

# PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY NOVEMBER 9, 1901.

PRICE FIVE CENT

## TOPICS TALKED ABOUT.

Stories of Interest to Progress Readers—Many Items of Public Interest—Read and Learn.

It should be Mr. Fleming's. Mr. Wm. Rennels, Division Superintendent of the I. C. R. between Campbellton and Moncton, died last week, having returned to Nova Scotia from a recuperating trip abroad. Candidates for the vacancy thus created are not wanting, but the choice ought not to be difficult to make if seniority in the service and undoubted fitness alone are considered. We understand that Mr. John S. Fleming, the well known station agent at Newcastle, seeks promotion to the District superintendency. His claims seemed to be the best any man can present. His service record is one of about thirty-four years. No one questions his competency or high character. His record on the road is without a flaw, and as there are few if any, Miramichi men in the higher offices on the I. C. R. the people of this part of the country, who know and highly esteem Mr. Fleming, feel that his claims cannot well be passed over in favor of any other man who may offer. He has well earned the promotion advance.

**RETURNED FROM THE KLONDIKE.**  
Aaron Cross is the first Border Man to get back.

When the Klondike fever was at its height about three years ago a delegation was lured to the far off fields. The first member of the party returned home on Saturday last.

Aaron Cross, H. Patton Cross and Edward Price of St. Stephen, Chris Falconer of Milltown and Ira Stinson of St. Andrews left on April 25th, 1898, and, after overcoming the dangers of the trail and the White Horse rapids, reached Dawson on July 12th.

They were after gold and lost no time in getting to work. The Cross brothers took a claim on Bear Creek, while Price, Falconer and Stinson went up Hunker Creek.

They worked these claims for a year but neither party struck pay dirt. The party on Bear Creek sank one hundred and nine feet, in three shafts, and drifted double that distance.

The other party was equally industrious but luck was not with them. In July, 1899 they were in Dawson where they remained a month. In the following winter Aaron Cross took a lay on Sulphur Creek and Price and Falconer went with him. Their labor produced no reward and, in the spring of 1900, they were all back in Dawson, dead broke.

Then Price, Falconer and Stinson, and Harry Knight of Marquash, who had joined the party, struck out for the newer gold fields at Nome.

Knight and Stinson returned in the fall and went to work on Bonanza Creek, where they had worked the winter before. Mr. Price and Mr. Falconer remained at Nome.

The Cross brothers ventured further afield than in the previous winter and located on Jack Wade Creek in Alaska. Again their efforts were unrewarded and they returned to Dawson in the spring.

The only time that luck seemed to dawn upon the border men was when they were working together on Sulphur Creek. In one day they took out \$500 in a few buckets of dirt. Hopes ran high, and who can tell the visions that arose in those men's minds? But the little streak of gold was soon exhausted and after that their picks and shovels went through earth that was no more profitable than could be found in Charlotte county.

This spring Patton Cross established a restaurant in Dawson which he sold out this fall and then went to work in another restaurant at good wages. Aaron Cross was considerably troubled with rheumatism and decided to return east. He left Dawson on October 8th and arrived here on Saturday last.

Mr. Cross believes that the prospects in the Klondike are excellent and that ten years from now it will be a better country for the poor man than it is to day. The country has been grossly mismanaged by

the government officials and large sections of it are tied up by men of wealth and influence, and the prospector has been driven out. Mr. Cross feels confident that these conditions cannot be continued much longer and that the country must be opened to development. Governor Ross, who has recently been placed in charge of the country, has already restored a measure of confidence to the people, who look hopefully to better days under honest management.

One Charlotte county man ran up against a forcible illustration of the corruption that prevails. Harry Knight of Marquash came across what is known as a 'fraction' that gave good promise. He went to the commissioner's office and asked to have it recorded. He was informed that he must first have it surveyed and must prospect it. He put a surveyor on at a cost of \$52.50 and prospected it as directed. When he returned to the commissioner's office to have it recorded, he was asked what his prospecting had revealed and, when he informed the commissioner that he had found paying dirt, he was calmly informed that the fraction had been recorded the day before for Alexander McDonald, the Klondike King.

Mr. Knight knew differently, but realized that there was no redress. It is such work as this by government officials that has handicapped the poor man in this golden country.

Mr. Cross considers the prospects better there than when he struck the country. An improvement in administration is noticeable and much is hoped for under

Governor Ross. There is plenty of gold for all.

Well, Hall, a son of Eben Hall, has two good claims on Dominion creek and is doing well.

On his way home Mr. Cross spent a few hours in Vancouver, where he met Albert Smith, Ralph Daggett, Elwell DeWolfe, Will McLeod of Scotch Ridge and other Charlotte county boys.

He has not yet determined on his future plans, but may return to Dawson in the spring.

**Painters and Decorators.**  
The painters and decorators at a recent meeting installed the following officers: Geo. Hay, president; Geo. Maston, vice president; Ross C. Carr, recording secretary; Charles Hay, financial secretary; F. Beattie, treasurer; Geo. Bartle, conductor; F. McLean, warden; Allen Nixon, sentinel; J. H. Campbell, Herb Ebbett and Fred Kinsman trustees.

The next meeting is called for Monday, Nov. 11, when a large attendance is desired.

Commencing Monday next the international steamers will make but two trips per week between St. John and Boston, leaving St. John for Boston every Monday and Thursday. For the present the service will be performed by the S. Croix and Sate of Maine.

In making arrangements for next week don't forget the ceramic exhibition of the Women's A. Association, which will be held in the studio, Palmer's Chambers opening Tuesday 12th, at 2 o'clock.

It is expected the work of stripping the salmon in the fish pond at Carleton will be completed Saturday. Already 1,000 fish have been handled. Three million eggs have been sent away and over a million are held at Carleton. The other two hundred will be got through with this week.

## SMALLPOX

The Disease is in St. John its Spread is the Cause of Alarm Among the People.

Twenty-five cases of smallpox. That is the total record on Friday morning. There is no denying the fact the disease is in St. John and that it has settled down in the midst.

It is now serious and it becomes every day to see that every precaution is taken to stamp out the enemy. It is the duty of everyone to be vaccinated. Let there be no delay, no putting off. It is really a serious matter.

Though the disease has been greatly on the increase, yet it is gratifying to know that all the new cases have sprung from quarantine quarters. The general public hospital is accountable for most of the cases reported. This is regrettable and there is no wonder that there is much criticism. There is something wrong, and people are asking what is the matter?

The cases developing in the hospital were those reported as suspects. They are Miss Bertha Knapp, aged twenty four daughter of I. W. Knapp of Sackville, admitted to the hospital October 8th, Miss Julia O'Keefe, eighteen years of age, belonging to this city, admitted September 16th, and Miss Mabel Melanson, of 306 Carmarthen street, admitted October 5th. Miss Knapp and Miss O'Keefe have been isolated for the past two or three days, and Miss Melanson has also been watched. These three patients were all inmates of ward C which contained thirteen patients, instead of twenty two as stated in an evening paper. The removal of Miss Melanson from the ward leaves twelve patients now in it, and as yet none of these have shown any symptoms of the disease.

The houses already under quarantine are responsible for seven more cases. These are Louise Debow, aged twenty, and Stanley Debow, aged seventeen, of 232 City road; Maggie Fawcett, aged sixteen, of 245 Waterloo street; Rose Parker, aged eight, and Bertrand Parker, aged twelve, of 35 Marsh street; Joe Hamilton, aged three, and John Hamilton, aged fourteen months, of 95 Marsh road. All of these, except Rose Parker and the younger Hamilton child, were removed to the epidemic hospital, where there are now three patients from the Hamilton house, four from the Parker family, three from the Fawcett house and four of the Debows.

All of Mrs. Debow's family are now stricken in addition to the daughter who died. Mr. Debow is left alone in the quarantined house, and is reported as being ill, although small pox is not yet reported in his case.

Miss Julia Odell, aged seventeen, sister of Mrs. John Shea, of Old Station street, Fairville, who was named as a suspect on Wednesday was yesterday reported by Dr. Morris as a definite smallpox case. The house was placarded for the disease, and last night the assistant inspector went over to secure guards to enforce the quarantine. Mr. Shea and his wife and child were vaccinated. A family who occupied the lower portion of the house, which however, was not connected with the infected upper floor, left before its quarantine was declared and are reported to have gone to Marquash. But for the crowded condition of the epidemic hospital Miss Odell would have been taken there.

Dr. H. G. Addy, one of the board of hospital commissioners for the month stated that the board could do nothing to provide additional accommodation now that the hospital was full. A report of the condition had been prepared and placed with Dr. Bayard to bring before the provincial board of health. Dr. Bayard later said that the provincial board had nothing to do with the matter yet. If the present epidemic hospital were full the responsibility of providing further and necessary accommodation for patients rested with the civic board of health. A meeting of the provincial board will be held this evening.

Another boy in the Parker family is strongly suspected of having contracted the disease. He is about seventeen years old. Mr. Beyen of Waterloo street is also ill, but small pox is not yet suspected.

All the cases in the epidemic hospital were reported as doing well. Another nurse from the General Hospital, Miss Winifred Flaylor of this city, will go to the epidemic hospital today to assist the staff there. Two women for general washing and cleaning there are wanted at once. Applications should be made to Miss Mitchell at the gate of General Hospital.

The nurses of the Victorian O. Der, who have been quarantined in their room in the General Public Hospital, have volunteered for general hospital work.

The case of Mrs. Herbert McKinnon at Cedar Grove threatens to become more serious than was expected at first. Some of her children have been attending the school there the teacher of which has been boarding with relatives of the infected family. Consequently the school was closed yesterday. The children have also been attending Sunday school and it is stated that while Mrs. McKinnon's disease was supposed to be slow fever a large number of the people of that district placed themselves within reach of infection. The case was yesterday morning reported to Dr. Wetmore of Hampton, who visited the place later in the day, but what action was taken has not yet been ascertained here.

## A FEAST FOR EYE AND EAR.

Next Week's Musical Spectacle To Be a Doublet.

Everybody is looking forward with pleasurable anticipation to next week's production of the great spectacular musical piece, Siballa. From reliable sources it is learned the production will be musically artistic, and from the standpoint of a beautiful scene, the best ever known to St. John.

The plot of Siballa is laid in the kingdom of Comus, and woven around a secret talisman or amulet, the possession of which was supposed to perpetuate the reign of King Cole, at that time ruler of Comus. This talisman through the intrigue of Rodriguez, Counsellor of the King, and Carrabas, Captain of the Forty Thieves, is stolen from its hiding place in the Temple of Comus, and the King prevailed upon to offer a magnificent reward, and the hand of his daughter Marian in marriage to the man who should restore it. Jack Horner, a Captain in the Royal Navy, who is secretly betrothed to Marian hears of this and surmising that Rodriguez is in possession of the secret, he solicits aid from Siballa, Goddess of the Woods, who assists him to wrest the talisman from the thieves and restore it to the King, bringing just retribution upon Rodriguez and Carrabas and winning the hand of Marian for his reward.

Beside twenty songs and choruses there will be the following dances: Dance Vespertine, the May Dance, Loin du Bal, Reels of the Sun, the Fairies, Frolic of the Frogs, the Spiders, the Butterflies, the Fireflies, the Fo'castle Crew, Grand March of the King's Hussars, beautiful allegorical pageant, and grand Dance Ensemble.

Seat plan opens 10 o'clock this morning.

## The Dog's Fire-Escape.

As an offset to a large loss by fire James Ross, a colored farmer living near Blackwood, New Jersey, is inclined to rate his dog. Ross's house and barn were burned, but, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, his dog escaped.

The dog was chained to the barn, but when the heat got unbearable the sagacious animal dug a deep hole and hid himself in it. The post to which the dog was chained fell over the hole and protected him. After the fire the dog was found not even singed.

It is interesting to note that other holes had proved less friendly to human members of the family. In fact, the fire was caused by Mr. Ross's son falling through a hatchway with a lighted lantern.

## OUR KING.

Today is the Anniversary of King Edward's Birth.

God Save Our Gracious King,  
Long Live our Noble King,  
God Save the King;  
Send Him Victorious,  
Happy And Glorious,  
Long to Reign Over Us,  
God Save the King.



Albert Edward  
Prince of Wales

5 years.—"If any body...  
said young Mrs. Tor...  
what to do. Make bo...  
the Heart Strings.—"It is...  
to Agree! Physicians...  
is blind," mused the...  
demand is proof of...  
ment Cures Piles...  
said, puzzling over...  
her friend...  
Dr. Von Stan's...  
Cathedral Powder I...  
ROADS...  
al Railway...  
October 20th, 1901, trains...  
LEAVE ST. JOHN...  
IVE AT ST. JOHN...  
D. FOTTINGER...  
Ticket St. John, N.B.

Chat of the Boudoir.

The wise old philosopher anticipated the twentieth century woman's needs when he said that a man should clothe himself beneath his ability, and wife above his ability.

But in these days of woman's independence it is hardly a question of what the husband should do, or may want to do, for he has very little to say about what his wife shall spend on clothes anyway.

The whole scheme of dress has reached a point in luxurious elegance which is quite beyond his jurisdiction as regards any such little matter as expenditure and it is of no use for him to try to comprehend the manifold necessities of a fashionable woman's outfit this season, as there is no limits to her wants or the prices she can pay.

There seems to be a surprising elasticity about the feminine income. The more demands there are on it the more money women seem to be able to spend.

The matter of extravagance is, however, the only point which can come up for adverse criticism, since never before in the history of dress has there been so much to praise in fashions; never such untold variety in styles, such diversity in small accessories dress, or such exquisite beauty in the finish and detail of everything for woman's wear.

There are fashions for the petite woman, modes for the stout and tall women, and fashions for the matron and maiden and none of them draws the line so sharply that there is any diverging path over which two women of different nosh cannot go.

The matrons are especially fortunate in the styles of wraps and coats, which are much better suited to the matronly figure than the very short jackets which dominated dress a little while ago. Generous proportions and elegance in materials are both characteristic in the elderly woman's outfit, it is the i to present her very best appearance, and with the long loose coats, velvets, real laces, and fine fur uses in the construction of fine costumes, she has every opportunity to distinguish herself in dress.

All-velvet costumes have come back to us from the past with all the elegance of modern taste and grace of outline. They appear in black, green, blue and brown, and following in their wake is the orderly velvet gown in the same colors. This is indeed a very stylish material, especially when the gown is made simply with a belt, a collar and plain skirt.

Very becoming, also, are the models of velvet with short skirt and the blouse coat waist, which can be lined with a new wash rent or to give it warmth. Almost invariably there is some strong contrast in the scheme of fashion and it is now this season with the rich velvets and faced cloths, and the heavy shawls so much worn to gowns, hats and coats.

The black velvet coat to wear with any handsome gown irrespective of color, is one of the season's revival in which the matron may rejoice in her dress all winter will admit of that extravagance. For variety in length and style nothing can exceed the coat, as they are of every possible length between the hem of the skirt and the waist line.

One of the most attractive velvet coats is in the Louis XVI style with large cuffs and the usual button-flaps on the hips. A wide collar and cuffs of sable or chinchilla make these coats very becoming. Some of the more expensive is one of the favorite styles. It has a collar finish of the top, from which the long skirt hangs. This is laid in narrow stitched down pleats and fitted almost close to the figure at the back.

The loose silk coats plaited the entire length are also exceedingly good style, and almost all the coats, no matter what material they are made, have some sort of large collar of lace, tucked silk, velvet or embroidery. One of the few exceptions is the Japanese coat modified into very graceful proportions and finished without any collar at all. A flat band of embroidery four inches wide is arranged around the neck, fitting the shoulders, and extends down to the waist line on either side after the style of the genuine Japanese model.

Cardacy velvets are made up very effectively into long and three-quarter coats, but more attractive than all others are the pale tinted cloth coats. White, pale yellow, blue, pink, and biscuit color, are the prevailing tints than which nothing can be more dainty and attractive.

Of course there are evening cloaks of white panne, and light silks of various colors but the cloths are so soft and velvety

in appearance that they quite eclipse the other materials. They are made as simply or as elaborately as you can wish with guipure lace and chiffon platings which give you as dress an evening coat as if the material were finest silk.

Very lovely are some of the light cloth coats made with no lace or chiffon, the only decoration being on the collar and down either side of the revers front, which open or close as you wish. The lining is usually white satin or silk, with embroidery, in which there is some color.

Another decoration is the use of bands of colored silk piped with white, set on in various ways. Pale blue silk bands of white facing of a pale tan coat are very effective, and velvet also may be used in this way.

Deep cape collars of lace are a special feature of outdoor garments, the heavy laces, like Venetian, Irish crochet and guipure, being the favorites. Eorn, lace threaded here and there with black chenille outlining a portion of the pattern, is an effective collar in a case au lait cloth coat shown in the large cut, and the edges are finished with a black ostrich trimming.

The modified kimono shape is carried out very attractively in the light clothes, and then there is the San Toy coat with very wide revers and collar of Oriental embroidery on white satin, which lines the whole garment. Rows of stitching finish the edge.

One pretty imported kimono coat is in dark blue cloth trimmed with the same kind of embroidery in shades of blue on white. This style of coat is usually knee length and it is a success in every sense of the word; and falling quite loose from the shoulders, and in the folds at the back like a wide box plait.

The embroidery covers the small turnover collar and the facing down either side of the front, which is single-breasted and on the cloth side with handsome Brandenburgs of black silk braid.

The Agilon collar appears in some of these long coats, and the sleeves are some variation of the pagoda style widening to flowing shape a little below the elbow and completed with puffed undersleeves of chiffon or lace net gathered into bands of embroidery.

Cloaks of the loose paletot style with very large sleeves, worn fifty years ago, are revived again. In fact, there is no dominant style of cloak this season. It is any thing and everything that is best suited to your especial style.

The small, short woman should shun the loose three-quarter coats as she would the plague if she does not want to look a guy. It is well for her to remember that she is most attractive when she wears garments in keeping with her size.

She needs to emphasize her dainty outlines rather than conceal them with voluminous folds of supfluous material. So if she would be becomingly dressed in a long coat it must be fitted to her figure at the back. But there are coats and coats, and there are quite as many short ones from which to choose.

The Russian blouse and the Norfolk jacket are both in favor, the latter especially so for the short skirted costume, and then there are close fitting coats with short basques rounding from the front over a lacy vest of embroidered cloth or velvet.

The Norfolk jackets are box plaited, the plaits extending below the belt to form the short basque, and their special feature this season is the Bstenburg decoration of heavy silk braid down the front. Heavy silk braids are very much used and in a great variety of ways, especially in all the shaggy, hairy fabrics on which any more delicate trimming would be lost. Silk galleon sewn in velvet in short diagonal lines which meet in the centre makes a pretty vest in one jaunty little coat.

The three-quarter coat, which fits well over the hips, is one good choice, especially for the tailor gown, for which this coat is the only bodice. It is sometimes made in the Newmark batyle fitting the figure quite close to a little below the waist line, where the long basque is sewn on. This is the sort of coat which has the hip pockets, or an appearance of pockets.

The present fashion in coats is not confined to outdoor garments by any means, since they are made of brocaded silks and worn with skirts of lace and chiffon. Velvet coats are also worn with the same diaphanous skirts, which are sometimes trimmed with tiny bands of fur.

Very little things often turn the whole tide of fashion and the fête which was held at Trianon last summer is said to have been the active influence which brought back the Louis XVI and Louis XV modes, of which these coats are a special feature. They are made not only of velvet and silk, but of lace as well and worn with velvet skirts, or skirts of crepe de chine.

A more practical combination is seen in morning suits and the young lady. Th

skirt is of light tan cloth and the tight-fitting coat, with long basques, is of brown velvet. The collar and revers are covered with mink, the pocket flaps edged fur, and handsome old silver buttons are the finish.

Entire velvet costumes are made with a coat which almost covers the handsome skirt. An imported example of this kind of dress is in amethyst color, embroidered around the hem with silks of the same shade. The coat fits the figure closely and is embellished with incrustations of guipure as well as embroidery. A cape of velvet, also embroidered, falls well over the shoulders.

Some of the long evening coats have a deep cape which covers the arms, giving more space for decoration as well as more warmth to the garment. One style of the long-coat costume is carried out in a dark purple cloth and trimmed with handsome black silk braid.

It is the style of long coat which may be recommended to almost any figure, as it is a belted Russian blouse with the added basque in long panels. It pounces a little in front, which is almost always becoming, the collar is of stitched velvet, and the revers, of white satin striped with black braid, are drawn together with a scarf of silk.

Years of Suffering.

HOW RELIEF CAME TO THOMAS FINDLAY, OF PETROLIA.

He Had Suffered for Forty Years from Dyspepsia—Food Became Distasteful and Stomach Cramps Made Life a Burden.

From the Topic, Petrolia, Ont. Few men in Petrolia are better known than Mr. Thomas Findlay, who has resided here nearly forty years. In 1862 Mr. Findlay came here, and before the railroad connected with Petrolia he drove a stage coach bringing the early oil men. When the railroad came here Mr. Findlay engaged in the oil business, but later he suffered from an ailment that had his hands

permanently. After recovering from this Mr. Findlay was appointed constable and night watchman for the town, which office he held during thirty years past. This accident was by no means Mr. Findlay's worst misfortune. From early youth he had been a martyr to dyspepsia, which finally became so bad that he looked forward to death as a merciful release.

Happening to hear that Mr. Findlay had found complete relief from his lifelong foe, a Topic reporter visited on him to find if this was true. Mr. Findlay was only too glad to tell his story, hoping its publication might help some other sufferer. 'I am a pretty old man now, said Mr. Findlay, but I cannot remember the time when I was not in pain from pernicious dyspepsia and stomach trouble until lately. As a young man on the farm I suffered all sorts of pains with it; food would sour on my stomach and violent vomiting spells would follow. As I grew older my sufferings increased. I could not eat anything but the simplest kind of food, and little of that. My system became badly run down and I grew so weak that I really looked forward to death as a release from my misery.

One after another I tried doctors and medicines, but could get no relief then in despair I concluded to quit all and await the end. Meanwhile my condition became worse. Violent cramps attacked my legs, prostrating me for a time. They became worse and more frequent until they one day attacked my stomach, and I thought my end had come. Unable to move and in agony I was driven home, as I thought to die, but after an injection of morphine I gradually recovered. From that time on the cramps increased in frequency and violence. Nothing gave me relief except the temporary immunity from pain afforded by morphine. I became so weak from pure starvation, that death stared me in the face. Finally a friend said: 'Why don't you try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills? What's the use? I said, I've tried everything and just got worse all the time. Well, she said, you try a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, they cured me, and I believe they will do you

good.' Well, I purchased a box and started taking them. After a little I thought they helped me, so I kept on taking them for a couple of months when I felt I was recovered after so many years of suffering. My strength came back, my stomach recovered its power, and I was able to eat anything I fancied, and once more could enjoy life. This is nearly two years ago, and I was cured to stay cured. I have never had a sick day since or known the slightest stomach trouble. I am confident I would be a dead man now if it were not for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—nothing else ever helped me.'

The old adage, 'experience is the best teacher,' might well be applied in cases of dyspepsia, and if sufferers would only be guided by the experience of those who have suffered but are now well and happy through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, there would be less distress throughout the land. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can be had at all dealers in medicine or by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Preferred The Old Way.

Mrs. Bradbury was instructing the new cook, who was not only new, but as green as her own Emerald Isle. One morning the mistress went into the kitchen and found Katie weeping over a pan of onions.

'Oh, you're having a harder time than you need to have, Katie, said she. 'Always peel onions under water.'

Indeed, ma'am, said Katie, I'm the last one to do that, asking yer pardon. My brother Mick was always diving and picking up stones from the bottom. It's little he couldn't do under water, it was tying his shoes or writing a letter; but me I'm that onaisy in it I'd be getting me mouth full and drowning entirely. So if ye please, ma'am, I'll pale them the same old way I've always been accustomed to, and dhray me tears afterwards.

In the French chamber of deputies discussing South African affairs, one of the speakers called Mr. Chamberlain a coward and an assassin. He was called to order.



Music and The Drama

Scout's son is a Princeton. Phoebe Davies is ill in London. Sadie Martinot will close the road on Nov. 9. A dinner party is a feature given by lions in London. Haddon Chambers is a comedy of serious interest. A new theatre in Cleveland voted wholly to the Hebrew. Blanche Walsh will perform during all her southern tour. Henry Miller will appear the Guards at the Savoy the ton.

Charles E. Evans of A. Fame, has a new comedy, 'Kylie Belle' opened his Gentleman of France at Oct. 30.

The condition of Blanche will at the Mercy hospital, I to continue serious.

The Sultan of Sooloo, a by George Ade, is to be produced at Castle Square people.

Clyde Fitch's play 'The World' has been copyrighted under the title of 'The Crooked Hall' Caine was elected member of the House of Representatives of the Isle of Man.

Frederick Ward is using tragedy, 'Horatius,' the author Miss Vera Woods.

Grace Huntington is preparing a starting tour in Eastern will open two weeks hence.

Winchester Edward M. lar war play, is packing the Y., Grand opera house.

Blanch Walsh has a new drama entitled 'La Madeline' produce this season.

Edna Wallace Hopper the will of her mother, the cyclone Danmair, is about to appear.

Sybil Sanderson was a phis on Saturday and was with the Grand Opera company.

Brigham Royce has been James K. Hackett for a in his forthcoming production Ambassador.

E. H. Sothorn announced appear in Richard Lovell season. Laurence Irving visited the play.

Helen Henschel, a daughter Mrs. George Henschel, in her debut in London as a al songs and lieder.

Two plays by Maur called 'Sister Beatrice' and 'Bluebird,' have been translated by Bernard Miall.

James O'Neill, Jr., m Albert in Monte Cristo, father, at Waterbury, C and was successful in the

A comic opera, has just in London called Meinot er's son, which, as the m version of 'The Lady of

George Alexander w Wilde's play. The [imp Ernest. He will not p Francesca until the spring.

H. V. Esmond's new mentalist, was produced York's theatre 'London Lewis Waller in the lead

Minnie Tracy has been cess in Stockholm. London with Sousa's b part of the triumph of the

Robert Taber is credited hit in Isaac The Mummy and the produced by Charles W

Julius Witmark of the firm of M Witmark & S on Nov. 5, to Carrie J Somerset hotel Boston

John Davidson, the play out of the story of for Mrs. Lewis Waller work upon a Ruy B Waller.

There is said to be a actors and singers in G with the present system appear in public her own names.

Walter Damrosch w time on the tour of the the orchestration of his gerc, which is completing touches.

POOR COPY

## Music and The Drama

### TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Santa's son is a Princeton student. Phoebe Davies is ill in Indianapolis. Sadie Martinot will close her season on the road on Nov. 9.

A dinner party is a feature of an act given by lions in London.

Madison Chambers is engaged on a comedy of serious interest.

A few theatre in Cleveland is to be devoted wholly to the Hebrew drama.

Blanche Walsh will present Janice Meredith during all her southern tour.

Henry Miller will appear in D'Arcy of the Guards at the Savoy theatre this season.

Charles E. Evans of A Parlor Match fame, has a new comedy called John Doe.

Kyle B. Howe opened his season in A Gentleman of France at Ottawa, Ont., Oct. 30.

The condition of Blanche Bates, who is ill at the Mercy hospital, Detroit, is said to continue serious.

The Sultan of Sooloo, a Filipino opera, by George Ade, is to be produced by the Castle Square people.

Clyde Fitch's play The Way of the World has been copyrighted in London under the title of The Crocodiles.

Hall Caine was elected last week a member of the House of Keys, the Parliament of the Isle of Man.

Frederick Ward is using a new Roman tragedy, Horatius, the author of which is Miss Vera Woods.

Grace Huntington is preparing to start on a starring tour in East Lynne. She will open two weeks hence.

Winchester Edward McWade's popular war play, is packing the Brooklyn, N. Y., Grand opera house.

Blanch Walsh has a new play by H. J. Dore entitled La Madeline, which she will produce this season.

Edna Wallace Hoppers inheritance by the will of her mother, the late Mrs. Josephine Danmair, is about \$200,000.

Sybil Sanderson was taken ill at Memphis on Saturday and was unable to appear with the Grau Opera company there.

Brigham Royce has been engaged by James K. Hackett for a prominent part in his forthcoming production, A Chance Ambassador.

E. H. Southern announces that he will appear in Richard Lovelace again this season. Laurence Irving, author has revised the play.

Helen Henschel, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Henschel, is soon to make her debut in London as a singer of national songs and lieder.

Two plays by Maurice Maeterlinck, called Sister Beatrice and Adriane and Bluebird, have been translated into English by Bernard Miall.

James O'Neill, Jr., made his debut as Albert in Monte Cristo, in support of his father, at Waterbury, Conn., Oct. 23, and was successful in the part.

A comic opera has just been produced in London called Meinotte, the Gardener's son, which, as the name implies, is a version of The Lady of Lyons.

George Alexander will revive Oscar Wilde's play. The Importance of Being Earnest. He will not produce Paolo and Francesca until the spring.

H. V. Esmond's new play, The Sentimentalist, was produced at the Duke of York's theatre London Oct. 26, with Lewis Waller in the leading role.

Minnie Tracy has been singing with success in Stockholm. She appeared in London with Sousa's band and enjoyed a part of the triumph of that occasion.

Robert Taker is credited with a pronounced hit in Isaac Henderson's play, The Mummy and the Humming Bird, produced by Charles Wyndham in London.

Julius Witmark of the music publishing firm of M. Witmark & Sons, was married on Nov. 5, to Carrie J. Rosenberg at the Somerset hotel Boston Mass.

John Davidson, the poet, is to make a play out of the story of Daudet's Siphon for Mrs. Lewis Waller. He is also at work upon a Ruy Bias play for Lewis Waller.

There is said to be a movement among actors and singers in Germany to do away with the present system of aliases and to appear in public hereafter under their own names.

Walter Damrosch will devote his spare time on the tour of the opera company to the orchestration of his Cyrano de Bergerac, which is completed but for these finishing touches.

Catherine Fisher, the little ingenue of the Boyle Stock company in Nashville, won the praise of the critics in that city by her clever work in the roles she has played this season.

Mrs. Leslie Carter will begin rehearsals in a few days for DaBarry, the new play which David Blasco has written for her, and in which she will appear this season on under his management.

In Paris Mme. Bernhardt will give classical and literary matinees on Thursdays and among the pieces which she will revive are Lorenzaccio, La Ville Mortie, Andremanique and Phedre.

Robert Edison's stellar debut next season under the management of Henry B. Harris, will be made in a dramatization by Augustus Thomas of Richard Harding Davis' novel, Soldiers of Fortune.

Manager Frank McKee has bought and will soon produce the new play entitled Ninety and Nine, of which Ramsay Morris is the author. The play was suggested by Ira D. Sankey's well known hymn of the same name.

An inscription I read in a dressing room in the old Baldwin theatre, San Francisco, says Frank Daniels, 'is very true in many cases in the theatrical profession. It reads: 'Aging the rich keeps actors poor.'

Blanche Marchesi will begin a tour of the English provinces October 28. Her associate artists will be Ethel Clegg, Gregory Hart, Atherton Smith, Hilda Gee and Archy Rosenthal, with Algora Lindo as accompanist.

Katherine Hickert, who was a prominent member of the stock companies in Philadelphia and New York nearly half a century ago, has been admitted to the Edwin Forrest Home. She recently celebrated her 77th birthday.

Walter Reynolds, who dramatized The Sin of a Life, from Ouida's Wanda, says he tried to see Miss De La Romaine personally, but was assured that she was in some remote corner of the Carpathians. He is now in trouble over the adaptation.

Howard Gould and his company under the management of W. M. Wilkinson, opened their tour in Brother Officers in Louisville, Oct. 17 and won a decided success.

The Louisville press was unanimous in praise of play, company and production.

The German theatre in London has secured the Berlin actress, Frau Lilli Pansa Schwendemann, who will play the principal female parts in Ludwig's Fuld's Twin Sisters, Oscar Halbe's new drama, Hans Rosenhagen, and Ibsen's Hedda Gabler.

Richard Yea and Nay, by Maurice

Howlett, has been dramatized for B'er bohnn Tree, Ippolita of the Hill, one of the Little Novels of Italy, of the same writer, has also been adapted for the stage, and has been secured by H. B. Irving for Dorrothen Baird.

Mme. Nordica will arrive in this country during the first week in November. She will be heard in song recitals and concerts with orchestras. Gregory Hart, the English tenor, who is coming here in the same week.

Emma Nevada is to arrive in this country in November and will remain for six months giving concerts in America and Mexico. She will be accompanied by Fabb Casale, an adolescent Italian violinist; M. M. Guarre, a flutist, and Leon Moreau, a pianist.

George R. Sims, the famous English journalist and playwright, was married recently to Florence Wykes, a chorus girl in one of George Edwardes' companies.

Mae Melba has been singing in Scotland, and will give concerts on the continent after January.

Ward and Vokes have a burlesque on war dramas in The Head Waiters, which is said to be funny. Ward is Gen. Shortstreet, Vokes is General Crooker and George Sidaey is a field orderly. The burlesque runs about 20 minutes and is called A Fight to a Finish.

Arthur Bourchier intends to produce soon in London H. V. Esmond's My Lady Virus, a play by Anthony Hope, and an adaptation of Re's Rouge, which has nothing to do with Stanley Weyman's Under the Red Robe. It was played recently in Paris by Reiane.

R. L. Giffen, who has been James K. Hackett's business manager since the opening of the present season, resigned from the position last week, and Mr. Hackett engaged as his successor Richard Dorney, for many years the right hand man of the late Augustin Daly.

Charles B. Hanford has opened his starring tour in a revival of The Taming of the Shrew, under the management of Deleber & Brennan. His spirited portrayal of Petruchio is considered superior even to his Mare Antony in Julius Caesar. The Katherine of Miss Helen Grantly is cordially praised.

Geraldine Farrar, the soprano, who recently sang in Faust in the Royal opera house in Berlin, is a daughter of Sid Farrar, the former baseball player, and was prepared for the operatic stage by Emma Thursby. She sang in Berlin in Italia, although the rest of the performance was in German. She was kiddily re-

## PROBATE COURT

### CITY AND COUNTY OF SAINT JOHN PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK

To the Sheriff of the City and County of St. John or any Constable of the said City and County—GREETING:

WHEREAS William H. Moran of the City and County of Saint John aforesaid, Gentleman, and Mary E. Furlong, of the City of Saint John, in the City and County aforesaid, wife of the said Furlong, of the said City of Saint John, Executor and Executrix named in the last Will and Testament of Robert Ritchie, late of the said City of Saint John, Merchant, deceased, have by their petition, dated the Eleventh day of September, A. D. 1901, and presented to the Court, and now filed with the Registrar of this Court, prayed that the said last Will and Testament may be proved in Solemn Form, and an order of this Court being made that such prayer be complied with:

YOU ARE THEREFORE required to cite the following next of kin, devisees and legatees of the said Robert Ritchie, deceased, namely:

Robert J. Ritchie, G. Ocker, resident in the said City of Saint John.

Thomas Furlong, resident in the said City of Saint John.

Mary E. Furlong, wife of the said Thomas Furlong, resident in the said City of Saint John;

Edward Furlong, infant, aged one year and ten months, resident in the said City of Saint John;

And all other next of kin of the said Robert Ritchie, deceased, if any, and all persons interested, and all others whom it may concern, to appear before me at a Court of Probate to be held in and for the City and County of Saint John at the Probate Court Room, in the Pagsley Building (so called) in the said City of Saint John on Monday the TWENTY FIRST day of OCTOBER next at ELEVEN o'clock in the forenoon, to attend and take such other part with regard to the proving of the said last Will and Testament in Solemn Form, as they may see fit, with full power to oppose said last Will and Testament being so proved or otherwise as they and every one of them may deem right.

The Petitioners affirm the validity of the said Will and Testament. Given under my hand and the seal of the said Probate Court this Eleventh day of September, A. D. 1901.

(Sgd.) ARTHUR L. TRUEMAN, Judge of Probate.

(Sgd.) JOHN McMILLAN, Registrar of Probate.

(Sgd.) H. A. MCKEOWN, Proctor for Petitioners.

Franz Schalk, who has been for a year at the Imperial opera house at Vienna, has succeeded so well to the place left vacant by the retirement of Hans Richter that his contract with the theatre has been renewed for a term of years. He conducted the majority of the operatic performances given last season at the opera house.



## Notice to Mariners.

No. 56 of 1901.

### DOMINION OF CANADA, New Brunswick

#### I. Gannet Rock Light—Temporary Change in Character.

To permit of repairs to the revolving mechanism, the light on Gannet rock, in the Bay of Fundy, will show as a fixed white light, from and after 1st September, 1901, until repairs can be completed. It is expected that the flashing of the light will not be interrupted for more than three weeks. Notice will be given of the resumption of the fixed and flashing characteristics of the light.

Lat. N. 44 deg., 30 n. 38.

Long. W. 66 deg., 46 n. 57s.

This notice temporarily affects Admiralty charts Nos. 2639, 352, 1851 and 2670; Bay of Fundy Pilot, 1891, page 274; and Canadian list of lights and fog signals, 1901, No. 3.

#### II. Richibucto Harbor Light Changed.

Two pole lights established by the government of Canada on the south beach at the entrance to Richibucto harbor, Strait of Northumberland coast of New Brunswick, were put in operation on the 1st instant.

The lights are fixed white, shown from pressed sea lanterns hoisted on poles, and should be visible three miles from all points of approach.

The front light is elevated 34 feet above high water mark. The mast is 26 feet high, and stands 112 feet back from the water, at a point 258 feet southeastwardly from the front light of the old Richibucto harbor range.

Approximate position, from Admiralty chart No. 2430.

Lat. N. 46 deg. 42 n. 42s.

Long. W. 64 deg. 45 n. 5s.

The back light is elevated 37 feet above high water mark. The mast is 37 feet high and stands 263 feet S. 1/2 W. from the front one.

The two lights in one, bearing S. 1/2 W., lead to the black can buoy in 4 1/2 fathoms that marks the southern limit of the anchorage outside the bar.

They also lead between the buoys marking the channel over the bar which carries 12 feet of water, to the red can buoy which marks the sharp turn of the channel to the westward inside the bar. After passing the turning buoy the course up the shore between the north and south beaches is N. W. by W. 1/2 W. From this point up to the town the somewhat tortuous channel is marked by buoys.

At the same time that these range lights were established the red back light of the old Richibucto harbor range, on the same south beach, was discontinued, as the alignment now gives only 2 feet water over the bar, but the front white light is yet maintained to guide up from the turn above described.

Variation approximately 24 deg. W.

This notice affects Admiralty charts Nos. 2199, 2034 and 1851; St. Lawrence Pilot, Vol. II, 1895, page 82; and Canadian list of lights, 1901, the two new lights being entered under the numbers, 529 and 530; the present No. 529 becoming No. 561, and the present No. 530 and the remarks opposite the two being struck out.

F. GOURDEAU, Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries, Ottawa, Canada, 8th August, 1901.

All bearings, unless otherwise noted, are magnetic and are given from seaward, miles are nautical miles, heights are above high water, and all depths are at mean low water.

Pilots, masters, or others interested are earnestly requested to send information of dangers, changes in aids to navigation, notices of new shoals or channels, error in publications, or any other facts affecting the navigation of Canadian waters to the Chief Engineer, Department of Marine and Fisheries, Ottawa, Canada.

## APIOL & STEEL PILLS

A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITY

Composed of Bitter Apple, Fl. Cocoa, Peppermint, etc.

Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C. or Martin Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton, England.

Editorial Responsibility.

The troubles of the literary man are seldom better exemplified than in the case of the seedy-looking poet who wandered into an English newspaper office, venturing to hope that the editor would accept his offering.

'Give me your address,' said the editor. 'That, sir,' was the frank reply, 'depends on yourself.'

'On myself?' said the astonished editor. 'How so?'

'Well, you see,' went on the unabashed poet, 'it's this way: if you take the poem my address will remain 77 King Street; if you don't take it I shall have no address. My landlady is a woman of her word.'

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c.

Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.



JOHN M. LYONS, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Montreal, N. B., October 3, 1901.

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

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

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY NOV. 9.

A PICTURESQUE POINTE.

ANDUR RAHMAN, the late Amser of Afghanistan, was a picturesque and powerful figure. It is no easy thing to be the ruler of a buffer state separating such jealous neighbors as England and Russia. Nor is it a small contract to maintain authority over four million fierce tribesmen, to whom fighting is a pastime and the perpetuation of tribal feuds a part of the moral law.

In the case of ANDUR RAHMAN, both difficulties were increased by the circumstances in which he came to the throne, twenty one years ago. His uncle, SHER ALI had been driven from the country by England; and YAKUB KHAN, who succeeded him, was almost immediately dethroned and carried away to India, as a punishment for the massacre of a British mission at Kabul.

ANDUR RAHMAN, who had been living an exile in Russian territory, supported by the czar, crossed the border and proclaimed himself emperor. He had to conquer the allegiance of the Afghans, and to overcome the distrust of England; he did both. He was, of course, a despot. He could not have maintained himself otherwise. Viewed only as he appeared when dispensing rough justice among malefactors at Kabul, ordering this one to be hanged and that one to be beheaded, he might have seemed a cruel despot; but he was the way of the Orient are not the ways of the Occident.

He had the national spirit of a patriot and the far-sightedness of a statesman. He saw how contrived to cement the warring tribes into a nation. He had them drilled after European methods. He built cartridge factories and rifle factories, and set up also more peaceful industries. Foreigners who met him found him a courteous and fascinating gentleman. He even ventured into letters and his autobiography has recently been published.

Habibullah, the ameer's eldest son, who has been proclaimed his successor, is the son of a slave woman. He is about thirty years old. He has an impediment in his speech, which is an awkward infirmity for a man who will have occasion to speak quickly as well as to act resolutely. Much depends upon his ability to maintain his father's prestige. His accession opens the way to domestic intrigues and foreign complications of the gravest sort.

SMALL POX.

The spread of small-pox in the city has given rise to considerable alarm. The number of cases have been gradually increasing and it looks now as if it would be some time before the epidemic were stamped out.

The one encouraging feature is that all the new cases reported in the first two weeks have come from quarters under quarantine. The general public has been kept away from the place most affected and the disease in that institution seems to have obtained quite a foothold. This is most regrettable and has led to considerable criticism. It was hoped that this building had got rid of the small pox as it was fully two weeks between the last case reported from there up to Tuesday of this week when another patient was discovered.

There have been many complaints about the way the disease is being handled as far as the quarantine arrangements are concerned. Many of the criticisms are no doubt unjustifiable. There may have been some mistakes made, but the public believe that the Board of Health have done as well under the circumstances as possible. The disease is a most contagious one and so a very difficult enemy to fight, and persons should remember this before making any

(ault finding remarks.

The epidemic though becoming numerous is of a mild type and all the patients are doing well. The public not being accustomed to the disease has quite naturally become alarmed, but there is no occasion for any great excitement.

The doctors and the nurses who have so gallantly given themselves up to looking after the afflicted deserve much commendation. Their work is a noble one and it is work that cannot be over-estimated.

The public should lend every assistance to the putting down of the disease and this they can do in no better way than by seeing that vaccination is thoroughly carried out. Everyone owes it to himself, his neighbor and his country to be vaccinated at once. If this is done, small-pox cannot make much head way.

Tammany received a bad whipping on Tuesday last, when it failed not only to elect its mayor but also a single member of its ticket. It will be some time before the tiger will be able to recover from its severe defeat. And if it be true that Tammany only hoped to retain power by corruption its beating is all the greater as it will not have an opportunity again to put its operations into effect. Mr. Low who was elected mayor has a good reputation. He is learned, independent and rich. New York may naturally feel quite hopeful of better government in the future.

The death of LI HUNG CHANG, which occurred on Thursday, removes from the world's stage of statesmen a leading and shining light. LI HUNG will be regarded by Christian nations the greatest man that the Chinese Empire has yet produced. As a diplomatist he stood in the very front ranks and considering the difficulties under which he had to labor, he may well be regarded as a great man. For a Chinaman he was exceptionally great.

Some reminiscences of Mr. GLADSTONE's latter years, published in the Nineteenth Century and After, recall a remarkable conversation between the aged statesman and FISHER WILMERFORCE. They were speaking of the church, and of the fidelity and unselfishness of her servants. 'It has been my lot,' said Mr. GLADSTONE, 'to dispose of some fifty preferments in the church—higher preferments, I mean, such as bishoprics and deaneries. Not one of the men I have appointed has ever asked me for anything. That is the literal and absolute fact, and I don't know that anything could be said more honorable to the Church of England as a body.'

In the Victoria History of the County of Norfolk, England, the author quotes a note concerning the cod, from an old work on British fishes, which says that on a midsummer eve one was captured in Lynn Doope and brought to the vic-chancellor of Cambridge. In its stomach was found a book in three treatises. The date of the discovery was 1625. Can it be that the scarcity of cod in the present year is to be explained by the fact that the fish have been indulging in a literary diet, as did their esteemed predecessor, and with fatal effect? A few yellow journals may have been eaten by mistake.

When is a cigarette not a cigarette? When it is a pipe. The answer to the conundrum was given by English magistrates. The taking of a tobacco pipe into a certain mine was prohibited. A partly smoked cigarette was found in a workman's pocket. The man was arraigned and fined. The judges held that a paper charged with tobacco was a pipe within the meaning of the rule. It was an instance of applied common sense. Human life is of more value than literal construction. The petty court was merely illustrating a working principle observed in tribunals of a more august organization and a larger jurisdiction.

President ROOSEVELT'S independence of thought and action was illustrated recently in a manner pleasant to record. He bought three fine, high stepping horses for use in his carriage at Washington. 'He was particular about having long tailed horses,' said the man of whom he bought them. 'He insisted that they should not be docked. It made no difference to him that short tailed horses are considered more fashionable.'

'What is the advantage of knowing a foreign language, anyway?' demanded the aggressively American woman.

'Why, it enables you to say unkind things about a great many people right in their presence,' answered the wise one.

'You are the apple of my eye, declared the Fortune Hunter to the Wise Heiress.

'I think, missed the Wise Heiress, that I will keep my eye peeled, nevertheless. Naturally, this evidence of astuteness on her part thrilled him to the core.

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW.

The Football Clubhouse. The boy stood on the football field, Whence a ball he had kicked; The rooster's shouting echoed 'er The dying and the dead.

His hair hung down into his eyes— Such of it as was left— For sad, he said, as on the sweep, Of it he had been bereft.

One arm hung limp by his side, And flattered as he roared; His teeth, like mine, were in the wind, Were scattered O'er the sod.

His shirt was torn across the chest, His pants ripped at the knees, His shoes clogging sadly to his feet, Like mine, like mine, like mine.

Yet beautiful, and bright he stood, While all around him lay, Were fragments of the centre rush, The fall of a quarter back.

The tackle on the goal post was hung; The grid was down, and the crowd, In ambivalence which were called Quite early in the fray.

And here and there a center blade, And ears on every side, With hands, feet, and locks of hair, All urgent to die.

But still he stood amidst the wreck, O, that his tongue could tell How bravely he essayed to speak, And give his college yell!

His father called him from the box, His mother from the stand, Yet ever nobly stood he there, A football in his hand.

The other side was lining up, With only a howl and scream, 'Come on,' he mumbled, toothless, 'I'll buck the centre team!'

They formed a ring wedge, and hurled The ball on his head, And when they saw him in shoes and legs Were waving in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound, The boy—Oh, where was he? Asked of the other team, that left With release, chest and eye.

Ask of the other team, and learn, 'State what the referee said, and as wide As Boston since annexation.

And projects out of radiators For the county examination.

Her weary head sank low on her neck, And her weariness still lower, For some of her pupils had little brains, And she could do no more.

She looked at the clock, and saw she did, And her spirit went to Heaven, And they met her there with a question fair: 'State what the referee said, and as wide As Boston since annexation.

And projects out of radiators For the county examination.

She came to the spot where they buried her bones, And the ground was well built over; One platted bench had the cover, A couple of gates, was open, by Fans to look at the oysters, And picking the shell up, looked through the eye.

And saw it was lined with figures.

The Old Wedding. He shames by each sunny afternoon, His portly form in shirt and a spectre His face he wears as the line moon; Quoth he is his nether.

Out of his eyes the dancing light is gone; Out of his blood the warmest warmth that thrill'd; Out of his hair the curls that once questur'd; When fancy would it.

Prud was his port of duty his errand; His days and nights of wed with song and laughter; He never dreamed that these would pass away; And this came after.

He courted pleasure and he courted it still; He asked no friends and loved, and these were given; He craved all worldly good and had his fill; He sought not heaven.

His friends have with him never to return; His easy, careless, all his heart's desire; His passions only in their members live; None is his heir.

For him the ventime has brought no light; His shining here, his glory here, as a hum; The oak will bear the weight of a nut; Earth will not miss him.

Has, the life that has no upward look, No sacrifice of self, his heart's desire; His taste he craves like the best book, Bitter forever!

EDWARD N. PEMBER Y.

For a quarter century ago, the telephone, And business men were then in Central's circuit; His streets were lit at night by gas lamps, and the electric light.

A quarter century ago, the X-ray was unknown, That shows you now your skeleton in detail, bone by bone.

A quarter century ago, the ray automobile Has not been tried, and the law bedrope the cycle wheel.

A quarter century ago, no ship had been seen, And the record as a first stood with poor Dan's Green.

A quarter century ago, no business firm out west Had said: 'You press the button, and we will do the rest.'

A quarter century ago, in the schools they bloomed And no sign of the New News, on the far horizon loomed.

A quarter century ago, in the schools they used the satchel, And Sundays almost every one dressed up and went to church.

In fact a quarter century ago, the world was rather slow, Compared with what it is today, and is going to be, you know.

And that suggests the question: What prophet now can fix The limit of the wonders of 1925?

'But wasn't it an awful noise when the powder magazine exploded near your house yesterday?'

'I didn't hear it. You see, the woman's club met at my house yesterday afternoon!'

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

News of the Passing Week.

Seth Low was elected Mayor of New York on Tuesday.

The Canadian Manufacturers' association in session in Montreal have decided to ask for increase in cotton tariff.

Gov. Fawke's day was celebrated on Tuesday by the orangemen holding banquets.

It is announced that the duke of Cornwall and York will shortly receive the title of Prince of Wales.

In a quarrel Monday night at Marietta, Ohio, between Harry Cooper and John Robinson, proprietor of the Court street hotel, Cooper shot and killed Robinson. Cooper is under arrest. He is the son of a wealthy oil man of Waverly, W. Va.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says an unknown man gained an interview with Lieut. Gen. Kleigel, the prefect of police, under pretence of presenting a petition, and shot at him with a revolver before he was overpowered. The general was not wounded.

A negro whose name has not yet been ascertained, was burned at the stake in Perry county, Miss., Saturday night. The crime for which the negro was burned was committed early Saturday morning. Mrs. Forberry, the wife of a prominent country resident, was the victim.

The pilotage commission of North Sydney, N. S., at a meeting held Monday, fined several pilots and suspended others for neglect of duty. Pilot William Ratcliff, who has charge of the steamer Manchester Skipper, when she ran aground on Petrie's ledges, lanced in his resignation.

Orders have been issued by the militia department for a royal salute to be fired today in honor of the King's birthday at the following stations: St. John, Halifax, Charlottetown, Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, London and Winnipeg.

John Lee, of Highgate, Ont., a Liberal, has been elected by acclamation to succeed the late Robert Ferguson (Liberal) as member of the Ontario legislative assembly for E. St. Kent.

Sir Michael Hicks Beach, Cancellor of the Exchequer, in a speech at Bristol, Monday, said that he might have to ask the people to bear even greater burdens and to make greater sacrifices next year.

E. P. Lyons of Montreal, has entered an application for libel against Capt. Frank Fisher, of the Victoria Rifles. Lyons had already served on a suit against \$15,000 against Fisher for alienation of his wife's affection.

Le Temps of Ottawa, and La Presse of Montreal referred to William Gibson, of Aylmer, as an Orangeman. He is a Catholic and sued them for libel. The judge awarded him \$100 damages in each case.

According to the census the French Canadian population of the maritime provinces has increased nearly 50,000 in ten years.

R. V. Mgr. Murphy, of Halifax, died Monday aged 58 years. He leaves six brothers, one a priest of St. Patrick's church, Halifax, another a R. C. chaplain, father in law; two are in business in Halifax, and two others live in Ireland; one sister is superioress of a convent in Mexico.

John Patrick Parrell Cabill, a former baseball player, familiarly known as 'White Wings', and the original 'Casey' and 'Casey at the bat,' is dead at Pleasanton, Cal. His death was due to consumption.

No additional cases of the plague had been officially reported in Glasgow up to a late hour Friday night. Two hundred employees of the Central Station Hotel are confined to the hotel precincts for observation.

At Greenwood La., 14 miles from Shreveport, Wash Rawlins, colored, entered the home of Victoria Anderson, colored, and found her in the company of Chas. Williams, colored. He shot Victoria Anderson dead and Williams was fatally wounded. Rawlins then killed himself.

The London Standard publishes the following from its Shanghai correspondent:

As a result of the violent opposition to the viceroys to the Manchurian convention it is said the Empress Dowager notified Li Hung Chang of her resolution to denounce it and that Li Hung Chang, on hearing this became ill.

A man registered as W. J. Conley was found dead in a room on the second floor of the Crawford House, Boston, Friday. In the room was a letter addressed to E. C. Conley, Greenville, N. H. Beside him was a 34 calibre revolver. Two bullets had pierced his left breast. The police know of no motive for the suicide.

John E. Raymond, Patrick A. McLaugh and Thomas O'Donnell, the Irish Nationalists, who are visiting this country in behalf of the United Irish League, were tendered a formal reception in New York by the citizens' committee which has charge of the entertainment of the visitors. An elaborate address of welcome was read by Thomas H. Rosnyne.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the Wm. McKimley national memorial arch association in Washington, it was determined on motion of Sec. Gage, the treasurer of the association, to attempt to raise \$1,500,000 for construction of the proposed arch. Material progress was reported by the executive committee in the work of preparation for raising subscriptions.

The manifesto of Gen. Bartolomeo Maso in declaring himself a candidate for the presidency of Cuba, has caused a stir in political circles in Havana. It is generally admitted that he will prove a strong candidate if he receives the support of the autonomist party. El Diario de la Marina, the organ of the autonomists, commends the manifesto.

At Piquash, near Halifax, Friday morning a fatal stabbing affray took place, and as a result Charles McCulley, 26 years, is dead, and John A. McCarthy, 35, is under arrest charged with murdering him. The men had been attending a Halloween celebration and on their return home they engaged in a fight during which M. C. C. received the wounds which caused his death.

Fred Lee Rice was convicted in Toronto Friday on charge of murdering William Boyd. Rice is the only survivor of the notorious trio of Aurora bank burglars. The murder occurred on the 4th of June last. Boyd and another constable were escorting the three prisoners to the jail when some one threw two loaded revolvers into their carriage. In the fight which followed Constable Boyd was shot through the head.

The name of 'Sackville' is figuring in strange investigations which are occupying the attention of the courts in Madrid. A lawyer has applied to the courts to recognize the legitimacy of a child, who claims to be the son of a certain Lord Sackville, secretary of legation at Madrid, about the year 1853. The claimant alleges that the diplomatist married a well known Spanish dancer, Pepita Aurora, and had three daughters and a son by the marriage, but the marriage register was subsequently tampered with and the name of Pepita Aurora's dancing master, Antonio de la Oliva was substituted for the original entry.

A captive balloon which escaped from San Francisco with five people aboard

(Continued on page eight.)

Cook's Cotton Root Compound is successfully used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Safe, effective, Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Takes no other, as all mixtures, pills and imitations are dangerous. Price, No. 1, \$1 per box; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, \$1 per box. No. 1 or 2 mailed on receipt of price and two-cent stamps. The Cook Company Windsor, Ont. No. 1 and 2 sold and recommended by all responsible Druggists in Canada.

No. 1—No. 2 are sold in St. John by all responsible Druggists.

Sanctor Pontier was killed in a fight with the Marquis de Sade. Sanctor Pontier was killed in a fight with the Marquis de Sade.

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BAKING POWDER

and wholesome

ult of the violent opposition to... to the Manchurian convention... the Empress Dowager notified Liang of her resolution to denounce Li Hung Chang, on hearing he ill.

registered as W J Conley was in a room on the second floor of the Howard House, Boston, Friday. A letter addressed to E. M. Greenville, N.H. Beside him was a .38 calibre revolver. Two bullets were found in his breast. The police are in a mood for the suicide.

Edmond, Patrick A. Moughlin and O'Donnell, the Irish National League, are visiting this country in connection with the United Irish League, were tendered a reception in New York by a committee which has charge of the entertainment of the visitors. An address of welcome was read by Rosyne.

ing of the executive committee of the M. Kinley national memorial association in Washington, it was decided to motion Sec Gage, the treasurer of the association, to attempt to raise \$100,000 for the construction of the proposed memorial. Progress was reported by the committee in the work of raising subscriptions.

Gen. Bartolomeo Maso himself a candidate for the office of Governor of Cuba, has caused a stir in Havana. It is generally believed that he will prove a strong competitor for the support of the autonomists, commends the

of the Diario de la Marina, the autonomists, commends the... near Halifax, Friday morning, a robbery of \$100 took place, and the only survivor of the robbery was a woman named Mrs. M. C. O'Connell, 35, is under arrest with a murder charge. The man attending a Halloween celebration, returned home on their fight during which M. C. O'Connell was wounded which caused his

was convicted in Toronto of murdering William... the only survivor of the... of Aurora bank burglars. occurred on the 4th of June and another constable was three prisoners to the jail and three loaded revolvers were thrown in the fight which... able Boyd was shot through

"Sackville" is figuring in... investigations which are occupying... of the courts in Madrid. A... applied to the courts to recognize... of a client, who claims... of a certain 'Lord Sackville',... at Madrid, about the... the claimant alleges that the... a well known Spanish... Auran, and had three... a son by the marriage, but... register was subsequently... and the name of Pepita... ing master, Antonio de la... substituted for the original

alloon which escaped from... with the people aboard... page Eight.

Cotton Root Compound... successfully used monthly by over... safe, efficient. Ladies ask... for Cook's Cotton Root Compound, as all mixtures, pills and... are dangerous. Price, No. 1, 21 per... receipt of price and two-cent... sold and recommended by all... agents in Canada.

No. 2 are sold in St. John... Druggist

LIVERT'S... RBOLIC... OOTH... WDER... BEST DENTAL... SERVATIVE.

Best Sale of any Dentifrice... Chemists, Stores, &c.

T & Co., Manchester, Eng.



At 5:30 o'clock Tuesday morning, at St. John's church, N. H. Wilson, York Co., Mr. Estabrook, widow of Rev. William Estabrook, at one time curate of Trinity church, St. John, was buried in the churchyard, with a funeral service performed by Rev. Mr. Bellis.

The marriage of Mr. Thomas J. Collins to Miss Laura May Chevre, of Quebec, took place at the Cathedral at 6:00 a.m. Wednesday, Rev. A. J. O'Neill officiating. Miss Jennie Mills was bridesmaid and Mr. Thomas J. Killen groomsmen.

Mr. R. C. John Darr, the well-known architect, is a little improved in health. He is yet very ill. Mr. and Mrs. J. Morris Robinson arrived from Brockton Wednesday.

Ald. T. Barclay Robinson, Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. H. B. Robinson are home from a trip to Montreal. Mr. and Mrs. G. Halley, a Robbier returned from their wedding tour on Wednesday evening.

Mr. Andrew Robb, Y. M. C. A. physical director at Charlottetown, who was in town attending the funeral of his sister, Mabel, returned to the Island Wednesday.

Manager Frank Robbins, of the Canada Cycle and Motor Company agency here, is home from Upper Canada.

Capt. Jason French of Indian town, is able to be about again after a severe ten days' illness. Rev. G. W. McDonald was in the city this week.

Lieut. Col. Tucker, M. P., left Wednesday for Ottawa to see the government about the Jamaica steaming service.

Messrs. S. Gulliford, St. John, and J. R. Kennis-Moncton, were registered at the Brunswick, Windsor, Nov. 1-4.

Rev. J. de Soyres has gone to Leusibar, C.B., for a vacation.

Miss Maude Buckley has returned from Boston. Miss Alma Huggard, of Norton, who had been two months visiting relatives in Boston and Hartford, has returned.

Miss Gertrude McEwen, of Sydney street, returned from a very enjoyable trip to Niagara Falls, Montreal and the Pan American exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Armstrong returned from Boston yesterday. Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Armstrong returned from Montreal and New York.

Mrs. David McLellan returned on Saturday from a visit to Boston. Miss Clara Wilson, of Bangor, is visiting relatives in the city.

Justice Hamilton passed through the city Tuesday evening on his return to Fredericton. Hon. A. T. Dunn and Hon. H. A. McKewen left for Fredericton Tuesday.

Mrs. Johnson who has been visiting relatives in the city has left for Boston. Mrs. J. M. Grant left this week for Sydney. Mrs. J. H. Thompson and Miss Wilbur of Woodstock are guests in the city.

Lieut. Governor McChesney was in the city this week en route for Fredericton. John McEldrick and M. McDade went to Moncton Tuesday.

Charles McDonald left Tuesday for Montreal. Frank Hall has returned from New York. R. L. Bond, M. P. leader of the opposition passed through the city Tuesday en route for Montreal.

Mrs. John Kerr and daughter of North End, who have been spending a few weeks at Clifton Springs N. Y., have returned home.

Mrs. H. H. Pitman and child of Hudson, N. Y. who have been visiting relatives in Halifax are in the city en route home.

Hon. William Pugsley returned from New York Tuesday and left for Fredericton that evening. Miss Jessie Charlton returned Tuesday from Moncton, where she has been visiting her sister Mrs. G. Abnetic.

A. P. Shipp and L. de Gagetown, were at the Victoria Hotel week. George D. Gilmour of St. Stephen arrived in the city Tuesday.

Hazen McEwen of St. George is at the Victoria. Mr. and Mrs. George McDonald of North End have arrived home from a trip to Boston and New York.

L. B. Ross of R. R. station master, and Mrs. Ross, left on Friday evening for Montreal, New York and Buffalo.

Mrs. John W. Kerr of Rosedale Toronto is visiting her sister, Mrs. Robert C. Craikbank. George Hilyard of Douglass avenue is back from a pleasure trip to New York.

J. W. Hamilton the new manager of the Bank of British North America at Fredericton, arrived at the capital on Friday.

Miss Anna F. Blair of Ottawa is visiting Mrs. Robert Thomson, Mecklenburg street. Miss Helen M. Barker has returned from Charlottetown.

Mrs. John McMahon received her friends on Wednesday and Thursday afternoon at the capital on Friday. Mrs. L. M. Tupper, general passenger agent of the Denver and Grande Railway, was in the city Tuesday. Mr. Tupper is a Canadian and wears the Fenian Red medal.

Mr. G. V. McInerney, wife and five children arrived Monday from R. Chibouctou to take up their residence here.

Mrs. Hanford and daughter, of St. John are at the Berkeley, English street, Halifax, for the winter. Mrs. John Kerr and daughter, Miss Alice So North End, is in the city Tuesday afternoon from Clifton Springs, N. Y., via Montreal.

Col. V. and Mrs. Vidale left Ottawa on Saturday for a European trip.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Armstrong gave an enjoyable ball at York assembly rooms Wednesday evening in honor of the debut of their daughter Miss A. V. Armstrong. About 120 were present.

Harmon's orchestra furnished music for dancing. At eight o'clock W. d. Sunday evening in St. Paul's church Miss Emma J. Matthews, daughter of Mr. Joseph Matthews of Cornwall, England, was united in marriage to Richard Farmer of this city, the ceremony being performed by Rev. A. H. Dickor.

The bride was given away by her father, and a number of relatives and immediate friends of the principals were present at the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Farmer will reside on Richmond Road.

Mr. Stuart has returned from Buffalo after a six weeks visit with her uncle, CH Leitch, formerly of this city.

Miss Maggie D'Angelo of this city, is visiting relatives in the city.

Miss Evelyn Guthrie, who has been visiting Mr. George F. Smith left Thursday for her home in Halifax, N.S.

Miss Maudie Cogswell, who has been in St. John this week left for St. John Thursday. Miss Cogswell spent the summer in Lunenburg with her mother.

F. A. Jones, Miss Eton, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Wakelip, E. C. Ellis, C. T. Bailey, John H. Thompson, Miss Ethel Paris and G. W. Jones, left on Wednesday evening for Boston.

James Masson, of Fallville, who has been visiting in the city, has returned home.

Miss Bertha Stuart, of this city, is the guest of Mrs. John R. Dunn, Gagetown.

Mrs. F. Frith, who has been visiting in the city during the past year left for Elmwood, N. W. T. Miss Lillie Brooks of Gagetown is visiting friends in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Barclay Robinson and Mrs. H. B. Robinson have returned from Montreal. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Aldrich, of Gagetown, are visiting friends in the city.

When You Want a Real Tonic ask for ST. AGUSTINE (Registered Brand) of Pelee Win GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899 E. G. SCOVIL, - Having used both we think the St. Agustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic. JOHN C. CLOWES E. G. SCOVIL, Tea and Commission Merchant, 162 Union Street.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY KING'S BIRTH DAY. Excursion return tickets will be issued on November 8th, and 9th, to all points on the Intercolonial Railway, Prince Edward Island Ry., Dominion Atlantic Ry., and points in Canada east of Port Arthur, Ont. AT ONE FIRST CLASS FARE. Both local and through tickets are good for return leaving destination not later than November 11th. Tickets are good for continuous passage only in either direction. For all desired information apply to the nearest intercolonial ticket agent. E. TIPPIN, JNO M. LYONS, Traffic Manager, G. P. & T. Agent, Moncton, N. B., Nov. 1, 1901.

Save for the Holidays! The easiest way for a woman to save money for the holidays is to economize by dyeing some articles of wearing apparel instead of buying new. Maypole Soap makes dyeing at home a pleasure. It comes in all colors which are absolutely fast and very brilliant—they dye to any shade. No mess, no trouble. "Save for the holidays." Use that famous English Dye—Maypole Soap. MAYPOLE SOAP DYES. All colors—Set everywhere.

Corticelli SPOOL SILK. Corticelli Silk has absolute merit. Every spool has honest value—no light-weight, short-measure goods. Corticelli Silk sews smoothly—no knots, no weak places. Corticelli is as good silk as can be made. What are marzipan? asked the teacher and Johnny was ready with his answer. "Animals that have pouches in their stomachs," he said, glibly. "And for what are these pouches used?" asked the teacher, ignoring the slight inaccuracy of the answer. "I'm sure you know that too." "Yes, said Johnny with encouraging promptness. These pouches are for them to crawl into and conceal themselves when pursued."

JOHN NOBLE, LTD. BROOK ST. MILLS, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND. Largest Costumiers & Mantlemen in the World. From all parts of the globe ladies do their "shopping by post" with this huge dress and drapery enterprise, it being found that after payment of any postage or duties, the goods supplied could not be nearly equalled elsewhere, both as regards price and quality, and now that the firm is so firmly rooted in the public favour and its patrons as numerous, it can afford to give, and does give, even better value than ever. "Cunantia Materiam."

JOHN NOBLE KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS. Thoroughly well made, in Strong Serge, with saddle top, long full sleeves, and pockets. Lengths in iron, and Prices: 24 27 inches, 49c. 61 cents, 30 33 inches, 78c. 88 cents. Postage 2c. 36 39 inches, 97c. \$1.10 42 45 inches, \$1.22 \$1.34 Postage 4c. 48 51 inches, \$1.22 \$1.34 Postage 4c.

JOHN NOBLE, LTD. BROOK ST. MILLS, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND. Readers will oblige by kindly naming this paper when ordering from or writing to JOHN NOBLE, LTD. BROOK ST. MILLS, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND. Intercolonial Railway. \$10 MONTREAL AND RETURN \$10 Road Trip Ticket issued at St. John, Campbellton and intermediate stations on October 10, 11 and 12, good for return until October 27, and on October 31, 22 and 23, good for return until November 7. Proportional rates from points east of Montreal. JOHN M. LYONS, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Moncton, N. B., October 3, 1901.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Prognosis for rain in Halifax by the newboy and at the same time a heavy dew and central drop...

Nov 5.—Dr. Andrew Halliday and family, late of Shubenacadie, have removed to the city and have taken the house No. 639 Brunswick street.

Nov 5.—Mrs. Flood of St. John's and Miss Palmer of Dorchester, who were here for Miss Pipe's marriage, remained for a few days, returning to their homes this week.

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The Abolition problem seems to be as far from solution as ever. During the past few days the high tides have been reminding the authorities twice daily that unless something is done before long the chances are that the operation of the Mill Pond Railway during the coming winter will be a difficult and uncertain matter.

Mr. Horace Longley, B. Eng., and Mrs. Longley who have been visiting in Windsor, have returned to their home at Strathmore, C.B.

The friends of the Misses Palmer, to the number of about thirty, tendered them a surprise party on Thursday evening last. An enjoyable evening was spent.

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FALLING HAIR



Save Your Hair with Shampoos of CUTICURA SOAP

And light dressings of CUTICURA Ointment, purest of emollient skin cures. This treatment at once stops falling hair, removes crusts, scales, and dandruff, soothes irritated, itching surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, supplies the roots with energy and nourishment, and makes the hair grow upon a sweet, wholesome, healthy scalp.

MILLIONS OF WOMEN Use CUTICURA SOAP assisted by Cuticura Ointment, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby chafings, rashes, and inflammations, in the form of baths for annoying irritations and chafings, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, especially mothers, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery.

Complete Treatment for Every Humour. Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA OINTMENT, to instantly soothe itching, inflammation, and irritation, and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, to cool and cleanse the system, and remove all the skin curatives are often sufficient to cure the severest humours when all else fails.

WOLFVILLE. Nov. 6.—Mr. W. Robson, our photographic artist, has left for Galt, Ontario to attend the funeral of his mother, who recently died there at the age of 80.

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Valuable Collections.

The Daily Lancet tells the following story of unailing remedies for colds, all of them infallible:

Uncle Allan, asked the caller, 'do you know of anything that is good for a cold?' Uncle Allen Sparks opened his desk, took from one of the pigeonholes a large number of newspaper clippings tied with a string, and threw them into the caller's lap.

'Do I know anything that is good for a cold?' he echoed. 'My young friend, I know of six hundred and twenty seven infallible ways of curing a cold. I have collected them for forty nine years. You try these, one after another, and if they do not do you any good, come back and I will give you one hundred and sixteen more. Bless me, added uncle Allen, with enthusiasm, 'you can always cure a cold if you go at it right!'

He dug up a bundle of yellow, time stained clippings out of another pigeonhole and the visitor hastily coughed himself out.

Questions and Answers. Here are some more queries propounded by the Bookman together with the appropriate answers. They concern well-known authors, about whom, apparently, we do not know enough.

What does Anthony Hope? To Marietta Holley. What happens when John Kendrick Bango? Samuel Smiles. When is Marian Evans Cross? When William Dean Howells. When did Thomas Buchanan Read? Just after Winthrop Mackworth Praed. Why is Sarah Grand? To make Andrew marvel. How long will Samuel Lover? Until Justin Winsor.

Good cooks usually buy the best because nothing is so simple "fair" in cooking helps their fame. Good cooks use Fry's Cocoa exclusively. It makes a fine, rich, delicately flavored cup of Cocoa at about half the cost of the ordinary, because it is nothing but absolutely pure Cocoa.

A quarter pound tin costs but 25 cents and makes fifty cups. Made in England but sold everywhere.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

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

HANDICAPPED.

The man who started to run a race in chains and fetters would be visibly handicapped. No one would expect him to succeed. The man who runs the race of life when his digestive and nutritive organs are diseased is equally handicapped. In the one case his strength is over-weighted, in the other it is under-mined. Success demands above all else a sound stomach.

Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. When this is done food is perfectly digested and assimilated and the body receives strength in the only way in which strength can be given—by the nutrition derived from digested and assimilated food.

'The praise I would like to give your "Golden Medical Discovery" I cannot utter in words or describe with pen,' writes James B. Ambrose, Esq., of 125 1/2 Millin street, Huntingdon, Pa. 'I was taken with what our physicians here said was indigestion. I doctored with the best around here and found no relief. I wrote to you and you sent me a question blank to fill out, and I did so, and you then advised me to use your Golden Medical Discovery. I took and I feel so good that I stopped, being cured. I have no symptoms of gastric trouble or indigestion now.'

Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." There is nothing "just as good." Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, sent free on receipt of stamps to cover expense of customs and mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 50 stamps for the cloth-bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Eugene Field's Poems A \$7.00 Book. Given Free to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Memorial Fund.

News and Opinions OF National Importance. The Sun ALONE

CONTAINS BOTH: Daily, by mail, \$6 a year. Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year. The Sunday Sun is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

Line of Life on PEARLINE users' hands should be deep and long. PEARLINE lengthens life by removing the evils of the old way of washing: cramped bending to rub, long breathing fetid steam, weary standing on feet, over-exertion, exhaustion. Doctor Common Sense tells you this is bad. With PEARLINE you simply soak, boil and rinse. Quick, easy, sensible, healthful—proved by millions of users. 639

Nov 6.—Mr. Wylie home from their trip will reside at the home of H. B. O'Brien, Main street.

Nov 6.—Miss E. J. Chisholm with her brother, Dr. Mrs. J. W. Chase is in town.

Nov 6.—Miss Lillie C. Webster, Amherst, where she is a student, is in town.

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world.  
by Mail, \$2 a year.  
-Sun-

**Line of Life**  
on PEARLINE  
users' hands should  
long. PEARLINE  
life by removing the  
old way of washing  
tending to rub, long  
fatted steam, weary  
a feet, over-exertion,  
Doctor Common  
you this is bad.  
PEARLINE you simply  
and rinse. Quick,  
ible, healthful—  
millions of users. 639

# FARMERS MAKE MONEY

Do not sell your poultry, turkeys, geese or ducks till you investigate this great Company its object and the high prices to be obtained by dealing only with it—cash is better than trading—who last year made money out of your poultry—Did you?—No.—JOIN this co-operative company for the protection of farmers—get high prices as well as your share of the profits of this in England. Join at once.

## The Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited

Capital Stock, - - \$450,000

HEAD OFFICE: HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

PRESIDENT—MR. GIBSON ARNOLDI, Barrister-at-Law, Toronto, Ontario.  
MANAGER—MR. WILLIAM S. GILMORE, Merchant, Hamilton, Ontario.

Three Firms Alone Intimated Their Ability and Willingness to Handle About Two Thousand Cases Per Week at Good Prices.

### APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

GIBSON ARNOLDI, ESQ., PRESIDENT, THE CANADIAN DRESSED POULTRY COMPANY, LIMITED, 9 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose you herewith..... in full payment for..... shares of fully paid and non-assessable stock in the Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited, which I wish allotted to me, as I wish to become a fully qualified shareholder and entitled to all the advantages of the Company, as described in the published Prospectus. ALLG...  
YOUR NAME..... ADDRESS.....

**KENTVILLE.**  
Nov 6—Mr Wylie W Beckwell and bride arrived home from their trip on Friday. For a time they will reside at the home of the bride's mother Mrs H B Colkin, Main street.  
Miss E J Chisholm is now visiting in New York with her brother, Dr Chisholm of that city.  
Mrs J W Chase is visiting friends in West Cornwall.  
Miss Lillie C Webster left on Thursday last for Amherst, where she will make a visit of some week duration.  
Mrs W F Shaffer returned from Boston on Friday. Mr Shaffer has been housed during the last week with a heavy cold.  
Miss Cook of Milton, Queen's count, is visiting in Kentville the guest of her sister, Mrs C H Day.  
Rev Canon Brock who during the past summer has been preaching near Montreal, is expected home on Monday. He has been visiting his daughter, Mrs Lye Raymond at Woodstock, N B.  
Dr and Mrs Brown, who spent the summer in Kentville with Mrs Brown's mother, Mrs Joseph Eaton, sailed from Halifax last week for their home in Bermuda.  
S P Cook M D, of Gloucester, Mass spent a few days of last week in town, the guest of the Rev C H Day and Mrs Day.  
Mrs H Percy Blanchard of Baddeck, Cape Breton, is visiting in Windsor. Before returning to her home she will spend a short time in Kentville with her mother, Mrs B H Calkin.  
Miss B Rathbone of Grand Pre spent a few days of last week with friends in town.  
Dr W Chapman of New York who has been visiting in Berwick, was in town on Thursday, the guest of Judge and Mrs Chipman, Chapel Hill.  
Dr Colin S Campbell was in Canning a few days this week.  
Miss Annie S Chipman, Chipman Corner, entertained a number of Kentville friends very pleasantly on Friday evening. The Jack O' Lantern and Will o' the Wisp were in evidence and various mystical and playful ceremonies were performed by the guests to their own amusement. A sheet and pillow slip dance made a jolly wind up to a very enjoyable evening. Among those present were Mr and Mrs J C Starr, Miss Alice Chipman, Miss Laura Chipman, the Misses Martel and Violet Campbell, Miss Roberta Blanchard, Miss Eva Moore, Miss Kathleen Smith, Mr Will Starr, Mr A H Chipman, Mr Rupert Parker, Mr A H Chesley, Mr H Dick, Dr Colin Campbell, Mr John Campbell and others.

**MONCTON.**  
Nov 6—Mrs A E Holstead is spending a few days at Salsbury, with Mr Wignall.  
Miss Clark of St John West is in the city, the guest of Dr and Mrs T Pardy.  
Mrs Golding and Mrs Brunscomb, of St John, are visiting friends in the city.  
Mrs Douli, who has been visiting her sister Mrs A E Chapman, left for her home in Amherst Saturday.  
Mrs George Ellis, has been spending some weeks at her old home in Wolfville, N S.  
Mr A E Cha man, who has been ill for the past few months, is reported well and is to his home but slowly improving.  
Mrs E E Moore and Mrs Wm J Robinson, spent a few days last week in Lunenburg, guests of Connellor and Mr Robertson.  
Mr H W Derube, has returned to Moncton after spending some weeks at Parraboro, N S; where Capt Derube was loading his vessel.  
Mr Peters and the Mrs Peters have taken up their residence on Adams street in the house formerly owned and occupied by Mr G B Hillier.  
Miss Barrell, of Nelson, N B, returned to the city who has been spending a couple of weeks in the city a guest at the residence of Hon C W Robinson and also of Mr C P Harris, has returned home.  
Mr Fred S H, the general representative of Glasgow Bros, has been in the city on his return tour of the Maritime Provinces.  
Dr H H Coleman and wife have returned from their wedding trip to the upper provinces.  
Mr H Bay the well known I C R chief trial dispenser at Campbellton, is in the city.  
Miss Fannie Bird who visited friends in Moncton the past summer, has been appointed teacher in the Charlotte town school during the winter.  
Mrs (Con) A McLean, Camerton who has been visiting friends in Halifax and other points in Nova Scotia has been spending a few days in the city the guest of Mrs W J Weston.  
Mr J A Boag and wife returned Tuesday morning from their wedding trip and are receiving congratulations on their many friends.  
Mr E H Oakes, of Salsbury, arrived home Monday after spending the day in the city with his friend Mr Alroy F. Blair.  
Miss Jessie M. Moore, of Wintalpeg is visiting Mrs R Strong and Mr Blair.  
Mr H R. Cameron of P. Dochster, A B Copp M P, P, and Dr Reid, were in the city this week.  
Mr Fannie C. G. of Parraboro is in the city and will spend the winter with her sister Mrs I F Ayer, Camerton.  
Miss Bessie B. Moore has returned from a two month visit to Boston and vicinity.  
Mr Walter Booth, correspondent of W A Thorne & Co. who was in the city Monday, en route to Kent County.  
Misses Fred Robb, Wm McPherson and Walter Nagen three young men of the I C R here have returned to their homes in the west. They left town on the P. T. Monday.

**NOTES.**  
Nov 6—Dr J. J. McLaughlin who arrived from Halifax this morning, spent the day at the Quaker. The doctor spent the week, visiting partridge etc, and on Saturday night left for Boston.  
Mr E M V. of Parraboro, returned from Boston per Prince Arthur on Friday morning.  
Frank McLaughlin for several years connected with the D. A. B. as a right clerk. He is well and letters to Parraboro on Saturday. Mr George, has severed his connection with the company.  
Mrs J. J. Moore returned on Monday from a brief visit to Elliot.  
Mr and Mrs E. J. G. have returned from their wedding trip to the city on Friday.  
Rev A. McNeil, of the City Harbor, and J E Galloway, of Parraboro, are in town.  
Miss Galloway, the daughter of the D. A. B., was a passenger from Parraboro per Prince Arthur this morning, and will spend the winter in Kentville.  
Gen. Crosby, Beaver, returned from Boston this morning.  
The first of the winter in Central America some time ago has been reported coming via Boston on Wednesday morning.  
Mr and Mrs C. B. G. were passengers from Boston per Prince Arthur on Wednesday.

### THINGS OF VALUE HARD, RACKING COUGH.

Barring accidents, the person who gets along with the least amount of cough will live the longest. Of course, the right time to attack a cough is at the commencement, when it is a simple thing for the right treatment to drive the cough quickly away. As a general thing, however, people spend so much time experimenting with various remedies that the cough is well under way before they know it. Then comes the long siege. You feel the hard, racking cough all through your system, and get relief from nothing. You fill your stomach with nauseating mixtures to no purpose. Then you use compounds containing narcotics, which deceive temporarily, and leave you slightly worse. Some coughs of this kind hang on for weeks or even months, and, of course, they frequently develop into serious lung troubles. A true specific for all coughs is Adamson's Bismuth Cough Balsam and it should be kept in the house against any emergency. With a cough that has become chronic the first effect of this remedy is a lessening of the dull sensation of pain which usually is felt with such a cough. Then you are conscious that the soreness is leaving you, and presently the desire to cough grows less frequent. All this process is brought about by the healing properties of the Balsam. It is a compound of herbs and gums. You can test it. 25 cents at any drug store. Get the genuine with "F. W. Kinsman & Co." blown in the bottle.

"It's Well to Know a Good Thing," said Mrs. Surice to Mrs. Know-well, when they met in the street. "Why, where have you been for a week back?" "Oh, just down to the store for a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil," said Mrs. Surice, who hates pain, walked on. But she remembered, and what she contracted was back there was another customer for Electric Oil.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is a speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera, summer complaint, sea sickness and complaints of the stomach in children. It gives immediate relief from those suffering from the effects of indigestion in eating unripe fruit, cucumbers, etc. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to conquer the disease. No one need fear cholera if they have a bottle of this medicine convenient.

SOMETHING MORE THAN A PURGATIVE.—Loperine is the only effect of many pills now on the market. Parnelle's Vegetable Pills are more than a purgative. They strengthen the stomach, were other pills weaken it. They cleanse the bowels by guarding the liver and kidneys, and they stimulate where other pills depress. Nothing of an injurious nature, used for many purgative powers, enters into their composition.

A TONIC FOR THE DEPLETED.—Parnelle's Vegetable Pills by acting on the bowels and thoroughly cleansing the system, are a valuable tonic, stimulating the flagging organs to healthy action and restoring them to full vigor. They can be taken in the most delicate cases, and they can be discontinued at any time without return of the ailments which they were used to alay.

NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN Pain-Killer will be found to fit your needs as a household remedy. Used as a liniment for stiffness and taken internally for all bowel complaints. Avoid substitutes. 25c. and 50c.

Deafness is Curable! Sufferers from impaired hearing will be glad to know that their affliction is probably not due to any organic defect in the ear, but results probably from a thickening of the lining of the middle ear caused by catarrhal inflammation. Hundreds of perfect recoveries as a result of the inhalation of Catarrh-ozone are reported, and on the highest authority we recommend this treatment to our readers. Catarrh-ozone quickly restores lost hearing, and its efficiency is placed beyond dispute by the case of Mr. Foxall of St. Thomas who recovered perfect hearing by using Catarrh-ozone after years of deafness. Price: \$1. At Druggists or by mail, from Polson and Co., Kingston, Ont.

Only those who have had experience can tell the torture corns cause Pain with your boots on, pain with them off—pain night and day; but relief is sure to those who use Holloway's Corn Cure.  
Much distress and sickness in children is caused by worms. Mother Graves' Worm-Exterminator gives relief by removing the cause. Give it a trial and be convinced.

### Royal Perfumes!

Royal Oponox,  
Royal Daisy,  
Royal Heliotrope,  
Royal Violet,  
Royal Violet Lilac,  
Royal White Rose,  
by the celebrated Perfumer, Ed. PISAUD Paris. Also, a complete line of Rogers & Gallet, Piver, Couduy and other choice Perfumers.  
Just opened at  
**W. G. Rudman Allan,**  
Chemist and Druggist,  
87 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.  
Call and see my display.  
Tel. 239. Mail orders promptly filled.

### CAFE ROYAL

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

### QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDERICTON, N. B.  
A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

### Victoria Hotel,

81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B.

### Electric Passenger Elevator!

and all Modern Improvements.  
D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor

When the Baby Cries at Night  
there is a cause for it. Perhaps it is gas on the stomach, may be cramps or diarrhoea. Don't lose sleep, anticipate such contingencies by always keeping handy a bottle of Polson's Nerviline. Just a few drops of water given inwardly, then rub the little one's stomach with a small quantity of Nerviline and perfect rest is assured for the night for both mother and baby. You may not need Nerviline often but when you do need it you need it badly. Get a 25c. bottle to day.  
Two men were instantly killed and dozens of others injured in a collision at Plymouth, near Valparaiso, Ind., between a local freight on the Pennsylvania road and the work train of the Clifford Construction Co.

## Job ... Printing.

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

### Consult Us for Prices.

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

## Progress

Job Printing Department  
29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

### CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

**THE DUFFERIN**  
This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the Hotel, 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. LAROI WILLIS, Proprietor.

Latest lists of WILLIS' notations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address.  
Progress Job Print.

### BRANDIES!

Landing "ex" "Coroon."  
100 Cr. Willard XXX  
100 " Tobitt & Co.  
100 " Mori, France.  
10 " O'Leary's"  
For sale low in bond for duty paid.  
Quartss or Pints

### THOS. L. BOURKE

WATER STREET, 43  
Reverend state of Sonora Mexico reached El Paso, Texas to the effect that Yaqui Indians attacked Mexican ranchmen near Ojiss, killed three persons and escaped to the mountains. Troops are in pursuit.



ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1901.

## Stories of Royalty.

Something stronger than curiosity is felt in London society as to the future attitude and demeanor of the king, especially with regard to his friends. It is said that he is disposed to hold aloof and to assume a very serious and dignified line. Thus he refused very curtly an invitation to dine at a private house where he went constantly as Prince of Wales, saying that the King could not go where the Prince did. On another occasion he summoned Lord Marcus Beresford, who had managed his racing for him, to Marlborough House. In past days he was on such intimate terms that he was always called Markey by the Prince. The king, however, throughout the interview, addressed him formally as Lord Marcus, and when asked if he meant to withdraw from the turf, His Majesty replied that he proposed, with Her Majesty to appear in state at Ascot and possibly at Goodwood. At the end of it all, however, and with a touch of his old camaraderie, Edward VII patted his friend on the back and said "Good-by, Markey," very cordially.

The King has always taken a keen interest in social affairs which is not likely to diminish with his augmented rank and authority. There is little doubt that he was very keenly concerned in regard to the marriage of the Marguerite of Headfort and the pretty actress, Miss Boote. My Lord's family were much opposed to the match, especially his mother, the Countess of Bective (whose deceased husband did not survive his father and therefore never bore the title of Headfort). Among other attempts to break off the marriage, August influences were invoked to send the headstrong young man abroad. He is a soldier—an officer in the Blues, or Royal Horse Guards—and it was suggested to Earl Roberts that he might send the lad to South Africa, or even to India: anywhere out of harm's way. Now the Commander-in-Chief's powers are none too great at best—witness the recent debates in the House of Lords—and they certainly do not extend to sending, no less volens, any supposed culprit who bears the King's commission to the uttermost ends of the earth. Lord Roberts is a courtier and much more likely to yield deference to Royal wishes than his predecessor, but here he was powerless, and he had to say so. Of course, if the Blues, the young Lord's regiment, were ordered abroad as a body he would have had to go with them; but it would have been a strong step to punish a whole regiment of Household Cavalry to save the noble Marquess from a so-called mesalliance. And now the marriage has occurred.

We may expect to hear of some changes in evening costume now that the King is supreme. He has always banked after some improvement of the sombre black, and not long ago, as Prince of Wales, was much in favor of the adoption of colored and embroidered fancy waistcoats.

The King has always been a great stickler for correct dress. Here are two good stories on the subject. Years ago the Prince honored with his presence a smoking concert given by Sir Howard Vincent, then Colonel Vincent. The host received his Royal guest according to strict rule in the front hall, and arrayed in evening clothes and tights—not ordinary trousers. Tights it may be mentioned are exactly what their name implies of black silk and they are always worn at the palace in undress not full dress—that is to say not with uniforms or court suit. Directly the Prince saw Sir Howard's lower limbs he said sternly: "Go upstairs and take those off; they should never be worn except when the Princess is present."

On another occasion, at a private dinner given by the Duke of Fife to the Prince of Wales, a very distinguished litterateur arrived in a black tie; he was fond of them large, in the French fashion, with large bow and wide, falling ends. A whisper from the Prince sent host to guest, and there was a polite request to go into a dressing-room, where he would find a selection of white ties.

Talking of tights, a pretty story is pro-

vided of the dear old Queen. Some years ago, when at Osborne, the Queen heard that two gallant young officers just returned from the wars were residing in the neighborhood. They were at once "commanded" to come and dine, but by the Queen's desire the invitation was indorced "Ordinary evening dress." Her Majesty added with a smile: "I don't suppose these young gentlemen can muster up a pair of tights between them."

The Queen had a very keen sense of humor and no doubt chafed a good deal at the stiffness and dullness of state dinners, where none spoke unless Her Majesty addressed them. One night, however, a telegram was brought to the table for a guest, and he was permitted to read it. The result was a loud laughter; he showed it to his next neighbor, who also laughed, and the Queen at length asked to be told the joke.

It appeared that the guest had recently been decorated with a new order which when commanded to Windsor, he was expected to wear. But on arrival at the castle he could not find the ribbon and cross anywhere among his belongings when he unpacked. So he appeared at table without his decoration, and it was not till the telegram arrived that he learnt that his overcautious servant had safely put it away. The telegram ran, "look in your left boot."

The present king's exact knowledge of the niceties of costume is well illustrated by a little incident dating from the time he was Prince of Wales. A distinguished General recently advanced to the dignity of a Grand Cross of the Bath, was a little in doubt as to the proper way of wearing the great satin bows which are attached to the order on Collar Days. So he called in his tailor to advise, begging that some assistant might be sent to dress him for his next appearance at a levee.

When the General reached the throne room and made his bow he noticed the Prince eyeing the bow and smiling with approval. Quite right said His Royal Highness; and the General afterward heard from his tailor that the latter, a little doubtful himself, had referred the knotty point of wearing of the collar and bow to the best authority available, the Prince of Wales.

Apropos of the King's increase in dignity there is a delightful story of how he delicately intimated to a lady that there had been a change. The lady in question had been an especially favored friend of the Prince's, and naturally hoped that she might enjoy as much of Royal as she had of Princely friendship. Immediately upon hearing the news of the death of Queen Victoria she dispatched a note of condolence to the new King. Exactly what was in the note no one knows, but she waited with some little anxiety to see whether a reply would be forthcoming. Naturally, at that time, letters and telegrams of condolence were piling in upon Edward VII to such an extent that there could be little or no attempt to answer them. This the lady knew, and she felt that an answer to her communication would be to some extent a guarantee to her position of influence at court.

The answer came. It arrived at dinner-time, when the lady had a party dining with her. She was not wholly ill pleased at this, and she announced with a smile, "A telegram—from the King."

But the telegram was perhaps not all she had expected. "I hope and believe," it ran, "that I have the tears of all my subjects." Never perhaps in a career full of things delicately put did Edward VII phrase a rebuke with more exquisite nicety.

### A VARIED CAREER.

Sir Thos. Lipton and the difficulties he has had to meet.

Sir Thomas J. Lipton is now an extremely wealthy man, but has had a varied career. Years ago he was in America as a poor man, and was at one time a street car driver in New Orleans. He hadn't a dollar to his name when he went to work for the street railroad company. He only drove his car one month. At the end of

that time the employes went out on a strike. Two of the strikers jumped on Lipton's car one afternoon.

"Are you with us?" one of them asked. "Who are you?" inquired Lipton. "We're a committee from the strikers," And Tom Lipton—he was known as plain Tom in those days—had to hunt a new job. A little after that he was going from house to house obtaining orders for a crayon portrait concern. In the evening he generally amused himself by playing his violin. He owned a pretty good violin—one he had brought over from Scotland with him—and he loved it above any of his few earthly possessions.

He became acquainted with a merchant in New Orleans who was fond of music and nearly every night Lipton went to the merchant's shop and played the old Scotch airs he so loved. One night when Lipton was on his way to the shop he heard the clanging of fire bells and saw the people running in the street. He turned the corner and discovered that his friend's shop was in flames. The violin was in the shop.

Lipton dashed through the fire lines and reached the place. The building was all in a blaze, but the front door was open. Without an instant's hesitation he rushed into the store, made his way through the stifling, blinding smoke to where his precious violin lay in its case at the back of the building picked it up and staggered back to the door again. As he rushed out into the street a big policeman caught him by the collar.

"It's my property," gasped Lipton. "Oh, it is? Well, you come along with me."

So Lipton was detained until the proprietor of the store could be found, but all the time he hung on tight to his violin.

When Lipton left New Orleans he had just eighteen dollars. He went to New York and obtained employment on the Anchor Line steamer which was scheduled to sail the next day. On the trip across the Atlantic Lipton amused himself in off hours by playing his violin. He played so well that he attracted the attention of the passengers, and the big Scotchman was the principal performer on a concert in the saloon.

### How Churchill Got His Liberty.

Of Winston Churchill, the famous young English M. P. and war correspondent, a rather good story of the time when he was a prisoner of war in Pretoria is being told in the London clubs.

In common with many of the other prisoners he was allowed to borrow books from the State Library, which contained many excellent works. One of the first books which he obtained was Carlyle's Life of Frederick the Great. In a very short time he had read through the whole of the half-dozen volumes.

He then asked for and received an English edition of Mills' On Liberty. Within a few days of receiving the book he succeeded in escaping from Pretoria.

When the Boer jailers came to search the quarters of the vanished captive they found the book, with its suggestive title of On Liberty. Now, the book was printed in English, and, unfortunately, the Boer librarians were not very well acquainted with that language. They understood the meaning of the title, but, try as they would, could make very little of the contents.

However, the fact that this was the last book which Churchill read before his disappearance seemed to them a very suspicious circumstance. From its title they judged that it must have aided him to escape. They decided that it would be unwise to lend it to other Britishers, and from that time any English officer who desired to study Mills' famous work and applied to the library for it was suspiciously refused.

Mr Churchill, became quite as well known to the British public through the Boer war as any of the Generals at the head of the armies.

### Campanari's Absence Of Pretense.

Mr Giuseppe Campanari, the well known baritone, was told a number of years ago when he first began to sing in opera at the Metropolitan Opera house, New York, that no opera singer could maintain his hold on the public if he remained in America for the entire year. The theory given was that the singer lost the charm that absence and return are supposed to give those in public musical life. But Mr Campanari remained in America, for he has a hoery of his own, which is that a singer

should live as quietly as possible, appearing before his audiences to do his best, and then returning to his home. His belief is that it is neither distance nor absence, but seclusion, that lends enchantment, and that being too well known personally by a large circle destroys the illusion which should be maintained by those singing romantic roles.

Mr. Campanari carries his views into practice, and in his everyday dress is unrecognized by a majority of the employes at the Metropolitan Opera House, in spite of the many seasons he has sung here.

After assisting in a recent presentation of I Pagliacci, which was followed by another opera, he went into the house to hear the second part of the performance. An employe, finding he had no seat coup on, called him sharply to task and ordered him from a position he had taken behind one of the boxes.

Appreciating the situation the singer meekly started to go, whereupon a lady in one of the boxes started up and told the usher who it was that he was addressing so rudely.

"You only did your duty," said Mr. Campanari, in calm response to many apologies; and he heard the rest of the opera from behind the scenes.

In his quiet home in West Forty-fourth Street, Mr. Campanari devotes his spare time to his three children, two girls and a boy, directing their education with the assistance of Madame Campanari, who was a well known German opera singer before her marriage. The younger of the daughters has a voice and bids fair to follow in her father's footsteps. The son has taken up the study of the violin.

During long tours, while his colleagues are sight-seeing in the cities visited, Mr. Campanari remains at his hotel and rests, in order to be fresh for the evening performance. On his return from an extended journey he always has a big bundle of views which, he wittily explains, "are photographs that I have seen of famous places."

### Mr. Ware's Fountain of Youth.

Mr. John Hare, the eminent English actor-manager, who has been touring America, says that the most delightful compliment he ever received was from Mr. Gladstone. It was a double ended compliment; whichever way you took it, it was satisfactory.

Mr. Hare has invariably played the part of an old man, his character as Mr. Goldby in A Pair of Spectacles being a good example. Added to this he has a horror of having his picture taken. Once he consented to have a flash light picture taken after a performance in New York. The photographer waited until he was exhausted, after the last night of an engagement, and Mr. Hare, after some moments of hesitation, finally rushed out, called to the manager to bring the man in, and then dropped down in a chair. The photographer began to adjust the apparatus and Mr. Hare kept calling out: "Go on, go on! You take no end of a long time. The photographer got so nervous and Mr. Hare so irritable that the flash light was not a success. Mr. Hare saw the negative of the picture, threw up his hands, and said that he would never try it again.

Mr Gladstone had never seen a picture of the actor, but he knew him well behind the scenes as well as before the footlights. The Premier's favorite play was A Pair of Spectacles, and he always went behind the scenes to chat a while with the actor. The actor would sit there and talk in the most delightful way for an hour after the show.

One day the Earl of Rosebery had Mr Gladstone to dinner, and he also invited his friend, John Hare. The actor came in smooth shaven, looking about thirty five. He was presented to Mr Gladstone, and the Prime Minister shook his hand most cordially, and said:

"My dear sir, I am very, very glad to meet you. I know your father very, very well. Splendid actor! Fine old man!"

It took the whole evening for the Earl and Mr Hare to convince him that this son was really the father.

"Has the colonel been digging into mathematics? I never saw such an expression of worry."

"No; he has just discovered that there is only one hip pocket in his new trousers and he is racking his brain to decide between carrying a gun and a flask."

South American Rheumatism Cure Cures Rheumatism.—It is safe, harmless and acts quickly—gives almost instant relief and an absolute cure in from one to three days—works wonders in most acute forms of rheumatism. One man's testimony: "I spent 6 weeks in bed before commencing its use—4 bottles cured me." Sold by A Chipman Smith & Co.

First Aeronaut—Oas can't put any dependence in what the weather man says.

Second Aeronaut—No? First Aeronaut—No; he predicted a fifty-mile an-hour breeze for today and our airship is merely crawling along.

Help The Overworked Heart.—Is the great engine which pumps life through your system hard pressed, overtaxed, groaning under its load because disease has clogged it? Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is nature's lubricator and cleanser, and daily demonstrates to heart sufferers that it is the safest, surest, and most speedy remedy that medical science knows. Sold by A Chipman Smith & Co.

Shakespeare, observed the trite conversationalist, never repeats.

That is true, answered Mr. Stormington Burnes; the only way to do Shakespeare nowadays is to give one performance and then get right along to the next town.

Indigestion that menace to Human Happiness, pitiless in its assaults, and no respecter of persons, has met its conqueror in South American Nerve. This great stomach and nerve remedy stimulates digestion, tones the nerves, aids circulation, drives out impurities, dispels emaciation, and brings back the glow of perfect health. Cures hundreds of "chronics" that have baffled physicians. Sold by A Chipman Smith & Co.

Little Braves.—Old time a quarter a box "purgers" are quitting the field in whole battalions. Dr. Agnew's Little Pills at 10 cents a vial are driving them out at all points. Because they act gently, more effectively, never pain, and are easy to take. Sick Headache succumbs to one dose. Sold by A Chipman Smith & Co.

How do you like your new neighbour, Mrs. Way? Not at all. She's awful stingy. Why she borrowed our big saucepan to boil her pudding in; but when I went over yesterday to ask her to lend me eight shillings to pay the rent, she said she didn't have it to spare. Wasn't that mean?

A Cry For Help.—A pain in the back is a cry of the kidneys for help. South American Kidney Cure is the only cure that hasn't a failure written against it in cases of Bright's disease, diabetes, inflammation of the bladder, gravel and other kidney ailments. Don't neglect the apparently insignificant "signs." This powerful liquid specific prevents and cures. Sold by A Chipman Smith & Co.

They were playing a game of cards together when she casually remarked: "So you take my heart, do you?" "Why, certainly—yes, replied he hurriedly, glancing into her eyes. And the game was up.

Have You Eczema? Have you any skin disease or eruptions? Are you subject to chafing or scalding? Dr. Agnew's Ointment prevents and cures any and all of these, and cures itching, Bleeding and Blind Piles besides. One application brings relief in ten minutes, and cures cured in three to six nights. 35 cents. Sold by A Chipman Smith & Co.

Balinda, if my salary were raised, we could be married on Christmas Day.' All right, Augustus; I'll write your employer an anonymous letter, and tell him we both think he is a mean old thing.

60 Specialists on the Case. In the ordinary run of medical practice a greater number than this have failed to cure but Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets (60 in a box at 35 cents cost) have made the cure, giving relief in one day. These little "specialists" have proved their real merit. Sold by A Chipman Smith & Co.

Marietta, you had better write your Aunt Jane that we are going there on Christmas Day.' 'Why?' 'If you don't, she'll be writing up that she is coming here.

20 Years of Vile Catarrh.—Chas. O. Brown, journalist, of Duluth, Minn., writes: "I have been a sufferer from Throat and Nasal Catarrh for over 20 years, during which time my head has been stopped up and my condition truly miserable. Within 15 minutes after using Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder I obtained relief. Three bottles have almost, if not entirely, cured me." Sold by A Chipman Smith & Co.

'Wasn't the matter?' 'Myra sent me fifteen shillings and a list of Christmas presents she wants that amounts to three pounds ten.'



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### RAILWAY.

### Unclaimed Goods

A sale of Unclaimed Goods at the St. John Station on FRIDAY, the 1st, commencing at 10 o'clock. Can be seen at the Railway D. POTINGER, General Manager, 11th Sept., 1901.

Large Wholesale House intends such office in New Brunswick and for same. Salary \$150 per month. Applicant must furnish good references. \$1500 to 4-10-01. Address P. O. Box 1161, Philadelphia Pa.

### SE MEAT

### ANISON.

City Market.

# In Moated Grange.

IN TWO INSTALMENT—PART I.

## CHAPTER I. MURDER!

The Moated Grange was a curious place.

In one sense it was not moated, for it stood upon an island.

It was a river, rather than a moat, which surrounded it.

But there was a tradition that there had really been a moat in bygone days.

At any rate, someone had given the place that name, and it was never called by any other.

It was in Lincolnshire, right in the heart of the ten country.

The river which, in a sudden capricious curve, flowed round it, was both wide and deep.

The house itself was a big, rambling old place, with many gables and irregular walls of chimney.

It was built of red brick, and part of it was falling to decay.

Only three or four rooms were now habitable, and even these were dreary and dilapidated.

Nevertheless, the tenant of the Moated Grange was wealthy.

His name was Richard Whittaker.

He was seventy years of age, a gentleman by birth and education, and had never married.

People called him a miser.

He knew they so called him, and smiled in scorn.

They called him a misanthropist also, and here, perhaps, they were right.

He did not love money, but he hated mankind.

And it was because of this hatred that he chose to shut himself up in a lonely, tumble-down old house, with a wide, deep river to flow between him and his fellow men.

His misanthropy had begun forty years before, when the woman he loved jilted him; but it had not quite shut up his heart from tenderness.

He had bestowed a parent's care on two nephews, who were cousins not brothers and it was not until he was bitterly disappointed in both of these young men, that he shut himself off in the Moated Grange, breathing curses on the whole human race.

The elder of his nephews had had a serious quarrel with him, and had then gone to Australia.

The other had given himself up to a life of dissipation, and was as much dead to the stern old man as was his cousin.

Stern old man though he was, he could not live quite alone.

He had a single servant, by name Robert Ferguson, a tall, raw boned Scotchman, who had lived with the old man for nearly thirty years, and might be said to understand him in any human being did.

One cold, raw evening, four days before Christmas, Ferguson, having finished off his weekly cleaning of the plate in the big, old-fashioned kitchen, washed and dressed himself; then tapped at the door of the parlor in which his master sat.

"Come in!" called a sharp, irritable voice.

Old Richard Whittaker was sitting in a big easy chair before a miserable little fire. A single candle burned on the table near him, and by its light he was poring over a letter he held in his hand.

Ferguson knew well enough who the letter was from.

It had been left by the postman a few minutes ago in the iron pillar-box on the river side of the house—the old man had erected there, rather than suffer any communication between himself and the free world.

Ferguson had gone across in the boat to fetch the letter, on hearing the postman's whistle. He had recognized the writing of the address.

It was that of Reginald Whittaker, the nephew who lived in London, and who was supposed to have wasted his substance in riotous living.

Richard Whittaker looked up with a snarl as his servant stood before him.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"You're always bothering. What do you want now?"

"It's Friday evening, Mr. Whittaker."

"Why shouldn't it be Friday evening?"

The man knew his master, and was used to bearing with his temper, and humoring his whims.

"Am I to go into the town as usual?" he asked quietly.

"Of course you're to go. What makes you ask such a fool's question?"

"And am I to bring the usual things?"

"Of course you are."

"Nothing more?"

"What is the fool driving at?"

And the old man stamped his foot as if iraged.

"It's Christmas day on Tuesday, that's why I asked you."

"What's Christmas Day to do with me? What have I to do with Christmas Day?"

He spoke with intense bitterness, and resumed the reading of his letter.

Ferguson, however, was not to be discouraged.

"Hadn't I better bring you a bottle of wine, or something of that sort?" he suggested.

"Something a little extra. I'm sure you need it."

"What?"

"I'm sure you need it," repeated the man

calmly. "You live on gruel, and such like stuff, till you're as thin as a herring, and have no more strength than a kitten. Let me order you a goose or a turkey, and a bottle or two of wine."

Old Whittaker gave a sardonic smile.

"It's easy to see why you're so considerate if I'd done like other fools, and put you down for something in my will, you'd have been ready to give me poison instead of turkey and port wine. But I'm worth more to you alive than dead—aren't I, Ferguson?"

"You'd be sorry to lose your poor old master, I verily believe—because if you lost him you'd lose what he gives you every year."

"I know you're very good to me, Mr. Whittaker," said Ferguson quietly.

He did not seem vexed at the taunt and perhaps the old man had not wished to vex him.

He suspected all men; but in his heart he liked and trusted Ferguson to a degree which would have surprised the man if he had known it.

"Well, sir, am I to bring anything for Christmas?" he asked again.

"No; you are not!" cried old Whittaker in a fury. "What do I care for Christmas! Look at this letter! And he dashed it on the table. 'It's that scoundrel, Reginald asking me for money! How dare he? Hasn't he robbed me enough as it is. He says he's coming down here. But I won't see him—mind you—I won't see him. Look up the boat—don't let him get across."

The boat is always kept locked up Mr. Whittaker. You know that."

"I know nothing of the sort. I know you are quite capable of siding with me against me. You would let him in if you dared; and you would like him to wheedle money out of me, as he has wheedled and cheated me out of it before."

Ferguson listened with an unmoved countenance, then said, very quietly, as if he had not heard a word.

"Do you want anything before I go? I shall be away more than an hour."

"Not I—get along with you."

The man withdrew, went into the kitchen for a big market basket, then left the house and made his way to where the boat lay, and jumping into it, was speedily on the other side of the river.

There he fastened the boat to a post. The nearest church clock struck six as he finished doing so.

The church was half a mile off, but the strokes could be distinctly heard.

Ferguson counted them as he strode away.

Old Whittaker, left alone in the Moated Grange, covered still more closely over the fire, and taking up the letter he had flung on to the table, again read it slowly through.

"All self—self—self!" he muttered bitterly.

"He was always so. Ah! how different from the other—how different from John!"

He rose slowly, and opening his desk, took from it a couple of miniatures.

One represented a boy of ten, fair haired blue eyed, the mouth almost feminine in its gentleness, the features soft and delicate.

The other was of a boy of a widely different type.

A gypsy like face, with dark, widely opened eyes, a broad forehead, and a mouth which spoke of both passion and pride.

The old man glanced from face to face, seeming to be comparing them in his mind.

But it was the dark eyed lad on which his glance rested oftener.

Nay, he kept that portrait in his hand after he had replaced the other in his desk.

His mind had wandered far back into the past.

He was thinking of how affection torn and bleeding from a woman's faithlessness had twined themselves round that dark eyed lad.

There had been a time when they were all the world to each other—the stern old uncle and the passionate, self-willed nephew.

But at last a quarrel had arisen—a fatal quarrel.

The sternness and the self will had come into conflict, and the result was that the lad had betaken himself to a far off land, and the uncle was left to a lonely and comfortless old age.

"I shall not be here long," he mused; "Ferguson is right enough in that. I grow weaker every day. Is the lad alive or dead I wonder? He was very bitter with his old uncle; but perhaps I was hard on him—perhaps I was. If I could have seen him once again!"

He held up the miniature to the light, and looked at it long and earnestly.

A quarter of an hour had passed. The old man's head had sunk forward. His eyes were closed; his features were softened and peaceful look.

He still held the miniature in his hand. His senses were sunk in a dreamy respect but he was not asleep.

Silence hung over the Moated Grange. The night was calm; scarce a leaf stirred as it flowed on between the willow trees and oaks which fringed its banks.

The ticking of the clock alone broke the stillness inside the room.

But presently there came a movement.

though not a sound.

The heavy covered door opened softly, slowly, stealthily, inch by inch.

It was not the wind that opened it.

A human form glided through the aperture.

A man, with a black mask covering his features stole into the room.

The old man, with his eyes closed and his head drooping forward, saw nothing.

Slowly, stealthily, noiselessly, the man in the mask advanced across the carpet.

He stood behind the old man's chair, and raised his arm.

There was a glitter of steel flashing through the air; then Richard Whittaker uttered a groan, and fell heavily forward with his face upon the floor.

The murderer stood quite still.

He believed he had despatched his victim; but the body stirred; the grey head moved feebly—nay, even raised itself.

Then the murderer stooped over him, to despatch him with a second blow.

Ere that blow could be delivered, however, the old man, with a surprising burst of strength and energy, rose to his knees, and tore the mask from his assailant's face.

The moment he saw the face he shrank back in overwhelming horror.

"You!" he gasped. "Oh, my God! is it you?"

Again the weapon descended.

The old, grey-headed man lay motionless this time.

His murderer knelt beside him.

All was silence in the Moated Grange.

## CHAPTER II. RUBY MORELAND'S ADVENTURE.

On the same night which saw that awful crime committed, Miss Ruby Moreland, a young lady who was one of the principal land-owners in the neighbourhood of the Moated Grange, was riding homewards on her bicycle.

The road was a lonely one, and she most certainly would not have been permitted to traverse it in the darkness, and alone, if her aunt, who lived with her, and who was her only living relative had possessed that authority which elderly female relatives are supposed to have over young ladies of barely twenty-one.

But Ruby was self-willed, and high-spirited, and courageous, and her aunt's warnings too often fell on unheeding ears.

This afternoon she had been visiting a girl friend, and had sat chatting over the tea—much longer than she had intended, with the result that it was past five o'clock before she set out on her homeward journey.

She had seven miles to go, and for the first three she went like the wind.

Then suddenly an ominous sound warned her that there was something wrong with the machine.

She jumped off, only just in time to save herself a nasty fall.

The bicycle fell into the roadway.

She bent over it, saw what had happened, and gave a little ejaculation of dismay.

The injury was one she could not repair. She stood considering what was best to be done.

Templedene was fully four miles away. She could walk that distance well enough but the lateness of her return would alarm Aunt Henrietta dreadfully; and, besides there was the machine to be thought of.

What was to be done with it?

There was no house near at which to leave it.

Even as this thought passed through her mind, she saw a light shining among the willow trees across the water.

She knew it would be useless to seek for help there.

The light shone from the windows of the Moated Grange.

"What ever am I to do?" she murmured.

The next morning she gave a little start; for a man stood beside her—a man who must have been sitting or standing in the shadow of a high hedge on her right.

"I am afraid you are in a difficulty," said this new comer. "Can I be of any assistance?"

The voice was decidedly a pleasant one—frank and refined.

Ruby looked up, expecting to see a gentleman, and experienced a very distinct shock of surprise on discovering that the person who had come thus unexpectedly to her aid bore in his attire all the marks of the genus tramp.

But she saw that he had the look of a gentleman.

As to his face, Ruby decided it was distinctly handsome.

A dark, gypsy face, with bright, widely-opened eyes, a broad forehead, a sun-burned complexion, and lips which, though very pleasant when he smiled, had a touch of pride.

"I hope I didn't startle you," he said, as he bent over the machine. "I think I can put this to rights for you if you'll let me."

"Oh, thank you! I shall be ever so much obliged."

Any other girl might have felt frightened at the appearance of such a man on a lonely road; but Ruby had singular courage.

Besides, she had faith in the stranger.

"I hope I didn't startle you in a trivet," he said, "you see it is done."

He certainly had it right in a very short time, and, having finished his task, he held the machine for Ruby to mount.

But she hesitated.

"Wait a moment," she said, a little confusedly. "I—I'm sure I don't know how to thank you."

"I've done nothing for you to thank me for."

"Oh, yes—yes, indeed, you have! And I should like to give you something if I may—it if you wouldn't be offended."

"I certainly shouldn't be offended. Do I look as if I'm likely to be?" said the tramp, with a grim smile.

"I can tell you you have been better days. I believe you were born a gentleman," said Ruby, in her impulsive fashion, speaking very hurriedly. "And I am so much obliged to you. Please take this half-sovereign, and my best thanks with it."

"It is I who owe all the thanks," said the man in a low voice, turning aside his face a little as he held out his hand for the coin.

Her own hand was unglued. As it touched his she felt that it was hard with toil.

"At any rate, that proves he is not a mere lazy loafer," she said to herself; but in her heart of hearts she felt a little disappointed because this fact militated against a romantic theory she was cherishing that he might be a disguised gentleman.

The next moment she had mounted her machine and ridden off.

When she reached Templedene, her aunt was in a flutter of nervous excitement.

Ruby deemed it wise not to mention the broken bicycle and the assistance she had received from the tramp. She simply said she had stayed later than she had intended at the house of her friend.

When she went upstairs to dress for dinner, she made a discovery which annoyed her greatly.

She found she had given the tramp a gilded sixpence instead of half a sovereign.

The gilded sixpence had come into her possession a few days before.

She had laid it aside in a certain purse, intending to show it to a friend and neighbor, who was a justice of the peace.

This purse she had slipped into her pocket by mistake when she went out that afternoon, and thus the sixpence had been bestowed upon the tramp.

"Whatever will he think of me?" thought Ruby. And her cheeks glowed with vexation.

The tramp, when Ruby left him, stood for a moment or two looking after her; then he pulled his hat very low over his brows, and struck across the fields in the direction of the Moated Grange.

Arrived at the river, he found the boat fastened, as Ferguson had left it.

Casting it loose, he stepped into it, and pulled across to the island.

A quarter of an hour passed; then the tramp came hurrying from the Moated Grange.

He stepped into the boat, pulled across with rapid strokes, jumped out, re-fastened the boat, and ran across the fields, avoiding the high road.

## CHAPTER III. THE DISCOVERY.

It was a quarter past seven when Ferguson came trudging back across the fields with his market basket, full of purchases, upon his arm.

At the stile which led to the field nearest the Grange, he overtook a laborer who lived at a cottage a mile or so away, and whose work took him across the fields by the river regularly at that hour.

"Hullo, Snait!" "Hullo, Ferguson!" was the greeting between the two men, and they tramped on together.

"We shall soon have Christmas here now," said Snait.

"We shall," returned Ferguson laconically.

After this, nothing was said till they reached the riverade.

"How's the old man?" asked Snait, as Ferguson was unfastening the boat.

"Middlin' very middlin', shut up there in your damp old house. I wouldn't stop in it for a pension. I wonder how you stand it?"

"I'm used to it. That makes a lot of difference. Good night, Snait!"

The countryman plodded on. His way led him straight by the bank of the river.

It curved considerably, and he had not got out of sight of the Grange, when he heard a voice, raised very loud and trembling with excitement, bidding him stop.

The voice was Ferguson's.

"For God's sake, come here Snait!" he said. "There is something the matter with the master."

"Bring the boat across, then."

Ferguson obeyed, and Snait got into the boat. The two men looked at each other with frightened eyes.

"What is the matter?" whispered Snait.

"He is lying on the rug, there is blood on him. I believe he is dead."

"A fit, perhaps," suggested Snait.

But even as he made the suggestion, it was easy to see his mind was travelling to other things.

"I do not know. I never touched him. He is lying there, and I believe he is dead."

They reached the island and walked towards the house.

The door stood wide open.

"Which room?" whispered Snait.

Ferguson, without speaking, pointed to the first door on the left hand.

Horror weighed down the senses of both men.

Ferguson's ruddy face was white as a sheet and Snait trembled.

They entered the room.

Both cast their eyes towards the fire place, and both shuddered at the sight that met their gaze.

Stretched at full length upon the rug, lay, old Richard Whittaker.

His grey head rested on a corner of a fender, his face was turned, his eyes were wide open, his hand dropped, and his lips were ashen.

No need to ask if he were dead.

Snait crept up to the body and examined it with frightened eyes.

"Why, he has been murdered!" he said in a low struck whisper. It is no fit. Look here!"

And he pointed to a great cut in the old man's waistcoat, through which the blood was oozing still.

In less than an hour the police were on the scene.

The Moated Grange, in which no stranger foot had trod for years, was now full of

people, who, on one pretext or another, contrived to get admission to the scene of crime.

The boat was constantly coming and going across the river.

The bank on the further side was lined with country people, who, after the manner of their class, hazarded the wildest guesses and found intense enjoyment even in the midst of awe and horror.

Snait and Ferguson had hastened to the nearest police-station to report the crime.

It was only a country station, but it so chanced that they found there a clever intelligent officer, who had just driven over from the neighbouring town.

He was a detective; his name, Ferret.

Taking two footmen with him, he accompanied Snait and Ferguson to the Grange.

His experienced eye at once saw that a murder had been committed.

The theory of suicide, even if it had been otherwise tenable, was negatived by the absence of the weapon with which the deed had been done.

As soon as a medical man had arrived, and formally pronounced life to be extinct, the body was removed to an upper chamber.

This done, Detective Ferret commenced his investigations in earnest.

Having questioned Ferguson as to the state of the house when he left it, he carefully examined the premises, and came to the conclusion that an entrance had been effected through a scullery window, which had been left insecurely fastened.

Ferguson was certain he had fastened the doors both back and front before he went away, and had found them fastened on his return.

A letter lying open on the table in the parlour next caught the detective's eye.

A startled look crossed his face as he read it.

London, December 20th.

DEAR UNCLE RICHARD,—I beseech you to help me this once. Unless I can get a hundred pounds by Monday I shall be ruined. I want to pay you back again in a few months if you will let me have it.

I am coming down to Lincolnshire, and shall venture to the Grange. Surely you will not shut your door upon me. At least see me and hear what I have to say.

Your affectionate nephew.

REGINALD WHITTAKER

The detective turned to Ferguson.

"There is a letter here from Mr. Reginald Whittaker. It says he intended visiting his uncle. Has he been?"

"No, sir."

(Continued from page 10.)

ed he was even handsomer than she had thought him. There was something noble in his face. It was frank, generous and brave. 'I beg your pardon for speaking to you again,' he began; but Ruby interrupted him with eagerness. 'I found out my mistake as soon as I got home,' she cried. 'It was a sixpence I gave you, not half-a-sovereign. I was so sorry...'

'It did not matter in the least,' said the man, with an air of quiet unconcern, which considering the subject, was in odd contrast with his shabby clothes. 'It did not matter in the least; only, I have been so unlucky as to lose that sixpence, and I want to ask you a favor.' Ruby put her hand surreptitiously into her pocket, blushing all the while, as if she were committing a crime. He stopped her. 'No! don't! he cried hastily. 'Don't give me money. I don't want it; I mustn't take it. I ought not to have taken that from you last night. It's quite a different thing I was going to ask you.'

'Tell me what it is.' And her voice was very soft indeed as she spoke to him. 'I want you to promise to tell me one day you gave me that sixpence, if you have not already mentioned it.' 'I haven't mentioned it.' 'Then will you do me that favor? I ought to explain to you, perhaps, and yet I hardly know how to explain. I can only tell you this: I have lost that sixpence under circumstances which, if they became known, might bring trouble on someone who is very dear to me.'

He spoke with quiet earnestness. His look was grave and serious. Ruby, impulsive and generous, believed every word he said, without pausing to consider how strange a request he was making. 'I will never mention it to anyone—you may trust me,' she said with energy. 'I do trust you. Thank you, Miss Moreland! Again he raised his hat, again bowed with the frank, graceful courtesy of a gentleman. The next moment, to Ruby's amazement he was gone, had vaulted over a low fence with the lightness of an antelope, and disappeared in a plantation of young fir trees. Her amazement was only momentary. Two young ladies, friends of hers, came into sight on the road, and then she understood that he had quitted her in that hurried manner, so that she might be spared the embarrassment of being seen in his company. She exchanged a word or two with young ladies when she met them, but declined to be detained, and walked home, deep in thought.

'How did he know my name? she mused. And he was most certainly waiting there in the hope of seeing me. He must have known I take a walk along this road every morning. Whoever can he be? I am quite sure he is a gentleman; but who is he, and why is he dressed like that? Is he really poor? Oh! I wish I knew. I wonder whether I shall ever meet him again? When she reached home, she found a visitor with her aunt—Mr. Prestwich the owner of Prestwood, a large estate in the neighborhood. It was Mr. Prestwich whom Ruby had intended to consult concerning her gilded sixpence. He had been her guardian, was now her best friend, and a magistrate into the bargain. Ruby and her aunt consulted him when ever they were in the slightest difficulty. 'What, guardian, you here? she cried gaily as she entered the room. 'You must have got away earlier than usual this morning. Do you know it isn't eleven o'clock yet? The old gentleman looked up gravely. 'My dear, I have had very serious things to think about. Your aunt tells me you have heard the news yet?'

'What news? 'A murder has been committed—a most terrible murder. Old Mr. Whittaker was found dead in the Moated Grange last night.' 'Oh, how dreadful! Do they know who did it? 'Very little is known. Of course, various suspicions are afloat, but it remains to be seen whether they are well grounded. And then Mr. Prestwich went on to tell how Ferguson had found his master lying dead, stabbed to the heart, on his return from his usual Friday-night marketing, and how a letter which lay on the table seemed to cast suspicion on the old man's nephew, Reginald. Ruby uttered an exclamation of dismay. 'Reginald Whittaker never did it! she exclaimed with energy. 'Never, never! Oh guardian, you know how kind and gentle Reginald is. He to kill his uncle! Oh, how could anyone think of such a thing!'

'My dear, all manner of things have to be thought of,' said Mr. Prestwich. 'I should be very grieved to think evil of Reginald Whittaker. I always liked the young man; but we must remember we have known nothing of him for years; and I fear—I very much fear—he has been living a wild life since he went away to London.' 'I don't care what life he has lived,' cried Ruby with great vehemence. 'Reginald used to play with me when we were children; and he was always kind, never cruel. I know his nature almost as well as I know my own. He simply couldn't do a cruel thing.'

Mr. Prestwich knew better than to attempt to refute this feminine logic. 'Well, the matter is in the hands of the police; he must leave it to them to find out the truth. That Detective Ferret is a very able man, not much escapes his eye. And, by the way, I forgot to tell you that the murderer—cunning as he has been—has left one little clue behind him. Ferret picked up a gilded sixpence just inside the hall door.' Ruby felt herself turning pale. She averted her face, so that neither Mr. Prestwich nor her aunt might observe her agitation. 'A gilded sixpence!' she repeated in a low voice. 'Is that what you said, guardian?'

'Yes, my dear. And as Ferguson is certain the coin was not there when he passed out, and it is highly unlikely it was dropped there by the poor old man himself, it is fair to suppose it was dropped by the murderer. It looks as if it had been worn on a watch chain, for there is a hole through it. The gilt is pretty fresh, and the date is that of last year.' Her own sixpence! The description tallied with it in every particular. Ruby might well sit with averted cheek and down-bent head. 'Ferret thinks much of his find, and I don't wonder that he should,' resumed Mr. Prestwich. 'If only he can trace that sixpence to its last owner, he will lay his hand on the murderer.'

Ruby said nothing; she was in agony of doubt. 'What was she to do? What ought she to do? Those were the questions which agitated her mind. She never saw Hefelfinger play. 'Pudge' Hefelfinger was one of the most popular football players that Yale ever produced. As long as he played football he was an idol, and received enough homage to turn a less level head than his proved to be. At present he is living quietly at his home in Minneapolis and is in business with his father, a well-known shoe manufacturer of that city. And one subject he discusses is football. This story is told of a New York girl who visited Minneapolis several years ago. At a dinner she found herself seated by a big, broad-shouldered young man whose name she had not caught. As he was big, looked muscular, and did not touch wine, she divined that athletics would be likely to interest him. 'Do you play football? she asked accord ingly. Not now, he answered with some embarrassment, apparently. She thought him shy. But you have played? she queried encouragingly. Yes—some, he replied. You look as if you might play very well. These western colleges turn out some very fine players, she continued, a trifle patronizingly. The best in the world! he responded emphatically. Oh—hardly that! Of course they don't compare with the Yale and Harvard players. She thought it a trifle provincial of him to put his western colleges above Yale and Harvard. Have you ever seen one of the Yale Harvard games? she continued. Yes, I have seen Yale and Harvard play,' he admitted. 'I never miss a game if I can help it, the girl rattled on; 'but I don't enjoy them as I used to when Hefelfinger played. Did you ever see him play? He looked thoughtful for a moment. 'No,' he answered. 'Well, you don't know what you've missed! If you really care for football you ought to see Hefelfinger play!'

'I'm afraid I never shall,' said the young man regretfully. 'Evidently he's not a real football enthusiast or he'd show more interest in the subject,' the girl thought to herself, and was about to begin on some other topic when a man across the table scooped the big, broad-shouldered young man beside her. 'Pudge,' he said, 'are you going to coach any this winter for the Minnesota team?'

'No; not this year,' answered the young man. A premonitory shiver went over the girl. 'Was it Pudge he called you?' she demanded breathlessly of the broad shouldered young man. She recalled a vague memory that Hefelfinger was a Western man. 'Yes, it was Pudge,' he had to admit. 'And your other name?' she asked her face a brilliant scarlet. 'Hefelfinger,' was the apologetic reply. 'Hix—I understand Rounderly is going to write a novel under the title 'What I Told My Wife?'

'Lix—Why doesn't he call it 'What I Didn't Tell My Wife?'

'Hix—I suppose the publishers didn't want too big a volume. The best way to make a girl sure you love her is to make her believe you can't think of her without shivering all up and down your back. Freddy—Ma, according to my appetite it must be near dinner time. Mamma—Yes, but your appetite is unusually fast.'

A Famous Boat-Race. The varsity races between Oxford and Cambridge are usually so close and exciting that the possibility of a good contest between them when one crew was a man short seems almost incredible. Such a race however, actually occurred in 1843, and the story of it is pleasantly told by Doctor Tuckwell in his 'Reminiscences of Oxford.'

'It was, I think, in 1842 that a new oar, Fletcher Menzies, of University, arose, under whose training the Oxford style was changed and pace improved, with prospect of beating Cambridge, which had for several years been victor; and the '43 race at Henley between the two picked crews of Oxford University and the Cambridge Subscription Rooms was anxiously expected as a test. In the last week Menzies, the stroke, fell ill, and the Rooms refused to allow a substitute. The contest seemed at an end when some one proposed that the Oxford seven should pull against the Cambridge eight. The audacious gallantry of the deed took hold. Georges Hughes of Oriol brother of Tom Hughes, and author of Tom Brown's School Days, was moved from seven to stroke, and his place taken by the bow, Lowndes of Christchurch. So, with the bow oar unmanned, the race began, the crew hopeless of more than a creditable defeat; but as their boat held its own, drew up, passed ahead, the excitement became tremendous, and when the Oxford flag fluttered up, the men on the bank, as the guard said of his leader in Nicholas Nickleby, went mad with glory carried the rower to the Red Lion, wildly raced the streets, like horses on the Corso at the Roman carnival, tore up a heavy toll bar gate and flung it over the bridge into the river. The boat was moored as a trophy in Christchurch meadow at the point where Pectolus poured its foul stream into the Isis, and was shown for twenty years to admiring freshmen; until in 1867, rotten and decayed it was bought by jolly Tom Randall, mercer, alderman, scholar, its sound parts fashioned into a chair, and presented as the president's throne in the university barge. One of the seven, John Cox, of Trinity, who pulled six, is still alive.'

Transparent Mirrors. Mirrors that one can see through are a new invention already coming into use. They are of so-called 'platinized glass,' being backed with a compound made of ninety-five per cent silver and five per cent platinum, and, optically speaking, they are exceedingly curious and interesting. Looking into a glass of this kind, one finds a first-rate reflection; it is a mirror and nothing more. At the same time, a person on the other side can see directly through it. For example, a glass of this sort placed in front of the prescription desk in an apothecary shop perfectly conceals the prescription clerk and his apparatus. Thus the privacy of that department is secured, while on his part the clerk is able to survey the shop and see everybody who comes in just as if the mirror were ordinary glass. It is transparent to him, but is like any common mirror from the viewpoint of people in front. It is easily seen that the glass of this kind is likely to be useful for a good many purposes. It can be put in the doors of dark bathrooms, or of any other rooms where privacy is desirable and light is wanted. Anybody who has observed his own reflection in the plate glass windows of shops will understand the principle well enough. The effect is merely enhanced by an extremely thin coat of the platinum silver, which allows light to pass through, and yet furnishes an excellent looking glass. The process consists in pouring over plate glass nitrate of silver and platinum, and then applying Rochelle salts.

Consistent. 'Are you a believer in woman suffrage?' asked Mrs. Strong of one of her young friends. 'Indeed I am,' was the prompt reply. 'I think we should have the right to vote on every question, and to choose the government, and do everything that men can.' 'Then why were you not at our important meeting last Tuesday evening?' asked Mrs. Strong, with some severity. 'Why,' said her young friend, reproachfully, 'I couldn't go. Dear Mrs. Strong, I just couldn't! Our maid was out, and mother doesn't like to be alone in the house at night, and besides, there wasn't anybody to come home with me after the meeting, and it's dark as dark can be at our corner, now they've moved the electric light!'

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A True Son Of Kansas. Hans Jensen, a Dane, who appeared before a Kansas judge in order to take out naturalization papers, very easily demonstrated his fitness for the privilege. 'Hans,' said the judge, 'are you satisfied with the general conditions of the country? Does this government suit you?'

'Yes, yes,' replied the Dane, 'only I would like to see more rain.' 'Sweet him!' exclaimed the judge. 'I see that he already has the Kansas life.' Bona—Ah say, Mr Bona, why are you weather man like a peanut? Interlocutor—I don't know, Bona, why are you weather man like a peanut? Bona—Because he is freshly roasted every day. 'Was a minute, John. Don't read so fast. Who is it that the other turned out?'

Giles—It is always soggy in London. Miles—I believe so. Giles—What a clutch the weather man over there must have!

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PURE SICK HEADACHE.

# Slaves to Habit.

Working on the cars we learn odd things. One man on a Pullman car said that he had been surprised by the items gleaned in my early railroad days was the fact that many people who wear glasses cannot sleep without them. The first time I saw a man go to bed with his glasses on I thought he had made a mistake.

'Sir,' I said, 'you have forgotten to undress. You have your glasses on.'

'Of course I have,' he said. 'I wouldn't be able to sleep without them.'

'After that I met lots of people who had become slaves to the habit. Some who could afford luxuries had special night glasses made with certain loops and clasps which held them securely in place, while others, less extravagant, contented themselves with the regular reading glasses.'

'A few whom I questioned said they had purposely accustomed themselves to the habit owing to the fact that they were apt to lay their glasses down carelessly and were thus totally helpless if awakened suddenly, but the majority declared that their glasses had become a part of themselves and that they would as soon think of taking off their care as their glasses.'

'In contrast to these folks I found that most people took out their false teeth upon going to bed. I had a good deal of trouble with the toothless contingent. Most of them were afraid to trust their molars to the narrow confines of their berth for fear of losing them. So they gave them to me for safe keeping.'

'Then there were wigs. Lots of bald-headed people couldn't sleep without them. In most cases a special sock of hair was provided for sleeping purposes, thus keeping the regular wig snug and span for daytime wear.'

'One of the funniest things I ever came across in the false hair line was the case of a certain gentleman from Indiana who often travelled with me. He was absolutely bald. One night I caught a glimpse of him in his night attire. The shining pate that I had marvelled at only an hour before that blossomed out into a great mat of shaggy black hair.'

'I always sleep with it,' he granted, in explanation. 'When I first began to get bald I hankered after a black wig. I didn't dare to put it on in the daytime for fear my folks would make fun of me, so I took to wearing it at night. I've got so used to it now I can't sleep without it.'

'That struck me as being one of the craziest notions I had ever heard of, but of course it was strictly the old man's business and I did not say much about it.'

'Another funny thing is the prelection many people have for sleeping with their heads in a certain direction. I remember particularly well what a time I had with one woman travelling over the Northern Pacific from St. Paul to Helena. After the road passes into North Dakota it runs almost due west. Naturally the berth extend from east to west. This woman could sleep only with her head to the north.'

'I must sleep with my head to the north,' she said, and that is all there is to it. I have been ill and am still weak and I must have my sleep, but I cannot possibly lie down with my head to the east, west or south. My head is like the magnetic needle. It always points to the north. If by any chance, it gets screwed around in any other direction I cannot rest. You must make my bed as I direct you.'

'I tried to be diplomatic. I pointed out to the woman how absolutely impracticable it was to improvise a couch that would block up the aisle for the rest of the passengers, but she wouldn't listen to my explanation.'

'You are not here to argue, but to obey,' she said. 'Make my bed with the head to the north, please.'

'I reported the difficulty to the conductors and brakemen and we finally made a bunk for her out in a little ante-room at the rear end of the rear coach.'

'There are other folks who have a habit of sleeping decked out in all their jewelry. I found women the greatest offenders in that respect. I used to implore them to lock their gems up somewhere, but they declared they couldn't sleep without their rings, and all the rest of it. I knew one woman who never wore even the plainest band ring in the daytime, but when she got ready for bed she looked like a jeweller's advertising window.'

'Sleep, in certain people, depends upon the kind of clothing worn. One wants a handkerchief tied round his head, another must wear slippers, and still another is nervous and uncomfortable without gloves.'

One man who travelled often over a Western road where I was employed could not sleep unless he had a red woolen shawl wound round his shoulders.

'Most habits of this kind are contracted during a spell of illness. The wearing of a certain article of dress is recommended and by the time the patient has recovered the custom has become second nature and cannot well be broken off.'

'Then there are certain sounds essential to repose. I have known a few abnormal souls that are soothed to slumber and held therein by the ticking of a clock. Unfortunately, the everlasting ratchet was apt to keep a much greater number wide awake, and many a time I have had a positive mutiny on my hands as a result of the indispensable clock.'

'Of all the slaves to habit those who are bound to a certain spot at a stated hour or minute of the night or at a particular spot are the most amusing and at the same time most annoying. I have in mind now a customer belonging to the latter class.'

'He travelled in my car once from Cleveland to Chicago. We had been out of Cleveland only about half an hour when he hunched me up and asked to have his bed fixed. I suggested it was rather early and asked him if he couldn't hold out a little longer.'

'No, sir,' said he, 'I cannot. I've only got a few cat naps ahead of me at the best and I want to make the best of them. I won't be able to close my eyes for two seconds after we cross the Indiana line and I want to snatch a few winks of sleep before we get there.'

'I saw the man was in dead earnest and made his bed.'

'Five minutes later he was snoring away like a pirate, and he continued to snore till we got to the Indiana line. As sure as I'm sitting here that man ceased snoring before the last coach had switched out of Ohio, and stuck his head out from beneath the curtains as wide awake as a new silver dollar.'

'It didn't take us long to get to Indiana,' he said. 'You may make my bed now. I shall not be able to sleep so long as we are in this confounded State.'

'I was dumfounded.'

'But how did you know when we got here?' I asked. 'You were asleep a minute ago.'

'Of course I was,' said he, 'and I'd have slept all night if we hadn't struck Indiana. But I always wake up right on the line, no matter in what direction I'm going. You can't fool me on Indiana. I've travelled across this state about two hundred times in the past five years and it has always been so.'

'A man did me dirt down in Tipton county once, and I have never slept a wink inside the State since. I want to keep wide awake so as not to lose any chance of seeing him. I'll run across him yet, one of these days, and when I do I'll pay him back with interest or know the reason why. Sleep in Indiana? Well, I guess not.'

'And he didn't. He didn't find his man, either, on that trip, but I feel sure that he will find him some day. Vigilance of that brand is a gift of Providence and is bound to be rewarded.'

## LEAD IN INTELLECT.

Great Men Have All Taken Interest In Athletics. Numberless instances might be adduced in the records of ancient and medieval history, which, whatever their authenticity, serve to show the close relation believed by the chroniclers of those days to exist between great physical strength and the intellectual powers which lead men to positions of command.

This was, of course, due in part to the preeminence of physical force and of personal achievements in those ages; but in our own time we find that many of the most successful men in the various learned professions, in literature and in statesmanship have been lifelong devotees of some form of athletics, or have at least in their younger days taken prominent part among the athletes of their schools or colleges. Doctor Morgan, in his excellent work on University Oars, calls attention to the fact that of the one hundred and forty seven Cambridge men who constituted the crews between 1829 and 1869, twenty eight per cent, bore off honors in more important contests than those of the river talking in some cases the very highest academical distinctions, and proving according to doctor Morgan, that mind and muscle, provided only they be judiciously

guided, are not unequal yolk-fellows, but are well able to work together with reciprocal advantage. Among the aquatic champions whom he mentions were three bishops, two judges, one learned and world-renowned historian and many others filling the posts of honour and intellectual distinction. The general average of class men at Oxford was about thirty percent, while among cricketers it rose to forty-two, and among rowing men to forty-five percent.

At the present day the average age reached by those who attain their majority is fifty. In a list of five hundred of the greatest men in history, prepared not to show their longevity, but in order to determine at what time of life men do their best work, it was found that the average age at death was about sixty two years. Madden, in his curious work on the infirmities of Genius, gives a list of two hundred and forty illustrious names, with their ages at death, the average being about sixty-six years.

We see thus that, on the one hand, many of the great men of the past have been noted not only for their mental but for their physical power as well; and that, on the other, in the development of their bodies, the time given to athletics and to exercise tended to produce at once increased tenacity of life and the highest and best intellectual capacity.

Here again, were it desirable, example might be indefinitely multiplied. It is easy to recall that Sir Walter Scott was unusually robust and physically active until overtaken by fatal disease; that Burns in his youth was an athlete of no mean prowess; that Byron, despite his deformity, excelled in feats of strength; and that he prided himself as much upon having swum the Hellespont as upon having written Childe Harold; that Dickens considered himself at a great intellectual disadvantage if he could not go for his daily ten-mile walk at four miles an hour, regardless of weather; that George Sand preferred to work far into the night so that she might have some hours of daylight for her walks in the country; that Goethe swam, skated, rode and was passionately fond of all forms of exercise; that Humboldt prepared himself for his explorations by systematic exercises to the point of fatigue; that Leonardo da Vinci was a devoted equestrian; that Wordsworth was an indefatigable pedestrian; that Kant allowed nothing to interfere with his daily afternoon walk; that Gladstone lost no opportunity for out-of-door exercise; that Bismarck all his life was fond of sport and exercise, and as indelicate in their pursuit as in his diplomatic work; and that among living authors, orators and statesmen we have many equally conspicuous examples of the same great truth.

## A Joke Shot OR by Cannon.

Congressman Joseph G. Cannon of Ill. is one of the conspicuous men in the House of Representatives, and one of the quaint political characters of the country; always expected to say and to do the unexpected. He has the reputation of being able to hit the bull's eye in an argument, and never tells a joke that doesn't have a sharp point bearing on the situation he is discussing.

Senator Cullom, of Illinois, and Congressman Cannon are good friends; both working loyally for the interests of their State. When the Senatorial race was on that resulted in the sending of Senator Cullom again to the Senate, it was widely rumored that Congressman Cannon would be nominated as a rival for the Senate against him.

In the midst of this political talk the Gridiron Club dinner was given in Washington. Most persons know of this remarkable dinner club; its rules of free speech and no newspaper reporting, and its distinguished members who eagerly accept invitations to it.

The usual distinguished party was at the particular dinner referred to. Senator Cullom and Congressman Cannon, who sincerely like to poke fun at one another, sat opposite each other. Congressman Cannon was called on for a speech, which he declined to make because he wasn't ready and was enjoying his dinner. The shouts then broke out that if he wouldn't make a speech, he must get up and give them a good reason why he didn't think himself a winning candidate for the Senatorship for Illinois.

'Certainly, gentlemen, he answered. He arose to his feet, looked scorchingly at every Senator present, and then his gaze lingered fondly on Cullom. 'Certainly he repeated; 'I am neither dignified nor dull.'

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A very poor sailor, a lady known to a writer in London Truth, thinks she has discovered a remedy for seasickness:

'As the vessel dips down she draws in her breath; as it rises she expels it. What could be simpler? And how inexpensive! At the most it is only a waste of breath, which is better expended this way than in groans and expetives and futile sighs for land. Its portability, too, appeals to any traveller by sea—the disease and the cure are seldom carried in one bottle.'

His wife wanted him to buy her a Christmas hat. He bought her one, and she was suited. Then she wanted him to take down the stove. He did so, and he was sooted.

Miss Ricketts—It is said that the contact of lips in the dark under the mistletoe evolves a visible spark. Mr. Spudd—That is very interesting. I had never heard of it; but we'll turn down the gas on Christmas night and do some experimenting.

'I wish,' said the housewife, who had grudgingly given the tramp one of her homemade Christmas mince pies, instead of thanking me, you could tell me of something that will drive away cockroaches.' 'Ever try this sort of pie on 'em, ma'am? he ingenuously inquired.

A farmer drifted into a hardware establishment and was asked by the manager—'Don't you want to buy a bicycle to ride about your farm on? They're cheap now. Can give you one for five pounds five.' 'I'd sooner put the five pounds five into a cow,' said the farmer. 'But think,' said the manager, 'how foolish you would look riding about on a cow.' 'O, I don't know,' said the farmer; 'no more foolish, perhaps, than I would milking a bicycle.' 'Oh, my dear wife!' said John Henry, as he paid the milliner's Christmas bill.

Tired of the long-winded oratory of the attorney for the defense, the judge interrupted him.

'Mr. Sharke,' he said, 'may I ask you a question?' 'Certainly, your honor. What is it?' 'Language,' said the judge, 'we are told, is given to conceal thought, or words to that effect. Inasmuch as you don't seem to have any thought to conceal, I would like to know why you are talking.'

If you don't let everybody know that you are somebody, nobody will think you are anybody.

Remarkable! remarkable! The weather man says the mercury will drop to zero in twelve hours. That's nothing! Eh? What's nothing? Zero.

Lady—I thought you said you would saw some wood if I gave you a hearty meal? Tramp—Yes, liddy; but I allus have to sleep two or three days after a heavy meal.

Awfully sorry to hear your house is burned down. Did you save anything? Oh, yes! After some lively work we succeeded in getting out all the things we didn't want.

Bill—There's one thing phrenology can't do. Jill—What's that? It can't tell just how long a man's been married by the bumps on his head.

'He did start in to study medicine, but he gave it up.' 'Didn't like it, eh?' 'O! yes he liked it, but he was afraid he'd never succeed. You see, he couldn't raise a Vandyke beard.'

'Your eyes are like diamonds,' he said, and she smiled. As a thought on her suddenly dawned, for she knew that he might be in a hard straits some day; she replied: 'But they cannot be pawned.'

Professor (tearfully)—'When I first began teaching music the wolf was often at my door.'

Listener (unfeeling)—'Gracious! Why didn't you pound the piano then as you do now, and scare it away?'

Wife—Do you know what you remind me of? Husband—No; but I do know what you remind me of. Wife—'What?' Husband—'Of every little thing I forget to attend to that you ask me about.'

Mamma—Now, go to sleep or the Squaligobs will get you.

Tommy—Will they come right in here? Mamma—Yes.

Tommy—All right. I'll keep 'wake, 'cause I want to see what kind o' things these Squaligobs are.

Farmers are not superstitious. They would rather have the price of plain, ordinary hay \$40 a ton than to have nine barns full of four-leaved clover.

Uppardson—Can you make anything out of this Sampson-Sully controversy? Atom—Yes. I think it's plain that Sampson had to run the New York some distance to the rear so as to avoid being rammed when the Brooklyn made that loop. Then, while Sully was shooting blankety blank cartridges at the Texas, the Spanish ships, which had been all the time running away from the New York, sunk themselves in despair, so as to rob Sampson of the glory. Understand it now.

What are you doing, dear? I am making some mince pies according to your mother's own recipe. All right. I wish I have some dyspepsia remedy 's'd up,' according to my father's own recipe.

## BORN.

Frank Wedel, Oct. 29, to the wife of Fred L. Blanc, a son.

Chatham, Nov. 1, to the wife of Rev. J. M. MacLean a daughter.

## MARRIED.

Bangor, Oct. 21, Mabel Pollard to Lewis Barrett, Sandy Cove, Oct. 16, Walter Cousins to Jane Hart.

Pictou, Oct. 23, Donald Mathewson to J. M. Simpson.

Pictou, Oct. 23, James Cameron to Amy Grace Lunan.

Moncton, N. B., Oct. 30, John Mann to Miss M. Hill, a daughter.

Lower Sackville, Oct. 29, James Swazey to Miss Jardine.

Bas River, Oct. 20, James Corbett to Mary Weatherly.

Grand View, Oct. 24, John McLeod to Flora McDonald.

Woods Harbor, Oct. 23, James Nickerson to E. H. Sears.

Yarmouth, Oct. 27, Walskill Nickerson to Louise Sweeney.

Black River, Oct. 20, Murdoch Cameron to Bella McDonald.

Charlottetown, Oct. 30, William Macleod of Mount Vernon to Miss Matheson.

## DIED.

De Sable, Oct. 30, Mrs. Shaw.

Tignish, Oct. 21, Laurent Bute, 84.

Pictou, Oct. 17, Mrs. David Ross, 84.

Brae, Oct. 9, Oct. 27, Laura Macpherson.

Amherst, Oct. 30, Logan Fuller, 87.

Charlottetown, Oct. 31, Mary Sims, 78.

Hallifax, Nov. 2, Miss Alice McKay.

Elmdale, Oct. 28, Henry Macneil, 76.

Mill Road, Oct. 22, Henry Hardy, 76.

Antigonish, Oct. 18, Allen McDonald, 60.

Pictou, Oct. 28, Catherine M. McLean, 41.

Yorkville, Nov. 1, Joseph Kaye, 82.

Fairfield, Oct. 30, Elizabeth Campbell, 66.

St. John, Oct. 23, Alfred Mosely, 68.

East Boston, Oct. 33, George J. McQueen, 64.

Victoria Cross, Oct. 18, Margaret Gillis, 62.

Rolle Bay, Oct. 18, Archibald Macdonald, 63.

Roxbury, Oct. 29, Walter George Connor, 29.

Somerville, N. B., Oct. 29, Margaret Terrio, 49.

Gloucester, Oct. 28, Mrs. James A. Macdonald, 78.

Melford, River Dennis, Liverpool, Hugh Dan McLennan, 2 yrs, 10 mos.

## RAILROADS.

### Intercolonial Railway

On and after SUNDAY, October 20th, 1901, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

### TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Halifax and Campbellton.....7.00  
Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou.....12.15  
Express for Sussex.....16.30  
Express for Quebec and Montreal.....17.00  
Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney.....22.35

### TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Halifax and Sydney.....4.00  
Express from Sussex.....12.40  
Express from Montreal and Quebec.....12.30  
Express from Halifax and Pictou.....16.00  
Express from Halifax.....19.15  
Express for Moncton Saturday only.....23.50  
\*Daily, except Monday.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time Tuesday-four hours notation.

D. FOTTINGER, Gen. Manager.

Moncton, N. B., October 18, 1901.  
GEO. CARVILLE, S. T. A.  
140 St. John, N. B.

## THE SMITH BOY

He was willing to make a deal for \$1000.00.

A story comes to Pictou from the North End of the City, of a man who had escaped in which a number of elements of that sect property owner and a were the principal actors by the way, were the best people of the Valley some fun. The Cabbage became rather tame for thought of amusement of nature. They lifted down fences and did the Dick Turpin style fence on Paradise Row its moorings, and one of property, corner of W. R. W. also vanished into a pile.

The day following all one of reckoning, however Jadas in the gang, who the boys to the proper fences had been destroyed of S. Sgt. Kilpatrick were given the clue to bring justice.

The sergeant had a good memory, and he did not too long ago when he filled hallways with the did other deeds suitable. He called on the youths to them as a matter of it would make good the de the magistrate. The de creation decided to erect those laid low and any sound of the hammer and long after dark while struction is nearing co why they chose night operations: one small bo not experts at the b's and everybody 'Rubbering' get into trouble enough ported for doing carpenter license.'

Died Far From Home. Lloyd Hughes, aged 21, don, England, died quite Crowley house, Germany after about ten days' illness and typhoid fever. He faithfully and well by Langford, and other fr they could for the dying Dr. Addy was the Hughes was a fine stru perfect type of a well se Hughes and Langford from the home land last ceded to the Miram worked four months. a harvest excursion pa and found labor at Winn 212 miles west of Madde eleven of the laborers attacked with malaria, was one of them, was country. Accompanied returned to St. John, among strangers. He country.

## EDWARD WILL RETIRE

Will Obey Commands. Salisbury will Retire. King Edward has p smoking and will with off the habit comple obedience to the ord who declare themselves irritation in his throa practice.

The Marquis of Sills retire to private life in successor will enjoy the at the coronation cere old cynic and philosol slightest bit. The kin friends.

When Queen Victoria lost his best friend an ment to stir himself in remained at his post be had gone before the c less of power to carry and.