing on the little back porch.

DEAD SEA FRUIT.

People are in the habit of asserting that two-thirds of the Scinde stations are within the range of Hades. This is not strictly true, however, of Sibi. Human life there partakes of the character of the vegetation; it is apt to be blasted, or scorched, or withered—what there is of it—more than in most places.

THE BORN.

Bectouche, Jan. 15, to Mrs. McLaughlin, a son. Moncton, Jan. 10, to the wife of W. H. Wata, a son. Truro, Jan. 11, to the wife of H. W. Ryan, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Tverton, Jan. 1, Rev. Mr. Allaby, Merrill Outhouse to Mrs. Small. Victoria, N. S., Dec. 13, John Everett's Mrs. Agnes Everett.

DEARBORN & CO.

Upper Kingsclear, Jan. 15, by Rev. H. Montgomery, Fenwick P. Shields to Mary A. Burri k. Lynn, Mass., Jan. 9, by Rev. D. B. McCurdy, Wm. Phillips to Grace Cross of Yarmouth.

DIED.

Chocolate Cove, Wm. Harvey, 83. St. John Jan. 17, Fred L. Ea. 46. Hillsboro, Jan. 2, John Wallace, 75.

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