

# PROGRESS.

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## HUSTLE FOR AN OFFICE.

MR. HAMILTON THINKS HE HAS IT AND PROBABLY HE HAS.

It was promised to him long ago—how long ago it is not known—his recent mission to Ottawa—Opinions of the Press vary as to the situation.

Mr. James H. Hamilton got word from Ottawa, the other day, that he had been appointed appraiser in the custom house, and Collector Ruel also got word to the same effect. The official notice of the appointment has not yet arrived, however, and until it gets here and Mr. Hamilton gets to work he is not quite sure whether he is to be congratulated or not. Indeed, on Thursday night he was for a while thought to be a subject for condolence, for a Globe correspondent telegraphed from Ottawa that James Kelly, the orange taylor, had been appointed appraiser and that some other place was to be given to Mr. Hamilton. The statement was not made as a rumor but said definitely that the appointment had been made, and the same despatch also stated that Kelly had been hanging the orange lodges and indorsing the actions of Clark Wallace. Whether this circumstance had compelled the government of Canada to change its plans and revoke Mr. Hamilton's appointment in spite of the influence of the St. John members was not stated, but almost anything might be inferred from the wild-eyed story. As one of the Globe staff in Ottawa, some people were inclined to believe the statement, but enquiry made by wire at a later hour showed it to be a yarn. The correspondent, whoever he was, must have had wheels in his head.

The position Mr. Hamilton thinks he has got is that heretofore held by Mr. Allan McBeath, who was appointed 23 years ago, and has proved himself a very competent man for the position. Mr. McBeath's salary has been about \$1,400, but this included something extra as Dominion appraiser. Mr. Hamilton will get about \$1,150 as a starter, and Mr. McBeath will retire on a superannuation allowance. His friends should be glad of this, as it is the surest guarantee of a green old age, as exemplified in the case of Postmaster Howe who was retired twenty years ago and is hale and hearty yet, and of Dominion Auditor William Seely, who has actually been enabled to survive a sickness in which neither he nor his friends had the slightest hope of his recovery.

The prospect of assured longevity, however, does not appear to have much weight with Mr. McBeath's friends. What the public think about it is hard to learn, it one looks to the daily papers for correct indications. The Telegraph, for instance, says that "very great indignation is expressed by the merchants generally" over the appointment while the Record a few hours later declares the appointment "is regarded very favorably among the business community of St. John" and affirms that "the appointment is the most popular that has been made here in a long time." It would seem that the two papers got their information from different sources. When Mr. Hamilton was asked which version was correct, he seemed inclined to accept the Record's view, and said that he was willing to leave the decision to prominent men who were not identified with the conservative party.

In the meantime a petition has been circulated asking that Mr. McBeath be retained in office, as there is no reason for a change. Whether it can have any effect, now that the matter has gone so far, remains to be seen. The government seems to have committed itself too deeply to go back with honor, though after the papers out at Ottawa during the last week or two it would appear to be able to twist itself in any kind of a way when circumstances require. If it retires Mr. McBeath, it will make some people mad, while if it disappoints Mr. Hamilton it will make some of its own supporters still madder. If it retains Mr. McBeath as appraiser it will have to look around for an equally good or better office for Mr. Hamilton, and then the latter's friends will not feel any too well pleased over the deal.

The story of the appointment of Mr. Hamilton dates back nearly two years, to the time when he retired from the dry goods business. He had been and has since been an active conservative ward worker, and has also been a useful man in outside districts. His ability in the latter respect was fully recognized in the last local election when he was assigned to the forlorn hope of trying to work up an opposition majority at Milkish in the face of the subsidy to the Milledgeville ferry. He had a hard day's work and did not get the majority, but he probably did as much or more than any other missionary could have done in swelling the returns of the minority in the city. He has been recognized as an active and efficient hustler, and Mr. Hazen has long felt anxious to see his energy rewarded. As Mr. Hamilton knows all about dry goods, the position of appraiser was

considered one in which he was eminently qualified to shine, and the place was offered him more than a year ago. He said he did not want to have an office at the sacrifice of Mr. McBeath or anybody else, but he was told that superannuations were to be made and that if he did not assert his claims somebody else would get there. So he took the hint, and as the office appeared to be seeking the man, the man was polite enough to go half way and meet the office. Messrs Hazen and Chesley supported his claims and it seemed as though there would be little or no delay about it.

In the meantime another man was looking at the office with hungry eyes, and taking its measure to see how he would fit it. He was the Right Worshipful Sir Knight James Kelly, Master Tailor, who came forward with two qualifications for a position in the custom house. One was that having failed to manage his own business he ought to be allowed to do business for the government, and the other was that he was the head of the orange body in this province. He went to Ottawa and pressed his claims with Brother Clark Wallace, with the result that there was a hitch in the machinery which had been moving so smoothly in Mr. Hamilton's direction. The St. John members stood by their man, however, and though there was a delay of some months, Mr. Kelly was not successful.

Quite recently Mr. Hamilton's supporters urged him to agitate his claims, telling him that if he did not jump for the position now he might not have another chance, as the retirement of Mr. McBeath had been decided upon. He jumped, and last Saturday the word came that he had been appointed. Thereupon a number of Mr. McBeath's friends undertook to have the arrangement changed and got up the petition. They claimed that Mr. McBeath was a very satisfactory official and that there was no reason why he should be retired when he was in all respects fully competent to do his work. On Thursday, however, Collector Ruel got official notice that the superannuation had been made.

Mr. Kelly went to Ottawa the other day on some mysterious mission. Whether it was to adjust the Manitoba school question, get a judgeship for Brother C. N. Skinner, or secure an office for himself was not stated. Little clue was given by the fact that he began to send telegrams to citizens of St. John, when Bowell was reconstructing his cabinet, asking them to urge Hazen to accept a position. He is said to have sent about twenty-five of these messages, but there were not that many replies, nor was Mr. Hazen flooded by telegrams from St. John.

Mr. Skinner also went to Ottawa the other day on an equally mysterious mission, but whether it was to reconstruct the cabinet, get an office for Brother Kelly or secure a judgeship for himself was equally uncertain. The fact that he did not get a judgeship is believed to be due to the circumstances that the resignation of Chief Justice Allen was not in Bowell's hands, but in Foster's pocket, and that Foster and Bowell were not playing in the same yard just at that time. Therefore when the Globe sent word that Kelly had been appointed appraiser and that some other office would be found for Hamilton, some of the public thought they had found a solution of the mystery of the pilgrimages of Brothers Skinner and Kelly.

There has been another position in the appraiser's office which has been looked after with some expectation. It is that held by Mr. D. H. Hall. Mr. Hall, it has been believed, cannot be superannuated, as he was appointed too late in life to come under the terms of the civil service act. Yet the office has been demanded, and it may be that some way will be found to dispose of Mr. Hall and give the place to one of the faithful, perhaps even to James Kelly. Before Mr. Hall was an appraiser he dealt in hats and later manufactured boots and shoes. These vocations do not of themselves eminently qualify a man to appraise general imports, but Mr. Hall has got along very well. Mr. Kelly, having been a tailor, would probably have a pretty good idea of the valuation of cloths. Mr. Hamilton, however, is thoroughly informed as to every detail of the dry goods business.

It may be that by the time PROGRESS reaches the public, Mr. Hamilton will have official information that he is in a position to be congratulated.

Was an Old St. John Boy.  
Mr. John C. McDade, who died in Boston this week, was a well known St. John printer in the latter part of the seventies. He learned his trade in the Telegraph office and was an excellent compositor. About fifteen or sixteen years ago he went to Boston, and up to the time of his death was a compositor on the Boston Globe. He was a man of hearty, generous nature which made him many friends, who will hear of his death with regret. He was 37 years old, and leaves a wife and seven children. His brother, Mr. M. McDade went to Boston to attend the funeral.

## DID A BRISK BUSINESS.

HOW A COMMISSION MERCHANT LIVED BY HIS WITS.

Some Leading Business Men Were Named in His Circular as References—How He Baited His Hook and How the Unwary Bit at It—The End Came This Week.

H. G. Watters was until Saturday last a commission merchant, doing business at 10 Water street, when he was found there, which was but seldom, and also at the house where he lived, in Sewall street. He did not advertise the latter fact, but just the same, and it was there he got in his fine head work which enabled him to live by his wits at the expense of those with whom he did business. In a circular which contained his card he announced that his specialties were eggs, oysters, cheese and butter. In the light of the way he carried on business there appears to have been a peculiar humor in this array of specialties. He was as smooth as butter and some of his creditors seem to have been as soft. He baited his trap for the unwary with cheese, he never put all his eggs in one basket, and he looked upon the consignors as his oyster, which he proposed to swallow as early and rapidly as possible. A further legend on his card read "Prompt sales; quick returns; consignments solicited." He faithfully carried out his idea, for he lost no time in selling whatever came to hand, put the returns quickly in his pocket, and continued to solicit consignments from various quarters of the country. He gave as "references by permission," the following undoubtedly good names: "W. Frank Hatheway, President Board of Trade, Geo. Robertson, Mayor, Hall & Fairweather, Geo. S. DeForest & Sons and all the wholesale merchants of this city."

All of the gentlemen referred to deny having given Watters any permission to use their names as reference, and it was not until this week that Mr. Hatheway had any intimation that his name was on the circular, he having been for months on an extended tour abroad. He says that he not only never authorized Watters to use his name, but would not have permitted him to use it in such a connection. Above all this he would not have allowed it to be given in the official capacity of president of the board of trade. Similar denials were made by others named, some months ago, when the matter was called to their attention, but none of them made their denial so public that any warning was given to people with whom Watters sought to deal. They probably had no idea of the extent to which he was working his plans, and their names on the circular made his work so much the easier. People at a distance probably supposed there could be no question about a man for whom such solid men of St. John were announced as willing to vouch.

While it is true that many business men could not be deceived so easily, and would have either looked up his record in the mercantile agencies or written to the men named as references, there were others who so wise. The gulleible Nova Scotia farmers and small traders were easily caught and sent their dried apples, socks, mitts and other country produce to him to be sold. In some instances he would offer net cash terms. This was the case with his dealings with R. S. Thorpe, of Centreville, Kings Co., N. S., more than a year ago, and the Thorpe transaction may be quoted as a fair specimen.

Thorpe sold him dried apples to the amount of \$139, for net cash, as he supposed. Then Watters wrote him that the apples had proved of inferior quality and insisted on a reduction. This gave some delay, and finally when an arrangement was finally reached, Watters told Thorpe to draw on him. He did so, but the draft was not honored and for the last year all attempts to collect it have been in vain. The lawyer who held this and some other claims found that Watters was a hard man to find, because his office at 10 Water street seemed to be closed all the time. When he did manage to see him he could get no satisfaction, and was finally told to sue if he liked and see what he could get. It was out of the question to bring a suit, for Watters had no property, and were a levy made on any goods found on the premises, they could be replevied by the owners, as being their property and only held by Watters to be sold on commission. One enterprising lawyer, however, succeeded in getting hold of the identical goods his client had sent, and thereby saved a total loss of the claim.

When Watters was threatened with criminal prosecution for obtaining goods under false pretences, by using the names given as references, he stoutly asserted that he could prove he had the permission of the owners in question, but this bold bluff would not of itself have saved him, had it not been considered that the prosecution was not a matter to be undertaken by private parties, who were more interested in getting their money than in being put to the trouble of giving evidence for the crown.

## RESISTED THAT CAPIAS.

A NOVA SCOTIA CAPTAIN FOUGHT HALIFAX POLICEMEN.

The Amount Involved Was Only a Dollar and a Half, but there Was More than the Much Worth of Fight—Then the Court Touched Him for Twenty.

HALIFAX, Jan., 16.—There were two unusually interesting capias in the city court the other day. The first was that procured by Campbell Robertson a grocer, against Captain Raymond Keating, of a Guysboro vessel lying at Whitman's wharf. It was only for \$1.50, but the small amount of the claim seemed to make the captain all the more determined not to pay. Captain Keating who is a heavy, strong man, refused payment and defied arrest. Chief O'Sullivan naturally thought that one policeman was sufficient to settle the business but he soon found his mistake. The captain entrenched himself within his vessel, and armed with an iron bar, shouted to the officer: "I am not going to pay, and you cannot take me!" Then another officer was sent down and after a protracted parley they retreated before the captain and his iron bar. Chief O'Sullivan though twice repulsed was far from being beaten, indeed he was only being nerved for the fight. He issued an order that Deputy Chief Nickerson and six men with him repair immediately to the Guysboro vessel and take the belligerent captain to jail whether on a truck or in a patrol wagon on their back he cared not, but he must be landed at the jail forthwith and alive. The seven policemen marched off with confidence, for they knew that if they failed in effecting the capture the whole city force of sixty men would go to the scene of strife at two o'clock when the men came in for relief.

The perfect number of seven were able to do their work alone, however; Captain Keating was captured, but what a struggle there was! The doughty seaman kicked and fought every inch of the way from Whitman's wharf to the jail. Within the gates he made a last grand effort as all then seemed to be "lost save honor." He turned suddenly round within a circle of seven blue-coated officers who, with angry determined looks surrounded him and dealt Policeman Mont a stunning blow which staggered that stalwart officer, and made him shiver like an aspen. But little they cared, for the captain was now a prisoner sure enough.

Captain Keating had fought so well that in one sense he desired to escape payment of the dollar and a-half. But not so thought the police nor creditors. So the captain's son stepped on the scene and the \$1.50 was counted out.

But the story by no means ends here. That blow to Mont had to be paid for and it was easy enough to get it. A warrant was immediately taken, charging Keating with assault. He was arraigned before Stipendiary Fielding. A friend in need is a friend indeed, and Keating's friend appeared opportunely. The local legislature is in session and one of the members of the popular chamber is D. H. McKinnon, M. P. P. Captain Keating is a voter in Guysboro and Mr. McKinnon is a lawyer. He appeared in court on behalf of Keating, but all the M. P. P.'s eloquence and logic was inadequate to the task of securing the prisoner's release. The court sentenced him to pay \$30 and costs. Kind-hearted Mr. McKinnon's good offices did not end with his defence of the bellicose constituent. No, they went so far, also as to advance the money for the payment of the fine.

Captain Raymond Keating found that an expensive battle, but the experience he gained may be of future use to him.

The other capias is of a different nature altogether. John Fernandez is a seaman whose name has figured in the courts with some regularity lately. Captain Pope owed him, it seems, \$30. Fernandez had learned enough of law to know that he could obtain money by means of a capias. Accordingly he issued such a process and the \$30 was paid into the hands of Chief O'Sullivan. Then Pope got in his work. He knew that Fernandez owed \$20 to the Sailor's home for board, so he quickly hid himself up to Manager Graydon and told him about the \$30 that was in possession of the chief. He advised that Fernandez be given a taste of his own medicine, and forthwith the manager procured a capias for him, which was placed in the hands of the chief. Without delay Fernandez came into the police station for his \$30, when he was immediately laid hold of, and confronted with the instrument from the sailor's home. It was somewhat of a painful surprise to the wily sailor, yet there was nothing for him to do but to take the \$10 that was left, and look longingly after Manager Graydon who departed with the funds of the sailor's home \$20 better off on account of the little transaction.

Police and Handsets.  
The daily papers report that the police have "confiscated" several boys' sleds since the recent slight snow fall. It would be

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interesting to know what color of authority they have for doing anything of the kind. The law provides a penalty for coasting but there is no provision for impounding sleds. It is an old trick of the police, however, and in the past some of them have gone so far as to destroy sleds. When they undertake to do anything of the kind they are in the same position as if they destroyed any other piece of personal property.

## CARLETON WANTS LICENSE.

Reasons Why the Saloon Industry Should be Encouraged There.

As already stated, it is understood that application for license to sell liquor at retail in Carleton will probably be made this year and there is a report that at least three persons will be applicants. It is quite possible there will be some opposition shown to the projected enterprises by people who are interested in having matters stay as they are, just as there was opposition to the scheme for the union of the cities, and as there is likely to be to any new idea of which the merits are not recognized at the outset. Under these circumstances it may be as well to show some reasons why there should be a license granted in Carleton, or three licenses, if there are that many people who are willing to invest their capital and devote their energies to the revival and development of what has of late years been merely a struggling industry on that side of the harbor.

Carleton has been dull and the streets have been as quiet as those of a village after dark. The advent of saloons in full blast would materially change all this and make them as lively as they were years ago. There might be a fight two or three times a week.

Carleton people now have to go to the time and expense of crossing the ferry to find a saloon, and the expenditure bears heavily on the working man.

The West Side now has to get along with only one policeman on duty at night. The opening of saloons would require the presence of several more, and the citizens would thus feel better protected. Where there is now only a sergeant in charge, there might need to be one of the so called "captains." It might be necessary, also, to enlarge the lock-up, and this would give employment to the working classes.

The Beaver line and other steamers give employment to a good many men who are paid in cash. In the absence of saloons a good deal of their money may be taken home instead of it being all spent, or they may even put some of it in the savings banks, thus withdrawing just so much from general circulation. The saloons would help to circulate it, and in time the saloon keepers might be able to build handsome residences, thus giving additional employment to the working classes.

As things now are, many young lads in Carleton are growing up without learning to drink, and when they are men will do little or nothing to support the liquor traffic so that fewer licenses may be needed, and the city will be deprived of that much revenue. The licensing of saloons would do a great deal to remedy this state of things and the question "Will the coming man drink wine?" would be no longer in doubt in Carleton.

There may be other arguments brought to meet the objections of those people who don't want to see things made lively around Carleton.

## ANOTHER OFFICE WANTED.

It is that of Immigration Agent and There Are Several After It.

There is another office that several people want. It is that of Immigration Agent held by Mr. Samuel Gardner.

The salary is not large, \$1,000 a year, but there is little or nothing to do. Properly filled, the office ought to be a very important one, for the idea of an immigration agent is such a man as Moses H. Parley was, who can make the country's resources known and not only circulate but prepare information to attract strangers to this part of the world. As the office now is, the agent simply has to look after the few immigrants who pass through and send out such scanty and miserably arranged literature as is furnished him, besides, of course, answering letters of inquiry. With this idea of an immigration agency, anybody can fill it. A year or so ago, the government decided to abolish it when the present incumbent went out, but this prospect of one less office filled the faithful with horror, and on the strength of representations of some prominent workers, it is still available as a prize. During the last winter Mr. Gardner has been quite ill and the has been a renewed hustle for the position. Perhaps that had something to do with the visit of Brother Kelly to Ottawa. Mr. Gardner, at last accounts was reported to be getting well again.

There are said to have been a number of appointments decided upon which have not been announced. The next week may develop something more in this line.

HAS A BUSHELL OF DOGS.

SUCH IS THE STATEMENT MADE ABOUT HALIFAX.

Bushell Catches a Stray Canine and Sells It to Some Advantage to Himself—The Claimants and What They Did—How One of the Worthy Foot Passed Away.

HALIFAX, Jan. 16—Halifax has a dog ordinance which does not work very well, or at least one phase of it is not worked well. It provides for a tax of \$2 per year on every dog which wags its tail within the city limits, unless it be owned by an officer of the garrison who keeps the canine within barracks. There is here also, one Thomas Bushell, a dog fancier. That citizen is armed with authority to gather in any non-taxpaying dog and place him in confinement. A notice is then to be inserted in the papers that the dog has thus been confiscated, calling upon the owner to come forward and pay the tax and costs. If no reply be forth coming notice is to be given of a public auction where any such unclaimed dogs are to be sold at public auction. This Bushell has confiscated many dogs but he has never inserted any of the notices called for, nor has he held the legal auctions. What is more, he is said only to lay his violent hands upon dogs of "the better class," and it is charged that he never troubles himself with anything so common as an ordinary dog.

Here is an illustration of the evils of the present workings of this dog law. William Duffus is one of the best known men of Halifax. He is a prominent member of the Halifax club occupies a leading position in "society" and is generally respected. Seven months ago he had an Irish terrier, a few months old. One day it disappeared and for seven long months it was unheard of. A month ago W. H. Cabot, a well known Barrington street dry goods merchant, was approached by Bushell who offered him an Irish terrier for \$10. Mr. Cabot demurred at the price, for the little beast was only skin and bones. But finally a sale was made on the basis of \$7 cash. Cabot bought the dog in good faith, for one month the terrier dwelt with the family of Mr. Cabot and the children became attached to it. Then Mr. Duffus called on Mr. Cabot and informed him that he understood he had an Irish terrier which he would like to see, as he had lost one seven months ago. The dog was shown to Mr. Duffus who stated his ownership of it. A week passed and then, one sad day, the place that knew the dog in Mr. Cabot's home knew it no more. It was a case of mysterious disappearance. Cabot heard that the dog was in Duffus' office. He went thither to see with his own eyes whether this were so or not. True enough there it was chained near a desk. Mr. Cabot asked Mr. Duffus for the dog and the upshot of the conversation was that Mr. Duffus told Mr. Cabot that he could take the dog away if he wished, but as soon as he did, the sheriff would be asked to replevin the animal. Mr. Cabot did not like the idea of enduring anything so terrible as a "replevin" so refrained from taking the dog with him.

He had a longing desire, however, to regain what he had paid so high a price as \$7 to Bushell for and the more he thought of the terrier in Mr. Duffus' office the more ardent became his longing to regain possession of it. At last he determined on a bold stroke. It was suggested that he might get a search warrant and accompanied by a policeman he might enter Mr. Duffus' office and carry away the living booty. The search warrant was soon procured and Mr. Cabot and officer Fitzpatrick repaired to the scene of canine captivity. There they spied the dog, as before, wearing his pretty little chain as a sign of bondage. Mr. Duffus was not in, and a clerk ran down to bring him up from the Halifax club.

When Mr. Duffus returned and was confronted with the policeman and the search warrant, his resentment at such a sight was not concealed. That is sufficient description of what transpired. The dog forthwith was taken to the city hall, and thither also repaired Mr. Duffus, Mr. Cabot and lawyers.

Then it appeared that there had been a mistake somewhere. Spendiary Fielding adjudicated upon the case. He asked Mr. Cabot if he was willing to take criminal proceedings against Mr. Duffus. The answer promptly came that he was not. Without delay his honor ordered that the dog be restored to Mr. Duffus, and it was so restored.

Thus Mr. Cabot was left to mourn the loss of his dog and of the \$7 he had paid to Bushell. The parties afterwards agreed to allow the matter to drop there the one pocketing the affront of the search warrant, and the other enduring the loss of both dog and cash.

The city authorities are wrestling with the problem of how to prevent inferior buildings from being erected on Young avenue, the street that leads from Inglis street down to the Point Pleasant Park gates. The avenue has recently been graded, the work being done with money bequeathed by Sir William Young, one of the greatest philanthropists Halifax has produced. Some enterprising candy dealer has already erected a small shop near the gates, and the city authorities have

risen to the emergency of attempting to prevent further disfigurements of a locality of which Halifax people are justly proud. Sentiment is with the city fathers in this matter. But how to go about the preventive work is the question. Some advocate the expropriation of the property by the city, who would then sell it under binding conditions that houses only of a certain class should be put up. A point committee of the city council and the park-commissioners have hit upon another plan. They propose to ask the legislature for power to borrow money to put a sewer in the avenue, but only on one condition, and that is that property owners there sign an agreement to submit all their plan for building to the approval of the city engineer. This seems a reasonable method. Give the avenue a sewer, but see to it, city fathers that you make your agreement sure enough that no mercenary property owner can find a loop-hole of escape, and the laudable object the citizens have in view be frustrated.

Could anything be more pathetic than the death of Mrs. Joseph Fisher one of the poor—God's poor. Six months ago she was made a widow. It was all herself and husband could do to keep the wolf from the door by their combined efforts and when she was left to battle alone the struggle became keener than ever to provide herself and three children with enough to keep body and soul together. "Jo" Fisher was well known to the printers of Halifax, and when he died they made up a good purse for the widow. Then the poor woman was pretty much forgotten. The hard work she undertook kept the heads of the little family afloat and no more. A few weeks ago she became ill but she was still able as she thought to do something. Sunday morning her struggle ended, so peacefully herself but so tragically for the three children. Her two little girls were in bed with her. Early Sunday morning Mary waked and as it was long after daylight she rose and lit the fire. She had looked at her mother and was glad to see her sleeping peacefully. She did some chores about the house quietly for fear of awakening the mother, happy to see her getting some rest, and little thinking that her mother had already entered upon that long sleep from which there is no waking on this earth. Then she went back to bed and was soon fast asleep beside her dead mother. An hour later the younger girl Annie woke and called to the mother. No response coming from the cold lips both children shook the poor body. Then beginning to feel some alarm they asked some tenants from another part of the house to come in, who at once saw the sad, or is it the happy fact that the hard worked and worn-out mother was beyond the reach of further earthly pain and sorrow.

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Tiles representing the great Dutch painters gathered in a long row, in a frame of dark brown polished oak. Rembrandt, or the jovial Franz Hals, Van Dyke or any one of the German musicians can be had in a single blue tile portrait, framed in oak for \$2, while long, narrow marine views, the daintiest of Watteau's shepherding scenes and lovely Madonnas in big tiles, or flat oval saques are shown in the blue and white in prices ranging from \$1 to \$20.

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STORIES FROM THE SEA.

THE SOURCE FROM WHICH THERE IS ALWAYS ROMANCE.

Incidents of Bodles Found Alone on the Ocean—Strange Tidings of Men Who Were Given up as Lost—Some Nova Scotia Vessels Supply Stories.

All romance has not faded from the sea, nor, indeed, has any considerable part of it, although this is the age of steam navigation and the romance of triple screws, of mighty horse power, and of narrow-watered, mastless racers has not come yet—though it doubtless will come some day. Rarely a week passes which does not supply some material of which sea romances are made. Frequently these come in the shape of an unfinished chapter from some unwritten sea tragedy—ofttimes merely a pitiful finale, with the preface unrecorded and unknown and the middle chapters to be guessed at only.

Such, for instance, is contained in the brief report made not long ago by Captain Messenger of the Nova Scotian bark Bertha Gray upon that vessel's arrival at this port. The report was made in the unemotional language of the log book, and read as follows:

"On June 1, while in latitude 35 degrees 15 minutes north, longitude 73 degrees 20 minutes west, passed a ship's boat full of water, with corpse floating about in it. Boat about twenty feet in length, American build, painted white inside and out."

No other information could be had, the vessel having simply passed the object in the locality named; but what other hints are needed to aid the imaginative writer to weave a romance around the fate of the lone castaway and to picture the form in which death came to end the torture of the sufferer?

There are many of the class who go down to the sea in ships who will not require much help from imagination to piece out the tragedy. From their own memories many can extract some vivid pictures of dire suffering, long drawn out; of slow tooted hours dragging by; an open boat drifting helplessly, manned by pale-faced, wretched castaways, to whom every moment brings the agony of hunger or the more maddening torture of thirst. With these, of course, help was near; but it lay beyond the skirt of vision and, in many cases, it did not come until the last dismal of hope had gone.

Somewhat similar to the case cited is that recorded by the Marine Journal of this city in a recent issue. A gruesome spectacle, the paper says, was passed at sea by the steamer Buckminster, about forty miles east-south-east of Cape Henry recently. It was an unclifted hand, raised above the water, with the fingers and thumb reaching out. The wrist and lower half of the forearm were below the surface. The hand and the piece of arm were swollen, as if they had been in the water for some time. The Buckminster passed close to the object, to see if it was attached to a body. It was probably the limb of a mariner lost at sea.

The story told by the officers of the bark Belpore, brought here by the cables and reproduced in a half a dozen lines, is in itself a condensed novel of the sea. A man falls overboard during the height of a Cape Horn gale, a boat is lowered and sent to the rescue, and, after many hours of waiting for the boat to return, the Belpore abandoned hope of rescue, and, being left short-handed, heads up the coast for a Chili port hoping to replenish her crew.

There are days of baffling head winds and seas, and heart-breaking work by a short-handed crew, and then, after many days, the vessel reaches harbor to find her own men who have been cast upon the waters. The boat had picked up the man who had fallen overboard, and, having lost the Belpore in the thickness, steered for the coast of South America. A north-bound steamship rescued the men, and landed them in port a few days before the arrival of their own ship.

And there is the story of the schooner Neva, recently recorded. That vessel, when she sailed from Jamaica, West Indies, for Providence, R. I., was a Nova Scotian vessel of new build and register. She had on board a valuable cargo. Off Nantucket shoals, where she had been driven by the gale, she found herself in a hard straits of weather. A dangerous leak was sprung, the pumps became disabled, and finally the men abandoned all efforts to free the craft of water, believing that she was hopelessly waterlogged. A distress signal was hoisted, and shortly afterwards the American bark Christiana Redman hove in sight and came to the rescue. The men of the Neva signified their wish to abandon that craft, and a perilous rescue was successfully accomplished.

Wate Laurie of the Redman, who had been watching the operation, took a long squint at the derelict after the rescued men had been brought on board his own vessel, and the observation satisfied him that the men of the Neva had been in too great a hurry to leave their vessel. He accordingly proposed to the captain of the Redman that he be allowed to make the attempt to bring the Neva into port. The captain had no objection, and the mate induced two seamen of the bark to accompany him.

The enterprise was a perilous one, but the three hardy adventurers finally succeeded in ringing their prize into port, and were handsomely rewarded for their work by the cargo money, which amounted to \$12,000.

Another is the story of the bark J. H. H. men and that vessel's mutinous crew. The voyage which brought her into history is as replete with thrilling situations and incidents as any ever evolved from fancy. The mate, after enticing the crew to mutiny, made a proposition to Captain Dauphney to run into Bermuda, ostensibly for repairs, start the water pipes after getting into harbor, then call a survey, and after the officers had gone aboard, have the ship pumped out, surreptitiously turning on the

water an hour or so later. That would have shown leaks enough to have justified the ordering of extensive repairs. As none were actually needed, the mate's scheme was to divide with the contractor who would pretend to do the work.

The captain was brought to a sudden realization of imminent danger to himself and ship by the outspoken villainy of his mate. The latter, encouraged by the silence of his chief, who had been too much taken aback by the astonishing proposition to make reply, then hinted of the money to be made by running the vessel ashore on a Bermuda reef, and taking the risk of getting what they could from the wreckers.

The story of the trip from the time when the captain was put on his guard—of how he narrowly escaped poisoning, his constant vigil to escape assassination, and the clever ruse by which he finally succeeded in defeating the plotters, keeping them in ignorance of their bearings, and making port at night—has with little addition, all of the material necessary for an exciting sea novel.

An entry made in the log book of the ship Cyrus Wakefield is full of meaning to the sailor man. The book says that "William Mitchell, chief officer, was knocked overboard by the spanker boom and hauled aboard by the deep-sea lead line. Ship under three lower topsails at the time; strong gale from the northwest; heavy sea running. Time, 1 o'clock in the afternoon. Latitude, 54 degrees 25 minutes north; longitude, 58 degrees 11 minutes west."

To the landman, that brief statement does not signify much; but the seaman will see in it a great deal that his shore-going brother will miss. There is the ship plunging and lifting over the swell—for swell there must be, since the vessel was under close storm canvas. The sudden cry of "Man overboard!" will come to him, and it requires only a small streak of imagination for him to see, in fancy the crew scrambling aft along the wet and swiftly sloping deck. It is impossible to lower the lifeboat, on account of the heavy sea that is running, and there is a glimpse of a pair of arms thrown in the air, to be lost the next moment behind a coming ridge.

A life buoy has been thrown to the swimmer, now far astern, and the line which was made fast to it is snaking in the water. The line gives out before the ship's headway has been checked, and the deep-sea lead line is hurriedly bent on and then thrown in coils over the side. The half-exhausted swimmer reaches the buoy, draws the circle under his arm, and a cheer goes up from his comrades as a litting wave shows him with the buoy around his body, and then willing hands draw him through the tumbling seas to the deck.

Turning to incidents of another sort, there is the account recently published, of the British steamship Carlisle being lost in a voyage of Cape Horn making a voyage from Rotterdam to this port. In mid-Atlantic the vessel encountered the ice pack, and for twenty-four hours threaded her way through the pack, which her officers estimated to be sixty miles in extent.

A spectacular incident was then noted by Chief Officer Benson of the Montreal steamship E. Norte. The officer observed a phantom fleet riding high in the air while rounding Cape Hatteras one warm spring morning a year ago.

Mr. Benson says that he realized that it was a mirage that he was looking upon, but the singular part of the illusion was the fact that every vessel was right side up. A well regulated mirage at sea generally reproduces images upside down. Officer Benson says that he courted twenty-eight schooners, and none of them was in the abnormal position.

According to the narrator, there was a long, low-lying bank of fog to the westward, and over this vapory sea was sailing the shadowy fleet. Only the hulls of some of the ships were seen, but others were clearly outlined, every spar and sail show distinctly. For two hours, Mr. Benson says, that weird fleet wheeled and circled above the fog bank, and then the sun dispelled the vapor, and the shadow picture faded.—New York Times.

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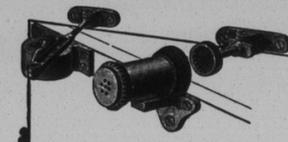
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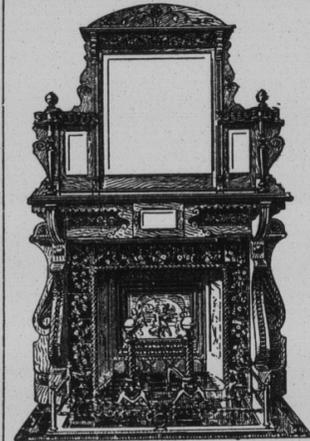
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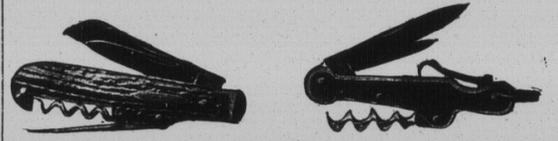
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**AGENTS WANTED.**

# Musical and Dramatic.

## IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The music loving public has had abundant opportunity for enjoyment during this coming week, and no one who could do otherwise would have missed hearing the productions of portions of "The Messiah" at Trinity church on Thursday evening by the Saint John Oratorio Society.

It has happened somewhat unfortunately that the work of the Oratorio Society having been produced on Thursday, coupled with other circumstances has for the present prevented such further notice as the singing on the occasion would justify. A preliminary knowledge of the facts however enables the remark that the change of conductor and organist on Thursday evening and which many of those present only then learned and wondered at was in every way justifiable. To reconcile everyone to this change at as it were the last moment, it only needs the explanation that Mr. Strand, the regular organist of the church, is in the hands of an oculist at present, and therefore the services of Mr. Collinson was secured as conductor while Mr. Ford took Mr. Strand's place at the organ.

### Tones and Undertones.

Miss Lillian Carlsmith, the contralto whose beautiful voice was heard here in oratorio and is well remembered, has joined Francis Wilson's company.

Martenius Sieveking, the Dutch pianist is causing his friends no little anxiety. His whereabouts are unknown. A paper says, it is supposed that he sailed on the steamer Paris on Christmas day, but his name did not appear on the passenger list.

Bell Walker, is the name of a child violinist in Massachusetts and Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker sang at a concert given a few evenings since as a benefit for the little one.

The German Opera season will open in Boston at the Boston theatre on 3rd February. "Lohengrin" will be the first opera.

Miss Gertrude Auld, is the name of a Californian soprano, who has sung with success in Paris and London and who will shortly be heard in Boston.

The following programme was given at a recent concert by Miss Antoniette Szumowska, the celebrated pianist, and M. Franz Ondrick, the equally famous violinist. The work of both performers was most highly commended.

Sonata, C minor, for piano and viola	Beethoven
Miss Szumowska and Mr. Ondrick.	Ernst
Concerto, F-sharp minor	
Frans Ondrick.	
Carnaval	Schumann
Miss Szumowska.	
Romance	Wagner
Fantasia: "Bartered Bride"	Ondrick
Frans Ondrick.	
Nocturne	Chopin
Etude	
Mazur	Paderewski
Campanella	Liszt
Miss Szumowska.	
"Witches' Dance"	Paganini
Frans Ondrick.	

Ysaye, the violinist is said to be in Russia.

Paderewski, has been entertaining his countrywoman, madame Modjeska, at supper.

Signor Perugini, a one time husband of Lillian Russell, is singing on the New York variety stage.

The twelfth rehearsal and concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra was given in Music hall, yesterday afternoon, Jan. 17, at 2:30 o'clock, and this evening, Jan. 18, at 8 o'clock.

Programme:  
Schubert Unfinished Symphony  
Brahms Concerto No. 2, for Pianoforte  
Beethoven Overture, "Egmont"  
Soloist, Mr. Ratael J. scfy.

Miss Carlotta DesVignes is to sing with the Handel and Haydn society in Boston next month. The lady is an intimate friend of Malba.

The first performance in America of Henschel's Stabat Mater will be given in Boston, the composer conducting, March 31. The Cecilia will sing the chorus role, and a large orchestra will assist.

"Il Trovatore" will be given at the Castle Square theatre, where "Faust" has had a three weeks run.

The management of the Castle Square theatre announces a special season of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas to begin some time in February. This is in compliance with numerous requests.

Albert Chevalier, the London music hall comedian, will receive \$12,000 for four weeks in the United States. This equals \$250, for each appearance on the Vaudeville stage.

"The Bostonians" are said to be considering a radical departure in their productions next season. Negotiations are being had with Massenet and Mascagni for new operas on the lines of true comic opera.

W. H. McDonald of the "Bostonians" goes to Europe early in June next.

Miss Minnie Palmer announced last week that she will be married on May 15 in London to the Duke d'Estrella of Navarra, whom she met at Trouville last summer. After the wedding she intends to retire from the stage. The Duke is 32 years old, and is said to be wealthy.

Seventeen musicians have been knighted by Queen Victoria during her reign, the first being Sir Henry Rowley Bishop, who received the distinction in 1842, and the latest Dr. Alexander Campbell MacKenzie principal of the Royal Academy of music.

The Cadets of Boston who are responsible for the production of what have been popular successes, are making strenuous exertions for the best possible production of their new burlesque "Jack and the Bean-stalk." Over one hundred members will take part in the burlesque.

### TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Katherine Rober, assisted by a company that is designated good support, and with the additional attraction of a brass band and orchestra, is to begin an engagement at the Opera house on Monday evening.

Clarence Handysides, who is remembered here as a member of Harkness' Company a few years ago, had a narrow escape from death a short time since. By some means, during a performance, he drank a poison instead of whiskey. Prompt medical attendance soon restored him however, and he was able to finish the play.

George C. Boniface, the veteran actor, at present playing in "The great Diamond Robbery" has played with most of the great stars of the past. He was the original "Uncle Tom" in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and appeared in that role in England.

Camille are becoming numerous on the stage in the United States just now, and the number will soon be increased. Netherole, Morris, Modjeska, Potter, and Bernhardt and Duse all essay this role.

Christmas brings to many persons numerous offerings but Madame Modjeska fared particularly well last Christmas. Many of her European admirers remembered her at the festive season with the result that President Faure, of France, sent her a magnificent emerald ring, M. Coquelin and Heer Barnay, the two famous actors of France and Germany, sent her, one, a solid gold card case, the other a solid silver make-up box. Other presents from prominent Americans were equally costly.

Mrs. G. H. Gilbert the veteran actress it is rumored, will retire from Augustin Daly's company and from the stage as well, at the end of this season.

"Madama Sans Gene" with Katherine Kidder in the title role, will be given its first Boston production on 17 February next.

Mrs. Potter and Kyrle Bellow have been appearing in "Charlotte Corday" in Boston, and Belle's "Marat" is said to be a wonderful piece of acting. They also appeared in "The Queen's Necklace" of which latter piece a critic says "The play despite all the talk about it, is decidedly mediocre and the acting at no time rose above the average."

The revival of the Boucicault dramas has begun at the Bowdoin Square theatre. "Arrab-na-pogue" was given last week and Sadie Martinot and Kate Ryan scored successes. Incidentally it will be interesting as well as curious to know the cast of this play when it was first produced at the Boston Museum in 1869. The cast was as follows: Charles Barron was the Shaun; Annie Clark, the Arrab, Fanny Marsh, the Fanny Powers, Frank Murdoch the McCool, Frank Hardenburgh the Michael Feeney and William Warren the O'Grady. Twenty-six years ago! The play was given many times afterwards, but that was the first Boston Museum cast.

Richard Mansfield was in New Orleans this week and in that city produced a version of Wyman's "The Red Robe."

A comedian in Chicago was so very funny recently that a man in the audience laughed so heartily he burst a blood vessel and died in a few moments.

E. H. Sothern is playing in "The Prisoner of Zenda" at the Boston museum this week. This play, Anthony Hope's novel dramatized by Edward Rose.

Madame Janaschek at leisure moments, works on a volume which she is engaged on, embodying her experiences of stage life.

### Depew's Southern Story.

Mr. Depew has a large collection of Southern stories, of which the following is his favorite:

"I went to a hotel in Georgia and said to the clerk:  
"Where shall I autograph?"  
"Autograph?" gasped the clerk.  
"Yes; sign my name, you know."  
"Oh, right here."  
"I signed my name in the register. In a little while in came some Georgia "crackers." One of them advanced to the clerk.  
"Will you autograph?" asked the clerk with a smile.  
"Sart'ly, mine's rye," said the Georgian beaming. "What's yours, fellows?" turning to the other "crackers."  
"The clerk treated with good grace. Then he leaned back and glared at me. I felt sorry for him, and was somewhat conscience-stricken.  
"Too bad," I said, "this is what comes from speaking a foreign language in one's own country."—New York Evening World.

# AMONG THE FLOWERS.

Words by H. C. ALLAIRE.

HARRY A. STEWART.



1. The gar - den gate swung to and fro, Then came a whis - per soft and low; And  
2. "He loves her so!" the rose re - plied. "Oh! here they come!" the vio - let cried, "He

said the lil - y to the rose: "That is her lov - er I sup - pose." Says  
holds her hand," the pan - sy said, And like the rose, she blush - es red," And

rose; "He comes here ev - ry day, I won - der what they have to say?" "They  
rose re - marked: "It is not right for us to lis - ten— nor po - lite— To

don't see us!" the jas - mine sighs, "Each looks in - to the oth - er's eyes."  
all their vows— and ten - der sighs,— Oh, dear! he kissed her— shut your eyes!"

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### Ma Was So Funny.

Miss Birdie McHennepin is one of the belles of Austin. Her intellect, however, does not tower into sublime heights, but, to use the cold language of truthfulness she is very much the same kind of a young lady that Gus de Smith is a young man. Gus de Smith not long since proposed in good faith, in a solemn, impressive manner, upon which Miss Birdie inaugurated a giggle, until Gus was very much disgusted, and, arising from his knee, his anger found vent in words. He was mad  
"Miss McHennepin," he finally ejaculated, "with me this is no laughing matter. Why should you see anything ridiculous about it?"  
"You must excuse me, Mr. Gus de Smith—really you must—for I am not laughing at you—really, now. I am not. Ma's so funny, you know. Really, she is just too funny for any use. I was laughing at ma."  
"At your ma?"  
"Yes, you see, ma told me only this morning: 'Birdie, you are so green that some donkey will take you yet,' and here you come—"  
But he was gone. It was he who banged the door so violently.  
"I wonder," said the deserted Birdie, "I wonder, now, really, if he is offended at what ma said. But, then, ma always was too funny for any kind of use."—Texas Sittings.

### A Noiseless Rubber Tire.

"The number of rubber tires in use on carriages," said an observer, "appears to be all the time increasing. Oftener and oftener now up town, especially at night, when carriages largely predominate and the sound of them is not blended as it may be by day with the sound of many other vehicles, you hear the clatter of horses' hoofs, but not the old time accompanying rattle of wheels. The cab or carriage has rubber tires. I am not so sure that I like this. I always did like the sound of a well built carriage, with everything about it keyed up snugly; no rattling or play anywhere, but with everything fitting nicely, and the carriage running easily and smoothly. The wheels of such a vehicle make music on the street pavement. I think I like that sound better than I do the noiselessness of the rubber tires."  
The Veeder Cyclometer.  
It has been the aim of the inventor to design a Cyclometer which would be accurate, durable, light, simple in construction, small enough to be inconspicuous and out of the way, and yet large enough to be read easily from the saddle.  
The case is turned complete from a solid bar of metal, and is closed by a tight-fitting disk screwed into the end.  
The crystal is of the finest quality of glass, carefully ground and cemented into the case

The hole for the shaft, which is the only opening in the case, is protected by a dust cap and felt packing so that the case is practically as well theoretically both dust and water proof.  
The figures are large, occupying the whole length of the case and are close to the glass; thus being very clear and distinct. They register 999 1/2 miles, and then repeat. The right hand ring shows fractions of a mile, being divided into eights by figures and into thirty-seconds by graduations on the edge of the ring.  
The movements are direct and positive. The reducing mechanism is a very simple and ingenious compound-differential combination of gears which has no small or delicate parts, and yet occupies a small space.  
No solder is used in the construction of any part of the Cyclometer.  
The reversible clip for attaching the Cyclometer to the front axle gives a wide range of adjustment.  
The spoke-pin is small and neat and cannot be knocked off accidentally.  
Each instrument is numbered and a record kept of its sale.  
They are carefully tested and fully guaranteed.  
Mr. Ira Cornwall has been appointed general agent for the Dominion.

WE RECOMMEND



We are showing a large assortment of the above

Celebrated Corsets,

together with the latest makes in Ladies', Misses' and Children's Corsets and Corset Waists; also the balance of our stock of Trimmings and Untrimmings

Hats and Bonnets,

at greatly reduced prices.

THAS. K. CANNON & CO.

17 King St.











ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1896.

PLAYING YOUNG PARTS.

ADA REHAN INSISTS ON DOING SO WITH POOR RESULTS.

Talk of the New York Theatres—Actors on a Skating Carnival—Tony Pastor to become a Continuous Performance Manager—Gossip of the Stage.

New York, Jan. 15.—There really is something pitiful in the way Augustin Daly persists in forcing Ada Rehan into juvenile roles. Less than a week ago, in "The Transit of Leo," Miss Rehan was roasted by nearly every newspaper in New York for assuming the part of a girl of sweet sixteen. And, yet, here in "The Two Escutcheons," the new play at Daly's, Miss Rehan dons her juvenile blonde wig once more, and appears again as a sweet, skittish young thing, whose eye teeth are still uncut. The combination of that blonde wig and Miss Rehan's buxom figure is almost tragic. She plays these girlish parts with all the grace and abandon of old, but the face and the figure have developed too much. Great art as she undoubtedly is, the public refuses to accept her in these parts any more. It really is an insult to her genius to ask her to play such a part, particularly when, in the opposite role, she is brought face to face with one of the most beautiful women that have ever graced a New York stage. I speak of Maximi Elliott. The town is full of stage beauties just now, but I have yet to see one of the British belles that can equal this American girl in truly regal magnificence of charms. I am sure that Maximi must spend her entire salary upon her wardrobe. In "Two Escutcheons" she wears two street gowns and an evening dress that are simply stunning. Besides

Marvells of Millinery. these Miss Rehan's clothes looked positively slouchy. Doesn't it seem strange that during the short ten weeks she spends in New York, the actress who has given the world its greatest Katherins, and whose Rosalind and Viola have aroused the enthusiasm of two continents, should be obliged to fritter her time away playing boyden roles in light frizzling German farces?

Apart from Miss Rehan's share in it I think that "Two Escutcheons" will be a go-through. The real hits of the performance are made by James Lewis and Edwin Stevens, as a Chicago pork-packer and a German baron.

Actors on Skates. Skates are a luxury in which actors sometimes indulge. Of course there are skates and skates. But it is really worth going to see an actor on ice, just for the mere novelty of the thing. I saw 500 of them on the ice at one time last week. Manager Falk, of the new Lexington Avenue Skating Rink, gave a performance of matinee, and really, I don't believe I have laughed so much in a whole year.

Jennie Yeaman was there, looking plumper and rounder than ever, and by George, how Jennie can skate. Henry Miller, the Empire's leading man, forgot his dignity long enough to make several circuits of the rink in graceful fashion, and snugly tucked away in one corner of the balcony I noticed Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon, looking as happy and unemotional as a couple of clams. Fay Templeton was there skating along like a heavyweight Trojan in the hopes of losing half a pound of weight, and Teresa Vaughn and Walter Jones, and all the other celebrities from "Excelsior, Jr." Jones proved conclusively that his legs are quite as nimble when they have blades attached to them as when they are in their natural state. All the English companies were out in full force, and it is worth noting that the best skater on the ice that afternoon was one of the English chorus girls from "The Artist's Model." In fact, nearly all the English actors who were there skated well. The skating craze has been rampant in London for the last two years, and they all seem to have profited by it.

Has Netherole Been Wise? Olga Netherole brought her engagement at the Empire to an end last week. At the last performance of "Carmen" it was almost impossible to get standing room after 8 o'clock. Why? Was it because New Yorkers were so crazy to see a really great actress? Not a bit of it. In "Denise" and "Erou Fron" and "Camille" they have allowed her to play to empty benches, but the fame of the kisses which she interpolates in "Carmen" has succeeded in doing what her genius had been unable to accomplish by herself.

It was those naughty, overheated kisses that the audiences paid out their hard-earned \$2 to see. I really think that Miss Netherole has made a great mistake in catering to the sensational element so flagrantly as she does in this part. The realistic love-making in "Carmen" will not find favor on the road, I warrant you that. For a time, purely by its sensationalism, it may prove a drawing card, but this performance is going to damage Miss Netherole seriously in the opinion of that great big American

public which has stood ready to accept her as the best English-speaking actress of her day.

If her manager, Daniel Frohman, had only played his cards properly, there is no reason why a year hence this young woman should not have held a unique position on the American stage—a sort of cross between the popularity of Mary Anderson and of Clara Morris. But "Carmen" has proved a false step.

Gentleman Joe is Ungentlemanly. And so after all the pow-wow and the how-de-do "Gentleman Joe" has come a cropper on its merits. I don't think I ever sat through a drearier performance than that at the Fifth Avenue. Since the first night they may have made some alteration in it for the better. It would be utterly impossible to make it any worse. My heart gives thanks to think of the cruelty of that law of fate which compels the Fifth Avenue orchestra to sit out that performance every night. The play is a hodge-podge of vulgar cockney slang and perflage. How any sane manager could imagine such a play would hit the American taste passes my comprehension.

Strange things often come to pass in the "show business," but Stage Manager Napier Lothian of "The Wizard of the Nile," has waited a good many years for surprise which greeted him on Friday night of last week. A girl, a very pretty one, too applied for a position in the company, but there were no vacancies. There happened to be, however, three girls absent on account of sickness, temporarily, and as the ranks of the Amazons would have looked rather thin, Mr. Lothian decided to put on some "extra" girls. So he hired this young person, took her to the wardrobe woman, and told her to fit her out for the first of the week. The girl insisted on dressing alone, but nothing was thought of that, and she was given a little room by herself.

When the performance was about to begin, she was on hand all right, and looked very pretty in the dashing costume the Amazons wear in the opera. But as she went on the stage Mr. Lothian noticed that she limped very perceptibly. She was to stand still most of the time she would be on the stage, however, so this was passed over and the girl took her place with the others. At the end of the first act one of the girls came to Mr. Lothian, and, in a surprised whisper said:

"Do you know what is the matter with that new girl?"

"Why, no," said the stage manager, "except that she limps a little."

"Well, I'll tell you," exclaimed the girl, "she has a wooden leg. Yes, there's no doubt of it. I hit her with my spear, accidentally, and expected to hear her yell, but she never noticed it, and I did it again on purpose, so it is both symmetrical."

(Symmetrical is the name for "pads") Then I noticed that it sounded like wood, and four or five other girls have also found it out.

Lothian was surprised, and when he had an opportunity, asked the girl if what the others said was true. She burst into tears and confessed.

Lothian was touched by her story, and offered her a dollar for her services that night. But the girl waved the money away.

"No, thanks," she exclaimed between her sobs. "I couldn't take it—it would be like obtaining money under false pretenses."

It is a long time since the work of an English actor has aroused such genuine enthusiasm as John Hare's performance of Goldfinch in "A Pair of Spectacles" at Abbey's. His work recalls Jefferson's methods in many ways.

Will McConnell has already begun work on "The Kaleidoscope," his musical burlesque, which is to follow "The Lady Slavey" at the Casino.

LESLIE WHITEHEAD.

Hold Fast This Truth.

Constant dripping will wear away stones. Constant reiteration impresses a fact on the mind. That is why we are continually repeating that Hawker's catarrh cure cures. It is a fact that should be ever present in the minds of those troubled with this disease, until they have ceased to hesitate or doubt and given the remedy a fair trial. When they have done so they will not only be cured themselves but able to direct others to the means of cure. Hawker's catarrh cure is a remedy that is easy to take. A pinch or two of it in the nostrils will relieve a pain in the head, and it knocks out a simple cold in the head quicker than any other known remedy. As it costs but 25 cts. per box, a trial of it is not an expensive process. It is within the reach of all. No sufferer from catarrh, and what a host of persons there are so afflicted, either in a mild or chronic form, can afford to disregard this word of counsel. Try Hawker's catarrh cure and test it thoroughly. In chronic and severe cases, where the general system has been greatly debilitated, a course of Hawker's tonic is also necessary. Those who use Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic along with the catarrh cure are restored to perfect health and vigor. Hawker's catarrh cure is sold by all druggists at 25 cts. per box. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic costs 50 cts. per bottle or six bottles for \$2.50. Both are manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ld) St. John, N. B., and really seen what they could do in the way

IN SEARCH OF WHALES.

STIRRING ADVENTURES IN ICEY ANTARCTIC WATERS.

Dangers in Hunting for the Rich Humpback Whale—It is Agile and Yields Better Oil Than Does its Cousin in the Greenland Waters—Odd Experiences.

It was in consequence of a change of hunt on the part of the sperm whale that the South Seaman Splendid, in which I was fourth mate, was fixed to spend a season in the Vanau group of the Friendly Islands. The Captain was quite disgusted at our ill success during the past six months, and, having heard equally discouraging reports from other whalers we had spoken, determined to try whether something better could not be done among the humpbacks about these beautiful islands.

Accordingly, a secluded bay in a central position of the group was selected for anchorage, easily accessible from all parts of the islands, and well sheltered from wind and swell.

Before dawn each morning all hands were called, and while the day was breaking a hasty breakfast was unwillingly swallowed. Very few people, I think, could make a hearty meal immediately upon rising at about 4:30 A.M. We had to eat it or leave it, for as soon as there was sufficient light for the purpose the hoarse shout of our chief resounded fore and aft, "Way boats."

We sighted our first fish on the second morning. We were jogging gently along through a somewhat narrow strait, admiring the wonderful vegetation clothing the steep shore from sea to summit. We had no idea of finding a fish in such a spot, but were taking a short cut only.

As we came abreast of a tiny cove or cleft in the cliffs the harpooner suddenly stiffened with excitement and he muttered "blow-ow-ow" in an undertone.

There in that little dock-like cleft lay a monster just awash, a tiny spiral of vapor at her side, showing her to be accompanied by a calf. Down came the mast and sails as if by magic, and in less than one minute we were paddling straight in for the cove. The water was smooth as a mirror, and the silence profound. A very few strokes and the order was whispered "Stand up" to the harpooner. Louis rose, poising his iron, and almost immediately darted. The keen weapon was buried up to the socket in the broad glistening side.

"Stern all," was shouted, and backward we swiftly glided, but there was no need for retreat. Never a move did she make, save to convulsively clutch her calf to her side with one of her great wing-like flippers.

We carefully approached again, the harpooner and officer having changed places, and, incredible as it may seem, almost wedged the boat in between the whale and the rocks. No sheep could have more quietly submitted to slaughter than did this mighty monster, whose roll to one side would have crushed our boat to splinters, and whose death struggle, had it taken place as usual, must, in so confined a corner, have drowned us all. Evidently fearful of injuring her calf, she quietly died and gave no sign. Case-hardened old blubber hunters as we were, we felt deeply ashamed, our deed looked so like a cold-blooded murder. One merciful thrust of a lance ended the calf's misery, and rapidly cutting a hole through the two lips of our prize, we buckled to our heavy task of towing it to the ship. We were soon joined by the other boats, but all combined made no great progress, and we had seven hours of heavy labor before we got the carcass home. Securing it alongside, we went to a hard and well-earned meal, and a good night's rest.

Cutting in the blubber next day was comparatively an easy task for us after our experience of the same operations at sea. During the progress of the work the ship was surrounded by an excited crowd of natives in their dugout outrigger canoes, waiting until we should have done with the mountain of meat. At last the final cut was given, and the mass sent scurrying, attacked on all sides by the natives, who made the surrounding islands ring again with their rapturous yells. Gradually they got it to the nearest beach, and the feast began. From far and near came the hungry ones, and fires innumerable blazed around where groups of natives, unable to wait till they reached their homes, gorged themselves to repletion with the unaccustomed food. The following day we resumed operations with three boats only, leaving a "trying-out" gang on board, to boil down the oil and dispose of it below.

Our next encounter was one afternoon about seven miles from the ship. We had seen and unsuccessfully chased several bulls, and were getting very weary of a game where the fun was all on one side. They just allowed us to fancy we had reached them, and then, when we were straining every nerve to give the harpooner his chance they would glide away from us so easily as to suggest that we had not really seen what they could do in the way

Boy's Clothing, Youth's Clothing, Men's Clothing.

THE best value in St. John. All New Goods this season. High Class, Ready to wear Clothing at very low prices. All our Clothing looks exactly like custom made goods. You could never tell it was ready made. The Fit, Style, Cut and general appearance is a long way ahead of the ordinary run of Clothing. Quality and good value characterizes all our Clothing. Be sure and see our stock of Boy's Suits, Reefers and Ulsters; Youth's Suits, Reefers and Ulsters; Men's Suits, Coats and Vests, Trousers, Overcoats, Ulsters and Waterproof Coats.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

of speed. At last we had given up the chase and were returning leisurely, when just under the ice of a small, steep islet we suddenly made out the fins of a whale about two ship's lengths ahead. The chief mate's boat was nearest the unsuspecting mammal, who was calmly reclining on his back just at the surface, lazily waving his arms in the air. Mr. Earle ran his boat right in between them, and his harpooner planted two irons in quick succession deep into the broad, white breast beneath him. The boat was at once driven astern with all the power at command, but it was too late. The infuriated leviathan rolled swiftly over, raising his tremendous tail in the air, and delivered a diagonal blow that would have crushed in the side of the ship herself. It just reached the boat's bow, and chopped off about three feet of her as cleanly as with a huge scythe. The mate saw the blow descending and immediately hove the line of the loggerhead in the stern round which it runs.

In doing so he accidentally cast the bight over the after-oreman's neck with a halt turn. Poor Peter snatched at it with both hands to free himself, but at that moment the whale plunged furiously downward, and our shipmate was snatched from our midst before we could realize what had happened.

The harpooner seized the boat axe and chopped the line, just saving the rest, which would have been probably all entangled in the gear and drowned with a sunken boat beneath them fast to so swiftly moving a whale. We never saw our shipmate or the whale again. As on a battlefield, there was no time for sorrow, though a great horror was over us all, this being the first life lost the whole cruise through.

We brought the other two boats alongside the smashed one, transhipped all her crew, and then, laying the steer oars across the two sound boats, lifted her bodily upon them. Then we flipped the jib around the gaping wound to keep most of the water out, and put four hands into her right after so as to cock her bow up clear of the water. We then took her in tow and sadly started for the ship.

We started again next day as usual, for nothing is allowed to hinder whaling when fish are about, except our inability to get after them. Our boat got fast to another bull about four in the afternoon some eight miles from home. We were quite fresh, not having chased all day, so we attacked with much vigor and fortunately got a couple of bomb lances planted in him before he commenced to cut any capers. Besides, we were over a large coral reef, and he wasn't able to sound (that is, go down) as usual.

In consequence of these favorable circumstances, it was only about twenty minutes after our first iron struck him before the vapor from his spiracles was tinged a deep crimson, and almost immediately after went his flurry. Round and round he tore, his huge body on its side and leaping half out of the water at every plunge, while these tremendous exertions caused the laboring breath to come through his fast closing spiracles with a hoarse belching whin to hear. It was soon over, and we speedily got a piece punched out of his flukes (tail) and the fluke rope passed. Then a fatal mistake was made. These whales must not be allowed to remain at rest one moment after death unless when chained to the ship. If they are, they begin to sink, and nothing can stop them.

Some little delay took place while preparing to tow, and our fish began to sink. Nothing could be done but to let him go, hoping that the water was still shallow beneath us. But we had got off the reef, and were now in twenty fathoms, with night coming on. It was hastily decided that we could not attempt to raise him until daylight next morning, and that one boat should stay by him all night, the other two returning to the ship and sending food by fresh crew. This was acted upon, and we were left to our lonely vigil. Was ever a night so long? Not to me at any rate.

The wind rose to half a gale; our position was very exposed and near the breakers, while the tremendous tiger sharks, some between twenty and thirty feet long, swarmed about us as though they would destroy our frail craft and feast merrily upon the shivering occupants. About 10 o'clock the boat arrived with food; not too soon, for not having eaten since 5 that morning, we were ravenously hungry. A hearty meal of yams and fat salt pork did wonders for us, and by the time the boat left us again we were quite cheerful. We had plenty of tobacco, and the most rigid of anti-tobaccoists would not have begrudged us the comfort we got out of the weed that night.

By daybreak the boats were with us again, and we commenced the enormous task of raising our whale from the bottom. It was done by lashing all three boats together and leading the rope that held him through the groove in the bow of the centre one. Then a watch tackle was clapped on and all hands laid back on it until we had started him upward. Once he was on the move the work became lighter, and at last the gleam of his white belly lightened the depths beneath us. But oh, our chagrin when we saw him. Truly the monstrous sharks had been busy at him all night long, for certainly they had devoured quite one-third of the hard-won blubber.

A whole week had passed without getting a fish or hardly seeing a spout, and we were all a bit weary of the monotony of our day-long cruising, beautiful though it was. Sometimes as the boat glided gently through the lagoon-like passages, the whole crew, with the exception of the coxswain, would strip to their hats and take to the water, like so many tritons and nereids attending the progress of some ancient sea god, or they would slip nooses of line over their shoulders and be gently drawn through the limpid, tepid wavelets without effort and attended by every sensation of a languorous bliss. During one of these periods of boyish enjoyment we suddenly opened up a bay whose shores seemed unfamiliar. The cliffs were very precipitous, but, as usual, heavily wooded.

Feeling that we might be approaching some new hiding place of the whales, all hands climbed on board and threw on each the two garments that completed his dress. Every nook was eagerly scanned for spouts, and hardly a glance was wasted upon the marvellous scene below. For here, indeed, was one of the loveliest of nature's pictures spread out in all that extravagance of beauty and dazzling radiance of color found in such lonely spots, as if intended for the pleasure of the Creator alone. Fish-like living jewels darted about in myriads through those subaqueous groves whose every branch was a miracle, over which a reverent soul might wander for a lifetime without exhausting its marvels. Suddenly a semicircular opening in the cliff wall opened up. We were sailing close inshore, with so light a breeze that the water was smooth as a mirror, and as we slowly neared the doorway it proved high enough and broad enough to admit a much bigger craft. Without waiting to think, we unstopped the mast and paddled gently in.

As we entered, the swell, imperceptible before, lifted us unpleasantly near the top of the natural arch, but we glided swiftly through without touching. There appeared to be a natural channel below corresponding to the doorway above the water, for the sea was here of an intense blue, and we could with difficulty see the bottom. Once within, great was our amazement. The cavern widened out enormously, and the roof rose, as near as we could guess, to a pitch of about sixty feet. We gently paddled on, guided by a soft suffused light that entered we knew not where, but made it possible for us, as our eyes got accustomed to the gloom, to see the configuration of the cave. Its walls were perpendicular, nowhere that we could see affording the slightest foothold. After a little paddling around, we concluded that we

had been inside long enough, and headed for the entrance, but it had disappeared. Then it dawned upon us that we had been here much longer than we supposed, and that possibly the tide had risen. For a few moments we sat and stared at each other in silence, each brain busy with its own view of the question.

Then our cogitations were brought to an abrupt termination by a most hideous, deafening roar, which reverberated through that mighty hall as if it would never cease. To say we were scared sounds weak. We were simply wilted, and for a moment felt as if all our faculties were dead except consciousness of existence. Then it came again, but the repetition restored us all to sanity, and life. We recognized the sound, but having never heard it before under such conditions, no wonder it took us by surprise. It was a whale spouting. He had come in after us, and was now doubtless trying to find his way out again. Suddenly he rose near us, and to our horror, our half-savage harpooner actually seized a lance and pierced his broadside. I am not going to attempt any description of the scene which ensued. All I know about it is that after what seemed a very long time, during which I was being teased about in a cylinder half full of water, to the accompaniment of a few earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, I found myself suddenly and unaccountably at peace again.

I know somebody said, "Oh, go on with the circus; I'm just beginning to like it," and I know that I smiled mechanically, but really all I could do for at least an hour was wonder at being alive. It was much darker than before, that is, above water, but below the water was ablaze with light. I said to myself, "That whale's dead or gone out, and these are sharks. If he's dead and down beneath us, there'll be enough sharks here in an hour or two to fill the cave." Well, all that night they kept coming, showing that the whale was there and dead, and if ever six poor men sat in such a den of darkness for ten mortal hours over such a tangle of writhing cannibals and came out of it with all their chance, I should like to know them and sympathize with them.—Good Words.

It is Always That Way. "John, you have been drinking." The words fell crazily upon the blushing man's senses. They were true. He could not deny them. And yet he wondered. On top of that little drink he had carefully placed one glass of ice water, two olives, three crackers, a liberal portion of cheese, two cloves, six grains of coffee, three spices, one soda mint, and in addition thereto he had smoked a cigar. It could only turn his head sadly away and say: "What's the good of anything?"—Judge.

What You Don't Know. Perhaps it would not be right for us to start in and tell our patrons what they don't know about our Laundry and Dye Works, but we have frequent acknowledgments from them that they would like to know how it is that we can make this thing and that thing look so nice. Whether they are after the secrets of our business, we are not prepared to state. However, we presume that they are caught with such astonishment that they merely used this expression as a little bit of taffy. We are very thankful to them, and trust they will talk the matter over with their friends.

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ARD'S OF PAIN. MENT

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wn Editor's imony.

reak too strongly nce of MINARD'S pain reliever. I myself for rheumatic results mended it to it is the REMEDY

MACDONALD, prior Chronic

DISSOLUTION.

BY GIVEN that the part existing between Ward Hayward, doing business at, in the Province of New Brunswick, and Samuel Hayward, who has been dissolved by limited for its existence. WARD C. PITFIELD, S. HAYWARD.

-PARTNERSHIP.

ious of forming a limited laws of the Province of New

firm under which such be conducted is W. C.

nature of the business in- facted by such partnership selling at wholesale of such usually bought and sold, by is, cloths, &c.

all the General and Special in said partnership are as

who resides at the City of Province of New Brunswick, and Samuel Hayward, of the County of Province, is the Special

Hayward has contribut- a thousand dollars to the con-

which the said partnership is the third day of January, 1896, and the said contract is the third day of

of January, A. D. 1896. WARD C. PITFIELD, S. HAYWARD.

BRUNSWICK, SS. RED that on this second day of our Lord one of and ninety six, before a Notary Public in and for the County of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, and Samuel Hayward, who has been dissolved by limited for its existence. WARD C. PITFIELD and Samuel Hayward, were named in the above-mentioned certificate of co-partnership, and that they deemed, lived in the said Certificate in respective act and deed and purposes therein ex-

Y WHEREOF I the said persons and my hand and seal the second day of 1896.

A. BELTLE, Notary Public.

HBB NOVEL.

There was an evening when she lay up on the Turkish divan in her boudoir, lighted only by the flicker from the open fire. She was stretched out supinely, after the manner recommended by the Delarte system, in which every muscle is limp and every nerve tensionless.

Sleep came not to her tired eyes, nor did forgetfulness relieve the painful pressure on her brain, the pain of a headache that had lasted for days. And all at once, in the semi-comatose condition, a subtle, splendid creature, a "new woman" with all the sweetness of the old, yet with a mysterious development of mind and soul which made her grandmotherly seems as flavorless as an anemone beside a lotus flower.

She saw the hero, a man big enough in head and heart to worthily win the strange woman, and they came together in a surrounding of other characters, clever, clear-cut and cunningly interwoven in a plot so intricate and yet so humanly probable that if it were written as she saw it the whole world must read and marvel.

There was only one possible point of doubt or question, and "That is, that I have thought of it," she said to herself in humility. "I will ask the Critic what he thinks of it when he comes again."

Therefore, when the Critic came in and found her with the headache burnt out with the excitement of her thoughts, she was surprised that he was no longer merciless but frankly admiring as she untold her plot.

"It is a novel, a wonderful one," he said, looking earnestly at her. The firelight fell on her face, making her pink cheeks glow more brightly and casting rosy lights on her shimmering gown of grey. "You have taken off your black gown. I like this better," the critic said. "But the novel. How did you think of it?"

"I did not think of it. It bloomed in my head as I lay thinking of nothing. Oh, Critic!" she cried, clasping her hands with the pleading of a child, "tell me to write it. Command me to write it."

"I command you," he said, half laughing; and then earnestly, "It is a novel, a fine one. It will be the novel of the year and one of the novels of all time. The next day she was well and strong, full of restless longing to write the novel. She conquered this last through eagerness she should make a false start. In the afternoon a telegram came from her friend the Editor, saying, 'Expect me to-morrow for a short visit.'"

Every day added a new sentence, an epigram or the light to the novel. Each of those the Critic approved, and it she said a clever thing she had to catch herself to keep from saying, "That is from such a chapter of the novel," so complete was it without her mind.

THE NARROW WORLD.

Something had happened. There was such a rosy flush on her cheek, so bright a gleam in her eye, and on his face such a rapturous abandon of joy that any one—even a man—could have guessed the truth.

Fortunately they had chosen the hill road, the least traveled of all the ways that lead down the Montecito Valley into Santa Barbara, and from the first half hour after the event they met no one.

"First of all," she said, breaking the silence of a whole minute, "you must tell my father." "Certainly," said the young man. "Who's afraid?" "You have never seen papa do the role of the cruel parent," said the girl. "He can be quite a dragon. As you are a kinsman, however—"

"A fifth cousin!" cried the young man, with a laugh. "Well, fifth cousins are better than nothing, aren't they?" "Truly. How else should we be here together?" Then the young man added, with peculiar and significant emphasis, "I am inclined to pride myself on that little scheme."

The girl brought her horse to a sudden stop and turned her clear brown eyes, half opened under their long lashes, upon her companion. "The little scheme?" she repeated, slowly. "I don't understand."

"The young man laughed uneasily. 'Why, Catherine,' said he, 'you don't mean that you have believed in the entertaining fiction about our greater-great-et-cetera-grandfather?' " "Old Ebenezer Strong!" exclaimed the girl. "How dare you call him fictitious, when I saw his portrait at my own grandfather's?"

"As your grandfather, my dear one, he is an undoubtedly reality—but as mine, I regret to say he is merely a figment of your worthy father's imagination. In short—I would fain break it to you as gently as possible—we are not fifth cousins at all, but just plain, ordinary—"

"Not fifth cousins!" "No, darling, and if you are going to faint, please fall on this side, with your head right here on my shoulder." "Richard Strong, how can you?" "I have a sweet and gentle disposition, and when he asked me if I was not descended from Ebenezer Strong, of West Brighton-Centre, and you looked at me so appealingly—"

"I didn't say such things." "Why shouldn't I assent? I have doubtless had several hundred ancestors named Strong, and I took the chances that some of them rejoiced in the phenomenon of Ebenezer." "You may laugh if it pleases you," said the girl, severely, "but if papa had known you were not a relative we should not be riding alone together. He generally disapproves of the Eastern people who pass the winter at the hotel."

"Now, as to your father," resumed the young man, "I think I understand him pretty well, because my one and only parent, the governor himself, is constructed on much the same plan. Wherever he goes he is continually surrounded by the lost tribes of the Strong genealogy. The last letter I had from him in Colorado, where he is passing the winter, contained the announcement that he had unearthed four or five new cousins—choice specimens, I doubt not, that he will expect me to meet and embrace on my way home."

"Perhaps it was wrong," he continued, after a moment of reflection, "to play upon the little peculiarity of your father to get into his good graces, but you must consider the extraordinary provocation, dear. It seemed like my only chance—are you sorry I took it?"

She looked her answer, but did not speak. And then, availing the hand extended to seize her own, she struck her horse a light blow and dashed down the road ahead. A long, even center in silence followed, and they were well into town, before the conversation began again. Then, fearful of observation, they spoke in commonplaces.

HEART FLUTTERING AND SMOOTH-ERLING SPELLS.

Quickly and Permanently Banished by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. One does not need to wait, if wise, until heart disease has developed to that degree that one hardly knows from hour to hour when he or she may drop dead. Those heart flutterings that a little excitement brings on, followed by smothering spells that seem as though they would prove fatal, are simply guide posts pointing to the grave; if ready and reliable measures to stem the disease are not taken, A safe remedy is always found in Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. It gives relief immediately, and even, without much of the medicine being taken, it completely removes disease. It is a heart specific, really wonderful in its results, but it cures heart disease only. Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

His Overwhelming Loss. The story comes from York county, from a strictly trustworthy source. The wife of a wealthy man died down there a few weeks ago. Her illness was prolonged, and no doubt expensive. But that was the poor woman's misfortune and not her fault. However, her thrifty husband cheered the final weeks of her life by regularly sitting down by her bed each day and detailing how much her sickness was costing him, striking a trial balance for the suffering wife's benefit every day. At last she died, and while she lay in her coffin the bereaved spouse, deep in thought, picked up one of the dead wife's shoes and carefully figured on its sole with a bit of chalk the sum total of what the sad affair had cost him. She's still dead, luckily for her.—Lawiston Journal.

PAIN IN THE BACK. A Certain Indication of the Lodgment of Kidney Disease. It is a mistake to suppose that pain in the back is a result only of a cold, and is more of a rheumatic trouble than anything else. It is evidence that disease has lodged itself in the kidneys, and the warning is plain, if further trouble is not to be taken on, that the pain must be quickly got rid of. There is no remedy we can so completely recommend as South American Kidney Cure. Knowing what it will do, there is nothing extravagant in the statement of Count de Drey, who writes from Neepawa, Man.: "During my travels I was induced to try South American Kidney Cure, from which remedy I received instant relief. I do not think it an equal." Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

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Use

He asked the way to Judge Weston's place in the Montecito. He said the Judge was a near relative of his.

"A near relative," groaned the horrified Strong, while his companion turned away her face, although whether to conceal a look of anguish or a laugh will never be known. The omnibus proceeded on its way.

"We must hurry," said the young man, spurring his horse to a canter. "The less time they have together before explanations are made the better."

"What do you think they will do?" asked the girl. "I don't dare to think. You see, on everything except this family tree business our respective parents are as far apart as civilized human beings can be. Your father, now, is an elder in the church, while mine has lost all the religion he ever had, and he has never recovered from the habit of using swear words, acquired during years of service in this regular army."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" "Really, Catherine," said the young man, when they had slackened their pace to climb the hills, "it would not surprise me if they positively refused to enter into partnership as father-in-law."

"Never mind, Richard," said the girl, smilingly. "Father has never yet refused me anything when my happiness was at stake—as it is now."

Strong shrugged his shoulders. "Mine has," he answered. "He is made of flint, the old General and if he should take it into his head to say no it would be awkward in ways I don't like to mention."

"Never mind," said the girl, smiling again, and lifting her veil to the rim of the jaunty sailor hat.

And a moment later the young man felt much encouraged, and the gallop was resumed.

On a slight knoll, surrounded by a grove of live oaks, and close to the avenue of old palms, there stood the ample residence of Judge Weston. As the young people came through the gate and entered upon the gravelled roadway, they observed two elderly gentlemen emerge from a small forest of rose bushes and start briskly down the path toward them.

The shorter of the two took his companion's arm and they walked along in evident peace and amity.

"They haven't found it out yet," the young man whispered. Judge Weston assisted his daughter to alight. "Catherine," said he, "this is General Strong, the father of your young friend."

Sunday Reading.

STRENGTH OF MANHOOD.

A Consideration of What is the Worth of a Man at the Present Day.

The following is a sermon by Rev. Charles W. Wendite, of Oakland, California.

Be thou strong, therefore, and show thyself a man.—I. Kings, ii., 2.

There never was a time when a man counted for so much as now. The barriers of birth, caste, privilege, and fortune have in a great degree fallen, and there is the ample room for the exercise of individual force. It is so in every department of life. We sometimes speak of the unlimited combinations of modern business life as crushing out the efforts of the individual worker. In some measure this is true. Social science and Christian sympathy are hard at work to correct this evil, and new ideals of equality and fraternity inspire the economic and political life of our day.

But penetrate beneath this system of monopoly of which we are complaining, and what do we find at the centre? A man! A human brain that has spun the meshes of that cunning web, a human will, sends its electric message along the lines of that wide reaching organization. Who keeps the stock quotations flying up and down the financial barometer? Who boards the gold in his coffers, controls the railroads and newspaper, consolidates the telegraph systems? It is a man, who is the very soul of the monopoly. Condemn him, as we often must, fight against the subtle fetters he throws around the common interest, yet there is something in the force, audacity, and enterprise he displays which challenges our admiration.

A man will make even a bad cause succeed for a time—yet only for a time. A bad cause bears in its bosom the seeds of its own decay, and final overthrow is the inevitable result of every attempt to set up human blindness and selfishness against the moral decrees of God. Though the iniquity may flourish for a season, it is predestined to final ruin, and often buries in its fall the very men whom its erection has already cost the better part of their manhood. When men come to understand better this inevitable moral ordering, we shall not find them giving themselves up, body and soul, as now, to the false worship of Mammon and self-aggrandizement.

Yet these very examples of greed, cunning, and unscrupulousness teach us with sad eloquence the worth of a man at the present day. These lordly speculators, monopolists, and financial magnates owe their pre-eminence to no favor of fortune merely. Rarely are they born into wealth, position, or power. Uneducated, friendless, unknown, they worked their way from the bottom to the top of the financial ladder, and made use of the circumstances and events of their time as so many rounds upward into fame and fortune. A host of feeble imitators look up in envious admiration, and seek to follow. They fall, not merely because they lack the qualities that make their prototypes temporarily successful—vitality, energy, persistence, self-denial, patience, courage, the foundation of all true manliness, and the conditions of all eminent success.

It is the same thing in all fields of human activity. We sometimes say there are too many ministers, doctors, editors, attorneys, and the like. But Webster spoke the truth when he said to the young lawyers: "Gentlemen, there is plenty of room at the top." The man determines the success of the newspaper, the amount of the fee; too often decides the case for his client before it is even tried. Or, is a college, a philanthropic institution, a church, in trouble? An empty treasury, empty pews, division among the members—forthwith the cry is raised: "A man wanted!" Where is the eminent educator, the gifted preacher, who will fill empty benches, heal strifes, and shame meanness out of sight? When creeds cannot produce harmony, when endowments and organizations fail, then the man comes in the holiness of helpfulness, lifts up the fallen torch of learning in the academic halls, or rekindles the sacred flames of religion upon the altar.

There is no need of further illustration to show that in all human wants, from the hiring of Patrick in our pantry to the election of a president, it is the man that really decides everything. This super-eminence of men over ideas and principles may have its discouraging aspects. It may seem as if truth and right ought to determine moral issues, and not personal influences. But as human beings are constituted, dependent on each other, with weak wills, that need to be braced by contact with stronger natures, with hearts that love and souls easily kindled to admiration and gratitude, it is not an intellectual proposition or an abstract principle only that is wanted. The idea, the principle, must be incarnate in a human life to assure the victory over error and sin. So, while we believe in ideas, we should believe still more in ideas incarnate in living men and women. The maxims of the philosophers may win our assent and yet leave us cold; but a noble personality, full of faith and power, quicken our feeble pulses,

clears our vision, lifts us out of doubt and apathy to faith and fervor, and carries us forward on the resistless tide of its larger life and hope. Ralph Waldo Emerson's serene and noble character is a diviner legacy to mankind than even his immortal writings. Longfellow gave to the world no sweeter poem than his own gentle, benevolent life. Fortunate is he who, in early life, has been attracted and inspired by some larger nature that came within the orbit of his mortal experience. Who that has ever felt the magic influence which a person of character and culture exerts on all about him will not thankfully confess the spiritual increase that flowed to him from such a contact? How it enlarged the scope of life for him, deepened its joys, lessened its trials, and gave him new readings of truth and duty.

The world's greatest need today is not more ideas, or more principles, but more manhood. What is there on earth nobler? Listen to Shakespeare as he tells us in sounding lines the glory and marvel of man: "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a god! The beauty of the world. The paragon of animals." Even so the psalmist, in inspired language, pays tribute to manhood, as if to remind us in our sorrow over man's frequent weakness and littleness how near he yet is to heaven and God: "What is man that thou art mindful of him? Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels and hast crowned him with glory and honor."

Such is man, conceived at his highest and best. As we mourn over the fallen fortunes and tarnished names of those we once honored and loved, let us not, therefore, despair of manhood. Let us remember that these fell, not because they were not men enough. They mistook their high calling, wasted their opportunity, and spent on the world the heart that was large enough for God and eternity.

For what is manhood? It is not so much native gifts as the power to rightly apply those gifts. The characteristics of manliness are an intense vitality, concentration of purpose, an energetic will, and a persistent courage. If a man has these, though his natural talent be small and his education limited, he has within himself the making of a man and the prime conditions of success in life. But there are other and still more essential traits in all true manhood—a warm heart, a quick conscience and a soul inclined to natural piety. These three things super-added to the robust qualities already instanced, are what determines whether one's manliness is to be warped into selfishness and insincerity, or to be harmoniously developed into a pure, generous, and beneficent life. A man may have all the other qualities of high manhood, and yet, lacking these, produce only a superficial growth that is without moral fiber or spiritual sap.

All manhood, to be truly, permanently, successful, must be at the disposal of character and subject to the refining influences of culture and piety. Without faith, without personal piety, there can be no high order of manhood. It is a noble thing to be strong and brave; to have a well-trained mind, equipped with the culture of the schools; to have a heart easily touched with sympathy. Nobler still is it when this is united with a high moral purpose, and to attain to the supreme poise of an upright, untemptable manhood. But when all this is still further blended and suffused with the ideal aspirations, the holy trusts of religion; when every heart-beat pulses in rhythm with the indwelling life of the world; when every service is acknowledged as a duty to God and our fellowmen, then we reach the consummation of manhood; then heaven comes close to earth, and our human weakness is made perfect in the divine strength. Such was the heroic virtue, the gentle grace, the loving helpfulness, the spiritual trust, of the man of Nazareth. As we roll back the curtain which centuries of misapprehension and selfishness have drawn before his inspiring personality, we see him standing on the threshold of the ages in all the majesty and peace of his transfigured, glorified humanity. And as we do so, there comes to us with new meaning and force, the word of the scripture: "Ecce Homo! Behold the man!"

LETT'S HIGHEST PRIZE.

Character is the one Possession That Men Should Seek to Gain.

Character has been defined as the joint product of nature and nurture. Nature gives the raw material, character is the carved statue. These materials include the racial endowments, temperament, degree of vital force, mentality, aptitude for tool or industry, for art or science. These birth-gifts are quantities, fixed and unalterable. No heart-rendings can change the two talent man into a ten talent man. No agony of effort can add a cubit to the stature. The eagle flies over the chasm as easily as an ant crawls over the crack in the ground. Shakespeare writes Hamlet as easily as Tupper wrote his tales. Once an oak, always an oak. Care and culture can thicken the girth of the tree, but no degree of culture can cause an oak bough to bring forth figs instead of acorns. Rebellion against nature and circumstance is sure to end in the breaking of the heart. Happiness and success begin with the sincere acceptance of the birth-gift and career God has chosen. But since no man can do his best work save as he uses his strongest faculties, the first duty of each is to march out the line of least resistance. He who has a genius for moral themes

but has harnessed himself to the plow or the forge, is in danger of wrecking both happiness and character. All such misfits are fatal. No farmer harnesses a fawn to the plow, or put an ox into the speeding wagon. Life's problem is to make a right inventory of the gifts one carries. As no carpenter knows what tools are in the box until he lifts the lid and unwraps one shining instrument after another, so the instruments in the soul must be unfolded by education. On a is a world where the inventor accompanies the machine with a chart, illustrating the use of each wheel and accompaniment. But no babe lying in the cradle ever brought with it a handbook setting forth its mental equipment and pointing out its aptitude for his occupation, or that art or industry. The gardener plants a bulb with perfect certainty that a lily will come up, but no man is prophetic wise enough to tell whether this babe will untold into quality of thinker or doer or dreamer. To each nature whispers, "Un-sight, unseen; hold fast what you have." For the soul is shadowless and mysterious. No hand can carve its outline, no brush portray its lineaments. Even the mother embosoming its infancy and carrying its weaknesses, studying it by day and night through years, sees not, she cannot see, knows not, she cannot know, into what splendor of maturity the child will unfold.

Man beholds his fellows as one beholds a volume written in a foreign language; the outer binding is seen, the inner contents are unread. Within general lines phrenology and physiognomy are helpful, but it is easier to determine what kind of a man lives in the house by looking at the knob on his front door than to determine the brain and heart within by studying the bumps upon face and forehead. Nature's dictum is, "Grasp the handle of your own being." Each must fashion his own character. Nature gives trees, but not tools; forests, but not furniture. Thus nature furnishes man with the birth materials and environment; man must work up these materials into those qualities called industry, integrity, honor, truth, and love, ever patting after that ideal mar, Jesus Christ.

The influences shaping nature's materials into character are many and various. Of old, the sea likened the soul unto clay. The mud falls upon the board before the potter, a rude mass, without form or comeliness. But an hour afterward the clay stands forth adorned with all the beauty of a lovely vase. Thus the soul begins a mere mass of mud, but hands many and powerful soon shaped it into the outlines of some nobleman or woman. These teachers include home, friendships, occupations, travel, success, love, grief, death.

But when friendship and love have enriched man, deepened all the secret springs of his being, when grief hath refined and suffering mellowed him then God sends the ideals to stimulate man to new achievements. An ideal is a pattern or plan held up before the man's eye for imitation, realization, and guidance. In the heart's innermost temple of silence, whether retired friend nor enemy may ever come, there the soul unveils its secret ideal. The pattern there erected is that which man is and prophecies what he shall be. "No political alchemy," said Herbert Spencer, "can we get golden conduct out of leaden instincts." Therefore must that pattern held up before the mind's eye be of the highest and purest. The legend tells us that the master approached what man is and prophecies what he shall be. "No political alchemy," said Herbert Spencer, "can we get golden conduct out of leaden instincts." Therefore must that pattern held up before the mind's eye be of the highest and purest. The legend tells us that the master approached what man is and prophecies what he shall be.

Thus by his inner aspirations man lives and builds. The vision before reason reveals to the toiler a better tool or law or reform, and the realization of these visions give social progress. The vision of conscience reveals new possibilities of character, and these give duty. The vision of the heart reveals new possibilities of friendship and these give the home. As the sun standing upon the horizon casts its light first in each dewdrop, and afterwards lifts the whole earth forward, so the ideal reveals itself, first in the individual hearts, and afterward lifts all society forward. Thus into man slowly building up his character comes the supreme ideal, when Jesus Christ stands forth in all his untroubled splendor. He is no empty abstraction, no bloodless theory, but one of our house, of our own body and breath, yet marred by no weakness, scorched by no sin, tossing back temptations as some Gibraltar tosses back the sea's billows and the bits of drifting wood. Strong he emboldens his strength in the day of battle, and bore himself like iron. He was so gentle that his white hand felt the fall of the rose leaf, while he inflicted his gianthood to the needs of the little child. Nor could he be holden of the bands of death, for he clove a pathway through the grave, and made death's night to shine like the day. "I have but one passion," said Tholuck. "It is he! It is he!" As Shakespeare first reveals to the young poet his rich riches of imagination, as Raphael first unveils to the young artist the possibilities of color, so man knows not his infinite capabilities until Jesus Christ stands forth in all his untroubled splendor. Having him, man has not only his teacher and savior, but also his master, and model, fulfilling all the needs of the highest manhood and character.—Rev. N. D. Hillis.

LIVING BY PRAYER.

Illustrations of the Remarkable Faith Shown by George Muller.

On Friday last, writes a correspondent of the Christian World, I walked through one of Mr. Muller's five great orphanages, Ashley Downs, Bristol, and had the privilege of conversing with the venerated founder and head of the orphanages. He is now over ninety years of age, but he looks as fresh as a man in his seventies. He bears no obtrusive sign of feebleness or decrepitude; he needs no stick to lean

upon; and he walks with a firm, easy step which suggests that he has still a good reserve of available energy. He speaks without faltering, an occasional 'd' sounds in place of 'th', reminding one of his German nationality. His face, far from showing a trace of worry or dismay as a result of his immense responsibilities and daily cares, is as placid and refreshing to look upon as a cool and shady lake on a hot summer day. His personality does impress one, as being powerful. He has probably never been perplexed with questions of merely intellectual or philosophic interest. His life problems have been of a far different kind. For over sixty years he has wrestled with God in prayer many times daily—in periods of dark trial he has scarcely been off his knees, and he has called no mortal aid to help him in his extremities. He feeds over two thousand orphans on Ashley Downs morning, noon and night, and he has usually a good many baskets, left over. He receives his supplies miraculously as Elijah got his food. He is our nineteenth century prophet, telling this doubting generation that the age of miracles is not past and gone, and that there is a God who both bears and answers prayer. Summer and winter, he rises at half-past six. At a quarter to eight he begins the task of going through the letters; and at ten o'clock he is waited upon by nine assistants, to whom he gives instructions. He preaches twice every Sunday and occasionally speaks at Bristol during the week. Since he began his great life work he has received about a million and a half of money for his orphans, and another quarter of a million for the other missionary work he directs, without having asked or hinted that he wished or needed a penny from any one. It is interesting to remember, in view of the achievements of this single God-helped man, that he broke a blood vessel in his youth and was exempted from service in the German army because he was too weak and had a tendency to consumption!

In the course of our conversation, I said to Mr. Muller that in my younger days I used to pray and believe I got direct answers, but as I grew older I got to fancy the answers must simply be coincidences. "Ah," broke in Mr. Muller, "you had lost the simplicity of childhood." "Then," I continued, "as I began to think things out and have deeper religious experience, I believed that God's will was established in everything, and that prayer was simply a surrendering of man's individual will to God's and placing one's self in harmony with the divine will in everything. But you go a step further," I said to Mr. Muller, "and pray for the direct divine interposition in the affairs of ordinary daily life." "Yes," replied the aged saint, smiling, "how could I do otherwise?" Then he drew his chair nearer mine, and as we sat face to face he instructed me affectionately in the following homily; I reproduce it as faithfully as my memory will allow: "The first essential to effectual prayer is simple faith and child-like trust in God, unmixing with our own thoughts and fears. Secondly, you must find out what is God's will concerning the object of your petition, and if you are inexperienced in spiritual things, you may seek instruction from some good and holy man who can help you. I might pray to God to make me a duke or a wealthy man or a learned literary gentleman, but to grant an answer to such prayers might be pernicious to me, and God would not answer it because he loves me. We must seek to ascertain what would be well pleasing to God, and to be free from all mere self-seeking in our prayers. Third, we must approach God, not pleading any merit of our own, nor we are asked, and only deserve punishment. We must plead the merit of Jesus Christ alone. Then, when we are sure our petition is a righteous one and when our inner conscience tells us that it cannot be otherwise than praying—never giving up. Many people lose the blessing or delay the answer because they do not persevere. Perseverance is the conversion of their children, and they lose heart if they have prayed apparently in vain for one or two or three years, or five years; but I have prayed twenty years before I got an answer even thirty and thirty-five years. And two gentlemen—I have prayed for their conversion for twenty years." "And they are alive still?" I inquired. "Yes," replied Mr. Muller; "they are alive still, and I know my prayer will be answered even though I may not be spared to see the answer. I know I shall meet them in heaven. My God never disappoints me or sees me confounded. I have had thousands and thousands of answers to my prayers. When we begin to pray we must be in earnest about it, and hold on until we have got the answer. Our prayers must be persistent. I have not been free from periods of sore trial and perplexity. Sometimes when £30 per day was needed to pay our current expenses only £23 would come in, and when we might require about £700 per week only something like £120 would come in. But we did not falter or stop. We went on, never doubting that the supplies would come, and they always have come. And I thank God that the times of my greatest trial have been, next to my conversion, the periods of greatest blessing to my soul."

FACING THE MORNING.

How we Should Feel in Regard to the Past Year and the Present One.

"Forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before."—Philippians, iii., 13. The midnight of 1895 has given place to the day-dawn of 1896. It would manifest but little wisdom if we should be found peering sadly into the gloom of the past, fretting ourselves about the water that, being spilled, can never again be gathered up; concerning ourselves about the ghosts of the midnight and the darkness while the

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stars of sunrise are melting into the serene glories of a new-born day. The past is past! An ocean of tears and a whirlwind of sighing will make no change in the fixed, unalterable past. Our business is with the present and the future. Let the dead past bury its dead. The prophet with the shining forehead ranging the mountain tops of time in answer to the world's anxious question, "What of the night, watchman, what of the night?" surveys the broadening heavens and answers back: "The morning cometh!" Our faces should be turned to the rising, not the setting sun. Forgetting the things that are behind and all the days that are gone we should stretch out the strong hand of faith to the things that are to come. Memories of past failures dwell upon too moodily may prove only stumbling blocks in the way of progress. Memories of other days wisely cherished may prove stepping stones in the way to help us upward along the mountain steps of progress. With our faces to the morning we shall catch the light and inspiration of the coming time. God has revealed himself in wonderful ways in the universe. We go twist things out of shape and sense! "The permanent interest of every man," says Emerson, "is never to be in a false position." Let every giver and receiver of presents bear this ever in mind. Life is truth.—M. M. Mangasarian.

In the Hindoo's Creed.

"Those simple hymns which, up to the present day, are regarded by the Brahmans," as Max Muller has said, "with the same feeling with which a Mohammedan regards the Koran, a Jew the Old Testament, a Christian his gospel," those hymns of the true ancestors of our race, in which we study the first beginnings of our language, take us into a purer air than we can elsewhere breathe in the temple of Hindooism. And I would mention, as perhaps the most important contrast between the Jewish and the Christian scriptures on the one hand, and the Hindoo on the other, that, in the former, we have a continuous, or substantially continuous, growth in doctrine, a development from the lower to the higher, from the less perfect to the perfect; while in the latter there is a woeful and sometimes swift degeneracy, a decline from the loftiness and purity of earlier thought and aspiration. I would not deny, I gratefully confess, that Hindooism has been a reservoir which in all ages has contained a variety of religious ideals, which are of supreme value. Hindooism has given us profound teachings concerning the sinfulness and spiritual weakness of man, the necessity of an incarnation, the value of prayers and self-sacrifice, the immortality of the soul, the supremacy of divine intelligence. It has offered comforting words concerning the divine goodness and sympathy. We find in it promises of a better age, "which, no doubt, cheered many a heart crushed with a load or torn with the contradictions of life." But how feeble, imperfect, unauthoritative and meagre seems all this teaching compared with what has come to us through Biblical history! With the Hindoo all is speculation, dream; but with the Christian truth has been disclosed in connection with historic facts.—Rev. J. H. Barrows.

Giving and Receiving.

In the largest sense, a gift is the discharging of an obligation, the paying of a debt. "Noblesse oblige." Friendship is a kind of sweet slavery. Love is a silken yoke which presses us into service. The objection that love and friendship are independent of the medium forms I have

mentioned is hasty and superficial. Love has its technic as music. There is a code of friendship as there is one of morals. There are no blind friendships or free loves. The subtlest and most spiritual intimacies are subject to law. The flame must be fed with fresh fuel, else it will waste and blow out. Likewise, to keep the coals of fire aglow we must occasionally throw incense on them, or fan them with the warm breath into brightness. It is not enough to have love. It must be expressed, translated into the vernacular, the people's tongue—that is to say, the love must become a thing, a shake of the hand, an embrace, a kiss, a gift. But, like everything else, this beautiful institution is somewhat perverted. "Per- version" is the deadliest word in our language. The perversion of friendship into a commerce, a "give and take," or a "buy and sell," into policy and calculation, into fashion and hypocrisy, is the unpardonable sin, the sin against the holiest thing in the universe. We go twist things out of shape and sense! "The permanent interest of every man," says Emerson, "is never to be in a false position." Let every giver and receiver of presents bear this ever in mind. Life is truth.—M. M. Mangasarian.

Yesterday and Tomorrow.

Tomorrow wins no successes that yesterday did not plan. Tomorrow is only the same feeling with which a Mohammedan regards the Koran, a Jew the Old Testament, a Christian his gospel," those hymns of the true ancestors of our race, in which we study the first beginnings of our language, take us into a purer air than we can elsewhere breathe in the temple of Hindooism. And I would mention, as perhaps the most important contrast between the Jewish and the Christian scriptures on the one hand, and the Hindoo on the other, that, in the former, we have a continuous, or substantially continuous, growth in doctrine, a development from the lower to the higher, from the less perfect to the perfect; while in the latter there is a woeful and sometimes swift degeneracy, a decline from the loftiness and purity of earlier thought and aspiration. I would not deny, I gratefully confess, that Hindooism has been a reservoir which in all ages has contained a variety of religious ideals, which are of supreme value. Hindooism has given us profound teachings concerning the sinfulness and spiritual weakness of man, the necessity of an incarnation, the value of prayers and self-sacrifice, the immortality of the soul, the supremacy of divine intelligence. It has offered comforting words concerning the divine goodness and sympathy. We find in it promises of a better age, "which, no doubt, cheered many a heart crushed with a load or torn with the contradictions of life." But how feeble, imperfect, unauthoritative and meagre seems all this teaching compared with what has come to us through Biblical history! With the Hindoo all is speculation, dream; but with the Christian truth has been disclosed in connection with historic facts.—Rev. J. H. Barrows.

A Costly Church.

The Church of Our Saviour at Moscow was completed only a few years ago, and surpassed in beauty any church of modern times. It was built to commemorate the deliverance of Moscow from the French, and it cost about 4,000,000.

A Message from God.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God, in him will I trust."—Psalm 91: 1, 2.

NOTCHES ON THE STICK.

TWO WRITERS WHO OWN CANADA AS THEIR HOME.

Patriot Pays a Tribute to Wickstead and LeMoine—Somewhat about the New Laureate—Reminders of Whittier and Anti-Slavery Times.

It is our happy fortune to have known a few men who reconcile us to the late autumn and frosty winter of our age, if they shall ever arrive. Old men, who grow old without gruesome physical decay, and without spiritual or intellectual decrepitude, who ripen and grow beautiful with years, and who disclose their selectest treasures after the time has come when we suppose the cabinet of thought and invention may be sealed forever. Such are as genuine a satisfaction to us as may be found in all the promise of youth and the strength of maturity. They show us that cheerfulness, intelligence, and hope, are not the exclusive properties of such as are in the twilight of good or ill; and that a progressive spirit, and a constructive mind, may be manifest under the grace of silver hairs. Foremost of the Nestors we have in mind is our sagacious and genial friend "W.," who has not yet learned to stoop under the weight of more than ninety years. No chimney-corner somnolence has yet not claimed him, nor is he wrapped in dreams of the vanished years; but Ottawa is the witness that he still lives, with a vigor and brightness of spirit, and a heartiness, which makes him "the wale of old men." Few men can be found to day, in any land, who at his period of life, are able to discuss with acumen the questions that concern our time,—but "W" is one of them; and his "wails," in the Week, and other journals of Canada, command attention as well as respect, for his carefully matured opinions are always expressed with brevity and point, and with the cheerful courtesy which marks a gentleman. In a recent article he discusses religious teachings in the schools, and advocates ethical teaching as preferable. He writes:

Bringing to our eyes and ears for an hour of two and then will never do. The difficulty may be lessened a little where separate schools are provided for Roman Catholics and Protestants; but Protestantism suffers among these very great; and as it would be inconvenient that the same day and hour should be allowed for the absence of all its pupils from the other school work, and each sect would require a separate room, your suggestion of voluntary schools seems the only alternative. It would be unjust to compel a man to pay taxes to support a school which he could not conscientiously send his children, in Manitoba or in any other province. Let us then have the teaching of religion to parents and clergymen; but by all means let every school teach morality, as suggested in my former letter, the teachers carefully explaining the commandments and laws I have mentioned, so that the pupils may respectively apply them to their conduct in that state of life to which it shall please God to call them.

Another gentleman, (a well-known Canadian writer,) who grows actively and gracefully old, is "Jonathan Oldbuck," who reads for us the legends of "Maple Leaves"—alias, J. M. LeMoine, F. R. S. C., of Spencer Grange, Quebec. He is a living chronicle of the most romantic and historic city of Canada—I had almost written of America. "Few have had such opportunities," writes a brother author, Wm. Kirby, "as Mr. LeMoine for studying the lights and shades of the old Province of Quebec. His early training, social entourage—love of books—antiquarian tastes and familiarity with the French idiom; his minute explorations by sea and by land of every nook and corner of his native province and even beyond it, the whole jotted down by day in his diary, naturally furnishes him with exceptional facilities to deal with Canadian subjects in a light or in a serious vein." Mr. LeMoine is a well-known figure in the streets of his native city, a patriarch of the literary and social assemblies there, and the dicerone and entertainer of many a celebrated guest who visits Stadacona. His fine presence and cordial spirits can but brighten and adorn any society; and his lips seem to give a voice to the stones of the street, and the walls that encompass that home of history wherein he dwells. For nearly fifty years he has been in the public service; having, while yet a young man, been appointed to succeed his father in the Department of Inland Revenue, of which he is the Superintendent for the Eastern section of the Province of Quebec. He finds his official duties absorb his time and attention quite exclusively at certain seasons, while at others he is allowed considerable leisure for favorite studies and recreations.

William Watson, who has a Wordsworthian passion for upbraiding England in strident sonnets, has incurred a poetical rebuke from his friend, the recently appointed laureate, Alfred Austin. He thus addresses the doubting spirit in the tone of confidence that Mother England will do the right thing at the right time: "Shut not your eyes, nor any child of song. Must sound the hour the friendship to befriend, And with unmitigated justice read The ensanguined trappings from the Rod of Wrong, I, too, cry out, 'How long O Lord, how long I shall behold assault and not one plume defend?' But God's great patience never comes to end, And, by long-suffering, vengeance grows more strong. So from unreasonable chidings cease, Implore to her who bears within her breast Walls from the East, and clamors from the West. May should the clamor and the wails increase, Firm in the faith she knoweth what is best, Keep you to-night the Festival of Peace."

\*Quoted from W. Wickstead Q. C.

Yet we honor Watson, and would clasp the hand of him the closer for his burning heart against wrong, and his truly British detestation of oppression. We doubt if it is the special time to sing smug lays, and prophecy security, even while we protest against unrighteous war. Much we like his greeting to the United States, since the cloud began to darken—the cloud we hope which is melting speedily away:—

O, to 'ring daughter, Tean of the West! Behind a thousand leagues of foam secure; Then toward whom our truest heart is pure Of ill intent, although thou threatenest With most unkind hand thy mother's breast; Not for one breathing space may earth endure The thought of war's intolerable care For such vague pangs as vex today thy breast, But if thou hast more strength than thou canst spend In tasks of peace and flout her yoke too tame, Help us to smite the cruel, to befriend The succorless, and put the false to shame. So shall the ages last thee, and thy name Be lovely among nations to the end.

It is a fiery and generous spirit in a frail body, often overborne; but the harp, if sometimes jangled, is capable of some of the sweetest harmonies that are being uttered in our time. He would not have dishonored the Laureate's office had he been appointed to it. Very gracious and brotherly is Alfred Austin's address to the citizens of that broader England extending to the uttermost parts of the earth. It forms a portion of his volume, "In Veronica's Garden," and is entitled, "Peace On Earth":

But not alone for those who still Within the mother-land abide, We deck the porch, we dance the still, And fling the portals open wide. But unto all of British blood— Whether they cling to Egbert's throne, Or far beyond the Western flood, Have reared a sceptre of their own. And, half-remembered, yearn to win Their way back home, and fondly claim The rightful share of kith and kin In Alfred's glory, Shakespeare's fame— We pile the logs, we troll the slave, We wash the tidings wide and far, And speed the wish, on wind and wave, To Southern Cross and Northern Star.

Yes! Peace on earth, Atlantic strand! Peace and good will, Pacific shore! Across the waters stretch your hand, And be our brothers more and more! Blood of our blood, in every clime; Race of our race, by every sea; To you we sing the Christmas rhyme, For you we light the Christmas tree.

Mr. Austin's appointment to the laureateship is freely criticised by the honorable body of journalists, of which he is an active member,—being an editorial writer on the London Standard. Is it due to the connection of so many present-day poets with the hurried work in the sanctums of the mammoth, closely packed dailies, that the slap-dash, rough-shod style of verse has come so into vogue, and that finish is an art we talk about, but do not attain? Like Miss Rosa Darlie, we ask for information.

Another of the links that bound us a little closer to the age of Burns has dropped away, in Archibald Campbell, nephew of Highland Mary, who died recently at Gourack in the home of his step-son, Capt. Kerr, in his 83rd year. For many a day he was a well-known figure in Greenock, and foremost in the counsels of the earliest Burns Club in Scotland, and the world; and he preserved his mental clearness and boisterous vigor far into a green old age. Mr. Campbell remembered well how, when but a boy, he was sent to show to some visitors the old Charles street house in which the lovely Highland lassie died; and he was a veritable repository of traditions concerning her and her family, as well as of the poet, whose life was connected so brightly, and then so mournfully with hers. For years he lived in Greenock, on Kelly street, where he was visited by many pilgrims, to whom he told his stories of the past, and called up his sacred memories, with a manner and attitude almost devotional. His single life was always a bright and kindly one. When the memorial a son was laid, in the Old West Kirkyard, Jan. 25th, 1842, he was there, as among the number who reclaimed the neglected, half-deserted spot, and made of it something which the citizens of Greenock may exhibit with decent pride. Such relics as the box in which Mary kept the poet's letters, afterwards destroyed by her family, and which was in his grandmother's house, and the bible given by Burns, were known to him.

The reader who best knows Whittier's passionate antagonism to slavery, though his ringing poems, may be surprised at the amount of work he did in the interest of the cause to which he had pledged himself, and the volume of his prose writing,—letters, pamphlets, editorials, etc. etc., during a period of forty stormy years. Some of this writing deserves attention still, as best among the polemics of his time, showing Whittier to as good advantage as his verse, which in spirit, sentiment, and bravery of utterance, it resembles. Take this passage from his open letter to Edward Everett, then Governor of Massachusetts, printed in the Liberator of Feb. 20, 1836; when the demand was for silence on the part of the agitators that the public peace might not be disturbed. Silence, indeed, from men like Whittier, then! This was his indignant reply: "We can neither permit the gag to be thrust in our mouths by others, nor deem it the part of 'patriotism' to place it there ourselves. Do we not hear the same reply in the thrilling 'Lines Written on the Adoption of Pinck-

ney's Resolutions in the House of Representatives, and the Passage of Calhoun's Bill for Excluding Papers Written or Printed, Touching the Subject of Slavery, From the U. S. Post Office.' In the Senate of the United States?"

Now, when our land no ruler's brink is verging, In God's name let us speak while there is time! Now, while the pallocks for our lips are forging, Silence is crime: "Is this," he continues, "the age, are ours the laws, are the Sons of the Pilgrims the men for advice like this? Far fitter is it for the banks of the Boophorus and the Neva than for those of the Connecticut and the Merrimack. It is not suited to our hard-handed artisans and free farmers."

Mr. Pickard recalls how the very gag was flung in the face of the reformer, by the instruments and abettors of slavery; how it was asserted, as Everett had, on the occasion referred to, that the Framers of the constitution and the Fathers of their country were themselves slaveholders. It will be remembered how, two years after the document of Whittier from which we are quoting was written, Wendell Phillips sprang to being an orator in Faneuil Hall, exclaiming in his most withering invective, as he pointed to the pictured face of Washington,— "I thought those lips would have broken into voice, to rebuke the recreant American" which was, in the opinion of Mr. Kennedy, "clearly, plagiarized by an unconscious act of memory from the open letter addressed by Whittier to Everett. As we read it Webster's kinship to the poet—however distant it may have been—becomes apparent:

George Washington was another signer of the constitution. I know that he was a slaveholder; and I have not forgotten the emotions which swelled in my loom, when in the metropolis of New England, the Cradle of Liberty, a degenerate Son of the Pilgrims pointed to his portrait, which adorns the wall, with the three-repeated exclamation, "That slaveholder!" I saw the only blot on the otherwise bright and spotless character of the Father of his Country held to open view, exposed by remorseless hands to sanction a system of oppression and blood. It seemed to me like sacrilege. I looked upon those venerable and awful features, while the echoes once awakened in the old Hall by the voice of ancient Liberty, warm from the lips of Adams and Hancock and the fiery heart of James Otis, gave back from wall and gallery the exulting cry of "Slaveholder!" half expecting to see the still canvas darken with a frown, and the pictured lips part and utter words of rebuke and sorrow. I felt it, as did hundreds more at that occasion, to be a reproach and a cruel insult to the memory of the illustrious dead. And not the speaker knew that dying testimony of Washington was against slavery?"

The Magazine of Poetry, for January, is entirely made up of "Notable Single Poems," and opens with an interminable, irregular ode, not without merit, but even Pindar did not write so long. Splendor, grandeur, intensity, swiftness, harmony, and other needful elements of the ode, are missing. Like the Epic, and the Heroic Drama, the Ode is a ticklish thing to be handled except by a master. Milton and Dryden had some measure of success with the Ode, and Ben Johnson came near hitting the mark occasionally, while Gray and Collins struggled through. Once Wordsworth approved himself and was neither mechanical nor lackadaisical. But where is Mrs. Apra Blyn, or even the virtuous Mrs. Carter, or the lamented Mrs. Annie Killgrew! Frybree, read me some humbler poem; let us take a less pretentious form for a maiden effort. The beginner on Odes may descend to quatrains, or even to couplets. There is some excellent verse in the collection. Among familiar Canadian names are those of Carman and Lampman.

The Hants Journal lets us into the secret of certain delightful transactions in which we should like to have had a hand, at the home of a born poet. You strike the chord at Fredericton, and it still vibrates at Windsor; for "the banks and braes and streams around" Kingscroft cannot realize that their Roberts is gone. We can only add our God bless him! and wish that not only the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage, but the fiftieth may be celebrated in the same place and by the same good people.

We think the only adequate memorial to Joseph Howe will be a life-long statue of him in some characteristic attitude located in some prominent part of his native city. No pigmy or meaningless stone will ever appeal to the living nor can it be honorable to the dead.

Mr. William T. James, of Toronto, author of 'Rhymes Afloat and Afild,' has written a patriotic song, published in The Week, of which this is the first stanza: We stand guard a frontier line Which no invading foe shall cross, While patriots for defence combine, Whose death may save a nation's loss.

The Week adopts the song, and invites a competitive score, to which when the words are read, the ardent patriot may sing them.

Mr. T. G. Marquis, well-known in Dominion literary circles, has lately retired from the English mastership of the Stratford, Ont., Collegiate Institute. He was presented by his friends with a well-filled purse—the raw material of ten thousand useful and beautiful things,—and a speech by Hon. Thomas Ballantyne still further testified their generous, and doubtless, well-earned appreciation. PATEREXX.

NEW HOLIDAY GREETINGS.

Old style Christmas and New Year Cards Crowded Out by Photography.

New Year and Christmas cards received this season from Great Britain and the Continent show a notable change in style and character. The ornate colored cards, adorned with flowers, landscapes marine views, and pictures printed in many tints, with a wealth of more or less poetical sentiment, are greatly in the minority. This class of cards has been brought to a high stand of artistic excellence in recent years, but they have gone out of fashion. In their place individual and personal Christmas and New Year cards, engraved much in the style of an invitation to a social function, have come into vogue, and, more generally, a style of card into which photography takes the place of the color printing. All the new cards, of either class, are without the chromo tints of the old-fashioned cards. Most of them are in plain black and white, while a few are lettered in gold.

A card that is very popular all over England bears a reproduction in the delicate shades of the gelatine photo process of some characteristic view of the town whence it comes. The impression is made on fine Japanese silk paper, which is pasted at the corners on a card of rough or stamped white paper. The card bears the simple legend "A Happy New Year," or "A Merry Christmas." These cards are charming souvenirs.

Other cards of the same style have photographs of famous bits of scenery: of the Rhine, Switzerland, the English lakes, and the cathedrals of Europe. Others still have reproductions in miniature of famous paintings. All are highly artistic and exceedingly simple in style. Some cards of the highest class have little etchings in place of the photographic reproductions.

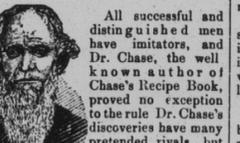
It is quite the swell thing in England now to send to one's friends at Christmas and New Year plain square cards bearing the engraved inscription that "Mr. and Mrs. Blank present their best compliments and their hearty wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

A less formal style of personal Christmas and New Year cards seem to be in greatest favor. It is made like an oblong book of four pages, bound together with white ribbon. The outer page bears the sender's monogram, stamped in gold. On the first inside leaf is a pair of clasped hands, stamped in gold with a sprig of holly or a spray of forget-me-nots, the latter painted by hand if the sender wishes to make his cards costly. The second inner leaf bears the engraved greetings of the sender of the card.

These changes in the style of Christmas and New Year cards have been in progress for two years, perhaps three, but this year the new styles are so much in vogue as to have almost crowded out the old colored cards. Even the cheapest cards are of the new style of photographic picture cards.—N. Y. Sun.

A FAMOUS MAN.

What His Researches Have Done for the World.



All successful and distinguished men have their own secrets, and Dr. Chase's is no exception. He is the author of Chase's Catarrh Cure and Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and his researches have done much for the world. He is a Canadian manufacturer, Edmondson, Bates & Co., 45 Lombard street, Toronto, gave away free 500,000 samples of Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and 100,000 samples of Chase's Catarrh Cure. The return they brought proved how much they were appreciated. The same free distribution of samples will be continued during 1896. Those at a distance should enclose a 5 cent stamp and also receive a sheet of the latest music in return.

DESCRIBING NIAGARA.

The Success of George Augustus Sala, in This Formidable Task.

Mr. Sala's stories were not always to be taken nor did he always intend them to be taken, "au pied de la lettre," as when, for example, he used to boast of having freed Mecklenburg square, where he resided for some years, from the pest of Italian organ grinders by simply going out in the dusk of the evening and planting little packets of poisoned macaroni here and there upon the doorsteps.

Another amusing story, however, that I have heard him relate was told by him seriously, and it had, I believe, at least some foundation in fact. When he was sojourning in the United States, some thirty years since, the publisher of a popular magazine writing on him one day and asked if he was willing to write him an article of sixteen pages, for which he offered a very handsome remuneration. "The subject?" inquired Sala. "Niagara," was the reply, "Good heavens!" exclaimed the English journalist, "I have been there, but what can I possibly tell you people about the falls that they don't know?" "You can tell us," replied the visitor, "How they impressed you. You see, our people are never tired of hearing how our great sights make you strangers sit up." "Agreed," said Sala.

A MARVELLOUS STATEMENT.

The Oldest Merchant of Niagara on the Lake, Ont., Speaks of Paine's Celery Compound.

An Astonishing Victory Over Disease.

Every man, woman and child in and around the pretty town of Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont., knows Mr. H. W. Cryer, the describing and successful merchant. Hundreds of families in the district are already aware of the fact that, by the use of Paine's Celery Compound, Mr. Cryer was raised up from a condition of utter helplessness, misery and weakness to a new life, and is now in such a healthful condition, that he is perfectly able to look after the details of his flourishing business.

Mr. Cryer's story of his long fight with the worst form of rheumatism, and his failures with useless medicines, and his grand triumph with Paine's Celery Compound, are given to the public as follows: "At our four years since, I had a severe attack of gripper, followed by rheumatism, for which the local physician prescribed the usual remedies, which helped me at the time, but did not eliminate the disease. Becoming gradually worse, I finally became discouraged and began using 'proprietary' medicines without

any benefit. Then I went to 'Clifton Springs,' took the treatment, and felt somewhat better; but after coming back I became very much worse, and was confined to bed for a time. I then went to 'Preston Springs,' and really improved; but after returning home I got worse, and was a perfect martyr for more than two years, often confined to bed, and gradually becoming worse. "I was induced to try Paine's Celery Compound, and have gained in health and strength up to the present writing. I now walk from my house to the store, a distance of a quarter of a mile, daily, and to church Sundays. Paine's Celery Compound has done all this for me. My friends are surprised and astonished to see me able to attend to business again. I might add that I have been in business in Niagara for 41 years and was 70 years old on the 7th of January last. "Believing that it is my duty to let other sufferers know of the great benefit I have received from Paine's Celery Compound I cheerfully send this letter."

When his visitor had gone he sat down to write, telling in his discursive fashion how he contrived to prevent a smart Yankee from monopolizing a corner seat in the railway car, and how he lost his portmanteau and found it again, all of which suggested telling a little story of what once befell him at a custom-house on the German-Russian frontier, which again reminded him of a story of his late mother and the old Duke of Wellington. And so his facile and diverting pen rattled on, till he began to think it time to get to business, and therefore launched out into a picturesque description of the country on both sides of the carriage in the train that was last carrying him toward Buffalo, his destination.

"That gentleman's mamma must have loved children my lady well!" "Why so my dear?" inquired the unsuspecting parent. "Oh!" returned the child, in the same audible whisper, "because she raised him!" —YOUTH'S COMPANION.

ILL NIGH UNTO DEATH.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A LADY WELL KNOWN IN COASTCOOK.

Stricken With LaGrippe, Followed by Pneumonia, She Languished for More than a Year—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Saved Her When Other Medicines Failed.

From L'Etiole de l'Est, Coast-cook, Que. The town of Averill, Vt., is situated about eight miles from L'Etiole, and is the home of Mrs. Ada Hartwell, who has many relatives and numerous friends in the latter place. Mrs. Hartwell has passed through an experience which L'Etiole de l'Est thinks worthy of giving the widest publicity as many others may derive much benefit therefrom. Mrs. Hartwell has ever been considered a woman enjoying a healthy constitution until about two years ago, when she was, like hundreds of others in this vicinity, stricken with influenza or as it is more generally termed la grippe, a disease which carried off many a people in this town and vicinity, and in the case of numerous others left behind pneumonia. As often happens, she followed the first symptoms of la grippe and Mrs. Hartwell was sick, nigh unto



ABLE TO RIDE WITHOUT FATIGUE.

death. The best of medical aid was summoned, and Mrs. Hartwell, as saved from what seemed to her friends imminent death but when convalescence came, she remained deprived of her appetite, extremely weak, and in constant danger of a relapse, and all her physicians could do could not bring about her former condition of health. Numerous medicines were tried but to no avail; she was weak, dispirited and despaired of again enjoying her former vigor and health. For a whole year after her attack of pneumonia she continued to languish in this state. At last one day her husband purchased a few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He had read of the many cures wrought by this wonder of medicine, but procured them, he says, for his wife in order to be able to say "we have tried all," rather than from strong faith in them. To please her husband Mrs. Hartwell, willingly consented to take the Pink Pills, and great was her surprise and that of her husband, when, after taking three boxes she was able to take a short ride without feeling any fatigue. She wisely resolved to continue the treatment, and before long found that she had regained her old time strength, and she declared that she owes her recovery entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Last winter Mrs. Hartwell felt a slight recurrence of her former weakness and again resorted to Pink Pills, since which time she has not had a day's illness.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have a more potent influence on the blood and nerves than any other known medicine, and speedily restore the bloom of health to pallid cheeks. Pink Pills cure when all other medicines fail. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

WOMAN and HER WORK.

I am afraid that what I have to say in this particular column today will not be very pleasant reading for the younger girls of my flock, so perhaps all maidens under thirty had better pass it over this week, and go on to the fashion column, or else learn the mysteries of making and baking all kinds of small and toothsome cakes;

A clever writer has recently drawn attention to the fact which I have been quietly observing myself for some time, only I did not like to be the first to speak of it—that young girls are steadily going out of fashion, and mature women are rapidly taking their place; I know that at first sight this seems hard on the girls, but after all it is really a blessing in disguise, since their day is still to come, it is merely deferred a little, that is all, and they will enjoy it all the more because they have to wait for it a little while. There was a time not so long ago when the world had little use for a woman of 30; it was she who was fortunate enough to be married she simply gave up going out into society (except to an occasional decorative card party, she took to wearing a cap, devoted herself to the management of her house, the bringing up of her children, and was getting by decidedly laid upon the shelf, and classed amongst the middle aged. No one ever dreamed that she would care to go to a dance or take part in any of the amusements young people indulged in, and if she had shown the least inclination to dress otherwise than soberly and quietly, as befitted her matron dignity she would have been set down at once as frivolous and not quite what she ought to be. But if a cruel fate had left her single at that age, then indeed her lot was pitiable! Even if she happened to be well provided with this world's goods no one ever expected her to take an active part in what was going on around her. She was an old maid and as such her place was that of a passive spectator, not an active participant in the game of life.

The most satisfactory role she could possibly play, was that of rich maiden aunt to her sisters' children and in that capacity she was sure to win respect, but even then she must not expect too much. As a wealthy relative from whom the children had expectations she was entitled to consideration but her proper sphere of action was amongst her cats, parrots and canary birds and beyond them she was not supposed to have many interests in life. The idea of her riding to hounds, or attending a dance, almost the only amusements indulged in by women in those days, would have been received with the indignant scorn it merited.

The maiden on the wrong side of 30 who was unlucky enough to be poor had just two careers open to her! One was the unenviable position of either companion or governess to some one who usually had less breeding but more money than herself. And the other was the unpaid slavery of the poor relation, the maiden aunt who was everybody's servant and nobody's mistress. True, it was often a loving slavery, and her wages were paid in affection, but still she had no place of her own in the world and her part was invariably that of second violin in life's symphony. Imagine a girl of 1850 regarding her aunt of 35 as a possible rival! How she would have laughed at the idea.

But now all this has changed, and the bachelor maid, a glorious being with the world at her feet, has arisen like a new planet from the old maid of a bygone era. At a very smart wedding a few days ago says the writer I have referred to—"it suddenly occurred to me that the eminently lovely bride walking down the aisle was not a day under 30 years of age, and yet she had never been thought of as anything but a lovely and beautiful woman, and the title 'old maid' would have been likely to be applied to the man at her side, as to herself: and I could not but think how notably in this regard (the old order changed), giving place to the new.

"It is a fact well-known to students that the age when young people are considered marriageable advances with civilization. Amongst primitive and savage peoples girls marry at eleven or twelve years of age usually and a bride of ten or even nine, is comparatively common amongst the natives of Australia. Egyptians and Hindoos marry their girls at twelve to fourteen, and in Spain, Italy, and most parts of Southern Europe any age from fifteen to eighteen is regarded as suitable for matrimony. The men or boys of these nations were considered eligible for the responsibilities of married life at a correspondingly early age, and bridegrooms of sixteen were not at all unusual amongst civilized peoples, while the savage tribes married their boys any time after they were fourteen.

"As civilization of the higher type advances, and education of the more advanced order becomes general all this is changed, and as the mind and intellect are developed marriage seems to assume a very unfortunate place in the eyes of the men and women of our highly civilized age. It is no longer the supreme object of life but rather an event to be looked forward to as a possible, though not inevitable result.

"It is in the light of this, fuller, and broader conception of life and its duties and pleasures that women who have reached and passed their thirtieth year claim to represent the most perfect and advanced type of maidenhood look down in pity and slightly tinged with contempt upon the girl who has so far neglected the opportunities offered her, as to marry before she is twenty-five."

Only a few years ago it used to be quite a common thing to see a mother who was only seventeen or eighteen years older than her grown up daughter, and I know one mother myself who is not quite seventeen years older than her eldest son, and who looks some years younger than that jaded youth. But now the pendulum seems to have swung the other way, and the woman of forty is surrounded with tiny toddlers of her own, instead of being a grandmother, and satisfied to be classed with a past generation.

It is not only an undeniable fact that woman marry later in life than they used to, but it is also true that mature women are to be found in the front rank wherever she goes, and the young and inexperienced but is no longer the idol of the hour, but is obliged to give place to her more attractive if older sister, the gracious woman with wider experience cultivated mind and manners and broader knowledge, the woman who possesses a power to hold and charm men which the dainty bud cannot hope to learn the secret of by any short cut, since it comes only with maturity. It is supposed to be the natural result of evolution, and the progress of the race, but it is an undoubted fact that the tastes of men seem to have undergone a complete revolution in this respect, and instead of dancing attendance upon the ingenious debutante as of yore, talking society small talk they are to be found matching their wits against those of some really brilliant queen of society, exchanging ideas instead of banter, and conversing, instead of chattering aimlessly. In short the woman of 30, or even—whisper it low—40, who has wit, brilliancy and ordinary personal attractions is steadily throwing the very young girl into the shade, and unless the inexperienced bud looks to her laurels and sees to it that she can bring some charms to her aid besides youth and good looks, I fear the outlook is a dark one for her until she grows older.

At least so says the distinguished writer I have quoted, and the picture she draws is such an attractive one for the older girls that of course we, who own to being thirty, and are not at all ashamed of it, would like to believe her.

The latest imported costumes show gowns, coats, suits, and hats to match, or rather harmonize, because all the fashionable dresses seem to be made of a combination of materials with some contrast in color. Thus the coat will be of cloth matching the plain skirt, and fitting closely to the figure; it is cut quite short and finished with wide revers of fur, and a velvet collar edged with fur. The round waist of such a dress is of fancy velvet in some light color, and the hat and muff of plain dark velvet the same shade, are both trimmed with fur.

Muffs of velvet to match the hat are very fashionable with any costume, and they may be made round or flat, as the wearer chooses, but the most stylish are quite large. The flat ones with wide drooping ruffles of velvet at each end are much the prettiest, and any girl with clever fingers can easily make them at home. Another shape is like a butterfly, with body of fur and large wings of velvet bows. Sums of these are decorated with large velvet poppies or orchids harmonizing in color with the rest of the costume, but the fashion is too extreme and conspicuous for good taste.

Now that the rush of Christmas and New Year are past people are beginning to think of parties, and the subject of wherewithal shall we be clothed, is a very important one to the girl who is just as fond of parties as her wealthier neighbor, but who finds it a difficult task to appear reasonably well dressed and make some little change for each entertainment on a very narrow income. To such pilgrims in the flowery paths of social intercourse the fashions of this season will be a boon. The Marie Antoinette style which admits of the skirt of three seasons ago being widened and modernized by the addition of a front breadth in a contrasting color, and the slightly soiled bodice being draped with a Marie Antoinette sash, is a great blessing to the girl who has to economize rigidly in order to "go out" at all, and the trimmed skirt is another convenient captive of the fickle goddess.

An excellent way to freshen up a light colored silk evening dress is to drape it with the new black net which comes patterned all over with squares, dots or small sprays. The skirt is entirely covered with the net, which is gathered very full over it, and sometimes caught up in festoons with bows of ribbon around the foot. The waist and sleeves are also covered, except perhaps at the neck where there may be a yoke of cream lace over a

bright color, or some other pretty finish. Flowers are very much used in the decoration of dancing dresses this season, of course I mean artificial flowers as the natural ones are too fragile and too expensive to be used very lavishly at this time of year. L1 Franco roses with foliage of green velvet are very effective with a pink gown, and white lilies of the valley are the prettiest to wear with pale green.

It is fortunate that tulle gowns are so much in style this winter, because they offer great opportunities to the clever girl mentioned before, in the direction of making over old dresses. Take the old china silk dress which was almost too shabby to wear, at the end of last season, if you have the time, and it is very soiled indeed, take it apart and wash it thoroughly, then make it up again with tulle trimmings and it will look like new. If it is only shabby and creased without being much soiled, press it out carefully, using the iron only on the wrong side, and make an overdress of tulle entirely covering the skirt and waist. Make the sleeves of the tulle; if you tuck it the effect will be lovely, but of course it takes double the quantity. When the skirt is in good preservation expect for being crushed, and the bodice alone shows signs of wear press the skirt carefully on the wrong side going over it until it looks as crisp and fresh as when first made, damp it slightly around the bottom so as to renew the stiffening, it is lined with canvas; press the bodice, also, and then draps it with either plain, or spangled tulle, make the sleeves of the tulle, and with the addition of a few flowers the dress will look like new, and at a comparatively slight expense.

These tulle trimmings and overdresses are equally effective over white, maize, pink, blue, or pale green, and the skirts are made straight and full, with a plain hem at the foot headed by a few rows of narrow white ribbon, a milliner's fold of white satin or a row of silver sequins, but the latter decoration is rather too heavy for such a light fabric, and apt to make it tear. These skirts are shirred in around the waist, to fall over the foundation skirt in plain straight folds.

The gowns of colored tulle are lovely, and nothing could be prettier than one of pale green tulle over pale green silk, and trimmed with lilies of the valley.

Paniers have appeared again on some of the very latest evening dresses. They were to be expected of course, following hard upon the Louis XVI styles, and I think them charming, but as yet they are in a very experimental stage and are little more than diminutive puffs. They give a quaint old world touch to a dress different from any other style I know of, and if the wearer has any sort of a figure at all, she cannot help looking well in them.

Another material which is a boon to the girl who is not very well off, is white crepon, which is much cheaper and more durable than tulle and is very popular for evening dresses. The newest crepons are very thin and sheer, in fact they remind one forcibly of creped cheese cloth, but in cream and white wool they make a very effective evening gown, when they are thin enough to display a colored lining; this lining need not be of silk, and when the bodice is trimmed with lace insertion set over satin of the same color as the lining, and the ribbons and other accessories are of the same bright shade, the dress is as pretty as it is inexpensive.

Chamois leather is being used as a trimming for dresses again, and it is applied in various ways, but it is so perishable and so soon that I can scarcely imagine its becoming very popular.

Small and Dainty Cakes. Small cakes always delight the little ones besides pleasing their elders, and are alike in demand for afternoon teas and children's parties. To make cookies or jumbles of any kind requires time and patience, but if the results are satisfactory the time is well spent, and a woman writer of note says: "My brightest thoughts come to me while I am making cake." Of the numberless recipes for small cakes the following have been tried and tested:

Sugar Jumbles. To make delicious sugar jumbles, weigh a half pound of powdered sugar and the same quantity of butter, and cream them together. Beat two eggs light and stir into the creamed mixture, and then add three-quarters of a pound of sifted flour and flavor with lemon or vanilla extract. Sprinkle a moulding board with granulated sugar. Break off pieces of the dough the size of a walnut, roll them lightly with the palm of the hand on the sugared board, and twist them into rings. Lay them on buttered tins an inch apart. Bake them in a moderate oven.

Cocoanut Jumbles. Stir together two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, and the yolks of two eggs. Add one grated coconut and two and one-half cups of flour, measured before sifting. Last, stir in lightly the whites of six eggs, beaten to a stiff froth. Drop spoonfuls of the mixture on buttered tins about an inch apart and bake in a quick oven.

Hermits. Delicious fruit jumbles, called hermits, are prepared thus: Mix together one and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of butter

Waterbury & Rising, 61 King, 212 Union Street. These January reductions are the lowest yet. Men's Waterproof Heavy Sole Orenboos, Men's Extra Heavy Sole Rubbers, Men's Top Sole Laced Shoes, Men's Fine American Velvet Slippers, Women's Fine Dressing Station Boots, Women's GENUINE Dongola Shoes, Pat. Tip, Women's Cloth Slippers, Boy's Strong Lace Boots, Women's Goodread Sowed Goat Skating Boots, regular price \$3.50, now \$2.00. And many other lines which we wish to clear out completely before 10th February.

RIPANS ONE GIVES RELIEF.

and the yolks of three eggs. Add one and one-half teaspoonfuls each of allspice, cloves and cinnamon. Dissolve in a little warm water one teaspoonful of soda and add to the other ingredients with a generous cup of raisins seeded and chopped fine and the whites of three eggs beaten to a froth. Add flour enough to make a batter as thick as for fruit cake. Place teaspoonfuls of the mixture on buttered tins an inch apart and bake them in a brisk oven. Cinnamon Jumbles. Cinnamon jumbles are made thus: To a half pound of granulated sugar add a quarter of a pound of butter and stir to a cream. Beat three eggs light and add them with a scant half cup of milk. Sift with a half pound of flour one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and stir into the other ingredients. Take heaping spoonfuls of the batter, drop them into some pulverized cinnamon, roll them around so that a little of the cinnamon shall stick to both sides of the batter, and drop them on greased baking pans, allowing room for them to spread. Bake in a quick oven.

Neapolitan. Mix a quarter of a pound of butter with the same quantity of powdered sugar and add the yolks of three eggs well beaten, one quarter of an ounce of orange blossom water, and half a pound of flour. If the mixture is too stiff, add a little milk. Leave the dough in a cool place for half an hour. Roll it out a quarter of an inch thick and cut it with a small tin cutter in any shape. Put the cakes on a pan slightly greased and brush the top of them with a beaten egg mixed with a little milk, and sprinkle over this blanched and chopped almonds. Bake in a very hot oven.

Cream half a pound of butter with the same amount of sugar. Beat two egg whites and add them with one and one-half teaspoonfuls of vanilla extract and half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little water. Add to this mixture flour enough to make it a soft dough that will roll out very thin, and cut it with a round cutter. Place the rounds on greased pans and bake quickly, but not brown.

Cardemom Cookies. To make cardemom cookies: With one pound of brown sugar mix three ounces of butter and stir in one at a time, three whole eggs. Add one tablespoonful each of pulverized ginger and cloves, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, and one pound of flour. Roll the dough out thin and cut it in diamond shapes and place in buttered tins. Have ready a few blanched almonds, and put half an almond on each point and bake in a hot oven.

African Elephants Not Untamable. In a letter from a lady in South Africa a suggestion was thrown out of the use of which the African elephant might be made in place of slaughtering these animals as now. I beg to draw attention to the following passage in a note by the late Sir Edward H. Bunbury, in his work on the "History of Ancient Geography."

"It is well known that at the present day the African elephant is generally reputed to be untamable. Yet it is certain that not only were the Ptolemies able to train the elephants of Ethiopia for purposes both of war and trade, but their example was quickly followed by the Carthaginians who employed elephants in Sicily as early as the first Punic war, before the death of Ptolemy Philadelphus. All the elephants used by them, including those carried by Hannibal into Italy, were undoubtedly of African origin. The elephants also which are represented on Roman coins and monuments belong in all cases to the African, and not to the Indian variety, the very large size of the ears constituting a criterion by which they are easily recognized."

HAPPIEST OF ALL. There is no time in the twenty-four hours when one ought to feel so thoroughly satisfied and content as immediately after a good, hearty meal. And all healthy persons do feel so. The body's demands have been met, and we are easy and comfortable as though we had paid off an old dun and had money left. We are accessible, humane, and good natured. Then, if ever we will grant a request without grumbling, "True benevolence," says a crusty old friend of mine, "is located in a capable stomach recently filled."

Yes, but what of the incapable stomachs, of which there are so many?—stomachs that disappoint and plague their owners, till the act of feeding, so delightful to others, becomes an act to avoid the necessity of which they are almost willing to die? Ah, that is quite another thing. These poor souls are they who say, as Miss Wallace says in this letter of hers "I was no longer to be counted among those who have pleasure in eating. Far from it. As for me I was afraid to eat. I felt the need of food, of course—the weakness and sinking that accompanied abstinence—but what was I to do? The moment I ate, my distress and pain commenced. No matter how light the repast was, no how careful I was not to hurry in taking it, the result was the same. The distress and gnawing pains followed, with discomfort in the chest, and a sense of choking, as if some bits of food had lodged there and were irritating me."

So objectionable and repugnant to me was the act of eating that for days together I didn't touch a morsel of solid food, subsisting entirely on milk and soda water. Owing to this enforced lack of nourishment I got extremely weak, and about as thin as I could be. I must not forget to say that this happened to me, or rather it began to happen in July, 1886, when I was living at Wellington, in Shropshire. It came on, as you may say, gradually and not with any sudden or acute symptoms. I found myself low, languid, and tired. Then came the failure of my appetite and the other things I have named.

"I took the usual medicines by indigestion, but they had no good effect. After six months experience of this kind of misery I read in a book about Mother Seigel's Syrup, as a remedy for this disease, and got a bottle from Mr. Bates, the chemist, in Wellington. Having used it for a few days I felt great relief, and when I had consumed two bottles I was entirely well. Since then I have heartily commended Mother Seigel's Syrup to many friends, who have invariably been cured, as I was. You have my permission to publish my letter, if you desire to do so. (Signed) Minnie Wallace, Nurse, The Union Workhouse, Oldham, February 22nd, 1895.

In a communication dated January 8th, 1895, Mrs. Henrietta McCallam, of 40, Downfield Road, Walthamstow, near London, states that her daughter Emma fell ill in the spring of 1886 with the same symptoms described by Miss Wallace. She craved food, yet, when it was placed before her, she turned from it almost with loathing. "As time went on," so runs the mother's letter, "my daughter became so weak she could hardly walk. Neither home medicines nor those of the doctors did any good. Her sufferings continued for over eight years."

"In June, 1894, she began taking Mother Seigel's Syrup, of which she had just read in a little book that was left at her house. In a week she was better, and in less than two months she was enjoying better health than ever before. She has since ailed nothing, and can eat any kind of food. (Signed) (Mrs.) Henrietta McCallam."

"Happy," sings Homer, "were they who fell under the high walls of Troy." Happier are they who have never fallen under the crushing weight of indigestion or dyspepsia. Happiest, perhaps, of all are they who have been lifted up by Mother Seigel's remedy and placed where once again they can eat, drink, and be merry. And if all these could be gathered together they would make a greater host than the Greek poet ever dreamed of.

Had Heard of Bloomers. "Madame," said Perry Fattetic, in his suave manner, "have you got an old pair of pants you could gimme? Men's pants," he added hastily, as a second thought struck him.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"HEALTH FOR THE Mother Sex" This caption, "Health for the Mother Sex," is of such immense and pressing importance that it has of necessity become the banner cry of the age. Women who have been prostrated for long years with Pro-lapsus Uteri, and illnesses following in its train, need no longer stop in the ranks of the suffering. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound does not perform a useless surgical operation, but it does a far more reasonable service. It strengthens the muscles of the Uterus, and thus lifts that organ into its proper and original position, and by relieving the strain cures the pain. Women who live in constant dread of PAIN, recurring at REGULAR PERIODS, may be enabled to pass that stage without a single unpleasant sensation. Four teaspoonfuls of Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound taken per day for (3) three days before the period will render the utmost ease and comfort.

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**STORIES ABOUT OLD SONGS.**  
 How the Famous "Woodman, Spare that Tree," Came to be Written.  
 Many readers will remember the time when "Cher, Boys Cher," "The Good Time Coming," "To the West," and similar songs were all the rage, says the Westminster Gazette. These songs possess a merit to which we are afraid many of the ditties popular since can hardly lay claim. They are at least sensible, and most of them are characterized by an inspiring, if not inspiring, tone which will be looked for in vain in many of the insipid and silly jingles of later days. The gifted and genial author of these rousing numbers is, we are pleased to say, still with us, hale and hearty, at the age of 83, and his book of recollections recently issued will, we are sure, receive a hearty welcome, if only for its author's sake.

Mr. Henry Russell, who was born three years before Waterloo, gave early indications of his musical bent, and was one of a band of little performers in an entertainment given before George IV. in the pavilion at Brighton. Later he studied music in Italy, and when he came back to London was made choirmaster at His Majesty's Theatre. This post lasted, however, only a very short time, and Russell set sail for Canada. It is difficult to realize that Toronto was then only "a small township," and that Yonge street, now one of the handsomest thoroughfares to be found in the dominion, was then "simply a forest road, with scarcely a house or living creature to be seen."

Mr. Russell did not remain long in Canada but proceeded to the states, where he spent a considerable time. But that the tastes of men were also in a somewhat primitive condition at that time is shown by an anecdote which he tells in connection with the post of organist which he held at the Rochester Presbyterian Church. He played on one occasion as a voluntary the "Hallelujah Chorus," thinking that it would please mightily the congregation. But he was mistaken.

After the performance one of the elders came to me and accosted me thus: "You will excuse me, sir, we are all pleased with your smartness on the noble organ; your playing 'Old Hundred' was grand; but that last piece of music of yours is 'too theatrical, and I guess you'd better not play it again.' 'You astonish me!' I exclaimed. 'Why, deacon, it is one of the finest choruses ever composed.' 'The Handel and Haydn Society, did you say?' 'Yes.' 'Wall, I've heard of the house before, and I believe them to be a most respectable firm—so I calculate you may play it when you like.'"

It was about this time that the idea of composing his own songs first occurred to Mr. Russell. He set to music Mackay's "Wind of the Winter night, Whence Comest Thou?" which turned out a great success, and from that day song composing became the serious object of his life.

Some of his compositions originated in a curious way. Take "Woodman, Spare that Tree," for instance. He was out driving in the vicinity of New York one day with George P. Morris, the American poet, and they went to visit a stately old tree which had been planted by the poet's grandfather, and which was associated with the old Morris homestead, to which it was contiguous. As they drove up they found an old man about to cut the tree down for firewood. They ask him how much it would be worth, and he replied, about \$10. A bargain was struck, the money paid, and the daughter of the woodman pledged her word that the tree should stand as long as she lived. The incident made a deep impression upon Russell and he suggested it to Morris as a fine subject for poetic treatment. "Woodman, Spare that Tree," was the result, and after Russell had set the words to music it caught on with startling rapidity.

Years afterward Mr. Russell was singing the song at Newcastle-on-Tyne when a gentleman got up and cried out: "Was the tree spared, sir?" "It was," was the reply. "Thank God for that!" was the response, with a sigh of heart relief.

During his wanderings in the United States Mr. Russell was for a time, it is interesting to note, the guest of Fenimore Cooper at his home. There he met Longfellow, William Cullen Bryant, N. P. Willis, and other famous men. One of his most popular songs then was "Carlo, the Newfoundland Dog"—a song which he always prefaced by telling the story of its origin.

A mother allowed her child, a boy of 3, with whom she was playing on the bulwarks of an Atlantic steamer, to fall into the water. A Newfoundland dog present took in the situation in a moment, and, jumping overboard, kept the child afloat till both were rescued. On one occasion in Niblo's Garden, New York, Mr. Russell had finished the song, when two men rose in the gallery which surrounded the hall, and one of them, clearing his throat, addressed him as follows: "Good evening, Mr. Russell; this is my friend, Joe Taylor" (introducing his companion, who bowed two or three times.) "Excuse me, sir," he continued, "was that dog yours?" "No, it was not," he replied. "Did he save the child?" "He did." "Wall," he exclaimed, with the air of a man who was asking a great favor, "I should like a pup. Could you get us one?"

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 Isn't it worth a trial? Think about it, and if you conclude to try advertising, come to PROGRESS. We will give you a handsome, well written ad't., a splendid circulation, and if the people want your goods then there should be no doubt about the result.  
 Try it.

**Puttner's Emulsion**  
 It improves the Digestion, Purifies the Blood, repairs the waste that is continually going on, and completely removes that Weariness, Languid and Worn out feeling.

**CAFE ROYAL,**  
 Demville Building,  
 Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.  
 MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY  
**WILLIAM OLARK**

**TAKE NOTICE.**  
 During the year the space devoted to advertising MINARD'S LITTLE BLUE will contain expressions of no uncertain sound from people who speak from personal experience of the merits of this best of Household Remedies.  
 C. C. RICHES & Co.

**SEA OTTER HUNTERS.**  
 They Go Out in Fleets of Canoes and Are Very Skillful in the Work.  
 The Hoonah Indians are the best sea otter hunters of all the Alaskan tribes. They are very skillful at it, and as the furs are very valuable they make a good thing out of it. The Hoonahs go after sea otter in large companies. Ten or twelve families hunt together. There are very good grounds about ten miles out from Lituya Bay and that is the Hoonahs do their best work. They use spruce canoes which are small compared with most Alaskan canoes, and which, being light and easy to handle the chase are swifter than the ordinary boats. Usually there are four paddlers but the number may be greater or smaller. The head of the family sits in the bow with his gun across his lap in such position that he can drop the paddle and pick up the gun in a fraction of a second. The mother, as often as not a baby in her lap, sits in the stern with a big long-handled paddle and steers. The children do the effective padding. Every Alaskan Indian child learns to paddle as soon as it learns to walk. The Indians there have been a canoe-travelling race so long that they inherit abnormally developed bodies and arms, but their legs are not strong.  
 Because of the great bore in Lituya Bay it is only when the weather is very calm that the Hoonahs can go out to hunt sea otter. They kill with shotguns loaded with heavy charges of buckshot. And they hunt otter in much the same way that Western boys hunt bell divers and butter-ball ducks. When they sight an otter they fire several blank shots. The otter dives and all the canoes circle around the place where he went down, waiting for him to come to the surface again. When he does they fire more blank shots and scare him into diving again. They keep that up until the otter gets tired out and one of the canoes can get within gunshot of him. Sometimes they have two or three otters diving at once, and it is lively, exciting work, as well as great sport.  
 Getting tack with the day's game to the camp inside the bay is always sharp work and sometimes very dangerous. The bay runs inland about six miles, and varies from three-quarters of a mile to one and a half miles in width. The entrance is about 300 yards wide, with from four to six fathoms of water at low tide. Rocky spits jut out from the mainland at each side. Just at the head of the southern spit are several large boulders, the largest of which is called Cormorant Rock. The northern spit is a rocky glacial morass. Vessels going in and out always wait for slack tide. Except at slack tide the breakers extend entirely across the entrance, and when the tide is running either way the current is extremely swift and a gutter is formed in mid-channel from which the current sets strongly toward the shore, so that a vessel trying to go through on the tide would almost certainly be washed against Cormorant Rock or the northern spit. In perfectly calm weather the tide, ebb or flood, shows a considerable bore, and it is a vessel hit it just right she would go through as if sailing down hill. The mouth of the bay is only about a cable length long, and after that there is no danger.

The Indian sea otter hunters never undertake the passage except at slack water. If they arrive before the tide serves they wait until it does. It they get in from the outer grounds only a very few minutes after slack water they prefer to stand the ocean swells outside rather than undertake to go through in their light canoes. As a matter of fact, they are safer outside, for there is a big eddy between the tide-way and Cormorant Rock, where they are perfectly safe unless a wind comes up and the next turn of the tide and it is not unusual to see half a dozen canoes drifting about in this eddy with most of the occupants asleep. If the sea comes up while they are waiting outside the Indians make a landing among the rocks on the ocean side rather than try to make the passage through the breakers. This is an extremely hazardous undertaking, but the Indians are so skillful in handling their canoes that accidents seldom happen. They swim like seals from babyhood, and are usually so covered with oil and grease that the shock of sudden immersion in the cold water does not affect them.

**EVERY MAN** who would know the GRAND TRUTHS, the Plain Facts, the Old Secrets and the New Discoveries of Medical Science as applied to Married Life, should write for our wonderful little book, called "PERFECT MANHOOD." To any earnest man we will mail one copy ENTIRELY FREE, in plain sealed cover. "A refuge from the quacks." Address  
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**CANADIAN EXPRESS CO.**  
 General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.  
 Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe. Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. Lawrence, Quebec, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, Napanea, Toronto and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Cumberland Railway, Chatham Branch Railway, Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agencies. Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia.  
 Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Line of Mail Steamers.  
 Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the continent. Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Fortland, Maine.  
 Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with despatch.  
 Invoices required for goods from Canada; and forward bills of lading sent.  
 H. C. CREIGHT, Asst. Supt.

**DOMINION Express Co.**  
 Money orders sold to points in Canada, United States and Europe  
**REDUCTION IN EXPRESS RATES**  
 To Welsford, Hampton and intermediate points, 10 lbs. and under..... 15  
 To St. John, St. John's, Digby, Hoyt, Petticoat, Harvey, Fredericton and intermediate points, 5 lbs. and under..... 15  
 Over 5 to 10 lbs..... 20  
 To St. Mary's, McAdam, British, Moncton, Elgin, Havelock and intermediate points, 3 lbs. and under..... 15  
 Over 3 to 5 lbs..... 20  
 To Woodstock, Newburg, Mt. Meadows, Macan, Fort Egin and intermediate points, 3 pounds and under..... 15  
 Over 3 to 5 lbs..... 20  
 To London, River, Harbert, Joggins, Bath, Halifax, Dartmouth and intermediate points, 2 lbs. and under..... 15  
 Over 2 to 5 lbs..... 20  
 To St. Leo's, Edmundston and intermediate points, 2 lbs. and under..... 15  
 Over 2 lbs and not over 5 lbs..... 20  
 Over 5 and not over 7 lbs..... 25  
 Over 7 and not over 10 lbs..... 30  
 To Wm., St. E. N. ABBOTT, Agent.

**The Sun**  
 The first of American Newspapers,  
 CHARLES 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 Newspaper in the world  
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**unfortunate**  
 Cod-liver oil suggests consumption, which is almost unfortunate.  
 Its best use is before you fear consumption; when you begin to get thin, weak, run down; then is the prudent time to begin to take care, and the best way to take care is to supply the system with needed fat and strength. **Scott's Emulsion** of cod-liver oil, with hypophosphites, will bring back plumpness to those who have lost it, and make strength where raw cod-liver oil would be a burden.  
 Scott & Bowne, Belleville, Ont. 50c. and \$1.00

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 A Happy, Fruitful MARRIAGE!  
 EVERY MAN who would know the GRAND TRUTHS, the Plain Facts, the Old Secrets and the New Discoveries of Medical Science as applied to Married Life, should write for our wonderful little book, called "PERFECT MANHOOD." To any earnest man we will mail one copy ENTIRELY FREE, in plain sealed cover. "A refuge from the quacks." Address  
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 Daily and Sunday, by mail, - - - - \$8 a year.

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**THOUSANDS ON A WORD.**  
 A Fortune Dependent on the Grammatical Construction of a Sentence.  
 A fortune of \$118,000 is hanging on the grammatical construction of a single word in the Superior Court of San Francisco. A jury, among whom there is not a school teacher or any one claiming to be an authority on grammar, had, up to a week ago, devoted twelve days to the consideration of the point, and at last accounts the case was still unsettled. The learned Judge and some half dozen high-priced lawyers had been helping to disentangle the intricacies of the problem.  
 The prize depends on the exact meaning of the word "their" as it appears in a clause in a contract. It is plain that the word is a pronoun, standing for an antecedent noun in the sentence, but there are two such nouns, and the point is as to which it refers. This is the \$118,000 sentence:  
 "And at their option the Adams Company is to have the use of all the machinery and coal-boasting appliances now in use by the Southern companies.  
 The Southern companies referred to have money which is at stake, and it the jury decide that the "their" refers to them, they will keep it. If they hold that "their" refers to the Adams Company, then the Adams Company will get it. The sentence occurs in a contract by which the Adams Company was to unload all the coal ships of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company for five years. The Adams Company owned machinery for unloading the coal, but it broke down, and then the Southern Pacific Company's machinery was used, the Adams Company claiming the right to use it by virtue of the clause quoted. After the contract had run six months the Southern Pacific's machinery also broke down, and the Adams Company alleged that the Southern people ought to repair it. The Southern objected and insisted that as long as it used the machinery the Adams Company should keep it in order. The trouble thickened, and finally the Southern Company turned the Adams Company out and got another concern to unload the coal. Then the Adams Company brought suit to recover the \$118,000, the profit which would have been made had the contract run its agreed length.  
 It is said that the Southern Pacific company's lawyer did not see the possibilities in the queer bit of grammar until long after litigation had been begun. It was admitted in the first answer to the suit, the San Francisco Examiner says, that the Adams company had the option of using the Southern Pacific Company's machinery. But the latter company now rears the entire case on the contentions that the word "Their" meant the Southern Companies and not the Adams Company. In the sentence under dispute, appears the words "Adams company is," and the Southern companies claim that the word company is therefore written in the singular sense and the word "their" cannot apply to the Adams company or they would have used the word "its" instead of "their" and must refer to the Adams company because it is the nearest noun to the disputed pronoun.  
 A Dakota Cold Snap.  
 "Mr. President and gentlemen," began Mr. Calkins, "I am not an old man, and therefore the winter I speak of is familiar to all of you—that of 1873. Five of us, with our wives, had gone to Dakota in order to obtain homesteads, and settled twenty-five miles from the then small village of Fargo, near where the city of Casselton is now situated, but then a wild, desolate prairie, with no neighbors nearer than Fargo, and bands of Indians or droves of wolves placing us in constant peril. The five families, although having sold houses of their own, all lived in one house for companionship and protection. Well, at 10:30 o'clock Wednesday night, Oct. 2, it turned so cold we could see the walls moving and the house grows smaller from the natural contraction caused by the atmosphere. It grew colder constantly until morning, and then remained as it was."  
 "What was the degree?" some one asked.  
 "To tell you the truth, gentlemen, I do not know," was the response. "We had half a dozen thermometers, but they were the mercury kind, and the mercury froze so solid within an hour that the children used the bulbs to play marbles with all that winter and until they thawed out the following Fourth of July. We had plenty of fuel and wore heavy winter wraps in the house, in this way keeping from freezing. After a few weeks we became used to it. One of the ladies discovered how beautiful the icicles were that grew upon the windows. They then wore them as jewels, and diamonds never looked prettier. There was no danger of their melting, even in the house, and it was actually a source of sorrow to the ladies when the weather grew warm enough for us to go out doors and to melt the diamonds with which they had decorated themselves. That was the coldest winter I ever experienced, but I cannot tell just how cold it was, owing to have no spirit thermometer."—Detroit Journal.

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**AYER'S Hair VIGOR**  
 Restores natural color to the hair, and also prevents its falling out. Mrs. H. W. Fenwick, of Digby, N. S., says: "A little more than two years ago my hair began to turn gray and fall out. After the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair was restored to its original color and ceased falling out. An occasional application has since kept the hair in good condition."—Mrs. H. F. FENWICK, Digby, N. S.  
 "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for three years, and it has restored my hair, which was fast becoming gray, back to its natural color."—H. W. HASELHOFF, Paterson, N. J.

**AYER'S Hair VIGOR**  
 PREPARED BY  
**DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.**  
 Ayer's Pills cure Sick Headache.

**CLEAN TEETH**  
 and a pure breath obtained by using ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI.  
 Take no imitations.

**Spring Lamb, Turkeys, Fowl and Chickens.**  
**THOS. DEAN, 13 and 14 1/2 y Marke**

**Pigs Feet and Lamb's Tongues,**  
 RECEIVED THIS DAY.  
 10 Kegs Pigs Feet,  
 5 " Lamb's Tongues.  
 At 19 and 23 King Square.  
**J. D. TURNER.**

**TEABERRY**  
 FOR THE TEETH & BREATH.  
 DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALINE CURES ASTHMA FREE  
 DR. TAFT BROS., 186 ADELAIDE ST., TORONTO, ONT.

**THE SAME MAN, Well Dressed,**  
 fills a much higher place in the estimation of eyes than when he is dressed in a shabby, ill-fitting, and indifferently clothed.  
**Newest Designs. Latest Patterns.**  
**A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor,**  
 64 Germain Street, (1st door south of King.)

**PROFESSIONAL.**  
**GORDON LIVINGSTON,**  
 GENERAL AGENT, CONVEYANCER  
 NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.  
 Collections Made. Remittances Prompt.  
 Harcourt, Kent County, N. B.  
**HOTELS.**

**CONNORS HOTEL,**  
 CORNERS SEAVOY, MADAVARCA, N. B.  
 JOHN H. MOINEYNE, Proprietor  
 Opened in January. Handsomest, most spacious and complete house in Northern New Brunswick.

**BELMONT HOTEL,**  
 ST. JOHN, N. B.  
 Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate.  
 J. SIMS, Prop.

**QUEEN HOTEL,**  
 FREDERICTON N. B.  
 J. A. J. WARD, Proprietor.  
 For sample tickets in 1895, visit at Livery Stable Coaches at trains and boats.

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 "Dad, you...  
 day or two...  
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 away!"

YER'S Hair Vigor... Cures... Patterns...



CHAPTER XXIV

Lord Malincourt received with his shaving water on Thursday morning a dreadful letter—a dreadful letter. There was no other word for it, and he could not put it by as nonsense, since he had always avowed Jane Appuldurcombe to be the only woman of sense in his wife's family—his wife, of course, excepted.

Categorically, by bell, book and candle, she arraigned Lesley on the charge of deliberately fomenting a quarrel between her son, Ronald Kilmurray, and Graham Dashwood, of running away like a coward when the train was laid and detection inevitable and of having in pure wantonness provoked the love of the son whom Jane Appuldurcombe now saw dying or next to dying before her eyes.

Lord Malincourt's lips whitened as he read. It was the old story, and "Si non e vero, e ben trovato" rang insistently through his mind as he dressed. Why had Lesley come back so pale, so altered, in such haste, too, unless she left some serious wrongdoing behind her?

The sickening pain that only a child's misconduct—never that of a father or mother—can bring to a man's heart contracted Malincourt's, and yet, knowing Lesley so well, he could not believe her so guilty as she appeared, and down stairs, when she came up to kiss him, as usual, leaning her forehead for a moment against his shoulder, he swore stoutly to himself that she had done no wrong, yet Cecilia had never embroiled herself like this, being indeed the product of a different epoch, and it was surely Lesley's own fault that she must make herself altogether delightful to whomsoever she found in her company.

So perturbed was he that for once he ate next to no breakfast, a fact alarming in itself, since it seems to be part of the Almighty's scheme of creation that man shall sleep and eat through everything—possibly that he may be able to bear heroically the burden of woman. "Dad," said Lesley, going up to him presently with the cool courage that never deserted her, "you've heard about Ronny Kilmurray this morning, and you think it is my fault, don't you?"

Lord Malincourt disinterred the unwelcome epistle from his breast pocket and gave it to her without a word, but his glance was a tower of strength to Lesley, and she stopped, to kiss him before she unfolded the letter, which she read through quite calmly from beginning to end. There she said simply: "You know better, Dad. I did refuse to recognize Sir Graham Dashwood, whose manners were an insult to any woman, but I did not know Ronny had challenged him, and I ran away, dad, because—she turned aside and hid her face in both hands—"I had fallen in love with Ronny—and given him up to another woman. She loved him before I did."

Lord Malincourt swallowed something in his throat, then put a strong arm gently round the girl's shoulders; but it trembled, for he seemed to see Cecilia in the bowed head, the young shape—Cecilia as she had told him that she could not love him because a town spark had caught her fancy—and the town spark had married an ugly woman with a million of money, and he, Bob, had married Cecilia, and he made her happy. And now her child must go through with the same suffering.

"Lassie, my dear," he said, "I wish I could help you to bear it." And he did help her as the first tears she had shed since the fatal news came fell on his breast.

"She is his mother," said Lesley presently. "I forgive her. But it was rather a mistake sending me to town, wasn't it, dad?" she added, lifting her face, hopeless with the hopelessness of youth, whose eyes are yet unopened to life's horizon and its infinite scope.

"I guessed you would be up to mischief, lassie," he said sadly, "and I did wrong. You never were one to ride on the curb, but I never dreamed it would end in such trouble as this. In my opinion, however, your Ronny will not die. To be alive at all after his injuries is a miracle, and who is to know the miracle man's got continue?"

Lesley stood looking down for awhile, deep in thought. At last she looked up and said: "Dad, you'll keep Bob away for a day or two, won't you? Say 'I'm dead, offended, anything, only keep him away!'"

CHAPTER XXV

Lady Cranston had wired for news to Yelverton, and every day a fresh bulletin came—no good news and no bad. Ronny was still alive, but he might die at any moment. It was impossible to say how things would turn out.

These telegrams were supplanted by laborious letters, for, like most of his class, Yelverton was a bad penman and a worse speller, and a major part of his endeavors consisted in entreating that Lady Cranston would not let Lesley worry herself, as it wasn't her fault or anybody's fault but that unmentionably disgraceful sounder Dashwood's.

Lady Appuldurcombe, he mentioned, was bearing up well. She would rather have her darling's pieces to tend than any whole sinner whomsoever, and if

any one else would have the comfort of knowing that all his last hours had been hers. There had been some talk of Cynthia de Salis coming over, as by Lady de Salis' death Ronny's mother was laid practically in charge of the girl, but nothing was settled yet, as Ronny was exceedingly anxious to be conveyed home, whether he died on the road or not.

And in those days Lesley had one of her worst blisters removed in the person of Bob, who, obeying a blunt word or two of advice given by Lord Malincourt, had gone to Homburg for a month.

"Leave her alone, my boy," he had said. "There is nothing on earth answers with a woman like a little absence sometimes. Try it."

And Bob went, not even getting that goodby from Lesley which she had somehow successfully eluded.

"What a lot you will have heard about me before you come back," she thought bitterly, for all her thoughts were bitter now, and the inconsequence, the gaiety of youth that had distinguished her in town were far indeed from her now.

And every day Lord Malincourt cursed the error of judgment that had made him send his little girl into that Vanity Fair which, with all its shams and creeds, he knew so well and through which she had danced gayly, only to come out on the other side a wan, sad-eyed woman.

And August was the dulllest month to him in the whole year, as he did not go to Scotland, and the 1st was yet afar off. To that all seemed barren to him, from Dan to Beersheba.

And yet it happened that in those burning days, toward the latter end of the month, a ripple of change came, for late one afternoon who should Lesley see, dancing along under the trees, but Miss Coquette, led by one of Lord Cranston's grooms, and riding behind her Major Yelverton.

It was as if Miss Coquette, sniffing the air delicately, scented her beloved mistress, and at sight of her she whinnied, and when the girl ran up there was such a meeting between them as left Yelverton quite out in the cold.

Perhaps he thought she had taken her punishment lightly as she dashed into the house, then out again, with sugar for the mare, but he knew this was not so when presently in the great entrance hall she lifted her eyes to his and said: "Ronny?"

"I don't know," said Yelverton simply. "Sometimes I think he will recover, and again—" He paused. "I'm stopping with the Cranstons, you know. She asked me down, and Kilmurray asked me to bring Coquette over."

He paused again. He had to answer the question in her blue eyes. "I was on the box seat, and Bobbie Burns was driving, when we turned that sharp corner into St. Helier's barracks, and Bobbie fell under the coach, which literally passed over his back," Yelverton stammered. "Yet after a time he recovered. There seemed to be no difference in him, except that he had the loveliest color—just like a woman's—in his face, but years after, quite suddenly, he died. Ronny may recover and die like Burns did; there's no knowing. Miss de Salis is there," he added. "She arrived the day before I left."

"And did he mind?" cried Lesley, a hot color in her face flaring up jealously. "He was too ill to—mind," said Yelverton sadly.

CHAPTER XXVII

Lord Cranston did not in the least mind what his wife did, or who she received, so long as she expected neither his company nor his care, so when Roger Yelverton appeared he made himself fairly agreeable, and only smiled sardoniously as he reflected on the agreeable contiguity of Cranston Hall and Malincourt. For it was Lesley, of course—he did not pay his wife the compliment of supposing she could attract any man now.

Lady Cranston looked up with keen interrogation at Roger one afternoon as he entered her boudoir, just returned from Malincourt. "Well?" she said, but Roger, sitting down near her, did not immediately answer, there being evidently full comprehension between the pair.

"What made her father send her to town?" he broke out suddenly. "To see her there in her own home and with him is to understand why she broke on us all like the very spirit of youth and joy, and look at her now!" he ended, with a groan.

"It was a huge mistake," said Lady Cranston, "and even I have found that for true happiness, sane enjoyment, you must look to the country, not town. Only you want one true heart beside you with which to enjoy it. And perhaps if Lesley had seen no one else she might have settled down happily with Heatherley—whose only curse is that he is a very rich man and so has been denied Ronny Kilmurray's chances of distinguishing himself."

"It is well that he used them," said Yelverton gloomily, "for they are over now. To linger on, half dead, with the woman you want out of your reach and the woman you don't want nursing you—I can't think of any more awful fate."

"He will get used to his nurse, and he will end by marrying her," said Lady Cranston bitterly. "One comfort is, Cynthia de Salis looks her worst in black. She needs the illumination of black."

This purely feminine gibe made

dog than another man's fool rang in Lesley's ears, and the fires of jealousy blazed wildly up in her heart and for awhile made a madness in her brain.

He had given up expecting a word or kind message from her now, and so far as he knew she cared less than nothing for the state to which she had brought him. It would be to vitiate the whole spirit of her agreement with Cynthia to communicate in any way with him, argued Lesley, whose loyalty burned with so clear and pure a flame as to shrivel up all her own most passionate desires.

Yet through all her anguish ran like a silver thread the thought that he lived; that all was well, since the worst had not happened, and some day, some day, though perchance from afar off, she might look upon his dear face again.

Lord Malincourt had answered Jane Appuldurcombe's cruel letter in a manly, dignified way that had shamed her, though it could not lessen the abhorrence with which she regarded Lesley, and when Ronny, too, severely silenced her when she spoke of the girl, the mother fell back for comfort on Cynthia, who had perhaps the best reason to love Lesley of them all.

It was more on her own account than Cynthia's that Lady Appuldurcombe had sent for the girl, and to Ronny it mattered nothing, and less than nothing, as he lay all day in his darkened chamber taking no interest in anything but the post.

"Do you think she is ill, Yelverton?" he used to say to his faithful friend, who in those early August days seldom left him for long together. "She is very highly strung, and perhaps the news gave her a shock. And some brute or other (he little knew who she simply was) may have been making out it was her fault, when it was nothing of the sort."

Yelverton invented every possible excuse for Lesley's silence, which nevertheless he could not in the least understand.

If Ronny loved her and she him, what, then, was the hitch between them? Lesley had seemed to be the sort of girl to whom appearances and fly straight to the man she loved in an hour of need, but was she, after all, the flinty hearted young woman her Somerseshire lovers one and all declared her to be?

"Perhaps it's Bob," said Ronny at last, when he had exhausted every conjecture as to her silence, but it so happened that one day Roger saw Sir Robert Heatherley's name among the arrivals at Homburg, so that anxiety at Lesley was removed from Ronny's mind.

"Yelverton," said Ronny one day, "I want to get home—so does the poor mother. If I've got to lie on my back for the rest of my life, I can do it as well at home as in this grilling Sahara. Can't they move me somehow?"

"Yes," said Yelverton, "but not immediately; it will be another fortnight or so. These French doctors don't agree about your case, and want you to have English care. I shouldn't wonder, old chap, if you get up one of these days as well as ever you were—or at least!"

"Oh, I know," said Ronny significantly. "Well, you're getting to look like a ghost, old man, and I want you to go home and execute a commission for me. Take Miss Coquette down to Malincourt and find out for me."

"What a strange thing!" exclaimed Roger. "I got a letter this morning from Lady Cranston, who lives almost next door to Malincourt, begging me to go there for as long as I can. She says she sees Lesley every day."

Ronny's eyes, big in his cavernous face, flashed. "Go, Roger," he cried, "go at once. And you'll write me, no—wire—what she—how she?"

And that was why Yelverton accepted an invitation that had at first greatly puzzled him, and in due course came to Malincourt.

CHAPTER XXVIII Lord Cranston did not in the least mind what his wife did, or who she received, so long as she expected neither his company nor his care, so when Roger Yelverton appeared he made himself fairly agreeable, and only smiled sardoniously as he reflected on the agreeable contiguity of Cranston Hall and Malincourt.

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Roger said, though his heart was heavy. "How fond you are of Lesley," he said. "I can't call her anything else to you. We started with clean breasts—you and I—and we must go on as we began."

Thus spoke he in his man's ignorance, for Lady Cranston had told him nothing that he did not previously know and in no smallest way betrayed Lesley. "I always knew," said Lady Cranston, "that you were her friend. And, believe me, I have done her no harm. I only taught her a little worldly wisdom



"How fond you are of Lesley,"—in case she went out into the world—and evidently it was not enough, for she made enemies right and left by her straightforwardness.

"She did. Do you remember Lady Pictou—a woman's club woman, who dresses like a man?"

"I know her. She looks like the picture of Dorian Gray. Did she go for Lesley's suit?"

"Yes, Lesley openly shrank from her—and a few women of the Pictou sort, and Dashwood and Kinski made a dead set at her. Lesley had done nothing but take a morning walk to Covent Garden which Malincourt had particularly enjoined on her, Ronny fell in with her, quite by accident, and Dashwood happened to see them and omit Ronny's name from the story—Ronny overheard him; hence the duel."

Lady Cranston's face showed when she leaned it against her white satin pillows. All this trouble had saddened her. She was a brown, lovely woman, hair and hazel eyes and skin all in most delicate gradations of color, and Roger's heart contracted as he looked at her, remembering that she had once been almost as gay and young and pure as Lesley's self.

"I love her," she said, answering his glance. "I did not know there was such a girl in the world till I found Lesley. Somehow it's like passionately desiring to find Christ and seeking him in vain on the hilltops, only to find his spirit at last animating a flower by the wayside." She colored and paused abruptly. What right had such words in her mouth?

"She can't understand it," said Yelverton. "She and Ronny quarrelled incessantly at first. She always thought Ronny was sitting in judgment upon her and thoroughly disapproving of her in every way, and then they got to understand one another better, and—and—"

"His fame had a little to do with it," said Lady Cranston. "It's folly to say a woman's opinion of a man is not influenced by the world's verdict on him, and she was a little dazzled, like the rest. And he looks at and understands life as it is. He has lived it," she added, "not as monks live it in the cloister, listening for the sound of the dinner bell; not as we women endure it, barred out from realities, fed with untruths, closing our ears—if we would keep one shred of happiness—to the sense that cry aloud to us from the other

side of the screen and will be heard, and it is such men as he who stamp their image on women as keen and quick to feel, as highly vitalized, as Lesley Malincourt."

"But what am I to say to him?" inquired Yelverton helplessly. "I have been here three days, and she simply won't hear me when I try to talk about him—only wants to know how his body is and won't send a crust of comfort to his starving soul. 'Have you no message for him?' I said to her today. 'There is no message,' she said and walked away. And I must write to him this afternoon. I asked him to let me give her that letter he wrote before the duel, but he refused. He couldn't ask her to the rescue to a cripple, he said. He only wants a message—just a kind word or two. It's my belief he would begin to get well if he got it. But he's too proud to ask for it. I want to know where the hitch is. It can't be Cynthia de Salis. Hers is a twice told tale, and it can't be Lady Appuldurcombe, though she hates Lesley like poison. So what is it?"

But Lady Cranston either could not or would not tell.

Some wild thought of writing to Ronny and telling him the truth crossed her mind, but she must break her word to Lesley—and even if she could bring herself to do this evil that good might come of what use would it be? For Lesley was fast bound by her promise—a promise from which only Cynthia could release her.

"Perhaps she isn't sure of her own mind after all," said Yelverton, who had been pursuing a different track of thought. "Half the love one hears of exists in the imagination alone. Fancy goes a long way in such matters."

"Oh, no!" said Lady Cranston positively. "Love may be the effect of imagination in absence, but not in actual presence—that is animal magnetism, pure and simple, the man's personality has set a torch to the girl's thoughts—her thoughts have not produced him."

"Yelverton got up restlessly and looked out of a window.

"Have you seen Jim Churchill lately?" he said, quite forgetting, in his preoccupation, Lady Cranston's position in the county.

"Oh," she said dryly, "don't you know that the people about here are almost as provincial as the English who have lived in the east? And now if you don't mind looking up Cranston I think I must rest—perhaps dose awhile."

She closed her eyes, then opened them suddenly to see the look of kindly pity with which he regarded her as he opened the door to pass out.

"And some day," she said softly, "and may that day come soon—I shall forget to wake up, only I shall not be able to say as Maurice de Saxe did in dying: 'Doctor, life is only a dream. Mine has been short, but it has been a pleasant one!' For only a man could say that!"

CHAPTER XXVIII

DEAR OLD CHIEF (writes Yelverton in his round schoolboyish hand)—I brought Coquette down all right, and Miss Malincourt was delighted to see her. They make just as pretty a pair as ever. Lord Malincourt is awfully kind, and I spend a lot of time over there, and Lady Cranston is a great invalid, and Cranston and I don't cotton to one another at all. Miss Malincourt always inquires for you. She is very much altered, and I am sure feels your accident very much. Let me know if there is anything settled about your returning, and I will run up to town to meet you. Lord Malincourt has asked me to come over for the 1st. I like him immensely. Please remember me to your mother and Miss de Salis. Sincerely yours, ROGER YELVERTON.

"She is very much altered!" That was the only bit Ronny remembered out of all Roger's talk, halting sentences, and it brought comfort to his aching heart. Why was she altered if she did not care? He had not been at all sure

up to now that she did care, for a more elusive woman than Lesley did not live, and never more elusive than when you thought you had caught her, and then came thoughts to dash his comfort from him, for what if her father's and then came thoughts to dash his comfort from him, for what if her father's and then came thoughts to dash his comfort from him, for what if her father's

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human soul. The very utterance of death itself is missed when we know we have smoothed the way for our beloved and borne his feet up tenderly as he traversed its dark places.

Presently Ronny said: "I shouldn't wonder if Lesley married Yelverton after all." "Why?" "He is such a good fellow and so devoted to her, and often it is the dark horse that wins. I don't think Bob was ever really in the running."

"You must sleep now," she said gently, and quite naturally his cold, thin hand wandered towards her young warm one, and with it fast held in both the pale shadow of Ronny, the hero, slept.

Thus Lady Appuldurcombe found them on her return an hour later. So might a weary man, overcome in the flight, rest awhile with love, strong and beneficent, to watch over him. So might a woman look who asked no return for her devotion, absolutely content with the mere joy of giving.

CHAPTER XXIX.

It had commonly been believed in the neighborhood, after Miss Malincourt's first appearance in church on her return from town, that she had found her match there and had better far have staid at home so greatly had her looks altered for the worse.

Church in the country is a kind of roll call where every one who can answer to his name and comes up for judgment, putting on his very best appearance, too, lest in the interval between last and this Sunday he be suspected of injurious deeds bound to make some sort of a mark upon him, and easily perceptible to sharp eyed Sabbath friends and foe.

And not even a Maison Nouvelle inspiration and a pale yellow cambric frock to match could disguise the look of strain on the usually insouciant face of Lesley, so that those who knew her best decided that something more than late hours and continual excitement had been at work, and Bob, looking at her across the church, somehow came to know that he had something more than mere caprice to reckon with now.

And when on the following Sunday Bob's place was empty the gossips whispered louder, but no further excitement was forthcoming till Yelverton dropped into the place beside her in the square pew and, ugly and distinguished, was accepted by most of those present as the latest town captive of Miss Lesley's bow and spear.

That he was utterly devoted to her could be seen with half an eye, also that she really liked him, by the way even that she gave him a hymnbook, yet she was just as pale as ever, if more lovely, and the spontaneity of youth seemed for the time to have utterly left her.

And yet, in church especially, when dear and familiar words sounded in her ears, there were moments when Lesley looked absolutely good—when all her tricks fell from her, and no one felt and knew she was true, as an impeccably virtuous person ever was, or could be, and something radiated from and made her lovely in the best sense of the word.

More than one of the neighborhood who had loved Lesley watched the pair closely each Sunday, for Yelverton made a long stay, coming over from Cranstons' with his traps to Malincourt for the 1st, and only running up to town occasionally to see Ronny, who had safely performed the journey to Park lane.

And Lesley had less time to think, now that the house was half full of her father's guests and she was wanted by the housekeeper so often, but she made an opportunity all the same, while the men were absent, to ride over on Coquette every day to Lady Cranstons, who was full just then of a weary, sick-revolt against everything, who was angry and out of patience even with Lesley herself.

"Are you determined to ruin his life as well as your own?" she cried out indignantly toward the end of the first week in September. "Have you the right, even if you have the power? Upon my word, for two women to calmly settle a man's future for him without his being allowed the smallest voice in the matter is taking an unwarrantably great liberty with him, or I consider."

"He will settle it for himself," said Lesley coldly. "For himself?" groaned Lady Cranstons. "Worn out, the ghost of a man, his will power almost if not quite gone, from pure weakness and a woman all-ways at his elbow, to ride over on Coquette to attend himself as a helpless child to his kind nurse—what free will, what power of choice, has he in the matter? You two are simply taking a base, cruel advantage of him, one for which, if he ever recovers, he will hate and despise the accomplices who have brought him to such a pass."

"Lady Cranstons!" cried Lesley, starting to her feet with flaming face. "It is perfectly true. If he were himself, if he were just a selfish, strong man with a will of his own, I would say, 'Let Cynthia do what she likes, and let him defend himself,' but as he is, it is like taking advantage of a child. In his shivering coldness and poorness of blood he will feel a comfort in her warmth and bountiful, generous organization. He will even get used to the red hair, a color, you say, he detests, but mark me, Lesley, when he recovers, as I believe he will, it will be an evil day for Cynthia and for you."

"And you think he will recover?" cried Lesley joyously. "Oh, I could bear it all—all to see Ronny in the saddle again, for he could never be quite unhappy so long as there is a horse left in the world!" Lady Cranstons shook her head. "Lesley," she said, "sometimes to be unselfish is a vice, and you are vicious now. You think only of Ronny, but what of the hell you will make for

the man you marry, loving Ronny as you do?"

"I don't mean to marry." "You can't help it. Who knows? It may be Roger Yelverton."

Lesley laughed. "There is not a man alive who could coax or bully me into marrying him," she said. "I could never understand Tess of the D'Urbervilles going back to that man when once she had loved Angel. I would let all my family bivouac in the churchyard or go to the union; but, having once loved, I could not even think of belonging to any one else."

"So we all say and think when we are young," said Lady Cranstons wearily, "but there comes a time in a woman's life when, if she cannot have love, at least she wants the comfort, the support of a man's arm, and when old maids like you are in season, Lesley, then young wives will be out of bloom. And of course you may not get the support, after all, only a rotten stick that snaps as you lean on it," she added, thinking of Cranstons.

"If only he could get well!" said Lesley, her eyes shining. "The doctor's last report is certainly better, but he will have to lie down for ever so long yet." "Poor man!" said Lady Cranstons dryly. "I should say the tortures of the inquisition were child's play to those you have imposed on poor, helpless Ronny. Console yourself with the thought that he is bound to succumb at last. There, good-by, child; I am not tired to talk any more today," and she almost pushed Lesley away as the girl stooped to kiss her.

CHAPTER XXX.

When Lesley went out with the men's luncheon one day it was to find an unexpected addition to the party in Bob Heatherly, who reached her side about the same time as Yelverton, whereupon Bob glared at the new man, whose air of easy appropriation was tacitly acquiesced in by Lesley.

"How do you do, Bob?" she said, with as friendly an air as if she had answered any one of the letters with which he had bombarded her. "When did you come back—and did you meet many people you knew at Homburg?"

And then she passed on with Yelverton to attend to her duties as hostess in the little inn which happened to be feeding ground that day.

"Irish stew for a treat," he heard her saying next to Yelverton. "I know how all you men love it." And then the hungry sportsmen came trooping into the long narrow room, and every man called for his own particular variety in drink, and there was a smart fusillade of talk, in which Lesley, much improved in health and spirits since Bob had seen her last, took her part ably.

"Was Yelverton the cause?" Bob asked himself as he ate game pie and refused the stew Lesley cruelly pressed on him. "And if so—well!" Lesley to succumb to a man with a flaxen head as smooth as a billiard ball and a mug like—but comparison failed him.

He had heard a lot about "the lovely Malincourt," as she called her, from all the town contingent at Homburg—of her success, her frolics, of the imbrolio into which she had got her cousin, of how Yelverton had parted with or given her Miss Coquette, of how entirely devoted to her he was, so that it was no wonder Bob had dismissed Ronny from his jealous mind as a mere cousin, and hearing that Yelverton was at Malincourt made haste to return.

Most of the men present were old friends of Lord Malincourt, living at a distance and quite unaware of those tricks of Miss Lesley that had so severely limited her father's shooting lists, and if they once and all admitted her no harm was done, even though their lawful and middle aged owners might not have approved.

"He is very good looking," said Yelverton aside in an interval of stew. "Got a devil of a temper, too, I should say," he added, getting no reply, while Lord Malincourt, glancing from one to the other of the two men, had some disagreeable qualms that made the flavor of his cold beef and broiled litter no less agreeable than usual.

When they all presently trooped out, Lesley announced her intention of driving instead of walking home, which was the exact opposite of what had been her intention, as she loved to wander through the copse and woods in those glorious September days, and here fully visible, as the inn stood at the roadside, within Lord Malincourt's demesne, and on the other side of the path beech and ash and aspen spread their shade upon the uneven ground.

As Lesley settled herself in the dog-cart, slim and smart as usual in her light checked tweed, with all her accessories perfect as usual, she glanced swiftly at the two men standing side by side, and Yelverton pleased her taste best, for he had that indefinable air of birth and breeding impossible, it would seem, to acquire without exclusive mixing in the best and worst society in the world, otherwise town.

Yet how handsome Bob was—how angry! Anger in some men is like the determining touch of color that a woman who has made a fine art of painting gives to her cheek, and anger became Bob, Lesley decided, as she carelessly invited him to dinner.

When she had gone, the men moved off side by side to the copse, whence the some shots came in rapid succession, covering their distaste to each other's company, after the manner of their kind, with tobacco.

A little spring bubbled along somewhere out of sight for company, the fire gave out their magical odors, and all the glories of the year, trembling in its perfected beauty on the verge of decay, appeared not at all to these sun-born, silent mortals, who saw and heard nothing but their desires and the selfish beats of their own hearts. "Love is for a sour or dry, but I am new always."

whispered nature, but they would not listen. Just out of earshot of the sportsmen Bob paused and touched Roger's arm significantly.

"I was engaged to her," he said. "You have the advantage of me," said Yelverton stiffly, "for I only hope to be."

For a moment, in the shadow of the red spotted leaves of the old thorn, a collision seemed inevitable between the two angry men. Then Yelverton, mastering himself by a great effort, said: "Look here! I take back that speech. She doesn't love either of us. She never will. And the only good turn we can do Miss Malincourt is to be her very good friends and leave her alone."

"Who is she?" cried Bob fiercely. And then she passed on. "Why should it be any one? May not a woman choose for herself? And, by heaven, I hope I'm man enough to think of what's best for her—not me." They had come up with the beaters by now and went different ways. But for the first time something pierced through the core of Bob's selfish love, and he thought of Lesley's happiness, not his own.

But who was the man? Certainly not Yelverton, who shot wildly and more or less disgraced himself for the rest of that afternoon—certainly not himself—Bob was quite certain on that point. After all, could it be Kilmurray? And he was but a sorry rival just then.

CHAPTER XXXI. Lady Appuldurcombe had Park lane all to herself, and she had Ronny all to herself and was happy in a way that seemed to her quite extraordinary.

With Ronny's real but very slow improvement she found it in her heart to partly forgive Lesley and to be heartily ashamed of that dreadful letter she had sent Malincourt. To be sure, Lesley's heartlessness in making no inquiries for Ronny and Yelverton showed that a mere flirt she was. Still Lady Appuldurcombe would have given a good deal to wipe out both her curse on the girl and her letter, and it was of this she was thinking one afternoon as from her boudoir window she gazed out on the full glory of those flower beds reserved for the rolling millions who do not go out of town in September and wondered what she could do to set her mistake right.

Yelverton was very curt with her when he came—it was extraordinary how loyal all the men who loved Lesley were to her—and Malincourt had replied to her letter with that most terrible of all replies, silence.

But today from an old friend now staying with her husband in Somersetshire Lady Appuldurcombe had received quite at the end of a long chatty letter the following item of intelligence: "So your niece, the lovely Malincourt, as we all called her in town, and a mere natural, delicious creature I never met—so distinguished, too, as to marry Roger Yelverton, who is now at Malincourt, and all the men who wanted to marry her—and they are legion here—are in despair. Not such a good match for her, after all, but that is the last thing she would think of. They say there is bad blood between him and a lover she formerly favored, but I do hope there are to be no more duels about her. She is so much too good for all that sort of thing."

Lady Appuldurcombe thought of the girl's winning ways, how she really could not help being different from other girls—natural, in short, as her friend had put it—and she had not wanted to come to town, and Ronny had been—unwisely—to notice what a ruffian like Dashwood said.

She turned impatiently away from the window. She would go and look after Ronny and Cynthia in the drawing room. The two had grown so friendly in these past weeks, almost months, and she had thought the mother, with a sharp pang, would it not hurt her very wish as much to give Ronny up to one woman as another?

She went abruptly into the long salon, and as she entered caught the name of "Lesley," which, strangely enough, was the talkman, the bond between the two, and a sudden access of temper, almost of cruelty, common to the best and worst of women, seized her, as, going forward, she said: "You are talking of Lesley? And I was just coming to tell you some news about her!"

She did not look at the couch drawn well out of the light upon which Ronny lay, at the girl who had risen from the low chair at his side. A terrible sense that since he was no longer her own, almost of cruelty, common to the best and worst of women, seized her, as, going forward, she said: "You are talking of Lesley? And I was just coming to tell you some news about her!"

She moved to the balcony. The silence in the room was absolute. Then, still cruel, Lady Appuldurcombe left the balcony, and without a glance at Ronny went away.

Cynthia knelt down beside him, and his deathly face, damp with sweat, was turned toward her.

As he looked at her, so good, so beautiful, so true, no whit altered to him by his great calamity, only loving him the more for it, strangely enough the very line flashed through his mind that once had formed the subject of a prayer in tears: Sweet as your smile shone on me ever.

For with both of them it was a much loved song, and her smile had never faded from him as girl and woman, quick revulsion against Lesley, against her heartlessness, her caprice, her inability even to wait to see if recovery were possible to him, flashed through Ronny, and with a groan his head fell forward on Cynthia's breast. Those moments of physical weakness, of heart desertion, accomplished what no effort of stubborn will to love gratefully could have done—for with the instinct of a tired child to its mother, of escaping from pain to a haven of warm forgetfulness, Ronny's arms closed feebly but tenderly about the girl, and with his lips seeking hers he fell into a long sleep.

And so, with her cripple safe in her strong young arms, no more an outcast, Cynthia, for at least a little space, entered into love's kingdom.

That night she wrote to Lesley—her first letter since their compact made in Grosvenor place: I hear you are going to marry Roger Yelverton, Lesley, and I know you would not do it unless you loved him, and I pray God you may be happy. If Ronny ever recovers, he shall be married. If not, I have the privilege of waiting upon, of seeing him, and that is all I ask. You do not know how much I think you never really loved him, and I thank God for it.

Thus the woman who had stolen justified herself to the woman she had robbed. And broad awake Ronny was thinking, with that ugly silhouette of his male attendant so hatefully suggesting weakness to the once strong man showing at a distance: "Oh, my God, what have I done—what have I done? What if she has set herself apart from me! Need I do the same by her?"

"To reach a nerve far down and deaden it," she said once, "supposing that she did cure a little, and that now, in her reckless wild way, she is trying to reach that nerve to deaden it." He groaned aloud in his despair, and his attendant rose, thinking him in pain. Cynthia—Ronny lay for a long while regarding her image, which was not abhorrent to him now—even that faint scent of wood violets was merged in her strong vivid personality. He had clung to her as death clings to life, seeking to warm himself by her fire and strength, and his mother herself had not been able to give him the sense of safety, of comfort which in his darkest hours Cynthia had afforded. And now she was to be his nurse for life, and Lesley, swift and sure footed, was to run before the wind like Atalanta, with Yelverton pursuing and overtaking her, and—a sudden silence spread over the chamber, and the attendant, rushing to his side, found that Ronny had fainted.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Ladies be Guarded!

A Little Attention on your Part will Save You annoyance and Trouble.

The ladies should remember that Diamond Dyes are always twice the strength of all inferior and imitation dyes. Diamond Dyes will always give you your money's worth of pure and never fading dyestuff that is simple to use, and that will do just as represented. Do not be deceived by big packages that imitate put up. Their dyes are mixed with salt, alum, and other worthless adulterations. In a word, beware of the dealer who tries to sell you something that he represents to be just as good as Diamond Dyes. Experts say, Diamond Dyes are the best in the world.

Bretre Harte in New England. "The first time Bret Harte came East," said a friend the other day, "he was to take in all the chief cities of New England. We who were familiar with the East exclaimed almost in a breath, 'How he will enjoy the beautiful New England! Perhaps the gorgeousness of the foliage seen by him for the first time will inspire another famous poem!'"

"After he had been East for a short time he wrote me a letter, which I can tell you almost word for word. It ran in this: 'You ask me what has impressed me most since I left home. I can answer emphatically the waitresses. I never saw a woman wait at table before. After my lecture in Concord I was waited on by one at breakfast. She said to me 'Coffee, tea, ham, eggs, and bacon. I enjoyed your lecture, Mr. Harte. You had a most select audience.'"

"He never even mentioned the autumn leaves!"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

DR. JOHN MACDONALD'S OLD CONSTITUTIONAL

DR. JOHN MACDONALD'S OLD CONSTITUTIONAL. Mr. J. B. Metcalf, M. P. for Kingston, talks of the Splendid Curative Character of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. There is no small amount of talk in all parts of the country of the class of people who are proclaiming the remarkable results accomplished by Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, for leading citizens in all parts of the Dominion are using it. Among others who tell of the effective nature of this medicine for catarrh, hay fever, or cold in the head, is Mr. J. H. Metcalf, the popular M. P. for Kingston, the constituency represented by so many voters by the late Sir John A. Macdonald. Beyond any doubt this remedy is a marvel, radical in its effects, it is at the same time simple and agreeable to take, which cannot be said of most catarrh medicines. Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

BORN.

- Lockport, Jan. 4, to the wife of Mr. Ruggles, a son. Wolfville, Jan. 1, to the wife of W. M. Smallman, a son. Moncton, Jan. 10, to the wife of W. Harry Waits, a son. Hillsboro, Jan. 5, to the wife of A. B. Marven, a son. Litchfield, Jan. 4, to the wife of G. L. Bishop, a son. Lunenburg, Jan. 4, to the wife of P. J. Sealbeyer, a son. Lunenburg, Dec. 28, to the wife of Israel Brown, a son. Port Grenville, Jan. 4, to the wife of Charles Morris, a son. East River, C. B., to the wife of John C. McLean, a son. Halifax, Jan. 8, to the wife of John J. Spine, a daughter. Halifax, Jan. 4, to the wife of G. C. Campbell, a daughter. Moncton, Jan. 10, to the wife of W. R. Edwards, a daughter. Belleisle, Jan. 5, to the wife of Joseph Young, a daughter. Digby, Jan. 12, to the wife of Rev. W. Prestwood, a daughter. Woodstock, Jan. 2, to the wife of J. H. Forrest, a daughter. Truro, Dec. 19, to the wife of Wilfred Reobuck, a daughter. Gagetown, Jan. 10, to the wife of Morris Scovill, a daughter. Richmond, Jan. 5, to the wife of George Thomas, a daughter. Parrboro, Jan. 5, to the wife of Capt. Peley, a daughter. St. John, Jan. 1, to the wife of Colin McLean, a daughter. Annapolis, Jan. 5, to the wife of G. Conter White, a daughter. Clementon, Dec. 20, to the wife of L. D. Shaffer, a daughter. Margarettville, Jan. 1, to the wife of Colin McLean, a daughter. Amherst, Jan. 4, to the wife of Albert Tompkins, a daughter. Annapolis, Dec. 23, to the wife of Frank W. Fickens, a daughter. Brookly, N. S., Dec. 31, to the wife of N. C. Morison, a son. Acadie Mines, Dec. 29, to the wife of Edward McLeod, a son. Anson, Jan. 10, to the wife of D. Wetmore Pickett, a son. North Sydney, Jan. 5, to the wife of Robert P. Scott, a daughter. Sussex, Jan. 12, to the wife of Rev. Henry W. Nicholson, a daughter. Oxford Gold Mines, Dec. 28, to the wife of G. J. Partington, a daughter. Cambridge, N. S., Jan. 6, to the wife of Arthur B. Johnson, a daughter. Slubscaden, Jan. 4, to the wife of James A. Kirkpatrick, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Centerville, C. S., Island, N. S., Dec. 26, by Rev. A. M. McNinch, Sarah L. McGray to Susie Penney. Mick Court, Jan. 1, by Rev. D. Morse, Harry Vidio to Bessie Merritt. Freeport, Dec. 30, by Rev. E. A. Allack, Stanley Sullivan to Elizabeth Christie. Stony Island, Dec. 25, by Rev. J. W. Smith, John Smith to Ida M. Chase. Colebrook, Dec. 26, by Rev. J. A. Forbes, John Johnson to Della Boyd. Shuley, Jan. 8, by Rev. J. M. Parker, John W. Seaman to Susie F. Gillespie. Grand Manan, Jan. 12, by Rev. W. H. Perry, Owell Stanley to Flora Stanley. Windsor, Jan. 7, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, William K. Lyall to Maud Fraser. Bristol, Jan. 1, by Rev. D. A. Brooks, Theodore Rogers to Mary A. Dyer. Halifax, Jan. 9, by Rev. Gerald Murphy, John Kennedy to Bridget Boyce. Fredericton, Jan. 6, by Rev. Mrs. Tippet, C. Fred Chestnut to Jennie Lamont. Sherburne Mills, Dec. 18, by Rev. Mr. Rumpus. Milltown, Dec. 23, by Rev. F. S. Todd, Thomas W. Fairhead to Lillian Collins. Durham, N. S., Dec. 28, by Rev. J. Coffin, James Miller to Susan McDonald. Shannon, Dec. 18, by Rev. C. B. Lewis Wellington, R. Northrup to Edith Boyd. Deerfield, Jan. 1, by Rev. C. D. Turner, Frederick White to Lillian Harbut. Brookfield, Jan. 1, by Rev. C. McKay, John D. Murray to Delinda Boyce. Windsor, Jan. 8, by Rev. J. K. Beazist, Newman B. Shaw to Georgie Faulkner. Liverpool, N. S., Jan. 1, by Rev. J. L. Fash, E. Ward Williams to Edith Jones. Aylesford, Dec. 24, by Rev. E. O. Read, Arthur T. Morse to Mrs. Ruth Healey. Fredericton, Jan. 8, by Rev. J. C. McDevitt, Frank Kowan to Annie Smith. Bridport, Jan. 1, by Rev. J. B. Giles, Fred G. Palfrey to Katie Armstrong. Norton, N. B., Jan. 5, by Rev. David Long, Samuel Leitch to Lavinia Jenkins. Fredericton, Dec. 31, by Rev. W. McDonald, William H. Grey to Hattie F. Farrell. Centerville, Jan. 1, by Rev. J. E. Flewelling, Alexander Bell to Estelle I. Pinner. Port-au-Pic, Dec. 31, by Rev. James McLean, Fred L. Broderick to Sadie Hall. Kelley's Cove, Jan. 4, by Rev. D. W. Purdon, Geo. Falton to Sarah Belle Hamilton. Gates' Mt. N. S., Jan. 1, by Rev. E. E. Locke, Fred W. Gibson to Sadie Bell. Sable River, Dec. 24, by Rev. L. W. Carpenter, Wm. L. Page to Nettie Freeman. Liverpool, Dec. 30, by Rev. J. L. Fash, Edward H. Wagner, to Syretha M. Cooke. Centerville, N. B., Jan. 5, by Rev. J. B. Flewelling, Loran Brittain to Fanny Graham. Glace Bay, Dec. 24, by Rev. J. A. Forbes, Alex. F. McDonald to Margaret Furlow. Antigonish, Jan. 7, by Rev. G. L. Gillis, Patrick Carrigan to Mary Jane McGillivray. Sydney, Dec. 24, by Rev. J. F. York, Daniel K. McDonald to Maggie McDonald. Scotch Hill, Jan. 1, by Rev. G. L. Gordon, F. Clarke Henry to Mary R. Cameron. Laurencetown, Dec. 24, by Rev. J. Harry King, Charles M. Daniels to Ella L. Baker. Fredericton, Jan. 1, by Rev. J. T. Bryan, Frederick P. McNichol to Margaret Todd. Lunenburg, Jan. 7, by Rev. G. L. Rankin, William Schofield to Bessie L. Demore. Tatamagouche, Jan. 1, by Rev. Thomas Sedgewick, Joseph H. Langille to Bessie Fraser. Mahone Bay, Dec. 26, by Rev. Jacob Maurer, James T. Auld to Laura M. Stearns. Plymouth, N. S., Jan. 4, by Rev. J. W. Shephardson, Martin J. Treffy to Ada Churchhill. Ross Bay, Lunenburg, Jan. 6, by Rev. George A. Leck, James Mirner to Emma Birby. Lake Porter, Jan. 2, by Rev. James Rosborough, Robert S. Ogilvie to Mrs. Susan R. Innes. Moss Glen, N. B., Jan. 8, by Rev. H. S. Wainwright, John P. McElroy to Ina R. O'Brien.

DIED.

- Shediac, Jan. 7, Elizabeth West, 67. St. John, Jan. 10, Phoebe E. Burpee. Truro, Jan. 6, Howard McNutt, 13. Truro, Jan. 4, Lilly McKinnon, 18. Halifax, Jan. 7, Edward Metzger, 72. St. John, Jan. 12, Arthur T. Irving, 25. Moncton, Jan. 13, Dennis Gallagher, 20. Weymouth, Dec. 26, John T. Hogan, 83. Blomidon, N. S., Jan. 3, Samuel Lyons. Jordan, Jan. 7, Mrs. James Theobald, 75. Richmond, Dec. 20, Mrs. Patrick McLean. Boston, Dec. 31, Mrs. Catherine Walsh, 66. Fishers Grant, Jan. 1, Mrs. Paul Foster, 82. Grand Cove, Dec. 20, Alexander Lafrard, 47. St. Peters, C. B., Dec. 29, Maggie McRae, 51. Colebrook, Jan. 2, George C. Middiman, 75. Sheffield Mills, Jan. 7, James M. Dickey, 80. Chocopee Falls, Jan. 5, Mrs. Johanna Hurst. Upper Falmouth, Dec. 22, James Lockhart, 89. St. John, Jan. 12, Charles W. Weldon, C. C. 65. Liverpool, Jan. 1, Lydia, wife of Colin Campbell. Jordan, N. B., Jan. 5, Mrs. James Theobald, 75. Pictou, Jan. 2, Janet, wife of Thomas Murdoch, 74. Pictou, Jan. 1, Mary, widow of Capt. S. F. McLean. Brooklyn Corner, Jan. 6, Mrs. C. W. F. Rand, 80.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RISEING SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED With Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS

- Boston Highlands, Jan. 15, John C. McDade, 87. Upper Perse, Dec. 22, Mrs. Abigail Greenough, 71. Broad Cove, Jan. 7, Caroline, wife of Silas Smith, 27. Woodstock, Jan. 3, Susan, wife of Isaac Finamore, 58. Maljen, Mass., Jan. 8, Annie E. Rundall of N. B. Turle Creek, N. B., Dec. 28, Rev. W. E. Fillmore, 60. Halifax, Dec. 31, Minnie, wife of William Templeman, 46. Ketch Harbor, N. S., Jan. Mrs. Thomas Templeman, 46. Ketch Harbor, Jan. 6, Mary H., wife of James Mackin, 25. New Minas, Jan. 1, Eliza Ann, wife of Henry Bishop, 81. Wakefield, Mass. Jan. 6, William R. Cooper of Halifax. Pleasant Valley, Jan. 5, Melissa, wife of Andrew Frost, 40. St. John, Jan. 10, Mary A. widow of Mr. W. H. Clarke, 61. Mahon, C. B., Jan. 1, Maud, daughter of Angus Rankin, 9. St. John, Jan. 12, Elizabeth, widow of Francis J. Jones, 81. Richmond, Dec. 30, Mary, daughter of Hugh McDonald, 18. Halifax, Jan. 8, William, son of Mary and the late G. W. Martin, 27. Clarke's Harbor, Jan. 7, Nettie, wife of Downey Nicholson, 24. Tanner Hill, Pictou, Co. Dec. 29, Robert Ross, son of George Ross. Chicago, Dec. 31, John A. son of Archibald Chisholm of Antigonish. LaHave Island, Jan. 1, Harry, son of Enos and Jane Wolfe, 12. Ottawa, Jan. 8, Henry W. Kaulbach, C. C. of Cloverdale, Dec. 1, Henry Miles, son of Richard and Hannah Crab, 7. North West, Mary Belle, child of Katie H. Dunlop Chisholm, 6 months. Bear River, Dec. 23, George B. son of the late John and Susanna Fleet, 25. Halifax, Jan. 10, Mrs. Joanna Fisher, widow of Joseph Fisher, 42. Cape John, Dec. 28, Thomas, son of Anna Bell and Alexander Bell, 3 months. South West, Jan. 7, Mary E. child of Alex and Hugh McLean, 1 month. Halifax, Jan. 12, Margaret C. daughter of the late Quinsens and Olivia Douglers, 13. Charlestown, Mass., Jan. 10, William A. Fitz, son of Albert and Sarah Fritz of Halifax, 24. Not The Fashion in Canada Yet.

The "new woman" has revolutionized Christmas presents. Instead of candy, flowers, and such flummery, it's nowadays something relating to the bicycle. If not a wheel or a suit outright, it's sure to be some sort of lamp or pedal or pump. Small silver or gold match boxes, such as snooking men carry, were prominent among feminine presents this season. "A wheel-woman must always have matches with her," said one such recipient the other day. "For if she happens to be without an escort and her lamp goes out, she's worse than Moses in the cauldron; she's not only in the dark, but she's obliged to dismount from her wheel and foot it the rest of the way." Men's and women's Christmas presents this season thus bore a great resemblance to each other. It is a decidedly novel order of things. One can't help but speculate on Santa's surprise when he received petitions from the "new woman" asking him to fill their stockings with the latest things in brakes and bloomers, but these are the things dearest to "new" hearts, and Santa Claus like everybody else, will have to get used to it.

DEPRIVED MULE.

One of the brightest Virginia women in this city has a fund of anecdote illustrative of life among the Old Dominion dorkies that is not surpassed by Thomas Nelson page himself. She was telling the other night of a young mule that had been shipped on a freight train to a farmer in Fauquier county. A tag had been tied securely around his neck with a rope, with shipping directions thereon, but in the course of his journey the mule's hunger and natural depravity had tempted him to chew up both tag and rope. This gave the dorky brakeman great concern. He hurried to the caboose and saw the conductor. "Mars George," he cried, "your 'pepeta to put off dat cold? E done eat up whar's gwine."—New York Press.

What is

"Orinoco?"

Ask your Tobacconist

and

Try it.

You will be pleased.

VOL.

WANT.

SOMEBOY

The Vacant Filled at Talked A Continue The deat has made n by the libe call for order to se his place. the choice months ago election people, and (stands good the election cease leave and one of supply him This is no might suppe is one with and popular least of the who have bo not willing doubtless m have neithe without pov by help were only p effect might the polls wh with defeat been mention disposed of Mr. Geor common con for the plac with his bu their large b which each and responsi (tered in t of them appe nation to en was urged to general elect young man when from the managers, th success in St. positively, an as positive at Mr. Josep excellent man little hope for though to the ters which are and his peopl means a sac which are nee and increasin Mr. Jame mentioned, ambitious to politics, even active busines leisure. Mr. didate of unim who standin to high re into public mind rich with During the frequently me Joseph Tucke man of mean ing presence a to parliament tinctively millio gone there fro days of Con the Hon. Jo member. He Ontario the provinces by military affair at home in the as he is on the the Failures out around candidate w the conservati war cry in St. of his great vir w of the libe ti. The larg largest stockho lishing compani sands without a ever get any consciousness of a good cause. Colonel to the naturally bring he has also me election of Mr. Failing his Major Hugh E tioned. The M ner of Mr. W well conversant and the lines ori ed out. Basicl ind despatches h of the papers tr in the positio many of the g