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# PROGRESS.

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VOL. XI, NO. 564.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 4 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## TIRED OF CIVIC LIFE.

### THREE ALDERMEN WILL GIVE WAY TO OTTAWA MEN.

John A. Chisholm, Walter of Agincourt and Dr. Smith in the Globe—With the City by District into six wards and to a present system of Election Done Away With.

The hum of local politics has not died away yet. The house meets on the 23rd. Instant and there is a good deal of speculation as to what will happen before that time. Another event perhaps of equal political significance will be the banquet to Hon. John Costigan which is scheduled to take place in the Dufferin soon after Lent.

The scramble for rewards has begun and the positions that are not filled must be soon. The applicants and their friends will not be put off and the lives of the members of the government must be made miserable by the importunities of those who say they supported them.

The monotony of a week after election has been varied by the story that an attempt had been made to get Mr. Purdy to resign and to put Mr. Reynolds up as a candidate in his stead. Publication was given to the rumor and the names of Mr. McDade, the president of the Young Liberals Association, and Mr. John Connor were associated with an interview with Mr. Emerson upon the subject. Mr. McDade says that the premier was not interviewed and then the Globe came out with a long article and gave what purported to be the history of the rise, progress and fall of the scheme to relegate Mr. Purdy to private life and to replace him with a representative of the Catholic section of the party.

All this of course, supposed that Mr. McKeown would get the solicitor general's ship. That gentleman has been so ill since the election that he has not been able to take any active part in the negotiations and persuasions that are being made but his friends have not been inactive. What his ideas are upon the matter of Mr. Reynolds keeping him [company in his next appeal to the electors] have not been learned but he might have the same apprehension as some of his supporters, namely, that if the claims of Mr. Reynolds were not recognized his friends might forget to go to the polls and vote for McKeown. A prominent Catholic and party man intimated as much to Progress this week but such threats are usually made in indignation and repented of afterwards.

Meantime the government is in session and the house is summoned for the 23rd of this month. When it does meet several important bills will come before it from the city of St. John and one of them at least will have an especial interest for the people of St. John. The house will be asked to amend the act relating to the appointment of the chief of police and either give the council the power to appoint and dismiss or to agree to act upon their representations when made. As it is now the council has no power over the chief. The latter is paid by the city but appointed by the province. He can go and come as he pleases. He is supposed, as a matter of fact to ask permission of the chairman of the Safety board but he fails to do so three times out of four. Secure in his position the aldermen say he ignores the suggestions of the council and does as he pleases. His last difficulty with the representatives of the people is a good illustration of this. The facts are still fresh in the minds of the people as to what happened after the "resignations" of two officers. This seemed to be the last straw and the aldermen resolved that they would make an attempt to have the law changed.

But it is said that the government are not so much in favor of changing the law as they are in favor of changing the officer and that they are willing to make this change if the council asks for it. They are tired of bearing the burden of the sins and omissions of one of their officials and now that St. John has turned around and given them a handsome support they are willing to listen to the demands of their supporters.

This report has spread pretty generally during the week and the result is that there are plenty of applicants for the office of chief of police. It is not an easy office to fill and yet there are lots of men who think they could do so as well as the present chief. They may not have the same magnificent presence but they lack brain and executive ability is what is needed. Of course some of those who think they should have it are on the force, but the same of one officer at least—perhaps of all

of them—has been used without warrant. He does not want the office but is looking after something else which will relieve him of his present position and give him one more congenial to his mind.

Some people connected with the city business are also mentioned as looking for the job but they deny that this is so. Government officials well known and capable in their own sphere are also in the field.

Talking with Progress a day or two ago an alderman said that he was confident there was to be a change of some sort but in what direction it would be he could not tell. The chief he said was to blame for any action that the council had felt it necessary to take. He would not consult them and though he had promised to do so again and again always pursued his own course in the end. "More than that" said he "we have had complaints from the officers on the force that they can get no satisfaction from him regarding the police fund. I think as Progress said they are afraid to broach the subject but the chief must surely know that while the council cannot interfere in this matter very well still the absence of an explanation does not make him appear in a very good light. I do not think myself that such a turf should be in the hands of the chief for the very reason that the men might not like to ask for the explanation to which they have a perfect right."

It is also said that there will be one or two liquor commissioners in the field. What the reasons for this are is best known to the people who have advised the change. The liquor people themselves have not been well satisfied with the methods of a portion of the commission and they would not be ill pleased if the change was made. It seems that they contributed quite a large sum toward election expenses and perhaps on this account they feel that greater consideration should be given to their views.

In addition to the above after election rumors (which may be all they will come to) there is talk of another kind about the people who found it expedient or who conscientiously changed from one side to the other. This was especially true of a lot of conservative who were elected to represent the wards at the convention. Some of them even attended the conservative conventions and then went into the government camp. The active spirits in the opposition camp are beginning to make a list of them, no doubt for future reference. One of them in particular was chairman of a ward and has been for years, and yet for the sake of a promise he went into another county and assisted the government candidate.

An Ex-alderman who is always on the alert during election days—a man of influence and an ardent worker—did not turn his hand over this time. No doubt there are changes at all elections and the government can make the same claim as the opposition. In fact one strong man, Capt. Keast, openly owned up to his change of front. After all, the rank and file cannot be blamed for what their leaders did.

The friends of Mr. Purdy are not pleased at the attempt that has been made to get him to resign, and even if he has said nothing they do not hesitate to talk in plain language. It appears that there was some deficit—about \$150—when the Liberal picnic accounts were settled last summer and in this connection they are asking who was one of two or three to make good the amount. They think Mr. Purdy the last man who should be asked to resign. If, as it is claimed, the school trustee election defeated Mr. Reynolds they say that Mr. Purdy had nothing to do with it. He could not be expected to spend some hours at a council meeting when his election might have depended upon the personal canvass he was making.

### OFFICER CAPLES DIDN'T FIND IT.

But he got the Credit of doing so From the Chief of Police.

Police officer Caples, as everybody knows enjoyed the distinction last week of filling Detective Ring's place for four days, while the latter was permitted to rest for that space of time.

Of course it was natural for officer Caples to wish to do something that would bring credit to himself and his temporary position and he naturally looked around closely. There is an old saying that some men achieve greatness while

others have it thrust upon them, but officer Caples seems to have enjoyed both these advantages.

The day's papers recorded the fact that Caples, detective pro tem, had made a valuable find of jewellery, and that the police were looking for the rightful owner as well as the thief.

As a matter of fact Mr. Caples didn't find the jewellery at all. There is a well founded story to the effect that it was handed over to the officer by the persons who found it while sweeping the corridors of the Opera house, where it had evidently been dropped by some one who had attended a performance there. It is said that the jewellery was not very valuable, and might have been the property of some one of the many peddlers around town.

### THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE.

And How They Were Appreciated by a Smart Young Halifax Man.

HALIFAX Mar. 2.—When the Boston boat left Halifax last Tuesday week, among its passengers was a certain young man, who has left behind him in Halifax a reputation in a certain line not to be envied.

Previous to his departure he seemed to be a quiet, easy going individual, and in fact one of those "good young men." He was a member of a temperance organization, and also of a prominent city band. His residence was in the North End. Every one whom he met regarded him as a paragon of sanctity.

Being never known to work and always looking neat and presentable for the streets, many were the queries as to how he existed without the least exertion on his part in the way of either manual or mental labor. But now all these queries have been solved.

It appears he had been giving his valuable time and attention to a certain young woman residing in the South end of the city. He evidently very skilfully concealed his "intentions," as most of his friends never knew him to have a weakness for the opposite sex or in fact to have any partiality for them whatever. Still appearances are deceptive, as the fact has come to light that this party had been paying his attentions to the young lady referred to for the past two years.

Their courtship however, was kept secret through the circumstances attending their meetings. It was just simply this. The young lady was a cook in one of the families in the South End. Whenever her bean called she would receive him in the kitchen. Thus her receptions held within the sacred precincts of the kitchen were free from intrusion, and still further the espionage of the public.

These meetings were made more frequent and more "palatable" through the agency of the cook's culinary ability, and her lover was regularly treated to sumptuous lunches of cold turkey, ham and to many other little delicacies. These were very acceptable to him and seemed to be better, since they were prepared by such hands as they were.

The air was frequently rent with the solemn vows taken, binding their fidelity to one another. These were made sacred by the incense ascending from the steaming kettle.

Our domestic friend was evidently very much in love with her "young man." Not content with emphasizing her regard for him by a liberal provision of her mistress's cold meat, etc., she frequently furnished him with an extensive stock of collars, neckties and other necessities. Pocket money was also in order, and she seemed to emphasize her attendance to his needs in this respect.

However the crash came last week, when the young lady intimated to her idol that he should marry her, and after taking the circumstances into consideration he consented. Securing a license and accompanied by another party he met his ordinary friend and a sister cook at an appointed place, whence the quartet started out for one of the city restoratives. There the nuptial knot was tied.

Knowing full well that if he remained in the city, where he was well known, his life would be made miserable, hasty preparations were made for the couple's departure for the hub.

Now the city is minus one of its most highly valued citizens; a city band one of its most efficient members, and a certain family in the South End a valuable cook.

Embroider Made, Recovered, Acquired, Dressed, 25 Waterloo Street.

## NOW WHOLL GET JOBS?

### SOME AFTER THAT OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE.

The Talk in Aldermanic Circle's Ab at the Cause—the Purdy-Reynolds Matter—What There is a Venant Commissioner-ship? That Liberal Picnic Debat.

Alderman Hamon of Kings Ward has announced his retirement from civic politics.

Alderman-at-Large Douglas McArthur says he will attend to his private business and let some other man take his place.

Alderman-at-Large Parly will, some of his friends say—not bother with civic business now that he is a member of the legislature.

Dr. J. M. Smith who ran against Ald. Christie last year is out again and will try and see what he can do.

There is nothing new so far as candidates for mayor are concerned. The present chief magistrate seems to be undisturbed and tranquil and the opposition which was talked of last week still remains "talk" as yet.

Still there are men who seem to long to re-enter the civic arena again and the chief one mentioned just now is Mr. John A. Chesley, who, his friends say would make a good alderman at large. Progress understands that he is being boomed for the nomination and that the train has been laid for some time to bring about the result. There is no doubt that he would get considerable support in the North end but the South and West sections might not be so hearty in their acceptance of him.

The friends of Capt. Keast have suggested him for a candidate for alderman at large, and he may be induced to accept. He ran well last year and will no doubt be heard from again.

There is no mention of any one for Kings Ward yet. Some of the friends of Dr. G. A. B. Addy enjoyed a joke at his expense by announcing his candidature.

Ex-alderman Wilson has been mentioned as a good man to take Alderman McArthur's place. He has a good knowledge of civic affairs and would gain his election easily. Alderman Tutts had no opposition last year. There is talk of some one opposing him this spring, but no man has been named as yet.

There is a good deal of speculation as to what effect the recent elections will have upon the aldermanic contest. It would only be natural if the aldermen who supported the government made it a condition that they should have assistance in their civic battle. For example Capt. McMullin who was to the front in Lorne would expect that he would get any assistance he wanted when the civic battle came off. The same is true of Messrs. Smith and Stackhouse in Carleton. They won't expect to get many catholic votes because they voted for Mrs. Smith as against Mrs. Dever but they may not be concerned about that.

It is said that the Catholics have agreed that their representation at the council board is inadequate and that they will have some candidates up. At present Alderman McGoldrick is the only representative they have and their contention is that they should have four or five out of the fifteen. If this cannot be brought about in any other way they may apply to the legislature and have the present method of electing aldermen changed.

Many are in favor of going back to the old ward system while others favor a redistribution of wards. This scheme finds favor with the politicians. The proposition is to divide the city after this fashion. Make Carleton one ward; give the North End two wards not including Victoria, and divide Victoria, Wellington, Prince, Kings, Sydney and Dukes into three wards. Then it is proposed to elect three aldermen from each ward. Under this change the wards will vote for their own men. It is said that the city representatives have been approached and that they are in favor of the change.

The present system was brought about through the efforts of the T. R. A. with George Robertson as mayor. If as an M. P. P. now he favors the change the legislature may listen to him with a good deal of attention. Even in the council there is a disposition to abandon the present method because they say it leads to combinations and the man who is most popular in his own ward may be defeated by the vote of the people who know nothing of him in another part of the city. Progress gives this rumor for what it

is worth. There is something in the air of that flavor. The details are not yet worked out and they may not be this year but this is the talk.

### HE WON'T DO THIS AGAIN.

A North End Man Takes Poison by Using the Wrong Bottle.

Cases of poisoning, accidental or otherwise are rare in St. John, or if they happen are generally kept so quiet that the public seldom hear of them unless of course, fatal results follow. One case that looked for a time as though it might have a serious ending occurred here a few days ago but fortunately the victim is recovering and has required a solemn vow never to drink the contents of any bottle, no matter how familiar he may be with the exterior, without a close examination of the inside.

The accident referred to happened to a well known man, who, it appears has for a long time been in the habit of visiting a drug store in his neighborhood and regaling himself with a tonic which was always to be found in a certain place. Day after day these visits were made, and the tonic was always found in its place; naturally as time passed he took his dose without looking to see that he was getting the right stuff. And this indifference is what led to his almost fatal mistake.

A few days ago he entered the drug store, took the bottle from its accustomed place, and proceeded to drink the amount prescribed for his case. It wasn't many seconds before he realized that he had somehow gotten hold of the wrong bottle and in a short space of time the drug store was a scene of the wildest confusion. Somebody had by accident removed the tonic bottle and in its place was a poison, and of this the man had taken a good big drink.

A doctor was hastily summoned and armed with a stomach pump he went to work on the victim of the mistake.

He finally extracted the poison and the patient was conveyed to his home. He has undergone a pretty serious time of it but at present is doing very well.

### CAME TO HIS BROTHER'S FUNERAL.

Mr. McBriarty's Division of His Property—One To himself and His Brother.

The death and funeral of Mr. George McBriarty last week was followed a day or two later by the probating of his will which divided several thousand dollars between his near relatives. Those who knew him had a fairly good idea that the deceased was in good circumstances but some over-estimated while others under-estimated the value of his property. It was probated at about \$3,000 without considering the business which Mr. Connors, a nephew who had looked after it during the long illness of the deceased, received as a part of his share. Nearly everybody knew George McBriarty. His independent business methods and his plainly expressed opinions attracted many to his place. His likes and dislikes were strong but his heart was always in the right place. His brother, J. J. McBriarty—who was so well known here as the proprietor of the International Cafe, but who for more than a year has had a responsible position as Port Seward of the steamers of the Merchants and Miners Transportation Co., of Baltimore—came here to attend his funeral. He travelled from Savannah to do so. He was a beneficiary to the extent of \$1,000 under the will and his two boys for nearly the same amount.

The presence of "Jack"—as his friends all knew him—in spite of the mission which called him here enabled him to receive personal congratulations on his recent marriage. Baltimore seems to have agreed with him, if health and avoidance of any indications. The same scales that used to tell him when he was in condition would be of no use now. His sojourn here was short but it was pleasant and judging from the party that saw him off in the train he still holds a very kindly place in the memories of his many friends in St. John.

### Regarding His Health.

Letters from T. B. Blair this week told his friends that he was regaining the good health that he enjoyed before the gripe seized him and he went away for his health. He is in New York at the present time but proposes to go South in a few days. He has been in Montreal and in some of the large American cities. Mr. A. George Blair was with him in New York.

### They may Have a Amateur Sport.

There is some talk of the Neptune Rowing club holding some amateur sports in the near future. There are some scientific boxes among the members and several all around athletes—enough to make an excellent show.

SECRET NEWS SERVICE.

MYSTERIOUS WAY IN WHICH THE NEWS SPREAD IN THE PACIFIC.

Information About Secret Fleet Differed From Island to Island in a Manner Unaccountable—Somehow—First News of Samoan Storm.

A great surprise which awaits a newcomer in any south Pacific archipelago is the way in which his acts and plans become known, not only to those whom they may concern, but even more distinctly to those whom they do not.

It is practically impossible to trace the channel of the news. One may surround himself with servants who know not a word of English and may be as secret as a lodge in discussing plans, yet knowledge of them spreads with speed and with an accuracy which becomes less and less in proportion as the distance is greater.

Some explanation may be imagined to account for the rapid spread of news from place to place on a single island, or from island to island of a single archipelago. But the mind cannot comprehend the diffusion of knowledge from archipelago to archipelago, where there is no intercommunication except by the most roundabout ways.

Here is an instance: Last year a distinguished student of the Maoris of New Zealand, S. Percy Smith, surveyor-general of that colony, made an extended tour of Polynesia. Before going to Apia, his last stop was at Rarotonga, 600 miles away.

Yet another instance: The press associations of this country had accounts of the strained relations of the American and the German squadrons in Apia harbour as they existed in February, 1889. The news was published in the first week in March. There was no possible way of learning a single thing as to the outcome.

Made Into Islands.

Here is the report of an occurrence which took place at a night school. 'Williams,' asked the instructor, 'which is the largest island in the world?'

young man to whom the question was addressed.

'I am speaking of islands Williams. These are continents.' 'I think not sir,' drawled Williams. 'When the Suez Canal was cut, it made islands of both of 'em sir. Come to think of it, sir, the largest is Asia and Europe. It's all one piece of ground.'

ANTIQUO OAK THAT IS OLD.

Beautiful Specimens With Some Pieces Buried Under Chicago 7,000 Years Ago.

White oak logs that have been buried under the site of Chicago for 7,000 years have just been put to use. Prof. Osian Guthrie, the Chicago geologist, who has studied the local strata and helped to unearth the remnants of some of these prehistoric trees, has just come into possession of two toilet brushes, made from this ancient oak, that have surprised the manufacturer of imitation 'antique' woods by the wonderful polish and color of which the genuine antique oak is capable.

Most of these prehistoric logs have been resurrected from the 7,000 year old graves to be divided up among the museums and universities of the country. Walnut willow beech and most of the modern native woods have been dug up under these glacial deposits and alluvium of seventy centuries, but the white oak, the same tree evidently that flourishes in the parks today, has been preserved best of all.

Some fearful cyclone appears to have bent and laid low the trees at first. The iron fibre is bent and twisted in nearly all of them at one particular spot in the trunk, and it is evident that this was the cause that first buried the giant forests under the sands and alluvium. Some of these trunks have been followed by Prof. Guthrie in the excavations for street and houses for many feet. One trunk, in Sheffield avenue, was unearthed for seventy feet.

Evidently this forest was the first growth after the glacial period. It lies close to the glacial clay, under the alluvial drift, at a general depth of fourteen feet. The cyclone apparently laid the forest low, and the sand and drift were blown up from the lake and covered it. The water formed an air-tight capsule about the trunk, and kept it from decaying.

Of late years, however, the surface sewers have drained the water away from the trunks and the bark and outer layers of wood have gone to decay. The iron fibre of the inner wood is still intact in most of them, however. The wood from which Prof. Guthrie's souvenirs are made was dug up near the corner of Calumet avenue and Thirty-ninth street, where many

of the trunks are being chopped away in sewer excavating.

No imitation antique wood has ever attained the singular beauty of this old oak. It is dark, almost a greenish black, the result of hundreds of years' discoloration by the surrounding water. The polish which it has attained is unlike anything ever seen by wood importers. The fibre of the wood was found almost as tough as fine wire in working it up.

The usual process of antiquing is to steam and rub the dark color into the wood with bayberry wax, the latter imparting the greenish tint. This tint in Prof. Guthrie's specimens has never been attained in the imitation antique, however.

Doctoring the Hippopotamus.

The animals in the New York 'Zoo' got sick, now and then, and when the case is serious the Z o becomes the scene of ingenious medical treatment. Some time ago, for instance, says the Sun, Caliph, a big hippopotamus, was unwell. He had been sick two days before the keeper told Mr. Smith about it, but as soon as the director found out that there was trouble he began a course of energetic dosing.



When a Boy Enters

This school he is not given a text-book with a lot of definitions to learn, as in the old way, but he is put at once to doing business as it is done in the outside world. Send for Catalogue.

The Currie Business University, Cor. Charlotte and Princess Streets, St. John, N. B. Telephone 991. P. O. Box 60.

ed himself with a big force-pump and a stiff dose of strychnin, and kept all the keepers down to where the sick hippopotamus was languishing. First he had the water drawn out of the tank; then he had the keepers drive the animal up to the front of the cage, and prod him so that he opened his mouth to emit snorts of resentment. When the hippopotamus opened his mouth, Mr. Smith took aim with the force-pump, and fired a good dose of the strychnin down his throat. He administered two doses in this ingenious fashion, and then set to work to get the hippopotamus into a perspiration, or the state of body which would correspond to perspiring in a human being. He divided the keepers into two forces, one up on the platform and the other down in the empty tank. One group prodded the hippopotamus until he went down into the tank, where the other group prodded him till he ran back to the platform. They kept this up until the poor creature was exhausted; but the treatment proved effectual, and Caliph was well in less than two days.

Sufficient Reward.

John Howe, the famous Puritan divine became Cromwell's chaplain in 1757. He was much respected by men of all parties and in the ticklish times of the Commonwealth his help and protection were often asked for and never in vain. Yet he was never known to ask a favor for himself. In 'The Life and Work of John Howe,' this incident is given: One day Cromwell took notice of this self-denial, saying to him: 'You have begged favors for every one but yourself, Mr. Howe. When will you ever turn come?'

To which Howe returned this answer; 'My Lord Protector, my turn is always come when I can serve another.'

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

AN HONEST ENTERPRISING MAN or woman wanted in every locality in Canada to represent us; our line of goods sell in every house; we give larger commission than any other firm; particulars and sample free. The J. H. KANE COMPANY, 125 Wellington Street, Toronto.

RESIDENCE at Bathurst for sale or to rent for the Summer months. Best property situated in the city, known as the Times property, situated on a half mile from Bathurst Station and within two minutes walk of the Temperance Hotel. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fennell, Bathurst, or to J. W. Pugsley Building. 24-25

Some of Our Students ARE ALREADY ENGAGED and will begin work as soon as their studies are completed. Others, some of them very bright and capable, will be ready for work shortly. Merchants and professional men desiring intelligent and well-qualified book-keepers, stenographers and typewriters (male or female) will do well to correspond with us or call upon us. Catalogues of Business and Shorthand Courses mailed to any address.

Advertisement for 'FOUR 4 DOLLARS' featuring 'Progress', 'Munsey, McClure', and 'Cosmopolitan' magazines. Includes the text 'YOU CAN HAVE' and 'DON'T MISS IT! You can't AFFORD to miss it, if you have time to read, and want CHEAP and GOOD reading matter.'

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including 'BABY HUN...', 'The Currie Business University...', and other fragments.





BAKING POWDER

...of ninety-seven cases in which it employed... in most of these the being was done upon the temples for relief of headache or neuralgia...

...the land where they make least... about a house on fire is perhaps... possibly because there is about the very little to burn... When several bellings at one are in danger, however, the Koreans think it time to bestir themselves...

...Had an Idea... Do you know what conservatories are... "What is it?" asked his uncle... "I replied the boy promptly, and turning to his sister, asked: 'Shall I be in, Annie?'

...His Own... "said this fair girl, 'it's no use. You come up to my ideal... 'perhaps not,' he answered. 'But I don't care if I can only get anywhere near my own ideal?'

...Theory v. Practice... seems to me," said the bachelor, 'that would let the child's inclinations determine what she should eat. Let Nature guide the hand.'

...Opening His Eyes... "Do you know that for the last hour we've been watching for a good chance to kiss him from you?" "Indeed? Don't you think it might be well for you to consult an oculist?"

...Genius is a man who never makes the mistake twice... Business Education... ready speaking, a business education that educates for business...



The present week was celebrated by a skating party given at Queen's rink on Wednesday evening by the Misses Thomson of Sydney Street and which was doubtless enjoyable coming at a time when social pleasures are at a standstill...

- List of names: Mr. E. T. Simpson, Mrs. Sturges, Mr. C. F. Harrison, Mrs. Harrison, Mr. B. Kellie Jones, Mrs. Jones, Mr. Geo. West Jones, Mrs. Jones, Mr. Andrew Jack, Mrs. Jack, Mr. Walter Trueman, Mrs. Trueman, Mr. H. F. Timmerman, Mrs. Timmerman, Mr. H. F. Paddington, Mrs. Paddington, Mr. Sherwood Holmes, Mrs. Holmes, Mr. T. K. G. Armstrong, Mrs. Armstrong, Mr. H. G. Tilly, Mrs. Tilly, Mr. Alice Wilson, Mrs. Wilson, Mr. Thelston, Mrs. Thelston, Mr. R. C. Grant, Mrs. Grant, Mr. F. H. J. Reel, Mrs. Reel, Mr. M. E. L. Richey, Mrs. Richey, Mr. Frank Rye, Mrs. Rye, Dr. W. W. White, Mrs. White, Miss Adams, Mrs. Adams, Miss Grace Burpee, Mrs. Burpee, Miss Allison, Mrs. Allison, Miss Dunn, Mrs. Dunn, Miss Furlong, Mrs. Furlong, Miss Gilbert, Mrs. Gilbert, Miss Holden, Mrs. Holden, Miss Howland, Mrs. Howland, Miss Brantford, Mrs. Brantford, Miss Hall, Mrs. Hall, Miss Hamilton, Mrs. Hamilton, Miss Harrison, Mrs. Harrison, Miss Caverhill Jones, Mrs. Caverhill Jones, Miss Jarvis, Mrs. Jarvis, Miss Kaye, Mrs. Kaye, Miss McKean, Mrs. McKean, Misses McLain, Mrs. McLain, Miss McAvoy, Mrs. McAvoy, Miss Robinson, Mrs. Robinson, Miss Sydney Smith, Mrs. Sydney Smith, Miss Maud Stinner, Mrs. Maud Stinner, Mr. Beverly Armstrong, Mrs. Beverly Armstrong, Mr. Charles Burpee, Mrs. Charles Burpee, Mr. Charles Bowditch, Mrs. Charles Bowditch, Mr. C. Walter Clark, Mrs. C. Walter Clark, Mr. Lucien DeBury, Mrs. Lucien DeBury, Mr. Freeman, Mrs. Freeman, Mr. D. J. Fraser, Mrs. D. J. Fraser, Miss Gordon, Mrs. Gordon, Mr. Harrison, Mrs. Harrison, Mr. J. G. Harrison, Mrs. J. G. Harrison, Mr. F. C. Jones, Mrs. F. C. Jones, Mr. Jewett, Mrs. Jewett, Mr. Gilis Keator, Mrs. Gilis Keator, Mr. Alex. McMillan, Mrs. Alex. McMillan, Mr. Patterson, Mrs. Patterson, Mr. Jack Parry, Mrs. Jack Parry, Mr. R. R. Richey, Mrs. R. R. Richey, Mr. Boyer Smith, Mrs. Boyer Smith, Mr. McE. Troy, Mrs. McE. Troy, Mr. Heber Vroom, Mrs. Heber Vroom, Dr. T. D. Walker, Mrs. T. D. Walker, Mr. C. H. Haining, Mrs. C. H. Haining, Mr. Peter Clinch, Mrs. Peter Clinch, Mr. Lockhart, Mrs. Lockhart, Mr. Harry Dunn, Mrs. Harry Dunn, Mrs. George W. Fleming and Mrs. Herbert J. Fleming were hostesses at a large and very pleasant at home this week, which function was held at the residence of Mrs. James Fleming of Wellington Row.

The rooms were decorated in pink natural flowers which were used in profusion everywhere, and the young ladies who assisted in looking after the company participated on the invitation of several young gentlemen. After a merry drive to Newcomb the party, returned to the residence of the Misses Wana Waterloo street, where a dainty supper was served after which games and music were indulged in for several hours. Among the guests were: Miss E. Hopkins, Mr. Wm. Myles, Miss Myler, Mr. F. F. Farnham, Miss Tennant, Mr. Wither, Miss J. T. Grant, Mr. Geo. Myles, Miss M. Hopkins, Mr. J. Hoyt, Miss McLeod, Mr. E. Tennant, Miss Kennedy, Mr. S. Foster, Mrs. J. R. Hopkins, Mr. J. R. Hopkins, Miss Thom, Mr. B. Hopkins, Miss Hoyt, Mr. W. D. Ake, Miss G. Wana, Mr. F. Hopkins, Miss Mitchell, Mr. F. Hopkins, Miss J. Hoyt, Mr. E. Wilber.

Miss May Vincent gave a party to her young friends from seven to eleven o'clock on Friday of this week that was thoroughly enjoyable. A number of interesting games, music and delicious supper made the evening pass pleasantly. Among those present were: Misses Douglas Holliston, Miss Carmela Fernon, Miss Mera Fernon, Miss Marion Moore, Miss Helen Gleason, Miss Marion Gleason, Miss Louise Holly, Miss Louise Murray, Miss Mary Tapley, Miss Margery Tapley, Miss Lena Elvins, Miss Margaret Tapley, Miss McCarrison, Mrs. G. M. Robertson, Mrs. A. B. Holly, Miss Maggie Tapley, Miss Ruth Fleming, Mrs. Rivers, Mrs. Fred Tapley, Mrs. A. P. Barnhill.

APOLI & STEEL'S PILLS. A REMEDY FOR IRRREGULARITIES. Superior to other pills. Order all Chemists or send for \$1.00 from EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and 170 St. George Street, Toronto, E. C. or 200 West Broadway, New York.

and ribbon, and carried a bouquet of white carnation plinks, the groom wearing the conventional black suit. The bride and groom were escorted by the best man, Fred Hoyer, cousin of the bride, from Newburgh, standing under an arch of evergreens, on which was a handsome white satin ribbon bow. The parlor was very tastefully decorated with choice potted plants and flowers. A number of friends and relatives were present. After the collection of money was over, the bride and groom were seated at a table. After the collection was over, all passed out into the dining room, where a bounteous repast was served, which was enjoyed by all. For a future of joyful bliss to the wish of their many living friends.

News has been received of the death at London, England on February 11th of Mrs. Margaret Symonds widow of Charles Symonds formerly of this city. The deceased will be remembered well by the older residents of St. John and has relatives here in the Misses Symonds who reside on Peter street. For many years the late Mrs. Symonds has lived with her son, a doctor in London. Mr. and Mrs. E. H. S. Flood have taken up their residence at the Dufrin for a little while. Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Cowie returned from their bridal tour the first of the week. Mr. B. A. McKeown is still confined to his residence, King street east, with a severe cold. Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Ewing returned the first of the week from a trip to Montreal. Mr. John Holland spent a few days in Oranmore during the week. Mr. R. W. Howson of Montreal spent a little while in the city this week. Mr. J. W. Hickman of Amherst was also among the visitors of the past week. Mr. E. T. Freeman of Halifax, spent a day or two in the city last week. Mr. Joseph T. Knight returned Tuesday from a trip to England, coming by way of New York. Mr. W. D. Wilbur came down from Dorchester for a day or two during the week. Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Turnbull and Miss Turnbull leave this week for the South where they will spend the next several months. Numerous friends of Archdeacon B. Ingleton will be delighted to learn that his condition continues to improve steadily. Mr. Leonard D. Shaw has been appointed to fill the vacancy on the staff of the Bank of New Brunswick caused by Mr. Percy Hall's removal to Newcastle. Miss Julia Haley of the West End, left this week on a two weeks visit to her sister Mrs. George McLean of Worcester, Mass. Mr. L. P. D. Tilley returned Tuesday from a trip to Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Huntley of St. Martins spent a part of their wedding tour in the city this week. Mr. R. W. W. Frink returned the first of the week from a pleasant trip to Montreal. Mr. J. S. Boies DeVeber is recovering from his recent attack of illness. Mr. William Cunningham of the Dominion line left this week on a visit to his family in Portland, Me. Mr. Gordon S. McLeod returned Wednesday to New York after a pleasant visit to relatives in the west end. Miss Alice Northrup of Magallowa is here on a visit to relatives in the west end. A delightfully pleasant sleigh drive was that of Tuesday evening in which a number of young people participated on the invitation of several young gentlemen. After a merry drive to Newcomb the party, returned to the residence of the Misses Wana Waterloo street, where a dainty supper was served after which games and music were indulged in for several hours. Among the guests were: Miss E. Hopkins, Mr. Wm. Myles, Miss Myler, Mr. F. F. Farnham, Miss Tennant, Mr. Wither, Miss J. T. Grant, Mr. Geo. Myles, Miss M. Hopkins, Mr. J. Hoyt, Miss McLeod, Mr. E. Tennant, Miss Kennedy, Mr. S. Foster, Mrs. J. R. Hopkins, Mr. J. R. Hopkins, Miss Thom, Mr. B. Hopkins, Miss Hoyt, Mr. W. D. Ake, Miss G. Wana, Mr. F. Hopkins, Miss Mitchell, Mr. F. Hopkins, Miss J. Hoyt, Mr. E. Wilber.

When you know what conservatories are... "What is it?" asked his uncle... "I replied the boy promptly, and turning to his sister, asked: 'Shall I be in, Annie?'

When you know that for the last hour we've been watching for a good chance to kiss him from you? "Indeed? Don't you think it might be well for you to consult an oculist?"

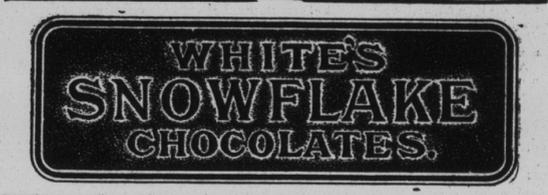
When you know that for the last hour we've been watching for a good chance to kiss him from you? "Indeed? Don't you think it might be well for you to consult an oculist?"

\$100.00 for SCHOOL CHILDREN

The Welcome Soap Co., of St. John, N. B., Manufacturers of the Famous Welcome Soap, will present \$100.00 cash to the School Children, viz: 1 First Present of \$25.00, 1 Second 15.00, 1 Third 10.00, 5 Presents of \$5.00 Each, 25.00, 10 2.50 25.00 \$100.00

For the best Essay, not to exceed 1000 words, subj. of "SOAP" to be written by regular school a tenants, either boys or girls, under 16 years of age, all essays to be sent in to us before May 31st, 1899, when they will be submitted to a committee of three disinterested leading teachers upon whose decision the presents will be awarded as above.

All Essays must be accompanied by 50 Welcome Soap Wrappers. The Welcome Soap Co., St. John, N. B.



McCALL'S MAGAZINE (The Queen of Fashion) For 1899. Will contain over 20 FULL-PAGE BEAUTIFUL COLORED PLATES—more than 800 exquisite, artistic and strictly up-to-date fashion designs—a large number of short stories and handsome illustrations—fancy work, hints on dressmaking and suggestions for the home.

ONLY 50c. A YEAR. And each subscriber receives a Free Pattern of her own selection—a pattern sold by most houses at 25c. or 30c. No magazine in the world gives such big value for so little money.

PELEE ISLAND WINES. BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND. Brands:—Polee Port Dry Catawba, Sweet Catawba, Isabella, St. Augustine, Old Port, Concord, Unfermented Grape Juice, Chateau Polee Claret. Sure Cure for La Grippe. Gagetown, July 26, 1887. Dear Sir:—My wife had been afflicted with nervous prostration for several years, using every kind of medicine recommended, but obtaining no relief until I procured some of your Polee Wine, which I am delighted to say, has had the desired effect. It is the greatest tonic of the age, I think, so much cannot be said in its praise and no home should be without it. We have room needed it to several suffering from la grippe recently, with like good results. I am, your obedient servant, JOHN C. CLOWE, E. G. SCOVIL, Commissioner (62 Union Street).

THE BEST READING - AT A BARGAIN -

The Offer of Progress To Send New Subscribers to it -THE- Cosmopolitan, Munsey and McClure's Magazines, All for Four Dollars. It is being taken advantage of by hundreds.

McCLASKEY'S. Special 5lb. box best Chocolates and Bon-bons \$1.50. Large line of Fancy Baskets and Xmas novelties. McClaskey's - 47 King St.

FOR AMBITION SOCIETY NEWS, SEE TOPIC AND INDEX PAGE.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Prognosis for sale in Halifax by the newboys and at the following news stands and counters.

Wagon & Co., Barrington street... Cor. George & Granville St... Mrs. W. B. Ross gave a small but pleasant afternoon tea on Thursday last.

AMHERST.

Prognosis for sale in Amherst by W. F. Smith & Co.

MARCH 1.—Friday last was decidedly sold with a high wind which hindered the business of the present month but a large number of ladies nevertheless rallied out to attend the "At Home" given by Mrs. Arthur M. Hat, at her handsome residence Breeze Lawn Lawrence St.

TRURO.

Prognosis for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, J. M. O'Brien and at Crowe Bros.

Mr. G. O. Fulton, J. M. O'Brien and at Crowe Bros. The news of Mr. G. O. Campbell's death, which occurred at an early hour, last Thursday morning, was a severe shock to the whole community.

Advertisement for Coleman's Salt, featuring an image of a salt container and text: 'Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt is the nearest package on the market.'



PROGRESS.

Disase weaves its web around people a little at a time. They are not dangerous until all at once. The beginnings of illness are mere trifles.

Nearly all serious illnesses begin with some stomach or liver trouble, or with a coxive condition of the bowels. These functions have got to be put in good condition before there can be any recovery from any disease no matter what its name or nature.

It gives the digestive system power to assimilate nourishment and make good blood; it drives out bilious poisons; it creates the red circulating elements in the circulation; and builds up the weak and wasted places in every corner of the constitution.

It is in conjunction with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, it relieves obstinate constipation and keeps the bowels in a perfectly natural condition.

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Miss Young, Mr. W. Young, Miss Jennie McDougall.

The Misses McLaughlin entertained a small party to supper last Saturday night, after a snow storm.

St. Andrew's church was crowded, last Sunday morning, and the present heard an able and eloquent address.

The best carnival for years, was the artistic verities of that last night, under the auspices of the citizens band.

Miss Noe Clarke is covering from a severe attack of the prevailing epidemic which has made her a prisoner in her home for several days.

Miss Alice Boardman, a termined the young ladies of the Saturday Club on Saturday evening.

From Vancouver, B. C., comes the announcement of the engagement of Miss Vera Vaughan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William E. Vaughan.

Each sympathy is expressed for Mr. and Mrs. Kemp Harmon, in the loss of their only child, a daughter, Lella, who after a short attack of pneumonia, died at her home in Milltown on Sunday.

Mr. J. C. Henry visited St. John last week on business connected with the Knights of Pythias.

Mr. Andrew Robb of St. John was in town on Monday and was the guest of Mrs. M. S. Main.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin C. Young have gone to New York city for a brief visit.

Miss Alice Boardman is at home again after an extended visit in St. John where she was a guest of Mrs. Daniel McCordick.

Miss Edith Thibault of Amherst, V. Co., has been the guest for several days of Miss Ida MacKinnon.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Ross have returned from New York after a visit of two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Boardman left New York city last week for Europe where they expect to spend several months visiting the principal cities and sight seeing.

Mr. George H. Nelson has returned from a business trip to Boston.

Mr. Edwin B. Todd accompanied his daughter to Providence, R. I., this week, where Miss Todd will enter as a pupil Miss Wheeler's art school for young ladies.

Miss Mc'He Maloney, assisted by friends and her pupils gave a very delightful concert in the vestry of the baptist church last Thursday evening.

Miss Alice Boardman, a termined the young ladies of the Saturday Club on Saturday evening.

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Cheap Rates to Montreal

Just one cent invested in a Post Card and directed to G. A. Holland & Son, Montreal, will bring you a most valuable book of their magnificent line of

Wallpapers

by return mail—free of charge—with special discount rates.

English Wallpapers Japanese Wallpapers Scotch Wallpapers American Wallpapers French Wallpapers Canadian Wallpapers

We are in touch with the leading manufacturers of the world and buying in large quantities enables us through the Press, to supply the people of Canada with a very extensive assortment of Wallpapers at minimum prices.

THE POST CARD.

In writing your card mention Limit price Colors wanted Rooms to be papered Size of Rooms.

G. A. HOLLAND & SON

Established 66 Years. Canada's Great Wallpaper Store 2411 ST. CATHERINE ST. MONTREAL.

P. S.—Agents for the Dominion of Canada for C. J. S. G. G. Potter, Dawson, England.

R. F. J. PARKIN, 107 1/2 Union Street,

has a full line of Dunn's Hams and Bacon, and Canned Bacon, Pure Keg Lard, Bologna and Pork Sausages, Back Pork, Brine Mess Pork and Clear Pork. Wholesale and retail. Drop a post card for price list or telephone 1037

DON'T TAKE MEDICINE.

If you are weak and run down, use

Puttner's Emulsion.

which is food rather than medicine. It will soon build you up.

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

WALCOTT'S PAIN PAINT.

The king of all medicines. Guaranteed to cure La Grippe, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Sciatica, Liver Complaint, Kidney Disease, Nervous affections, Catarrh and all Diseases of the Blood. Guaranteed to stop any pain in five minutes. PAIN PAINT is made purely of Roots, Herbs and Barks. It is just being introduced into Canada and is sure to prove a boon to suffering humanity. A trial will convince. Sample sent on receipt of 10c. Agents wanted everywhere to sell this wonderful remedy. \$5.00 to \$7.00 per doz. is guaranteed. Address

HERB REMEDY CO., Westworth, N. S.

BASS & CO'S ALE

LANDING. 15 BBLs., EACH 36 GALS. FOR SALE LOW.

THOS. L. BOURKE

Prince Edward Island OYSTERS.

RECEIVED THIS DAY 25 lbs. Large and fat.

At 19 and 23 King Square, J. D. TURNER.

Bab

has distar Its purity it the best cats skins

THE ALBERT

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Wallpapers

by return mail—free of charge—with special discount rates.

- English Wallpapers
Japanese Wallpapers
Scottish Wallpapers
American Wallpapers
French Wallpapers
Canadian Wallpapers

We are in touch with the leading manufacturers of the world and buying in large quantities enables us through the Press, to supply the people of Canada with a very extensive assortment of Wallpapers at minimum prices.

THE POST CARD.

In writing your card mention Light price Colors wanted Rooms to be papered Size of Room.

G. A. HOLLAND & SON

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A king of all medicines. Guaranteed to cure Grippe, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Liver Complaint, Kidney Disease, Nervous Affections, Catarrh and all Diseases of the Throat. Guaranteed to stop any pain in five minutes.

WASS & CO'S ALE

LANDING. 100 BBLs., EACH 36 GALS. FOR SALE LOW.

HOS. L. BOURKE

Successor to Edward Island OYSTERS.

ARRIVED THIS DAY 15000 lbs. Island Oysters. Large and fat.

At 19 and 23 King Square, D. TURNER.



Baby's Own Soap

has distanced the field. Its scientific preparation and the purity of its ingredients make it the best of soaps for the delicate skins of ladies and children.

THE ALBERT TOLLEY SOAP CO. MONTREAL

FREDRICKTON.

Mr. L. Society has been very quiet since last week; even the whist clubs has done a quieter job for the time but the unusual amount of sickness we have had may in part account for that.

The young ladies club had a drive down to Oranoch with supper and a dance at Stocker's hotel last evening. The return drive home was very pleasant with the moon in view.

The many friends of Mr. Hedley V. Edgcombe will be glad to hear that he is spending a few weeks visiting at the studios. His brother Mr. F. B. Edgcombe left last evening on receipt of the first intelligence of his illness. The latest report received from Mr. Edgcombe today states the case to be critical.

Miss Helen Rabbit arrived home today on a visit from Boston where she is engaged in studying nursing. Miss Rabbit's many friends are pleased to have her home again so soon.

Collector Street returned today from a visit to his son at Malden, Mass.

Mrs. and Miss Fairley of Sackville are here on a visit and will remain in some time, they are guests at Windsor hall.

The band of the 71st Batt., are practicing now for their annual concert which they expect to hold in the opera house on the evening of the 15th. The music which they are preparing for the occasion is said to be of a very high order.

Miss Emma Groslock is spending a few days at Maryville the guest of Mrs. Cadley.

Col. A. J. Hillhouse, an enthusiastic sportsman of Boston, has been among the visitors in the city the past week.

Miss Randolph, who has been visiting Mrs. Blair at Ottawa is now in Kingston with her sister, Mrs. Nelson, where she will spend the remainder of the winter.

Mr. Donald Fraser is on a business and pleasure trip to the upper provinces.

Miss Emma of the University, class '99, last evening entertained her class mates to a delightful drive around the city, and afterwards the party had supper at a pleasant hour at Miss Cadwalader's Maryville home.

The first meeting of the University, Mock Parliament, for the season will be held in the college library on Saturday evening, F. L. Day is premier and president of the council, P. G. Hughes is Attorney General, W. H. Sweet has been appointed leader of the opposition.

Miss Jean Brice, Montreal's talented young violinist, so well known in Fredericton, has gone to Tacoma, Washington Territory where she will



Hansen's Junket Tablets

are sold at 15c. per packet and each packet contains ten tablets. Dissolve in milk and eat them. The booklet of recipes "Dainty Delicacies for Artistic Desserts" accompanies.

AGENTS IN CANADA. EVANS & SONS, Limited Montreal and Toronto.

A GUY'S NARROW ESCAPE.

200,000 People Thought the Dahomians Were Going to Kill Them. Few books have been written about Yoruba, on the Gulf of Guinea, West Africa. There is no part of Africa, excepting the Nile Valley which is so densely populated, and yet this country near the sea was hardly known to white men a few years ago.

This fact gives all the greater interest to Missionary Stone's book, 'In Africa's Forest and Jungle,' just published by the F. H. Bovey Company, in which he describes his six years' life among the Yorubans. He tells the story of the narrow escape of Abeokuta, a city of 300,000 inhabitants, from destruction by the King of Dahomey a little while before he was shown of his power by the French.

The King of Dahomey advanced against that great city with a large army, including several thousand Amazons, female warriors who were nothing better than human tigers. Mr. Stone says that one of their favorite amusements was to see which of them could first get through a high circle of thorns to kill a helpless prisoner tied to a stake. Though their limbs were shockingly torn by the thorns, they thought it excellent sport. One Amazon could offer no greater insult to another than to tell her 'You are nothing but a man,' and only the death of one or the other could settle the difficulty. They were past human feeling and shedding human blood was their chief delight.

This large army was able through favorable circumstances to advance within ten miles of Abeokuta without being detected. A large forest lies between Dahomey and Abeokuta. The thousands of Dahomians had entered this forest in single file at many places and had cut their way through it, step by step, until they reached Eshagga, a suburb ten miles from Abeokuta. They were a month travelling through the forest, and during this time were not permitted to make any noise that would distinguish them from a wild animal. If any one forgot himself and spoke in an ordinary voice he was instantly slain. Orders to the men were given in grunts or barks like those of monkeys. In this way they made several miles a day, and united all their columns just before coming out of the forest at Eshagga.

A singular custom of the Yorubans made it easy for them to get into the populous suburb. When Yorubans go to war they do not salute any one, and it is a gross insult for any one to salute them. The Dahomians came out on the road between Eshagga and Abeokuta about dark. If he had known he might easily have destroyed the great city that night, for the Yorubans were wholly unprepared and did not suspect the enemy's presence. But the King thought it unwise to leave 10,000 Yorubans in his rear, and therefore determined to destroy Eshagga that night and assault Abeokuta next day. So his columns marched toward the suburb and those who lived there thought the soldiers were Yorubans on their way to the war at Eshagga; and as they never spoke to soldiers on the march they did not know the fearful blunder they had made.

The Dahomians quietly filed into the town and encamped in the market place, the inhabitants feeling all the more secure because so many soldiers had come among them. They retired to rest, little knowing the sword that was at their throats. Soon after the doomed city became still the slaughter began. Nearly 10,000 persons were killed, only a few hundred being spared to be taken to Dahomey and there offered in sacrifice. Everybody else was killed except one man, who, though badly wounded, succeeded in reaching Abeokuta next morning and giving the alarm. The city was terribly frightened, but it was found a little later that the hostile King had abandoned his original plan and not a Dahomean was within thirty miles of the city. Apparently he was satisfied with the terrible slaughter at Eshagga and decided to postpone his attack on the great city until the following season. Then the attack came, but Abeokuta was ready to defend herself to the utmost, and the tyrant of Dahomey was repulsed with heavy loss.

HENRY GEORGE, THE PRINTER. Noah Brooks Tells How the Famous Writer Became a Journalist.

In an article on 'Henry George in California,' Mr. Noah Brooks tells the readers of the Century how the political economist became a newspaper writer.

In the autumn of 1866 I was the editor of the Times, a daily newspaper published in San Francisco. One day, the foreman of the composing-room, after disposing of business concerning which he had come to my desk, somewhat hesitatingly told me that one of the compositors in his department had written several editorial articles, by way of experiment; and they were very good, so the foreman thought. But the young printer had destroyed his productions, after passing them around among his intimates in the office. Would the editor-in-chief like to look at one of the young man's writings? I said I should be glad to see one, and if he sent me anything

worth printing it should be used, and the writer should be paid for it. A few hours later, a bundle of sheets of Manila paper was laid on my desk by Mr. Turrell, the foreman, who, with a smile, said that the young printer had happened to have ready an article which he was willing to submit to my judgment. I read the paper at first with a preoccupied mind and in haste, and then with attentiveness and wonder. Considering the source from which it came the article was to me remarkable. I recollect that it was written in a delicate almost feminine hand, in lines very far apart, and making altogether a bulk which had at first misled me as to the actual length of the disquisition. The article was not long, and was entitled 'The Strides of a Giant,' it was descriptive of the gradual extension of the Asiatic frontiers of Russia, the changes that had taken place in the relations of the European powers, and the apparent sympathetic approach of the United States and Russia toward each other.

In some doubt as to the originality of this paper, sent to me by a young and unknown printer, I first looked through the American and foreign reviews on my table, then, satisfying myself that the articles had been cribbed from any of these publications, I changed the title to 'The Two Giants,' and printed it as the 'leader' in the Times of Nov. 1866. Let me say that when I told my foreman that, surprised by the excellence of the English, and the erudition exhibited in the article, I have some doubts concerning the originality of the young printer's work, he warmly replied that the young fellow was a thoroughly honest man and would no more borrow ideas than he would steal. Oh, no; my good friend Turrell would risk his reputation of the young compositor's honesty.

The foreman said that, if I were curious to see the young man, I would find him at a certain case, so many cases from the entrance to the composing-room. I looked with some interest, and was disappointed to find that my vigorous and well informed contributor was a little man, so short that he had provided himself with a bit of plank on which he stood at a case too tall for him. He was apparently then about 25 years old, but in fact was ten years older, as he was born in 1831. His suburb hair was thin, and the youthfulness of his face was disputed by the partial baldness of his head; his blue eyes were lambent with animation and a certain look of mirthfulness.

Near acquaintance with Henry George confirmed me in my strong prepossession in his favor. He was bright, alert, good-humored, and full of fun; yet his talk showed that he was a thinker, that he thought independently of all writers, and that he had wide, serious, and original views of life. The man's manner, his simplicity, his diffidence, and absolute sincerity, captivated me, and I liked him thoroughly and at once. He continued to contribute to the editorial page of the paper, sometimes with a fertility of production that dismayed me; and, after a few weeks, a vacancy having suddenly happened in my editorial staff, I invited George to the place. He was given a comfortable salary, and from that time forth he set type no more.

Go to Sleep Smiling. A beauty expert gives a word of warning to ladies. He says: 'Try to keep your face as reposeful as possible when sleeping. This is the time nature makes up for the waste of the day. And if you would be pretty you must help her. She cannot do it unassisted. If she wants to fill up the tissue of the skin at night, try to remember that when you go to sleep you must do so with a respectful smile on your face.'

Completely Sowed Out. 'I'd like to know,' said the delinquent boarder, 'why I don't get any of that plank-od shad.' 'Perhaps,' suggested the port waitress, 'it is because you haven't settled for the board.'

And he sat there like a wooden man. Appropriate. East: 'Why does your neighbor call his dog Random?' West: 'Because things are all the time being fired at him.'

ONTARIO BEEF. THOS. DEAN, City Market.

WHAT'S THE USE OF WANTING?

What's the use of wanting? I will have no more of it! What's the use of wanting? Riches never come of it! Might as well be lazy, life will surely last as long; Ends are rather hazy—means is right and more is more!

What's the use of working? Wasting what I do not need— Want is ever lurking where the lords of plenty feed. Think I'll rest a little, let my neighbors worry through; It will suit my temper—matters little what I do.

My old house is shaky, has a weather-crack or two; But a little chinking, that again will make it do. Windows panes are broken, but that gives me more fresh air; And it is a token of the way in which we fare.

Well, I am not wealthy, and I'll never care to be. What's the use of riches? Death will take them all from me. Might as well be lazy, life will surely be as sweet— On the banks of Jordan, all are equal as we meet.

Always took to loafing, like to lounge about the town; Like to bask in sunshine when I hold a barrel down. Hate to work in summer, when the weather is so hot; Rather catch the shadow of the maple in the lot— There is joy reposing, in the soily tangled grass; He who sits at ease, till he's all a matted mass.

There is joy in thinking, kind of lazy as it goes; As you sit a dreaming, wisely, looking down your nose. —W. H. Schuls

Honor Due. All honor to the noble brave, Who don't shy at death and dare, And honor still to valiant souls, Whom Fate forbids those deeds to share. For Opportunity's rare gold Is measured with a partial hand. How oft to tolling faro doled, To lavish on a chosen band!

Three hall to Alabama's son, For no'er was writ in book of fame A braver deed, more brave a name Than makes immortal Hobson's name. Hall to the old North State, who bears, Right nobly, as of yore, her part. And smit us through with Honor's spear The name of Sagley on her heart!

Aye, lofty praise for lofty deeds, Bright jewels in a nation's crown, By those pure laurels history, The story of her fair renown. Yet, write on Canada's roll, The humble rank and file, who stand At Duty's call with dauntless soul, To hear and follow her command! —J. Zitelka Cooke.

THINGS OF VALUE. Germany offers a remarkable object lesson to the world in the way she manages her forests. In that country about 11,000,000 acres of forest land are owned by the State, and the yearly revenue is not less than \$4,000,000.

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

Naval experts put down the active life of a modern battleship at about fifteen years. A hundred years ago, battleships lasted nearly six times as long, and were on active service nearly the whole time of their commission.

Worms derange the whole system. Mother Graves' Worm Expeller deranges worms, and gives rest to the sufferer. It only costs 25 cents to try it and be convinced.

Three French officers propose to carry out Jules Verne's idea and explore the Sahara in a balloon. They have asked the Paris Municipal Council for a grant of \$500 for their enterprise.

A lady writes: 'I was enabled to remove the corn, root and branch, by the use of Holloway's Corn Cure.' Others who have tried it have the same experience.

The Polar fox changes the color of its coat. In summer it is almost black; in winter it is so white that the animal can scarcely be seen as it scampers over the snow.

A Short Road to health! was opened to those suffering from chronic cough, asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, lumbago, rheumatism, excoriated nipples or inflamed breasts, and itching complaints, by the introduction of the inexhaustible and effective remedy, DR. THOMAS' EMULSION OIL.

They square pass of translator at oyster shells, instead of gas, are a unique feature of houses and offices in Manila.

TO THOSE OF SEDENTARY OCCUPATION—Men who follow sedentary occupations, which deprive them of fresh air and exercise, are more prone to disorders of the liver and kidneys than those who lead active, outdoor lives. The former will find in Farnes' Vegetable Pills a restorative without question the most efficacious on the market. They are easily procurable, easily taken, set expeditiously, and they are surprisingly cheap considering their excellence.

Nearly 80,000 acres have been reclaimed in Ireland during the past year from bog and marsh lands.

A SURE CURE FOR HEADACHES—Billions head-ache, to which women are more subject than men, becomes so acute in some subjects that they are utterly prostrated. The stomach refuses food, and there is a constant and distressing effort to free the stomach from bile which has become unduly secreted there. Farnes' Vegetable Pills are a speedy alternative and in neutralizing the effects of the irritating bile relieves the pressure on the nerves which causes the headache. Try them.

MONSOON INDO-CEYLON TEA. QUALITY, CARE, AND CLEANLINESS. Are the foundation stones upon which the unrivalled success of...

Ugly. There's nothing so ugly on a dining table as plated knives, forks or spoons with the plate rubbed off in places—To avoid this always look for this trade mark:

When you see it you know you are buying the best that money can buy—It will last a lifetime. Sole manufacturers SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO. Wallingford, Conn., U.S.A. and Montreal, Canada.

Consult Printers who are willing and capable, and who will interest themselves to the extent of making your Printing best suited to your particular needs. Try Progress Job Print.

ROYALS. OYSTERS always on hand. FISH AND GAME in season. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

CAFE ROYAL

BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARE, Proprietor.

Victoria Hotel,

51 to 57 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. B. SHERID WILLIS, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDRICKTON, N. B. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock,

TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B. The "L. V. S. Method" is a "Synthetic System" for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. I. WHITLOCK.

BEAUTIFUL GIRL  
Nourished on Poison, and Her Kiss Was  
Deadly.

The poisoners of to-day are more  
sneakers, if history is to be relied upon.  
In the good old times they were artists in  
the general practice of putting people out  
of the way, and studied quick and slow  
poisons instead of algebra and civil  
economy, their curriculum including many  
delicious little compounds unknown to our  
present chemists.

The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries  
were the halcyon days of poisoning.  
There is no doubt that La Spars, and the  
(if possible still more wretched hag La  
Toffania.) were as bad as you make them.  
The latter is said to have caused the deaths  
of over 600 persons. She used a preparation  
of arsenic which she sold under the name  
of 'Aqua Toffania.' It was slow  
poison, the victim growing daily weaker  
and gradually dying of physical exhaustion.  
In France the most notorious female poi-  
soners were Mme. de Brinvilliers (who was  
taught the secret of her 'succussion power'  
by Ste. Croix, which she successfully ad-  
ministered to her father and brothers) and  
the still more notorious Lavoisim and Lavi-  
goreux, who being ostensibly midwives,  
carried their poisons to high and low—  
married couples anxious to hasten the  
dissolutions of the irksome tie, or needy  
heirs wishful to accelerate the departure  
of rich relatives. A veritable mania for  
poisoning appears to have set in toward  
the middle of the seventeenth century.

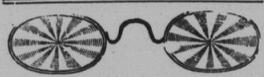
In England poisoning was declared, by  
an act passed in the reign of Henry VIII.,  
to be high treason, and those guilty of it  
were to be boiled alive. The most notori-  
ous case (the poisoning of James I. by  
Buckingham, is only surmise), of poison-  
ing was that of Sir Thomas Overbury, in  
the year 1613. He had incurred the dis-  
pleasure of Lord Rochester and his wife,  
and they had both vowed to be revenged  
on him. So after they had got him com-  
mitted to the Tower they set themselves to  
poison his food by mixing arsenic and can-  
tharides with it. For many months, though  
suffering intensely, he appears to have  
lingered on. At last a stronger dose than  
usual put an end to his miserable existence.  
The guilty couple to the King's  
overlasting disgrace, were released after  
five years' imprisonment.

One of the most curious points connected  
with poison is the fact that nations and in-  
dividuals have been known to thrive on it.  
Mithridates, King of Pontus, had poison  
for his daily food. In the Gesta Romac-  
orum we read that 'the Queen of the North,  
having heard of the great proficiency which  
Alexander the Great made in learning,  
under the tuition of Aristotle, nourished  
her daughter, from her cradle, on a certain  
kind of deadly poison, and when she grew  
up she was considered so beautiful that the  
sight of her alone affected many with mad-  
ness.' The young lady was sent to Alex-  
ander, who, of course, fell madly in  
love with her. Aristotle, who knew  
the plot warned the king who where-  
upon commanded a criminal whom  
he had condemned to death to kiss the girl.  
Since had the man touched her ruby lips  
before 'his whole frame was impregnated  
with poison, and he expired in greatest  
agonies.'

In the present day it is well known that  
the peasant girls of S russia consume large  
quantities of arsenic to add to their persor-  
at charms. It is a common habit also  
among men. It is said to improve the  
complexion, to promote digestion and to  
strengthen the respiratory organs. The  
worst of it is that when once you have  
commenced taking the drug it means death  
to leave it off.

An Alderman's Value.

An alderman in a Western city of about  
three thousand inhabitants, having made  
arrangements to remove to another city,  
resigned his office. Such a thing as the re-  
signation of an alderman was entirely new  
in the history of the place, and at the next  
meeting of the city council one of the  
honorable members introduced a resolu-  
tion, with a long preamble, setting forth



Eyes Tested Free

—BY—  
EXPERT OPTICIANS.

The best \$1 glasses in the  
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Everything at cut prices.

Open evenings till 9 o'clock.

**BOSTON OPTICAL CO.,**  
25 King St. St. John, N. B.  
Next to Manchester, Robertson & Allison's.

FRIENDS PREVAILED

A Nervous Toronto Woman Walked  
the Floor During the Night for Hours  
at a Time—She Makes a Statement.

TORONTO, ONT.—"I was troubled  
with nervousness. It was impossible for  
me to keep still and if the spells came  
over me during the night I had to get up  
and walk the floor for hours at a time.  
My blood was very poor and I was subject  
to bilious attacks. My feet would swell  
and I was not able to do my own house-  
work. I treated with two of the best  
physicians here but only received relief  
for a time. I became discouraged. One  
day a friend called and advised me to try  
Hood's Sarsaparilla. I laughed at the ad-  
vice but I was prevailed upon and pro-  
cured one bottle. Before I used it all I  
began to feel better. I took several bot-  
tles and also several boxes of Hood's Pills.  
Now I can eat and drink heartily and  
sleep soundly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has  
entirely cured me and also strengthened  
me so that I now do all my own work.  
I cheerfully recommend Hood's Sarsapa-  
rilla to all sufferers from nervousness,  
weakness or general debility." Mrs. H.  
F. PARR, Degrasse Street.

Hood's Pills

the new conditions of things that confronted  
the municipality, and providing for the  
calling of a special election to fill the  
vacancy. This was discussed with much  
terror. At last the mayor as presiding of-  
ficer, asked the city clerk what the expense  
of a special election would be.  
'About eighteen dollars,' answered the  
clerk.

Gentlemen,' said his honor, solemnly,  
'an alderman isn't worth it.'

And the resolution failed to pass.

The Two Mr. Splogs.

There were two men of the same name  
in the Twentieth Infantry at Camp Wikoff,  
says the New York Press. One, hailing  
from Massachusetts, is a sergeant of Com-  
pany I, while the other, a Pennsylvanian,  
is a private in Company M. Soon after  
the regiment arrived at Montauk Point,  
Sergeant Spring began to get very flatter-  
ing letters from a young lady living in a  
small Pennsylvania town; also express  
packages, which were none the less well  
come for being unexpected. At the same  
time Private Spring was deciding that he  
must be able to charm at a distance, be-  
cause a Massachusetts girl was writing to  
him in a particularly affectionate strain,  
and wanting to know if there wasn't some-  
thing she could send him. Private Spring  
thought of a lot of things that he could  
use if he had them, but as the fair cor-  
respondent had omitted to sign her last name  
it didn't seem feasible to write for them.  
Presently both Springs began to get letters  
complaining that no answers had been re-  
ceived to questions asked in the writer's  
previous letters. At the height of the tangle  
Sergeant Spring was walking along the  
road one day, when a comrade called his  
name. He and another man ahead of him  
both walked back, asking what was  
wanted.

'Is your name Spring, too?' asked the  
sergeant.  
'That's what,' replied the other m n.  
'Francis Joseph Spring.'  
'Well, that's me, too,' said the sergeant.  
'Say,' he added, as a thought struck him,  
'do you get letters from a girl named  
Mellee?'  
'No, I don't,' replied the other. 'Not  
as many as I ought to.'  
'I do, more than I ought to,' said the  
sergeant. 'I guess they're yours.'  
'I've got some from Sarah that I'll trade  
for 'em,' said the private, grinning.  
'That's a go,' answered the Massachusetts  
man, and all was satisfactorily arranged,  
except for the contents of sundry packages,  
which had been devoured. After that the  
two Springs met every other day and held  
a mail exchange.

A Social Custom Puzzles Bridget.

There is a Detroit family that arranged  
to spend the cold season in the Bermudas,  
and due announcement of the fact was  
made in the usual way. An unforeseen  
event deferred the proposed trip, and the  
pride of the good wife did not permit of  
her acknowledging a change in the plan of  
campaign as proclaimed to the world  
through the newspapers. They would go  
later, and meantime they would have it  
believed that they had already departed.  
All the servants but one had been dismis-  
ed. The front of the house was made to  
look as though the place was closed, and  
temporary residence was taken up in  
rear apartments. A friend of the family  
who had just returned to the city, called  
and was bent upon letting the folks know  
she was back. Her persistent manipula-  
tion of the bell led the servant to show her  
beaming countenance through a crack of  
the door.

'Is your mistress at home?'  
'She'd tell you they air in the Bar-  
mudz.'  
'Oh, away from hems?'  
'They air at home in the Bermudz.'  
'But they must have gone from home in  
order to be so far away.'  
'If ye'll wait I'll ask the mistress.  
Shure, I can't be ramblin' how it is,  
at all, at all.'

The friend waited patiently; even gayly.  
'It was right I was all the time,' an-  
nounced the faithful handmaid. 'The mis-  
tress is here in the Bermudz. Would  
ya be havin' a carrud?'

TWINS MURDERED BY LAW.

According to African Superstitions Their  
Birth Proves Wickedness.

Miss Slesor of the U' 68  
mission at the Old Calabar, was a pas-  
senger on the Elde Dempster liner Orion, which  
left Liverpool recently and had with her  
four black children whose case reveal a  
rainful part of West African history. Miss  
Slesor has now worked for twenty-two  
years in Old Calabar. The children are  
aged respectively 2, 3, 5 and 19 years,  
and each is one of twins appointed at one  
time to die, in accordance with a supersti-  
tious custom prevailing in the Niger coast  
protection.

In the course of an interview Miss Slesor  
said that all twins born were according  
to the native laws to be put immediately  
to death, and it is only those who have  
been rescued by the missionaries and placed  
beyond the reach of the native power  
who have so far escaped. The children in  
the Orion were four of these. Altogether,  
Miss Slesor has herself saved the lives of  
fifty-one twins.

When the twins are born they are at  
once taken from the mother, and, if no one  
interferes, they are taken by the feet and  
head and have their backs broken across a  
native woman's knee, in the same way as  
one would break a stick. The bodies are  
then placed in an earthenware receptacle  
and taken to the bush, where they are de-  
voured by the flies, insects or animals.  
Sometimes the little victims are put in  
these receptacles alive, and are then eaten  
alive in the same way. The mother be-  
comes an outcast. If she does not at once  
take her own life, she has to flee to the  
bush. If she ventures near the town or  
village, she must see that she does not re-  
main in the path when any other native is  
coming. Her presence, according to the  
superstition, would defile the place for  
others. She must not drink from the same  
spring, must not touch anything even be-  
longing to her own relatives, and there is  
little cause for wonder that she takes away  
her life, which has become a living death.

Miss Slesor is accompanied on the Orion  
by Miss McIntosh, and together they are  
going to establish a home for these native  
twins. The natives superstition is that the  
birth of twins is the result of witchcraft  
and devilry. Formerly the mother, as well as  
the children, was put to death. The inter-  
vention of the white missionaries and trad-  
ers had saved her life. Miss Slesor said:  
'It is really impossible to at once put an  
end to the horrible native customs. There  
could be no better governors than we have  
at present Sir Ralph Moor and Sir Claude  
Macdonald have helped us all they can.  
We don't want them to kill the natives, to  
make them abolish the shocking practice.  
We hope by saving the children and bring-  
ing them up like other children to show the  
natives that they are wrong in their belief.  
It is their religious belief that makes them  
kill their children.'—London Chronicle.

AN INVINCIBLE HORSE TAMER.

Early Achievement of an Ohioan Who Be-  
came World Famous.

Lida Rose McCabe sketches in St. Nich-  
olas the life story of an obscure country boy,  
whose love of horses 'turned in lead in civ-  
ilization,' and brought him, beyond any  
man of his time, into close social intimacy  
with the crowned sovereigns of the world.  
His name was John S. Rarey. Early in  
the century, his father—cleared a tract of  
forest land on the outskirts of Ohio cap-  
ital. On this virgin spot was built a log cab-  
in, in which the future horsetamer was  
born. The cabin in time became the be-  
ginning of the village of Groveport, known  
half a century ago to lovers of horses  
throughout the civilized world.

While a babe on his mother's arms, it  
was young Rarey's delight to watch the an-  
imal life on the farm. To pet the horses  
and cows was ever to the boy a keen plea-  
sure. When he could make his way alone  
to the farmyard, it was observed that the  
trickiest colts were docile under the car-  
cassing strokes of the child's hand. John  
was the youngest of seven children. At  
this period he was the only child at home.  
The Rarey farm was isolated. Many miles  
lay between neighbors. Having no youth-  
ful playmates, his warm little heart made  
friends of the chickens, the cows and the  
colts. At the age of three years it was his  
delight to ride astride the plough-horses.

One significant incident in the childhood  
of the invincible horse-tamer was frequen-  
tly related by his mother. It occurred in  
his fourth year. The family being at the  
dinner-table, one day, it was discovered  
that the chair of the youngest was vacant.  
A servant was sent in quest of the truant.  
The fields, the barns, the haymounds were  
searched in vain. A terrific scramble was  
heard, at length, in a gravel roadway near  
by. To the horror of the distracted  
household, Johnny Rarey was discovered  
upon the back of the wildest colt on the  
farm.

Expecting to see the child fall to the  
ground every moment, the father started to  
his rescue; but to the relief of the house-  
hold

How Expert Test Factors Test Tea.

The expert tea tester carefully weighs the tea,  
pours a certain quantity of fresh boiled water on it  
—lets it draw for a few minutes, then leaves it—  
Tolley's Elephant Brand Tea stands this test which  
others not from the right way of making tea.

THAT SNOWY  
WHITENESS  
to which all housewives aspire can  
be secured most surely, most easily,  
and most economically by the use of  
"SURPRISE" Soap.  
It takes all the dirt out of the fabrics,  
and leaves them white as snow—  
clean, sweet and free from streaks or  
discolorations.  
A large cake costs but 5 cents.  
Remember the name—  
"SURPRISE".

held, colt and rider soon reined up in safety  
to the barn door. When reproved for his  
conduct, the colt replied that he and the  
colt were the best of friends. To convince  
his father of his mastery of the colt, he  
mounted and dismounted, bridled and un-  
bridled the animal, who, to the astonish-  
ment of the spectators, submitted to his  
young master's directions. His control of  
the colt was much talked of in the neigh-  
borhood. From that time the young horse-  
man was in great demand to carry mes-  
sages between the scattered farmhouses.  
Before his ninth year his reputation for  
horsemanship in that part of the country  
was unrivaled.

Two Grizzly Cubs.

Next to Kit Carson, Jim Baker was  
General Fremont's most valued scout. He  
was a famous bear hunter, and one occa-  
sion he and a companion had a hand to  
hand fight with two young grizzly bears  
as large as full grown dogs. Colonel  
Inman describes the lively contest in his  
book 'The Old Santa Fe Trail.' While  
Baker and his comrade were setting traps  
on the head waters of the Arkansas, they  
suddenly met the bears, and Baker  
remarked: 'If we light in and kill the var-  
mits with our knives it will be a big  
thing to tell of.' They laid aside their  
rifles and lit in, Baker attacking one bear  
and his comrade the other. The bears  
raised themselves on their haunches and  
were ready for the encounter. Baker ran  
around his bear, trying to get in a blow  
from behind with his long knife; but the  
brute was too quick for him and always  
confronted him face to face. Baker  
knew that if he came within reach  
of the bear's claws he should receive  
a severe wound. Moreover, he was in  
fear that the howls of the cubs would bring  
their infuriated mother to the scene, when  
the hunters would have a slim chance of  
getting away. Anxious to end the fight,  
Baker made several lunges at the bear,  
but the cub warded them with his strong  
fore paws. The animal, however, received  
severe cuts on his shoulders, which so  
maddened him that with open mouth he  
bounded at Baker. The cool hunter  
caught the cub, wrestled with him, and  
gave him a death-wound under the ribs.  
Baker's comrade, who had become ex-  
hausted by his struggle with the other bear  
called for aid. Baker ran to his assistance,  
whereupon the friend ran off, leaving  
Baker to fight the second bear alone. He,  
however, soon had the satisfaction of see-  
ing that his friend had on the ground not  
far from the other one.

I then and there made up my mind, said  
Baker, 'I'd never fight sary 'nother grizzly'  
without a good shooting-iron in my paw!

So Water of Many Colors.

On a bright, sunny day visitors are  
often puzzled at the numerous colors vis-  
ible on the surface of the sea. There will,  
perhaps, be some four or five streaks of  
green, blue, yellow, black and so forth,  
making the water appear as though it were  
painted in color stripes of mathematical  
precision. To the initiated these several  
stripes have their meaning. They are  
nearly all produced by the obstructor of  
the ocean bed, and as a rule are only seen  
in close proximity to land. If you see  
a deep blue or green patch, you may label  
it deep water, the blue usually being deep-  
er than the green. A yellowish tint  
signifies a sandy bottom, and it is very  
pronounced, indicates a shoal or sandbank.  
Black indicates rocks, although seaweed or  
cloud shadows will sometimes produce a  
similar effect. On the east coast it is no  
uncommon thing to see a patch of bright  
red where the sun has reflected the color of  
the deep brown sand on the surface.  
Where the bottom is muddy, as on the Es-  
sex coast, a streak of bright silver grey is  
often seen. Many people who cannot  
claim intimacy with the sea imagine these  
colors are in the sea water itself, whereas  
its intrinsic tint is a bluish green.

Hard to Explain.

I often had heard stories about persons  
who were minus a hand or foot feeling a  
sensation in the dismembered portion,  
said a gentleman who had the misfortune  
to lose his left hand in a railway accident,  
'but I never actually believed such state-  
ments until my mishap occurred. At times  
I experienced the same feelings as if my  
hand were still there. Very often I catch  
myself reaching with my other hand to  
touch the missing one. Then, again, I

can feel the finger nails on the missing  
hand and have a desire to trim them. In-  
fact, there are times when I can feel every  
sensation, and it requires a second thought  
before I can realize that my hand is not  
there. This may all sound funny, but it is  
the truth, nevertheless, and can be ac-  
counted for by the muscles, the imagin-  
ation, or whatever you like.

Didn't Want the Fare.

The following little story, which the  
writer heard from a near relative of the  
late Lord Coleridge, shows that the Lon-  
don caddy is not incapable of gratitude.  
One evening, many years ago, the then  
eminent barrister was returning home in a  
hansom, and bring probably deep in  
thought, he left some valuable law papers  
in the cab. The cabman found them, and  
luckily remembering his passenger, brought  
them directly to him, instead of taking  
them to Scotland Yard. This proceeding  
saved infinite trouble, as the papers were  
to be used the following morning, and the  
man received a very large reward.

Many months after, the great lawyer  
was again in a hansom on a certain even-  
ing, and on getting out he tendered the  
fare to the driver, who, to his great  
surprise, refused to take any pay.  
'No,' he said, 'I suppose you have for-  
gotten the papers I brought back, and the  
handsome present you made me; but I  
have long wished for the chance to take  
you for nothing.'

Corks and Cautions.

There is a lad in a certain Scottish town  
who is noted for his shrewdness. The other  
day he was sent by his father to a neigh-  
bouring public house with the following  
order:—

'Please send to our house ten dozen of  
ale.'

Now it so happens that one of the  
publican's faults is a propensity to poke  
his nose into other people's business, and  
so, when he had read the order, he could  
not help ejaculating:—  
'Guid gracious, laddie, and whatever is yer  
father gaun to do wae muckle ale?'

For a moment Johnnie was puzzled,  
knowing that his father would not like him  
to exactly tell the truth. Then an idea  
occurred to him, and he quietly replied:—  
'I'm no verra sure, but I think he's gaun  
to mak' a cork frame, and he'll need the  
corks.'

The Forecast Office.

The youthful weather prophet was plain-  
ly mortified. He had just been appointed  
and his first prediction had not been  
verified.

'The reason we didn't have that storm,'  
he explained earnestly—  
'Hush!' interrupted his aged superior.  
'In this business we never stop to apologise.  
Just guess again.'

Further Explained.

'Did you say that gentleman made his  
fortune by some important discoveries in  
medical lore?'

'Yes; he discovered a new way to ad-  
vertise an invaluable cure-all.'

Poetised.

'I don't believe in being affable to in-  
feriors.'  
'You don't? Just think how lonely you  
would be if everybody felt that way.' J.T.S.

**TO INTRODUCE \$1.00**  
our new 28" model early  
we will, for the next 30  
days, ship a sample bicycle C.O.D. to you  
dress upon receipt of \$1.00. We offer  
splendid chance to a good agent in each  
town. You have your choice of Cash or  
outright gift of one or more wheels, ac-  
cording to nature of work done for us.

**INTRODUCTION PRICES**  
FLYER—27 in. Tubing, Flush Joints, 1  
piece Cranks, fitted with Dunlop Tires,  
\$10.00, fitted with M. & W. Tires, 12-59;  
fitted with Dunlop Tires, \$12.00.  
Men and Ladies, Green and Maroon, 22  
and 24 in. Frame, any gear.  
Wheels slightly used, modern types, \$5.00  
to \$7.50.  
Price List Free. Secure Agency at once.  
T. W. BOYD & SON, Montreal.

We would like to know what a lot of you people are thinking about—can't you see the "cinch" in our premium offer?

# PROGRESS.

Be sure and read about our great premium offer on the second page to-day. It will surprise you.

VOL. XL, NO. 564.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 4 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## NOW WHO'LL GET JOBS?

SOME AFTER FEAT OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE.

The Talk in Aldermanic Circles As to the Case—The Purdy-Reynolds Matter—Will There be a Vacant Commissioner'ship? (That Liberal Pleas to Defeat.)

The hum of local politics has not died away yet. The house meets on the 23rd instant and there is a good deal of speculation as to what will happen before that time. Another event perhaps of equal political significance will be the banquet to Hon. John Costigan which is scheduled to take place in the Dufferin soon after Lent.

The scramble for rewards has begun and the positions that are not filled must be soon. The applicants and their friends will not be put off and the lives of the members of the government must be made miserable by the importunities of those who say they supported them.

The monotony of a week after election has been varied by the story that an attempt had been made to get Mr. Purdy to resign and to put Mr. Reynolds up as a candidate in his stead. Publication was given to the rumor and the names of Mr. McDade, the president of the Young Liberals Association, and Mr. John Connor were associated with an interview with Mr. Emmerson upon the subject. Mr. McDade says that the premier was not interviewed and then the Globe came out with a long article and gave what purported to be the history of the rise, progress and fall of the scheme to relegate Mr. Purdy to private life and to replace him with a representative of the Catholic section of the party.

All this of course, supposed that Mr. McKeown would get the solicitor general's ship. That gentleman has been so ill since the election that he has not been able to take any active part in the negotiations and persuasions that are being made but his friends have not been inactive. What his ideas are upon the matter of Mr. Reynolds keeping him [company in his next appeal to the electors] have not been learned but he might have the same apprehension as some of his supporters, namely, that if the claims of Mr. Reynolds were not recognized his friends might forget to go to the polls and vote for McKeown. A prominent Catholic and party man intimated as much to PROGRESS this week but such threats are usually made in indignation and repented of afterwards.

Meantime the government is in session and the house is summoned for the 23rd of this month. When it does meet several important bills will come before it from the city of St. John and one of them at least will have an especial interest for the people of St. John. The house will be asked to amend the act relating to the appointment of the chief of police and either give the council the power to appoint and dismiss or to agree to act upon their representations when made. As it is now the council has no power over the chief. The latter is paid by the city but appointed by the province. He can go and come as he pleases. He is supposed, as a matter of fact to ask permission of the chairman of the Safety board but he fails to do so three times out of four. Secure in his position the aldermen say he ignores the suggestions of the council and does as he pleases.

His last difficulty with the representatives of the people is a good illustration of this. The facts are still fresh in the minds of the people as to what happened after the "resignations" of two officers. This seemed to be the last straw and the aldermen resolved that they would make an attempt to have the law changed.

But it is said that the government are not so much in favor of changing the law as they are in favor of changing the officer and that they are willing to make this change if the council asks for it. They are tired of bearing the burden of the sins and omissions of one of their officials and now that St. John has turned around and given them a handsome support they are willing to listen to the demands of their supporters.

This report his spread pretty generally during the week and the result is that there are plenty of applicants for the office of chief of police. It is not an easy office to fill and yet there are lots of men who think they could do so as well as the present one. They may not have the same magnificent presence but body isn't brain and executive ability is what is needed. Of course some of those who think they should have it are on the score, but the name of one officer at least—perhaps of all

of them—has been used without warrant. He does not want the office but is looking after something else which will relieve him of his present position and give him one more congenial to his mind.

Some people connected with the city business are also mentioned as looking for the job but they deny that this is so. Government officials well known and capable in their own sphere are also in the field.

Talking with PROGRESS a day or two ago an alderman said that he was confident there was to be a change of some sort but in what direction it would be he could not tell. The chief he said was to blame for any action that the council has felt it necessary to take. He would not consult them and though he had promised to do so again and again always pursued his own course in the end. "More than that" said he "we have had complaints from the officers on the force that they can get no satisfaction from him regarding their police fund. I think as PROGRESS said they are afraid to broach the subject but the chief must surely know that while the council cannot interfere in this matter very well still the absence of an explanation does not make him appear in a very good light. I do not think myself that such a furd should be in the hands of the chief for the very reason that the men might not like to ask for the explanation to which they have a perfect right."

It is also said that there will be one or two liquor commissioner'ships in the field. What the reasons for this are is best known to the people who have advised the change. The liquor people themselves have not been well satisfied with the methods of a portion of the commission and they would not be ill pleased if the change was made. It seems that they contributed quite a large sum toward election expenses and perhaps on this account they feel that greater consideration should be given to their views.

In addition to the above after election rumors (which may be all they will come to) there is talk of another kind about the people who found it expedient or who conscientiously changed from one side to the other. This was especially true of a lot of conservative who were elected to represent the wards at the convention. Some of them even attended the conservative conventions and then went into the government camp. The active spirits in the opposition camp are beginning to make a list of them, no doubt for future reference. One of them in particular was chairman of a ward and has been for years, and yet for the sake of a promise he went into another county and assisted the government candidate. An Ex-alderman who is always on the alert during election days—a man of influence and an ardent worker—did not turn his hand over this time. No doubt there are changes at all elections and the government can make the same claim as the opposition. In fact one strong man, Capt. Keast, openly owned up to his change of front. After all, the rank and file cannot be blamed for what their leaders did.

The friends of Mr. Purdy are not pleased at the attempt that has been made to get him to resign, and even if he has said nothing they do not hesitate to talk in plain language. It appears that there was some deficit—about \$150—when the Liberal picnic accounts were settled last summer and in this connection they are asking who was one of two or three to make good the amount. They think Mr. Purdy the last man who should be asked to resign. If, as it is claimed, the school trustee election defeated Mr. Reynolds they say that Mr. Purdy had nothing to do with it. He could not be expected to spend some hours at a council meeting when his election might have depended upon the personal canvass he was making.

Regarding His Health. Letters from T. B. Blair this week told his friends that he was regaining the good health that he enjoyed before the grippé seized him and he went away for his health. He is in New York at the present time but proposes to go South in a few days. He has been in Montreal and in some of the large American cities. Mr. A. George Blair was with him in New York.

They may Have a Man for Sports. There is some talk of the Neptune Rowing club holding some amateur sports in the near future. There are some scientific boxers among the members and several all around athletes—enough to make an excellent show.



VENERABLE ARCHDEACON BRIGSTOCKE, Rector of Trinity Church who Died Quite Suddenly Friday Morning (As PROGRESS was just going to press when the sad news arrived it was not possible to print a sketch of the deceased gentleman.)

## THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE.

And How They Were Appreciated by a Smart Young Halifax Man.

HALIFAX Mar. 2.—When the Boston boat left Halifax last Tuesday week, among its passengers was a certain young man, who has left behind him in Halifax a reputation in a certain line not to be envied.

Previous to his departure he seemed to be a quiet, easy going individual, and in fact one of those "good young men." He was a member of a temperance organization, and also of a prominent city band. His residence was in the North End. Every one whom he met regarded him as a paragon of humanity.

Being never known to work and always looking neat and presentable for the street, many were the queries as to how he existed without the least exertion on his part in the way of either manual or mental labor. But now all these queries have been solved.

It appears he had been giving his valuable time and attention to a certain young woman residing in the South end of the city. He evidently very skilfully concealed his "attentions," as most of his friends never knew him to have a weakness for the opposite sex or in fact to have any partiality for them whatever. Still appearances are deceptive, as the fact has come to light that this party had been paying his attentions to the young lady referred to for the past two years.

His courtship however, was kept secret through the circumstances attending their meetings. It was just simply this. The young lady was a cook in one of the families in the South End. Whenever her beau called he would receive him in the kitchen. Thus her receptions held within the sacred precincts of the kitchen were free from intrusion, and still further the espionage of the public.

These meetings were made more frequent and more "palatable" through the agency of the cook's culinary ability, and her lover was regularly treated to sumptuous lunches of cold turkey, ham and to many other little delicacies. These were very acceptable to him and seemed to be better, since they were prepared by such hands as they were.

The air was frequently rent with the solemn vows taken, binding their fidelity to one another. These were made sacred by the incense ascending from the steaming kettle.

Our domestic friend was evidently very much in love with her "young man." Not content with emphasizing her regard for him by a liberal provision of her mistress's cold meat, etc., she frequently furnished him with an extensive stock of collars, neckties and other necessities. Pocket money was also in order, and she seemed to emphasize her attendance to his needs in this respect.

However the crash came last week, when the young lady intimated to her idol that he should marry her, and after taking the circumstances into consideration he consented. So, securing a license and accompanied by another party he met his culinary friend and a sister cock at an appointed place, whence the quartet started out for one of the city rectories. There the nuptial knot was tied.

## TIRED OF CIVIC LIFE.

THREE ALDERMEN WILL GIVE WAY TO OTHER MEN.

John A. Chesley, William Agate and Dr. Smith in the Field—Will the City be Divided into Six Wards and the Present System of Election Done Away With?

Alderman Hamm of Kings Ward has announced his retirement from civic politics.

Alderman-at-Large Douglas McArthur says he will attend to his private business and let some other man take his place.

Alderman-at-Large Parry will, some of his friends say—not bother with civic business now that he is a member of the legislature.

Dr. J. M. Smith who ran against Ald. Christie last year is out again and will try and see what he can do.

There is nothing new so far as candidates for mayor are concerned. The present chief magistrate seems to be undisturbed and tranquil and the opposition which was talked of last week still remains "talk" as yet.

Still there are men who seem to long to re-enter the civic arena again and the chief one mentioned just now is Mr. John A. Chesley, who, his friends say would make a good alderman at large. PROGRESS understands that he is being boomed for the nomination and that the train has been laid for some time to bring about the result. There is no doubt that he would get considerable support in the North end but the South and West sections might not be so hearty in their acceptance of him.

The friends of Capt. Keast have suggested him for a candidate for alderman at large, and he may be induced to accept. He ran well last year and will no doubt be heard from again.

There is no mention of any one for Kings Ward yet. Some of the friends of Dr. G. A. B. Addy enjoyed a joke at his expense by announcing his candidature.

Ex-alderman Wilson has been mentioned as a good man to take Alderman McArthur's place. He has a good knowledge of civic affairs and would gain his election easily. Alderman Tufts had no opposition last year. There is talk of some one opposing him this spring, but no man has been named as yet.

There is a good deal of speculation as to what effect the recent elections will have upon the aldermanic contest. It would only be natural if the aldermen who supported the government made it a condition that they should have assistance in their civic battle. For example Capt. McMulkin who was to the front in Lorne would expect that he would get any assistance he wanted when the civic battle came off. The same is true of Messrs. Smith and Stackhouse in Carleton. They won't expect to get many catholic votes because they voted for Mrs. Smith as against Mrs. Dever but they may not be concerned about that.

It is said that the Catholics have agreed that their representation at the council board is inadequate and that they will have some candidates up. At present Alderman McGoldrick is the only representative they have and their contention is that they should have four or five out of the fifteen. If this cannot be brought about in any other way they may apply to the legislature and have the present method of electing aldermen changed.

Many are in favor of going back to the old ward system while others favor a redistribution of wards. This scheme finds favor with the politicians. The proposition is to divide the city after this fashion. Make Carleton one ward; give the North End two wards not including Victoria, and divide Victoria, Wellington, Prince, Kings, Sydney and Dukes into three wards. Then it is proposed to elect three aldermen from each ward. Under this change the wards will vote for their own man. It is said that the city representatives have been approached and that they are in favor of the change.

The present system was brought about through the efforts of the T. B. A. with George Robertson as mayor. It is an M. F. P. now he favors the change the legislature may listen to him with a good deal of attention. Even in the council there is a disposition to abandon the present method because they say it leads to combinations and the man who is most popular in his own ward may be elected by the vote of the people who know nothing of him in another part of the city.

PROGRESS gives this matter for what it is worth. There is something in the air of that favor. The details are not yet worked out and they may not be this year but this is the talk.



...feel the finger nails on the misting... and have a desire to trim them. In fact, there are times when I can feel every sensation, and it requires a second thought before I can realize that my hand is not here. This may all sound funny, but it is the truth, nevertheless, and can be accounted for by the muscles, the imagination, or whatever you like.

Didn't Want the Fare. The following little story, which the writer heard from a near relative of the late Lord Coleridge, shows that the London cabbie is not incapable of gratitude.

One evening, many years ago, the then eminent barrister was returning home in aansom, and being probably deep in thought, he left some valuable law papers in the cab. The cabman found them, and, kindly remembering his passenger, brought them directly to him, instead of taking them to Scotland Yard. This proceeding saved infinite trouble, as the papers were to be used the following morning, and the man received a very large reward.

Many months after, the great lawyer, as again in aansom on a certain evening, and on getting out he tendered the fare to the driver, who, to his great surprise, refused to take any pay. "No," he said, "I suppose you have forgotten the papers I brought back, and the handsome present you made me; but I have long wished for the chance to take you for nothing."

Considering how very little a cabman then realizes, this is rather touching.—Tidbits.

Orks and Caution. There is a lad in a certain Scottish town who is noted for his shrewdness. The other day he was sent by his father to a neighboring public house with the following order:—

"Please send to our house ten dozen of beer."

Now it so happens that one of the blican's faults is a propensity to poke his nose into other people's business, and when he had read the order, he could not help ejaculating:—

"Aid gracious, laddie, and whatever is yer ther gann the dae wi' ese muckle ale?" For a moment Johnnie was puzzled, owing that his father wouldn't like him exactly tell the truth. Then an idea occurred to him, and he quietly replied:—

"I'm no verra sure, but I think he's gann mak' a cork frame, and he'll need the rks."

In The Forecast Office. The youthful weather prophet was plain-morified. He had just been appointed his first prediction had not been fulfilled.

"The reason we didn't have that storm," explained earnestly—

"Hush!" interrupted his aged superior, "this business we never stop to apologise at, guess again."

Further Explained. Did you say that gentleman made his name by some important discoveries in medical lore?

"Yes; he discovered a new way to advertise an invaluable cure-all."

Poisoned. I don't believe in being affable to in-

"You don't? Just think how lowly you could be if everybody felt that way."—Tidbits.

TO INTRODUCE \$1.00... T. W. BOYD & SON, Montreal.



GIVEN AWAY... ES, Rings, Bracelets, Ear Rings, Fountain Pens, Tea Sets, or Sets, Banquet Lamps, Five or Clock Tea Sets, Lace, Musical Instruments and beautiful and costly prizes.

IN THE RACE FOR FAVOR Baby's Own Soap has distanced the field. Its scientific preparation and the purity of its ingredients make it the best of soaps for the delicate skins of ladies and children.

make her home with friends in that far distant city... The best wishes of many friends from the colonial will follow her to her Western home.

A CITY'S NARROW ESCAPE. 200,000 People Thought the Dahomians Were Going to Kill Them. Few books have been written about Yoruba, on the Gulf of Guinea, West Africa.

MONSOON QUALITY, CARE, AND CLEANLINESS. Are the foundation stones upon which the unrivalled success of... INDO-CYLON TEA. Has been built. Absolutely true from unwholesome properties.

When a Boy Enters school he is not given a text-book a lot of definitions to learn, as in the way, but he is put at once to doing news as it is done in the outside world.

Business University. Cor. Charlotte and Princess Streets, St. John, N. B. P. O. Box 99.

himself with a big force-pump and a dose of strychnin, and took all the pers down to where the sick hippopotamus was languishing. First he had the or drawn out of the tank; then he had keepers drive the animal up to the of the cage, and prod him so that he ned his mouth to emit moans of resent-

John Howe, the famous Puritan divine name Cromwell's chaplain in 1757. He much respected by men of all parties in the ticklish times of the Common-

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. Advertisements under this heading not more than five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

RESIDENCE at Roxbury for sale or to rent... HONEST ENTERPRISEMAN or woman wanted in every city in Canada to represent us; our line of goods in every home; we give larger commission any other firm; particulars and sample free.

FREDERICTON. (Furnished for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Pease and J. H. Hawthorne.) MAR. 1.—Society has been very quiet since Lent came in; even the whist clubs have ceased a quiet game for the time being.

THE YOUNG LADIES CLUB had a drive down to Oromocto with supper and a dance at Stocker's hotel last evening. The return drive home was very pleasant with the moon in vane.

THE MANY FRIENDS of Mr. Hodley V. Edgewood were gathered to hear of his serious illness of pneumonia in Boston, where he was spending a few weeks visiting the art studios.

MISS KATHA BABBITT arrived home today on a visit from Boston where she is engaged in studying nursing. Miss Babbitt's many friends are pleased to have her among them once more.

MISS KATHA CROOKSBANK is spending a few days at Margyville the guest of Mrs. Cadlip. Col. A. J. Hillhouse, an enthusiastic sportsman of Boston, has been among the visitors in the city the past week.

MISS RANDOLPH, who has been visiting Mrs. Blair at Ottawa is now in Kingston with her sister, Mrs. Eaton, where she will spend the remainder of the winter.

MISS CATWALKER of the University, class '99, last evening entertained her class mates at a delightful drive around the city, and afterwards the party had supper at a pleasant hour at Miss Catwalker's Maryville home.

THE FIRST MEETING of the University, Mock Parliament, for the seasons will be held in the college library on Saturday evening, F. L. Days is president and president of the council, P. G. Hughes is Attorney General, W. E. Sweet has been appointed leader of the opposition.

MISS JEAN BROWN, Moncton's talented young violinist, so well known in Fredericton, has gone to Tacoma, Washington Territory where she will

Hansen's Junket Tablets. Be the season what it may, Junket is always Junket, the great tempter, the great nourisher, the great palatable, the great popular, the most efficacious and the most delicate. Cleanses the system, aids digestion, and is cheap beyond comparison.

What's the use of wanting? I will have no more of it! What's the use of wanting? Riches never come of it! Might as well be lazy, life will surely last long! Ends are rather hazy—much is right and more is wrong.

Always look to loading, like to lounge about the lawn; Like to bask in sunshine when I hold a barrel of wine; Hate to work in summer, when the weather is so hot!

THINGS OF VALUE. Germany offers a remarkable object lesson to the world in the way she manages her forests. In that country about 11,000,000 acres of forest land are owned by the State, and the yearly revenue is not less than \$200,000,000.

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S Dysentery Cardiac is a speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera, summer complaint, sea sickness and complaints incidental to children, such as colic, worms, and indigestion.

THREE FRENCH OFFICERS propose to carry out Jules Verne's idea and explore the Sahara in a balloon. They have asked the Paris Municipal Council for a grant of \$500 for their enterprise.

TO THOSE OF SEDENTARY OCCUPATION, who follow sedentary occupations, which deprive them of fresh air and exercise, are more prone to disorders of the liver and kidneys than those who lead active, outdoor lives.

A SUB CURVE FOR HEADACHE—Billows headache, to which women are more subject than men, becomes so acute in some instances that they are unable to perform their daily duties.

THE KING OF DAHOMY advanced against that great city with a large army, including several thousand Amazons, female warriors who were nothing better than human tigers. Mr. Stone says that one of their favorite amusements was to see which of them could first get through a high circle of thorns to kill a helpless prisoner tied to a stake.

A SINGULAR custom of the Yorubans made it easy for them to get into the populous suburb. When Yorubans go to war they do not salute any one, and it is a gross insult for any one to salute them.

THE DAHOMIANS quietly filed into the town and encamped in the market place, the inhabitants feeling all the more secure because so many soldiers had come among them.

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worth printing it should be used, and the writer should be paid for it. A few hours later, a bundle of sheets of Manila paper was laid on my desk by Mr. Turrell, the foreman, who, with a smile, said that the young printer had happened to have ready an article which he was willing to submit to my judgement.

THE FOREMAN said that, if I were curious to see the young man, I would find him at a certain case, so many cases from the entrance to the composing-room. I looked with some interest, and was disappointed to find that my vigorous and well informed contributor was a little man, so short that he had provided himself with a bit of plank on which he stood at a case too tall for him.

NEAR acquaintance with Henry George confirmed me in my strong prepossession in his favor. He was bright, alert, good-humored, and full of fun; yet his talk showed that he was a thinker, that he thought independently of all writers, and that he had wide, serious, and original views of life.

A BEAUTY expert gives a word of warning to ladies. He says: 'Try to keep your face as reposeful as possible when sleeping. This is the time nature makes up for the waste of the day. And if you would be pretty you must help her. She cannot do it unassisted. If she wants to fill up the tissues of the skin at night, try to remember that when you go to sleep you must do so with a reposeful smile on your face.'

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Ugly. There's nothing so ugly on a dining table as plated knives, forks or spoons with the plate rubbed off in places—To avoid this always look for this trade mark:

WARROGERS. When you see it you know you are buying the best that money can buy—It will last a lifetime. Sole manufacturers SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO. Wellington, Conn., U. S. A. and Montreal, Canada.

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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.

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

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock. TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B. Apply at the residence of Mrs. J. T. WHITLOCK.

ONTARIO... BEEF. THOS. DEAN, City Market.

BEAUTIFUL GIRL  
Nourished on Poison, and Her Kiss Was Death.

The poisoners of to-day are mere amateurs, if history is to be relied upon. In the good old times they were artists in the general practice of putting people out of the way, and studied quick and slow poisons instead of algebra and civil economy, their curriculum including many delicious little compounds unknown to our present chemists.

The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were the halcyon days of poisoning. There is no doubt that La Spira, and the (if possible still more wretched hag La Toffania,) were as bad as you make them. The latter is said to have caused the deaths of over 600 persons. She used a preparation of arsenic which she sold under the name of 'Aqua Toffania.' It was slow poison, the victim growing daily weaker and gradually dying of physical exhaustion. In France the most notorious female poisoners were Mme. de Brinvilliers (who was taught the secret of it) her 'succession power' by Ste. Croix, which she successfully administered to her father and brothers) and the still more notorious Lavoisier and Lavigoreux, who being ostensibly midwives, carried their poisons to high and low—married couples anxious to hasten the dissolutions of the irksome tie, or needy heirs wishful to accelerate the departure of rich relatives. A veritable mania for poisoning appears to have set in toward the middle of the seventeenth century.

In England poisoning was declared, by an act passed in the reign of Henry VIII., to be high treason, and those guilty of it were to be boiled alive. The most notorious case (the poisoning of James I. by Buckingham, is only surmised), of poisoning was that of Sir Thomas Overbury, in the year 1613. He had incurred the displeasure of Lord Rochester and his wife, and they had both vowed to be revenged on him. So after they had got him committed to the Tower they set themselves to poison his food by mixing arsenic and cantharides with it. For many months, though suffering intensely, he appears to have lingered on. At last a stronger dose than usual put an end to his miserable existence. The guilty couple to the King's everlasting disgrace, were released after five years' imprisonment.

One of the most curious points connected with poison is the fact that nations and individuals have been known to thrive on it. Mithridates, King of Pontus, had poison for his daily food. In the Gesta Romanorum we read that the Queen of the North, having heard of the great proficiency which Alexander the Great made in learning, under the tuition of Aristotle, nourished her daughter, from her cradle, on a certain kind of deadly poison, and when she grew up she was considered so beautiful that the sight of her alone affected many with madness. The young lady was sent to Alexander, who, of course, fell madly in love with her. Aristotle, who knew the plot, warned the king who whereupon he had condemned to death to kiss the girl. Since had the man touched her ruby lips before 'his whole frame was impregnated with poison, and he expired in greatest agony.'

In the present day it is well known that the peasant girls of Syria consume large quantities of arsenic to add to their personal charms. It is said to improve the complexion, to promote digestion and to strengthen the respiratory organs. The worst of it is that when once you have commenced taking the drug it means death to leave it off.

An Alderman's Value.  
An alderman in a Western city of about three thousand inhabitants, having made arrangements to remove to another city, resigned his office. Such a thing as the resignation of an alderman is entirely new in the history of the place, and at the next meeting of the city council one of the honorable members introduced a resolution, with a long preamble, setting forth



Eyes Tested Free

—BY—  
EXPERT OPTICIANS.

The best \$1 glasses in the world.

Everything at cut prices.

Open evenings till 9 o'clock.

BOSTON OPTICAL CO.,  
25 King St. St. John, N. B.

Send to Manchester, Robertson & Allison's.

FRIENDS PREVAILED

A Nervous Toronto Woman Walked the Floor During the Night for Hours at a Time—She Makes a Statement.

TORONTO, ONT.—"I was troubled with nervousness. It was impossible for me to keep still and if the spells came over me during the night I had to get up and walk the floor for hours at a time. My blood was very poor and I was subject to bilious attacks. My feet would swell and I was not able to do my own household work. I treated with two of the best physicians here but only received relief for a time. I became discouraged. One day a friend called and advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I laughed at the advice but I was prevailed upon and procured one bottle. Before I used it all I began to feel better. I took several bottles and also several boxes of Hood's Pills. Now I can eat and drink heartily and sleep soundly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has entirely cured me and also strengthened me so that I now do all my own work. I cheerfully recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all sufferers from nervousness, weakness or general debility." MRS. H. F. PARM, Degross Street.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills: easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

The new conditions of things that confronted the municipality, and providing for the calling of a special election to fill the vacancy. This was discussed with much fervor. At last the city clerk what the expense of a special election would be.

"About eighteen dollars," answered the clerk.

Gentlemen," said his honor, solemnly, "an alderman isn't worth it."

And the resolution failed to pass.

The Two Mr. Springs.

There were two men of the same name in the Twentieth Infantry at Camp Wikoff, says the New York Press. One, hailing from Massachusetts, is a sergeant of Company I, while the other, a Pennsylvanian, is a private in Company M. Soon after the regiment arrived at Montauk Point, Sergeant Spring began to get very flattering letters from a young lady living in a small Pennsylvania town; also express packages, which were none the less well come for being unexpected. At the same time Private Spring was deciding that he must be able to charm at a distance, because a Massachusetts girl was writing to him in a particularly affectionate strain, and wanting to know if there wasn't something she could send him. Private Spring thought of a lot of things that he could use if he had them, but as the fair correspondent had omitted to sign her last name it didn't seem feasible to write for them. Presently both Springs began to get letters complaining that no answers had been received to questions asked in the writer's previous letters. At the height of the tangle Sergeant Spring was walking along the road one day, when a comrade called his name. He and another man ahead of him both walked back, asking what was wanted.

"Is your name Spring, too?" asked the sergeant.

"That's what," replied the other man.

"Francis Joseph Spring,"

"Well, that's me, too," said the sergeant.

"Say," he added, as a thought struck him, "do you get letters from a girl named Mollie?"

"No, I don't," replied the other. "Not as many as I ought to."

"I do, more than I ought to," said the sergeant. "I guess they're yours."

"I've got some from Sarah that I'll trade for 'em," said the private, grinning.

"That's so," answered the Massachusetts man, and all was satisfactorily arranged, except for the contents of sundry packages, which had been devoured. After that the two Springs met every other day and held a mail exchange.

A Social Custom Puzzles Bridget.

There is a Detroit family that arranged to spend the cold season in the Bermudas, and due announcement of the fact was made in the usual way. An unforeseen event deferred the proposed trip, and the pride of the good wife did not permit of her acknowledging a change in the plan of campaign as proclaimed to the world through the newspapers. They would go later, and meantime they would have it believed that they had already departed. All the servants but one had been dismissed. The front of the house was made to look as though the place was closed, and temporary residence was taken up in rear apartments. A friend of the family who had just returned to the city, called and was bent upon letting the folks know she was back. Her persistent manipulation of the bell led the servant to show her beaming countenance through a crack of the door.

"Is your mistress at home?"

"She's id to tell you they air in the Bermudas."

"Oh, away from home?"

"They air at home in the Bermudas."

"But they must have gone from home in order to be so far away."

"If ye'll wait I'll ask the mistress."

"Shure, I can't ramblin' how it is, at all, at all."

The friend waited patiently; even gayly.

"It was right I was all the time," announced the faithful handmaid. "The mistress is here in the Bermudas. Would ye be havin' a carred?"

TWINS MURDERED BY LAW.

According to African Superstitions Their Birth Proves Wickedness.

Miss Slessor of the United Presbyterian mission at the Old Calabar, was a passenger on the Elda Dempster liner Oron, which left Liverpool recently and had with her four black children whose case reveal a painful part of West African history. Miss Slessor has now worked for twenty-two years in Old Calabar. The children are aged respectively 2, 3, 5 and 19 years, and each is one of twins appointed at one time to die, in accordance with a superstitious custom prevailing in the Niger coast protectorate.

In the course of an interview Miss Slessor said that all twins born were according to the native laws to be put immediately to death, and it is only those who have been rescued by the missionaries and placed beyond the reach of the native power who have so far escaped. The children on the Oron were four of these. Altogether, Miss Slessor has herself saved the lives of fifty-one twins.

When the twins are born they are at once taken from the mother, and, if no interferences, they are taken by the feet and head and have their backs broken across a native woman's knee, in the same way as one would break a stick. The bodies are then placed in an earthenware receptacle and taken to the bush, where they are devoured by the flies, insects or animals. Sometimes the little victims are put in these receptacles alive, and are then eaten alive in the same way. The mother becomes an outcast. If she does not at once take her own life, she has to flee to the bush. If she ventures near the town or village, she must see that she does not remain in the path when any other native is coming. Her presence, according to the superstition, would defile the place for others. She must not drink from the same spring, must not touch anything even belonging to her own relatives, and there is little cause for wonder that the takes away her life, which has become a living death.

Miss Slessor is accompanied on the Oron by Miss McIntosh, and together they are going to establish a home for these native twins. The natives superstition is that the birth of twins is the result of witchcraft and devilry. Formerly the mother, as well as the children, was put to death. The intervention of the white missionaries and traders had saved her life. Miss Slessor said: "It is really impossible to at once put an end to the horrible native customs. There could be no better governor than we have at present Sir Ralph Moor and Sir Claude Macdonald have helped us all they can. We don't want them to kill the natives, to make them abolish the shocking practice. We hope by saving the children and bringing them up like other children to show the natives that they are wrong in their belief. It is their religious belief that makes them kill their children."—London Chronicle.

AN INVINCIBLE HORSE TAMER.

Early Achievements of an Obolion Who Became World Famous.

Lida Rose McCabe sketches in St. Nicholas the life story of an obscure country boy, whose love of horses 'turned in lead in civilization,' and brought him, beyond any man of his time, into close social intimacy with the crowned sovereigns of the world.

His name was John S. Rarey. Early in the century, his father—cleared a tract of forest land on the outskirts of Ohio capital. On this virgin spot was built a log cabin, in which the future horse-tamer was born. The cabin in time became the beginning of the village of Groveport, known half a century ago to lovers of horses throughout the civilized world. While a babe on his mother's arms, it was young Rarey's delight to watch the animal life on the farm. To pet the horses and cows was ever to the boy a keen pleasure. When he could make his way alone to the farmyard, it was observed that the trickiest colts were docile under the carressing strokes of the child's hand. John was the youngest of seven children. At this period he was the only child at home. The Rarey farm was isolated. Many miles lay between neighbors. Having no youthful playmates, his warm little heart made friends of the chickens, the cows and the colts. At the age of three years it was his delight to ride astride the plough-horses. One significant incident in the childhood of the invincible horse-tamer was frequently related by his mother. It occurred in his fourth year. The family being at the dinner-table, one day, it was discovered that the chair of the youngest was vacant. A servant was sent in quest of the truant. The fields, the barns, the haymounds were searched in vain. A terrific scramble was heard, at length, in a gravel roadway near by. To the horror of the distracted household, Johnny Rarey was discovered upon the back of the wildest colts on the farm.

Expecting to see the child fall to the ground every moment, the father started to his rescue; but to the relief of the household

How Expert Tea Tasters Test Tea.

The expert tea taster carefully weighs the tea, pours a certain quantity of fresh boiled water on it, lets it draw for a few minutes, then tastes it—Tolley's Englishman says: "It stands the test which differs not from the right way of making tea."

THAT SNOWY WHITENESS  
to which all housewives aspire can be secured most surely, most easily, and most economically by the use of "SURPRISE" Soap.  
It takes all the dirt out of the fabrics, and leaves them white as snow—clean, sweet and free from streaks or discolorations.  
A large cake costs but 5 cents.  
Remember the name—  
"SURPRISE".

hold, colt and rider soon reined up in safety to the barn door. When reproved for his conduct, the infant replied that he and the colt were the best of friends. To convince his father of his mastery of the colt, he mounted and dismounted, bridled and unbridled the animal, who, to the astonishment of the spectators, submitted to his young master's directions. His control of the colt was much talked of in the neighborhood. From that time the young horseman was in great demand to carry messages between the scattered farmhouses. Before his ninth year his reputation for horsemanship in that part of the country was unrivaled.

Two Grizzly Cubs.

Next to Kit Carson, Jim Baker was General Fremont's most valued scout. He was a famous bear hunter, and one occasion he and a companion had a hand to hand fight with two young grizzly bears as large as full grown dogs. Colonel Inman describes the lively contest in his book 'The Old Santa Fe Trail.' While Baker and his comrade were setting traps on the head waters of the Arkansas, they suddenly met the bears, and Baker remarked: "If we light in and kill the varmints with our knives it will be a big thing to tell of." They laid aside their rifles and lit in, Baker attacking one bear and his comrade the other. The bears raised themselves on their haunches and were ready for the encounter. Baker ran around his bear, trying to get in a blow from behind with his long knife; but the brute was too quick for him and always confronted him face to face. Baker knew that if he came within reach of the bear's claws he should receive a severe wound. Moreover, he was in fear that the howls of the cubs would bring their infuriated mother to the scene, when the hunters would have a slim chance of getting away. Anxious to end the fight, Baker made several lunges at the bear, but the cub warded them with his strong fore paws. The animal, however, received severe cuts on his shoulders, which so maddened him that with open mouth he bounded at Baker. The cool hunter caught the cub, wrestled under the ribs, and gave him a death-wound under the ribs.

Baker's comrade, who had become exhausted by his struggle with the other bear called for aid. Baker ran to his assistance, whereupon the friend ran off, leaving Baker to fight the second bear alone. He, however, soon had the satisfaction of seeing that cub stretched on the ground not far from the other one.

I then and there made up my mind, said Baker, I'd never fight nary 'nother grizzly without a good shooting-iron in my paws!

Is a Water of Many Colors.

On a bright, sunny day visitors are often puzzled at the numerous colors visible on the surface of the sea. There will, perhaps, be some four or five streaks of green, blue, yellow, black and so forth, making the water appear as though it were painted in color stripes of mathematical precision. To the initiated these several stripes have their meaning. They are nearly all produced by the character of the ocean bed, and as a rule are only seen in close proximity to land. If you see a deep blue or green patch, you may label it deep water, the blue usually being deeper than the green. A yellowish tint signifies a sandy bottom, and if it is very pronounced, indicates a shoal or sandbank. Black indicates rocks, although seaweed or cloud shadows will sometimes produce a similar effect. On the east coast it is no uncommon thing to see a patch of bright red where the sun has reflected the color of the deep brown sand on the surface. Where the bottom is muddy, as on the Essex coast, a streak of bright silver grey is often seen. Many people who cannot claim intimacy with the sea imagine these colors are in the sea water itself, whereas its intrinsic tint is bluish green.

Hard to Explain.

"I often had heard stories about persons who were minus a hand or foot feeling a sensation in the dismembered portion," said a gentleman who had the misfortune to lose his left hand in a railway accident, "but I never actually believed such statements until my mishap occurred. At times I experienced the same feelings as if my hand were still there. Very often I catch myself reaching with my other hand to touch the missing one. Then, again, I

can feel the finger nails on the missing hand and have a desire to trim them. In fact, there are times when I can feel every sensation, and it requires a second thought before I can realize that my hand is not there. This may all sound funny, but it is the truth, nevertheless, and can be accounted for by the muscles, the imagination, or whatever you like.

Didn't Want the Pass.

The following little story, which the writer heard from a near relative of the late Lord Coleridge, shows that the London caddy is not incapable of gratitude.

One evening, many years ago, the then eminent barrister was returning home in a hansom, and being probably deep in thought, he left some valuable law papers in the cab. The cabman found them, and luckily remembering his passenger, brought them directly to him, instead of taking them to Scotland Yard. This proceeding saved infinite trouble, as the papers were to be used the following morning, and the man received a very large reward.

Many months after, the great lawyer was again in a hansom on a certain evening, and on getting out he tendered the fare to the driver, who, to his great surprise, refused to take any pay.

"No," he said, "I suppose you have forgotten the papers I brought back, and the handsome present you made me; but I have long wished for the chance to take you for nothing."

Considering how very little a cabman often realizes, this is rather touching.—Tid Bits.

Corks and Caution.

There is a lad in a certain Scottish town who is noted for his shrewdness. The other day he was sent by his father to a neighbouring public house with the following order:—

"Please send to our house ten dozen of ale."

Now it so happens that one of the publican's faults is a propensity to poke his nose into other people's business, and so when he had read the order, he could not help ejaculating:—

"Guid gracious, laddie, and whatever is yer fether gaun ta' dae wi' see muckle ale?"

For a moment Johnnie was puzzled, knowing that his father wouldn't like him to exactly tell the truth. Then an idea occurred to him, and he quietly replied:—

"I'm no verra sure, but I think he's gaun ta' mak' a cork frame, and he'll need the corks."

In The Forecast Office.

The youthful weather prophet was plainly mortified. He had just been appointed and his first prediction had not been verified.

"The reason we didn't have that storm," he explained earnestly—

"Hush!" interrupted his aged superior. "In this business we never stop to apologise. Just guess again."

Further Explained.

"Did you say that gentleman made his fortune by some important discoveries in medical lore?"

"Yes; he discovered a new way to advertise an invaluable cure-all."

Poetized.

"I don't believe in being affable to inferiors."

"You don't? Just think how lonely you would be if everybody felt that way."—T.B.S.

TO INTRODUCE \$1.00  
our new model safety bicycle, we will, for the next 30 days, ship a sample bicycle to each town upon receipt of \$1.00. We offer splendid chance to a good agent in each town. You have your choice of Cash, or outright gift of one of our wheels, according to nature of work done in town.  
INTRODUCTION PRICES  
FLYER—14 in. Tubing, Plain Spoke, 2 piece Cranks, fitted with Dunlop Tires, \$1.00; fitted with M. & W. Tires, 35-30; fitted with Dunlop Tires, \$1.00.  
Men and Ladies, Green and Maroon, 22 and 24 in. Frame, any gear.  
Wheels slightly used, modern types, \$1.00 to \$1.50.  
Price List Free. Send Agency at once.  
T. W. ROYD & SON, Montreal.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1899.

CLEVER ROYAL WOMEN

ROMANIA'S QUEEN A LICENSED PUBLIC LECTURER.

The Queen of Portugal probably the only woman in the world who is licensed as a public lecturer.

The Queen of Roumania is probably the only one among royalties who is licensed as a public lecturer.

These lectures have, however, recently become so popular and attractive and the requests to attend them are so many and so persistent, that the Queen now lectures in the public high school for girls and has obtained the necessary official professional diploma, which is signed by the King and by the Minister of Public Instruction.

But Queen Elizabeth is as deft with her fingers as she is clever with her brain. At a doll show recently held in Berlin, under the direction of the Princes of Wied, to dispense Christmas charity to the poor, the leading feature was a collection of dolls exhibited by the Queen of Roumania, every article of dress and decoration of which was made by herself.

Queen Amalie of Portugal is another of the clever and good women who are on the throne. It is well known how she is able personally to attend to and treat the King, who suffered greatly on account of his great obesity, she entered the university and studied medicine.

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But Queen Amalie has another accomplishment. She is an expert at military, and in the royal residence there is an apartment in seclusion of the Queen's quarters, where hats, bonnets and teques are being fashioned and modelled after her own designs.

The Empress Dowager Friedrich of Germany is an excellent musician and talented above most women both in sculpture and painting. She is, moreover, able to earn more than a few thalers annually from her knowledge of floral and kitchen gardening. She is especially fond of raising choice roses for decorative purposes, and owns a large nursery garden at Friedrichshof, in the lodge of which are many diplomas of merit and quite a few prizes won at flower shows.

The Grand Duchess Serge of Russia, who is the eldest sister of the Czarina, is a superbly beautiful woman, with delicately cut features, a graceful carriage and a commanding presence. She possesses many accomplishments, which is fortunate, for her domestic life has been an unhappy one.

As the wife of Grand Duke Sergius Alexandrovitch, uncle of the Czar, and the Governor General of Moscow, her saloon is one of the most brilliant in Europe, and private theatricals, often for charitable purposes, are a leading feature of the season's pleasures. Foreign actors, singers and artists are welcome guests of the Grand Duchess. A few winters ago a famous actress, with whom the Duchess was particularly friendly, was playing at the Moscow theatre when she was suddenly taken ill only a few minutes before the beginning of the performance. It was absolutely impossible for the actress to appear, and the management was in despair. At that moment the Grand Duchess Serge arrived and was told of her friend's illness, and that there could be no performance that evening. Hastening to the stage, she visited her friend, and then, after a brief consultation accompanied her readiness to take the leading part in a different play were substituted, and upon the management's pledge that her identity should be kept a secret. The leading actor was a particularly handsome man and the audience was soon enthusiastic over the unusually fervent love-making for the hero and heroine on the stage.

Some police or military officials, however, recognized in the urgent actress the wife of their Governor General and hastened to inform him of the fact. In a few minutes he was at the theatre. Upon seeing him the Grand Duchess fainted, the curtain was rung down and his Royal Highness, never a very mild-mannered man, read the riot act in unmeasured terms.

Another royal amateur actress is the Queen of Holland. A few years ago Queen Wilhelmina had a perfect little theatre built for her own use at her residence. Here plays are performed under her direction, with herself and friends in the leading roles.

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ABOUT PENSION PRINCES.

Brief Periods of Extravagance That Come Four Times a Year.

They are generally known as pension princes, said a veteran United States pension examiner in speaking of the men who get rid of their pension money in a few days after receiving it. 'The other day I learned of an old soldier who is now a member of the bottle gang; that is to say, he loafs with a lot of fellows whose sole ambition is to have money enough to buy a pint of liquor. This fellow has a strange way of getting rid of his pension money. He is tattered and torn and unkempt. When he draws his money the first thing he does is to call a cheap cab, hire it by the hour then drive about the city alone. He stops at various saloons, spending a little here and there, and keeps on until every dollar of his pension allowance has been spent over the bar. He enjoys this swell method of getting around and if his allowance was \$1,000 a quarter he'd spend it in the same way. He says he is satisfied just to have a day's taste of what other fellows have for a whole season.

Then there is a tailor of my acquaintance not far from New York who works steadily at his trade until he draws his pension, and then he ceases work and takes a railroad trip to some point to which he has never been before. In this way he has visited every point of interest within 500 miles of his home, as he takes four trips a year. He tells his friend he'd be traveling all the time if he could, and he always goes in the most expensive manner possible, stopping at the best hotel and using parlor cars and a state-room in the sleeper whenever he can. When necessary he adds some of his savings to his pension allowance for the trip he has mapped out. I know of another pensioner who spends half his nights in charity beds. He picks out the swiftest barroom that will tolerate his presence and spends every dollar there all on one kind of drink. He is a vermouth fiend, and when his pension money is all gone he'll fall back on the cheapest alcohol he can buy at a hardware store, dilute it with water, and shift along with that until his next pension check arrives. When he is spending his money he'll invariably drink to the health of Phil Sheridan, because the general's picture was on his pension check. I know one poor fellow who has better judgment. He cashes his pension check, and then goes to a five-cent eating house and pays over \$15 cash in advance to assure himself of food for as many weeks. The remainder of his pension money he'll blow in treating all the children on the block to candy. There are three old veterans who are about as selfish as any men I know. They have resolved never to spend a dollar of their pension money on any one else. They pay their own bills, sit together in the theatre, drink good wines, smoke good cigars, eat the best meals they can agree on, and in that way they keep it up until every cent is gone. Then they'll separate, go about their business and never see each other until the next pension payment, when they'll come together again for another jolly but selfish time. They fought in the same battery, all are widowers with something laid by to keep them, and have agreed together to spend Uncle Sam's money in the way they do. Each makes out a programme, and when they meet they compare notes and adopt the best. I know a colored man who spends every dollar of pension money on clothes. He was a Captain's cook, and was wounded at Chancellorsville. He's a cook yet, and earns fair wages in a restaurant or a coffee place, but he makes it a rule to buy nothing but clothes with his pension check. He has a great layout of neckties, collars, and cuffs. He has a weakness for them,

and his pink silk shirts at colored cake walks are quite familiar to me.

Another man draws his pension money, gets a bundle of new underwear, cheap clothes, shoes, necktie and hat, and starts for the nearest barber's for a hair cut and shave. Then he'll go to one of the cheap Turkish bathhouses and take a bath. He'll come out brand new, and every dollar that he has remaining he'll throw in at some big hotel bar uptown to hear the brokers and money men talk of the outlook in Wall street. He's a money king with the rest of them, and he'll swell it fairly well, and in a day or two go broke again. He has a weakness for financial matters. I have yet to know the first poor devil who sky-rocketed his pension money in gambling. My experience is that almost all the old soldiers want to be sure of receiving something substantial for their money.

Of course, the general rule is that pension money is put to good use in a thousand different ways. I am only telling you of some of the oddities. Why I know a pensioner whose weakness runs to horseback riding, and a certain lively man gets nearly every dollar for horse hire. He's the happiest man on earth when in saddle, pays cash, and, strange to say, never in all his years has he ever asked credit for a single ride. I am sure the lively man would readily allow him a horse for nothing, once in a while, but the old soldier would rather walk for his exercise. He is now 55 years of age, gets \$15 a month pension, I think, and rides very well. There is not a man in all my acquaintance that I assist more cheerfully than a rounder over in Jersey. He has a mother in the coal regions. Every time he draws his pension money he'll go and buy a box of stockings, gloves, gingham, handkerchiefs, dress goods and shoes, and off it goes to the good old mother, who imagines her boy is doing so well that he doesn't need his pension money. But he does, for half the time he's hungry and tattered. But he says, 'She nursed me back to life when I got back from the army and she can have all that pension grat.' He prefers to buy things, and takes a world of pleasure in selecting the articles. He knows his sister gives the old lady, a good home, which he has not seen however for ten years. He says he'll get there next summer, if he can make a stake, and surprise them. I promised to help him. Some time ago we got an old pensioner a job as assistant fireman in one of the public buildings. He's a great old cooky in his way. Why, he won't work a stroke when he gets his pension, but, summer or winter, he'll spend every dollar going fishing. And he's like the farmer's wife that milked fifteen cows every day and never tasted milk. He never eats fish. Numbers of pensioners I know who never have a dollar and do not know the worth of one. They are poor fellows who loaf around and pick up a precarious living in odd places, and when they get their pension, live high, treat everybody in sight, feed the gang and shoot up every penny before morning. I was told of a pensioner who is fairly well off and donates every dollar he receives as pension to the church. He wouldn't spend a cent of it.

No! I never heard of anyone returning his pension money to the Government. I did hear a slight case of conscience money but I cannot vouch for it. One poor fellow who is blind has a standing order for all new army or patriotic music that comes out to be sent to him. He has a music machine of some kind to entertain him. Over in Pennsylvania there is pensioner who is crazy only in the pension season. When he draws his money he'll decorate himself with all the feathers from old military and the banyard, ribbons and rags and colored by, and then go around the streets giving small change to the school children until every dollar is gone. Then he'll return to his work as if nothing had happened. Nothing is said about it because he is harmless. An Examiner some time ago told me of a man who spends all his pension on cemetery lots.

Russian 'Spanish' Navy. The Reichwehr gives an almost comic account of the Russian naval maneuvers which were held in the Baltic recently. Every ship engaged in the operations was not only short handed, but such men as they had were perfectly untried hands, incapable of performing the most ordinary duties, and owing a large number of mishaps by their bungling carelessness. There was a special lack of engineers and firemen, to an extent indeed, which endangered the safety of the ships. The allowance of ammunition which had been placed on each vessel, was absurdly insufficient, and rendered any kind of systematic gun practice impossible. In the auxiliary squadron of thirty ships no less than twenty broke down so completely as to be entirely hors de combat. This remarks the

Reichwehr, 'is the fleet of the power which desires to dispute England's supremacy of the sea. Anything more ridiculous can hardly be conceived. If this squadron was in the least degree representative of the Russian navy Russia's competition for the supremacy of the world may be regarded by England as a negligible quantity.'

TOBACCO.

A Few Facts Not Known About Trade in The Seductive Weed.

It may surprise many who enjoy the fine flavor of the Egyptian cigarette to know that tobacco raising has been prohibited by law in Egypt since 1890. This drastic measure was adopted, curiously enough to maintain the high reputation of Egypt's cigarettes. It was discovered about eleven years ago that many of the smaller cigarette makers were realizing large profits by mixing the inferior tobacco of the country with Turkish tobacco and selling cigarettes made of this mixture at the usual high price commanded by the Egyptian product. It had won a place among the luxuries of the world, but it was in danger of losing its pre-eminence through the deterioration of the product. At first the Government sought to mitigate the evil by restricting the acreage devoted to tobacco raising, but it was finally decided to stop the cultivation of the weed entirely. To-day not a pound of tobacco is raised on the 5,500,000 acres of land under cultivation in Egypt. In fact, there is nothing Egyptian about 'Egyptian cigarettes' except that they are made in Egypt. The tobacco comes from Turkey, the paper from Austria, Germany or Italy, and most of the labor employed is Greek, except for the common brands, which are consumed in Egypt and are made by the natives. The greater part of the trade is centred in Cairo, where at least 5,000 persons are independent for their daily bread upon this industry. Of course the Government derives considerable revenue from the tax it imposes upon tobacco imports.

All American travellers in North Europe know that they have to pay a good round price for inferior tobacco products. The best use to make of European grown tobacco is to keep it for the pipe, but many dealers persist in turning it into inferior grades of cigars. The so-called 'Havana cigars,' mostly manufactured in Antwerp and sold widely throughout Belgium, are chiefly made of leaf grown in West Flanders and are inferior to most of our domestic cigars sold at half the price. In Germany, there are many factories turning German grown tobacco into cigars, cigarettes, snuff and smoking and chewing tobacco. Some Americans say it requires a special education to learn to like the German products.

No one has yet discovered what the properties of climate or soil are that give peculiar excellence to the tobacco leaf grown in certain regions. Tobacco grows well in all parts of Cuba and the soil of the tobacco plantations is mostly composed of calareous rocks but why is it that the leaf grown along the southern slope of the Cordillera de las Organos in Pinar del Rio, at the west end of the island, is the finest in the world? Nobody knows, but the fact is that the best tobacco of this famous Vuelta Abajo region is almost worth its weight in gold and is reserved for those who can afford to make the use of tobacco a dear bought luxury. Because of the ex-

cellence of its leaf, Cuba is the most famous tobacco-growing region and many imagine that it is the chief centre of tobacco production. The Cuban product, however, in the best of times, is very small in comparison with that of several other countries. The United States is one of the greatest tobacco growing countries in the world. Over 230,000 tons of dried leaves are prepared every year in this country, 150,000 tons in India, about 100,000 tons in Russia and 60,000 tons in Austria-Hungary. Mr. Gollan, the British Consul General at Havana, says that the normal tobacco crop of Cuba averages only about 31,000 tons a year. Even France in the valley of the Gironne and in Algeria, far surpasses Cuba in amount of tobacco production, and so do Sumatra, the Eastern Archipelago and the Philippines. In 1894 before the internal troubles largely reduced the exports of the Philippines, these islands sent abroad 119,977 tons of tobacco and 140,080,000 cigars.

All countries make tobacco an important source of revenue, and in some lands, most conspicuously in France, Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Spain, the tobacco trade is a Government monopoly and no one is permitted to engage in it unless he pays well for the privilege. In Spain, for instance, one company pays to the Government a very large sum for the monopoly of manufacturing and selling tobacco in that country. Every cigar store in the country is owned by this company.

It has eleven manufacturing in different parts of Spain, in which it employs nearly 30,000 girls. It maintains nearly 19,000 cigar stores, and it is estimated that 50,000 families are supported by the money disbursed on its pyralis. The sales of the company amount to about \$35,000,000 a year. Barcelona spends \$3,000,000 a year for tobacco, and Madrid comes next with about \$2,500,000 a year. Though Cuba was a Spanish colony, Havana cigars have always been as expensive in Spain as in the United States, but all other kinds are somewhat cheaper than in this country.

How he Resembled the Prince. One of the members of a shooting party on a certain moor was so popular with his companions as he might have been. For this Z, as we call him, had only himself to thank. He was a snob out and out—a person of immense importance in his own estimation. Now, Mr. Z bore some slight resemblance to the Prince of Wales, and nothing pleased him better than to be reminded of it.

'Do you know,' he remarked on one occasion after dinner, 'the Prince was approached at Windsor the other day by an intimate friend of mine, who slapped him heartily on the back and exclaimed: "Well Z, old fellow, how are you?"' There was silence for a moment, after which an old gentleman present observed: 'Well, that might have happened; you have something in common with the Prince.'

'Do you really think so?' ejaculated the delighted Z. 'Oh, yes, you certainly have. You smacks!'

'Doctor,' said he, 'I'm a victim of insomnia. I can't sleep if there's the least noise such as a cat on the back fence, for instance.'

'This powder will be effective,' replied the physician, after composing a prescription. 'When do I take it, doctor?' 'You don't take it. Give it to the cat in a little milk.'

Harry: 'Has Mabel's engagement been announced yet?' Ehel: 'No, but she blushes furiously every time his name is mentioned and says she just hates him.'



can feel the finger nails on the missing and have a desire to trim them. In fact, there are times when I can feel every nation, and it requires a second thought before I can realize that my hand is not there. This may all sound funny, but it is the truth, nevertheless, and can be accounted for by the muscles, the imagination, or whatever you like.

Didn't Want the Fare. The following little story, which the writer heard from a near relative of the late Lord Coleridge, shows that the London cabbie is not incapable of gratitude.

One evening, many years ago, the then eminent barrister was returning home in a hansom, and being probably deep in thought, he left some valuable law papers in the cab. The cabbie found them, and luckily remembering his passenger, brought them directly to him, instead of taking them to Scotland Yard. This proceeding saved infinite trouble, as the papers were to be used the following morning, and the man received a very large reward.

Many months after, the great lawyer was again in a hansom on a certain evening, and on getting out he tendered the fare to the driver, who, to his great surprise, refused to take any pay. 'No,' he said, 'I suppose you have forgotten the papers I brought back, and the hansom owner present you made me; but I have long wished for the chance to take you for nothing.'

Considering how very little a cabbie often receives, this is rather touching.—Tid Bits.

Cocks and Cautions. There is a lad in a certain Scottish town who is noted for his shrewdness. The other day he was sent by his father to a neighbouring public house with the following order:—

'Please send to our house ten dozen of ale.'

Now it so happens that one of the publican's faults is a propensity to poke his nose into other people's business, and so, when he had read the order, he could not help ejaculating:—

'Guid gracious, laddie, and whatever is yer fether gaun to doe wif soe muckle ale?'

For a moment Johnnie was puzzled, knowing that his father wouldn't like him to exactly tell the truth. Then an idea occurred to him, and he quietly replied:—

'I'm no verra sure, but I think he's gaun to mak' a cork frame, and he'll need the corks.'

In The Forenoon Office. The youthful weather prophet was plainly mortified. He had just been appointed and his first prediction had not been verified.

'The reason we didn't have this storm,' he explained earnestly.—

'Hush!' interrupted his aged superior. 'In this business we never stop to apologise. Just guss again.'

Further Explained. 'Did you say that gentleman made his fortune by some important discoveries in medical lore?'

'Yes; he discovered a new way to advertise an invaluable cure-all.'

Pointed. 'I don't believe in being affable to inferiors.'

'You don't? Just think how lonely you would be if everybody felt that way.'—T.T.B.



TO INTRODUCE \$1.00 our new 20 model early. We will, for the next 30 days, ship a sample bicycle C. O. D. to you, dress upon receipt of \$1.00. We offer splendid chance to a good agent in each territory. You have your choice of Cash, or town. You have your choice of Cash, or town. You have your choice of Cash, or town. Wholesale slightly used, modern types, \$2.00 to \$5.00. Price List Free. Send Agency at once. T. W. BOYD & SON, Montreal.

Coughs advertisement for Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Text includes: 'that kill are not distinguished by any mark or sign from coughs that fail to be fatal. Any cough neglected, may sap the strength and undermine the health until recovery is impossible. All coughs lead to lung trouble, if not stopped. Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Cures Coughs.' Includes a testimonial and the product name 'Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Cures all Coughs and Colds.'

# TO THE BITTER DREGS.

By the Author of "Cast up by the Sea," "The Fog Woman," "The Secret of White Towers," etc.

Sitting by the open window, with a cool evening breeze just stirring the loose hair upon her forehead, she let her thoughts wander through her acquaintance with him, from the first meeting in the churchyard on the hill to the parting in the snow storm, nearly nine months ago.

He had loved her once, but he never would again, she was quite sure of that. He thought her weak and worthless, one to be despised.

Well, she had only herself to thank. Had she been true to him, in the days of his poverty and obscurity, what joy might not have been hers; but she had hesitated, she had been a coward, afraid of the opinion of others, and all her happiness had slipped away, leaving her—what?

Poor Shirley! Her own loneliness rose up and overwhelmed her with a sense of desolation.

The tears crowded to her eyes, but the next minute she had brushed them away.

Then the dressing-gong sounded, and a maid servant came in with hot water, and a tray of exquisite hot-house flowers for her to choose from.

She was the last to appear in the drawing room that evening.

Sir Henry met her with an elaborate bow. "My dear Shirley, a thousand thanks for this condescension. It is, indeed, an honour to have you under my humble roof."

Fortunately, at that moment the butler announced that dinner was served, and Shirley was spared more of his sarcasm.

Mr. Ridley took her into dinner, and only when seated at the long table did she dare to glance round for Vivian West.

It was to her relief that she found he was sitting on the opposite side, some way down.

A tall vase of flowers stood between them so that she could only catch a glimpse of him; but now and again, she caught the sound of his laugh, which always struck her as such a pleasant one.

Harold Ridley had recovered his ordinary outward composure, but was very quiet, and Shirley had no inclination to talk, so that, save for a few common-place remarks, they ate their dinner in comparative silence—a silence which passed unnoticed amidst the general lively chatter that went on until the ladies retired to the drawing-room, when Lady Gildare once again pounced upon Shirley.

"Sit here, there's a dear child, and amuse me. I do so adore to be amused. Being such an invalid, time hangs heavily upon my poor little hands," extending her heavily ringed white fingers. "Now tell me, what do you think of the lion of the season, this Vivian West? Such a romantic name, such a charming man. But his pictures—well, my dear child, entre nous, I don't think much of them. I saw one at an exhibition—a dreary, flat marsh, all dull greys and greens, not a bit of decent colour, and a drab of a woman hanging on to a gate. Dear, dear! English people go crazy over such queer things. That is a pretty frock you are wearing; it suits you."

And so on, and so on, till Shirley wondered if the soft, sighing voice would ever cease.

Then at last her heart gave a great bound, for the men had left their wine and cigars, and were coming into the drawing-room; but Vivian West was not among them.

"Henry never can tear himself away from the dinner-table," Lady Gildare declared, waving her huge feather fan to and fro. "It is a great mistake. I wonder dear Madge allows it; but then, of course, he rules, not she—a pretty creature, but no backbone."

Shirley was about to make some indignant rejoinder, when someone came between her and the brilliantly-lighted room, and, looking up, she found Vivian West standing before her.

He and one or two others had come in by another entrance unperceived by her. "How do you do, Miss Loraine?" he said. "I think your sister wishes to speak to you."

Without a word she took the arm he offered, and crossed the room with him to where Madge was making the centre of a lively group.

She just nodded and smiled at Shirley, and continued her conversation.

"Madge does not want me, after all," Shirley said, striving to keep her voice steady.

"She does not appear to," he assented. "I think Lady Ayerst imagined you were being victimised, for she sent me to rescue you. Have I done right?"

"I was just wondering how I could escape," she replied, with a nervous laugh. "Lady Gildare is rather notorious."

"Indeed!"

He showed just sufficient interest for politeness.

Shirley felt as if an icy wind were freezing her.

"Do not let me keep you," she said. "I will sit here."

It was a chair by an open window; outside, the garden lay bathed in moonlight. Not a leaf stirred.

The air was heavy with the scent of the syringes.

He stood beside her, looking with all an artist's pleasure at the so-so before him.

"What a night!" he said, half to himself. "What peace! Then, in an altered tone: "But different, is it not, from the last time I had the pleasure of seeing you?"

Th quiet, matter-of-fact way in which he alluded to the day out her to the quick, to her it had been fraught with bitterness.

anguish; to him it had been nothing but a chance meeting, a parting of no account. Her throat and lips felt dry.

"I do not remember when that was," she said.

"No?" There was neither surprise nor vexation in his tone. "I, too, had forgotten it until this moment. Meeting you, probably, recalled it to my mind. Let me try to bring it to you. You were on the heath at Coddington; it was snowing fast, and the wind was blowing half a gale. I helped you to reach a cottage. We had tea there. Surely you have not forgotten those cups. I recollect it was the day before I went up to town. Do you not remember?"

"Did she not remember every trivial detail of that afternoon?"

While he talked, it all stood out like a living picture before her mind's eyes.

A great choking sob rose in her throat, and, hastily rising, she muttered some incoherent excuse, and, stepping through the window, turned down the first path she came to.

He hesitated for an instant, then followed.

"Are you not afraid of taking cold?" Can I not fetch you a cloak?"

"Thank you," she said, in an old, strangled little voice, "if you will be so kind."

Directly he had gone, she turned and fled—anywhere, anywhere to be alone.

She found her way to a tiny arbor, covered with roses and honeysuckle.

It was almost dark within.

She would hide there for a time.

With something like a sigh of relief she entered, and sank upon the bench.

As she did so, someone moved, and, rising, stood before her—a slender, black form—in the dim light.

The apparition was so unexpected that Shirley uttered an exclamation of surprise; but, almost as she did so, she recognised Nurse Patience.

"I fear I have startled you," the woman said, in her soft, sweet voice. "I was sitting here, resting. I did not think anyone else would be likely to come to such a lonely spot."

"I came here to hide," Shirley answered. "But don't let me disturb you."

"It is time I returned to the house. Good-evening."

She was stepping into the moonlight, when Shirley said—

"If you meet Mr. West—Mr. Vivian West—don't say you have seen me."

"Whom?"

Nurse Patience was not wearing the disfiguring glasses now.

A pair of large, sad dark eyes tried to pierce the gloom where Shirley was sitting.

"Mr. Vivian West, I—what is the matter? Are you ill?"

Lady Gildare's nurse had put out her hand, and was clinging unsteadily to the door post of the summer-house.

Shirley drew her to the bench.

She felt she was trembling in every limb.

"It is nothing—a slight faintness—it will pass away in a moment."

"Can I fetch you anything?"

Shirley was holding the nervous fluttering fingers in her firm young clasp.

"You are very kind. There is nothing, thank you. It is passing away now."

She sat up.

A gleam of moonlight just touched her face; it was utterly colorless, but Shirley looked at it, fascinated.

It seemed to her that she had never seen such a striking face before.

Lady Gildare had spoken truly when she called the great eyes tragic, and yet they were like other eyes—other eyes that Shirley had seen—eyes whose every expression was treasured in her memory.

She knew now why she had felt so drawn to Nurse Patience; it was because, in some strange way, she resembled Vivian West. There were the same delicate aristocratic features, the same firm sad mouth, even the carriage of the small proud head was almost identical.

Only, on her face was a divine expression of resignation, and in her eyes the shadow of some great sorrow; while from

his throat flashed forth life and energy, and a clear, keen intelligence.

"You are like, so very like, someone I know," Shirley said, as the older woman, turning suddenly, met the intense gaze.

She smiled.

"I could not at first think who you reminded me of. The glasses alter you; but, without them, you are curiously like Mr. West. Is it possible you are related to him?"

"No. It is not. I have no relations, no one belonging to me in the whole world. Yet, strange to say, the name of Vivian West brings to me a flood of painful memory."

"The name is not common."

"It is just a coincidence, I suppose; but it is odd to meet two people of exactly the same name."

"Yes. But the one I know died many, many years ago."

She rose with a sudden movement, and the next instant Shirley was alone, with only the echo of that tense, passion-laden voice ringing in her ears.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

For all his wealth and influence, Sir Henry Ayerst was not a popular man.

He was too given to saying and doing disagreeable things; besides which, most men, with the exception of a certain fast, hard-drinking set, looked upon him with contempt, for Sir Henry possessed no code of honour, and was destitute of morals.

Yet, though he had but few friends, he possessed a large circle of acquaintances, knowing everyone who was worth knowing, and a great many who were not.

And, because he spent money freely, and knew how to entertain, his invitations were always readily accepted.

He was a man who hated home life, who had no fine sentiments, and who looked upon his wife with no higher regard than he bestowed upon a new horse.

Her beauty pleased him, and the sensation her presence usually created flattered his vanity.

At first she had been to him a novelty, a new acquisition, and it had amused him to dance attendance upon her; but already he had tired of that, and more than once Madge had seen the ugly side of his character.

The coarseness and brutality of it had chilled her with horror; but she bore it with a smiling face.

She had sold herself for wealth and position.

She had not married Sir Henry for love. Love was not necessary to happiness, so she thought, and, so far, she had not felt the want of it; but, though she knew it not, the time when she would feel it was close at hand.

The day following Shirley's arrival at Royal Heath, Lady Ayerst sat in her boudoir writing letters.

She had just finished her correspondence, when Sir Henry came in.

He had been riding, and was hot. He drew out a silk handkerchief, and began wiping his red face.

"Met young Metherell," he said, "and have asked him to come over for a week or so, and bring the bride-elect."

"My dear Henry," Madge exclaimed, "I trust you have not invited Mademoiselle Rosier? I simply decline to entertain her."

"Boah! She is all right. She will be Lady Metherell in another month or so. You cannot refuse to know her."

"Perhaps not, in a way; but there is no necessity for her to stay in the house. Besides, did you remember that Shirley is here?"

He burst out laughing.

"The very reason, my dear, why I asked them. I want to see how Miss Shirley will act. That little Frenchwoman will rub it into her, or I'm much mistaken."

A slight sneer flitted across Madge's face.

"I do not fancy that anything she can say will affect Shirley; but I do think that this invitation is given in the worst possible taste. I shall write to Gilbert Metherell, and ask him to postpone his visit."

"You will do nothing of the kind," Sir Henry declared, in a way which showed he did not mean to be trifled with. "It will be as well for you to remember that this house is mine, and that I invite whom I please."

She wiped her pen, and placed it on the silver stand.

"And when," she asked, slowly rising, "am I to expect your friends?"

"They'll come over to-morrow in time for lunch, my Lady Disdain. I'll be hanged if West shan't paint you like that!"

She gathered her letters together, and left the room, without a word.

His mocking laugh followed her as she closed the door.

On the staircase she met Shirley, and stopped her.

Gilbert Metherell is coming to-morrow," she said. "Henry has thoughtlessly invited him. I hope you will not mind."

Shirley made a little grimace.

"What a nuisance! Still, I must meet him sooner or later. Is the fair Cora coming also?"

"Yes. It is horribly annoying. I am very vexed. Fancy having to entertain an underbred little creature like that!"

"We may find her most charming," Shirley returned, and went on her way.

Next morning, shortly before lunch, the visitors came.

Shirley chanced to be standing in the hall when they arrived, and so was the first to meet them.

She went forward at once, and shook hands.

"It is a long time since we met," she said. "The deuce of a time," Metherell responded, rather awkwardly.

"You have been absent, have you not?" Cora said, contentedly. "Are you to see Lady Ayerst?"

"I believe so," Shirley replied, leading the way to the drawing-room. "If you will sit down, I will see that she is acquainted with the fact that you are here."

"There is no hurry," Gilbert said. "I say, don't run away."

But Shirley had departed.

He turned crossly to Cora.

"You are really disagreeable this morning," he said.

"My dear Gilbert, of you I was thinking the same. You are like one great cross bear. Do you want Miss Loraine to flatter herself you are still pining for her?"

"I'll jolly well soon show her I'm not," he declared. "She isn't half so pretty as she used to be—gone off horribly."

Then Madge came in, and welcomed her guests with perfect courtesy, but with a coldness towards Mademoiselle Rosier which ought to have frozen that young lady had she been less hardy than she was.

But Cora was not a sensitive person, and she did not care two straws whether Lady Ayerst liked her or not, so long as she was invited to Royal Heath, and mixed with the upper ten.

She had grown very grand of late, talked in a lofty manner to her superiors, and was insolent to those she considered her inferiors.

No one liked her, and her advent at Royal Heath was regretted by nearly everyone.

She was shunned by the women, and, in return, took a malicious pleasure in vexing them in every way that lay in her power.

She carried off the men they wished to talk to, and spoiled many a pleasant flirtation.

She discovered small secrets, and made them public property.

In fact, before she had been in the house three days nearly everyone hated her.

If there was one person Cora disliked more than another, it was Shirley—Shirley who treated her with a sublime indifference, which annoyed her more than anything else could have done.

She had always been jealous of her, jealous of her appearance and that indescribable air of good breeding which she—Cora—did not possess, although she was always striving to acquire it.

If she could have hurt her, she would have done so willingly; she had tried to do so more than once; but each attempt had failed, and Shirley had gone on her way serene and smiling, as if no such person as Cora Rosier existed.

But, all the same, Shirley's life just then was not exactly a bed of roses, though she bravely concealed the fact from everyone and was universally declared the life of the party.

Nones guessed how forced the gay laugh was at times, or how bitter and painful were the thoughts which ran beneath her merry nonsense.

It was pride and wounded vanity which gave her the strength to keep it up in the way she did, for a few words dropped by Cora had filled her with terror lest others, lest Vivian West himself, might guess her secret.

She had been coming from the house one day with her racket, intending to have a game of tennis, when Cora joined her.

"Don't go that way," she cried, taking Shirley by the arm, and drawing her in the other direction. "You will spoil so charming a scene, if you do. Miss Cora is sitting gazing down at Monsieur West, who is lying on the grass, gazing up."

"Well he has something very nice to look at," Shirley calmly replied. "I think Louise Cora is lovely."

"He evidently thinks so, too." The dark eyes were scanning Shirley's face. "But he is fickle, is Monsieur West. I have been told that he admired you."

"Really?"

"People say such odd things, do they not? I was told that you were in love with him still."

"Yes?"

"You do not seem to mind. I should not like to have it said of me."

Shirley smiled.

"I should have enough to do if I paid attention to the vulgar scandal of others," she said.

It was such encounters as these which intensified Cora's vindictive hatred for Shirley.

"English pig!" she would hiss through her clenched teeth. "I will humble her some day. Wait till she has a lover. My time will be then."

And the dark brows could go up, and the black eyes gleam, in anticipation of that day of revenge.

Shirley Loraine received her full share of attention from the men; but these were one who paid her rather more than the others, Sir William Bingham, a rich, middle-aged baronet.

## Women Need Not Suffer

From those terrible side aches, back aches, head-aches and the thousand and one other ills which make life full of misery. Most of these troubles are due to impure, imperfectly filtered blood—the Kidneys are not acting right and in consequence the system is being poisoned with impurities.

### DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

are daily proving themselves woman's greatest friend and benefactor.

Here is an instance:

Mrs. Harry Fleming, St. Mary's, N.B., says: "The use of Doan's Kidney Pills restored me to complete health. The first symptoms I noticed in my case were severe pains in the small of my back and around the loins, together with general weakness and loss of appetite. I gradually became worse, until, hearing of Doan's Kidney Pills, I got a box from our druggist."

"I am pleased to testify to their effectiveness in correcting the troubles from which I suffered."

Madge looked on and smiled, watching his admiration grow to adoration.

But Shirley never noticed it until, one bright summer's afternoon, he laid his hand on her shoulder and his lips on her forehead.

She had started for a solitary ramble, and he had overtaken her, much to her annoyance, for she wanted to be alone.

"I caught sight of you from the smoking-room window," he said, rather breathlessly. "I saw which way you were coming, and took a short cut through the plantation. I hope you do not object to my presence."

Shirley told a polite fib, and said she did not.

She also said she was going for a long walk; she was afraid Sir William would find it too long on such a hot afternoon; he had better come a little way, and then turn back.

"It will depend upon you," he said, "as to how far I come."

She looked at him, not understanding what he meant.

And then he told her what, for the last week, he had been making up his mind to say.

He admired her more than anyone else. He wanted her for his wife.

She listened in mute astonishment.

Nothing had ever been further from her thoughts.

She could scarcely believe her ears, and while she tried to collect her scattered senses, he spoke of his position in society, his rentroll, his pedigree.

He did not wish to buy her, but he was anxious that she should know he was offering her solid worldly advantages beside his love.

And then, to his amazement, she thanked him and declined.

"You cannot mean this!" he exclaimed, in consternation. "I have been too hasty. I have taken you by surprise. I do not wish to hurry you. You must think it over. I will wait."

She shook her head.

"It would make no difference," she said. "I do not love you."

"That will come. I will be patient."

"Your patience would have to last for ever," she answered, with gentle decision; "for my answer will always be the same."

He began to lose his temper.

That his offer might be refused had never entered his head.

She was such a bit of a girl to be so obstinate.

"I must speak to your sister," he said. "I am sure she will favour me."

Shirley looked at him, and her beautiful eyes darkened.

"Probably; but that has nothing to do with me."

"She may succeed where I have failed. She may persuade you—"

Shirley interrupted him.

"Nothing she, or you, or anyone else can will influence me. I do not care for you, and, therefore, I will not marry you."

"There is someone else," he cried suspiciously. "Ah, I am right, you cannot deny it!"

"I do not deny it."

"Who is he?"

"Shirley's face was a blaze of indignation colour."

"That is my secret," she said, haughtily; "and I do not intend to part with it."

He was about to make some rejoinder, when a shadow fell across the sunny sward and Vivian West, coming round a belt of trees, which had hidden him from view, appeared suddenly close to them.

Sir William muttered an imprecation and, turning on his heel, strode away, while Shirley with the crimson still glowing in her cheeks, greeted the new-comer in a somewhat embarrassed fashion.

He lifted his hat to her, then glanced after the retreating figure of the baronet.

"I fear," he said rather stiffly, "my inopportune appearance has put your companion to flight."

"I think he is a hateful man," she declared, with a tremor of anger in her voice. "I had no idea that he was so disagreeable."

"Yes you have plenty of opportunity to study him of late."

"I certainly have not done so, nor have I felt inclined to."

"I beg your pardon; but I imagined you found his society particularly pleasant."

She looked at this man, whose careless, mocking words had such power to wound her.

He was standing with his shapely hands lightly thrust in his pockets, his straw hat tilted over his eyes, to shade them from the glaring sun.

His happy attitude of ease seemed but to intensify her own sense of pain and unrest.

She turned, with an impatient movement and began walking on.

He took a step forward also.

"I have offended you," he said. "I am sorry. I ought not to have imagined anything. It was an unwarrantable liberty; but we have all been watching Sir William, and waiting to offer our congratulations."

"Sir William should feel flattered. Is he aware of the interest you and your friends have taken in him?"

"The interest was divided between you. The ladies are looking forward to a fashionable wedding."

Sunday Reading

FIRST FRUITS.

The big policeman buttoned up his coat, took his well polished club in his hand, and going out into the raw November air, passed along streets of tall and handsome buildings, till he came at last to a vacant lot in whose rear stood a tumble-down old shed, miserably small and poor at its best, and now almost fallen to pieces. Making its way to its door, he paused there and looked inside:

What he saw was this: In one corner, on a number of stones that had been gathered together, a much battered old tin kettle was boiling over a small fire of wood blocks mixed with a few lumps of coal. On the ground by the side of this sat two little boys of eight and ten, who shrank closer together at the sight of the blue coated officer, while the eyes in their little thin faces grew still larger with alarm.

Walking across, he looked into the kettle where two or three scraps of stale meat were cooking, together with some cabbage leaves and a very few small potatoes.

'Don't spill it!' urged the oldest of the boys, shrilly, his anxiety getting the mastery of his fears as the policeman lifted the kettle the better to look into its contents, 'it's our dinner.'

'Where did you get it?' 'The meat's some a butcher threw out o' his stall at the market this morning an' the cabbage an' portaters a woman giv' us for helpin' her sort 'em. We didn't look a single thing—we didn't true, mister.'

'And the fire?' 'The wood we got where they was buildin' a house, th' men sed we might hev it, an' the coal we picked up 'ide the railroad track. We didn't steal none of it, hope ter me of we did.'

The officer looked around. On a somewhat larger block of wood lay a bent iron spoon beside a rusty tin cup, with a bit of rag drawn through a hole in the bottom, while a small, very small handful of hay in another corner completed the furnishing, if such it could be called.

'And these other things I suppose you picked up, too?' he said. 'Yes, Th' tin things we found in a rubbish heap, an' th' hay was where a big load had tipped over. We ain't stole a single one.'

'How long have you been living here?' was the next question. 'I don't know—a good spell.'

'Anybody besides you two youngsters?' 'Nobody else.'

'Where is your home?' 'We ain't got none 'sides this.'

'Haven't you any mother?' 'No, ma had a cough, an' then she was awful sick, an' then she died, and they took her' way off, and he drew a ragged little sleeve across the tear that gathered in his eyes.

'Well, haven't you any father?' 'Pa went off after that and we don't know where he is. He wasn't no good anyway, with an accent of childish scorn. 'What is his name?' 'Jim Foddiok.'

The officer gave an inaudible whistle, for the name was a familiar one in police circles, and he could have told the children of their father's whereabouts as he was then serving a term in the workhouse for a drunken fight.

'After ma died an' pa left us,' continued the little fellow, 'th' man in whose house we bed a room wouldn't let us stay no longer an' we hed ter git out. I sold papers an' got enough grub fer Sammy an' me, an' we hung round anywhere till we found this place. It's a heap better'n layin' out o' nights or sleepin' under dry good boxes. You'll let us stay here, won't you mister? We ain't a-burtin' nobody!'

The wistful look on his small pinched face was stronger even than the anxious tone, and the youngest boy, who had not spoken before, echoed pleadingly, 'Please do let us stay.'

'Now see here, youngsters,' was the not unkindly, answer, 'hadn't you rather go to a great deal better place than this—a place where you will have a good bed to sleep in, with sheets and blankets, and plenty of nice bread and meat, things fit to eat, with a look of disgust at the contents of the kettle, and where there will be over so many other boys and girls?'

'Do you mean a 'sylum'?' 'That's the very place.'

'We don't want ter go to no 'sylum, Sammy and me,' was the thrill protest, 'ter be shut up an' knocked about, an' sent off where we'd never see each other no more, the way they does with kids in such places. We want ter stay right here, we do.'

'Oh, this is not that kind of an asylum at all. They will be good to you in this one. Then, you can't stay here anyway, it must leak like a sieve every time it rains, and it will soon be winter now, when you would freeze in such an open place. Besides, a complaint has been entered, there are barns so near that your fire is dangerous, and my orders are to take you away. But you will be so much better off that very soon you will be glad of it.'

'No we won't,' said Ned, stoutly, while Sammy set up a cry as though he was going to be torn from the finest and happiest home that ever a little boy had.

But protests and tears were of no avail, open defiance they dared not venture. So, when the contents of the tin kettle had been used to put the fire safely out, they were marched away by the big policeman, and given over duly to the charge of Mr. Stone, the kind faced superintendent of the orphan asylum, who, when the dirt had been washed off them, and their ragged clothes replaced by whole clean ones, found Ned and Sammy a couple of bright, frank faced little fellows.

On their part the boys looked with wonder and surprise at the long table, covered with such an abundance as they had hardly dreamed of, the rows of clean white beds, the numbers of cheerful, contented children, and the atmosphere of comfort and care, of which in their brief lives they had known so little.

At first there was some homesickness for the freedom of the streets, but very soon both Ned and Sammy fitted into the new life, with its routine of study, work and play; and it was with hearts more heavy than they had been on entering, that one December day, two years later, they left the asylum to go to homes that had been found for them adjoining farms a few miles out of the city.

The day before Thanksgiving, the following November, had come around, when, as Mr. Stone was standing on the steps, he saw coming through the iron gates and up the gravel drive that led to the tall brick buildings, a one-horse waggon drawn by a steady white horse, with two boys on the seat in whom he at once recognised Ned and Sammy, their faces, ruddy with health and tan, wreathed in smiles.

'O Mr. Stone!' they both called in chorus, 'we've brought you something for the Thanksgiving dinner to-morrow.' And springing to the ground they drew off the blanket covering their load, proudly displaying one end of the box of the waggon nearly filled with potatoes, the other with yellow and rosy cheeked apples, while a bag from which the hickory nuts were bursting crowned the whole.

'There's eleven bushels of potatoes, we dug 'em yesterday, and we raised 'em all ourselves,' Ned announced, with a ring of pride and pleasure in his tone.

'It was Ned that thought of it too,' added Sammy, with equal pride.

'We asked Mr. Hill and Mr. Martin if we might and they said yes, if we could take all care of them ourselves, besides the work they had for us to do.'

'An' we said we would,' put in Sammy, eager to have his share of the story. 'We did, too; I tell you we worked like beavers to keep 'em hoed and bugged.'

'But then it was such fun,' continued Ned, as Sammy stopped for want of breath 'to see them grow, and to think every day that they were for you here.'

'We had first rate luck, too,' struck in Sammy again. 'Mr. Hill and Mr. Martin said 'twas a good deal 'cause we took such good care of t'hem. There's six bushels of the apples. They told us to go into their orchards and get the best we could find.'

There are three conditions: When the blood is poor; When more flesh is needed; When there is weakness of the throat or lungs.

There is one cure: that is Scott's Emulsion.

It contains the best cod-liver oil emulsified, or digested, and combined with the hypophosphites and glycerine. It promises more prompt relief and more lasting benefit in these cases than can be obtained from the use of any other remedy.

50c and \$1.00, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

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'And Sammy picked up the hickory nuts; he got up mornings before it was light to do it.'

'Oh, yes; Mr. Hill and Mr. Martin said for us to tell you that we had been first rate boys, an' they couldn't spare us, no ways.'

'I am pleased to hear that, and more than pleased with your gift,' said Mr. Stone, as he took a brown hand of each of the boys in his. But tell me how you came to think of doing it?'

'Well, you see,' answered Ned, 'Sammy an' me was talkin' one day of when we was kids an' the tough time we had living in that old shed, an' how awful good our first thanksgiving dinner here did taste—I'll never forget it—an' that made us think what a good home we had here, and what tip-top homes we've got now, so we felt that you had all been so kind to us, an' we had so much to be thankful for, that we wanted to do something to show it.'

'Then Ned said as we could raise something,' went on Sammy, as the former paused with a queer tremor in his voice. 'You know you used to read about folks givin' God their first-fruits, an' he said, "these potatoes would be our first fruits. They're for you, an' the boys an' girls here but they're for him first, because he put it in folks' hearts to be good to us.'

'You see,' added Ned, 'they are the first things of our own we ever had, so we wanted to give 'em. He will understand, won't he?'

'Dear boys, be sure that he will.' And there was a tremor in Mr. Stone's own voice as he drew them closer to him.

Motives to the Religious Life. What constitutes the most constraining motive to the religious life? The controversy over this question is an age-long one, and as usual, the doctors differ. Plato found it in compression. 'Man's attention,' he says, 'especially in what concerns the worship of the gods, is seldom fixed but by a sort of violence and constraint.' On the other hand, and diametrically opposed to the great philosopher, Lessing anticipates a time when men will have no need to borrow motives for conduct from a future life, but 'they will do right because it is right.' The trouble with this theory is that it lacks the sanction of Nature. The idea of disinterestedness is visionary and illusive. Man is a creature of hungers, of desires. As Ferrier, puts it, hunger weaves the physical being; hunger, it is which weaves the moral and spiritual.'

The great moral distinction lies in the kind of hunger we encourage and yield to. The coming religious philosophy, founding itself upon an accurate biology both of body and mind, will have less to say about abstract right and wrong, and abstract good and evil; and much more to say about what in life is higher and what is lower. Its message will be that we begin as animals, with potentialities in us of Godhood, and that the choice lies with us whether we will remain in the one state or climb to the other.

We shall enter upon no argument to show that sensualism is only preparation for something lower, and that the indulger in the passions treads a path that leads to a dungeon, and not to the heights of freedom. The cult of Croce ends, as it did in the days of Ulysses, by turning its devotees into swine. Only to recall the case of Heine in his last days—a man chained to his bed by mortal disease yet raging with every unbridled desire.

In immediate contrast with this is the immensity of the range of the higher life. The two are as touch compared with eight; the one limited to the few feet our arm can reach, the other stretching to the illimitable stars. In the one we inhabit a pigsty; in the other a universe. This, too is to be noted—that while the lower life scheme can never include the joy of the higher, the higher contains, in a sublimated form, all that is real in the lower. Looking at the subject in this light, it is easy to understand what Augustine means in the wonderful description in his 'Confessions' of his love of God; where, after saying it is fixed on no beauty of body, or brightness of light, or fragrance of flowers, or fleshly endearment, he continues: 'None of these I love when I love my God; and yet I love a kind of light, and melody, and fragrance, and meat, and embracement of my inner man: where there shineth unto my soul what space cannot contain, and there soundeth what time heareth not away, and there smelleth what breathing disperseth not, and there tasteth what eating diminisheth not, and there clingeth what satiety divorceth not;—this is it which I love when I love my God.'

Extend this principle and we shall hear less about art for art's sake: all the great art rightly pursued become expressions of the love of God—of love to God. Music is diviner to a man at sixty than it is at twenty. At the later age better than the earlier will he understand what Beethoven

meant in saying that 'God was more to him in his art than to others, and he communicated with him through it without fear.' And he will enter into the spirit of the immortal Haydn, who when composing his 'Creation' knelt and prayed God he might serve him worthily.

In conclusion, Religion has at one end sought to compel men by fear, and at another to offer it stripped of all external motive. Better than either, and nearer to human nature and the truth of things, will it be to present it as the supreme attraction. Along its road—the road of renunciation, of mastery of the animal, of obedience to the higher law—can man alone grasp the possibilities of his life and drink of its rarer joys. What should set the Churches to work with the noblest zeal is the reflection that in the innumerable multitudes that now walter dimly around them are untouched possibilities of delight which it is their mission to teach and to unfold.

God in the Nation's Problems. Speaking of a recent sermon of Bishop Doane of Albany a New York paper says: There can be no doubt that the Bishop's words are most timely. All may not on the instant be prepared to regard in a purely optimistic spirit our prospective acquisition of the Philippines. It is a truth that pessimism has a rightful place in every problem. There is always shadow in the loveliest picture, and we all know that the excess of virtue is the foster parent of evil. What we want to do in the present circumstances we take it, is to make haste slowly. That is to say, while we may promptly accept as a revealed fact that Spain must give up the Philippines, to say on the instant that we must forever hold them, make them an integral part of the country and govern them, is assuming a conclusion whose logical premises are not yet fully revealed.

But the bishop is thoroughly right in insisting that the country should 'wait upon God.' What is to be feared is that it will do little waiting but any amount of rushing, and then call upon God to bless the result. Nations, it is needless to say, are not as a rule blessed in this way. Colonization has been the bane of some countries, as it will surely be of ours if in resorting to it, we violate the cause of wise economics and of good morals as well, by precipitating upon our new possessions a horde of political office seekers appointed not in the interests of a high public service, but of narrow partisanship; and the danger that lies in this direction is not inconsiderable.

However, it is true, as it is a commonplace of history, that the religious feeling of nations has almost always been in close harmony with the highest social development; the more fervent and spiritual the religious sentiment, the more this is true. On the other hand, the same religious feeling has often protested against unjust national aggrandizement and wars of conquest,—as witness the severe condemnation visited upon England for her share in the Crimean War, by the religious sentiment of the Anglo-Saxon-speaking world. This method of placing a verdict upon national policy is seen in clearer light, we think, and takes higher ground in Bishop Doane's treatment of the subject than is afforded in Benjamin Kidd's altruistic view, where his 'extra-rational sanction' is made to do duty for the aspirations of the majority without a too careful analysis of motive. Certainly Bishop Doane strikes a true keynote when he insists that we hold ourselves prepared to carry out the leadings of Providence. Only we need to be careful, and look to it lest we mistake the will of God for what is really the voice of ambition crying out, 'Go forth and occupy.' For the nation to heed such a call without evidence of the divine approval is for us to listen to the song of the siren which will surely transform us into a nation of beasts.

The Stomach's Work. Are pleasantly and positively healed by Dr. Von Sosa's Pineapple Tablets. They set upon and digest the food, prevent fermentation and all distresses of the stomach. Eminent physicians have noted their sterling merit and the wonderful cures wrought right in their own practices and prescribe to relieve and cure. 85 cents.

Love knows little of sciences, but is master of arts.



Say "No"

and stick to it, if a grocer urges you to take something "that's the same as" or "as good as" Pearlina. A washing-powder sold by "substitution" is open to suspicion. Even if it costs a few cents less, will that pay you for the damage that may be done? If any one thing has been proved about Pearlina, it's the fact that it is absolutely harmless. Isn't that enough to make you insist on Pearlina.

Permanent Cure of Salt Rheum.

The permanent cure after permanent cure that is being published week by week has placed Burdock Blood Bitters far above all other remedies in the estimation of the sick and suffering.

Even the severest and most chronic diseases that other remedies fail to relieve yield to the blood purifying, blood enriching properties of B.B.B.

Salt Rheum or Eczema—that most stubborn of skin diseases, which causes such torture and is so difficult to cure with ordinary remedies—cannot withstand B.B.B.'s healing, soothing power.

The case of Mrs. Jas. Sanderson, Emerson, Man., shows how effective B.B.B. is in curing Salt Rheum at its worst, and curing it to stay cured.

This is what she wrote: "Burdock Blood Bitters cured me of a bad attack of Salt Rheum three years ago. It was so severe that my finger nails came off. I can truly say that I know of no more valuable medicine in the world than B.B.B. It cured me completely and permanently, as I have never had a touch of Salt Rheum since."

All Through Error. In England last year nearly 750,000 letters were so illegitimately dated and addressed that they could neither be delivered nor returned. The letters undelivered for one reason or another, but returned safely to the writers, were very numerous, and they had inclosures, in all, of value considerably over £500,000.

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W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, King St., St. John, N. B. E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B. G. W. Hoben, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B. R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B. S. Watters, Druggist, St. John, West, N. B.

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CATARRAH CAN BE CURED. Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable, and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 920 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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FOR WEAK GIRLS AND BOYS Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills.

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills.

edge looked on and smiled, watching admiration grow to adoration. At Shirley never noticed it until one afternoon, he had better come a way, and then turn back. 'I will depend upon you,' he said, 'as far as I come.' He looked at him, not understanding he meant. 'And then he told her what, for the last time, he had been making up his mind to admire her more than anyone else, wanted her for his wife. He listened in mute astonishment. Nothing had ever been further from her thoughts. She could scarcely believe her ears, and she tried to collect her scattered wits, he spoke of his position in society, of his pedigree. He did not wish to buy her, but he was sure that she should know he was offering solid worldly advantages beside his love, and to his amazement, she thanked him and declined. 'You cannot mean this!' he exclaimed, in astonishment. 'I have been too hasty. I take you by surprise. I do not think it fair to hurry you. You must think it over. I will wait.' He shook her head. 'It would make no difference,' she said, 'not love you.' 'That will come. I will be patient. My patience would have to last for as long as you live, with gentle decision; my answer will always be the same.' He began to lose his temper. 'At his offer might be refused had entered his head. 'It was such a bit of a girl to be so sure. 'Must speak to your sister,' he said. 'I am sure she will favour me.' Shirley looked at him, and her beautiful face darkened. 'Probably; but that has nothing to do with me. 'I may succeed where I have failed. 'I will persuade you—' Shirley interrupted him. 'Nothing she, or you, or anyone else can influence me. I do not care for you, therefore, I will not marry you. 'There is someone else,' he cried suddenly. 'Ah, I am right, you cannot deny it! 'He is not deny it. 'Who is he? 'Shirley's face was a blaze of indignation. 'That is my secret,' she said, haughtily; 'I do not intend to part with it. 'I was about to make some rejoinder, but a shadow fell across the sunny sward. 'A man West, coming round a belt of which had hidden him from view, and rushed suddenly close to them. 'William muttered an imprecation turning on his heel, strode away, Shirley with the crimson still glowing on her cheeks, greeted the new-comer somewhat embarrassed fashion. 'He lifted his hat to her, then glanced at the retreating figure of the banished man. 'He said rather stiffly, 'my inopportune appearance has put your companion in a bad light. 'He is a hateful man,' she declared, with a tremor of anger in her voice. 'No idea that he was so disagreeable. 'At you have plenty of opportunity to him of late. 'Certainly have not done so, nor have I inclined to. 'I beg your pardon; but I imagined you his society particularly pleasant,' looked at this man, whose careless, unassuming words had such power to wound. 'I was standing with his shapely hands thrust in his pockets, his straw hat over his eyes, to shade them from arising sun. 'A happy attitude of ease seemed but to mask her own sense of pain and uneasiness. 'I turned, with an impatient movement again walking on. 'I took a step forward also. 'I have offended you,' he said. 'I am I ought not to have imagined anything. 'It was an unwarrantable liberty; I have all been watching Sir William, sitting to offer our congratulations. 'William should feel flattered. 'Is rare of the interest you and your sister have taken in him? 'The interest was divided between you. 'Did you care looking forward to a fashionable wedding? 'They came to a standstill; her blue eyes were fixed on him. 'You mean to tell me,' she exclaimed, 'that you, or anyone here, imagined I think of that man? 'Ian West paused before he replied, and looked her full in the face. 'I am in wealthy,' he said. 'He is what women call the catch of the season.' 'I had you thought that I would jump at with a bitter little laugh. 'Thanks for your good opinion, Mr. West; but, no, you are wrong. I have just received your catch. 'I walked on, side by side, over the smooth grass, till he broke the silence. 'What about your people? 'I cared them too much once to Co-stanced on Fifteenth Page.

### Notches on The Stick

"I don't know that I understand one bit of that," said Mrs. A—d to her husband, the Captain, after hearing the latest of Kipling's popular lyrics. "It is almost as obscure as his Russian bear-poem. What is the White Man's burden, anyway?" "I presume," said the Captain, "that by the white man's burden, the poet means the burden of guardianship over the inferior races, and the work of their civilization in the scale of civilization—a necessary, but tedious and thankless task, as he regards it. He evidently has direct reference to the American nation, and our assumption of the Philippines. He gives genuinely British endorsement of our course, as a legitimate act of our majority in the great family of nations. We have recently come of age, and we are saying so to all the rest of the world." "But what?" said Mrs. A—d, "do you think of the poem, as such?" "It is I think," replied the Captain, "direct, nerve, and though suggesting; it grasps and seems the situation. Kipling is growing in the more substantial qualities of fine writing,—or rather strong writing. He is showing an ethical and thought-power unusual in his earlier works: though he has always shown sincerity and a high regard for truth. Some of his phrases in the poem under discussion are as exact as vivid." "For example?" said Mrs. A—d. "Well, for example, his 'half devil and half child.' I have, as you know, spent enough time in Eastern waters to judge of the people of those islands. His phrase I know hits them exactly. It applies to them more accurately than to the Zulus, or to 'Fuzzy-wuzzy, of the Soudan.'" What is Aguanaldo but an over grown child, misapprehending his friends, and his country's greatest opportunity; and a devil in his hopeless spite of antagonism. Suppose you read that first stanza over again."

Take up the White Man's burden—  
Send forth the best ye breed—  
Go, bless your sons to exile  
To serve your captives' need;  
To wait, in heavy harness,  
On fluttered folk and wild—  
Your new-caught, sullen peoples,  
Half devil and half child.

"Yes," observed the Captain, "it will need to be our 'best breed.' Fools and rogues will never do the work there. And if no one went there but the soldiers we should do much better. It is when our devil—the commercial devil—the people who hurry everywhere bitten with the lust of gain—it is when our peculiar devil, rampant now, gets in, that will in, which is difficult to cast out; and that Godless and soulless thing will work us more delay than the devilment of the natives. It is that very thing they fear, and have reason to fear, and is, as I believe, a strong motive in their taking up arms against us for their independence. But read on."

Take up the White Man's burden—  
In patience to abide,  
To wait the threat of terror,  
And check the show of pride;—

"Ay," interrupted the Captain, "it will be 'in patience to abide.' It will not be a work of to-day, or to-morrow, or of next year, to do as we have proposed. Look at England, in India—in Africa! Years of foundation-work, large outlay of blood and treasure, will certainly precede any appreciable difference in the status of such a people, narrowed and dwarfed as they are. But the rest of the stanza, and—go on."

By open speech and simple,  
An hundred times made plain,  
To seek another's profit,  
And work another's gain.

"Yes," said Mrs. A—d, her eye following down the page of Public Opinion, from which she has been reading, to the comments of the press:—"See what the newspapers are saying about this matter of 'another's profit and another's gain.'" "To be sure," said the Captain, "The voice of Demos has the same sound on both sides of the ocean; whether from an editorial chair in London, he says: 'Aha! and whose interest is Uncle Sam now after but his own? Uncle S. is a prodigious gouge, and this is an



### Tonight

If your liver is out of order, causing Biliousness, Sick Headache, Heartburn, or Constipation, take a dose of

### Hood's Pills

On retiring, and tomorrow your digestive organs will be regulated and you will be bright, active and ready for any kind of work. This has been the experience of others; it will be yours. HOOD'S PILLS are sold by all medicine dealers. 25 cts.

unexamined grab. Why, here is a bit of British mockery, right at our hand. Henry Labouchere parodies the very words you have been reading:

File on the brave man's burden  
To gratify your greed;  
Go and clear away the negroes  
Who progress would impede.  
The screaming of your eagle  
Will drown the victim's sob;  
Go on through fire and slaughter—  
There's a dollar in the job!

Then the other man, perhaps in Chicago, or some other Western city—the further West the more vitriol—says his,—"Aha! talk of England assuming her part of the White Man's Burden! Where did she ever go save in her interests? And who has ever from Cholico brought home such golden fleeces as she? She found plenty of rupees in India; she has made China sweat with opium; and she will be richer than ever when Africa is civilized." But of course this is neither just or generous, to ascribe to a whole nation the unscrupulousness of a fraction of its people. Let any honest witness testify to the work of Britain in India and Africa; and, in spite of that opium enormity I expect that in the end it will be better for China that she went there. But the rest of that poem, if you please. These are but sorry inter-

Take up the White Man's burden—  
The savage wars of peace—  
Fill full the mouths of famine,  
And bid the sickness cease;  
And when your goal is nearest  
(The end for others sought)  
Watch sloth and idleness to fly  
Bring all your hope to naught.

Take up the White Man's burden—  
No iron rule of kings,  
But toil of serf and sweeper—  
The tale of common things.  
The doors of pearl shall not enter,  
The roads of silk shall not tread,  
Go, make them with your iron,  
And mark them with your tread.

"That is well said—direct—forcible," said the Captain. "I hear a sigh there (out of Kipling's own heart; the expression of his own wide experience in the East. He knows something of what this civilizing business costs."

Take up the White Man's burden—  
And reap his old reward—  
The blame of those ye better,  
The hate of those ye guard—  
The cry of hosts ye humor  
(Ah, slowly!) toward the Helt;  
"Why brought ye us from bondage,  
Our loved Egyptian night?"

Take up the White Man's burden,  
Ye dare not stoop to less—  
Nor call too loud on Freedom  
To check your warlike deeds;  
By all ye will or whisper,  
By all ye love or hate,  
Shall weigh your God and you.

Take up the White Man's burden!  
Have done with childish days—  
The little ungodly prattle;  
Come now to teach your manhood  
Tutelage at the thankless years,  
O'er, o'er with dear-bought wisdom,  
The judgement of your peers.

"There," said the captain, as Mrs. A—d concluded her reading, "you shall seldom find in seven stanzas so many meaty, quotable lines. On the whole he has said the ultimate word. I do not know anything better since the 'Recessional.'"

Canadian letters have met with a considerable loss in the death of Lieut.-Col. John Hunter Duvar, of Hornewood, P. E. I.; and, still later, in that of Archibald Lampman, of Ottawa, one of the first and most highly esteemed of Canadian poets. Colonel Duvar was a writer of note on archaic subjects, both in prose and verse, and among his published works may be named: "The Esomorads," a drama; "Roberval," a drama; "Immigration of the Fairies," and "The Triumph of Constancy," a romance; "Fin de Siecle," a comedy; "John a Var, His Lais;" "The Seven Days of Lancelot;" the "Moirs Encantada;" "On the Tigris;" "The Judgement of Oisiris;" and many lyrics and ballads; besides, in prose, "Annals of the Court of Oberon," a work of fancy and humor; and the Stone, Bronze, and Iron Ages." Colonel Duvar was a member of several learned societies, and enjoyed much repute in literary and scientific circles in Canada, and Great Britain, as also in the United States. He has been represented in such anthologies as "Poems of Wild Life," "Songs of the Great Dominion," and "The Victorian Anthology." In his

poems and dramas are many passages of lyrical sweetness and imaginative beauty, while over much of his writing is the glamor of old days. He was a man of much modesty and of friendly instincts. For years he had lived in the retirement of his pleasant country home, busied with his library and his writings, esteemed and beloved by his many friends. Among these who shall regret him, and miss his genial messages, is the writer of these words. The removal of our friends makes the world of less value to us, and creates a void we can never wholly fill. He was of Scotch-English birth, in the old country, but a resident of Canada for many years. He was born August 29th, 1830. Peace to his memory!

"A man of letters, and of manners, too."

A younger man was Archibald Lampman, carried off by pneumonia at the age of thirty-eight years. He is well known from his contributions to the popular magazines. In 1888 appeared, "Among the Millet," a volume which placed him in the foremost rank of druidic or nature poets of the day. In 1896 he produced a second volume, entitled, "Lyrics on Earth;" and almost the latest task he performed was the correction of proofs for a third volume, "Aleyons," which will soon appear. Mr. Howells, the novelist and critic, has ranked him among the foremost of our poets, and like praise has been bestowed by competent literary judges of England. Mr. Lampman was a clerk in the post office department at Ottawa, and he leaves a wife and two children, with hosts of friends in the city where he resided. As Lampman and Duncan C. Scott have been close intimates and collaborators, the absence of the first named must be felt by the living poet as a serious loss. The sentiment of many, finds we have no doubt, expression in the words of a letter just at hand: "I knew Lampman intimately, and could appreciate the gentleness and broad sympathy of his character, as well as his high lyric gifts. I am sorry to say that his widow is left very poorly provided for." It is now proposed to issue a memorial edition of his complete works, including the manuscript pieces yet unpublished, in the interest of his family. The work will be published by subscription, and a more particular statement concerning it may soon be given.

William Kingsford, C. E., also of Ottawa the author of a voluminous history of Canada, and other works, is among the recently departed. He was a well known public man; a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, and other learned societies. He was a candid, fearless, painstaking man, and his history, though not without literary merit, will chiefly be valued as a rich treasury of accumulated and adjusted facts. Mr. Kingsford was born in London, England, in the parish of St. Lawrence, December, 1819.

PASTOR FELIX.

### SCRIBNER'S LITERARY NOTES.

All who enjoyed reading the adventures of Sherlock Holmes will be interested in Raffles, the hero of Mr. Hornung's new story, 'The Amateur Crackman,' who is the most fascinating rascal in modern fiction. A gentleman born and bred, he enters upon an astonishing career of crime, and the combination which he shows of resource and cunning, of patience and precision, of head work and handiwork, stamps him a veritable artist in crime, well worthy to rank with his counterpart, Sherlock Holmes. 'The Amateur Crackman' will be brought out shortly by Charles Scribner's Sons, who are the publishers of Mr. Hornung's stories in this country.

Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams, whose 'Princeton Stories' have come to be accepted as the true picture of Princeton life today, has written a volume of short stories dealing with the life of a reporter on one of the great dailies under the conditions which modern journalism has made im-

persative. The author, who has himself had experience in newspaper work, has succeeded in setting before the reader vivid pictures of the more striking phases of journalistic life and work as they really are today; and his stories are sure to attract attention, both for their truthful pictures of actual conditions, and for the delightful manner in which they are told.

Mr. Frederic Palmer who is a well known journalist, has written a book on the Klondyke which includes the account of a winter journey as well as of a winter residence in that famous mining field. Mr. Palmer has told the interesting story of his adventurous trip in a capital manner, and has succeeded in giving us the best picture that has yet been drawn of a Klondyke mining town. His book, which is to be thoroughly illustrated, will be published by the Scribners.

All lovers of the woods and fields will hail with delight the appearance of "How to Know the Ferns," by Mrs. Frances T. Parsons, a companion volume to the same author's "How to Know the Wild Flowers," which, during the few years that

have elapsed since its appearance, has reached the extraordinary sale of 40,000 copies. This new volume will do for the ferns what "How to Know the Wild Flowers" did for our common wild flowers, and as it is similar in scope and treatment it is sure of a like success. The book will be elaborately illustrated with 144 drawings by Marion Satterlee and Alice J. Smith, which will greatly assist the reader in the identification of the common ferns, and add to the pleasure of the pursuit.

'A Texas Ranger' is the true story of the surprising adventures of a young man on the Rio Grande frontier. It is by N. A. Jennings, who, when a young man, enlisted in a company of the new famous Texas Rangers, a body of troops who were in many ways the prototypes of the Rough Riders. Besides supplying a hitherto unwritten record of the Texas Rangers, the book is as thrilling as a border romance, not a page being without incident, either amusing, pathetic, dramatic or tragic. It is to be published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

### PAINS IN THE BACK.

Are Usually the Result of Imperfect Working of the Kidneys—These can Only be Restored to Their Normal Condition by a Fair Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

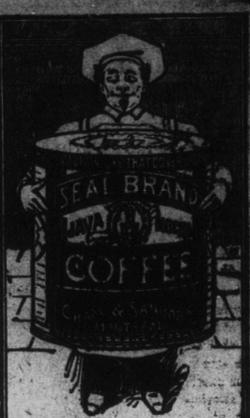
Mr. Albert Mintie, of Woodstock, Ont., now engaged in the insurance business, is well known in that city and surrounding country. Some three years ago Mr. Mintie was living at South River, Parry Sound District, and while there was attacked with severe pains in the back. At first he paid but little attention to them, thinking that the trouble would pass away, but as it did not he consulted a local physician, and was told that his kidneys were affected. Medicine was prescribed but beyond a trifling alleviation of the pain it had no effect. In addition to the pain in the back Mr. Mintie was troubled with headaches and a feeling of lassitude. He was forced to quit work, and while in this condition, weak and despondent, he decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He purchased a half dozen boxes and was not disappointed with the result. Before they were all used Mr. Mintie was feeling almost as well as ever he had done. The pain in his back had almost disappeared, the headaches were gone, and he felt greatly improved in strength. Two more boxes completed the cure, and he returned to work hale and hearty as ever. Mr. Mintie asserts that his return to health is due entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and he still occasionally uses a box if he feels in any way 'out of sorts.'

The kidneys, like other organs of the body are dependent upon rich, red blood and strong nerves for healthy action, and it is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills supply these conditions that they cure kidney troubles, as well as other ills which have their origin in watery blood, or a shattered nervous system. Sold by all dealers or sent postpaid at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. If you value your health do not take a substitute.

### Tender Recollections.

The balloon was tugging at its rope and bouncing about clumsily in the puffs of wind. A widow stood regarding it with streaming eyes. She was alone, but a crowd gathered about her, attracted by her untimely tears. She sobbed for ten minutes, while the crowd restrained themselves, but at last an old gentleman, whose long white hair and sunken face declared his belief that he was privileged to thrust himself into anybody's business, stepped forward and said: "Madam, why do you weep? Why, oh, these tears?"

The woman sniffed loudly and then replied: "It's the balloon."  
"But," queried the old gentleman, "why does the spectacle of a balloon cause you to weep? Did a loved son once perish as an aeronaut?"  
"No," replied the weeper, "it wasn't a son—it was my husband."  
"Ah, your husband was killed while ballooning?"  
"No, he wasn't; my husband died in his bed, but he weighed twenty-one stone, and that jumping balloon reminds me of just how Henry looked the last time I saw him dancing. His figure was like that!" And the widow dissolved in a new burst of tears.—Judy.



He knows, His patron knows, and everybody knows that this can contains the purest, best, and most delicious Coffee that expert buyers can procure. It's Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee, that's the reason.

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ROBERT LEWIS STEPHENSON'S "LETTERS" (new & before published). Edited by ROBERT COLVIE.

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

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

SENAIOR HOAR'S Reminiscences—Illustrated.

MRS. JOHN DREW'S Stage Reminiscences—Illustrated.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS'S new collection of stories, "The Chronicles of Aunt Minerva 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, 153 - 157 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

### One Condition.

Wheeler (who has just bought a bicycle): "Do you think that the bicycle has come to stay?"  
Sprocket: "Well, a good deal depends upon whether you paid outright for it or bought it on the instalment system."

### A Woman's Opinion.

After An Experience of Twenty Years.

Mrs. McGregor says: "Diamond Dyes Are Reliable and Never-failing."

I have used the Diamond Dyes for over twenty years and have never yet failed to get good results when I followed the directions. I would not use other makes of dyes even if they were given me free of cost. Diamond Dyes are reliable and never failing.  
MRS. D. N. MCGREGOR, Amherst, Ont.

There is plenty of room at the top; what we need is a little more at the bottom.

### Chat to Boys and Girls.

I promise the girls a few more good recipes for candy-making at home, so I hope the boys will not grumble if I devote one page this week to that subject. Well I know that they will feel interested in, because they will be able to help out with pleasure if it is a success, and there is no reason why it should not be if my little friends will follow the directions faithfully. I shall give only the simplest recipes, and I am sure your friends will be delighted to provide the ingredients, and give you the use of the kitchen occasionally when they see what delicious bon-bons you can make with your own hands. Always remember when pouring syrup from the kettle, to place the scrapings in a separate dish, for if ripped into the candy will very likely cause it to grain. Taffy may be formed into many simple and pretty designs, the work must be done and quickly done as the candy soon cools, and then it cannot be handled. A pretty way is to form it into long strands, which may be shaped into horse-shoes, hearts and baskets etc. A little basket may be formed by winding a small strand of taffy around a cup till you have it deep enough, then remove the cup, add a handle and set away the basket to cool. These you will find very saleable when you have a little bazaar on hand. And now for the taffy, you will take three teaspoonfuls of granulated sugar, a cupful of vinegar and water, about one third vinegar and two thirds water, and a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Boil sugar water and vinegar together until half done then add the butter, stirring only enough to mix the butter in, and boil till done. Drop a little of the candy now and then into cold water; if it snaps when pulled apart it is done, and must be immediately poured upon a buttered dish to cool. Flavor with a little vanilla extract poured upon the top. For Walnut taffy you may boil a pint of good molasses and a desert teaspoonful of cream of tartar until the mixture will snap when tested. Take the kettle off the fire and stir in very gently one pound of walnut meats, after rubbing a very little soda through them, (less than a quarter of a teaspoonful will answer.) Then pour on a buttered dish or tin pan to cool, and when nearly cold cut the taffy into blocks with a sharp knife that has been well buttered. Almond taffy is very nice made in this way—melt half a cupful of butter in a saucepan and add two cupful of sugar. Boil until nearly done, when add a cupful of blanched and pounded almonds, and continue boiling, until the candy will snap when tested in water. Pour upon a buttered dish or pan and divide into squares when cool. This is very rich. If you are all as fond of cocoanut as I am you will like to try my recipe for cocoanut bars. Place in the kettle two cupfuls of granulated sugar, half a cupful of water, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and a piece of butter the size of a hickory nut. Boil until nearly done, and then add two cupfuls of grated cocoanut. Now boil the candy until it will snap when dropped in cold water; pour it into buttered tins, and when cool cut into bars. But I think there is nothing in the candy line, after all that is better or less hurtful than good old-fashioned Butter Scotch, such as my grandmother used to make for us in her lovely, bright, airy kitchen, where the walls were painted light blue, and the bricks on the hearth were a rich red the tables and long benches as white as old Hannah's strong arm could make them, and where we children loved to gather on a rainy or snowy day for candy making or

doughnut trying. And I really think grandmother enjoyed it just as much as we did. I can see her now with her white cap strings pinned back, to be out of the way, her large white apron on and the long handled spoon laid ready to hand—how lightly she stepped across the floor, and how she laughed at our attempts at "pulling" the sweet mass of stickiness we were so eager to try. Ah well those were happy days and free from care—a pleasant memory all through my busy life, and because of my own merry childhood I like to do all I can to help young folks enjoy themselves. So right here I shall give you our recipe for butter scotch, hoping you may have great success with it at many an innocent frolic. Boil together a cupful of sugar a cupful of molasses, half a cupful of butter, a tablespoonful of vinegar and a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda. Stir often to prevent scorching, and as soon as the syrup will snap when tested in water, remove it from the fire and flavor to taste. Pour it out upon a buttered tin in a sheet, about one fourth of an inch thick, and when nearly cold, check it off into squares with a sharp knife. Separate the squares when cold and wrap them in paraffine paper. This is an excellent recipe, and so simple that even a child may be able to follow it. And now my boys and girls good-bye for another week. In the meantime I hope you may enjoy a very pleasant and helpful week in the midst of which remember—

AUNT BELL.

#### TIPS FOR NEW GOWNS.

Fashions are so uncertain as the stock market. On one thing only will the dressmaker stake her fame, and that is the clinging skirt. That promises to see another new year in, and may last even longer. Therefore no woman need hesitate to order one for herself, unless she is too stout to wear such a skirt.

One might suppose that it was still too early to prophesy concerning the styles for next season, but already the spring tailor-made gown, that unmistakable forerunner of summer, has made its appearance. But before woman learns how her next season's gowns are to be made, she waits to know what they are to be made of. A marked feature of all this year's materials is an exquisite softness. The clinging styles which began to take hold of woman's affections a year ago set the manufacturers to experimenting, and, as a result, they have turned out plain cloths, all wool goods and wool and silk mixtures, far finer in texture, lighter in weight and more beautiful in coloring than any that have ever been on the market before. It is true that fashionable materials are high in price, and the present styles demand yards and yards of the goods, but they are so effective when once made up that even a woman of an economical turn of mind does not regret her extravagance in this direction.

Cloth gowns of plain tailor cut and of the dressy sort have the lead in fashion so far, and they bid fair to retain their popularity until supplanted by more dressy stuffs of the crepon and crepe de chine order. In point of color gray and light fawn shades, violet and pansy tints and several new coral shades prevail in cloth. White or a cream so deep that it almost borders on yellow is introduced in one form or another on all cloth gowns except the regulation coat and skirt costumes. Some of these even show elaborate stitchings of white. The coat and skirt costume is, as seen here, a distinctively American product. Stylish tailors say that American women decline to follow the dictates of European fashion authorities when it comes to the severe tailor gown, and, while regarding their suggestions, evolve an original costume far smarter than those modelled in England, Germany or France. For instance, last autumn word came from all these countries that the long coat was the thing, and would probably hold its own through this spring. Very few women could wear it well, and immediately it was modified here now the very short and saucy coat has so entirely prevailed, as its long rival that it is certain of retaining its popularity, perhaps even to the end of the year.

Another item of coming fashions which seem absolutely certain is the use of plain skirts of rough cheviot in big plads and combinations of fashionable tints. With these will be worn coats of plain cloth. Tailors are advising for this material, as for all plain cloth costumes, a skirt quite devoid of fulness at the waist in the back and fastening at one side in front, where it is made to lap over down the entire length, rounding at the hem or left square, as shown in the first model, and stitched in many rows which extend round the bottom of the skirt. All coats for spring tailor gowns are close fitting and very short. The latter feature cannot be too often or too much emphasized.

The use of crepe-finished material, crepe de chine and all the gauzy fabrics which

## A Word to Women

Very few clothes are discarded because they are actually worn out. They are thrown aside because you get "tired of them." You want something new or different and it costs a good deal of money to buy new things.

Why don't you take those discarded clothes which are in your closets and bureau drawers, and make them new with

# Maypole Soap

### Dyes any Colour

Maypole Soap cleanses and dyes at one operation. It dyes any material any color—from sombre black to the most brilliant hues of the rainbow. An ordinary wash-bowl is all that is required for small garments.

Maypole Soap does not stretch or crock the fabric. Anybody can use it. It multiplies your wardrobe at almost no cost. Your children can be clothed with the material in your cast-away garments, made new with Maypole Soap.

The best druggists and grocers sell it. Black, 15 cents a cake. All other colors, 10c. Better send for our free illustrated booklet that tells all about home dyeing.

ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO., Managers

Canadian Depot: 8 Place Royale, MONTREAL.



He knows, His patron knows, and everybody knows that this can contain the purest, best, and most delicious Coffee, that expert buyers can procure. It's Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee, that's the reason.

## SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899

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

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### One Condition.

Wheeler (who has just bought a bicycle): Do you think that the bicycle has come to stay?

Sprocket: "Well, a good deal depends upon whether you paid outright for it or bought it on the instalment system."

## A Woman's Opinion.

After An Experience of Twenty Years.

Mrs. McGregor says: "Diamond Dyes Are Reliable and Never-fading."

I have used the Diamond Dyes for over twenty years and have never yet failed to get good results when I followed the directions. I would not use other makes of dyes even if they were given me free of cost. Diamond Dyes are reliable and never-fading.

MRS. D. N. MCGREGOR, Amherst, Ont.

There is plenty of room at the top; what we need is a little more at the bottom.

## GURVES TO FIT IRON-LIKE WEAR

### S. H. & M. BIAS BRUSH EDGE

OUTWEARS all other bindings four times over—the brush edge is practically everlasting and indestructible. So dressy, so elegant, so soft, so rich, so handsome, and fits the rounded skirt as though a part of it. Do not buy a ready-made skirt unless it is bound with it, for the skirts that wear are bound with the binding that wears.

S. H. & M. is stamped on every yard. If your dealer will not supply you, we will.

The S. H. & M. Co., 24 Front St. West, TORONTO, Ont.

are soft and clinging is certain, for not only are fashionable retailers behind in their orders for such goods, but the French manufacturers further declared that it will be impossible for them to fill the demands for such products for weeks to come. Silk wrap voile, plain, embroidered or showing a silk stripe or spot, vies with silk and wool crepe de chine, plain, striped or figured, and spider-web silk and wool veilings for first place. Imported silk and wool poplins are almost equally popular, though not quite so effective. A decided novelty shows a stripe of silk open-work, that looks as if it might be worked by hand, and one of plain goods, on which are fluffy-looking silk dots as large as a silver five-cent piece. Most of the new fabrics are one-toned, though a second color is occasionally introduced in a dot or stripe. The plain voile in all the new colorings, showing a black embroidered dot, looks as if it might have been designed especially for the Parisian, who never fails to introduce a touch of black, even if it is nothing more than a line of it at her waist and throat, on every costume, for every occasion.

#### STRIPES IN TABLE LINEN.

The Patterns of Twenty Years Ago in Style Again.

The latest design in table linen may be known by the stripes. That is, when you see a striped table cloth you may put it down as a very new one or a very old one. Some of the patterns which were used twenty years ago are making another appearance now, and so, too, are some tablecloths of the same date.

It isn't likely that much of the table linen made to day will survive so long. Unless the twentieth century goes back to some of the ways of the eighteenth, to the old and careful bleaching of linen in particular, there will be no tablecloths which will last for twenty years and no sheets which will wear for thirty years. It isn't altogether the fault of the makers that linen doesn't wear as it once did. Things

that are made in a hurry wear out in a hurry and there's no help for it.

"Once," said a well-known Broadway dealer, "nine weeks were spent in bleaching linen. Now you can get it done in nine days. Of course, there is a difference. There is the slow bleach linen from Ireland and Scotland, which for wearing qualities is the best in the world. It costs more than the same grade of linen bleached by the same process. When a manufacturer has to prepare his goods in a rush he first gives the linen a strong chlorine bath. Then he puts it into water, gives it a weaker chlorine bath later, and so on. You can imagine the effect this has on the thread when I tell you that the French linens bleached in this way weigh only two-thirds what the Irish slow-bleach linens weigh. The chemicals burn up a third of the material. That is what it amounts to.

"In olden times, a man used to dip water from a trench and scatter it over the linen on the grass. It is said that they could, with a sweep of the arm, send the water in an even shower over an astonishingly large area. But people won't wait for that sort of thing nowadays. So the chlorine bath is having its turn.

"Linen in this country? Oh they don't make linens here; nothing but the cheapest imported. Linen, so far as its geographical origin goes, is like all Gaul. It is divided into three parts—Irish, French, and German. Among the Irish linens, because they are of the same style so far as they go, are included Scotch linens. And among the German linens are also included the Austria. I haven't much to say about Austrian linen, though. It is a poor imitation of the French. The German linens differ, according to the locality they come from. Those that are made around Dresden are of excellent quality, while those that are made in the hills further south are poor.

"The new designs come from France. In Ireland they use the same patterns year in and year out and there is always a steady demand for them. But in France they are constantly devising new styles. The French linen is lighter in weight, sometimes almost as fine as a pocket handkerchief, of course it doesn't wear so long as the heavy Irish line. It isn't intended to.

The dealers say that, judging from the cloths they sell, the round table is still in favour. The usual size of cloth for a round dinner table is 4 yards square. Dinner napkins are almost large enough for small luncheon cloths; some of them being three-quarters of a yard square, others being oblong in shape and measuring 30x39 inches. A fine cloth 2 1/2 yards square costs from \$40 to \$50. The same cloth 4 yards square costs about \$120. Some of the specially fine French cloths cost \$75 when they are only 2 1/2 yards square. Dinner napkins of fine quality often cost \$90 a dozen. Where the cloth has a double border the design in the napkin matches the part of the cloth which shows on the table. That is to say, the napkin does not repeat the double border. It has only the inner one which, on the table, should run at the edge of the board right under the plates.

When it comes to lace-trimmed linens for luncheon tables the prices take a big jump. One large linen cloth, with an inserted six-inch band of point de Venise lace and a little wider border of the same lace costs \$450. A mere centrepiece, trimmed with the same lace costs \$250. Among centre pieces those trimmed with Duchess lace are the swiftest thing. The colored laces have gone out of style. The butter-colored lace trimmings which had such a rage at one time are quite superseded by white. Point de Venise is very fashionable, but when it is in the very pale ecru in which it so often comes it is not the thing. One dealer showed a little centrepiece trimmed with point de Venise in pale ecru. It had been \$20, but he said it could be bought now for \$5. A \$150 cloth, trimmed with the same lace, had been marked down to \$250.

"For luncheon people who have handsome mahogany tables do not use cloths, but merely use a centrepiece, with doilies for the plates and dishes. Luncheon napkins are from fifteen to eighteen inches square. We sell a good many of the colored linen cloths for afternoon tea tables, but they are not used for anything else. No fringed napkins are used for anything. They are obsolete.

The most beautiful linen sets for beds also come from France. One set, consisting of an upper sheet and the halves of two pillow cases, was marked \$65. They were exquisitely embroidered by hand. The use of fine linen covers, embroidered colors, for trimming beds has gone out of fashion. They were very dainty with their Dresden flowers in pink and blue, their festoons and bow knots. But their time has gone by. Lace is now the garniture, if the expression may be used, for trimming beds. Fine Swiss covers with insertion of lace, gremadine with lace stripes, and similar materials are used over colored silk.

### Under the Water.

Two hundred years ago Port Royal was the capital of Jamaica. But the great earthquake of 1692 buried almost the entire city in Jamaica Bay. Every public building, including the ancient cathedral, now lies ten fathoms beneath the water, where on a clear day they can be plainly seen. Ten years later came a great fire which destroyed the few shabby streets that the earthquake had left. Bravely the people strove to create a new town, and had almost succeeded, when, in 1792, a hurricane destroyed the place. The year of Waterloo, 1815, saw Port Royal again visited by fire, and in this case all that was of value to the city disappeared in the ruins.

A little girl in Manchester drank a pint of paraffin oil. The doctor thought she would die, until one of her relatives hit on a happy expedient. They slipped a yard of candle-wick down into the oil, lit the upper end, and during the evening she lit the room nicely and then went to bed all right. B.C.E.

### WOMAN, LOVELY WOMAN

never looks so beautifully and comfortably arrayed as when fitted out in a

## DRAP CORSET.

These corsets are designed to show off the figure to the best advantage without the customary evil effects. They impart to the body that delightful appearance and perfect ease so much sought after by fashionable women. The material used throughout is of the best and the construction faultless in every detail.

PRICE: \$1.00 TO \$3.50 PAIR.

When Jimsey's Mascot Failed.

Jimsey and Tom were newboys. Jimsey had no folks, but Tom had one relative, an uncle, whose frequent presence kept her a great deal in the background.

the body, a dependent for its warmth on the vigor of the circulation, and as the blood flows so much more slowly through the veins when one is lying down, the warmth lost in the reduced circulation must be supplied by extra coverings.

LOOK WELL.

To the Boys and Girls.

If They Are Delicate and Sickly, Paine's Celery Compound Will Make Them Strong and

Boys and girls who are ailing and sickly are suffering from a weakened condition of the nervous system. The nerves, tissues and muscles of our boys and girls are extremely delicate and sensitive, and quickly disturbed by ill health.

HER MADE A HIT.

Ladies and gentlemen, announced the leading lady of a vaudeville sketch team, 'I am going to sing a song. The song itself I do not claim to be original, but the circumstances under which it is to be sung, I may truthfully say, are absolutely unprecedented in the history of American vaudeville.'

DEADLY CATARRH

has fastened its relentless grip upon some member of nearly every family in the land. Considerable statistics estimate that from eighty to ninety per cent. of the entire population of this continent suffer from some form of this repulsive and dangerous malady.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder

never fails. It is the remedy of all remedies, endorsed by the most experienced and eminent nose and throat specialists of the day, and having a record of a multitude of radical, permanent cures of chronic cases which had been declared incurable.

knows where I am, and if I don't sing this song she stands a pretty good show of losing her means of support.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Cholly Chumpkin—I'm not a man with one idea. Miss Coddal—No? Why don't you try to get one? Hewitt—I don't see you with that pretty girl as often as I used to. Jewett—No I'm married to her now.

REGARDING A RAT'S TAIL.

A rat's tail is a wonderful thing. The great naturalist, Cuvier, says that there are more muscles in this curious appendage than are to be found in that part of the human anatomy which is most admired for its ingenious structure—namely, the hand.

THERE'S ALWAYS HOPE.

Bright's Disease and Kindred Kidney Troubles Have Lost Their Terrors—South American Kidney Cure Wages a Successful War.

CAUSE FOR A RAZOR DUEL.

Miss Johnson—'Don't Mistah Jeffahson look swell! Je' see de fish on his dimon' and 'Mr. Jackson—'Diamon' nuffin! De am dischabed papah weight from de bank wha' he am potah!—'Jewellers' Weekly.

'Pa, are you going to have any give-aid iron on our new house? 'Any 9-1-4-1? 'Any grivanzed iron? 'Gavanzed, you mean, don't you? 'Yes, pa; but teacher says we mustn't say gal; it's girl!'

STAMP FOR THE BRAIN WORKER.

STRENGTH FOR THE PHYSICAL WORKER.

STAMINA FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

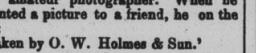
BLOOD & NERVE PILLS

READ THE PROOF!

GENTLEMEN—I have for a long time needed something to make blood and build up my system. My blood was watery and thin, lacking strength and vitality.

52 Highest Awards Over All Competitors.

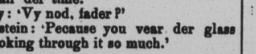
BENSON'S



It is the best POROUS PLASTER

It also contains the medicinal combination necessary to cure. Others don't. Thirty years' record and millions cured. Price 25 cents. All Druggists, Otago, Leeming, Miles & Co., Montreal, if unobtainable.

DR. WOOD'S



NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

A positive cure for all Throat, Lung and Bronchial diseases. Healing and soothing in its action. Pleasant to take, prompt and effectual in its results.

PRESERVE YOUR TEETH

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE

CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE

They Have the Largest Sale of Dentifrices.

STAINED GLASS

Memorials, Interior Decorations.

CASTLE & SON

'Pa, are you going to have any give-aid iron on our new house? 'Any 9-1-4-1? 'Any grivanzed iron? 'Gavanzed, you mean, don't you? 'Yes, pa; but teacher says we mustn't say gal; it's girl!'

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Memorials, Interior Decorations.

CASTLE & SON

Pa, are you going to have any girls... Any girl you like?

SNAP For the Brain Worker. STRENGTH For the Physical Worker. STAMINA For Men, Women and Children.



READ THE PROOF! GENTLEMAN, I have for a long time needed something to make blood and build up my system.

(Signed) PETER LAWRENCE WATTS, 588 Queen St. West, Toronto, Ont.

52 Highest Awards Over All Competitors.

BENSON'S POROUS PLASTER advertisement with logo and text.

DR. WOOD'S advertisement with logo and text.

NORWAY PINE SYRUP advertisement with logo and text.

Text describing the benefits of Norway Pine Syrup.

Text describing the benefits of the Laxative Pills.

PRESERVE YOUR TEETH advertisement with logo and text.

Memorials, Interior Decorations advertisement with logo and text.

Continued from Third Page. 'Pa, are you going to have any girls...'

'I don't know about that, but I do know, Shirley, that if you'd have me now, I'd throw Cora over like a shot.'

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS advertisement with logo and text.

'You know what I mean. I think you've treated me awfully badly. Have you forgotten you once—'

'I have never known you to be anything else,' Shirley answered.

CHAPTER XIX. Some of the guests were going, and others expected. Amongst the departing friends was Vivian West.

The birds were twittering gaily, the air seemed full of joy; but these things do not seem to me when the heart is aching and breaking.

'I don't see you, Shirley, do you mean to say you can't see me?'

'I don't see you, Shirley, do you mean to say you can't see me?'

Could anything have been more cruel, more heartless? Could any girl be more worthless of a good man's love than yourself?

'I don't see you, Shirley, do you mean to say you can't see me?'

TOO WEAK TO SEW... An Ottawa Lady Relates Her Experience for Benefit of Others.

lay with an open letter in his hand, and an expression on his face which made him look something like the Harold Ridley of a year ago.

'I don't see you, Shirley, do you mean to say you can't see me?'

THE DOCTOR'S CONFESSION. Sold Mr. Hill He Was a Dying Man But South American Nervine Cured What Hope Was Abandoned.

