

PROGRESS.

VOL. IX., NO. 456.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

WHO ARE IN THE FIELD.

SEVERAL CANDIDATES ARE AFTER THE MAYORALTY.

And Alderman Rogers—Some of the Men who Will Likely be Chosen to Represent the People at the Council Board Next Year—The Names of Candidates.

Just now the topic that engrosses the public mind is that of the civic election and who will be the candidates for aldermen and mayor and what will they represent. It is a little early yet, but the would-be civic fathers are sowing their wheat or tares early this season and thus the talk of fight and local carnage are fully on.

Of course all eyes are on the mayoralty. It has been said by certain of the daily press without the slightest foundation whatever that the mayors of important towns will after Her Majesty's diamond jubilee be known as a Knight. Mr. T. H. Hall, bookseller, a stationer, has his eye placed directly on that office, and there are quite a number who think he is worthy, for some three or four hundred names are on his nomination papers. Mr. Hall is in the field, blow high or blow low, win or lose.

Mr. Charles McLaughlan is also out for the title and he has a big support. It was thought that he was ejected out of the office last year and his friends here decided not to allow that this year. Doctor Daniel and Doctor Berryman were spoken of as candidates but they have decided to fool issues with Mr. McLaughlan.

Mr. Edward Sears is also being requested by a number of friends to place himself in nomination.

Mayor Robertson would not it is said object to another term, but it is believed the people decidedly object to it, not that they have any ill will against him, but the very logical idea that a man can arrive at a conclusion that he owns an office, and the office without him would be a delusion or a snare.

Mr. Henry H. Flewelling was in the field or rather the market for alderman, but he finds now that his property qualification is not sufficient and he is thus deterred. To add to his dismay also, the Balingier Club have withdrawn their promise of a banquet.

Hiram T. Giggey is in the field to win or lose. It is not said whether he is after McGoldrick's scalp or not but when the genial John is approached on this question he winks his eye, a very expressive way he has of saying nothing.

Mr. Isaiah Holder will come again. He is better known this year than last, and may be sufficiently known to secure a seat. Alderman McGoldrick is in the contest and there to make a stiff fight. Mr. Arthur, the indomitable Douglas, is out on the canvas and his friends are stronger than ever. He will be ticketed with D. J. Purdy for alderman at large.

Then P. McCarthy is counting his fingers and toes to see how many votes he can call his own and if he finally consents to come it will not be for roving alderman.

Strange as it may seem Mr. J. B. M. Baxter is coming again. He no doubt considers that the man who framed the expropriation law so that each lawyer in the city could read it in a different way is fully qualified to sit as alderman.

Messrs. Stackhouse, Smith, McMullin, Dr. Christie and Waring will all come to the scratch and the fight all along the line promises to be warm.

Alderman Wilson will not face the music unless he is brought out by a strong requisition. He is a busy man and does not care about taking too much time away from his business. Should he retire James F. Dunlop grocer will come into the lists, T. J. McPherson will be in the swim again as he is determined to fight the new market byelaw to the bitter end. Mr. William Whittaker, north end, is spoken of as a substitute for Alderman McMullin, should the latter decline to run.

The ship laborers and others laborers, are taking a determined part against those who opposed them and they will give no votes to any but Mr. McGoldrick and Mr. Waring. It is said to be the aim of the labor societies to work together and meetings are being held and house to house visits made to secure votes against the return of any of the present aldermanic board.

This is already causing talk of a union of capital and it might be a labor ticket and an anti labor ticket will be in the field.

There is sure to be a landslide at Sand Point in the near future and there are some aldermen who desire to be away from the board when this occurs.

THIS MAGISTRATE GETS GAY.

A North Shore Official who Terrorizes His Fellow Citizens.

As a general thing the ideal stipendiary magistrate is quite as dignified as any other official, on whom to a certain extent, depends the law and order of a community. When one of the fraternity departs from the beaten track and indulges in any of the little follies to which human nature is prone it naturally occasions considerable surprise, and comment. So far a North Shore town has the gayest of gay magistrates, who certainly doesn't believe in ordering his life by rule, and who has a profound contempt for all ordinary grooves, or the dignified pleasures of a well regulated official.

The magistrate in question has held the office for eight years and during that time his conduct has not been very edifying to say the least. In any other citizen it would have been quite disgraceful, but in a stipendiary magistrate—well there are hardly words strong enough to express the indignation of the peace-loving, law-abiding citizens of the town referred to.

One of his many forms of breaking the monotony of life in a country town is the destruction of property, varied by an assault upon inoffensive citizens, and though many attempts have been made to bring him under the influence of the law, they have failed. Even the majesty of the government has been invoked but no notice has been taken of the peoples' prayers and entreaties, and the man has been continued in office.

On Tuesday, however, the last straw was added, and if the erring magistrate is not retired, it will not be the fault of the County council, of that particular section, who at a meeting a day or two ago passed a resolution asking the government to remove him.

It was on Tuesday of this week that the Stipendiary broke all previous records—and twenty-two panes of glass from the windows of a certain residence, as a wind up to a particularly hilarious day. A regular day of terror it must have been if all reports from the section in question are to be believed. The magistrate owned the town for the day and there was nothing slow in the way he proposed to run it. Many citizens were afraid to venture on the street and everywhere the children fled panic stricken at his approach. It was the most exciting day the town had experienced for a long time, but that the people are not hankering after any such degrading pastimes is evidenced by their determination to have the offender punished. It is to be hoped their present effort to have him removed from office will be more successful than have those of the past.

DOESN'T CONSIDER MR. HALL

As a Foreman Worthy of his Steel in the Coming Contest.

A few days ago after one of the meetings held in the city hall his worship Mayor Robertson was conversing with several members of the council and some other gentlemen. The conversation turned on the election and one of the gentlemen asked the mayor if he would again be a candidate. Turning to the questioner his worship said that if no stronger candidate appeared than Mr. T. H. Hall, who is already in the field he would certainly be a candidate. He modified his statement however by saying that should a man of means offer he would not perhaps stand in his road.

This statement coming as it did from the mayor himself certainly looks as if he considers, from present appearances, that he has somewhat of a mortgage on the position for another year.

In the meanwhile Mr. Hall is circulating his nomination paper which has already been largely signed.

Sollicitous of His Welfare.

A few days ago a daily paper had an item calling attention to the fact that Hon. A. G. Blair's horse had been sent to Ottawa in a "special" car. Of course the animal couldn't very well go any other way unless he walked or snow-shoed because it is seldom that horses go from here to Ottawa and a horse must consequently have a car to himself. A day or two later Mr. A. G. Blair met the manager of the paper in question and after the usual greetings Mr. Blair remarked: "That horse is all right; he was shipped all right, and if I hear anything

concerning him on route, I will hasten to inform you because you appear so solicitous about him." His listener was struck dumb so to speak and has not fully recovered from the cold touch yet.

THEIR AWFUL MISTAKE.

A Couple Who Wanted Mr. Blair to Tie the Nuptial Knot.

About fifteen miles to the east of Sudbury Junction, Ontario, there is a small C. P. R. station which bears the characteristic name of Hagar. There one day in the late autumn of last year a small crowd had gathered, to see and give a reception to the Hon. A. G. Blair, whose car was expected that day, on the way to Rosland.

But there was one couple at Hagar who did not think of the car nor the liberal representative; their thoughts were turned to Sudbury Junction, and the clergyman, who as soon as the train could take them there, would make them man and wife. They stood apart from the crowd and were doing considerable debating. What was it about?

As subsequent events showed the cowboy did not care to face the little crowd in the station and secure tickets for himself and the blooming prairie flower so soon to become his wife. He hesitated and she came to the rescue. She decided to buy the tickets.

As she entered the office she heard someone in the crowd exclaim, "the minister will be on this train—a dispatch has been received, and we will not be disappointed after all."

The bride elect, halted, considered for a moment, and then retraced her step: to where the impatient lover was standing. "Tom," she said: "the minister is coming on the train, and we can save the price of our tickets and expenses to Sudbury?"

Tom acquiesced and they waited for the train.

In a few moments it came into the yard, and before the occupants of the private car could get out the young woman was on the platform and into the car.

Going directly up to Hon. Mr. Blair, who was astonished at seeing a young lady as his first visitor, she said: "I know your time is short here, can you marry Tom and me before this train hauls-out? It will save us going to Sudbury, and she blushed like a peony.

Mr. Blair smiled. Who could help it. He said—"In all my trip I have seen none who have come down to business as quickly as you have done—I have seen none whom I would rather favor, but I am sorry to tell you that though a minister, I am not the kind of a minister you are looking for. Stay on the train, your trip to Sudbury will cost you nothing."

The happy young husband would scalp anyone who had a hard word to say of Mr. Blair—and his wife, well if she cannot vote herself, she will see to it that there will be more than one vote in that family for the Minister of Railways.

THEY WANTED THE HORNSPIKE.

And the Obliging Mayor Gave It Despite All Protests.

There was a Burn's celebration at Fairville last week and it was held in the Presbyterian church hall.

The audience was a very enthusiastic one and showered bountiful applause upon all who took part, but it was only when Major Gordon danced the Highland Fling, as only Major Gordon can dance it, that their excitement rose to such a pitch that nothing less than the Fishers' Hornspike could quiet them.

Rev. Mr. Boyd the chairman and Rev. Mr. Ross were greatly shocked over what they considered the very bad taste and sinful desires of the audience. The protestations of the chairman had no effect and though Rev. Mr. Ross came forward and sustained Mr. Boyd in his objections, the "hornspike" was what the audience wanted, and finally got, in the mayor's best style, much to their delight and the chagrin of the clerical element present.

Does He Own the Sleigh?

Who owns the sleigh that Mr. Kerr, chief of the fire department uses? The monogram J. K. on the side in large gilt or enamel letters would lead a beholder to infer that the sleigh was his own. Why not put J. K. on the horse and harness? If he owns the sleigh he should not be thus imposed upon by the city, he should be provided with one. If the city owns it why does the J. K. appear on it. Will some one rise and explain.

Umbrellas Made, Recovered, Repaired. Dues 21, 17 Waterloo.

THAT MUSICAL STRIKE.

A SCENE IN THE VICTORIA TRAY WASTY OF THE BILLS.

The strikers waited for the music but it did not materialize—How and Why the Difficulty Arose—The Artillery Band May Furnish Music in Future.

One of the largest crowds of the season wended its way to the old Victoria rink on Thursday evening last to participate in one of those seasons of exhilarating exercise which especially the youth of the city look forward to each week with so much expectancy.

A large proportion of the rink visitors on this occasion were regular patrons, the others attending to witness the match between Dalton and Walsh, which event had received no little amount of advertising. The happy conglomeration of humanity circled round and round the ice; "bands" were numerously engaged; and sharp on time, eight o'clock, bandmaster Jones set the musical ball rolling. Number two on the programme followed in regular time and all present had settled down for a record-breaking good time. Ten minutes elapsed and no third "band", five more minutes were added and still the air remained unfractured by brass notes. The crowd commenced to get tired and seats were soon at a premium.

Suddenly from the band loft, with fire flashing from his eyes, descended the portly and officious leader of the 62nd., music rack in one hand and a baton in the other. Stopping at the foot of the steps to marshal his men, Mr. Jones gave a few instructions, and a promenade to the exit followed. It was quite evident something of a strike nature was on. In the lobby of the rink and on the street Manager Armstrong and Bandmaster Jones engaged in a war of other than harmonious words. The bandmen wanted Thursday night to practice for their sports to have been held this Monday coming, but Mr. A. quite rightly squelched the idea. He was catering to the general public not the 62nd band, who was hired, and well-paid by him for their services. Not being allowed to manage the rink, the musicians departed and as far as can be learned they will not return. Congratulations are in order. The services of the Artillery band are being negotiated for and from this out the frequenters of the "Vic" may expect to hear music.

The bandmen claim arrears in wages and several other grievances among which is the refusal of the manager to allow a dog belonging to one of the musicians to enter the rink last Saturday afternoon. Manager Armstrong is bound to preserve order and system in the establishment under his care no matter who are or who are not displeased by it. The prestige of the Victoria must be preserved.

NO LOVE BETWEEN THEM.

Two Officials who are Usually Engaged in Warfare.

HALIFAX, Feb. 11.—There is no love lost between Chairman Mosher, of the board of health, and Dr. McKay, one of its members. This was known for some time, especially since Ald. Mosher succeeded in being appointed chairman of the board while Dr. McKay was left an ordinary private in the ranks. The fact obtained a new exemplification on Monday afternoon in the city hall. While the committee which was investigating Chief O'Sullivan's execution case was in session Dr. McKay and chairman Mosher met in one of the halls. The house of assembly committee had been engaged in the forenoon hearing reasons from citizens for and against a bill for the abolition of the board of health, at which Mr. Mosher was not present. Dr. McKay was on hand and made some remarks. One of the spectators came away from the meeting and told Ald. Mosher that Dr. McKay had said that he (Mosher) was opposed to the new plumbing rules. Now Ald. Mosher prides himself on favoring those rules, opposing only one clause and wishing in its place another clause which he claims would strengthen them. So when Ald. Mosher and Dr. McKay met in the city hall the alderman promptly called the doctor to task for having misrepresented him before the committee of the house. Dr. McKay heatedly replied and Ald. Mosher, who ordinarily is a most long suffering and urbane man told his antagonist that his only motives at all times were purely patriotic and his actions calculated to be for the good of

the community, whose servant he was proud to be. He pointed to none in point of public disinterestedness, in this comparison relegating even the doctor himself to a second place. Dr. McKay used language of a different kind in reply, in which were such strong words as "liar", etc. Ald. Mosher was in the right, however, and he has the consolation of being on top too, for he remains chairman of a board on which the doctor serves with willingness as a private.

THEY WILL HAVE THE SCHOOL.

And the Local Government Will Give it a Good Grant.

HALIFAX, Feb. 11.—The board of school commissioners have settled the much-discussed cookery school question, by deciding on a practical vote of nine to three to give the Halifax local council of Women \$500 to start the enterprise. The money is to be paid in monthly instalments of \$50 and the school must be north of Proctor's lane. This last provision is a sop thrown to the north-end, for it was sought by agitators against the school to show that its establishment was something forced rather in the interests of the rich south-end than for the good of the poor hard-working north-end. Whether such was the intention or not the insertion of the proviso that the school must be north of Proctor's lane does not seem to seriously jar the friends of the cookery school, for they express themselves as perfectly delighted with the victory that has been won by them and in their behalf. On the otherhand the "anti-faddists," as the opponents of the cookery school describe themselves, take their defeat with fairly good grace, though there is some talk of their taking still further steps to prevent the consummation of the scheme. Newspaper war failed to prevent the school board from voting for the new idea and there is very little hope for any other kind of war succeeding where that failed. All ominous talk of further opposition may therefore be regarded lightly and Halifax may be looked to to show what it can do for the good of our children with its cookery school for the 300 girls in grade VII. Let the experiment quickly proceed!

THEY ARE NOT NARROW MINDED.

The Principal of a Theological College Patronizes an Hotel.

HALIFAX, Feb. 11.—After all, there is not so much difference between the ways of the church and the world in many things. At least there is not so much to distinguish them as once there was, say a quarter of a century ago even. What induces this remark was a banquet given at the Halifax hotel the other evening by Rev. Principal Pollok, of Pige Hill Theological college, to the presbyterian ministers of this city and the graduating class of the college. A better place than the Halifax could not have been chosen, for the Messrs. Heaslein, the hospitable proprietors of the hotel, set the best public dinners in this city. The cuisine and the service, in their hands, are sure to be about perfect. Still, a banquet at the Halifax hotel, does seem a kind of worldly enjoyment which at first thought one would hardly think a company of exclusively presbyterian ministers and young men just entering on the ministry would hardly care to indulge in. Such, however, does not seem to be the case, for it is understood that the clerics had a thoroughly good time. The bill of fare was not published, but it goes without saying that there were no wines included in it. If this dinner was so pleasant then, without wine, Dr. Pollok and his co-professors and ministers, will be able in future the more readily to excuse late hours in young men they may hear about who stay at late dinners whose menu is perhaps supplemented by a wine list. Whether their charity may thus be rightly gauged or not, however, is a question, but one thing is sure and this is that Dr. Pollok's entertainment of the ministers and students at the Halifax could not have been more pleasant.

They Want a New Floor.

At one of the council meetings held some weeks ago a sum of money was voted for repairs on the floor of No. 3 Hook and Ladder company in the North end. So far, nothing has been done on the repairs and if the work is kept back much longer another sum of money will have to be voted for a new horse judging by the present condition of the floor one would wonder how it is that no accident has happened to the animals before this.

THE DESERT'S HARVEST.

EXPERIENCES MET WITH IN CROSSING BURNING SANDS.

Theiling Story of one Who Crossed the Desert—Caravan Suffered Around Their Path—Acres of Dead and Abandoned Cattle and Caravans.

One hundred and thirty weary years of tramping and nights of watching since we started. The great plains, the Rockies, the canyons and gorges of Utah, the alpine marshes and alkali plains of the sluggish Humboldt, are all left behind. The desert is before us. Finding but little grass and no water fit to drink, we determined to cross the desert at once, before our horses became too weak to make the journey. There were but two of us—my brother Fred and I—with two saddle horses and one packed with our provisions and little bit of camp fixtures.

Just at sunset we climbed a slight elevation and before us lay the dreaded forty-mile desert, which must be crossed without stopping and without grass or water. All night we plodded along over a solid cement-like floor, thickly strewn with shapeless masses of black and broken rock, whose spectral shadows fell in grotesque, fantastic shapes across our trail. The heat even in the night was sweltering, and was reflected in our faces like the breath of an oven. We had made twenty-eight miles without stopping and had reached the worst and most perilous part of the desert just as the stars were paling and the morning sun was sending up its gleaming streamers in the east, heralding another day of heat and suffering. Ugly-looking wolves had been sitting across our trail during the night, but now we could see the cowardly brutes where the sky and the desert seemed to come together, sitting on their haunches in bold relief, watching us as we tramped slowly and wearily along. Twelve miles of loose, hot sand must yet be crossed before we reached the river and the grass. Our poor horses were reeling along almost famished, pleading in dumb silence for water and something to eat. Our road was no longer solid; we were on a veritable sea of hot, glistening sand, so light and achy that we sank to our ankles every step, while our horses struggled along, vainly trying to find a solid footing. Not a breath of air was stirring; not a tree, a shrub, a blade of grass, or a drop of water could be seen. The great red sun began to blaze as it climbed slowly into the brassy sky, betokening a terrible day for such as had started with slower teams than ours. We had passed many such during the night, but had left them all behind.

On this sea of sand, on which we were now entering, is where the most of the suffering and the greatest loss occur, and God pity the poor fellows who reach it after the middle of the day. Sand, light, ashy sand, as far as the eyes can see, still hot and crawling from yesterday's pitiless sun. We had seen much wreckage and dead stock before arriving here, but now we began to see the desert at its worst. The outlines of our trail were no longer marked with shadowy rocks, but with wreckage of dismantled wagons, abandoned tents, all manner of camp equipment, and the carcasses of dead animals. We had no further trouble in keeping the trail; our route was all too plainly marked. It was as though a caravan had been smitten by a deadly simoom, and all had perished where they fell. Here is the desert's harvest of death.

As we urged forward our panting horses the sight which met our aching eyes was one never to be forgotten. Above us carion birds were circling high in the tainted air; around us blistering sand. The only landmarks were abandoned wagons and dead animals as far as we could see westward, and for rods on either side the hot sand was thickly strewn with carcasses like a veritable stream of destruction, widening and narrowing, but always continuing. Here was a whole herd of cattle, scattered over acres of sand, all dead and abandoned. Here a single span of horses, or a single yoke of oxen, still hitched to a little unpretentious wagon, were stretched on the hot sand, with yoke or harness on. Here a team of six or eight horses or mules had fallen together. Here were oxen with their yokes still on, five, six, or eight yokes with the end of a stout wagon tongue still in the yoke ring of the wheelers, while the forward teams were still in line, with chains between. Here a young calf with its famishing mother had lain down and died together. Some were barely dead, perhaps had dropped but easterday. Others, shrunken and shrivelled, told plainly the suffering of earlier years; all had fallen and died of consuming thirst. Some peculiar element in the desert air had preserved them. Some were mutilated by wolves and vultures, but with no indication of decay. Here was a three years' harvest of the desert since the great hejira for gold

begin. We could step from carcass to carcass for many rods continuously. As the August sun climbed higher the stagnant air became almost stifling, admonishing us that to linger here meant the addition of three more faithful horses to this graveyard of the desert from which many thousands had escaped, while other thousands had pitifully perished almost in sight of the little river, whose skirting of trees could now be seen, while miles of drossy sand must yet be crossed before the shade, the water, the grass, and welcome rest could be reached.

Pathetic illustrations of dumb and pitiable helplessness were now visible all around us. Here was a poor horse prone on his side, just able to raise his head and look wistfully at us. Here is a herd of cattle, horses, and mules, just abandoned, standing with drooping heads and quivering limbs, while their anxious eyes are pleading with dumb eloquence for water.

I shall never forget one brave old ox, poor but still substantial. His yoke had been taken off and his mate was dead, but this grand old fellow, seeming to get a scent of the precious water, now but two miles away, had struggled along alone, until, in complete helplessness, he had stopped and stood trembling as with an ague. She hair on his neck was worn to the skin by the yolk, which he had patiently borne for 1,500 miles. One pail of water would have saved him, and quenched the awful fire of his consuming thirst, and he might have reached the river. Poor brave old fellow abandoned to die. Nobody was now in sight but Fred and I. Desolation and death were all around us, the air like the breath of a furnace, and here in pitiful weakness, the personification of faithful service and unmerited helplessness, with quivering flanks and feet resolutely braced, stood that grand old ox, dying of thirst. Slowly, very slowly, turning his head, he looked beseechingly after us as we were passing. My deepest sympathies were touched. I pitied him, and with my heart almost in my mouth, I went to him, spoke to him kindly, and gently rubbed his yoke-worn neck. His pleading eyes were almost human in their look of suffering. He seemed to know what I said, and tried to lick my hands with his dry and swollen tongue, uttering with quivering, tremulous voice such a gentle greeting that I quite broke down and cried like a child, for I too was almost exhausted. I too was hungry and suffering with thirst. We were fellow sufferers, and I would have given all I possessed if I could have saved that faithful ox. What else could I do but pity him and cry? For a few minutes I stood patting him gently. Then, brushing away my tears, I tramped along, with his appealing eyes following me. Fred, with the horses, had gone on, and I must not get far behind. Fainter and fainter I could here that pathetic m-o-o-o-h-h-h as I limped along to overtake my brother.

Catching up at last and looking back, my poor dumb friend was no longer standing. In trying to follow me he had fallen, and now, out-stretched and quivering, he lay on the hot sand, giving up the hopeless battle.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

FAMINES IN INDIA.
Records of Some of the Most Destructive in Former Use.

With an overcrowded population of 900,000,000 of peasants whose annual supply of food depends upon a rainfall subject to decided irregularities, it is inevitable that India should suffer from frequent and destructive famines. Meteorological observations have disclosed no rule of periodicity in these failures of rainfall by which seasons of drouth can be forecast with certainty. They have, on the other hand, established the fact that the fall is never either deficient or excessive in any single year throughout the whole of India. There is thus always a reserve of food supply in some part of its area, which may be drawn upon for use in the needy districts. It has been discovered, too, that winters marked by an excessive snowfall in the Himalayas are always followed by diminished summer rainfall, generally in northern India, but sometimes in other portions of the great peninsula. Apart from these few facts, gathered within the past quarter of the century, there is little data from which seasons of drouth may be forecast, though it is known that a drouth, once begun, generally extends over two years or more. The approach of scarcity can be determined only in the year in which it actually occurs, and by a system of observations beginning with the June rainfall and continuing until the autumn has made certain and insufficient supply for the winter crops.

Of the extent of the suffering from drouth and crop failure in the Asiatic world Western people have but a faint conception. In the great drouths in Northern China in 1877-1878 no less than 5,500,000 persons perished; and although during the present century at least no single famine in India has attained that magnitude, it is estimated that in the score or

more drouths of the kind which have occurred, between 15,000,000 and 20,000,000 lives have been lost. That which began in 1875 and culminated in 1877 was the most prolonged and destructive, resulting in the death of 5,500,000 persons. In 1885-86 a third of the population of 3,000,000 starved to death in Orissa, and in 1863-1870 about 1,500,000 died from want in Rajputana. The famine of 1861 in the the northwest provinces was a huge calamity, and the Bihar drouth of 1873-74 was only prevented from becoming so by lavish expenditure on the part of the Indian government. Prior to the white conquest families of immense dimensions devastated the peninsula, resulting occasionally in an appalling decimation of the loebler classes of the population. These classes, numbering approximately 40,000,000 are always so near starvation that a season of drouth reduces them at once to extremities of hunger.

In the old days the device for famine relief in India were of the usual Asiatic sort. First, the shops of the grain dealers were sacked and their owners murdered. When that failed, the offices of the native governments were besieged, and when the royal granaries were emptied the gods were propitiated with sacrifices, ending with the slaughter of human victims and the distribution of their flesh over the barren fields. But during the past thirty years these devices have given way to remedial measures of a more practical and effective kind. Though by long experience, the government of India has elaborated a system of relief, machine like in its operation, capable of being put into effect at any time, and of adjustment to the needs of any particular scarcity. The old notion that a government can not be made responsible for death from starvation any more than for deaths by fever has disappeared. Every rural official is made to feel his responsibility, and is minutely instructed before-hand as to his particular duty in each stage of scarcity. First, a system of crop forecasts gives notice of the possible approach of famine. When the possibility becomes from further reports probability, the government begins active preparations to meet it. Its forecasts may not prove correct, but it acts once and energetically, knowing that if it waits to verify its estimates action will be too late to be effectual.

Many a boy or girl would be glad to have such employment at good wages as I can find for them—and do find it, too, when they are qualified. Three to four months will give a good start. Write me about it. Snel's Business College, Truro N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. 2 five cents extra for every additional line.

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WANTED Old established wholesale House wants one or two honest and industrious representatives for this section. Can pay a hunter about \$12.00 a week to start with. DWANA 20, Brantford, Ont.

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WANTED MEN everywhere to paint signs with our patterns. No experience required. Thirty dollars weekly. Send stamps for patterns and particulars. BARNARD BROS. Toronto, Ont.

WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our water-proof Cold Water Paint. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOFOD, 40 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

RESIDENCE at Robesay for sale or to rent pleasantly situated house known as the Tilt property about one and a half miles from Robesay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Falls. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. J. Furst, Barrister-at-Law, Fugatey Building. 24 4-1

CITY OF MONCTON, N. B., Jan. 10th, 1897.

B. KERR, Esq.
DEAR SIR,— I am pleased to add my testimony, with that of many others, concerning the efficiency and thoroughness.

Mr. M. Lodge, accountant W. and L. Dept., City of Moncton, and Mr. L. G. B. Lawson, my assistant (old students of yours), are both in this office. They have spoken to me on different occasions in the highest terms of the training received at your college, and their work certainly adds weight to their testimony.

(Signed) J. C. PATTERSON, City Clerk, City of Moncton.

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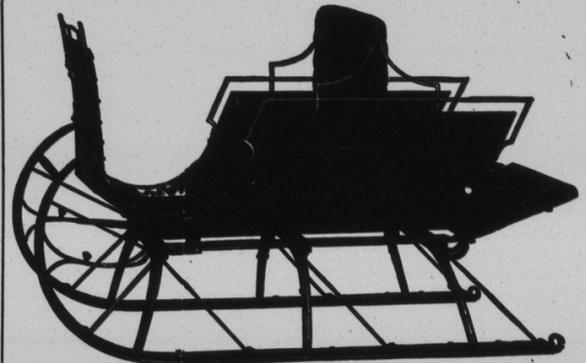
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A merry evening party chaperoned by Mrs. F. Herbert J. Ruel, and Mrs. George West Jones, left the Desford hotel the other afternoon at 5.30 o'clock, and drove out to Robeson where a delicious supper awaited them at the hotel. After supper the large dining room was cleared, and to music supplied by Harbison orchestra the party spent several hours in dancing. After a program of twelve numbers, the return drive to the city was made. Those who enjoyed the delightful outing were, Mr. F. H. J. Ruel, and Mrs. Ruel, Mr. George West Jones and Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Busby, Miss Norton-Taylor, Mr. Gerard Ruel, the Misses Thomson, Miss Furlong, Miss Kathleen Furlong, Misses Vesby, Misses McMullan, Misses Skinner, Miss L. Skinner, Mr. A. McMullan, Mr. Tom Fugatey, Miss Dever, Miss Jarvis, the Misses Warner, Miss Rankine, (Woodstock) Mr. C. Bostwick, Mr. James Harrison, Mr. W. F. Harrison, Mr. Bert Gordon, Miss E. Robertson, Mr. Fred Daniel, Mr. Simons Jones, Mr. Walter Foster, Mr. Teddie Jones, Mr. F. Keeler, Mr. Walter Clarke.

A charming little tea was given last Tuesday by Mrs. John McMullan in honor of the bride Mrs. George West Jones, to which only married ladies were invited. The appointments were perfect in every detail, and it is needless to say that the favored guests enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Miss Noe Clark of St. Stephen, has been paying a brief visit to General and Mrs. Warner lately.

The third dance in the series of assemblies took place on Thursday evening and was in every way as enjoyable as those which preceded it. A tempting supper, good music and an excellent order of dances combined to make the occasion a very pleasant one.

Mr. D. Russell Jack was one of the most successful entertainers at the week, his contribution to the social gaieties being in the form of a thoroughly enjoyable snow shoe tramp to Duck Cove, chaperoned by Mrs. D. F. Chisholm and Mrs. J. Boyle Travers. The party left the city at 4.30 and upon reaching Duck Cove partook of a daintily prepared dinner at Mr. Jack's summer residence.

The party, among whom were the following, returned by moonlight arriving in the city about half past ten. Mr. Charles Coster and Mrs. Coster, Miss Furlong, Miss Kathleen Furlong, Miss Grace McMullan, Miss Parky, The Misses Travers, Miss Christie and Miss Edith Skinner, Mr. George Coster, Mr. Bruce Scovill, Mr. E. Hamard, Mr. T. Jones, Mr. C. DeBury, Mr. Ernest Turbill, Mr. Jim Thomas, Mr. Redmond and Mr. Jack Travers.

Mrs. G. A. Fowler has returned to Greenwich after a pleasant visit here. Miss Grace Fowler is staying with city friends for a few weeks. Miss Ethel Dalton spent part of last week with Greenwich friends.

Mr. S. T. King returned the first of the week from a trip up north. Mr. Arthur Crookbank is home from San Francisco on a visit, and is being warmly welcomed by his friends in this city.

Mr. W. A. Gibbley of New York is on a brief visit to St. John.

Mr. Robert A. Tenny of New Bedford Mass., is spending a few days here.

Mr. John L. Carleton returned last Saturday from a trip to Montreal.

Lady Tilly returned Monday from a visit to Fredericton.

Mr. Frank Schurman of River Philip was in the city this week.

Mr. Percy A. Clarkson of Montreal spent a day here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood of Hillsboro were in the city the first of the week.

Mr. Charles McLachlan of the city was among the candidates who registered at the High Commission's office, London, last month.

Mr. M. N. Cochburn of St. Andrews was here for a day or two this week.

Mr. L. Jordan has returned from a visit to California.

Mr. J. A. Johnson of Montreal is paying a brief visit to the city.

Mr. M. B. Rice of Montreal is in the city for a short stay.

Hon. R. J. Ritchie went to Fredericton the first of the week to attend the funeral of Rev. Father McDevitt.

Mr. George H. Eaton of Chatham spent part of this week in St. John.

Mr. George Frawley of St. George is on a visit to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hayes of Montreal were entertained by city friends during the past week.

Mr. G. Dolome of Montreal is staying in the city for a few days.

Mr. George Carleton of Dartmouth visited St. John during the week.

Mr. E. Sutherland of the D. A. B. Kentville was in the city this week.

Mr. James Barnes, M. P. of Buctouche was in the city on Tuesday.

Judge and Mrs. Landry were here this week on their way from Fredericton to Dorchester. It is said that they will shortly remove to the Capital to reside permanently.

Mr. Charles U. Hanford arrived in the city Monday having been called here by news of her husband's death.

Mr. W. S. Wood of Portland Me., is in St. John for a few days stay.

Mr. F. H. Hale, M. P. of Woodstock was here for a few hours on Tuesday.

Mr. L. D. Sanford of Bangor is paying a visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Casbury of Montreal spent a short time in the city this week.

Mr. Edward Burns and Mrs. Burns of Montreal spent Wednesday here.

Mr. Jack Davidson is in Annapolis this week visiting Mr. and Mrs. George Davidson.

Mr. Lester Stockton of Annapolis visited city friends for a short time last week.

Miss Hamilton of Moncton arrived last week on a visit to city relatives.

Mr. John McGowan was in Harcourt this week. Mr. Alfred H. Ellis was in Digby for a day or two this week.

Mr. Walter Purdy returned Monday from a trip to St. Stephen.

Mrs. George J. Clarke and her little daughters the Misses Pauline and Doris of St. Stephen are here on a short visit to relatives.

Miss McParlane of Fredericton is spending a few days with her sister Mrs. Barbour of Fredericton.

Mr. R. H. Montgomery of New Richmond is spending a few days in St. John.

St. Paul's Sunday school had a very interesting entertainment on Wednesday evening to a large and thoroughly appreciative audience. Among those who took part in the programme were Mr. A. G. H. Dickson, Miss Drake, Miss Armstrong, Miss Malcom and one or two others. Miss Lina Rowe who worked indefatigably for the success of the entertainment is to be congratulated upon the result.

Miss E. H. Sturrit of Lexington, Mass., paid a short visit to the city this week.

Mr. George M. Sofron of Sussex was here for a short time this week.

Mr. J. C. Harlow of Amherst, spent part of this week in St. John.

Mrs. E. E. Eason is in the city a guest of her brother Mr. Horace King.

Rev. Dr. Sprague returned to St. Stephen this week after a brief visit to this city.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Stritt of Lexington Mass is making a short stay in the city.

Mr. H. P. Timmerman left Wednesday on a trip to Megantic.

His Lordship the Bishop of Fredericton spent a short time in the city this week.

Mr. H. M. Ferguson of Kingston Kent Co., is visiting this city.

Mr. J. Douglas Hazen spent a few days in Fredericton this week, where Mrs. Hazen is spending several weeks with her mother Mrs. James Tibbitts.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Robertson McIntosh are being congratulated upon the arrival of a little son.

Mr. Fred Sturdee of this city is spending a short time in Fredericton.

Col. Chas. W. Eddy of New York has been visiting St. John lately.

Mr. George H. Whitney of Berlin, Ont. was among the recent visitors to the city.

Captain Warner and Miss Warner were in Harlow recently.

Herr Ernest Doering, Frau Doering and Herr Carl Doering of the Doering Conservatory of Music Halifax, were here this week en route to Halifax from the West Indies where they have been giving concerts.

A delightful sleigh drive was enjoyed on Thursday evening by a party merry who left the city at seven o'clock and drove to Robeson. Upon their return refreshments were served at the residence of Mrs. David Hudson Germain's street. The party included, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. David Hudson, Mr. and Mrs. Rankine, Mrs. E. A. Stammers, Mrs. Egan, Miss Daniels, Misses March, Misses Cunningham, Mrs. N. Riley, Miss Henderson, Miss Ellis, Mr. L. A. Hopper, Mr. Alphonse, Messrs. Liley, Mr. Underhill, Mr. Marshall, Mr. Bayard Stillwell.

In St. John's, Presbyterian church last evening a very successful concert was given in aid of the famine fund. The following programme was rendered:

- 1. Duet—"The Glad Message," Rev. W. W. Rainie and Mr. G. Hood.
2. Solo—"Christie," Mrs. D. McLennan.
3. Solo—"Calvary," Mr. G. Hamard.
4. Reading—"Helene Charnay," E. S. Phelps.
5. Solo—"Jesus, Lover of My Soul," Tours.
6. Solo—"The Contrite Heart," Ambrose.
7. Solo—"The River of Years," Theo. Marshall.
8. Solo—"The River of Years," Theo. Marshall.
9. Duet—"Love Divine" (by request), Stainer.
10. Solo—"Holy City," Rodney.
11. Reading—"Selections from Ian MacLaren, Rev. W. W. Rainie.
12. Solo—"A Benediction," Odoardo Barri.
13. Solo—"Mr. G. Hood.
14. Reading—"The Lament" (by request), Miss Isa Brown.
15. Solo—"The Holy Shiloh," Ernest Newton.
16. Solo—"Fear not, Ye, O Israel," Dudley Buck.
17. Solo—"Fear not, Ye, O Israel," Dudley Buck.
18. Solo—"Fear not, Ye, O Israel," Dudley Buck.
19. Solo—"Fear not, Ye, O Israel," Dudley Buck.
20. Solo—"Fear not, Ye, O Israel," Dudley Buck.

Accompanist, Miss Goddard.

"Parade" is engaging society's attention at present to the almost total exclusion of other tropics. It amounts to be a very interesting event if the amount of interest displayed may be taken as evidence. The costumes are said to be very elaborate.

FREDERICTON. (Programme is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fensy and J. H. Hawthorne.)

Feb. 10.—The largest social function of the week was the "at home" given by Mrs. Gordon, at the barracks, on Thursday afternoon, in honor of Mrs. McClelan, wife of Governor McClelan. Over one hundred guests were present and as they were ushered into the reception room were welcomed by Mrs. Gordon and her presented to Mrs. McClelan. The barracks was thrown open to the entertainment, the band of the R. R. C. I. was stationed in an ante room and played some fine selections during the afternoon. Tea was served in the mess room, and the table was beautifully decorated with tall palms and flowering azaleas, while Mrs. T. G. Leggett and Mrs. George Allen sat at either end and poured tea and chocolate, Mrs. McLennan, Miss Babbitt, Miss Patridge, Miss Fowye, Capt. MacDonald and Col. Gordon served the guests.

On Monday afternoon Mrs. McClelan held her first drawing room, when a very large number of ladies and gentlemen called to pay their respects to the wife of our new governor, and all were much charmed with the pleasing manner of this most affable lady. Mrs. McClelan was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Gordon, Governor McClelan and Col. Gordon. A. D. C. Mrs. McClelan's reception gown was heavy black silk with trimmings of chiffon embroidered in white silk.

Lady Tilly who has been at Farnham Place, the guest of Mrs. Fraser returned to St. John on Monday.

Governor McClelan gave his first state dinner on Thursday evening last. The invited guests were the Bishop of Fredericton, the Hon. the Minister of Railways and Canals, Hon. Senator Wark, Hon. Senator Baird, Mr. Justice Barker, the Hon. the Attorney General, the Hon. Provincial Secre-

tary, the Hon. the Chief Commissioner, the Hon. the Solicitor General, the Hon. Surveyor General, Hon. C. H. Lablache, Hon. L. P. Forde, The Speaker, Dr. A. A. Stockton, Mr. C. J. Osmar, Hon. A. F. Randolph, His Worship the Mayor, Lieut. Col. Mansell, Sheriff Sterling, Dr. Conihard, Dr. Inch, Mr. F. A. H. Stratton, Mr. H. B. Bainsford, Lieut. Col. Call, Mr. A. G. Blair Jr., Lieut. Col. Gordon.

Upwards of one thousand invitations have been issued for the conversations at the University tomorrow evening.

The scholars of the high school are holding their annual drive this evening and have gone up to Mr. Goodspeeds on the Washbasin where they will have a supper.

Mrs. J. A. Vanwart gave a ladies luncheon today, covers were set for twelve.

Mr. J. Douglas Hazen of St. John spent a few days here and returned yesterday with Mrs. Hazen who has been spending a few weeks with her mother Mrs. Jas. Tibbitts.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, of Sheffield are among the visitors in the city.

Miss Markham of St. John is visiting friends in the city.

Mrs. Emmerson, is here from Dorchester and will remain for the session.

Messrs. Dalton and Busby of Toronto are spending a few days here.

The Misses Peters of Gagetown are visiting friends in the city having come up to attend the conversations at the University tomorrow evening.

Miss Jeanie Hall, arrived from Woodstock today and will remain here the guest of Miss Johnston until after the ball at the University when she will return to Woodstock.

Mr. Fred White of Montreal is spending a few days in the city.

Mr. John Robinson gave a five o'clock treat this afternoon in honor of her niece Mrs. Murray of Svanley who is visiting her.

Mrs. Etta Blackmer leaves tomorrow morning for Boston where she will spend the remainder of the winter.

Mrs. J. Robertson McIntosh of St. John formerly Miss McLeod of this city has a young son.

Miss Carrie Tibbitts gave a cinderella party on Saturday last to upwards of fifty of her young friends.

Mr. John O'Brien of Nelson is here and will remain for the session the guest of her mother, Mrs. McPhee.

Mrs. I. C. Sharp of Marysville is in St. John with her sister Mrs. McIntosh.

Mrs. Alexander Gibson of Marysville gave a large At Home at her residence on Thursday in honor of some visitors.

Mr. Martin Lemont supt. of the Methodist Sabbath school entertained the teachers and officers of the school at his home on Wednesday evening last.

Mrs. James Robinson of Millerton is here for a short stay, but leaves in a few days for Halifax to visit friends there.

The musical club met last evening with Miss Carmen at her home on Brunswick street.

Miss E. Atherton of Woodstock is staying with Mrs. Walter Fisher.

Mr. Fred Sturdee of St. John is in the city.

Mrs. Alphonse Barker and a number of lady friends give a driving party and supper at Lunt's ferry tomorrow evening for Miss Hoyt who is the guest of Mrs. Barker.

Messrs. Warwick and J. Snowball of Toronto are guests in the city.

Mrs. C. McAllister of Gagetown is visiting city friends.

Miss McParlane of St. John is with Dr. and Mrs. Barbour at "The Gables."

Anna Lee, aged 33 years, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rutter, is tonight lying robes in white in a little white casket; all pale in color and the rest. At the head of the casket stands a floral pedestal supporting a star, all in small white flowers the tribute of her young school friends. A wreath and scroll "From Papa," with numerous bouquets from loving friends completely cover the casket; and a large star done in hyacinths from the curls and many other designs, all in the most delicate and dainty pretension fill the room and seem almost to rob death of its awful sternness. The interment takes place tomorrow and Mr. and Mrs. Rutter in their sad bereavement extended the sympathy of sorrowing friends.

The funeral of the late Father McDevitt took place this morning from St. Dunstan's church, of which church the Rev. Father has been faithful pastor for over forty years, and was largely attended, all denunciations doing honor to the memory of one who will be universally missed. The mourners were, M. A. Finn, St. John; Prot. Stockley, Jas Farrell, Owen Shaker, Dr. Seery, Jas. Dever, W. H. Carter. CRICKER.

BATHURST. Feb. 10.—I regret to hear that Mr. T. D. Adams is confined to the home through illness.

Messrs. T. M. Burns and A. J. H. Stewart spent a few days in Tracadie last week.

Mr. D. T. Johnston paid a flying visit to Chatham this week.

Mr. March of St. John was in town on Friday. Mr. Smith of Truro spent Sunday in town.

Miss Cyr of Gaspé is the guest of Mrs. W. Napier. We are glad to see that Miss Mac Chapin who has had a severe attack of the grippe is able to be out again.

Miss Dwyer went to Carleton on Friday having been sent for owing to the illness of her sister Mrs. Rive.

The whist club met at Miss Burns on Tuesday. Dr. Arnold went to Tracadie on Wednesday for a few days.

Miss Ferguson of Tracadie arrived in town on Tuesday and is the guest of Mrs. F. J. Burns. Mr. B. C. Mullins spent a day in Tracadie this week. N.T.

GREENWICH. On Tuesday evening last a large number met at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Richards and enjoyed a very pleasant evening, dancing being the principal amusement. At twelve o'clock a bountiful repast was served after which dancing was resumed and kept up to a late or rather an early morning hour, all having enjoyed a thoroughly pleasant time. There were present Mr. and Mrs. Ford Walton, Mr. and Mrs. O. Flawling, Mr. and Mrs. L. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Richards, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Whalpley, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Whalpley, Mr. and Mrs. Duval Whalpley, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Whalpley, Mr. and Mrs. D. Boyle, Mr. and Mrs. A. Leo Pentman, Mrs. Henrietta Marley, Mrs. W. B. Gaugon, Miss Ada Walton, Miss Annie Balmer, Miss Flossie Marley, Miss Blanche Richards, Miss Nellie Whalpley, Miss Fildis Whalpley, Miss Ada Jones, Miss Ethel Dalton, Miss Grace Fowler, and Messrs. Chas. Short, Geo. Whalpley, Harry Pentman, Lorne Belyes, Fred Short, Mr. Allingham Lou Fowler, Donville Richards, Mr. McCrea, H. White, Mr. Nutter and others.

(CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.)

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WE WILL GIVE FOUR BICYCLES—two for Nova Scotia and two for New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island—(Lady or Gentlemen's Wheels, at option of the winners), for the largest number of WELCOME SOAP WRAPPERS sent in up to and including May 31st, 1897.

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The eminent surgeons of the day use it as a dressing for Wounds, Bruises, Strains, Sprains, etc., and they find that for speedy relief of pain and for quick healing there is nothing so good as

"Quickcure"

It is the family emergency cure. Always ready. Easy to apply. Never fails to give relief. For sale by all druggists or THE QUICKCURE COMPANY, LTD. QUEBEC, CAN.

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Has just been realized in Priestley's ideal dress fabric, the new EUDORA, —superior even to his other famous weaves—extra width, extra weight, extra draping and fitting qualities. Soft—rich—firm—durable—dust proof in black only.

Wrapped on "THE VARNISHED BOARD."

Eudora The Ideal Dress Fabric.

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E. G. SCOVILL, AGENT PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE, ST. JOHN, N. B. Dear Sir—My family have received great benefits from the use of the PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE during the past four years. It is the best tonic and sedative for debility, nervousness and weak lungs you have ever tried. It is much cheaper and pleasanter than medicine. I would not be without it in the house. Yours, JAMES H. DAY, Day's Landing, Kings Co.

E. G. SCOVILL. Tea and Wine Merchant, 62 Union Street, St. John Telephone 522. Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces



Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

This department has been favored with a copy of a new song, the music of which is by Miss Francis C. Robertson—words by C. G. Bancroft. It is entitled "On the Beach" and it is peculiarly sweet and attractive; the words have been given a very consistent and appropriate setting. There is a strain of sadness that is sweetness as well, running through the music that gives voice to feelings that not subsequently surge up in the breast of one who stands by the shore and listens to the lapping waves of the incoming tide. It presents no vocal difficulties and ought to become readily a favorite piece. It has been published in Boston by T. Tritet and is for sale here by Gray & Co., and by other dealers. In addition to this Miss Robertson has written another piece—instrumental—that is also very pretty and is called "Estella."

If a certain rumor that has been current this week to a limited extent, should take form, as is now very probable, then the lovers of music in this city have in prospect a delight second perhaps to none ever enjoyed here. It will take the form of a concert which will give St. John people an opportunity to hear the greatest alto singer in America—some say the greatest in the world. The alto in question is Miss Clara Louise Clary. Negotiations, I believe, are now in progress with a view of securing this great singer and a quartette for a concert in the city in the near future.

A concert given in St. John Presbyterian church last evening in aid of the India famine fund, engaged the services of some among the very best of our local musicians. The names of those participating would be a guarantee of excellence at any time.

Tones and Underones.

Madame Emma Eames, the prima donna, denies emphatically that she is to sing with the Damrosch opera company.

The Carroll-Kerker opera company with Camille D'Arville was giving "Kismet" at the Harlem Opera house last week.

Miss Florence Dillard, a young lady violinist of much promise, who has studied with Yasye and Carl Haliz, will soon be heard in concert in New York. Miss Dillard is a native of Memphis, Tennessee, is young and charming in manner and is said to be "gifted with marked individuality as a player."

"Carmen" was given by the Damrosch Opera company in Boston last week and as Madame Calve was unable through illness, to appear and sing the title role, her place was taken by Mile Camille Seygard, whose performance had much to recommend it. She has an excellent voice, not strong, but well trained; she sings well; she is evidently quite at home on the stage and an intelligent well drilled actress.

Miss Marie Barnard, who was heard here with Sousa's band, and who afterwards went to Europe to continue her musical studies, has been engaged for the Royal Italian Opera in Rome, and is to appear as "Marguerite" in "Faust" and Elsa in "Lohengrin" early in the spring.

Mr. Max Heinrich, the well known musician will start for Europe next month on a short holiday for his health.

Bronislaw Huberman, the phenomenal boy violinist will not return to the Continent until next May.

What is called "Six Wednesday evenings of song" will be given at Steinert Hall, Boston, under the management of Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich and Miss Julia A. Terry, beginning on the 24th inst. Some of Boston's best musical talent will participate among them being Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker.

Mary Louise Clary, who is dubbed the greatest American alto, is now in much demand for concert work. She will sing at Syracuse, N. Y. on the 1st, assisting the Kneisel quartette.

Miss Marie Zahn, who sang the title role in "Iolanthe" in this city with Gilbert's opera company, is at present a member of the Castle Square opera company, Boston. She does not wish to leave that city.

"The Geisha" closes its last week in Boston tonight. Miss Violet Lloyd who sings and plays the role of Mollie Seamore in the production, is one of the special attractions. She is only eighteen years of age and is commended in the highest terms for her artistic work.

The gross receipts of "Jack and the Beanstalk" for four weeks at the Boston Museum are said to amount to \$40,000 up to last Saturday. The stay of this piece at that house has been extended for two weeks owing to its great popularity.

At the Grand Opera in Paris, only one new opera was produced last year, viz the "Helle" of M. Dvernoy; and only two new ones at the Opera Comique, viz Messager's "Le Chevalier d'Harmental" and Cohen's "La femme de Claude" and this is all the more strange because both houses are subsidized.

Madame Nordica is credited with having discovered a new tenor. He is of Polish extraction and named Fraschowsky.

Alphonse Nellis, a blind boy, who is a musical wonder has been found at Mons in Belgium. He has been studying music but three years, and has composed a mass that will be given to the public. The lad is only 11 years of age.

A new opera "Gernist" by Eugen will have its first performance at Maranheim next April.

Opera singers are not given extravagant salaries in the French provincial cities. Out of \$40 a month paid an artist in one of these places, she pays \$18 for board; \$6 for her room; \$2 for washing; \$1 for a sage cosmetics; \$2 commission to her agent; \$2 to her claques; \$1 for care of her music; \$2 to her dresser; \$1 to the prompter; \$1 to the call boy; and 60 cents to the theatre concierge. With what was left she had to pay for her street apparel, shoes, "coaching" scores and other inevitable expenses. Under such conditions she cannot indulge in the luxury of occasionally disappointing the public, to say nothing of paying a physician for a certificate verifying her indisposition.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

John E. Brennan the well known comedian, reorganized his company in New York last week and is now at the head of a larger and stronger aggregation. Miss Eva Westcott, remains with the company as the bright particular soubrette star. The company opened in Pennsylvania yesterday en route to the southern states where they will make a lengthy season. They carry a full band and orchestra with them on this southern tour.

A New York paper of recent date scores the play "Dr. Claudius" severely. The production was a dramatization of the novel of that name done by its author Marion Crawford. The notice says "as a matter of fact 'Dr. Claudius' in its new form, is not a play at all, and it certainly is not a novel, it is nothing. It contains one mildly interesting scene—the first."

"The Little Individual" which is the name given to a piece in Miss Georgia Cayvan's repertoire, is by Thomas Haynes Burgly and was once known as "Tom Noddy's secret." It is nearly sixty years old and was first performed in 1838 at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, London, England. In the same year it was produced at the Park Theatre in New York when Miss Elizabeth Jefferson—an aunt of the present Rip Van Winkle,—played the role of Gabrielle.

Miss Elizabeth Jefferson was declared by Forrest the famous tragedian to be the best tragic actress on the stage, yet she received only \$30 per week as a member of the Park theatre stock company in the early days at that house. In no respect have the changes in theatrical life been more noticeable than in respect to the salaries paid now-a-days.

The first established play house in Boston, Mass., was the new Exhibition Room in Board Alley (now Hawley street).

The dramatic critic of the Chicago Times-Herald, Lyman B. Glover—says that the play "A Bachelor's Romance" now being played by Sol Smith Russell, is taken bodily from "The Little Rebel" a novel by The Duchess. The play purports to be the work of Miss Martha Morton, and the critic says "the only change that Miss Morton has made is in the last act and this part is acknowledged to be the weakest spot in the play. In other respects the plot of the play follows closely the plot of 'The Little Rebel.' He also says that another of Miss Morton's plays 'His Wife's Father' is taken from the work of a German dramatist.

Miss Annie Russell will be released from Charles Frohman's "Sue" company next month and she will be afterwards seen in a new three act farce entitled "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle." The new piece is by Madeleine Lucette Ryley.

Augustin Daly has rewritten and altered "Guy Mannering" and intends to put it on at his house in its new dress shortly. Later in the season he intends to produce "The Tempest."

May Irwin who has made such a hit in "The Widow Jones" has decided to give up the piece and her sister F. O. Irwin will be seen in it next season.

Olga Nethersole began a three weeks engagement in Chicago last Monday evening, and it is said she will take her present company to London with her at the close of her present season in America, open-

1897-1847
This Year is the Golden Jubilee Anniversary of
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To commemorate our fiftieth business year, we have prepared the most beautiful and valuable SEED and PLANT CATALOGUE the gardening world has ever seen. Every copy costs us 25 cts. to produce, but in honor of this our "JUBILEE" year, we will send it this season FREE of cost (in stamps) to cover postage and mailing. This "JUBILEE" CATALOGUE of "EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN" is a magnificent book of 170 pages, on which are displayed over 500 beautiful illustrations of Seeds and Plants, the work of our own artists. Also six full-size colored plates which in artistic beauty have probably never been equalled, certainly never surpassed.
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ing in that city about June 1st. next. Rumor has it she intends to play the part of Romeo in "Romeo and Juliet."

Sarah Bernhardt has attained another dramatic triumph at the Renaissance, Paris, in Sardou's "Spiritisme." It was produced there last Monday.

It is reported that Madame Duse is now ill in an hospital in Vienna and that she is to undergo a surgical operation there.

Miss Lillian Bernhardt has recently purchased a new comedy sketch entitled "A Dish of Dainties." It is by Mr. Edward Gervaise, a Boston author. It will be first produced in Chicago.

Miss Georgia Cayvan will make a short tour of the New England States at the close of her Boston engagement and will play the Southern States and New Mexico en route to California.

A new play is being written by Paul Kester for Madame Rees who made such a success in his "Nell Gwynne." The new play is a comedy of French life and will be presented during the present season.

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Why He did not Start.
A lazy man is seldom so very lazy as not to be able to invent some excuse for his inactivity. Harper's Round Table tells a story in point.
Patrick was the captain of a schooner that plied between New York and Haverstraw on the Hudson. One day his schooner was loaded with bricks, ready to start for New York, but Patrick gave no sign of any intention to get under way. Instead of that, he sat on deck smoking a pipe.
The owner of the brickyard, who was also the owner of the schooner, and who had reasons for wishing the bricks landed in New York at the earliest possible moment came hurrying on board and demanded of the captain why he did not set sail.
"Shure, your honor," said Patrick, "there's no wind."
"No wind! Why, what's the matter with you? There's Lawson's schooner under sail, going down the river now."
"Yis, I've been watchin' her, but it's no use my gettin' under way. She's got the wind now, and, faith, there isn't enough of it for two."
Miss Margaret Mather who recently presented "Cymbeline," is credited with more timidity than Madame Modjeska in the leading role. She is en route to Washington and will play in Philadelphia next week.

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEB. 13

HAVE THEY DECLARED UNION.

Although no confirmation has been received of the rumors that the Cretans had established a Provisional Government at Retimo, unfurled the Greek flag, and, after having declared the union of Crete and Greece, had invited King George to take possession of his new domain, yet the Grecian Monarch seems not altogether disinclined to act upon the invitation to enlarge his kingdom if his inclination be reflected in the royal decree just published ordering all available Greek warships to be put into commission for service in Cretan waters. The enfranchisement of Crete from the rule of the Porte would probably not be beyond the power of the Greek navy, assisted by the Cretan revolutionists and the union of Greece and Crete is ardently desired by the people of both countries. The difficulty lies in the possible objection of the Great Powers to the plan. The Powers are responsible for much misery in Southeastern Europe. But for the Powers the Roumanians, Servians, Greeks, and Bulgarians would soon make an end of the rule of the Turk in Europe.

The London Economist gives some figures which show how great has been the "slump" in South African securities. For ten representative South African companies the fall from the highest point in the year amounts to no less than about one hundred and seventy-three millions of dollars, and the decline has been equally marked in the Westralian shares. The companies show a depreciation in the market value of the shares which reached the startling sum of twenty three millions eight hundred and twenty thousand dollars, making a total of nearly two hundred million which has been lost to the shareholders in a few enterprises. When the great number of these corporations is considered and that most of them are largely capitalized it can easily be seen that the "Slump" has been big enough to cause the most serious alarm.

Care does not seem to shorten the lives of British premiers. Mr. GLADSTONE by completing his eighty-seventh has broken the record of modern times which had been held by Lord SIDMOUTH, who was over 86 when he died, as was also EARL RUSSELL. The Duke of Wellington died at 89, Lord PALMERSTON and EARL GREY at 81. Of the other prime ministers of Queen VICTORIA who are dead EARL BEACONSFIELD's age was 77, the Earl of ABERDEEN 76, the Earl of DERBY 80, Viscount MELBOURNE 69, and Sir ROBERT PEEL 62. Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir ROBERT are the only two premiers who were not peers or did accept a peerage from the Queen.

A new dynamite projectile is attracting attention. The remarkable feature of the new missile of war is that the shell is filled with frozen dynamite which will not explode until it pierces the object at which it is discharged. A slow burning fuse sufficiently insulated from the charge, prevents premature explosion while the shell is in flight. The entire principle rests, however upon freezing of the explosive. The preliminary test there proved very encouraging and military experts will be deeply interested in future experiments which are to be made against plate and fortifications.

India is a very uncomfortable country. This year is worse than common. Drought makes every road a river of dust; other rivers are dried up. Grain is poor as well as scarce, and garden products are scarce. If the traveller eats meat or fruit, he is threatened with cholera; if grain or vegetables he is reminded that the bubonic plague chiefly affects vegetarians. Fish is forbidden by taste as well as by prudence. Milk must be rigorously eschewed and

butter is not less baneful. Bread and tea are both poor in India and water is always dangerous.

The first fatal accident due to a horseless carriage has yet to be recorded. On the road from Mount Carlo a horse attached to a light carriage seeing a motor vehicle approaching took fright and the conductor of the latter turned his carriage from the road to avoid a collision thereby driving it against a stone wall. He received such severe injuries to the brain that he died. The friends of the victim have had the driver of the horse arrested. The case is interesting as it will probably establish the status of a motor carriage on highways.

A writer in a recent issue of La Patrie was recently greatly shocked to find an advertisement in a daily contemporary asking for a "second-handed guillotine in good condition." He will, however, probably acknowledge that the joke is on himself when he learns that "guillotine" is the technical name of a machine used by book binders for cutting the edges of books.

A product called "wire glass," which, it is asserted, presents an effective barrier against fire, consists simply of a mesh work of wire embedded in a glass plate. Even when licked by flames and raised to a red heat it does not fall to pieces and it not only resists the heat of fire but also the shattering effects of cold water poured over it while it is yet glowing hot.

The Arizona mail clerk who this week killed one of a pair of train robbers who held up a train, put the territory to the cost of a funeral but saved it for the greater expense of trying the miscreant and maintaining him in the penitentiary for a term of years.

Some accident insurance companies refuse to grant a policy to the "bicycle girl." The reason is not that she is supposed to ride worse than the "bicycle boy," but that her claims for trivial and small injuries are too persistent.

The barbers of New York City have asked the state legislature to pass a bill changing the name "barber" to "tonsur." This change may satisfy the barbers but how will the "tonsurial artists" regard it?

Medical scientists are now puzzling over the case of a boy who can hypnotize himself. It is evidently not so easy as it looks but lots of persons seem to possess the interesting peculiarity.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS must be pretty near the pinnacle of literary greatness. A baby wolf in the Boston zoological garden has been named for him.

Western courts have decided that a drug store in which soda water is sold is not a place of public accommodation and amusement.

The final relegation of the horse to obscurity might possibly be delayed a few years by providing him with rubber shoes.

They Got a Surprise.

The voting contest in connection with the Police and Fireman's sports on Monday night last was a great success. There were about 10,000 voting tickets sold of which Mr. Chas. Brown the North End district engineer received 5280. It is said that the North End ladies were bound to have that sewing machine come to their part of the city, and that is the reason so many South End people got a surprise when the ballots were counted.

At Popular Prices.

"Parada" for which elaborate preparations are being made will be continued throughout next week. It is to be hoped that in charge will fix the admission at popular prices, otherwise it may not be the success that is anticipated by the promoters. The citizens are having numerous calls upon them just now.

"Everything for the garden."

Seems a broad term for any firm to adopt, yet the widely known seed house of PETER HENDERSON & Co., 35 & 37 Cortlandt Street, New York, supply every want of the cultivator, both for the greenhouse and garden. In their handsome and comprehensive catalogue for 1897 (which by the way is their "Jubilee" number, the house having this year attained its fiftieth year), will be found offered, not only "everything for the garden," but all things needful for the farm as well. Our readers will miss it if they fail to send for this gorgeous catalogue, which may be had of PETER HENDERSON & Co., this their "Jubilee" year, free, on receipt of 10 cents (in stamps) to cover postage and mailing.

Nine Miles Up.

During the experiments lately undertaken at Paris for the exploration of the upper air, a free balloon, carrying self-recording instruments, attained an elevation of 49,200 feet, or nearly nine and one-half miles and recorded a temperature of 76 degrees F. below zero.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Drummer Boy at Marango. Marengo's plain ran red with blood Of Victor's veterans slain; Against that fierce and fiery flood Lannes' legions strove in vain.

Napoleon, with that old gray cloak Drawn round his meagre form, Dashed madly through the blinding smoke, The genius of the storm.

A drummer boy had tramped all day To keep his place among The flying columns of Desaix, On whom the battle hung.

The chieftain marked the weary lad With torn and bleeding feet, And at the sight his heart grew sad, "Up, boy: sound the retreat!"

"Nay, sire," a flash of fire burst Upon that boyish brow, "That beat I never yet have learned, Desaix ne'er taught us how."

"But, sire," his ardent eye grew large With courage half divine, "They say that when I beat the charge The dead fall into line."

"I beat it on old Tabor's slopes Till the satraps grew dumb; At the Pyramids the Frenchman's hopes Rose with my rattling drum!"

"I've beaten it when lips that bled Gasped out a parting cheer; Ah, I can almost wake the dead; Sire, may I beat it here?"

Napoleon's piercing glance was bent Full on the dauntless boy, And flashed there through his wonderment A gleam of pride and joy.

"Go, beat it then! Advance, advance!" The clarion call rang out, And the gallant grenadiers of France Took up the battle shout.

"Beat on, brave boy!" and long and loud The warlike music dinned, Till fled the Austrians like a cloud Before the wrathful wind.

The battling hosts that met that day Fights of fancy seem; Napoleon, Victor, Lannes, Desaix, Mere phantoms of a dream.

But still in Piedmont and Savoy, When booms the sunset song, 'Tis told that by a drummer boy Marengo's field was won!

Annie's Roses: When Annie's summer roses wake, In their white winter tomb; And wear again for her sweet sake, The freshness of their bloom, Her thoughts will turn to them and hear Them say as day grows dim; This is the hour when he drew near, Send some of us to him.

And ever when she hears them sigh, And on love's perfumed wings; They bring again fond scenes gone by, And all earth's sweetest things Some sunny memory will rise, Out of a red rose new;

And ask her with its pleading eyes, If still her heart is true. When Annie's roses fall asleep, And dream beneath the moon; Of melodies they still must keep, In some remembered tune.

The fragrance on the air that seems, Like love's enchanting spell; Will answer in those balmy dreams Beloved all is well.

Perchance another heart may know, That conversation sweet; Or through the roses where they grow, Draw near with noiseless feet.

And as they sing their songs again, With sweet refrains of old; 'Twill be the sobbing of the rain, In songs of—

HYACINTH WINDOW. Feb. 1897.

Homestead. Well, I'm livin' in Chicago! Battlin' town it 'pears But I ain't quite ack-limaded, droll sensations peeter me;

City folks is mostly pleasant, city work pays fairly well, Still there's somethin' hitches somewhat, an' what 't is I can't tell.

Boardin'-house is new an' tony, Little dishes round your plate, Smilin' 'gals to fill your orders whilst you pick your teeth an' wait.

All the vittles brought in courses; city people eat by rote, So I set an' try to swaller with o' chokin' in my throat.

All at once I lose my bearin', things around me fade away, An' I see a rooney kitchen right afore me plain as day.

Cellin' low an' windows narrer; willow trees clost by the door, Clock a-tickin' on the mantel, cat a-sleepin' on the floor.

Table spread-an', breakfast ready, Father settin' in his chair, Bill an' John an' Tot and Clasy with the kids all gathered there.

Knives an' forks an' tongues a-joinin', kes a-flyin' gaily round, Follikin' an' frised potatoes, roasted till they all air browned!

Casy smells too good fer drinkin'! John he ground it in the mill; Clasy made the flaky biscuits, left the bakin' fire to bill.

Tottle frised the signs an' taters, father watched her with a smile, An' the kids fetched cream an' butter, cuttin' capers all the while!

How their faces beam an' glisten! How their voices rise up higher, An' I see an' hear from winkin' an' my throat jus' dry an' dryer;

Then I pull myself together, knowin' I hev been astray, Some one asks me, "What's the matter?" an' I don't know what to say!

Mebbe I'm a gettin' bilious! There's a sinkin' in my heart, When I see an organ grinder grab his crank and "Home Sweet Home," is common music; surely there is somethin' wrong.

If a feller lets like cryin' at the playin' of a song! Mebbe life's a field of battle—I ain't spollin' fer the City elbows tech me kindly, city ways air gay and bright;

'Lectric cars go whizzin' past me! tall old buildin's scrape the sky, But thar's somethin' hit has some whar, an' I can't say what or why! —Chicago Letter, Ocean.

CHARGING THE HOSTILES.

A Brave Little Fellow Rides Through a Band of Indians.

In St. Ni-holas, Gertrude P. Greble, has a story of frontier life called "Danny and the Major." Danny was the 7-year-old son of an army captain, and the "Major" was a favorite horse. One day he was riding him in company with his friend, a Scotch corporal, when the horses of the post were stampeded, and the corporal was thrown and injured. Danny started to ride for assistance and this was his experience:

Away to the north a cloud of dust marked the recent passage of the herd. On every other side swept the tableland, empty and placid and smiling. And beyond, to the south stood the fort and home. Danny took heart, settled himself in the saddle, and put the Major into a smart canter, holding the reins firmly, and trying to recall the corporal's instructions as he rode, thinking with an ever-recurring ping of his friend's condition, happy that the distance to the necessary succor was diminishing so rapidly and totally forgetful of the of the anxiety which had agitated the veteran before the accident that had separated them.

Suddenly, at the end of some fifteen minutes of tranquil riding, as the Major galloped along the edge of the timber which fringed the bluff, there was a loud crashing in the bushes, and a gayly decorated war-pony scrambled through them, his rider grunting in surly surprise; while at the same moment, from the thicket beyond, three other half-naked figures appeared and lined up in the path which led to safety.

The child's heart stopped beating. His frontier training told him that all that had gone before, even the tragedy which had darkened the afternoon, was as nothing compared with this new and awful danger. In a paroxysm of terror he tried to stop the Major—tried with all his small strength to turn him aside towards the open plain, to check his mad plunge into the very arms of the enemy. But for the first time the horse paid attention neither to the beloved voice nor to the tiny hands pulling so desperately upon the reins.

Whether it was the sight of an old and hated foe, or whether the wise, kind heart of the animal realized the full extent of the peril of which the child was as yet only half aware, it would be hard to say. But little Dan found himself going faster than he had thought possible—and faster—and faster—till the tawny, sun-burned plain, and the pitiless smiling sky, and the nearer, greener foliage of the willows, and even the outlines of the dreaded savages themselves became as so many parts of a great rushing, whirling whole, and all his strength was absorbed in the effort to retain his seat upon the bounding horse.

And to, like some vision from their own weird legends, straight down upon the astonished Indians swept the great bronze beast with its golden-haired burden! Down upon them, and through, and away—till by the time they had recovered from their amazement there was a good fifty yards between them and their flying prey! And that distance, hard as they might ride, was not easily to be overcome!

After that first wild rush the Mayer settled into a staid pace—a smooth, even run, so easy to sit that the lad relaxed his clutch upon the animal's mane and turned his eyes to the horizon, where gathering swarms of savages showed like clusters of ants against the slope of the hillside. In his track, with shrill, singing cries, like bounds upon a trail, came his pursuers. And far to the south there was a puff of white smoke from the walls of the fort, and a moment later the first heavy, echoing boom of the alarm-gun thundered across the plains!

HE MANUFACTURES DIAMONDS.

Prof. Moisson Uses Carbon and Iron and a Crucible Furnace.

Referring to the recent lecture in New York of Prof. Henry Moisson, the French scientist, who makes diamonds, the Evening World says:

Prof. Moisson told how he had discovered the composition of diamonds by reducing specimens of diamonds to ashes.

The scientists found out by the process that in all these diamonds, save one very pure green gem from Brazil, there was iron, while the Caped diamonds came from earth that contained iron and graphite. Granite is the best of great pressure. As cast iron increases in volume, passing from the liquid to the solid state, he was led to believe that if an element of carbon were included in a globe of cast iron that was cooling it would be subjected to the requisite pressure. He had experimented to ascertain the different stages through which carbon passes and had obtained pure carbon—graphite—by very high temperature.

High temperature alone, however, would not yield the crystallized form of carbon known to commerce as "diamond." Heat at sufficient pressure would, he believed, and he at last succeeded in proving it.

In order to obtain a heat sufficiently great and at the same time measurable, he devised a simple electric furnace, and there it was before his audience.

It consisted of two clay bricks, one



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one eighteen inches square on the surface and a foot thick, with another above it half as thick. In the lower brick was a hollow large enough to contain the crucible, while two carbon electrodes connected with a battery entered the cavity, which was sprinkled with magnesia to prevent the formation of calcium carbide.

In the crucible were placed soft-iron filings and charcoal. The furnace was covered up and the current turned on. In three minutes the indicator showed that things inside the little furnace were 2500 degrees hot. The clay was boiling and flaming before their eyes. Prof. Moisson carefully laid his hand on the top brick and kept it there—just to show that the heat didn't come through.

At the end of ten minutes the little wizard turned off the current, lifted the cover, the under side a white mass of flame, and dropped it in some water. He took the crucible with tongs and dropped it into cold water.

When the crucible was cold he broke it and took out an ingot as big as a common bullet. He explained the process which he must go through to eliminate the iron, in which was imbedded the crystallized carbon—the diamond.

Then the slender Frenchman spoiled it all by telling his audience that he had never been able to make a diamond larger than one millimetre in diameter and of no commercial value, but he hoped later on to produce a regular "searchlight." Then the sign "Diamonds made while you wait" will become familiar.

He told a lot of interesting things about diamonds. He said the little black specks found in diamonds, called "crapauds" in France, "pogs" in New York, which detract from the value of the stones, were the first proof to him that he had got on nature's track.

He said that when cooling the crucible in molten lead (!) the crystal takes the shape of a rectangular figure, but when mercury is used in cooling the crucible the diamonds are octahedron.

These latter, like similar diamonds found at the Cape fields, split when exposed to the air—an additional proof to Moisson that diamonds are produced by pressure. These pressures are principally expansion power.

LOVE-MAKING IN MEXICO.

Custom Raises Obsolete Barriers Between the Woovers.

'As a rule no one is received in an exclusive Mexican home unless his social caste is equal to that of the family he desires to visit, and then he must needs be presented and vouched for by a friend in whom the household has implicit confidence,' writes Edward Page Gaston of "A Pair of Lovers in Mexico" in the February Ladies' Home Journal. 'A suitor, therefore, is not admitted to the residence of his inamorata on her invitation alone, for the portero, in charge day and night of the great doubly-bolted zabuan giving entrance from the street to the inner courts of the house under instruction to admit no one except by order of the parents of the seniorita whose audience is being so eagerly sought. The young gentleman may earnestly pound upon the massive brass knocker for hours, seeking admittance, but his knocking will not avail. So he and the lady of his choice must do their distant love-making in the public view and hearing until such time as the stony parental heart shall have melted sufficiently to grant him admission to the family circle. Inside of the domestic citadel the lady meantime warmly pleads the cause of the unhappy one without, extolling his constancy and the many other good qualities which she has proved her faithful admirer to possess. The day is at last victoriously carried, by one means or another, and the lovers are allowed the privilege of the parlor; but they are never left alone, for the old system of chaperonage is still rigidly in vogue.

If the attentive lover desires the company of his chosen one to the opera, or upon a coach drive, he must include an invitation begging the presence of the father or mother, or more properly, of the whole family. Mexican families are, unfortunately, given to the prompt acceptance of such invitations in a cheerful body, and the result is that the son-in-law-to-be and the destined bride, when they appear in public, find themselves mere members of a large box-party at the play, or a full coach-load of company for all of which gayety the young matrimonial aspirant pays the bills. The sanctioning presence of the family gives formal announcement that there is a wedding on the tapis.'

may be

ERRORS IN NUMBERING

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Procession in St. Stephen by Master...

Feb. 10.—The Park society met with Mrs. W. C. Renne on Saturday last week.

The Current News club enjoyed a most delightful evening on Tuesday at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Black.

The ladies and gentlemen who are to give the play "Lady of Lyons" this week were unable to secure the St. Croix hall for the presentation, and consequently are obliged to give the performance in the open hall at Calais Milltown.

Miss Lillie Eaton entertained the whist club of which she is a member at her home last Thursday evening.

Miss Victoria Vroom enjoyed a short but pleasant visit this week in Milltown with her friend Mrs. Irving E. Todd.

Much interest is now awakened in Miss Blanche Hudson's work, and it seems to be gaining the high favor of our most intellectual and progressive citizens.

A lecture on church history and magic lantern entertainment was given in Christ church school room on Tuesday evening by the rector Rev. O. S. Newham.

Miss Victoria Vroom on Monday evening most pleasantly entertained the boys of her Sunday school class, at her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Todd are entertaining a party of friends at dinner today.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Grimmer were in town for a brief visit on Saturday.

Mr. W. C. H. Grimmer made a brief trip to St. John this week.

Mr. W. B. King is suffering from the rheumatism and still continues very ill much to the anxiety of his family and regret of his numerous friends.

On Thursday evening at an early hour Mr. and Mrs. Henry Maxwell, discovered their residence was on fire, an alarm was given but before the flames were rapidly approaching as we always seem to crowd so much pleasure as possible into the last weeks before Lent.

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Mrs. George M. Porter arrived from New York city on Tuesday and will be the guest of Mrs. Chas. F. Todd.

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of the game was to discover from various objects and pictures placed about the room and numbered, the titles of some twenty novels. These titles you placed opposite to the numbers on a slip of paper furnished you. The person having the greatest number correctly placed received first prize.

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Wholesale Depot: 67, KINGSTON MARKET, LONDON.

"Whisky of this standard of purity can be highly recommended and used with confidence."
Watson's Dundee Whisky
CHARD JACKSON & CO., MONTREAL, Agents for Canada. ESTABLISHED 1815.

Miss Berta Davidson and Mr. Humphrey Davidson spent Sunday with friends in Havrelock.
Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Baird spent Sunday in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Stockton.
Mr. Lester Stockton was visiting in St. John the latter part of last week.
Mr. Charlie Trites of Petticoat spent Friday last with his friend Mr. Humphrey Davidson of Apple Hill.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT
CURES ITCHING PILES, ECZEMA, SALT RHEUM
H. J. Lisle, representing Ganong Bros. St. Ste. John, N.B., says: "Chase's Ointment cured me a very stubborn case of Itching Piles. I tried everything advertised, several physicians' prescriptions without permanent relief. I also know of several cases of Itching Piles it has absolutely cured."

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT
I suffered with piles for years. I cured me. Mrs. J. C. Curtis, Fredericton.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT
BRADFORD, JULY 4, 1894.—I consider Dr. Chase's Ointment a God-send to anyone suffering from piles, itching scrotum or any itching skin disease. Its soothing effects are felt from the first application.—J. H. KEGGAN.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT
Lambson, Bates & Co. PRICE 50c. 45 Lombard St., Toronto.

Wilson's Old Empire Rye 1890
GOVERNMENT GUARANTEE
CONTAINS PURELY AND SOLELY V. O. 1890 Whisky
McDUGALL DISTILLING CO. of HALIFAX, N. S.
Aged in Oak Casks under Government supervision.

MINARD'S LINIMENT
"KING OF PAIN"
Arriving ex "Escalona"
"The Nicest" in quarter cask and Octives.
For sale low.
THOS. L. BOURKE
WATER STREET.
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QUART BOTTLES, ALSO EMPIRE TOURISTS' FLASKS
with cork lined metal caps, suitable for travelling.
LAWRENCE A WILSON & CO.,
MONTREAL,
Sole Agents in Canada for.....
Gold Lac Sec Champagne,
Vin Mariani (MARANI WINE),
The Ideal Tonic for Body and Brain.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Bill will be introduced at the next session of the Legislature of the Province of New Brunswick to incorporate "The British North America Mining Investment Corporation, Limited" for the purpose of acquiring by purchase or otherwise mineral lands in the Dominion of Canada and in Newfoundland and for the purpose of acquiring by purchase or otherwise stock, bonds or other securities for money raised or made by any mining or mineral development company or companies doing business in the Dominion of Canada or in Newfoundland, and to sell any or all of the same, or at any time to exchange the same for other lands, leases, licenses, rights, stock, bonds or other securities.
Dated the 13th day of January A. D. 1897.
JOHN MONTGOMERY,
Solicitor for Applicants.

Beware
young ladies, the bright eyes, the rosy cheeks will not long remain in your possession when once indigestion makes its home with you; if you have been unwise and are suffering against this monster, call in K. D. C. the skilled little doctor. He'll remove your enemy, restore health and bring back the bright and happy days. It is a solid fact, K. D. C. should be in every home, for it prevents and cures the stomach ills.

Samples of K. D. C. and Pills go Free.
K. D. C. Company, Limited, New Glasgow, N. S., and 127 State St., Boston, Mass.

ROYAL
MAKING
WYDER
Purely Pure

square on the surface with another above it the lower brick was a to contain the crucible electrodes connected the cavity, which magnesia to prevent iron carbide.

ten minutes the little the current turned on the indicator

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Mr. Donville Richards of St. John spent a few days with his parents last week. Miss Ethel Dalton of St. John spent a few days with her sister last week. Rev. H. A. Coffey attended the meeting of the church union at Redbank last week. Mrs. G. A. Fowler has returned from her visit to St. John. Mr. and Mrs. Percy Boyce of Hampton spent a few days with friends here last week. Another boy has arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ludlow Boyce. Miss Grace Fowler is visiting friends in St. John. Mrs. Wm. McLeod's friends will be glad to learn that she is recovering from her recent serious illness. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Palmer have returned home for the winter.

DIGBY.

[Progress is for sale in Digby by Mrs. Morse.] Feb. 10.—"Nevada" was the attraction for Digby theatre goes Friday evening. The play was well put on by home talent and highly appreciated by a large and fashionable audience. For the success of the season in which this popular three act drama was carried out much credit is due to Mr. C. Jamieson. Miss Helen Brown took the part of "Mabel," a "Wait" very graciously and Mr. Harry Daley an "Orestes, the Detective" was right at home in his part. The fact that Mrs. W. S. Troop and her brother, Mr. Wm. Sullivan, were expected to sing between the acts helped to charm a large audience and both that lady and gentleman won golden opinions for themselves as soloists. They were obliged to respond to an encore. Mrs. J. Troop sang "Last Night" a very pretty piece and for an encore gave "Strike the Dream." Mr. Sullivan's "The Ship I Love" was good and for an encore sang "Auntie." The Digby Symphony orchestra furnished a choice program of music during the evening. Mrs. Longstaff kindly loaned her piano for Mrs. Troop's and Mr. Sullivan's singing. The proceeds of the entertainment amounted to \$120, which has been handed over to the Oddfellows' hall association.

The whist club meets at the residence of Mr. H. B. Short tomorrow evening. There were over thirty guests at Mrs. Lynch's progressive whist party at "Hawthorne Villa" last week. Mr. and Mrs. Shreve, Mrs. Merkal, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, the Misses Short, Mrs. Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Copp, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Viera, Mrs. Roddock, Mr. and Mrs. E. Turnbull, Capt. and Mrs. DeBailard, Mrs. Jamieson, the Misses Jamieson, Dr. J. DuVeret, Dr. Kinsman, Messrs. C. Jamieson, C. D. Merkel, Guy Viera, Douglas Viera, A. Viera, H. B. Churchill, and Lloyd Guppill. Mr. Harry L. Davidson, of Whiteford is coming to Digby to enter into law partnership with Mr. Copp M. F. Mrs. I. L. Berrill and Miss Marion Berrill of Weymouth, have been here a day or two. Mr. A. H. Ellis of St. John is in town. M.

HAYLOCK.

Feb. 9.—Miss Louise Price has returned from her visit to St. John and Hampton. Mr. H. H. Dryden of Sussex was here two days last week. Capt. Warner of St. John spent Sunday in Haylock. Mrs. W. H. Powers has gone to New York. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Fowler are visiting their daughter Mrs. A. H. Robinson. Mr. A. H. Robinson went to St. John Monday morning. Miss Polly spent Sunday in Haylock the guest of Mrs. J. C. Price. Mrs. Freeman Alward and daughter were in Petticoats Monday. The Haylock Literary club met Thursday evening at Mrs. E. H. Keith's. Mr. and Miss Davidson of Apple Hill, and Miss Webster of Petticoats were in Haylock Sunday. Mr. Chas. W. Price spent Sunday with his parents. Misses Ethel and Alice Keith went to Petticoats Monday morning. Mr. Miller of Moncton was here last week. CARL.

Agents Wanted.

Active boys or agents are wanted in Campbellton, Newcastle, and St. Andrews to sell FRANKS. Apply at once to the publisher.

She Has Outlived Them All.

The approaching commemoration of Queen Victoria's succession to the throne in 1837 will bring to mind men high in church and state whom she has outlived. Americans will think of the long line of Presidents whose official terms have been completed, or been interrupted by death, during the queen's reign. Andrew Jackson closed his second term March 4, 1837, and was succeeded by Martin Van Buren. Then Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln, Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, Harrison, and Cleveland again. How the mere mention of those names of Presidents suggests the volume of history the momentous years have written! All but two of these men have passed away, but the queen, with remarkable vigor and assiduity, still reigns.

To Choose the Site of a Capital.

Political 'science,' often of an ingenious sort, is used in choosing the sites of capitals; but Brazil has now employed natural science for the purpose. Rio de Janeiro being unhealthy, the Brazilian government appointed a commission of scientists to select a location suitable for a new capital. The commission has fixed upon a plateau four thousand feet above the sea-level. The distance by rail from the coast is said to be eighteen hours. No yellow fever invades the spot, and other conditions favorable to health are reported. The Popular Science News says that this is believed to be the first occasion on record in which science has been called in to choose the site of a capital. Bad air and bad legislation have doubtless been associated, more than once, as cause and effect.

MARRIED.

PULLEN-McCLARY—On Oct. 21st, 1896, by Rev. L. G. MacNeil, James E. Pullen, Sr., to Isabella A. McClary. [Frederick papers please copy.]

DO BIRDS HAVE MEMORY?

Psychological Researches of a German Professor.

Prof. Ludwig Edinger of Frankfurt-on-the-Main is collecting information on this point and writes to us as follows: 'Have fish a memory? A request for information. There is a general opinion that fish have some sort of memory; that they can recognize people, know how to find or avoid places where they have made formerly some experiences, that fish which have once escaped the rod know the bait, &c. It is highly desirable that all experience of this kind should be collected in the interest of comparative psychology. The reason is that till now we believed the function of memory to depend on the action of the brain cortex. All experience in man and in the higher animals has led to that conclusion. During the last years it has been proved that fish have no brain cortex at all. They are the only existing vertebrates without a brain cortex. Now if we could prove beyond the possibility of doubt that fish really have a memory, that they gain experience and can make use of it, then we shall have to give up the till now general opinion that memory has its seat in the brain cortex. Therefore it is extremely important to have an entirely new set of experiences.' Prof. Edinger then asks all anglers and naturalists to communicate to him any experiences they may have had, requesting them particularly to take nothing for granted, as the smallest observation may prove of the greatest importance. Here, then, is a splendid chance for anglers to tell their pet tales and to throw light on this interesting question. Many incidents which commonly occur to anglers would decidedly go against the theory that fish have memories. Thus, a fish which has had a fly broken in his mouth will often immediately take another, and on being captured the broken one may be found still sticking in his mouth, and then it is well known to fishermen that a pike which escapes while it is being played will often again ferociously seize the bait if it be at once temptingly offered him. Such well-known facts as these do not at first point to any highly developed powers of reasoning in the fish, but before drawing any conclusions from them, another factor—that of sensibility—must also be taken into consideration. It is highly probable that a fish hooked with a small flyhook in a gristly part of the jaw feels little or no pain, and therefore it the hook immediately breaks, and fish possibly looks upon it as a very slight inconvenience which in no wise need hinder him from continuing his meal. A fish's brain is a very small mass compared with the weight of the body, and is also small in comparison to the spinal cord. We have no doubt that Prof. Edinger will receive many interesting communications from people who are in the habit of studying the habits of fish carefully, and it is to be hoped that some reliable conclusions will be drawn from them.

EKIMOS PRESERVING EGGS.

Instruction From White Men That Eskimoes Web-footed Birds in Alaska.

When white men first went to Alaska the natives lived on the products of sea, land, and air. From the ocean came salmon and seals, from the land came various mammals, and from the air came birds. The first visitors were not interested in game preservation. In fact, they bartered for the game, giving poor whiskey for good meat, and bad tobacco for feathers and skins. They taught the Eskimoes how to preserve the game in oil. The result of this instruction is related in the Sportsman's R view: 'From time immemorial the Eskimoes have taken eggs and fowls during the short season they were available. There is no system of darning eggs, to determine their grade among the natives. An egg is an egg to them at any period of incubation, and as long as the season lasts they live in riotous plenty. Formerly they were contented with what they could eat during the

season, but since they have come in contact with white people they have learned more thorough methods, and now they provide eggs and birds to last the whole year through. They dry or pickle the fish and the eggs are preserved in barrels of muckluc—walrus oil. An addled goose egg kept a year in rancid oil appeals to an Eskimo's peculiarly cultivated taste. 'To an Eskimo an egg taken at any time in the season is eatable; but to be salable to the whites it must be fresh, so the Eskimoes divide the territory among themselves and make a systematic round of the nests each day, taking the fresh eggs, and finally picking the mother when she refuses to lay any more, capturing her with a noose of wire. 'Now a part of the regular fare of the Yukon steamer is wild geese. At the first meal the tourist is apt to regard the bird with great good favor, but as meal after meal passes wild geese ceases to be a joy. 'This continual depredation of the nests, combined with the Pacific coast market and record hunting, has already depleted the flocks of web-foot birds at one time were to be seen in myriads during the migrating seasons.'—N. Y. Dispatch.

LETTERS SENT BY WIRE.

Useful and Wonderful Invention that Works With the Telephone.

Scientists in Europe are talking a good deal just now about a curious new machine to which the name teleceptor has been given. As the name indicates, the object of the machine is to write down words spoken or sent from a distance. The telephone, as at present constructed, enables one person to hear another who is talking perhaps leagues away; the teleceptor, it is claimed, will enable any person to send a written message to another person over a telephone. The teleceptor has been invented by a German scientist, and in his words, 'its object is to fix telephonic transmissions.' His is not the first attempt which has been made in this direction. The phonograph has been used for the same purpose in connection with the telephone, but it is generally admitted that no very successful results have been obtained. At any rate, there is not much evidence that the teleceptor is popularly used for this purpose. The German scientist, by the way, is a recognized authority of an entirely different plan. His machine is simply a combination of the typewriter and the telegraph, and without it the inventor claims that the telephone cannot be regarded as complete. The manipulation of the machine is not more difficult than that of the typewriter, and like the typewriter, the new instrument has a keyboard, above which is placed the box containing the machinery. The same wire which is used for telephonic communication is connected with the teleceptor, and by means of a simple manipulation the current can be directed either into the teleceptor, or into the telephone. Thus, when a person wishes to use a telephone, after it has been furnished with this new machine, all he will have to do will be to turn on the current and then write his message on his typewriter. According to it is written the message will be flashed across the wire and an answer will be sent to him in the same manner. The advantages of this machine, in case it should prove to be a success, are self-evident. European journalists are already greatly interested in the idea, and claim that for many years no greater aid to journalism than the teleceptor has been invented. They point out that in future many messages which are now sent by telegraph can be sent more easily and more expeditiously by the perfected teleceptor. For example, a correspondent in Boston wishing to send a message to his paper in New York. He goes to the telephone, turns on the current and in a few minutes his written communication is in the New York office. No messenger boys are required; indeed, no time is lost between transmission and receipt of the message. We are likely to hear a good deal more about the teleceptor in the near future—that is, if it is really such a practical machine as the inventor and foreign journalists claim.—New York Herald.

DISCRIMINATING SPARROWS.

They Know the Mistress of the House and Appeal only to Her for Food.

Down where the observant Jerseyman lives the English sparrow has lived down the evil things that have been said of him for years, and he is an always welcome denizen of the Jerseyman's domain. The sparrows find a comfortable home in the dense growth of the wistaria vines, in the grape arbor and in the evergreen cedar trees, and far from driving away the other birds, they seem to get along with them all in the most peaceful manner. Now, when all the others have gone to warmer climes or taken refuge in the deep woods, the sparrows still keep up a recollection of summer among the suburbanites, and their morning twitter is a welcome sound. What these sparrows do not know seems hardly worth knowing. While the ground was open and uncovered they took care of themselves and were seldom seen about the house except mornings and evenings, and no one would have supposed that the flock knew anything of the persons in the house. But when the first heavy snow came and the usual supply of food could not be gathered abroad, the birds showed that they not only knew that they had friends in the house, but that they realized just who was the friend to be relied upon. On the first of these mornings the Jerseyman's wife had her attention attracted by a tapping and fluttering at one of the kitchen windows. The kitchen is in a basement, and its windows are high above and half below the level of the ground. The whole home flock of sparrows had gathered before one of these windows, and they were pecking at its panes and fluttering in and out close to it. She opened the window and the birds merely hopped or flew a little way off and waited. Then she shoved a flat place in the snow with a dustpan and put out a supply of bread crumbs. The birds came and flew away. They were there again the next morning, making the same appeals for food. Then it occurred to the mistress of the house that the appeals were made directly to her. The servant was in the kitchen every morning, but the birds did not appeal to her, and other members of the family were also about, but they received no calls for crumbs. On the following day the mistress of the house purposely delayed getting into the kitchen until the family were all showned themselves at the dining room windows. The sparrows were all in the yard, but they did not approach the windows, and seemed with put out by their waiting. By and by the housewife went to the kitchen. No sooner did she step from the stairway than some watchful sparrow saw her, and then the whole flock flew with one accord to the window and began tapping for food. One curious feature of this is, that when winter came the birds of that flock had not been fed since nearly a year ago, when the mistress of the house showered rice or bread crumbs upon them from the back stoop. They would let her pet them with the food and never seem to mind it, but if any other person appeared suddenly at a window the whole flock would take flight and seem to hold a conference from many parts of the yard before they would venture back.

Compulsion in Voting.

The governor of Nebraska has suggested a plan for inducing voters to attend to the duty of voting. He proposes to levy a yearly poll-tax on every legal voter, which shall be abated if the citizen votes. There is the same objection to this plan that there is to the ordinary poll-tax. The payer of a poll-tax may say that he purchases from the state the privilege of voting, and he may ask, not wholly without an appearance of reason, why he should not be permitted to sell the vote that he has practically bought from the state. The voter who, under Governor Holcomb's plan, could save his poll-tax by voting could ask with almost an equal appearance of reason why he should not double the financial benefit by voting in accordance with the wish of some person willing to pay for the control of his vote. The best system of compulsion for voters is the education of citizens in the duties of citizenship up to a degree where their sense of responsibility as citizens will compel them to go to the polls and vote as conscience directs.

Chinese writers claim that the cultivation of wheat was introduced into the Celestial Empire by the Emperor Shinnung 2,700 years before Christ.

The name wheat is derived from a Saxon word, 'Hwaete,' signifying white, because the flour from this grain is lighter in color than that from any other. Tea wheat, a variety years ago much esteemed in this country, is said to have been grown from a single grain found in a box of tea brought from China. There are 322 varieties of wheat which have a botanical difference from each other, and a great many others whose differences are mostly in the name.

PILL - AGE

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills, 20 cents a vial, are planned after the most modern in medical science.

They are as great an improvement over the 50 years old strong dose pill formulas as a bicycle is over an ox cart in travel.

Cinnamon Drop Coated makes them pleasant to take—being purely vegetable makes them absolutely safe—they never gripe and they never fail—40 doses, 20cts. at all druggists.

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A Good Deal in a few Words.

I paid a Toronto specialist on catarrh a large sum of money but I got no benefit. I tried them all, but finally, almost in despair, and assuredly without any faith, I tried Chas's Catarrh Cure. It is all it is recommended, which is saying a good deal in a few words. Joel Rogers, clerk, Division Court, Boston. Improved blower in each 25c. box.

More than Estimated

Fryer—I notice that young Fryman is still paying his attentions to the daughter of old Senator Coffers.

Dyer—I believe he still persists in that direction.

Fryer—I am told he's a relative of hers—a cousin twice removed.

Dyer—Twice! Say, the old man told me himself that he'd removed him seven times already, and if he has to do it again it will probably be a cemetery.—Boston Courier.

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PUTTNER'S EMULSION

Has never been surpassed as a remedy for chronic Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and other disorders of the lungs and chest. Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

FERGUSON & PAGE

are prepared for the year 1897, and have a good stock of Watches, Jewelry, Diamonds, Solid Silver and Silver Plated Goods, Clocks, Bronzes, Opera Glasses, Spectacles, Eye Glasses, etc., and will do the best they can to satisfy customers. Give us a call at 41 KING STREET.

Bishop's College School

LENNOXVILLE, P. Q. Second YEAR. CHAPLAIN, REV. THOS. ADAMS, M.A., D.C.L., St. John's Coll., Que. HEAD MASTER, G. F. FERRY, M.A., Bishop's College. SECRETARY, H. D. NICOLLS, M.A. ASSISTANT MASTERS: A. LEROY, M.A., University of Paris. E. AUDEY, B.A., Emmanuel Coll., Cam. G. S. GLENDON, M.A., Queen's Coll., Cam. C. L. MURPHY, B.A., Pembroke Coll., Cam., and Bishop's Coll. G. A. COOPE, B.A., University of Toronto. G. H. L. ROSSON. ARTHUR DORSET, F. C. O., Music. Trinity Term begins April 3rd. Michaelmas Term begins Sept. 10th, 1897. For Calendars apply to the Secretary.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To the Executors, administrators and assigns of the late Albert D. Wilson, deceased; to Walter F. Wilson, and to all others whom it may, shall, or may concern.

THERE will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City of Saint John, in the County of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, on TUESDAY the twentieth day of April next, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, under and by virtue of a power of sale in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, made the first day of February, A. D. 1896, between the said Albert D. Wilson, deceased, of the one part, and Lydia A. Green and Ellen F. Green, both of the said City of Saint John, of the other part, and duly recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the City and County of Saint John aforesaid, in Libro 37 of Records, folio 345 to 346 inclusive, by the number 6780, and assigned by the said Lydia A. Green and Ellen F. Green to the undersigned Nellie Gertrude Wilson, default having been made in the payment of the principal moneys and interest secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage.

ALL that certain lot, piece, and parcel of land situate lying and being in Queen's Ward in the said City of Saint John and described on the Plan of the said City as being Lot number six hundred and sixty-two (662) the said Lot being forty feet in front by one hundred feet as described in a certain deed made between one Hugh Wilson of the one part and the said Albert D. Wilson of the other part, dated the 19th day of September, A. D. 1868; AND ALSO ALL that certain lot piece and parcel of land situate lying and being in Queen's Ward in the City of Saint John fronting on the north side of Orange Street and known and distinguished on the Map or Plan of the said City of Saint John by the number six hundred and eighty (80), the said lot having a front of forty feet more or less on a said northern side of Orange Street and extending back therefrom northwards preserving the same breadth one hundred and twenty-five feet more or less until it strikes the rear line of lot number six hundred and sixty-two (662) extending from the south side of Princess or St. George's Street so called the premises intended to be hereby conveyed having been formerly occupied by Richard Whitehead together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon, and the rights, members, privileges, hereditaments and appurtenances to the said lands and premises belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Dated at the said City of Saint John, this sixth day of February, A. D. 1897. N. GERTRUDE WILSON, Assignee of Mortgage. Witness: E. T. C. KNOWLES, J. JOSEPH FORBES, solicitor, Chubb's Corner, St. John, N. B. GEORGE W. GEROW, Auctioneer.

Public Notice.

APPLICATION will be made to the Legislative Assembly, at the next session, for the incorporation of a Company to be called 'THE ST. JOHN TERMINAL RAILWAY COMPANY,' for the purpose of acquiring, constructing and maintaining a line of railway along the harbor front of the City of St. John, and to erect, maintain and operate a grain elevator and such of the buildings and appliances in connection with said railway as may be desirable or necessary for the purpose of carrying on the export and import trade and passenger traffic, and with such other powers as may be incident thereto. Dated January 19th 1897.

QUAKER FOLDING HOT AIR and VAPOR BATH CABINET—Com-

bles luxury, efficaciousness, sanitary and remedial effect equal in degree to the famous Turkish Baths, in the privacy of your own bedroom, without water supply or bath fixtures, or small cost. Ensures perfect cleanliness. Cures colds, rheumatism, etc., and obesity. A delightful substitute for muscular exercise. Healthy skin and beautiful complexion assured. Needed by all, sick or well. Send stamp for descriptive circular and testimonials to E. M. TREE, General Agent, 15 Wellington Row, St. John, N. B. Local Agents Wanted. Pat. Pnd'g. Price \$7.25 Delivered.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1897.

THEY ARE GOOD PEOPLE.

NOTWITHSTANDING THE OPINION OUTSIDERS MAY HAVE.

Mr. Strange Defends Moncton from the Charge of Rowdiness and General Lawlessness That Seems to Prevail in Regard to the Railway City.

I wonder when it will dawn upon that mysterious individual known as "the general public" that Moncton is not accountable for all the crimes committed within the confines of Westmorland county?

"So you have been having another horrible tragedy up in your city!" says the cheerful idiot as he hooks his arm in yours preparatory to wasting half an hour of your valuable time, and rattling your temper until you are not even fit company for yourself—"by jove, old man, I wonder you are not afraid to live in the place! Might be robbed and murdered in your bed any night and nothing thought of it at all! Talk about Texas, and the border towns why they are not in it with Moncton, awful tragedy every few months in that bustling city of yours, and none of you seem to mind it!"

There is no use in trying to freeze this individual with a stony glare, he won't be frozen! And if you try to reason with him and explain that because the law sees fit to hold the preliminary examination of a criminal in the town nearest the spot where the crime was committed, that is no reason why the said town should be held responsible for either the crime or the criminal—Why he simply ejaculates "Oh come off, what's the use of trying to make me believe that; you know you're always having murders and things up there! And if you don't smite that C. I., to the earth then and there, it is only because the policeman on the corner has his eye on you and it is broad daylight."

"A terrible tragedy including the three-fold crimes of robbery, murder and arson, took place on the night of September 10, at a place called Meadow Brook, in the vicinity of the city of Moncton the railway centre of the maritime provinces," says the Metropolitan daily. Then the travelling public begins to crane its neck what time the brakeman shouts "Moncton, next station!" and by the time the train comes to a standstill at the station it has worked itself up to such a pitch of excitement that it is almost afraid to get out on the platform and run across to the dining room for a cup of coffee, lest it should be robbed and murdered on the way; but contents itself with munching a dry sandwich out of its lunch basket and casting apprehensive glances through the windows at the awful Sodam, which looks so peaceful in the distance, with the winter sunshine gilding the spires of its many churches.

"We are credibly informed by our special correspondent at Moncton," says the rural weekly "That a most shocking tragedy took place last week in the vicinity of that city—" etc. "Horrible murder in the outskirts of the Railway City," announces another country weekly, and then you begin to receive letters from friends at a distance asking for particulars "What a terrible experience for you!" writes your aunt in upper Canada, "I wonder how you can live in a place which seems the resort of such abandoned characters, and where such dreadful things are constantly occurring. Surely it would be better to remove from a place where your life must be in constant danger. I never pick up a paper without anxiously scanning it, to see if there are any, fresh horrors from Moncton; and I do hope that you always sleep with a loaded revolver within easy reach; it is really a necessary precaution in such a place."

"We read about the awful murder in your city," writes a friend who lives in the United States. "Do tell us all about it, I suppose you were on the spot as soon as the alarm rang, you newspaper men always are first on the scene when anything happens. I should think you would be almost afraid to go to bed in that awful town lest you would be burned up in the night! I am sure I would sit up all night if I lived there, and never unlock the doors unless there was a policeman in plain sight."

Now I am really getting tired of this sort of thing, and as a patriotic citizen of Moncton I wish to protest against it, in the strongest language possible.

In the first place I would point out to all whom it may concern that the distance between Moncton and Meadow Brook, the scene of the latest tragedy for which this city has been held responsible; is

estimated at from nine, to fourteen miles; and I really believe it not nearer than twelve, therefore can scarcely be described as in the near vicinity of Moncton. I am quite sure that if a murder were to be committed in Rothsay, no intelligent person would be guilty of remarking that it was strange how such a thing could happen on the outskirts of St. John, where the police protection was supposed to be excellent. Neither would any reasonable person insist on rating John Sullivan as a Moncton man. The prisoner now under sentence of death at Dorchester, has lived away from these provinces for many years, only returning comparatively recently, and his family removed to Moncton from Calhoun's Mills a year ago; so I fail to see that we are responsible for anything in connection with the tragedy beyond the facts of having held the inquest and preliminary examination here, and sheltering Maggie Datcher for some months, until she was able to give evidence.

In the case of the Steadman murder, a Moncton policeman was shot in attempting to maintain law and order by arresting some suspicious looking tramps who were prowling about the city; and because the tragedy happened to take place in Moncton it is scarcely fair to hold the city accountable for the crime of a half-typed desperado, who has promptly and vindictively punished. All cities are liable to suffer from the evil doings of tramps, and Moncton is really more exempt from such nuisances than most towns of its size, having a reputation amongst the tramp fraternity for dealing out swift and stern justice to all strangers who are caught doing those things which they ought not to do. It is quite true that the Moncton aborigine is reasonably safe in committing little peccadilloes, and can break into your house, and steal all your belongings, either when the shades of night have safely fallen, or in broad daylight; and it is not likely that he will suffer the least inconvenience for his wrong doing, but will keep on jubilantly in the error of his ways until what time he decides to extend his operations to a larger field, and is tenderly gathered in by the police of some other city to pay the penalty he fondly imagined himself exempt from, judging by his experience in the land of his birth. As for murder—well murder is a very ugly word, we never had a murder trial of our very own. We did have some little trouble about a case of manslaughter once, but that was a long time ago, and the jury behaved like gentlemen in the matter, so we were freed from all blame. But however tender and gentle we may be in the treatment of our own criminals no one can accuse us of leniency towards erring strangers who happen to stray within our gates; and it is upon this trait in our character that I wish to dwell particularly, in defending the city of my adoption from the charge of an undue indulgence in tragedies; so that wicked people who read newspaper accounts of our doings, may not be led into the error of thinking that Moncton is a happy hunting ground for all the evil doers of the earth.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

MEMPHIS WITH MEMORIES.

One that Avenge an Injury and Another That Recognized a Benefactor.

Elephants have a way of remembering injuries and kindnesses which surprises men not accustomed to the beasts. E. L. Layard and his wife were in Ceylon, in the Ambigama district. They were journeying along gathering insects, shells, and birds by easy stages when they came to the station of a roads making party which was in charge of Woodford Birch. Mrs. Layard was interested in elephants, not having seen any close at hand, so Mr. Birch took her out to see a large, fine female. Mrs. Layard petted the beast, gave it a bunch of plantains, which were eaten with relish, and after making comments on the beast's gentleness returned to the bungalow. There Mr. Birch incidentally remarked that it was a violent beast, having killed two keepers during the past month. When Mr. Layard heard that he reproached Mr. Birch, while Mrs. Layard grew pale. Then Mr. Birch said:

"Do you think I would have allowed Mrs. Layard to go near her if there had been danger? That elephant is the quietest and best tempered beast in the stud. She was quite right to kill the keepers. They had robbed her of her food. I had observed that she was growing thin, and seeing only a little grain or feed in the box one day I rated the keeper soundly, in the

FOR FEBRUARY ONLY.

MEN'S CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

THIS is our first CLEARING-UP SALE in this Department, and we intend to make it a great success. We have therefore REDUCED a lot of goods especially for this sale to prices that will make EVERYTHING OFFERED A DECIDED BARGAIN.

All broken lines in Suits, Coats, Vests, Trousers, Ulsters, Overcoats, Waterproof Coats, and Office Coats will be included in this sale.

Boys' and Youths' Clothing Department.

For this sale we intend offering the GREATEST VALUE WE HAVE EVER SHOWN in Boys' Separate Pants, Sailor Suits (long and short pants), Boys' Two and Three Piece Suits, Boys' Reckers and Ulsters, Boys' Spring Reckers, Youths' Suits with Long Pants. All odds and ends and broken lines will be sold at Greatly Reduced Prices, and many lines of New Goods will be offered Special Prices for FEBRUARY ONLY.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

PREMITIVE WATER WORKS.

The Mexican City of Guaymas Supplied by Mule Power.

Half way up the Gulf of California, on the southwestern coast of Mexico, is the little seaport of Guaymas. Of late years Guaymas has grown apace commercially, and her Mexican and Indian citizens, spurred onward and assisted by the influx of Yankee and English merchants, have a great many modern improvements, and as soon as you land the people begin to talk to you about the wonderful advantages of Guaymas, either as a residence or business location. With pride they show you their street lights, their horse cars, and several other more or less modern improvements. But no one ever has a word to say about the water works or the water system. Yet you notice with satisfaction, the water they give you to drink is clear as crystal, so and very pleasing to the eye and taste alike. Of course, you do not expect to find running water in each room in a Mexican city of only 5,000 inhabitants, and you are not greatly surprised to have the water poured out for you from big leathern bags or earthen jars, for that is the way of things in Mexico, and a very good way with respect to drinking water.

But after you have visited the new plaza and seen all the sights that the towns affords you may have a curiosity to know something about the water system. If such a curiosity should possess you it may seem strange how the natives avoid conversation on the topic. They do not even care to talk about the good quality of the water, and this seems passing strange to the newcomer, because even towns that lack good drinking water never fail to blow about the quality and quantity of whatever drinking fluid they do happen to have. But here in Guaymas the subject of drinking water, at least in business and commercial circles, is strictly tabooed.

A STORY OF GAIL HAMILTON.

How She Entertained a Gentleman Who Was Unaware of Her Identity.

A capital story of the power of a bright woman's talk is related by the New York Tribune. The bright woman was Miss Abigail Dodge, better known by her pen name of Gail Hamilton. A Western Clergyman, cultivated, well read, but not exactly a man of the world, was in Washington for the first time, eager to make the utmost of his holiday.

He wanted to see all there was to be seen, but most of all he desired to meet and have a word with Gail Hamilton; indeed, he confided to a friend that he should consider such a privilege well worth his journey to the East.

It took him several days to summon up his courage, but at last he presented himself at Blaine's door and asked for Miss 'Hamilton.' About three hours later the friend met him descending the steps of the house, one broad smile of delight and satisfaction.

"Ah," exclaimed the confidant. "I congratulate you. So you have met your dear Gail Hamilton. I can see it in your face." That face fell—grew remorseful. "No," he stammered, "I didn't meet her—she didn't come down, and the fact is, I forgot to ask for her."

"Forgot to ask for her!" "Oh, I sent up my card, of course, but a lady came down, a Miss Dodge, and my dear fellow, you never saw such a woman in your life! I suppose Miss Hamilton must have been out; she didn't mention her, but she began to talk to me, and in two minutes I forgot what I had come for. I never could have believed that any person, man or woman could know so much."

"I believe we talked of every subject in the world, and she knew everything about every one of the subjects. I was never so surprised as when a lot of people came in and I found how long I had been there, and I didn't want to come away then, I can tell you, and till you spoke, I'd forgotten all about Miss Hamilton. I don't believe she can touch Miss Dodge, anywhere!"

His astonishment and delight when he found that he had entertained—or been entertained by—his angel unawares, were very pleasant to see.

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Half way up the Gulf of California, on the southwestern coast of Mexico, is the little seaport of Guaymas. Of late years Guaymas has grown apace commercially, and her Mexican and Indian citizens, spurred onward and assisted by the influx of Yankee and English merchants, have a great many modern improvements, and as soon as you land the people begin to talk to you about the wonderful advantages of Guaymas, either as a residence or business location. With pride they show you their street lights, their horse cars, and several other more or less modern improvements. But no one ever has a word to say about the water works or the water system. Yet you notice with satisfaction, the water they give you to drink is clear as crystal, so and very pleasing to the eye and taste alike. Of course, you do not expect to find running water in each room in a Mexican city of only 5,000 inhabitants, and you are not greatly surprised to have the water poured out for you from big leathern bags or earthen jars, for that is the way of things in Mexico, and a very good way with respect to drinking water.

But after you have visited the new plaza and seen all the sights that the towns affords you may have a curiosity to know something about the water system. If such a curiosity should possess you it may seem strange how the natives avoid conversation on the topic. They do not even care to talk about the good quality of the water, and this seems passing strange to the newcomer, because even towns that lack good drinking water never fail to blow about the quality and quantity of whatever drinking fluid they do happen to have. But here in Guaymas the subject of drinking water, at least in business and commercial circles, is strictly tabooed.

Now, if you are a thoughtful person, all this will strike you as remarkably singular, and some fine day, after enjoying a glass of this most excellent water, you will start off on a tour of investigation for yourself, bent upon discovering the source of Guaymas's water supply. About a mile east of the city, if you have good luck, you will strike a very ancient artesian well surrounded by a curious arcadia system of adobe walls, plumes, prehistoric windlasses, one mule, and two Indians. These comprise the water works of Guaymas. It is said by travellers that there is not such another antique water pumping station in North America. And it is not difficult to believe this if we add the qualifying words, "in a civilized community of 5,000 inhabitants." Surrounding this artesian well, which is said to tap a subterranean stream that flows as freely today as in the days of Montezuma, is a quadrangle stone wall of about four feet in thickness. In the centre of the south and north walls are two piers or columns of stone which rise to a height of about ten feet above the walls. Resting on the walls is a substantial roof or flooring of thatch, and in this there is a small opening immediately between the columns. Resting on the columns over this opening to the well is a most primitively constructed windlass. This is operated on the ground below by a big, crude-fashioned wooden wheel that is best described by comparing it to a bird cage, and this cage-like wheel in turn is operated by the slow and toilsome meanderings of a

Wanted Damages.

Of those would-be litigants who, like Hotspur 'in the way of bargain,' will 'cair on the ninth part of a hair,' a Kentucky lawyer tells, in the Louisville Courier Journal, this good story:

"I was in my partner's office at Brownville one day, when a tall, lank native, about fifty years of age, came in. After he had warmed himself we inquired of him his business. To the inquiry he replied:

"I want ter bring suit agin old man H.'s estate. During the war he drafted me for service, and when I showed up he said he didn't need me. Ef I had 'a' went in I would have been a-drawin' a pension now, and I want ter sue him fer damages ter keepin' me from drawin' a pension."

When we told him that his cause for action was no good, he stambled out of the office, and remarked that 'there was no justice in law, nohow!'

FOUNTAIN SYRINGES—2 quart, in wood box, with 4 pipes (including vaginal irrigator) \$1.00 Postpaid to any part of Canada \$1.10. C. K. SMITH, Druggist, St. John, N. B.

THE MAHOGANY SETTLE.

Mrs. Oakley—bless her kind heart!—was not of a jealous nature. It does not behoove a minister's wife to be jealous; but the dinner was already on the table—a well browned roast chicken with bread sauce, and a baked Indian pudding to follow—and it was undoubtedly a relief when her husband came out of the study and seated himself.
'Was that Miss Penriff?' said she.
'Yes,' Mr. Oakley answered, 'it was Miss Penriff. She wants to sell her old mahogany settle.'

young man,' said the elderly lady, grimly.
John Barton reddened a little.
'Oh, as for that,' said he, rather awkwardly, 'I'm representing some one else. Personally, perhaps—'
'Well,' said Miss Penriff, 'it cost three hundred dollars. But I don't expect to get its full value.'

DISSEASE STUDIED BY EAR.
A New Army of the Roentgen Rays in Medical Practice.
The last twelve months have been remarkably fertile in the evolution of means whereby the concealed pathology of the human body may be revealed. Aided by the Roentgen ray, the surgeon has now no uncertainty as to the shape and condition of the bones and hard tissues within the body, and even the heart and lungs and other soft tissues are being photographed with daily increasing distinctness.

whereby, which the asthmatic knows so well in emphysema, the dullness of transmitted sound, which shows loss of vesicular murmur, &c. In complications of the different symptoms the employment of an efficient sound transmitter becomes even more essential.
The fact that the pulse can now be heard is of no little importance. A great many practitioners have a touch by no means sensitive. In some, in fact, it is absolutely defective, by reason of disease, rheumatic or otherwise, or loss of tactile sensation. In such cases, the pulse can now be heard instead of being felt.

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



A Prominent Citizen.
The medical profession welcomed the promise of such an instrument. The stethoscope, which had done some good work in its day, was manifestly out of date and inadequate to the requirements of modern medical science. The volume of sound it conveyed was often insufficient to give any trustworthy indication of conditions which were sought to determine. Where extreme sensitiveness was needed it was practically useless. For instance, the throbbing of the heart, the action of the lungs, and the movement of the body are all accompanied by sounds which complicate and confuse the diagnosis if they are not clearly differentiated, and to do this stethoscope was but too frequently unequal. Besides, it was large, clumsy, and unwieldy, and the doctors were glad of the prospect of replacing it by a more efficient instrument. But the more conservative members of the profession regarded the new instrument with doubt and reserve mainly because they looked upon the claims made for it as too good to be true. Their caution would appear to have been justified; but on other grounds than those on which they based it. The instrument opened the eyes of the profession to a new standard of aural diagnosis. It detected sounds with ultra microphonic power; but its very excellence was its undoing. Each collateral vibration was carried to the ear of the diagnostician, and pervading every transmission of sound waves, and often overpowering them, was the tingling or ringing of the metal of which the instrument was made. In delicate tests the effect was that of a distant voice trying to make itself heard in a storm of wind.

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

BROKEN BONES.
When Set They Are Not So Strong As Formerly.
It is not true, as commonly asserted, that a broken limb becomes, when healed, stronger than it was before the fracture. The bone is strengthened at the point of fracture, but weakened as a whole. When a long bone of the leg or arm is fractured, soft living tissue known as "callus" is produced between and around the two broken ends. In this issue early matter is gradually deposited until the hole is solid. The excess of new bone surrounding the point of fracture, acts as a natural splint during the process of solidification, and is then absorbed. At the same time the plug of bone interrupting the central canal, in which the marrow lies, also disappears. In this marvelous way nature restores the bone to its original condition. The new bone is denser than the old, and as some thickening usually remains at the point of union increases strength is the result. This is borne out by the fact that in practice it is exceedingly rare to meet with refracture of a bone at the old spot. It must be remembered, however, that the strength of a long bone lies chiefly in its elasticity, owing to which any strain put upon it is borne equally by all parts. The existence of a "knot" due to an old fracture must to some extent interfere with this diffusion of the strain, and so increase the risk of breakage elsewhere. In other words, because the bone does not bend so well, it is more apt to break. As a matter of fact cases of refracture, even at a new point, are rarer than might be expected—possibly from increased carefulness on the part of the patient. These remarks refer, of course, to a perfectly set bone; an ill-set one may greatly weaken a limb; even in such instances, however, nature can do much, and a casing of new bone remains to support the weakened portion.

BEST IN THE WORLD.
Just the Kind You Need
Paine's Celery Compound the Hope of Every Sufferer.
IT CURES AND MAKES PEOPLE WELL
Are You Ailing, Anxious or Despondent?
Try One Bottle of the Great Health Restorer.
Truly Paine's Celery Compound is the world's best and most efficacious medicine. At this season you need its life-giving virtues and its bracing up powers.
If you are suffering from rheumatism, neuralgia, nervousness, dyspepsia, blood diseases, liver or kidney troubles, Paine's Celery Compound will give you a new existence; it will enable you to thoroughly enjoy life.
Are you ailing, anxious or despondent? You must be if disease has bound you in its chains. Let us urge you to use at least one bottle of nature's great health restorer—Paine's Celery Compound—and you will quickly find that you are on the highway to physical health, vigor and strength.

A TIGER AT CLOSE QUARTERS.
Col. H. Ward's Narrative of an Exciting Hunt in India.
Col. H. Ward tells in the Badminton Magazine about a tiger that he shot in India:
'We were after a tiger on an old trail, he says, when the men began to consult as to what would best be done. While they talked I wandered away alone up a small stream, on either side of which the grass had been burned, leaving a fine gray ash spread over the ground. In this I found the perfectly fresh footprints of a large tiger, which we had evidently disturbed. Following cautiously, I presently saw the tiger about fifty yards in front of me, walking slowly along among the bamboos; he neither saw nor heard me, and seemed to suspect nothing. I followed him till he dipped into a ravine; then I ran back and sent the men round to drive him toward me. There was no large tree available, so I lay down on a flat rock, with a sloping bank to my left, and on the right a clear space about eight yards to the side of the hill, which rose in a perfectly straight scarp. I hoped that tiger would come to my left, below me but he didn't. Instead, he came head-on so that had I left him alone he would have passed within six feet of me. When he was about eight yards off I fired, and as the smoke cleared I saw the brutes jaws

Sunday Reading.

THE COST OF THE CHURCH.

Story of a Devoted Minister and How He Helped His Western Flock.

About twenty-five years ago a presbyterian minister, settled over a flourishing church in New York state, lost his health, and was obliged to resign his charge. His people loved him, and only when convinced that it was a matter of life or death with him, did they consent to give him up. His physician advised 'roughing it' in the pine woods of Northern Michigan for a few months; and accompanied by his brother and little son, he plunged into the forest near the shore of Grand Traverse Bay, twenty miles perhaps from the present site of Traverse City. The result was more than he had dared to hope. The wonderful tonic air of that region strengthened him like wine and the sweet breath of the balsam firs soothed and healed the irritated lungs.

After a while he was able to take long tramps in the woods, and often came out upon some clearing where a homesteader had built a log cabin and was trying to cultivate a few acres. Mr. H.—always had a cheerful word and a hearty handshake for everyone, and soon came to be much thought of by the rough farmer folk.

Months passed, and Mr. H.—gradually made up his mind that the Master had need of him here. He felt that if his wife were willing to bear the privations of such a life, he would gladly stay here and preach Christ to these people. So he went back to tell his story to her. She was an educated, cultivated Christian lady, uniting beauty of person and charm of manner with highest spiritual grace. But she was more than willing, she was glad to go, to 'spend and be spent' in Christ's service. She bade adieu to a choice circle of friends, to her mother and only sister, and with her husband and three children took their long journey out to Michigan. They found temporary shelter in the family of one of the settlers, and straightway began to make a clearing and put up a log cabin for themselves. Soon they were quite comfortably settled, and then Mr. H.—began his home missionary work in earnest, meeting with a hearty welcome from nearly all. Often the people said they had not heard a preacher since they came into the woods years ago, and they would be so glad to have their children in a Sunday-school such as they used to go to back east. After a while a regular Sabbath service was established. After a few years during which God's blessing seemed to rest upon his labors, Mr. H.—felt as if it were time to think of building a house for God's worship, and he began to talk about it with his people. They felt as he did, that they ought to build, but how? They were all poor; what could they give? They were all doers? But the more they thought and prayed about it, the more necessary did it seem that they should build, and finally the decisive step was taken. The Board of Church Extension promised aid 'and the people with one accord began to build.' Every man did what he could. One gave the plot of ground for the new church, another the stones with which his farm was so thickly strewn, others timber, and others still the labor of willing hands.

All went well until it was discovered that there was not enough timber of a certain size to build the frame. Every man had given to his utmost, and moreover, there were no more trees of suitable size in the vicinity. After some delay, one of the elders of the little church living miles away, but near the border of the lake said he had some trees that he thought might answer, but there was no way to get them down there except to raft them, and that he could not do alone. The missionary quickly offered his help, and it was agreed to start the logs down the lake the following week.

Meantime, the baby in the minister's family was taken ill, and anxiously the mother watched and tended it day after day. A doctor was not to be thought of, there was none in that region, and there was no money to provide one from a distance. When the day arrived for Mr. H.—to go up the lake after the logs, he hesitated to leave his family alone and helpless, the little one so ill and not a neighbor within a mile or more. But the brave wife said: 'You must go, everything depends upon it. If we fail to get those logs the church cannot do great things. How many men will hold back when a subscription list is circulated until the small amounts are reached, or give what the person before them subscribed, though their income is twice or three times as great. An examination of the list of contributors to church funds of various kinds would show in a most start-

ling way what hypocrisy there is in many a congregation. Apart altogether from the necessities of Christian work, this question of giving is a very serious one. It may have to do with the material and temporal, but it is intimately connected with the deeply spiritual. No test is perfect, but there are few, if any, better tests of the Christianity of an individual than the disposal of his money. 'For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also,' said Jesus. Trace a man's money, and you know just where his affections are. The practical application of the gospel to the principles of the gospel to the use of money is something much needed in our day. Some clergymen shrink from asking for money, or making any pointed reference to giving. It savors, they say, of begging. But the duty of the clergy is to preach the gospel and apply it to the daily life of men; and if the use of money is to be excluded, then one great side of life is to be totally neglected. To bring home with power the truth of those words of David, 'All things come of Thee, and of thine own have we given Thee,' is in itself to do a noble work.—Presbyterian R. view.

'How did you get here, and where is the raft?' she asked. 'I came down in the canoe from Pine Point; the raft is tied up there, and Mr. Eastman is to wait there for me. But the raft is not very securely put together, and if the wind rises tonight I must go back and help. If it should break up the logs would float off and all be lost.'

With a silent prayer that the wind might not rise, Mrs. H.—prepared supper, and after putting the older children to bed, the sorrowing father and mother sat down by the cradle where the baby lay. About nine o'clock a rustling in the tall pines made them listen. Was that the wind? Yes, it must be that the wind was rising. Looking out, they could see the great black clouds rolling up, and knew that a 'blow' was coming. As Mr. H.—saw the look upon his wife's face his courage almost failed him, and he said: 'Mary, we must let the logs go. I cannot leave you here alone like this.'

She did not reply at once, she was asking herself: 'Can I let him go and I stay here alone, to face death perhaps? Does duty demand such a sacrifice?' Then she thought of what the church meant to that people, of the great sacrifices it had already cost, of all they hoped for its future, and she thought of One who said: 'Could you not watch with me one hour?' Throwing her arms around her husband's neck, she said: 'Go, God calls you. He will watch with me.'

Together they knelt by the cradle and their dying babe, and with streaming tears, the almost distracted father once more committed them to God's care, and then set out on his way across the dark waters of the lake. For a while Mrs. H.—sat quietly in the little room watching the sleeping children, but as the lonely hours wore on the silence and loneliness became insupportable, and throwing open the door, she rushed out into the night.

The darkness was so thick that she could see absolutely nothing, and could hear only the wind in the pines and the waves breaking along the shore. She thought of her husband out upon the lake in peril of his life, of her dying child, of herself in her desolation, and in her agony she cried aloud: 'Has God forgotten me? Has God forgotten my little baby?'

As she continued to call aloud for help, God answered, and comfort and support and a sense of blessed companionship she had never imagined came so her heart. She knew God was there, and she went back and resumed her vigil with the sweet consolation that she was not alone. Just at dawn her husband came, having succeeded wonderfully in securing the logs.

As the first rays of the morning sun streamed in at the window and touched the waxen face upon the cradle pillow, the gates of an eternal morning opened wide and the sweet spirit entered in. And in after years as the missionary and his wife looked upon the completed church, filled with God's people, thank you they grudged what it cost them?

Where Help Comes From. A prominent member of a church in one of our large towns remarked the other day that though they made an excellent financial showing this year, yet, in truth, nearly all the giving was done by about twelve families, though there were some two hundred in connection. There are very few churches perhaps where the same thing does not occur. And these few families, while not poor, are generally not among the wealthiest. This is really a serious matter. What sort of Christianity is that which is neither interested in nor conversant with the financial work of the church? What right has any family to put the financial burden on the shoulders of a few, and even forget that it is resting there? The church is not merely the place to which we are to look for benefits to ourselves. It is God's own instrument for good in the world, and it has a right to look to each one of us for liberal support in all its undertakings. We have serious duties to render to it, as well as benefits to draw from it. The duty of giving applies to all. The circumstances of a man must be desperate when he cannot be expected to give. Yet what church is there where people do not complain bitterly that they cannot give. They find it hard enough to live! If they were rich they would do great things. How many men will hold back when a subscription list is circulated until the small amounts are reached, or give what the person before them subscribed, though their income is twice or three times as great. An examination of the list of contributors to church funds of various kinds would show in a most start-

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Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for palpitation, shortness of breath, smothering spells, pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose cures. This is the only remedy known to the medical world that will relieve in a few moments and cure absolutely. The ingredients of Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure are essentially liquid, and hence neither is nor anything like it can be prepared in pill form.

ONE OF THE SAD THINGS.

Folly of Marrying a Man to Effect His Return.

One of the saddest things is to see a young girl throw her life away by marrying a man to reform him. Not one in a hundred is made any better by marriage, though for a time there may be a semblance of reform. How often have you seen a drunkard's home a drunkard's wife and children, and have looked with more scorn than pity, perhaps, upon them, never dreaming that such a fate could be yours. Girls, just such a fate awaits you if you marry a moderate drinker, for the moderate drinker is sure to become the immoderate drinker. If you marry a man and he becomes intemperate after marriage, you are guiltless of wrong, and God pity all such. But if you deliberately marry a man who has formed the liquor habit you are criminally foolish, for you not only throw away your own chance of happiness, but will bring children into the world with an inherited appetite for strong drink, and the sins of the father will be visited on the children. One year ago two bright, sweet girls, one 20 and the other 24 (both old enough to know better), married men who were confirmed in the drink habit, and before the freshness was worn from their bridal garments their husbands were brought home drunk. The parents of one young man pleaded with the girl not to marry their son, as they had hoped so many times the reform was genuine, only to see their hopes crushed. Fortunately the girl's parents were dead and so were spared this humiliation. As the years roll on, life will become a burden. I pity them—to watch with beating hearts for the home-coming, to see if they are sober or drunken; to feel a great throb of joy and a murmured 'Thank God' if the one, and a smothered groan if the other. O, when will the day dawn when this cursed thing shall be driven from our land, when the tempted cannot fall because the temptation has been removed forever.—Lady's Home Journal.

IMPALED ON FRENCH WORDS.

Fate of a Joke That Sounded Well Before it was Translated.

A girl who recently returned from several years of study in Paris was telling the other day of her experiences in trying to translate her jokes into French. At the pension where she boarded several other American and English girls lived, and the conversation at table was a mixture of English and French. Madame and her son loved a joke as well as anybody, and always looked so wistfully curious when the girls laughed at some remark in English that an effort was speedily made to translate it to them. One day the girls were talking about Bouguereau, and, as the discussion grew more animated, they lapsed into quick English. The American girl who tells the story had been to Bouguereau's studio that morning. All the rest, with the easy superiority of the young art student, were covering poor Bouguereau with scorn almost declining to admit that he was worthy the name of artist. The American girl was putting up a spirited, if only partial, defense.

'You must admit that he can draw,' she exclaimed. 'Why, he's the only one of them all that can draw a human figure accurately without having a model before his eyes. Why draw? He can draw anything! When he gets to heaven he'll draw tears from the eyes of the angels!'

There was a general laugh at this, and poor Madame looked eagerly from one to another. Finally she could not restrain her curiosity any longer.

'Eh, then, what is it that is so amusing?' The good-natured American girl began to explain. She got on all right until she reached the point of the story, and then she stopped. The French word corresponding with 'draw' is 'dessiner' which literally means 'to design'. The American girl explained that she contended that Bouguereau knows how to 'dessiner', and is, in fact, such a success at it that when he gets to heaven he will be able to— but there she stopped. She could not say 'dessiner' tears from the angels.' That would be equally foolish: for while he might titer tears from the angels, he couldn't titer a picture on canvas. They got the dictionary. There was 'puiser,' but that was to draw water; and 'arracher,' but that meant pulling teeth; and 'attirer,' but that was drawing attention; and so on in vain. Nothing could be found to answer the purpose. They explained to the best of their ability, but the face of Madame plainly said that she thought it a very poor joke, and she dismissed it with the remark that Americans were funny—which was just what she didn't mean.

TWAS HARD WORK FIFTEEN YEARS AGO.

Today Diamond Dyes Make Home Dyeing Easy.

Fifteen years ago the work of home dyeing was just in its infancy. The old-fashioned, crude preparations were then in vogue, necessitating much time and great expense, while the results, even with the greatest amount of care, never brought satisfaction. The introduction of Diamond Dyes revolutionized home dyeing work completely. Diamond Dyes saved time and money to thousands of busy women, and at once became popular in every family. Every succeeding year found the Diamond Dyes improved in color, brilliancy and durability of shade. Today they stand far ahead of all other dyes in every leading point, and are as perfect as science can make them.

There are many imitations of Diamond Dyes in the land, and many women are deceived daily when purchasing. In order to insure absolute success in home dyeing see that every packet of dye you buy is marked 'Diamond Dye.'

A Burst of Activity.

The Turk, as a rule, is not energetic, but he is capable of sudden bursts of activity. A writer in Cassell's Family Magazine gives an illustration:

He was going home late one night in Constantinople, when a man ran by him pursued by four raptists. Directly they caught the man, they belabored him vigorously with the butt-ends of their guns. The Englishman interferred:

'It is a thief, why not take him to prison, and let him be tried properly? Don't half kill the man without a trial.'

'O offend!' said the spokesman of the party, 'we don't mind his being a thief. We've one hitting him because of the trouble he gave us to run after him! And that is an offence the average Turk never forgives.'

WHEN YOU CANNOT SLEEP.

So far as outside matters go a man can sleep almost anywhere. Habit settles it. A sailor sleeps in the fore-castle of a tumbler ship, and a soldier alongside of a big gun in a bombardment. One of the boys' sleep I ever had was in the open air on a prairie in Western America, the grass for a bed, a blanket for a pillow, and my horse for company—the only living thing within fifty miles of me. But, paw that was luxury compared with some situations in which men sleep sound as bricks in a wall. Habit does it as we said.

Hence, Mr. Fred Downs' loss of sleep had nothing to do with his being a commercial traveller. Commonly, these useful gentlemen can sleep wherever night overtakes them—in hotels or in trains, in quiet country towns or in the midst of a racket fit to drive anybody else fairly wild.

No, it was not outside but inside matter that kept Mr. Downs' awake. He tells this way: 'In August, 1890, I found myself a way below par, like many stocks and securities. I had no appetite, my stomach was cold and sour, and there was a nasty taste in my mouth that nearly made me sick. I tried eating light and simple food, but I had intense pain after it at the chest and sides, and between the shoulder-blades. Instead of sleeping I rolled about the bed all night long. I felt really more tired and weary than a man does after a hard day's work.'

[At this point in Mr. Downs' story we beg to insert the remark that the sense of fatigue or exhaustion is the result of a loss of strength; and that it makes no odds at all whether the strength has been used up in labour or has dwindled away through lack of nourishment. Pump the water out of a cistern, or let it leak out, it's gone 'at the same']

'I got very weak,' says Mr. Downs, 'and had great difficulty in following my business as commercial traveller. I tried medicines right and left, as anybody would but none of them seemed to hit my case. In this way a year went by. At last I made up my mind to see if your remedy would help me. I had often heard it well spoken of, but never before had occasion to use it. I took it a few weeks and it did me a lot of good. My appetite improved, and my food agreed with me. For this good reason, I kept on with it and was soon as well as ever. It also cured my wife of indigestion from which she had suffered for years. (Signed) Fred Downs the Rookeries, Bradford Road, Brighouse, Yorks, Dec. 28th, 1893.'

Mr. Samuel Dunn had the same trouble. We needn't repeat his general symptoms, as they were identical with those described by Mr. Downs. Alluding to the effect on his nerves, Mr. Dunn says that for eighteen months dating from the spring of 1885, he did not know what it was to have sound natural sleep. On that as we might expect, he grew so weak he often had to leave his work for a day or two at a time. He took the usual assortment of drugs and medicines without getting any more good from them than Mr. Downs had done. It was always that way. Medicines don't cure because they are medicines; they must be adapted to an understood disease; that's the common sense of it.

'Finally,' says Mr. Dunn, 'I got so low that I felt I must have relief if I was to live much longer. In October, 1886, I began using Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and in a few weeks I was well, and have been so ever since. But for the good luck that let me know of the syrup I might have been dead before this. (Signed) Samuel Dunn, 2, Wellfield Street, Mill Lane, Warrington, December 29th, 1893.'

We mustn't forget to say that Mr. Downs was cured by the same remedy of the same complaint—indigestion and dyspepsia, and if there is anything on earth that murders sleep as that does, we haven't heard of it. If Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup had no other merit it would deserve the gratitude of mankind on account of its power (being no narcotic) to seal up aching eyelids and lock weary senses in forgetfulness.

Take Exercise.

Exercise should not make us breathe much more rapidly than we do normally, but deeper, says an exchange. Most of us are too lazy with our lungs, not knowing how to fill them evenly, smoothly and fully. Most people have hollows above their collar-bones, which is wrong. The apex of the lungs should project up into that space and fill it pretty nearly full, making an almost even surface with the neck. One should breathe deeply and fully, otherwise the lungs' apex imprisons a stagnant pool of air, soon filled with dust and organisms of all kinds, and forms an excellent germ-breeder. Most cases of phthisis begin in the apex of the lungs.

QUEBEC HEARD FROM.

Henry G. Carroll, M. P., for Kamouraska, Que., Sends the Praises of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

It will be noticed by those who have studied the testimonials for this wonderful catarrhal remedy, that they are thoroughly unsectional in character. Every province in the Dominion, through its members of parliament, and most prominent citizens, has told of the peculiar effectiveness of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. It is of a character that overcomes any local or climatic conditions, and as with Mr. Carroll, it is a most effective remedy for catarrhal troubles, in whatever shape, not omitting hay fever, where it works like a charm, and in every case is speedy in effect.

An end of Grief.

A young woman, according to a contemporary, was describing to one of her friends a great chagrin which she had undergone.

'I was just almost killed by it,' she said; 'I could have cried myself to death.' 'Did you cry?' asked the other. 'No; I was just getting ready to, when the dinner-bell rang.'

Advertisement for Walter Baker & Co., Limited, featuring 'PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocoas and Chocolates'. Includes an illustration of a woman in a long dress and hat, and text describing the products and their quality.

Notches on The Stick

Mr. Gladstone, who has been a "bright and shining light" in so many spheres of literature and state craft, was not averse to trying his hand at poetry, albeit with only moderate success.

We are tempted to above observations by turning the pages of several books sent to us,—books in which there is little or nothing to justify their existence.

The news has been fished across the wires from the old country that Sir Oliver Mowat, who is there seeking medical advice, is a victim of kidney disease.

When the autumn days grow hazy And the crickets cease to sing, When the flies are nearly crazy,

You cannot go with Leslie, Said a Mr. Grenadier, He cannot come into my house, I do not want him here.

How sweetly day and night each other greet At twilight's hour; how fresh the laughing breeze With perfumes laden; strangely smooth and sweet Our bark is wafted with the tide, Louise.

There's a village in the valley Where Root river ripples by, Whose attractiveness and beauty With the charms of nature vie;

Who is to forbid Mr. Sleyster, after his days of toil wandering along the Root river, where he seems to have a quick eye for rural beauty; or who is to forbid him to cheer the evenings of a Minnesota winter by putting his fancies into verse for his own pleasure, and that of his friends, if we may not suppose a wider public?

"A Cluster of Poets," by John D. Ross, L. L. D., (Walter Reed, Publisher, New York, 1897) is a series of papers contributed to the "Home Journal" and other New York periodicals, and now collected into a volume of 376 pages.

The news has been fished across the wires from the old country that Sir Oliver Mowat, who is there seeking medical advice, is a victim of kidney disease.

The current opinion that a porcupine throws its quills at an enemy is not supported by facts. Says the Portland Oregonian:

The facility in catching hold with one end and letting go with the other has sometimes caused people to think that the spines had been thrown at them.

THE ROCKING CHAIR SPINE.

Indolence and Love of Ease are the Cause of this Affliction. 'Weaver's thumb' and 'house maid's knee' are quite familiar terms, especially to those who are fond of pursuing journals, medical and hygienic, but the 'rocking chair spine' is less talked of, possibly because it is one of the possessions of those dwelling in more affluent circles, and is what may be classed among the luxuries in the way of disease, says the New York Ledger.

But it is none the less a clearly defined ailment, and one that often leads to consequences more serious than its primary condition might suggest.

Indolence and love of ease are the inciting causes of this affliction, and genuine spinal disease has in many instances been its unfortunate climax.

Strict hygienists and health culturists tell us that the rocking-chair is an unmixer of evil. It perpetually changes the equilibrium of the body and agitates the circulation. It injures the eyes, as it continually changes the focus of whatever one may be looking at. It so disturbs the brain that physicians have forbidden mothers and nurses to rock delicate babies.

It will thus be seen that the rocking-chair begins its deadly mission very early in the lives of its victims, and it is equally true that they are very likely to keep up the mischief until they are ready to make their final exodus and slip from the rocking chair into the grave.

A LORD INCOGNITO.

He was Unassuming in Appearance but Still a Great Man.

A story was recently told about a brewer who, on a train in England, met an unpretentious man who seemed to know all about the brewing business, and finally offered the man a modest situation in his establishment.

Lord Rosse, who built the famous telescope that bears his name, was an expert mechanic, and was also somewhat careless about his dress. One day he went over a great manufactory. The manager, seeing that he seemed to know a good deal about things, fell into conversation with him, and presently said to him:

'Look here, my man I'm looking for some such intelligent workmen as you seem to be. Do you want a job?'

Next to a stinging conscience makes life a misery. The stinging pain of a corn may be speedily and painlessly removed by the use of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor.

IT IS THE FACT, Think as You Please

It is not generally known, but it is a fact readily proven by the investigations of science, that the real danger from every known ailment of mankind is caused by inflammation.

INFLAMMATION Causes Every Known Disease!

Inflammation of the nervous system embraces the brain, spine, bones and muscles. The breathing organs have many forms of inflammation; such as colds, coughs, pleurisy, bronchitis, etc.



INDIAN WOMAN'S BALM

Sleep, Sound and Refreshing

With the nursing mother and her child it she takes

A Choice of Reading.

Look Carefully Through 'Progress' Periodical Club List.

GREAT REDUCTIONS IN PRICE.

By Subscribing Through "Progress," Readers of Magazines and Popular Weeklies, Class Papers, Reviews, &c., can obtain the Two Periodicals at a Price that Speaks for Itself.

With much care PROGRESS has made up a club list of newspapers and periodicals which can be had at a greatly reduced price by those who subscribe in connection with this journal and through this office.

While the inducement is primarily intended for new subscribers the same is open to present subscribers who will send us the name of a new subscriber, PROGRESS in that event being forwarded to the new subscriber and whatever periodical is chosen to the person sending the subscription.

Table with 4 columns: NAME OF PERIODICAL, PUBL. PRICE, WITH PROGRESS, NAME OF PERIODICAL, PUBL. PRICE, WITH PROGRESS. Lists various magazines and newspapers with their respective prices and whether they are included in the 'With Progress' offer.

Woman and Her Work

The sweet-scented garden violet is now being put to a new use. The society girl takes her violets, which she counts by the thousand this year, and at the close of the day's wearing, while yet fresh, pours boiling milk over them, and lets it stand till cold. This is the latest fad for keeping the skin soft and free from wrinkles.

This excellent bit of advice about a new use for the violet will scarcely cause a ripple of excitement in the mind of the Canadian girl, who does not count her violets by the hundred, at this time of year; but all the same it is well to know that a bunch of violets can be put to such good use after it has faded, and milk of violets would be a most delightful application for the skin.

Speaking of violets, it is strange that these lovely little flowers never seem to go out of fashion. One reads that the Parisian hats which are being prepared for early spring are simply covered with violets. One of these merits description, and will serve to give quite an idea of the coming hat.

A red felt, of modified sailor shape is bound with black velvet an inch wide, a scarf of black velvet is laid around the crown, and twisted into a tall aigrette at one side, violets are massed at the base of the aigrette, and under the brim, and the result is very chic indeed, violets being simply the rage at present.

Nothing could possibly be more simple than such a hat, and yet one can tell that it is stylish just by reading about it. It will be good news to many women who love fresh, pretty summer dresses, but cannot afford to indulge in the more expensive materials to hear that a great deal of nun's veiling is to be worn next summer. This soft thin wool drapes prettily, comes in dainty colors, and makes up into pretty costumes for theatre, and simple evening wear besides possessing the great advantage of washing. The skirts of these simple little gowns are often plaited while the bodice is draped in surplus fashion, and the pointed neck filled in with guimpe of white lace over white satin.

A very pretty example is of grey veiling made up as I have described with a belt of amethyst velvet, and the same velvet at the top of the white neckband. There is a cuff of white satin covered with lace to match the guimpe and a turn over cuff of the velvet. Another stylish grey costume is of zebeline cloth, trimmed with black braid, made with a velvet bolero. The skirt shows the hip trimmings which had such a short vogue a few years ago, and is now being revived, the upper part of the skirt being trimmed from the waist to the hips with a cluster of parallel rows of the braid. The sleeves are covered with the same braid running in rows from the shoulder to the wrist, while the bolero which is double breasted is trimmed with parallel rows of the braid set half their own width apart; the high flaring collar is bordered with braid, and a high belt of black taffeta extends up under the bolero. Velvet gowns are trimmed in this manner with braid, or with stitched bands of bias silk in place of the braid.

Other gowns for early spring are made of the mixed black and white cheviot that has the effect of small checks. These are trimmed either with black velvet ribbon or braid, and are very fresh looking and trim. An inexpensive costume for between seasons is composed of a skirt of this grey cheviot trimmed with black braid, and a blouse of black velvet, or velveteen. The blouse has a high jacket collar and is trimmed with braid or left perfectly plain, as the wearer's fancy dictates; the braid should always be stitched down on both edges. Some of the newest cloth dresses are made with a fitted jacket cut very open in front over a blouse of the same cloth.

Skirts of silk and satin are cut to fit quite closely around the top, and then break out suddenly into a great many godets; there are no gathers at all in the back, but two flat plaits that fold under and meet. Some of these skirts are trimmed at the top, as I have described, but this is far more of a caprice than a rule, as quite as large a number are trimmed at the foot, while still another contingent bobs up serenely with a trimming that is entirely confined to the middle, but such decorations are clearly efforts in the direction of novelty, the perfectly plain skirt still having decidedly the preference amongst the best dressed women.

The chief point about the most fashionable sleeves is their simplicity in shape and the really perfect model is cut out of one piece. The inclination towards elaborate decoration of sleeves is very noticeable, but the trimming always takes the form of flat bands stretched on, so as not to interrupt the simplicity of outline. The exaggerated length over the hand, is a

thing of the past, and the sleeve of the season ends at the wrist, which has either a ruff, a cuff, or both, while it sometimes ends merely with a card, as a finish. Of the making of many and various bolts there seems to be no end! Sometimes they are very low in front, and very high up in the back, carried still higher by a long and slender bow the dusky ears of which run almost up to the neck. Again they are wide in front, and cut down to a mere knot behind, while others are the same width all around. In fact they rival the stock collars in variety and eccentricity of design.

Blouses are still very much worn; indeed it seems doubtful if these convenient garments will go entirely "out" again. They fit down quite closely in the back, and are slightly "pouched" in front. Yoke effects in trimming them are still popular, but a newer mode is to make the front double-breasted with a ruff; set down the edge on the left side. This ruff is about four inches wide and is closely plaited, made double, and even triple, and falls very full, and fluffy, when it is of chiffon, as is often the case.

ASTRA.

POINTS ABOUT HOMING PIGEONS.

How the Racers Are Bred and Trained—Their Intelligence.

The peculiar faculty that enables a pigeon to return to its home from great distances is a point about which authorities disagree. The theory which is most widely accepted is that the bird is gifted with remarkable eyesight and with a memory for landmarks superior to that of any other creature. The former theory that the birds were guided exclusively by instinct seems disproved by the frequency with which even the best trained and highest bred homers have been lost in fogs. During the recent Poultry Show, when several of the pigeon fanciers were interviewed on the rearing and training of homing pigeons, one of varied experience said:

"Instinct is unerring, and the fact that the homing pigeon not only frequently errs but at times shows great indecision as to the route it will take proves conclusively that it is not governed entirely by instinct. There is no doubt that the birds possess a high order of intelligence, which is often shown when they become lost in a race by their return to the room in which they have been kept at the starting point.

"The color of a pigeon does not signify, but the rule in breeding is to cross the colors when practicable. In selecting homers for racing even the best fanciers are often mistaken and select birds that cannot fly twenty-five miles without being lost. Often the meanest looking bird, apparently without a good point, leaves his handsome rival behind. Still there is four points always considered in selecting and breeding home pigeons for racing purposes. These points are the eyes, the size of the head, the width of the chest, and the length of the tail and wings."

In speaking of the eye, one successful fancier has this to say: "The white eye may mean cumulet, and, it so indicates that the bird will fly high, have great endurance and wing power. If the eye is dark, the head round, and the beak short and close fitting, there will be a preponderance of the owl type, and this bird will in all probability fly later at night than any other type. But, whatever the color, the ball must extend beyond the line of the head and be so placed that the bird should have a view of what is behind it as well as what is before. When a bird returns from a journey over much new territory, this protrusion of the eyeball is greatly increased, indicating to what a great strain the powers of vision have been subjected."

To the second point, the size and shape of the head, very little attention is paid by American fanciers, though the Europeans look upon it as of prime importance. It is generally conceded by Americans that the shape makes very little difference. The skull may be flat, long, and narrow or high, short, and wide, but it must have room for the brain, and for a large brain at that, otherwise the bird is not considered for racing honors. Particular stress is laid on this feature in Belgium and Holland. The shape and size of the chest are of great importance. It should be full and broad. A narrow-chested bird can fly no great distance without exerting the muscles which give fullness to the breast beyond

Handy to Have

.....About the house is a pair of these

GERMAN FELT SLIPPERS,

At 19c., 25c., 68c., 80c.

We are selling all kinds of FELT FOOTWEAR just now at LARGELY REDUCED PRICES

WATERBURY & RISING,

61 KING ST. • 212 to 214 UNION ST.

Granby Rubbers. Modelled each year to fit all the latest shoe shapes. Extra thick ball and heel. Sold everywhere. They Wear Like Iron.

has been discovered, but the chief augmentation is among the rodents and insectivores, among the latter being a singular aquatic form which is web-footed. Part of Dr. Forsyth-Major's collection shows the transitions between a hairy and a spiny condition in closely allied animals, and suggests that the prickly state—reminding us of the British hedgehog—has been gradually assumed, no doubt for purposes of defence. Nor have the birds been neglected. Many skins and about 200 skeletons have been obtained, and the latter, notwithstanding Miss-Edward's classic work will be an almost inestimable aid in working out the semi-fossil bones and in distinguishing extinct from recent forms.

Among the many remains of animals which Dr. Forsyth-Major found in the cave were well preserved hippopotamus bones. The hippopotamus does not now exist in Madagascar; but there is a tradition, which Dr. Forsyth-Major is disposed to credit, that it once lived there, and that hunting it was a special privilege of the chiefs. But its disappearance cannot be at all a recent event. The fossil hippopotamus of Madagascar, however, is not identical with that which is familiar to travellers on the great African rivers. It is a comparatively small animal, and more closely resembles the species called Libyris, found in the western tropical region of that Continent. No monkey now exists in the island though it is the home of the lemurs, the humblest of the order—the ape's "poor relations;" but Dr. Forsyth-Major claims to have found a true monkey, though it has some lemurian affinities.

The most important result of Dr. Forsyth-Major's discoveries is the light which they are likely to throw on the geographical distribution of animals. At the present time Madagascar, an island about 1,000 miles in length, is separated from Africa by a channel which at its narrowest part, is 250 miles broad, and is nowhere as far as is known, less than 1,100 fathoms deep. As might be expected, its fauna differs very considerably from that of the main land; only the genera of mammals are common to both, though a few species of reptiles and batrachians also found. Of these mammals, one may have been introduced by man; the other, a kind of pig, might have managed to swim across, though this could only have been done when the channel was not so wide as the Straits of Dover. At the same time, the number and character of the mammals of Madagascar is such as to make it possible that the two countries were once united, while those on the island have such special characters as to render it highly probable that the separation took place rather early in the history of mammals.

HONEST HORSE-TRADERS

They are Very few and Seldom Resist the Temptation to Cheat. Swapping horses, it is said, is of all trades the most trying to men's honesty. Men who can deal squarely under ordinary circumstances yield to the temptation to get the best of a bargain when it is a question of horse-flesh. Hence it is a pleasure to read the following anecdote, which proves the exception to the rule: Two gentlemen of Marshalton, Va., whom for convenience we will call Mr. A. and Mr. S., met one day and agreed to swap horses. 'I'll tell you what, John,' said Mr. A., 'if you get the best of the trade, you shall bring me two bushels of wheat to bind the bargain, and if I come out best, I'll do the same by you, eh?' 'That's a go,' said Mr. S., 'and I'll 'low you'll bring me the wheat.' 'That's as it may be,' retorted Mr. A.

'But let it be agreed, then, that a week from this afternoon the one that's best suited, be it you or me, shall give 't'other two bushels of wheat.' The week passed, the day came, and as luck would have it, Mr. A. and Mr. S. met on the road midway between their respective homes. 'Where to, John?' cried Mr. A., as they stopped a moment to chat. 'To your house with the two bushels of wheat,' replied Mr. S. 'Well, now, that's good,' remarked Mr. A., 'for I was on my way to your house on the same errand. This horse you let me have can't be best.' 'Just what I think of this nag,' retorted Mr. S., and then they had a hearty laugh, and separated after exchanging wheat.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION. The Outward Sign of Inward Health. Lovely Faces. Beautiful Necks, White Arms and Hand. DR. CAMPBELL'S Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers.

FOULD'S MEDICATED ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP. Will give You All These. If you are annoyed with Pimples, Blackheads, Freckles, Blotches, Moth, Fleah Worms, Eruptions, or any blemish on the skin, get a box of DR. CAMPBELL'S WAFFERS and a cake of FOULD'S MEDICATED ARSENIC SOAP, the only genuine beautifiers in the world.

MANY DAINY DISHES CAN BE PREPARED WITH Benson's CANADA Prepared Corn. MANUFACTURED FROM CHOICE SELECTED PURE CORN. NO ADULTERATION. THE BEST FOR CHILDREN. RECIPES FOR Infants' Food. To one desartspoonful of Benson's Canada Prepared Corn, mixed with half a cup of cold water, add half a pint of boiling water; stir over the fire for five minutes; sweeten slightly; for older babies mix with milk instead of water, and omit sugar or peaches.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock. TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B. The "Leuchtsky Method"; also "Synthet System" for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER. Beautifies and restores Gray Hair to its original color and vitality; prevents baldness; cures itching and dandruff. A fine hair dressing. R. P. Hall & Co., Props., Nashua, N.H. Sold by all Druggists.

The Strong Man... Needs to take care of his health and not wait till he gets sick. This can be done by keeping the system well nourished. A Cup of Johnston's Fluid Beef regularly, night and morning, will do this effectively. Johnston's Fluid Beef. 16 oz. Bottle \$1.00. A Bottle will make 50 Cups of Beef Tea.



ase TION External inflammation accompanies bruises, cuts, stings, burns, chaps, cracks, strains, sprains, etc., and is the result of internal inflammation. Yet the great majority of these ailments are cured by the use of Chamberlain's Pain-Expeller. Chamberlain's Pain-Expeller is a household remedy for all these ailments. Chamberlain's Pain-Expeller is a household remedy for all these ailments.

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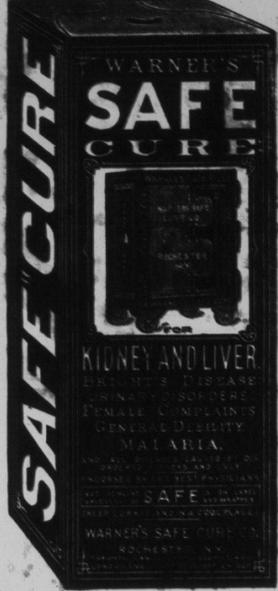
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THE ADVANCE AGENT OF HEALTH



Eureka Steel Sap Spout

Economical and Durable... Holds the Bucket Safely and Securely... Easily inserted, does not injure the tree and secures full flow of Sap.

The THOS. DAVIDSON Mfg. Co. Ltd. MONTREAL.

Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum. For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore throat, etc. KERRY, WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION

will be found to be of great benefit to delicate females who are suffering from General Debility, Anaemia, and all diseases of their sex. It improves the digestion, purifies the blood, repairs the waste that is continually going on, and completely removes that weary, languid and worn out feeling.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

The Sun.

The first of American Newspapers. CHAS A DANA, Editor. The American Constitution, the American idea, the American spirit. These first, last, and all the time, forever. DAILY, by mail, \$6 a year. DAILY and SUNDAY, by mail, \$8 a year.

The Sunday Sun

is the greatest Sunday News paper in the world! Price 5c. a copy. By mail, \$2 a year. Address THE SUN, N.Y.

PANTHER AND WOLVES COMBINE

They Form a Hunting Trio and Divide the Spoils.

Two wolves and a panther formed an alliance in Maine a month ago, if the Bredville Local of that place is to be believed, and the result has been disastrous to wild creatures of that region, as well as some tame ones.

'Barber Simpkins and Fred Parsley,' the Local says, 'were hunting over on the Old Pine ridge a few days ago, when they heard a yelping howl across the swamp as if dogs were chasing a deer. As the sounds came closer the men made haste with still hunters' caution to two runways that cross the ridge, hoping to get a shot at the dogs, since it is against the law to hunt deer with dogs in this State. Simpkins took to the runway on the north side of the ridge, and had waited scarcely ten minutes when he heard the steady beat of a running deer's hoofs in the three inches of snow down in the swamp. The deer came into sight twenty rods away, headed very nearly towards the place where the man was seated, and had come within ten rods of the man when a lithe form leaped from a big birch tree branch, hit the deer, and rolled over and over with it. The deer never got up again its neck having been broken.

'Simpkins was so surprised that he forgot to shoot, for a minute, when the animal that was in pursuit of the deer came into view. They were wolves, tall and gaunt, with gray hair. The wolves ran without hesitation to the deer, and while the beast that had killed it, which Simpkins made out to be a panther, tore at the deer's throat, the wolves bit through the skin at the haunches and ate chunks of the smoking flesh, unopposed by the panther.

Less than a week later another hunter, Sam Wells, found the trails of two dog-like sets of paws on a deer trail. Following these two miles, Wells came to a gully, and here were the remnants of the deer, and the leopards a panther had made left an unmistakable trail.

'Nick Schumacher, a German, living two miles from Bredville, a farmer and sheep raiser, heard a wild commotion in the sheep shelter in the pasture, which begins thirty rods from his house. Hastening into a pair of overalls and felt boots, Schumacher took his rifle and made his way rapidly along the path to the shelter. The sheep there had been fifty-eight of them in all—were seen to be racing about in all directions, bleating in fear. On the man's approach a long animal bounded off through the snow, but until it was beyond the sheep no shots were fired, and they were ineffectual when they were made. Two other animals were there, but the German did not see them. Their trails, found in the morning, showed them to have been wolves probably, and the trail of the jumper was that of a panther. Eight sheep were killed, some of them being literally torn in two.

'The last heard of the odd trio was the next day. Burt Jones went fox hunting with his dog, a half bull and half hound, which had put many bears into trees. Finding the wolves' trails Jones put his dog onto them. Three hours later Jones, who followed the trail of his dog, came up with it. A hip and bit of the backbone were on a log, and tracks indicated that one of the wolves had lain there to eat its share. The head and fore shoulders had plainly fallen to the lot of the panther, for the bones were found under a branch of a large beech, as if dropped from the beech. The rest of the body had gone to the second wolf and lay where the trampled snow showed the dog's last fighting place. It looked to Jones as if the wolves had led the dog to the panther's resting place and there, with the panther's aid, had killed it.'

Great Good Fortune.

Good luck is of all kinds, some of it queer. The San Francisco Post, for instance, tells how a laboring man in that city found himself fortunate in a way most unexpected.

When the noon whistles blew the other day, he sat down on a box in the shade thrust his hand into his overcoat pocket, looked surprised, and then remarked:

'I've lost my lunch.

He pondered over his predicament a moment, and then added:

'Well, I've got something to drink, anyway,' and he pulled a bottle of coffee out of his other pocket.

He slowly drained the bottle, threw it aside, and sat lost in thought for a moment. Suddenly he sprang up, slapped his thigh, and exclaimed:

'It's a good job I lost my lunch!'

'Why so?' inquired another workman.

'Why, I left my teeth at home.'

Would not "Hold Still."

Everybody who knows an amateur photographer is familiar with the excuses that are presented for failures. Sometimes these excuses strain the credulity a little.

'I tried the other day,' said one amateur to another, 'to get an instantaneous view of Bunker Hill Monument.'

'Well, did you succeed?'

'Succeed? No! It must have moved just as I exposed the plate!'

His Own Free Will.

Dear Sirs,—I cannot speak too strongly of the excellence of MINARD'S LINIMENT. It is the remedy in my household for burns, sprains, etc., and we would not be without it.

JOHN A. MACDONALD, Publisher Arnprior Chronicle.

Liver Ills

Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work easily and thoroughly. Best after dinner pills. 25 cents. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pill to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills

THIS IS THE LABEL That proves you've bought the best thread sold in the market.

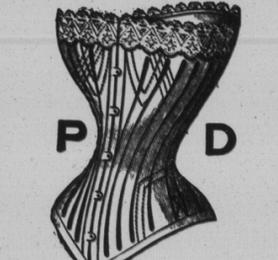


CLAPPERTON'S THREAD

is strong, even, and does not snarl. It is sold at same price as other kinds that do not give as much satisfaction.

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AN OLD-TIME BYRIN HOME.

A Wondrous Tenement in the Face of a Hanging Cliff.

It would be difficult to conceive of anything which might more bewilder the average Easterner than to be set down suddenly and unwarned before one of the principal 'Cliff Dweller' ruins of Arizona or New Mexico. He would blink up at the sun-bewildered cliff, whose color, form, and contents unlike it to any other cliffs in the world; and at that strange, wild masonry, far up the face of the precipice—impossible yet unmistakable, the home once of men and women and babes. And if he did not conclude that the whole thing was a dream or a mirage he would at least be confident that he had been whisked outside the United States. It is the absolute antipodes of everything he has ever known or ever imagined as part of the land he was born in.

'Montezuma's Castle,' is by no means the greatest of 'Cliff Dweller' monuments; but it is very much the finest of those that are accessible to the average traveller—and is worth crossing a continent to see. More interesting and more characteristic than many of the famous ruins of Rhenish Bavaria, to which so many thousand Americas follow the bellwether yearly. It is also larger and older.

To Ash Fork, A. T., by the Santa Fe route, to Prescott by the Santa Fe, Prescott and Pinal railway, and thence by conveyance to old Camp Verde, is the itinerary; and it is interesting throughout. It is also the way to the wild Tonto Basin and its unparalleled Natural bridge, and one can return over land to Flagstaff by the delightful canon of Oak Creek.

Four or five miles up Beaver Creek from Camp Verde, anciently hewn by the patient stream from a limestone hill is a strange, white cliff, 300 feet high, a semi-lune in shape, sheer as a wall. Its face is infinitely pock-marked with the weather; and in the little round hollows so many myriad shadows play that no stage of the sunlight can flatten it out. It is always in high relief.

Far up its face is a great cavity, like a basin set on edge; and therein the human martens of the long ago stuck their prodigious nest. The gray ruin, half in the white sunlight, half high in the eternal shadow of the cliff's brow looks as if carved from the rock behind it.

This prehistoric American castle is five stories high—about fifty feet. The upper tier, far back in the shadow of the rock, is hardly visible in the photographs. The crescent-shaped front is over sixty feet in length. The rooms number twenty-five, while below the castle, and at its sides, are many other tiny chambers—natural grottoes in the cliff, walled in front with rubble masonry. The foundation of the castle is about eighty feet above the foot of the cliff, and is not, nor ever was, accessible except by ladders. Before Columbus was born, the quiet Children of the Sun—whom we know now as Pueblo Indians—barred forever by the nomad tribes, clambered up this cliff by withe-bound ladders, and carried on their backs the thousands of tons of broken rock and clay mortar, and handed up from shell to shell the rather poles "cut" to length with stone axes, and built this noble monument, their home and fort in one.

Here, in their wild eyrie, modest women wove their cotton tunics and platted baskets of the palmilla fibre, and cooked their corn and beans and squashes in jars of classic shape; and bare, brown babies frolicked in the lap of danger on, perches where not one grown tourist in five dare stand; and lean, sinewy men, carrying their rude weapons forever, scratched the soil of their tiny fields and turned in the rivulet from their irrigating ditches to refresh the thirsty crops, and at dusk clambered up to their aerial village and pulled the ladders up after them. In their day it was absolutely impregnable. The overhanging brow of the cliff is a perfect protection above, and from below or either side no weapon that was in America in those ages could reach them. The tireless outthroats of the desert sometimes succeeded in surprising even such strongholds, but that was not the fate of 'Montezuma's Castle.' The indications are unmistakable to the student that the place was deserted in one of those curious shiftings which were so characteristic of the ancient Pueblos—because of drought or an epidemic, or too long a dose of bad neighbors, or simply for an omen. At any rate, they were gone before the written history of America began.

The earthen floors, the reed ceilings, the smoky rafters—all are little altered by the centuries. There are tokens of the fire that cooked the last meal—the tiny, indurated cobs of corn, and mummied steins of squashes, and fragments of sooty cooking pots and gay water jars. I have still a yucca-fibre sandal they left hanging on a peg in the wall, and last year several skeletons of babies were found buried in some of the rooms—a frequent custom of sedentary aborigines in the old days, all the way from Colorado to Chili.

This impressive ruin, which has weathered the storms of centuries, almost unchanged, is now threatened with destruction. Headless relic bullets have so undermined the walls that some of them are in danger of falling; and when the process begins, the whole castle will go very fast. With a little attention and care it would stand for another 500 years; and if this great, rich Palestine of a nation let it fall to wreck, the shame would be indelible. All these chief things among the historic monuments of the Southwest should be made Government reservations—as has been done for the ruins of the Casa Grande—with a modest appropriation for protection and occasional small repairs, and with sharp penalties for the two-footed cattle that play vandal.

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DRUNKENNESS Or the Habit of Drinking Cured by Dr. Hays' Golden Specific. It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. IT NEVER FAILS. Mothers and Wives, you can save the victim. BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS FREE. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO. TORONTO, Ont.

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

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

HER MISDEMEANOR.

The poor tutor was alone with her; and though it was in the days when men fought hard battles even against their own kinsmen, it they so thought it was for the right, his heart throbbed just as a tutor's heart might throb to-day, with the difference that he had not learned to count its beats, as our ensuared youth, two hundred years wiser, have learnt to do, in a self-controlled manner eminently conducive to the steadying of that obstreperous organ. It must break bounds, he felt sure, in another minute; and for all that the disaster should cost—his life, i. e., his bread and butter—he could discover within himself no regret at its imminence, but on the contrary felt a certain audacious joy running riot in his blood. What mattered the great insurrection, the cruelties of Judge Jefferies, and a fugitive patron, with a price upon his head, when Love had sought shelter in his heart, and she, to whom he had built a shrine, was just as far away as the width of the table! Of what consequence that she was the Lady Gertrude, the daughter of a noble conspirator, and he but a tutor without land or wealth! So he continued his story, looking at his book as if he were reading therefrom:

'And the poor man loved the rich lady, and he dared not to tell her of his love lest she should scorn him.'

'Then surely he was fearful at a nothing, which methinks means he was a coward, Master Humphrey.'

'A coward, if he were cowardly to fear the anger of his lady—'

'Why should he expect such anger?'

'He had naught to offer her but his love.'

'Love were wealth enough! But I am tired of your story. 'Tis not so good as you are wont to tell, Master Humphrey; and 'tis our last lesson,' she added, very gently.

'You will not miss the lessons?'

'No, not my lessons, only the stories—I have loved some of them! And she moved restlessly in her seat as if she would say more, yet could not find the words.

'But surely my father should be here even now?' she murmured at last.

The poor tutor turned pale. 'You will go with him to Holland?' he said.

'It would be too great a risk to accompany him, but I follow tomorrow if all succeeds as we have planned. Ah! if they should take him! They have killed the duke. Why are they not satisfied? Poor Monmouth!'

'They will not take him!'

'Now at the last moment I am terrified lest things should not go well. Look at the time! He may be here at any moment. Indeed, he should be here now!'

The Lady Gertrude arose hastily, and stood—tall even as the young tutor by her side—with a look of eager impatience on her fair face.

'Not yet time, I think,' said he. 'To cross the marshes on foot needs indeed an hour.'

So they stood irresolute, each with hearts for one another, and thoughts for the absent fugitive.

'There are learned men in Holland, I am told,' stammered the young man irrelevantly.

'It is so rumored; yet not more than that there would still be room for another, I am sure, Master Humphrey!'

Which pretty speech high overpowered the equanimity of Master Humphrey, and threw him into a discourteous silence like enough to pique his noble pupil, who, indeed, felt she had made too bold, and had lacked in modesty, since he would vouchsafe no answer.

'Continue your story, sir,' she said, with marked coldness. 'I have no mind for lessons just now.'

'There is no more to tell, my lady,' he said.

'Then 't is a poor story.'

'T was about a poor man.'

'With a poor spirit!'

'Nay, do not challenge him; for he hath an idea 't were better to be poor-spirited than false-hearted.'

'Why should he be either?'

'Were it not a mean thing to harass an unprotected lady, and false to betray the trust of her noble parent, his patron, when he was absent risking life for his country?'

'To harass her would be wrong, sir; to betray a trust a worse wrong; yet I cannot see that, if he loved the lady well, he would be doing either of these things.'

'Madam, were I, your humble tutor, the poor man, would you still so reason?'

'Were you that man, Master Humphrey, I could be sorry for the lady!'

'T is a fair answer; I crave your pardon! Shall we continue the translation?'

And the tutor's hand trembled as he turned a page. He did not dare to meet her gaze, for the string of shame was blinding him; but within the eyes of Lady Gertrude there lurked mischief, peeping with the winged god from under her fringed eyelids in wanton audacity.

'Were you the man, in truth I should be sorry for her lady to have so inconstant a lover.'

'Inconstant, madam?'

'Who will make love, wherever he may find a ready listener, though in covert language that saves him from a declaration. Pray, Master Humphrey, if it be as you declare, that you are this man, convey my sympathies to the lady!'

Now the tutor arose in wrath, and would have gone his way, for without doubt his mistress was making sport of him; but the sound of faint footsteps from behind the paneled wall arrested his attention, and he stood still considering whether 't were best to go or stay.

'It is my father!' cried the girl, aware that he alone knew the secret passage. Then master Humphrey saw a look of joyful relief rise to her pretty face, and he remembered how brave she had been, how good and noble and fair she was, and how miserable a worm he; and so lifted his head in the pride of humiliation, as humble minded folk are wont to do, in such a manner that the Lady Gertrude found him as

beautiful and arrogant as a king, for all his shabby clothes and slight stature.

'I may not see you again; he will cross today—I tomorrow,' she said, in sudden haste.

'God be with you!' answered the tutor and he bowed low.

She noted how white he looked, and the mischief died from the girl's eyes. She toyed with the lace handkerchief in her hands, then glanced hurriedly at the paneled door that must open in a moment.

'And will you please,' said she somewhat haughtily, yet with a tremor in her voice that sounded strangely sweet to him, 'give this to her from me! Therewith she kissed the poor tutor on the cheek, and he would there and then have carried the message to the sweet lips so near, but she slipped from his grasp to the paneled door.

'Across the seas,' said he; 'I will take her the gift tomorrow,—maybe there will be room in Holland for a simple scholar.'

The fugitive noble stood in the shadow of the opened paneling, and the Lady Gertrude, full of apprehension that he should stay too long, strained an ear to catch any ominous sounds from without, and drank in eagerly and detailed place by place the explanation of his own escape to Holland, and her journey thither on the morrow by another route. He looked pale and tired, yet still had a smile for the girl who showed no fear though life and death were hanging in the balance. When he ended there was a little silence between them, as with those whose hearts are too full to speak. It was speedily broken however, by a loud ringing of the great bell, which reverberated from the deserted courtyard below through the house. The girl hastened to the casement window, and looked quickly out.

'There are armed men,' she said; 'they have traced you here.'

'Wary hounds,' he murmured, with a look of grim humor—'to the hole, but not within. Twenty minutes, only the stories—God be with you little daughter! Keep them dallying here awhile. Remember, tomorrow at Ballam Bridge by nightfall!'

The panel fell back, and the Lady Gertrude set down to her books, and made much pretense of mulling to herself as the old doorkeeper, scarestricken and panting, tumbled into the room with an officer of the king's service on his heels.

'Please, my lady, the house is full of soldiers,' said he.

'And, good Oliver, what is their will?' said she, not deigning to raise her eyes from her book.

'No harm to so fair a hostess!' exclaimed the intruder.

Whereupon the Lady Gertrude slowly lifted her pretty head and scanned the uncommon countenance and fair proportions of the officer with much deliberation.

'Should fairness diminish harm, sir, 't were a pity there were not more of the quality among his Majesty's servants.'

'T is a dangerous wit that would challenge the king's army, madam.'

'The army brooks so little danger, sir!'

'Not so the Lady Gertrude! But a truce, fair one, to the war of words. I am here to crave your hospitality whilst waiting for the presence of one who, I am informed, proposes to visit his daughter between the times of noon and midnight. You start!—'Tis now hardly noon. We demand to know, in the king's name, at what precise hour that interview is to take place.'

'Sir!'

'T were well, madam, to save that pretty head; for those who willfully harbor the treacherous Monmouth's followers can receive no clemency from his most gracious Majesty, King James. Their life is forfeit, man or woman.'

'Sir,' said the Lady Gertrude, after some moments of seeming deliberation, 'I await my lord my father here within one hour from now; and may God curse you for a coward!'

The fat soldier grinned. The lady's bark was loud enough, but her bite was indeed most easily averted with a threatening whip, as was the way with women; so he sat his broad person down and did all that which he thought would begette so pretty a shrew from her fretful humor. Full three-quarters of an hour thus passed, when news was brought, by a breathless soldier, that the Earl of W—had boarded a frigate not fifteen minutes since, and—as was related in all seriousness—had doffed his hat in acknowledgement of the fiery salute from shore. Whereupon the fat colonel got up in a fearful rage, and kicked and swore, as only a gentleman soldier knows well how to do, and snarled aloud that nothing should save the cunning jade from the lively fate of Mistress Gaunt, who indeed was burnt to death for a lesser misdemeanor. But the Lady Gertrude lifted up her proud head and said:

'Even so, I shall deem my father's life most cheaply bought, sir.'

And she walked out between the file of armed men, who indeed were sorry for so brave and fair a creature, taken thus roughly a prisoner.

The poor tutor sat over his books in the upper room of a small dwelling house, and wrestled with his thoughts, till he knew not which was conscience and which the Devil most plaguing him; for the Lady Gertrude had said that love was wealth, yet his rooms betrayed no sign thereof; only poverty rose up about him and winked awry when he would fain insist that he was, as she had said, rich indeed. There was the little door that led down to the steep staircase, and another door to a narrow room wherein were a bed, a stool and a chest, the which last contained but one suit, truly of fine velvet and lace—only fit for court where such as he were not like to go—still but one suit, and several linen shirts. Moreover he had a little piece of land, not very far away, from which he acquired a small income; yet wistful these things could in no wise be counted riches. Indeed no, thought he when hurried footsteps upon the stair be-

came confused with his wandering fancies, and, ere he had time to weigh the matter, the Lady Gertrude stood before him, with such a look of mingled fear and mischief on her sweet face that he set at once to trembling, from the great control he must needs exercise on the man of him that would perforce have taken her there and then in his arms.

'You are pale, methinks, Master Humphrey,' said she most airily, as if it were quite the common thing thus to visit a young man in his apartments.

'Your servant, madam,' said he.

And then something of a sweet shyness came over her, so that all in a great hurry she set to explaining how she had been taken prisoner by the irate colonel, and how indeed she had escaped through the help of a cousin among the officers, who, she avowed, had once cared greatly for her. 'He gave me but half a chance,' said she, 'but I stole the other half, and the guards, methinks, were but half-hearted custodians.' Then the boy and girl, for they were not much else, looked into one another's eyes, as they had looked these many past days during the lessons he had been set to teach her; and now there was no table between them, so that he knelt down, and taking both her little white hands in his, he covered them with humble kisses, the which the lady seemed to have no desire to resent.

'So after all, Master Humphrey, you must needs take charge of your pupil still a little while longer. To-morrow at Ballam bridge at nightfall there will be those waiting to conduct me to Holland, where I think, sir, you had a mind to follow me in search of further learning. Yet till then must I remain a prisoner here for fear of my very life,' laughed she.

Then the poor tutor arose in sudden anxiety, and said: 'Were you seen to enter here?'

And she answered that some children were loitering on the steps, and that she remembered a young man in shabby clothes did stare at her. 'He had a hungry look so that I would have given him a piece of silver, but that I was in too great a hurry.'

'There are spies enough to make the whole place dangerous,' said he, 'poor wretches, too, who become such for bread and butter, so distressful are the times.'

Now, hardly had Master Humphrey spoken than a clamor without sent the blood from his cheeks, and fear at last into the dauntless eyes of the Lady Gertrude.

'Quick! within,' said he, and thrust open the door of the narrow chamber and closed it upon her. Then the steady tramp of men's feet echoed upon the winding stair.

'In the king's name!' said a tall officer, as he entered the room followed by several men-at-arms. There was a strange look in his eyes as he met the tutor's gaze, and he faltered in his speech whilst repeating the common formula.

'There is no one here,' answered the student deliberately.

'T is necessary the place should be searched,' replied the officer; and I must warn you that, if the prisoner be found, your life will be forfeited without trial, as a traitor harboring those in conspiracy against his Majesty's crown.'

'There is no one here,' repeated the tutor.

'Full pardon is granted to those who voluntarily give up any hidden rebel within their abodes.'

'There is no one here,' again repeated the tutor.

A moment's silence fell among the group.

'Search,' said the officer. He had grown pale as the poor youth, who bent with seeming indifference over his books, yet who longed to spring at the throats of these armed men and with his two hands hurl a half dozen thereof down the stairway; but he deemed 't were wiser to remain quiet, for the men were many and he but one against them, so that for his lady's sake he bit his lips and clung close to his chair as the men approached the little door, which opened suddenly from within, as a beautiful youth in velvet suit, with fins lace ruff, and a mass of brown curly hair, falling negligently about his shoulders, such as was then the fashion to affect, confronted the officer.

'What noisy matter is this?' said he haughtily. 'Is there no peace even for students, who, loyal to his Majesty, claim but the quiet of their chambers to peruse the books which tell of mightier deeds than those of the internal wars of a discontented people?'

Now a look of humor crept into the officer's eyes, and he bowed perhaps lower than was necessary to so young and haughty a youth.

'I am grieved to so disturb you, sir,' said he. 'We have been misled, for



apparently the lady we seek is not here! and he turned upon his heel and departed with his men from the lowly roof of the tutor.

'Master Humphrey,' said the beautiful youth—and his face was now crimson even as the skies after the sun bath set—'you risked being hung on high, Master Humphrey, for me.' And there were tears in his eyes.

Then indeed did nearly all Master Humphrey's fortitude depart. 'Lady, 't were a paltry thing to risk!' said he, and bowed his head as one ashamed; and within himself he thought, 'Now indeed I cannot woo her, for 't would be the way of a coward to thus force advantage of a maid's gratitude.' But the whilst he was pondering she stole up to him, and he knew not how it happened, but he wooed her just the same.—Frances Forbes-Robertson in Pall Mall Magazine.

A FARMER IN TROUBLE.

A Greenville Country Man Speaks His Mind—Feels Like a New Man—Cured by Four Boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Cardinal Feb. 8 (Special)—Mr. Robert McIntosh a farmer very widely known in this county, and living near this village has been in a painful and dangerous condition as the result of kidney disease affecting the bladder. When called upon he said:

'During three years, until quite recently cured by using four boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, I have been an intense sufferer from kidney disease which kept going from bad to worse though I was doctoring all the time.'

Under advice I began using Dodd's Kidney Pills, at once realizing great help. I now feel like a new man and am perfectly cured of kidney trouble in any form.

THE ARGUMENTS OF THE OTHER SIDE.

Vivisection is Immensely Elevating to Those who Practice it.

Fair play is a jewel; the vivisectionists have some arguments on their side. A careful study of their literature shows the following strong reasons for allowing the practice to continue unchecked.

First, it is a humane practice. The vivisectionists say so themselves, and they ought to know. To the outsider it does not at first sight seem probable that cutting or tearing a living animal, breaking or dislocating its limbs, baking it in a hot oven, or tracing out the course of the most sensitive nerves, can be an enjoyable operation to the subject, but this is a mistake of the non-scientific mind. Besides, not one in ten of those who object to these things have ever witnessed an actual operation, and how can they pretend to know whether a thing they have not seen is painful or not.

Vivisection is useful. Certain operations conducted by careful operators in the past

led to valuable results. Therefore, it is evident that it is of the highest usefulness to repeat these experiments, and any others that can be devised, yearly, before every class of every medical college in the country. If anyone fails to see the connection it is plain that he lacks the logical training given by a course in vivisection.

Vivisection is immensely elevating and improving to those who practice it. What can be better fitted to develop in a young man a true reverence, refinement and desire to relieve pain than backing and torturing a bound and helpless animal? It might be better, certainly, if the subject were a human being, but to some extent this lack can be supplied when the student begins his hospital practice.

Vivisection is profitable—to the vivisector. How else can he so easily make his lectures interesting and attract new students? This consideration disposes at once of the puerile argument that the excellent charts and models of all parts of the body now supplied render the actual operations unnecessary. They will show the facts, of course, but will they supply the attraction.

Finally vivisection is no affair of the public's anyhow, and it would be well if people would stop talking of what doesn't concern them, and of what they know nothing about. The vivisectionists are quite capable of managing the whole affair, and when they want the help of the public they will call on them.—Life.

Intense Pain From Sciatica. The Mystic Remedy. South American Rheumatic Cure Conquers It in Two Days.

The following comes from the wealthy lumberman of Merrickville, Ont., Mr. E. Errett: For a number of years I have suffered intense pain from rheumatism and sciatica in my left hip. It is needless to say I have doctored constantly, but without receiving anything but temporary relief. South American Rheumatic Cure was at last tried and its effect was truly magical. In two days the pain was all gone, and two bottles of the remedy cured me completely.

I was so bad that for two years I could not lie on my left side if I got the universe for so doing. At present I have not a symptom of sciatica or rheumatism, and hence it is with much pleasure that I recommend this great remedy. I know it will cure.

WHY BANNERS ARE RED.

A Socialist Explains the Meaning of It—The Emblem of Regeneration.

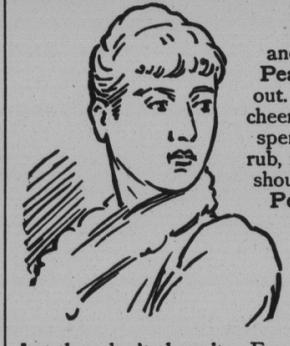
The editor of Justice, London, protests against the view that the death of many revolutionaries is to be commemorated by the crimson hue of the emblem of revolution, for if the loss of blood gave the right to raise the red flag, all might have an equal right to claim that red is the proper color for their flag. He then gives an original and somewhat idealistic explanation:—

'Those who have not yet quite shaken off the barbarism of the past may like to think that our flag is red because of the blood the people have shed and are ready to shed again for the cause. The more philosophical mind will prefer to think that our flag is red because red is the color of fire, and fire is the great purifying and regenerating agent of the universe. Without heat motion is impossible, vegetable and animal life cannot exist, minerals cannot be fused, salts cannot crystallize, existence cannot be. By fire all is purified, by heat the world is regenerated. Thus the annual regeneration of the world is brought about by the sun, by heat, by fire, which in all time has been represented by the red that colors our flag. Nor is this emblematic meaning confined to one nation; it applies equally to the whole universe, to every living creature; therefore red is a true color for an international flag. . . . 'I. N. R. I.' might as well be inscribed on our flag as on the banners of the Christian church. By the ignorant fanatic these letters may be interpreted as meaning Jesus Nazarenus Rex Indorum, though Jesus was never King of the Jews, but we should know that these letters mean Igne Natura Renovatur Intergis, and when we thus say that nature is entirely regenerated by fire, we proclaim a truth which none can deny, and we select as the color of our flag the color of fire, because we also intend to regenerate the world.'

Look Around

and see the women who are using Pearline. It's easy to pick them out. They're brighter, fresher, more cheerful than the women who have spent twice as much time in the rub, rub, rub, of the old way. Why shouldn't they be? Washing with Pearline is easy.

And look at the clothes that are washed with Pearline. They're brighter, and fresher, too. They haven't been rubbed to pieces on the washboard. They may be old,



but they don't show it. For clothes washed with Pearline last longer.

Beware

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—send it back.

IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—send it back. JAMES FYLE, New York

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MADAME INFELICE.

'But why, I persisted eagerly, 'are you so sad, Madam? You who have fortune...

'Fame?' interrupted Madam, turning her large eyes upon me slowly; such mournful eyes they were—luminous with unshed tears.

'Still, the plaudits of the world, the commendatory remarks of the press, the adoration and all must be very gratifying to a woman's heart.'

'Gratifying. Ah, child, it is to me like the sound of a funeral knell.'

You are surprised—true, I had forgotten—you cannot understand. I have never spoken much of myself—no, my life has been a delusion to the world.

As an actress I act my part well—for the rest who cares? Surely not the public. No, they pay to be amused—tragedies are too plentiful in real life, why speak about them?

Your American audiences are more kind than our French people, and yet you, too, are curious. Yes, I will tell you of my life—the dear price I paid for fame.

There are three tragedies in our lives—birth, marriage, death. I have passed through all, and they have left me soulless. Listen. Years ago my home was in a little hamlet on the coast of France,

where the wild waves beat almost to my door, and the sea-gulls ate from my bare hand. There I lived with my young husband—my beloved Eugene.

Our life together was a perfect heaven of ecstasies. I can see him now as he came bounding into our room, each step being as a kiss.

But Ambition crept o'er our hearts, and hand in hand we eagerly plunged into the vortex of the world's temptations, seeking wealth and fame upon the theatrical stage.

He was handsome, talented, a genius—we should be famous, the manager promised. But the months went by, and I will not tire you with a recital of the hard hours of study, the weary nights of labor,

the struggles, disappointments, disillusion. My poor Eugene, disheartened, broken in health, would fain have turned back; but our contracts were made far ahead, our manager was obdurate in his demands, and we went on. It was finally decided that we should forsake tragic roles and essay comedy.

With that end in view, our appearance was generously advertised in one of the larger cities of England, but the climate affected my darling. I saw his face grow pale, while his hands burned with fever.

'Give up,' I said to him. 'You are ill.' But no, he struggled on through the opening night, and at last fell fainting in my arms, while a selfish, indifferent crowd jeered and booed. Our performance was a failure.

For three days my darling was ill, very ill. In despair, I hung about his pillow, but the hour came too quickly when I must go to the theatre and smile. Oh, the rage, the hatred I felt towards them! What cared they for the noble life that was battling with death?

What cared they for my bleeding heart? They wanted smiles, not tears.

'The papers, too, were relentless—they condemned my performance; even in satiated that Eugene was inebriated, not sick. The third night—Eugene was unconscious. 'Let me stay with him,' I begged. But the house was sold out; we were billed to play a popular comedy; I must go on. Will I ever forget that wretched performance? I felt nothing—saw nothing but that dear white face lying on a hospital cot.

'At last the curtain came down; I was free! The rouge was still on my cheeks as I rushed through the long bare halls, past the wide dormitories, and into the private ward where lay my love. The night was bleak and cold, a moaning wind and driving rain beat drearily against the windows; and mingled with the noise was the labored breathing of a dying man. A kind-faced sister met me at the door. 'You will be brave,' she said gently. 'Yes, yes,' I feverishly cried, and she let me go in alone. Do people often live through such trials? Are they sane afterwards? Can the inexperienced understand such agony? Do they know what it is to have the bear's blood drip drop by drop? Why don't God let us go mad, stunt our senses, or let us die?

'How handsome he looked; the dark curls on his white brow, his broad chest rising and falling tumultuously, his brave heart fluttering like a bird's. The hours dragged by. I tried to pray, but could not; the words were meaningless, incoherent. The doctor came back again, but would not meet my eye. It was now four o'clock; the gray dawn crept slowly up.

'If he will but live till sunrise,' I told myself, 'there may be a chance.' At five a fit of coughing seized him, and left him weak but conscious. Those dear eyes looked at me again. 'My love,' he whispered, 'do not grieve; you shall never be alone, for even beyond the grave my soul will live in yours.'

'The light in the sky grew broader, and, as the whistles in the town blew six, he sighed like a tired child, and I knew that a great and brave soul had gone out with the coming of the morning light. I could not weep, could not cry out in agony, but half of my life had passed over the Borderland. Oh, the heartlessness of this world! That night we played a farce—a farce! The theatre was packed to suffocation; the audience was furious to see the widow of the now great actor. Frenzied, maddened, I played on—my laugh the wildest of them all. The next morning I read of my fame—achieved in a night over the corpse of my love. Oh, the horror of it! How vain is ambition. How empty is fame. The years have rolled on, and I am now the world-renowned Madame Infelice—synonymous of sorrow.

'As I act, and that great swaying sea of white faces looks across the row of glaring lights, I see it not, but in its stead a narrow mound in a lonely, neglected church-

HOPE ENTHRONED.

yard, where the surf dashes against the French coast, while my tired heart cries out for the 'touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still.'—Aimee H. Neil.

LIFE PROLONGED AND ITS USEFULNESS GREATLY EXTENDED.

The Ruthless Hand of Nature Fights Only the Survival of the Strongest but Medical Science Secures the Survival of the Weakest.

From the Cornwall Standard.

The science and art of medication holds a unique place in the esteem of the entire civilized world, because by a judicious application of progressive science relative to the art of healing innumerable triumphs are won in the struggle for health.

The profession of medicine we may safely say, is no unsecure, its triumphs and success are rehearsed daily by the million.

Those who are in the vanguard of this movement are our greatest benefactors. Their discoveries are a boon to humanity; they have given relief to thousands who would have dragged out a miserable and more or less brief existence.

Dr. Williams by means of his Pink Pills has earned and enjoys the gratitude of untold numbers who were on the verge of isolation or death, because their case defied the skill of the ordinary medical practitioner.

The ruthless hand of nature permits only the survival of the strongest, but the tender ministrations of medical science, as exemplified in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, secure the survival of the weakest, which is in harmony with the divine injunction, "We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak and not please ourselves."

These famous pills have given strength to the apparently hopelessly weak, and vitalized and invigorated fragile and debilitated constitutions, enhanced health and strength, thus increasing every value and enhancing every joy.

In substantiation of the reputed merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills read the following testimonial of one of Glengarry's responsible citizens. Samuel Neil, of the village of Lancaster, is one of the best men of the county. "For three successive winters," says Mr. Neil, "I suffered from severe attacks of the grippe. Owing to the exhausting effects of these attacks I was unable to attend to my business half of the time. The last attack I had was in December, 1895. It was the most prolonged and the subsequent effects the most trying. All the winter of 1896 I was under medical care and being somewhat advanced in life I presented a very frail appearance. My weakness was so pronounced that I became a victim of weak turns, and even with the assistance of a cane I was liable to fall. Attempts to walk were risky, and often to be regretted. I was troubled with a dizziness in the head that rendered locomotion difficult and unpleasant. Besides this general weakness I had pains in my shoulders, something like articular rheumatism in its fluctuations and severity. After a five months treatment I was very little encouraged. He said I had palpitation of the heart and it must run its course. The truth is I felt so weak that my hope of recovery was about nil. About the first of May I determined to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The result was the dizziness left me, day by day my pains vanished into imperceptibility, and I began to feel myself again. The improvement continued until I was able to follow my business with unexpected vigor. I am increasing in flesh and in the general signs of good health, and I unhesitatingly attribute my recovery to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines had failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

New Use for the Phonograph.

The exploring expedition under Lieutenant Hourst, which recently returned from the upper reaches of the river Niger, carried phonographs with which the war-songs of the natives were recorded.

BORN.

Yarmouth, Feb. 4, to the wife of A. H. Poole, a son.

Yarmouth, Feb. 4, to the wife Leslie Tracy, a son.

Yarmouth, Jan. 31, to the wife of Robert Mulse, a son.

Ken.ville, Jan. 20, to the wife of Judge Chipman, a son.

Mt. Uniacs, Dec. 25, to the wife of Henry Hill, a son.

New Glasgow, Jan. 27, to the wife of K. Stewart a son.

River John, Feb. 4, to the wife of M. G. McLeod, a son.

Digby, Jan. 27, to the wife of William Winchester a son.

Hantsport, Jan. 20, to the wife of Michael Keddy, a son.

Yarmouth, Feb. 2, to the wife of Wm. Van Horne, a son.

Kestville, Jan. 20, to the wife of Cutler L. Dodge, a son.

St. John, Feb. 4, to the wife of George A. Ricker a son.

Milton, Jan. 29, to the wife of George Randall, a daughter.

Wind or, Jan. 27, to the wife of J. W. Blanchard, a daughter.

Yarmouth, Jan. 31, to the wife of Howard Jeffrey, a daughter.

West Technico, to the wife of Hilariou Amiro, a daughter.

Bridgetown, Jan. 27, to the wife of William Winchester a son.

Harvey, N. B. Jan. 29, to the wife of Thomas Goody, a son.

Harvey Bank, N. B., Jan. 29, to the wife of William Pearson, a son.

Flymouth, Jan. 30, to the wife of Capt. James L. Harvey, a son.

Woodstock, Feb. 1, to the wife of J. Allan Dibblee, M. P. F., a son.

Tunket Wedge, Feb. 3, to the wife of Capt. Vincent Richards, a son.

St. Martin's, Jan. 16, to the wife of Frederick Greer, a daughter.

Mangerville, Jan. 31, to the wife of Rev. Mr. Colston, a daughter.

Maple Grove, Hamts Co., Jan. 27, to the wife of James Henniger a son.

MARRIED.

Musquodoboit, Feb. 2, John F. Bayes to Matilda Dillman.

Frederic, Jan. 27, by Rev. M. P. King, Edward Stacey to Agnes Arbo.

Halifax, Jan. 19, by Rev. Wm. Ainsley, James Burridge to Lily Walsh.

Halifax, Feb. 2, by Rev. H. H. Pitman, William J. Davies to Annie Morris.

Baccaro, Jan. 26, by Rev. J. H. Daves, T. Leslie Smith to Della Skidmore.

St. Croix, Jan. 27, by Rev. M. G. Henry, Johnson Harrison to Cecelia Fitch.

Sydney, C. B., by Rev. E. B. Rankin, William M. Young to Ida Ingraham.

Halifax, Feb. 3, by Rev. N. LeMoine, Thomas Anderson to May Morris.

Overton, Jan. 24, by Rev. L. S. Tingley, Ralph A. Hartman to Lydia Elizabeth Palmer.

Bear River, Jan. 14, by Rev. B. N. Nobles, Nelson McKay to Annie M. Ray.

Yarmouth, Jan. 28, by Rev. R. D. Bambrick, W. S. Sanders to Jane Westman.

Harvey, Jan. 21, by Rev. W. T. Bishop, James Stevens to Annie Brester.

Wallace Bay, Feb. 3, by Rev. G. W. Tuttle, Rev. Wm. Fardis to Maria Hart.

Yarmouth, 21, by Rev. J. T. Deinstad, Edward M. Harwood to Amelia Hubbard.

Bear Point, Jan. 21, by Rev. W. Millar, Jeremiah Goodwin to Sarah J. Smith.

West Dublin, Jan. 27, by Rev. John Lee, Lemuel J. Croft to Fannie L. Bailey.

Lawrencetown, Jan. 27, by Rev. J. H. King, Frank O. Foster to Marian A. Kelly.

St. Stephen, Jan. 27, by Rev. W. C. Goucher, William E. Barreau to Sadie I. Lord.

Windsor, Feb. 3, by Rev. J. C. Cox, Senator Thomas Temple to Alice M. Cox.

Upper Fort La Tour, Jan. 13, by Rev. J. H. Davis, Edgar H. Swaine to Etta Thomas.

Halifax, Jan. 29, by Rev. W. Ainley, Wm. H. Frederickson to Elizabeth Palmer.

Bayleton, Jan. 20, by Rev. S. R. Ackman, Rufus W. Whitman to Mrs. Nellie McDonald.

Mahone, Bay Jan. 31, by Rev. J. W. Crawford, Emerson C. Ernst to Bessie Eisenhauer.

Cambridge, Mass., Jan. 12, by Rev. Robt. McDonald, W. Parker Andow to Lena Nicholson.

Calais Feb. 3, by Rev. S. G. Davis, Rev. H. D. Maxwell of Vermont to Sarah Love of St. Stephen.

DIED.

Halifax, Feb. 4, W. F. Foster.

Kentville, Jan. 30, Carrie Parsons.

St. John, Feb. 6, John Pettungal, 88.

Overton, Jan. 31, Jacob E. Rose, 61.

Truro, Jan. 25, Mrs. Martha Beattie.

Spry Bay, Feb. 3, Edward Roche, 91.

Truro, Jan. 29, Eliza C. Hourley, 99.

Ottawa, Feb. 4, John P. McCarty, 34.

St. John, Feb. 4, Moses E. Cowan, 67.

Port Elgin, Feb. 4, Mrs. M. A. Somer.

Red Head, Feb. 3, George McAlfee, 71.

Halifax, Feb. 2, George B. Filmore, 49.

Folly Mountain, Jan. 27, Ezekiel Daniels.

Five Islands, Jan. 20, Mrs. Willard Walsh.

Kentville, Jan. 29, Harold W. DeWolfe, 29.

Yarmouth, Feb. 3, Harry Morris Weeks, 29.

St. John, Feb. 6, Charles Urban Hamford 68.

Harvey, Feb. 3, Charles Andrew to Lena Nicholson.

Villageville, Yarmouth Co., Mrs. Hannah Snow.

Gas, River, N. E. Jan. 25, William McKean, 80.

Upper North River, Jan. 9, Mrs. Daniel Upham, 71.

Conquer Bank, N. S., Jan. 25, Philip Cross, 74.

Baccaro, Yarmouth Co., Mrs. Mercy Reynolds, 76.

Halifax, Jan. 31, Harriet, widow of John Gibb, 77.

St. John, Feb. 5, Susan, widow of Eli S. Northrup.

Hillsburn, Jan. 22, Rose wife of James Halliday 77.

Truro, Jan. 19, Selma J. D. widow of Silas Corbett, 74.

Boston, Jan. 3, James Taylor, formerly of Halifax, 74.

St. John, Feb. 4, Mary C. widow of James A. Mullin.

Bear River, Jan. 24, Harriet wife of Obadiah Parker.

Kentville, Feb. 2, Oates, son of Frederick and Annie Ratusa, 4.

Ingler, C. B., Catherine Ferguson, widow of Wm. Munroe, 50.

North Earlton, Jan. 27, Henrietta, widow of Hugh Munroe, 50.

St. John, Jan. 25, Mary, widow of Donald E. McPherson, 69.

Acadia, Jan. 27, Maggie, daughter of John A. Clark, 12.

Yarmouth, Jan. 20, Walter C. son of Thomas and Mary Carr, 6.

Hope well Hill, Feb. 4, Charlotte, widow of John E. Russell, 69.

Upper Woods Harbor, Jan. 9, Fred child of Charles and Elsie Malone.

Newcombville, Jan. 28, Jerusha A., daughter of John Messer, 34.

St. John, Feb. 4, Elsie A., daughter of Hugh and Nellie McFadden, 7.

Halifax, Feb. 4, Earl, child of Mary and Chas. Seaboyer, 9 months.

Halifax, Feb. 5, William J. son of Michael and the late Annie Curley, 27.

Halifax, Jan. 31, Allan R. son of the late Charles and Hannah Cox, 18.

Windsor, Feb. 1, George E. child of George and Bessie Ashton, 5 weeks.

Halifax, Feb. 4, Cecelia, daughter of Mary and the late Daniel Sullivan, 39.

St. John, Feb. 4, Elizabeth D. child of William and Mina Fraser, 10 months.

St. John, Jan. 5, Byron, son of George C. and Elsie both McPherson, 69.

Bear River, Jan. 25, Annie I. infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Davis.

Dennison, Ohio, Feb. 1, Mrs. (Dr.) Curry, late of Crutchville, St. John, N. B.

Annapolis, Feb. 7, Elizabeth, wife of Capt. Jas. Fitzgerald, formerly of St. John.

Saultierville, Jan. 25, Evangelina, daughter of the late E. J. and Helen Potter.

Windsor, Feb. 5, Laura A. child of Herr Lotbar and Elizabeth Rohar, 16 months.

St. John, Feb. 4, to the wife of William Winchester a son.

Hantsport, Jan. 20, to the wife of Michael Keddy, a son.

Yarmouth, Feb. 2, to the wife of Wm. Van Horne, a son.

Kestville, Jan. 20, to the wife of Cutler L. Dodge, a son.

St. John, Feb. 4, to the wife of George A. Ricker a son.

Milton, Jan. 29, to the wife of George Randall, a daughter.

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Bridgetown, Jan. 27, to the wife of William Winchester a son.

Harvey, N. B. Jan. 29, to the wife of Thomas Goody, a son.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH DO NOT BE DECEIVED

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To Welsford, Hampton and intermediate points, 10 lbs. and under..... 15

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Over 5 to 10 lbs..... 20

Over 10 to 15 lbs..... 25

Over 15 to 20 lbs..... 30

Over 20 to 25 lbs..... 35

Over 25 to 30 lbs..... 40

Over 30 to 35 lbs..... 45

Over 35 to 40 lbs..... 50

Over 40 to 45 lbs..... 55

Over 45 to 50 lbs..... 60

Over 50 to 55 lbs..... 65

Over 55 to 60 lbs..... 70

Over 60 to 65 lbs..... 75

Over 65 to 70 lbs..... 80

Over 70 to 75 lbs..... 85

RAILROADS.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 7th September, 1896, trains on this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Fugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00

Express for Halifax..... 12.00

Express for Sussex..... 12.0