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Colonial Railway after Monday, Oct. 16th, 1899 will run daily, (Sunday excepted).

Atlantic R'y. after Monday, Nov. 13th, 1899, the regular train service of this railway will be as follows:

Prince George. SOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE. Latest and fastest steamer plying out leaves Yarmouth, N. S., Wednesday immediately on arrival of trains from Halifax arriving in Boston, Tuesday, and Friday at night.

Frederickton and Woodstock. Victoria and David Weston will leave every day at 8 o'clock standard, for intermediate stops.

TAR Steamers. After Monday, Nov. 6th, CAMERON Clifton

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PROGRESS.

VOL. XII., NO. 602.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Mayor Sears' Insult.

When Mayor Sears, after presiding at the council for three and a half hours, went out for a little while and asked the deputy mayor, Ald. Macrae, to take the chair, he had no idea that there was a piece of Boer stratagem to be carried out during the time he was absent.

While he was in the anti room talking to Ald. McGoldrick and Colwell the council adjourned and nothing was known on the part of these three gentlemen of what had taken place.

Still in that short period the matters touching the Imperial Dock company had been removed from the consideration of the general committee of which the mayor is chairman to the Board of Works over which Ald. Christie presides.

The object of this was not easy to see. The mayor was the chairman of the sub-committee that the general committee had appointed to look into the merits of ex-Mayor Robertson's scheme and their labors had so far advanced that the recorder had drafted his agreement with the company ready to submit when the council thought it necessary to remove the consideration of the matter to another committee.

look into the dry dock matter which Ald. Robinson had complained was not going on fast enough under the chairmanship of Mayor Sears. One of the first things in order was a speech from Chairman Christie in which he paid his respects to the mayor not in very courteous terms.

Neither was this to be expected. Ever since Mayor Sears has been in the chair, there has been more or less antagonism between him and Ald. Christie. The chairman of the treasury, Ald. Robinson, later joined forces with the chairman of public works, and with the assistance of some others at the board, they have not made the Mayor's seat one of ease.

To speculate upon the reason for this brings up the question of the next mayor. The gentleman who occupies the seat now will, it is believed, offer again. He was an advocate of two terms but it is understood that he says he meant that one year should be unopposed.

That he will have opposition there is no doubt. Ald. Robinson last year announced himself a candidate one day and withdrew the next because he said his business would not permit him to take the office. To those who are acquainted with the routine of city hall the duties of the chairman of the treasury appear almost as onerous as those of mayor and certainly there is no comparison between the remuneration and the honor.

The names of Dr. Daniel, Ald. White and Deputy Mayor Macrae are already among the "probables" while ardent north enders speak of Christie and Robinson. Let all of them come. The more the merrier.

W. B. Chandler and Mr. Hannay, were among those who held it in earlier years.

To the many who know Dr. Foster MacFarlane professionally or in private life, the news of his sudden death came with a distinct shock. On every side were heard expressions of sincere regret, not only for the sad death of an able physician, but as well for the loss of a kindly, generous man, whose sympathetic and careful nature had endeared him to all with whom he was brought in contact.

The talk about the war was of a gloomy character then. While no one had any doubt of the ultimate success of the British the tremendous losses had a disheartening effect and it was feared that the Canadians would suffer heavily. Perhaps before this reaches PROGRESS readers this will be proved too true but the bad news of Thursday morning was apparently offset by the noon of that day when the bulletin was posted that Ladysmith had been relieved and a large number of Boer prisoners taken.

There was a good deal of complaint about the Suspension bridge some time ago and fears were expressed that there would not be time this fall to lay the new floor. But the tender of Conceptor Gilliland of Nauwigewauk was accepted and he set to work at once to show how quick he could do the job.

When the news of the accident to Mr. Alfred C. Blair reached St. John, the impression prevailed that he had escaped almost unhurt, but a Battle correspondent says that he was quite seriously injured.

Chas. K. Cameron & Co. call attention to their special holiday sale of millinery in hats, toques, bonnets and sailors trimmed and untrimmed.

Gloomy War News.

This has been a week of anxiety for those who have friends and relatives among the Canadian volunteers. The news that came from South Africa gave the impression that the Canadians were not far behind the command of Gen. Methuen and it was known that the hardest fighting was going to take place between Modder river and Kimberly.

Then came the tidings of the disaster to Gatacre and while it was known that the Canadians could not figure in that, still the respect for that strategy and prowess of the Boers increased and there was no longer any doubt that the Canadian contingent would be forced to the front very quickly.

The writer during the afternoon, saw a veteran street laborer approach a newspaper bulletin board and when he saw the good news, he took off his hat flung it to the air and shouted his glad burrah. So it was with all. Military men wore a smile that had been absent for days and the relatives of the volunteers showed how rejoiced they were at the prospect of relief for the hard pressed force that was trying to reach Kimberly.

In Fredericton the official news was greeted with much excitement. The government was in session and flags and bunting were thrown to the breeze announcing an event of some glad importance before the news of Ladysmith's relief could be known to many people.

Those who have expressed any sympathy for the Boers had been regarded with some compassion up to that time but it would have been dangerous for any such expressions of opinion when the people were so worked up. Two or three, who are rather prominent in some circles, had less to say, it was noted, than they have for some time past.

When early patrons of the street were settled down to read the morning papers their startled exclamations and disappointed expressions told how much they had

counted upon the authority of the report of the previous day. The morning was a raw and chilly one and the news from the front such that men passed along with hurried steps and gloomy air that was not in keeping with the season.

The death of another Canadian and a New Brunswicker was heard with much regret. He died not of wounds but the diphtheria, of tonsillitis, on his way to the front. The same honor will be given to private Chappelle as though he had fallen from a Boer bullet. He was doing his duty so far as he had been called upon.

Chappelle was a young man, only 22 years of age, and his eagerness to join the contingent was such that he was one of the first to volunteer. He was a member of the 74th battalion and was known as a good shot and a fearless active young fellow. He left no mother to mourn his early death but he had one brother, Malakoff, in Fredericton and his father, George B. Chappelle lives in Basie Verte.

The rumor that another Canadian contingent would be permitted to go to the front was gladly received and believed by many. Perhaps the additional men will not be needed but there will be plenty of applicants should a call be made.

"Camperdown" is in town. He looks well and seems to have had an easy and prosperous time in Moncton. While there he officiated behind the bar of a leading hotel and was in daily fear of a visit from a Scott act inspector. Still "Camperdown" did not lose much, if any flesh, and his position gave him no uneasiness until he learned that he was wanted as a witness in thirteen cases. Some of the informations may have been against himself, but John did not wait to find out but made a bee-line for the first train.

Now the officers in Moncton suspected that John was not as innocent as he looked and they did not forget to keep a watch upon outgoing trains. In spite of this John got in the car but to his horror he saw one named Belyea looking in from the platform. He had not seen him so John got on all fours and began to crawl through the car when he met the conductor whom he knew very well. The conductor amazed at John or "Camperdown's" position gazed down upon him in astonishment when he heard the agonized entreaty "Look up, look up, don't look down or the fellow outside will see me."

"Well Mag W—was down here today and left word for me to lay low. What does she mean?" "You're wrong. Mrs. W—was talking to me a few minutes ago. She hasn't been in St. John."

Mrs. Cunnell called at PROGRESS office this week to deny all the stories in circulation about her daughter in relation to gas lighting in the St. John rubber store and giving her version of the mysterious happenings in the Hillard home spoken of in PROGRESS last week. She says she knows her daughter is blameless.

THE SCOTT ACT AIR OF MONCTON WAS NOT GOOD FOR HIS REPUTATION.

THAT COURT REPORTER'S SHIP.

Dr. Quigley is After it and His Supporters Claim the Position for a Catholic.

There is going to be an interesting contest over the supreme court reportership about to be vacant, it is said, by the resignation of Mr. John L. Carleton. Mr. Quigley is after the office and he and his friends made a hurried trip to Fredericton this week with the idea of supporting his claims. And the quid pro quo they offer is the support of the Catholic voters for Mr. H. A. McKeown, who may come forward at an opportune time as the new solicitor general.

Now Mr. Quigley comes into the field. He has not been suspected of being an ardent supporter of the local government or of Mr. Blair. The general opinion has prevailed that he was rather conservative than liberal in politics, and if that is true his claim, except on the ground of his being a catholic, would not be a strong one.

A Good Place of Work.

There was a good deal of complaint about the Suspension bridge some time ago and fears were expressed that there would not be time this fall to lay the new floor. But the tender of Conceptor Gilliland of Nauwigewauk was accepted and he set to work at once to show how quick he could do the job.

Quite Seriously Injured.

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Holiday Millinery.

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THE SCOTT ACT AIR OF MONCTON WAS NOT GOOD FOR HIS REPUTATION.

TWO MONTANA MEN.

MILLIONAIRES WHO CONTEND FOR MASTERY.

Clark is a Pennsylvanian, a Pioneer, and Self-Made—Daly is a New York Irishman—How the Struggle Between the Two Men Happened.

The trial of John B. Wellcome, a Helena attorney and a confidential representative of William A. Clark, United States Senator-elect, for disbarment on a charge of corrupting the members of the State legislature which elected Mr. Clark, brings into special prominence at this time the two men who have been fighting so long for the ascendancy in the Democratic party of Montana—William A. Clark and Marcus Daly.

A veteran who knows both men said to a N. Y. Sun correspondent in response to a request for information:

"W. A. Clark, Democratic Senator-elect, is a Pennsylvanian by birth and came west in the fifties. He is now over 60 years of age, well preserved and vigorous, and ought to be good for the four-score mark. Like other pioneers he was not rich when he came to the west and he had no particular object in view except to grow up with the country. He drifted out as far as Walla, Walla, Wash., where he bought a four horse wagon load of tobacco and hauled it to some mines near where Bear Mouth on the Northern Pacific now is, and sold it at sufficient profit to give him his first real start. He struck Montana about '63 or '64 and went into merchandising, mining and other ventures, making more or less money all the time but nothing big. When the Butte copper mines were discovered about 1875, Clark was among the first on the ground and had the best opportunities of getting good properties. From this time on Clark made money fast, and by '84 he was reckoned a millionaire and his interests had begun to expand all over the west. With the first million made the others came more easily and during the past fifteen years Mr. Clark's fortune has gone on growing until nobody but himself knows how much it is. As an indication of what he has, I may cite a few items: He is the sole owner of the United Verde copper mine in Arizona, which makes a net profit of \$400,000 a month, and for it he has refused \$50,000,000 in cash and a block of stock offered by the Rothschilds. This mine is capable of a profit of \$100,000 a day, it worked to its full capacity. He has a beet-sugar farm and factory near Los Angeles, which cleared \$400,000 the first year; he owns one of the largest coffee plantations in the world in Mexico; he owns a gold mine in Arizona paying \$100,000 a month; he owns mining interests in Butte worth \$100,000 a month, he is spending \$50,000 a month in the Cour d'Alene district, Idaho, developing the largest lead mines in the United States; he owns a coal mine in Carbon county, Mont., which is said to be the best equipped in the country; he is probably the largest live stock owner in Montana, one herd alone being worth \$250,000; he has extensive lumber interests in Montana; he owns a bank in Butte; he owns a newspaper, The Butte Miner; he is a very large holder of gilt edge railroad securities; he owns the finest residence in Butte; and is spending \$2,500,000 in building his New York city home, and nobody knows how much other property, cash and other available assets he has. As an example of the amount of ready money he carries I'll mention one case. When the late A. W. Lyman was appointed Internal Revenue Collector he asked Mr. Clark to go on his bond. They were both in New York city at the time and Mr. Clark said he had no real estate there, but that he had cash in four or five banks, and they went to the nearest one having an account with Mr. Clark. The books showed a million dollars to his credit, and the others were about the same.

"Now as to the man himself. He has the greatest capacity for work of any man I ever knew, and for years his working hours were from 7 a. m. to 12 p. m., and I have known him to keep at it all night. His application and energy are intense and he is thorough in all he undertakes. When he started into the business of mining he learned assaying himself and became an expert; later in life he took up the study of French and is now conversant with its literature, and speaks it perfectly; he spends three months every year in Paris; when he became interested in art and pictures he applied himself as he did to other subjects and after careful and general reading he studied all the galleries of Europe under the tutelage of competent critics. So that to day there are very few men who know as well as Mr. Clark does the real merit and value of pictures. He knew exactly what he was doing when he paid \$42,000 for that Fortuny at a picture sale in New York. He has studied architecture and

could make his living as an architect if necessary. His real greatness is his masterful power of analyzing any business proposition submitted to him, and his wonderful capacity to systemize and conduct large business enterprises.

"He seems to know intuitively what there is in a proposition, and how to carry it to financial success if he takes hold of it. Mr. Clark is not a man of strong personal magnetism, but he does not affect the air of haughty reserve common to a great many wealthy men. He is a faithful friend and there is no sacrifice too great for him to make for friendship sake. With the keeping of all engagements he permits nothing to interfere, and what he says he will do that he will do to the very end.

"Although conscious of his merit, and not averse to any one else recognizing it, he will freeze a flatterer out in a minute and no one can pave the way to his favor by conventional compliments. He is not a maker of literature, but he knows his newspaper as he knows other things and when he wants an editorial written he sits down and writes it.

"Mr. Clark is a widower with two sons and two daughters. The sons show the business capacity of the father, and the younger one took high rank at the University of Virginia where he was graduated. All the family possess unusual linguistic ability; they are all thoroughly conversant with books, music, art, current thought and events, and when they are together they constitute an interesting and delightful family. The only office Mr. Clark ever held until his election as Senator, was President of the Constitutional Convention when Montana was organized as a State in 1889.

"Marcus Daly, who is the second biggest man in Montana, is as unlike W. A. Clark as you can imagine. He is an Irishman, claiming New York as his birthplace, and he has the typical characteristics of his people. He is an interesting man to talk to, a good story teller and impresses any one at once by his force of character. He came to Montana from Utah about 1880, representing J. B. Haggin, Lloyd Tevis and Hearst of California, having only a working interest in the combination and little or no means of his own. He took hold of the Anaconda copper properties of his principals and developed them to such an extent that his interests have amounted in nineteen years to \$20,000,000, at least, that is the estimate put on his wealth, and he has very little outside of Anaconda property. The Anaconda, with its mines at Butte, its smelters at Anaconda, its sawmills in the western part of the State and its coal in the eastern and northern portions, is the largest employer of labor in the State, employing 10,000 people out of a total population of 250,000. It reduces 4,000 tons of ore every day and during 1898 cut more lumber than any other establishment in the United States.

"Daly owns one of the finest stud farms in the country in the Bitter Root Valley,

and his horses are known on every first-class race-course. He is possibly a little older than Clark and lacks his health and vigor of constitution, though of keener wit and more subtle in his methods. He is a born tyrant, brooking no interference and insisting upon having everything his own way. I remember once to have been with him on his stock farm, where a contractor with a force of men was building a tremendous barn. It was about half up when we arrived and Daly, who was absent when the building began, noticed that it was not placed exactly as he had ordered it. He called up the contractor, who explained that he had made the change to accommodate the barn to the ground, whereupon Daly cursed him out and made tear the building down and put it up again as he wanted it."

He has a wife and family, his wife's sister being the wife of Mr. Clark's brother, Ross. Daly is a Roman Catholic and his wife is an Episcopalian.

"His ability as an organizer is equal to Clark's, but he lacks his power of analyzing a proposition; he has a stronger influence over men than Clark has, and personal following is greater. He makes men work for him by promises that are not always fulfilled. He is a mere revengeful man than Clark, and he is vindictive in his pursuit of his rival. The feud between the two men began in ordinary business rivalry in Butte, but did not fully develop until Daly was building his smelters at Anaconda. Water was a necessity at the smelters and Daly was buying the water rights of Warm Springs Creek, flowing through the town and had got about seven-eighths of them for some small amount, \$10,000 or \$15,000, when Clark quietly came in and bought the remaining eighth. Then Daly sent his representative to buy Clark's interest. He asked \$25,000 for it, which the representative refused to give, and went away.

Next day he came back to accept the figure, and Clark wanted \$50,000. Daly fumed and swore and a day or two later sent his man back to pay the price, and then Clark wanted \$100,000. This was offered next and Clark asked \$125,000, at which price Daly got it. I don't say the story is true, though I have always heard it, but I think there is no question as to the \$125,000 part of it. In any event it was a plump knock-out for Clark and Daly swore vengeance. He bided his time till 1888, when Clark ran against Tom Carter for Congress. He heard of Daly's enmity and sent a delegation to Anaconda to see him. Daly was holding a conference with Carter when the delegation arrived, and telling him to step behind the curtain of an alcove to hear what he was going to say to the delegation, he received the callers. The spokesman said they had merely come to learn where he stood. He told them that he hated Clark from centre to circumference, but that he was a Democrat first, last and all the time, and would instruct his mine bosses to see that the men voted to bury that little son of a gun. Tom

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Carter, in the middle kettle of — Then the delegation departed delighted. Carter came from behind the curtain. Mr. Daly left next day for California, and at the election every one of his men voted for Carter and Clark was knocked clean out.

"As an evidence of Mr. Daly's power in politics, I may mention one result at Bonner, where there were several hundred men at work in the sawmills, giving for years an overwhelming Republican majority. In fact there were only three or four Democrats in the whole vote. Immediately after the Daly interests bought the mills, the majority was as overwhelmingly Democratic. At Anaconda last year the combined vote of the Republicans and Populists with good men on the ticket, was about 10 percent the whole vote cast.

"Daly and Clark were compelled to patch up a peace in 1889. Senator Hearst of California wanted a Democratic Senator from Montana, and the 'Big 4' Houser, Clark, Daly and Broadwater, representing Maginnis—agreed to support the Democratic ticket and take chances for the Senatorship. Two hundred thousand dollars were spent in the campaign and there were two Legislatures and no election of Senator. The Governor appointed Clark and Maginnis, but they were not seated. In 1893 the Legislature was Democratic by a small majority and Daly held nine men out of the caucus and Clark missed it again. In 1894 the last capital fight occurred, the contestants being Helena and Anaconda, and Daly tried to get Clark to favor Anaconda by offering to trade him the Senatorship. This Clark refused to do on the ground that it was dangerous to put the Legislature so near the influence of Daly. In 1896 there was a Republican Legislature and no fight. In 1898 at a Democratic convention, held in Anaconda, Daly nominated A. J. Campbell for Congress, and feeling that the situation was safe as far as Clark was concerned, went to New York city to live. Mr. Clark did not any longer want the Senatorship, but there was a strong feeling against Daly, and such a great pressure was brought to bear upon Clark that he finally consented to run, and was elected. It was for alleged corruption of the members of the Legislature to secure this election that J. B. Wellcome's case for disbarment is now before the Supreme Court.

"It is said that Daly has had a half-dozen agents travelling over the State for evidence against Wellcome, and Clark's friends claim that the proceedings were brought to get evidence to be used in the contest in the Senate.

"In the meantime, it is reported out here that Mr. Daly has rented Mr. Astor's house in Fifth avenue, New York, and that, at last account he was dangerously sick there."

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TARINA is not only a perfect shampoo soap, making the hair soft and sweet, and allaying scalp irritations, but it is a most hygienic toilet soap. It cures skin troubles and pimples and is a specific against the disagreeable effects of perspiration. Every lady should have a cake of TARINA. 25 cents, at your druggist, in tin-foliated box, or sent by mail postpaid on receipt of price.

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Try and be convinced laundry work cannot be sur-Neckbands replaced, hosiery ill free of charge. Ungar's Laundering and Carpet Cleaning Works, Waterloo street. Phone 58.

nd—Why, I thought you were going to these bills out of your allowance—But I didn't buy those things I had spent it.

Music and The Drama

Miss Sara Jeeves informs Progress that she intends giving a sacred concert at the opera house on Christmas eve. Miss Jeeves' advertisement, which gives full particulars of the affair will be found elsewhere in this issue.

The Artillery band concert on Wednesday evening was largely attended and very successful.

The Valentine Stock company will open its engagement here with a matinee performance of 'All the Comforts of Home' and in the evening Young Mrs. Winthrop will be given. Both are very strong holiday bills.

Norman Neruda has lately been playing in Berlin.

Leonavillo has lately been conducting performances of 'I Figliacci' in Germany.

Heinrich Zoellner's musical version of 'The Sunken Bell' has been sung in a number of German cities.

Mme. Malbe changed the plans for her Berlin debut and postponed it until last Monday. She sang 'Lucia de Lammermoor' instead of 'Rigoletto,' and was supported by Signor Marconi in place of Signor de Lucia.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's setting of Rudyard Kipling's 'The Absent Minded Beggar,' has broken all records in English musical history. More than 60,000 copies were sold in three days. The composer has arranged it as a march for orchestra.

The performance of 'Die Meistersinger,' recently in Vienna under Gustav Mahler's direction is said to have been the finest ever given. It was sung without cuts, continued for more than five hours and was provided with entirely new scenery and costumes.

Saint Saen's 'Prometheus' is to be sung next summer in the arena at Besiers with the most elaborate accessories. Six brass bands will be employed. The same composer's 'Henry VIII.' was recently given at Elberfeld which shelters all French composers more hospitably than any other German city.

Adelina Patti's debut as a child singer is said to have taken place in 1850 when she sang Eckert's 'Echo Song.' Another account has it that she first sang in public an aria from 'Il Barbiere di Siviglia.' At all events she proposes to celebrate her artistic jubilee next winter.

Gluck seems to be enjoying a renaissance just now. 'Iphigenie en Tauride' has lately been revived at a private lyric theatre in Paris, and the Opera is to attempt 'Armide.' It was with this same opera that Jean de Reszke was to open that magnificent opera House of his in Paris. Jeanne Baunay a young singer hitherto unknown, won a triumph as Iphigenie.

The death of Viotti Cellini, the veteran violinist, is announced at the age of seventy seven years. He was known to music lovers in London for more than half a century, and had figured during most of that period in the orchestras of the grand opera, the Philharmonic concerts, the great musical festivals, and the promenade concerts. His paternal grandmother, his father and several of his brothers were well known musicians.

'He mann und Dorothea,' founded on Goethe's poem, was sung the other night in Berlin. The composer, Josef Ulrich, was born in Trinidad, and after devoting himself to the study of medicine, at Leipzig, turned to music. He went to England with Goethe to continue his studies. His preceding works include 'The Storm,' sung in Brussels, 'Flora Macdonald,' sung at Bologna, and 'The Chimes,' which was sung first at Aix-les-Bains and has been accepted by the Royal Opera in Berlin.

De Wolf Hopper at present in London has decided to take 'El Capitain' off at



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Christmas, and to substitute for it the comic opera known to his American admirers as 'The Charlatan.' That attraction will, however, have to be renamed for use in London, as there is already a play of the same title copyrighted there. The name under which the American Charlatan will make his London bow has not yet been announced. It will need a larger coat than does 'El Capitan,' and the original scenery is being sent over from New York, but as the stage of the Comedy Theatre is not a large one there will not be much chance for mounting it as a spectacular show, as was done on this side of the Atlantic.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Chas. Porter has been engaged for 'London Life.'

F. O. Gordon has signed with the Stuart Robson Co. for this season.

Alden Benedict will put 'Quo Vadis' on the road, opening this month.

Therese Craddock has been granted a divorce from her husband, Earle Craddock.

Mrs. Langtry is said to have abandoned the project of writing an account of her life.

Richard Harding Davis is writing a play which Daniel Froham will produce if he decides it will do.

Frank De Vernon has joined Aiden Benedict's 'Fabio Roman' company, playing the title role.

Murray Woods is engaged for stage manager of Wallace's new production, 'King of Rogues.'

Frank Worthing will play the part of Naughty Anthony in David Belasco's new comedy of that title.

Walter Perkins' 'My Friend from India' Co. has not closed, but is touring the South to report big business.

Edwin Mordaunt has resigned from 'Wicked London' and joined 'The Bowery After Dark' Co., to play leads.

William H. Crane, the actor, and Joseph Brooks, his manager, will dissolve partnership at the end of the present season.

Harry S. Healey will put 'Shantytown' on the road Dec. 19 for the rest of the season, with a strong cast and special scenery.

Marion Longfellow, a grandniece of the poet, has gone on the stage in Boston, playing a part in the farce 'Three Little Lads.'

Victory Bateman will play the lead in Sam'l Blair's production of 'Bowery After Dark,' which opens at the Star Theatre Xmas week.

Herry Lindley and company produced a one act play, 'A Pretty Sinner,' for the first time on any stage, at Rat Portage, Man., Nov. 23.

Otis B. Thayer and Beatrice McKenzie will be featured in 'Dad's in Harness,' by Kenneth Lee, which Wm. Henry Rudolph will put on the road next month.

The Earl of Weymouth, known to the stage under his simpler name, Eric Hope, is on a tour with the Froham company, playing 'Make Way For the Ladies.'

Bearbohm Tree is understood to have been most fortunate in his revival of 'King John' in London. It is said the play will run the balance of the season.

Franklin Files is now rewriting 'A Ward of France' and will make a strong melodrama out of it. The play will have a new act, with a tremendously sensational climax.

'My Lady's Lord,' a whimsical romance by H. V. Esmond, was acted for the first time on any stage by the Empire Theatre Stock Co., at the Broad Street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 2.

Mrs. Brown-Potter has secured the acting rights of 'An Enchantress,' a monologue, written by Phoebe Hart. 'The Eloquence of Silence,' also by Miss Hart, has been secured by Mrs. Langtry.

'Lashie's Sparrow,' which was in Rachel's repertory, but has been neglected

in the last half century, is to be revived at the Paris Odeon in one of the Saturday literary and dramatic matinees this winter.

Justice Scott, in the New York Supreme Court, Dec. 4, denied the application made by Weber & Fields for an injunction restraining Cissie Loftus from appearing at any performance of a public character at their theatre.

Augustus Thomas' new play, 'Oliver Goldsmith,' was produced in Albany, N. Y., Nov. 30, Stuart Robson appearing in the title part. The play is in three acts. The first act is based on Goldsmith's mistake of going to a country gentleman's house, thinking that it is an inn. In the second act 'She Stoops to Conquer' is in rehearsal at the Drury Lane Theatre. The theme of the play is Goldsmith's love for Mary Horneck and her persecution by Kendrick.

Another attempt is to be made to engineer a successful season of German plays presented by a German company, in London, in spite of the depressing failures in that line in the past. A committee, of which the theatrical critic is the president, is to bring over a well known company from the Fatherland in January, and it will be under the management of William Timm, of the Duca Court Theatre at Meiningen, and gives its London performances at St. George's Hall.

There is no truth in the published report that Mrs. Langtry's youthful husband Hugo de Bath, is going to adopt the stage as a profession, or even in the story that he will make a move in that direction by appearing in an amateur entertainment, to be given at Brighton, under the patronage of the Duchess of Marlborough. It was announced that he would on that occasion recite a poem, but he has written to the papers to deny it, and his denial is made with considerable emphasis.

The singing of patriotic songs has been introduced into a large majority of the London halls, and Rudyard Kipling's 'Absent Minded Beggar' has run such a riot that it will soon be necessary for a hall to advertise that it will positively not be in the programme in order to attract the public, for there is such a state of affairs as 'too much of a good thing,' and this is the state of affairs as far as 'The Absent Minded Beggar,' is concerned. The unkind suggestion has been made that serious injury could be done to the Boers if some of the people who were singing these patriotic ditties could be exported to the front and allowed the songs in the face of the enemy, one captious critic declaring that the effect would be 'far more damaging than the lyddite shells.'

At the meeting of the London County Council the other day, when the management of the new Empire Music Hall, at New Cross, applied for a license to sell liquor at the bars of the hall, a novel point was raised. A number of people in the neighborhood had protested against the granting of the license on the ground that there are already too many drinking places in the vicinity, and the council for the hall came ready to meet the charge with the offer to have the management purchase the license of a nearby public house and have it transferred to the new hall, the public house being closed and put entirely out of business. This idea seemed to strike the licensing committee of the council as a particularly fair and desirable one, and after a very short consultation they granted the application in spite of the strong opposition that has been brought to bear against it.

In the opinion of the theatrical editor of The London Dispatch, who bases it upon what he considers 'good authority,' George Alexander will be the next actor, to receive the distinction of being made a knight, his chief competitors for the honor and glory of prefixing 'Sir' to their names being Charles Wyndham and Beerbohm Tree. Wyndham is distinctly one of the Prince of Wales' professional friends, and both Alexander and Tree are closely allied with aristocratic and fashionable circles through giving many entertainments for charities that are patronised by the Royal Princesses and the very heavy swells among the feminine nobility. The trio have, in fact, been instrumental in the aggregate large sums through the medium of such benefit matinees, and in proof of that statement one may give the most recent instances, the last appearance of Mr. Wyndham at the Criterion Theatre and his first appearance at his new theatre. The former

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Local artists will be chosen exclusively from a choir of soloists now forming, not to exceed 25 in number, distributed thus: Sopranos 8, Contraltos 6; Tenor 6; Bass 5. If a sufficient number of soloists cannot be obtained a double quartette will take the place of proposed choir.
Miss Sara Jeeves, who arrived from London on Friday, 1st inst., is now organizing a series of Sunday Evening Concerts. The season is to begin on January 7th, but there will be two preliminary special concerts, on Christmas and New Year's Eve respectively, at 8:30 sharp. Admission by program only. These are now on sale at 25 cents each. Agents: Mr. G. E. Titus (by kind permission of Mr. Alexander Porter), corner Union and Waterloo Streets; Flood's New Pianoforte Showrooms, 50 South Side King Street; Mr. Peters, 107 Princess Street. Other names to be added to the list shortly.
Christmas Eve Music at St. John Opera House. Artists invited: Miss Mary Eleanor Wright of P. E. I., soprano.
Miss Minnie Moore of Mount Allison, soprano.
Miss Sallie Aarnath Benedict of Washington, U. S. A., violin.
New England Conservatory hopes to supply contralto, baritone and violoncello.
Miss Sara Jeeves visits Boston on the 20th to select more artists and amateurs for the Sunday Evening Concert Season.
Leo Stern, violinist, and Vladimir de P. Ohman, the Russian pianist, have been invited for special concerts January 7th and 21st.
Reserved seats, \$1.00; may now be booked. Address, Mr. G. E. Titus, Mr. Alexander Porter's store, corner Union and Waterloo streets, St. John.

performance netted £1,500 for the Prince of Wales' Hospital fund and the latter £4,000 for one of the war funds, or say \$37,000 for the two. Therefore, of the three aspirants for the honors of Knighthood one is as deserving as the other, and a good deal more deserving—from the standpoint of affording financial aid to worthy causes—that many men who receive this distinction, which is, by the way, the "leather medal" as it were, of all the titles the crown bestows upon its dutiful subjects.

Noisy Fog.

A dear old lady from the country went to London to visit her married daughter, and came back with wonderful experiences. London did not show its best face to the simple countrywoman. It was enveloped in fog during the first two or three days of her visit, and as her bedroom looked out upon the railway, she was troubled by the very necessary noise of the fog-signal. She came down to breakfast after her first restless night, and anxiously inquired the cause of the strange banging she had heard so often during the hours of darkness.

'Oh, that was due to the fog,' explained her son-in-law, and as she asked no further question he let the subject drop.

Her visit over, the good woman returned to the country, full of the wonderful sights and sounds of London life.

'Did you see a Londen fog, granny?' asked one of her listeners, as granny expatiated on the strangeness of the great city.

'Ay, that I did,' replied granny; 'and I heard 'an, too!'

'Heard 'an, granny?' exclaimed another listener. 'How didst hear a fog?'

'Why,' answered the old lady, in perfect sincerity, 'Londen fog baint like ours. Every now and then it goes off wi' a rare bang.'

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC 16

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

THE MAYOR AND THE COUNCIL.

Mayor SMARS has been indulging in letters to the press. The luxury is one that few can afford, a conclusion that his worship will no doubt agree with in time. Apart from the merits of his dispute with the council it is not pleasant to see our chief magistrate airing his complaints in the newspapers. If he has fault to find with the treatment the aldermen give him it seems to us that the fitting place to express his opinion would be in the council chamber.

The act of the council in talking advantage of his temporary absence from the council chamber to pass a resolution removing an important matter from the consideration of the general committee, of which the mayor is chairman, to the Board of Works, of which Alderman CHRISTIE is chairman, was neither courteous nor creditable. Before putting such a motion the deputy mayor should have asked those members in the adjoining room to return to the council chamber. He did not follow the usual course in neglecting to do this and the resolution has therefore a back door flavor that is not agreeable. There are many people not in agreement with the mayor who condemn this act of the aldermen.

To have this followed by the unusual course of presenting a testimonial to deserving and brave men through the treasury board instead of the chief magistrate marks the disrespect of certain members of the council toward the mayor. This has not been unobserved for some time, but what can be gained by such a contempt of propriety is not easily seen. The ambition of an alderman should not interfere either with his sense of what is nice or what is due to the gentleman who has been selected by the citizens to preside over the deliberations of their civic rulers. The attempts on the part of the chairmen of the treasury and works to ignore and minimize the mayor have been passed over in the past but the discussion that was provoked by the bill of Messrs. STANTON BROS., for the repair of the fountain, that was held over, apparently for that purpose, as well as the dock and presentation matters, indicate that the opponents of his worship in the common council have determined to lose no time in their efforts to humiliate him.

THE FORTUNE OF WAR

The war news this week has not been of an encouraging character. On the contrary the British have suffered two serious reverses, one in which the forces of Gen. GATACRE fell into an ambush and nearly 700 men were forced to surrender and the other the failure of Lord METHUEN to drive the Boers from their position at Modder river. The great strength of the enemy's position at this point, and their superiority in numbers makes this reverse the less surprising but it is hard to understand how the enemy succeeded in deceiving the English until they were within the deadly range of 200 yards and then in close order to receive the destructive fire of thousands of riflemen. The correspondents say that hundreds fell in one minute. The tactics of the Boers are full of surprises. They dare not face the disciplined soldiery of England in the open and so they are following the tactics of the red Indian of America. From concealed positions of any kind they await the British and perhaps after an effective volley or two flee to another shelter. The bold and open tactics of the British have not been successful. They must meet

raft with craft and in order to do this faithful and well informed scouts are necessary. To know at all times the position and number of the enemy should not be impossible with such assistance but it seems as if the disaffected Dutch farmers cannot be depended upon. The news from the seat of war is so meagre that we have no means of knowing why this happened or that was done, but the information that we have shows conclusively that the Boers are fighting in a desperate manner for existence and that the conflict is likely to be protracted. There can be no question of receding on the part of the British. If necessary, hundreds of thousands of men are ready at her call and the might of her empire must be shown now. The wonderful spectacle of 70,000 men being sent 7,000 miles in so short a time has elicited the admiration of the world with the exception, perhaps, of the French people, who are bent upon goading the British lion. The warning of Secretary CHAMBERLAIN for the press of that nation to "mod their manners" is a timely one and no doubt will cause some reflection across the channel. We in Canada are naturally much interested in the fortunes of the Canadian contingent. The volunteers from this colony are within the sound of the guns and we can well imagine their eagerness to get near the enemy. That they will give a good account of themselves we have no doubt. The demonstration that marked their departure from Canada and their reception at the Cape must make them eager to show that the confidence their fellow colonists have in them is not misplaced. We cannot hope to welcome all of them back. Some of them will doubtless fall before Boer bullets but those who do so will be but a part of the sacrifice for the empire, and a portion of the duty of her children in defending her.

PRETTY XMAS DISPLAY.

Suitable and Pretty Gifts That can be Bought at Allan's. Allan's White Pharmacy 87 Charlotte makes one of the prettiest displays of Christmas gifts in the city. The windows are handsomely dressed with ebony, olive, and rose wood brushes, mirrors and military sets, perfume atomizers, velvet brushes, soap boxes, sponge bags, etc. The interior of the store presents a beautiful effect, three large cases being laden with most attractive Christmas perfumes ranging in price from \$1.00 to \$5.00 comprising such makes as Atkinson, Pinaud, Roger & Gallet, Crown Perfume Co., Colgate, Grassmith, Violet, Bourjois and other celebrated makes. Ladies and gentlemen's dressing cases, manicure sets and triplicate mirrors in beautiful designs are shown in another case. Mr. Allan makes a specialty of choice Havana cigars, displaying them in gift packages at 10, 25, 50 and \$1.00 everything is marked at lowest prices and Mr. Allan's stock of useful gifts is well worthy of inspection.

Attractive Fancy Work.

One of the centres of attraction this holiday season is the ladies art needlework store, 89 Germain street, where Mr. Harrison Kinnear the proprietor and his staff of obliging lady clerks, are kept busy attending to the wants of ladies who prefer doing their own work on gifts for their friends, while in the parlor of the same store, Mrs. H. D. Everett has arranged a large assortment of needlework and painting on different articles, marked at prices which will ensure a speedy sale.

Two Newsboys.

The fellow-feeling that marks one of the tenderest spots in human nature is often most pronounced among great men. A writer in the Century tells this new anecdote of Faraday. The great physicist and his friend Hoffman were walking one day together through the streets of London, where both were then professors, when Faraday stopped a newsboy and bought a paper. Hoffman asked him why with his house supplied regularly with all the papers he needed, he stopped to buy a paper from a boy in the street. Faraday replied: 'I was once a newsboy myself and sold papers on the street.' It was a fitting explanation.

Naval Courtship.

The wrongs of Ireland have lately been increased. The man who tells the story of this last injustice is an Irishman—no other than Sir Thomas Lipton. Just before the yacht Shamrock sailed for this country she lay at anchor in Southampton harbor. One morning as Sir Thomas was pacing her deck, he noticed with some anxiety a quartet of bargemen rowing their clumsy, boat dangerously close to the challenger's delicate sides. 'Hi, there, my men!' he cried. 'Keep away a bit, will you?' One of the bargemen rested on his oar and scanned the yacht critically. 'Wot do ye call that ere thing ye're standin' on?' he demanded. 'This,' replied Sir Thomas, courteously, 'is the yacht Shamrock.' 'Bill,' sniffed the bargeman, turning to his mate on the next thwart, 's' calls 'er the Shamrock—another bloomin' injustice to Ireland.'

POEMS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Love's Own. Love gathereth the tender lambs. And when we hear the call, It is not strange that we should stray Not all from us, not all. This is our own child's part, In sweet all-cotton grown, Yet still he seeketh for and wif's All kindly for his own. Once from him so he has us, He has a right to claim, The gentlest lamb of all the flock Who to most anguish came. And blessing His dear name for them, We're 'till he's in our arms, The joy of His dear name. We know He loves them so. O Father! O God! thou art the best. Thou art the best of all the best. When thou art with us, we are all. O strength us with thy sweet grace, When thou art with us, we are all. To lean upon the cross and say, His name, He loves His own. So shall we strive through blinding tears, By little hands we press; To say o'er their unbroken sleep, It is His tenderness. For ever here in sorrow's earth, The seed of love is sown; He gives a smile for every ear And still He takes His own. CYRUS G. LOR.

Trekking.

(Song of the Boer Women) Trekking! trekking! trekking! will never the trek be done? Will never the rest, will never the home be won, and forever w'n? Are we only a bunch of the jungle aloof for the South Africa? With a lair in the bush at midnight—on the veldt, a trackless way? Ever the word is 'onward'—ever our white train goes Deeper and deeper northward beyond the grasp of our foes— Deeper and deeper northward our fathers went before— But the door of the veldt is closed—is closed— Where can we trek to, now? Trekking! trekking! trekking! think you we love not our home? Think you my father prized not the farm of the yellow loam? And moans—I see her weeping beside my brother's bed. The cattle—they seem to be standing dumb in a brute despair. With a longing look at the pastures—they feel the lack in the air; Even old K. K. is broken—he turns from the tempting bone—I see him there in the corner, manlike, brooding alone! Trekking! trekking! trekking! through the Zulu-land we go. The mayor's tiger stalking us, and ever the savage foe. Before—the savage foe to meet, the 'redcoat' foe! What have we done to be blown about like a leaf upon the wind? Ah, over the Veldt we shall find our peace—over the rushing Veldt— The Lord has led us to rest at last—blindly we followed His call; The land He promised is ours to keep—-is ours forever to keep— Fiet, what noise is that in the fold—think you a wolf at the sheep? Trekking! trekking! trekking! we have trekked till our tall strong men Have swung an oath by our father's God, we shall never trek again! The doors of the northward veldt are closed—closed— They shall open their lock to a brother's knock—but not to the threat of our foe! There is the gun your father bore when he climbed Mafeking's hill— This year, Fiet, in your hand it row with your father's For the land is ours—the land is ours—-if ever a land was won— You go at the dawn, you say, my son? Yes—so at the dawn, my son! —John Jerome Bourke.

Voices of the Winter.

O! list to that wild lamentation Arise on the roof—pass it as air, That volume of sharp exclamation All bristling with spangles of snow! O! list to that sobbing so mournful! The crown has been smashed from the king! The voice that was crawling so scornful Has lost all its jubilation! 'Tis the wail of the ice man, the cut-of-ice man the sock-up-the-price man who once was on deck! His glad smile have quit him and laugh no more! 'Tis him since old King Lear 'twas him a shank in the neck! O! hear ye that rickling whistle, Piced up in the gasket of keys? As sharp as the sting of a thistle To pierce the most laden breeze, O! hear ye that glad anthem winging From his art that unfolded from care— That none so exultingly sing In happy rag-time on the air? 'Tis the song of the coal man, the jubilant coal man, the fill-up-the-hole man with diamonds black. He's never heard growling when winter is winging and people are howling for lump, nut and slack. Give ear to that beautiful chorus That rises in ripples of glee, This all of the wintry air o'er us Seems bursting with glad melody? O! gay is the song they are trilling, The music is free from alloy, As out from their souls they're spilling The very quintessence of joy! 'Tis the song of the plumber, the happy old plumber, and snip—he's a hammer close up to the band? His lips are but voicing his glad soul's rejoicing as pipes snap to bursting on every hand. And hear those snatches shooting From tongues of the chaser and assist! Priority's here they are tooling Without an an' a howl of restraint! From lips once accustomed to parting Along for the showing and graver New rivets, sharp are darting Red streaks of the highest grade swear! 'Tis the swear of the people, the winter-stuck people, to see others reap all the fruits of their toil, to see the coal man, the coal man and plumber saw 'lyonally at their from lab'rs' rich soil.

No Resemblance.

It costs nothing to be ordinarily polite, even under adverse circumstances, and it generally pays. A passenger in a sleeping-car, who was tired and sleepy and wanted to go to bed, called out to a man who had

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

AN EXTENSIVE INDUSTRY.

The American Laundry and the Work it Performs. To the vast majority a laundry seems an uninteresting and unromantic place, and few pay a visit to an establishment of this sort with the idea of being entertained or interested, and yet a little while spent in one is productive of both pleasure and profit. Decidedly the most modern and best equipped institution of the kind in this city, or in fact, in the lower provinces, is the American Steam Laundry on Charlotte street, of which the Goddard Bros. are proprietors. PROGRESS visited the establishment this week and was agreeably entertained by being shown through the different departments by Supt. Geo. Boyd. In the wash room many large boilers filled with foamy suds receive the articles brought in and wastes them thoroughly without the slightest injury to the most delicate fabric. The American makes its own soap, so that there is no doubt as to its excellent quality, and it contains nothing that can injure the linen or clothing it cleanses so effectually. The washes go through fourteen waters, which necessitates an immense supply always on hand and of it there are 3000 gallons of hot and 2000 gallons of cold always in reserve. All flannels and silks are given the most careful attention and in order to guard against shrinking all articles in this line are washed by hand, each color being given a separate tub. This is one great feature in which this laundry excels, and so well has it sustained its reputation in this respect that this line of work is daily increasing. Very few people know what the doing up of a shirt involves. It looks so easy, and yet it requires the combined work of five or six persons and as many machines before the article is ready to be worn. The American makes up 25 gallons of starch at one time, and after a shirt leaves the drying room and has gone through a starching process it goes to an employee who presides at a bosom ironer heated by gas; after the bosom has been ironed to glass like smoothness the shirt goes to another machine where the yoke and neck band are ironed, a third does the body ironing, a fourth the sleeves and finally the entire shirt is gone over by hand with a flatiron in case the machines have missed any portion. Then the folding is done and the garment is ready for the wearer. The collar and cuff machine turns out work with wonderful rapidity, and there are practically no complaints with such as are heard in connection with the work of so many laundries regarding torn and deloused articles. The up-to-date, modern equipments of the establishment guard against all such accidents. In regard to standing collars, they are taken in charge by an expert and so well is the work of ironing and finishing done that there are seen so rough and saw-like edges which are so unsightly and uncomfortable. The starches used are flexible finish but firm and pliable, which prevents the cracking of neck-bands and collars. The drying room has all the latest improvements and is one of the interesting departments of the laundry. The immense mangle has eight operators and has a record of doing 920 napkins in twenty minutes, and has done 11,000 pieces in one day. The American has forty employees, and so extensive has the patronage become that in the past year the management have had to double the capacity of the office. Everything, even the seemingly unimportant, is done systematically and there is none of the confusion and bustle so often seen in places of this kind. The American numbers among its patrons, the Royal, Dufferin and Victoria hotels, Union club, Elder Dempster, Head Line, Demidoff, Manchester, International, Furness, Dominion Atlantic, line of steamers besides numerous small hotels, boarding houses and barber shops. Mr. George Boyd of Boston is the efficient and obliging superintendent of the American and since his advent over a year ago he has introduced the present system of washing and ironing which is making that laundry so popular with the public.

just enter the coach and was hurrying through it. 'S'y, isn't it about time to have these births made up?' 'What do you take me for?' angrily replied the other, stopping and coming back. 'Do I look like a sleeping-car conductor, sir?' 'No,' slowly rejoined the tired passenger looking up at him wearily. 'You do not. I beg your pardon. My observation is that a sleeping-car conductor is always a gentleman.'

SHOOTING AT HAILSTORMS.

This Means of Preventing Damage to Crops is said to be a Success in Europe. The idea of destroying storm clouds including tornadoes, by firing canon at them has been laughed at in this country, and experiments in this line have not been successful; but the scheme is taken more seriously in some parts of Europe, and even some of the scientific journals assert that it is practicable, and cite impressive instances to prove it. The following statements for example, are taken from Globus, one of the best known geographical publications of Germany. 'On May 30 last, the Minister of Agriculture in Italy suggested that the experiment be tried of destroying hail clouds by means of canon discharges. He fortified his suggestion by copious quotations from Prof. Edward Ottavi's book on 'Destroying Hailstorms in Syria by Means of Canon Discharges,' the third edition of which has just appeared. The Italian Government thereupon placed at the disposal of land owners the power in one of the Government magazines at a low price until the end of October, this year. The result was that many firing stations were established in regions where vineyards were peculiarly liable to damage and the results have been most gratifying. This seems to prove that the theory of destroying hailstorms by means of canon is not a humbug. Furthermore, the theory and the demonstration of its value are by no means new. Arago tells of a fleet anchored, in the seventeenth century, in Cartagena, South America, which by bombarding storms repeatedly prevented them. In the eighteenth century a French sailor also destroyed storm clouds in this manner at his country place in the neighborhood of Macon. In Germany experiments were made in 1865. In Italy the theory has been tested on a much larger scale and the experiments there extended as far back as the sixteenth century. Prof. Bombicci, of Bologna, was one of the first to discuss the matter scientifically. In recent times, however, the decisive tests have unquestionably been made in Styria, Austria. The Burgomaster of Windisch-Feistritz, in Styria, has a very large and fine vineyard on the south slope of the Baschen Mountains. He sustained enormous losses every year from hailstorms. In 1896 he erected twelve shooting stations on the property, distributed over about two square kilometers. They were placed on the highest elevations. Each station had ten heavy canon, handled by six men. Each charge consisted of 120 grams of powder. As soon as a hail cloud approached shots were heard from all the stations. The Vienna Imperial Meteorological Society thus described the procedure: 'Heavy black clouds move forward from above the Baschen Mountains. At a signal shooting begins at all the stations, and after a few minutes the forward movement of the clouds ceases. Then the clouds open as if a canal divided them, and gradually disappear. Not one stone falls. The experiment was tried six times in 1896, always with the same result. Since then sixty-six stations have been erected around Windisch-Feistritz, and it has paid well to support them.'

The question is of great importance to Italy, where certain districts are regularly visited by hailstorms. This summer 70 stations were erected in the province of Treviso, 30 in Padua, 20 in Vicenza, 20 in Verona, 135 in Bergamo, and in other provinces stations are constructing under the supervision of Prof. Ottavi. The canon used were brought from Styria, where a special industry in the manufacture of this article has developed. In Italy, also, some firms have begun to make the so-called 'Hungarian canon.'

Robby—Is he the janitor, pa? Bobby—Is he the janitor, pa? Mrs. E. T. silk, bravely diamond orn Mrs. E. T. pale blue suit Mrs. Walter chignon trim Miss Bertha spangled trim Miss Seelye minge. Miss Nan pale blue trim Miss Tabor diamond orn Miss Stead pale blue quest of red Miss Vroom trimmings. Mrs. Robb pale blue suit Mrs. Walter chignon trim Miss Agnes black velvet. Miss George trimmings. Mrs. J. M. trimmings as Miss Scanlon trimmings. Mrs. Geo. chignon and coronations. Miss Robb silk with white Mrs. Hold and coronations. Miss Grace of pink muslin Mrs. Kea

BAKING POWDER

pure and wholesome

enter the coach and was hurrying through it.

'S'y, isn't it about time to have these birds made up?'

'What do you take me for?' angrily replied the other, stopping and coming back.

'No,' slowly rejoined the tired passenger looking up at him wearily.

'You do not beg your pardon. My observation is that a sleeping-car conductor is always a gentleman.'

SHOOTING AT HALLSTORMS.

This means of preventing damage to crops is said to be a success in Europe.

The idea of destroying storm clouds including tornadoes, by firing cannon at them has been laughed at in this country.

The last meeting of the married folks whist club was held at Mrs. E. T. Sturdee's and a most enjoyable evening was spent.

The first dance in the series of assemblies was held at the Institute on Thursday evening and was most bright and enjoyable.

The order of dances for which Harrison supplied music, was as follows, with three supper dances and several extras.

1. Valze.....

2. Valze.....

3. Lancers.....

4. Valze.....

5. Two-step.....

6. Valze.....

7. Two-step.....

8. Valze.....

9. Polka.....

10. Valze.....

11. Two-step.....

12. Valze.....

Supper.

13. Valze.....

14. Two-step.....

15. Valze.....

16. Galop.....

There were several young debutantes present, all of whom, of course were gowned in white.

Mrs. E. T. Sturdee wore a pretty gown of pink silk, heavily trimmed with chiffon and black velvet.

Mrs. Walter White, pink net over satin, lace and chiffon trimmings.



Victoria Skating Rink

ESTABLISHED 1864. 35th ANNUAL SEASON—35th. GRAND OPENING Thursday Ev'ng, 20th DECEMBER—20th.

The Victoria Rink's Own Band

In attendance during the season. Season tickets may be procured at the office of the Rink at the following rates: Gentlemen, \$5.00.

trimmings with cut steel. Miss Elsie Robinson, pale blue and white silk, black satin and lace trimmings.

Miss Grace Robertson, dainty white flowered muslin and ribbon.

Miss Lou McAvity, handsome gown of amber silk gauze heavily trimmed with pearls and bows of black velvet with yellow ostrich tip in hair.

Miss Louise Peters, white silk and large bouquet of roses.

Miss Marie Fairweather, white silk with heavily worked chiffon overdress, pearls and roses.

Miss Carrie Peters, pale blue silk, chiffon and flowers.

Miss Louise Skinner, black satin with crimson flowers.

Miss Lou McAvity, handsome gown of amber silk gauze heavily trimmed with pearls and bows of black velvet with yellow ostrich tip in hair.

Mrs. T. E. G. Armstrong, pink brocade silk, diamonds and flowers.

Miss Fairweather, green muslin gown trimmed with black velvet and lace.

Miss Grant, yellow silk trimmed with black lace, and pink roses.

Miss Gertrude Seely, pale blue muslin prettily trimmed with white lace and chiffon.

Miss Keatr, black satin, lace and flowers, with an effective arrangement of brilliant buckles and narrow ribbon veils down the front of the skirt.

Miss Dever, looked as the always does, stately and graceful in black satin, the bodice of which was covered with rennaissance lace and chiffon, pink flowers.

Miss Edith Skinner, black silk, sequin net, and flowers.

Miss Thompson, a very becoming pink silk, with black lace.

Mrs. C. J. Coster looked charming in black satin the bodice of which was heavily arranged with jet insertion, and jeweled tulle sleeves.

Miss Charlotte Smith, black satin lace and roses.

Miss Mona Thomson had on a pretty flowered organdie over pink silk, trimmed with black satin and corset velvet.

Miss McKenzie, a very becoming cream silk with lace and ribbons.

Mrs. Ke tie Jones wore a handsome white satin with tulle sleeves, chiton and pearls.

Miss Gladys McLaughlin looked bright and charming in a gown of blue silk, with sequin net trimmings, pearls and chiffon.

Miss Jessie Walker, white organdie, white lace, and violets.

held its annual sale and tea in the church school room on Tuesday evening, and though the weather cut her it was a most agreeable affair.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Henderson left the middle of the week for a trip to Boston, Newport, New York and Philadelphia.

Mrs. Sexton of New York has been paying a short visit to St. John during the week.

Least Governor McClellan was in the city this week enroute to Fredericton.

The annual exhibition under the auspices of the Women's Art Association was an event of the week and one that attracted a large number to the beautifully arranged and spacious rooms on the second floor of the Oddfellows' hall on Union street.

There was a delightful social side to the exhibition and over cups of fragrant tea and the daintiest refreshments the merits of the various artists were discussed, and the pleasant and most informal intercourse enjoyed.

Mrs. T. Ueman, Mrs. Mortimer, Mrs. DeForest, Mrs. W. McAvity, Miss Perkins, Mrs. Geo. Murray, Mrs. A. S. Jones, Miss Hall, Miss Hamilton, Mrs. F. E. Sayre, Mrs. H. P. Timmerman, Mrs. George Fleming, Miss Tapley, Miss McCarrison, Miss Murray, Miss Holly, Mrs. Austin, Miss Stephenson, Miss Alison Jones, Miss Markham, Miss M. McKean, Mrs. Harding, Miss McKean, Mrs. Flood, Miss Jennie Crookshank left Wednesday for New York in which city she will in future make her home with her brother Dr. Fred Crookshank.

Miss Alicia Henderson of Millville, P. E. I. is in the city on a three weeks visit to her aunt Mrs. Herbert U. Smith of the west end.

Miss Hatt has returned to the capital after a stay of several months with her sister Mrs. Colter of this city.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALISE.

[Paragon is for sale in St. Stephen at the bookstore of S. Wall, T. E. Atcheson and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. F. Treat's.]

Dec. 15.—Roy McAdam, son of Andrew McAdam, has gone to Newfoundland where he has secured a good position.

Hilda, the little daughter of Rev. Thomas Marshall, fell on the froz ground while running one day last week and marred her bright little face by some severe cuts.

Miss Roberta Murchie is able to be out again.

Mrs. C. F. Beard and Miss Berta Smith are expected from Boston today.

Miss Wanda Todd has arrived from Andover Mass., where she attends school, to spend the holidays, and Miss Bessie Todd returns today 10 days from Rothesay, St. John.

Mrs. DeWolfe of Halifax, N. S., has been the guest this week of Madame Chipman.

Mrs. Geo. J. Clarke and her daughters, Pauline and Dorry, have returned from Fredericton.

B. W. Dismore returned on Saturday from a trip to the islands.

Mrs. Bolton left yesterday for Jacksonville, Florida.

Miss Rita Ross is expected to arrive from Boston in a few days. Miss Ross has been quite ill at the Newton hospital where she had undertaken a course of study to be a trained nurse and has been obliged to abandon the work and return home.

Miss Emily Laming has returned home after a delightful visit of seven weeks in Boston.

Miss Annie Marzer, one of our most estimable young ladies and a valued worker in the Baptist church, left on Monday morning for Boston to enter a hospital for the preparation for the work of a trained nurse. She was entertained at a gathering of friends at the residence of E. M. Ganong on Friday evening when a few very enjoyable hours were passed.

Miss Alice Bridges resuming her studies in art from a well known artist in Massachusetts.

Albert McNeill, one of our promising young men, who holds a good position with the Robb engineering company at Amherst, N. S., is at home with an injured hand. He will remain until the holidays.

M. S. W. H. Fordman will observe her eightieth birthday anniversary on Saturday next. A number of elderly ladies have been invited to gather at her home.

Mrs. H. Q. Boardman, narrowly escaped serious injuries in a fatal burning accident by falling down the cellar stairs at her home on Saturday evening. As it was the sustained severe bruises. Fortunately the lamp was extinguished in the fall which broke it into many pieces.

Mrs. Davidson Grimmer of Chatham has been the guest this week of Mrs. Frederick Grimmer.

John M. Stevens has been in town for a few days.

Mrs. Margaret Stuart went to Mrs. Edward Price's on Saturday to remain during the winter months.

The Housekeeper

WHO PINS HER

FAITH TO WELCOME SOAP

and uses it exclusively, obtains the most satisfactory results and therefore has confidence in the grocer who recommended it to her.

PIN YOUR FAITH TO WELCOME SOAP.



For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, and like affections of the Throat and Lungs, there is no better remedy than

HAWKER'S Tolu and Wild Cherry BALSAM

For Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Biliousness, Constipation,

HAWKER'S LIVER PILLS

THE CANADIAN DRUG CO., Ltd.

The Ladies' Art Needlework Store.

"Every woman has a soft spot in her heart for ART."

Ladies' Art Needlework Parlor, 89 GERMAIN STREET,

BOBITY

FUN FOR ALL AGES. Sold at \$1.00 and \$1.50. The G. A. Holland & Son Co., Manufacturers, Montreal, Canada.

When You Want a Real Tonic ST. AGUSTINE

E. G. SCOVIL, GAGTOWN, Sept. 21, 1899.

E. G. SCOVIL, 62 Union Street

Notwithstanding the fact that so many of them to be unusually busy, and assure one that they have not a moment to call their own, there has still been a goodly part of the week given up to social gatherings.

Loggia with the large dance at Mrs. Thos. McAvity's on Tuesday evening and which was a charming affair in every way, and large too.

The supper table had lovely decorations of pink flowers and muslin. Mrs. McAvity wore black silk and jet with lace fichu caught with diamonds.

Miss McAvity's dainty, dainty beauty was enhanced by a lovely gown of amber silk gauze over amber satin, the bodice being trimmed with black ribbon velvet and heavy pearl trimmings.

The last meeting of the married folks whist club was held at Mrs. E. T. Sturdee's and a most enjoyable evening was spent.

Mrs. Charles Harrison entertained the sewing club at her residence last Saturday. Mrs. Harrison has been entertaining Mrs. Fish and Mrs. Chipman in her charmingly hospitable way.

There were several theatre party as at the Artillery concert on Wednesday evening, one of which was entertained after the concert by Dr. and Mrs. W. W. White.

The order of dances for which Harrison supplied music, was as follows, with three supper dances and several extras.

1. Valze.....

2. Valze.....

3. Lancers.....

4. Valze.....

5. Two-step.....

6. Valze.....

7. Two-step.....

8. Valze.....

9. Polka.....

10. Valze.....

11. Two-step.....

12. Valze.....

Supper.

13. Valze.....

14. Two-step.....

15. Valze.....

16. Galop.....

There were several young debutantes present, all of whom, of course were gowned in white.

Advertisement for Fry's pure concentrated COCOA, featuring an illustration of a woman and child, and text: 'No flaw in its claim to be ABSOLUTELY PURE'.

Robby—Pa, this book says St. Peter has the keys of heaven! has he? I believe so. Bobby—Is he the janitor, pa?

OR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

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

- Monroe & Co. Barrington street
CANADIAN NEWS CO. Railway Depot
J. B. FREDAT Brunswick street
J. W. ADAMS Dartmouth N. S.
Queen's Bookstore 100 Hollis St.
Mrs. DeWray 151 Brunswick St.

Dec. 14.—In so far as society is concerned, last week was a very quiet week—a few card parties, a dinner or two, a couple of teas, and you have the sum total of all the social functions within the past seven days.

The two principal musical events of last week were the Orpheus concert on Tuesday, and Egmont at the Academy on Thursday. The Orpheus was the first of the series, was greeted with a large and fashionable audience. Society invariably showing up at these concerts, because—oh, well, don't you know, because it is the thing to do. Consequently on Tuesday evening the Orpheus hall looked exceedingly festive in its brilliant audience. The chorus was in splendid voice, the time was excellent, and the several numbers were rendered with a swing and finish which called forth immense applause.

The solos, too, were highly appreciated. Miss Lewis, who looked exceptionally pretty, was in excellent voice; her two songs received enthusiastic applause. Mr. Wikol sang with true artistic finish, and the subscribers are hoping they are to have the pleasure of listening to him many times before the season closes. His duet with Miss Daisy Fox was highly appreciated; their voices blended perfectly, and their solo was one of the features of this evening of song. Altogether, the Orpheus was thoroughly successful in every detail, and the next one of the series will be eagerly anticipated by those who have been lucky enough to have added their names to the list of subscribers.

Thursday evening, which should be marked with the proverbial red letter by musical audiences, as being an evening on which was rendered one of the finest amateur musical performances ever given in our city. In the introduction of Goethe's 'Egmont,' with Beethoven's exquisite musical setting, Mr. Max Well has marked an epoch in the musical tastes of the community. To thus present the work of two of the greatest masters of poetry, music and drama was no small undertaking. It was a task requiring deep thought, as well as considerable energy, to push it through to a finish. And it was all done. On Thursday evening an appreciative, highly intellectual, and distinguished audience greeted Mr. Max Well and his co-workers in their presentation of Egmont and Beethoven.

The text of the play was given by Mr. Carruthers whom we all remember to pleasant in his rendition of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.' But in 'Egmont,' Mr. Carruthers did far better work. It may have been due to the fact that a second appearance on the Academy stage may have made him more at home with his audience. At any rate, in his interpretation of Goethe's work, he portrayed the brilliant dramatic dramatic talent of much versatility and considerable dramatic talent. In Miss Lehigh, Mr. Carruthers had an able assistant. This young lady possesses a peculiarly distinct voice—her stage presence is easy and pleasing. In the first, and of other scenes of the play, her acting could hardly be surpassed by a professional. Miss Lehigh's songs were also highly appreciated. Too high praise cannot be given to the Symphony Orchestra—their rendition of Beethoven's beautiful music was a revelation to the audience. 'Egmont' will long be remembered by the music-loving public as a musical and dramatic performance of the highest merit.

The officers of the 66th held their annual dinner, Thursday night at the 'Halifax.' The band of the regiment played during dinner. Among the toasts were those of the following: 'The 66th,' 'The Officers,' 'The Men,' 'The Music,' 'The Band,' 'The Regiment,' 'The Country,' 'The King,' 'The Queen,' 'The Empire,' 'The World,' 'The God.'

Among the brave Canadian boys of Co. H, Miss Kathleen Cooke, of Kingston, is the guest of Mrs. Archibald, Victoria Road. Hon. H. H. Fuller, Mrs. and Miss Fuller, who since their return from Bedford have been residing at the Halifax Hotel, have taken Mrs. Wm. Taylor's house on Inglis street for the winter months. Mrs. Taylor intends wintering in Bermuda.

Mr. Fielding, wife of Mr. Fielding, has returned from a short visit to Toronto. There has been quite an exodus this winter among the permanent residents of Bedford. I suppose they longed for a taste of city gaiety. Mr. and Mrs. Jack have come to town for the winter. Mrs. Terman and family have taken a house in Harvey street, where they intend residing until the Spring.

Mr. and Mrs. H. St. Clair Silver have rented a furnished house on Inglis street. It is rumored in military circles that Major Fortesque, Lord William Seymour's secretary, is to be called home shortly, Major and Hon. Mrs. Fortesque having become great favorites in society circles such news will be received with much regret by their many friends.

Among the first weddings in 1900 will be that of Miss Blanche Stubbing, to an American gentleman. The wedding it is understood will take place in New York.

We are glad to see Senator Power out again, looking quite recovered from his recent illness.

BARTON, N. S.

Dec. 15.—Miss Jennie Binyaw has returned from Walling. Mr. Joseph E. Urquhart has gone to Sandy Cove. Mr. Charles Smith has moved in the house formerly owned by Jonathan Urquhart.

Mr. Uriah Worthylake has closed his house at Barton and moved to their former home at Brighton. Mr. Smith has recently purchased the Mart property and we understand will build a house in the spring.

Mrs. Helen M. Morgan and Miss Marion have returned from their visit to Salem, Mass. and Yarmouth. Mrs. A. J. Rice has gone to New York to meet

FOURNA GOLDEN ON DAY. This Laxative Bismuth Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. See Dr. W. W. Grove's signature on each box.

"STOP THIEF!"

It is an old trick among the light-fingered fraternity to divert attention from themselves by raising the cry of "stop thief!" and so putting the public on a false scent.

There is a certain kind of advertiser who is expert in similar methods. One of his tricks is to tell women that it's "revolting" to write to a man in consultation about disease. "Women should write to a woman." The remainder of the advertisement invites women to write for advice, and is carefully worded to convey the idea that the advice offered is that of a physician. But a close examination shows that there is no physician's advice offered and the whole clamor of "write to a woman" is raised to divert attention from the fact that the woman offering advice is not a doctor, and therefore not competent to give medical advice.

For the advice of an unqualified woman is just as dangerous as the advice of an unqualified man.

Women who are sick can obtain medical advice free by letter, by consulting Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalide's Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. As an expert in the treatment and cure of female diseases Dr. Pierce takes the highest rank. In over thirty years' experience he has treated half-a-million women and of that great number ninety-eight per cent. have been perfectly and permanently cured. Each letter is held as private and its contents guarded as a sacred confidence.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes Weak Women Strong and Sick Women Well.

her husband. She will also visit her sister, Mrs. Crocker, at New London.

Rev. Mr. Porter and family leave this week for New Canada, Lunenburg Co., where he has a pastorate of the Baptist church. Rev. Mr. Bruce of Sandy Cove, preached in the Methodist church here on Sunday last. His discourse was eloquently delivered and held the attention of the congregation throughout.

ANNAPOLIS.

Dec. 13.—The ball given recently by the Bachelors' Club in the Academy of Music will go down in local history as one of the most successful functions ever held in the old town. The fair ladies, the beautiful and costly dresses, the decorations and music, and the brilliant electric lights, conspired to render it a scene of beauty not often witnessed in Annapolis. Out of the three hundred and fifty invitations sent out, more than two hundred were accepted. There were representatives present from Digby, Bear River, Royal Hill, Moschelle, Bridgetown, Grandville, and Windsor, and every one of those present voiced it a most successful affair. Dancing was in full swing until 4 o'clock a.m., Mitchell's orchestra supplying the music. While the success of the whole was mainly due to the efforts put forth by the Bachelors' Club, this would have been somewhat offset had the chaperoning of the affair been in the wrong hands, consequently the thanks of the Club should certainly go out to the chaperones. Mrs. H. Bradford, Mrs. J. E. Lombard, Mrs. W. B. Mills, and Mrs. J. J. Ritchie, who at the very outset broke up any attempt at the "drawing of the line," which has been so prominent at other functions of the club members who had the ball in charge were as follows—President, F. B. Arnold; sec. W. R. Cunliffe; committee, L. J. Almon, C. B. Bishop, H. L. Bobakes, F. Brittain, G. C. Burton, G. O. Chase, J. N. Creed, J. W. Crows, G. B. Hardwick, A. Hayman, H. W. Mills, W. H. Moody, E. McCormick, C. A. Perkins, Jr., D. B. Riddan, H. B. Rio, dan. E. N. Ruzgals, J. F. Sparrow, L. B. Webster, W. Withers.

Mrs. Anthony and Miss Jessie Tompson, of Lower Grandville are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Anthony, Port Lorne.

Mr. and Mrs. James Whitman, of Round Hill, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Fairdy, Deer Brook, on Thursday and Friday of last week.

A. DeB. Spurr visited his home in Clarence last week. On Saturday his sister, Miss Winnifred Spurr, accompanied him on his return here, where she will remain and assist her brother in his store during the busy season.—Hants Journal.

James Malcolm, of St. John, is on a visit to his brother Robert Malcolm.

YARMOUTH.

Dec. 13.—Mrs. C. T. Grantham returned home from Montreal on Saturday morning last.

Mr. R. L. Mason of Johannesburg, South Africa, who is en route for St. John's Hill, arrived by steamer Boston on Saturday morning, spent Sunday in Yarmouth, and proceeded by rail Monday morning.

G. M. Brill, of Philadelphia, president of the N. S. Development Co., arrived by Steamer Boston on Saturday morning.

Mr. Frank Killam returned home from Boston Saturday morning.

Grand Master E. B. Flint, M. P., left by steamer Boston on Saturday evening to attend the Masonic demonstration at Washington. Col. C. J. McDonald of Halifax, passed through here on Saturday also en route for Washington.

Miss Ashman, of the Wolville Seminary staff, goes to Boston by Steamer Boston this afternoon.

Mr. W. B. Ross of Halifax, was in town this week.

Rev. Father Sullivan of Weymouth, registered at the Grand hotel on Monday.

The Rev. L. F. Wallace of Bridgetown, passed through here this morning en route from Boston.

Miss Rachel Robbins returned home by steamer Boston this morning.

A farewell social was tendered Mrs. Percy St. Clair Hamilton, who with her family leaves for Montreal on Saturday next, by the members of Holy Trinity in their school room on Friday evening last. An excellent programme of musical selections was carried out, and a most enjoyable evening was spent by all. A very pleasant part of the evening programme was the presentation to Mrs. Hamilton of a purse of money with a touching ad-

dress by the rector, Rev. R. D. Hambrick, who alluded to the deep regret of the congregation at her departure, of the tactfulness they owed her for her faithful, unobtrusive services at all times to her church, particularly the choir, whose for fifteen years she has occupied her place as a most valued member, and also to the great assistance which her talents so cheerfully at all times displayed lent to the success of a social gathering. At the conclusion Mrs. Hamilton so taken by surprise was unable to reply; but the following letter after the church services was read:—

To the Rector, Choir and Congregation of Holy Trinity Church, Yarmouth.

My dear friends:— I want to thank you very much for your great kindness to me. On Friday evening I felt too much overcome by what occurred to even attempt to express my gratitude in anything like a suitable manner. It is utterly impossible for me to find words in which to describe my deep regret at leaving you, or to tell you of the great pleasure it has been to me to do what I could in my poor way to help in the services of the church.

I feel of course that my labors in connection with the choir do not at all merit the terms of praise which were bestowed upon them, but still the knowledge that they have been so generously appreciated cannot help but be a source of real gratification and encouragement. I can only say again that it was a gladness and privilege to be able to give them. You spoke of your regret at my departure, and your words were indeed kind, but I can assure you that I shall miss you all much more than you will me, for the seventeen years I have spent with you have been among the happiest of my life, and wherever I go, or wherever I may make my home, Yarmouth will always come first in my heart, with its pleasant and happy memories of the dear friends there, and especially Holy Trinity church.

Again thanking you for your kind words and appreciation of what my poor efforts have been to you, I am,

Yours sincerely, M. Hamilton.

Mrs. Hamilton will not only be missed in church circles, but in society where she was most popular, and in fact Yarmouth in general will greatly miss her, as the appearance of her name on the programme of our different musical entertainments always assured our townspeople a most enjoyable treat.

WEYMOUTH POINT.

Dec. 13.—Dr. Jones, of Digby, was in town last week.

N. E. Butler, esq., went to Yarmouth last Friday. Mr. Grierland left Saturday for a trip to Boston. Sheriff Smith of Digby was also here for a day last week.

We are pleased to know that Mr. Joseph Ethier is able to be out again.

Mr. G. D. Campbell left for Boston Saturday and returned this week.

We understand it is the intention of Miss Nellie McCormack to return to Weymouth soon.

Miss Eliza Forsyth of Digby left Wednesday for St. John to spend Christmas with her cousin, Mrs. J. Merritt.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Cook went to Bridgetown Monday to attend the funeral of Mr. Cook's son-in-law, Mr. Jas. Burns.

Mr. Frank Maxwell went to the Island Tuesday.

Mr. Susan Brooks has gone to North Range for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Jess Wright were in North Weymouth on Wednesday.

Mr. Eben Sabean spent a day or two at home, returning to Digby Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Gerrard of Boston are spending the winter at the Island Tuesday.

Mrs. (Capt.) Charles Grant expects to leave for British Columbia to join her husband in about a week.

HILL GROVE N. S.

Dec. 13.—Miss Gertrude Grant, of Grand Joggis spent Sunday here.

Mrs. G. Jellison, of Westville, visited friends here on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bacon spent Sunday last at Deer Brook.

Miss Jeanie Ryan, of Marshalltown, is visiting friends in this place.

Mrs. Nettie Wain is visiting her sister, Mrs. Kinney, of Port Gilbert.

Miss Augusta Hoop entertained a few of her friends on Tuesday evening.

Mr. Winthrop Sabean, of Weymouth, spent Sunday last with Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Warner.

Mrs. E. M. Bacon has been spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. Charles Armstrong, of Digby.

Mr. H. B. Blackadar, of the Heenanogs Milling Co., was at Mr. R. W. Warner's on Thursday last.

Mrs. Joshua Reed, of Lower Rosway, who has been visiting Mr. Robert Reed's, returned home on Sunday last.

Mr. Armstrong, of Bear River, who purchased apples here this season, shipped two carloads of the fruit from Jordanstown station on Friday.

LITTLE RIVER N. S.

Dec. 12.—Ralph Denton is very ill. Dr. Frank Rice is in attendance.

Mr. John Barnaby, of Waterford, is here on a business trip.

Messrs Boyd and Douglas Denton are on the sick list this week.

Mr. George Holdsworth and Eoy Sabean spent a few days here last week.

T. E. Brown, of Weymouth, passed through here on Wednesday en route to the Island.

The ladies of the Baptist sewing circle, will hold a pie social at the Temperance hall Friday evening.

Jos. L. Trask's family, who has been ill with measles, is again convalescent. We are pleased to see them out again.

Rev. Mr. Harvey, of Grand Manan, who has been spending a few weeks with Mr. Charles Denton returned home on Tuesday last.

Mrs. Edgar Pyne, who has been spending a few months with her sister, Mrs. Durkee at Beaver River, returned home Wednesday.

Messrs. F. M. Lettney & Co.'s dry goods team have this week in charge of Mr. Samuel Bacon of Digby, who reports business good.

Mrs. McAlpine, of Louisburg, Cape Breton, formerly Miss Lizzie Trask, of this place, is very ill.

VICTORINE

"The Clothes Washer."

is for sale by leading stores in St. John, N. B., and wholesale by

C. & E. McMICHAEL, GEO. S. DEFORE-T & SONS. } St. John, N. B. THOS. GORMAN.

J. P. REID & CO., Moncton.

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Calcium-Nickel Fluoride

FOR BRASS AND BRONZE CASTINGS

is the only low-priced but high-grade Alloy, strictly guaranteed, superior to phosphorus tin. A sample keg 100 pounds shipped to any responsible brass foundry. Manufactured under Mexican patent by

THE MEXICAN REFINEMENT & REDUCTION CO., Durango, Mexico.

Stahlknecht Y Cia, Bankers, exclusive sole agents for the Mexican Republic Durango, Mexico. The United States patent right is for sale.

Howard Chemical Works, Howard Station, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

Advertisement for a contest with prizes including a Birth Day Ring, a Dewey Puzzle, and a National Supply Co. prize.

A telegram received yesterday morning states she is a little stronger.

Wedding invitations have been issued for the marriage of Miss Lill a Denton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Denton, to Mr. Collins, of Westport. The wedding takes place to-day (Wednesday).

'This matrimonial rumor is very extraordinary' exclaimed Miss Cayenne.

'Why, there are a great many of them.' 'Yes, but this one seems to be true.'

'Why did Cecil introduce an automobile in this last farce comedy?' 'He was tired of hearing the critics accuse him of horseplay.'

LIFE LASTS LONGER

Puttner's Emulsion be taken regularly by Consumptives and all weak and ailing people.

Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

CHINA PAINTING in one lesson is impossible, but perfect dyeing, at home too, is possible with

Maypole Soap. WASHES AND DYES. Send for FREE book on home DYING to A. P. TIPPET & CO., Montreal.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

For Sale at all Druggists.

FOR ARTISTS.

WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc.

Manufacturing Artists, Colonians to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family.

FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES. A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL. Wholesale Agents for Canada.

BOURBON.

ON HAND 75 Bbls. Aged Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky.

THOS. L. BOURKE

A Tea

which grinds chest, and which feels of the tissue stantare

IDA A BOTTLER

It acts a cent on y irritated m. It never most severe perly used, cure the m

25 cts. AT

(Programs for r Fenety and J. H. H. Dec. 15.—The you

Dec. 15.—The you Mrs. E. B. Winslow made their first ap made their first ap admirably adapted large dining-hall wh ball-room made an lo lon's orchestra pro programme of twent A light-running supp Jewel trinkling on pl The chaperones of E. B. Winslow, G. N. A. G. Cowie, and rec parlor of the hotel. W were very pretty, w among this year's del Mrs. E. B. Winslow

Mrs. Carrie Babbitt, and white lace. Mrs. A. R. Tibbitt, lette, with pearls. Mrs. Cowie, yellow Miss Daisy Winslow black velvet ribbons. Mrs. Annie Tibbitt, jewel trinkling on pl Mrs. Carrie Tibbitt, bodice front of white velvet trinkling. Mrs. Frances Babbitt, Mrs. Nellie Babbitt, with white lace. Mrs. Babbitt, Miss Sadie Wiley, silk. Miss Phinney, white Miss Agnes Taber, Miss Balloch, white Miss Rachel Balloch, clemas lace. Miss Jean Nell, gre

ITCHING

In any Form zema, Salt Is Relie and Pe ly Cu

Dr. Chase

One of the strong remedy can have a medical profession ment for the ill mended. Such is Chase's Ointment to

DOCTORS

Before the introd Ointment doctors ad not cure Eczema usually resorted to for piles. Now they ment and know of n

Of course they patients what they give the treatment b but nevertheless the from these offe for and recognize it is t for piles and itching

DOCTORS E Canadian doctors than their American Dr. Chase's Ointment the strict laws of t care to have their public print. If you ing the wonderful V Ointment ask your t knows its record in t horse in the strong Dr. G. M. Harl

'No physician wo ledge the claims of Chase's Ointment wh by curing where o 'We know that it meets all the requi standard of worth, a high esteem where quently we endorse it Dr. Chase's Ointme cure any case of pile all dealers, or Edma Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Syrup penins for throat and Chase's Ointment dealers.

RINE... g stores in... wholesale by... St John, N. B.

ckel... BRONZE CASTINGS... h-grade Alloy, strictly... A sample keg... possible brass foundry.

REDUCTION CO... Mexico... exclusive sole agents... Mexico.

HING... ABSOLUTELY NO CONDITIONS... DEWEY PUZZLE

Use... Perfection Tooth Powder... For Sale at all Druggists.

OR... ARTISTS... WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc.

BOURBON... ON HAND... Bbbs. Aged Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky.

HOS. L. BOURKE

A Tearing Cold

which grips your throat and chest, and a hacking cough which feels like a dry burning of the tissues, will receive instantaneous relief by a dose of



It acts as a soothing demulcent on your parched and irritated membrane. It never fails to check the most severe cough, and, properly used, it will permanently cure the most obstinate one. 25 cts. AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

FEDERATION.

[Programme for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorne.] Dec. 15.—The young Bachelors of Fredericton gave a ball on Thursday evening to which were invited all the young bachelors of the city, and some few made their first appearance there: "The Queen" is admirably adapted for such a function and the large dining-hall which had been converted into a ball-room made an ideal place for a dance. Hanton's orchestra provided music for a delightful programme of twenty-one dances and five extras. A light supper was served all evening. The chaperones of the evening were Mesdames E. B. Winslow, G. N. Babbitt, A. R. Tibbits and A. G. Cowie, and received the guests in the ladies' parlor of the hotel. The gowns worn by the ladies were very pretty, white predominating especially among the year's debutantes. Mrs. E. B. Winslow wore Terra Cotta silk. Mrs. Babbitt, black silk with tulle and blue satin and white lace. Mrs. A. R. Tibbits, black brocade satin, decollete, with pearls. Mrs. Cowie, yellow silk. Miss Daisy Winslow, blue crepe de chene, with black velvet ribbons. Miss Annie Tibbits, black satin, decollete, with jewel trimming on pink silk and pink roses. Miss Carrie Tibbits, blue and white silk with bodice front of white tulle, and turquoise blue velvet trimmings. Miss Prudence Babbitt, white organdie with lace. Miss Nellie Babbitt, black satin and cashmere with white lace. Miss Carrie Babbitt, red silk with red chiffon. Miss David Wiley, white organdie over white silk. Miss Phinney, white silk trimmed with violets. Miss Agnes Tabor, heliotrope silk and violets. Miss Balloch, white muslin over blue silk. Miss Rachel Balloch, white muslin with valencienne lace. Miss Jean Nell, green muslin and green ribbons.

ITCHING SKIN.

In any Form, Whether Eczema, Salt Rheum or Piles Is Relieved at once and Permanently Cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

One of the strongest endorsements any remedy can have is its adoption by the medical profession as the standard treatment for the ill for which it is recommended. Such is the position of Dr. Chase's Ointment today. DOCTORS USE IT. Before the introduction of Dr. Chase's Ointment doctors admitted that they could not cure Eczema and Salt Rheum, and usually resorted to the surgical operation for piles. Now they use Dr. Chase's Ointment and know of no such thing as failure. Of course they don't always tell their patients what they are using, nor do they give the treatment in the original package; but nevertheless they continually order it from these offices for use in their practice and recognize it as the only absolute cure for piles and itching skin disease. DOCTORS ENDORSE IT. Canadian doctors are no less enthusiastic than their American brethren in the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but on account of the strict laws of the Dominion, do not care to have their names mentioned in public print. If you are in doubt regarding the wonderful virtues of Dr. Chase's Ointment ask your family physician. He knows its record in the past and will endorse it in the strongest terms. Dr. C. M. Hart, New York, writes: "No physician now refuses to acknowledge the claims of such remedies as Dr. Chase's Ointment which proves its virtue by curing where other means have failed. "We know that Dr. Chase's Ointment meets all the requisitions of the highest standard of worth, and that it is held in high esteem wherever used, and consequently we endorse it to every reader." Dr. Chase's Ointment is guaranteed to cure any case of piles. 60 cents a box at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for throat and lung troubles, Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. Each 25 cts. at all dealers.

Miss Margaret Johnston, navy blue and white organdie with bowknot of white baby ribbons. Miss Edna Coburn, white muslin and valencienne lace. Miss Quenele Edcombe, green cashmere and scarlet chiffon. Miss Fionia Wilson, white dimity muslin. Miss Anna Vanwar, white silk. Miss Lawson, white muslin and pink flowers. Miss Nellie Whitehead, white dotted muslin and lace. Miss Florrie Whitehead, pink and navy silk with pink chiffon. Miss Limerick, white cashmere and silk with velvet ribbons. Miss Mercereau, blue silk with chiffon and flowers. Miss Mary Guter, white muslin over pink silk with tulle and black velvet ribbons. Miss Fannie Palmer, white muslin over green and black velvet. Miss Ethel Hart, white silk with bodice of dress satin. Miss Armstrong, white muslin. Miss Regan, cream silk with garnet velvet trimmings. Miss Maud McKee, white muslin, valencienne lace and flowers. Miss Jorden, white muslin and lace. Miss Tracy, pink covered silk with pink chiffon. Miss Bell, cream figured muslin. Miss Goady, white organdie over blue silk and valencienne lace. Miss DeBoo, white muslin and lace. Miss Ella Payne, white muslin and valencienne lace. Mrs. Norton-Taylor, black satin and chiffon. Miss Whitehead, black silk with front of pink silk. After a pleasant visit of three months spent in Kansas city with relatives, Mrs. F. L. Cooper and child returned home on Tuesday afternoon, accompanied by Miss Jean Cooper who has been visiting for the same length of time in Kansas and Colorado. His Lordship, the Bishop of Fredericton and Mrs. Kingston visited in St. John this week. Miss Crossbill of Hillsboro, Albert Co., is visiting friends in the city. Miss Lyman has returned home after a few days visit with Mrs. M. Dever. Capt Davidson was host of the rather unique picnic or skating party, which sported on Killarney lake on Thursday afternoon. The party left the city in two large teams and arrived at the lake which they found a perfect sea of glass, soon after three o'clock. After a couple of hours spent in gliding over the smooth surface of the lake, tea was much enjoyed at Mrs. F. B. Coleman's summer cottage. The return home was made by moonlight all having enjoyed the novel outing a great success and the general guest a jolly good fellow, among those present were Capt. and Mrs. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Gregory Dr. and Mrs. McLennan, Postmaster Elyard, Collector Street, Mrs. W. H. Burns, Major and Mrs. Leggie, and Mr. and Mrs. Jeremy Taylor. Among the most pleasant of tea parties we have had lately was the one given by Mrs. Leo Babbitt at which she entertained her elderly married lady friends. Tea was served all on small tables seated four, after tea covers were removed, the company enjoyed whilst during the evening. The "Up to date" whilst club met last evening with Mrs. Dever, quite a large number of outside friends were invited for the evening; the prizes were won by Miss Edna Coburn and Mr. George Hodges. The young ladies Sewing club met on Monday with Mrs. A. R. Tibbits and enjoyed a pleasant afternoon and Eve's O'clock tea. Today they are meeting with Mrs. Babbitt. Miss East has returned home from a pleasant visit of several months with her sister Mrs. Collier at St. John. The musical club met on Monday evening with Mr. Lemont, when most of the members were present, and the usual musical evening was exceptionally pleasant. The first of the programme was a Piano Duet, "Elegance".....Spindler Mrs. Carman and Prof. Bristow's 2 Song, "The Soldiers Departure".....Glover Mrs. Lemont. 3 Song, "Birds in the Night".....Sunlivan Mrs. W. H. T. Fenety. 4 Song, "The Storm-flood".....J. L. Rochel Mr. Martin Lemont. 5 Song, "Happy Bird".....Edward Hoel Miss Belle Clowes. 6 Song, "Si Tu Savais".....W. W. Ballo Mrs. Bristowe. 7 Song, "My Darling was so Fair".....Taubert Mrs. Bristowe. 8 Song, "Thou'rt like into a lovely flower".....Smith Mrs. Bristowe. 9 Song, "So Many".....Wanda D. White Mrs. Clarke St. Stephen. 10 Reading, "Die Lullalulle Musik"..... Translation from Leander Dr. Scott. 11 Song, "Ashore".....Troite Mrs. Jeffrey. 12 "Of Thee I am Thinking".....Strealey "Goodnight My Love".....Radolf King Serenade. Prof. Bristowe. 13 Song, "Kissing Bride".....Watson Miss Gertrude Fenety. 14 Song, "Soldiers of the Queen".....Leslie Stewart Mr. M. Lemont. 15 Poem, "The Seasons"..... Mrs. S. A. R. McDonald. 16 Song, "The White Swallow"..... Mr. Wm. Lemont. At the close of the programme a dainty supper was served. Beside those taking part in the programme, there were present; Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Risk, Mr. Wm Jeffrey and Mr. S. A. R. McDonald. CHORUS.

ST. GEORGE. Dec 13.—Everyone seems engaged with their preparations for Christmas so there is very little going on socially. The baptist Sunday school scholars and teachers intend holding a Christmas concert and tree on Christmas evening. The presbytery are preparing for a concert and St. Mark's will have a tree. Miss Dick is visiting relatives in Montreal. Rev. Mr. Murray (presbyterial) of Milltown exchanged pupils with Rev. Mr. Fraser on Sunday. Mrs. Fred Maxwell and Mr. Hugh McLeod are still dangerously ill. MAX.

TRURO.

[Programme for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Filton, J. M. O'Brien and at Crowe Bros.] Dec. 15.—Miss Daisy Chase, Canard, Kings Co., is visiting Mrs. Martin Dickie. Miss Maud, Amhurst, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. D. A. Bishop, has gone to New Glasgow to visit her sister Mrs. Arch. McColl. Mr. Arthur Cochrane, who has been quite ill with typhoid at the Regiment, is rapidly convalescing.

Mrs. E. P. Wetmore has returned from a short visit in Halifax. Mrs. G. O. Donkin, was visiting friends in Halifax last week. The first Quadrille assembly of the season is to be tomorrow, Thursday evening Mrs. E. A. Randal and Mrs. F. S. Yonson, are to be chaperones. The music is to be from Halifax, the orchestra, and everyone anticipates a pleasant evening.

Put Up the sword. I have sung of the soldier's glory As I never shall sing again; I have smelt the laurel wreath, I have smelt the laurel-wreath. There is the blood in the ink well dotted, And the pages of fame are blotched With the blood of a nation's grief. The bird is slaughtered for fashion, And never the world's compassion Is whispered at Holoch's court. For the parent seal in the water Is slain, and her child must die, Thus some sister or wife or daughter Her beauty may beauty. And the merciful thought we smother— For such is the way of man— As we smother the mother For the "unborn stragglers."

But a season of rest comes never For the rarest sport of all; Will His patience endure forever, Who nooth a sparrow's fall? When the valleys of hell are sweeping, The sun and the battle plume more supple, Do you think that our God is sleeping, And never to wake again? When hunger and ravenous fever Are slaying the wasted frame, Shall we scold the red-robed doctor, The devil that men call Fame? We may swing the oar to cover The odor of blood—in vain; God asks us, over and over, "Where, is thy brother slain?" —James Jeffrey Roche.

To a Childhood's Friend. In that strange dance which men call life, With lighter and heavier steps more supple, We raced together, you and I, Under the trees, a childish couple. I think that stern musician, time, Smiled as we romped adown the middle; In certain that he had a sweeter tune upon his fiddle. A sweeter tune upon his fiddle.

Its simple harmonies forgot, The tune has vanished from my mind, But something of the melody yet lingers, I like to think, behind. And you have found a parcer, dear, Has filled your card, and I now at leisure A wife, a mother still you tread A wren but a wren's measure. And though I face a harsher tune, A wild gaffer, a pace more frantic, Panning, perhaps, and painfully Fray through many a curious antic.

Enough, if at the end of all, Thee-borne words with kindly warning, The sound once again on Memory's harp That tender melody of Morning! N. P.

THINGS OF VALUE.

"What is a solution?" "Wearing gold stockings with a rainy day skirt." There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for the ill to which flesh is heir—the very nature of man caritative being such that were the germs of other germs differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate another. We have, however, Quinine Wine, which, when obtainable in a sound undisturbed state, is a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its regular and judicious use, the feeblest system are led into convalescence and strength, by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restorative. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid dependency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, dispenses to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, while, being stimulative, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the animal function of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result. It relieves the brain, and gives life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—resulting improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman, given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

"Jim seems very fond of cheap jewelry." "Doesn't he?" "What's his business?" "He's looking for a firm of prize package swindlers."

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cure is prepared from Drugs known to the profession as thoroughly reliable for the cure of cholera, dysentery, diarrhea, griping pains and summer complaints. It has been used successfully by medical practitioners for a number of years with gratifying results. It suffers from any summer complaint it is just the medicine that will cure you. Try a bottle. It sells for 25 cents.

"Then you cannot be the sunshine of my life?" asked the young man with the insistence of one under a flood light. "No," replied the lady detective toily. "You know I am a professional shadow."

TO THOSE OF SEDENTARY OCCUPATION.—Men who follow sedentary occupations, which deprive them of the exercise and activity of the body, are liable to the liver and kidneys that those who lead active, outdoor lives. The former will find a Purgative in the form of a cathartic, and the latter a cathartic and purgative in the form of a cathartic. The most efficacious on the market. They are easily procurable, easily taken, act as cathartics, and they are surprisingly cheap considering their excellence.

"At last," wrote the enthusiastic but somewhat incoherent correspondent, "the Boers have got Cecil Rhodes securely bottled up in Kimberley and have thrown away the cork!"

A SURE CURE FOR HEADACHE.—Billion headache, to which women are more subject than men, because so active in some ways that they are at or near the point of exhaustion. The stomach secretes a certain amount of mucus, and this is the cause of the headache. The mucus is secreted in the stomach, and it is this mucus that causes the headache. The mucus is secreted in the stomach, and it is this mucus that causes the headache. The mucus is secreted in the stomach, and it is this mucus that causes the headache.

"What tall mantle you have, Mr. Jimp?" "Yes; I want to put my bride's brace up so high that I can't see whether she is dirty or not."

Some Rev.—Mrs. E. J. Hill, New Armagh, P. O. writes: "For nearly six months I was troubled with the rheumatism and pains in my feet, such an extent that I could not sleep at night, and as my feet were badly swollen I could not wear my boots for weeks. At last I got a bottle of Dr. F. J. McLeod's Rheumatism Cure, and to my astonishment it got almost instant relief, and the one bottle was accomplished a perfect cure."

"Young man," said the old gentleman, "my daughter is too young to marry. A girl of her age cannot be sure of her own mind in a matter of such importance." "I fully realize that," replied the young man, who had just secured the fair one's consent. "That's why I don't want to wait!"

Father—So you want to get married, eh? Tell me why pray? Daughter—Oh, I suppose it's one of the traits I inherited from my mother.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

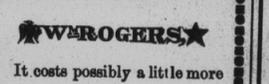
Advertisements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 50 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five consecutive insertions for every additional line.

AGENTS WANTED for a genuine money-making business. No stock, no insurance or false claims; every home a customer; particulars free; write to-day. The F. E. Kern Co., 124 Victoria Street, Toronto.

RESIDENCE at Rosneath for sale or to rent for the Summer months. That picturesque house known as the "Fitzroy" property and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec station. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenety, Barrister-at-Law, Faneley Building. N. B.

Your Wife's Present

should be the best. If you are thinking of making it silver table ware, see that your dealer gives you the kind that bears this mark



It costs possibly a little more than some so-called plated ware—but it's the kind that lasts—and looks best from first to last.

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO. Wellington, Conn., and Montreal, Canada. A. J. WILMBY, Mgr. for Canada.

Free Cure For Men.

A new remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, varicocele, night emissions, premature discharge, etc., and restores the organs to strength and vigor. Dr. L. W. Knapp, 200 Hill Building, Detroit, Mich. Gladly sends free the receipt of this wonderful remedy in order that every weak man may cure himself at home.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Letters Testamentary of the Estate of George E. Fenety, late of the city of Fredericton in the County of York, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned Executors and Executrix named in his will. All persons having claims against the Estate are requested to file the same with W. T. H. Fenety at Fredericton, forthwith, duly proved by affidavit as by law required; and all persons indebted to the Estate are requested to make immediate payment to either W. T. H. Fenety at Fredericton, or F. S. Sharpe at St. John, New Brunswick, the City of Fredericton this 26th day of October, 1899.

W. T. H. FENETY, GEORGE E. FENETY, F. S. SHARPE, Executors and Executrix H. G. FENETY, Solicitor.

Good Paper AND Good Ink

are important factors in the production of good printing. When there is added to these a most complete plant and skilful workmen, the result is sure to be satisfactory. We use these combinations in our business. Let us submit prices on your next job.

Progress Job Printing Department, St. John, N. B.

New York Millionaires.

Only a few people reading advertisements of bankers and brokers, saying that money could be made through speculation, realize that the richest men in America have made their money through stock exchange operations. Men like Jay Gould who worked as a dry goods clerk in a small town at \$10.00 a week up to his wealth of \$100,000,000, and commenced to operate with his small savings of \$300.00 in Wall Street last at his death 70 millions of dollars; Russell Sage who worked as a grocery boy at \$4.00 per week and whose present wealth is estimated at 100 millions of dollars is still operating the market, although 80 years of age, and so are thousands of others who are enjoying all the luxuries life can offer, which is due to their success in speculations. To the shrewd speculator the same opportunities are open to-day as to others in the past. The small amount which can be bought and sold is 10 shares on \$2.00, making \$20.00. Anybody interested as to how speculations are conducted can get information and market letters free of charge upon application by letter to:

GEORGE SKALLER & CO., BANKERS & BROKERS, 60 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S "THE ROUGH RIDERS" (illustrated serial), and all his other writings.

ROBERT LEWIS STEPHENSON'S "LETTERS" (with 7 volumes published), edited by CYRIL COLEMAN.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS: Stories and special articles.

RUDYARD KIPLING—HENRY VAN DYKE—WILLIAM McLELLAN WHITE and many others: Short stories.

GEORGE W. CABLE'S NEW SERIAL story of New Orleans, "The Entomologist"—Illustrated by Foster.

SENATOR HOAR'S Reminiscences—illustrated.

MRS. JOHN DREW'S Stage Reminiscences—illustrated.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS'S new collection of stories, "The Chronicles of Aunt Misery Ann."

Q'S SHORT SERIAL, "A Ship of Stars."

ROBERT GRANT'S Search-Light Letters—Common-sense essays.

SIDNEY LANIER'S Musical Impressions.

C. D. GIBSON'S The Seven Ages of American Women—and other notable Art Features by other artists.

THE FULL, ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS, INCLUDING DESCRIPTIONS OF THE ABOVE, SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS. THE MAGAZINE IS \$3.00 A YEAR; 25c. A NUMBER. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 157 4TH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

THE DIAMOND Collection of Songs

Over 600 songs and everyone a gem—words and music. This book is a veritable treasury of the world's popular songs. The finest collection of songs ever bound together in one book—N. Y. World. The book has 244 pages printed on good paper has beautiful covers. Publishers price \$1.00. We will send one Volume complete for only 95c. for short time only. Address: N. B. SUPPLY CO., NEWCASTLE, N. B.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE, ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

The "Lecchitzky" Method; also "Synthe System" for beginners. Apply at the residence of: Mrs. J. T. WHITLOCK.

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

THE DUFFERIN

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

CAFE ROYAL

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

Queen Hotel, Hollis Street, HALIFAX, N. S.

JAMES P. FAIRBANKS, Proprietor. QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. A. Howland, Proprietor. This simple room is comfortable. First class Livery Stable. Cakes at table and home.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(Continued from First Page)
Thomas Marshall and Mrs. Marshall at the Methodist parsonage.
Miss Martha Young has gone to Florida to spend the winter months.

Dec. 14.—Mrs. Abitur Mowatt has returned to Seattle, Wash., with her family.

Miss Nellie Hibbard, teacher at Elmville, has tendered her resignation, in order to re-enter Normal school and obtain a teaching license.

Mrs. D'Almeida, Minister's Island, has gone to Wollville, N. S., to spend a couple of months with her friends.

G. D. Grimmer was in Woodstock this week. Mrs. Raymond has returned from Boston.

Mrs. Angus Kennedy returned on Friday last from Boston, whither she had gone to visit her daughter, Mrs. J. E. Cunningham, whose husband has been very ill of typhoid fever but is now recovering.

Edwin Kirkpatrick, a Charlotte county man is among the residents at Greenwood, B. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Hope, of Mountain street, are in Toronto, where they went for the wedding of Mrs. Hope's cousin, Mr. Stephen Jarvis to Miss Marcella Montgomery.

An Emergency Oil.
The physician, like the soldier, must respond to the call of duty without always waiting to discover the why and wherefore.

One day last week I was just sitting down to a most excellent dinner when I received a call from a little five-year old girl whose father lives in the adjoining block.

Thinking it must be something serious that should cause the little girl to be sent for me, I seized my medicine case and hurried off.

'Who is sick?' I asked, picking her up



The Brightest Gift.

No one thing lends so much to the pleasure of Christmas as perfect Laundry.

Our work gives brilliance to any occasion, makes the wearer conspicuously clean looking and pleases in many ways.

Perfectly Cleaned in Washing— Perfectly Finished in Ironing.

American Laundry, 98, 100, 102 Charlotte St. GODSOE BROS., Proprietors.

Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal Dyes," Montreal.

"Example is Better Than Precept."

It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story. Thousands of testimonials are examples of what Hood's has done for others, and what it will do for you.

Dyspepsia.—"I was weak and had fainting spells. Dyspepsia and indigestion in severe form troubled me. Five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla made me well and strong."

A Good Medicine.—"We have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla in our family as a spring medicine and used Hood's Pills for biliousness and found both medicines very effective."

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints. Hood's Pills cure liver ill; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

in my arms and carrying her, so that I might get along faster. 'Elizabeth,' she answered.

'Is she very sick?' I asked. 'I think it is typhoid fever,' she replied. This gave me a scare and quickened my steps.

'This way,' cried the little girl seizing my hand, 'A loving myself to be led along I soon found myself in a bedroom by the side of a doll's cradle, in which reposed a doll with a red rag tied round its throat.'

I was dazed for a moment and only came to when I heard the little girl inquiring anxiously if I thought Elizabeth was going to die.

I assured her that she wasn't, and all that she needed was a spanking. I meant the little girl—not Elizabeth. But from what I heard as I came away, I am afraid that my advice was not understood and that Elizabeth got it.

THEATRICAL DEADHEADS.

The Amount of Paper at Every Theatrical Performance. 'All managers are worked regularly, persistently and continuously for 'dead-head' tickets,' said a Broadway theatre proprietor to the N. Y. Herald.

'I assured her that she wasn't, and all that she needed was a spanking. I meant the little girl—not Elizabeth. But from what I heard as I came away, I am afraid that my advice was not understood and that Elizabeth got it.'

'The deadhead is always there. There's no getting rid of him. And even when seats are at a premium and the public can't find tickets at the box office this side or a week ahead Mr. Deadhead has the best seat in the house gratis, all the same.'

'First among the deadheads is the newspaper critic. The number of tickets sent out to the newspapers on the production of a new play makes a big hole in the receipts, but there is a quid pro quo, for we get notices in return—sometimes a fearful 'roast,' to be sure, but a good many favorable notices, or anyhow a notice that was intended for a 'roast,' but which we can twist into commendation when we come to quote a line or two from it on the billboards.'

'All the papers get complimentary tickets for the first night, two to each paper, some times more. Not only regular dailies, afternoon and evening, are included in the list, but some that you wouldn't think of in running over the names of the New York papers. You would be surprised to find out how many papers there are in New York. But you can bet the manager knows them all. They'll be along at the box office, never fear. Some of them—the least important, or, I should say, the unimportant ones—we stave off till the second or third night, but each of the leading papers gets two of the best aisle seats for the first night. The first night deadheads make a good hole in the bunch of tickets—about 60 go in this way.'

'But we are not through with the newspaper deadheads when we've placed 60 of the best aisle seats in the house at their disposal. In some newspapers there are many men besides the paper's dramatic representatives who are regularly on the deadhead list. Aside from the regular tickets issued for the critic's official use, a pair is often given for some member of his family or friends. And others in the office are similarly favored. Some of them don't ask for them and won't take them, but others drum us up promptly if we don't send them.'

'The list is long enough. I can tell you, for the first night, but that only answers what I term the 'hurry call.' The second and third nights, when if the play is a big success we can sell every seat in the house for cash, witness the presence of more dead heads, chief of which are the cut of town papers. We've staved most of them off the first night, but their right 'in it' on the second third or fourth night, according to their importance. You see we're going to play their critics later in the season and have to bear them in mind. The best of them have resident New York correspondents, and these gentlemen have to be carefully handled and delicately considered with a pair of tickets each. Put them down for a total of 60 tickets on the second night to start with, and perhaps more later.'

'And even this does not get rid of the cut of town newspaper men, for papers here, there and everywhere ask for tickets, and get them, too, especially the leading papers of the smaller nearby cities, from which we draw Mr. and Mrs. Commuter and the little Commuters.'

'This is not the end of the deadheads, as you will notice presently, but only the beginning of them. We're only done with the newspaper contingent. There are lots of others coming—the professional, for instance. Every actor or actress who is 'at liberty' expects the 'courtesy of the house' and smilingly approaches the box office with a request for seats—'Good ones, please.' Many of these people are turned down, but more get in.'

'As a rule, professionals in the audience are most undesirable lot. Though they are guests of the house, they keep up a running criticism on the play and the players in by no means inaudible tones. They manage to let everybody in their neighborhood know that the play is 'rot,' or at least is rubbish the way it is played; that they refused the leading roles themselves and that if they had known how badly it was going to be done they would certainly have taken pity on Jim or Harry—the manager is always Jim or Harry in these conversations to show how intimate they are—they would have taken pity on Jim or Harry and helped him by accepting the engagement. Four or five professionals in an audience make 20 well pleased people in the house think the play is bad before the evening is over, and 20 in the house can pretty nearly queer the show—if they get a chance.'

'But we are not through with the deadheads yet. I can see them coming in my mind's eye—see them coming in droves sometimes. They are the special friends of the manager, and he never knows how wide his circle of acquaintances is till he hits it off with a good play. There are others, business friends of the house, whom it won't do to refuse, and business friends' friends, eight out of every ten of whom are politely refused, 'as the house is sold out' (uh). And then there are the friends of our business friends' friends who are turned down on sight.'

'Then there are the politicians, some of whom are connected with the municipal departments, that might give trouble through the building, police, fire or other department laws, that they might twist into a weapon for personal use, and who have to be considered and provided for. They get a lot of free seats in the course of a year.'

'It's a pity, perhaps, you think, that we don't wipe out the whole system and sell our goods for cash, just as the merchant does his over the counter, but it can't be done. Deadheadism is an evil that has grown up with the theater and its root are too deep to be pulled up now.'

A Good showing. Mr. J. S. Currie, the manager of the Situation Department of the Currie Business University, is meeting with great success in placing students in good situations. The following is a list of positions recently filled, the majority of which were secured through the Situation Department.

Miss Mabel Lingley of Westfield, with L. G. Higgins & Co., wholesale Boot & Shoes, Montreal. E. L. MacDonald of Anna, with Sydney hotel, Sydney, C. B. Annie G. Laskey, city, with Nice & Nice, Counsellors-at-Law, Boston, Mass. Chas. A. Seely, city, with Phoenix Foundry, city. Gertrude M. Duffy, city, with Mt. Morris bank, New York city. Laura Parker, Aylesford, N. S., with Chas. W. Boyer, Mechanical Engineer, Somerville, Mass. W. J. McGuire, city, with Alfred Heane city. Gertrude M. Gowen, city, with A. A. McCluskey & Son, Confectioners, city. Myrtle Waring, Amherst, with Cumberland Pork Packing Co., Ltd., Amherst, N. B. Arthur Abbinette, Hillsboro, with Dufferin hotel, city. Fred Patterson, city, with F. C. Colwell & Co., Confectioners, city. Millie Williams, Kingston, with Armington's grocery, Worcester, Mass. Ethel Wheaton, Norton, with Excelsior Life Ins. Co., city. Ethel Matthews, Clarendon station, with E. B. Chapman, barrieters, city. Howe Cowan, city, with Confederation Life Ass. Co., city. C. T. Gard, Hopewell Cape, with E. J. Armstrong, printer, city. D. I. Buckley, Corn Hill, with F. E. Williams, grocer, city. Bertrand Beckwith, Sheffield Mills, N. S., with Dufferin hotel, city.

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There are many Joneses in this world, but perhaps not quite so many as people think. Not long ago two friends met who had not seen each other for ten years, since their school-days.

'Whom did you marry Billy?' asked one. 'A Miss Jones—of Philadelphia,' replied Billy, who was a trifle sensitive.

'You always did take to the name 'Jones.' I can remember when we went to school together, you used to tag round after a little snub-nosed Jones girl.'

'I remember it, too,' said Billy. 'She's the girl I married.'

Medical authorities are a unit in declaring that the excessive use of Tea and coffee is responsible for much of the despesia, heart trouble, and stomachic debility which is so prevalent nowadays. On the other hand, pure chocolate has no injurious effect on neither nerves or stomach. It is easily digested and agrees marvelously with weak constitutions. Chocolate-Mincer, which is admitted the purest and best form of chocolate, has displaced both tea and coffee in hundreds of homes throughout Canada. It is a delicious drink combined with a nourishing and strengthening food. It is manufactured in the largest factory in the world under the direction of experts whose reputation is a guarantee of its quality.

Clothes Pride. You'll be proud of your clothes if they are washed with SURPRISE Soap. They'll be perfectly clean, sweet, dainty—free from streak, spot or odor. No scalding, boiling, or hard rubbing either. Only 5 cents for a large cake that will do better work and more of it than any other soap. Remember the name— "SURPRISE."

You experience the pleasure of a thing well done when you embroider with Brainerd & Armstrong, Asiatic Dye Silk, because it is brilliant—and lasting. 376 shades true to tone and name. Put up in soil proof, tangle proof patent "holders." Send a one cent stamp or three "holder" tags for our "Blue Book"—tells exactly how to embroider 50 different flowers and leaves. The Corticelli Home Needlework Magazine—25c a year. CORTICELLI SILK CO., Ltd. St. Johns, P. Q.

Ferro-Nickel Manganese. For Cupola, Crucible or Ladle use is the only low priced but high-grade Alloy that does not convert hard white iron into soft ductile steel castings. A sample keg, 100 pounds, shipped for trial to any responsible foundryman. From the Durango Iron Mountain high-grade Nickel and Manganese under Mexican patents by The National Ore & Reduction Co., Durango, Mexico. Stahlknecht Y. Cia, Banker, exclusive sole agents for the Mexican Republic, Durango, Mexico. The United States patent right is for sale. Howard Chemical Works, Howard Station, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

"77" GriP. A year ago. A year ago the papers were so full of scare lines and cartoons of Epidemic GriP, that the local advertisers protested that people were being frightened away from the stores, threatening the holiday trade. The papers took the hint and the next day it was "GriP under control, GriP subsiding, etc." This year GriP is quite as prevalent but the papers are wum. It behooves you to carry a vial of "77" in your pocket. It knocks out the GriP and "breaks up" Colds that "hang on." Beware of all Diseases sent free. For sale by all druggists, or sent on receipt 5 cents, 10 or 15 for \$1.00. Humphrey's Homeopathic Medicine Co., Cut. William & John St. N. Y.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1899.

A CAUSE OF INDIAN RUIN.

Long before the Louisiana purchase, before memorable expedition of Lewis and Clarke, the Hudson Bay Company had established its posts on the Saskatchewan River at the foot of the Canadian Rockies. From there the trappers and traders of the great corporation made annual excursions south to the headwaters of the Missouri River and even to the Yellowstone, all of which they pronounced British territory. When, in 1832, the America Fur Company built some forts on the Upper Missouri, the old concern at once sent several expeditions of Blackfeet warriors to demolish the forts and murder the intruders. These forays resulted so disastrously hundreds of the Indians being killed by the cannons of the Long Knives that the field was abandoned, and thenceforth the British companies confined its efforts to the southern tributaries of the Saskatchewan. In time the forty-ninth degree of north latitude became the international boundary but as no survey was made no one knew its exact location. The English saying that it would strike the Rockies upon the headwaters of Milk River, while the Americans asserted that Chief Mountain, some thirty miles further north, would be on the southern side of the line when the survey was made.

Both of these great companies traded liquor to the Indians, but with such restrictions that it did them no harm. Only the great chiefs could obtain it, and that at rare intervals. These in turn did not give it to their warriors, but drank it among themselves, envied and admired by all the tribes, who gathered to watch with absorbing interest the antics of their leaders as the powerful spirits clouded their brains. In those days drunkenness caused no quarrels; the more they drank the more friendly the chiefs became to each other, and when, finally, the liquor completely overcame them, they lay down to sleep side by side, like brothers. They believed that this strange "white man's water" was a gift of the gods; that their drunken dreams were visions granted them by the unseen spirits, enabling them to see into the future and regulate their actions accordingly. On the American side this condition of affairs was not desired to last. In the early 60's independent traders, whose sole stock of goods consisted of liquor, began to divide the trade, and soon forced the great fur company to wind up its affairs. Then began the whiskey trade among the Indians of the Northwest which was appalling in its effects upon the simple red men; it ruined them physically and morally; thousands of them died from the effects of their drunken quarrels.

At this time all the country in Montana between the Missouri River and the Canadian line was an Indian reservation, and the government prescribed severe penalties for any one found trading liquor upon such land, or for even having it in his possession in the Indian country. In looking about for a place to carry on their business beyond the reach of the United States marshals, the whiskey traders determined to invade Hudson Bay Company territory. Accordingly, during the years of 1870-71, 72-73, they built forts on the St. Mary's, Belly and Old Man's Rivers, named Whoopup, Standoff and Fort Tripp where they carried on an immense trade with the Blackfeet and Blood Indians. The Hudson Bay Company was powerless to deal with these traders and saw with dismay its annual take of robes and furs dwindle to almost nothing. It urgently requested its government to make negotiations for an international survey of the line. There was, of course, a lot of red tape to such an undertaking, but in 1878 the line was surveyed to the Rocky Mountains, and in 1874 a detachment of the Canadian mounted police came westward, caught some of the whiskey traders red-handed, and put a stop to the illegal business.

It seems surprising that a few men could have gone into a wild country, built forts, and carried on a successful trade with a horde of Indians who were constantly on the watch to take their lives, and who, when frenzied with bad whiskey, were uncontrollable. But this is just what the whiskey traders did, and they accomplished

their ends because they were as brave a set of men as ever lived. In was in the fall of 1870 that Joe Tripp, L. Spearson and several others arrived at the St. Mary's River, a short distance above its junction with the Belly. Their wagons were heavily loaded with liquor for the winter's trade, news which quickly spread among the Indians far and near. Several of the redskins had been allowed to come into camp, and had endeavored to buy a quantity of the much prized fire water, but the traders refused to sell a drop until they had built a fort. Enraged at this, and thirsting for the liquor, the Indians began a siege of the place, and the traders were obliged to work with rifle in one hand and axe or saw in the other. Time and again night attacks were made upon them, but they always repulsed the enemy without loss to themselves. In the daytime a band of the Indians would come swooping down and bullets would rattle like hail on the logs they were laying up. A few rounds from the old Henry rifles, however, would drive them out on the plain, and the powerful 45 110 Sharp's rifle owned by Tripp would raise the dust around in such a lively manner that they would hurry out of range and out of sight, to repeat the performance another day.

It did not take very long to build the fort, which for obvious reasons they named Stand-off. It was a long row of log cabins thatched with dirt, and having many loop holes through which rifles could be thrust. The few windows were so high up that one could not see through them from the ground, a very necessary precaution. Adjoining the living quarters were the stables and corral, also built solidly of logs. Here the horses and bulls were locked up, safe from prowling Indians and their bullets. The trade room was a small apartment about fifteen feet square, with a fire place in one end. A high counter, as high as one's shoulders, extended from wall to wall across the centre of the room and was made of hewn logs, bullet proof. It took up so much space that not more than twenty or twenty-five Indians could get in at a time. A shelf under the counter held a number of loaded revolvers and rifles within easy reach of the traders. At the end of the room opposite the fire place, but behind the counter, a doorless opening led into the warehouses where the liquor was kept, and where the robes and furs were to be stored.

When the last touches had been done on the fort, a lot of liquor was mixed and the Indians informed that they could come and trade. The mixing so as to get the largest possible profit from it was quite an art. To one gallon of alcohol five gallons of water was added, which made it rather weak and insipid, but still capable of making one drunk if imbibed in sufficient quantity, say a couple of quarts. But it had no special flavor and did not burn, which latter sensation the Indians regarded as absolute proof that the spirits were good. To provide this quality several ounces of extract of red pepper was added to five gallons of the mixture, and oil of Bourbon was put in to give it a whiskey flavor. Then burnt sugar was added to make it a dark, whiskey color, along with the juice of half a pound of tobacco for general effects, and the stuff was ready to trade. Every Indian who purchased any of it was obliged to drink it on the spot from the measure or bring some sort of a receptacle a keg or kettle, in which to carry it home. A good head and tall buffalo robe purchased a quart, less valuable robes in proportion. A good wolf hide was valued at a pint, a beaver skin the same. Antelope and deer skins were worth a drink each. Prime buffalo robes in those days were worth \$7 each, so alcohol really sold for about \$140 a gallon. It was sold somewhat cheaper to the whites. In one of Tripp's old memorandum book of the times Louis Chapelle, an employe, is charged with one gallon of alcohol, \$60. He always insisted, when making a purchase, that a fresh one should be opened so as to insure his getting it pure. A gallon measure one third full of water was always at hand, and while Louis was taking a drink, the shrewd trader filled this with the freshly opened alcohol, and the old man carried it off rejoicing that he had got

the pure stuff.

The Indians generally came to trade in the daytime, in groups of from four or five to fifty, and were quiet and polite until they had swallowed a few drinks. When they became violent they were forced out of the room and the heavy door was locked. More than any one else they had a grudge against Tripp, because several years before he had been a Government scout, and was the one who led Col. Baker's forces when he annihilated eighty lodges of their kindred. One night some one knocked on the trade room door, and as usual one of the traders threw it open, standing to one side as he did so, with drawn and cocked revolver, ready for any treachery. A lone Indian entered, threw a robe and keg over the counter and demanded some whiskey. Tripp measured it out and lifting the keg up on the counter, found himself looking down the muzzle of a revolver. The Indian had drawn it so quickly that none of the traders could prevent him, and they dared not shoot for fear that before he fell, he would press the trigger and kill their partner.

"White man," said the Indian in his own language, which all understood, "your time has come. You led the soldiers who murdered my wife and children, and I'm going to kill you."

"Well, my friend," Tripp replied, never moving but looking the Indian straight in the eyes, "if you have made up your mind in this, I suppose you will have your way. But let us talk about it a little; take a drink first, though, and then perhaps I can show you how mistaken you are."

The Indian couldn't refuse this offer to a couple of whiskey for nothing, and while he was drinking it a dozen or fifteen more redskins were admitted. They saw his keg standing on the counter and insisted that he should treat which he refused to do. All were more or less drunk, and some of them suddenly fired a gun. At the flash every one began to shoot, the lamp went out, and for a few moments pandemonium reigned. Somehow or other the door had slammed fast shut, and such was the pressure of the mob toward it that for some time the foremost, who were trying to get out couldn't open it, and all the while they kept up the shooting. After they did get it open, they ran out in an instant, leaving the robes and furs they had brought to trade in their panic. During the excitement the traders had all lain behind the counter, never firing a shot, and they remained there for some little time after the Indians fled. Finally one of them got up, closed the door and lit the lamp. The light revealed five dead and dying Indians on the floor.

The traders did not always get out of a row so easily as this. It was here that Spearson met his death. One day the door flew open and an Indian poked his gun in, swinging it the right and left in search of a victim.

Look out someone shouted to Spearson, who was standing by the fireplace. "Look out, he's going to shoot."

"Oh, I guess not," he replied, as he started to the door. "I'll take the old fuke from him."

Just then the Indian saw him and fired; the once ball struck his knee, shattering the leg in a horrible manner. Blood poison set in and on the fourth day after he died.

In their drunken rows the Indians fought each other, and even murdered their wives and relatives. At times the whole camp of more than four thousand would go on a spree at once, and at such times the number of deaths by shooting and stabbing was shocking. Nor did the carnage stop when the liquor ran out. Fends were started. The relatives of a man who had been killed avenged his death; then the relatives of their victim did the same. In this way whole families were wiped out. Other crimes became prevalent; the Indians murdered each other for plunder. The first to lose his life in this manner was an old man who had been very friendly with the traders. After visiting them one afternoon he started homeward just at nightfall, and during the evening the robe he had worn was brought in and traded; every one recognized it by the peculiar design with which the flesh side was figured. The traders thought that he had given it to some one to trade for him, and did not

notice in the rush who brought in it. The next morning shortly after daylight, there was a knock at the door and some one shouted:

"Open! Open! There's a customer with robes."

Tripp swung the door open and the old man frozen stiff, a bullet hole in his breast almost fell on him. Some early risers had found the old fellow, leaned him against the door, and then called out that a customer had arrived.

The Fort Stand-off traders met with such success that winter as far to exceed their expectations. The following season another company built Fort Whoop-up, and in order to secure a better position, successfully to compete with the new fort, Stand off was abandoned and Fort Tripp built up on the Old Man's River. It was at this place that the noted chief of the Bloods, Calf Shirt, was killed. He was a man of large build and undoubted bravery, having attained his position by daring feats in battle with other tribes, and with the whites too. As he grew older his manners changed in many ways to his people. When angry he would beat them or shoot them, as the whim seized him, and none dared lift a finger against him, for he said, and they believed, that a mysterious charm he wore prevented bullet and arrow, knife and club, from touching his body. Up to the time Fort Tripp was built he had killed in fits of passion, and especially when frenzied by liquor, more than than thirty of his people. Half the time he went about unarmed, but was as safe from his enemies, and all the tribe hated him, as if he had carried an arsenal. One day at Stand-off a North Plagian came into the trade room drunk, brandishing a war club bristling with knife points, and proceeding to have a war dance all by himself. Calf Shirt was standing by, and after listening to the warrior's boasts for a while calmly grasped him by the hair, wrenched the club out of his hand, and sawed it back and forth over the poor fellow's face, lacerating it in a frightful manner. The chief had many a time threatened to kill the traders but when he came around they were always so well prepared for him that he did not make the attempt. One day, however he came into the room of the fort and found Tripp all alone, the rest of the traders being in one of the living rooms playing poker for wolves hides. As soon as he saw the chief coming Tripp picked up a revolver, and held it just below the top of the counter, ready to raise it and shoot if necessary.

"Ha, dog!" exclaimed Calf Shirt as he saw the lone occupant of the room, and started to draw his pistol. "I've got you now!"

Before he could raise the weapon Tripp fired, and probably gave him a mortal wound. But instead of returning the shot the chief turned and went out, walking slowly, as was his custom. Tripp ran to the door and fired again at him, and then the other traders rushed out and joined in. Calf Shirt looked neither to the right or left, but kept walking slowly away, until he had gone nearly a hundred yards, when he stumbled and fell; but, rising again, went on once more, but more slowly, and all the time Winchester and pistols were hurling lead into his body.

At last he came to a deep hole in the ground where the soil had been excavated to put on the roof of the fort. Probably he did not see it; he must have been practically dead ere he came to it, for he walked into it as if he had solid ground ahead of him. The traders found him lying on the bottom quite dead, the revolver still in his hand, and they found that forty-four bullets had struck him, most of them in a mortal place. They stripped him of his fine war clothes, blood stained, though they were, and threw the body into the river. Needless to say that his people rejoiced at his death as well as the traders.

The other day a wrinkled, bent, and almost blind squaw went meekly to Tripp, and said:

"You took away my support and now in my old age, I am poor and hungry. Take pity on me."

"Who are you?" the ex-trader asked.

"Ah," she replied, "Of course you do

not know me now. I am the widow of Calf Shirt whom you killed so long ago. I have come from the far north to ask of you a little aid."

She did not ask in vain, but went away rejoicing, rich beyond her wildest dreams.

By the summer of 1874 a large number of whiskey traders had established themselves on the streams of what is now the province of Alberta. Opposition had lowered the price of their goods so that for a robe an Indian could get enough fire-water to keep him drunk a week. But robes were becoming rather scarce. The Indians were so poor, many of them parting with their last horse, and so demoralized from their debauches, that they could not hunt as formerly. One day in the summer of that year some of them who had been hunting to the eastward reported that they had seen a band of soldiers who wore red coats, travelling westward over the plains. To most of the traders this was sufficient hint of what was coming, and they lost time in catching their liquor, and getting their robes on the way to Fort Benton. But there were others who believed that the Indians were lying, and continued to trade as usual. These the newly arrived police caught, and sentenced to a term of confinement. And so ended the whiskey trade, a terrible and demoralizing industry but one which broke the Indians' spirit and made them unable to resist the tide of civilization that was to come.

ELECTRICITY IN CHURCHES.

The Most Modern Appliances Brought Into Use in These Edifices.

Electricity is put to various uses in churches; in no other buildings is fact it is more commonly employed. In this city all new churches are provided with electrical equipment; and many old churches, also, have been similarly equipped. The same is substantially true of all cities and towns in which are to be found electric plants. Some churches have complete plants of their own on the premises, but the greater number take the current from the street main.

Besides its use for lighting purposes electricity is now commonly employed in churches for running a motor to operate the organ bellows. This motor can be set in motion, or stopped, by the organist as he sits in his place at the keyboard, simply by the turning of a switch; and, in operation, it accommodates itself to the demands upon it; running slower when the bellows is full, and faster again as it is emptied.

In the newer churches—and such appliances have also been put into older churches—the organ itself is provided with electrical appliances by means of which the valves of the organ pipes are opened. Formerly this was done by means of mechanical appliances that were operated by the pressing down of the key. Now, each key is connected by a wire with the valve of the pipe to which it belongs, and when a key is pressed down its wire is brought into contact with a supply wire running along under the keyboard, the circuit is closed, and by means of the power thus transmitted along the wire from the key the valve is opened. It is, of course, kept open until the contact is broken by the release of the key. Organs set up in separate sections in a church are connected by wire in this manner and readily played from the same keyboard; and new organs, however situated in a church, are not likely to be provided with electrical keyboards.

Church chimes are now played by electricity from a keyboard like that of a piano or organ, at which the player sits with the music before him. Chime playing as formerly done by the pressing down of levers, to which cords running to the bells were attached, called for very considerable exertion on the part of the player; now the heaviest as well as the lightest bell is rung simply by pressing a key.

An Easy Cue.

"I wish I knew how to set when I meet a baby. I always feel like a fool."

"All you have to do is to set the way you feel."

Ho—There is one very strange thing I noticed while at the beach last summer. She—And what is that? Why the old "hans" seemed to take to the water quicker than the "young ducks."

of your clothes if they are
RISE Soap.
clean, sweet, dainty—
or odor.
ing, or hard rubbing either.
a large cake that will do
of it than any other soap.
ame—
"SURPRISE."
SOAP
RISE

a thing well done when
Armstrong, Asiatic Dye
lasting. 376 shades true
of patent "holders."
free "holder" tags for our
to embroider 60 different
rk Magazine—25c. a year.
Ltd. St. Johns, P. Q.

Reduction Co.,
Mexico.
exclusive sole agents
ango, Mexico.
ght is for sale.
Howard Station,
St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Unfortunate.
re are many Joneses in this world,
perhaps not quite so many as people
think. Not long ago two friends met who
had not seen each other for ten years,
their school-days.
"How did you marry Billy?" asked
the other.
"Miss Jones—of Philadelphia," re-
plied Billy, who was a trifle sensitive.
"You always did take to the name
Jones. I can remember when we went to
school together, you used to tag round
after the little snub-nosed Jones girl."
"I remember it, too," said Billy. "She's
now married."
Tea and Coffee Injurious.
Medical authorities are a unit in declar-
ing that the excessive use of Tea, and coffee
is responsible for much of the dyspepsia,
indigestion, and stomachic debility which
are prevalent nowadays. On the other
hand, pure chocolate has no injurious effect
on the nerves or stomach. It is easily
digested and agrees marvellously with weak
natures. Chocolate-Mastic, which is
made of the purest and best form of
cacao, has displaced both tea and coffee
drinks of homes throughout Canada.
This delicious drink combined with
a strengthening food. It is
manufactured in the largest factory in the
world under the direction of experts whose
attention is a guarantee of its quality.

Ian Macquoid.

IN TWO INSTALLMENTS.

CHAPTER I.

I gave a little cry of sudden ecstasy as I opened my window on the first morning of our holiday in Mull, for it had been almost dark when we arrived the night before, and I had seen only dim outlines of rocks and hills, and a vague suggestion of beauties in store for us.

Now, in the early morning light, with a glorious August sun rising redly from the hills, the beauties of earth, and sea, and sky burst upon me with an overwhelming force, that left me awed and breathless.

And there are people who are blind enough to prefer London to the country—to this, I reflected, with contemptuous pity of their folly, as I turned from the window and began to dress quickly, determined not to waste even a moment of my precious holiday time.

The faces that presently met mine at the breakfast-table seemed already to wear a more agreeable aspect than usual.

My step-mother's eyes relaxed their cold keen vigilance, and Isabelle, her daughter, looked almost pretty in her fresh, new frock, and with a little unwonted flush on her rather colorless face.

In the bright morning sun, and with the air of general amiability, I forgot the thousand and one little worries of our life in the shabby London square.

Forgot the poverty and loneliness, and the fact that I was, at the present moment, in dire disgrace with everybody; forgot even Sir Robert Crawford himself, and ceased to wonder at what had hitherto seemed inexplicable to me, namely, the fact that we, who, in former years, had been barely able to afford a fortnight's stay at some cheap resort near, should, this year, have been enabled to rent this large and beautiful old house for two whole months in far off Mull.

My first wondering questions on the subject had been met with cold evasion, and I knew my step-mother too well to persist in my enquiries, while Isabelle either knew, or pretended to know, no more than I did.

There remained only Violet and Dolly, who were too young to have been let into the secret of the unwonted extravagance; and Dick—dear old Dick—who would have told me all he knew, but whose ignorance was equal to my own.

Now my wonder all merged into keen delight, as I revelled in the prospect of eight long delicious weeks to be spent among the rocks and hills and by that glistering sea.

Only once in all my twenty years, could I recall such a holiday as this; when a small motherless child of six, I had been taken by the dear old dad to Ilracombe.

After that the step-mother had come, bringing with her a fair, small image of herself, who was about my own age, and who I was told, was to be my sister.

I had accepted the fact wonderingly, and tented myself for the moment with the remark that "she didn't seem like one," a remark that I often found myself tempted to repeat in after years.

Dad had died soon after Dolly had been born, and a life of dull monotony and genteel poverty had been ours ever since.

No wonder then, that when Sir Robert Crawford—whose father mine had known—came with an offer of marriage to me, the promise of a career to Dick, and a good time generally for all the rest, they never for a moment dented the horror struck at the news that I had retained him.

My explanation of the matter, being no more than the simple fact that I did not care for him, seemed quite insufficient to excuse such wanton folly, and a storm of reproach and abuse broke over my devoted head.

I was told that, as I was still so absurdly childish, in spite of my years, Sir Robert had decided not to consider my foolish answer as final, but to give me the chance of altering it in a few months' time.

But I had given them no promise to think better of my decision, and that is why I had felt myself ever since to be in disgrace; but I determined to think nothing of all this as I ran out, after a hasty breakfast, to explore at once the beauties of this enchanted land.

Ardnach, as our house was named, was a large, old, and to me, a beautiful building, with an air of solemn, lonely grandeur, well in character with the wild and rugged scenes around it.

There was no other house within miles of us, and Isabelle soon began to find the lack of congenial neighbors decidedly monotonous, and did not care to join me when I sometimes paid a visit to our nearest neighbour, old Mary Fas, whose cottage lay beyond the nearest hill.

The old woman had always a welcome for me, and told many strange tales and legends of the country round about, that made the hours spent in her cottage pass very quickly.

The afternoon had half slipped by without my knowing it, as I left her, one bright clear day in early September, and mounting the hill between her cottage and Ardnach, stood for a moment to enjoy the view before going home.

Looking seawards, I was reminded of what I had already noticed more than once, that the cluster of steep rocks that formed an island about a mile out from the shore at the present moment there was a distinct and perfect roadway of solid looking sand leading to it from the mainland.

I had long wished to explore these rocks but had been told to row there in our little boat would be dangerous for such an inexperienced oarswoman as I, and I must wait till someone could make it convenient to take me.

The temptation to walk there now, while the tide was still low, proved too strong for me, and I ran quickly down the hill, across the little beach, and along the ridge of sand.

It felt not quite as firm as it had looked, but I walked quickly on, and soon found myself climbing the steep crags of the little island.

It was larger than I had imagined, and I had decided that it would take a week at least to explore all the caves and crannies, and exhaust the interest of this little sea-girt wilderness, which seemed to be given over to the sea-birds that wheeled and circled peacefully about it.

I was growing a little tired of climbing, and though that I would rest awhile before going home to tell the others of my discovery, so turned upon the opening to a cavern I had not yet explored, where the sand looked beautifully soft and invited one, irresistibly, to rest.

I went into the cave quickly, but stood still to listen, as something stirred within, and a short, half muffled bark, told me that a dog was there.

A large and beautiful collie lay sleepily stretched out, his handsome neck encircled by the arm of a man who lay beside him fast asleep.

The man's left arm made a pillow for his head, and with the fair, short hair grew thick and curling.

His face was bronzed with sun and wind, and the Highland dress he was wearing was old and shabby, but the brown hand that lay half-buried in the dog's soft coat, was fine and beautifully shaped, and the face had an indescribable air of belonging to someone out of the common.

I had remarked all this in the moment while astonishment held me motionless, and the dog, as if fearing to wake his master, lay quite still watching me.

Then I turned to steal away, but the sleeper awoke, and sprang up, and the collie, glad to be released, came bounding forward, with an excited bark, to examine the intruder.

I seemed to meet with his approval, however, for, after an enquiring look into my face, he sprang up to me with such exuberance, that I almost fell, and his master called him sternly away.

"I ask pardon for him," he said to me. "Visitors so rare in our solitude here, that he is quite unused to them. I hope he has not hurt you?"

"On, no!" I said, laughing, and caressing the great, soft head. "You see, he has forgiven me already for my intrusion," I added.

"And you must think yourself honored by it, for Collie does not make friends easily," said Collie's master.

I suddenly remembered that the sun was almost setting, and I must go home.

"You have come from Mull to see the caves," he went on, "and you will have lost your friends among the rocks, perhaps? May I help you to find them?"

"I have no friends here," I said; "I came across alone."

"That is a little dangerous," he remarked, "unless you know the rocks well; and where is your boat?"

We were outside the cave now, and he looked curiously around for the boat in which I was supposed to have braved alone the many sunken rocks that lay between us and the mainland.

"I did not bring a boat," I said. "It was not necessary, for the tide was low, and I walked here."

"Walked across the sands?" He turned to me with such sudden amazement that I was startled.

"Yes," I said, "of course. It was quite easy. Why should I not walk?"

"Because the sands are not safe," he answered, "and it is a wonder you were not swallowed up in them."

A thrill of horror ran all through me. "Do you mean that they are quicksands?" I asked, shuddering.

"Yes," he said. "They are more treacherous at some times than at others, but there is always danger, and you must never try to walk there again."

"I have no wish to do so," I began, and then stopped, as the question occurred to me—how was I to return?

"I must go back somehow, at once," I said, "and unless there is a boat here that I can borrow, I am afraid I must risk the walk."

"You cannot do that," he said. "Will not your friends think that you are here, and come across to fetch you?"

"I shook my head.

"No one knew that I came here," I said.

"and they would never think of it. Oh! what am I to do?"

"I will take you across later on in my boat, if you will let me."

"Then you have a boat here?" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he said, smiling; "if you can call it a boat, when old Dougald has been tinkering at it for a week, and is still doing so."

"Oh!" I said, feeling very crestfallen at the prospect of the delay; "but how then did you get here?"

"I live here."

"Live here?" I repeated, wondering. "But I saw no house."

"That is quite likely," he answered, "there is not much of it to be seen from this side, for the rocks, and it is so old and grey that it looks like one of them; but if you will let me I will show it to you now, and we will see what can be done to the boat."

I had no choice but to do as he suggested.

He led the way over rough steep rocks, where I was grateful for his helping hand, and at last we stopped at a little sandy cove where lay a small boat, evidently in a sad state of dilapidation.

An old Highlander, so wrinkled and brown and weather stained that his face resembled parched up leather, sat nodding in the sunshine, with the tools still in his hands with which he had been working on the boat.

He started up awake as we came near, and eyed me with considerable astonishment, but took off his bonnet, respectfully.

"His master began to question him in Gaelic as to the state of the boat, and in the gravity with which old Dougald pointed out its many weak places, and the ominous shaking of his grizzled head, I concluded that it must be in a bad state indeed."

"Dougald has no English," said his master, half-apologetically, to me, "and he tells me that there will be three hours' work required to the boat, before it can be used."

"Three hours before the boat is ready?" I repeated, aghast, "and the sun is setting! It will be quite night before I reach home."

"Indeed, I am very sorry," said my companion. "I wish there were some other way, but there is none."

"Except the sands," I murmured, half-recklessly, to myself.

"I shall not let you try that," he returned, quietly, "but if it is important that your friends should be told at once, I shall try to go over myself and tell them."

I turned to him, with a sudden flush of shame.

"Please don't think of such a thing," I said. "I will wait patiently until the boat is ready, and I am very sorry to give you all this trouble."

He smiled courteously.

"The trouble is all yours," he said, "for us it is a good thing to be obliged to get the boat finished quickly; and now, will you come and rest a little in the house?"

I consented, and he led the way round a great spur of rock, on the other side of which stood a large, but low and very quaint-looking building, which was, as he had said, so old and grey and heavy, as to seem but a part of the rocks themselves.

The door stood open, and as we reached it the owner of the strange dwelling took off his bonnet, and bowed, with grave old-fashioned courtesy.

"This is my home," he said. "I am Ian Macquoid, and I bid you a thousand welcome."

"And I am Agatha Freers, who is very grateful for your kindness," I answered, smiling, as I stepped from the ruddy sunset glow outside into the cool half-light within, and then I could hardly repress a little cry of surprise and delight at the unexpected beauty of the place.

The door opened directly into a long, wide hall that was evidently used as an ordinary living room.

The walls are panelled in dark oak and some very old benches of the same, but richly carved were ranged along the sides of the room, while at one end of the massive table stood an antique high-backed chair that would have been considered an acquisition to any museum.

A collection of guns of all ages and fishing tackle of all kinds hung over the high chimney shelf, beneath which yawned a huge open fire place where a few logs were burning brightly sending fitful gleams of warm red light over the sombre darkness and beautiful carvings, and reflected brightly from a few tankards and dishes of old silver, that stood on a wide oak dresser at the far end of the room.

A case of books was in one corner, and a big black cat lay curled up on a large bearskin before the hearth. The whole

place wore an aspect of simple homeliness and solemn beauty that touched me, I could not tell why, with a feeling of rest and peace.

My host replenished the fire with a block of peat, and then disappeared into another room, while I lay back in the depths of a comfortable chair, luxuriating in the restful quiet of the beautiful old room.

Presently he returned, carrying a jug of milk and a plate of oat-cake which he set on the table and begged me courteously to eat and drink.

Ian Macquoid stood by, leaning well pleased at my appreciation of his hospitality, and then my simple meal being finished he prepared to go out.

"I shall go and hurry old Dougald with the boat," he said, "if you do not mind being here alone; and shall I bring you candles, or do you like the glooming better?"

"I like this much better," I replied, "and please don't let me give you any more trouble."

He went out and seemed to be gone a long time.

The twilight faded, and the first star shone softly through the small leaded panes of the old-fashioned window and a great sense of peace and rest stole over me.

Then my eyes grew heavy, and I was soon fast asleep.

When I awoke, my host had come in. "You are very tired," he said; "I am sorry to have roused you."

"No, I am not really tired," I said, feeling half ashamed of myself, "but it is quiet and restful here. I do not think I shall ever forget this beautiful old hall."

A gleam of sudden pleasure lit up my host's face and he answered eagerly—

"It will be very good of you to think of it sometimes—I, to, shall remember all my life the—"

He checked himself abruptly, and grew gravely quiet again.

"And now the boat is ready," he went on, "and you will be anxious to go home."

"Yes, I must go now," I said, feeling truth to say, far less eager to arrive there than he imagined.

The glorious September moon, that was almost full, shed a soft and lovely radiance over the great dark rocks and the smooth sands of the little beach.

Old Dougald held the boat while his master got in and helped me to a comfortable seat, then the old man jumped in himself, and we pushed off into the broad track of silvery moonlight, that stretched shimmering across the gently heaving sea.

"You have not told me yet where you are staying," said Ian Macquoid, presently.

"We are at Ardnach," I answered.

"At Ardnach?" he repeated, with a look of wondering surprise that rather puzzled me.

"Yes," I answered. "My mother has rented the house for two months."

The wonder grew deeper in my companion's dark-blue eyes, but he said no more, and I remembered that I had not heard the name of his own house yet.

"It is Curachmore," he told me, in answer to my question.

"That is the name of the island, too," I remarked.

"Yes," he said, "the island belongs to it."

"Then I trespassed on your property when I went there this afternoon?"

"No; but you paid a short visit to my home, which I shall like to remember," he answered.

The short crossing to the mainland was soon over, and we landed at the little beach about a mile from Ardnach.

"It is so late that you must let me walk there with you," Ian Macquoid; and we started, leaving Dougald to take care of the boat, and await his master's return.

As we neared the house I noticed that the door was already fast shut, and we were obliged to ring the heavy, clanging bell, to make my presence known.

We waited some time, and at last the door was opened by my step-mother herself, for, as I afterwards learnt, all the servants had been sent out to search for me, and Isabelle's face appeared behind her.

"Both were an air of wrathful displeasure at the sight of my companion, and began at once to demand an explanation of my 'disgraceful conduct.'"

I explained the situation hurriedly, ending up rather pointedly with the remark that "I should certainly not be safe at home now, were it not for the kindness of Mr. Macquoid."

Isabelle raised her eyebrows, and bestowed a stare of impertinent curiosity on my companion in his shabby plaid, and my step-mother's eyes gleamed coldly in the dim, soft light.

"A most fortunate meeting, certainly," she said, icily; "and are we expected to remunerate this—"

A hot flush of shame rose to my cheeks, with a sudden rush of angry tears, as Ian Macquoid drew himself up, while his face darkened, and his eyes flashed proudly for a moment, then softened strangely as he bowed gravely.

"I am Ian Macquoid, of Curachmore," he said, quietly, "and I am glad to have been able to help Miss Freers."

My stepmother looked, I thought, a little shame-struck as she returned the bow triggly, and he turned to go, but I stepped quickly out and going up to him held out my hand.

"Won't you let me thank you?" I said, gently, my eyes still full of hot tears of shame for my people. He took my hand in a close, firm, honest grasp that I seemed to feel for hours after.

"You have more right to gratitude than I," he said, gently. "You have given me a very pleasant memory to keep."

He was gone before I could find words to answer, and I went in and submitted callously to the reproaches that were showered upon me.

CHAPTER II.

I sat at the door of old Mary Fas's cottage, lazily watching the silvery gulls that whirled and circled about the distant rocks

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and listening to the quaint talk of the little, brown old woman who sat beside me, rapidly knitting.

I had come alone to-day, for though Isabelle had accompanied me there on my last visit she had not found the entertainment so great as to tempt her to repeat it.

We had been speaking of her, however, and Mary's thoughts seemed to be still busy with us and our concerns, for, after looking at me quizzically, though kindly, for a moment, she suddenly startled me by asking—

"And which of you young ladies will it be that's to become the lady of Ardnach?"

"I don't understand you," I said feeling puzzled. "How could either of us ever be that?"

Mary laughed knowingly.

"Oh," she said, "it's all very well to pretend to know nothing; but it's not likely that the master will have lent his house to a lady with two bonny daughters, and not have a mind to make one of them his wife."

"Oh, you are quite wrong, Mary," I laughed, easily; "your imagination has run away with you. We have rented the house and I, at least, don't even know who it belongs to."

"It was Mary's turn to look puzzled now. "Rented it?" she repeated slowly. "Has the house of Ardnach come to that? And you say you do not know Sir Robert Crawford?"

I thought old Mary was losing her wits.

"Of course," I said, "I know Sir Robert Crawford; but I cannot see what that has to do with our having taken Ardnach."

"But if you are acquainted with him, you will surely know that the house belongs to him."

I opened my lips to contradict such an absurd assertion, but remained silent as I remembered that there was nothing absurd or unlikely in the idea that I could not otherwise understand, and certainly explained the fact of our unwonted extravagance in coming here.

I felt my cheeks flush with annoyance and humiliation, and old Mary eyed me curiously.

"It's strange that you shouldn't know," she said presently, "and, maybe, I oughtn't to have told it to you. But I couldn't tell it was a secret from you."

"I am glad you told me," I answered, as carelessly as I could.

And she went on—

"Then it will be Miss Isabelle, most likely, that's to be his lady? Well, though it will be a great position; and there's plenty of wealth for her, I'm glad it is not you, my bairn."

There was a soft and loving light in the old woman's eyes as they rested on my face, and she gently stroked my hand.

"Tell me about him," I said sulkily. "I have known him slightly for a long time, but never heard him speak of having property here."

Mary looked a little scornful, I thought as she replied—

"And it is little wonder that he likes not to talk much of it, or to come here often himself, for even he will be feeling that he has no rights to it whatever, and it is a cold welcome he gets when he does come."

"No right, Mary?" I repeated. "What can you mean?"

"Well, Miss Agatha, it's a long story, and I have maybe, no right to tell it yet. But I have a mind that you should know the truth, whether you tell it to Miss Isabelle or no."

"Please go on," I said, beginning to feel a deep interest already.

And Mary continued—

"All my life I have known the house of Ardnach, and love every stone of it; and I remember well the time when the old master—who is dead now seven years—kept his coming of age, and the country round for twenty miles was full of the rejoicings at it, and the old house was opened wide, with welcome for whoever would, and the poorest shepherd on the land was made as much of on that day as the greatest lord or lady of the guests from London. But among these was the one the young heir loved—a fair, sweet, bonnie English maid."

"And I remember that at night, when

(CONTINUED ON SEVENTH PAGE.)

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listening to the quaint talk of the brown old woman who sat beside me...

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My friend, learn to take short views. If you have money enough to-day for your daily wants...

My friend, learn to take short views. If you have money enough to-day for your daily wants...

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My friend, learn to take short views. If you have money enough to-day for your daily wants...

Sunday Reading

My house was well built, said a farmer once to me, for it was built by the day...

This is just the sort of living that I commend to my readers. God means to shut you up to this style of thinking and planning...

My friend, learn to take short views. If you have money enough to-day for your daily wants...

My friend, learn to take short views. If you have money enough to-day for your daily wants...

My friend, learn to take short views. If you have money enough to-day for your daily wants...

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My friend, learn to take short views. If you have money enough to-day for your daily wants...

My friend, learn to take short views. If you have money enough to-day for your daily wants...

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the very life of his life to be doing good; the 'sacrifice' would have been to miss the precious opportunity...

With new duties come new supplies of grace every morning to those who seek it with earnest prayer.

The secret of happy days is not in our outward circumstances, but in our heart life. A large draught of Bible taken every morning...

All things of God. 'The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts.'

What the Benediction Means. If I asked, 'What does the benediction mean?' you might answer...

What the Benediction Means. If I asked, 'What does the benediction mean?' you might answer...

whether or not that was the reason, but for some reason he dictated his letters, while some one else wrote.

The Tragedy of the Faithless Life. 'Behold, we know not anything; I can but trust that God will tell...

The spirit of the day demands a reason for all things in the form of a positive and scientific demonstration.

The laws of evidence, the witness of history, the testimony of experience and the principles of judgment...

The shaking of the heavens, and the earth, and the sea, and the dry land...

The shaking of the heavens, and the earth, and the sea, and the dry land...

The shaking of the heavens, and the earth, and the sea, and the dry land...

The shaking of the heavens, and the earth, and the sea, and the dry land...

The shaking of the heavens, and the earth, and the sea, and the dry land...

A fillip to remind you that it's time to listen to the voice of common sense. It isn't reasonable to do your washing in the hardest way...

France presents a picture of the legitimate results of a faithless life. Dreyfus, and all the ill which follow in his train...

Germany also presents a never to be forgotten example of the doctrine. Her philosophers, rather than her literati...

England has not yet forgotten David Hume. Huxley has not yet recently passed away. George Eliot's uncertain notes still linger...

The shaking of the heavens, and the earth, and the sea, and the dry land, when pathways were made through the sea...

The shaking of the heavens, and the earth, and the sea, and the dry land, when pathways were made through the sea...

The shaking of the heavens, and the earth, and the sea, and the dry land, when pathways were made through the sea...

The shaking of the heavens, and the earth, and the sea, and the dry land, when pathways were made through the sea...

The shaking of the heavens, and the earth, and the sea, and the dry land, when pathways were made through the sea...

ANOTHER CASE.

New Brunswick is Being Cleared of Backache by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Zealand Man Reported Cured—All Over the Province the Good Work Goes on—Dodd's Kidney Pills are Conquering Everywhere.

Similarly the other forms and allies of Kidney Disease are being ousted—Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Dropsy, Lumbago, Sciatica, Urinary and Bladder Troubles, Women's Weakness and Blood Impurities.

'Mary,' said Mr. Thomas when a silence fraught with unpleasant meaning, had followed his first altercation with his young wife.

'Yes P' said Mary interrogatively. 'When a man and his wife have had a difference, said Mr. Thomas, with a judicial air...

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SMOTHERING SENSATION.

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The Real Jean Valjean.

M. Moreau-Christophe, the Inspector of Prisons under the Second Empire, knew the man who served as the prototype of Jean Valjean, and whose story haunted the brain of Victor Hugo and inspired his famous 'Miserables.' M. Moreau-Christophe had a passion for reforming convicts. He gathered many confessions, and knew many strange secrets. The following story of the convict Urbain Lemelle is taken from his notes:

'Urbain Lemelle, like Jean Valjean, was the abandoned child of a drunken father. When he was only 8 years old he went from farm to farm to offer for a piece of bread the work that his little hands could do. He was first taken in hand by a kind-hearted peasant named Briset, who kept him minding cows for three years. Then he was employed by two neighboring farmers, who sent him to tend sheep for three years more. Urbain tired of the life of a shepherd and determined to become a sailor, when he reached the age of 14. He began as cabin boy in a river boat from Angers, whose captain generally spoke to him with the end of the rope. Three years passed in this way, during which Urbain's only consolation was in his friendship for the son of the captain, a young man named Gervais, who was no less badly treated than himself. Their friendship was unfortunate for Urbain. One winter's day, when the waters of the Loire were frozen and navigation was suspended, Gervais proposed to Urbain to take away the money that was in the safe of the boat for the pay of the hands.

'Then,' said he, 'we will go to Nantes where we will become real sailors.'

'But that is robbery you propose to me!' said Urbain.

'Robbery, nonsense!' replied Gervais. 'Doesn't my father owe you 80 francs? Well, you can pay yourself the 80 francs out of the sack, and then you will be square.'

An hour afterward the money was no longer on board the boat. Gervais had taken it away, and Urbain had hid it in the trunk of a willow tree. Next day the imprint of his feet upon the snow led to the tree, where the treasure was found. Urbain was arrested, and the lock of the safe having been broken, he was condemned to seven years' penal servitude. He was then only 17.

During his seven years' imprisonment Urbain was resigned, industrious, religious and exemplary in his conduct. When he left the penitentiary, where he had lost seven years, he thought he had nothing to do but to return to Angers purified completely. It was at Angers that he committed his crime, and he wanted to prove that he was reformed. This hope was dissipated. The fact that he was an ex-convict closed all doors and all hearts to him. He found it extremely difficult to get work and when by chance he did procure some arduous employment, the other workmen refused to associate with him. He was condemned to idleness, beggary and theft.

One Sunday, while roaming through the country he stopped, fatigued, to rest himself in a field where there were some horses at liberty. He thought of the sea that was only thirty leagues from him, and of America, that new world where he expected to live as an honest workman. The idea turned his head. He jumped like a mad man upon one of the horses and started the animal along the road, without a saddle or bridle. He set out in the evening and arrived at the break of day at In-Grandes. Nearing that place on the edge of the road there was a prairie. There he turned loose the horse and entered the town. An unknown person turning a horse loose was suspected. He was followed, arrested and brought before the Mayor. He gave his name without hesitation, but while they were discussing his case he managed to escape. He reached Nantes and tried to ship with some captain on a long voyage. But to embark, it was necessary to have papers, and Urbain didn't have them.

For some time he wandered along the quays almost on the verge of suicide, when a big hand touched his shoulder, the hand of a boatman of Angers, who recognized him. The boatman wanted help, so Urbain went with him to Angers. He had hardly arrived before he was arrested and put in prison on the complaint of stealing a horse. Now, it happened that the honest peasant Briset, was the owner of the horse in question. He testified before the court that his horse came back to him and that Urbain was too honest a fellow to

want to steal it. But he pleaded for him in vain. The unfortunate young man was convicted a second time by the Assize Court of Maine-et-Loire to twelve years penal servitude.

At Brest he served his time just as he did formerly at Toulon. (In prison his conduct was irreproachable, but after four years of tortures inflicted upon him in that dreadful place, he escaped. Where was he to go? Paris was the only place that could hide him from the police. He went there without encountering any difficulties, and the very next day after his arrival he was on the Place de Greve among the laboring men. There he was taken by a building contractor, with whom he remained three years, whose regrets followed him to the establishment of M. Masse, a dry goods manufacturer, where he received better wages. For four years M. Masse kept him and entrusted to his hands large sums of money, which Urbain always handled with zeal and intelligence and perfect honesty. He commenced to prosper and married an honest working girl. Happy in the thought that at last he was loved and respected, he lived with her for seven years.

One Sunday while he was walking in the suburbs with his wife, he met a policeman who was a former convict, who knew him at Brest. This policeman destroyed his entire happiness. He arrested him. Urbain was brought to Bioetre, and from there was taken to Brest to finish the eight years of penal servitude that he had still to serve, in addition to the supplementary years for the crime of escaping.

It was during the few months of his detention at Bioetre in 1838, that Moreau-Christophe knew Urbain and learned his story. M. Moreau-Christophe obtained for him the favor of exemption from the first chain gang, on leaving Bioetre for Brest; and a few months later he managed to send him back to Paris. In other words, he brought the case to the attention of the king, who pardoned the man upon the spot.

Urbain Lemelle lived to a great old age. He was the best of husbands, and wished to be the best of fathers, but that joy was denied him. He consoled himself, nevertheless, by making pets of all the children in the place where he lived, and he amused them often by telling them stories of brigands. Heaven only knows what queer stories he must have learned during his ten years in Bagne!—Figaro.

TIPS IN THE FATHERLAND.

Curious Features of the Prevailing Custom in Regard to Gratuities.

The question of giving gratuities to waiters and servants is as much a vexed one in this country as it is on your side of the channel says a Berlin letter in the London Post. Even your man servant or maid expects in Germany a "tip" from your guests after they have dined or lunched with you, and it constantly happens that on engaging a servant you are asked, "How about tips? Can I expect much from this source, and may I keep all I get, or have I to share the tips with other servants?" I have even known mistresses hold out as an inducement to servants the fact that they entertain a good deal, whereby the wages are considerably supplemented by gratuities from guests.

One very curious feature about German everyday life is the readiness of people to give a "trinkgeld," the equivalent of the French "pourboire," under which name the donation is more familiar to English ears. The feature is curious, because the Teuton is by nature thrifty, and many of them are more close than thifty. And yet, the same person who will expect a hardworking teacher of languages to give lessons at from sixpence to one shilling an hour will often be seen to bestow a groshen on the shop servant who has brought a parcel to his house, or a half penny to the tramway conductor for handing him his penny ticket. The postal officials who pay the money orders and bring the money to your house are entitled to charge a half penny for doing so, but look very sour if you do not add another half penny of your own accord. Small "tips" all round are de rigueur in Germany daily life.

I always understood that the porter and the boots at a hotel may expect a gratuity from the guests. Now, the porter does little more than hand you your key and take off his hat as you enter and leave his room, and in small towns he summons the boots at your departure by vigorously ringing his bell, and for amenities he is

rewarded in a sort of geometrical progression. The boots greatly do render services; he blacks your boots and brushes your clothes, and is ready to assist you to pack, and sits on your portmanteau for you if need be when you want to lock it. Notwithstanding this, it often happens that he comes off second or third best in the way of rewards.

It has, however, always been supposed that largesse assigned to him was a voluntary one. This idea, has now, according to the decision of a court at Chemnitz, in Saxony, been shown, at the expense of a certain commercial traveller who recently visited that town, to have been allusion. The man in question remained at Chemnitz for four weeks at a local hostelry, performing his mercantile duties and on leaving handed to the boots for the usual service rendered by that functionary the sum of four shillings as a gratuity. The boots demanded twelve shillings that is to say, at the rate of three shillings a week. As the higher sum was not paid, he brought action against the traveller, and the court declared that the latter was to pay ten shillings. The reasons given for judgement were that, although the boots received board and lodging from the landlord, he was paid nothing in cash; on the other hand, he had to give remuneration in money out of his own pocket to two assistants who helped him to do the work of boot cleaning and clothes brushing.

HE BRINGS NEWS OF DEATH.

Mr. Dimmet the Only Remaining Annspreker in America.

'Yes, mine is a queer business. Death to you means a loss; to me it is not only a profit but a livelihood. Death and I are friends. On him depends my living. Were there no death, I, aanspreker of the Dutch families of this city, would not be in demand. As it is, I am his messenger.'

So spoke Adrian Dimmet of Milwaukee. He continued:

'Yes, the live of an aanspreker is indeed a strange one, and yet in Holland it does not attract much attention. But here in America little of us is known. In the early Dutch colonial days in the East there were many of us. At present I know of no other person in this country who makes his living as I do. I am perhaps the only survivor in the United States of an ancient custom which is still in vogue in the rural districts in Holland; but the progress of the time has gradually crowded us out of the business in this country. As for myself, I cannot expect to follow my strange vocation much longer. I am 82 years of age and life at that stage is uncertain. I sometimes wonder whether I will have a successor or whether with me will die the custom of the Dutch aanspreker of Milwaukee.'

Mr. Dimmet's business is to go from house to house and announce the death of member of the Holland colony who may die here. In the rural districts of Holland every village and town has its aanspreker or announcer. The relatives of the deceased engage the aanspreker and he calls on a list of the friends and acquaintances that the bereaved family may wish to inform of the death. These announcements take the place of the customary newspaper notice. Usually where daily newspapers are printed there is little need for the aanspreker.

When years ago the Dutch settled in Milwaukee the need of an aanspreker became apparent. Although there are several thousand Dutch families in this city, there is no newspaper published in their language. Consequently they have for years relied on the aanspreker, Mr. Dimmet, to keep them informed on the deaths of members of the colony.

'You see,' explained Mr. Dimmet, 'there is no way in which our people would know of the death of a Hollander were it not for the aanspreker. When an American or a German dies, the usual death notice in the newspapers is all that is necessary. But we have no Dutch papers here. It is true that many of the 1,500 families of Dutch descent in this city do take some of our city papers. Many read German and the younger generation reads English. But take the old Dutch settler, he who came direct from the rural districts of Holland to this country, he cannot read any other than his native language and not always that. He has spent his days on the farm and is now ending his last years in quiet retirement. Outside of meeting his people at the Dutch church on Sunday he knows little of what his fellow countrymen are doing. When a death occurs late in the week we can always reach him with an announcement of the funeral from the pulpit

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on Sundays. But when a Dutch resident dies early in the week and the funeral occurs on or just before Sunday, we can not reach him by this means. The aanspreker is then called in.

'I have followed this business for many years and I suppose I must have broken the news of death to thousands of people.

No, it is not always an easy task. One must understand the business like anything else. It is easier to inform a chance acquaintance than a dear friend or relative. The aanspreker must use tact and judgement. He must adapt himself to circumstances.'

When it is taken into consideration that in his rounds he calls on two or three hundred families and then when he makes the announcement of death he is plied with a hundred and one questions, it will be seen he has no time for gossip. Neither has he time to console friends or to listen to reminiscences of the departed. Usually before he starts out on his trips he obtains all the information he can from the relatives as to the illness of the dead person. He ascertains the funeral arrangements, and then studies to put his facts into as few words as possible. When he starts on his trips, he figures as closely as he can to save time on the arrangement of the order in which he takes the families. He does not ring the bells nor rap at the door. That would be time wasted. He must work quickly, and therefore walks right into the house of the family he is to notify. He announces briefly the circumstances of the death and the details of the funeral. Then he leaves. It is not necessary for him to preface his remarks with an introduction of himself. Every Dutch resident in Milwaukee knows him. He does not have to say whether he is an official business or just paying a visit. Everybody knows that when Adrian Dimmet, attired in his black suit of mourning, calls, he brings bad news and that somebody has passed over the meridian of life.

Although 82 Mr. Dimmet is a man of remarkable activity. His trips take him miles about the city, but he goes over his routes with a vigor that surprises many of the younger men of his people. Winter and summer, rain or shine, he makes the trips whenever he is called upon. His journeys last from early morning until late at night. Where meal times overtake him he dines. The old man finds a meal awaiting him whenever he chooses to eat. But even his meal hours are often curtailed when the time for his getting his notices about is short.

RESPECT FOR A RAW RECRUIT.

How It Was Created in the Breast of a Lieutenant in the Philippines.

Sometimes a raw recruit will put up with all sorts of abuse, and sometimes he will wiggle and squirm and turn upon his tormentor and make the tormentor sorry. The tormentor in this instance was a Lieutenent who did not like raw recruits. He did not see why such pests should ever be permitted to get into the army. When they shot each other in the foot, or invariably fired a salute at guardmount when the command "open chambers and cartridge boxes" was given, the Lieutenent rejoiced, because then he could descend on them like a storm out of the clouds and fill their young lives with gloom.

It was on the Calamba expedition, and the dismounted cavalry regiment had been alternately fighting and hiking all day. First, they would hike for a while through rice paddies and across bamboo jungles. Then the enemy would bob up and they would pause and fight. At night they were tired. About three-fourths of the command were raw recruits, and the day had been a trying one to raw recruits. At night they were almost too tired to lie down and sleep, and some would have slept standing up if their friends had not pushed them over, so that they lay upon the ground. One of the recruits, the smallest and newest man in the regiment, had been told off for post duty and sent to keep watch on the edge of a river that flowed some six hundred yards away from the camp. Across the river, somewhere in the dense jungles of bamboo, were the insurgents, and the outpost had to move quietly and speak in whispers, so as not to become too popular with the sharpshooters hidden in the mysterious blackness across the stream.

At 9 o'clock the officer of the day came around inspecting the outpost. The recruit was sitting on the bank of the river

holding his feet straight out in front of him. The corporal had told him that if he sat with his feet held up he would not go to sleep. The recruit was so busy holding out his feet that he did not see the officer of the day, who happened to be the lieutenant, who scorned raw recruits. The recruit finally realized that the officer of the day had come up, and he arose, clumsily enough, and tried to look as soldierly as the rest of the men. But the officer of the day looked at the little boy in the khaki soldier clothes with contempt. Then he glanced across the river, and a happy idea struck him.

'Sergeant' he said to the non commissioned officer of the outpost, 'you ought to have a man across the river. If they come in on us there would be no forming while they were coming across, if we only had a man there to give the alarm.'

'Yes sir,' said the sergeant.

'You go over there,' said the lieutenant to the ahivering little recruit. 'Get behind the bushes and watch close. If the gurgles start for us, fire once, anyhow. Then you can drop over the bank and come back to the outpost'—the lieutenant paused for a moment, and then concluded—'maybe.'

The little recruit shivered so that his teeth rattled, and to hide his fear he merely saluted and hastily waded into the cold, dark river and across. The current was swift, and at one time the water came up to his armpits, but he got safely over, and then, alone in the enemy's country, he sat shivering through the night, trying to make out the fantastic shapes that loomed up in the darkness.

About midnight he heard some one walking along the beach on the American side of the river. He raised his rifle and challenged 'halt.' The figure across the river halted.

'Who's there?' asked the recruit.

'Officer of the day,' came back the response in the unmistakable voice of that individual.

'Advance, officer of the day!' commanded the recruit with all the dignity of a Brigadier-General ordering the formation of his brigade, 'and be recognized.'

'O, that's all right, my man,' said the officer of the day. 'I can't advance across this muddy river, you know. How is everything over there?'

'Advance, officer of the day,' came from the recruit on the other side, 'and be recognized.' Then followed a peculiar click such as is made when the safety catch is thrown back so as to permit the firing of a Krag-Jorgensen rifle.

The officer of the day hesitated no longer. He plunged into the cold water and waded across. He stepped into a hole and went in over his head. He walked ashore so wet he could have been wrung out by hand. The recruit looked at him.

'It's all right,' he said, tossing his gun to port. 'I recognize you. Everything is quiet, sir.'

Then he stood waiting for the officer of the day to empty a vial of wrath upon his head. But nothing of the kind happened. The Lieutenent asked the usual questions, then waded back. And he never showed by word or action, that he remembered the thing afterward. Except that he seemed to have more respect for raw recruits, and for one raw recruit in particular.

Unanswerable.

The American tourist is so firmly convinced that he is being cheated on all hands during his European travels that he occasionally oversteps the bounds of prudence.

'What is the price of this pin?' asked a young man in a Paris shop, handling a small silver brooch of exquisite workmanship.

'Twenty francs, monsieur,' said the young American. 'It's for a present to my sister; I'll give you five francs for it.'

'Zen it would be I sat gave so present to your sister,' said the Frenchman, with a deprecatory shrug, 'and I do not know the young Mademoiselle!'

Bloom—Some people carry a joke too far.

Egbert—Yes, Penman, the humorist, carried one to 14 different newspaper offices, I understand and didn't sell it even then.

Will soon be heard—'Porter, call me a cab.' 'With or without, sir?' 'Eh?' 'Horse or auto, sir?'

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Written by a Woman

The latest book "Women in Health and...

RICHARD, P.O. Box 996, Montreal.

holding his feet straight out in front of...

The little recruit shivered so that his...

About midnight he heard some one...

Advance, officer of the day, came from...

He plunged into the cold water and...

Unanswerable.

The American tourist is so firmly con-

Twenty francs, monsieur, said the...

Some people carry a joke too...

Yes, Penman, the humorist, tried one...

Will soon be heard—Porter, call me a...

Woman and Her Work.

Fashion, that magic looking-glass before...

Furs, which heretofore have been com-

For boas, muffs and trimmings, silver...

The popularity of fur as a trimming for...

All the new fashions in fur garments...

Horizontal effects are seen in some of...

Use the genuine MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER



HOOD'S PILLS. Bile, the torpid liver, and cure...

extravagance in which few women can in-

The long coats are half fitting, or made...

Coats of any kind are more popular than...

Quite the most fascinating of all the...

Another novel way of using the animals...

Horizontal effects are seen in some of...

A cloth gown trimmed with smoke fox...

Prettier if possible, than any fur jacket...

The dainty little collarettes of fur and...

One thing not to be forgotten in the ac-

A pretty costume in the soft fawn col-

A new veil, recommended especially for...

Very charming chinchilla turbans may...

Ermine toques are really very dainty if...

A rabbit carved in ivory mounted on a...

If you wish to acquire distinction in...

ROBINSON & CLEAVER BELFAST, IRELAND.

IRISH LINEN & DAMASK MANUFACTURERS.

Household Linens

From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the World.

Which being woven by Hand, wear longer and retain the fresh...

Robinson & Cleaver BELFAST, IRELAND

(Please mention this Paper.)

edges of the velvet are finished in various...

style with either a fawn or a black cloth...

A black panne gown with real gathers...

Does Advertising Pay? 'Once, when I was publishing a paper...

'Oh it's no use!' he would say. 'I never read the advertisements in a paper, and no one else does.'

'Well,' said I, 'if I can convince you that people do read the advertising pages of my paper will you advertise?'

THOUSANDS OF CANADIANS can vouch for the efficacy of that peerless cough remedy, Flyn-Fectoral.

The villagers were wild with terror. Every cottage was closed, and the frightened occupants were huddled together in corners, fearful of the least sound that disturbed the awe-stricken silence.

'Then there was the sound of hissing, as if a score of serpents were in pursuit of some huddled rabbit. The hissing, which grew louder and louder, was followed by the whirr of wheels, and the faint perfume of petroleum crept into the village streets.

'Take care of the pump!' cried one. 'Don't upset the stocks!' yelled another. 'Keep to the right! Keep to the left!'

TO THE DEAF.—A fish lady, cured of her Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Dressing, has sent \$1,000 to his Inventor, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Dressing may have their hearing. Apply to The Fish Lady, 108, Eighth Avenue, New York.

Unwritten Law in the Best Society. For Dinners, Receptions and Five o'Clock's, the necessary, nay, the indispensable adjunct to the correct repast is Chocolat Menier.

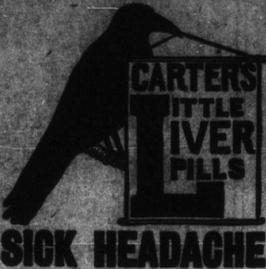
Some New Bonanza Tales.

There are some newly made millionaires out in Los Angeles, Cal., who are nowadays the talk of every mining camp of the territories and the Pacific coast and whose achievement of riches in the last few years are illustrations of the wonderful change that the whirligig of fortune brings to men where wealth is dug from the earth. The recent extraordinary rise in the value of copper is making half a dozen men into Arizona millionaires, and twice so many more men who were struggling with mortgage debts and a slow demand for copper at low prices a few years ago are getting into the several-hundred-thousand-dollar column. There has never been such activity in mining operations in the West as during the past year, and never before has there been anything like the number of men prowling over mountains, searching across desert wastes, in lonely gulches, through desolate canyons and among remote foothills for ledges and deposits of wealth in ore. The way some men have leaped from comparative poverty to large wealth in five or six years is one of the wonders even in a land of quickly made fortunes.

For instance there is Jacob Kliner, who is a copper and gold king of Arizona and Sonora, Mexico. After twenty four years of all manner of adversity, patient, plodding search for luck in prospects and after a tremendous amount of endurance in heat and cold, he is enjoying an income of about \$8,000 a month and owns property that he can sell almost any day for almost \$1,200,000. He was born in Laban, Prussia, forty six years ago, and came to America with \$17 in his pocket. He was employed in a New York brewery for two years at seventy cents a day. Having a friend in Tucson, Ariz., he came west in 1875 to do anything he could to keep alive. He has been a hostler for the Arizona Stage Company, a guard for Wells, Fargo & Co. and a railroad brakeman. In a mining region one naturally takes an interest in mines. The fact that the mountains contain millions of mineral wealth that is yet to be claimed and developed by any one smart enough to make the right location is as great an allurements as the capital prize in a lottery. So along with thousands of other men Jake Kliner became a mining prospector.

To be a mining prospector in the strict sense of the words one must have supreme patience, abnormal hope and confidence, unflinching zeal and a wealth of enthusiasm. Ninety-five per cent. of the men who try prospecting for minerals are lacking in one or all of these qualities and abandon the effect in a few weeks or months, only to renew it for a time when news comes of someone who has struck it rich. Jake Kliner stuck to prospecting year in and out. 'It was three years before I even knew what sort of rock I had to look for,' said he recently. He tramped over every mountain in the Territory seeking for any indication of the presence of a profitable ledge of ore, across mountains, through God-forsaken valleys and gulches, all the way from El Paso to Colorado, from Raton, N. M., back to Albuquerque, from Tombstone to Yuma, from Mexico to Chorida. The wild, hard life he led for fourteen years would fill a book with thrilling narratives. He located dozens of mines and worked on some of them for months at a time, only to find that the ore was too poor or too small in quantity to be worked at a profit. Jake Kliner and his half-starved jackass were known all over Arizona, and Kliner's perennial belief that he was soon going to strike it rich became one of the jests of miner's camps.

At last Jake Kliner found a copper prospect in Gila county that looked well. He had about \$70 that he had made by doing day labor in the copper mines at Bisbee, and, settling down in a \$3 tent with all his earthly possessions, consisting of a frying pan, a kettle, a coffee pot, two blankets and a few mining tools, he went to work to open his copper claim. He worked alone on it for eleven weeks in 1893 when copper was at its lowest market value and capital was a scarce article in the Territories. After months of vain seeking for someone to come and look at his copper ledge, Kliner trudged over the mountains and alkali desert across the Superstition and San Rita mountains, down into Sonora, Mexico, where he got work at day wages in a silver mine. He still owned the copper property and had done enough work on it to hold the claim for a year. After he had saved \$100 he went prospecting again. He travelled along with his jackass some 800 miles altogether, sleeping out of doors, eating vile food and watching out for hostile Yaquis. And now his luck was due. He found two claims in five months. One was a base ore mine—



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

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

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution

the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

a combination of lead and silver—and the other was gold ore that ran about \$14 to the ton. He met at Hermosillo, Mexico, a man who bought the base ore property for \$4,000. That was Jake Kliner's first real capital after his years of poverty and hardship. With that sum he began the development of his gold mine, and in a year he got out and shipped ore that brought him \$600 clear profit. Then the Mexicans who owned the reduction mill where he sent his ore became interested and offered \$50,000 for a half interest in the gold mine. Kliner was tempted to take the offer, but he says he knew he had a good thing and that it was worth more money. A week later he sold half the mine for \$80,000. That was in March, 1895.

Kliner's fortune has grown rapidly from that time. The Armandjo mine has paid some \$120,000 in profits since then, and it is still yielding from \$5,000 to \$4,000 a month. Four years ago Kliner returned with ample means to his copper mine in Gila county, Ariz. He put in the best machinery he could buy, sunk shafts and drifted and crosscut into the ledge. Copper was not profitable then and many copper mines were idle. It took much hope and confidence to put \$18,000 into machinery to get out copper ore that had no buyers at living prices. In 1897, however, copper rose from 8 cents to 12 cents. The Kliner mine began to make more money. Extra laborers were hired and the mine was deepened and explored the more. In 1898 the price of copper advanced to 14, 15, and even 17 cents a pound. Last winter it touched 19 cents. It has since varied from 17 to 19, and the copper miners all over the west have prospered more than ever before Kliner had steadily declined to sell his mine in Gila county. He had an offer of \$100,000 for it in a May, 1898. Last December he declined six offers of \$400,000 and within thirty days he could have sold out for \$650,000.

He lives well nowadays but he clings to his old clothes and his clay pipe. He smiles when he speaks of the fact that he sleeps in a \$100 brass bed now instead of a blanket on the ground, but he still lives in a cabin and seldom goes away from home. A few months ago he gave an old man in Yavapai county, who was crippled and diseased from living alone on poor food in the mountains, \$5,000 with which to go to San Francisco and live in a hospital. The old man nursed Jacob Kliner through typhoid fever in Yuma a dozen years ago and had never expected a dime for his kindness.

The recent acquirement of fortunes of millions of dollars by the three miners who discovered the gold-bearing ledges at Randsburg, Cal. are narrated again and again by hopeful miners who gather in the saloons, in the mining camps in this part of California. Indeed, there are no parallels, in Southern California at least, to the great fortune that Frederick M. Mooers, Chester A. Burchem and John Singleton simply went out and claimed as theirs in April, 1895. Last summer a Utah mining company offered \$4,500,000 for these mines. They have paid monthly dividends varying from \$18,000 to \$29,000 for nearly three years, and it is an undisputed statement among miners in and about Los Angeles that the Rand Group has now over \$18,000,000 worth of ore blocked out in them.

Five years ago Frederick M. Mooers was a reporter on the Los Angeles Express. He had been connected with the Brooklyn

Eagle, and he came West to find a gold or silver mine. He had all the ups and downs of a reporter and his several attempts at gold mining were so decidedly down that he returned periodically to Los Angeles to take up newspaper work at a small salary.

Five years ago John Singleton was a clerk in a little store at the railroad station of Mojave on the Mojave Desert in Southern California, and Chester A. Burchem was working in a butcher shop in San Bernardino, Cal. The three met in the little desert mining camp at Goler, where dry washing for golden particles in the sands was carried on. For weeks the trio, in company with thirty or forty other men, eked out a living at Goler. Mr. Mooers, who had been a student of geology, and had read much about the formation of ledges and deposits of precious ores, began to wonder where the ledges was from which the tiny pieces in the sand had come. Day after day while he worked at the dry washer he pondered over the subject. He told his theory to Singleton and finally they agreed to go and prospect.

Days were spent in the search across the desert under a burning sun where nothing grows and not even birds are found. Singleton soon scouted Mooers' theory and returned to his dry washing. Suddenly Mooers saw evidences that the Goler camp was in the centre of an enormous extinct volcanic crater, and he evolved the theory that if the outer rim of the volcano might be found there might be located the ledges from which the gold had been washed ages ago. Singleton was appealed to again, and at last he agreed to make another trip out on the desert to hunt for the rim of the volcano. It was about seventy miles to the region where Mooers had chosen to search. Walking that distance in the burning waste under a fierce sky was out of the question. There were only three horses in the camp, and Burchem, who had come over from San Bernardino with his butcher wagon and horse was asked to furnish his rig, a bale of hay and a barrel of water to the prospectors, and he was to share equally in the result of the prospecting trip. He finally agreed to the speculation.

Two days later, April 23, 1865, Mooers, Singleton and Burchem reached the place where Mooers had expected to find the run of the volcano. He had been looking ahead for hours, studying the situation from every side. The horse was slowly driven up what is now known as Fiddler's Gulch, and Mooers said when to stop. "Boys, I'm sure we have it," said he, as the wagon and its occupants moved up the barren gash in the mountain. Then, while Singleton and Burchem attended to the unharnessing of the horse and to getting the camp outfit, Mooers seized a prospector's hammer and said: "Now I'll introduce you to your fortune." He went about half a mile up the mountain side. He broke away thirty or forty bits of the exposed rock, and examined each bit critically under a magnifying glass. Suddenly he called back to his comrades at the camp.

"Come on, boys. Here we are. I've got it! I've got it!"

In a few minutes Burchem and Singleton came scrambling over the boulders to where Mooers sat gazing at specimens of rock all about him.

"Look at that Burch, what do you think of it?" said Mooers, excitedly. Burchem and Singleton scrutinized the specimens through the glass. "We were speechless when we saw the rock all full of gold specks," said Burchem in telling of it afterward. "When I could get my tongue I looked about me and said, 'How much do you think there is of such rock?' 'The whole damn mountain looks full of it, replied Mooers. Then he continued: "All we've got to do is to shovel it into a reduction mill and be Vanderbilts." Well, we've been shoveling the mountain into a mill for several years, and we've only scratched into it so far. I believe Mooers is dead right about the whole mountain being full of gold."

The town of Randsburg has grown there since. For two years there was not a more active, rollicking wide open camp in America. Thousands of claims were soon made by the great crowds of miners who flocked there from all parts of the West, but less than a dozen mines outside of the Rand group have ever been developed. The firm of Mooers, Burchem & Singleton has expended over \$450,000 in developing the property and now has a payroll of about \$3,800 a week. Mr. Mooers lives in a house in Los Angeles that has cost him over \$60,000, and Burchem and Singleton are putting \$100,000 in a home that they will own jointly in the suburbs. The Rand Mining Company frequently has bank deposits of upward of \$300,000, and now that the mines are in good working order and are well opened the money rolls in faster than ever. Five years ago the three partners had altogether not over \$300.

Women's Ailments.



Women are coming to understand that the Backaches, Headaches, Tired Feelings and Weak Spells from which they suffer are due to wrong action of the kidneys.

The poisons that ought to be carried off are sent back into the blood, taking with them a multitude of pains and aches.

DOAN'S Kidney Pills

drive away pains and aches, make women healthy and happy—able to enjoy life. Mrs. C. H. Gillespie, 204 Britain Street, St. John, N. B., says: "Some time ago I had a violent attack of La Grippe. From this, severe kidney trouble arose, for which I doctored with a number of the best physicians in St. John, but received little relief. Hearing Doan's Kidney Pills highly spoken of, I began their use and in a short time found them to be a perfect cure. Before taking these pills I suffered such tortures that I could not turn over in bed without assistance. Doan's Kidney Pills have rescued me from this terrible condition, and have removed every pain and ache."

LAXA-LIVER PILLS

Work while you sleep without a gripe or pain, curing Dyspepsia, Sick Headache and Constipation and make you feel better in the morning. Price 25c.

James D. Finigan, who recently sold the Duncan copper mine in Cocheos county, Ariz., for \$200,000, and who is operating his own two larger mines in the same county, has changed from a brakeman on the Southern Pacific Railroad in Arizona to a millionaire in six years. He is 37, and until he was 32, he never earned more than \$60, and seldom over \$45, a month. His income is nowadays variously estimated from \$5,000 to \$11,000 a month. He is now in Europe, and will sail around the world before he sees his big copper properties again. He was born in Brooklyn, and was a bootblack and newsboy there for several years. He went to Texas when he was 20 and became a brakeman on a freight train when he was 22. For several seasons he was a cowboy on a range near Benson, Ariz., and there he learned many facts about ores, and how to know them at sight. He located several base ore mines, but never got further than the location of them. One day in 1890, he went to see a miner who was ill in a shanty on a copper claim. The man was anxious to sell at any price, but Finigan would not buy at even \$50. Finigan took a sample chunk of the ore to Benson, eighty miles away.

There he met a man from Tucson who knew good ore at once and was at once zealous to buy the claim. But Finigan kept him in the dark as to the location of the property. Then he went back to the miner and got a written option to sell for \$500. The man from Tucson closed the deal a few days later for \$2,000. That gave young Finigan a knowledge of what copper mines were worth. He abandoned railroading and cow punching and began looking for men who had copper claims for sale. With \$1,500 in his pockets he went all over New Mexico and Arizona. Copper went down in value, but Finigan had faith that with the advance of electricity the demand for copper would grow. He bought two prospects for \$600 each and the sellers went away laughing in their sleeves. He sold one claim for \$3,000 and bought another for \$4,000. Meanwhile, copper began to go up, and he borrowed money to develop his own two mines. He found that he had even bigger things in copper than he had bargained for, and he organized a company to develop the ore bodies. When copper went booming in 1897 young Finigan had over four hundred men employed, and he bought out his partners. He built a smelter to care for the ore from his two mines and with the profits of four months bought another mine. Until two months ago he worked day and night and went to Europe with friends to enjoy his fortune.

Itching, Burning, Creeping, Crawling Skin Diseases relieved in a few minutes by Agnew's Ointment. Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves instantly and cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Eczema, Ulcers, Blotches, and all Eruptions of the Skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in all Baby Humors, Irritation of the Scalp or rashes during teething time. 35 cents. Sold by E. C. Brown.

Lumbago.

Lumbago is a painful affection of the muscles of the lower part of the back. Physicians are not agreed as to its nature, some holding it to be a form of muscular rheumatism, others believing that it is neuralgia—that is to say, an affection of the nerves supplying the muscles in this part. Very probably both opinions are right at different times, lumbago being

sometimes rheumatic and sometimes neuralgic in its character.

The pain may come on suddenly or gradually, and it may vary from a dull ache to a sharp 'jumping' pain. Usually it is felt across the entire back, but it is sometimes confined to one side. Movements increase the pain, but firm pressure upon the loins often affords more or less relief.

There is never any redness or heat of the skin, or other sign of inflammation, except what may have been produced by heat or peppery applications.

Some persons are greatly subject to lumbago, being seldom free from a little aching in the back, while others may never have a second attack—or even a first attack, for that matter.

Those who suffer frequently from the trouble are usually persons of the so-called 'uric-acid' diathesis who often have little twinges of pain in one or other of the joints, or inflamed eyes, or repeated colds, or headaches, or any other of the troubles known as rheumatic or gouty.

The immediate exciting cause of lumbago is usually a strain produced by lifting a heavy weight, stooping for a long time, horseback-riding, and so forth; or the pain may be brought on by a draught of cold air playing on the back, as sometimes happens when the bedclothes slip off.

Lumbago is often more distressing on account of the apprehension it excites of disease of the kidneys or other internal organs, than because of the severity of the pain. But the physician can readily make the distinction by the employment of modern methods of examination.

Among the remedies are heat, electricity, liniments of various kinds and plasters. The most satisfactory home treatment of an ordinary case is by rest in bed and an application of hot cloths or turpentine liniment to the back.

Some Devil

"Inside of me, tickling my throat with a feather," said a good deacon with a sad cough. "Well this is the holy water that will cast the devil out," said his wife, as she produced a bottle of Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam. 25c. all druggists.

For Using his Brains.

A young brakeman on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, who lives near Cumberland, Maryland, recently received from the railroad company a check for fifty dollars. It was a gift, and accompanying it was this memorandum: 'For using his brains.'

The story which explains this gift is a very simple one, and yet it is well worth telling. It illustrates a fact which business men and employers are well aware of, that the man of brains is ready to act in an emergency on his own initiative, while the less intelligent person waits to be instructed, and loses the one opportunity for successful action.

This young man was a brakeman on a long freight train which one day was coming down the grade between Cranberry Summit and Rowlesburg, West Virginia. He was on the front of the train, a long distance from the conductor—in the caboose in the rear,—from whom he received his orders.

The train stopped with great suddenness. The brakeman did not know why it had stopped; he only knew that the cars were bumping together with noise and violence, and that something was wrong.

He also knew that the west bound Chicago express passed about that time. He had not stopped to think this out; he was simply instantly aware of it, and was also aware that if he went back for orders, which should have been the natural and possibly, in a technical way, the proper thing for him to do, it might be too late to stop the express. Therefore, he rushed forward without orders and flagged the express—which sure enough was booming along upon them.

He arrived in the nick of time. A few seconds later would have been too late. As a matter of fact four or five cars on the freight train were derailed, and they would have thrown the express into the river.

The acknowledgement from the railroad company of his good judgment not only took the form of the check for fifty dollars, but the announcement of it was posted on a bulletin in the stations and shops.

CAUTION.—Beware of substitutes for Pain-Killer. There is nothing 'just as good.' Unequalled for cuts, sprains and bruises. Internally for all bowel disorders. Avoid substitutes; there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

The Bicycle in War.

The campaign in South Africa is the first in which bicycles have been used by regular troops. Bicycle-riders have already done good service there, especially in conveying 'dispatches from besieged towns like Mafeking. Sir Redvers Buller, the commander-in-chief of the British forces, has given departmental officers at bases of operations the option of using their bicycles instead of horses, and receiving an allowance in lieu of rations.

THE D. & L. EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL will build you up, will make you fat and healthy. Especially beneficial to those who are 'all run down.' Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

(Continued)

the dancing was raised a cheer for might have heard and stood out upon hand in his, and a bonnie face, and with delight to his mistress.

"Upon the pier for the bride, and she went to London when the day came waiting at the hotel, to get the pipers skirling, the bride was dead there was mourning many days after."

"And the old people two young ladies, was said that he had a way land, to try, row."

"It was fifteen years were near the one night, silent and no rejoicing at his tied down quietly."

"The young ladies away by now—one in India, and the other parts, and the ancient family, but had not been married but a few months her husband both dead and the poor bairn wach."

"Then the young Miss Agatha, for fair-haired laddie of him and my man better knew that my touch of a bairn's one would tend the as I."

"The master would be was free to will would, it was soon orphan was his own there had been an India, it was said that by from his father, Crawford now, own in England, and er love him as he le."

"The two nephews friends, though Sir elder, came often to folk."

"Then came the took his last sickness men were both with bairn, the orphan, w poor, sad eyes that him to the last."

"The master's will before, and had been Maclaran and old H where the deed was er of the old oak water's own room."

"The will left ever master's youngest ne all excepting just on his other nephew, R."

"I say we all kne and knew where the the last year; and master was in his g had come from the will was not there—nor anywhere in all searched every nook building from cellar."

"Of course, no b but their was no c minds that was like deed; for, you see, as there was no c contrary, Sir Robert thing, he being the eldest sister, and so o."

"Everyone, high him, but I knew—only a poor servant woman's son?"

"I told it all to the he thought the same s seen and heard, he as one grain of proof, at vict the thief in a cut Sir Robert got Ardu and the money, but o get, and that's the lev."

"But, Mary," I said me what you saw, or you of Sir Robert's gu."

"Well, Miss Agatha like the others, that ever; but 'twas proof o 't happened who so ill, and near w softly into the room w"

A NEW WITH SOIL MAKES A MAN LE AVOID THIS BY

DAK Special Combination

LEATHER DRESSINGS

A perfect Polish for all Colored and Black Shoes.

25c. AT ALL SHOE STORES.

etious rheumatic and sometimes neural in its character.

he pain may come on suddenly or gradually, and it may vary from a dull ache to sharp 'jumping' pain. Usually it is felt over the entire back, but it is sometimes confined to one side. Movements increase the pain, but firm pressure upon the loins affords more or less relief.

There is never any redness or heat of skin, or other sign of inflammation, except what may have been produced by hot sperry applications.

Some persons are greatly subject to lumbar, being seldom free from a little ache in the back, while others may never have a second attack—or even a first attack, for that matter.

Those who suffer frequently from the disease are usually persons of the so-called 'uric acid' diathesis, who often have twinges of pain in one or other of the joints, or inflamed eyes, or repeated colds, headache, or any other of the troubles common to rheumatic or gouty.

It was fifteen years after, and the old folks were near their end, when he came one night, silent and alone, and would have no rejoicing at his coming, but just settled down quietly.

The young ladies were both married and away by now—one to a great soldier, out in India, and the other to a gentleman of these parts, who came of a proud and ancient family, but was poor.

The second had not been married long, and her son was but a few months old, when she and her husband both died of the same sickness and the poor bairn was brought to Ardnavach.

Then the young master sent for me, Miss Agatha, for I, too, had had a wee, fair-haired laddie of my own, and had lost him and my man both, and I think the master knew that my heart was aching for the touch of a bairn's soft hands, and that no one would tend the little one so lovingly as I.

The master would take no wife, and, as he was free to will his property to whom he would, it was soon understood that the wee orphan was his uncle's heir, for though there had been another nephew, born in India, it was said that he would have plenty from his father, who was Sir Edward Crawford now, with great estates of his own in England, and the master could never love him as he loved the little orphan.

The two nephews were never very great friends, though Sir Robert, who was the elder, came often to stay with his mother's folk.

Then came the day when the master took his last sickness, and the two young men were both with him; but 'twas my bairn, the orphan, whose hands closed the poor, sad eyes that had rested lovingly on him to the last.

The master's will had been made a year before, and had been witnessed by Doctor MacLaran and old Hamish, and we all knew where the deed was locked away in a drawer of the old oak writing-table in the master's own room.

'The will left everything he had to the master's youngest nephew, his adopted son all excepting just one thousand pounds to his other nephew, Robert Crawford.

I say we all knew this, Miss Agatha, and knew where the will had been kept for the last year; and yet when the poor master was in his grave, and the deed had come from the town to read it, the will was not there—not there, Miss Agatha nor anywhere in all the house, though we searched every nook and every hole in the building from cellar to loft.

'Of course, no name was mentioned; but there was but one person in all our minds that was likely to have taken the deed; for, you see, Miss Agatha, as long as there was no will to say to the contrary, Sir Robert came in for everything, he being the son of the master's eldest sister, and so considered next of kin.

'Everyone, high and low, suspected him, but I knew—only, what is the word of a poor servant woman against a nobleman's son?

'I told it all to the lawyer, and I knew he thought the same as I; but all that I had seen and heard, he said, did not amount to one grain of proof, and would never convict the thief in a court of justice; and so Sir Robert got Ardnavach, and the lands and the money, but one thing he'll never get, and that's the love of the people.'

'But, Mary,' I said, 'you've not told me what you saw, or heard, to convince you of Sir Robert's guilt.'

'Well, Miss Agatha,' maybe you'll say like the others, that 'is no proof worth ever; but 'twas proof enough for me.

'It happened when his uncle lay so ill, and near his end. I went softly into the room where he lay with my bairn beside the bed, and Sir Robert standing by the window.

'I came to beg my bairn to go and take his supper, that I had got ready with my own hands; for he had eaten nothing all day; and as the master was sleeping quietly, he gave us to my coming and went, and Sir Robert promised to watch by the bed.

'But I meant to stay there myself, too; only, I remembered a thing I had forgotten to do, and just ran back to see to it, and I suppose he thought that I should not return, for when I went into the room directly after, very softly, for fear of waking the sick man, Sir Robert was leaning over the old writing table, that stood deep in the shadow at the far end of the room. I couldn't see rightly what he was doing, but I heard a little clink, like a bunch of keys rattling; and I then he heard me coming, and his hand stole to his pocket quickly, and he turned about and spoke to me, as if nothing had happened.

'That was on a Monday night; and I did my best after that to see that Sir Robert was not left alone with the master again, for I had no trust in him, though I did not think so badly of him then as he deserved.

'But on the Tuesday evening, when the doctor had been to see the master, he beckoned to my bairn to follow him from the room, and they went out into the hall to talk. The master was unconscious then, and Sir Robert alone and free to do what he would, though I knew nothing of it until after.

'The master died at dawn the next morning, and he was sorely gone before Sir Robert left the room. Directly after, I was crossing the hall to go to the kitchen, and there was he, on his knees before the fire, that was smouldering low, and I caught the glint of something white upon the hearth, though I could not guess at the time, what it might be.

'It was not there a minute after, when Robert had gone, and there was no sign of anything burning, but just the peat logs smouldering.

'When it came to the will being missed, he was the first to begin the search, but it never deceived me, for I remembered all I had seen in the hall and the old master's room; but, as I said, the lawyer could make no case out of that, and my foster-brother would never hear of bringing it into a court of law, so he will never get his rights, and Ardnavach will be Sir Robert's forever.'

'But, Mary,' I objected, 'are you sure? Might not the master have changed his mind after all, and destroyed the will himself?'

Mary shook her head decidedly.

'No, Miss Agatha,' she said, 'that was not possible, for had he not, only four days before his death, reminded his nephews where the will was to be found, and made his heir promise to be a good master to all the old folk on the estate? And a good master he would have been. Miss Agatha, if he had not been robbed of his rights.'

'But, Mary,' I objected once more, 'Sir Robert, you say, was already rich, and had estates of his own. Why, then, should he burden himself with such a discovery as that, and risk the disgrace of discovery, for the sake of getting this estate, which, you say, he never cared for, and seldom visits? It does not seem probable.'

(CONTINUED FROM THIRTY PAGE.)

the dancing was done, and the lads had raised a cheer for the young heir, that you might have heard at Inverness, he came and stood out upon the balcony, with her hand in his, and a bright red flush on her bonnie face, and the lads went half mad with delight to know she was to be the mistress.

'Soon the place was being got ready for the bride, and the heir and all his people went to London for the wedding. But, when the day came, and old Hamish was waiting at the house for a message by the telegraph, to set the bells a-ringing and the pipers skirling, the message came that the bride was dead the day before, and there was mourning up at Ardnavach for many days after.

'And the old people came back, and the two young ladies, but not the heir; and it was said that he had started for some far-away land, to try, maybe, to forget his sorrow.

'It was fifteen years after, and the old folks were near their end, when he came one night, silent and alone, and would have no rejoicing at his coming, but just settled down quietly.

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selfishness of upsetting all our plans, by refusing to accept his hospitality.'

'You could have left us behind in London,' I said, coldly, and Isabella laughed scornfully.

'Oh, yes!' she said; 'we could have left you there, to pose as a martyr and a victim to the cruelty of the proverbial step-mother, but we weren't so foolish, my dear. Good night.'

And Isabella's door banged derisively, while I went slowly into my own room, and sat down in the dark at my open window, to think of what I had been told, and of all that had so lately happened.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

A BOON TO CATARRH VICTIMS.

We offer to the readers of this paper a never failing remedy for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Irritable Throat and kindred affections in Catarrhesone. There is no mystery about it but the effect is magical. Ointments, washes and snuffs have proved worse than useless because they cannot reach the seat of the disease; but Catarrhesone is carried by the only vehicle (the air you breathe) nature allows to enter into the lungs or bronchial tubes, directly to the seat of the disease, where it kills the germ life that causes Catarrh, and at the same time heals all the affected parts. It cures by inhalation, and is both pleasant and safe to use. For sale at all druggists and by mail, price \$1.00. For trial outfit send 10c. in stamps to N. C. FOLSON & CO., Box 607, Kingstons, Ont.

ABOUT BOOKS.

The Largest, the Smallest and the Most Valuable Volumes in the World.

Queen Victoria possesses the largest bound book ever made. It weighs sixty-three pounds and is eighteen inches thick.

The most valuable book in the world is the Hebrew Bible. At the Vatican, in 1512, the Jews tried to buy it of Pope Julius II. for its weight in gold. It is so large and heavy that two men can hardly lift it, and it would have brought \$100,000 if the Pope had consented to part with it.

The smallest book in the world is not much larger than a man's thumb nail. It was made in Italy. It is four-tenths of an inch long and about a quarter of an inch wide. It contains 208 pages, each having nine lines and from ninety-five to one hundred letters. The text is a letter—before unpublished—written by the famous inventor of the pendulum clock to Madame Christine of Lorraine in 1645.

The next smallest book is an edition of Dante's Divine Comedy, and it is a little less than an inch wide, with type so small that it takes a microscope to read the letters.

When it is finished, the official history of the War of the Rebellion will be the costliest book in the world. It is being issued by the Government of the United States, and at a cost up to date of about two million dollars. It will consist of 112 volumes, including an index, and an atlas, which contains 178 plates and maps illustrating the important battles of the war, campaigns, routes of march, plans of forts, and photographs of interesting scenes, places and persons.

The most voluminous encyclopedia work in the world is in the Berlin Anthropological Museum. It is in 1,900 volumes and is in Chinese. It embraces literature, philosophy, astronomy, natural science and industries. Each volume has from 100 to 150 pages. Originally only 100 copies were printed, and those were not put on sale. But recently a new edition was put forth which sells at \$900 for the set. It is splendidly illustrated with maps and pictures.

The largest private library in this country was owned by the historian H. H. Bancroft. It consists of 50,000 volumes, valued at \$200,000. A fine collection of manuscripts in dialect, and manuscripts relating to the early settlement of the Pacific Coast, of the Spanish colonies and of the early ecclesiastical missions is included in the Bancroft library.

where we have prayer on the floor of the National Capitol and whiskey in the basement; where we spend \$5,000 to bury a Congressman who is rich and \$10 to put away a workman who is poor.

Where to be virtuous is to be lonesome, and to be honest is to be a crank; where we sit on the safety valve of energy and pull wide open the throttle of conscience; where gold is a substance—the one thing sought for—and God a waste basket for our better thoughts and good resolutions.

Where we pay \$15,000 for a dog and 15 cents a dozen to a poor woman for making shirts; where we teach the 'untutored Indian' eternal life from a book and kill him with bad boots; where we put a man in prison for stealing a loaf of bread and in Congress for stealing a railroad; where the check book talks, sin walks in broad daylight, justice is asleep, crime runs a muck, corruption permeates our social fabric and Satan laughs from every street corner.

Come to us, Fillicet. We've got the grandest aggregation of good things, big and little things, cold things and hot things, all sizes, varieties and colors, ever exhibited under one tent.

SOME WEBS ANSWERED.

The Ancient and Curious Origin of Familiar Customs.

It is not surprising what a number of little things we do without knowing the reason.

Why, for instance, do widows wear caps? Perhaps you may say because they make them look pretty and interesting. But the real reason is that when the Romans were in England they shaved their heads as a sign of mourning. Of course, a woman couldn't let herself be seen with a bald head, so she made herself a pretty cap. And now, though the necessity of wearing it has passed away, the cap remains.

Why do we have bows on the left side of our hats? In olden times, when men were much in the open air and hats couldn't be bought for half a dollar, it was the habit to tie a cord around the crown and let the ends fall on the left side to be grasped on the arising of a squall. They fell on the left side, the right usually being more usefully engaged. Later on, the ends got to be tied in a bow, and later still, they became useless, yet the bow has remained, and will probably remain till the next deluge or something of that sort.

What is the meaning of the crosses or Xs on a barrel of beer? They signify degrees of purity nowadays. But originally they were put on by those ancient monks as a sort of trademark. They were crosses in those days, and meant a sort of oath on the cross, sworn by the manufacturer that his barrel contained good liquor.

Why are bells tolled for the dead? This has become so familiar a practice that a funeral without it would appear un-Christian. Yet the reason is quite barbarous. Bells were tolled long ago, when people were being buried, in order to frighten away the evil spirits who lived in the air.

Why do fair ladies break a bottle of wine on the ship they are christening? Merely another survival of barbaric custom. In the days of sacrifice to the gods it was customary to get some poor victim when a boat was being launched and to cut his throat over the prow, so that his blood baptized.

Why are dignitaries deafened by a salute when they visit a foreign port? It seems a curious sort of welcome, this firing off of of guns, but it seems the custom arose in a very reasonable way. Originally, a town or a warship fired off their guns on the approach of important and friendly strangers to show that they had such faith in the visitors' peaceful intentions they didn't think it necessary to keep their guns loaded.

Why do we sometimes throw a shoe after a bride? The reason is not very complimentary. From of old it has been the habit of mothers to chastise their children with a shoe. Hence the custom arose of the father of a bride making a present to the bridegroom of a shoe, as a sign that it was to be his right to keep her in order.

Magnetic Dyes have been giving satisfaction to thousands of home dyers for twenty five years. Note give better results.

Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)

is selected from the very highest grades grown. It is HIGH GRADE PURITY—its fragrance proclaims its excellence.

ALL GOOD GROCERS. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

The highest price ever paid for a single volume was \$50,000. It was for a vellum missal, which was presented to King Henry VIII. by Pope Leo X. The missal was accompanied by a document making King Henry the defender of the faith. It is now in the possession of the German government. Charles II. gave it to an ancestor of the Duke of Hamilton, and it was sold a few years ago at the sale of the Duke of Hamilton's library.

It was supposed that only two copies of Washington's first essay in authorship existed, but in 1897 a third copy came to light and was purchased by a gentleman who makes a hobby of collecting Washington's; he quite willingly paid \$1,000. 'The Journal of Major George Washington' appears upon the title-page, and it was printed in 1854.

In Russia miniature bibles are often worn as watch charms. One of these bibles is owned by a Bostonian, who received it from a friend living in Russia. It is about one inch long, three-fourths of an inch wide and three-eighths of an inch thick, and contains the first five books of the Old Testament. The text of the book is in Hebrew and the title in Latin. It can only be read with a help of a powerful magnifying glass.

Not only in number, but also in point of territory, the circulation of the bible exceeds all other books. The American Bible society has printed it in 300 tongues. Thousands of copies even now are traveling through the frozen polar regions to people who have not only never heard of the book, but to whom books are unknown.

NO SUFFERING IN GERMANY.

From Dread Catarrh—Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Kills the Disease Germs and Cures the Distressed Parts—Relieves in Ten Minutes.

All LeBlanc, of St. Jerome, Quebec, says he used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder for an acute case of catarrh in the head and it cured him. He has 125 men working under him in the lumbering camps, and what it has done for him it has done for many of them. He buys it for camp use and pins his faith to it as the quickest reliever for colds in the head, and sure cure for catarrh. Sold by E. C. Brown.

We Are the People.

The following highly edifying dissertation on the Filipino situation is going the rounds credited to Kansas editor. It is worth reading for the style alone, if not for the many well turned points made against the queer things done by the American people.

You do not know what you are missing by not wanting to become a citizen of this grand country of ours. There isn't anything else like it under the sun. You ought to send a delegation over here to us—this land of the free—this land of churches and 400,000 licensed saloons, bibles, forts and guns, houses of prayer, millionaires and paupers, theologians and thieves, libertines and liars, Christians and chain-gangs, politicians and poverty schools and scawlags, trusts and tramps, virtue and vice.

A land where we have men in Congress with three wives and a lot in penitentiary for having two wives, where some make sausage of their wives, and eat them raw; where we have bologna sausage of dogs, canned beef of horses and sick cows and corpses of people who eat it; where we put a man in jail for not having the means of support and on the rock pile for asking for a job of work.

Where we have a Congress of 400 men to make laws and a Supreme Court of nine men to set them aside, where good whiskey makes bad men and bad men make good whiskey; where newspapers are paid for suppressing the truth and made rich for telling a lie; where professors draw their convictions and their salaries from the same source; where preachers are paid \$25,000 a year to dodge the devil and tickle the ears of the wealthy; where business consists of getting property in any way that won't get you in the penitentiary; where trusts hold you up and poverty holds you down; where men vote for what they do not want for fear they will not get what they do want by voting for it.

Where women wear false hair and men deck their horses' tails; where men vote for a thing one day and 'cuss' it 365 days;

WOODS' NORWAY PINE SYRUP

A powerful lung healing remedy that cures the worst kinds of coughs and colds of young or old more promptly and effectually than any other medicine. Price 25c.

Laxa-Liver Pills cure Constipation and Dyspepsia. Do not grip. Price 25c.

A NEW HAT WITH SOILED SHOES

MAKES A MAN LOOK SHABBY. AVOID THIS BY USING

Special Combination LEATHER DRESSINGS

A perfect Polish for all Colored and Black Shoes.

Sole at all shoe stores. L. N. PACKARD & CO. MONTREAL.

UTION.—Beware of substitutes for Miller. There is nothing just as unequalled for cuts, sprains and internally for all bowel disorders. substitutes; there is but one Pain-Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

The Bicycle in War.

campaign in South Africa is the which bicycles have been used by troops. Bicycle-riders have alone done good service there, especially conveying dispatches from besieged like Mafeking. Sir Redvers Buller, commander-in-chief of the British forces given departmental officers at operations the option of using bicycles instead of horses, and receiving allowance in lieu of nations.

D. & L. EMULSION OF COD OIL will build you up, will make you healthy. Especially beneficial to those who are 'all run down.' Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co.,

