

PROGRESS.

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SECRET SCHOOL MOVES.

THE BOARD ASK FOR MR. JOHN MARCH'S RESIGNATION.

D. E. JACK DROPPED FROM THE BOARD BY THE GOVERNMENT AND MR. BASKIN MAY BE BY THE CITY—NO CAUSE, OR REASON GIVEN MR. MARCH FOR HIS NOTICE.

This has been a week of surprises in school matters. For the past six months affairs scholastic have not been the most pleasant, but the climax was reached this week when a communication from the school board notified Mr. John March that his resignation of the superintendency would be cordially accepted. Mr. March did not view the matter in the same light however and refused to give up the office, asking in reply that the school board explain why they have taken such a step.

Coupled with this demand for resignation was the intelligence that the local government had dropped Mr. Jack from the position of trustee, and readers of the daily papers will recall the reasons which Mr. Jack gave the public why he was dismissed. The statement may have been very convincing and consoling to Mr. Jack but certainly it did not satisfy the citizens, and many who read Mr. Jack's eulogy of himself will consider that the government did very wrong in doing away with the services of such a paragon of virtues as Mr. Jack makes himself out to be.

But it is somewhat peculiar that while the citizens generally deplore the fact that the school board has dismissed Mr. March without cause or without stating a cause, it is yet to be learned that the public are in the least disturbed by Mr. Jack's setback.

Then in the midst of all comes the report from the aldermanic board that Mr. Baskin, who is the city council appointee, on the school board, is to be asked to give place to someone else, possibly a better man. The citizens, many of them, consider that Mr. Baskin has not done as much as he might have done and they are displeased with his actions in many cases. They consider that as he represented the citizens, that he is more culpable than others are for the blunders made and the injustices, calling them by no harsher name, committed by the board. He should have stood out strongly against any further extravagance, he should have fought against the iniquity of vacating the Leinster street school and perhaps forcing on the city an expensive lawsuit and injuring a church which placed itself under a heavy obligation after the great fire that the children of the central part of the city should have a decent and respectable place to go to school. The citizens think that Mr. Baskin could have prevented this had he tried. He could have opposed the plan of placing boys and girls in Victoria school—he could have objected against the extravagance displayed in the Aberdeen school building, and particularly he might have fought against its being located where it is. He was placed on the school board to safeguard the city and if he has been alive to his duty then he assuredly has no influence with the board and should be no longer retained in office; if he has been careless and inattentive then the school board is no place for him. One thing is sure and certain he is not at all satisfactory to a great many citizens and they do not hesitate to say so.

The next meeting of the city council will deal with the matter, and a man will be nominated and elected to the position who will try to introduce some reforms at the board.

Now that a crisis has been reached in school matters it would be wise on the part of the council to enquire into all the circumstances connected with the contracts for the new high school—an audit of the school accounts should also be demanded, and a general overhauling of school matters instituted.

But this cannot be done until the doors of the school board meetings are thrown open to the public through the press. The people now know nothing about the business of the board save what appears in the annual report and the sparse and carefully considered account that is prepared for the press. The objection to the presence of the press is that something may be discussed, such as qualifications of teachers, etc., which should not go to the public. Newspapers are not anxious to fill their space with such matters as that and their representatives are always ready to accept a suggestion from the chairman when it is advisable to suppress dis-

ussion that may be injurious to anyone.

The March dismissal does not reflect the greatest credit upon the board. Mr. March has been in the service a quarter of a century and it was a most abrupt and unkind way to get rid of him by sending him a notice on Christmas eve requesting his resignation. After such length of service, an employe, and especially so responsible a one, has some rights, and they should have been respected. If the board considered that because bond forms were taken from the office and used for improper purposes while he was secretary some eight or nine years ago that the official was negligent, they should have said so, though now that he is simply superintendent it cannot be understood how such a charge could affect his present position. Perhaps the fact that he is not in sympathy with the present co-education plan which is an expensive pet idea of the present board may account in a measure for the action of that body. But at any rate Mr. March is in the dark, he has not been given a reason why his services are not wanted longer and so far as PROGRESS can learn he has not been given more than a week's notice. This paper has not always agreed with his methods or his management of the schools but of late years but little if any fault has been found with him and the cordial expressions from the daily press testify to his ability and his industry. This recognition of his services is a further reason why he is entitled to the fairest treatment from the school board.

Perhaps the reason for the action of the board towards Mr. March may be traced to the report that an action is to be brought by the Bank of New Brunswick against the Board for the amount of the interest coupon from the forged bond which the board has refused to pay. It is claimed that the board of trustees was negligent and that the bank has no right to lose under the circumstances.

HE HAS A NEW LOCALITY.
A Young Fiend Insults Several Ladies on the City Road.

With unfailing regularity a suspicious individual, usually characterized as the "ulster man", makes his appearance in different parts of the city. The latest addition to the ranks of these fiends has made his appearance on the city road, and surrounding neighborhood. Several ladies have been insulted by the wretch who from the description given appears to be not more than eighteen or nineteen years of age.

A few evenings ago a young lady residing in that part of the city was returning at a comparatively early hour from a call upon a relative in the same locality when she was accosted by the prowler who used the most vile language. The lady had no weapon with which to defend herself but she managed to fight him off until as they neared her residence he evidently became afraid of being caught for he left her and went back in the direction from which he had come. When the young lady reached home she became violently ill from the fright and nervous shock and a physician was summoned. At latest accounts she was still confined to the house.

A few nights before Christmas another lady in the same vicinity was insulted in a similar manner and only her fleetness of foot saved her from the villain's grasp.

It seems strange that things of this sort should occur two or three times a week without some clue being obtained as to the man's identity. It might be well for the police to have an eye upon the locality mentioned. It is said that another section from which questionable actions are reported is under police surveillance.

ALDERMAN NEDDY'S RETORT.
He is Canvassing Indentiously and Paying Compliments all Around.

HALIFAX, Dec. 31.—The city council meeting on Tuesday afternoon and evening was one of the liveliest for a long time. Ald "Neddy" O'Donnell, candidate for the mayoralty, was one of the chief speakers. One incident will show the style of proceedings. In the afternoon an alderman said "Neddy, you are a nuisance; you are a skunk."

This took the breath from the ambitious alderman that he vouchsafed no reply. In the evening another alderman returned to the subject and said:

"O'Donnell, you know what you were told regarding yourself in the afternoon."

This time Edward was found on deck and he replied:

"Look to yourself; Hants county is the place for skunks, and you have not yet got clear of the odor."

WHERE LOVE PREVAILS.

SOME CLERGYMEN WHO WORK IN CHRISTIAN HARMONY.

HALIFAX A City Where Clergymen Work Together for the Common Good of Humanity—Some of Them Cannot Exchange Pulpits But can Exchange Other Courtesies.

HALIFAX, Dec. 30.—There is perhaps much of that denominational rivalry in Halifax which does more harm than good to the cause of religion, but there are many instances of a broader spirit.

It does not go so far, as to allow a presbyterian or baptist minister to preach in a church of England pulpit, for that has been legislated against by the British Parliament and the statute has never been repealed; while anglican sentiment would hardly favor it anyway yet the broad spirit so far prevails that church of England ministers and those of other denominations do the next thing to exchanging pulpits; last Sunday afternoon Rev. N. I. Perry, assistant rector of St. Paul's, addressed the Sunday school of Fort Massey presbyterian church. He did this in company with two presbyterian clergymen Rev. R. A. Falconer and Rev. Mr. Morton. By the way, the pastor of Fort Massey and the assistant rector of St. Paul's are the closest of personal friends. The four young ministers mentioned in this connection must be choice spirits in the best sense. Long may such happy ecclesiastical and personal relations continue!

The commercial travellers always take the opportunity afforded by the Christmas season to hold some kind of festivity during their home coming, at Halifax. This year it was a smoking concert they held and a more successful "at home" it would be hard to imagine. The travellers and their friends numbered no less than 360 jolly fellows. Music, tobacco, conversation, and some other good things, were used by the company to make the "smoker" just what it should be in point of enjoyment. From 8 o'clock to midnight the "knights of the grip" had a very firm grip on pleasure. There was no fog outside, but within Masonic hall the air was so opaque with fumes of the weed that a St. John man might think he was in London or Halifax in the foggy season and a Halifax man might well dream that he had been transported to New Brunswick's metropolis or to the Strand when lanterns are needed at noonday. The travellers often have to rough it in the course of the long year, but they know how to get compensation out of life, and they showed they knew how to get the most fun and smoke out of the "at home" on Monday night.

HE LOST HIS MAGIC LANTERN.
How a Halifax Clergyman was Rewarded for a Charitable Deed.

HALIFAX, Dec. 31.—Ministers generally are kind-hearted men and it is not always that they lose by their generosity. Rev. A. Hockin, Methodist minister of this city is one of those kind-hearted men and today he is a considerable loser thereby. Some days ago a poor man, with whom Rev. Mr. Hockin had slim acquaintance, went to him with a tale of woe. He had no money and no work but thought that Mr. Hockin could set him on his feet. The way he proposed this should be done was for Mr. Hockin to lend him his \$80 stereopticon lantern, and he would go into the country, give shows and make money. The minister demurred about acceding to the request, but at length the poor man's pleadings were so pathetic that he acquiesced and loaned the lantern. Then a Mr. Hubley, in whose debt the poor man was, heard of this deal and determined on a bold line of action. He sent a bailiff and seized the lantern for the debt. Rev. Mr. Hall, who is Mr. Hubley's minister, went, it is said, to the creditor and explained the circumstances others did the same thing, but it was of no avail. Mr. Hubley sold the lantern and the minister was left almost as poor as his quondam suppliant.

Such an action as this is not a premium on the performance of a good deed but rather the opposite.

A GRINDING MONOPOLY.
Which Controls Nearly Everything in Which the People are Interested.

HALIFAX, Dec. 31.—When C. C. Blackadar and George E. Boak were on the disreputable of the old gas company they were charged with being members of a grinding monopoly. That company has become extinct but they are again directors in a monopoly greater and more grinding. They are on the board of the people's heat and light company, or corporation which swallowed up the old concern. The same men control it who control the Dominion Coal Company and the Halifax Electric Tramway Company. These men own our coal, our city transportation, our gas and our electric light works, and they are seeking to conquer other, and perhaps get more important interests; in this connection the city council are taking steps to establish their own lighting plant.

NOT A WARM CHRISTMAS.
Trinity Church Gears Found out How Cold the Day Was.

There have been freeze outs in various places but these have been in many cases figurative, but Trinity church, in this city, on Sabbath morning last had a freeze out that was the genuine article.

Archdeacon Brigstocke assisted by the Rev. Mr. Handford and Rev. Mr. Eatough did their best to conduct the services in a manner consistent with the place and time but slowly and surely the mercury in the thermometer on the wall worked down lower and lower till the 55 point was reached. Here the old people began to quietly work their feet into overshoes and rubbers for a cold damp breath like that said to presage Death came along the floor. Slowly but more surely than before the mercury dropped till 45 was touched. Here there was a general hitching up of coat collars, boss were placed around necks again, hands were thrust deep into muff or pocket but still the mercury descended. The preacher with a look on his face that said he was all unconscious of the difficulty continued his sermon, now gazing to the right then the left as though seeking the cause of so much frigidity. But the eloquence of the sermon did not affect the thermometer in the least and it had now reached the 40 mark. Here several put on their coats. Some bald-headed men rubbed the places where the hair ought to grow and stared at each other as if awaiting a signal to put on their hats. Thirty-eight degrees read the thermometer and fish and blood could not stand it. A prominent hardware merchant of King street descended to the basement and attacked the furnace. No one knew whether the sexton had fallen into the fire or not, perhaps they were so cold they did not care—they were cold, there was a church full up stairs shivering and they concluded whether the sexton was dead or alive, to fire up. But the merchant did not understand the combination and sent for his servant man, and now the mercury showed 34. Here a money broker descended to the cellar but do as they would the mercury held its own till the service was over.

A KINDLY CHRISTMAS GREETING.
Miss Lawlor's Friends Remember Her During Her Illness.

Miss Lawlor has for some years been the leading soprano singer in the Cathedral choir. That she has admirably succeeded in securing for herself the good graces of the people was well proved on Christmas day. She was presented in appreciation of her services with a "Christmas Greeting" beautifully written on parchment, bound in rich green morocco and prettily finished with gilt. In addition to this was a more substantial token of esteem consisting of a purse well filled with gold. The following is a copy of the address:

DEAR MISS LAWLOR: It has long been in the minds and hearts of the many admirers of your happy talent and fidelity in singing the divine praises in the Cathedral to give you a testimonial of the esteem and admiration in which you are held. A difficulty arose as to the form the testimonial should take. The matter pending thus, one Sunday we missed the melody with which you so abundantly regaled us, and soon we learned with thrills saddened hearts that you were stricken down by a protracted illness, that your beautiful voice must for some time be still, that we will for a while miss you so much from the choir. Then difficulties vanished; kind hearts and willing hands set to work, and the testimonial spontaneously assumes the form of a Golden Xmas Greeting for 1896. Let every dollar be to you a token of admiration. Their number is limited indeed not by your merit, but by our means. We would they were ten times more, but we know you will accept our good will in your regard. We thank God that you have so wonderfully and quite completely recovered from your late illness, and pray that you may be long spared to your many friends and admirers. We wish you the compliments of this festive season in all their fullness, and its happy returns fifty times and more.

Signed on behalf of the committee: B. A. STANTON, ANNE McQUEEN, AURELIA COLE, ANNE DELANEY, ALICE BRADY, E. A. MCGRAW, K. McLAUGHLIN, ANNE SHARKEY, LIZIE McCAFFERTY.

St. John, N. B., Dec. 24th, 1896.

THOSE BYE LAWS LOST.

THERE WAS NO CERTIFIED COPY OF THE MARKET LAWS.

The Government and City Have Agreed Upon Amendments Which Will Set Aside and be Unsatisfactory to Others—Messrs. Dunn Bros. Still Sell.

Just how the affairs of the country market are managed is a question upon which the citizens in general would like to receive some information. At present the board of public safety, which has to do with market matters is in the midst of a new amendment to the present bye law which provides that no firm shall employ an agent to sell their goods in the market. This section precluded firms such as Slipp & Flewelling, and others from doing any business whatever in the market. Dunn Bros. however continued to sell their wares through the medium of an agent (thus causing no little amount of contention among the butchers and regular commission men who claimed that Dunn Bros. were acting in contravention to the law in this respect. The matter went further and finally it was decided to amend the law so as to allow Dunn Bros. to carry on their business. The new amendment was discussed by a committee of the city council and the provincial government. Several aldermen were appointed to represent the council and a meeting was arranged with the government. It was just here that some of the council authorities who wished to rush the bill through as quietly and as quickly as possible made a break which to say the least of it gave the whole affair a rather suspicious appearance. Among the aldermen who were to meet the government on the question was Ald. McPherson who it was known was strongly opposed to any change being made. In his opinion the market should only be used, by countrymen, and legitimate commission dealers. His opinions on this matter were known to the other aldermen who desired the change made and they counted on opposition from him. At any rate he claims he was not notified when the committee met the government representatives and discussed market matters; as he had several important questions to bring up he was naturally highly indignant that he had been ignored and it is altogether probable he will not hesitate to speak his mind freely at the next council meeting.

One market matter brings up another and perhaps it would be just as well to inform St. John citizens why Messrs. Dunn Bros. have conducted a lucrative business in the market for some time without interference. Some months ago the firm was reported by the clerk of the market for violating the bye law. Day after day passed and there was no trial of their case which finally died a natural death. Just why they were not prosecuted furnished material for considerable speculation on the part of the general public. Many theories were advanced but none were clearly proven to be correct. It is known however that one of the reasons why the case was not pressed can be found in the fact that since the death of B. Lester Peters there has been no certified copy of the market byelaws. It appears that when a byelaw in reference to the market government is passed the regular copy must be returned to the common clerk of the city who must be in a position to swear that it is the identical certified copy. At present there is no certified copy and consequently all prosecutions that are made are illegal. This will probably come as a surprise to St. John citizens generally and particularly persons in the market who have from time to time been fined for minor offences and who if they were sufficiently posted could make things very interesting for the city in the way of a lawsuit. Meanwhile the business of the market goes regularly on, Dunn Bros. are still on top while the citizens are waiting eagerly for the next move in the case.

It must be borne in mind though that such market men as Dunn Bros. pay a large sum in fees toward the market revenue and that any change barring them from the market privileges would result in loss in that direction.

But PROGRESS understands since the above was written that no such move is likely but that the bye law will permit one firm to be represented in the market by a city agent, but that such an agent must not sell for more than one firm—in other words he cannot be a commission merchant.

AN OLD CONTROVERSY.

AS TO WHICH WAS THE FIRST NEWS-PAPER ISSUED.

Belgium Claims to Have Furnished the First Publisher Verboeven—There is Much Doubt as to Settling the Matter Satisfactorily—Other Matters.

The old controversy as to the first newspaper has broken out afresh and in respect of uncertainty and intensity it is to be compared only with the discussion of the questions, where was Homer born, what became of Morgan, and who struck W. Patterson, Esq. The latest ebullitions come from Belgium, the claim having been made there that one Verboeven, an Antwerp printer, established in 1605 a Flemish paper with an unpronounced name and that this paper antedates by some years the first of the French papers, the Mercure Francois, which has for a long time enjoyed the distinction of having been first. The truth of the matter so far as the date of its establishment is concerned is that the Mercure Francois was established by the French printer Reaumont in 1605, the same year that the Flemish paper was established in Antwerp, and that, therefore, honors were easy between the two.

The difficulty of arriving at a satisfactory solution of the question of antiquity among newspapers is due to the fact that there is no concurrence of opinion among the disputants as to what was a newspaper. The original newspapers were bulletins in manuscript sent out to a few favored individuals, and later, the appearance of news letters was regulated not by the calendar but by events. It, therefore, there should be several matters of interest in a week, several copies of the news letter would appear, but if there was nothing of interest occurring, ten days or a fortnight might elapse between the appearance of two numbers.

The difficulty of arriving at a proper solution of the question therefore turns upon what is to be considered a newspaper, and no general agreement upon this question seems to be probable. The oldest authentic English newspaper was what was known as the Weekly News from Italy, Germany, and other places, published in London in 1622, a sort of foreign edition of an English paper, the peculiar notion prevailing at that time that the columns of a newspaper to be interesting should be filled with the narratives of matter occurring away from home. It is known that the first detailed account of a local occurrence, the first report, as it would be called to-day, that made its appearance in an English paper was published in the News in 1741, the nineteen years having elapsed between the foundation of the paper and the publication of news items in its columns, seven years more were permitted to elapse before the publication, a red-letter event, of advertisements, the first of which appeared in 1648. The earliest of the papers published in Germany according to the most veracious account, was the Frankfurter Obenpostans Zeitung. Just why the printers of Belgium, alternately under Austrian, French, Spanish and German rule should have taken an active and progressive part in the establishment of newspapers has never been made entirely clear, but it is known, in a general way, that there were editors in existence, so to speak, in what is now the kingdom of Belgium long before they made their appearance in France, England or Germany. This is no sound reason perhaps why the claims of the advocates of the Antwerp printer Verboeven should be accepted as establishing his right to be known as the first newspaper publisher. Whatever the facts may have been about journalism in Belgium 300 years ago, King Leopold's country takes high rank to-day. There are nine papers in Antwerp, most of them dailies, ten in Ghent, seven in Bruges, twelve in Liège, nine in Verviers and forty-five in Brussels.

The Place Where Adam Stood.

On the top of Mount Samanala, or Adam's Peak, in the Island of Ceylon, stands a rock which is the great Mecca of Buddhist pilgrims. For centuries they have been journeying up the mountain, which is the highest on the island, to pay their devotions to the isolated rock. According to the true believers, after Adam's fall he was taken to the top of this mountain by an angel. From its summit the first man was shown all the ills that humanity is heir to. Foot of his presence there is shown in a footprint upon the solid rock. This impression is five and a half feet long by two and a half wide and shows six perfect toes. It is also claimed that the chain bridge across the canyon near the sacred footprint was put there by Alexander the Great.

A Book on Centenarians.

A book on the subject of old age, published in England some time ago, furnishes some interesting information concerning centenarians. Of the 52 mentioned, 36 were females. Eleven of these, were single, 5 were married and 36 widowed. Three only were in affluent circumstances, 28 were comfortable and 19 poor. Nine were fat, 18 in average condition and 20 thin.

Thirty-six had good appetites, 10 moderate and 2 bad. Fifteen were total abstainers, 24 drank a little, 6 were moderate and 1 drank whatever he could get. There were 7 hard smokers, 4 being women. The average time of going to bed was 9 o'clock, 7 were bedridden. Twenty-four had no teeth and only four had artificial teeth.

THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY LE BOW. And Why the Archbishop of Canterbury Was Confirmed There.

There came over the cable on Tuesday news from London to the effect that the confirmation of the Right Honorable and Most Reverend Frederick Temple as Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of all England in the Church of St. Mary le Bow London, was interrupted by a protest against the proceedings on the part of the Rev. Edward Brownjohn. The cable brought further the comforting news that after the protest had been rejected the Rev. Mr. Brownjohn departed amid the groans of the audience.

A good many persons wondered what really had happened, or rather what was happening, when Mr. Brownjohn protested. They knew that the cathedral church of the Archbishop of Canterbury is in Canterbury; and they knew, further, that an Archbishop is enthroned. Some persons wondered if Dr. Temple had in some way escaped being confirmed, though they knew that confirmation by a Bishop follows an English lad about as surely as measles: that if he hasn't been confirmed and had the measles, there is no hope on earth or in heaven for him. But the interrupted ceremony was described correctly, though incompletely.

The church of St. Mary le Bow, in which the ceremony was held, is a 'peculiar' of the Archbishop of Canterbury. A 'peculiar' in ecclesiastical law is a church pertaining to some dignitary, without the jurisdiction of the authorities of the diocese within which it stands. That is, its accidents (to use another ecclesiastical term) put it into one diocese, while it really and truly belongs to another. So it was in his rights over St. Mary le Bow that the newly 'elected' Archbishop of Canterbury was being confirmed on Tuesday when Mr. Brownjohn interrupted the proceedings temporarily.

The famous Church of St. Mary le Bow, called officially the Church of St. Mary de Arcubus, and colloquially Bow Church, stands in Chespeide, London, about an eighth of a mile east of St. Paul's the cathedral church of the Bishop of London. It got its name of 'de Arcubus, from being the first church built in London with stone arches. It was built in the time of William the Conqueror, and the arches which gave it the name are still standing, down in the crypt. The present church was built by Wren, after the Great Fire, and its steeple is described as being "the most splendid of all his steeple compositions."

The beautiful steeple of St. Mary's contains what is probably the most famous chime of bells in the world—Bow Bells. Bow Bells called Whittington back to become Lord Mayor of London; Bow Bells it was to be born within sound of which made a man a true cockney; Bow Bells, the apprentices' friends, Dick Whittington, running away from ill treatment in London sat down on the first milestone to rest, with his cat in his arms, and as he sat there he heard Bow Bells ring out: "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London! Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London!" and turn he did and became Lord Mayor four times, and member of Parliament, and finally died full of honor in 1428.

Then as to the Cockneys: "Cockaigne, the land of good living," was once a well-earned name of London, and only those born within sound of Bow Bells could be cockneys with right.

Then to the apprentices of Chespeide, Bow Bells were friends; for when they rang out at 9 o'clock each evening the apprentices of Chespeide were released from their duties. "This bell, says old Story, "being usually rung somewhat late, as seemed to the young men, 'prentices, and others in Cheap, they made 'and set up a rhyme against the clerk as followeth: Clerk of the Bow Bell, with the yellow locks, For thy late ringing thy head shall have knockes. Whereunto the clerk replying wrote: Children of Cheap, hold you all still: For you shall have the Bow Bell rung at your will. After that there was peace in Cheap. To the children, too, Bow Bells—or, rather, the Great Bell of Bow—are well known. In the game of London Bells the Great Bell of Bow comes in like a reluctant witness before a cross-examining lawyer. The game brings in the names of many of the old London churches.

"Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clement's.
"You owe me five farthings."
Say the bells of St. Martin's.
"When will you pay me?"
Say the bells of Old Bailey.
"When I grow rich."
Say the bells of St. Dunstons.
"When will that be?"
Say the bells of St. Mary.
"I do not know."
Say the Great Bell of Bow.

St. Mary le Bow, under its proper name De Arcubus, gives its name to the Court of Arches, the chief court of the ecclesiastical Province of Canterbury. The court used to sit in the church, but it has moved now to the universally named Knightbridge street. The Judge of the court is called officially the official principal of the Arches Court, but is known usually as the Dean of the Arches. This is a Court of Peculiars, which takes its name from the jurisdiction, formed exercised by the Archbishop over some fifteen churches in the diocese of London; this court now exists only in name, as an appendage to the Vicar-General of the Archdiocese. Some years ago had a picture of the Court of Peculiars, or a Peculiar Court; the subject and the way it was treated can be imagined even by an American.

On Physical Beauty.

Certainly it is that a beautiful complexion without correctly mirrors the health constitutionally within. It is not possible to keep the millions of pores free of albuminous plugs, by the common bath, massage, or any other form of scrubbing manipulations. The gum which obstructs the pores, must be dissolved into lymph as to allow it to excrete in free perspiration, those unsecreted elements which are continually forming a basis for disease, may secrete and excrete, as nature designed. No one bathes thoroughly, who does not go below the surface. The reason why the medical Profession so willingly recommend the public Turkish bath, is from the fact, that its a simple sweating process, without claims to medical virtue, but they should realize the danger of absorbing and inhaling of various poisonous gases cast off from the impure perspiring organisms from which the premises is sure to become thoroughly charged, with no possibility of safe disinfection.

The beauty of the skin depends in a great measure upon cleanliness. If the pores are clogged with foreign matter and the excretory process cannot go on properly, black heads and kindred skin disfigurements appear, and the skin becomes dull and unhealthy in appearance.

In order to clear the complexion the unhealthy secretions must be cleared from the pores, and the best and safest method of doing this is the employment of the home hot air bath cabinets, which are now, happily, within reach of all, and if properly indulged in, their value cannot be over estimated.

An ordinary boy or girl 14 years old can learn shorthand at home; lessons by mail. It is a fascinating study, too—leads to good positions in business. Send for primer, free. Snell's Business College, Truro, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

WE CAN GIVE POSITIONS to persons of all grades of ability. Agents, Book-keepers, Clerks, Farmers' Sons, Lawyers, Mechanics, Physicians, Teachers, Students, Married and Single Women, Widows. Positions are worth from \$400.00 to \$2,000.00 per annum. We have paid several of our started poor and become rich with us. Particulars upon application. State salary expected. T. H. LINS-COTT, Manager, TORONTO, ONT.

WANTED Old established wholesale House wants one or two honest and industrious representatives for this section. Can pay a hustler about \$12.00 a week to start with. DALWYN 26, Bradford, Ont.

WANTED Our White Enamel Letters make elegant signs for office and store windows; for beauty and durability they are unsurpassed. We are sole importers and agents of the original Letter since 1851. ROBERTSON STAMP AND LETTER WORK, St. John, N. B.

WANTED Young men and women to help in the Armenian cause. Good pay. Will send copy of my little book, "Your Place is Here," free, to any who write. Rev. T. S. LINS-COTT, Bradford, Ont.

WANTED Outfits and materials, Kodaks and Cameras from \$5 to \$100. Practical information ensuring success, free. Save time and money by consulting us. ROBERTSON PHOTO SUPPLY CO., Masonic Building, St. John, N. B.

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

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

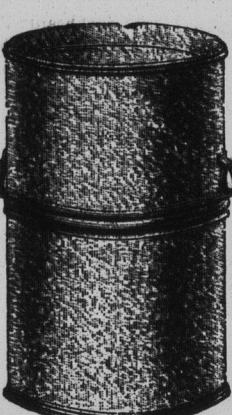
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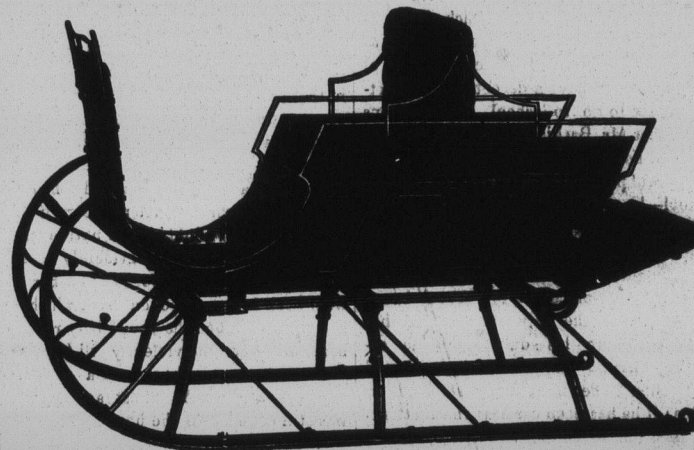
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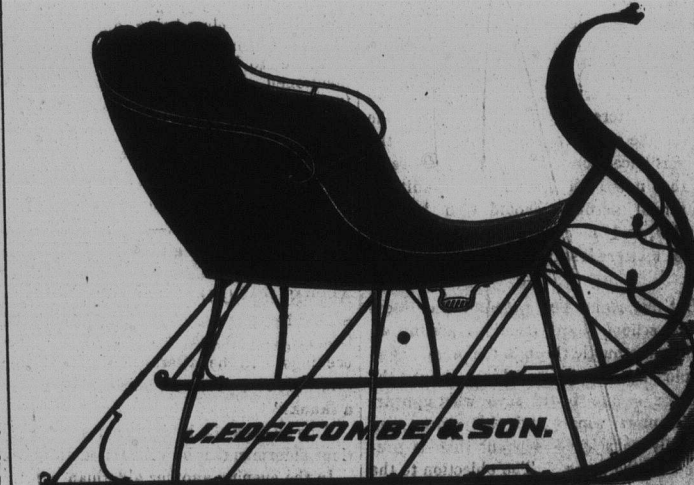
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Musical and Dramatic

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Mr. Charles R. Fisher, who has demonstrated that St. John possessed for him more than ordinary interest and who is specially and favorably remembered in musical circles in this city, is still actively engaged in the pursuit of his profession.

The many friends of Mr. A. M. Smith (Fred) will be pleased to learn that he is now living in New York city where he is meeting the success such a lover of music and such a real good fellow deserves.

Rumors are in the air as to preparations for local musical entertainment but they are all too vague to deal with at present.

A fine programme of Christmas music was given by the choir in Exmouth St. Church last Sunday evening. A feature of the music on that occasion was a solo by Miss Luke which was admirably rendered and which gave much pleasure to the large congregation.

Tones and Under-tones.

"The Bohemian Girl" is the opera at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, this week. The opening production of the "Lily of Killarney" on Monday evening of last week at this theatre was characterized in that the "action was hitching and the spoken parts not always ready, but the singing was all good."

Lillian Blauvelt has been engaged by Mr. Damrosch to replace Madame Nordica for the soprano solos of "The Messiah" which will be given in New York on the 28. inst.

The highest paid choir singers in the world were two American ladies, Miss Clementina De Vere, at the Paxton church in New York, who received \$4,500 a year, and Miss Dutton, at a Baptist church in the same city, who received \$3,000 for her services. The men in the choir at Westminster Abbey receive salaries ranging from \$400 to \$500.

Madame Camilla Urso, the world famous violinist, is giving concerts in Massachusetts. She will appear at Natick on the 8 inst.

At the first of the four concerts recently given by Madame Carreno, the famous pianist in Helmsinglers, Russia last month, the enthusiasm of the audience was unbounded, the stage was literally strewn with flowers and wreaths and when Carreno entered her carriage a number of students unharnessed the horses and triumphantly pulled the vehicle through the streets of Helmsinglers.

Miss Ella Chamberlain the whistling soloist, took an important part in the concert of the Boston Association course on Thursday evening of last week. Her solos are always a delight, says a critic and her selections on this occasion were particularly good.

A benefit concert was tendered Col. Mapleson at the Boston Theatre last Sunday evening and taking part in the programme on the occasion was Signor Ruggero Rondacio, who is one of the few artists of the Colonel's company who yet remains in the United States. Signor Rondacio is a Sicilian and he has a tenor voice of rare purity, flexibility and power. He has a repertoire of fifty two operas.

Myron W. Whitney jr., who is studying music in Europe has started a club in Florence, Italy, which is to be known as the American student's club. Only Americans can hold office although its membership is not confined to Americans. It is intended as a sort of rendezvous for the American people visiting that locality.

Madame Adamowski-Szumowska, the pianist, learned new laurels for her masterful work in the second concert given by the young violinist Huberman last week. "She re-affirmed her right to be placed in the first rank of contemporary pianists, says a recent Boston paper, and a detailed statement of her ability would consist of an enumeration of pianistic virtues coupled with the remark that she possesses them all."

Illness on the part of several of the soloists in the recent production of "The Messiah" by the Handel and Hayden society of Boston, caused many disappointments. Mr. Lang the conductor, became so ill he could not appear and his place was taken

by Mr. George W. Chadwick, who had no opportunity to rehearse with the chorus. Notwithstanding this a notice of the work says "If one has only the chorus singing in mind it were safe to say that the performance was far from being the worst given by the society during the last ten years."

At the first production of "The Messiah" last month in Boston says a local critic. "Mrs. Juch, with her somewhat jaded voice, displayed some very good and some very bad musicianship in dealing with the soprano role." Mrs. H. E. Sawyer the contralto, was pronounced "inadequate." Ar. Thomas E. Johnson the tenor "battled with a hoarse cold" and Mr. David Bispham "arose from a sick bed to come to Music Hall" and "his upper tones were either strained or ragged."

Madame Albani sang the soprano solos in the second production of "The Messiah" in Boston last month.

TALK OF THE TOWN.

At the Opera House during the current week the Isham and Lytell Company have continued their performances to audiences which—apart from Xmas day and New Year's day—were smaller than they should have been when the merit of these performances is taken into account. The plays produced this week were "A Midnight Bell," "Forgiven" and "A Chance for a Life," all entirely new to this city, it is said. This last play was given on New Year's Day too late for further notice this week: Of the others the company is justly entitled to credit for general good work. In the first named play those that witnessed it concede that Mr. Lytell's work as Deacon Tidd was exceptionally clever and consistent, and was true to life. Everyone who has but slight knowledge of village life, must recognize the fidelity of the impersonation. In this play also Miss Drake had better opportunity than in the opening piece, and the lady seems to grow in the favor of the theatre goers. She certainly was very charming in the role of the school teacher in "A Midnight Bell." Indeed in this play it appeared to me that all the parts fitted those to whom they were entrusted. "A Dark Secret," apart from the spectacular features, has little to commend it.

Mr. John E. Brennan the comedian and Miss Eva Westcott, who is happily styled a "dainty soubrette" have been entertaining large audiences in Mechanic's Institute during the week. They have been giving a well assorted repertoire at popular prices and some of their company at least merit notice in the support afforded the joint stars. Generally speaking there is quite a gap between a "star" and the support but Mr. Brennan has avoided this as much as possible. The Brennan-Westcott Company are now well established in this city.

"The Cherry Pickers" is nearing its one hundredth performance at the 14th street theatre in New York. This is the play in which Miss Eibel Knight Mollison of this city takes the part of an Indian girl.

"The War of Wealth" is the play at the Boston theatre this week. This was one of the pieces new to this city which the Harkins company put on here last season.

Wyzman Marshall, an old time actor who, many years ago, in the old "Lyceum" days, played star engagements in that house under the late J. W. Lanerger, died at his home in Boston on Christmas day. He was born Sept. 26, 1816, at Hudson, N. H., and his first stage appearance was at the Lion theatre on Washington street, Boston, in February 1836. His last appearance was June 13, 1864.

Some naughty person has started a rumor (possibly an advance man) that Miss Fannie Bulkley of the "Lost, Strayed or Stolen" company at the Park theatre, Boston, was engaged to be married to Joseph Holland, the actor. The lady has authorized the Boston press to give her denial of the rumor.

Sol. Smith Russell, after refreshing rest at his home in Minneapolis, resumed his tour in "A Bachelor's Romance" at the Grand Opera house in Chicago last Monday evening.

The real name of the late Alexander Hermann, the world famous magician, was Levin.

Mr. Charles Dalton who has the leading part in "The Sign of the Cross" is an English actor and the present is his first visit to this country. This play, which is favorably regarded by clergymen, is on at the Boston Museum this week.

Miss Gertrude Bonwell who is 16 years of age plays a boy's part in "The Sign of the Cross." She is an American.

Edward Milton Boyle has written a new play which he has called "Capt. Independence." It is a romance of the Mexican war. He is the author of the comedy drama "Friends

and it is probable his new play will have a Metropolitan production in the near future.

When Miss Maud Adams enters upon her career as a "star" next season the leading man will be Robert Edegon.

C. W. Couldock, the veteran actor, who has been in active work this season has retired from the stage. He is upwards of eighty years of age. Mr. Couldock in "ye olden time" has played star engagements in Lanerger's Lyceum in this city. He was a tragedian of high order of talent and was great in "Hamlet" King Lear etc. in which he has been seen in this city. Personally he bore a marked resemblance to the late Hon. Joseph Howe, for whom he has not infrequently been mistaken.

NEED A HANDY DOG WITH KITTENS

He Responds to the Mother's Appeal and Helps Them When She CANNOT.

In the house of one of Brooklyn's best known citizens on Prince street says a writer in the N. Y. Sun is a dog that has taken upon himself the care of the family cat and her offspring. His name is Nero, and he is a fine specimen of, the English setter breed.

There was an increase in the cat family not long ago, and on account of the cold weather the mother cat was allowed to keep her little ones in the bottom drawer of the desk in the library. The kittens are so small that they are not able to get out without assistance. The mother cat, owing to the depth of the drawer, has found it almost impossible to get them out, and it was the custom of one of the family to take them out. Nero stood and watched the operation. One day he evidently thought it was about time one of the kittens was back in its nest, and he rolled it over on the floor as carefully as its mother could have done, licked it all over, and then took it in his mouth and deposited it in the drawer.

The dog's master, when sitting in the recess in the library one day, was interrupted in his reading by the mewing of the mother cat. He watched her. She evidently had concluded that the kittens were large enough to test their legs, and she raised herself on her hind legs and put her front paws on the edge of the bureau drawer. Then she gradually drew herself up and balanced her body on the edge, while she tried to take one of the kittens out with her mouth. She found herself unequal to the task, and dropped back to the floor. Nero was asleep in front of the fire, his head on the floor between his paws. The cat looked at the dog and then at the drawer, and finally went over to where the dog lay. Putting her mouth close to the dog's head she mewed pitifully. Nero sprang to his feet, and the cat started toward the desk. As she

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walked along she looked back at Nero. The dog followed her, and putting his big muzzle into the drawer he licked out the kittens one by one and put them gently on the floor. Then he went back to the fire, lay down, and snuggled down between the dog's paws and went to sleep, too.

Nero has several accomplishments. His master will put a piece of cake on each paw, and the dog will not touch one of them until he gets permission to do so. This in itself is not an unusual feat for a dog, but it is not common for a dog to stand as long a speech as Nero must listen to before grabbing the dainties. His master uses the most aggravating deliberation in his address to Nero, saying: "Don't be in unseemly haste, Nero; slowly, now, slowly."

What Courtesy is. Somebody says that although courtesy is not Christianity, it is a very good imitation of it, indorsed by good breeding. Christianity commands us to love our neighbor as ourselves. Whether we love him or not, courtesy does not inquire. We are to seem to do so, and act as if we did. There are people who consider this deceit. "If I don't care a snap for Jones, why should I express pleasure at the sight of him and sorrow when he leaves me? If I never saw his wife and children, is it not

hypocrisy for me to show interest in Mrs. Jones' rheumatism or regret the broken arm of the small Jones?" It may be so. Perhaps it is a debatable matter. Yet life holds so much sorrow and so many mistakes and regrets for most of us, that it is a primary duty to humanity to force ourselves to feel and to express all the sympathy, kindness and cordiality we can, even if we have to manufacture them "out of the whole cloth."—Harper's Bazar.

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EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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Opinion can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince-Edward Island every Saturday, or Five Cents each.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 26

A MODERNIZED FORM.

PROGRESS appears to its readers today in a somewhat altered and more modern form. The tendency, or rather the fashion of the times in newspaperdom is to approach as convenient a form as possible and that best suited to readers and advertisers. The most successful dailies which were for many years issued as "blanket" sheets of four pages have become modern and now, with the advent of improved machinery and better taste, appear in a more compact and convenient form. For almost six years PROGRESS has been printed on a six column page which, while generally satisfactory has been open to the objections of patrons that the pages were too large for their number to do them full justice. This size has also made it impossible to fold one paper within another so that each number would be in one complete form. In its present size it will be possible to do this when the negotiations pending a proper folding machine are completed. For these reasons the form of PROGRESS has been modernized somewhat, and we trust our readers will agree, improved. Advertisers will certainly consent that upon whatever page they are placed they will have a more commanding position while those readers who are partial to the form of such excellent journals as the Youth's Companion, London News & Co. will, it may be, wish that the modernizing had been carried a step farther and PROGRESS issued on that six sheet. Our neighbor, the Messenger and Visitor, will, we understand, appear in something akin to that form when issued next week, a fact which speaks well for its enterprise and determination to keep abreast of the age in journalism. Such changes come around all in their own good time and we hope the day is not far distant when PROGRESS will be able to appear when the occasion demands with a cover and as many pages as a complete folding machine can fold, paste and trim.

ITS MEANING UNKNOWN.

A learned society is rather unfortunate, to say the least, when it is unable to tell what its name means. This is the dilemma of the Royal Geographical Society of Australasia. It asked the International Geographical Congress in London, last year, to give an answer to the question: What is the true definition of the term Australasia? The Congress, being very busy with other matters, had no time for this conundrum, and the question is still unanswered.

The Australian geographers decline to accept the British definition of the word, as given in the imperial statute, which declares that "the term Australasia shall signify and include New Zealand and Tasmania as well as Australia." Why, ask the Australian geographers should New Zealand, Fiji, New Caledonia, and the other islands of the south seas be excluded? In fact no geographical societies and few writers accept the given definition; but confusion arises because everybody uses the word according to his own idea of what it embraces. The Australians themselves have tried in vain to reach a common understanding. A geographical conference at Melbourne, ten or twelve years ago, argued the question, but failed to attain any conclusion, and none has been arrived at since, though the great society with its branches in all the leading colonies said in its memorial to the London Congress that "we consider it a matter of daily increasing importance."

The fact is, there are few accepted boundaries for parts of the world considered in a geographical, instead of a political sense. What is the geographical, the so-called natural division between Europe and Asia in the South-East? One famous

authority says it is the Malay depression north of the Caucasus; another that it is the line following the crest of the Main Caucasus range, and still another that it is the southern boundary of Transcaucasia; and a recent publication which deals with the matter, gives three determinations which deal with the total area of Europe, according as one or another of these boundary lines is accepted.

There is no agreement even as to the number of continents, for some distinguished writers recognize only three, Euro-Asia, Africa and America; and when they talk of the great diversions of the land surface the number varies from five to eight according to the different writers. Perhaps in only one respect is this a matter of importance. When a writer or speaker refers to a region it is highly desirable to know how much of the earth's surface he includes under the name.

Until a half century ago there was much confusion in books and atlases with regard to the names and extent of the various oceans. The Royal Geographical Society of London appointed a committee, in 1845, to settle these matters and the conclusions reached by the committee, with some modifications, were generally accepted and have proved advantageous. There is much less confusion with regard to the names and extent of land surfaces, but such as exists is not likely to be remedied unless some authoritative tribunal takes the matter in hand, and the rest of the world accepts its decisions.

A NEW INTOXICANT.

While the enemies of alcohol in its various forms are exhausting their ingenuity in devising methods for suppressing its use as an intoxicant, the ingenuity of people who crave this sort of stimulus is equally active in finding new means of gratifying their craving. There is an old story of a town in Europe where sulphuric ether was habitually imbibed as a substitute for whiskey; the morphine fiend and the chloral fiend are well known to the medical profession; and laudanum cock-tails are a not infrequent pick-me-up. Now comes news from a Connecticut town that cocaine snuff has become the rage with its inhabitants, and that they are wasting their substance and running their health by its use. The latest new intoxicant is described as being composed of cocaine, sugar of milk, magnesium, and menthol, or peppermint extract, and applied to the nostrils like tobacco snuff. It was first compounded by a physician as a remedy for catarrh, but, having been found also to possess also exhilarating qualities the use of it has spread to all classes of the population. One working man is said to spend as much as \$5 per week upon it and the town druggists cannot supply the demand. Among its victims are children of tender years and hundreds of factory work people. Where it is consumed to excess it produces sleeplessness, hysteria, and finally paralysis. An appeal to the legislature is talked of for suppressing the evil but meanwhile it rages with great violence. Here is a new field for reformers and philanthropists to work in, as soon as they shall have succeeded in suppressing the use of alcoholic drinks. And by the time they have finished with cocaine and snuff, something newer and more popular will have been invented, so that they need never be out of a job.

Dr. GOSPODEEN DERISENKO, a Russian scientist, who is the latest to believe he has discovered a cure for cancer, now reveals the basis of his remedy to be swallow-wort. This poisonous plant of the milkweed species has already been used in medicine and some slight degree of credibility is given to Dr. DENISENKO's theory by the fact that the saffron colored juice of the swallow-wort has long been used by peasants to rid themselves of warts. Still to be taken internally an entirely new problem must have presented itself as the juice contains two poisons; and it is the effort to neutralize their toxic effect Dr. DENISENKO can scarcely have preserved the juice's true medical efficiency as an anti-toxin.

Dr. FREDERIC A. COOK who is to lead an expedition next year to explore the practically unknown Antarctic zone, may be justly termed the pioneer in the new revival of interest in the new Antarctica. Although the BULL cruise resulted in a successful landing on one of the islands of the South polar region and three other European expeditions are now in course of preparation, to Dr. COOK belongs the honor of having been the first in this day and generation to turn his eyes towards the South pole.

The transfer of the remains of LOUIS PASTEUR from his late resting place to the magnificent tomb in the PASTEUR Institute took place last Saturday with very little ceremony. The great scientist had before

his death, expressed the modest wish that the occasion should be private. The removal took place upon practically the seventy-fourth anniversary of the illustrious chemist's birth—December 27, 1822. A national funeral was decreed for this founder of the modern science of bacteriology by President FAURE and his funeral took place at Notre Dame on Dec. 31, 1895. France wished to enshrine his ashes in the Pantheon but he chose to be buried in the little garden of the PASTEUR Institute.

A few days ago the Brazilian government was reported to have discovered documentary evidence to prove that neither England nor Venezuela was entitled to the Guiana territory for which they are contending, but that Brazil alone was the real owner of the disputed tract; now the cable brings the news that Brazil has magnanimously resigned her claim. Neither the assertion nor the renunciation of a claim which has been permitted to slumber for three centuries can be considered a matter of serious moment; but the simplicity of the Brazilian officials who conceived the idea of resurrecting these musty proofs of title are amusing.

M. ANDRE THEURIEU the poet and romancer who has been seated by the French academy in the vacated chair of ALEXANDER DUMAS, will be best remembered outside of France as the friend and editor of that strange girl MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF. Some of his verses are engraved above her tomb. The academy crowned his poems when they were first gathered into a volume, but he began writing verses nearly forty years ago. He is now a white haired man of sixty three residing in what is said to be an ideal country house just outside of Paris and is mayor of the Commune of Bourg-la-Reine.

While Major MCKINLEY was out sleighing at Canton, O., on Christmas afternoon he saw some boys with their sleds, and called out to them "Hitch On!" It might be remarked that this is a singularly appropriate cry for a president-elect. To aspirants for a place in the Cabinet, the words will sound sweet indeed. To office seekers in general, the simple monosyllables will seem very dulcet and melodious. The Canton small boys should have photographed that invitation on the spot, for it is an historic and precious slogan, that sweet "Hitch on!"

THE CLOSURE OF A MERRY DAY.

A Young Man Met a Stuffed Stork and Demolished It.

While many residents of the city celebrated Xmas by getting considerably under the influence of the ardent—a custom more honored by the breach than by the observance—very few of them had the same experience as one of the clerks employed at Sand point. This particular gentleman went on a good time with a number of friends one evening recently. As is usual on such occasions wine flowed freely, a fact not calculated to increase the young man's clearness of perception or vision. During the evening in question he partook of several glasses of liquor and when the time came to go home was pretty well jugged. His friends noting his condition and wishing to enjoy a joke at his expense quickly relieved him of his watch and spare cash, stripped him of most of his clothes and sent him to his boarding house in the small hours. The proprietor of the boarding house, by the way, was an enthusiastic student of natural history and one of his dearest treasures is a large stuffed stork which adorns the front hall. The stork was a marvel of the taxidermists' art fearfully and wonderfully made. A few days previous it had suffered the loss of an eye and was at once sent to the taxidermist to have the missing member replaced. It was returned on the same evening after his Christmas. And when the young man opened the front door with his latch key he at once discovered the stork. Then came trouble. In his hazy condition he thought the bird was some monster come to torture him and he at once proceeded to make things lively for it.

A mix up followed in which his storkship was decidedly worsted inasmuch as he got his long slender neck broken short off. The next morning the landlady waited upon her pugacious border with a bill of repairs and he realized that his fun had not ended.

A Mistake in The Title.

A little boy of seven years attended a performance of Little Lord Fauntleroy in the Institute this week and upon his return home he described as well as possible the interesting little play. His mother's amusement may be imagined when he informed her that "Fauntleroy's mamma didn't want to give her little boy up to old God Haversham." He was evidently unacquainted with the titles of nobility.

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VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Wanema. Far back in unwritten ages, when only the light Had crossed the course of the river, and the flow of its waters like When only the Red man's wigwam varied the landscape scene, And only the Indian children gave life to the forest scene, A fierce war had raged but was ended. The Mohawk accepting defeat Had fled in dismay to the river, and hurriedly been a retreat. Wamagan, the chief of Meductic, looked scorn on the fleeing foe As high on the bank of the river, he proudly stalked to and fro.

"Wanema," he called, "come, Wanema," and up from the forest glade, In response to his call, came bounding—a beautiful Indian maid. "Wanema, my child," he repeated, as his daughter flew to his side, "I have sworn by the victory given, to make you next moon—a bride. "Your brava is the mighty Oj-da-ga," a warrior of muscle and might "He prays to the gods and has power, to win us success in the fight."

Wanema stood silent and troubled—she loved not Oadaga, the seer And her heart throbbled with passionate anger, but never a tremor of fear Till she thought of the Mohawk captive, she had left but an hour ago, And she sighed "I am false to my father, I have given my heart to the foe." So the days sped on and Wanema still tended the wounded brave Till her pity was changed to adoring and love was the solace she gave.

"Wamagan my father is ruthless—if they send not your ransom today My Mohawk—your fate will be torture—you better had died in the fray Yet listen! Wanema will save you. Tonight will be gloomy and dark And you must stoop down to the river, where I shall have anchored my bark." "Wanema! Wanema, my princess I never shall leave you alone You bid me depart and forget you; is the heart of your lover stone? "Come with me Wanema!" he pleaded "Come with me or here I will stay They will wed you next moon to Oadaga and myself, I care not if they slay."

She was won; when the day turned to darkness and the tribe of Meductic slept. The Mohawk and maiden in silence, down to the river crept. Ah welcome its musical ripple, as it seemed to murmur farewell. But a wild laugh of scorn and derision echoed o'er water and dell. "Oadaga, the seer knows your secret, your bark is adrift on the tide "Wanema shall ne'er wed the Mohawk, nor yet be Oadaga's bride. "Here, here, ye shall stand forever, till the river shall cease to flow." "Or the boat floats back to its haven, and anchors itself below."

"And here I shall stand and guard you, till time shall have ceased to be, The heart of the haughty Wanema, will throb in the heart of a tree." And still by the mighty Oadagondi they wait for the turn of the tide Till the course of Oadaga is ended and the Mohawk can claim his bride Three trees, tall, majestic and stately—their giant heads haughtily rear; For two are the maid and the Mohawk—the third is Oadaga, the seer.

WOODSTOCK, N. B. The Red-Topped Boots. To the last my memory wanders To the happy childhood days, Bringing I yonder recollections Of its sports and childish ways; But one moment seems the brighter And my memory longer stops As the times I wore so proudly Boots with red morocco tops.

Fleeting time in quick succession, As the years rolled swiftly by Brought new scenes and new enjoyments, Changing as the moments fly; But of these my memory wanders, And their view I gladly drops, Just to see those boyhood treasures— Boots with red morocco tops.

Proud I walked to school in winter, Braving snows and piercing cold, Richer than the curried miser, With his hoard of shining gold, And it seemed—perhaps 'twas fancy, That the word "in wonder stops" Just to gaze for but a moment At those red morocco tops.

How I thought I was the envy Of the boys across the way, With their boots, so plain and clumsy, That they'd worn for many a day; How I felt 'twas up above them, And to play would never stop, Just because my boot was finished With a red morocco top.

Years may bring us many a lesson But we fail to heed the best If we think that wealth or station Makes us better than the rest; And the one who proudest and haughtiest, With the humble never stops In more foolish than the schoolboy Front of boots with flaming tops. —Con B. Norton, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

All Foreigners. The Philadelphia North American quotes the saying of a man who is disturbed about the future of his native land. Mr. Banner—the foreigners are getting an awful hold in this country. Crosby—They are, indeed. Why, I read over a list of men naturalized by the court yesterday, and every one of them was a foreigner.

A Life-Saving Dog.

How a mongrel "good-for-nothing" dog a cur of the streets, saved a man's life, was lately recorded by the Louisville Courier-Journal as a part of the news of the day.

Louis Carr was painting the rear of a vacant house in Louisville. As the noon hour approached he was at work at the very top of his ladder, just under the eaves. Being in haste to finish his stint, and not wishing to spend time to go down and move the ladder he stretched as far as possible to one side.

Just then he felt the ladder slipping away from him, and as the only means of saving himself he dropped his brush, and seized the gutter with both hands. Down went the ladder, and there the painter hung thirty-five feet from the ground. He shouted for help, but no one heard him; no one but a small dog which came round the corner in response to his cries.

Evidently the dog took in the situation at once. He barked furiously, winding up with a long howl. Then he ran out of the yard and across the street to a police station. There he barked again, and then ran back to the yard. These manoeuvres he repeated two or three times, till the policeman began to see that something was the matter, and followed him to the rear of the house.

Then it was but the work of a moment to put up the ladder and rescue Mr. Carr, who was all but ready to drop from exhaustion. No owner could be found for the dog, and Mr. Carr of course adopted him as his own.

'A Mail-Car.'

An amusing story is told by the New York Tribune of a woman who resented what she supposed was an exclusive privilege granted to men.

A determined-looking woman tried to get on a street-car in Philadelphia the other day, when it made a momentary stop on account of a blockade; but the conductor said to her:

"Take the next car, madam; we can't carry passengers." "What's the reason you don't?" she inquired, at the same time making an effort to scramble aboard just as the car started up.

"You can't get on; it's a mail-car!" shouted the man on the rear platform. "The idea!" muttered the woman, shaking her green umbrella at the rapidly disappearing conductor, to the infinite delight of a number of spectators. "A male car, and you won't let women ride on it! I'll report you at the depot—see if I don't!" and she made a mental note of his number.

New Method.

A man who for some years in the log and lumber business on the shores of Lake Michigan tells a little incident illustrative of the Irishman's unwillingness to acknowledge his ignorance of any subject.

One day a young Irishman applied for work. "Can you raft and boom logs?" asked the lumber merchant. "Av course, sorr," returned the unemployed, with cheering promptness.

"Well, then," said the lumber merchant, "go up on the gap above the railroad bridge and boom all the logs you find with my mark. Any of the raftsmen will tell you about the mark, the locality of the gap, and so forth."

The Irishman hesitated a moment, and then with an ingenious smile, he said: "I'll be aither goin' directly, sorr; d' you boom the logs as we do in the wild country, I dunno? Is it wid a shovel ye boom 'em, sorr, or how?"

Better Left Unsaid.

Perhaps most persons make occasionally what is known to the vocabulary of slang as 'a bad break,' and breaks of this kind are usually hard to mend.

Aunt Clarissa had come from a town a considerable distance away to spend Thanksgiving. The weather was inclement, and the visit had to be restricted to home of her married niece.

"It is too bad, Aunt Clarissa," said the niece, when the time for leave-taking came, "that you have had no chance to go about and see things out-of-doors. I do hope that when you come to visit us again it will be warm weather."

And it did not occur to her until the next day that aunt Clarissa had talked of returning in a few weeks to spend the Christmas Holidays.

An Artistic Case.

Besides adding excellence to her instruments, the Fratte Piano Co. endeavor to give grace and beauty to their cases. In the west window of their warerooms, 1676 Notre Dame Street, they have now on view a piano of a somewhat antique design, in beautiful satin wood, an appearance of refinement seems to follow its presence, visitors are always welcome. There is always something interesting to see, for the musician and any-one interested in the progress of Canadian manufacture.



Mr. Jack McLaren gave a very pleasant five o'clock tea to a number of her lady friends on New Year's eve.

The ladies were all prettily gowned as the afternoon was delightfully fine, the hostess wearing a very handsome black silk. She was assisted by the Misses McLaren, Miss Sander, Miss Burnside, Miss Ethel Beer, Miss Lottie Harrison, and Mrs. Murray McLaren who dispensed the delicacies provided for the occasion in a graceful manner.

During the afternoon Miss Kathleen Farlow gave some vocal selections very charmingly. Among the ladies present were Mrs. McLaren, Miss Burpee, Miss Jones, Misses McMullan, Miss Warner, Misses Thomson, Misses Robertson, Miss Cuthers, Miss Dever, Misses Farlow, Misses deBury, Miss Tuck, Misses Bayard, Miss Hanes, Miss Sturdee, Miss Wright, Miss Campbell, Miss Dunn, Miss Annie Smith, Miss McLaughlin, Misses Vassie, Misses Walker, Misses Scammel, Miss Kittie Crookshank, Miss Begg and others.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sands of St. Stephen were in the city this week. Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Knowles of Lewiston spent a short time here this week. Bishop Kingdon was here for a short time the first of the week.

Mr. T. Lynch of Fredericton was here Monday. Major Markham went to Nova Scotia the first of the week. Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Hunter of Boston spent part of the week here.

Mr. W. J. Johnson and Mrs. Johnson of Ottawa were in the city for a part of this week. Mr. H. F. Wetmore of Halifax was here for a day the beginning of the week.

Mr. S. Edgar Wilson of Dorchester spent Saturday in the city. Mrs. J. C. Winslow, Woodstock, is the guest of Mrs. C. M. Bostwick, Carleton Place.

Messrs. H. H. Schaefer and A. E. Olive of Moncton were in the city Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Richards and Miss Richards of Campbellton spent Tuesday and Wednesday in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Peters of Moncton were here for a short time this week. Prof. E. M. Kierstead of Wolfville, N. S., spent the first of the week in the city.

Mr. M. L. Tucker of Parrsboro spent the greater part of this week in St. John. Mr. G. P. Newton of Grand Manan, is here for a day or two.

Mr. E. C. Loggie of Toronto was in St. John for a part of this week. Mr. N. A. Rhodes of Amherst made a brief visit to the city the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lilley of Brussels street gave a dinner on New Year's evening to a number of their friends. Mr. W. G. Alexander and Mrs. Alexander were in the city this week, sailing from here on Wednesday for Liverpool Reg.

Mr. A. D. Wetmore of Truro was here for a day or two lately. Mr. F. Lawlor spent several days here lately returning to Woodstock on Tuesday.

Mr. John Short who has been visiting a few days in Richibucto with her son returned home on Monday. Mr. S. B. Patterson of Richibucto was here on Monday.

On Friday last Mrs. Joseph H. Moore of Point Du Chene was in the city on her way to New York, to visit her son J. Alexander Moore who is now very ill in that city.

Mr. Watson Allen and C. N. Skinner left the middle of the week for Ottawa. Mrs. Muirhead of Chatham was here for a short time this week.

Mr. Eldon Mullin and Miss Mullin of Fredericton spent part of this week in the city. Miss Hanson of Pembroke, Me., was in the city the middle of the week returning from a visit to Nova Scotia friends.

Mr. Donald Keith of Halifax was here for a short time this week. Rev. Fr. Coughlan of Milltown, N. B., visited his parents in this city during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Paterson, Mr. F. Everett and Mr. A. Jones of Toronto were here this week to take passage on the Lake Ontario which sailed from Liverpool on Thursday morning.

Mr. George U. Hay returned Wednesday from a trip to Toronto. Mr. Robert O'Connor left Wednesday for a short visit to New York.

Mrs. E. L. Bowdler and Miss Newman of Moncton spent a short time in the city this week. Mr. W. W. Black of Amherst was here for a day or two this week.

Mr. J. D. Campbell of Halifax is spending a short time in St. John. Mr. W. B. Murdoch of Amherst is in the city for a day or two.

Ex-warden McLaughlin was among the passengers on the Lake Ontario, for Liverpool this week. Mr. H. E. Gillis of Annapolis was among the city's visitors this week.

Miss Kate Holt is spending the holiday season with friends in Dorchester and Moncton. Mr. George Dobson of Sussex was in the city for a day the middle of the week.

Dr. Clarence Webster of Montreal was in the city for a short time this week leaving for Shediac on Thursday. Mr. H. H. Woods of Wolford was here for a short time this week.

Mr. J. G. H. Parker of Bridgetown, N. S., spent Thursday in the city. Mrs. J. B. Howe of Boston paid a brief visit to the city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Patillo of Bridgewater, N. S. were in the city on Wednesday. Mr. Henry Hette Jr. of Washington D. C. is in St. John.

A Song of "Welcome." Lives of cleanly folks remind us That by using WELCOME Soap, Monday afternoons will find us, With our washings snowy white. Let us then be up and buying WELCOME at the grocery store, With WELCOME send the dirt a-flying, Learn to use them more and more.

METEOR THE MOST PRACTICAL AND USEFUL OF Corded Velvet Skirt Protectors Durable, stylish and readily applied. Worn all over Europe, Meteor has proved its merits. "Meteor Protector" saves time and dresses. Meteor is sold by all merchants in all shades. Gold and blue label.

USE ONLY Pelee Island Wine Co's Wines. THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE. OUR BRANDS: DEE CATAWBA, SWEET CATAWBA, ISABELLA, ST. AUGUSTINE, (Registered), CHAMP, MARCH 15th, 1896.

Sea Foam It Floats. A Pure White Soap. Made from vegetable oils it possesses all the qualities of the finest white Castile Soap. The Best Soap for Toilet & Bath Purposes, it leaves the skin soft smooth and healthy.

Military Orders From Ottawa. The Canadian Government has given orders that Protection shall be afforded to our volunteers, by ordering all of their INFANTRY overcoats to be Waterproofed by the Rigby Process. A soldier may now march in the rain or sleet with comparative comfort; his overcoat will shed the rain as water runs from a duck's back.

CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE CURES OBSTINATE COUGHS. DOCTORS RECOMMEND IT HIGHLY. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE THE FIFTEEN PAGE.



HALIFAX NOTES.

PROGRESS is for sale at the newsboys and at the following news stands and offices. C. S. DEPRETTAS, Brunswick street...

Everyone was almost too busy with Christmas preparations for much gaily last week, and every moment that could be snatched from shopping was spent in skating, which was perfect on the Dartmouth lakes.

On Christmas eve there were fewer people than usual about, but the day before the shops were crowded. And the poor too, were not forgotten, nor the sick.

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Mrs. Montgomery-Moore had a large "at home" on Tuesday evening, which was the only party of last week. There were a great many people present and it went off capitally.

The winter still rages on the rink question, which seems absurd. We have very few winter amusements and to dispute about the only general gathering we have all through the winter months does not seem remarkably sensible.

WINDSOR.

PROGRESS is for sale in Windsor at Knowles' book store and by F. W. Dakin.

"There's a minor in the carol, And a shadow in the light; And a spray of cypress twining With the holy wreath to-night."

Dec. 30.—Never were the words of the beautiful poem more fully realized than this year in the home of Rev. and Mrs. Willets, when on Christmas their only daughter lay in her white flower-covered casket.

all that was loving and happy? The funeral took place from Christ church on Saturday when a large congregation assembled to attend the service which was most impressive.

Mr. Hay Carter who has for some past been the obliging agent of the D. A. R., here left this week for his home in Bridgewater from whence he goes to Springfield Mass., to attend college.

Canon Brock of Kentville and Rev. Kenneth Hind of Wolfville were in town on Saturday.

Mr. W. Parsons of Midleton was in town on Sunday the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Morse.

Mr. McGurdy and little daughter of Baddeck have been visiting Mr. W. H. Blanchard.

Miss Mudge O'Brien is visiting friends in Quebec.

Miss Hewitt of 'Edgehill' is spending the holidays with R. v. J. C. and Mrs. Harvey.

Mr. Faulkner of Dalhousie college is with his sister Mrs. I. Fred Carter during the holidays.

Mrs. Holland of Halifax is visiting her mother Mrs. Levi Curry.

Hon. M. E. Goudge spent Xmas in Halifax with his daughter Mrs. C. E. Hobart. Miss Amy Hobart returned to Windsor with him and is the guest of Mrs. Grant Goudge.

Miss Ball of the Kindergarten is spending the Xmas holidays with friends in Halifax.

Miss Nora Blanchard is visiting her friend Miss Archibald at Moncton.

Miss Evelyn Kierstead of Wolfville has been the guest of the Misses Bennett the past week.

Miss Burgoyne is spending the holidays with relatives in Halifax.

Mr. Clarence Morris of McGill college, Montreal spent Xmas with his parents Capt. and Mrs. D. H. Morris.

Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Stewart of Dartmouth were in town on Sunday the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Curry.

Mr. J. W. Dimock, Mr. Roeln and Mr. Mills were in Halifax last week.

Rev. G. Stewart of Halifax was in Windsor on Tuesday.

Mr. H. Sangston spent Xmas with relatives in Sackville N. B.

Mrs. W. O'Brien was in Halifax this week.

Mrs. Fairbanks who has been spending several weeks with her mother Mrs. Wilson has gone to her home in Sherbrooke.

Miss Edith Johnston of Wolfville was in town last week the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Young.

Miss Barnham leaves this morning for a visit to friends in Boston and New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson of Lunenburg are in town the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. Murphy Mrs. Wilson's parents.

Mrs. Bridge who has been for some weeks visiting Mrs. C. P. Shaw returned to Sydney on the 19th. Mrs. Bridge was accompanied by her sister Miss Edith Booth of 'Edgehill' who has gone home for the holidays.

TRURO.

PROGRESS is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fain, and D. H. Smith & Co.

Dec. 31.—Mr. Dan Hockin was here from Halifax spending Christmas with home friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Bishop, Canada, Kings County, were guests of their son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Bishop last week.

Messrs. W. A. Spencer and H. C. C. Yell, spent Christmas day with home friends in Great Village.

Mr. D. Budge of the cable staff, Halifax and Mrs. Budge spent Christmas and a few days succeeding in Truro, guests of Hon. F. A. and Mrs. Lawrence.

A number of young people were entertained with an impromptu dance on Xmas night by Mrs. Yulloughhead.

Xmas day was very quiet about town, there being no snow; the good ice in the rink attracted a large number in the evening.

Canons and edicts from the pulpit interspersed with ill-timed comments from some of our local press, to the contrary, society circles are looking up and the dancing and card party are again on. Be side the leap year ball, this evening. There is a large party of progressive whist, being: entertained by Mrs. Vernon who is indeed indefatigable in the capacity of an entertainer. This charming hostess also has cards out for another large party on Monday evening next.

Mrs. D. H. Smith gave a large party last night in honor of her niece, Miss Eva Murray, cards and dancing. Among the guests who were all looking charming were:—The Misses Somerville, Misses McMullen, Misses Butchart, Misses Thomas, Miss Ida Snook, Miss May McDonald, Miss Robbins, Miss McIntosh, Miss Attie Fleming, Miss McCallum, Miss L. Hodkin, Miss C. Longhead, Miss Sadie Smith, Miss Hans, Miss G. Patterson, Messrs. H. Kaulbach, J. Bentley, G. and F. Hanson, G. Crowe, J. and L. Crowe, R. Crowe, J. Murray, F. Longhead, A. Cutler, J. Muir, H. and F. McDougall, N. Smith, Cotton, H. and F. Snook, H. Harding, M. Cunningham, J. Logan. An elegant supper was served about twelve, hot turkey, with all its attendant viands, both substantial and delicate, after supper dancing was resumed, and kept up until after two a. m.

Mr. Walter McKensie is home again to the delight of his many friends, after a long visit with friends and relatives in New York.

The Choral society made their initial appearance last night, to a small but appreciative audience in the Opera house. The work was all good. The choruses being especially fine. Their next appearance which will be in the opera about Easter, is eagerly anticipated, by a music-loving public.

Mr. Rod. Hanson returned to Bridgewater on Monday last.

Mrs. Geo. Donkin is visiting Halifax's friends.

Mr. Norman of the Halifax bank returned from a week's visit to St. John's last Monday night. PRO.

PARSBORO.

PROGRESS is for sale at Parsboro book store.

Dec. 30.—There were Christmas trees with appropriate music recitations and other exercises in the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Baptist churches for their Sunday schools on Christmas night. The children of the 'methodist' Sunday school sang the cantata "Why We Wait for Christmas." Mrs. Gibbons provided a tea, and a tree in St. George's school house for a few children who would most miss the usual festivities enjoyed by St. George's Sunday school at Christmas.

The holiday season's quiet student home, Mr. Norris MacKenzie from Dalhousie, Miss Kay Gillespie from St. Vincent, Mr. Cecil Townshead from McGill and Mrs. Gertrude Howard.

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

Messrs. Fullerton, Adela Kewton and Helen Bigelow, from Mt. Allison. Dr. and Mrs. E. Clay and their children came from Pictou to spend Christmas with Mrs. Clay's parents.

Dec. 30.—After an absence of some years in British Columbia, Mr. Medley V. Hughes has been visiting his old home here. Hodley's many friends were delighted to see him. He was accompanied by Mrs. Hughes.

Dec. 30.—Miss Annie A. Stalling, occurred on the 19th. Miss Stalling was a victim to consumption, and was but 22 years of age; always a bright leading spirit in the circle in which she moved, her gentle and kindly disposition endeared her to many.

Dec. 30.—Mr. Benj. McLeod and Mr. William Ferguson left for Kouchibouguac yesterday. Mr. Harry Washen and Mr. Frank Humphrey went to Campbellton on Saturday evening.

Dec. 30.—Miss Florence Bailey who has been in Fall River, the past two years arrived home Tuesday.

Dec. 30.—The remains of the late Mrs. James McCormack were brought to St. George on Thursday for burial. The funeral took place from St. Mark's church in the afternoon, Rev. R. E. Smith officiating.

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Skating Costume Seasonable Garments of every description to order. ARTISTIC DRESS-MAKING AND Ladies' Tailoring. KEEFE, COSTUMER AND LADIES' TAILOR, KING STREET, ST. JOHN.

Corticelli Spool Silks Unequaled for Length, Strength and Smoothness 350 DIFFERENT SHADES. Dresses sewn with Corticelli never give out at the seams. 1000 DRESS-MAKERS testify to the merit and excellence of Corticelli Silk Thread. ALL DRY GOODS STORES SELL IT.

COME and SEE OUR STOCK. Ferguson & Page Always keep a full line of Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry. Solid Silver and Silver-Plated Goods, Clocks, Bronzes, Opera Glasses, Spectacles, Eye Glasses, Canes, Umbrellas. It will pay you to see our goods before making your purchase. Will give you a good bargain in Gold or Silver Watches. Do not forget the place... 41 KING STREET.

Pigs' Feet and Lamb's Tongues. RECEIVED THIS DAY. 10 Kegs Pigs Feet, 5 " Lamb's Tongues. At 10 and 22 King Square. J. D. TURNER.

WINE. Arriving ex "Escalona" "The Nicest" 19 in quarter cask and Octaves. For sale low. THOS. L. BOURKE WATER STREET.

citizen whose memory will long be cherished, deep sympathy is extended to the aged mother and sorrowing relatives. Dr. Taylor spent Christmas with his parents in Carleton. The friends of Mr. James Bogue are sorry to hear he is confined to his home through illness.

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ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Christmas is far and in St. Stephen by Major... The day was an exceedingly quiet one. There were numerous dinner parties all so far as I have heard...

The fine skating in Milltown, on the 'Boe' has attracted a large number of young people. The bright moonlight nights making it most delightful enjoyment.

A grand ball on New Year's Eve at the Windsor hotel will be the grand social event of the holiday season, a large number of invitations have been given...

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Eaton of Princeton are guests of Mr. James Murchie this week. Messrs. John and Will Natchell of Boston are visiting their parents Mr. and Mrs. James Mitchell at their home in Calais.

A Bear Changed.

A Montreal lady writes: "My D. O. has changed my husband from a bear to a kind and loving husband and father." The sufferer whom Dyspepsia rendered miserable, nervous, cross-grained and often delirious, is not only restored to himself, but the cause of nature and vital to others.

The "Current News" club did not meet last evening. They will be entertained by Capt. and Mrs. McAllister next week. A large number of ladies and gentlemen enjoyed skating at the Curling rink on Christmas evening.

The Sunday schools of Trinity church, presbyterian and Methodist churches enjoy Christmas trees on Thursday evening, and Christ church on New Year's evening. Mr. George Downes spent this week in Ottawa with his sister Mrs. John Hodgson.

Mr. Charles Beard, left on Monday for Belmont, Mass., to make a short visit with his parents, Hon. Allison and Mrs. Beard. Mr. John Eaton came from Amherst College, Mass., to spend Christmas at his home in Calais.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Todd and Miss Fannie Todd spent Xmas day in Montreal with Mr. and Mrs. William Harris. Mr. Eugene Colehaas returned from Poughkeepsie New York, where he has been attending a business college.

Mr. Alexander Oullinen has returned from Ottawa where he has been during the past two weeks. Mr. Oullinen expects to return to the capital in February as he has secured a lucrative position in that city. Miss Alice Graham entertained the whist club on which she is a member, at her home last evening in a most pleasant manner.

Mr. O. S. Newham has invited the young ladies of Christ church congregation to spend the evening at the rectory on Monday evening of next week. Mr. Herbert Beck left today for Lexington, Mass., to attend the funeral services of his sister, Mrs. Reid, who died in that town yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ned Harmon Murchie of Carleton are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Skiffington Murchie. Mr. Hills Kestor of St. John is registered at the Windsor. The Misses MacNichol who have been visiting New York and other cities have returned home.

Miss Constance Winslow has returned from Edgemoor for the Xmas holidays. Miss Mamie Mansfield of Dalhousie is visiting Mr. Alex. Burr, Wellington street. Mr. F. A. McKullen and children of Truro are the guests of the former father Col. McCulley.

Mr. and Mrs. Blais Trites have returned from Maine and will occupy Mrs. John Trites' house during the winter. Miss Martha Barnes of Campbellton is visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Barnes during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Keith returned home on Tuesday. Dr. and Mrs. Moore are to entertain their daughter Mildred's young friends this evening. Mr. R. P. Steeves of Sussex visited friends here this week.

Agitation in the world of homoeopathic medicine is the difference of opinion and the individuality of men have been parents of the disagreements by which the standard of these bodies has been elevated. So with most of our famous practitioners.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and eliminates the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc.

Out of Sore's.—Symptoms, Headache, loss of appetite, tired tongue, and general indigestion. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a true saying that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

Ask your grocer for Windsor Salt. For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best. Blair, Ruel & Blair, BARRISTERS, ETC., 49 Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

SPECIAL VALUES IN Electric Seal Capes. Estimates given on Special Garments in Fashionable Furs. Fur Garments remodelled at modè cost. DUNLAP, COOKE & Co. TAILORS AND FURRIERS, AMHERST, N. S.

WOODSTOCK. [Pronouns is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. Loan & Co.] Dec. 30.—Mr. and Mrs. George Y. Dibblee of Fredericton spent Christmas in Woodstock the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Dibblee.

Miss Alice Rogers of Sherbrooke, is the guest of Mrs. R. K. Jones for the holiday season. Mr. Charles Hill of the Merchant's bank spent Christmas at his home in Fredericton.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Keith returned home on Tuesday. Dr. and Mrs. Moore are to entertain their daughter Mildred's young friends this evening. Mr. R. P. Steeves of Sussex visited friends here this week.

HENRY L. MCGOWAN Painter JOHN T. MCGOWAN Letterer A Special Offer Until Christmas Only Those requiring GRAINING done will do well to leave their orders here...

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT. The Tariff Commission. elicits some strange and curious facts, but none more true than the good words spoken by both Free-Trade and Protectionists for MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Millinery, Dress Making. Mrs. J. J. McDonald's ESTABLISHMENT MONOTON, N. B. Will be found the latest Parisian styles and new costumes.

FOR Christmas Presents Dressing Cases, Work Boxes, Glove and Handkerchief Boxes, Collar and Cuff Boxes. Also a fine assortment of Xmas Perfumes, at CROCKETTS DRUG STORE, 162 Princess Street.

SPENCER'S Private Dancing My Academy will open on THURSDAY AFTERNOON and EVENING, Oct. 29, for the reception of pupils, at 74 Germania Street. A. L. SPENCER, Teacher.

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

Beef, Lamb, Mutton, Veal, Ham, Bacon and Lard, Turkeys, Chickens and Fowl, Vegetables. THOMAS DEAN 13 and 14 City Market. Cafe Royal, DOMVILLE BUILD'G, Cor. King and Prince Wm. Streets. Meals Served at all Hours DINNER A SPECIALTY. ILLIAM CLARK, Proprietor. T. O'LEARY, Choice Wines and Liquors, and also Cigars. 16 DUKES STREET.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(Continued from Page 7.)
Mr. L. W. Johnson goes to Woodstock tomorrow and will spend New Year's day there.
Mr. and Mrs. Robt. F. Randolph left today for Ottawa and will spend New Year's day with Mrs. Randolph's parents, Hon. A. Y. and Mrs. Blair.

Master Landry, Will Gallagher, Old Palmer and Roy McGowan.
Mrs. Hollis Palmer went to Shelburne Monday morning, where she will remain a week or so, while in Shelburne Miss Palmer will be the guest of Miss Webster.
Christmas day passed off very quietly in Dorchester, the court house square presented a deserted appearance all day, and not one was to be seen under the influence of the ardent. Who says Dorchester is not a model town?

MONCTON.

Patience is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore, by W. G. Mansfield and at M. E. Jones Bookstore.
Exc. 50-C. Christmas day was, as usual a very quiet festival, little in the shape of entertainment going on in the city except a few family dinners. There were a number of visitors in town spending the holiday, and to balance this slight increase of population, a number of our young men spent Christmas at their distant homes, so the usual average was maintained.

Law Wallace's Suggestion.

Even the freight department of a railroad has its humorous incidents. The Chicago Times-Herald narrates one:
When Gen. Wallace was serving as territorial governor of New Mexico a few years ago, he shipped home to Indiana a cartload of curios for his friends. The collection for the most part consisted of boxes of minerals, furs, Indian blankets and beadwork, and with them was included a diminutive Mexican burro or donkey intended for a neighbor's child as a pet.

DORCHESTER.

Mr. George W. Babbitt, accountant of the Bank of Nova Scotia, spent the holiday with friends in St. John.
Mr. F. W. Hall, local manager of the M. and B. Railway, spent Christmas at his home in Annapolis N. S.
Mr. S. W. Palmer, barrister, spent the holiday in St. John.

The Clerk Paid It.

During Andrew Jackson's presidency a certain clerk in the treasury department showed a marked disinclination to paying his board bill. He had signed notes, but his landlady could collect no money. In despair she went to the White House to see Jackson. She told her story and he requested her to get the clerk's note for the account. She obeyed and carried the note to Andrew Jackson, who, after glancing over it, affixed his signature to back. "Now, madam," said he, "put that in the bank and we shall see which of us shall have to pay you the money." The note was duly deposited and was paid by the clerk, who afterward apologized to Jackson and promised to mend his ways.

LA GRIPPE and COLDS

LA GRIPPE and COLDS are so similar that the skilled physician is oftentimes baffled. Your safety lies in "Seventy-seven," it cures both Grip and Colds; relieving the mind of uncertainty, which, in itself, goes a long way towards a cure.
"77" FOR Grip & Colds
LA GRIPPE and COLDS are so similar that the skilled physician is oftentimes baffled. Your safety lies in "Seventy-seven," it cures both Grip and Colds; relieving the mind of uncertainty, which, in itself, goes a long way towards a cure.

"BONE-RACKING GRIP."

O. F. SPRING, Publisher of the Preston "Times," Ia., writes: "Your remedy '77' for Grip relieved myself and mother from the worst 'bone racking' cases of Grip that we ever had, and in mother's case it saved a doctor's bill of about \$10.00. The investment has brought returns that I little expected."

"COLD ON THE LUNGS."

HARRY McDONALD, Rahway, N. J., writes: "I had a severe cold on my lungs that lasted over six weeks and could get no relief. One bottle of your '77' stopped the terrible cough and the second bottle completely cured me. It is with all confidence that I recommend '77' to my friends."

LIFE'S A BURDEN

If the Stomach is Not Right.
Is there Nausea? Is there Constipation? Is the Tongue Coated? are you Light Headed? Do you have Sick Headache.
Any and all these denote Stomach and Liver Disorder.
Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills act quickly and will cure most stubborn and chronic cases. No unpleasantness. No griping. These little Pills are little wonder workers and are far-samed - 40 in a vial for 10 cents.

QUAKER FOLDING HOT AIR and VAPOR BATH CABINET

Quaker Folding Hot Air and Vapor Bath Cabinet - Combines luxury, efficaciousness, sanitary and remedial effect equal in degree to the famous Turkish Baths, in the privacy of your own bedroom, without water supply or bath fixtures at small cost. Ensures perfect cleanliness. Cures colds, rheumatism, etc., and obesity. A delightful substitute for muscular exercise. Healthy skin and beautiful complexion assured. Needed by all, sick or well. Send stamp for descriptive circular and testimonials to E. M. TREAD, General Agent, 25 Wellington Row, St. John, N. B. Local Agents Wanted.

A Choice of Reading.

Look Carefully Through 'Progress' Periodical Club List.

GREAT REDUCTIONS IN PRICE.

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

With much care PROGRESS has made up a club list of newspapers and periodicals which can be had at a greatly reduced price by those who subscribe in connection with this journal and through this office. While the inducement is primarily intended for new subscribers the same is open to present subscribers who will send us the name of a new subscriber, PROGRESS in that event being forwarded to the new subscriber and whatever periodical is chosen to the person sending the subscription.

Table with columns: NAME OF PERIODICAL, PUBL. PRICE, WITH PROGRESS, PUBL. PRICE, WITH PROGRESS. Lists various magazines like Globe, Goder's Magazine, Golden Days, etc.



ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1897.

HER MONOTONOUS LIFE.

FOR THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER LIFE IS VERY DREARY.

Her Beauty is Unappreciated—Her Home Surroundings are not Congenial and she Longs for the Congeniality and Artificiality of Life as it is Found in the Cities.

The daughter of the farmer sits before the looking glass with its tarnished gilt and painted flowers. Her bodice is unhooked. Her hair kisses curves and locks. She hardly notices the smell of the kerosene lamp, so closely, so proudly, and so sorrowfully does she look at herself in the glass. No play-actress or model shown in the cheap picture magazines is her equal. The farmer's daughter does not suspect this; she knows it. No summer city boarder, in spite of skillfully contrived costumes, could rival or approach her in enchantment of figure. And the girl sits before the looking glass with its tarnished gilt and painted flowers.

She thinks of the artist who stopped on the farm last summer. She remembers his careless manner, his ease with himself and the world, his trinkets, his velvet jacket, the smell of his pipe, his pajamas thrown upon the floor. He never wooed her in direct speech, but she recollects the compliments of his eyes.

The landscape killed her all the day. The wood pile smelled of mortality. Mullen stalks shivered under the leaden sky. The hills watched her ironically. There was for her the treadmill routine of housework. At supper she noticed the shriveled skin of her mother, the untidiness of her mother's hair along the nape of the neck. Her mother is not so very old in years; and yet how tired she is! Her father blew on his tea in a saucer. He complained of his daughter's indifference to the storekeeper's son, and then he pulled off his boots, and dried his feet in the oven of the kitchen stove. And now she sits, with unhooked bodice, before the looking glass with its tarnished gilt and painted flowers.

It is not 9 o'clock, and yet what is there for her to do but to go to bed? And what chance or pleasure does she see approaching her for weeks to come! A whistle calls to her far down the valley. She starts up and goes to the window. She peers into the night, hoping to see the lights of the express train as it hurries toward the city. A mist wraps the house. The daughter of the farmer undresses herself slowly and puts out the light. Of what avail is her sumptuous beauty? Only the looking glass with its tarnished gilt and painted flowers understands her and appreciates her.

I came across this fragment, the other day in an American paper, and the pathos of it struck me very forcibly. I don't know whether many people appreciate the cold, barren hardship of the life that a farmer's daughter generally leads; I am sure if they did we should hear less of the severe criticisms which it is fashionable to make on the country girl's dislike for the farm work, and her anxiety to fly to the city. The farmer's son leaves the farm as soon as he can scrape together enough money to take him away; and the farm is left on the father's hands, and instead of having his own sons to work it he is obliged to hire help, and lose a large share of the profits. The girls are not content to remain on the old place, work for nothing, and marry young farmers in due course of time, as their mothers were they must needs try to "better" themselves, and in order to do so, they rush to some city and hire out in factories, mills, shops, and, sometimes in private houses to work as domestic servants. They cheerfully endure the close hot atmosphere of the city streets, and are willing to work all day long in the stifling heat of a factory, or shop, sooner than stick to the delightful, healthier, and invigorating occupation of country life breathing the sweet scents of the fields and with the sweet sounds of nature's chorus ever in their ears, the song of the birds, the ripple of the babbling brooks, and the lowing of the kine.

All this is very surprising to the critics I have mentioned, and they utterly fail to understand the wrong-headedness of country lads and lassies. The country is going to wreck and ruin they cry, because the young blood will persist in leaving it, and the result is that while the country is almost deserted and the fields which should be so fertile are lying fallow for want of hands to work them, the cities are congested with over-population and filled with misery and want.

Perhaps if those who sit at ease and write platitudes about the delights of rural occupations and the charms of a pastoral existence, could have a little practical experience in the matters of which they write so glibly, they might change their minds.

A gifted writer once said that he had heard a great deal about the refining influence of farming and the delights of being brought into such close communion with mother nature, but that for his part he could quite understand the refined mind reaching out after more satisfying occupations than the elevating pursuit of hauling manure, or the chaotic joy of raising hogs; and he failed to see any charm in being brought close to nature by ploughing. This is just the case with the farmer's daughter, if she lives close to nature, the very familiarity brings contempt and tends to disgust

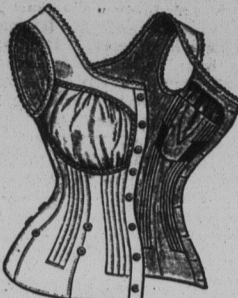
her with it; so she naturally longs for something more artificial and less familiar. Any change must be for the better, she thinks, and she rushes to the city as a blessed relief from the awful monotony, and sordid, unremitting toil of her home life.

The rippling of the country brooks may be a lovely sound, and it is much appreciated by tourists and summer boarders, but the farmer's daughter is too busily occupied in regulating the swish-swash of the soap-suds against the washboard, as she toils over the family wash, to pay much attention to it. There is no music in the world sweeter than the chorus of the birds, on a summer's morning, and it is delightful to lie in bed luxuriously and listen to it, but such indulgence is not the lot of the farmer's daughter. Before sunrise, almost before the birds themselves are awake she is aroused from the weary slumber of fatigue by the sound of her father and "the boys" heavily kicking on their cowhide boots against the door jamb, or the clump of their feet as they tramp through the kitchen on their way to the barn to do the early morning "chores." There is no pleasant turning over for another nap, for her, the moment her eyes are opened, it means springing out of bed and struggling into her clothes before she is fairly awake. A hasty wash in the tin basin that hangs by the kitchen sink, and then she joins her sharp-faced faded mother, who is already lighting the kitchen fire, and begins the work of the day.

There is breakfast to get, the milk to strain and set away, the calves and chickens to feed, dishes to wash, beds to make, baking and churning to do, and then before one has time to do more than turn around, as it seems, the men are in again for their dinner, there are more dishes to wash, the house to put in order, perhaps ironing to be done, berries to pick, biscuit to make for tea, the milk to skim, calves and chickens to feed again, and after tea more dishes to wash, more milk to strain and put away, eggs to gather, a dozen and one things to see to before night, and then an hour or two of leisure, which she is too tired to enjoy, before she creeps away to her hot bare little room under the eaves, and lays her weary limbs to rest.

What wonder that such a life fails to satisfy the heart of a young girl, with all a girl's love of pretty things, or that she seizes the first opportunity of breaking loose from uncongenial surroundings, and making a start out in the world! Nothing can be much harder she argues and at least it will be a change, and she will earn a little money, if the farmers daughter was paid even the smallest wage for all her toil, it would be different, but the unceasing round goes on month after month, year after year, and beyond the food she eats, and the clothes she wears she gets nothing in return. She may be the prettiest of girls, but of what use is her beauty with such a setting; she looks at her faded untidy mother who long ago lost the last remnant of interest in her appearance; she notes the haggard face, the parchment skin, the figure bent out of all shape with hard work, and seeing no prospect before her but to marry a farmer and become a second edition of that mother old and faded before her time, is it any wonder that the thought acts as a goad to her, and drives her out into the world where, however hard the work may be she will at least be paid for it; be in a certain sense her own mistress; and where there will be some stir, something to be seen besides the unending green fields and blue skies that have grown positively hateful to her from long familiarity; my heart beats in fullest sympathy with the farmer's daughter, and I admire her independence in getting away from it all. Her brothers have my heart-felt sympathy too, and so far from wondering why they leave the paternal acres and shift for themselves, the only thing which surprises one is, how they ever stay on the farm till they grow up!

When the farmer learns, if he ever does, the advantage of keeping his own children at home and paying them instead of strangers, for the work that has to be done then perhaps he may succeed in solving the problem of profitable farming which has been puzzling him for years, and by giving his children an interest in their work, secure the services which he alone expects to obtain free, while others are willing to pay for them. He could never dream of asking his hired man to work for "his keep" as he calls it, but it seems perfectly natural that his own boys and girls should be willing to slave from sunrise to sunset



EQUIPOISE WAIST FOR LADIES.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

Styles Kept in Stock

- 603 - White, laced back, low neck, boned front and back, strong twill d. cotton, 8 and 9 inches under arm length waist. Price \$2.50
603 C - Drab, same style as 603, but in drab twil, 8 and 8 inches under arm length waist. Price \$2.75

Styles to Order only—Can deliver in 10 days.

- 603 XL. N—Extra Low Neck, for evening wear, etc. Price \$3.25
603 B—Fine Black Jean, perfectly fast color. Price \$3.25

DIRECTIONS FOR MEASURING—Take a tight measure around the waist over dress; supposing this to be 24 inch, the size wanted would be one size larger—No. 25.

THE CABLE CAR JOKE.

He of the Jaded Taste Tells Why It Does Not Appeal to Him. 'I have never been told by my friends, said the dyspeptic man, 'that I lacked a sense of humor.' His manner was earnest although it was perfectly plain that anybody who had attributed such an amiable quality to him had flattered the man unconsciously. 'I can see a joke, and I have occasionally got off a few myself that have made my friends laugh because they did not happen to like the other man. Usually they were about a man I didn't like, come to think of it. But at all events people laughed, and I have never been accused of lacking a sense of humor.'

HALF ROUND THE WORLD.

A Turtle from New Guinea Coast Now at the Aquarium.

Coming down the China seas and making for Giloia Passage between Papua, or New Guinea, and the island of Gilola, the ship Manuel Llaguno, Capt. Small, of this port, homeward bound from Hong Kong, was boarded by natives from the Yowl, or Aiou islands, which lie at a little distance to the northward of the western extremity of New Guinea. It is a common thing in many parts of those waters for natives to board passing ships in light weather, bringing fish and vegetables and fruit and so on, which they trade for tobacco and food and various things aboard ship. These Yowl islanders brought aboard the Manuel Llaguno two fine hawk-bill turtles, which Capt. Small brought, with intention to eat them. In the course of time one of the turtles was killed and served on the Captain's table. By that time the other turtle had become so tame and so much of a pet that Capt. Small decided not to kill it, but to bring it home.

It was kept in a box in the cabin's locker in bad weather, and in smooth weather, when it could get around without being washed about, it was allowed to roam the deck. It would come at the call of the captain, or of Mr. Nolan, the mate, or of the steward. It was fed principally on bread or fish; it would come across the deck to be fed. Some big turtles would bite off or spoil a finger if they got a chance; this turtle liked to have its neck scratched, and it would run its head out so that it might be.

When the Manuel Llaguno arrived here on Dec. 5, Capt. Small took the turtle to the office of I. F. Chapman & Co. in South street, the consignees of the ship. He thought that Mr. Albert G. Ropes, the head of the firm, might like to send it over to his house in Morristown to be made into a soup. It was morning when the Captain brought the turtle in, and that day the turtle roamed the office of I. F. Chapman & Co. Here it would put its head out to have its neck scratched, just as it had done aboard ship, and before night Mr. Ropes had decided that the best thing to do with the turtle was to send it to the aquarium at Battery Park, which he did, and where it was welcomed by Dr. Bean.

The hawk-bill is the turtle from whose shell combs and various ornamental articles of tortoise shell are made. This turtle which came from the other side of the world, is of the same genus, though it may not be of the same species, and the hawk-bill turtles found on the Atlantic coast from North Carolina to Brazil. It is plump and in good condition. Its shell is about 10 1/2 inches long and about 9 3/4 inches broad. The divisions in the upper shell are proportionately larger than in more ordinary turtles, the shell less arched and smoother the markings are fine. It has no claws its flippers are long and thin, its front flippers very long, thin, smooth, tapering and graceful. It is a very handsome turtle.—N. Y. Sun.

When making preparation for your trip, don't forget your teeth. This will at once suggest "Odorama" the perfect tooth powder.—Druggists 25 cents.

SHORT'S "DYSPEPTICURE" acts like magic in all stomach troubles, cures chronic dyspepsia, indigestion, headache, sleeplessness, bilious disorders, etc. etc. and \$1.00 at all drug-gists.

HIGH PRICES FOR RARE COINS.

Sale of the Third Part of the Montague English Collection.

The third portion of the collection of English coins made by the late Mr. Hyman Montague has just been sold in London, the sale taking seven days and bringing in \$43,919. The first two portions of the English collection had fetched \$19,498, while the Greek coins sold for \$66,000. The gem of this sale was the Juxon medal, for which \$3,820 was obtained. Among the other coins that brought high prices were a ryal of Mary I., the queen, standing in a ship holding a sword and scepter, \$210; an angel of Philip and Mary, \$108; a half crown of the same, \$480; Elizabeth, a half crown, the queen with long hair, \$182; a spur ryal, \$250; a half crown of James I., \$177.

There were many pattern pieces and unique specimens of the coinage of Charles I, and the Commonwealth. The Oxford silver pattern crown, with the king on horseback, brought \$640; a siege piece, the Pontefract gold unity, \$600; another, a Scarborough silver five-shilling piece, \$300; a Bristol gold unit \$126; an Oxford gold three-pound piece \$230, a Sarewbury silver pound \$177, a Beeston castle silver eighteen pence \$100, two pattern broads \$150 apiece, a silver half crown, with the king on horseback, \$205; a pattern penny \$36, a crown by Briot \$222.

Cromwell's coins were nearly all pattern pieces. Simon's crown of 1658, with the bust of the Protector and the inscription, 'Has nisi periturus mihi adima nemo,' brought \$760; a fifty shilling gold piece, 1656, also by Simon, \$367; a half broad of the same year with milled edge, \$250, a silver two-shilling piece, \$150; a sixpence 1658, \$100. The Simon petition crown of Charles II., 1663, fetched 1,550; the silver crown with the inscription, Residite Quae Caesaris Caesaris, \$500, and the same in pewter, \$275; a pattern crown by Roellier, with the arms of England and France quartered, 1663, \$450; another, with the arms on separate shields, \$300; a five-shilling piece by Simon, \$172; a two-guinea piece of 1675, \$222. The highest price paid for a coin of James II. was \$83, for a five-guinea piece of 1685 with elephant and castle; \$125 was given for a sixpence, and a shilling and a half of William III; \$144 for a five-guinea of Queen Anne before the union with Scotland, and \$174 for a guinea of the same period, while a shilling of 1709 brought \$86.—N. Y. Sun.

Cels Stop a Cotton Mill.

Quite a remarkable occurrence happened at the Trion (Ga.) cotton mills. Just before quitting time in the afternoon that portion of the mills which is propelled mainly by water power was shut down because of some deficiency in the power. The water in the fore bay was shut off and workmen were sent down to examine the large turbine wheel to ascertain the cause of the trouble. When the men got down to their work their astonishment may well be imagined when it was found that the powerful wheels, which run under a 14-foot head, were literally choked down with an immense swarm of eels. Many too large to get through the wheel gates were taken out, and how many smaller ones there were that got away no one knows. The eels weighed 278 pounds.

Well-Meaning Stranger (meeting Languid Leary)—"Say, there's a farmer down that road who wants to hire men to help him thresh wheat." Languid Leary (gratefully)—"Thankre sir! thankre! I might have gone down that way, accidental like; but now I kin avoid locality."—Puck.

IN A SOUTHERN CITY.

HOW THE HOLIDAY SEASON IS KEPT IN FLORIDA.

A writer describes the pretty manner in which the Christmas Festival is kept in Florida. The Day Like one in July—Glorious Customs.

Christmas in Florida is an novel experience to northerners. There the manner of observing this holiday is more like a Fourth of July celebration than anything else. It is true there are some of the characteristics of the northern observance, but the incessant firing of torpedoes and fire-crackers in the middle of the day, and the display of pyrotechnics in the evening rob the day of much of its mythological and sacred significance. In the relation of one's personal impressions of the manner in which Christmas is observed in that far away southland the reader will perhaps better understand the novelty of such an experience than were one to write in a general way.

We arrived at Orlando, the county seat of Orange country, in the central portion of Florida, the evening before Christmas. There were two in our party, an artist and the writer. We had come direct from a northern city and the sudden transition from scenes of mud and ice to those of sunshine, fruit and tropical verdure was both novel and striking. We were

"In the realm of flowers, a perfumed land." Orlando is a typical little city of the 'New South,' and like many of the western cities it has grown into unexpected proportions within a remarkably short period. Strolling through the streets the evening of our arrival, we were particularly impressed with what seemed to us the preparations that were being made on every hand, not for the celebration of the natal day of Christ, but rather those that usually characterize the approach of Independence day. The show windows of the stores were filled with fire crackers, Roman candles, sky rockets, packages of torpedoes and other fireworks. Here and there impatient boys—whites and blacks—were throwing torpedoes on the stone sidewalks and prematurely touching off fire crackers, whose reports sounded unusually loud in the stillness of the night.

Christmas dawned like a July day in the north. With the first appearance of streaks of light in the eastern horizon the ringing notes of the mocking bird disturbed our early morning slumbers and before the sun appeared full and red the demonstrations in honor of the day was resumed in the street below our hotel window. In the outskirts of Orlando there are three or four pretty shining water lakes and the country immediately surrounding is diversified by scores of other shimmering bodies of water. A programme of aquatic and field sports had been arranged, which was to be carried out on one of these lakes and on the semi-circular ground surrounding it. The races came off in the afternoon in the presence of thousands of spectators. The people came in carriages, wagons, carts, on horseback and there were a great many on foot. Whole families from the country drove to the edge of the lake in carry-alls. They brought their dinners and their appetites with them. While waiting for the appearance of the athletes they spread out their lunches on the greensward and leisurely ate them. The people were in holiday attire and the panoramic view of the lake and grounds suggested the scene surrounding a race track or in a baseball park on the Fourth of July in the north.

In the forenoon we drove to Winter Park, five miles from Orlando. It is a beautiful little summer resort whose chief attraction besides the salubrious climate, is a fine hotel, which occupies an eminence midway between two picturesque lakes. On this winter day the front side of the hotel was literally covered from the lawn to the roof with matted, running rose vine, displaying thousands of white roses in bloom. Large oak trees, whose branches were festooned with Spanish moss, studded the banks of the lake. Here and there the princely magnolia with large, fragrant white blossoms, was seen. There were also orange groves, with the long rows of stately trees loaded with golden fruit, alternating between avenues of light sand, glistening in the sunlight. And such a scene in midwinter!

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon the boat races on the lake in Orlando began. Those over, there were running and hurdle races, high jumping and other expeditions. All the events were spiritedly contested and the spectators enthusiastically applauded. Throughout the city from early morn until late at night torpedoes and fire-crackers were discharged almost incessantly and there was frequent booming of cannon. In various portions of the city there were lawn parties during the December evening, with the usual accompaniments of Chinese lanterns and the cream booths. Brilliant

displays of fireworks were made from the hotels and private residences, where the customary Christmas turkey dinners had been served in the middle of the day.

But it was only in the churches that the holiday was observed as it is in the north. In the Baptist church there was a big Christmas ship, whose evergreen-trimmed masts extended to the ceiling and whose flower-bedecked bow and stern touched either side of the sacred edifice. Bright little sailor lads wearing natty suits of blue and white manned the attractively decorated ship with the reckless abandon of old salts. Pretty maidens dressed in white and carrying tinsel wands distributed the Christmas presents to the young people as they were handed down the gangway by the merry crew from the resources of the boat's capacious hold. In the Presbyterian church there was a good, old-fashioned Christmas tree, whose branches hung low with their burden of candies and toys, which were duly handed out to the impatient Sunday school scholars. There were similar exercises held in the other churches of the city.

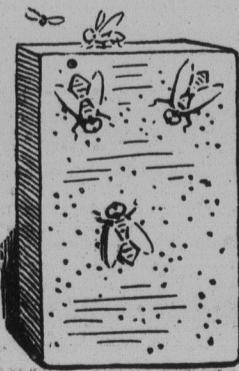
Having witnessed the city folks' manner of celebrating the holidays, we visited the negro quarter, just outside the city limits. We soon found that Christmas night in a southern negro settlement is full of novel attractions to the northerner. The soft light from the moon illuminated everything almost like day. No one loves a holiday better than a negro, and those residing in Florida are, generally speaking, extremely lazy. If they have enough to eat and drink today they give no thought for the necessities or desires that to-morrow may bring forth. But still, if every day were a holiday these dusky sons of Ham would consider the advent of Christmas one of the high days in the yearly calendar. This negro settlement resembled more a scattered collection of barns and sheds than the habitations of human beings. And yet these rough boarded huts and houses had been cleaned up and decorated specially for this holiday, for the negroes have a superstition that if they allow their homes to appear dirty and unattractive on Christmas there will be an overwhelming number of hoodoos following them before the new year is half over. It was a warm evening and one felt comfortable without an overcoat, although this is not usually the case, even when the thermometer during the day registers a temperature of nearly 100 degrees in the shade. Through the latticed windows and open doors we caught glimpses of little Christmas trees, small negro boys and girls playing with their new toys and occasionally a whole family gathered about a table eating turkey or 'possum, hoe cake and pumpkin pie. Outside one hut there were two colored boys devouring a watermelon. In the lower part of this settlement we came across a large, rickety, barnlike structure whose interior was illuminated with one large kerosene lamp and a dozen flaming pine knots. The dilapidated structure was filled with negro men, women and children, dressed in variegated colors. A patriarchal looking colored preacher was exhorting those present to fix their minds on heavenly things and make good resolutions to forego chicken stealing and wandering in the white folks' orange groves after night-fall for at least a week afterward.

'Bruderen an' chillun,' said the preacher, 'I tell yoah in cas' yoah doan looks out an' wandah away from yoah nabus' hen-coops O' Sants' gab'l yoah right up an' no mo' Christmas turkees an' dollis an' candy cums down de chimneh anodah andeverary of de Lawd's buthdah.'

After the preacher had gone in this style for a few minutes he suddenly began to sing, the whole audience joining in the chorus of a Christmas song, with which they were evidently quite familiar. It ran something like this:

Shin' on, shin' on,
Doan git weary, chillun,
Shin' on, shin' on,
Oh, Jerusalem.

Again the white-haired old preacher warned his flock against 'bad behavin',' after which they sang another stanza as follows:



Send it Back

My oh where you're me,
All cross over Jordan,
When the day she set me free,
Oh, Jerusalem.

Every other line was sung in chorus in a sort of weird chant, without any regard for time, save the regular tapping of the feet of the singers on the pine floor.

When the unique congregation dispersed many of the youths and maidens formed in a body and proceeded a mile down the road, where a good old-fashioned negro dance was in progress. It was held in a large barn, whose frame exhibited many transparent places. It was situated in the midst of a 160-acre orange grove. The two northerners leaned against the roadside fence and listened to the music from the negro orchestra's violins and banjos for hours, now and then catching fragments of that romantic song, 'Suwannee River.'

As we wended our way toward the city a colored quartet sitting about one of the little cabins sang that old plantation melody:

'A'! de darkees am a weepin',
Mama's in de cold, cold ground,
A refreshing breeze was blowing from the gulf and the plaintive strains of the famous song were wafted sweetly through the swaying pines.—J. D. Spitzer, in Detroit Free Press.

Thanksgiving Letter.

Saved From Certain Death.

Paine's Celery Compound
Renews Another Life.

Twelve Years Work of Medical
Men Did Not Effect a Cure.

Kidney Disease Surely and Permanently
Banished by Paine's
Celery Compound.

A terrible record of suffering and misery! Twelve years a martyr to kidney disease and other serious ailments! Money spent for medical attendance and a vast variety of patent medicines, and no cure!

Such disappointments and failures added to physical and mental agonies were sufficient to drive many a sufferer to the verge of insanity.

Deliverance from suffering and disease was long and earnestly prayed for, and a kind Providence directed a friend of the suffering lady to advise her to make a trial of Paine's Celery Compound. It was of about 1,000 horse-power. The generators are coupled to a jack shaft, and six of the turbines are connected to this shaft with bevel cone gears, thus transmitting to each generator the power of six turbines, or 1,200 horse-power. The building extends the full length of the main dam, and is 42 feet wide, excepting at the power house, where it is 60 feet. The original idea of the company was to generate the power merely and dispose of it on the jack shaft, and to lay out a large portion of the adjoining grounds into factory sites. Recently, however, it was decided to bring the power in to Montreal, and dispose of it there.

In addition to the great development of water power of the Lachine Hydraulic and Land Company has decided to lay out its property adjoining the work in the form of a model town. The property will be divided into building lots, drained, graded, supplied with water, electric heating, besides having its own electric railway to Montreal.—Electrical Engineer.

'For more than twelve years I was afflicted with kidney, stomach and female troubles, and had been attended by five doctors, and tried medicine after medicine, without any good results. My sufferings a year ago from the kidneys and stomach were dreadful. I was in such a state that I thought I could not live, and concluded there was no use trying other medicines.'

'I was advised, however to try Paine's Celery Compound, and finally decided to give it a fair trial. Before I had finished the first bottle I had improved very much, and after the use of a few more bottles I had not been so well for long years and am now altogether a different person. The use of Paine's Celery Compound also banished my nervousness. I can therefore recommend Paine's Celery Compound to anyone suffering from kidney, stomach and female troubles.'

Not in Stock. The Strand Magazine says that an English pitman was asked by a friend who was very bow-legged, to buy when next in town, a pair of stockings for him. On the following pay-day the pitman entered the shop of a well-known hosier to make the purchase. The shopman was most obliging, but having shown the intending purchaser nearly every pair in stock he at last thought it time to ask for a more minute description of what was required.

'I've shown you nearly all we have,' said he, 'and I'm sure our stock is second to none. As we've hitherto given satisfaction to all classes, it is strange that we can't suit you.'

'Well,' said the pitman, 'what I want is a pair o' bow-legged ones.'

"Well,"

said the bright woman who had asked for Pearlina, to the grocer who wanted to sell her some imitation of it, "whether you do sell more of these other things or not, there must be something in Pearlina which makes the flies avoid it. I notice that all the Pearlina packages are clean and fresh. All the others are fly-specked!"

This is a true story. Everything is true that we print about Pearlina. The thing in Pearlina that keeps flies off is its popularity. It doesn't stay on the shelves long enough to become soiled. When women want washing made easy, without any risk of harm, they must have Pearlina.

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



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

NIAGARA'S RIVAL.

Great Plant That will be an Important Distributor.

Niagara's great rival, the power distributing plant at the Lachine Rapids of the St. Lawrence river, above Montreal, will, it is hoped, be completed by the first of the new year. This is the harnessing of the Lachine Rapids of the great St. Lawrence river, which presents many engineering difficulties, owing to the formation of the river channel at this point, and the extreme cold experienced in winter, making it necessary so to construct the dam that the floating ice will not interfere with the regular operation of the plant.

The work has begun by the construction of an artificial canal along the north shore of the St. Lawrence river above the Lachine Rapids, and about five miles from Montreal. The main dam of the work, running out from the shore, consists of a series of isolated piers of masonry and concrete, and is constructed about 3,500 feet down the river to the ice tenders. These piers are made to form the flumes to take the turbine wheels and shafting which generate and deliver the power. The sixty turbines will operate under a head of 12 feet, and will develop 200 horse-power each making a total of 12,000 horse-power, all the year round. There are three power houses in which will be located the electric generators, four in each power house, each of about 1,000 horse-power. The generators are coupled to a jack shaft, and six of the turbines are connected to this shaft with bevel cone gears, thus transmitting to each generator the power of six turbines, or 1,200 horse-power. The building extends the full length of the main dam, and is 42 feet wide, excepting at the power house, where it is 60 feet. The original idea of the company was to generate the power merely and dispose of it on the jack shaft, and to lay out a large portion of the adjoining grounds into factory sites. Recently, however, it was decided to bring the power in to Montreal, and dispose of it there.

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A Justice's Small Fee.

"We want to get married!" exclaimed a young couple in union to Police Captain Bamford at the West Orange (N. Y.) police station. The captain told the young man and the blushing young woman that he was not in a position to tie the knot, but a messenger was sent to the home of Police Justice Condit, nearly a mile away. The justice had retired for the night, but dressed himself and answered the summons. The first question the bridegroom asked the justice as he entered the court was: "How much do you charge, judge, to marry people?"

"Oh, anything, from 50 cents up," said the magistrate, laughing. A consultation between the would-be bride and bridegroom followed, and then the latter finally said: "All right we are ready," and the two were made man and wife. As the certificate was handed to the bride by the justice the bridegroom dropped a dozen pieces of coin into his hand, and the two left the court. After counting over the pennies and nickels the man had given the justice discovered that he had 50 cents. Cost of the certificate and other expenses reduced the magistrate's fee to 9 cents. He said a few things and then went home.

SHATTERED NERVE AND PARALYSIS.

Shattered Nerve Developed Nervous Prostration—Nervous Prostration Developed Total Paralysis of One Side—Great South American Nervine in the Teeth of Most Adverse and Complicated Circumstances Overcomes All, and Restores Wife and Mother to Good Health to her Family—These are the Written Words of Edward Parr, Surrey Centre, B. C.

"My wife was taken bad last August with nervous prostration, which later on developed into paralysis of one side. We tried many remedies, but all in vain. I thought I would try South American Nervine, having seen it advertised in the New Westminster, B. C., papers, and I am glad to be able to say that the result after taking three bottles was an astonishment to myself and family. It worked wonders for her and we can not speak too highly of this great remedy." No case too acute or too long standing to defy its wonderful merits.

A PEDLAR'S EXPERIENCE.

ILLNESS BROUGHT HIM ALMOST TO THE VERGE OF THE GRAVE.

Pale and Emaciated, Suffering From Excruciating Pains in the Back, Life Became a Burden and Death Was Thought to be Not Far off.

From the St. Catherine's Journal.

It is a curious pathological fact that spinal complaint has sometimes actually been mistaken for Bright's disease, and there is no doubt many have been maltreated for Bright's disease when spinal trouble was the real malady. Geo. T. Smith, pedlar, of St. Catherine's, is one who thus suffered. His narrative is as follows:—"In the fall of 1894 I began to experience alarming symptoms of what I thought to be spinal trouble. I resorted to lotions, plasters and other remedial, but to no avail, as I continued to grow worse. At this point my friends advised the services of a physician, which I gladly submitted to. The professional man made a minute examination, and pronounced mine a case of Bright's disease, which quite naturally gave me a severe shock, as I deemed the death sentence has been passed upon me. The doctor said that he could alleviate my sufferings, but remarked that it would only be a matter of time with me. However, I accepted his medicine, and took it according to directions with no beneficial results. In the meantime a friend procured a remedy said to be a cure for Bright's disease. This medicine I took, but with no effect whatever. Ten months had passed away and I had become so haggard, emaciated, stooped and miserable that my friends had difficulty in recognizing me. In fact they, like myself, harbored the most painful apprehensions. At this juncture an aunt came to visit me, and strongly advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Like a drowning man reaching for a straw I did so. To my great surprise I soon noticed an improvement, the pain in my back began to leave, my appetite improved, my color returned, and by the time I had used eight boxes not an ache or pain remained, and I am as able to travel about to day as previous to the attack. I know that I owe my restoration to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I urge those ill or suffering to give them a trial. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and shallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers, or sent by mail postpaid, at 50¢ a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

An Anecdote of Rubinstein.

The following anecdote of Rubinstein is told by the Italian tenor, Marconi to Theodore Tracy, who tells it in turn to the musical Courier.

One day during a visit to Rubinstein his little son came tripping eagerly into the music-room. Approaching the father's side he nestled beside him and said:

"This is my festa, papa, and I want a present."

"Very well, my son, what shall it be?"

"A waltz, papa, a new waltz, all for myself and now."

"What an impatient little son it is!" exclaimed the great musician; "but of course, you shall have your gift. Here it is—listen! And for you, turning to the distinguished tenor, "I will play my 'Nero.'"

"It seems almost incredible," says Marconi, "but then and there I witnessed and heard the most remarkable phenomenon. The maestro improvised and played a charming waltz with his left hand, giving me at the same time with his right hand the splendid overture!"

A Judicial Note.

The best judicial note ever recorded is that of Sir George Jessel, the late master of the rolls, when sitting with Mr. Justice Bacon. A demented and enraged suitor who had been unsuccessful threw an egg at him in the corridor of the courts, which narrowly missed the judge's head. Smilingly Sir George turned round and calmly remarked to the astonished bystanders, "I think that must have been intended for my brother Bacon!"

Sunday Reading.

Over and Over Again.
Over and over again
No matter which way I turn
I always find in the Book of Life
Some lessons I have to learn;

Over and over again.
The brook through the meadows flows
And over and over again
The ponderous mill-wheel goes;

A FESTIVAL OF CHILDHOOD.

The Person who is Childlike Enjoys Christ
mas Best.

Christmas is the festival of childhood.
Whoso would enjoy it truly must be in
heart even as a little child. Its costliness are
in self-forgetfulness in the betterment of
others. Its highest celebration is in help-

Friendship.
We have a great deal more kindness
than is ever spoken. Mangle all the self-
fishness that chills like east winds the
world, the whole human family is bathed
with an element of love like a fine ether.

We talk of choosing our friends, but
friends are self-elected. The higher the
style we demand of friendship, of course
the less easy to establish it with flesh and
blood. We walk alone in the world.

the eternal, and when the poor interposed
mask crumbles it is not sad, but feels rid
of so much earth, and feels its independ-
ency the surer.—R. W. Emerson.

Be Kindly.
If only men would give to the living some
of that which they bestow so lavishly upon
them when they are dead, what a different
world this would be! Even a little of that
which is sculptured on the cold marble
would, if breathed from the warm lips,
have made many a one happy for life.

THREE WEEKS IN AGONY.

Inflammatory Rheumatism so Acute He Could not attend
to His Daily Duties—Lived Three Weeks in Agonizing
Pain When that "Good Samaritan" of all Cures,
South American Rheumatic Cure, Passed His Way—
It Helped in a Few Hours, and Speedily Cured—
Cost 75 Cents.

Mr. E. A. Norton, a well-known citizen
of Grimsby, Ont., was severely attacked
with inflammatory rheumatism some 20
years ago—after a time he recovered, but
five or six weeks ago the dread disease re-
turned so violently that he had to give up
work. For nearly three weeks he lay in
bed suffering terrible agony.

Pleasant People.
It is a pleasure to meet people who are
pleasant, affable and kind; who do not
seek to extinguish you with disdain or hu-
miliate you with indifference. People can
be over-pleasant as well as overbearing,
but the former is infinitely preferable.

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN.

But This Time it was a God-Send to Mr. John Brown,
a G. E. Veteran, of 2446 Marshall St., Philadelphia
Dotted Shot and Shell in the Interest of His Country,
only to be Attacked by that Insidious Disease,
Catarrh—But Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Cured
and Permanently, too—This is what He Says:—
"By a mere accident I came across Dr.
Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. I was a great
sufferer from that dread malady—catarrh.
To-day it gives me unbounded pleasure to
state for suffering humanity's sake that
this wonderful remedy effected a speedy
and permanent cure in my case, and I have
been so thankful for it that I am willing to
spend the remainder of my days in spread-
ing the good news to my fellow sufferers."

The Laws of Individual Life.
The laws of individual life are the laws of
communities, nations and of humanity it-
self. The march of nations in their rise,
their culmination and their fall, has its
counterpart in each man and in each prin-
ciple which constitutes a man. The same
is true of man in his larger form, in human-
ity. The states it has passed through in its
gradual descent through the slope of ages,
and now in its slow but gradual ascent, is
in its vast cycle, only a small segment of
which can be seen, a type of the life of
every man and woman in the decline from
the apparent innocence of childhood, and
the ascent by the slow steps of regeneration
towards the goal of perfect goodness and
truth. In the history of nations we may
see ourselves as in a glass, and it is this
similitude of the less to the greater which
gives to history its value. Society being
man in a larger form, we may see in its
errors, its convulsions, its anarchy and con-
flict of interest with interest and class with
class, the nature and results of the same
evils in ourselves.—Rev. Chauncey Giles.

A Governing God.
When things get beyond your control,
when you face an unknown future and
when trying conditions confront you, re-
member that there is a governing God in
Israel and that it is his to bring light out
of darkness, joy out of sorrow and hope
out of despair. Be patient and acquiescent.
Let the Ruler of the Universe and the Lord
of the individual manage affairs in his own
way and at his own time. Neither grow
weary, nor become too anticipative. Roll
upon a covenant-keeping God your cares,
taking his dispensations as they come and
multiplying sorrow neither by distrust nor
by foreboding. God unravels the future
day by day, hour by hour and moment by
moment, accompanying the distribution
with his supporting and sanctifying grace.

Purifying Influence of Christianity
We need all the elevating and purifying
influences of Christianity from youth. Its
comforts are essential to happiness all
along the path of life. Sorrows are multi-
plied at every step; only the grace of God
can comfort under them and give true and
lasting satisfaction. It was wise counsel,
indeed, given by the wisest of men. 'Re-
member thy Creator in the days of thy
youth.' He advises that this be done be-
fore the troubled life begins, when a man
shall say he has no pleasure in his days.
While all is going well, is the fitting time
to begin this great and important duty. If
it is well with us here, it will be there.

Real Enjoyment in Truth Only.
Praise, honor and respect—these are
sweet to all men. It is not surprising to
us that they are sweet to the man who de-
serves them. They are the rewards of
noble action, high character, real worth.
As the laborer is proud and happy at the
close of the day to receive his wages, feel-
ing that he has earned what he receives
and that it is all his own, so the man who
has, and knows he has, the honor and
respect of the community, and who receives
the praise of his friends, and knows it is
justly his, cannot but be delighted.

KIDNEY PAIN.

John Seel, of Wingham, Ont., was in a "Maelstrom" of
Pain and Agony from Diseased Kidneys—South
American Kidney Cure was the Welcome "Life
Preserver"—It Relieved Instantly and Cured Surely.
"Five years ago I had a severe attack of
La Grippe which affected my kidneys and
caused intense pains in my back and urin-
ary organs. I suffered untold misery; at
times I could not walk, and any standing
position gave me intense pain. I became
worse so rapidly that my family became
alarmed. Just at this time I noticed South
American Kidney Cure advertised. Al-
though I had little faith left in any remedy—
having tried many worthless ones—but a
drowning man will grasp at a straw, and I
procured a bottle. In a few days it had
wrought wonders, and before half a bottle
was taken I was totally relieved of pain
and two bottles entirely cured me.

Like Bells Which Ring Out.
A man who lives right and is right, has
more power in his silence than another has
by his words. Character is like bells
which ring out sweet music and which,
when touched, accidentally even, rebound
with sweet music.—Phillips Brooks.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited.
Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.
The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of
PURE, HIGH GRADE
Cocoas and Chocolates
Established 1760.
on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufacture.
Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and
costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate
is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their
German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink.
It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with
children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine
Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.
CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

TRY
SATINS,
The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land.
GANONG BROS., L'td., St. Stephen, N. B.

Remember.
Remember for what purpose you were
born, and through the whole of life took at
its end; and consider, when that comes, in
what will put your trust! Not in the bubble
of worldly vanity, it will be broken;
not in worldly pleasures, they will be gone;
not in great connections, they cannot
serve you; not in wealth, you cannot carry
it with you; not in rank, in the grave
there is no distinction; not in the recollec-
tion of a life spent in giddy conformity to
the silly fashions of a though less and
wicked world; but in that of a life spent
soberly, righteously and godly in this pre-
sent world.—Bishop Watson.

Joining the Church.
Joining the church is in one sense a very
small affair. It makes no difference what-
ever in your life in one sense. It is sim-
ply the open confession of what you al-
ready believe in your soul. In another
sense it is of the utmost importance. It
means the open alliance of your life's pow-
ers with those whom you believe to be
battling on the right side in this great
moral conflict. It means that your influ-
ence with men shall be for the right.—R. V.
J. P. Egbert.

Faith.
There can be no real unbelief, for who-
ever believes in the steadfastness and re-
liability of the laws of nature, whoever be-
lieves in the supremacy of right over
wrong, whoever even plants a tree or
trusts to the future, thus bears witness to
his own faith in God, whose name perhaps,
he may find himself denying, and his faith
only needs expansion and to be conscious
of itself in order to be the support of a
consciously religious life.—R. V. E. M.
Wilbur.

Have You Ever Tried?
Have you ever tried to dye over your
cast-off garments?
Thousands in Canada answer 'Yes, and
very successfully, too.' To those who have
not attempted the work we would say,
'There is money in it if you use the Dia-
mond Dyes.'
Old dresses, mantles, jackets, coats,
pants and vests, and other articles of wear-
ing apparel can easily be recreated and
made fit for wear at a trifling cost. Ten
cents expended for some fashionable color
of the Diamond Dyes will save you several
dollars. This wonderful transformation
and money-saving work can only be done
perfectly by using the Diamond Dyes. Ask
your dealer for them; be sure you refuse
all substitutes.

More Beautiful.
A doctrine lived is more beautiful than a
doctrine preached. Jesus taught His dis-
ciples to forgive men their trespasses, and
that was beautiful; but when upon the
cross He prayed, 'Father, forgive them,
for they know not what they do,' that was
sublime. If we are not all called to
preach, we are at least called to adorn the
doctrine of God or Saviour in all things,
and that is better than mere preaching.

If We Truly Love Him.
If we truly love Christ we shall care for
those who are loved by him. Those who
are dear to Him will be dear to us.
For the Future.
Live in the present that you may be
ready for the future.

COMFORT FOR THE OLD FOLKS.
Suppose the wheels of time could sud-
denly be reversed, and we could, in an in-
stant, go back to the year 1814. Why,
man, you wouldn't recognize England.
You wouldn't know how to speak, what to
do, or how to understand the things around
you. You would be as completely lost as
though you weren't Jupiter. You would find
no railways in England, no telegraphs, no
running water in the City houses, and
mighty few of the houses themselves that
are standing now. Between 1814 and 1894
the difference is as great as between 1814
and 1600. Yes; and greater.

'I am 80 years of age, and can do al-
most any kind of work easily and with
comfort. I owe it to Mother Seigel's
Syrup, and by taking an occasional dose
when I feel ailing it has kept me in good
health for ten years.' I recommended the
Syrup to all my friends, and it by printing
my letter in the papers you think other
persons—especially those who are ad-
vanced in life—may come to hear of the
syrup and use it, I shall be very pleased
to have you do so. (Signed) Mrs. Ann
Woollett, Wheeler's Lane, Linton, near
Maidstone, Jan. 16, 1894.

We do think Mrs. Woollett's letter will
do good and so you find it printed here.
Now, there are a great many old people
in this country, some of them perhaps even
older than she. And they need a gentle
and good medicine like Mother Seigel's
Syrup. Old age is a time when life is apt
to seem a heavy thing to bear, particularly
if there is more or less pain and illness.
And this is sure to be the case. The
stomach gives out. Old people can't digest
as they once did. Their food sours and
ferments in the stomach, and makes all
those bad feelings that Mrs. Woollett her-
self had. And when they cannot eat and
digest their food, of course they get weak
and feeble, and have to lie in bed or sit in
the corner, unable to take the air and go
about for necessary exercise. Then they
get to thinking they are in the way, and
grow downhearted and low-spirited. Be-
sides, they are likely to be troubled with
rheumatism, which is a complaint peculiar-
ly common to old people, and comes from
a bad digestion.

Now, for curing and mitigating the ail-
ments of old people, there is nothing in
the world so good as Mother Seigel's Syrup.
It doesn't sicken them and tear them all to
pieces as some harsh medicine does. It
operates gently and thoroughly; it doesn't
make them worse before it makes them
better. For indigestion, dyspepsia, rheuma-
tism, and all the aches, pains and discom-
forts of age, it is just right.

Mother Seigel, who discovered it, knew
what her elderly friends needed—nobody
better.

Where He Belonged.
The historian of Company F. of the 93d,
Massachusetts Volunteers, calls to mind
the awkwardness of one of the raw recruits
In his composition there was not a par-
ticle of time or tune, and the step always
bothered him.

One day, at drill, Smith was persistent-
ly getting out of step and out of place,
until the drill-master demanded impatient-
ly:
'Smith, where do you belong?'
With innocence upon his face and a
sense of injury in his tone, the recruit
answered:
'In Ipswich, sir.'
'I wish to heaven you were there,' was
the officer's despairing rejoinder.
'Oscar's' the perfect tooth powder,
goes further and lasts longer than any
other. Druggists—35 cents.

ROUGH ON THE STICK

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE MONASTIC LIFE IN THE MONASTERY OF DRYBURGH

Monastic life in the forest of Dryburgh is a life of quietude and peace. The monks are busy with their work, and the air is filled with the sound of their voices.

The monks are busy with their work, and the air is filled with the sound of their voices. They are a quiet and peaceful people, and their life is a life of quietude and peace.

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of all such considerations, we must say that it would be difficult to select a spot more in keeping with Scott's character, genius, and feelings.

With what interest, after all the years that have intervened since this gentle-hearted man was laid here, the pilgrim still comes to look at the woodland ruins, and the turf that wraps him in that long slumber, within their enclosure.

He looks between the iron railings and notes where the Minister lies, with the grave of his mother on the right and that of his wife on the left.

That mantle of green turf which nature loves to weave over the lowliest of her children is denied him under the arches of the old ruin.

But the soft blue sky and starry light, come here and the sweet whippers of the leaves, and the distant monody of the river, through all the long days of summer the sun has his proud way, and the spring brings her freshening influence to the tomb, and there the birds make jubilee.

Here is the place of his rest, in sight of the play-place of his youth, and where his youth-time would often rove, weaving coronal of song, more lasting than the vernal garlands of these groves.

These arches, amid which he lies, were peopled by his lady:

"There is a Nun in Dryburgh tower
Ne'er looks upon the sun
There is a Monk in Melrose tower,
He speaketh word to none."

John Gibson Lockhart, Scott's son-in-law and biographer, who died at Abbotford, Nov. 25th, 1859, was buried near the great Minster within the enclosure at Dryburgh.

THE SUWANEE RIVER
Historical Sketch of the River of Georgia and its Falls.

Leslie's Weekly tells this tale of the Suwanee river, the river of song: Just how a river, a narrow little sand-bottomed, blue-watered river, that plays so small a part in the map of the United States as does the Suwanee, could ever have become so famous in this wide world, does seem strange to one when he comes to think of it, all because of a mere song.

But, after all, it has a charm all its own, and the average visitor will find, when he once falls into its spell, that it will linger with him with surprising tenacity, and grow upon him like the shadow of some mysterious fascination.

No doubt there is some such inspiration behind the lines:

Way down upon the Suwanee river,
Far, far away;
Dat's whar de negger tarrin' ebber,
Dat's whar de ole folks stay.

Be that as it may, so such ideal picture book songs as this are ever heard on the Suwanee river in real life, unless it be, now and then, when some resident of this section chooses to hum a few lines of this same song in a spirit much the same as that of the deacon in church who says "Amen" when the preacher has finished the morning prayer—simply agreeing to what the author of this immortal song has written.

But there are songs along Suwanee river that are characteristic and unique in all their plaintive melody, pathos and humor. The negroes who are found at work along the river, either on the little boats that haul timber up and down from the mills or phosphate from the mines, or out in the lumber camps and fields along the river bank, seem to be all given to song. They go about their work in the morning with a song and sing all the live-long day, croon-

ing some plaintive air in a monotonous fashion, or else joining in a chorus where there are several of them, and making the woods around fairly reverberate with the echoes of their camp meeting hymns, such as this:

Jes' look over yonder whar I see—
Angels bid me ter come.—
See two angels callin' at me—
Angels bid me ter come.

Rise an' shine, mourner,
Rise an' shine, mourner,
Rise an' shine, mourner,
Rise an' shine, mourner.

How their rich, mellow voices do melt away in the distance as they join in this sweet old air, and now the plaintive strain seems to die away upon the sighing waters of the famed river! And when they get to the chorus how they swing round at their work and bare down upon the loud pedal of their voices and throw the genuine old jubilee vigor of camp meeting into the song.

If they are cutting logs for the saw mill night at hand they are apt to swing their axes in full time with the measure of the song, and thus give it all the more interest and peculiar charm.

One of the lively "lig songs" that are often heard in the lumber and phosphate camps along the Suwanee river runs something like this:

Jaybird up the sugar tree,
Sparrow on de groun',
Jaybird shake de sugar down,
Sparrow pass hit eroun'.

Shoo, ladies, shoo,
Shoo, ladies, shoo,
Shoo, ladies, shoo my gal,
I'm bound for Sugar Hill.

Five cents is my pocket change,
Ten cents is my bill;
If times don't git no better heah
I'm bound for Sugar Hill.

The music to this song is much in the fashion of the common negro songs, lively yet full of pathos and plaintive melody. There is that in all negro songs that is plaintive, even their most exasperating foot-shaking and soul-stirring "jig songs," true, typical negro songs rarely ever show any particular effort at preparation. They seem to just boil right out of the darkey's heart and soul, and it by chance they manage to get a fairly good jingle or rhyme to them, it is by no special poetical painstaking on the part of the author, and, in fact, is of but little consequence to him.

Such are the songs that one hears on the Suwanee river, in these modern days of progress and material development.

THE TIPPING QUESTION.
How it is Practiced at Home and Abroad and the Need for a Reform.

The question of "tipping" seems small enough in detail, but rather important when exaggerated.

A woman who spent last winter in one of the most sumptuous of New York hotels says she invariably gave a quarter to her waiter at breakfast and luncheon, those being meals taken alone. At dinner time she was jolted by her husband, who always handed the waiter fifty cents.

The latter sum seemed to evenly fill the man's idea of what was due him, and his "Thank you, sir," was bland and gracious, but the lady's modest quarters always found their grave in the black waistcoat pocket with no expression of gratitude from the recipient's face which wore a meaning look as of one who says: "Women are mean, an' never knows 'ow to do the right thing by a man; but one 'as to 'put up with 'em."

It is only in reckless, good-natured America that optional fees are so much larger than they ought to be. A dollar, which is a common enough sum for a man to give at dinner in a fashionable restaurant, would make a French waiter stare, al-

though he would have the presence of mind to pocket it quickly

In Paris there is an unwritten scale which apportion 5 per cent on the amount of a customer's bill as a tip. Thus, a person ordering a dinner that costs \$2 would, on setting his bill, add ten cents for the attendant.

It is time we had either a legal or informal rule governing tips in this country, and it is to be hoped that some rich persons will help on the reform.

It will never be done by those whose means are really small enough to feel the tax, for it is one of the errors of the impecunious to feel obliged to show as much liberality as a millionaire, even if, like the guest in "Charley's Aunt" he has to borrow half a dollar from the butler with which to tip him.—Illustrated American.

WONDERFUL.
Piles Cured in 3 to 6 Nights—Itching, Burning Skin Diseases Relieved in One Day.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure all cases of itching piles in from three to six nights. One application brings comfort. For blind and bleeding piles it is peerless. Also cures tetter, salt rheum, eczema, barbers' itch, and all eruptions of the skin. Relieves in a day. 35 cents.

Vinnie—'Minnie will never marry until she meets her ideal.' Vetta—'What is her ideal?' Vinnie—'A man who will propose.'

SILVERWARE
OF THE
HIGHEST GRADE.
THE QUESTION
WILL IT WEAR?
NEED NEVER BE ASKED
IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE
TRADE MARK
1847 ROGERS BROS. MARK

AS THIS IN ITSELF
GUARANTEES THE QUALITY,
BE SURE THE PREFIX
> 1847 <
IS STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE.
THESE GOODS HAVE
STOOD THE TEST
OF A HALF CENTURY.
NEVER
SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

DR CHASES
KIDNEY-
LIVER
PILLS
CURE
BACK-ACHE
ONE PILL A DOSE—25¢ A BOX

YOUR
BABY'S SKIN
NEEDS
"BABY'S
OWN
SOAP"

NONE BETTER
FOR
DELICATE SKINS

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs.
Montreal.

WOMAN and HER WORK.

We have been looking forward to Christmas for such a length of time, planning for it, working for it, and some of us perhaps, leading it more than we care to say, and suddenly in a flash almost, it is past, and we are left wondering vaguely why we spent so much time in preparing for it, and—curiously enough—with a dull feeling of disappointment, and a much more clearly defined sensation of relief that Christmas is safely over once more.

I know it is rank heresy to say so, when at the Christmas stories, and the illustrated weeklies, and Christmas extra numbers tell such a very different tale, and speak so confidently of the joy and happiness of the holy season, but there is a good deal of truth in what I say, and I have known a surprisingly large number of people who confessed in moments of expansion, when they were alone with their consciences and me—as it were, that they thought so too, but never liked to say it, I don't know why one should mind wrong up to such a feeling, I am sure, for this is most natural. Christmas is essentially a children's festival, and for older people it can never be a real feast day, except in a beautiful religious sense. It is too full of memories to be a very happy time, because even when the memories are all pleasant they are seldom without the sting of contrast with the present. They belong to the past, and few of us can look back without some pang of regret mingling with the happiest memories.

The middle aged woman surrounded by her happy brood looks back to one Christmas day years ago, when there was another face at the festive board, the most beautiful of all, she thinks, because it has never changed, never grown older since the day the dark eyes closed, and all her love and agony were powerless to keep the little feet from crossing the dark river alone. She loves all her children, and often says with a certain pride that she has never made any difference between them; loving all alike, but in her heart she knows that has been easy to be impartial since none of her flock can ever be quite the same as that firstborn son who left her so soon. His place has always remained vacant in her heart and nothing can ever fill it until some day she lays down all the cares and burdens of life, and clasps the lost one to her heart in a world where there will be no more sorrow, and be with her little lad always.

The happy wife, leading a tranquil, and peaceful life beside a man she truly loves, and who is in every way worthy of her love, finds herself thinking, with an odd pang at her heart, of another Christmas day when he, her first love, the man to whom her faithful heart was given, was beside her, and with a sudden photographic vividness it all comes back to her, and she remembers how they spent the day as if it had been yesterday; how he came in the morning to bring her his Christmas gift—he would trust no other hands to bear it to her, and now he stood watching her as she opened the case which contained it, with the joylight in his sunny eyes, and such a happy smile on his lips. How handsome he was, and how they loved each other! It seemed as if life could have nothing better to offer than existence together—and now—can it be possible that he ever grew cold, that time brought indifference and the day came when he told her that he realized his own unworthiness to possess anything so good and sweet as she, and hoped with all his heart that she would be happy with a better man? She grows cold and faint as the memory comes back to her, and the Christmas festivities seem as dust and ashes, as a sudden passionate longing comes over her for the days that have passed, for one glance from those laughing eyes, one touch of the hand that used to clasp her own so warmly. For an instant fear loyal Jack who is sitting beside her enjoying his dinner with the zest that only a clear conscience and a good digestion can give, seems less than nothing to her in comparison with that other who did not love her as well. We may say what we like, and deny it as we will, but there is never another love like the first—the first real love I mean, not the common "sлад" variety which lasts no one, but seems almost as inevitable as death, and not nearly so fatal—other loves tender, and true, may come, and very real happiness, but the light that never was on sea or shore, shines on us but once and then fades forever.

To the young girl Christmas is a day of course, how could it be otherwise, so many loving friends to make her, so many lovely presents and so many flowers, and how lovely, and shiny, and beautiful, and how many? But yet somehow the

little disappointing, not quite as nice as she thought it was going to be, and quite dull and stupid compared with those glorious Christmases she remembers spending in the childhood that is just past.

For the old, Christmas holds little but sadness; their minds dwell naturally upon the past, and the contrast is often very sharp between the happy time when life was filled with glorious possibilities, and the leaden present when disappointed ambitions, and dispelled illusions have taken their place. The Christmas season of jollity and feasting brings back old times to them and they miss so many familiar faces and fall to wondering who will be the next, and how many more places will be vacant by next Christmas. Even the very happiest of old people surrounded by loving children and grandchildren find Christmas a sad time and breathe a sigh of gentle relief when it is over.

I think it was Charles Dickens, that most delightful writer of Christmas stories, who said that it was manifestly impossible for a sane grown up man to feel jolly at Christmas time, and that he thought the reason was so much was expected of people in the shape of hilarity at that time, that nature rebelled against the pressure and took her revenge by giving them the blues. If a man had the wherewithal to pay his Christmas bills, and his digestion was in good working order he said a reasonable amount of contentment was within his reach at Christmas, but jollity never!

And so I say the same. After childhood has passed the only real happiness the Christmas season can bring us is to be found in trying to fulfil the Christmas injunction of peace and good will to all mankind, and in making others as happy as we know how.


One of the most suitable uses to which the all-pervading sweater has been put, is the reducing of it to miniature proportions, and using it as a garment for babies. Nothing could possibly be better for a baby than such a delightfully warm, light, close-fitting jacket, as the sweater makes. They are shown in all the prettiest colors, pale blue, pink, cream and white, and all far superior to the time honored jacket which was always coming untied, and was ornamented so that it contained far more holes than warmth. Clad in one of these pretty little sweaters, there is little danger of a baby catching cold, and as they are so cheap, even the poorest mother's care can provide them for their little ones.

A new and easy way of making a dainty trifle is always hailed with delight by the woman who does fancy work. These directions for making the useful little mats, are so simple that anyone can follow them. The necessary materials are twelve dozen ordinary brass curtain rings, not too thick, and measuring an inch or an inch and a half across, and two dozen skeins of tapestry silk; that manufactured by any of the best makers will do; the kind known as 'boiling colour' is recommended for preference; one skein of crewel silk will be required, and this must match exactly the shade of the other.

And, lastly, a rug needle of suitable size. The tapestry silk may be divided into needfuls of about one yard in length. Attaching the end each ring is then entirely covered in buttonhole stitch. When the circle is completed, care must be taken to fasten off securely, and neatly. To ensure this the silk may now be split, and the two ends run under the work separately.

A sufficient number of rings being covered, they can be arranged so as to form many of various shapes, square, diamond circular, octagonal, etc. The rings must be firmly and neatly seamed together on the underside at the places where they touch each other, and in such a manner as not to destroy the right appearance of the button-hole stitching.

For very small mats, such as may be



GREETINGS

For a Happy and Prosperous
New Year to our many friends
and customers

WATERBURY & RISING.

used under gray boats or sauce tureens, a slightly smaller-sized ring may be employed, and for an extra large size mat, the ring used may be rather larger.

The colour, of course, may be varied according to the taste of the maker, but the use of plain white for all such additions to the table appointments is recommended.

The most interesting developments in fashion just at present are seen in the skirts, which show a decided tendency for trimmings of all kinds. The latest silk gowns from Paris are beruffled from the hem to the waist. Black taffeta silk seems to be the most fashionable material for skirts to wear with odd waists, and the ruffles are either hemmed or pinked on the edge and are four or five inches wide. In some instances they are in graduated widths, not more than nine inches wide at the bottom nor less than four at the waist. One very striking costume of this sort has a black velvet bolero, handsomely embroidered in jet, gold thread, and fancy jewels, and the vest is of white chiffon over cream satin. The close sleeves are of velvet with epaulettes lined with white satin, and the draped belt of taffeta silk is fastened with a gold buckle.

Another pretty evening waist for a black skirt is made of soft faille silk in pale blue finely tucked in groups of five or seven, and from the bust down to the belt cream lace insertion an inch wide is set in between the spaces. The front has a slight pouch and opens at one side, being finished by a jabot of lace from the top of the lace insertion to the shoulder, and the sleeves are tucked round in groups, from the small puff at the top to the flare at the wrist.

A novelty among the new silk skirts is the one without any lining at all. It is cut somewhat in the bell fashion, and is trimmed with rows of black velvet ribbon from the hem to the knee. Bands of bias velvet and satin, with a space between, are also used for skirt trimming, and bias folds arranged to lap a little over each other like tucks are sets in around the bottom.

Three knife plaitings five inches wide, narrowly hemmed on both edges to form a little heading, are another mode of trimming these taffeta skirts. One is set on at the bottom, one just below the knee, and the third half way between the two. The waist worn with this skirt at the opera was of pale blue chiffon arranged in plaited frills alternated with vandyke lace insertion across the upper part, and a double bow of apricot watered ribbon finished the top of the sleeves and formed the collar.

Another novel and useful skirt trimming

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER

Beautifies and restores Gray Hair to its original color and vitality; prevents baldness; cures itching and dandruff. A fine hair dressing.

R. F. Hall & Co., Props., Nashua, N. H.
Sold by all Druggists.

A Unique New Year Present

FLUID BEEF SET, Aluminum

GET ONE WHILE THEY LAST.

OUR SPECIAL OFFER.



1 Tray, 1 Spirit Lamp, 2 Cups, 2 Spoons,
1 Water Boiler, 2 Salt and Pepper Camera,
1 Bottle Mashed Potatoes,
1 16 oz. Bottle JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF
(Grand Stimulant).

The whole neatly cased for \$3.50.
Expressed prepaid on receipt of price.
Send by Express or Post Office Order, payable to

THE JOHNSTON FLUID BEEF CO., MONTREAL

Honestly made
of pure Rubber.
Thin, Light,
Elastic, Stylish,
Durable.

Granby Rubbers

Modelled each year to fit all the latest shoe shapes. Extra thick ball and heel.

Sold everywhere. They Wear like Iron.

The street woman is a group of small tucks down the straight edge of each gore, the first one lapping over the seam.

Triple skirts, or rather those which have that appearance, are occasionally seen, and the upper one is long enough to reach within a little more than a quarter of a yard from the bottom. This space is filled in with two pieces cut and fitted on to the lining, as if they were full length skirts. In a gown of gray cloth the upper skirt opens on one side and a foundation of bright plaid velvet peeps out as the wearer walks, while the edges up the sides and around the bottom of the three skirts are bound with gray satin. Two deep ounces of black velvet on a green cloth skirt form still another variety of decoration, and they are put on with very scant fulness across the front.

Sashes in the made-up variety of silk with a chiffon ruff around the edges and a trimming of black velvet ribbon are proposed and are sometimes made of the same silk as the gown.

ASTRA.

The greatest gift we can make is to give the news of God's love to those who know Him not. Such a Christmas gift will bring joy to the sinner saved by it, and joy also among the angels who bear of our repenting. Christ's joy is also that of souls saved through His blood. In this He sees the travail of His soul and is satisfied.

Tooth Talk...

Let's talk of teeth. Your teeth—you want them perfectly clean and white, free from tartar and discoloration—Use Odorsoma. You want them preserved, and any tendency to decay checked—Use Odorsoma. You want your breath fresh and your gums a healthy red—Use Odorsoma.

'Tis the Perfect Tooth Powder

Expert chemical analysis—\$1.00. Your own experience will teach you so.

Price 25c. All Druggists,
THE AROMA CHEMICAL CO.,
Toronto, Ont.

DR CHASE'S

CURES
ITCHING PILLS, ECZEMA,
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OINTMENT

H. J. Lisle, representing Ganong Bros., St. Stephen, N. B., says: "Chase's Ointment cured me of a very stubborn case of itching Eczema. Tried everything advertised, several physicians' prescriptions without permanent relief. I also know of several cases of itching Pills it has absolutely cured."

DR CHASE'S

I suffered with piles for years. Chase's ointment completely cured me. Mrs. J. A. Corbin, Fenwick.

OINTMENT

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

DR CHASE'S

Lamberton, Bates & Co.
PRICE 50c.
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OINTMENT

BLANC-MANGE

MADE WITH
BENSON'S
CANADA
PREPARED
CORN

Is an exquisite dish for the table and invaluable for invalids.

RECIPE.

BLANC-MANGE.

Four or five tablespoonfuls of Prepared Corn to one quart of milk; mix the Prepared Corn in some of the milk; heat the remainder of the milk and when boiling add the dissolved Prepared Corn; boil fifteen minutes; flavor to taste and allow it to cool in a mould. Serve with milk and jelly or milk and sugar.

The Edwardsburg Starch Co. has won the GARDNER, 1893, and the GOLDEN MEDAL, 1894.

**Colic
roup
cramps**

These by the free use of castor oil with entire satisfaction. A valuable medicine for colic, cramps, headache, stings, sprains, and muscle cramps.

Liment

For catarrh. I had recommended by Anodyne Liment. It is as you direct. With Wingham, Vt.

Wingham's "Malted Food" is on every bottle. Sold by Wingham & Co., Boston, Mass.

BALM

Presence of mind

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EVERY ARTICLE

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ASS DEALERS.

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No Gripes
When you take Hood's Pills, the big, old-fashioned, sugar-coated pills which last you all to please, are not in it with Hood's. They to take

Hood's Pills
and easy to operate, is true of Hood's Pills, which are up to date in every respect. Safe, certain and sure. All druggists sell. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Only Pills to take with Hood's Barsaparilla.

Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum
For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore throat, etc.

KERRY, WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL.

Judge it by whatever standard you choose, test it by any quality you've a mind to name or think of—Obelisk Flour will stand the test for leadership resolutely. There will be no half way satisfaction; there can't be, for there is only one best in everything. Grocers sell it.

The Tillson Co Ltd.
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POTS, PANS, KETTLES,
and all other Kitchen Utensils in "CRESCENT"

Enamelled Ware stand the test of time and constant use. Never chip or burn. Nice designs. Beautifully finished. Easily kept clean.

EVERY PIECE GUARANTEED. "CRESCENT" IS THE KIND TO ASK FOR. If your dealer does not keep it drop a postal card to

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

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THE GREAT FAIR EXHIBITION.
Tearing Down to Make Room for the New Buildings—The Hotels.

Although three years and a half will have rolled by ere the opening of the great exhibition of 1900 takes place the preliminary works have already been entered upon in a real earnest, says a writer in the London Telegraph. There is now no doubt that every effort will be made by the authorities to render the world's show even more brilliant than its predecessors, and signs are not lacking to demonstrate that they will be a majesty second in their exertions by the commercial element and by the public at large. Parisians are never so happy as when their gay city is thrown out into broad relief as the great center of attraction, and they are looking forward with pride and enthusiasm to the date when foreigners will flock to this metropolis from every point of the compass, when hotels, present and future, will be thronged with visitors; and when the boulevards and leading thoroughfares will be as full of varied samples of humanity as in the summer of 1889 and in the earlier part of last month.

"Il faut souffrir pour être belle" was the exclamation made to me today by more than one person who is already compelled to make the detour owing to the erection of inclosures within which busy criers are now employed. Neat palisades surround the whole of the back of the Palais de l'Industrie, as well as the pavilions facing the river and the Jardin des Plantes. The work of demolition has commenced. It seems to be settled that the Palais de l'Industrie will remain intact until the next salon is over, but, in any case, there is quite enough to be done on other parts of the ground until that date. With a view to the removal of the debris, a subterranean operation is now being carried on. The wall of the quay close to the Pont des Invalides has been pulled down, and the earth below is being excavated for the construction of a tunnel, which will run right into the inclosed space, and will be utilized for the conveyance of the rubbish to the lower path alongside the Seine, whereon rails have been laid to facilitate the passage of the light carts which are already shooting their loads into barges moored in a nook almost under the bridge. This afternoon large crowds gathered along the Pont des Invalides and the quay to watch the progress of the work.

This, however, is not all. While preparations have been begun for the work of demolition, pending the erection of new edifices of finer or rather less severely plain architectural proportions, and of a variety of other trifles in the building way, the bridge which is to span the Seine between the Pont des Invalides and the Pont de la Concorde, and the first stone of which was laid by the czar during his visit to Paris, has not been forgotten. The two lines of flags, long since reduced to the semblance of rags, which marked the position which it would occupy have been taken down, together with most of the scaffolding set up on the lower quays on either side of the river, and now the presence of several lighters, as well as of one or two posts which rise above the water surmounted by a bit of red bunting, as a warning to the boats that ply up and down, indicate that engineers are taking the matter actively in hand, and that the Point Alexander Trois, as it is to be called, will soon assume a measure of reality. Here, again, traffic will be somewhat hampered, for very careful steering will become an imperative necessity as the passenger steamers, tugs and lighters glide up and down the Seine with their fares and cargoes. But on the shining river, as on terra firma, this temporary inconvenience will be borne cheerfully, all keeping their minds fixed on the wondrous transformation which will convert these banks into a very pretty imitation of fairyland.

A considerable amount of hotel building, in anticipation of the exhibition of 1900, is about to begin. The Wagon-Lits company has bought a magnificent site in the Champs Elysees, and the preliminaries have already been commenced of the construction of a handsome and spacious edifice, which will be fitted up in the newest style. I also learn that M. Riz of the Savoy hotel, and a London syndicate have purchased a property in the Place Vendome for a similar purpose. Other undertakings of the kind are in contemplation, and I may add that it is reported that the mansion of Duc de la Tremolle and the adjoining one, belonging to the Comte de la Panouse, both situated between the Rue de Faubourg Saint-Honore and the Avenue Gabriel, and close to the British embassy, are likely to be bought for the erection of a large hotel on the ground which they occupy.—London Telegraph.

The Tariff Commission elicits some strange and curious facts, but none more true than the good words spoken by both Free-Traders and Protectionists for MINARD'S LINIMENT.

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Talmage is right! All this trouble can be removed! You can be cured!

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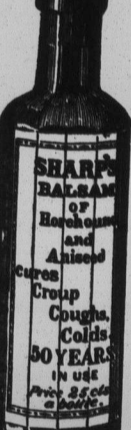
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Of the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Golden Specific. It can be given in one or two bottles without harm, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. IT NEVER FAILS.

Mothers and Wives, you can save the victims.

GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., TORONTO, Ont.

TO CAPTURE INDIAN RAIDERS.
Assistance Expected From a Military Telegraph Line.

The military telegraph line which the government has been building in the border country between Arizona and Mexico is finished. The line, the construction of which is a part of Gen. Wheaton's plan to solve the problem of how to stop the periodical Indian raids, was built under the direction of Capt. W. A. Glassford, chief signal officer of the department of Colorado. Military telegraph lines in times of peace have been constructed heretofore only where garrisons and established posts have been beyond the reach of the commercial telegraph. In Arizona there are isolated valleys trending north and south between low ranges of mountains, where a small band of Indians may roam for hundreds of miles before their presence can be made known to the military authorities, while before pursuit can be undertaken they are many miles away, and travelling through a country where they can easily disguise their trail. With a view to aiding in the transmission of information relative to Indian depredations, Gen. Wheaton conceived the plan of constructing military telegraph lines into those secluded and isolated valleys. The opportunity for the construction of experimental lines came with the abandonment of Fort Stanton in eastern New Mexico last year. A military telegraph line, ninety miles in length, connected that post with the railway line, and the iron poles, wire and other material were taken down and stored, awaiting a call for use elsewhere.

With a portion of this material a telegraph line was constructed from near Fort Grant across the Galliero mountains into the San Pedro valley. These mountains and foothills on the San Pedro valley slope have been a favorite highway for Indians travelling between the reservation of the Rocky Mountain Apaches and Mexico. Soon after this line was built its efficiency was tested. A band of renegade Indians appeared, pillaging the ranches and robbing and killing white people. An alarm was telegraphed to Fort Grant, word was quickly passed to the commands near the border and a hot chase was made. The Indians found their retreat cut off by the prompt appearance of troops along the border, but they finally made their escape through the rough Chiricahua mountains, where it was practically impossible to follow them. It was then determined to use the remainder of the Fort Stanton telegraph material in building another information line below these rugged mountains, and it was this work that took Capt. Glassford into the field last month.

Guarding the Money.

There are plenty of ingenious burglars in the world, but he would have to be a very ingenious burglar indeed who should find a way to rob the Bank of France. The measures taken for guarding the money are of such a nature that burglary would seem to be impossible.

Every day when the money is put into the vaults in the cellar, and before the officers leave, masons are in attendance whose duty it is to wall up the doors of the vaults with hydraulic mortar. Water is then turned on, and kept running until the cellar is flooded.

A burglar would thus have to work in a diving suit, and break down a cement wall before he could even begin to break into the vaults. When the officers arrive the next morning the water is drawn off, the masonry torn down, and the vaults opened. It is said that the treasures of the Bank of France are better guarded than any others in the world.

A Chainless Bicycle.

The latest thing in chainless bicycles is the invention of a Syracuse man, Marion A. Andrews. He claims that it solves the problem of how to get the greatest speed from a bicycle with the least expenditure of effort. By an arrangement of cogs that is quite simple the power is transmitted directly from the pedal to the sprocket. There is a second cog wheel placed outside and around the small cog on the rear wheel. The cogs of the larger wheel, which is of aluminum, are on the inside. The pedals are fastened to this wheel, and when put in motion it acts directly on the smaller wheel. One revolution of the larger wheel and pedals, therefore, causes the smaller wheel to revolve many times. The saddle occupies the same position that it does on an ordinary wheel. This places the rider directly over the pedals.—Philadelphia Press.

Wanted Hypnotic Intoxication.

Professor, he said, with a suspicious quiver in his voice, 'is this where you hypnotize folks?'

'Yes sir,' replied the hypnotist. 'What ever can I do for you?'

'Is it true that you can cure the liquor habit by hypnosis?'

'We claim to do so—yes, sir.'

'Drive a man's whisky thirst away so that he'll feel as if he never wanted to drink again?'

'Yes sir.'

'What does it cost?'

'One dollar a treatment.'

'Here's your dollar. Now, then, I want you to pull the reverse lever and hypnotize me into believing I've been drunk for about two weeks. Times are mighty hard and I can't afford the real thing.'—Chicago Times-Herald.

IT'S EASIER TO THREAD YOUR NEEDLE

With....

CLAPPERTON'S THREAD

Than with many other kinds, the twist is so firm that it's not so apt to unravel as some, —and that's what gives it its extraordinary strength.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?

HAYMAN'S Balsam for Hoarseness

Relieves Your Cough In Ten Minutes.

For Influenza, Cough, Cold, etc.

NEVER KNOWS IT TO TALK TO GIVE RELIEF.—Mrs. M. B. Boushler, Fern Cottage, Lamborne.

"Found it invaluable for bad coughs and colds."—Mrs. Bessie, London Road, Stamford.

STOPS COUGH. CURES COUGH.

Sold everywhere. Price 50c.

Sole Wholesale Agents for Canada: EVANS & SONS, Ltd., Montreal and Toronto.

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TEABERRY

25c FOR THE TEETH

W. ZOPESA, CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO.

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Watson's Dundee Whisky

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We will mail on application, free information how to grow hair upon bald heads, stop falling hair and remove scalp dandruff. Address: Hamilton, Ont., Box 174, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE DUFFERIN.

This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the Hotel, facing the river on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men. It is within a short distance of all parts of the city. Has every accommodation. Electric cars, from all parts of the town, pass the hotel every five minutes.

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Shadowed for Life,

A SOLDIER'S STORY.

BY GORDON STABLES, M. D., R. N.

Author of "The Rose of Allendale," "For Money or For Love," "The Cruise of the Lead Yacht 'Wanderer,'" "Our Friend the Dog," etc., etc.,

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CHAPTER XXVI.—THREE SHADOWY FORMS FLITTING FROM TREE TO TREE.

Many a long and eventful voyage have I been to sea. Many a happy one, too; but never I was, one so truly joyous and idyllic as this.

Many or Molly, as we now dared to call her, shed a few hot tears at first, and for a day or two Jocelyn himself seemed sad and fore-boding. But hardly were we clear of the tossing and turmoil of the Bay of Biscay, and into the warm rays—every tiny glowing worm—of a more southern sun, than a change for the better came over my patient, thanks to the free air of the ocean, that was everywhere around us, the breeze, to stimulate, to raise the spirits, that nevertheless to calm the fevered brow and soothe the throbbing system, till one felt that only to live to exist was like a triumph over death.

It was the time we reached the beautiful, sunny, but enchanting island of Madeira, after Jocelyn Lloyd, as he was fully named in the purser's books, was no longer a patient. He was hale, hearty, happy, and romped on the decks with his little fringed hat and the great ship's Newfoundland dog, as if he had been a school-boy.

Some slight accident had occurred to the machinery, which necessitated our lying for nearly three days at Madeira. This, for Jocelyn and Molly's sake, I certainly did not regret, for it gave us an opportunity of holding a most delightful picnic, far away and high among the wild mountain tops.

Moreover, the Newfoundland, had struck up an intimate friendship with Molly, and on shore we were to that point he had determined to go, and would not be denied. We had never active boats to land in, for on the beach the surf runs high, opening in a rush and a roar, then seaward again in the force of a mighty onrush striking first with its shingle, roughest stones, and coral.

This goes on by night and by day with a monotonous boom that can be fit and miles and miles at sea, like the muting of distant thunder, or a semi-active piano.

Better not take Rover, said the purser, grocer dog he was. He'll get quarrelling with every mongrel he meets. Agreeable but intelligent and beautiful creature, a trifle to one side, as if he was the case of all that was to be said.

When you see a dog, you see a dog, you don't take me for a shark, I guess I can swim, but then the sharks may eat me. But bow-wow-wow, whose afraid?

O, let him come, pleaded Molly so prettily that the purser could hold out no longer; so Rover went rattling down the gangway ladder and took his seat close to Molly in the stern shee-s. And it would be difficult indeed to say who was the happier of the two, little Molly herself or her huge and noisy favourite. She was a very pretty girl, was Molly, with a deal of her father's features and mild gentle nature. Jocelyn used to assert that she reminded him of Molly Morrison, his cousin and sweetheart of his boyish years.

When as Molly stooped to smooth her Rover's lovely head, glasses of attention seemed to pass between them, and she looked at the little creature's hand.

It was a day of it were going to have! And he was! he appeared to say.

When the boat was within thirty yards of the shore Rover jumped up and went seaward with a splash.

Oh, the sharks, the sharks! cried Molly, in a wild alarm.

There is no danger now, Molly, said a voice from the boatman. Sharks are no worse than any other fish.

Some boatman cried Molly, on shore, on the shoulders. One and I had to stand on the beach, but what was my good? I was not to be afraid of a little fish.

My friend Malcolm would have conveyed me to the beach, but I would not hear of it. He was much older than I, and somewhat delicate, so I bade him a friendly good-night, and marched along singing to myself.

The night was very far indeed from dark; the main street being flooded with the light of a big round moon. But presently I came to the banks of trees that led downwards to the beach.

It was very still and silent here, and I noticed the once or twice Rover looked round him, and uttered a low growl.

I was being followed, I could distinctly see three shadowy forms flitting across the patches of moonlight from tree to tree.

Whenever they were they could be after me, I called out my six-shooter and fired.

They were from across the street the shadows began to come bounding at the foot of the trees, and a dark cloak, such a common sight in the streets, was seen to be mistaking the tall

lower his tail between his hoofs, he caught by the back and threw right over his head. This was a lesson no cur was likely to forget.

It makes them manfully, you know, Rover explained to Molly. They don't often see a dog like me. Besides they might bite you, and prevention is better than cure.

Now, I said, shall we have horses up the hill, or the bullock sleigh?

The bullock sleigh sounds very romantic, said Jose, but I think my wee Molly would like a horse.

A horse! a horse! cried Molly, as if she had been Richard the Third. So horses were hired, and off we set, with Rover dashing round and round us, barking, and our groom-boys hanging on to the tails of our fleet and spirited nags. (This is sarcasm.)

One horse was driven on in front. He was laden with baskets of fruit and provisions. Not the slightest fear of his running away, although had he fallen behind, he would have turned tail—or the bare morsel of bell-ropes that did duty as tail—and trotted back to Funchal.

We were bound for the Corral Gran. So high above the level of the sea is it, that the wind blew cold and chill up here. But the views, all the way, which we often paused to admire, surpass my powers of description.

Moreover, I must not forget that I am telling a story and not describing travels. But I must say, that he who is low in health in England from overwork or over-worry, is not wise if he can afford a voyage to this lovely 'isle of the ocean,' and takes it not.

We all slept sound that night on board the Sans Pareil, as she gently rocked to and fro in the bonnie bay. It was seven bells in the morning watch before I awoke and entered the bath-room.

I was happy and hungry when I went on deck a few minutes before eight to breathe the fresh morning air. Hunger and happiness go well together, I opine; that is, when one is sure of a good meal. I have often been so situated that the latter blessing was an impossibility. Then happiness took wings unto herself and fled far away.

We spent another grand day among the hills, O, the beauty of the seacoast and the cloudscape as the sun began to sink low towards the west; the colours, the halts, tints, the crimsons, opals, greys, and lilacs, and the strange haze that far away yonder unfits sky and sea in a beauty that one can not define! All this has to be seen to be believed in.

As I walked towards the shingled beach with my three friends, Jose, Molly and Rover, I suddenly remembered that I had a friend in Funchal whom I had not seen for years.

I resolved to hunt him up now, and so returned alone towards the town.

I found my old friend hale and hearty, a Scotsman he was, and it is almost unnecessary to say that he gave me a Highland welcome.

As we were seated at dinner a scratching and whining was heard outside the door, which Captain Malcolm immediately opened, and in bounded Rover.

I was not a little surprised, for I had not only seen him get into the boat, but stood on the beach till that boat was half way out towards the Sans Pareil.

I afterwards discovered that he had boarded a native loggess boat in the dark of the evening, and been stowaway conveyed on shore. How the poor dog had found me, or what instinct led him into his head to come where question I could not answer.

I can only say it was a God's mercy Rover was with me that night, as I walked in toward the beach where a boatman had promised to meet me.

Let me mention this: in foreign countries I always carry a revolver. Small enough almost is my little friend to go into my waistcoat pocket, but strong and sure enough to bring down a giant.

My friend Malcolm would have conveyed me to the beach, but I would not hear of it. He was much older than I, and somewhat delicate, so I bade him a friendly good-night, and marched along singing to myself.

The night was very far indeed from dark; the main street being flooded with the light of a big round moon. But presently I came to the banks of trees that led downwards to the beach.

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I was being followed, I could distinctly see three shadowy forms flitting across the patches of moonlight from tree to tree.

Whenever they were they could be after me, I called out my six-shooter and fired.

They were from across the street the shadows began to come bounding at the foot of the trees, and a dark cloak, such a common sight in the streets, was seen to be mistaking the tall

I had to cope with the tallest of the three, with Jack himself. I fired again twice, hitting once I think, for his arm dropped and he staggered, as if about to fall.

On he came next moment. I hit out with my cudgel now wildly enough, but it snapped in two. Then I saw a knife gleam for a moment above me, and knew I was stabbed. I remember seeing the white figures of Portuguese policemen flitting around me, and hearing the clanking of their cutlasses. All else was like a dream.

'Are you better?' It was the surgeon of the ship who spoke, and I opened my eyes in my own stateroom on board the Sans Pareil.

'Where am I, and what has happened?' They told me all, and how but for Rover the dog I would undoubtedly have been murdered. As it was I had been stabbed and robbed, and the would-be assassin had escaped.

'But,' added the surgeon, 'you are out of danger now.'

'Did all this happen last night?' The surgeon smiled in a kindly way.

'Three days ago,' he said. 'We are now at sea.'

Jocelyn and Molly now came in, but I was not allowed to speak much.

'Robbed! It was Jack,' I thought, 'and he has taken the cheque!'

I gently raised myself on my elbow, and as my request my clothes were brought me. My purse was gone, but, O, joy, in an inside pocket of my waistcoat was my portfolio safe and sound, and in it—the cheque. Jack was foiled then—foiled once more. I commenced this chapter by describing our voyage as wholly idyllic. Did my adventure detract from the joy thereof it might be asked? Not a great deal, I do assure the reader. I had been stung, it is true, but my wound was insignificant; then at sea there is positive pleasure in being an invalid for a time, especially if one is as well nursed and attended as I was.

Jose and Molly did not know how kind to be to me, and Rover hardly ever left my side.

But long before I reached the Cape I was well and strong once more, and able with my friends to take long drives among the geranium clad hills of one of the loveliest lands on earth.

Then came that long and lonely stretch of ocean 'twixt Cape of Good Hope and the Colonies fully 6 000 miles of water during which time we never even saw a ship nor sighted land of any kind, save one or two islands in the ocean's midst, and which sailors know by the name of New Amsterdam.

I have neither wish nor desire to describe our adventures in Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, nor our long voyage home by Cape Horn, or rather through the wild and romantic Straits of Magellan.

But when we landed once more on Plymouth I must say there could not have been a healthier man in mind and body than my friend Major Jocelyn Lloyd.

He was happy, too, and so did Ella seem at meeting him. Once again he held his wife to his bosom, and I heard him make use of two little words I thought he had quite forgotten. He called her 'dear love.'

Lena was still Ella's maid, and I was naturally burning to hear what she had to report. On the third night after our arrival I dined at the Raven's Nest. Nor did I need much encouragement to make me stay all night.

I managed to slip a little note into Lena's hand, unperceived, and the result was a midnight, or rather early morning interview.

Evil be to him who evil thinks, but innocent Lena came to my room on tiptoe, at two o'clock, and was silently admitted. She made a most energetic and splendid detective.

Yes Jack had been to the Raven's Nest several times. For six weeks after we had sailed in the Sans Pareil he had put in no appearance. Then came a registered letter. Lena now handed me a copy of it, which she had managed to secure, so there was no need for me to use my keys or creep like a bugler to Ella's boudoir.

'After this,' said Lena, 'the man came himself. They met in the woods, and in the dusk of the evening. I knew the trying-place, and was hidden in a bush, dressed in the clothes I bought to mourn for uncle. So you see, sir, I was all black-like.'

'And you heard what they said?' 'Oh, sir, I couldn't understand half. But he did nearly all the speaking. She was quiet-like most of the time, and he was a-shoving her of things, sir.'

'What sort of things?' 'I couldn't see, sir. Seemed to me they were little parcels and small bottles, and he pointed to them and just spoke like a parson or a lecture man. Oh, sir, dyo think they mean to pizen poor master?'

'Not in any ordinary way, Lena. We will try to prevent mischief from being done. But wait one moment till I scan the letter.'

Here is an extract from the mysterious note: I need but give one.

'When he comes home you will love him more than ever. You will also be more concerned about his health and welfare. He must especially guard against cold. You must insist upon him wearing under-clothing of wool. This is to be bought at—'

—here follows the address of a London house—their garments come direct from South America. But you are not to trust to that, you are to do all I told you. I will send you all you need and all instructions from Paris.'

After poor Lena left me I lit a cigar, and sat smoking till three o'clock.

Everything was plain enough to me now. My friend Jocelyn was to be sacrificed. He was to die a natural death. That chosen, doubtless after much thought and study, was wool-scatter's disease—in other words, the deadly and fatal disorder called—'

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee



The quality of the Coffee we sell under our trade mark is our best advertisement.

This Seal is our trade mark, and guarantees perfection of quality, strength and flavor.

BOSTON. MONTREAL. CHICAGO.

wearing of garments made from the wool of sheep from South America, and Jack would no doubt be well aware of the fact. But Ella was not to trust to this. She was to make sure.

How terrible! Next morning, after breakfast, I hurried back to the Jungle, and that very evening I was crossing the silvery streak that divides our land from France.

I felt certain now in my own mind that I could speedily lay the would-be murderer by the heels, and I prayed to God that night in my bedroom that I might not be too late to prevent the commission of the awful deed this man and Ella meditated.

CHAPTER XXXII.—CAPTURED AT LAST.

I know Paris well, having gone to school there in my early days. At that time I had thoughts of being an actor, and had often appeared on the boards subversively. And now my first visit, upon arriving at the city was of an old acquaintance—a theatrical costumier.

After we had talked for nearly half an hour over the days of auld lang syne, I told him my errand.

'I want you,' I said, 'to disguise me so that my own mother wouldn't know me.'

'I will make you anything,' he answered, 'from a 'balayeur des rues' to a priest of Rome.'

'The priest will do. No, stop! I will be an English medical missionary, grey in beard and hair, benign in aspect, and sixty years of age.'

It is a fact that when the costumier was done with me, and I looked in the glass, so reverend, old, and respectable did I appear, that I mechanically lifted my hat and bowed to myself.

My next visit was to Professor Keller's establishment for the study of bacteriology. I wanted to make certain that my man was there before taking steps to secure his arrest.

I was shown into the savant's somewhat gloomy and mysterious drawing-room. It resembled a museum as much as anything else, for on every available shelf or bracket stood strange looking instruments, tubes, retorts, and bottles containing specimens, some of which looked diabolical enough in all conscience.

Instead of pictures there hung upon the walls plates and drawings of bacilli of every imaginable shape, spiral, oval, tortoise, round, some smooth, some tangle-cloaked, and others like long twisted loops of ladies' hair.

A strange and sickly odour pervaded the apartment, and on tables round the room many a curiously shaped glass instrument was simmering over jets of white or blueish flame.

All this my medical eye took in at a glance, but what attracted my attention most was the figure of a tall dark-haired man seated by the window, bending over a microscope.

He hardly noticed my entrance, so quietly had I come in. But when he looked up at last and saw my ancient clerical figure standing by the door—he bowed politely and pointed to a chair.

'Professor Keller will not be long, he said, adding, 'you will pardon me if I continue my studies.'

'Pardon him! Yes.' And my heart gave a great throb of joy, for he who sat there at the microscope was the notorious would-be murderer Jack.

Nor, thanks to my theatrical costumier, had he the slightest notion that his greatest enemy on earth was within a few yards of him.

Presently the Professor himself entered; a short, red-faced, white-haired man. He bowed stiffly, but politely, and glared at me from under his bushy eyebrows, like a toad from under a stone.

'You wonder,' I began—'Wonder!' he interrupted, 'I wonder at nothing. I sum you up at once. You are an English clergyman of an enquiring turn of mind, who desire to be informed on the wonderful science of bacteriology? Yes, I know, and perhaps you have already received a smattering of medical knowledge.'

'I am a medical missionary.' 'I got this in edge-ways.' 'Here,' he cried, positively catching me by my black coat. 'Bluetz yonder is studying a hard subject. Let us go into my private room.'

'He pulled me off no less volens; but it was all volens with me.' His private room was darker than the drawing-room. I wasn't sorry for this, because the old man's grey eyes pierced like gaslights.

'Wonderful man, Bluetz!' he said, as he sat down. 'Made to sway empires!'

'Made to swing at the end of a rope,' I said to myself. 'Indeed, sir?' I said, aloud. 'Yes, indeed.'

'Nothing spoken here ever gets farther, reverend sir.'

'Well you belong to the closet,' I continued. 'I may be said to belong to the closet; and yet I have dared to study history, the history of nations, and to criticize the acts of Kings and Queens.'

'And your opinions?' 'Selfish in the extreme. Rotten to the core Kings and Queens are no longer the Lord's anointed. Sacre! I'd depose the tyrants one and all and welcome even anarchy to give the people a chance.'

'The old man grasped my hand. 'You are a friend to the noble cause,' he cried. 'Your heart is rightly placed.'

'Pray don't misunderstand me, Professor. I am no Anarchist. To be so would not accord with my sacred calling. But you know, as we say in English verse:—'

'God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform; He plants His footsteps on the sea And rides upon the storm.'

That noble soldier Gordon, who was done to death at Khartoum, used to say that heaven permitted even massacres as a step towards advancement. And I would welcome universal anarchy as a change from a depraved and devil ridden monarchy. But Anarchy itself would need reform.'

I had wound up the Professor anyhow, and now he went walking up and the floor, and his tirade against monarchy was delivered so fast that I scarce could follow the fluency of his French.

Then he stopped all at once, and sat down.

Next minute, and for the next half hour, we were deep in the mysteries of bacteriology. He did not hesitate, either, to tell me candidly, that there was a great future before this science, and that it would be a weapon of warfare in the hands of those who knew how to make use of it far more powerful than any gun or cannon ever trained in tort or field. To speak the truth I was horrified—and it takes a good deal to horrify a medical man—at some of his proposals for the use of deadly microbes, wholesale, against armies in the field or in trenches, and against beleaguered towns.

Had I not pretended that I myself was deeply imbued with Anarchist principles, he never would have gone so far. But my acting was good, and I had taken the bushy-browed Professor quite by storm.

'You shall know Bluetz,' he said. 'He will teach you much. His whole heart and soul are in the grand science, and at sterilisation, staining, incubation, and bacteriological analysis I have never seen his equal.'

'I'm delighted,' I said, 'but he may not be long here.'

'For a fortnight yet. He is now completing investigation of a remarkable character on the bacillus antreax. Wonderful! Wonderful! And the possibilities, sir, of this easily cultivated bacillus are hardly yet known to savants in general.'

'I have heard,' I said, 'that the antreax bacillus can be spread and carried over by a common earth worm, and that even if frozen it will again recover and undergo further development.'

'All that is old,' cried the Professor. 'Old, sir, old, old. Come to-morrow, and we will teach you the new. Ha, ha, ha, Good afternoon. Good afternoon.'

'One moment, Professor Keller,' I asked. 'At what hour shall I be here.'

'At six. Be punctual. An revoir.'

'Au revoir,' I said also, and off I went, chuckling inwardly.

I soon found a close facade, and in half a hour's time I was cloaked with the Italian Consul.

I found him a calm, quiet, intelligent man. I did not take long to explain my errand. I told him I was in disguise and the reason thereof, namely, that I wished to run a notorious scoundrel to earth, who was mediating the murder of my dearest friend by means of inoculation with anthrax microbes. I told him where the man was studying, and all about my interview with Professor Keller. Then I informed him that Bluetz, the name he was pleased to be known by, was an Indian, an Anarchist, and a runaway from his own country, having been intimately mixed up in a bomb outrage.

The Consul arose. 'Just a minute,' he said, going to the telephone. He was speedily in communication with some one.

'Tell Tagalini,' I heard him say, 'to come here at once, and bring his album. He will know what you mean.'

(To be concluded.)

Calling a State. 'It seems to me,' said the gobble, 'that while the world is discussing the heinous slaughter of the Armenians, they might give some attention to the Turks who are suffering a similar fate.—Philadelphia North American.'

MISS ROSAMAN'S SLEEP-WALKING

She has been seen in various parts of the city during the night...

Again she made her way down to Sixteenth street early in the morning, when there were heavy snows passing up the street...

Another of her experiences was the first and only time she gave an exhibition of dancing on the street between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth streets...

Once, after she had left her home on one of her trips she apparently imagined herself to be a lineman, for she climbed a telegraph pole...

One of the most narrow escapes she has had is not the narrowest of all, was on the occasion of a trip on which she started to North Denver...

It has always happened that whenever Miss Rosaman has left her room and home at night on one of these sleep-walking trips she has never stopped to don any clothing besides the night gown...

One night not long ago she walked from her home clear down to the Union Railway Station. This time, however, she had lain down without removing her clothing...

Upper Guelph, Dec. 14, to the wife of Henry Jackson, a son.

MARRIED.

North Chicago, Nov. 29, Lewis A. Wier to Sarah Mayberry.

Upper Guelph, Dec. 14, to the wife of Henry Jackson, a son.

DIED.

Tidnish, Dec. 19, R. Copp, 64.

BORN.

Hobson, Dec. 17, to the wife of Wm. Cain, a son.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

Advertisement for RISING SUN STOVE POLISH, featuring a sun logo and text about its benefits for stoves and pipes.

DEARBORN & CO.

Advertisement for IMPERIAL TRUSTS CO. OF CANADA, listing services for trusts and estates.

NIGHT CALLS

at a Drug Store. are not pleasant calls, but should you require a druggist any hour of the night, my NIGHT DISPENSER can be found at

6 GERMAIN STREET

REMEMBER THE STORE. ALLAN'S PHARMACY, 35 King Street.

THE SAME MAN

Well Dressed. A much higher place in the estimation of our friends, than when they thought us better clothed.

Newest Designs

Latest Patterns. A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, 64 Germain Street.

CLEAN TEETH

and a pure breath obtained by using ADA'S TOOTH PASTE. Take no imitations.

DOMINION EXPRESS CO.

Money orders sold to points in Canada, United States and Europe. REDUCTION IN EXPRESS RATES.

INTERCOLONIAL

On and after MONDAY, Jan. 5, 1897, the following trains will leave...

TRAINS WILL LEAVE

Express for Cambridge, Dec. 31, 1896, at 10:30 a.m.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE

Express from Montreal, Dec. 31, 1896, at 10:30 a.m.

CANADIAN

The QUEBEC EXPRESS, Dec. 31, 1896, at 10:30 a.m.

EXPRESS

4:10 P.M. Express for Montreal, Dec. 31, 1896, at 4:10 p.m.

DOMINION

Express for Montreal, Dec. 31, 1896, at 10:30 a.m.

EXPRESS

Express for Montreal, Dec. 31, 1896, at 10:30 a.m.

EXPRESS

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Express for Montreal, Dec. 31, 1896, at 10:30 a.m.

EXPRESS

Express for Montreal, Dec. 31, 1896, at 10:30 a.m.

Advertisement for ODOROMA, a tooth powder that sweetens the mouth, whitens the teeth, and prevents decay.