

PROGRESS.

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SCOVIL'S BIG MISTAKE

HE WINS NOTORITY FOR HIMSELF VERY QUICKLY.

And Starts People Talking About Something They had Forgotten by Treacherously Assaulting the Editor of "Progress" on the Public Streets.

Now Carter defend yourself!
First the blow and then the challenge.

The scene was the street crossing near the Dufferin hotel and the actors were Harry (Scovil) and E. S. Carter of PROGRESS.

It happened last Saturday evening about seven o'clock (when the rain was descending in torrents and all men and women peaceably inclined were hurrying homeward.

Mr. Carter had hailed a street car that had left the head of King Street and was just about to board it, when he received a stunning blow on the side of the head behind the ear and heard the words quoted above.

Almost dazed by the unexpected and treacherous assault he forgot all about the car (and turned to meet his assailant who had struck him such a cowardly blow when his back was turned. In the half darkness he could see a tall figure coming again toward him aiming another blow at his head.

Quickly raising his umbrella he warded off the blow and with no knowledge even at that time of who was attacking him rushed toward his adversary and grappled with him.

Then it was no longer a man with a club or a clubbed whip striking from behind that he had to engage but somebody he could feel was in his power.

The scuffle was a short one. The hats of each flew in different directions but, notwithstanding that the cape of his mackintosh had blown over Mr. Carter's head and he was able only to feel and not to see his assailant he managed to throw him in the mud of Charlotte street.

For a moment it was doubtful who would remain on top but the newspaper man held his own and had his antagonist at his mercy.

By this time a large crowd had gathered. Friends of both parties appeared upon the scene and a dozen hands pulled the two men who were struggling in the gutter apart.

Then for the first time Mr. Carter recognized the voice of his opponent as the latter pleaded of those who were separating them, and these were the words he used, "Don't let him hit me when he's getting up! Don't let him hit me when he's getting up!"

That was practically the end of the fracas which ended as suddenly as it began. Scovil however made one more rush in his madness at being cheated out of the satisfaction of beating Mr. Carter, saying as he did so "I'll learn you to ruin my family" and "You've ruined my family!" "You've ruined my family," but his friends or those who stood near hustled him up the south side of King square, where he entered the residence of a friend and washed away the stains of the conflict as far as he was able. That wasn't very material, however, for his beauty and his clothes had been ruined in the conflict.

Mr. Carter soon after went home to supper as he had intended to do when attacked.

Then the question naturally was asked, "Why had Scovil attacked Mr. Carter?" Few could answer the conundrum but it soon began to be whispered around that Mr. Scovil had been persuaded that a certain article headed "Stuck on her Shape" which had appeared in PROGRESS a fortnight before was intended to refer to his wife and her family.

The traditional nine days allowed for talk had passed and if anyone had given the anecdote more than a passing thought or had tried to fix it upon any person or persons in particular they no doubt had forgotten all about it. But Mr. Scovil's ill advised and foolish action made it a thousand times more public than it ever was before. To show how little he had to go upon and how far his imagination led him the article is reprinted as it appeared in PROGRESS three weeks ago:—

"STUCK ON HER SHAPE."

A NEW KIND OF ENTERTAINMENT AT AN AFTER NOON RECEPTION.

A very good story is told with considerable relish by the ladies when they make their afternoon calls



LAST SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHARLOTTE STREET SCENE.

Showing Mr. Carter of Progress About to Board a Street Car Which Had Just Stopped for Him and Harry Scovil in the Act of Striking Him From Behind.

now-a-days. It seems that the wife of a very erect and official looking citizen who has a fine moustache, had a small reception one afternoon during which she began to boast of the remarkable figure or "shape" of her daughter who, though married for some time, still retains those beauties of form that attracted her proud young husband. Her mother was not content with describing the perfect contour of her daughter, but suggested that if she was asked she might consent to display her perfect figure. The request seemed to be forthcoming, for soon after, to the surprise of the ladies there the young lady appeared with no more clothing on than a South Sea Island belle usually wears. Admiration of the beautiful form contended with the bewilderment of the caller at this new form of afternoon entertainment which seemed to satisfy the audience so thoroughly that the most of it departed somewhat hurriedly.

Now, but for Mr. Scovil's action, who would have thought the article printed above referred to his wife! There are the best of reasons for thinking otherwise, but the occurrence of Saturday evening last has placed him and those whom he thought he was defending in a position before the public that is not to be envied. Perhaps it is best not to comment upon this phase of the matter further. The friends of himself and his family are more distressed than can be imagined at the pointed publicity he has given to an incident that had well nigh passed out of the recollection of the general public.

Sometime after the fracas it was said that Mr. Scovil went to the police office gave himself up and deposited \$50 with his father-in-law the chief of police. Then the amount was reduced by report to \$20. Finally it was stated that the money was left with the chief in case an information for assault was made. The amount was not produced by the chief—perhaps, because it was not called for.

But was that the reason why the chief circulated so freely about the scene of the conflict a short time afterwards, looking for witnesses? or was he busy telling the story that "his son-in-law had given Carter a whipping and broken his face all up." Perhaps it was as well to give the lie to this report as promptly as Mr. Carter did when half an hour afterwards he appeared without a scratch or a mark of any kind.

A Preliminary Conversation.

Last Saturday afternoon, about 1:30 o'clock, as Mr. Carter, the editor of PROGRESS; was going to his dinner, he dropped into the grocery store of Mr. Baxter at the corner of Pitt and Leinster streets, and transacted some business. While there he noticed a young man, very much taller than the average individual, leaning against the counter, but he paid no attention to him as his appearance was not striking enough to warrant it. But, while proceeding across the street on his way home, he was halted by a call from the same young man who

had plowed him out of the store and across the street, and in reply to the question, "Is your name Mr. Carter?" he answered in the affirmative.

"Connected with PROGRESS?"

"Yes."

"My name is Scovil, I have been away from the city and only returned home a day or two ago, but I believe that, during my absence, an article that appeared in PROGRESS some two weeks ago headed 'Stuck on her Shape' is thought generally throughout the city to refer to my wife and her mother, Mrs. Chief Clark."

"You are giving me news, Mr. Scovil, I never heard of your wife's name in connection with the paragraph of which you speak. I did hear of another lady's name mentioned in that connection, but it was not your wife's," was the reply of Mr. Carter.

"Well, I do not care about that but everybody in town is talking about my wife in connection with this article."

"I can't help that, Mr. Scovil," said Mr. Carter, "you will have to get after the people who are talking."

"No," replied Mr. Scovil, "I hold you responsible because the article first appeared in your paper."

"Correct you are," said Mr. Carter, "its first appearance in print was in PROGRESS, but it only appeared there, because a lot of people were talking about it and interested in the anecdote."

"Well," replied Mr. Scovil, "what I want you to do, and what you must do, is in the next issue of PROGRESS to deny that it was my wife that was referred to in that article 'Stuck on her Shape.'"

Looking at him somewhat in amazement, Mr. Carter replied, "That is impossible, Mr. Scovil, because I cannot deny what I have not asserted. You have told me for the first time that the lady whom everybody in town associates with the paragraph, is your wife. I will tell you what I will do, however, if you are unwise enough to publish names about this matter at this day, when the whole talk has nearly died out, you can put anything you wish in PROGRESS over your own signature regarding it."

Mr. Scovil did not seem to take kindly to this idea for he replied that he didn't propose to write anything to the paper at all, and that he held Mr. Carter responsible and insisted that he should deny it.

Mr. Carter replied,—"I cannot deny, Mr. Scovil, what I never asserted."

Then said Mr. Scovil, "I will hold you responsible."

"That of course is your privilege," said Mr. Carter.

After this very quiet, but earnest conversation, the two departed, each going his own way.

How Scovil Laid His Plans.

One of the funniest things in connection with this affair was the interview that Mr. Scovil had on Saturday afternoon with a brother traveler, who was stopping at a leading hotel. When the latter told the story it was a day or two after the Saturday fracas, and the person whom PROGRESS got it from was an interested listener to the tale that completed the humiliation of Scovil. This brother traveler of his, whom he met some time before was seated in the writing-room of his hotel Saturday afternoon and Scovil, seeing him there as he was passing, tapped upon the window after which he entered the building and, greeting the traveler asked him in quite an excited way if he had a room in the house. Upon learning that he had he said that he wished to speak privately with him. Immediately the two repaired to the room occupied by the traveler. Closing the door carefully Mr. Scovil told the traveler that he wanted him, upon his honor as a man, to promise that he would be silent upon what he was going to tell him, until after he had thrashed a newspaper man who had slandered his family.

The traveller knew nothing of what he meant, and, as he related it, having come into town but a short time before had no idea of the delusion under which Scovil was laboring, but having met him several times while on the road, he was ready enough to promise silence upon something he knew nothing of and cared less about. Then it was that Scovil produced a sort of a dog whip, quite long in the handle and with a short lash attached to the end. He evidently was not an adept in the use of it, for one of his objects in asking the traveller upstairs was to get him to instruct him how he might handle the weapon to the best advantage.

"But what do you want of that thing?" said the traveller, "why don't you use your fists. Your big enough surely to handle almost any man."

"Ah" said Scovil, "that is not the point. I want to degrade him, and nothing will do that but attacking him with a whip."

Then he proceeded to point out how neatly he had arranged the whole affair. He had telephoned, or was about to telephone, to the newspaper man's house, and get him to come to the Royal Hotel at half past seven o'clock, or a quarter to eight, and he was going to wait for him in front of the Royal Hotel, which he considered

(CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.)

MINUS LIFE PARTNERS.

CAPABLE AND ATTRACTIVE YOUNG MAN A FREDERICTON LAWYER

Who Have not Joined the Ranks of the Benedicts—Their Claims for Admission Cannot be Disputed—A Description of Some of Them.

FREDERICTON Nov. 25.—PROGRESS story of the bachelors of Fredericton last week created a sensation far greater than was anticipated. Those who figured in the article all expressed their thorough approval at the manner in which their qualifications for matrimony were placed before the public, and all were no doubt proud of the fact that their claims for distinction had at last been recognized. The only disappointed one it appears were those bachelors who did not receive attention in the first article. The fact that consideration of quite a number had to be deferred for want of time and space, has been the means of arousing no little curiosity as to the identity of those likely to figure in the sequel. In view of the anxiety and possible loss of sleep that some of the over looked ones might experience from further delay, it is perhaps advisable in the interests of all parties that their good points should be placed before the public this week.

PROGRESS finds on looking over the list of eligible bachelors still to be dealt with, that a very respectable per centage of them belong to the legal fraternity; claims of three of these were given to the world last week, and there are no less than five to receive attention. No doubt these gentlemen are quite competent to plead their cases but as it would not be in strict accordance with the rules of legal etiquette for them to do so in this instance PROGRESS has undertaken to act for them. Although there was no previous understanding in the matter, it is perhaps only fair, that they be allowed to have whatever advantage that might occur from being placed first on this week's list.

Mr. C. E. Arthur Simonds, being the senior of the quintette, is entitled to the first consideration. He is a bachelor of many years standing and seems to possess in his makeup the traits that characterize the perfect gentleman. He is tall and stately, and moves along with a graceful easy stride, that always ensures for him an unobstructed pathway. He is somewhat sombre in appearance, and this fact is apt to give one the opinion that he prefers his own society to that of others, but an acquaintance with him soon dispels the illusion. Mr. Simonds's qualifications for matrimony are an illustrious ancestry, a snug bank account, a fairly lucrative law practice, a good knowledge of men and affairs, an unassuming manner, a generous nature, and a ripe experience as a bachelor.

Mr. Hugh G. Nesles, the junior member of the firm of Black, Blois and Nesles is generally classed as one of the most promising young barristers of Fredericton. He has only been practicing a short time, but long enough to have his exceptional ability and great legal attainment recognized by the government of his native province, which recently conferred upon him the very old and honorable title of a justice of the peace. No doubt the government recognizing his usefulness to the state, would gladly have knighted him at the same time had it been in their power to do so. Mr. Nesles has been generously endowed by nature with good looks, calculated to cause a young lady, beholding him for the first time, to almost lose her head. In addition to his good looks, Squire Nesles has an attractive manner, a substantial income, a well cultivated taste, an eye for the beautiful, and numerous other characteristics which members of the opposite sex admire in a man.

No young lady reader of PROGRESS with an eye to business should content herself in this city any length of time without by some hook or crook making the acquaintance of Mr. Allan B. Wilmot, though perhaps he does not realize the fact himself, is considered by many to be one of the most desirable matrimonials in the field. The scion of a noble family the son of an ex M. P., the grandson of an ex governor and the bearer of a name honored and respected the whole province over would in itself be sufficient to commend Mr. Wilmot to almost any ambitious young lady did he possess no other qualifications which is not the case. As a matter of fact he is the only

(CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.)

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A THIEF AND A KLEPTOMANIA.

The Difference is Chiefly Owing to the Difference in the Social Position of the Individual—What a King Street Merchant Thinks of Kleptomaniacs.

"If there is such a thing as kleptomaniacs, then strike out that commandment which says, Thou shalt not steal. If that particular one of the ten can be fixed over to suit social conditions and meet certain exigencies then why not all the others? Would it not be just as reasonable to suppose that a man taking the name of the Lord in vain, an irresistible impulse to do servile work on the Sabbath day, murder or any one of the things forbidden by the commandments is a form of a disease, and in certain cases should be treated as such No. I don't believe in kleptomaniacs or kleptomaniacs. It was at a table in a Charlotte Street restaurant that the above remark was made by a King street merchant, when a story related by some one else at the table brought up the subject of kleptomaniacs.

"Kleptes is from the Greek and means thief—just plain thief—though when a man or woman well up in the social scale enters a store, takes a fancy to a certain article, manages to appropriate it without the knowledge of those in attendance and evinces no desire to pay for the article thus purloined, until compelled to do so, it sounds much better to call that person a kleptomaniac. Theft, absentmindedness kleptomaniacs; you have your choice according to the position you occupy.

"The poorly dressed, shivering woman goes into a store and makes off with a pair of wool gloves worth about forty or fifty cents she's a thief. Ten minutes later a well dressed woman comes along sees a pair of kid gloves worth about one dollar and forty or fifty cents, picks them up in just the same way the other woman did, and with the same intention. Some people would be dense enough to put both woman in the same class. An experienced and successful merchant never does. No, the first one is a thief; officers are sent to search her house to find out if possible just how long she has been plying her trade, and what she has stolen before she gets into the police court and every one knows she is there for stealing.

"The other woman? Oh, well, that's different! she's just a kleptomaniac. Unless she were mentally afflicted she would never dream of taking an article for which she could pay a hundred times over. Tell her in a nice tactful manner that the gloves were taken by mistake—of course it was all the fault of the clerks in leaving them carelessly near her other small parcel. Then you send the bill to her husband. A thief and a kleptomaniac require entirely different treatment.

"There are cases of absentmindedness though, pure and simple," said a King street bookstore man who carries a big stock of fancy goods "and I had an instance of it occur a few days ago. I was showing a clergyman some Bibles with a new style of binding, and while we were discussing and admiring it we gradually moved away from the bibles, down the store. He still held the Bible in his hand while he looked at some fancy goods. Finally when he was ready to go I accompanied him to the door and as he was bidding me good morning he put the book in his pocket. I didn't think anything of it for I thought perhaps he had decided to buy it. In five minutes he was back, and we were enjoying a good laugh at his expense."

A Charlotte street grocer told of a similar case that had taken place in his store that morning. A lady made some purchases and paid for them. Then she spent some time in selecting fruit. She was a customer for years, and a cash one at that. When she was leaving the store one of the clerks asked if he would charge the fruit. "Oh I paid you for it, don't you remember?" was the reply. The clerk was a little puzzled but came to the conclusion that the mistake was his. It wasn't though. For the housewife came in later in the day to explain how it had occurred. It was quite a natural mistake, and was only the result of absentmindedness.

The King street dry goods man resumed the account of his experience with shop-lifters and told of a case that was up in the police court two months ago. "We knew said he" that two women had been taking goods for some time but we had never been able to catch them in the act. At last we caught one of them red handed. She is a woman in excellent standing in north end church. We had the house searched with the result that a large quantity of stuff was found—it was not all ours though, for she had a wholesale stock of perfumery on hand. When arrested and taken before the police magistrate she denied having stolen but she wouldn't give any satisfactory explanation of how the

goods came into her possession. The pastor of the church to which she belonged and her husband pleaded so hard for her that finally she was let off with a warning.

"The other day one of our clerks cut off a dress length that was to be sent out of town by express. He turned his back, and in less than a minute that material had disappeared. We were all very much puzzled of course, when finally I remembered having seen a certain woman passing just about the time the goods disappeared. There was no one else around, so we came to the conclusion she had taken it. I had an officer search her house and he found the goods under a mattress. He made several other finds, among which were fifteen yards of silk and a mink tie, also from our store.

"The other day a woman—the wife of a man in business—appropriated some stockings without making any explanation. The person in attendance asked her to pay for them, and she did so without any demur. These are only a few of the things that are happening daily all over the city, and every merchant loses more or less in this way. In the past these affairs have been hushed up because of the erroneous idea that publicity in such cases injured business, but now there is a distinct understanding among merchants that in future no leniency will be shown to shop lifters."

"One large firm in this city has several kleptomaniacs among its customers; the clerks know them, and sharp eyes are always kept on those lightfingered people from the moment they enter the store until they leave. The articles they pick up are charged as if they had been bought in the usual way and in every case are paid for without question. The "disease" is much more common among women than men, and the mania is usually for articles of personal use or ornament, so say those who have opportunities of watching the people thus affected."

ADVENTURES OF A HEARSE.

A Day of Glory for Indian Warriors in Early Times at Cheyenne.

When Cheyenne was a much smaller place than it is now, when, in fact, it was so small that one had always to speak of the place as Cheyenne City or stand the chance of shooting, city life was characterized by a familiarity with the Indian which the town would now blush to own. Much of the time the warriors of the Cheyenne tribe were street loafers who had to be pushed out of the way if any one was in a hurry, but there were times when the Cheyenne warrior drew his allowance of cash from the great White Father and then he was an object of consideration until he had spent it. There was a society in Philadelphia which looked out for the welfare of the transaction on the score of philanthropy and Indian rights and made sure that the Indian got the cash. Erskine looked at him, and recognized his old Captain. The two shook hands heartily, and the Captain told the other how he had identified him by the scar on his face.

"I haven't forgotten the fight in which you were so badly cut," said the veteran of the seas. "You proved yourself a man that day, and the whole ship sided with you."

A brief talk about old times followed, and then the Captain glanced at his former cook's clothes.

"You must have prospered in this country," he remarked. "What is your line of business?"

"There is a long story connected with that," replied the Judge, "and as I have to meet an appointment now, I must postpone it until I see you again. Meet me in the United States Court room to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock. Until then, goodbye."

The Captain promised to be on hand. The next morning at 10 o'clock Judge Erskine was on the bench, in his black robe, dealing out justice to a crowd of moonshiners. In a few moments the old sea Captain walked into the courtroom. He glanced around in a dazed way, and was evidently disappointed in not finding the man he sought. Finally he raised his eyes to the bench. For a moment he seemed dazed. He doubted his own eyes. Erskine saw him, and beckoned to him to come inside of the railing which fenced off the lawyers from the spectators.

With trembling steps the Captain took his stand one step below the platform on which the Judge sat. Erskine welcomed him cordially, and during some unimportant routine business told the astonished sailor or about his career in America and his elevation to the bench.

The story was told in a low tone, and not a word of it was heard by anybody except the Captain. The latter was so thoroughly astonished by what he saw and heard that he was anxious to get away, and he seemed to be gratified when the Judge dismissed him with an invitation to dine with him at his hotel. When the mariner reached the bottom step he faced about and gave the Judge a sweeping glance.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he ejaculated, in a distinctly audible voice. He left the

veynage other Indian passengers were crowded into the box and sat behind the glass panels looking solemnly out upon the world. When the hearse could not be made to hold another Indian the outfit set off at a gallop on a tour of the business houses which particularly appealed to their custom.

As their money gave out, or as they succumbed to their too great purchasing power, the first batch of Indians dropped off the hearse and fell by the wayside, but there were others keen to take their places and the vehicle passed from one Indian owner to another for a very small consideration. Never before had a hearse been concerned in such an orgie. But through it all some sort of luck looked out for it; it had fallen on disreputable uses, but it came through the wild debauch without serious damage. After the spree was over the last of its succession of Indian owners took the hearse back to the undertaker. There was no use for such a wagon in the Cheyenne village, and he was willing to sell for a thousand dollars, for a hundred dollars, ten, five, two bits and a bottle of whisky on which last terms the transaction was completed. It is not of record that any of the first citizens of Cheyenne objected to being carried in this conveyance because of its lapse from sobriety for a single day of Indian extravagance.

COOK WHO BECAME A JUDGE.

Interesting Experience in the Career of the Late Judge Erskine of Georgia.

The late Judge John Erskine of Georgia did not read law until he was 45 years old, but he soon made his way to the front, and shortly after the close of the war President Johnson appointed him to the Judgeship of the United States Court for the Northern and Southern districts of Georgia. Judge Erskine took great pleasure in relating one story which dealt with incidents in his early life and in his early life and in his later years. When he was about 16 years old he ran away from his home in Ireland. He joined the crew of a sailing vessel, but as the Captain could not make a sailor of him, he had to do the cooking, and was known to everybody on the ship as Johnny the Cook.

At the end of a year the youngster abandoned the sea and returned home. After completing his education he came to this country and settled in Georgia, where he was remarkably successful and prosperous. He had held his Judgeship a year or two when he went to Savannah to preside over the Federal Court. One afternoon he strolled down to the river to look at the vessels in port. The Captain of one of the ships came ashore and passed the Judge, giving him a sharp glance. Evidently something puzzled the Captain, for he retraced his steps and stared hard at the man, who was enjoying the scene on the river.

"Damn'd if it isn't Johnny the Cook!" exclaimed the bluff sailor.

Erskine looked at him, and recognized his old Captain. The two shook hands heartily, and the Captain told the other how he had identified him by the scar on his face.

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courtroom shaking his head and looking back every other step. Even when he was outside of the building he was in the same state of bewilderment. The incident afforded Judge Erskine intense enjoyment, and he frequently referred to it.

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IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The two weeks engagement of the Robinson Comic Opera Company closes this evening with the Queen's Lace Handkerchief.

To-morrow evening (Sunday) there will be a grand sacred concert, in response, I believe, to a very general demand for an entertainment of that nature.

- 1.—The Radiant Morn.....Woodward Fall Chorus. 2.—Pardoned.....Piccolomini F. V. French. 3.—Ave Maria.....Gounod Miss Jarbeau.

- 1.—Thou Who in Might Supreme.....Balle Mr. Nelson and Chorus. 2.—Angels Serenade.....Braga 2.—God Bless You Everywhere.....Bischoff C. N. Holmes.

The Prince Consort is now said to be the name of Ludwig Engländer's new comic opera. The libretto is an adaptation by Clara M. Greene, and the scenes are laid in France.

The Vienna piano virtuoso, Ella Panocera has married Max Bluthner, a son of the well-known piano maker, of Leipzig.

Heinrich Meyn, the baritone, has been engaged by Frank Damosch to sing in the first performance of Walter Damosch's 'Te Deum' (composed in honor of Dewey's victory at Manila), to be given by the Oratorio Society in Carnegie Hall on December 3rd.

Charles Klein, author of Sol Smith Russell's new play, will be remembered as the librettist of 'El Capitan' and 'The Charlatan.'

The musical convention which was announced would take place in Woodville, N. H., this month has been abandoned.

Calve who is in Paris is too ill to return to New York at the time fixed upon. Yvette Guilbert has taken to reciting tragic verses, and is still a thing of beauty and an ever present joy to the gay Parisians.

Lois Fuller is arranging dances based on the Biblical subjects of Ruth and Esther. La Loie has not as reported purchased a theatre in Paris.

The Carl Rosa Opera Co., under its new 'one man' management and ownership, promises to succeed Dr. Osmond Carr is an accomplished musician, and bids fair to revive the company's popularity as in the days of Carl Rosa.

Signor Costanzi the owner of the Contanzi Theatre, Rome, Italy, is dead. He made a large fortune by building and operating five hotels in Rome, but sunk the money in his lavish expenditure on his theatre.

A curious one act opera by Louis skytte has been produced at the Royal Opera House, Copenhagen. It has but one character, the heroine, and with the overture takes forty minutes to perform.

A Misfit Marriage goes on from conquering to conquer. It is an unusually profitable venture for Smyth & Rice. My Friend

From India is still a money maker for these playwrights and is probably the most successful of any farce produced in recent years.

The rumor that Joseph Jefferson intends to retire from the stage is denied absolutely by the celebrated actor and his friends. Jefferson however is not in good health just now.

Florence St. John is said to have recovered her health. Sir Arthur Sullivan is said to be the latest convert in London to Russian music.

'The Sign of the Cross' has proved one of the most remunerative of modern melodramas. Reginald de Koven's new opera, 'The Three Dragoons,' will be produced in New York in January.

Cosima Wagner is about to publish the composer's revised edition of 'Rienzi,' and Mahler is to produce it at the Vienna opera house.

Mme Melba is in London. She has been buying new costumes in Paris, and incidentally studying Mimi in 'La Boheme' with Puccini, the composer.

The new opera house at St. Petersburg according to the Musical Courier, is to cost about \$4,000,000. It will have a sunken stage and concealed orchestra. The proscenium arch is to be 140 feet high.

His Better Half an English farce comedy was given its first American production Oct. 27 at Asbury Park, N. Y.

The Late Mr. Early a three act farce comedy, by J. M. Martin was given its first production on any stage Oct. 15, at Waukesha, Wisconsin.

R. A. Barnett declares that one reason for the bad state of the theatrical business in so many places is because the public is ignorant of theatrical matters, although it is becoming better posted all the time.

James O'Neil believes that he has this year surrounded himself with the best company that he has had for some time. The leading lady is Minnie Radcliffe, favorably known from her work with Joseph Jefferson, Sol Smith Russell, and one or two stock companies in the leading eastern cities.

There was once a curious discussion about the descent of the greatest musical composer of the century in the French and German papers. The French version was that Beethoven was the descendant of a poor family, which for the century had its home in a small Belgian village.

Israel Zangwill has agreed, it is said, to dramatize his work of Hebrew life, 'The Children of the Ghetto,' for the Liebler Company, the managers of Miss Viola Allen. It is hard to see what plot can be utilized from the book itself.

'Johnny on the Spot' is the name of a new extravaganza which is to be sent out under the direction of Charles Marks. It is from the pen of William Lawton, a Toledo newspaper writer, and is built upon a groundwork furnished by some of Bill Nye's humorous stories.

Chauncey Olcott will give in Philadelphia on January 2 next the initial production of a new Irish play by Augustus Pitou.

Julie Opp has sued for divorce from Robert Lorraine, the actor, whom she married the day before sailing for America last year. Miss Opp is still under contract to Mr. George Alexander, and was merely loaned to Mr. Frohman for his production of 'The Tree of Knowledge.'

At Cincinnati a stock company playing 'Cyrano de Bergerac' at a theatre where the scale of prices ranges from 10 to 30 cents.

Wilson Barrett changed the programme from the Sign of the Cross to The Maxman one night in Birmingham, England lately, in deference to the feelings of a Hebrew society which had engaged the theatre for a benefit not knowing the name of the play announced.

A. W. Pinero the dramatist has joined the 'artistic and high class Bohemian' colony at Broadway, Worcestershire England. Broadway is the quietest place in England and Mary Anderson Navarro lives there.

Franklin McLeay the Canadian actor who first won fame in the United States by his remarkable performance as the Bat

In Mrs. Fiske's new play, 'Little Italy,' there is a death scene, in which Mrs. Fiske and Frederick De Belleville are particularly effective.

Julia Arthur appears at Wallack's, New York, this week as Parthenia. After 'In-gomar' she will revive 'As You Like It.'

Mrs. James Brown Potter has pleurisy. Her mother and father are with her in London.

Julia Marlowe has secured from Charles Major, of Shelbyville, Ind., the right to present 'When Knighthood Was in Flower' in stage form.

Tyrone Powers and Edith Crane were married recently, in Philadelphia, Pa.

The following was sung at a recent London music hall concert: So pretty Miss Clemmens is now Mrs. Gould? The marriage has cost them a million—I'm told; She made a remark that's quite lovely—if true; 'I don't care a dollar for Gold—without U.

London is amused at the idea of a play based on the Pickwick papers and written by a Russian, being a forthcoming novelty in Paris.

Viola Allen's Glory Quayle went to Brooklyn this week, and Comedian Crane went to the Knickerbocker with his new

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play, 'Worth a Million,' already described in these columns. He impersonates a wealthy man of about forty, who has given up business in order that he might travel and enjoy the good things of the world.

It is now practically settled that the new piece to follow 'The Belle of New York,' at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, will be 'The American Beauty.' The chief part will be played by Miss Edna May.

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in Wilson Barrett's Pharaoh has won unlimited applause during Beerholm Tree's tour in all the parts in which he has appeared, notably Cassius in Julius Caesar, Louis the Eleventh in the Ballad Monzer and the New York Detective in The Red Lamp.

Late Paris news has it that Coquelin the elder will return to the Theatre Francaise in 1900, and that the author of Cyrano de Bergerac will write a play for his reappearance there.

Licenses have just been granted to the theatres in the County of London. The number is forty-five, and this, for the first time, exceeds the number of music halls, the great increase in suburban theatres being the reason. Two others, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, are known as 'patent theatres' (having letters patent from the crown), and are not under the licensing powers of the Lord Chamberlain.

At the Garrick theatre, N. Y., on Oct. 24, Annie Russell made her first appearance as a star in 'Catherine' a comedy in four acts by Henry Lavedon, which thus had its first production in the English tongue. The play was favorably received but its success is not thoroughly assured.

Hall Caine has decided to give a few entertainments in the States next month, before returning to England. The tour will be under the direction of Major Pond and the entertainment will be the same as that given by Mr. Caine in Scotland last year—a sort of story telling. Charles Frohman has secured from Caine the English rights for the production of 'The Christian.'

Daniel Frohman announced some months ago that he had decided to call 'Trelawney of the Wells' 'Rose Trelawney' in America. Pinero refused to have the alteration made. The Wells refers to Sadders' Wells Theatre, which is just outside of London, and which has had many noted players upon its stage. The part of Rose, the actress who cannot stand social etiquette, will be played by May Mansergh, who will thus almost simultaneously with her husband create a new role for America. Grant Stewart, the playwright, is to appear as the stage manager.

Francis Drake, the charming and versatile American actress, has been engaged by Broadhurst Bros. to replace Anna Belmont in the leading female part in 'What Happened to Jones.' Miss Drake has step by step advanced in her profession by her own merits and ability as an actress. Since leaving Daniel Frohman, with whom she was the leading lady in 'The Wife' and 'Charity Ball,' she has met with great success under Managers Sanger, Miner Pitou and others. Miss Drake was here two years ago with Lytell and her excellent work during that engagement is well remembered. As the school teacher in The Midnight Bell she was particularly charming.

'The Eumenides' one of Aeschylus' tragedies, will be presented in English at Carnegie Lyceum, New York City, Nov. 15, 16, by the members of the Isis League of Music and Drama, an amateur organization founded by Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley.

'Two Kinds of Women,' a new play by Mr. J. M. Barrie, the author of 'The Little Minister,' will be produced at a

series of special matinees in New York, shortly after the holidays by Charles Frohman. The cast will be an unusually strong one, selected for the occasion, the members being picked from the various companies. George Alexander will produce the play at the St. James Theatre, London, at the close of the tour he is now making in the British provinces.

Sarah Bernhardt appeared in 'The Medea' Oct. 28, at the Theatre de la Renaissance, Paris, Fr.

James O'Neills confidence in his new play 'When Greek Meets Greek' seems to have been fully warranted. Not one adverse criticism has been heard in any of the cities where he has played it and many of the writers think well enough of it to assist their belief that it is a most satisfactory successor to Monte Cristo. Mr. O'Neille was charmed with the play upon its first reading and he immediately asked his manager W. F. Connor to buy it outright from the author, Joseph Hatton, the well known litterateur.

Charles B. Hanford told this story to friends who entertained him lately: The lamented Lawrence Barrett and John McCullough were presenting 'Richard III' in San Francisco. Barrett was playing the Duke of Gloster and McCullough Richmond. When the lines, 'If Richard is fit to live, let Richmond die,' were reached, Barrett said 'If Larry Barrett is fit to live, let John McCullough die.' This interpolation, of course, caused levity in the audience and among members of the company.

Willie (who has eaten his apple): Mabel let's play Adam and Eve. You be Eve and I'll be Adam. Mabel: 'All right. Well?' Willie: 'Now, you tempt me to eat your apple.'

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PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, NOV. 26th

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

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?

According to the city directory THOMAS BROSNAN is a clerk who lives at 262 Kennedy street.

According to general belief Mr. BROSNAN is a clerk with Alderman-at-large D. J. PURDY in the North End.

According to the report of one of the board, of the common council THOMAS BROSNAN has been awarded the contract for supplying 150 tons of hay to the city at \$7.50 a ton.

Now what does this mean? Has Mr. BROSNAN gone into business for himself and left the employ of Alderman PURDY?

If he has he has a perfect right to tender. If he has not Alderman PURDY has no business to permit him to tender.

PROGRESS is unwilling to believe that there will be any effort to introduce the methods of old Portland council into the affairs of the larger city. It would not be safe to do so.

We are unwilling to think that Alderman PURDY, who has been a good representative, would countenance any such proceeding but the facts remain as stated above and they should be explained.

It is due to Alderman PURDY, it is due to the citizens that an explanation should be made.

STREET CAR ACCIDENTS.

A famous artist, M. TISSOT, attempted to board a street car the other day in New York but as the car did not stop long enough for him to get off he was thrown to the ground and injured. The effects of the accident were not as serious as they might have been but it has been pointed out that other effects of the accident will probably be felt by many others who were nowhere near the spot at which M. TISSOT met with his mishap. These effects will be shown in the greater care exercised by the conductors and motormen. Many ordinary citizens may suffer quite as much as M. TISSOT did, but publicity does not call attention to the fact that they were hurt through no fault of their own. Bell ropes may snap, cars may suddenly start and passenger may fall to the ground, but so long as only the ordinary citizen is the victim there will be no publicity regarding disagreeable incidents of cable or car travel. Disturbed victims are needed to reform the conductors and motormen on the street railway lines.

St. John has had an experience of the same kind. There is not a doubt that since the Hessz accident the conductors and motormen of the street cars have exercised greater precautions. It was time, so, also in Halifax, where there was a distressing accident, the effect has been to exercise greater care in the running of the cars. "Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good" is true again. The misfortune and suffering of private individuals frequently result after all, in the general good of the community.

TREELESS NEW YORK STREETS.

At last the great city of New York has a prospect of seeing many of its streets lined with trees. We in the smaller cities may not have all the advantages that pertain to living in such a metropolis but we have some things that are almost impossible in the great centres. Now the treeless condition of the New York streets, which some societies have already tried hard to remedy, is likely to be ameliorated to a degree that will give them spectacular beauty, even if it does not provide the shade which has been said to be so necessary. The society which wants to see the trees planted says that New York summers would not be so hard to bear if the streets were supplied with trees. Trees of another kind have this year been added to

the city streets and they have decorated and given distinction to the streets in which they have appeared. But they are not planted any more deeply than modern tubs will allow, and probably they will not last longer than the fashion which has carried them into existence. Now many of the houses in the uptown streets in the fashionable residence districts exhibit trees on the stoop and inside the doors as well. The fashion has grown in New York during the past year, and its further progress is certain to add to the good looks of the neighborhoods in which the trees appear.

The news editor of the Moncton Times heads a despatch from St. John, referring to Mr. SCOVIL's assault upon the editor of PROGRESS, in this manner, "Society Editor Punished for Publishing a Scurrilous Article About a Woman." The editor of the Times made a mistake. No doubt he was misled by the wording of the telegram which was sent him, but the editor did not get punished. The tables were turned, and the man who tried to do the punishing, got the licking. Moreover, what is more important, the "society" anecdote that was being talked about long before it appeared in PROGRESS was not intended to refer to any person in particular, though certain names were mentioned in connection with it. But so far as those connected with this journal are concerned, the name of Mrs. SCOVIL was first heard of from those who are related to her.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"And the dead do not relax their hold." I know not where I originally read or heard it, but this expression keeps recurring to my mind when I read wills of well-known men. Twice lately have we seen the hand of the dead reach out to strangle the hopes and desires of the living.

The dead men were perhaps equally great in their respective walks in life although widely dissimilar. On the one hand, we have the unscrupulous, professed money-getter, with apparently no higher aim in life than to add dollar to dollar, whatever the cost to others. To him, it was of no consequence that the grapes in his wine-press were men, and the red wine flowing in a stream therefrom, their blood which cried aloud from the sodden earth for vengeance.

He recked not, so that his vats were filled and the market price of this wine did not decrease. Human life was of little account save as it ministered to his desire for power and his greed of gain. But even he could not blind himself to the truth that sooner or later his place must be filled by another; that though his name might be a curse in the mouths of his victims, he could no longer actively persecute them, but must relax his grip on their throats.

Then to his relief comes the thought that he has children and they at least are in his power whether living or dead. They can be made to bow to his will even after he is gone. So he makes known his desires through a legal instrument aptly named a Will. This money he has been at such pains to gather may be divided among his children only upon certain conditions. If one should dare fall in love and his or her choice be not approved by all the rest, he must bow to their decision.

Perhaps in no other way could Jay Gould have shown so plainly his own incapacity for love than by indirectly saying that money being of more consequence than love, his children would abide by this decision. One son, however, has decided to follow the dictates of his heart rather than the hard will of a dead man, and even contemplates contesting the will.

One is almost tempted to say that in these days men do "gather figs of thorns," only the young man in question having a few millions left is not sufficiently poor to be an out and out hero. We cannot be sure what he would have done had he to choose between love and actual poverty.

But the latest exhibition of frail humanity attempting to hold both worlds alone is even more astonishing. A great and wealthy divine professedly a follower of Him who said "As ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto Me," has practically disinherited his son, because he has attempted to improve the condition of the "least of these."

Someone has said that "to the father the son is always a child." This seems to have been true in the case of Dr. John Hall and his son Mr. Bolton Hall of New York. Although the latter is a man of forty-three years of age, he must be punished for presuming to hold different opinions than those held by his father.

Dr. Hall having had the good fortune to please the most wealthy fastidious Presbyterian congregation in New York settles his views to suit the exigencies of the case. To realize that there can be another side to life than that exemplified by wealthy pastors and people is to im-

pugn his wisdom and incidentally his christianity.

The son, in all respects apparently a son of whom even this eminently aristocratic preacher may be proud, dares to think for himself. He looks about him and finds the wretchedness in that great city oppress him. He cannot accept Christ's baref statement "The poor ye have always with you" as a declaration against attempting to annihilate poverty. He becomes convinced that the system of charity in vogue in the christian world, increases rather than lessens poverty.

Being of a serious turn of mind, feeling his responsibility toward his fellow man, he looks deeper into this question, and finding what seems to him a solution of the difficulty begins to practice his belief. This man of culture and high social standing gets so near the industrious, independent wage-earners, so wins upon them by his true munificence and democracy, that they choose him as treasurer of their association.

Their trust in him is implicit and he returns their confidence, teaching them little by little to make the best of what comes to them, showing them the benumbing effects of charity and how surely it is but a plaster given to hide the wounds which injustice and oppression have made. Life is a better, broader, holier thing to them from their knowledge of him, and who can say that is not sufficient reward to him although so unjustly discriminated against in his father's will?

Mr. Hall is not posing as a much abused individual and does not propose to contest the will. He is broad enough to see that as he must live his life, so his father had to live his. But it is an old commentary upon the man of creed and the man of no creed; on the one hand a preacher, on the other a door of the Word.

Stranger than all else though is the grouping of two men of dissimilar aims, professedly, who are drawn together by that same unwillingness to relax their hold upon this world. Although through with this experience they cannot drop it. The future is not enough, the past must remain within their grasp. Their views must be maintained, and the possibility that time may prove them erroneous is not positively wicked is thrust aside unconsidered.

QUILLS.

He Wanted Twenty Five Spectacles.

The decision of the Montreal shipping men to accept the terms of the members of the new society of ship labourers in this city, and to ignore the old union unless they come down to the same figures, evidently worried the Chief of Police. He thought there was going to be trouble sure on the West side when the steamers came in, and so he went to the Safety Board and tried to point out the necessity of having 25 special policemen sworn in for the purpose of keeping order on the West side when the liners arrived. The members of the Safety Board heard him with considerable amusement. They listened to all he had to say and as may naturally be supposed in the end shelved his proposition. Instead of placing 25 more men on the force as "specials," then drew another man from the East side and made the force at the steamers two instead of one. That did not please the chief at all. He had been continually crying for more men for the last two or three years and now to have the Safety Board deprive him of one of his "finest" on the eastern side of the harbor is indeed shelving his recommendations with a vengeance.

"Policy" Made too Long A Stay.

Well—the "policy" shop which PROGRESS showed up last week in its entirety has been raided at last. The proprietor of it, a Mr. Garrity, was arrested on Wednesday and after a brief examination before the magistrate was permitted to leave town. He might have been heavily fined if the matter had been pushed. He might have been sent up for trial with the prospect of going a little further, but to allow him to leave town serves the purpose equally as well, and saves the municipality the expense of prosecuting. But why should the "shop" have been permitted to remain in the city as long as it did? There was no secrecy about the business Mr. Garrity and his associates were doing. Everybody apparently knew about the drawings and many were present at them, except the police. Is it another case of the proper work of the experienced men of the force being handed over to those who are merely novices at it?

Studying Book-keeping.

The general value of the study of book-keeping is greatly enhanced when it is taught by means of facsimile business transactions, or in accordance with the Laboratory Method in use at the Currie Business University of this city. The method introduces a large body of practical business instruction and practice not included in book-keeping as ordinarily taught in the business colleges.

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MINUS LIFE PARTNERS

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE)

son of his father, and is therefore heir to what many consider to be the finest estate all things considered, on the river St. John. Mr. Wilnot knows how to make the most of life as well as the next one. He owns a trim little steam yacht, which he can navigate with great skill, possesses a bicycle and several other modern conveniences, in fact all he needs now is a wife to complete his equipment.

One who has long occupied an important place, and who will continue to occupy it for some time yet, so his friends say—in the catalogue of celestial bachelors, is Mr. J. Stewart Campbell, barrister-at-law, notary public, etc. Mr. Campbell is without a doubt the most easy going bachelor in the city. He rejoices in the possession of a clear conscience, which is backed up by a calm judicial mind and disposition as palatable as milk and honey. Near the window of his sanctum in the Chestnut building he reposes himself all day long and gazes out upon the world with a look of good natured approbation. One does not need to be on more than speaking terms with Mr. Campbell to observe in him all the qualities calculated to make him one of the kindest and most indulgent of husbands. PROGRESS might dilate on him in this strain at greater length but it is entirely unnecessary, and besides some of his contemporaries not endowed as he is might become jealous. Suffice it to say that Mr. Campbell is a gentleman of refinement, and capable of adapting himself to almost any kind of an environment. He is a strong card among the opposite sex and seems to display a distinct preference for those from a distance rather than the native article, possibly because he believes that distance lends enchantment. At a social event of any kind Mr. Campbell is right in his element, but it is at an outdoor gathering such as a picnic or tennis party that he is seen 'at his best'; gallantry, inexhaustible fund of valuable information and ready wit combined with his good looks seldom fail to make him the centre of gravity for the others at such functions. Mr. Campbell is clerk of the York circuit court and brings so much dignity into the discharge of his duties, that strangers visiting the court chamber frequently mistake him for the learned judge.

Mr. Robert W. McLellan B. A. barrister, though he can hardly as yet be called an eligible candidate for matrimony having just been admitted to the bar, is nevertheless coming along at a rapid rate, and will no doubt be ready to fall into line when some of his seniors desert the ranks. He has a very attractive way about him and enjoys quite an enviable reputation as a ladies' man. He is a superb waltzer and is invariably in evidence at social gatherings. As a whist player he has no superior in the city, and he also excels as a running broad jumper. Mr. McLellan has travelled extensively having only recently visited New York, Belfast, Liverpool, London, Paris and other great cities. As far as known Mr. McLellan is without weak points. He is a man of keen perceptibility, is a very entertaining conversationalist, has plenty of dramatic ability and is methodical in his habits.

This Is a Great Offer.

Any person sending a new subscription to this office with \$4.00 enclosed can obtain PROGRESS for one year, and the Cosmopolitan, McClure and Munsey magazines for the same period with only one condition,—all of them must be sent to the same address.

D. McArthur, Bookseller, King Street, is now showing a large assortment of Fancy Goods, Dolls, Toys, etc. All New Goods.

Books and Fancy Goods. D. McArthur Bookseller, 90 King Street, is opening a Very Large Assortment of annuals, Games, Toys, Dolls and Fancy Goods for Christmas.

"LOVE'S LABOR LOST"

The Hon. J. W. Longley's Book Critic and Faults Exposed.

HALIFAX, Nov. 23.—There is some excitement in literary circles here over the merciless criticism given the recent book entitled "Love" from the pen of the gifted and well-known Attorney General of this province. The criticism appeared in the Herald of the 22nd., and no pains have been spared to find the vulnerable points in the Attorney's armor, and the lance has been freely used. This is the first unfavorable criticism that has appeared, and like a bolt from a clear sky it has shaken the whole city. All are agog in wonderment that the Attorney General should be caught napping in the construction of his sentences. Even Jove nods, but when a public man aspires to shine as a literary star, he should not shine with a dimmed lustre nor a borrowed light. The reviewer points out that the errors and grammatical inaccuracies are most glaring. Faulty constructions, slipshod and careless writing mark its pages all through the volume. The author's thought like his style, is without force and void. He has strayed at a gnat and swallowed a camel. He has parroted from professor Drummond and englished Balzac.

Taking it all in all this the reviewer has the Attorney General 'on the hip.' He has made mince-meat of his essay and showed to a confiding public that Mr. Longley's literary aspirations are scarcely equal to any ordinary child's primer, and that the honorable gentleman has much to learn before he can climb the high pinnacle of literary achievement.

There is no doubt that the book "Love" is a most creditable production, apart from its lack of literary force. The Attorney-General has treated the subject on a broad plane, leading us to grand heights of knowledge in the contemplation of so divine a subject. He has done much to provoke discussion on this most absorbing subject. He has had the courage of his convictions to think along untrodden lines, and to analyze the inner workings of the human heart and mind. It was a bold stand to take. It proved that he dared to give expression to the truth that was within him.

That the workmanship should prove faulty is to be regretted, but there are those who find spots on the sun. The "Reviewer" of the Herald wears this brand. He is looking for faults and he finds them. He is a veritable grammar-sharp, and gives much precious time to such trifling. He does not consider that "its better to have Samian wine served in a gourd than putrid vinegar in a goblet of gold." He is a worshipper of form and style, while matter goes for naught.

The Hon. Attorney may slip at times, but those who are in touch with the subject, are in rapport with the writer, will not stop to quibble over a singular or plural verb out of place. Moral man cannot afford to sit down "in the conflux of two eternities" and split hairs. The fine tooth comb has its uses, but it need not be used on an author's first book. Perfection cannot be gained in a day, and no doubt Mr. Longley will be able to live despite the critics' merciless lance. Public opinion will rally to his support, "The letter killeth; the spirit maketh alive." Those who catch the spirit and import of "Love" will not be set aside by expert criticism, but will stand by the author, and holding up his hands, speed him on to mightier efforts. CALIF.

Why is a pretty girl like UNOAR'S LAUNDRY? Because she always pleases the gentlemen. 28 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 58.



There seems to be a prospect of the gaieties of this autumn being somewhat less judiciously judged from the way in which clubs composed of gentlemen exclusively are being organized.

Another of these A. M. clubs (the initials stand for all men, but for the sake of brevity they are spoken of as A. M. clubs) had a little outing last Friday somewhat out of the ordinary.

The young people who compose Miss Irvine's dancing class are having a delightful time of it at the regular Friday night meetings in the cosy room on Germain street.

Miss Aggie Tyrell of Milltown is visiting west and friends for a few weeks. Mr. Owen R. Campbell spent Thanksgiving day with his parents in Moncton.

The ladies of St. Peter's church were busy as bees for three days of the week when the work was in progress. It was formally opened on Tuesday evening by Mayor Sears and the success which attended the opening night was continued on Wednesday and Thursday.

There were two tea tables, the one on the right of the entrance being decorated in pink and white. Quantities of chrysanthemums are used and garlands were festooned everywhere.

The second table was decorated in yellow and blue and looked extremely pretty; at both the waitresses were gowned in the colors which prevailed in the decoration of their respective tables.

In charge of an ice cream and refreshment booth which was largely patronized were Miss Annie McCade, Miss S. Lynch, Miss Annie McInnis, Miss K. Buckley, Miss Nellie Driscoll, Miss Minnie Hogan, Miss Maggie Kelly, Miss Maggie Mitchell and Miss Maggie McGarrigle.

The excellent concert furnished by the C. G. Band added greatly to the enjoyment of visitors and on Wednesday evening a well arranged concert was given under the direction of Miss Julia McCarthy.

Miss Katie Tucker of Sydney Street leaves in a day or two on a visit to friends in Portland, Me. Miss May Carter of St. Stephen spent Thanksgiving day with members of her family in this city.

Miss Elsie Hattis friend's while welcoming her to their midst this week greatly regretted to learn that her visit is for the purpose of saying goodbye to friends here before leaving for her future home in the northwest.

Mr. Albert Ford arrived in the city this week and will spend the winter with his brother Mr. James Ford.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Weddall and Miss Teasdale of Fredericton spent Thanksgiving with city friends. Miss Minnie Ross is spending a few days with her aunt Mrs. Ford of Moncton.

Mrs. Joseph Walker and Miss Walker returned on Saturday last to Fredericton after a three weeks visit to Mrs. Joseph Henderson of Carmarthen street and Mrs. John Newcomb of the West End.

- Miss Maud McArthur, Miss Louise Whelpley, Miss Maud Stanton, Miss Lena Burton, Miss Gerlie Wales, Miss Maggie Vincent, Mrs. M. Morris, Mrs. J. Kincaid, Mrs. W. Lyour, Miss B. McLaughlin, Mrs. W. Vincent, Miss Nellie Whelpley, Mr. James Huey, Mr. Earl Kincaid, Mr. Z. C. Brown, Mr. Wm. Turner, Mr. Earn Shagan, Mr. Wm. Dean, Mr. Wallis Golding, Mr. Edward Watters, Mr. Harry Black, Mr. Charles McConnell, Mr. W. Burton, Mr. David Kirkpatrick, Mr. J. Kincaid, Mr. W. Lyons, Mr. Ira Kierstead, Mr. W. Vincent, Mr. Wm. Calder, Mr. Harry Peck, Mr. Arthur Brown, Mr. Wm. Garkin, Mr. Willard Lingley, Mr. Herbert Westmore, Mr. Holy Lingley, Mr. Charles Crawford, Mr. Lorne Belyea, Mr. Robt. Baxter, Mr. Arthur McGinnis, Mr. Wm. Plie, Mr. Donaldson, Mr. Harry Mason, Mr. F. Alward, Mr. Jack Edwards, Mr. Jas. Morris.

On Thanksgiving evening Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Daley of Waterloo street entertained a party of friends in a very pleasant manner. Refreshments were served, and charming music and other amusements made the evening pass quickly and pleasantly.

Miss Jessie Covert daughter of Rev. W. S. Covert who has spent a week or two with the family of Mr. A. H. Hamilton returned to her home in Grand Harbor, Grand Manan, on Thursday.

The members of the choir of Centenary church have formed themselves into a musical club, meeting at the homes of the members fortnightly; the last meeting occurred Tuesday evening at the home of Mr. Joshua Clawson, King street east.

The next meeting will be with Mrs. J. W. Daniel Princess St. The marriage took place in New York on November 27, of Miss Bessie Parker eldest daughter of Mr. George Parker of New York and Mr. Harry W. Sancton of this city.

Mr. George U. Hay returned from a pleasant trip to Boston the beginning of the week. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. McFarland of Montreal spent a few days in the city during the week.

Mrs. Charles W. King and Miss Annie King returned to Calais on Monday of this week. Mr. A. W. Stanton and Miss Stanton of Buffalo were among the belated tourists from across the border who visited St. John during the past week.

Rev. J. M. Corduke rector of St. Peter's, was called to New York this week by the serious illness of his brother.

Miss Helen Crofts friends will be glad to learn that she has almost completely recovered and is able to leave the G. P. hospital where she had been undergoing treatment.

Miss Lita Oulton returned Saturday from a pleasant visit to friends in Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Merritt of King street east are receiving congratulations over the arrival in their home on Saturday last of a little daughter.

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The announcement of the engagement of Mr. George Hart of the Bank of Montreal, Chicago, and Miss Lorilla Harrison, daughter of Mr. W. F. Harrison of this city has caused much pleasant comment among their friends here.

Miss Furlong and Miss Marie Furlong left Thursday for a visit to friends in New York. They expect to return the first week in January.

Mrs. H. H. Finney, wife of P. O. Inspector Finney of St. John, who with her three children spent the last few months in Richibucto with her parents, was here this week on her way west.

The parlors of the Hotel Dufferin were the scene of an interesting event on Wednesday evening when Mr. John M. Lusby of Amherst and Mrs. Hattie Howard of Boston were united in marriage by Rev. Dr. Steele of Amherst, assisted by Rev. G. O. Gates of German street baptist church.

Miss Marie C. Foley has returned from St. Stephen where she has been visiting for the past few weeks. Miss Daisy Wilson went to Boston on Friday and will make her future home with her mother Mrs. A. M. Wilson who resides in that city.

Mrs. Sherwood Skinner entertained a few friends at dinner early in the week, and besides the house party the guests included Miss Helen Smith, Miss Furlong, Mr. Twining Hart, Mr. Paterson and one or two others.

Mrs. McAvity's reception last Friday afternoon was one of the most brilliant affairs of the season as well as one of the largest of the year. Her drawing rooms were thronged, but so admirably were the arrangements that the crush usual at such gatherings was entirely avoided.

Though the weather was not quite favorable for very much display in the way of dress many well autumn gowns were worn, and the guests were as a rule particularly smart looking.

Mrs. McAvity's rooms were tastefully decorated, chrysanthemums, palms and potted plants being profusely used.

Nov. 23.—When the Earl and Countess of Minto reached the Canadian capital they found the station thronged with people, all eager to have a peep at Vice-royalty. Those fortunate ones who did see declared that Lady Minto was very nearly as pretty as Lady Melgund—that she wore a long coat of deep cardinal with a milk tippet and becoming toque of red velvet; glittering with sequins and dashed with pink. While as for His Excellency, he was prepared for wintry weather and was muffled in a fur lined coat.

Through some misunderstanding the carriage from Rideau Hall was late in arriving, so the Mayor gave up his hired equipage, which has now had the honor of carrying seven Governors to Government House. The Earl of Minto and his ladies went to the little church of St. Bartholomew's, on Sunday, the rector of which is Canon Hamilton formerly of New Brunswick. This church was for so long attended by the governors and received so many gifts from them, that it felt much aggrieved when Lord and Lady Aberdeen attended St. Andrew's Kirk, and not content with that had chapel and chaplain without stepping out of Rideau Hall. Princess Louise gave to St. Bartholomew's the chime of bells which still call the faithful to church, and there is a tablet within erected by Lady Dufferin to the memory of her sister. But all this is not society—which has been hastening this week to register at Government House, and lay up for itself a certainty of invitations to come in the wintry days.

There were some large teas last week and cards are out for one this week, given in honor of the bride, Mrs. Sobriever, who after all slipped away and got married without letting anyone outside the family know of it. I always had thought that a wedding, like a murder will out, but some naughty little brides can keep a secret it appears, when they want to.

Ottawa was invaded last week by soldiers from Burlington, who, however, came with the peaceful intention of presenting a flag to one of the regiments which had visited their city in the spring. A large reception was tendered the officers in the Drill Hall and afterwards the hospitable doors of "Eunuchs," of which Mr. Hutton is chasteleaine were thrown open to them at a "Military At Home," as it was called.

Sir John Macdonald's old residence has lately been remodelled to some extent, and is most handsomely furnished, but the first thing that strikes

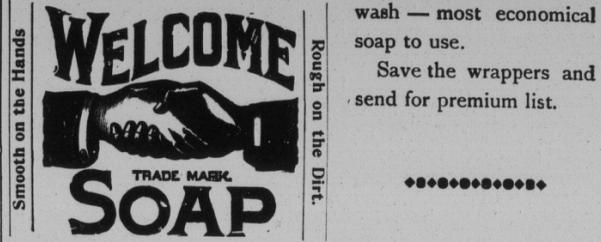
(CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.) Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired, Dugal, 17 Waterloo Street.

JUST RECEIVED Fresh Marshmallows, in 1/2 lb. tins, also Chocolate Cream bar. We are daily adding new lines to our A. A. Chocolates. Goods delivered in any part of the city.

McClaskey's - 47 King St.

There's Nothing in Welcome Soap But Good Soap, Pure, Hard Soap.

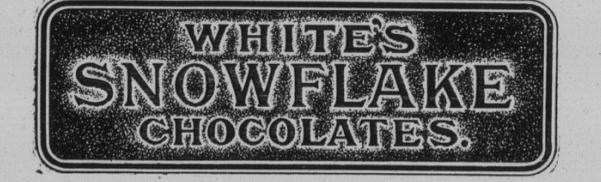
There's nothing to make the linen streaky, no alkalis to injure the finest textures. The lather forms quickly and copiously, and wash day is a pleasure instead of a drudgery.



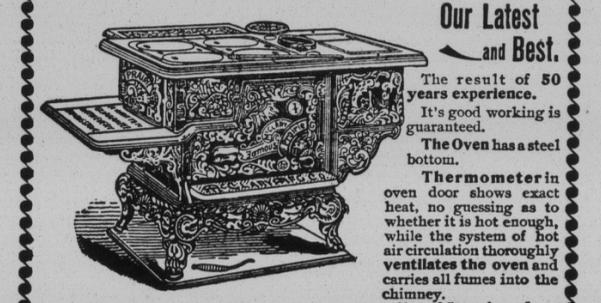
Welcome Soap Co., St. John, N. B.

Thanksgiving Desserts can be made easy and quickly and they will be delicious too, if Lazenby's Jelly Tablets are used.

The quality of the Jelly these little English Tablets make is of the very highest. Used by the nobility in England. Jelly Tablets.



The Famous Model Wood Cook Stove.



This Stove baked 212 loaves in 6 1/2 hours with 2 1/2 cubic feet of wood. The McClary Mfg. Co. LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER.

You Want a Piano

But you scarcely see your way clear to pay for it . . . Well! There are many who feel that way, but if you will take the time to consult us, we will convince you of the possibility of securing a piano on such easy terms of payment that you will scarcely feel it as an addition to your regular expenditure.

W. H. JOHNSON CO., Limited. PIANOS & ORGANS, Granville and Buckingham Sts. Halifax.

Holiday Newness advertisement for Maypole Soap Dyes, describing the product and its benefits for laundry.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

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

MONROE & CO., Barrington street. CLIFFORD SMITH, 111 Hollis street. CANADA NEWS CO., Railway Depot.

The ball at the Wellington was of course the event of last week, so far as society is concerned, and its advent was hailed with the greatest anticipation by all lovers of the terpsichorean art.

One of the events of the month will be the sale at the C. of E. Institute Nov. 29 and 30th, where one can purchase their Xmas gifts.

On Wednesday the residence of Mrs. Charles Archibald, Ingalls street, was the scene of an interesting "function".

Mrs. W. W. Shaw who met with so painful an accident on her way to church four weeks ago Friday evening is improving.

Mrs. J. Sutton Clark is confined to her home with typhoid fever.

Without an equal for constipation and biliousness - Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

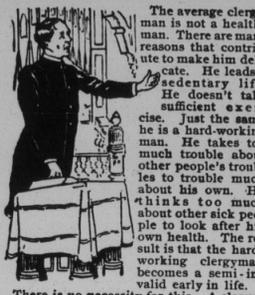
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The average clergyman is not a very happy man. There are many reasons that contribute to make him delicate. He leads a sedentary life.

There is no necessity for this. A clergyman adds nothing to his usefulness, but greatly detracts from it, by neglecting his health.

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and looked very sweet in her pretty bridal gown. Mr. Gross has numerous friends in Moncton who will extend a cordial welcome to his bride and wish both Mr. and Mrs. Gross all possible happiness.

The wedding to which we were looking forward with such interest, that of Miss Henry and Mr. Kenney of Halifax, did not materialize after all, the report being either incorrect or the plans of those interested having been changed, as the ceremony was performed in Amherst instead of Moncton.

Mr. J. E. Wetmore returned on Saturday from Boston, where he has been spending a week visiting his daughter Miss Alice Wetmore, who is a student of vocal culture in that city.

Mr. C. Pelletier of Quebec, nephew of Speaker Pelletier, arrived in town last week to take a position on the staff of the General Superintendent of the I. C. R.

The numerous friends of Mr. Brooks Peters will hear with regret of his continued illness which, though he is getting extremely tedious, Miss Hamilton files Mr. Peters place as organist of St. George's church, during his enforced absence, from his post.

Amongst the many visitors who were attracted to the city last Wednesday evening by Madame Harrison's concert, were Dr. B. A. and Mrs. Marven and Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Gilman of Ellsboro.

The numerous friends of Mrs. Alexander McBean, bade her a regretful adieu last week when she took her departure for Niagara Falls where she intends making her home in future with her daughter Mrs. D. E. Russell. Mrs. McBean has spent the greater part of her life in Moncton and leaves hosts a warm place for her in their hearts, and who will look forward to her early return at least as a visitor if not as a permanent resident.

Miss Laurie Beaton of Shediac is spending a few days in town, the guest of Mrs. J. H. Rogers of Pleasant street.

Mr. R. Travens Alken of Campbellton spent a few days in town last week, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Bruce of Bonaccort street.

Dr. Price returned last week from a short trip to Boston.

Mrs. Frank L. Thompson appeared on Sunday in St. John's Presbyterian church, and is receiving her friends on Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday of this week. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson have taken up their abode at Hotel Minto, where they will remain until their new residence on Highfield street is ready for occupation.

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THE HORSE CAN'T tell his desires or he would request the application of Tuttle's Elixir

to his poor lame joints and cords. This Elixir locates lameness, when applied, by remaining motionless on the part affected, the rest of the animal...

\$5,000 Reward to the person who can prove one of these testimonials bogus.

PUDDINGTON & MERRITT, 55 Charlotte Street, Agents For Canada.

LOTS OF FUN - FOR ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND and Canada and all ages playing the great game of BOBITY

FREE We give this fine watch, chain and fob, for selling two doz. LEVER COLLAR BUTTONS, at ten cts. each.

"77" CURES GRIP A Common Cold Runs into Grip

RHEUMATISM CURED. Sufferers from Rheumatism have found great benefit from using Puttner's Emulsion

Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best. R. F. J. PARKIN, 107 Union Street,

has a full line of Dunn's Hams and Bacons, and Canned Bacons, Pure Keg Lard, Bologna and Pork Sausages. Back Pork, Brine Mess Pork and Clear Pork. Wholesale and retail. Drop a post card for price list or telephone 1037.

Vertical text on the far right edge of the page, including names and addresses.

In Calais yesterday and is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Waterbury.

Mrs. Maude Green left yesterday morning for her home in St. Andrews, after a pleasant visit of two weeks with her friend Miss Berta Smith.

Mr. Charles S. Hayden arrived home at noon today to spend Thanksgiving with friends in town.

Mrs. W. B. King left on Monday for Acocotik, Virginia to visit her aunt Mrs. Eben Mason. She also visits Mrs. Fredric Pike in Baltimore, and relatives in New York city before she returns in the spring of next year.

Mr. Ned Harmon March of Carleton, and his young daughter Elsie spent Sunday in Calais with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Skiffington Marchie.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Todd left today for Boston to spend the coming week with their niece Miss Todd.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Gillmor are travelling through the various cities and towns in British Columbia.

Miss Hymen returned to Calais from Beagoo last week for a brief visit.

Mrs. C. W. King and Miss Annie King arrived from St. John on Monday.

Mr. Thomas Briggs and Miss Briggs have been visiting in Calais during this week.

Mr. Joseph Meredith, was home on Sunday for a brief visit, returning to the States on Monday.

Miss Byerson of Lubec is the guest of her sister Mrs. A. T. Clarke.

Mrs. W. F. Todd left yesterday for Boston to spend Thanksgiving week with her daughter Miss Winifred Todd.

Mrs. Ames Wilder of Augusta, Maine, accompanied by her daughter Miss Helen Wilder arrived yesterday to spend several weeks visiting here.

Mrs. Henry Todd and Mrs. E. K. Ross have returned from a visit to St. Andrews.

Mrs. Waterbury is occupying the residence of Mrs. W. B. King on Main street, Calais.

Mr. George F. Pinder was called to Fredericton owing to the serious illness of his sister Mrs. Wilson.

Miss Kate Newham's friends will be glad to know she is much better and her physician and family have every hope of her recovery.

Miss May Carter has gone to St. John to spend Thanksgiving day with her relatives in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Fredric Ray of Somerville, Me. etc., were in town during the past week. Mr. Ray has not been here for twenty years and saw many improvements in town.

SACKVILLE.

[Progress is for sale in Sackville by W. J. Goodwin.]

Nov. 23.—The second musical event of the season was the Madame Harrison concert last Friday, the first being the Mt. Allison faculty concert given in Oct. It is not known that any hats were erag erep but it was certainly a matter of considerable speculation as to whether Madame would this time draw the large crowds she had hitherto.

The weather threw a heavy weight upon the wrong side of the balance. All day it poured, the roads were a fatuous mess of mud, and the managers, on whom devolved the task of clearing \$100, the amount of gold needed to raise the silver voice of the prima donna, flitted about with anxious brows.

Had the night been fine the hall would have undoubtedly been full and under the circumstances as it was an excellent house and the managers after all expenses were paid had enough left they said, to buy each an oyster stew which was certainly much better than being in the soup.

Mrs. Harrison was supported by the Sackville band, Mrs. Webster, elocutionist and Prof. Otteking, violinist of the ladies' college. The first number was "Beauties of Ireland" a melody by the band who with a touch of real Hibernianism started off with God Save the Queen, much to the amusement of the audience. A few stood up, and nearly all looked to see what his neighbor intended doing.

Taking the band's performance altogether they are to be congratulated on their steady improvement. It is true there were discords that were unerringly pounced upon and applauded by the gallery gods who occupied the rear of the hall, there being no gallery, but there were also passages well played and their rendering of old melodies afforded much pleasure. The band should learn however when playing in a building not to be on such intimate terms with it, and to have more than a bowing acquaintance with pianissimo.

Mrs. Harrison's appearance was very charming. She was elegantly gowned in a Paris creation of apricot duchesse satin with point lace and wore pink flowers in her hair which was arranged in the Empire style with a bewitching little ringlet hanging over one ear. Her beautiful neck and arms were bare. She was warmly received as usual and during the evening was given the Mt. Allison college yell, which is considered a high compliment.

Her solos were "Arietta from Mireille" by Gounod and grand aria from Massé's "Noces de Jeannette" and the old time favorite "Gentle Lark." In all these songs Mrs. Harrison showed both power and sweetness but her tones did not seem so strong nor her trilling so birdlike as last year when she was fresh from the training of Marchie. However the excessive dampness of the atmosphere would have tried any voice. Mrs. Harrison kindly responded to her numerous encores, her last song being the charming little love lilt "Deep as the Sea and High as the Stars."

Miss Webster looked daintily fragile in her white chiffon robe but rendered her part bravely. In the difficult scene from Sheridan's "Rivals" she displayed a little dramatic force, her selection from Meredith was well given and the light pieces given as encores were extremely popular. She certainly scored a success.

Prof. Otteking was warmly received as he stepped to the front with his beloved violin and his exquisitely rendered artistic numbers were still more warmly applauded. Beyond a bow he paid no attention to his encores till the last which was too prolonged to be ignored and he then loosed the trammels of his soul and played one of his own compositions with great depth of feeling.

The violinist as well as the singer suffered from the damp weather as the violin, that most sensitive of instruments, went down half a tone in one number, which involved tuning up in the middle of the piece. Indeed the violin caught such a severe cold that Mr. Otteking congratulated himself that it did not sneeze also. The difficult role of accompanist was well sustained by Miss Florence Webb a promising young pianist of Mt. Allison. At the close of the performance a few went very informally to Senator's Wood's where Mrs. Harrison was being entertained. The fair singer will be in Sackville again shortly to take part in the church opening.

The wedding of Miss Robinson, Mrs. J. F. Allison's sister took place Nov. 6th, at Nelson, B. C. Since her arrival there Miss Robinson has been staying with Mrs. Ince the sister of the bridegroom F. M. C. Crosskill. The quiet but very pretty wedding took place in St. Saviour's church, the ceremony being performed by Rev. A. S. Akhurst. The full choir was in attendance. The bride who was given away by Mr. B. Ince, was becomingly attired in a dark blue travelling suit with crimson on chiffon vest and wore a blue hat the same shade with a touch of red in it. After the service a dainty collation was served at the home of Mr. and Mrs.

Ince. Among the guests were Mrs. H. Nickerson late of Moncton and Chauncey Chandler brother of G. B. Chandler of this town. The bridegroom's gift to his wife was a handsome ring and she also received a number of valuable presents from her friends and relatives in Nelson. The young couple left for a trip up the lake and through the Slocan.

A prospective wedding will be much interested in that of Miss Fanning, who in 1897 filled the post of vocal teacher at the ladies college so charmingly. On the 15th, Dec. she marries Edward Gay, a banker of Boston, who is young, musical and wealthy. The ceremony is to take place in the old, historic Kings Chapel, Boston, and will be an extremely smart function. The decorations in the church are to be pink and white chrysanthemums, the bride is to wear white duchesse satin with Hoolian lace veil, which she will look very beautiful in this costume.

That she will look very beautiful in this costume goes without saying. She will be attended by numerous bridesmaids and there will be janitors. Miss Fanning made many friends during her stay in this town all of whom wish her a long, happy life of wedded bliss.

Another piece of Boston news which gives pleasure to the people here is the intelligence that Mrs. H. Berton Allison has been successful in contesting her mother's will, which left her property entirely in the hands of a trustee. The will was set on the ground that the late Mrs. Harrison was not of sound mind when she made it, the deceased, who was extremely aged at the time of her death, having out lived her faculties. It is rumored that Mr. and Mrs. H. Berton Allison intend returning to Sackville in the spring and building a residence here, but as Mr. Allison still continues the sale of his lots on Allison avenue this is hardly probable.

Fairs, Bazaars and teas are all the rage at present. Last evening the ladies of the Methodist church held a very successful hot supper in the basement of the church which has been largely altered and improved. The lower flat had been emptied, swept and garnished for the occasion and looked bright and attractive. Part of the room was fenced off for the tea tables, a well spread refreshment table occupied the platform and ice cream and candy parlors were arranged in two class rooms. The decorations were extremely pretty, particularly in the home made candy department which was very effectively lit with wax candles. There was a great rush for tea because of the unfavorable weather. No scorer was a table vacated that it was swooped down on by a hungry crowd that had been waiting for an opportunity to secure seats. Indeed, if it is true that they also serve who only stand and wait, a good deal was done for the cause that evening. The tea was a thoroughly good one and daintily served, the tables being trimmed with flowers and furnished with hand painted menus. A roostly sum was raised, over \$60 being taken in tea tickets besides the receipts at the door and from other sources.

The church opening was the topic naturally in every one's mouth, knots of men could be seen in every direction discussing the probability of this much longed for event taking place the 4th of Dec. Before the evening was over it was about decided that the last touches to the sacred edifice could be rushed through by that date. The delay has been caused by Spence of Montreal who has utterly failed to keep his contract with regard to furnishing the stained glass windows on time and to use the building at all or even finish it has required ten lights to be filled in with plain glass. Mr. Holbrooke of Boston, the builder of the organ, is expected this week to put up the instrument. The position is not quite decided for it. If placed in the centre of the platform it will partially obscure one of the lights and if at one side the effect will not be good it is supposed. Indeed taking it altogether the lights of the church have given the trustees more trouble than the livers ever have the pastor.

The three services on opening Sunday will be most interesting. It is hoped to have three fine orators, Drs. Brechen and Sprague and Rev. Wm. Dobson. Under the able direction of Prof. Otteking a choir of 50 will render an excellent programme of music including a number of fine anthems. Madame Harrison will be the soloist.

A number of entertainments are coming off at Mt. Allison in the near future. The 8th of Dec. the Y. M. C. A. and mission band have a 6 o'clock tea and sale of Mt. Allison souvenirs in Beethoven hall. No pains are being spared to make this appear a very agreeable function. The funds go partly to pay for the artistic fire place lately placed in the Y. M. C. A. parlor and partly for mission work. Dec. 9th, the Eclectic society give a concert and reception with light refreshments. The young ladies of Mt. Allison have the knack of giving very attractive entertainments and they should be well patronized.

The contract for the 3 mangel pipe organ for Beethoven hall has been given to the Karn Warren Co. of Woodstock, Ont. The instrument will be in its place in the tower of the second tier. Early in January an organ recital will be given by Prof. Vincent assisted by Mrs. Vincent, who has a fine soprano voice.

Mrs. Vincent has taken the place as vocal teacher of Miss Harrington who was obliged to return to her home in Brighton, G. B. on account of ill health. The strong air of Sackville not agreeing with her throat. She was a charming singer and much liked personally so her sudden departure was much regretted. A farewell supper was tendered her by the faculty a few days before she sailed for the old country.

Mrs. Vincent, who has only been in the village a week, has entered on her duties with great spirit winning the regard of her pupils instantly. She

Could you imagine a more tempting dessert, than fruit, flavored, fruit-colored junket, served in pretty forms, or artistic cups, right off the ice.

Not only is it most inviting most palatable and most nutritious, but look at its cost. An outlay of about six cents for a whole family.

A quart of milk, one Junket Tablet, a little fruit juice or flavoring and just enough heat to warm that, all a five minutes job.

Hansen's Junket Tablets are sold by Grocers and Druggists in packets of 10 tablets for 15 cents. A Booklet of 38 recipes accompanies.

AGENTS FOR CANADA. EVANS & SONS, Limited Montreal and Toronto.

comes highly recommended having had some years experience as a teacher and choir director. She has studied under two great Italian Masters.

Mrs. Vincent's first appearance in public as a vocalist is looked forward to with interest. Early in December Miss Golder and Prof. Otteking are to take part in a concert in connection with the Centenary church St. John.

Dr. and Mrs. Borden spent Sunday in Moncton. J. F. Allison has been away a few days in Halifax retarding Monday.

Miss Jessie Liddall and Miss Elsie Harper of Bale Verte have been visiting friends in town.

Mr. John Teed, Dorchester, was through Tuesday for the hot supper.

Mr. Bird and family have lately taken a house on Union St. In January Miss Sadie Bird goes to the Victoria hospital Montreal to enter as a nurse. Miss Bird has been a very helpful member of St. Paul's church and will be much missed.

Miss Acres who has been some time with her sister Mrs. Hammond has returned home.

Judge Hamington, Dorchester, was in town for the concert Friday evening.

Miss Harvey, the guest of Mrs. Palmer at the Academy, returned to Fredericton this week.

Miss F. Decker, Charlottetown was at the ladies college last week for a few days. She was en route for Yarmouth where she visits her sister Mrs. (Dr.) Burrill.

FREDERICTON.

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorne.]

Nov.—That we to have a choral society is now an assured fact; at the meeting held on Monday evening the society was fully organized with a large membership, and as the city possesses some local talent of a very high order we shall be looking forward to becoming quite a musical centre in the not very distant future. The first practice will be held on the evening of the 6th of December.

The young ladies Christmas sewing circle met with Miss Wiley this week, when some very fine work was executed; at nine o'clock the gentlemen arrived when dancing was much enjoyed until midnight after which a dainty little supper was served; the pleasant gathering broke up soon after midnight.

The Junior dancing assembly met on Friday evening with Miss Carrie Tibbits and enjoyed a delightful dance and a pleasant evening.

The Fair to be held at the church hall tomorrow, Thanksgiving day and evening, seem to have completely monopolized the time of society this week, as little else is thought or talked of.

Mr. Geo. Y. Dibbles is entertaining friends this week.

Col. Vidal has returned from Ottawa.

Pleasant rumors are afloat concerning a fashionable but quiet wedding, which is to take place the first week in December.

Major Welch of Boston, is among the visitors in town.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Weddall and Miss Teasdale have gone to St. John to spend Thanksgiving day.

Miss Elsie Hatt leaves tomorrow for St. John, to spend a couple of weeks and bid good-bye to friends before leaving for her future home in the North-West.

Senator and Mrs. Temple have gone to North Carolina and will remain there until the opening of parliament.

Mrs. Maggie Dever entertained the Up-to-Date whist club at her home on Monday evening, with a few invited guests for the evening.

Miss Jennie Hatt returned from Boston on Tuesday.

Mr. Chas. McGibbon of Douglas has gone to Woodstock to spend the winter with her sister Mrs. Chas. Dibbles.

After a pleasant visit of three months spent with relatives and friends in the city, Miss Colter returned to St. Stephen on Friday.

Mrs. Harry Robertson, nee McKee, is here for Thanksgiving.

Miss Moore daughter of Ald. Moore returned to Boston on Monday. Miss Moore had been called home on account of the dangerous illness of her sister and brother.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hatt and three daughters leave about the tenth of December for Vancouver, where they will in future make their home. Mrs. Hatt and daughters will be much missed by a large circle of friends who regret their departure and all join in best wishes for their future success in their new and far distant home. On dit, that Mr. and Mrs. Hatt will lose one of their fair daughters almost immediately upon their arrival at Vancouver.

Mr. Alva Stewart of Woodstock is in the city.

THINGS OF VALUE.

The cost of the world's wars since the Crimean war has been \$2,853,000,000, or enough to give a couple of sovereigns to every man, woman, and child on the globe.

Cholera and all summer complaints are so quick in their action that the cold hand of death is upon the victims before they are aware that danger is near. If attacked do not delay in getting the proper medicine. Try a dose of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Eucalypti Colic, and you will get immediate relief. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to effect a cure.

In the Serbian Army the big drum is fixed on a two-wheeled cart, which is drawn by a large trained dog. The drummer walks behind the cart.

There can be a difference of opinion on most subjects, but there is only one opinion about the reliability of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It is safe, sure and effective.

Age and experience have this result—one wrinkles the body, the other the mind.

Are you suffering from corns? If you are get a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It has never been known to fail.

The man who hesitates is lost, but the woman who hesitates is won.

Differences of Opinion regarding the popular, internal and external remedy, Dr. Thomas' Eucalypti Oil—do not, so far as known, exist. The testimony is positive and concurrent that the article relieves physical pain, cures lameness, checks rheumatism, and is an excellent remedy for pains and rheumatic complaints, and it has no nauseating or other unpleasant effect when taken internally.

The steam power of Great Britain represents the combined strength of 1,000,000,000 of men.

A Pleasant Medicine—There are some pills which have no other purpose evidently than to beguile painful internal disturbances in the patient, adding to his troubles and perplexities rather than diminishing them. One might as well swallow some corrosive material. Parrelco's Vegetable Pills have not this disagreeable and injurious property. They are easy to take, are not unpleasant to the taste, and their action is mild and soothing. A trial of them will prove this. They offer peace to the dyspeptic.

It is no use clutching at the bald spot on Opportunity's head.

Great Things From Little Causes Grow.—It takes very little to derange the stomach. The cause may be a slight cold, something eaten or drunk, anxiety, worry or some other simple cause. But if precautions be not taken, this simple cause may have most serious consequences. Many a chronic indigestion, constipation, dropsy, or even its destruction to simple causes not dealt with in time. Keep the digestive apparatus in healthy condition and all will be well. Parrelco's Vegetable Pills are better than any other for the purpose.

Western Australia has an act in force prohibiting the landing of anyone who cannot write out a Iven passage in English.

Direct From the Growers to Consumers. People who have been drinking the green teas of China or Japan all their lifetime—are hard to woo with the dark teas of Ceylon. But **Monsoon Tea** is an exceptional quality—so distinctly superior in flavor and body that even the green-tea votaries like Monsoon the best.

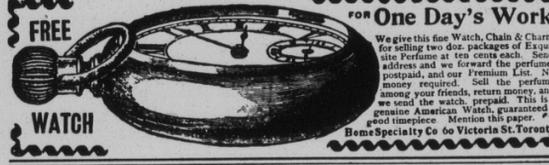


In sealed packets only—Never in bulk. By grocers, at 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c.

When You Order..... PELEE ISLAND WINES.....BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND.

"Wine as a restorative, as a means of refreshment in Debility and Sickness is surpassed by no Product of nature or art."—PROFESSOR LIEBIG. "Pure Wine is incomparably superior to every other stimulating beverage for diet or medicine."—DR. DREYER.

Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It E. G. SCOVIL, Tea and Commission Merchant, 62 Union Street.



FREE for One Day's Work. We give this fine Watch, Chain & Charm for selling two doz. packages of Equi-site Perfume at ten cents each. Send address and we forward the perfume, postpaid, and our Premium List. No money required. Sell the perfume among your friends, return money, and we send the watch, prepaid. This is a genuine American Watch, guaranteed a good timepiece. Mention this paper. Home-Spectacle Co. Victoria St. Toronto

Something Each Day. Something each day—a smile, It is not much to give And the little gifts of life Make sweet the days we live. The world has weary hearts That we can bless and cheer And a smile for every day Were a wonderful sight to see. Something each day—a word, We cannot know its power; It grows in fruitfulness As grows the gentle flower. What comforts it may bring Where all is dark and drear; For a kind word every day Makes happy all the year.

Something each day—a thought, Unselfish, good and true, That aids another's need While we our way pursue; That seeks to lighten hearts, That leads to pathways clear; For a helpful thought each day Makes happy all the year. Something each day—a deed, Of kindness and of good That links in closer bonds All human brotherhood. Oh, thus the heavenly will We all may do while here For a good deed every day Makes blessed all the year.

A Marble Heart. Oh, this is the tale of a marble cast, A cast of high degree, Who fell in love with a maiden fair, With dewy eyes and golden hair, Whose studies in art, all made with care Were a wonderful sight to see. Oh, the maiden fair was 'Wedded to Art,' These were the words she passed; She had no time for frivolous balls, Parties or suppers or afternoon calls, But spent her time in antique halls, And sketched away from the cast. One day the maid threw her arms around The neck of the marble cast; 'I love you, you dear old cast,' said she, (The sombre image smiled with gle) 'But a lover has come at last to me, And my Art is done at last.' She twined her apron around his neck, And kissed her lips of stone— She took no heed as she tripped away Of his petrified smile. Her own was gay When she gave him the marble heart that day, But he smiles there still—alone. F. Colburn Clarke.

More Business. The more business you have the greater your need for PRINTING. We are doing better work than ever before; our equipment, our methods, our workmen, all co-operate to give you good work at low prices and always ready when you want it. PROGRESS PRINT. PRINTERS, St. John, N. B.

BASS & CO'S ALE LANDING. 15 BBLs., EACH 36 GALS. FOR SALE LOW.

THOS. L. BOURKE Moosesteak and Partridge.

THOS. DEAN, City Market.

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

Victoria Hotel, 81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator. and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

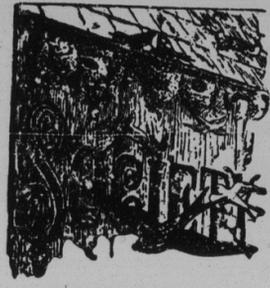
QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N.B. A EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

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

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION. NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership subsisting between us, the undersigned, as E. LAWTON & CO. has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. All debts owing to said partnership are to be paid to Edmund Lawton at St. John's street, and all claims against the said partnership are to be presented to the said Edmund Lawton, by whom the same will be settled. Dated at St. John this 10th day of September, 1898. EDMUND LAWTON, A. M. PHILLIPS.

CARD. E LAWTON. Wishes to inform his friends and the general public that he will be found at the old stand 114 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, Horn Building, and by keeping the very choicest stock of Wines and Liquors to merit a fair share of the business. Ob ice Havana cigars a specialty.

Prince Edward Island OYSTERS. RECEIVED THIS DAY 25 bbls. P. E. Island Oysters. Large and fat. At 19 and 23 King Square, J. D. TURNER.



Head and Limbs

All Covered With Eruptions—Could Not Work, the Suffering Was So Great—Hood's Has Cured.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills

act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

His Friend Fostered the Spinster's Idea of Lunacy.

A funny incident in which two young newspaper men figured, occurred a few days ago and caused considerable amusement among their friends.

The proprietress of the store in question is not a beauty—there is no doubt about that.

But this is enough of an incident that must be regretted by those who investigated it and which cannot be pleasant to many of the readers of PROGRESS.

The young man retreated precipitately and returned to the city without having secured any patronage in that direction.

An uptown family are frequently amused, and sometimes startled, by the bright sayings of a little daughter of the house aged six.

SCOVIL'S BIG MISTAKE

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

the most public place in town, and when he arrived slash him across the face with the whip.

The traveler looked at him in amazement, and then said, "What! do you take for a fool? Do you think I want to get my name in the newspapers on account of such an affair as this?"

"Oh well, you know," said Scovil, "there won't be anything about that, because my father-in-law the chief of police knows all about it."

But even that did not move the traveller to take any part, and Scovil, after showing the style of whip that he had, departed.

There was only one part of his programme that he carried out and that was his lying telephone message to Mr. Carter's house.

That message was delivered to Mr. Carter after Mr. Scovil had received his dump in the mud.

Mr. Scovil evidently thought better of his Royal Hotel ambush. There was too much electric light about the place to suit him.

But the sequel to his conversation with the traveller on that day or the next day following his treacherous assault, shows that his idea was in line with the foolish and sensational notion that any man who attacks another with a whip of any sort, degrades him.

That the "man of pork" is sharpening his knife for "Caliph."

That the "correspondent of PROGRESS" is an unknown quantity, but he has the faculty of "getting there."

That Cliff continues to saw frozen water at the city stand.

That the police intend clearing out portions of South Brunswick street, in 2,000 A. D.

That a few more letter-boxes on the business streets would be appreciated.

That the identity of "Pendennis" is still unsolved, although many "smart alacks" claim to know.

That the chicken thieves in the north end are known by their dark ways.

That a charming and coy maiden well-known in society will enter connubial bliss before the snow flies.

That the Duchess of Somerset, who, like her Grace of Portland and other duchesses, springs from an untitled family, is as versatile and accomplished even as the Countess of Warwick; and, indeed, her gifts largely rate the same direction.



Lasts long lathers free— soap—low in price—highest in quality—the most economical for every use.

That Surprise way of washing—the sweetest, whitest, cleanest clothes with easy quick work. Follow the directions. Saves weary work—much wear and tear.

Surprise Soap is the name—don't forget.



A Christmas Gift FOR \$4.25

A watch sent free of charge by express for your examination.

Ladies Watches. Gents Watches.

Table listing various watch models and prices, including Gun Metal Watches, Nickel Watches, and Gold Filled Watches.

Our Goods are the Best. Our Prices the Lowest. And the reason our prices are lowest is that we are specialists in the watch and jewelry trade, and the consumer is saved the middle-man's profit by buying from us who are the Canadian agents of the manufacturers.

The Canadian Mail Order Co., No. 8 Shuter St., Toronto, Ont.

TRISSED-OVER IN HALIFAX

That several Halifax young men lost money on the Corbett-Sharkey fight.

That the young lady who frequents Hollis street is in real earnest.

That the attorney general has taken to the study of Lindley Murray.

That the damp weather during the past week has taken the color out of—a good many things.

That the Queen Annex rooms are all let now.

That the book agent on Hollis street has abandoned the use of all hair restoratives.

That Ex-Alderman Worrall is still in hiding and thinks he is a "smart 'un."

That the quality of the Electric light is like mercy,—not strained, but very hard on the consumers.

That the "man of pork" is sharpening his knife for "Caliph."

That the "correspondent of PROGRESS" is an unknown quantity, but he has the faculty of "getting there."

That Cliff continues to saw frozen water at the city stand.

That three times three are nine despite G's effort to prove to the contrary.

That the Gotten street bells have been told too often. She needs her tongue tied.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

the eye on entering is an excellent bust of the former owner. By the way, did you ever hear the story of the countrywoman who visited Parliament Hill and gazed at the statue of "Old Tomorrow," with the life size figure of Canada at his feet. "Eh, but it's like St. John!" she said, "but as I never met his lady I canna tell whether it is good or her or not."

Mrs. Hutton makes a charming hostess, she is tall and very fair; you would never take her for anything but an Englishwoman. The wife of the General commanding in Canada is always a social leader.

Mrs. Lawrence Drummond, wife of Lord Minto's private secretary, is another strikingly handsome woman. Lady Sybil Beaclerk I have not seen yet so cannot describe her. She is Lady Minto's niece and it is said, will be an acquisition this winter to the social life of Rideau Hall.

The snow of course put an end to all the golfing sometimes ago, but we are now having a brief St. Martin's summer and a few enthusiastic golfers still wheel out to the links.

The Woman's Morning Music Club has given its first mostly concert, to which every musical person flocked, together with those not musical but highly fashionable. You are either one thing or the other if you attend the weekly recitals at which the amateurs (and some of them are very good ones) play and sing. Never a man is there that attend, and the soft clapping of dainty gloved hands makes but a languid applause.

The May Court Club listens each week to lectures delivered by doctors and nurses on their "Hygiene of the Household" and after Christmas its numbers are going to take up literature.

I do not know whether the news of the May-day coronation reached you last spring, but its echoes will at any rate. Lady Aberdeen invited the maidens of Ottawa to meet on that day at Government House to choose a May-Queen who should reign for one year and a day. Miss Ethel Hamilton, daughter of the Lord Bishop of Ottawa was the one chosen and idly crowned with ruch pomp and ceremony, in the midst of hundreds of spectators. She chose twelve Counsellors, who help her in all her plans and designs, while the exalted Ottawa form her Court. In this May Court a club has been formed for self-improvement and for helping others less blessed than themselves in any way that they can. And last now they have been hearing lectures from Dr. Gibson.

Mrs. King and Mrs. Sedgwick were among those who witnessed the installation of Lord Minto at Quebec.

Mrs. C. F. Hamilton and Miss Beatrice Hamilton of Moncton, are in town.

There is a dreadful rumor that the session is to be "in the lap of spring." This may be the fates forbid!

'New 'Hey-Didde-Didde.'

Here is the poem of me, the entertainer of children. See a cat is passing through my poem! It plays the fiddle rapturously. It plays—onatas, turas, ragoons, savottes, gicues minutes, romances, improvises—it plays the tunes that led to the destruction of the aged cow!

But most of all it plays nocturnes, and plays them pyrotechnically, as b' f's the night time. See the moon shining in the lilaco sky; See the cow, inspired by the intricate strains of the stralivarius, throws off her habitual lamour, and leaps over the moon.

Why so active, then moon? Why so passive, then cow? He grins and runs through the city. Feeling humor is his ever-undying. Have all dogs so been a sense of humor? See the dish maliciously meditative. See, it takes advantage of the general confusion and absconds with the silver spoon.

A Queer Old World.

If virtue would allure like sin How easily might goodness win. I might want laughing by like wrong The devil would lose but his throng.

If day sought pleasure like the night Dawn need not blush to face the light. But virtue seems so cold and proud That merry sin attracts the crowd.

And right has such a solemn air Men follow wrong, the deplorair. And care so eats the daytime up At night they seize mad folly's cup.

And drink forgetfulness till dawn. And so the queer old world will dawn. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.



Eyes Tested Free

—BY— EXPERT OPTICIANS.

The best \$1 glasses in the world.

Everything at cut prices.

Open evenings, till 9 o'clock.

BOSTON OPTICAL CO.,

25 King St. St. John, N. B. Next to Manchester, Robertson & Allison's.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1898.

Rescued By Her Brother.

HALIFAX, Nov. 23.—A love affair in which a well known young man of this city figured very prominently was brought to a sudden termination last week by the police. The name of the young man is Hardy McDonald, and while in Boston some time ago he met and won the charms of a fair young maiden of that big city. It was a case of love at first sight, and both became infatuated with each other. They were more than fast friends without a doubt, as developments that followed their brief acquaintance soon showed. While in the "Hub" everything was lovely and all went well, but there came a time when young McDonald found it necessary to return to this city with some of his relatives. This was more than his female friend expected so soon and she was considerably downcast over the departure of her lover. She tried to persuade him to remain but he would not, and after many parting words, and sorrowful expressions he left his dear one behind. He arrived here all safe, and then correspondence between the two was opened up. McDonald told her in one of the letters of the many beauties, and great attractions that were to be seen if she would only come down this way for a short time. It did not require much coaxing for her to make up her mind to start out for Halifax, as she was half inclined at the time to follow him. He was to have met her on the arrival of the steamer at this port, and escort her to his mother's residence on Falkland street, but when the steamer arrived, there was no McDonald in

sight, and for awhile the young girl was in a sorry plight. She had no friends here, and all she had to guide her was the address of her lover. A good Samaritan however turned up at a very opportune time, and he kindly accompanied the young female to the address mentioned. On arrival at the house everything was in darkness, and McDonald was no where to be found. This made matters now worse; but the friend happened to know a place on Water street where the missing lover might be, so they started out in search of him. When the place was reached it was learned that McDonald had been there, but was out at the time. He intended to return later on, and the girl made herself at home and waited for him. He came all right and was more than surprised at her presence. The two then started out, and they were going to have a good time without a doubt. It was of a brief duration however, as the brother of the runaway girl put in an appearance on the following day, and spoil the little game. The brother immediately sought the aid of the police, and the girl's whereabouts were soon located. She was taken in custody, and young McDonald got out of the way. It was just as well he did, as the big brother was looking for him, and if the two had met a hot time would surely have followed, and judging from the physical appearance of the two McDonald would not have been in it. The happy brother took the downcast girl on the steamer Halifax, and left for home immediately. Her parents are very respectable people, and they reside at Park Square, Boston.

COULDN'T GET HIS FOURTH DEER.

Esra Brooks Often Killed Three in One Day but Never Any More. Living on Dyberry Creek, Penn., is Esra Brooks, an old farmer, and in his day one of the most famous of Wayne county hunters. He is 86 years old and as spry and active as many of his neighbors who are his juniors by a score of years. He came to the Dyberry when only 5 years old with his father, Capt. Homer Brooks, from Vermont, and settled in what was then a wilderness. At that time and for many years after the soon-to-be-abandoned Delaware and Hudson Canal was built through this region, the forests were full of deer and all kinds of game.

A party of Honesdale sportsmen on their return from an unsuccessful deer hunt this week stopped for rest and refreshment at the home of the veteran hunter. Mr. Brooks entertained them with some hunting reminiscences in which he and Lewis Day, another great hunter, were concerned. Each of them had in his day killed 500 deer and other game.

'A singular thing in my experience in killing deer,' said Mr. Brooks, 'was that, while I have many a time killed three deer in a day and once brought down three of them in as many minutes, I never was able to get the fourth one. I fired many times after getting three, but luck always failed me after that. Lewis Day had the same experience, as did also M. N. B. Kellam of Panpack, Pike county, who killed three deer in a day, and three bears in a day, and two bears and a deer, and two deer and a bear, but never got the fourth one.'

'Dear then,' continued Mr. Brooks, 'were as plentiful as sheep are now. I saw twelve in one drove and sixty two another day. I wounded a deer in the hip near where Esra Gleason now lives. He started for the river. A wounded deer will always start for water. The dog grabbed him by the hind leg and I grabbed him by the tail. The deer turned and made for us and I ran behind a tree. The deer's head struck the tree with force. I reloaded my gun and might have shot him, but in the excitement forgot to shoot. I followed him back to the river and succeeded in getting him down, and in getting him astraddle of his neck and a hold of his horn. The deer began to squirm and kick, and I wished I was off of him; but I had to hold on and keep chugging his nose in the water until he was nearly drowned. Father came and tried to cut his throat with his old dull jackknife, and the deer came to, and we had to drown him over again. I held him under water until father whetted up his knife and cut his throat.'

Mr. Brooks said the Dyberry was named for a half-blood Indian named Dyberry, who had a log cabin of the East Branch near Tanner's Fall. He knew him well. Dyberry trapped for a living and had an ingenious way of setting deadfalls. He built cobble houses of logs or smaller sticks, according to the size of the animal he desired to catch; with one entrance where he arranged his figure 4, and as the animal gnawed at the bait he brought a log upon himself large enough to hold him down. For a bear the weight would be 600 or 800 pounds. When a fox or wolf was in his den he would cut sticks about two feet long and sharpen them at one end; these he would run into the hole but end first, after which he would close the hole securely at the outside and leave it. The wolf in trying to get out would draw back one by one and push them to the rear. The hunter on approaching the entrance would frighten the animal, and it would attempt to return to its burrow, but would run against the sharp points of the sticks that it had been industriously pulling in. Thus it was an easy prey to the hunter's rifs.

Mr. Brooks killed many foxes in the same way as the half-breed Indian, but his greatest delight was in the chase, in which he was a sure shot. 'I killed forty-two foxes in one year,' said he, 'and of sixty-seven foxes shot I missed fire only once, and that fox was killed by the second shot. I once killed two wild turkeys at one shot, and killed a fox once which weighed twenty-two pounds, which I sold to Charley Forbes of the Wayne Court House at Honesdale. I broke the wing of a wild turkey once and chased it down the hill pell-mell to the flats, but the bird ran like a deer and escaped. The next year a hunter killed a wild turkey which weighed forty-two pounds. It had a broken wing, and was evidently the one I had shot.'

'Trout was so plentiful in the Dyberry in those days that you could have caught 100 pounds if you had so desired. We stopped when we had enough. The largest one I ever saw weighed four pounds.'

Mr. Brooks for many years rafted logs and lumber down the Delaware. Pine mats 100 feet long from the Wayne county forests were floated to Philadelphia for the shipbuilders. The experience of the old pioneer cannot be duplicated here again.

'Rousers, boys,' 'I have had some experience of London street-ruffianism,' said a veteran sergeant recently, 'for I have done duty in most of the "rough shops," East South and West alike, and have been in the thick of savage mobs too often for my own comfort. I can stand a rough-and-tumble as well as most men, and have fought with my truncheon against foot and fist and stick while down on the pavement, my knees pressed into a prisoner's arms. 'But there is one sound I have learnt to dread at such times, and that is the cry of "Rousers, boys!"

When that is started in earnest, look out for yourself. It means sticks and stones and buckle ended belts at the least, and lucky for you if it doesn't mean 'chivvies' (knives) as well.

'No, I can't say what the actual meaning of "rouser" is; it may have been "rouse," perhaps, in the first instance. But anyway it is used as a battle-cry by some of the most dangerous gangs in London—men who would not stick at murder, some of them—and I have noticed it is generally a signal for an attempt at rescue police prisoners. So, whenever I hear it started by a mob around our men, my orders are: "Out sticks, back to back, and keep your whistles sounding."

THE HOUSE OF DAVID.

Biblical Name of Glimm With Scriptural Quotations. 'Talking about elections,' said the Chicago man to his friend in New York who had spoken about his winnings, 'you should have lived in Chicago about twenty-three years ago, when the men who did the fine work were in the gimml business. There was a fellow named Dave Thornton who help to select Alderman, and who took a hand occasionally in putting a man on the bench.

Dave had a place in Clark street in a block filled with gambling houses. The front door was closed promptly at midnight, and the side door—well that was always open. It opened into the arcade, and the arcade led to the Y. M. C. A. building. There was a sign over the Clark street entrance of the arcade which informed the man who read it of Y. M. C. A.'s place. And I have always thought that sign prompted Dave Thornton to have the sign he had over his doorway—"The House of David." You see it had a sort of biblical signification, and as it was contiguous to the Y. M. C. A. sign it was calculated to catch the eye of the wayfaring man, who was very numerous out there in those days.

'Thornton was a religious man. That is, he was regular in his attendance on the stated services, and, rain or shine, he was in his place in the sanctuary. Over the big mirror on the bar side of the place, in artistic lettering, was the text: "IF THE LORD KEEPETH NOT THE CITY, THE WATCHMAN WAKEETH IN VAIN."

'And on the mirror was another sign, suggested, at the request of Dave, by Charley Thorne of the old Union Square company, which played in Chicago every season. Dave was a theatregoer, and one day when he and Charley Thorne were coming from church Dave told Charley that he had a Bible text over his mirror and wanted a shakespearean quotation on the mirror. Charley Thorne, always quick, replied: "Thou shalt not budge till I set thee up a glass," and Dave stopped and made Charley stop, and there in the shadow of the spire of the cathedral the actor wrote the quotation on a card which for years caused so much comment in Chicago.

'When Dave handed the card to a printer, who knows a little Shakespeare himself, he said to Dave, "He didn't give you all the quotation." Dave replied, "Charley Thorne is my friend. He gave me all that's necessary. If there had been any more Charley would have said so," and the printer said no more, but did the work.

'A man who is now on the bench in Chicago used to go to Dave's place for luncheon, for Dave had a lunch counter, and back of a pile of barrels he spread a table at noon for his particular friends in politics. This Judge was a local politician then, and his first success in politics was due to Dave's manipulations. There is a man in public life in this country who learned his first lessons in politics from Dave Thornton, and in the House of David. The place which this man holds is not far removed from one of the highest in the country.

'Dave rarely came to his place after dark. He was seldom seen anywhere in public at night. He passed his evenings at home, and rarely was he seen at a political meeting. His influence was a silent force. I never quite understood him, nor did anybody. His place of business at night was totally different in the character of its patrons from that of the day. At rounds, hackmen, and often of crooks. Of course others were there in the early part of the evening, but after the midnight closing ordinance was observed in front the side entrance was crowded with as mixed a lot as ever turned out. Dave died ten years ago. He left plenty for his family. It was well for them, for the men whom Dave had helped into office forgot him, and Dave himself quit politics two years before his death.'

His Collections Short.

HALIFAX, Nov. 22.—Another young man of this city has gone wrong. This time it is one of those church going young fellows, and one of the last that would be expected to do anything out of the way. The party referred to was in the employ of the Nova Scotia Nursery, and he was looked upon by the manager as a young man of exemplary habits. He was always sober, and industrious, and very attentive to his duties. As far as known he had no bad habits, and was regarded as a model young man, and well suited for the trusted position which he held. The first intimation his many friends had about his wrongdoing, was when an advertisement appeared in the daily papers, cautioning the public against paying him any money. Those who knew the young man were more than surprised when this announcement appeared, and soon anxious inquiries were being made as to what had happened him. Many of his friends at first suggested that he had left the employ of the nursery, but such was not the case. He did not leave of his own free will, but remained until the manager gave him notice to quit. The young fellow was charged with embezzling his employers money, and when at first confronted about the shortage he denied all knowledge of it, but finally the evidence was so strong against

him, and he had to give in. Very little time was lost in disposing of his service, as he was discharged upon the spot. He resided in Dartmouth, and was a prominent member of a church across the way. The young man is particularly well known throughout the city, he having for some time past been in the employ of the above mentioned firm as a collector. He had the handling of all the bills and monies, and only made returns at certain times, when it suited his own convenience. The amounts received it is alleged were never handed over in several cases, and the proprietors of the nursery were kept in ignorance of this for some time, but like all cases of the kind it came to light through the sending of another bill to parties who had already paid their accounts. The firm does not intend to let the affair go by with the dismissal alone, but have instructed a legal firm to take such action against the accused as it deems necessary. The general impression is that the young man's friends will have the matter settled before it reaches the courts. The young fellow with his parents, belongs to New Glasgow, but removed to this city some five years ago. He secured employment at first with the Nova Scotia Sugar Refinery company, but since leaving there, he has held the situation with the nursery.

PEOPLE WHO WILL FIDGET.

A Woman's Plea for Increased Instruction in the Art of Repose.

'If I had the power to confer one single accomplishment upon all mankind,' said a sensible looking woman at a recent tea, 'I believe I'd choose the art of sitting still and keeping absolutely quiet—the art of repose. I suppose one might call it. I don't believe that anything wears more upon a human being than the constant fidgeting of other human beings. I sometimes wonder whether I am more nervous than most persons. Perhaps I am, and yet it doesn't show in most of the situations which call for a display of feminine nerves. But one thing is sure, I haven't gone to theatre or concert or even church in years without having my pleasure partly spoiled by some little annoying habit on the part of persons near me. Not one man or woman in a thousand can be quiet. At the last Boston Symphony concert the man next to me tapped an accompaniment to all the numbers on the arm of his seat. I was a little thing, but it got upon my nerves and marred the evening for me.

'I went to the theatre three evenings last week. One night the man just behind me scraped the bottom of my seat with his feet all evening long. The next night my escort had squeaky shoes, and he evidently wriggled his toes constantly and kept the soles of those shoes squeaking. Another time, the woman beside me clasped and unclasped her bonbonniere incessantly, making a sharp, clicking noise. At church, on Sunday, the woman to whom I offered part of my pew had a creaky little fan which she fluttered or opened and shut all through the service. At the matinee, on Saturday, two girls behind me nibbled some sort of brittle candy from the time the curtain first went up until it fell after the last act.

'Of course you think I am a crank; but

it irritates me to see how careless and inconsiderate the average man or woman is, and what absurd habits most persons have. When I see any one sit still for five minutes at a time I feel like introducing myself and congratulating him on his valuable accomplishment. All the world wriggles nowadays, and when it isn't wriggling it has nervous prostration.'

Too Innocent.

'I will tell you of a very funny situation between an advocate and the man he is defending,' remarked a barrister recently when the court had risen for lunch. It has occurred several times in my career when I have been pleading the case of a defendant charged with breach of promise. When you see that it is a foregone conclusion that you lose your case, you then turn your attention to mitigation of damages. For this purpose you argue to the jury that your client is a thorough bad lot, and contend that, instead of losing anything by his backing out of his promise, the fair plaintiff is very lucky to have escaped being wedded to such a monster.

'Do think of something that can be proved against you,' pleaded a solicitor, instructing one of his clients. 'Don't you swear and gamble? Haven't you ever got drunk?'

'And we all roared as the defendant answered ruefully: 'No, really, I'm afraid I never have.'

What she Was.

In a New England graveyard there has lately been discovered an epitaph which leaves a wider scope for the imagination of the reader than almost any other which could be composed.

A person, straying through the little graveyard stopped to read the words on an old slate stone slab; two winged heads were carved above the epitaph:

Here lies the remains of Mary Ann Pratt: Words are wanting to say what she was; but what a good woman should be; she was that.

HE BROUGHT IT FROM THE WORLD'S FAIR. And kept it two years.

'The great world's fair, at Chicago, in 1893, while it gave pleasure to many, gave pain to not a few as an indirect result of jured along the miles of wonderful exhibition by the new marvels that met the gaze at every step, and did not realize their exhaustion until they dropped into a chair in some breezy corner by the lake, and "cooled off." That's what began the trouble, in many cases. Of one such case, writes:

"My husband took a severe cold and cough two years ago last October—time of the World's Fair, which we attended. This cough lasted over two years, was accompanied by spitting of blood, and nothing could be found to help him, although various remedies were tried. Several doctors were consulted, but their prescriptions afforded no relief. Finally, I saw an advertisement of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my paper and prevailed upon my husband to get a bottle and try it. The very first dose helped him, and he was completely cured in a short time. We feel

very grateful for what Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has done for us, and shall keep it constantly on hand in the house."—Mrs. L. W. STEVENS, Fort Fairfield, Me.

Two years of doctoring for a cough, two years of "remedies" that gave no help, of prescriptions that prohibited the use of all affectations of the throat and lungs promptly and effectively. Anyone who is sick is invited to write to the Doctor who is at the head of the staff of our newly organized Free Medical Advice department. The best medical advice, on all diseases, without reference to their curability by Dr. Ayer's medicines. Address, J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

* A DAUGHTER OF JUDAS. *

By the Author of "Sir Lionel's Wife," "The Great Moreland Tragedy," Etc.

CONTINUED.

"No, 'not ill, exactly; and yet I am troubled about him. He is restless—melancholy. He used to be so even tempered; but of late, during this last week or two, he has had fits of moodiness. Have you any idea whether he has anything on his mind?"

In a moment Morewood thought of Madeline Winter.

It was possible, quite possible, that some disquieting news concerning her had reached him.

Any such news would be likely to oppress his mind.

"If he has, he hasn't mentioned it to me," he said, evasively.

And, even as he spoke, he suddenly realized that of late there had been some strange lack of confidential communications between himself and Sir Gerald.

He might have thought nothing of it but for Lady Ruth's suggestion; but, now that the matter was thus brought before his mind, he did remember that his friend had rather shunned conversation with him of late, and, as a matter of fact, had not once been over to Beech Royal during the last fortnight.

"I am sure Lillian notices it," went on Lady Ruth, "and that it makes her unhappy. But she never says a word of it to me. Lillian is so loyal. She thinks a wife should not hint at a husband's faults—even to his own nearest relations."

"And he is moody and melancholy, you say?" said Morewood, thoughtfully. "I haven't noticed it; but then, I must confess, I've seen very little of him lately. I don't know just how it is I haven't seen him. Perhaps he hasn't been feeling well."

"He is well enough, bodily," said Lady Ruth, "and she seemed on the point of saying something further, but checked herself, half guiltily.

"Well, I'll have a talk with him. He'll be all right in a day or two, never fear. I wouldn't worry, if I were you."

Morewood spoke cheerily, but in his heart he felt a little anxious for his friend.

Was that prophecy of the dead gipsy about to be fulfilled at last?

The sound of wheels on the drive made Lady Ruth go to the window and look out.

"They are here!" she said. "They can't have made many calls."

A moment or two later, Sir Gerald and Lillian entered the room.

Morewood looked at them both with a quietly scrutinizing glance, and owned that Lady Ruth was right.

Neither of them looked quite as bright and happy as they had been wont to look.

He wondered he had not noticed the change for himself.

Certainly he saw it plainly enough, now that it had been pointed out to him.

Lillian looked extremely pale, he thought, and her beautiful dark eyes held a wistful and anxious expression, as of one who sees and is trying to ward off, some approaching evil.

Her smile, however, was as sweet as ever as she greeted Morewood.

He thought he had never seen her look more beautiful than she did as she came towards him with that smile on her face, her hand extended with frank pleasure.

From her he looked to Sir Gerald, and though the change in him was a subtle one he recognized it and thought he understood what Lady Ruth meant.

A casual observer would, probably, have said Sir Gerald was looking remarkably well, but to Morewood's critically observant mind his eyes were too brilliant.

It betokened a mind that was not at rest.

He crossed the room to give his hand to his friend; but—was it mere fancy or not?—it seemed to Morewood that his greeting was not so perfectly hearty as usual.

It was more the studiously courteous greeting of a mere acquaintance than of a close familiar friend.

Lillian went away to remove her hat and cloak.

Before she returned, the luncheon-bell rang, and Sir Gerald turned to his friend saying carelessly—

"You'll take lunch with us, Morewood?"

Morewood was on the point of declining, when Lady Ruth repeated her nephew's invitation, and with so much real earnestness, that he could not but accept it.

A minute later Lady Vere came back.

"Mr. Morewood will lunch with us," Lillian said to Lady Ruth.

Lillian smiled that sweetly gracious smile which was one of her own special charms; but, even as she smiled, the troubled, anxious look deepened in her eyes.

Morewood, watching her, felt an odd conviction that she would rather he had not remained to luncheon.

At the dining table he sat opposite Sir Gerald, and, mindful of Lady Ruth's hints, he watched him closely.

The first thing he noticed was, that he certainly took more wine than usual; the next, that he was developing an irritability of manner to which he had hitherto been a stranger.

A servant placed a glass of claret a shade too near his elbow, with the result that a few drops of the ruddy liquid were spilled on the table cloth.

In former days, Sir Gerald would have taken such an accident with the sweetest good temper; but now he looked round with a knitted brow and a flashing eye, and all but swore at the man for his heedlessness.

Not a word was said by either of the ladies, but Lady Ruth cast a quietly significant glance at Morewood, and the

troubled expression deepened on Lillian's face.

"During the meal, Sir Gerald looked across at Morewood, and said—

"Have you seen Lady Vere's portrait? It has come home."

"I haven't seen it yet."

"Ah! you surprise me. I should have thought she would have been sure to show it to you."

Two things in this little dialogue struck Morewood unpleasantly.

One was, Sir Gerald's mention of his wife as "Lady Vere"—whereas, in speaking of her to his old friend, he had been wont to invariably mention her as Lillian; and the other was the tone in which he had said, "I should have thought she would have been sure to show it to you," with just a slight, and not altogether pleasant, emphasis on the last pronoun.

If Sir Gerald had been jealous of his friend, just so might he have spoken.

Morewood might be hyper-critical to-day; but so, at any rate, it seemed to him.

Lillian interposed, speaking in a low and hurried, almost nervous tone—

"It only came home a few days ago, Gerald. I scarcely think Mr. Morewood has seen her since."

"Oh!"

Again Sir Gerald's voice, as he pronounced that monosyllable, sounded unpleasantly in Morewood's ears.

If he had not known his friend so well, he could have fancied it had a sarcastic intonation.

"You'd better go and see it," he added, abruptly, after a pause. "It's in the gallery; and a very fine picture it makes. Do you care to go?"

"Certainly, I shall be only too pleased."

"Come, then."

Luncheon was over by this time.

The whole party had risen, and were standing about the room. Sir Gerald led the way, and the others followed.

Lady Vere's portrait was hung in the centre of the picture-gallery.

It had been painted by one of the most eminent of living painters, and was a triumph of his art.

A more beautiful face no painter could have had to paint, and, certainly, few painters could have done more justice to a woman's beauty than this one had done.

The picture represented Lillian in a standing position, with a purple velvet curtain for a background.

She wore a gown of ivory-white satin, which fell about her in long, graceful folds.

Her beautiful hair was drawn very loosely back from her white brow, and in her hand there was a bunch of yellow daffodils.

Her delicate, imperial loveliness had, perhaps, never appeared to greater advantage.

The perfect skin, the shimmering golden hair, the sunny serenity of the brow, the soft, sweet lustre of the eyes, were all illumined with the most exquisite faithfulness, and true artistic effect.

Cause enough to be proud of his wife's portrait had Sir Gerald Vere.

He stood before it for some moments in silence, looking at it with the eye of a lover rather than of a husband, so tenderly admiring was his gaze; then he turned to his friend, and said—

"Well, Morewood, what do you think of it? Will it do?"

Morewood was delighted with the picture, and said so frankly.

"Do you intend to have it exhibited?" he asked.

"Certainly not!" replied Sir Gerald, almost brusquely.

"Oh you object to such exhibitions?"

"I do. To my thinking, a man shows himself a very poor-spirited fellow when he lets his wife's portrait be hawked about for every Tom, Dick, and Harry to stare at."

Again Sir Gerald's tone was an unpleasant one.

The softened mood, caused by the sight of his wife's portrait, seemed to have deserted him.

He paced up and down the gallery, pausing every now and again to look at the portraits on the walls.

A very fine collection they were.

There had been eighteen generations of Veres, and some of the canvases were centuries old.

Sir Gerald stood so long looking at one particular picture, that Moorwood joined him, and asked whom it represented.

It was the portrait of a lady, young and strikingly handsome, though with a certain look of melancholy in her dark, brilliant eyes.

Her dress was that of a beauty of Charles the Second's Court—a soft, rich, yellow satin, the colours looking as fresh as though it had been painted but yesterday.

"Is she an ancestress of yours, Vere?" asked Morewood.

"My grandfather's great-aunt."

"What a striking-looking woman! She would be a beauty in her day."

She was, Sir Peter Lely painted this, and we have a tradition that he said she was the handsomest of all his women sitters. But tell me, Morewood, do you observe that look of melancholy in her eye?"

"I certainly do; and now I come to think of it, you showed me this portrait once before and promised to give the lady's history at some other time. Wasn't there some romance about it?"

"Romance! well, it depends upon what you call romance," said Sir Gerald, slightly smiling. "Her life was a great tragedy, if that is what you mean. I'll tell you the story, if you like. But, wait a moment while I fetch Lillian. She must hear it, too."

Lillian was standing at the other end of the gallery, with Lady Ruth.

Her husband went towards her, saying—

"Lillian, come and hear the story of Miss Judith Vere."

"Why, you never would tell it to me, Gerald!" she said, in a tone of gentle reproach.

"Well, I'm going to tell it now. Come dear."

And, as he spoke, he made a comfortable nest of cushions for her in the window seat, paid a similar attention to his aunt, then, flinging himself down full length on a great tiger-skin rug at their feet, prepared to tell the story.

His eyes were fixed on the picture of his beautiful ancestress, in her yellow satin gown, and Morewood, looking from him to it, was suddenly struck with the wonderful resemblance between the pictured face and the living one.

That curious look of melancholy in the dark, brilliant eyes was the same in both. While he was thinking this, Sir Gerald commenced his story speaking in a slow, dreamy tone, as of one who communes with himself, rather than speaks to others.

"Judith was the daughter of Sir Vivian Vere—the only daughter, but not his only child. At twenty-three she was admitted to be one of the most beautiful girls in England, and she was betrothed with offers of marriage, some of them from men of the very highest rank."

"All these offers she had refused, however, and she was beginning to be called cold of heart, when it became known that she had loved only too well and deeply, a certain Captain Forster, whom she had met at the house of a friend."

"He was a man worthy of her love, brave, talented, and very handsome; but, unfortunately, he was of mean origin, and owed his fortune entirely to his own exertions."

He made Judith an offer of his hand, but she refused him.

"She refused him?" questioned Lillian, looking up at the beautiful pictured face of her husband's ancestress with a look of the deepest interest, tinged by a gentle pity.

"She refused him!" repeated Sir Gerald.

"Judith Vere came of a proud race, and she was the proudest of them all. It was said she would, at any moment, have laid down her life to keep the family honor unstained. This being so, she deemed it her duty to refuse Captain Forster, simply on account of his ignoble birth."

"In all other respects, he was a suitable match for her, for he was wealthy, and moreover stood high in favour at Court. Above all, she herself loved him to distraction. Nevertheless, she gave him up for the sake of the honour of the Veres, which, to her, was dearer than either love or life."

"Poor girl!" murmured Lillian, almost beneath her breath. "Poor girl!"

"Three months after her refusal of him," resumed Sir Gerald, "Captain Forster was killed in a duel. It was said, at the time, that his antagonist was a man who dared to speak slightly of Judith Vere."

"However this might be, Judith, on hearing the news of his death, fell suddenly and seriously ill. The doctors said she had brain-fever and when she recovered she was a mere wreck of her former self."

"I told you she was not her father's only child. She had two brothers, the elder of them, Charles Vere, a young man of no very great capacity, two or three years older than herself. About the time of Captain Forster's death, this Charles fell madly in love with the daughter of an innkeeper in the neighbourhood, and was so infatuated that he announced his intention of making her his wife."

"Sir Vivian, his father, was at this time an elderly man, and, moreover, a great invalid, paralyzed, and confined to his chair. He could do little to prevent the young man from carrying out his mad resolve."

"Judith, however, implored and desought him not to bring this dishonour on his house. The memory of what she herself had given up to preserve the family escutcheon stainless, no doubt helped to make her all the more vehement against the possibility of the daughter of an innkeeper becoming Lady Vere. From entreaties she passed to threatenings; but her brother only smiled in scorn, telling her he was his own master, and should do as he liked. He was perfectly intimated with the innkeeper's

er's daughter, and it is most certain he fully meant to marry her.

"There was a violent quarrel between the brother and sister, and at the close of it he quitted the house, declaring he would never come back while she was in it."

Sir Gerald paused here.

His listeners, glancing at him, saw he was a little pale with emotion.

It was easy to see he was moved by the tale he himself was telling.

"Gerald, I wish you wouldn't tell that ghastly story," said Lady Ruth. "You know how greatly I object to it."

"Oh, nonsense, aunt!" he returned lightly, and immediately resumed his narrative.

"Charles Vere went straight to the inn where the girl he loved lived. It was about a mile-and-a-half from the lodgings. Keeping to his threat of not returning to the Court, he made arrangements for spending the night at the inn."

"Some blabber must have told Judith of this, or perhaps, she guessed it. At any rate a little before midnight, the innkeeper was amazed by the appearance of Miss Vere, all unattended, and with only a dark cloak thrown hurriedly over her satin dinner-gown."

"She asked for her brother, and was told he had retired for the night."

"I must see him," she said, "at once! My business is of the greatest possible importance."

"Of course they offered to fetch him; but this she would not bear of."

"I will go to my brother myself," she said. "Let no one tell him I am here. Show me his room."

"She had a very grand and dignified manner, and the simple folk at the inn, accustomed to yield all deference and obedience to the haughty Veres, never dreamed of disobeying her commands. They showed her to her brother's room. He was fast asleep, and she entered it alone."

Again Sir Gerald paused.

Again it could be seen that all his nerves were thrilling with suppressed excitement.

"She did not remain in the bed-chamber more than two or three minutes, and when she came out, she was perfectly calm, though very pale, and her eyes, it is said, had a wild, unnatural gleam."

"Pray attend to it that my brother is not disturbed till morning!" she said, and then wrapped her cloak about her, and prepared to return home.

"The innkeeper begged to be allowed to escort her, as the hour was so late; but this she would not hear of. She went away alone."

"Her injunction that her brother was not to be disturbed was obeyed. But, in the morning, when they tapped at his door at the usual time for breakfast, they could get no answer. Alarmed, they went inside the room, and found Charles Vere lying in the bed, quite dead, and cold as marble. Evidently he had died in his sleep for his eyes were closed, and the face wore no look of pain. The cause of death was not hard to find. He had been stabbed through the heart. The dagger was still sticking in his body, and round the handle was a piece of paper, with this inscription, very neatly written—

"The gift of Judith Vere to her brother Charles. For the sake of the family honour."

Morewood uttered an exclamation of horror; Lady Ruth gave a little shiver; Lillian neither spoke nor moved, but her face was ashen pale.

"Of course, messengers were hurriedly sent up to the Court, resumed Sir Gerald, calmly looking round on his auditors, as though he rather enjoyed their emotion; but they were met by news of a further horror there."

"Judith Vere had just been discovered dead in her bed. She had taken poison, and had died quite calmly, without summoning her maid even, though the death agonies, in her case, must have been intense."

"There! that is the story of Judith Vere! That is how you beautiful dame"—and he waved his hand towards the picture—"saved the honor of her house!"

"She was mad, of course," said Morewood. "The trouble over her own lover had, doubtless, turned her brain."

"Well, the Veres of that day—her married brother and his wife—favoured that theory, and circulated it as widely as they could. My own opinion is, that she was perfectly sane, and that she took what seemed to her the only course open to her to save the honour of the Veres from stain."

"Murder she counted no stain, then?" said Morewood, dryly.

"It appears not," replied Sir Gerald, dryly, too. "And, to tell you the truth, I think I quite agree with her. I am prouder of her—and her crime—than ever I could have been of the daughter of an innkeeper, even if she had been the most virtuous woman in the world. And understand this: Judith Vere loved her brother dearly, almost idolized him, in fact. Th t everybody knew. She loved him, but she loved the race, from which both he and she had sprung, still more. That was why she gave him death rather than brook dishonour. A noble girl, say I!"

And Sir Gerald rose, and looked round him, almost haughtily as though defying anyone present to contradict his opinion.

Lady Ruth rose, too, and, in changing her position, she noticed the ashen paleness of Lillian's face.

"My dear, how white you are!" she said, anxiously. "Gerald, you ought not to have told that dreadful tale. See how it has affected Lillian!"

"It was, indeed, a dreadful tale!" murmured Lillian, with eyes fixed on the pictured face of Judith Vere, like one fascinated.

"Gerald knows it is against my wish he ever tells it," said Lady Ruth, more sharply than she was wont to speak. "Come, Lillian, we will go into the drawing-room, my love."

And she drew the arm of her nephew's young wife through her own, with a tenderly sympathetic pressure.

Sir Gerald did not offer to go with them. Instead, he looked after their retreating

figures with a half-smile, and said to Morewood—

"My good aunt doesn't like to hear that tale, because she thinks it points to a taint of insanity in us Veres. But she need not fear. Judith Vere was no more mad than I am. What she did was the outcome of a steady purpose. She is not the first woman—or man either—who, while retaining full possession of the senses, has preferred death to dishonour. I tell you candidly, Morewood, I honor that beautiful, merciless, courageous Judith Vere!"

As he spoke, he went close to the picture, and stood looking at it with something approaching veneration in his gaze.

Again Morewood, looking from the pictured face to the living one, was impressed with the remarkable resemblance between them—a resemblance which lay almost entirely in the expression of the dark, brilliant, and yet melancholy, eyes.

Old Madge had said that the possessor of those eyes must needs meet with much sorrow in life—and an early, if not a violent death.

The story of the ill-fated Judith Vere lent support to that prediction.

She had had those eyes, and her death had been both early and violent.

What had Fate in store for this young scion of her house, who had inherited her wonderful eyes?

John Morewood's heart was oppressed with a heavy sense of dread, as he asked himself the question.

CHAPTER LV.

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE NIGHT.

About a week after the story of Judith Vere, Morewood again spent some little time at Vivian Court.

During that week he had studied his friend carefully, on more than one occasion and had come to the conclusion that Lady Ruth was right in what she had said concerning him.

Most certainly he was an altered man—greatly altered—and not at all for the better.

His spirits were uneven—at one time almost boisterously gay, at others moody and depressed.

He was irritable, nervous, and excitable. Other people noticed the change in him. Even the servants began to say their master was very different from what he used to be.

As yet, however, no one had put into actual words what it was they feared.

That was, indeed, to terrible a thing to be lightly named.

It was a stormy night in April when Morewood, according to arrangement, went to dinner at the Court.

A day or two before, Lady Ruth had remarked—

"Gerald you never have a game of chess with your friend now. How is it? and Sir Gerald had looked up, promptly, and challenged Morewood, who was present, to come and engage in a match with him."

"Come and dine with us, on Wednesday, old man!" he said. "We'll make a regular night of it. The ladies shall be umpires."

When Wednesday came, the night proved cold and wet.

But Morewood, caring little for wind and rain, kept his engagement, driving over to the Court in a dogcart.

The drawing-room made a very pleasant picture as he entered it.

A ruddy fire was glowing between the polished bars of the grate.

The violet velvet curtains were closely drawn, and a profusion of household flowers in bowls and vases, gave an almost fairy-like brightness to the room.

On one side of the fire Lady Ruth—gowned in delicate grey silk—sat, serene and smiling.

On the other was Lillian, in spotless white, with a few purple violets at her bosom.

She was fonder of white than of any other color, and always wore it in her evening.

She too, looked serenely happy.

And her husband, standing on the hearth-rug, with his back to the fire, was gazing down at her, with a world of tender feeling in his eyes. He was looking remarkably well.

Evening dress became him, and, moreover, his face wore the old frank pleasant look which had been so sadly missed by his friends during the last week or two.

To-night he seemed perfectly happy—content with himself and with all the world.

It quite rejoiced Morewood's heart to see him thus.

All through dinner he was, the life and soul of the little party.

A keenly intellectual man, and widely travelled as well as well read, he could be the most fascinating of companions and, to-night he seemed exerting himself to please.

He talked of art, literature, and science—of poetry and music—and all he said was marked by power and freshness of thought.

His wit, too, was overflowing, and yet delicately refined.

Lady Ruth's gentle face was perfectly irradiated with pleasure as she sat and listened.

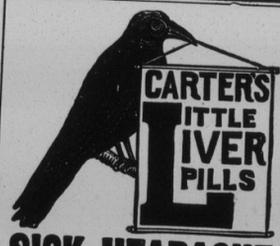
As for Lillian, she seemed positively to hang upon his words.

Her eyes rarely left his face, and when he addressed her specially, as he frequently did, her eyes shone with pleasure, her smile was sweet as a gleam of sunshine.

When dinner was over, and they returned to the drawing room, Sir Gerald was still in the same delightful mood.

The chess table was brought out and set and, as he seated himself opposite Morewood at it, he passed his arm carelessly round his wife's waist, and drew her into a chair beside him.

Continued on Fifteenth Page.



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

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

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution

the fraud of the day.

Sunday Reading

The Holy Spirit.
 Holy Spirit! Omnipresent!
 Comforter and Guide and Friend!
 Always with us intercessant,
 Even to the very end.
 Thou know'st all our thoughts most hidden,
 Knowest all that's in our mind,
 How our hearts, from thee backslidden,
 Wander helpless, weak and blind.

Holy Spirit! Thy indwelling
 Guide us in the way of life,
 God's commands to keep impelling,
 Lifting us above all strife,
 Make our hearts a garden blooming
 Full of precious fruits and flowers,
 Tender, sweet and unassuming,
 Fragrant as Edenic bowers.

Thou dost teach, instruct and guide us
 In the way our feet should go,
 Recreate and reconstruct us
 From the chaos of our woe.
 Living water for our thirsting,
 Heavenly manna for our food,
 Flowing inward, outward bursting,
 In a myriad form of good.

In thy might we can do all things,
 Through the strength thou dost impart,
 Go forth fearless without falterings,
 His word hidden in our heart.
 In thy strength can cast down mountains,
 Cast out Satan and his lies,
 From the rock draw living fountains
 For our needs and our supplies.

Holy Spirit, make thy dwelling
 In this lowly heart of mine,
 From it all that's wrong expelling,
 Make it pure and wholly thine.
 Hear, O God, my intercession!
 Give me from all sin release,
 Take complete and full possession,
 Fill me with thy perfect peace.
 —William G. Haeselbarth.

The Transfiguration of Christ.

Whatever is said of human souls who may have been or will be taken to glory without dying, is true of those whose bodies have been laid in the grave. Moses, no less than Elias, appeared to the disciples with Jesus in glory. What may we infer is the present heaven of departed souls?

They are consciously alive. These two had not ceased to exist. They were not asleep in unconsciousness. They were conversing together with Jesus. We sometimes speak of the dead as if no longer alive in any sense. They are 'no more,' they are 'in the grave,' they lie in yonder church yard. When we hear their last sigh, and the dear hand no longer responds to our grasp, and the light of the eye is quenched, it is natural to think our beloved one has ceased to be. But the life they had in Christ, like his own life, remains—they are more alive than ever! If we had been with Elijah when he was caught up to heaven, we should not have gone home grieving, drawing down the curtains, and abandoning ourselves to woe as if we had forever lost our friend. Neither shall we consider those whom Christ has taken to himself as dead. They, sharing death with Moses, share also continued life with Elias.

Both "appeared in glory." There are higher degrees of glory, ever advancing with everlasting existence. But there is a glory immediately following death. The glory of the calm after storm, of rest after toil, of crown after conflict. Death does not deprive of this, but rather is the instrument of conferring it.

These two were visible on a mountain of the same earthly region to which they belonged when alive. Elijah witnessed for God in the neighbourhood of it—had perhaps worshipped upon it—and Moses had seen it afar off. May it not be possible that departed spirits may sometimes revisit earthly scenes—may sometimes be near us as "ministering spirits," as near us as Moses and Elijah were to Peter, James and John? Have we not sometimes been almost conscious of their visits? If angels are near us, why not saints? And is such nearness not limited to saints in their glorified bodies, but shared by saints whose bodies are in the grave? The possibility of such work may be some element in the joy of heaven.

The two glorified visitants were together. This could not have been while they were alive. Then five hundred years divided them. God has different works for different servants, in different ages and in distant places. We sometimes wish we could grasp the hands of saints of other days and countries—of whom we read, whose hymns we sing. In heaven no barriers of time or place separate the children of God. Abel and Stephen, Abraham and Paul, David and Peter, hold sweet communion yonder. And this will commence with the new life we call death, even as Moses was in the company of Elijah.

Of course there is recognition. These two were not unnamed generic representatives of heaven, but absolutely two individuals, with their distinctive names and personalities. All have one likeness to Christ but all have their peculiar varieties of feat-

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LABORATORY OF INLAND REVENUE,
 Office of Official Analyst,
 Montreal, July 28, 1898.

I, JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, do hereby certify that I have duly analyzed and tested several samples of "Abbey's Effervescent Salt," some being furnished by the manufacturers in Montreal and others purchased from retail druggists in this city. I find these to be of very uniform character and composition, and sold in packages well adapted to the preservation of the Salt. This compound contains saline bases which form "Fruit Salts" when water is added—and is then a very delightful aperient beverage, highly palatable and effective.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt contains no ingredient of an injurious or unwholesome character, and may be taken freely as a beverage.

(Signed,) JOHN BAKER EDWARDS,
 Ph.D., D.C.L., F.C.S.,
 Emeritus Professor Chemistry, University Bishop's College, and Dominion Official Analyst, Montreal.

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ure and character. What joy will it be when, cleansed from all faults and infirmities, we shall greet again those we loved here, to enjoy the perfect communion of the saints made perfect! We wish we had been with the three disciples to enjoy the company of the two saints even for so brief an hour. We also shall meet Moses and Elias. And what will at first yield still greater bliss, we shall join the beloved ones known during the present life. We shall greet them, be greeted by them.

Best of all, Moses, the buried one, equally with Elijah, the translated one, was with Jesus. This is the climax of the believer's hope. 'Absent from the body, present with the Lord.'

'We shall be like him, seeing him as he is.' They at whose grave we weep are not down in the dark and damp cavern or clay but in the immediate presence of the Lord of glory. We may weep for ourselves awhile, because deprived of their visible presence, but we should rejoice for them as much as if they had been translated like Elijah. They are still alive, are conscious, in glory together with dear ones gone before, with all the saints, with Jesus himself which is far better, shaming with Moses the heaven of Elijah.

But how to get there? Fitness pervades the universe—plants for the soil, animals for the element in which they live. Likeness and sympathy are needed for enjoyment of society. We must be made 'meet' for their inheritance if we would share with the 'saints in light.' We may not share the lofty endowments of Moses and Elijah, but we must resemble them in the dominant feature in their character—absolute surrender to God.

We may think of these two in another aspect. They represent the Old Testament. This was designated as 'The Law and the Prophets.' Moses represented the Law, Elijah the Prophets. Christ was himself the New Testament. He was charged with opposing the former dispensation. But his presence in friendly converse with them was emphatic testimony of the harmony between Law and Gospel. Draw near and listen to their conversation. Was it about recent events in heavens, or about the

grand reception awaiting his return to his throne? No—it was concerning the death he was about to die! Strange that the glory of Tabor should suggest the gloom of Calvary—the presence of those raptured saints, the hateful mob of murderers! Yet there was no theme so attractive to the three. It was the event to which by type and prediction the Lawgiver and the Prophets had borne constant witness. It was the act of atoning sacrifice to which they owed the ages of bliss they had enjoyed. What other theme so near their hearts? And with Christ—was not his death at Jerusalem the great sacrifice he had come to offer? This was constantly before him. Of this he often spoke.

Here our second question is answered—How to get to heaven, which is so near? By acceptance of that atonement. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. With this as our ground of acceptance with God, our title of admission, and the renewal of our hearts by the Holy Ghost as our certificate of fitness, we may have confidence to enter the gate of heaven when we die, and 'not be ashamed before Christ at his coming.'—Newman Hall, D. D.

CHRIST OUR MODEL.

By Keeping High Models Before us we are Uplifted.

There is no more certain index to one's character than the shadow his life casts. No good deed, no virtuous example, passes unnoticed, neither is any evil or thoughtless action overlooked. Consciously or unconsciously we are revealing day by day our inner being, and making the reputation by which we are known and judged. From our own circle of acquaintances it is possible to select some whose character it would be well to emulate, and others whose pattern it would be wise to shun; and the biographies of strong, brave lives fill us with admiration and thrill us with the noble desire to become as good and as useful as were they.

It is by keeping these high models constantly before us for our imitation that our lives are uplifted and our ideals reach the

highest plane; for, in the words of the poet, "Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime,"

and although we may not be able to equal them in ability or skill, we may yet, by simply living out our ordinary lives in the best and bravest manner in our power, leave some 'footprints' which will be responsible for the hope and encouragement of another.

There is an old Latin proverb which says 'If you always live with those who are lame, you will yourself learn to limp,' which, being interpreted, denotes the influence of evil associations, and how a character may be stamped in their image and molded to their thoughts and will, and thus it warns us to seek company only with the pure and the good. A great emperor once said, 'I have tried everything, and nothing is of any profit,' and this must be the inevitable experience of all those who copy only the things which seem desirable from this world's standpoint. How different the deduction of one who has striven to imitate the life of the sinless man of Nazareth—Paul for instance—'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness,' were some of his words. Must not his eyes and heart have been fixed upon that 'perfect copy' who says to every human soul, 'Follow me?'

Christ is our perfect model. As we follow his life while upon earth we find no defect or flaw. Human feet can tread no rougher paths than his, human hearts can feel no deeper sorrows, no keener humiliations, human lives can meet no greater temptations. Everywhere in earth's darkest moments he 'goes before us into Galilee,' and would this loving Saviour ask us to obey his command, 'Follow thou me,' if it were not possible to walk in his footsteps?

Spiritual Problems.

In the life of every Christian there are many questions which rise perpetually for an answer. We puzzle about in hours of reverie. We listen with keen interest to an address or sermon that seems likely to cast light on them, though as often as not we turn away disappointed. We sometimes, in bursts of confidence, intrust them to our friends, asking for help. And yet, after all, we have to waive the verdict; and the solution is given, not definitely or concisely but by circumstances or by an entire change in the conditions of our life. . . . It is almost impossible, therefore, to lay down any authoritative rules of conduct. After all each must decide what is right or wrong for himself. All we can do is to enunciate great principles which always needs to be borne in mind. . . . One of these is, to do nothing on which we cannot ask the blessing of Christ. Whenever doubtful topics confront us, let each say: 'Can I do this for Jesus? Can I do it as one who is abiding in fellowship with him? Can

I ask his blessing? Can I do it for his glory?' If you can; if, as you look up into his face, he answers you with a smile, hesitate no more, but go forward where the way lies open.—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

LIFE'S SPRING IS POISONED.

If the Kidneys do not Carry Off the Blood Impurities—South American Kidney Cure Keeps These Organs Healthy—Prevents Diabetes—Bright's Disease and Bladder Difficulties.

Every drop of blood in the body goes through the kidneys for the removal of its impurities—every three minutes—night and day—while life lasts. The kidneys are the filter—and it stands to reason that if the filter is out of order the impure matter in the blood goes to every part of the body at every heart beat. When the first indications of kidney disorder present themselves, resort at once to South American Kidney Cure—the tried, tested and proved specific for Bright's disease, diabetes and bladder complications. It never fails.

Interviewer: 'You have lived many years. Now, what I wish to ask is, what was the happiest moment of your life?'
 Old Man: 'Happiness has not come yet.'
 Interviewer: 'Not come yet? When will it come?'
 Old Man: 'When people cease to ask foolish questions.'

HEALTHY, HAPPY WOMEN.

Pain and Weakness Banished through the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

It's sad to think that so many women suffer from pain, Weak Spells, Heart Palpitation, Sinking Sensations,



Nervousness, Sleeplessness—who could be restored to the full enjoyment of perfect health by a few boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

There can be no question about the efficacy of this remedy. Thousands of women, have found it do all that is claimed for it. Here is the testimony of Mrs. Gillen, Wesley Street, Moncton, N.B.

"Before taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I used to suffer untold agony from violent headaches, irregular action of the heart, together with pains or spasms in various parts of my body. "Sometimes I felt so weak that I was unable to look after my domestic duties. However, I had to endure this worry and trouble, because all the remedies I tried failed to give me relief, until happily I heard of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I had only been taking them a short time when I felt greatly benefited. This encouraged me to continue their use until a complete cure was effected. "I have not been troubled with a headache since taking these pills. They increased my appetite, invigorated my entire system, and gave me back my old time strength and vigor."

Take a Laxa-Liver Pill before retiring. "I will work while you sleep without a grip or gripe, and make you feel better in the morning. Price 25c. Sold by all druggists.

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Notches on The Stick

Among the most beloved women of Maine, and among her sweetest singers, must be named and numbered our Lucy Larcom, the school-mistress of Strong, Julia Harris May. The towns of Strong, and Farmington, in Franklin County, with which her life has been chiefly associated, lie in one of the most highly cultivated, and scenically beautiful districts of the State, which has been noticed also for the excellence of its people. Miss May has imbibed the spirit of her native landscape, and the legends of the early time of Indian and of Frenchman. She is in love with the hills and the woods of her childhood, and her songs are replete with this affection, as well as "aromatic with fragrance of pine, resonant with the babbling brook, and pregnant with lessons of faith and love." Like Mrs. Stowe and Mrs. Prentiss, she is a clergyman's daughter, and grew to womanhood amid books, and in a refining mental and spiritual atmosphere. Born in the old parsonage at Strong, where she and her sister Sarah lived in such harmony during later years, her father, Rev. William May, carefully superintended her education, till she went to Mt. Holyoke Seminary, from which she was graduated in 1856. She was well furnished for her life vocation; but in the lore of song to which she was also a votress, the hills and woods and streams of her own Sandy River were preceptors, and well she repaid their devotion. From her "song of the valley" we choose some favourite stanzas,

Sweet valley of my birth!
Thy green hills heavenward rise;
Where clouds come whispering to the earth
The secrets of the skies.

The Sandy River winds
Around the mountain's feet,
The brooks and rills together blend,
And makes the meadows sweet.

Mount Abram cools thy head;
Old Blue makes warm thy breast;
A hundred hills untraced
Keep watch from east to west.

Within thy clasping arms,
Close clinging to thy side,
White villages and fertile farms
Safely and warmly hide.

Over thy night sleep
The same soft starlight plays
That loving watch was wont to keep
In unforgetten days.

Pressed to thy beating heart
A happy village clings,
Just where Mount Day's dark shadows start,
Sheltered beneath its wings.

That village holds a nest
Where tuncful memory sings
The song I love to hear the best
Of all earth's pleasant things.

Hush! I can hear its trill;
It is the valley fair,
From north to south, from stream to hill,
Around and every where.

Sweet valley of my birth!
The skies thy hill tops meet;
And thought sent daily o'er the earth
At nightfall seeks thy feet.

After her school-days at Mount Holyoke her teaching years began, eight of them having been passed at the South, in Kentucky, during the time of reconstruction. Assisted by her sister Sarah, she founded the Wendell Institute at Farmington, which had a successful career of thirteen years, embracing among its students young men and women from all parts of the State. Subsequently the sisters were induced to move their school to Strong, where it was known as the "the May School." To the home of their girlhood they were most cordially welcomed. A schoolhouse was built for them on the home lot near the little parsonage, and here the school grew and flourished. Many a young woman counts herself fortunate to have been brought in touch with these "elect ladies," by whom she has been lifted to higher conceptions of life and to nobler aspirations after excellence. What Mary Lyon, whom Julia May commemorates in her verse, did in her larger measure for education in Massachusetts, these associate sisters did in Maine. "School Time," one of her most pleasing productions, exhibits her in the character of preceptress. She describes herself as sitting in the school-room. "It is a sunny May-day morning. The fragrance of Spring and the song of the robin are coming in at the open window. My thoughts arrange themselves to the sweet

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accompaniment of reviving nature in humbly, happy rhyme":

The sunshiny day is beginning,
And the schoolroom is full of its light;
At my desk I'm sitting and spinning
The thought I was spinning last night.

Through the door comes the scent of the morning,
And the song of the robin steals in,
While the clock in the corner gives warning
It is time for the school to begin.

They are coming, my la's and my lassies,
The door yard is full of their noise,
Their feet wet with dew from fresh grasses,
And the girls just as glad as the boys.

They are brimming with innocent laughter,
They are blushing like blossoms of spring;
Will the fruit of their distant hearer
Be as sweet as this blossoming?

In reverent silence they're sitting,
Grave Bertie and frolicsome Lee;
We are reading the verses so fitting,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

Our heads on our hands we are bowing,
We are speaking the time hallowed prayer,
And the Father in Heaven is knowing
Whether the spirit is there.

We are singing the airs of the May-time,
The children are singing, and I
Am listening to songs of the play-time,
And the songs of the by and by.

Their voices are ringing with pleasure,
Their hands and their feet beating time,
And my heart is made glad with their measure,
As my soul to their joy makes a rhyme.

We are opening our books and our papers,
The boys have forgotten the capers
That troubled me so yester-night.
I am listening, and looking, and listening,
And spinning my thread as I look,
And the tear in my eyelid is glistening,
And hiding the words of my book.

The sunshiny day is beginning,
And the school room is full of its light;
At my desk I am sitting and spinning,
But not as I spun yester-night.

Through the door come the scents of the dawn,
And the robin's song to the sun,
But I'm spinning new thread this morning,
Like the one the children have spun.

Very beautiful was the home-life of the two sisters, and in mutual affection there was nothing wanting. One might say of the other, "Very pleasant hast thou been to me." In one of her poems Julia forebode the falling of the shadow that darkened her home, when, in 1888, her sister was taken away:

If we could know
Which of us, darling, would be first to go,
Which would be first to breast the swelling tide,
And step alone upon the other side.

If it were you,
Should I walk softly, keeping death in view?
Should I my love to you more out express,
Or should I ere you die, my any less—
If it were you?

When Sarah was gone, the home was solitary, and our singer's note was more plaintive. Some of her "saddest, sweetest songs" were in memory of her life-long companion.

One of us, dear, but one
By an open grave will drop a tear,
And homeward go,
The anguish of an unshared grief to know;
Darling, which one?

Beloved! when we pass away
From this familiar spot
I wonder who will come and stay
In the deserted cot!

Beneath these elm trees, who will stand,
And think that home is sweet,
When we have gone into that land
Where parted households meet?

She has gone—my life and light;
Under the clover she lies.
The sun is so more at morning bright,
Nor the moon of the evening sighs;
The days are long and drear,
And the nights no sweetness bring;
The wearisome weeks are cold and dark,
For the year has lost its spring,
And the summer forgot its June,
And the harp of my heart,
In its sweetest part,
Is forever out of tune.

Unlike Blanche Willis Howard, (lately deceased in the German town of Stuttgart,) who could be expatriated in heart, and come to regard her native land with something like the critical spirit of a foreigner, Julia May has the patriotic passion, and her Pine Tree State and her home by Sandy River are inexpressibly dear:

O, hills of Strong! my native hills!
Where'er I may be,
The thought of you forever fills
The depths of memory.

I long to stand upon your slope
When right seems merged in wrong,
And bury doubt and lift up hope
Above the hills of Strong!

I seem to see "the Sandy" wind
Among the rocks; I see
A home—inside its doors I find
Remembered melody.

I walk the bridge that spans the stream,
Where sleeping memories throng,
Until I waken from a dream,
Upon the Hills of Strong!

My happy hills! your rocks have felt
The presence of her feet,
Who once beside my friendside knelt,
And whispered, "Love is sweet."
I call her name, the rocks reply,
The woods the sound prolong;
I almost hear her passing by,
Upon the Hills of Strong!

The Sandy River.
A drop from the summer rain-cloud,
And a drop from the summer dew,
Kissing and running together
Far up the mountain blue.

A tiny spring on the hillside,
Stealing down to a tiny lake,
And crooning the quiet murmur
That baby brooklets make.

A thread of silver water
Strung round the rocky hill.
Twisting in with another,
And curving onward still.

A whisper of meadow lilies,
A breath from the garden rose,
And down the smiling valley
The Sandy River goes.

She makes an appeal to her compatriots in other lands, with stanzas rich in feeling:

From mountain heights your feet have climbed,
From Abraham and Blue,
She looks across the continent and strains her eyes
For you.

Above the prairies of the West, she calls and calls again:
"Come back my children: Come to me, O! Wanderers of Maine!"

"My hills are high, but from their tops the sky-led waters run,
My snows are deep and soft and white, and warm my summer sun,
My springs are like the crystal clear, my clouds are full of rain,
Come back from yonder sun-burnt sands, O! Wanderers of Maine!"

Come back! The peaks will welcome you; the valleys laugh with joy,
The snow-dakes leap to touch your hands as when you were a boy,
The cow-bell's music, faint and sweet, is tinkling down the laue,
To meet your footsteps coming back, O! Wanderers of Maine!

Come back! There's room enough! O! I hear the voice of Kennebec!
The ocean calls. She looks for you on every home-bound deck.
The Antrocooggin murmurs, "Come!" Aroostook's fertile plain
Is beckoning her Wanderers to the motherland of Maine.

Come back! Come back! I thought you might stay but for a little while,
And give your mother yet once more the gladness of your smile;
For she will clasps you in her arms and beg you to remain
Beneath the perfume of the pines, O! Wanderer of Maine!

"Come back! she cries. Alas! to-night, along the west-wind's well
A bell's deep tone is echoing,—"O! mother Maine farewell!"
The weary wanderer lieth low. He cannot come again
To rest among the apple-blossoms beneath the skies of Maine.

In 1894 Miss May issued her "Songs From the Woods of Maine," from the house of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. This book met with a warm reception from her many friends, and was well received by the press and public of her native State. Her aim and spirit appear in such sentiments as these:

If it is never mine
To sing a lofty song,
Shall I blot every lovely line
And tuneless move along?

The common song the common folk hath won
And soured their sorrows—
Sometimes I sing a very simple song,
And send it outward to the east or west;
Although in silence it rolls along,
I do my best.

When buds begin to blow
Where last year's leaflets lie,
When fields grow green, when violets show
The color of the sky,
When fragrance fills the air,
When twinkling stars can see,
Shine up along the meadows bare
The star anemone;

O! then the happy heart can sing
To sleep its winter sorrowing;
And joys spring up, and hopes mount high,
When buds begin to blow.

Never does she sing more sweetly than when she is inspired by native scenes or the changing beauty of the seasons. Such simple and natural lyrics as, "Dreaming," "Beyond the Pines," "A Summer Song," "When Leaves Are Lying Low," "A Win-

ter Lullaby," "When April Showers Come Down," with others we might mention, cannot fail to please the lovers of verse.

"Miss May," writes her friend, Mrs. Beedy, "spends her summers in Strong, where she delights to entertain the many friends who visit her. The white parsonage, with its green blinds and massive chimney in the center, is nestled among the lofty elms that tower above it in front. The broad grounds surrounded by trees, stretch behind it to the river bank, where a descending path winds far down to the little stream of water that ripples over the rocks as it hastens to join the Sandy River, the pride of the beautiful valley. On the almost precipitous sides of the bank grows one of the monarchs of the Maine forests—a venerable pine, in whose top the 'century-living crow,' through many successive generations, 'has grown old and died'; beneath its shade, Pierpelle, [a chieftain of the Tarratines,] gathered his dusky warriors; on its spreading branches the cradles of many generations of Indian babies have swung. Still verdant, surrounded by a miniature forest, the old pine points its needles heavenward and imparts its fragrance. On a platform overhanging the edge of the bluff, Miss May has her retreat, and here many of her poems's near to nature's hear', have been written. Through the opening in the trees her favorite Mount Abram can be seen. One of the most popular of Miss May's poems—one that has touched many home sick hearts—is, 'O Wanderers of Maine?'"

O wanderer from the land of Maine! the perfume of the pine
Is mingled with your memory—Her violet vales
Memorial wreaths—She calls for you—O! must she call in vain?
Come back, your mother longs for you, O! Wanderers of Maine."

Lifeboats of the World.
The lifeboat service is one of the very noblest of philanthropic institutions, and many civilized nations pay special attention to these means for the rescue of perishing mariners. England's lifeboat service is a voluntary one. The Royal National Lifeboat Institution, which controls the bulk of British lifeboats, was founded in 1824. It now has over 300 lifeboats on the shores of the kingdom, and has been instrumental in saving nearly 30,000 lives. The French lifeboat service was established in 1865, and has eighty-three stations, whilst it has been the means of saving over 900 vessels and 7,500 lives. The French service has one great advantage over ours: it is that the Public Board of Works always builds the first lifeboat house at each station as it is established, consequently relieving the service of a great outlay. The German service was established in 1865, and has 104 lifeboat stations. The United States has 233 lifeboat stations; the cost of the United States service is about £290,000 a year.

One Way of Getting a Pair of Boots.
A certain politician was once at a loss how to provide himself with a new pair of undershirts, for bootmakers, in common with other tradesmen, absolutely refused him further credit. Eventually he hit upon an ingenious expedient. Going to one bootmaker, he ordered a pair of boots, to be paid for on delivery, and then, entering another shop, ordered a similar pair to be paid for in similar fashion. When the first pair of boots came home, the politician tried them on in the hall, and finding that the right boot was a misfit, he sent it back to the shop for a slight alteration. When the second pair arrived he found fault with the left boot, and it was likewise sent back for alteration. He thus retained a pair of boots. In each case the messenger had been instructed not to leave the boots unless he received the money for them; but he imagined naturally enough that there was no harm in leaving one boot.

Slight Skirmish.
The war with Spain has served to popularize in common language many terms usually employed only in a military sense, and has frequently furnished the smart men of the press with a new figure of speech.

"I shall have to ask you, Mr. Padden," said a city editor, looking over a large bundle of manuscript which a new reporter had turned in as a description of a trivial occurrence, "to deploy that stuff."

"To deploy it?" said the new reporter. "I don't understand."

"Turn that column into a line," rejoined the editor.

Another Story.
Many amusing stories are being told of the recruits in service. The New Orleans Times Democrat tells one of a German in the naval reserve, who was walking his post and calling the hours as required.

He called, "Seven bells and all's well." The next call, however, was a variation. It was:

"Eight bells, and all is not well; I have droppit my musket oberboard."

Delicate children! What a source of anxiety they are!

The parents wish them hearty and strong, but they keep thin and pale.

To all these delicate children Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites comes with the best of news.

It brings rich blood, strong bones, healthy nerves, and sound digestion. It is growth and prosperity to them.

No matter how delicate the child, it is readily taken.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

A Nova Scotia Farmer.

TELLS HOW HE WAS CURED OF SALT RHEUM.

His Fingers, Hands and Wrists Were a Mass of Cracks and Sores, by Reason of which He was Unable to Work.

To the Editor of the Enterprise:—
I have read from week to week in your paper, testimonials from those who have been cured through using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as I have experienced much benefit from the use of that medicine, I believe it my duty to let others know how they can be relieved from a very painful malady. I am now 75 years of age, and am at the present time, and in fact ever since I took a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills about two years ago, have been enjoying excellent health. Before that time I had been ailing for some months, finally I was attacked with salt rheum, which came out mostly on my hands. It was not long after its first appearance before I was unable to do any work at all with my hands. I resorted to all the domestic cures I could hear of, but the disease kept on its course, getting worse and worse, until the palms of my hands and my fingers were a mass of cracks, open sores and hideous scabs. I then got medicine from the doctor, which I used for several weeks, with no benefit whatever—my hands still becoming more and more crippled with the disease. My general health, too, at this time was poor and I got discouraged altogether, believing there was no help for the terrible complaint that was gradually spreading over my hands and up my wrists towards my arms. It happened one day in conversation with an acquaintance that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were mentioned in connection with some other case in the neighborhood and it was suggested that I try them for salt rheum. I had not much faith in the trial, but concluded to get a box and see what good it might do. To my great delight, after using the box I found an improvement in the condition of my hands, and I got six boxes more. I did not use all these, for before they were gone the disease had vanished and my hands were as sound as ever. The new skin came on as smooth and fresh as if nothing had been the matter. I took no other medicine while using the pills and the whole praise of the cure is due to them. My general health was also greatly benefited by their use and I attended to my work with more energy and in better spirits than I had done for a number of years. I have been in excellent health ever since for a man of my years, and no sign of salt rheum has since appeared. The box or two of Pink Pills which I left unused were taken by my wife and did her much good. I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and am pleased to give my testimony to their merit, hoping others may thereby be induced to use them in cases like my own.

HENRY CHESLEY.

(The editor of the Enterprise can add that Mr. Chesley is a representative farmer living about three miles from the town of Bridgewater, N. S., and that the utmost reliance can be placed on his statement.)
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood and in this way drive disease from the system. A fair trial will convince the most skeptical. Sold only in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If your dealer does not have them they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.)

Magistrate: "I seem to know your face!"
Prisoner: "Yes; we were boys together."
Magistrate: "Nonsense!"
Prisoner: "Yes, we was. We're both about the same age, so we must have bin boys together!"

mother's medicine.

What distress and anguish come to the mother when her little one wakes up at night with a nasty croupy cough. Wise mothers always keep on hand a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It's so pleasant to the taste the youngsters take it without any fuss, and at the same time its promptness and effectiveness are such that the cough is checked before anything serious develops.

From one end of the Dominion to the other people are praising Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup as the best remedy for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and all Lung Affections.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. 50c. at all druggists.

KNIVES FORKS & SPOONS
STAMPED
1847 ROGERS BBOS.
Genuine and Guaranteed
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MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.
THE LARGEST
SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS
IN THE WORLD

BUY THE BEST EVERY THE 5th IS THE MARKET. class gro

**Chat to . .
Boys and Girls.**

Saturday finds us once again at our round table, my boys and girls, listening for the buzz and hum of another little Be, whose advice and acquaintance we would all do well to cultivate—his name is Be tidy!

These are days when neatness in dress, goes under the name of "style", and truly it is the well-dressed girl, who makes everything seem so tidy before she leaves her room, consequently she is never seen with the inner belt of her bodice, unhooked and dangling, at the back, or with a long white thread on her black skirt, or still worse a hair or two flowing about her shoulders; her hair is smooth, her ribbon neatly tied, her boot buttons all in place, and her gloves whole, and properly fastened.

There is nothing I dislike more than to see a young girl dawdle and primp before the looking-glass, turning again and again to look at herself—this I call foolishness rather than tidiness, and I am sorry for those who have to wait until she makes her toilet! At the same time I am a firm believer in a last look at the mirror, just to take a final, careful survey of ones attire, that we may go forth neat and tidy.

A lady writer on the toilet, says very aptly: "She who boasts that it never takes her a minute to dress, must be careful, or there will be short-comings in her raiment to bear witness to the truth of her statement. The hat and dress, covered with dust collected in yesterday's walk, the veil badly put on, the hooks, that seem to shun their corresponding eyes, and luckless hair-pins hanging like the sword of Damocles, by a single hair—these tell how she dresses."

Believe me my dears, you may possess the most expensive of gowns, hats, boots and gloves, yet if they are improperly cared for, and carelessly worn, your next little neighbour with her "made-over" dress, and her last year's hat, will put you to shame in the matter of personal appearance. We cannot have too high a standard in the small niceties."

And she is quite right, I know that the neat, tidy-looking, well-dressed boys and girls, are those who are as conscientious in caring for their clothes when not in use as they are in choosing and wearing them tastefully. Dresses and coats cleanly brushed, and hung up, keep their fresh appearance about as long again as those garments thrown down anywhere, to be handy! Of course hats are ruined by such treatment, and boots, unless they are brushed free from mud and dust, and their laces or buttons kept tidy, are about the most forlorn, disreputable looking articles in the closet.

A good way to dry wet boots or shoes is to pack the in of soft paper this absorbs the moisture and presses the boots into shape. Many boys are inclined to be careless about the little niceties of dress, and that is a pity; still I would much rather my boys were a little rough in appearance than see them young apes in dress or mannerism—Try and have your clothes whether of tweed, serge or broadcloth, suitable to your age, clean and tidy, free from rents, and fairly well-fitting—don't worry about fur or velvet collars, jewellery or glaring neckties, these show the dude. Boys do not often need gloves, except of course with evening dress, but I quite agree with Dr. Gordon Stables who says "I like to shake hands with the lad whose very wrists are like his face—brown with God's sweet sunshine."

I take it for granted you attend to your morning bath, three hundred and sixty five times in each year if possible—five minutes sponging and rubbing, you know, will set all your nerves in a glow and make a man of you, it will expand your muscles and your heart as well. Next, see to your teeth, and your hair, and certainly your nails—nothing more truly shows that you follow this week's Be in his search after honey than carefully kept hands. I want you to believe with me in the truth of the good old Proverb "Cleanliness is next to godliness," for if the body be not kept pure health

cannot be maintained, and the mind will suffer as well as the body.

They are still other forms of untidiness, beside those of dress and toilet which I would have my young folks guard against; especially what I might call untidy speech—of all things, beware of falling into this habit, profanity, vulgarity, slang and exaggeration, these are what I call foes to our little Be. You will be socially judged by your choice of language and refined society is quick to disapprove of a vulgar or untidy style of expression. A stranger in plain attire, speaking in good English, with a properly modulated voice gains attention, for his mode of expressing himself, does away with the effect of unattractive dress, and at once commands respect. Cultivated speech and good manners will open many a door which is firmly closed to those careless in behavior, and the slovenly in speech.

Be tidy girls, about your needlework, your mending and darning. Don't, I beg of you, get the habit of saying: "Oh, it will do very well"—that is a most unfortunate phrase! I believe the foundation of all the bad dressing, the poor cooking, the faulty music, the bad housekeeping, art and government, in fact, of all untidiness of mind as well as body under which the world at large groans daily, is that expression. "It will do very well." Has one little Be hummed too loudly for this week? I sincerely hope not, think over and act upon what he says to you, and you will greatly please.

AUNT BELL.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Velvet toques trimmed with fur and fur toques trimmed with velvet were equally popular for afternoon wear at the Horse Show. Sable, chinchilla and baby lamb are the furs most employed in millinery. The toques made entirely of fur has a rosette bow of colored velvet at one side or one of mousseline de soie, with two black ostrich tips. A bunch of velvet flowers is also very effective. The velvet used for toques is covered with rows of stitching. Feather toques are a novelty in Paris, and are trimmed with shaded wings.

Last season's fur capes are made very smart by sloping off from the front edges to give the round shape so much sought after, and sewing a frill of chiffon or real lace on the inside edge. Ermine capes are especially pretty finished in this way, and cream lace with sable is always effective.

One of the special novelties in silks is a taffeta in various pretty and bright colors, embroidered in white silk, with gold sticks and balls, horseshoes or footballs. It is a foregone conclusion that these are especially designed for shirt waists to be worn in the young girl's kingdom at the various sports.

Black satin cords made—not covered—as a trimming to be used like braid are very effective in patterns or sewn on in straight rows quite close together. White satin cords are especially pretty sewn on white tulle and net for yokes, collars and vests.

If you want to use some real lace which has been stowed away in the treasurer box for years edge it with a ting ruche of white mousseline de soie, and arrange it in a berth on your evening gown.

Jet is very much the fashion for trimming theatre waists and evening gowns generally. Black net well covered with jet paillettes in pretty designs is quite as popular for entire costumes as it was last season, but it is made more elegant than ever by the lavish use of cream or white lace. Venetian point being especially desirable. One pretty theatre waist of white silk has a small diamond design outlined with narrow jet embroidery all over the lower portion while above this is a fichu of white chiffon edged with narrow ruffles trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbon.

Eton jackets falling in short rounded tabs below the waist line or belted across the back and sides with the round tab ends only in front are extremely smart this season. They are covered with applique embroidery or decorated in various cut out designs showing white silk or cloth through the spaces.

A novelty in waists to wear with your Eton coat is made of white velvet, and simply finished with ruches or shirrings of yellow chiffon, and has a rhinestone clasp at the centre of the cravat bow, also of yellow.

Round rosettes of black velvet baby ribbon are used as a trimming on lace evening gowns.

Cherry red taffeta is the latest thing for petticoats, and if you would be quite up to date have corsets to match.

Something novel in a bridesmaid's costume in a white taffeta silk coat with round tails and elbow sleeves, worn with a white net skirt trimmed with chiffon ruches. The edges of the coat are finished with rows of stitching, and the revers are covered with handsome lace.

"Craquile" lace, so much used last summer is spotted with small tufts of chenille



**Always
in Style**

exquisite in texture, delicate, yet firm and durable—absolutely fadeless—this best describes Priestleys' Black Grenadines, both plain and figured. Ideal for summer or evening wear—original in the designs they form in silk and wool, all silk, silk and mohair.

**Priestleys'
Black
Grenadines**

Sold by Leading Dry Goods Houses Everywhere.

Used over a silk foundation in shot effects, the combination is matchless.

and brought out as one of the season's novelties.

One of the most conspicuous gowns worn at the Horse Show was a cream white cloth, with many jetted swallows in varying sizes and spread wings scattered over the skirt. The birds were of solid bead embroidery on a black silk or satin foundation, so the effect was a decided black and white altogether unusual. The gown was beautifully fitted and very modern in cut, or might have been dubbed a freak.

White cloth, fine and silky in finish, is one of the fashionable materials for bridesmaid's gowns.

Fancy muffs of velvet to match the hat are displayed very temptingly among the extravagant novelties. They are flat in effect and made with a double ruffle at each end, but large sizes. A stylish sable muff in a similar style has a wide circular frill at each end, is lined with white satin, and is finished on the edges with ting short tails set on two or three inches apart all around.

THE ULTRA LONG SKIRT.

Its Management is Bad Enough in the House but Hopeless in the Street.

One of the most remarkable exhibitions of the present season is the vain effort of a well-dressed woman to hold up her ultra long skirt. Of course fashion decrees that the skirts shall not be lifted, that they shall flop and trail on the sidewalks, and that the wearers shall assume an air of bland indifference to their fate. But it is a brave woman who carries out fashion's decree. No one who hasn't tried it can understand the difficulty of looking indifferent when one is sweeping trailing flounces along wet sidewalks and across dirty streets. Even if one's bank account makes one indifferent to the fate of the gown, the possibility of walking upon a front or side breath of one's own gown and playing havoc generally lends a shade of anxiety to a woman's expression.

The new skirts are bad enough in the house, for they must be extravagantly long in front and at the sides, as well as at the back, and only a genius can manipulate them gracefully and move in a manner

more dignified than a scramble; but on the street, they are an abomination. Many women try to effect a compromise by trailing a germ collecting back breadth behind them, but cutting the skirt short enough in front to assure safety in locomotion. The effect is disastrous. One must accept all or nothing—either wear the skirt uncomfortable long all around, and be in the fashion, or wear a sensible short walking skirt, and a definitely independent expression.

There have been many ways of holding up one's skirts, and a crowd of women, on a rainy day, has always been a pitiful sight. Not one woman in a thousand knew the art of deftly raising the skirt just high enough to clear the ground, and yet, allowing it to fall in graceful folds. The sturdy, elderly woman firmly seized her skirt at both sides and lifted it high and dry. There was something imposing and thoroughgoing about that method. The average woman grabbed at her skirt, somewhere among the folds, and determinedly held up part of it, while the rest trailed limply in the dirt. Occasionally a girl adopted the Parisian fashion and caught up her skirt toward the front, on the right side, drawing the fulness around to that point. That is the method most fetching, it cleverly managed, and the Parisians make it a fine art, but it demands skill of a high order.

Now, no amount of practice upon any one of those systems is of avail to the fashionably gowned woman. Even the most skilful manipulation fails to rescue the new skirt, and the futile efforts made by Fifth Avenue promenaders are tremendously entertaining to an onlooker. There's nothing for it but to allow the skirt to trail recklessly and to resign one's self to fate and fashion. The woman who can do that with absolute serenity wins admiration even from the critics who are loudest in abuse of fashion's latest freak.

AN OBITUARY QUILT.

The Donation by the Women of a Parish to Their Pastor's Wife.

"Many queer gifts come to the minister of a New England country church at the annual donation visit of his parishioners, but the oddest and creepiest thing of the kind that I ever knew of I encountered once in northern Maine," said A. E. Stetson, a member of a New York publishing firm. "I was a book canvasser then, selling religious works, and I stayed one night at the house of a Baptist preacher in the little back country town of Monson, since become somewhat prominent through the development of its slate quarries. The preacher was a man of deep erudition, known far and wide for his unworldliness and apostolic piety, and his wife was a notable housekeeper. There was a good supper, and at 9 o'clock in the evening prayers. These over, I went to bed in the best room and, after the day's hustling, slept soundly.

"Waking in the bright morning sunlight my attention was attracted by the odd pattern of the quilt which served as counterpane on my bed. It was a patchwork quilt, made in large squares and on every square was a lettering worked in black worsted. In the square immediately before my eyes I spelled out the words: 'Sacred to the memory of Solomon Tubbs. Died Oct. 8, 1887.' In the next square was inscribed: 'In memory of Martha Phillips. Born June 11, 1833. Died Jan. 15, 1864.' (On every square was an obituary notice couched in a style similar to the first one that I read, and they covered a time running from 1851 to 1867. The quilt, which I learned after ward was presented to the pastor's wife by the women of her husband's congregation,

combined the utilities of a counterpane with the record of deaths in the parish for a term of sixteen years. That it was spread in the best chamber showed that it was reserved for guests as a mark of high consideration.

"At first sight the memento mori character of the inscriptions was a trifle appalling to a man just awakened. But being a guest at the same house for some subsequent nights I got used to the obituary quilt and even derived a certain enjoyment from studying out the inscriptions of mornings before I got up from bed. So familiar did they become to me that I could have repeated them all in order by the time I quitted my canvassing field in Maine to take up my present business in the metropolis."

WAR TERRORS.

Fale Into Insignificance to the Man who is Tormented with Piles—Dr. Agnew's Ointment Will Cure Them.

Of all flesh ailments the most distressing is piles, blind bleeding, itching or ulcerating—and the remedy that will give the quickest relief and the surest cure is Dr. Agnew's Ointment. It holds a phenomenal record as a certain pile cure, and the words "relieve like magic," have been heralded round the globe, and are but the voices of the nations telling of its curative powers. It cures all skin diseases, e zema, salt rheum, scald head etc.

Mrs. Pawson: "My sister is worried to death over her son Reginald. She wants him to enter the ministry, his father wants him to go into business, while Reginald himself has got his mind set on being an actor, and says nothing shall keep him from it."

Mrs. Dawson: "Hum—how old is he?"

Mrs. Pawson: "He's going on seven."

Canada's Greatest Linctment.

Griffith's Menthol Linctment is the greatest curative discovery of the age. Penetrates muscle, membrane and tissue to the very bone, banishes pain, and aches with a power impossible with any other remedy. Use it for rheumatism, neuralgia, head aches and all soreness, swelling and inflammation. All druggists 25 cts.

What Is Catarrh?

Is the question half so vital to the sufferer as what's the shortest road to relief and a permanent cure?—Japanese Catarrh Cure wears the crown as the king of Catarrh cures.

Incurable! No, it's not in the vocabulary of possibilities! Japanese Catarrh Cure has lifted the load of despair that for years has galled the catarrh sufferer. It's a new sun in the sufferer's horizon, whose balmy but penetrating rays dispel the fog of disease and distress, and leave the patient basking in the sunlight of good health, in a new world, full of new hopes. Mrs. Emily A. Farr, Chilliwack, B. C. writes family history of the doing of Japanese Catarrh Cure. Her husband was a great sufferer for many years from acute catarrh. He tried all kinds of advertised remedies and doctors' treatments, but in every case the catarrh came back. One year ago he commenced treating with Japanese Catarrh Cure, and to-day he is a well man. Mrs. Farr says also: "My nephew had catarrh so badly, his breath was so foul it was unpleasant to go near him." He, too, was cured by this great catarrh remedy. The only guaranteed catarrh cure. An absolute guarantee in every package, 50 cents. All druggists. Griffiths & Macpherson Co., Toronto.

**.. DRESS ..
CUTTING ACADEMY.**

Metric System Taught
By MRS. E. L. ETHIER,
88 ST. DENIS ST. - MONTREAL.

Directors of the Cutting Class at the Council of Arts and Manufactures of the Province of Quebec. Pupils are taught at the Academy or by mail, in a short course, how to cut and make all kinds of women's wearing apparel. Full particulars upon application.

BUY
**Coleman's
Salt**
THE BEST
Every package guaranteed.
The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first class grocers.

DO YOU BROOD?

Melancholia is a Grave Disease and Leads to Insanity.

A Broken Down Nervous System is the Cause of Trouble.

Paine's Celery Compound Nature's Nerve Bracer and Health Restorer.

Do you brood from day to day and make life a continued misery for yourself and family? If you are a victim of melancholia, understand at once you are suffering from a terribly grave disease—a trouble that induces suicide and homicide.

One of the most celebrated physicians of the day says that there are several forms of melancholia: simple melancholia, melancholia agitata, melancholia attonita, and melancholia with stupor. The first two are the most difficult of recognition, and are the forms that especially endanger the lives of victims and their friends.

Some of the first and most important symptoms of melancholia are sleeplessness, depression of spirits, slow mental movements, terrifying hallucinations and aversion to food. The whole nervous system is soon in a most alarming condition, the mind becomes affected, and even insanity may show its hideous form.

Experience has proved that the ordinary medical treatment of melancholia fails in

nine cases out of every ten, simply because the root of the disease is not reached.

Hundreds of cases of melancholia in all stages that have baffled the best medical men have been successfully cured by nature's nerve medicine—Paine's Celery Compound. This marvellous medical prescription does its work directly on the nerves. It tones, strengthens and braces up the entire nervous organization, and, as a consequence, the tissues and muscles are built up, and pure life-giving blood is freely supplied to every part of the body.

Reader, this should be an all-important subject to you if you are sleepless, despondent, languid, out-of-sorts, depressed in mind and mental faculties impaired. Your path of duty is clear. Terrible dangers are ahead if you fail to banish the first symptoms. Your present and future happiness and health depend wholly upon your choice of medicine. The use of Paine's Celery Compound at this time needs new life, health, vigor, activity, full mental powers and a length of happy years.

CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA.

Criminals Often Brought to Justice by Accidental Photography.

By both accident and intention, on numerous occasions, the art of the photographer has proved of immense utility in compassing the conviction of criminals. An amateur photographer in Chicago city cunningly concealed an automatic camera in the tapestried wall of his drawing-room, for the purpose of securing some reliable evidence as to the behavior of certain members of his household during his absence from home. One moonlight night a burglar broke into the house by way of the apartment mentioned. In so doing he disturbed the spring which set the hidden machine in motion, and left an excellent photo of himself upon the faithful camera, which, when produced in court, secured his speedy conviction.

In another instance, a man who murdered his mother was arrested by the operation of the omniscient camera. The dreadful deed was committed in a forest where a student of photography was at work. A particularly pretty glen was so admired by the artist that he took three copies of the scene. One of these, when duly developed and enlarged, portrayed the details of the terrible tragedy, and by its aid the culprit was brought to justice.

During the jubilee celebration a well known photographer in London took a number of street scenes of historic interest. In one of these pictures, where a vast concourse of people were assembled near St. Paul's Cathedral, the camera revealed a pickpocket in the very act of plying her peculiar profession. An old detective, who afterwards inspected the photograph, said that he knew the man well. He was badly "wanted" for frauds committed on the continent, but the officers were not aware that he was in London. A week later he was arrested.

A snap-shot at a summer crowd on the sands at Margate came out so clearly that the knights of the camera showed it with satisfaction to a number of his friends. Among these was a Scotland Yard officer, who discovered among the mass of faces, the familiar features of a man whom he had been hunting for months. Taking the next train to Margate he hunted the beaches until he sighted the fugitive and effected his arrest.

A Portsmouth photographer paid a professional visit to a large garden party at Southsea where he took a group of fashionable visitors with salient success. During the process of development he observed that in the holly hedge behind the group a rather repulsive human face appeared. A fortnight later a lady purchaser of one of these photographs made the same singular discovery, and ascertained that the face resembled that of a man who had made a futile attempt to rob their house a few weeks prior to the party. The matter being mentioned to the police the district was scoured, and the man—who was an old criminal—was arrested and imprisoned. An Irish housebreaker in Belfast, evidently ignorant concerning the character of the camera, found his way one night into a photographer's studio, on burglarious thoughts intent, when a photographic apparatus attracted his attention. More by accident than design the camera had been left ready for use, and the artless manipulation of the machinery, by the

curious thief, actually produced a picture of himself, which was afterward employed to bring about his conviction.—Tid-Bits.

IT'S EASY TO DYE

Home Dyeing With Diamond Dyes is Pleasant and Profitable.

Beautiful and Brilliant Colors That Will Not Fade—Diamond Dyes Have Special Colors for Cotton and Mixed Goods—How Wise Women Economize in Hard Times—A Ten Cent Package of Diamond Dyes Often Saves Ten Dollars.

In these times of enforced economy it should be a pleasure to any woman to learn how she can save the cost of a new gown for herself or a suit for the little one, or how she can make her husband's faded clothing look like new. Diamond Dyes, which are prepared especially for home use, will do all this. They are so simple and easy to use that even a child can get bright and lovely colors by following the directions on each package.

There is no need of soiling the hands with Diamond Dyes; just lit and stir the goods with two sticks while in the dye bath, and one will not get any stains or spots.

In coloring dresses, jackets, coats, and all large articles, to get a full and satisfactory color it is absolutely necessary to have a special dye or Cotton and all Mixed Goods, and a different one for all Wool Goods. This is done in Diamond Dyes, and before buying dyes one should know whether the article to be colored is all wool or mixed or union goods, and get the proper dye. Do not buy dyes that claim to color everything with the same package, for their use will result in failure. The Diamond Dyes alone can do your work successfully; they are the only guaranteed dyes.

Annoying. It was so evident that she was angry or disappointed that her dearest friend was able to force her to confess and explain. "George teased me for just one little kiss for nearly two hours this afternoon," she said at last. "Well, why didn't you let him have it?" "I did." "Then what's the matter now?" "I finely told him he could have just one little bit of a one, you know." "Yes. We always make that stipulation." "And that was all he took." "What a cowardly fellow!"

Catarrah of Long Standing Relieved in a Few Hours. It is not alone the people of our own country, and prominent citizens like Urban Lippe, M. P., of Joliette, Que., and other members of Parliament, who, having used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, pronounce it the most effective remedy they have ever known, but people everywhere are expressing their gratification at the effectiveness of this medicine. C. G. Archer, of Brewer, Maine, says: "I have had catarrah for several years. Water would run from my eyes and nose days at a time. About four months ago I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and since using the wonderful remedy I have not had an attack. I would not be without it." It relieves in ten minutes.

They are Content. It is not a little significant that the most highly placed of all English clergymen, a marquis, earl, viscount, and baron, should have been content to work as a curate and vicar for more than twenty years, for an income which never exceeded £20

a year. The Marquess of Normandy has never sought preferment, and even his promotion to a Windsor canonry gave him little pleasure. His lordship is a man of simple and charming manners whose heart is in the Church. If not an eloquent, he is at least a convincing preacher, and has done his best and happiest work in mission halls. He is a bachelor, lord of 6,000 acres, and has a magnificent seat in Mulgrave Castle, which he has converted into a school for boys.

THE STRAIGHT-HAIRED GIRL.

Advice to the Young Man Who is Said to be Inclined Towards Matrimony.

Some one of the oracles whose mission is to advise young women how to select a husband, and to warn young men against feminine wiles, has recently set up a new guide post for masculine warfarers on the road to matrimony.

"Marry a girl with straight hair," says the oracle. "The chances are that her ways are as straight as her looks while the heart of the curly-headed girl is as full of twists and quirks as her hair."

The theory is expounded at some length. If all men will but be guided by this sibiline voice, the day of the straight-haired girl is close at hand. She needs compensation. For years she has fought an unequal fight against her sister of the curly locks, and her temper has been worn threadbare, all on account of her hair. What chance has a straight-haired girl on a windy day. Her hair is straggling in frantic wisps over her collar and her ears. She looks untidy, disreputable; and all the time the curly-haired girl is becoming more and more bewitching. Her stray locks crisp and curl and flutter fluffily round her face, and she smiles in serene consciousness that the wind is quite powerless against her. When rainy days come the straight-haired girl sighs dolefully, and looks limp and dejected, in spite of swell clothes. Hot days have the same depressing effect upon her hair and spirits. Sea bathing has no charms for her. Even golf can't be to her what it is to the champion with curly hair. But, if straight hair is to be a certificate of eligibility for matrimony, there will be balm for all these wounds.

It is stated that about 20,000 letters are addressed yearly to the Queen from her subjects.

TO BURN, TO CRACK, TO DESTROY,

IS THE MISSION OF MOST LEATHER DRESSINGS.

To Soften, to Toughen, to Sustain, to Prolong Wear and Impart a High Lustre is the mission of

PACKARD'S

Special Combination Leather Dressing

(FOR ALL COLORED SHOES)

The only preparation of the kind.

PACKARD MAKES PACKARD MONTREAL

25 CENTS L. H. PACKARD & CO. | ALL SHOE STORES

The steadily increasing demand for . . .

Dr. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN

RED PINE

shows that those who have been using it have told their friends how it gives

Immediate Relief

to the most

Obstinate Coughs

and does not derange the digestion.

HARVEY MEDICINE CO.

424 ST. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT

is unequalled as a remedy for Chafed Skin, Piles, Scalds, Cuts, Sore eyes, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Itch, Neuralgia and Rheumatic Pains, Throat Colds, Ringworm, and Skin Ailments generally.

Large Pots, 1s 1/4 each, at Chemists, etc, with Instructions.

Illustrated Pamphlet of Calvert's Carbolic Preparations sent post free on application.

F. C. CALVERT & CO. Manchester.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Mr. Jay: 'Was it a quiet wedding?' Mrs. Jay: 'Of course; you didn't expect they would quarrel before the clergyman, did you?'

Doctor: 'You're a long time paying my account, sir.' Hardup: 'Well, you were a long time curing me.'

Dodo: 'Now tell me, what do people think of me?' Penguin: 'And make you my enemy for life? Not much!'

'What a sanguine man Cooper is!' Sanguine: '—' He advertised for a middle aged typewriter girl and expected to get applications.

Daisy: 'She has such a pretty foot. I don't know where you would find anything smaller, do you?' Francis: 'Yes, the shoes she wears.'

Wilkins: 'I thought you said you would not let your wife ride a bicycle?' Wedwon: 'So I did, but, unfortunately, she happened to hear about it.'

Mrs. Newed: 'Was I nervous, dear, during the ceremony?' Her Friend: 'Well, a trifle at first darling, but not after William had said 'yes.''

Bacon: 'My partner and myself want a wooden partition across the shop.' Builder: 'Well, I think if you put your heads together you can accomplish it.'

Editor's wife: 'Poor baby's circulation is very bad, John.' Editor (absent minded): 'Strange! He advertises himself well, too!'

George: 'I just saw you coming from the conservatory with Miss Goldie. Rather handsome girl, but to reserve for me.' Thomas: 'Yes. I've just reserved her for life.'

May is said to be an unlucky marrying month. A cynic adds: 'The other unlucky months— are June, July, August, September, October, November, December, January, February, March, and April.'

The Old Gentleman was reading his history aloud: 'The Prince of Wales in 1750.' The Old Lady: 'The Prince of Wales in 1750! Goodness I didn't know he was such an old man as that!'

Mr. Courtlong: 'I haven't got a single portrait of you, darling.' Miss Ma Hurry: 'No, dear; but you can have a married portrait of me as soon as ever you like.'

Emily: 'I am so unhappy. I begin to see that Arthur married me for my money.' Her dearest friend: 'Well, you have the comfort of knowing that he is not so simple as he looks.'

Friske is the laziest man I ever knew.' 'What makes you think so?' 'He actually seems to be glad that he's getting bald-headed, so that he won't have to comb his hair any more.'

'That,' observed a friend of the family, 'is a very superior woman. She can converse intelligently, I believe, on a thousand different topics.'

Edith: 'He told me I was so interesting and so beautiful.' Julia: 'And you will trust yourself for life with a man who begins deceiving you even at the commencement of his courtship!'

Uncle: 'Bobby, I suppose you've been a good little boy?' Bobby: 'No I haven't.'

Uncle: 'Why I hope you haven't been very bad?' Bobby: 'Oh, no; just comfortable.'

Walker: 'They say that Napoleon was so self possessed that not even the sound of a pistol fired close to his ear would not make him start.'

Wheeler: 'He wouldn't have stood much show in a bicycle race.'

Lord Stonybroke: 'It's time, Clarence, that you were thinking about a career.'

Dutiful son: 'I will be guided by you father. Shall I go into the Church, study for the Bar, enter the army, or marry a heiress?'

Magistrate: 'The assault you have committed on your poor young wife is a most brutal one. Do you know of any reason why I should not send you to prison?'

Prisoner: 'If you do your honor, it will break up our honeymoon.'

Askem: 'Where's the rich heiress your engaged to?'

Tellum: 'You see that lovely girl in pink at the other side of the room?'

Askem: 'Yes; I say, old man, what a superb—'

Tellum: 'Well, it isn't she. It's that grand old ruin in yellow sitting next her.'

First Customer (after looking at the bill of fare): 'It'll have roast sucking-pig, smashed potatoes, and cauliflower.'

Second Customer: 'Give me toad-in-the-hole, scarlet runners, and turnips.'

Third Customer: 'Cold beef, without horse-radish, cabbage, and a glass of porter.'

Waiter: 'Yes, sir.' Glides to speaking-tube and yells breathlessly: 'Oae pig smashed oolly toad scarlet turnips cold beef (without horse) cab and porter.'

Fourth Customer (facetiously): 'Wait! bring me a dog-biscuit and a bit of celery.'

Fifth Customer: 'Call! head without brain sauce.'

Waiter: 'Yes, sir.' Shouts down speaking-tube, 'Biscuit for puppy with small salary and calf's head without brains.'



Chase & Sanborn's SEAL BRAND JAVA AND MOCHA THE STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE

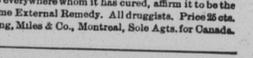
When You Get Home To-night put a warming, soothing, pain extracting

BENSON'S PLASTER

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

NEVER TRIFLE WITH PAINS AND ACHES—they may mean fatal congestion. BENSON'S Plasters relieve at once. Always reliable.

Thousands of Doctors and Druggists and millions of people everywhere whom it has cured, affirm it to be the Supreme External Remedy. All Druggists. Price 25 cts. Loaming, Miles & Co., Montreal, Sole Agts. for Canada.



WERN REFORM RAZOR BEST IN THE MARKET. THE SHAVERS' IDEAL. BALANCED HANDLES. FAULTLESS GRINDING.

BAD BLOOD.

You can't be healthy if your blood is impure or watery,—if poison is circulating through your arteries instead of rich, pure, life-giving blood.

If you feel drowsy, languid,—are constipated, have pimples or blotches breaking out on your body the remedy for you is Burdock Blood Bitters.

I have been using B.B.B., also my brother and sister-in-law, and we find it a most reliable and efficacious blood purifier, and most cordially recommend it. We purchased it from J. R. Ault & Sons of this town. MISS C. M. WATSON, Aultsville, Ont.

B.B.B. is a highly concentrated blood purifying vegetable remedy,—only 1 teaspoonful at a dose,—you add the water yourself.

FOR THE BLOOD

BBB

EXPRESS MY FEELINGS!

A Minister was recently trying to make a telephone connection. The sweet telephone girl at the exchange was probably exchanging confidence with her Sweetheart. The minister "hello'd" several times, but got no answer. He was in a hurry, and the inattention put him out. A lay friend came behind him. He turned to the latter. "My dear fellow," he said with a look of mingled wrath and misery, "Ladies never use strong language, but if anything would tempt them it would be the mangy appearance of their dress or jacket after using any other dyes but TURKISH DYES. The ladies of Canada use the TURKISH DYES. They no appreciate their worth. TURKISH DYES will never wash out. No other dyes will stand a soap and water test. The TURKISH DYES invite it, soap only brings out their lustre. Every color (72) has its own beauty. Every color is perfect. No ill tempers when you use TURKISH DYES. No spoiled garments. Try them and see how you can augment your wardrobe with beautiful arguments which ordinarily would have been thrown aside.

Send postal for "How to Dye Well and Sample Card to 481 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

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Continued from Tenth Page.

'Come, Lily,' he said, with tender playfulness. 'Come, and see me give this fellow a drubbing! I shall play all the better if your bright eyes are looking on!'

The play lasted until near midnight. The two players were keenly interested in it, and Lillian and Lady Ruth only a little less so.

In the end, Sir Gerald won. He rose from the table, flushed with triumph his old frank smile in his eyes as he turned to his friend.

'Shake hands, old fellow—just to show there's no malice!' he said, gaily. Morewood grasped his hand with a hearty good will.

Little dreamed he under what circumstances he would again clasp that hand! 'Of course, you won't think of going home to night,' said Sir Gerald, as he raised the widow curtain. 'It's blowing a perfect hurricane, and raining, too!'

'It won't hurt me!'

'Nonsense! Of course, you'll stay here! Lily, will you give your orders to the servants, please?'

'I gave them some time ago,' said Lady Vere, smiling; 'while you were deep in game. Your old room is ready for you Mr. Morewood.'

She said 'your old room' advisedly, for, in Sir Gerald's bachelor days, Morewood had been wont to sleep at the Court almost as often as at his own house.

'Thank you! You are very good!' said Morewood, bending towards her in his pleasant courteous way, and thinking how beautiful she looked as she smiled happily into her husband's face.

Sir Gerald had drawn her close to him on the conclusion of the last game, and was playfully ruffling her hair.

'How happy they seem together!' thought Morewood; and, although there was no touch of envy in his nature, he thought it with a pang.

In the best of good humours all retired to rest. Morewood was asleep in ten minutes; but his slumbers, as it proved, were not very sound outside his door—a light footfall, as of someone walking slowly through the corridor.

He knew the servants had no business in that part of the house, and his thoughts, as was only natural, immediately flew to the possibility of thieves.

Springing lightly out of bed, he hastily attired himself, and opening his door, very cautiously, looked out.

Great was his surprise to see, in the gloom of the corridor, a figure clad all in white.

The face he could not distinguish as yet, but the figure was certainly that of a female, tall and slender, and it was coming straight toward him with a slow, and steady motion.

The next moment, he all but uttered an audible exclamation in his surprise, for he saw that the mysterious white-robed form was that of Lady Vere.

He saw, also, that she was walking in her sleep. Her eyes were wide open, but they had that strange, unseeing gaze which belongs only to somnambulism.

A low light was burning in his own room, and that kept the corridor in the immediate neighbourhood of his door from being in total gloom.

Whether that light, or some sound made by him startled her, he could not tell, but she gave a shudder, and flung out her arms, as though she feared she would fall. She had awakened—awakened—with what seemed a thrill of horror.

Without pausing to consider, Morewood did what was, perhaps the most natural, if not the very wisest, thing to do under the circumstances.

He stepped forward put his arm round her waist, to keep her from falling, and drew her inside his own room.

An easy chair was there; he placed her in it, and spoke in a quietly soothing tone. He was not sure she was even yet fully awake, and was anxious to avoid startling her.

But she was awake. 'Oh where am I?' she exclaimed. And Morewood could tell by her voice, that she was terribly frightened.

'Dear Lady Vere, you are quite safe!' he said, gently. 'You have been walking in your sleep. That is all.'

'Walking—in—my—sleep!' The horror in her voice amazed him. Her eyes, too, as he could see even in that dim light were dilated with terror.

'Where am I?' she asked again, almost wildly, and looked around her. Morewood quietly turned up the light saying in as calm and easy a voice as he could command—

'You are in my room, Lady Vere. I heard a sound, and opened my door. You were just outside. You woke suddenly, and to save you from falling, I led you into this room, and put you in that chair. If you fell well enough I will take you back to your own room.'

room!' said Morewood, sorely puzzled how to act. As he spoke, he took up the little lamp, and prepared to follow.

She turned back, and stretched out her hands to him appealingly. 'No!—no!—no!' she breathed, in a low but passionately imploring whisper. 'Don't you come! Oh not for all the world!'

And then, swiftly and silently, she left him, and disappeared in the darkness of the corridor.

Her appeal to Morewood that he would not accompany her, had been so curiously impassioned, that he could not but comply with it; but, when he was quite sure she had regained her own apartments, he thought there could be no harm in standing outside the door for a minute or two, to try to hear whether Sir Gerald was awake.

Accordingly, he stepped quietly across the corridor, and standing outside the door which led to Sir Gerald and Lady Vere's apartments, listened.

To his amazement, he heard a voice which, at first, he could scarcely recognize as Sir Gerald's, so harsh and discordant was it, raised in passionate anger.

He could not believe it was his wife he was speaking to in such a tone: but, presently, he was, perforce, convinced of this, for he heard Lillian's voice replying in passionately beseeching accents, broken, he felt certain, by sobs and tears.

Although he could hear their voices, he could not catch their words. The door, outside of which he stood, was not that of the bedroom, but of the dressing room, hence there was some distance between him and them.

Of one thing, however, he was confident. Sir Gerald was uttering furious reproaches and Lillian was entreating, imploring and explaining.

This he heard for himself; for, once, Lady Vere raised her sweet voice a little as though in an agony of grief, and he distinctly heard her say—

'Oh, Gerald, only let me explain!'

Seriously alarmed and concerned, Morewood turned the knob of the dressing room door, half resolved to beg Sir Gerald to come out and speak to him.

But the door was locked, and, at length finding he could hear nothing further—and indeed, greatly doubting whether he had any right even to try to hear, he went back to his own room.

To attempt to go to sleep again was he knew perfectly useless. There would be no sleep for him that night.

Accordingly, he sat down in the easy chair which had been so recently occupied by Lady Vere.

His mind was in a very tumult of unrest, and, it must be admitted, not without some reason.

He could not but gravely fear that Sir Gerald's anger against his wife was caused by the fact that he had known she had been in his, Morewood's room.

How he had discovered this, Morewood could not tell, but it occurred to him that it was quite possible Sir Gerald had missed his wife, and, coming in search of her, had seen her emerge from his room.

He presumed Sir Gerald would be amenable to reason, and would, probably, be ready to laugh, in the course of a few hours, at the incident which was rousing his anger to such a furious height just now.

But let it end as it might, it was very painful for Lady Vere.

That was the thought uppermost in Morewood's mind. The night wore on.

No further unwanted sounds came to disturb the stillness of the house, and Morewood, still feeling wholly disinclined for sleep, began to consider whether a brisk walk would not be refreshing.

He drew up his blind to take a look at the morning. The storm of last night had wholly passed, and there was every promise of a fine day.

The eastern skies were pearly grey, with a few streaks of crimson, heralds of the approaching dawn.

'I'll go for a walk!' he decided. It will shake the cobwebs out of my brain.' He made a hurried toilet, went very quietly downstairs, and out into the grounds, and after a momentary pause, struck out for the park-gate which was nearest the open country.

CHAPTER LXVI. A TERRIBLE FEAR.

After a brisk walk of some half dozen miles he returned to the Court, feeling invigorated by the exercise.

The dejection of mind which had oppressed him had now quite gone.

PROOF FROM Port Hope, Ont.

Mr. W. A. Russel, the Popular District Agent for the Singer Sewing Machine Company, Proves that Doan's Kidney Pills Cure Kidney Ills.

He felt quite cheerful and light of heart and almost inclined to laugh at the ridiculous circumstance which had, apparently roused his friend to such a high degree of marital displeasure.

'Lady Vere will explain. He's bound to believe her of course, and he and I will have many a hearty laugh over it,' he thought.

He had just arrived at this agreeable conclusion, when he suddenly realized, with a painful shock, that the troubles of that night were by no means at an end.

In a little harbour, immediately in front of him, and not far from the house, he saw Lady Vere, seated at the rustic table, her face buried in her hands, her slender form convulsed with sobs.

Morewood stopped short, aghast, and at the same moment she, hearing a sound, raised her head, and looked round, wildly, as though anxious to escape, before she could be seen.

'Lady Vere!' exclaimed Morewood, stepping forward, in great concern, and speaking in a tone of the deepest sympathy, 'What is the matter? Can I be of any use?'

For answer, Lady Vere sank back into the chair beside the little rustic table, and again covering her face with her hands, sobbed as if her heart would break.

Alarmed and distressed, Morewood bent over her, and gently touched her hand. Perhaps he would scarcely have been mortal if there had not been a little tenderness, as well as gentleness, in his touch at such a moment.

Looking at her with an anxiously inquiring glance, he saw she was fully attired. She wore a serge dress, and dark blue cloak and hood.

The hood, however, had fallen back, revealing her pale, tear-stained cheek, and the lovely, shimmering masses of her hair.

When she felt his touch, she looked up into his face in an agony of grief. 'Oh, Mr. Morewood!' she exclaimed, clasping her hands convulsively. 'What shall I do?'

'Dear Lady Vere, do tell me what is amiss. Surely there is no trouble between you and Sir Gerald?'

He spoke on the impulse of the moment, scarcely knowing what it was he said. 'Trouble!' repeated Lillian, catching at the word, and speaking with a sort of subdued wildness. 'Mr. Morewood, I have met trouble before—yes, often in my life—but I have never dreamed of it in such a manner as this!'

'And you will not tell me what it is?' She raised her hands to put back her lovely hair which fell in soft masses about her face then looked up at him with a calm, but intensely sorrowful gaze.

'Yes, I will tell you! You are his friend; you will, perhaps, help me, or, at any rate, you will tell me what to do. Mr. Morewood, my husband is going mad!'

She spoke those words in a very low voice, and with a thrilling sadness and solemnity. An icy chill ran through Morewood's veins.

A something, in her own mind, whispered that the wife's fear was but too fatally and horribly true.

The change in Sir Gerald, which had been so painfully obvious of late—his moodiness, his restlessness and irritability—what did all these things point to, if not to insanity?

And the taint was in the family! Swift as a flash of lightning, there darted into his mind a recollection of that ghastly tale concerning Judith Vere—the tale which Lady Ruth, dreading the taint, had so disliked to hear her nephew tell.

His thoughts might have communicated themselves to Lillian, for she continued, in a low strained voice—

'Mr. Morewood, you remember Judith Vere—you remember what she did? I verily believe Gerald has brooded over that frightful story until it has turned his brain. All his cry now is, that death is preferable to dishonor!'

'But what dishonor is there?' exclaimed Morewood, impulsively. The moment he had asked the question, he regretted it.

A burning blush suffused Lillian's face. She drooped her lovely, graceful head, and did not speak.

A man of duller sense than Morewood must needs have interpreted these signs aright.

He leaned forward, and took her hand—again impulsively—again with a touch of tenderness.

At such a moment, was it likely he could forget that there had been a time when he had dreamed of winning the love of this most lovely woman?

He did not forget it. He remembered it only too well. Aloud, he said—

'I trust—I do most earnestly hope and trust—it is not that trivial incident of last night which has made the trouble!'

Lady Vere drooped her beautiful head lower, and still lower. 'He saw me,' she breathed, in a voice scarce higher than a whisper, 'coming out of your room!'

Morewood secretly cursed, not only his friend's mad folly, but also the contrariety of Fate. 'It only Vere would be open to reason!' he thought.

And then a feeling of something like despair oppressed his mind, as he remembered that, if Lady Vere's fear was not unfounded, there was little hope of finding amenability to calm reasoning in Sir Gerald.

If it was really true that he was going mad, it was useless to try to reason with him.

A moment or two he stood in silence, considering his own position, which was certainly a very painful one.

Then he said in a tone of grave gentleness—

'I am more grieved than I can say, at what you told me. I am sure you know that, Lady Vere. Naturally, I reproach myself now for having drawn you, even for a single moment, inside my room; but, at the time, it really seemed the only

reasonable thing to do. And Gerald ought, surely, to know me well enough to believe I had no evil thought.'

'If he was himself he would believe it!' almost wailed Lillian. 'But he is not—he is not!'

Morewood's face grew graver. He began to see that Lady Vere must have weighty cause for this awful fear which possessed her so completely.

He knew her temperament; he knew she was calm, self-possessed, and brave, and, knowing this, he could not but feel sure she would not weakly yield to alarm, as some women might have done.

Not without grave reason would she thus earnestly declare that her husband was tainted with that dreadful malady which had lain at the root of the tragedy of Judith Vere.

'Will you tell me how he is?' he questioned. 'Is he moody—violent—or how does the disease—if it be disease—manifest itself?'

She shuddered a little, as though at some dreadful memory. The flush had faded from her face, leaving her very pale.

It made Morewood's heart ache to see her like this.

'I don't think I can quite remember when I first noticed a strangeness in Gerald's manner,' she began, in a low, sorrowful voice. 'I know that soon, very soon, after our marriage—and here she shuddered again, as though at some painful memory—he said and did things that frightened me. But he always seemed sorry for them, and begged my forgiveness so humbly, that I hoped the strangeness would, in time, altogether pass away. But, latterly, he has been worse—much worse. He broods over one thought so much, that it cannot but affect his brain.'

'What is it?' asked Morewood, intensely anxious.

Again Lady Vere's face was suffused with a painful flush; again she lowered her voice to a tremulous whisper.

'He thinks I care too much for you!' she said, simply. 'He thinks I care for you otherwise than as a friend!'

An indignant exclamation broke from Morewood's lips. His heart swelled, and all the more passionately because he saw that tears were standing in her eyes.

'He must be mad!' he cried, pacing about the arbor in his emotion.

'He is mad!' said Lillian, in a voice of the most thrilling sadness and solemnity. 'Oh, Mr. Morewood, do you realize what that means—what it means to me—and to him—and to—'

She checked herself, swiftly, and in confusion, as though she had been in danger of letting slip some weighty secret.

Morewood stopped in his agitated walk, and coming to her side, took her hand again.

'My dear Lady Vere, I do realize it, and to the fullest extent; for, I verily believe no man living has a greater horror of insanity than I have. If it is as you fear, I readily admit that no greater affliction could possibly have befallen either you or Gerald; but, let us hope for the best. Medical men must be consulted. Perhaps they might be able to assure you that these fits of passion will certainly pass away.'

Lillian answered only with a deep-drawn sigh. That sigh said, plainly, she had bidden farewell to hope.

'Where is he now?' questioned Morewood, anxiously.

'He is asleep. At first, he was terribly violent; but, after a time, he grew quieter. He generally sleeps very soundly after one of these outbursts. So I thought I might leave him, and I dressed and came out here.'

There were many questions Morewood longed to ask; but he felt, to the full, the delicacy of the situation, and restrained his tongue from uttering them.

The whole subject could not but be infinitely distressing to Lady Vere, and he wished to save her every unnecessary pang.

'I will have a talk with him this morning,' he said, in as cheerful a voice as he could command. 'If you will allow me, Lady Vere, I will go up to his room when he wakes.'

'No, no! Please don't do that. I am sure, quite sure, it would be better otherwise. Take no notice of all this, unless he himself mentions it to you.'



IN THE RACE FOR FAVOR Baby's Own Soap has distanced the field. Its scientific preparation and the purity of its ingredients make it the best of soaps for the delicate skins of ladies and children. THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL. MAKERS ALSO OF THE CELEBRATED ALBERT TOILET SOAPS.

Goodbye, Mr. Morewood and thanks for all your kindness to me. She put her hand in his. He felt that it was icy-cold, and pressed it with a gentle, sympathetic pressure. Then he suffered her to leave the arbour and enter the house alone.

To be Continued. EMINENT PHYSICIAN Recommends Dodd's Kidney Pills For Kidney Disease.

They Have Saved Thousands of Lives—New Brunswick People Need Dodd's Kidney Pills as Kidney Complaints are Common Among Them.

St. John, N. B., Nov. 21. Some startling statements were made, yesterday, by an eminent American physician, who is spending his vacation here.

The doctor was interviewed by a reporter, to obtain his views on sanitary matters. 'I cannot speak on local sanitary affairs,' said the doctor. 'But I shall give you, if you wish, some observations, from a medical standpoint, regarding the people of this province, and medical matters that deeply concern them.'

'I have been forcibly struck by the evidence of Kidney Diseases among your people. Nearly every adult that I meet on the streets, shows plainly to the medical eye, the symptoms of Kidney Disease in some form.'

'I am prepared to assert positively that such ailments as Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Gout, Rheumatism, Heart Failure, Lumbago, Gravel, Stone in the Bladder, Female Complaints, and other Kidney troubles are very prevalent here.'

'Looking over the records, I find that ninety per cent of the deaths are caused by these diseases.'

'What your people need most is a sterling Kidney medicine—one that will cure such complaints.'

'Is there such a medicine?' asked the reporter. 'There is. But there is only one. It is known as Dodd's Kidney Pills and will cure the worst case of Kidney Disease.'

'Dodd's Kidney Pills have, to my own knowledge, saved thousands of lives. They are an absolutely certain cure for all forms of Kidney trouble.'

'The case of Mr. W. H. Bower of this city illustrates their efficacy. He was a continual sufferer from Lumbago, till he began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. Now he is sound and well.'

'If the people will use Dodd's Kidney Pills, Kidney Diseases will soon be banished from the country.'

Not to be too Well Done. There is a happy mean in everything. It is said that a shrewd old lady heard her married daughter say:

'If my husband doesn't do such and such a thing he'll find himself in hot water.'

'My child,' said the old lady, 'a man is like an egg. Kept in hot water a little while he may boil soft; but keep him there long and he hardens!'

CONSUMPTION CURED. An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Lord Kitchen was a remarkably pretty boy, and used to object strongly to the admiration which he excited. Once, when six years old, he cried for an hour because a lady called him a sweet little fellow, with a face like a girl.

HOME WORK FOR FAMILIES. We want the services of a number of families to do knitting for us at home, whole or spare time. We furnish \$20 machine and supply the yarn free, and pay for the work as sent in. Distance no hindrance. \$7 to \$10 per week made according to the time devoted to the work. Write at once. Name References. Co-operative Knitting Co., Toronto.

A Sage Brush Nightingale.

Kitty Mims is not a common name, nor can it truthfully be affirmed that it is at all suggestive of romance. Yet Kitty Mims was a remarkable young woman, but this was due as much to her unusual surroundings as to her undoubted personal charms.

Simon Mims, Kitty's father, was the landlord of the Aurora Hotel, the only tavern in the mining town of Experience, Nevada, that agreed to furnish accommodations for man and beast and kept its pledge to the letter.

Simon Mims was known far and near as 'the doctor,' and he felt not a little proud of the title. 'I ain't never graduated, as ye mout say,' he would explain to strangers who came for a prescription, 'but that's two pains I set on relieving every time, and they're the pairs that most troubles folks in these diggings—they're hunger and thirst. Are you troubled that way, friend?'

The population of Experience was mostly transient, and largely composed of rough miners, many of them foreigners, who seemed to have acquired the English language in a very haphazard manner.

Her education was limited to a not very familiar acquaintance with the three Rs. But the miners, one and all, were ready to wager their 'bottom dollar' that as a singer 'Kitty Mims could give the odds to Nelson, Patti and the hull cabocls of 'em, and then come out many lengths ahead.'

Judged by the effects of her efforts, no prima donna that ever trod the boards could surpass her when she sang 'The lone starry lous give me, love,' which was always followed by a storm of 'angkoors.'

But she came out the strongest in 'Way Down Upon de Swanee Ribber' and 'Home Sweet Home,' songs that invariably produced a great deal of coughing on the part of her bearded auditors, and the use of handkerchiefs—just as if they were troubled with sudden colds or dust in their eyes.

Of course Kitty Mims had suitors, and of course she was the cause of much heart-burning among her many admirers, for it must be confessed she was not ignorant of her charms, and she used her charms with a fascinating tyranny against which the strongest did not dare revolt.

Rufus Ford, the superintendent of the mine, was a confident, fine-looking fellow, and he bore the meeting of Kitty he was in profound ignorance of poetry as an art, but his soul was touched so that he attempted to compose a song in which he designed having 'darling Kitty Mims' at the end of every stanza. He failed miserably in the effort, as a more practiced rhymist might have done.

his flowers were in her dark hair, and the golden heart hung from a chain that encircled her smooth, white throat. Tim Reed did not wait longer, but went to his cabin up the mountain side and lay down, but it was not to sleep. He could not define his feelings, could give, if questioned, no adequate cause for the tumultuous joy at his heart. He was too happy for reason, too much excited for rest.

It was near daylight when he fell into a doze, but in his dreams he still saw the blossoms in her hair and the heart of gold upon her breast. She was calling his name—louder—louder. She was beating on the door. 'Tim Reed! Tim Reed! For God's sake come out! The mine is on fire!'

He sprang up and threw open the door. There stood Kitty, white-faced and excited. 'See, Tim! see! There are eight men in the shaft and all of them married—'

Tim Reed did not wait to hear more. He saw the pillar of smoke shooting up from the mouth of the mine, about which the people crowded, the bravest not daring to descend the fatal opening. Even Rufus Ford had lost his head and seemed paralyzed.

'What are you about, Tim Reed? Don't go down, man! Don't! Don't! Don't!' he shouted the people. 'Stand by! the fire has not touched the shaft. Pull up—usual signal!'

That was all Tim Reed said. The next instant he was in the mine, and he had gone down the chain, hand over hand. After long minutes, a signal came up from the smoking depths. The stationary engine was started, and the bucket rose, holding four blackened, half suffocated men.

Again the signal was given and again the bucket rose, with four other men, and one of them gasped out: 'For heaven's sake, lower away! quick! Tim Reed is roasting!'

The bucket flew down the shaft, from which lurid heat gusts now came with the smoke. An awful lapse of agonizing seconds, then came a faint signal to 'Haul up!'

The bucket flew to the surface enveloped in flame. A cry of horror burst from the throats of strong men, and Kitty Mims felt, fainting, beside the blackened, blistered form that was snatched from the mouth of the pit.

'Any other man but brave Tim Reed would have died,' was the general comment weeks afterward, when it was found Tim would live—live, but never again to look up at the sky and the hills that he loved.

mansion of the leading sheikh to the hovel of the meanest fisherman every cowering bore testimony to the ruthless tragedy which had overtaken them. Bleached bones lay in heaps in every corner and sun-dried carcasses floated the air of every open space.

Doorways and alleys showed how they had rapidly been mudded up, and in all the scrub by her riverside household belongings showed how the wretched Jaalin had tried to save their simple penates by a hurried flight. But the bones around these caches were only a detail of the one great tragedy which was almost a successful attempt to blot out not a nomad family but an agricultural race.

From the town we went into the desert to the spot where the derelicts had made their second camp. The introduction was grewsome enough, for upon a dry sandy knoll we came upon the conqueror's gallops, from which a lengthy rope was still hanging to the breast, but at its base were evidences of its use in all their crepe de tails. I counted eighteen human skulls, to the bleached jawbones of which the beads of the victims were still adhering, while an uncut shin bone showed that mutilation had preceded death.—Soudan letter in the London News.

This amusing incident, from the war budget of a Massachusetts private, indicates that at times the minds of our brave boys were about evenly divided between grub and glory, with a leaning toward grub.

The fit at night on the Island of Cuba, one of the boys was marching—they were struggling along in single file—when he espied a nice, plump, red-wattled bird perched in a tree fifty yards to the left. 'A wild turkey! A wild turkey!' he yelled.

Up to his shoulder went his rifle. Bang! The bird fell and the marksman dashed into the brush after his prize. His comrades awaited his return, visions of a 'square meal' floating before them. Out he came, the brush he came, thumb and finger tightly clutching his nose.

'Buzzaard!' he muttered, and the disappointed boys resumed their march. [A Poor Dinner.] The Montreal Witness prints this little story of a poor woman who recently went to a saloon in search of her husband:

She found him there, and setting a covered dish, which she had brought with her, upon the table, she said: 'Thinking that you are too busy to come home to dinner, I have brought on yours, and departed.'

With a laugh the man invited his friends to dine with him; but on removing the cover from the dish he found only a slip of paper, on which was written: 'I hope you will enjoy your meal. It is the same as your family have at home.'

Follow in the wake of a stomach that is out of kilter—what a story of suffering can be saved in the timely use of so pleasant and positive a cure for Dyspepsia and indigestion as Dr. Von Srau's Pineapple Tablets. The vegetable pepsin—Nature's tonic for people out of sorts. One Tablet relieves. 35 cents.

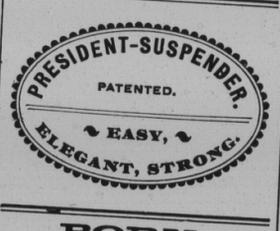
Freeport, Oct. 31, to the wife of Percival Fowell, a daughter. Windsor, Nov. 9, to the wife of James Seymour, a daughter. Bucouche, Nov. 13, to the wife of P. F. Cormier, a daughter. Yarmouth, Nov. 9, to the wife of Arthur Burridge, a daughter. Southesk, Nov. 13, to the wife of Wm. Sheagreen, a daughter. Annapolis, Nov. 14, to the wife of Jos. McMillan, a daughter. Roxbury, Mass., Oct. 25, to the wife of Adalbert Miller, a son. Weston, Mass., Nov. 2, to the wife of Allen A. Mosher, a son. Argyle Head, Nov. 6, to the wife of Locke L. Ryder, a daughter. Debert River, Sept. 20, to the wife of Spenceley McCall, a daughter. South Farmington, Nov. 2, to the wife of C. E. Robinson, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Freeport, Nov. 10, John Brown to Betsy Thomas. Windsor, Nov. 15, Joseph McDonald to Mabel Smith. Pictou, by Rev. J. A. Cairns, John Elliott to Annie E. Elliot. Rawdon, N. S., by Rev. R. Mutch, Robt. Creed Cambridgeport, Mass., Nov. 8, Clarence Johnson to Nellie Kelly. Halifax, by Rev. Geo. A. Lawson, George Sloane to Mary E. Grosvenor. Yarmouth, Nov. 10, by Rev. J. H. Foshey, Jacob Miles to Ora Crosby. Annapolis, Nov. 11, by Rev. Fr. Mihan, J. F. Kenny to Miss Henry. Newcastl, Oct. 21, by Rev. J. A. Clark, Isaac McDonald to Annie Ramsay. Malden, Mass., Nov. 2, by Rev. Mr. Huse, Wm. H. Halford, Oct. 29, by Rev. Wm. Ainley, Charles A. Gibson to Carrie Robinson. San Francisco, Nov. 9, by Rev. J. F. Forbes, Jas. Newcastl, Nov. 14, by Rev. J. A. Clark, Wm. B. Drysdale to Lizzie M. Copp. Newcastle, Nov. 14, by Rev. G. R. White, Frank Hall to Blanche A. Tracy. Halifax, Nov. 9, by Rev. J. T. Eaton, Frederick C. Clayton to Melissa J. Taylor. Richmond, Nov. 7, by Rev. E. J. Bannan, James East Leitch to Dorothy Daigle. Boston, Nov. 16, by Rev. Jas. J. Dunlop, Frank L. Thompson to Ida M. Ferguson. Millport, Nov. 10, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Walter Stewart to Margaret A. Knowles. Clark's Harbor, Nov. 15, by Rev. A. M. McNinch, David Snow to Lizzie Hopkins. Truro, Nov. 2, by Rev. A. G. Goggin, Murdoch McDonald to Laura McPherson. Port La Tour, Nov. 6, by Rev. J. H. Davis, James M. Crowell to Maggie L. Smith. Deep Brook, Nov. 6, by Rev. J. T. Eaton, Alfred Hall to Alice E. Hamilton. Halifax, Oct. 29, by Rev. Wm. Ainley, Charles A. Gibson to Carrie Robinson. Westport, Mass., Oct. 5, by Rev. Wm. Kirby, Jas. Vantassel to Edie Jenkins. Yarmouth, Nov. 14, by Rev. J. H. Foshey, Charles D. Hamilton to Annie H. LeBlanc. Newcastl, Nov. 10, by Rev. J. A. Clarke, Hugh Cameron to Louisa M. McDonald. Hartford, Conn., Nov. 10, by Rev. F. Dixon, Bed. M. Hirst to Agnes Dickey. Kings Co., Nov. 9, by Rev. Gideon Swin, James Patrick to Edie Finnis. Yarmouth, Nov. 10, by Rev. W. F. Parker, Wilbert E. McFarlay to Harriet A. Fook. Truro, Nov. 16, by the Rev. Archdeacon Kaulback, William MacMillan to Ella Fielding. North River, Nov. 18, by Rev. J. P. Spidell, Norman F. Blair to Annie M. Lynde. West Pablico, by Rev. E. Daley, Rev. Malcolm Macleod to Alice V. Anderson. Jerome D'Entremont to Clara D'Escheneau. Meowville, Oct. 14, by Rev. J. A. Cairns, D. N. Baird to Margaret Sutherland. Bathurst, Nov. 16, by Rev. Thos. W. Street, Frederick W. Ellis to Gertrude A. Knowles. North River, Nov. 2, by Rev. J. D. Wetmore, Charles Spragg to Susan E. Walker. Haverhill, Mass., Oct. 26, by Rev. L. B. Twichell, Thomas E. Christopher to Lizzie N. Gavit.

DIED.

Hall x, Nov. 16, David S. Horne. Halifax, Oct. 31, Handley Bates, 39. Central Grove, Oct. 30, John Elliot, 24. Farnboro, Nov. 6, Mrs. Ouder Bennett. Littleton, Nov. 11, Ernest Clark, 29. Campbellton, Nov. 4, Sylvester Siles, 42. Windsor, Nov. 6, Mrs. Charles Bacon, 49. Matland, Nov. 6, Mrs. W. D. Lawrence. Portland, Me., Nov. 11, William Carr, 70. Woodstock, Nov. 10, Mr. Henry Allen, 70. Maccan, Nov. 4, Mrs. David Harrison, 70. Truro, Nov. 11, Mrs. Catherine Leathy, 63. Chatham, Me., April 7, Jacob Charles Bell. Digby, Nov. 8, Mr. Michael Cassidy, 68 months. Clark's Harbor, Nov. 12, Mrs. Marshall, 4 months. Boston, Nov. 1, Albert Ford Harrington, 35. Liverpool, N. S., Nov. 5, Mr. Wm. Haliburton, 54. Onslow, Nov. 15, Sarah, wife of John E. Faulkner. Eecumiac, Nov. 6, Wesley, son of John Stewart, 24. Dartmouth, Nov. 16, Annie, wife of Nathan Keddy, 24. Newport Road, Nov. 10, Minnie, wife of Jas. Hood, 33. Rollandale, Mass., Nov. 4, Harriett Newell Dodge, 33. Newellton, Nov. 11, Naomi, wife of Mr. Thomas Barrington, Oct. 31, Walter Watts Bowker, 9 months. Yarmouth, Nov. 12, Jane, wife of Mr. Benjamin Kenney. St. John, Nov. 19, Jane, widow of the late James Rolston. Kempis Bhor, Nov. 15, Mrs. James Howard McGidley, 40. Yarmouth, Nov. 18, Katherine, wife of William H. Jordan Ferry, Nov. 2, Lily Bell, daughter of Jacob Peterson, 18. Garland, Camp, Oct. 26, Flora, daughter of Alva Sprinfield, Kings Co., Nov. 9, Chester A., child of Geo. T. Bates. West Pablico, Oct. 26, Elizabeth, widow of Joseph F. D'Entremont. Central Grove, Oct. 22, Frances Anne, wife of James Armstrong, 54. Bridgewater, Nov. 14, Dorothy M., daughter of C. J. Cross, 1 year. Acadia Mines, Oct. 16, Edith Elizabeth, daughter of John Christie, 9. North Sydney, Nov. 7, Dora Frances, daughter of James Armstrong, 33. Eecumiac, Nov. 8, James Rolland, son of William and Margaret Tait, 19. Halifax, Nov. 15, Jas. Edward, son of Jas. and Salmon River, Colchester, Nov. 8, Jean, daughter of Clarke Archibald, 24. Falmouth, Nov. 19, Edith Lillian, daughter of Edward Lunn, 3 months. New Haven, Conn., Nov. 8, Nettie F., wife of Cornelius Thompson, 30. Lower Newcastle, Nov. 7, Bella McGinnis, wife of Laughlin McDonald, 30. Lake La Rone, O. S., Catherine, widow of the late James Robinson, 85. Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 20, Mary W., widow of the late Capt. Mendal Crocker.



MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO.'Y

New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line. Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, Bowd's Point), November 14, 24th, and December 3rd, and weekly thereafter. Returning steamers leave NEW YORK, PIER 1, NORTH RIVER (Battery Place), November 9th, 19th and 29th, for EASTPORT, M. E., and ST. JOHN direct. After the above dates, sailings will be WEEKLY, as our own steamers will then be on the line.

Star Line Steamers - Fredericton. Mail Steamers Victoria and David Weston leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8:30 a. m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 o'clock a. m. for St. John. Steamers will leave Fredericton every morning at 5 o'clock.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after Monday, Oct. 3rd, 1898, the Steamers and Train service of this railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Express trains (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 6:30 a. m., arr. in Digby 12:30 p. m. Lve. Digby 1:00 p. m., arr. in Yarmouth 3:30 p. m. Lve. Halifax 8:00 a. m., Tuesday and Friday.

S. S. Prince Edward,

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, immediately on arrival of the Express trains arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Boston every Monday morning, SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4:00 p. m. Utiquated cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 3rd October, 1898 the service of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Peggwash, Pictou and Halifax... 7:00 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou... 10:00 Express for Quebec, Montreal... 12:00 Express for Lunenburg, Truro, Hants, Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Hants, and Bydney... 11:25 A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10:30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal.

TRANS-PACIFIC STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.

LEAVE VANCOUVER, B. C., FOR JAPAN, CHINA, &c On arrival of Trans-Continental Express train, Nov. 7th, Dec. 5th, Jan. 30th, Feb. 27th, March 27th, &c. -AND FOR-

HAWAII, AUSTRALIA, &c

at daybreak on Nov. 17th, Dec. 15th, Jan. 12th, Feb. 9th, March 9th, &c. First class or Palace Sleepers, Montreal to Vancouver on all through trains. Tourist Sleepers Vancouver on all through trains. Except on Fridays; Fridays from Carlisle Junction. For rates of fare, and all other information enquire of Canadian Pacific Ticket Agents.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Genl. Pass. Agent. A. H. NOTMAN, Montreal. Asst. Genl. Pass. Agent. St. John, N. B.

Leonard Mrs. Job Perhaps public of the partic cation of supreme when the vs. Nae. This Mrs. John Smi for assaul (claimed v above, was circuit cou fact attr Though p of the day not appear been settl amount paid that it was sum was ar Naturally an article in of what esting way the captiv War" Th seeks lat were asked and answer preferred I. Mrs. Nae did no sent to the was given accounts of police court papers. Th esting. On the stor ed the settle court. Then Mrs. afterwards of she chang was noted in in doing so what had tak On account through her notified "Pro that she pro unlers an a PROGRESS di was possible so none was that, after the