

# PROGRESS.

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## THE LEPROUS WAS NURSED

BY ONE OF THE STAFF AT THE PUBLIC HOSPITAL.

But the Nature of the Disease was Kept From her at First—Her Parents Made her Leave and the Matron Says That she Cannot go Back Again to Graduate.

There are more popular institutions in St. John than the General Public hospital. In fact in the imagination of a majority of the citizens it is rapidly degenerating. Just how the change has come about it would be impossible to say; unpopular physicians and matrons, careless nurses and a number of other causes have combined no doubt to bring about the deplorable state of affairs; and the finishing stroke was given recently when it was learned that a case of leprosy had been admitted to the hospital, and for several days been treated without any very great attempt at isolation, though strenuous efforts were made to conceal the fact from the public that young Roberts, the unfortunate victim of the loathsome disease, was an inmate, the nurses even, with the exception of the matron being ignorant of his condition until they learned it by accident.

It appears that young Roberts was admitted at night, and the nurse who was on duty at the time was not told by the physician that a leprosy case had been brought in. He was given a room, No 18—and a young nurse detailed to wait upon him. The latter was instructed to use every precaution in regard to the patient,—to see for instance that every article used by him was at once carbolicized, and that all his dishes, spoons, knives etc. be kept apart from the others. The dishes were all labelled with his name or number, and were washed separately. The nurse in attendance implicitly obeyed every instruction without knowing the exact nature of the patient's disease.

Though she made repeated inquiries all information was carefully withheld, until a day after the man's admission Dr. Emery mentioned to her the fact that she was nursing a case of leprosy. Though assured that there was no danger of contagion the young lady's feelings may be well imagined. With the bravery characteristic of the profession, however, she kept on with her work, revealing the fact to one nurse only—the one by the way who was on duty the night Roberts was so quietly admitted. Both the matron and Dr. Ellis instructed the nurse not to talk about the case, in fact insisted upon strict silence, both in the hospital, and her own home. When the young lady had been nursing the case for several days, she happened one evening to be paying a short visit to her family, and the leprosy case was introduced into the conversation; deeming it a duty to tell her mother the facts, the nurse asked if her relatives would be greatly shocked to learn that Roberts was in the hospital and that she was nursing him?

The sensation this announcement caused was greater and more serious than she had anticipated, for her mother was so thoroughly shocked, that she advised, in fact commanded, her daughter to remain at home, and not to even think of returning to the case. The nurse went back however, but when an hour or two later her father, who was absent during her visit, returned, he sent her sister at once to the hospital with a peremptory message, to the effect that his daughter return at once. This was about nine in the evening and the resident physician was out at the time. The matron, however, communicated with him and the nurse was allowed to depart, after having received the assurance that she would never again be admitted as a nurse or candidate. In view of the fact that the young lady was within a few months of graduating, this seems a particularly unjust course.

Most of the doctors who were around the hospital at the time were very anxious to have Roberts removed before the fact of his being an inmate became generally known to the public; and just here the question arises, if secrecy were absolutely necessary, why was he admitted to an institution maintained by the people, and in which they are surely supposed to be deeply interested? If the disease is not contagious so much the better for humanity; but if not, why was so much precaution and secrecy necessary? why were all articles used by Roberts carefully labelled with his name and kept

apart from other utensils? Why was his underclothing carbolicized before being sent to the laundry? Why was the nurse in attendance forbidden to mention the case to the other nurses, or at her home?

If all this were necessary there must surely arise some doubt as to contagion and the action of those who were responsible for his presence in the institution must be strongly condemned. There are cases which a nurse is at liberty to decline, if by accepting she exposes herself to danger of contagion. Small pox and cholera are among such cases and if a nurse is allowed an option in either of those, most people would think that she should have some choice in regard to leprosy. If the Commissioners of the hospital were cognizant of the true state of affairs, so far as this particular case is concerned, they have shown an indifference to public opinion that is to be deeply regretted. The fact, that within the last year nurses in the discharge of their duties have contracted fever and that a patient sent there for a surgical operation died of typhoid fever a month or two ago, and the recent leprosy admission, gives much ground for the charge that there is mismanagement somewhere. The people of St. John are dissatisfied with the way in which the General Public hospital is managed at present, and commendatory opinions are freely expressed.

What is the cause of the trouble, and where may the remedy be found?

## THEY WON'T PAY FOR MUSIC.

But the Temple of Honor Band Will get its Money all the same.

It is quite a long time since the new engine house in the North End had the honor of having its cornerstone laid with such imposing ceremonies as were recorded at that time. Those who read the accounts of the affair in the newspapers will remember that the chairman of public safety Alderman McGoldrick with his director Mr. Wisely were very properly to the front on such an auspicious occasion. So was the Mayor and his worship made a most eloquent speech upon that occasion and had the satisfaction of talking to an audience that was almost purely North Enders. The good chief of the police will remember how anxious the mayor was that all the people should hear him because before he started he desired him to see that all noise upon the thoroughfare was stopped. So it was.

But there was another sort of noise upon that occasion that was not stopped and that was the music of the Temple of Honor Band. Not that PROGRESS would for an instant designate the music of this good representative band of the North End as "noise" but upon that day with the general hubbub its good work could not be appreciated. The writer heard the mayor upon different times during that brief afternoon call upon some one to ask the Band to play and consequently it was with the greatest surprise that the report of the treasury board was read that its modest bill of \$10 which had been passed at the safety board had been refused payment.

Perhaps as a matter of courtesy simply the treasury board should have passed an account which read as follows and was not only endorsed by the safety board but by the director of public safety as ordered by Mayor Robertson—Here is the bill.

ALEXANDER TEMPLE OF HONOR BAND.  
J. T. Brown, Secy., 67 Victoria St.  
St. John N. B. Nov. 1st, 1897  
Robt. Wisely, Dr.  
To Temple Band for services at laying of cornerstone of new Engine House.....\$10.00  
Ordered by Mayor Robertson.

Robt. Wisely,  
Director of Public Safety  
Passed Board of Public Safety.

The above is the account that the treasury board ordered to be laid on the table even after Mayor Robertson had explained the circumstance of the engagement. But the chairman of Public Safety was to be reconciled with and when he found that the small sum of ten dollars for band services in his department had been not only called in question but laid to one side he made his way to the city building with but one idea in his head. That was to get the bill referred to above and pay it himself. He succeeded in getting the bill covered all over as it was with city stamps and board of safety O. K.'s and then made his way toward the North End.

Some body said that the aldermen were about to make a "tar-paulin" and contribute sixty odd cents each toward the payment of the band but who ever suggested it had

better keep quiet for the band will get paid without such measures even if it is from the private funds of the chairman of Public Safety—Alderman McGoldrick.

## LIVELY SCENE IN A LOCAL TRAIN.

A Lawless Countryman Makes Things Warm on a Christmas Eve.

One of the incidents of Christmas eve was on the Sussex train which carried a large number of passengers out of town. Some of them were returning home after a day's business in the city and among them was a huge countryman named Lawless. He proved to be lawless by nature as well as by name. When passing through the smoker he espied a liquor vendor from Hampton who it seems had at some time in the past refused him a drink. It was quite evident that the ardent had not been refused to him in the city for he was in an abusive and wild west fighting mood. The sight of the liquor vendor was like a red cloth to a bull and he began to abuse and threaten his enemy. To the credit of the latter he did not make much if any reply at first but when Lawless returned and struck him he made a return with a huge cane that he carried. The result was a severe cut across the countryman's forehead. There were more exchanges and another cut across the skull showed upon Lawless, who in the meantime however had clutched his opponent's ear and throat and was in a fair way to do him serious injury when the conductor and some passengers rushed in and parted the combatants. But another countryman with only one arm and usually of a quiet and easy temperament, excited by the fracas and what Christmas cheer he had imbibed pushed his way forward and began an indiscriminate attack upon the passengers. When he fell upon the Torryborn platform as he was hurled from the train the passengers thought his skull was broken; then he rolled over the edge of the platform and had to be pulled out and placed in a baggage car for the rest of his trip. Truly it was an exciting time and one altogether out of season. The next morning when the train returned any passengers who sat in the car where the fight occurred must have thought of some general slaughter for the blood was spattered everywhere and frozen on the windows.

## HUGH MCCORMICK'S CHRISTMAS.

He is indebted to the invitation of Weyman for the County Cheer.

Hugh McCormick, careman, skater and proprietor of the hotel at the Willows, Reeds point, did not spend this Christmas in the bosom of his family. Not but what he would have liked to do so but the attentions of a person named Weyman, who occupies the position of Scott act Inspector for Kings county induced him to escape from the turmoil of an active life for a time and test the hospitality of the country hotel at Hampton. In other words he is in jail for violation of the Scott act.

This is the first time that the famous skater of former years has been in the toils of the law for violation of the Scott act and he made a strenuous effort to defend his case. He was tried in Hampton before Justices Piers and Smith and was defended by Mr. Fred Sprout. Conviction followed. But few of the witnesses were called but it is understood that Mr. Weyman had a list of somewhat alarming proportions.

The fine was \$50 and the costs between forty and fifty more. So Hugh made up his mind that it was cheaper to go to jail than to pay up the fine and costs. He has been there a month and an application was made this week for a habeas corpus on the ground of excessive costs. It seems that the constable who served subpoenas had to go from Hampton to Kingston and while he served four or five on one trip he charged costs for a trip for every witness.

## Buttermilk as a Christmas Present.

A gentleman from the west side called upon PROGRESS one day this week and told how unique a Christmas present he had received. In the summer time he occasionally makes excursions to the interior of the province and was in the habit of calling at a certain farm house for buttermilk of which he is especially fond. The good hearted occupants of the farm house thinking he might like buttermilk on Christmas day sent him a can, and in the box with it was a can of cream, and a bottle of preserves. Perhaps the curious part of the incident is that, though the cans and bottle were filled, to within half an inch of the top, not a drop was spilled by the Dominion Express Company who delivered the parcel in all the Christmas rush.

## KING TELLS HIS STORY.

THE DEFENDANT ON THE STAND IN CIRCUIT COURT.

His Evidence is Emphatic and Interesting—His Explanations are Clear and He Tells a Good Story—But His Evidence is Not Finished.

If the size of a court room audience is any indication of the interest of the people in the case being tried, then the Sloan-King matter is not an all absorbing attraction for the public.

For the court room could have held three times the number that gathered on Monday afternoon to hear a continuation of the evidence. The principal characters sat about the barristers table while some minor evidence was given and the group was certainly an interesting one. To the left and facing the witness box was the plaintiff clad in rich furs and wearing that peculiar smile that marks her face. She was supported on either side by her solicitors, Messrs. Macrae and Sinclair while Mr. Pugsley, always cool and alert was at the head of the table. Mr. King and his lawyer Mr. Currey had the opposite side while behind them was the supporting presence of Chief Clark.

Of course the chief interest of the day was in the evidence of Mr. King and when he was called to the stand he was naturally nervous and because of that no doubt he saluted the good book twice when about to be sworn and answered the injunction of the clerk to tell the truth by an emphatic "Yes Sir." Then he told in a concise fashion where he lived and what he did, how he had two residences, one here where his business was and one in Calais where he was known socially. His memory was excellent but it was not good to tell how long he had known the plaintiff. He made a generous allowance however and said that not more than 20 years and not less than 15. When questioned about visiting her house he was very frank and said that in common with many others he had called there, considering it a way-side inn where he paid for all he got, whether meals, cigars or accommodation for his horse. He gave an emphatic denial to the story that he had been ill and was nursed there. That story was not half so false however, according to his evidence, as the statement of the plaintiff that he went out there with \$17,000 in bills in a small satchel. "No sir, I swear I never did," was his emphatic answer to the query if he had ever done such a thing. Later on he gave an explanation of how the sum of \$17,000 was in the mind of the plaintiff. He had mentioned that amount to her a day or two after he had had a large transaction with an operator of his who wanted \$17,000 to pay off his men in the spring. But as for carrying \$17,000 about with him and giving \$5,000 of it to the plaintiff that was false. In this connection the evidence was somewhat dramatic. When he made the statement that he never gave her \$5,000 he emphasized it and surprised the judge and court by bringing his fist down on the counter. But that was nothing to the sensation he caused when his lawyer asked him if he had ever told the plaintiff that he proposed to pension her off, that she had been better and kinder to him than anyone else on earth. Then raising his hand and bringing it down with emphatic force he replied "So help me God I never did." He had given small sums at various times and one time sent a package of \$600 which was all due to the good feeling he had for the plaintiff at that time. At one time he had given her \$100 and sent a slip with it with the phrase "Merry Xmas and Happy New Year."

"Now, how would you regard that money" came forth in the smooth tones of Mr. Pugsley.

The witness hesitated for a moment and then said with a laugh "I suppose you might properly regard it as a Christmas present at that season of the year."

The aim of the plaintiff's case was to prove that these several amounts of \$50 and \$100 were interest on the \$5,000 that the plaintiff alleged had been given her and then taken away to invest in United States bonds. To the listener it was difficult to understand what rate the interest would be to bring in \$600 a year for an investment of \$5,000 for there are not such good paying bonds floating around every day.

In connection with the bond story, Mr. King told how the plaintiff had the address of Samuel King Hamilton of Boston. He had given her the address when he learned

that she was going to Boston to rent an apartment house and let room. He thought she might want somebody to look after her business. He denied that she had ever called upon him at his office and that he had shown her Bank of New Brunswick stock and told her it was his. He had at one time shown her a circular from the bank which indicated its standing for the year and upon which the estate of S. T. King was credited with 63 shares, but that was all.

Mr. King denied the statements of the plaintiff ones by ones as Mr. Currey read there from the transcribed evidence. This went on until five o'clock when for the convenience of Mr. Pugsley the court adjourned until Thursday at 11.30 o'clock.

## WHAT DOES THE ROLL SAY?

At a Recent Fire But Seven out of Forty Salvage Corps Men Were Present.

A few nights ago a fire occurred on Brunsells Street, a few doors below the Centennial school. The alarm was sounded about four in the morning but it did not seem to alarm either the firemen or the salvage corps in a general sense.

The fire started in a brick building below the Centennial school and, so the police state, was discovered by a Miss Kate Brittain, who keeps a small shop for the sale of cigarettes, cigars, and light beers in the lower flat. She was asleep and the first warning she had of the blaze was the burning embers falling upon her bed. Rushing forth she aroused the inmates of the flat above and probably saved the lives of Mr. Finn and his family. Then thinking that she might save something of her own she made a rush for her own apartments only to find that her way was barred by a member of the Salvage Corps who prevented her from saving what she wanted most. Two of her trunks were taken out afterward but so soaked with water that the contents were practically useless. That seemed to be hard usage after her efforts to save the lives and effects of her neighbors and so the spectators thought. The young woman was but thinly clad in the excitement of the fire and had rushed forth to do the utmost she could to save those living near her. Those who were present of the Salvage Corps did what they could, and they must have acted speedily for out of forty members there were but seven men present.

## BUT THE POLITICIAN SLEPT.

Religion had no Charms for Him Even From Mr. Armitage.

HALIFAX, Dec. 30.—St Paul's church this city is now favored with a rector equal to any in a long time of illustrious predecessors. Rev. W. J. Armitage preaches sermons whose lessons find their way into the hearts of the people in no uncertain way. Yet a curious phenomenon occurred in this place of worship on Sunday evening. One of the representatives of this city in the Dominion parliament was locked in the church and was with difficulty rescued that night. The inference is that the good M. P. fell asleep and hence had the key turned upon him. Or he may have been lost in reverie, or became so interested in conversation that he failed to observe that the sacred doors were closed upon him and that he was cut off from the world if not from the flesh and the—

## The Parity of Galley Whiskey.

The attention of the readers of PROGRESS must have been directed from week to week to the advertisement of Galley whiskey, handled in this province by William McIntyre, successor to McIntyre & Townsend. A recent number of Science Sayings has a long and interesting account of the excellence and purity of this whiskey, to which PROGRESS will make further reference next week.

## Good Time at the Loyalist House.

Weather permitting, Mr. E. A. Treadwell proposes to give the public some interesting horse racing and a good dinner at the Loyalist House on New Years day. Horses without a record can enter for one dollar and the purse will be divided among the winners. Dinner will be served at 1.30.

## Progress and Life of Howe.

To all new subscribers received at the office during the month of January 1898, PROGRESS will be sent for one year and with it the Life of Honorable Joseph Howe for two dollars and fifty cents (\$2.50) payable in advance.

"TIP" FROM EUGENIE.

It was the Niece of Dr. Evans' vast Fortune.

Dr. Thomas W. Evans, an American dentist who had lived for many years in Paris, died the other day at his home in the French capital, leaving an enormous fortune, valued at \$35,000,000. In addition to the amassing of this great amount of wealth, Dr. Evans had long been an international character by reason of the part which he played in the escape of Empress Eugenie from the Parisian mob after the abdication and capture of Napoleon.

Dr. Evans had completed his memoirs just previous to his death, and that incident will no doubt be fully described by his own pen. It is extremely doubtful, however, if he has permitted himself to dwell upon the secret of his wealth, or, rather, upon the incident which started him upon the path to fortune.

Dr. Evans received the nucleus of his fortune from a 'tip' given by no less a person than the Empress Eugenie herself. Of course he enjoyed a most lucrative practice, and he has placed crowns in the mouths of a great many persons who also wore crowns upon their heads. Napoleon, the Empress Eugenie, Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, Emperor William and the Sultan of Turkey were all numbered among his patients, and it is safe to say that his fees were by no means small. No American, it is said, has ever enjoyed so firm a footing in Marlborough House.

He was a great favorite with Empress Eugenie, and he afterward demonstrated his loyalty by acting as her personal escort to England during the troublous times of 1870. One day she said to him: 'Doctor, I presume you have saved considerable money from your income?'

Dr. Evans acknowledged that there were a few francs to his credit in bank. But she persisted, and finally learned just how much he was worth. At that time Baron Housemann was planning how to pull down and rebuild Paris. The Empress had in her possession a map of the future capital, showing the full plan of operation. This she placed before him. The various improvements were all carefully noted, including the project Bois de Boulogne. 'It will be beautiful!' cried the Doctor. 'It will be the most beautiful city in the world.'

'Stupid!' exclaimed the Empress. 'Do you think only of the beautiful? Have you no eye to the pecuniary advantages which this offers you?'

Then she showed him another map, showing where she herself had invested in land. The Doctor took his cue. He invested his entire capital in real estate. He purchased plot after plot of ground on the site of the Bois de Boulogne.

The magnificent avenue was finally projected, together with other vast improvements which completely transformed Paris. Real estate increased in value tenfold. Dr. Evans acting upon the 'tip' received from the first lady of the land, awoke to find himself one of the richest men of Paris.

The remarkable success of this American dentist, in numbering among his patrons the greatest potentates of Europe, was due to his profound discretion. It is said of him that he never betrayed a confidence.—N. Y. Herald.

HUMORS OF KLONDIKE.

Character Studies to Rival Those of Early California.

By the latest advices from the Klondike, it would seem that it starvation is staring the miners in the face they have not discovered it. The latest letters to the Call give a graphic description to the life at Dawson City. It seems to be strikingly similar to that depicted by Bret Harte in his earlier manner. The olden days, the golden days the days of '49' so cunningly depicted by Harte before he went to London and lost the cunning of his pen, seem to have found a replica at Klondike. Tales are told of a certain Switwater Bill who is not unlike the John Oakhurst of Bret Harte's stories. Switwater Bill is apparently the kind of a gambler who always wants to play without limit, and, according to the Klondike stories, he grew disgusted at the skinflint faro-banks in Dawson City, and started one of his own in order that there might be no limit. He came out twenty thousand dollars winner in a single evening, and then sold his faro-bank for ten thousand dollars. One of Switwater Bill's peculiarities is the wearing of diamond rings on all the fingers of both hands and he is said to offer fabulous sums for every diamond that reaches Dawson City.

One of the rivals of Switwater Bill is 'Antonio, the Italian prince,' who is apparently the Barney Barnato of the Klondike. The Italian prince pays his housekeeper five hundred dollars a week pin-money, and she holds a written contract for forty thousand dollars' annual stipend. The prince's housekeeper is called Miss Violet Raymond, and she has a lad of her own, like that of Switwater Bill for diamonds. Miss Raymond has bought up all the silks and satins in Dawson City, ventured in which, arrayed like one of Solomon's lillies, she flaunts along the Dawson boulevards, to

the envy of the other Klondike ladies, who, although they have gold galore, can purchase neither silks nor satins, for the reason that Miss Raymond has them all. Antonio, the Italian prince, is said to own three claims on El Dorado Creek and two claims on Bonanza Creek, and the rumor runs that his claims are made up of half gravel and half coarse gold.

Altogether the humors of the Klondike would furnish rich material for a latter-day Bret Harte. It is true that Joaquin Miller is on the ground, but it is also true that the latter manner of Miller is nothing like the earlier manner of Harte.—San Francisco Argonaut.

WHY VACCINATION DOES NOT TAKE.

There are Many Reasons Advanced as to Cause of Failure.

Many people follow the safe custom of being vaccinated every five or ten years, since it is well known that the protection against smallpox afforded by this procedure may become exhausted after a time. Usually such vaccination does not take because the immunity conferred by the previous one is still present, but it is not safe to trust to this too implicitly, since a person may be susceptible to the disease and yet for some reason the vaccination may not take.

One should be suspicious if the arm is exceedingly sore, for this does not always mean that the operation has been a success, but often just the contrary. The inflammation may be due to the admixture of some impurity with the vaccine matter, or as is more likely, to contamination by an imperfectly cleansed lancet, the fingers of the physician or of the patient, or the clothing. In such a case the strange microbes kill the vaccine.

Again, the vaccination does not succeed and the person is thought to be already protected, but a few days later a fever declares itself, such as typhoid fever, measles or scarletina. This fever is often incorrectly attributed by the patient, or his friends to infect on by impure vaccine matter, while the truth is that the disease had already been caught but not yet developed when the vaccination was made, and this like the severe inflammation, also kills the virus.

Another frequent cause of failure is that the vaccine lymph is not inserted deeply enough. It should be inserted beneath the epidermis into the true skin, as shown by the exudation of very minute drops of blood. If the scraping is made too deep, however, the blood will flow in greater quantity and may wash away the vaccine virus, and so lead to failure. Finally, want of success may be due to the fact that the arm has been covered too soon and consequently the lymph has been rubbed off before sufficient time has elapsed to permit of its absorption.

Because of the many, often unavoidable, accidents such as these, which interfere with the success of vaccination, the operation ought always to be repeated in two or three weeks, if the first attempt does not take.

ABOUT CAMPHOR.

Where it is Cultivated and how it is Distilled.

Notwithstanding the comparatively narrow limits of its natural environment, says a bulletin in the United States Department of Agriculture, the camphor tree grows well in cultivation under widely different conditions. It has become abundantly naturalized in Madagascar. It flourishes at Buenos Ayres. It thrives in Egypt, in the Canary Islands, in southeastern France, and in the San Joaquin Valley in California, where the summers are hot and dry. Large trees, at least two hundred years old, are growing in the temple courts at Tokio, where they are subject to a winter of seventy to eighty nights of frost, with an occasional minimum temperature as low as 12 to 16 degrees. The conditions for really successful cultivation appear to be a minimum winter temperature not below twenty degrees, fifty inches or more of rain during the warm growing season, and an abundance of plant food, rich in nitrogen. In the native forests in Formosa, Fukien, and Japan camphor is distilled almost exclusively from the wood of the trunks, roots and larger branches.

The work is performed by hand labor, and the methods employed seem rather crude. The camphor trees are felled, and the trunk, larger limbs, and sometimes the roots are cut into chips, which are placed in a wooden tub about forty inches high and twenty inches in diameter at the base, tapering toward the top like an old-fashioned churn. The tub has a tight fitting cover, which may be removed to put in the chips. A bamboo tube extends from near the top of the tub into the condenser. This consists of two wooden tubes of different size, the larger one right side up, keot about two-thirds full of water from a continuous stream which runs out of a hole in one side. The smaller one is inverted with its edges below the water, forming an air-tight chamber.

This air chamber is kept cool by the water falling on the top and running down over the sides. The upper part of the air chamber is sometimes filled with clean rice

straw, on which the camphor crystallizes, while the oil drips down and collects on the surface of the water. In some cases the camphor and oil are allowed to collect together, and are afterward separated by filtration through rice straw or by pressure. About twelve hours are required for distilling a tubful by this method. Then the chips are removed and dried for use in the furnace, and a new charge is put in. At the same time the camphor and oil are removed from the condenser. By this method twenty to forty pounds of chips are required for one pound of crude camphor.

HE IS IN NO HURRY.

But is Taking his Time About Being Shot and is Finishing his Job.

The story of Penelope is recalled by what the Chicago Times-Herald tells of a stone-mason, who is said to be now working on a public building in a Mexican city. Penelope, it will be remembered, during the long absence of her husband at the siege of Troy, kept her importunate suitors at bay by telling them she could give no answer until she had finished a shroud. What she wove during the day she unraveled at night. Says the Times-Herald:

The city of San Luis Potosi is building a hall that will be the eighth wonder of the world. Seven years ago a dozen skilled stone-masons from Pennsylvania were imported to do the ornamental carving of its front. One Fourth of July a member of the party got drunk, and killed a Mexican in a barroom brawl. He was tried, and condemned to be shot. Then arose the certainty that with him in the grave there was no one to do the fancy carving on the city hall. It was decided to keep him at work, and him when he had finished.

Every day, in summer's shine and winter's snow, this workman hands like a fly against the great white wall, and pecks away at gargoyles and griffins' heads. A file of soldiers stands in the street looking up at him. His life ends with his job, and they say that he is the most deliberate workman ever in the Mexican Republic. At the present rate of progress, according to the best obtainable calculations, the front of the city hall will be sufficiently scrolled and carved about the middle of 1950.

INDIAN AND JAGUAR.

An Exciting and Dangerous Sport for Those who Indulge in it.

Tiger-hunting is an exciting sport, and a man who should venture into the jungle on a tiger-hunt, if he were not amply gifted with pluck and coolness, would assuredly be a man very much out of place. But few tales of tiger-hunters in India give to the reader a clearer picture of 'nerve,' than a recent description by W. W. Howard of an adventure of his Indian hunter, Terie, in a South American forest with the great spotted jaguar, or tiger of the western continent. Man and beast met suddenly on a glade. The man stopped, still as a bronze statue.

The tiger's long tail swung slowly from left to right, and from right to left again, while over his yellow face crept a look of mild surprise and inquiry, as though he asked the meaning of this strange thing which had the figure of flesh and blood, and the stillness of rock.

Slowly, cautiously he came on, hanging his head and neck low between his shoulders, and never for an instant taking his green-and-yellow eyes from the strange thing in the path.

As he drew near, a step at a time, his tail swung more rapidly, with a vicious jerk at the end of each swing. The Indian had seemingly petrified where he stood. Not even the loose folds of his cotton shirt stirred in the breeze. The birds circled and wheeled for a few moments, and then flew away, caring nothing for the impending death-grapple, now that their own domestic arrangements were no longer imperiled.

Puzzled, undecided, watchful, the tiger walked slowly to the hunter, his green eyes searching craftily for some undetected sign of life. When he had come to the end of his uncertain path the yellow monster bent his head and sniffed suspiciously at the Indian's feet.

Like a steel spring the great beast recoiled. The strange, still thing was flesh and blood.

A step at a time—alert, wary, fierce—he withdrew his massive paws, measuring the distance with the savage instinct of the forest. The Indian made no sign.

Not until the jaguar was crouched and quivering in the very act to spring did he stir, then suddenly he tore a gay kerchief from around his throat, and cast it full in the creature's face.

In an ecstasy of surprise the beast threw up his head and shoulders, and pawed insanely at the cloth. In the catching of a breath Terie aimed the upraised spear at the rounded yellow throat, and drove it home.

Tiger and spear rolled in the dust together, the blood spurting over the spear shaft, and staining the narrow trail. The king of the Cordilleras was conquered.

To Smart for him.

'Yes,' said young Softleigh, 'I like to see a smart, well-educated woman, but I wouldn't care to marry one who knew more than I did.'

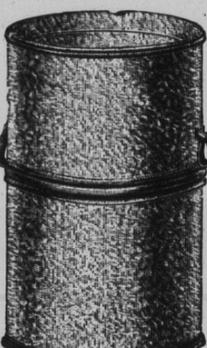
'I am very sorry,' replied Miss Catting, 'to hear that you have resolved to remain a bachelor all your life.'

FROM INDIA AND CEYLON.  
OFFER YOUR GUESTS. Offer your guests a pure, wholesome, rich flavored tea, a tea that will invigorate while it pleases, in a word, offer them Tetley's Elephant Brand Teas.

**"Tetley's" TEAS**  
FROM ANCIENT INDIA AND SWEET CEYLON.  
ELEPHANT BRAND  
Sold in 1/4 and 1 lb lead packets—40c, 50c, 60c, 70c and \$1.00 per lb.  
Best of Tea Values—  
JOSEPH TETLEY & CO—London, Eng. and Montreal, Halifax, Toronto, etc.

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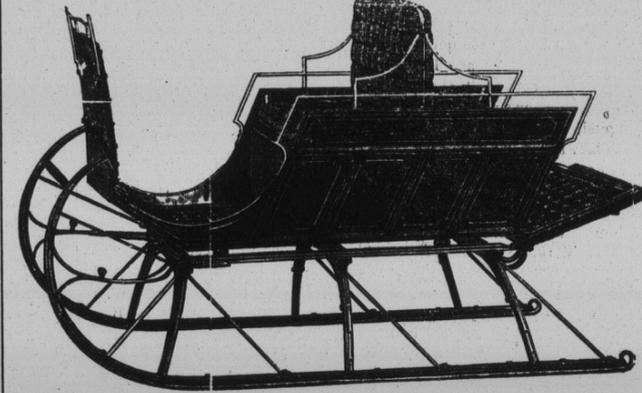
—BY USING—  
**Metal Ash Barrels,**  
Made of Heavy Galvanized Iron with Asbestos Lining in Bottoms thus giving double security against fire.



EMERSON & FISHER.  
P. S. Oil Stoves, Coal Hods, Shovels, Fire Irons, etc.

Merry Sleigh Bells.

Snow is here and with it the same jingle of Sleigh Bells—They sound better from a good turnout, and John Edgecombe & Sons of Fredericton have the finest in the Country.



This Is The Ever Popular Gladstone  
Always a favorite with families—Always comfortable and a handsome turnout. The price is greatly reduced this year.



A Light Speeding Sleigh.  
Suitable for pleasure at all times and for a business man's business driving. Strongly built and easy to ride in.

Then there is the "Common Sense Pang" which is a favorite with so many. A large stock to select from. Do not fail to write for prices or call upon  
**JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS,**  
Fredericton, N. B.  
Or at Warehouse, Corner Brussels and Union Sts.

**Music and  
The Drama**

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Matters in this particular department have been unusually quiet during the week, the special effort put forth on Christmas day in most of the churches no doubt being in a way responsible for the lassitude. With one or two exceptions the different congregations were regaled with the good results of much preparation on the part of the choir, the work generally being most satisfactory, though among so much excellence it is hardly possible to particularize.

A bit of pleasing intelligence reaches me this week through the Musical Courier, regarding a recital given at the studio of Madame Katherine Evans von Klenner one of New York's most successful teachers, by her pupils who in different stages and selections entertained a large number of listeners. The event has an interest for St. John people in the fact that the name of a young lady from this city appears on the programme—that of Miss Frances Travers, who was heard here at the Clary concerts a few months ago. Miss Travers solo at the recital referred to above was "Je Suis Titania, Mignon" by Thomas, and the Courier says of her work, "Miss Travers is a young girl from St. John who has a soprano voice that ought to assure a great career. It is rich, full and strongly dramatic."

In Centenary church on Christmas day Mrs. Fred G. Spencer sang "The Star of Bethlehem" with the same finish and sweetness that marks all her work. The choir and congregation of this church are to be congratulated upon the general excellence of the musical part of the services.

**Tones and Undertones.**

The scene of Frank Daniel's new opera, "The Idol's Eye," is laid in India, and the oriental coloring is perceptible with the first notes.

Louis Mayer, one of the best known musicians in St. Louis, died last week. He had been a member of the orchestras of the various theatres there for the past fifteen years, and was well known to the profession.

Mrs. President McKinley has given special permission to John Philip Sousa to dedicate to her his new composition just finished, and which will be called "The Lady of the White House."

The Kismet Opera company disbanded at Norfolk, Va., Dec. 4. The box-office receipts, scenery and other effects were attached by a railroad company. Helen Judson, a member of the company, has brought suit for \$500 damages against Manager Frank Norcross.

Miss Ethel Reid a former pupil of Mme. Artot de Padilla of Paris has since her return to the United States filled several important engagements with pronounced success. On Christmas morning she sang in the French church in New York a new composition—"Noël" by Rousseau, dedicated to her by the Composer.

The death is announced of Mme. Chas. Rety widow of the late music critic of the Paris Figaro. As Mme. Emilie Faivre she was a celebrated duzagon at the old Theatre Lyrique. She made her debut in Weber's "Euryanthe" and created Siebel in Gounod's "Faust." Her greatest success perhaps was as Benjamin in Nichils "Joseph."

The death of W. H. Riehl in his seventy sixth year is also announced. Riehl is best remembered by his "Musical Characters," a work in three volumes. The first two volumes appeared in 1850 when he was a young man writing in a feuilleton style, rather than as a serious critic. Hence these volumes contain much that afforded reasons for adversaries to attack him. The third volume appeared in 1878 and is the work of ripe and mature judgment. The essays "The Two Beethovens" and the "War History of German Opera" are most valuable musical studies which ought to be read by all young aspirants in music.

Mary Louise Clary the great contralto, will leave New York during the latter part of February for quite an extended tour in the West. She has already been booked in most of the principal Western cities, including Chicago, Milwaukee and as far west as Denver, and will probably prolong her tour to the Pacific Coast and the North West, not returning to her native city until shortly before Easter.

Brookton Mass, will give a musical festival on April 25, 26 and 27th next. The work to be given is not fully decided, but the indications are that the first concert will consist of light oratorio, the second concert a miscellaneous one and the third an operatic concert. A large orchestra

**Blood  
Humors**

Whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, from infancy to age, speedily cured by warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle anointings with CUTICURA OINTMENT, the great skin cure, and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of blood purifiers and humor cures.

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Sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Prop., Boston.

How to Cure Every Blood Humor, free.

FACE HUMORS Falling Hair and Baby Blotches cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

will be engaged for the occasion, and among the well known artists who will take part are Mrs. Patrick Walker, Myron Whitney, D. M. Babcock and many others. It is proposed to make the festival an annual event.

Gewlym Miles has been engaged to sing the "Elijah" in Pittsburg during the month of February and will also be heard in Sullivan's "Golden Legend" to be given in St. Louis. During April and May he will tour in the west and will go next summer to Europe to study there for several years.

The renowned contralto Gertrude May Stein, had a pronounced success with the Boston Symphony Orchestra recently. As a result she has received a number of flattering offers for spring festivals. These she has been induced to accept, and her trip to Europe will be postponed till the first of June.

Says the Musical Courier; "Lillian Blauvelt the distinguished soprano is engaged for a tour through Maine and the East during January. Blauvelt made a profound impression when she sang at Bangor and Portland during the Maine festival in October, and there is a great demand for a rehearing. The concerters are virtually disposed of so far as public patronage is concerned. Miss Blauvelt will after January probably visit the South a period. Artists of the Blauvelt Stamp, of which there are a few only, are in demand all over the country.

Emma Juch was heard for the first time this season at the recital in Mendelssohn Hall, New York last Tuesday afternoon. She sang an aria by the famous organist Guilman, and a group of Schumann songs. In the rendition of the latter few have ever excelled the prima donna.

Alexander Siloti, the pianist will make his initial American appearance in New York about the middle of January, with the Seidl orchestra.

Carl Zerrahn has been notified by the Governors of the Worcester County Musical Association that his services will not be required as conductor of the annual festival in that city. Mr. Zerrahn has conducted the festivals for thirty one years, but local management seems to think his usefulness as a conductor of a large chorus has gone. There was talk of making a change three years ago but Mr. Zerrahn's health seemed to improve, and his work at the last festival was a general cause of congratulation. George W. Chadwick of Boston has been offered the vacant post and it is thought will accept it.

In Triest female composers are coming to the fore. Two new operas, both by women are to be produced there shortly. The first "Il Sogno di Alice" by Virginia Mariani is from the pen of a hitherto unknown artist, while the second "Phryne" by the Giielda delle Grazie marks the latter's second operatic venture. She underwent the baptism of critical fire with her musical drama "Atala" and came forth unscathed.

Auton Hekking, the violin cellist has been very ill with influenza but he is on the road to rapid recovery.

Richard Strauss recently met with frenzied appreciation in Barcelona, where at a Symphony concert he had to repeat the "Tannhauser" overture and his own symphonic poem "Don Juan."

A new Spanish light opera nearing completion is the "The Maid of Madrid" with music by Harry Pabst of Philadelphia, and book by Charles H. Dorr of Boston and Frank L. Freeman, both newspaper men.

Franz Richard Strauss's maiden name was Pauline de Ahna, and she is of the same family as the eminent violinist of Berlin. She is a native of Munich, and began her artistic career in 1890 at the Court theatre at Weimar. In 1891, and again in 1892, she was engaged for the part of Elizabeth in "Tannhauser," at Bayreuth. A few days ago she sang with much success in Paris.

An almost forgotten opera, "Die Kreuzfahrer" ("The Crusaders"), by Ludwig

Spohr, which was composed in the beginning of the forties—that is, before the principles of Richard Wagner had been published broadcast—has recently been discovered in the archives of the Court theatre at Cassel, and will soon be performed there, after being revised and rearranged by Conductor Franz Beyer at that theatre.

Mme. Clementine De Vere is giving concerts in New England. She is said to be drawing very large audiences in every city visited.

**TALK OF THE THEATRE.**

The event of interest in dramatic circles last week was the appearance of H. Price Webber and his Boston Comedy Co. at the opera house, after an absence of two or three years. The company gave a matinee and evening performance, at the former presenting Tennyson's "Dora" and a bright, laugh provoking farce, and in the evening the ever interesting "White Slave" and as an after piece the "Rough Diamond" with all its merry scenes and breezy dialogue. Mr. Webber occupies a particular place in the esteem of St. John people which is all his own, as those, who year after year have basked with satisfaction under the spell of his humorosities can testify. The reception given him and Miss Edwina Grey every time they appeared on the stage during both performance on Christmas day was sufficient proof that they still retain their old time popularity and power to please. Edwina Grey, it may be said, dresses her roles better than the majority of actresses, and her general make up is really excellent. Her work in the "White slave" has upon former occasions received extended notice in this department, so that it is only necessary now to say that it was in every way equal to her previous best efforts and won throughout well merited applause. The work of Mr. Everett King deserves warm praise. It was smooth and consistent at all times, and his clear articulation, and well handled voice made it a decided pleasure to listen to him. Mr. Walter Badell who is pleasantly remembered here, gave a good interpretation of a thankless role, and the rest of the support was good. Mr. Webber with his rollicking lines and intensely funny local jokes making the hit of the evening.

On New Year's day (Saturday) the company return for two performances, that of "The Stranger" an especially strong bill in the afternoon, and "Lancashire Lass" in the evening. In a week or two they leave for a tour of Newfoundland.

Earnest Coquelin, brother of the famous French comedian is to visit America the first of the year. He will remain but one month, giving lectures and monologues.

James K. Hackett leading man of the New York Lyceum Company has been seriously ill of typhoid fever, and is not yet out of danger.

Daniel Frohman has acquired from Anthony Hope a new comedy in four acts, written by the novelist himself, and also the rights to the dramatization of his forthcoming novel, the sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda."

The Animated Music Score has made a big hit at Keiths (Boston) Theatre. It will likely reach St. John in the early spring.

Francis Wilson and "Half a King" has made a wonderful hit in Boston and will remain at the Tremont another week. The chorus is immensely popular and is spoken of as the most "delicious" band of femininity ever seen in a Boston Theatre.

Richard Mansfield is at the Hollis Boston, in the "Devils Disciple" a play written for him by Bernard Shaw, the scenes of which are laid in a New Hampshire village in 1777.

The engagement is announced of Anna Irish of W. H. Crane's company to J. E. Dodson of the Empire Stock company, New York.

John Drew opens at the Hollis, Boston, next week in "A Marriage of Convenience." Isabel Irving in his leading woman.

Little Lord Fauntleroy, is revived at the Castle Square theatre this week for the benefit of the school children.

"The Maid of Marblehead" has closed its season.

Bronson Howard is writing a new play which Herbert Keley will use next season.

Edward Harrigan has recovered from his recent severe illness and will resume his interrupted tour after the holidays.

The Christmas issue of the New York Mirror is a thing of beauty and rich in matter of permanent value.

Ask your grocer for  
**Windsor Salt**  
For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best

DO NOT ALLOW THE ENJOYMENT  
of your meals to be interrupted by poor tea; drink

**MONSOON**

Indo-Ceylon Tea  
PURE AND GOOD. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c. ALL GROCERS  
BLACK AND MIXED.

The "Geisha" is coming to the Tremont theatre, Boston, and the engagement in that city promises to be a big success.

When Nat Goodwin acts in Clyde Fitch's play, based on the life of Nathan Hale, he will supply it with elaborate scenery and make what is technically known as "a production" of it. The hero is hanged at the close of the play—or to speak more accurately, is just about to be hanged as the curtain falls on the last act of the drama.

Berbohm Tree has accepted from Robert Buchanan a new play founded on incidents in Paul Bourget's novel "Andree Corneles."

Major E. O. Bille, whose drum major specialty has been one of the specialties of a tures of the Miles Ideal Stock Co. for the past four months, closed with above company Dec. 11, at Taunton, Mass., and on Dec 13 joined J. J. McGlynn and J. J. Magbe, in "Out of Sight," to do drum major work.

J. Walter Kennedy, the tragic actor, has engaged Cathleen Moot, a young society woman, of Boston to support him in "Othello," "Virginia," "Samson," and "Damon and Pythias."

Gertrude Dion Magill who was here during the season of '96 with W. S. Harkins, is now with the Boston Theatre Company.

Laura Biggar and Burt Haverly who played here in "A Trip to Chinatown" are now in Cincinnati playing "A Railroad Ticket," and meeting with excellent success.

Stuart Robson presented Augustus Thomas' version of "The Jucklins" for the first time in Denver Col., the week before Christmas.

Josie Mills says that her company is not closed, but has only temporarily suspended, and will resume work after New Year's.

Julia Marlowe who was obliged to lay off in Cincinnati through a severe sore throat, was able to resume work on Wednesday evening of this week.

Fred C. Hoey is engaged for Talleyrand in Rhea's new play "The Empress of France."

Alberta Gallatin, of the Joseph Jefferson company which closed its season in Albany N. Y., will shortly take the road supported by Kendal Weston. She will play "Camille" "The Ironmaster," "A Scrap of Paper," "Carmen" and "Denise."

The Opera House at Stratford, Ontario, was destroyed totally by fire several days ago. It is not known as yet whether another will be built.

Zelma Rawlston's male impersonation specialty seems to be one of the most taking features of 1492. The Western press is unanimous in her praise.

Alice Reade, playing in the White Heather at the Academy of Music, New York became hysterical during the performance last Tuesday evening, as a result of overwork. She was removed to Bellevue Hospital.

Nellie Maskell has signed for Madame Frochard in Kate Claxton's Two Orphans company.

Rhea has been playing Camille and "Frou Frou" in Montreal recently. It is said that her support is poor.

A Midnight Trust, the sensational English melodrama which has made a hit in the English provinces, will be produced in Boston in February, with the original scenery and painting.

James J. Corbett's Naval Cadet company laid off two weeks in Toronto, ending December 17th.

Frank C. Thayer, better known by his hosts of friends throughout the country as "Fritz," has severed his connection with the Boston Traveler, where he has been for over a year, and signed with John F. Harley to go in advance of A Bachelor's Honeymoon.

"What Dreams May Come," a new play by Paul Kester is to be brought out at a leading New York theatre early in the year, with Mme Janauschek, Courtenay, Thorpe, Maude Banks, Mrs. Alexander Salvini and William Redmond in the cast.

"Hazel Kirke" as played at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, did not give perfect satisfaction, and the work done is

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MILLINERY.**

In order to effect a speedy clearance, we have made great reductions in Trimmed and Untrimmed

Hats, Toques, Turbans and Bonnets.

This is a rare chance to secure a bargain.

Corset a specialty.

**Chas. K. CAMERON & Co.**

77 King Street.

Store open every evening.

spoken of by the critics as decidedly uneven.

Helen Wetherby will join Edward Harrigan's company when it starts out early in the New Year.

Charles B. Hanford, who is managing the tour and acting the leading parts with Thomas W. Keene, is one of the closest students of Shakespeare on the stage. He has played almost every important part in the legitimate repertory.

Jessie Bartlett Davis says that she is not to star next season.

Julia Arbur returns to New York at Wallack's theatre April 25, for her farewell engagement this season. She is to spend her summer vacation in Europe.

Hilda Clark, who has scored a hit as Constance in the "The Highwayman" at the Broadway theatre in New York, is a native of Kansas. She studied for the operatic stage in Milan, and last season sang the prima donna roles with the Bostonians. Miss Clark is a beauty and an excellent singer.

Chauncey Olcott in "Sweet Inniscarra" is having the most profitable season that he has ever known. Since starting out in September he has cleared a profit for Manager Pictou and himself of nearly \$40,000. With the exception of Joseph Jefferson and Sol Smith Russell, he is the best money making star in the country.

May Irwin's well-known and expensive smile has widened since the beginning of her engagement at the New York Bijou theatre. So has her bank account.

Tragedian Thomas W. Keene has long been a favorite in the South, but his recent tour of that section of the country has been the most successful that he has ever known.

**"77"**

BREAKS UP

**COLDS**

The first day

more easily than if the Cold is permitted to run on.

Those who keep 'Seventy-seven' handy, and take a dose at the first sneeze or shiver, never have a bad cold and are saved from Pneumonia and other pulmonary diseases.

'77' cures Grip, Influenza, Catarrh, Pains and Soreness in the Head and Chest, Cough, Sore Throat and Fever.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN 1st.

The happiest of all New Years is the best wish Progress has for its friends—and its enemies too, for that matter.

AGAINST THE PUBLISHERS.

There is quite a general impression that the postmaster general, Hon. Mr. MULOCK, proposes to tamper with the privileges now accorded to the newspapers of passing through the mails free of charge at the next session at parliament.

The excuse made by Mr. HEDLEY V. COOPER's friends for his violent and profane language to a newspaper man Monday night was that he is in ill health and has been for some time.

A philosopher on the editorial staff of an upper province paper asserts "that a good many girls marry a man because he has a pretty moustache."

New Bedford Mass is about to establish a textile school under the partial support of the State. The city has appropriated \$85,000 for the work and the State will appropriate the same amount.

The people seeking a more direct route to the Klondike region might learn something to their advantage by consulting several miners who desire a more direct route from the Klondike.

How quickly the year slips. But do not forget to write 1898.

postage again the charge must come out of the publisher's pocket.

A GENEROUS EXEMPTION.

The following extraordinary paragraph appeared in the Sun of Tuesday and in the light of what the common council has recently determined upon in regard to the water supply of Carleton must have been of much interest to the aldermen and the public.

The Cushing pulp mill project is once more hung up. The firm offered to pay \$750 per year if the city enlarged the main so that they could get a supply for the pulp mill.

Mr. CUSHING seems to be a hard man to please. The common council of the city of St. John met in a proper spirit and were more than generous in their resolution when it is considered that the proposed pulp mill will be situated in Fairville and not in the city proper.

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How quickly the year slips. But do not forget to write 1898.

Progress has succeeded from the Newspaper Collection Agency of Chicago, a very neat and effective desk calendar, surmounted by photographs of the president, vice-president secretary, superintendents of solicitors, and of advertising and printing.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Songs of the New Year at Home. O sweet were the songs of the wildwood, The musical meadows in June; The songs of the roses of childhood, So merry and mirthful in tune.

A Song for the Old Year.

Yes, sing a song for him, my friends, The year is lonely now I long for him, The frost and rime of winter-time Lie thick on beard and brow.

Oh, when the bearded grain grew ripe And harvest songs went round, He swung his blade in sun and shade Till all the wheat was bound.

What though he left some folded page No eye may read or drive? O, which we make no sign? Through some sweet chord, whose numbers thrilled

I told her fairy stories When we had older grown; Those tales of love and courage That lovers long have known;

Among the old days long ago, I told her fairy stories When we had older grown; Those tales of love and courage That lovers long have known;

Women are more cunning than men in concealing gray hair and baldness, and are wiser in selecting antidotes. Hall's Hair Renewer is a favorite with them.

OVER ZEALOUS POLICEMEN.

They Try to be Just a Trifle too Smart Occasionally.

HALIFAX, Dec. 27.—There may be a lot of ill feeling between the military and citizens on account of the over zealousness, or worse, of one of the heads of the police force—Deputy Chief Nickerson.

A few days afterwards Policeman Lovitt who is very obedient to Nickerson got a chance to make a new attack on Colonel Glancy. The colonel rides a bicycle and he either did not know or he forgot, that there is also a city ordinance against wheeling on the sidewalk.

The case has not yet come to trial, but it stands to reason and as a matter of fact it is true that the policemen who proved themselves so "smart" gained nothing by their conduct in the esteem either of Mayor Stephen or Chief O'Sullivan.

POOR CARRY'S CHRISTMAS.

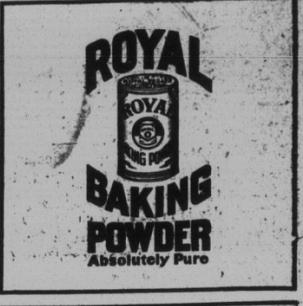
A Halifax Coachman Spent it in Jail for Want of Ten Dollars.

HALIFAX, Dec. 31.—A poor cabman was kept in jail over Christmas day and one or two subsequent days. Why? Because the lawyer who held a paper ordering his release refused to use it till a ten dollar fee was paid.

In Health and out of it. Pell—Never despise a friend's advice when you're well. Mell—Nor follow it when you're ill.

The Delineator. The January number of the Delineator is called the holiday number. The following list of the contents of this issue will give some idea of the wealth of matter contained in the twelve copies furnished on a yearly subscription, and also of its variety and general attractiveness.

Some popular Russian modes for ladies; fashionable skirts; house furnishing and decoration; dry and evening waists; novelties in sleeves; stylish waist-decorations; ladies' fashions (illustrations and descriptions); styles for Misses and girls (illustrations and descriptions); styles for little folks (illustrations and descriptions) styles for boys (illustrations and descriptions); The work-table; millinery; fashionable winter textiles; stylish trimmings; seen in the shops; some stylish designs in house-robes; Dawn (Story), Helen Choate Prince, social observances, Mrs. Cadwalader Jones; tating (illustrated) knitting illustrated; dressingmaking at home; social life in London, Lady Jeune; false economy in the household, Emma Churchman Hewitt; blue print photography, No. 1.



Shirley M. Hall; on board the Yacht Sprinx (Clive Rynner's Adventure), Martin Orde; the tea-table, Elna Witherspoon; decorations for church festivals, Emma Haywood; for the children; the common ill of life, No. 1, catching cold, Grace Peckham Murray, M. D.; lace-making (illustrated); crocheting (illustrated); simple entertaining; children and their ways, No. 1, the naughty child, Mrs. Alice Meynell; the flower garden, E. C. Vick; netting (illustrated) drawn work (illustrated); children's parties, Mrs. Edward Lenox; among the holiday books.

DORCHESTER.

DEC. 23.—The last letter for 1897.—The year with its many pleasures profits and failures is nearly gone. Christmas has passed with all its delights for the little ones and many sad memories for their elders. Family parties were numerous, and many households rejoiced over the return of absent members.

Miss Mand Hinington is at home for a few weeks holidays from her musical studies in Boston. Miss Eslington of Moncton is at home at her father's, Mr. Justice Hinington.

Mr. W. Albert Hickman is now in his third year at Harvard University is spending Christmas with his grandmother, Mrs. Joseph Hickman. Mr. Walter Gudose of the C. P. R. Telegraph Office Halifax is visiting his parents in Grand Row.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawson came to Dorchester on Thursday last to spend the holidays with their daughter Mr. R. P. Foster and her family. As many visitors came many residents left for Christmas gatherings at other places.

The choir of St. Edward's church were entertained on Christmas evening by the Rev. Father Cormier at a rocheche supper at Hotel Windsor. Needless to say the repast was finely served and much enjoyed by all.

Dec. 26.—Miss Nellie Sadler of Maple View, is the guest of her sister Mrs. Baird. Miss Haley of Boston is visiting her friend Miss Edith Tibbitts.



Christmas has come and gone. Its life was short but it ruled the land while it was here. Santa Claus has done his work and has vanished for another year. Kind hearts have provided dinners for the hungry in various ways, brightened lives that would otherwise have only known Christmas as a name.

In fact the present week has not too had a record, the gaieties beginning on Monday evening when the first private night was held at the rink, with about fifty in attendance. The ice was in good condition, the music excellent and with everybody ready to enjoy themselves to the utmost, the evening could not be otherwise than successful.

Next week also promises to be a gay one as several functions have been arranged, prominent among them being a party by Mr. Homer Forbes for his young friends, the affair to take place on Monday evening; Miss Muriel Thomson follows with a dance on Tuesday evening, and Mr. Louis Girvan gives a party the following night.

Among the young people who came home for the Christmas holidays were Miss Nan McDonald, the Misses Smith, the Misses McAvity, and Miss May Harrison all of whom have been at evening school in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Rankin of Halifax were in the city for a day or two this week. Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Robertson and Miss Robertson of Chatham spent several days here recently.

Mr. Henry Duffell who spent Christmas with city friends returned this week to Montreal. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. McGinnis of Bangor Me., spent Christmas in the city.

Mr. Charles Manuel arrived to-day from Boston having been called here by the serious illness of his father. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hall spent Christmas day with Mrs. Hall's parents Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Johnston of Fredericton.

Rev. Canon Richardson performed the ceremony in the presence of a large number of guests, the church being beautifully decorated for the occasion. The bride who was given in white satin, Gertrude Skinner, sister of the groom. Both attendants were attired in white serge dresses with cream coats. Mr. Stewart Fairweather of this city performed the duties of groomman, and the duties of maid of honor and page were gracefully discharged by Miss Pearl Patterson and master Reginald Lewis respectively.

After the ceremony at the memorial Episcopal church the bride party and guests drove to the residence of the bride's father, where a congratulatory luncheon was served. In the evening the newly wedded pair started upon their honeymoon which will be spent in Buffalo, New York, and Boston, coming to this city, their future home later. The young couple were the recipients of many elegant presents.

Mr. John M. Stevens of St. Stephen, paid a short visit to the city this week. Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross of Boston are spending a little while in St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Tennant came from Amherst Thursday to spend Christmas with relatives. Mrs. Davis and Miss Emma Davis are in Amherst, visiting Mr. and Mrs. Morton Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Marshall and Miss Marshall of Toronto have been spending part of this week in the city. Miss Smith arrived Tuesday from Woodstock and will spend a few weeks with city friends.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Emmons of Germain street, entertained Bishop Kingdom for a day or two this week. Mr. Fred McLaughlin of Halifax was here for a short time this week.

Miss Lizzie McJunkin of the teaching staff of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn who was recently called here by the death of her brother, returned to New York on Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Alice Rogers is a guest of Mrs. R. H. Jones of Woodstock for the Christmas holidays. Dean Partridge of Fredericton spent Tuesday in the city.

Archibald, when their only daughter Miss Beulah Archibald was married to Mr. E. A. Harris of this city, son of Mr. C. F. Harris. The wedding was very private, only the immediate relatives of the bride and groom being present. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. M. Robinson, pastor of St. John's Presbyterian church, and after luncheon had been partaken of Mr. and Mrs. Harris departed by the C. P. train for Montreal.

Lady Smith of Dorchester spent Christmas in town the guest of her son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. T. Smith of Highfield street, in spending the Christmas vacation at his home in Montreal.

Mr. James Bruce, son of Mr. J. R. Bruce of this city, who is a student at McGill college Montreal, is spending the Christmas vacation at his home in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Wetmore of this city, who went to Boston in September to prosecute her studies in music; are given her a very cordial welcome home. Miss Wetmore has been studying vocal culture under Mrs. Rita Edwards who was at one time a pupil of the famous Parisian musician Delaisadie and a late issue of the Boston Home Journal contains a notice of an At Home given by Mrs. Edwards and her pupils, during the course of which it pays this tribute to Miss Wetmore's performance.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Henderson of Macaan spent the holiday with Captain and Mrs. H. W. Derrick of Boston street. Mr. A. B. Knight accountant of the Bank of Nova Scotia at New Glasgow spent Christmas day and Sunday at his home in Montreal.

There were the usual Christmas presentations of turkeys, geese, etc. from employers to employees, and some presentations of a more important nature. Mr. F. B. Blair organist of St. John's Presbyterian church was presented by the members of his choir with a very handsome carved oak writing desk and music cabinet combined.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Higgins were presented with a very beautiful mahogany cabinet by the clerk in Mr. Higgins' Halifax and Montreal stores. Mr. George Ackman's Sunday school class remembered him with a handsome silver handled umbrella neatly engraved.

Mr. H. G. Marr was the recipient of a handsome easy chair from his staff, each of whom he remembered in return with a season ticket for Victoria rink, those longest in his employ receiving in addition a five dollar gold piece.

Mr. Frank Holstead of St. John spent the holiday in town the guest of his mother, Mrs. William Elliott of Botsford street.

Handsome Presents Given Away. Why Not? WELCOME SOAP FOR FAMILY USE. Do not be put off with "something just as good." All first class grocers keep "WELCOME." Insist on having it, there is no household soap equal to "WELCOME."

1 1/2 ft. DIA. We are just completing 500 feet of Wrought Iron Pipe, 1 1/2 feet in Diameter. We simply state this to convince you that we are able to do any special work for you. We can do it quickly; and do it well. Established over 30 years. CARRIER, LAINE & CO., LEVIS, P. Q. MONTREAL.

The St. John Millinery College 85 Germain Street, SAINT JOHN, N. B. Offers a thorough, Practical, Scientific and Complete course of High-grade work. LADIES DESIRING TO LEARN THE ART OF MILLINERY for a personal accomplishment or as a means of livelihood, will do well to call on, or address, for full particulars. Write for circular. THE ST. JOHN MILLINERY COLLEGE.

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A Fair and Beautiful Complexion. Pimples, Freckles, Blisters, Blackheads, Redness. And all other Skin Eruptions, vanish by the use of Dr. Campbell's SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS. MEDICATED ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP.

When You Order... PELEE ISLAND WINES. BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND. E. G. SCOVIL, Agent Pelee Wine Co. 62 Union Street.

MONCTON.

Funerals in Moncton at the Moncton bookstore, by W. G. Standfield and at M. B. Jones' Bookstore.

Dec. 28.—The first of the three weddings which marked Christmas week took place on Wednesday morning at the residence of Mr. Charles Fairweather on Fleet street, the bride being the only daughter of the house, Miss Vesta Fairweather, and the groom Mr. Horace L. Brittain of the High school teaching staff.

The second wedding was that of Miss Jennie Lockhart, daughter of Mr. Obad Lockhart of the I. C. R. to Mr. Frank H. Weir, of this city, which took place on Wednesday evening, at the home of the bride's parents. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. W. LeGize in the presence of a number of the relatives and friends of the bride and groom.

ST. GEORGE.

Dec. 29.—Mr. Simmons, principal of the Grammar school is spending his vacation in Marysville. Dr. Taylor spent Christmas with his parents in Carleton.

Mr. Capen of the St. George Dry Goods Co. is visiting Eastport. Mrs. R. McCallum of Bocabec spent a few days in town last week on her way to St. John.

Continued on Fourth Page.

FOR ADDITIONAL "CITY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES



HALIFAX NOTES.

PROGRESS is for sale in Halifax by the newsboys and at the following news stands and centres. C. S. DUFFY, 111 Hollis street. BRUNSWICK STREET NEWS & CO., Barrington street. CLIFFORD SMITH, 111 Hollis street. GEORGE STREET POWER & CO., Opp. I. C. R. Depot. CANADA NEWS CO., Railway Depot. G. J. KELNE, Gortigan street. E. S. SILVER, Dartmouth N. S. J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth N. S. Queen Bookstore, 100 Hollis St.

Rev. Professor Falconer, by appointment of the presbytery of Halifax, last evening preached to the congregation of Coburg Road church, vacant. Rev. W. E. Hall preached his farewell sermon at the Tabernacle, Brunswick street, last evening. He will remain in the city for some weeks, before going abroad for his health.

St. Henri and Lady de Lotbiniere spent Christmas in Quebec. Early in the new year Lady de Lotbiniere sails for England to spend three months with one of her daughters, who is living there.

Captain Cross, formerly of the steamship Dominion, is now in command of the Elder-Dempster steamship Queensmore. Captain Couch, formerly in command of the Barnis, is first officer on the Queensmore.

Lieut.-Colonel Lake, the quarter-master general, is soon to leave Canada. He has elected to return to regimental duty as second in command of the old Lilywhites, 2nd battalion, East Lancashire regiment, now in India.

Mr. D. J. Longstaff, son of Councillor Longstaff, Digby, is in the Klondike country, having gone thither from Seattle, Washington.

Rev. James Billington, pastor of the free baptist church, Barrington, is reported to have tendered his resignation, to accept a charge in Quebec.

Miss Annie McLean, principal of Beaver River school, Yarmouch, has resigned and gone to Chicago where her mother is ill.

Captain J. W. Dunham, formerly of Barton, Digby, has been appointed to command one of the Ward line steamships, sailing between New York and Cuba.

Mr. Jack Campbell who is attending Harvard University, and his brother Colin, a student of Boston Dental college, are spending the holidays at their home, in Kentville.

Mr. Jesse Gesner, a native of Nova Scotia who has resided for the past 25 years in Kansas, was in King's this week to see the members of his family, who reside in that country.

Manager Huggill of the Furness line, has returned from Montreal. He had an interview with Manager Harris, of the I. C. R. who will be in Halifax next month.

Hon. W. S. Fielding is in the city spending the Christmas holidays.

H. J. Logan, M. P., for Cumberland was in Halifax lately.

Warden Shattford registered at the Queen this week.

Dr. H. K. McDonald of Lunenburg, is visiting his parents in Truro.

W. A. Cree man, principal of the North Sydney academy, is in the city.

George Wright leaves here about the first of the year for New York, where they will spend the winter.

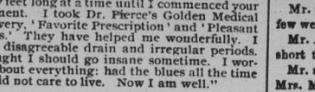
Mr. Justice Sedgwick and Mrs. Sedgwick of Ottawa, are in the city for the Christmas vacation.

Rev. J. G. Schurman has succeeded to the pastorate of the First Hillsburgh baptist church, Digby.

Dr. A. R. Andrews and Mrs. Andrews, Middleton spent Christmas with Senator Wood of Sackville, N. B.

Mr. N. A. Creelman principal of the North Sydney academy is in the city.

Rev. Clarence McKinnon of Stewiacke, preached at St. Matthew's church last evening.



The man who is blown up by a hidden mine of explosives may have seen things that should have aroused his suspicions, but heedlessly put them aside as of no moment. It is the same with the sick man, that ends in death. Insidious disorders of the digestion and bilious spells are passed by as of no moment. In themselves these complaints may not be dangerous, but if neglected their cumulative effect is terrible.

The man who neglects the little disorders that are the signs of approaching ill-health is walking over a hidden mine that may cause his death. The explosion will come in the guise of consumption or some other deadly disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures all disorders of the stomach and liver. It cures 93 per cent. of all cases of consumption, bronchitis, asthma, laryngitis, weak lungs, spitting of blood, lingering cough, nasal catarrh and diseases of the air passages. It acts directly on the diseased tissues, driving out all impurities and disease germs. It is the great flesh-builder, blood-maker and nerve-tonic. There is nothing in the medicine store "just as good."

"Have been in poor health for about seven years," writes Mrs. I. Albert Eakins, of No. 128 Main Street, Dallas, Texas. "Every summer I'd have a bilious attack lasting two weeks, besides headache all my life, general debility and an inactive liver. I suffered with my bladder and kidneys for five years at least. I could not stand on my feet long at a time until I commenced your treatment. I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pleasant Pellets.' They have helped me wonderfully. I had a disagreeable drain and irregular periods. I thought I should go insane sometime. I worried about everything; had the blues all the time and did not care to live. Now I am well."

Constipation is a little illness that if neglected builds a big one. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative and two a mild cathartic. They never gripe.

The scholars of the Rockingham school have presented their teacher, Miss Edwards, with a mask of their esteem.

Mr. E. M. Clay formerly of the immigration office Halifax, was in Middleton this week looking for a farm to purchase.

Rev. J. M. Allen and family will spend the winter in Edinburgh. Mr. Allen's many friends in King's will be pleased to see him return.

Rev. Father Underwood of St. Peter's church, Dartmouth is the recipient of a handsome Christmas gift from his parishioners.

TRURO.

[Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, & Messrs. D. H. Smith & Co.]

Dec. 23.—Miss Taylor is here from Sackville enjoying the Xmas holidays with her sister Mrs. Ida Reynolds.

Miss Somerville is home for the holidays from Springfield.

Mr. P. R. Webster spent Christmas and Sunday with home friends in Windsor.

Mrs. Carthew gave a very pleasant party Monday evening to a number of Miss Florence's friends. Dancing was the chief amusement and was enjoyed well into the small hours.

The first of the Quadrille assemblies, being inaugurated, it is anticipated for the season, and in the hands of a very efficient committee of ladies and gentlemen, will be held in the Merchant's Bank building tomorrow.

Miss Carrie Longhead is home from Parrboro for the holidays.

Mr. Rod Hanson of the Halifax bank, Bridgewater is enjoying a few weeks vacation among home friends.

Miss McKay and Miss Yorton enjoyed a few days pleasant outing at the Manse in Middle Stewiacke, last week, guests of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Mackinnon.

Mr. Will Yorton, C. E., is home from Parrboro for the holidays.

Mr. G. H. Williams spent Christmas day and Sunday with Acadia Mines friends.

Mr. Jack Bentley, Mr. Allison Cumming, Mr. Harvey Kent Jr., and Mr. Elmore McDonald, are some Dalhousie students spending the Christmas holidays with home friends here.

Mr. Clyde Davidson, Halifax, was in town for Christmas day and Sunday.

PARRBORO.

[Progress is for sale at Parrboro Book Store.]

Dec. 23.—The air is full of the merry jingling of sleigh bells today. If the snow fall of last night had happily come a few days sooner Christmas eve and Christmas day would have been much livelier. On Christmas night the new skating rink was opened and thronged with skaters and onlookers. A Sunday school entertainment consisting of broom and other crills and a Xmas cantata by the children was held in Grace Methodist church after which presents from the Christmas tree were distributed. The usual carol service was held in St. George's church on Christmas eve. St. Bridget's church was crowded at the midnight mass. The new mass which the choir has been practicing for several weeks under the direction of the excellent organist Mr. Pensault was well rendered several instruments of the Parrboro band assisting. The solos were sung in a very pleasing manner by Miss Kate McNamara.

The decorations in both English and R. C. churches are fine. In the former the white and gold altar cloth was embellished by Miss Isabel Aikman and the reredos white with spruce border is the work of Miss Lizzie Aikman.

The members of Minas Lodge A. F. and A. M. celebrate their patron saint to day by attending service in St. George's church at seven o'clock this evening after which they and their lady friends have a banquet in St. George's hall.

Mr. Lewis Eaton of Eatonville spent Xmas with Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Eaton.

The baptist Sunday school Christmas tree with a programme of music and recitations was held on Thursday evening and the presbyterian children will be made happy tomorrow evening.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cole of Amherst and Mr. Clarence Cole of St. Stephen spent Christmas with their parents.

Mrs. J. D. Harris is spending the winter with her daughter Mrs. A. E. McLeod.

Mrs. Macaulay's life and literary career were discussed by the Literary club at Rev. H. McLean's last Monday evening.

Mr. Norris McKenzie is at home from Dalhousie for the holidays.

Mrs. Copp gave a birthday party for her little daughter Kathleen recently.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Fraser and Master Carl spent Christmas with Capt. and Mrs. Nordby.

Mr. Cecil Townshend came home from McGill college to spend the holidays.

Miss Louhead spent Christmas at her home in Truro.

Dr. Magee and all his staff of teachers attended the convention at Tatamagouche last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilmor and their children of St. John are guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Jenks.

AMHERST.

[Progress is for sale at Amherst by W. P. Smith & Co.]

Dec. 23.—It was disappointing to find that my long letter of last week failed to appear with all the nice things in praise of the "Starlight Minstrels" as it is to late to repeat them even if I had space.

Society is busy a can be this week planning and preparing for two large functions of unusual importance. The first takes place on Wednesday evening when Mrs. R. C. Fuller and Miss Fuller will be at home to upwards of a hundred or more guests, this will be Miss Fuller's debut and with her will be Miss Jean Sutcliffe and Miss Love who will be presented to the outer radius of the social world; many pretty gowns have been prepared for the event which is so pleasantly anticipated.

Maple Terrace, the home of Dr. and Mrs. Hewson will be the scene of another large and equally important event on Friday evening when Miss Hewson will be added to the number of fair debutantes; dancing is in order for both of these evenings so without doubt pleasure will reign supreme.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Curry of Bridgewater spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes, Havelock street.

Miss Satton of Edghehill school is the guest of Mrs. J. M. Townshend.

On Christmas evening Miss Helen Bidden gave a very enjoyable little dance after risk to a number of her intimate friends.

Mrs. Davis and Miss Emma Davis of St. John are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Merton Davis.

Mr. Gerlie Hilloost is home from Moncton for a few weeks.

Mr. A. B. Etter went to Truro on Tuesday for a short trip.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Bishop of Truro, and Mr. and Mrs. McGill of New Glasgow, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Mainholm cottage.

Mrs. C. W. Main and daughter Miss Maggie Main left on Wednesday last to visit friends in New York.

Miss Barbara McKinnon has gone to spend the holiday season with her sisters in Boston.

Mr. H. W. Graham of the Halifax banking company is gone to spend a few weeks at his home in Antigonish.

Mr. O. W. Wyde of the Bank of Montreal spent Christmas with his parents in Halifax.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Tenant went to St. John on Thursday.

Mr. George Sutcliffe teacher at Port Grenville is home for the Christmas vacation and Mr. Harry Smith of Halifax is also a guest of his aunt Miss Bent, Spruce Grove.

On Sunday afternoon Acadia lodge No. 5, A. F. and A. M. attended the Methodist church where Rev. Mr. Batty preached the annual St. John's day sermon. Their annual dinner was held on Monday evening at the Terrace and was fairly as sumptuous as Mr. Calhoun's best style affords.

Mrs. J. E. Silver of Montreal arrived on Monday evening to spend a month with her parents Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Hillson, Havelock street, her many friends in Amherst will accord her a hearty welcome.

Miss Helen Chipman of Boston is paying a visit to her aunt Mrs. Dr. Black, Victoria street.

The Christmas music in the different churches was quite up to the average and it has been generally remarked that there is an all round improvement in the choirs; it must be good or numbers for Amherst is proverbial for good choirs as far as the work is concerned. The Baptist choir gave a very nice Cantata on Monday evening; I understand that the children did famously and their efforts were highly appreciated and very successful.

The usual number of presentations were in order for Christmas and those which have come to my notice were such as to give one the idea that times were pretty good this year and employers have held the good esteem of their employees and vice versa. Mr. H. A. Hilloost was the recipient of an elegant clock from those of his employ. And Mr. H. J. Logan has his fine plaidie enveloped in a beautiful fur lined coat the gift of friends in town.

Mr. F. W. B. Moore of the Bank of Montreal spent Christmas in Moncton.

The Aberdeen rink opened on Christmas afternoon the ice was in fine condition and the attendance was good; the band was in attendance so the young folk had a very pleasant day all through.

FREDERICTON.

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton by Messrs. W. T. H. Fenwick and J. E. Hawthorne.]

Dec. 23.—Miss Ogilvie today entertaining a number of friends at a skating party; after several hours of sport on the ice the party returned to "The Homestead" where five o'clock tea was served.

Miss Rachel Munnell has gone to Chicago and will visit her sister Mrs. Deacon where she will remain all winter.

Miss Hilyard is in Truro N. S. visiting her friend Mrs. Weimore. Miss Hilyard will attend the large ball to be given there this evening and will probably spend the New Year in Halifax.

Prof. and Mrs. Palmer of Sackville accompanied by a young Cuban is here visiting Mrs. Palmer's mother, Mrs. Vandine Brunswick street.

Mrs. John T. and Miss Alma Gibson of Marysville are spending the holidays with Prof. and Mrs. Chisholm at Sackville.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hall of St. John spent Xmas with Mrs. Hall's parents Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Johnston, Mr. Hall has returned home but Mrs. Hall will remain for a time longer a guest at Red Top.

Miss Annie Phinney is visiting friends in Amherst N. S.

Mrs. Fiske who has been spending the past two weeks here visiting her sister Mrs. H. H. Pitts has returned home.

Mr. James Lemont is visiting his home here.

Mr. Fred Davidson of Woodstock is spending the holidays with his parents here.

The Misses Bessie and Edith Gibson are home from Sackville for the Christmas holidays.

Miss Lascelles is here from St. John visiting her sister Mrs. A. S. Murray.

Mrs. John Murray of Boston is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Cathers.

Mr. Chas. Everitt, Mr. Geo. F. Beverly and Mr. Tremaine Gard of St. John, spent Xmas with relatives in the city.

Mr. Horace Britain of Moncton, is here with his bride, spending the holidays with Mrs. Britain's family. Mrs. Britain will receive her friends on Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Thompson and Miss Vanwart are home from Sackville for the holidays.

Mr. Edwin Ruddock of Chatham spent Christmas here with his friend Mr. E. G. Merritt.

Dr. J. H. King of St. John and Mr. H. B. Connell of Woodstock were among the visitors to the city this week.

Miss Carrie Winslow is home from "Edghehill" for the Christmas vacation.

Mr. Goldstream of New York is spending a few days in the city.

The many friends of Mr. Joseph Winslow were pleased to welcome him home from Montreal for the holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Chesnut of Montreal are visiting Mr. Chesnut's parents Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Chesnut.

After an extended visit with friends on the Pacific coast, Miss Jennie Perkins has returned home. Mr. Bert Wiley is welcomed home from McGill for the holidays.

Mr. E. Jewett of Cambridge, Mass. is visiting friends in the city and will leave for home today.

Miss Leaver of Charlottetown is here visiting her friend Mrs. Millard Reid at Marysville.

Mr. and Mrs. John Palmer celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding day, at their residence last evening. This home was prettily decorated with evergreen and cut flowers. As the guests entered the parlors they were received by Mr. C. K. Palmer, the eldest son and by him presented to the bride and groom of twenty-five years ago.

The invited guests included, Rev. J. Teasdale and family; Mr. and Mrs. C. E. B. Fisher; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Weddall; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hawthorn; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Edwards; Mr. and J. B. Hawthorne; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Vapuskirk; Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Edgcombe; Mr. and Mrs.



Vapo-Resolene. FOR Whooping Cough, Croup, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh. Items from physicians' statements in our Descriptive Booklet. Send for it. "Have found it of such great value in Whooping Cough, Croup and other spasmodic coughs, that I have instructed every family under my direction to secure one." "It is of great value in Diphtheria." "It gives relief in Asthma. The apparatus is simple and inexpensive." Sole by all druggists. VAPOR-RESOLINE CO. 80 W. 1st St., N. Y. City.

Elegant Ribbons

Seems to be the most fitting phrase to apply to the New York RIBBONS now on display here. We can safely say that no other time has the critical RIBBON BUYER ever been asked to see a more attractive assortment. Attractive in Superb Finish, Startling and Beautiful Color Blendings, and that indefinable charm that comes from Highest Grade Pure Silk Quality. For Christmas Presents these Ribbons will make

STOCK BOWS FOUR-IN-HAND-TIES, ...AND... DRESS TRIMMINGS,

and clever Milliners are ready to make the Bows Free of Charge.

Parisian. 163 Union St., ST. JOHN.

Puttner's Emulsion

Excellent for babies, nursing mother's growing children, and all who need nourishing and strengthening treatment.

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

CROCKETT'S... CAT RHE CURE!

A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc. Prepared by

THOMAS A CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

Tongues and Sounds

Received this day—3 bbls. Codfish Tongues and Sounds. Wholesale and Retail at 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

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

The "Syllabic Method", also "Syllabic System" for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. J. WHITLOCK

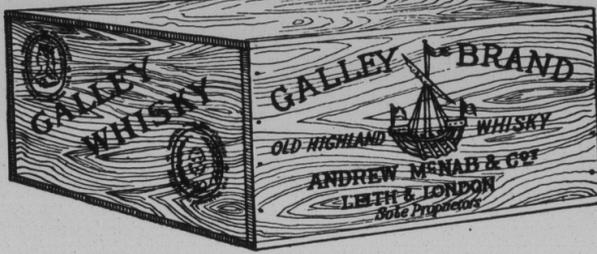
PURSES.

We have just received a nice stock of English Purses, Card Cases, Cigarette Cases, etc.

—ALSO—Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Solid Silver and Silver Plated Goods, Eye Glasses and Spectacles.

See our stock at FERGUSON & PAGE 41 KING STREET.

# A CASE OF IMPORTANCE



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McINTYRE & TOWNSEND,  
JOHN O'REGAN,

12 and 14 Water St.  
3 Union St.

The F. C. B. church will be the scene of a fashionable wedding on Wednesday of this week.

Mrs. Williamson Fisher spent Christmas at Frasque Isle.

Mr. Harry Bailey of the Peoples' Bank of Halifax, spent Xmas in Woodstock the guest of his mother.

The Misses Kathleen and Beatrice Henderson are spending the holidays in St. John.

Miss Josephine Corkery is spending a week in St. John.

The sad tidings which reached Mr. and Mrs. George A. Taylor on Christmas Eve, regarding the very sudden death of Miss Maud Smith, Mrs. Taylor's sister, was heard with deep sorrow and regret by the many friends of this young lady in Woodstock. Heartfelt sympathies extended to Mr. and Mrs. Taylor in their grief.

#### ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Programme is for sale in St. Stephen at the book stores of G. S. Wall, E. S. Acheson and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. P. Tremblay's.

Dec. 28.—Christmas day with its delightful surprises has come and gone. It was a very pleasant and happy day on the St. Croix, bright, frosty and sunny, and had there been sleighing the day would have been perfect. There were a number of family gatherings, dinner parties with Christmas trees afterwards, and on both sides of the St. Croix festivity reigned. The churches were beautifully adorned with evergreen and holly, and large congregations attended to listen to the fine singing and specially prepared sermons that were preached by Rev. O. S. Newham of Christ church, and Rev. Frederic Robertson of Trinity church, and Rev. the Abbot Rosary was also a pretty adorned for the season. In all the churches the singing was very fine, and of a very high order. Miss Florence (Mrs. J. J. J. J.)'s lovely voice was heard in several solos. The sermon preached by Rev. Father Dollard, was appropriate to the day. In all the churches the collections were given to the poor of each parish.

A Christmas tree is to be held on Thursday evening for the pleasure of the children of the Sunday school, and on Friday evening the Sunday school of Trinity church held their annual tree in the school room near the church.

Xmas greetings in the form of a pretty card, have been received by many of our citizens from Lord and Lady Aberdeen.

A very happy wedding party gathered at the early time of half past seven o'clock in Trinity church on Christmas morning, to witness the marriage of Miss Georgiana Isabel Meredith, to Mr. Walter Dehli McLaughlin of Grand Manan. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Frederic Robertson, and was most impressive in the dim light under the shade of the Christmas decorations. The bride who is a decided brunette, looked very stylish and handsome in a beautiful gown of navy blue broadcloth with hat to match. There were no bridesmaid or groomsmen. After the ceremony the happy pair drove to the station and left for a wedding journey to be spent chiefly in St. John and Fredericton. The wedding gifts were numerous and handsome. The groom's gift was a rich gold chain. The bride who for several years has been one of the most clever and esteemed lady teachers, was presented by the teachers of the various schools with an elegant marble clock, and her young pupils gave her a silver biscuit jar. On their return Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin will reside with the bride's mother, Mrs. Meredith during the winter.

Rev. O. S. Newham, expects to leave next week on his tour through several counties to lecture and address the congregations of the various churches, on the necessity of contributing more generously toward the Diocesan Church Society Fund.

I have heard that a "German" is to be given by one of the young society ladies early in January.

The curling rink was open to skaters on Christmas evening and the ice was crowded with lovers of the sport. The music was gay and the young society element enjoyed themselves greatly.

Mr. George A. Boardman, one of Calais' most esteemed and elderly citizens is very ill, and much anxiety is felt for his condition by his daughter, Mrs. John Clarke Taylor.

Mr. John Turner spent Christmas with friends in St. John.

Lady Tilley, Messrs. Herbert and Leonard Tilley and Goldwin Howland are in town guests of Madame Chipman of the Cedars.

Mr. Richard Sawyer of Bangor, was most cordially welcomed back to the St. Croix by his numerous friends on Christmas day. He makes but a short visit and during his stay is registered at the Border City hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederic T. Fote have returned from Machias where they went to spend Christmas with relatives.

Mr. Sandie Murray went to St. John to spend Christmas with his mother, Mrs. William Murray.

Mr. Clarence Falconer of Kings Co. was a guest at the Windsor on Christmas day, he was visiting St. Stephen for the purpose of being present at the marriage of his friends Mr. and Mrs. W. Dehli McLaughlin.

Miss Annie Gregory spent Christmas in St. John with her family.

Mrs. Charles W. King most pleasantly entertained the Travelers' club on Monday. Mrs. E. C. Young will be hostess to the club on Monday of next week. The Carleton News club will not begin their meetings until the second week in January.

Mrs. Charles F. Fry is spending the holidays in Grand Manan, with her parents.

John M. Stevens of Edmundston is here spending Christmas with his family.

Mr. Walter Ganong of New York city is some for a short vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Todd and Miss Annie Todd are in Montreal the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Hall.

Mr. George Todd is seriously ill at his home in Milltown.

Mr. William Cochrane of Boston is at home for a few days.

Mr. John M. Hastings of Boston is in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James G. Stevens.

Mr. Warren Wainman principal of the Calais school has gone to Norway Maine to spend his vacation with his parents.

Miss Berna Main returns from Kingston on Thursday after a visit of ten days.

Miss Vesta Moore of Wellesley college is at home for the holidays.

Mr. Guy C. Murchie who is a student at the Cambridge law school is at home for a short visit.

Hon. G. A. Curran is visiting Boston.

Mrs. Atwood of Fort Fairfield is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. John Seav.

Mr. Arthur Murchie who has been for several weeks in New York for medical treatment is home for a few days and is greatly improved in health.

Messrs. R. V. and Bro. V. Maxwell arrived from Boston on Saturday to spend a few days with their parents Mr. and Mrs. Henry Maxwell.

Miss Katherine Copeland has returned from an extended visit in Boston.

Miss Alice Robbins is spending the holiday season in Hingham Mass., with relatives.

Mrs. Thomas and her daughter Miss Nettie Thomas of Canning Nova Scotia are in town spending this week with her brother-in-law Mr. Henry E. Hill.

Rev. W. J. D. Thomas and Mrs. Thomas are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

Mr. J. Merrill Boyd has arrived from Keene New Hampshire is at home for the winter months.

#### SACKVILLE.

[Programme is for sale in Sackville by W. J. Goodwin.]

Dec. 28.—Christmas day was ushered in by the ringing of St. Paul's church bell at midnight, an old custom which has been observed for years. Outwardly the day passed quietly as the weather was not such as to tempt many to walk or drive. Though the sun was bright the wind was high and cold and the dust flying to such a degree that if the watering cart had been capable on such a freezing day of sprinkling anything but icicles it would have been out by general veto. But indoors all was light warmth and festivity, even the very poor, of whom there are not many, had for at least one day in the year, a beautiful dinner. Family reunions were in almost every home and the number of Christmas trees would if all planted together make a regular Santa Claus forest. The only services held were in the morning at St. Paul's church and in the afternoon at St. Ann's, Westcock. A more elaborate programme of music than has been rendered for years was rendered most successfully in St. Paul's. The rector gave an eloquent and soul stirring sermon from Luke 2 chap. 14 verse. The decorations were simple but effective. In the evening nearly all of the active minded were to be found in one of the two rinks. This was the opening of the skating rink season and all greatly enjoyed the good ice which was unusually smooth and the music of the Sackville brass band. The management of the rink will be the same as last winter, in the hands of Messrs. Co. who never fail to do all in their power to make it agreeable for their patrons.

In the evening a lively match was going on between presidents and vice-presidents sides with much vocal demonstration and flourishing o' brooms. That evening the president's side scored a victory but the match was to be continued.

The Christmas service in the Methodist church was held on Sunday morning. The music was simple, consisting only of hymns of a reasonable character, but they were rendered by both organist and choir most acceptably. The hymns were 145, 147 and 142 in the Methodist hymnal, and during the collection a Christmas hymn to the beautiful tune of Pentecost was sung with well marked time and good expression. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Howard gave a feeling address from Luke 2 chapter, 14 verse. Among other notices he announced that a week night service would be held on Friday evening commencing at 10:30 and that steps were to be taken soon toward raising a fund for the Sunday school library as no new books had been entered for eight years. The money is to be obtained partly by subscriptions and also with some entertainment not yet decided on.

On Sunday afternoon a pleasant and homelike little service was held in the Oddfellows hall by the presbyterians. The service was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Macrae of Picton who took the place of Rev. McKay who usually comes from Dorchester for this purpose. The organ was played by Miss B. Cogwell the regular organist, Miss S. Copp being ill. The music was hearty nearly everyone joining in the hymns. During the collection Mr. Thomas Murray sang the Holy City with such sweetness and effectiveness as to almost make one feel one was already in King's "the golden streets."

In St. Paul's church in the morning the Christmas music was repeated and in the evening the following programme was given. Hymn 59, Part of 110 Psalms; Magnificat; Pizanus; Misa Dimmititis; Anon; Anthem, All the ends of the World, Sudds; Hymn 66; Anthem, There were Shepherds, E. Wynchester; Tenor solo by Mr. Thos. Murray; Hymn 238; Organist, Miss S. Cogwell.

The music on this occasion was especially good and has received many well deserved encomiums. The anthems were particularly enjoyed, the fresh sweet voices of the soprano being well sustained by the deep sweet notes of men. Mr. Murray's solo was very fine and his voice if anything, richer and clearer than ever.

In the baptist church the season received attention on the previous Sunday. In the Upper Sackville Methodist church most excellent music was rendered, and the new jubilee bell never rang a merrier peal than that given for the glad Christmas tide.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jordan are the guests of Mrs. F. W. Emmerston. Mr. Jordan, a lawyer of Fredericton, has lately moved from that city to St. John. Mrs. Jordan is a sister of Mrs. Emmerston.

Dr. and Mrs. Borden and the Misses Borden are expected to return today from Moncton.

The Alumnae society presented Mr. Woolton at Christmas with a complete and handsomely bound set of Robert Browning's works.

Miss Daisy Esterbrookes is visiting in St. John. Mrs. Geo. Robinson of Digby is the guest of her mother Mrs. Butler Esterbrookes.

Mrs. A. Fulton and family spent Christmas in Sackville.

Miss Lena Powell is visiting Dorchester this week.

Mr. J. F. Allison and Miss Gretchen went to Moncton today where Miss Gretchen will make a week's stay with her little cousin, Miss Margery Smith.

Mr. Harmon Scott has been ill with fever since his return from the states and is not yet strong enough to sit up.

Mr. A. H. McCready spent a few days in St. John. There was but one issue of the bright and new paper this week on account of giving all the employees a good holiday to which everyone is entitled at this season.

Mr. E. F. Foster of Dorchester was here on Saturday.

Mr. Edward Allison of Halifax spent Christmas with his parents Dr. and Mrs. Allison.

Mrs. Amos Atkinson expects to leave Sackville tomorrow and join her husband, Capt. Atkinson in the north west. They will remain on the ranch till spring when they go to the Klondike. Mrs. Allison's little boy will accompany her.

Miss Gibson is keeping house for her sister Mrs. Chisholm who is visiting in Boston.

The Misses Duncan spent the holiday at their home in St. John.

Dr. A. P. Crockett of Dalhousie is visiting friends in Sackville.

Miss Dickson of New York who has been staying with her aunt Mrs. J. L. Black expects to visit Mrs. Thos. Roach in Nappan this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Ayer have moved into their new home on Bridge street.

Miss Robinson will be with her sister Mrs. J. F. Allison a few days this week before going to Dorchester to spend the winter with Lady Smith.

LADY OF SEALOTT.

#### THINGS OF VALUE.

"After all your boasts, Mrs. Dash, you did not fire off your pistol at that burglar? How could it? He was standing right in front of my nose stained-glass window!"

There never was and never will be, a universal panacea, for all ills to which the flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that they seem to act on one system of the patient—what would relieve one ill, in turn, would aggravate the other. However, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound individual state, a remedy for many and grievous ailments, by its stimulant and tonic properties, and by its influence which Quinine exerts on the nervous system, it restores the morbid elements of those with whom a chronic state of drooping despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which being stimulated, causes through the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making an active and necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—results, improved appetite, nourishment, and energy. Quinine Wine, at the usual rate, and, ranged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches the perfection of any in the market. All druggists can plan a house better than an architect!

"She seems to be lacking in self-confidence," "She is, shockingly so! Why, she doesn't believe she can plan a house better than an architect!"

PARMELEE'S PILLS possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing the impurities. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Carswell, Carwell, E. Q. Ont. writes: "I have tried Parmelee's Pills and find them an excellent medicine, and one that will sell well."

When we discover the faults of our friends we are happy; when we discover the faults of our friends without being happy we are great.

"Fagged Out"—None but those who have become fagged out, know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All strength is gone, and despondency has taken hold of the sufferers. They feel as though there is nothing to live for. There, however, is a cure—one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will do most anything for you. I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me. I would not be without them for any money."

Miss Spinks—"What shall we have for our club colors?" Mr. Pedalman—"I guess black and blue will be all right."

There are so many cough medicines in the market that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough, a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try "Richie's Anti-Croup and Cough Syrup." The pain can be relieved and the cough removed. This syrup is pleasant to the taste and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all cases of the throat and lungs, croup, whooping cough, bronchitis, etc., etc.

"Suppose you have had some narrow escapes in playing football?" "Yes—I have had some hairbreadth escapes."

Inflammatory Rheumatism.—Mr. S. Ackerman, commercial traveller, Belleville, writes: "Some time ago I used Dr. Thomas' ELECTRIC OIL for inflammatory rheumatism, and three bottles effected complete cure. I was the whole of one summer unable to move without crutches and every movement caused excruciating pains. I am now out on my feet and exposed to all kinds of weather, but have never been troubled with rheumatism since. I, however, keep a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Oil on hand and always recommend it to others, as it did so much for me."

The man who is entirely absorbed in himself is not the only sponge in the apothecary's shop.

#### CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and reliable remedy for Hemorrhoids, and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested the wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Accused by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to any sufferer, a full and complete description of the above mentioned medicine, with directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, and delivered within a few days. Address: W. A. NORRIS, 550, Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

#### What Can I Do Best?

is the great question with every thinking person. How many are unsuccessful because they do not happen to get into the right business or the right way of doing it? Why not let me help you get started right? Write me.

Snell's Business College, Truro, N. S.

#### CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

**FOR SALE A VALUABLE PROPERTY** in the growing town of Berwick, N. S., known as "Brown's block" and contains three stores all rented, also two tenements which can be easily converted into a Hotel. Orchard and stable in rear. Berwick is a noted health resort and is one of the most growing and prosperous towns in Nova Scotia. There is an excellent opening here for a Hotel. Terms \$400 down remainder on mortgage. Would exchange for good farming property. Apply to H. E. Jefferson or W. V. Brown, Berwick, Nova Scotia.

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

**WANTED** Young men and women to help in the Armenian cause. Good pay. Will send copy of my little book, "Your Place in Life," free to any who write. Rev. T. S. Lincoln, Brantford, Ont.

**WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS** in Montreal and Quebec. Five million rounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOFOD, 49 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

**RESIDENCE** at Robesay for sale or to rent pleasantly situated house known as the "Tins prop" each town to handle our water-ery about one and a half miles from Robesay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec falls. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fausley, Barrister-at-Law, Fausley Building.

#### THE BEAUTY OF OUR NEW SYSTEM.....

Of business practice is that it does not require us to discard any of the essential features of our former system. The same thoroughness which has always characterized our work will be continued, and new students will get even more thorough training than former graduates, who now hold almost every important position in St. J. sh.

Our Shortland is the best, too—the Isaac Pitman.

Catalogue mailed free to any address.

**S. KERR & SON**  
Fellows' Hall,

#### SPACE

is not sufficient to tell about my HOLIDAY STOCK.

But my store is large enough to display an immense stock, which will prove a great pleasure to me to show you.

All marked at lowest figures. Call and examine my stock.

**W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN,**  
Chaunt and Druggist,  
35 King St. St. John, N. B.  
Telephone 230.

#### Stock Still Complete

Our stock of cloth is well assorted in all the leading cloths in Overcoatings, Suitings and Trouserings for late Fall and Winter wear. As the season is well advanced, customers would do well to leave their orders early.

**A. R. CAMPBELL,**  
64 Germain Street.

#### HOTELS.

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

E. LAROI WILLIS, Proprietor.

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

J. SIMS, Prop.

**QUEEN HOTEL,**  
FREDERICTON, N.B.  
J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

#### CHOICE SCOTCH WHISKY

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38 Cases.....Old Malt Liqueurs.  
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Wholesale.

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.....RETAIL DEALER IN.....  
Choice Wines and Liquors  
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Plasters won't cure cancer or tumors. It's covering up the sore only to drive it deeper. Our Pleasant Home Treatment cures by driving out the poison, not driving it in. Full particulars, send 5c. to J. J. Ryan, Toronto, Ont.

## The Meaning of Coalition Governments.

(Written for "Progress")

In his speech at the banquet recently given to our New Brunswick Premier, it was intimated by that gentleman that his was a "Coalition Government." It will be my aim in this article to show the meaning of this term and at the same time express surprise that a leader of a government should not know better, and also to show him that it is by no means a "Coalition" as historically, if not constitutionally understood. Before analyzing the composition of the present government, collectively and individually, I will give my reasons for dissenting to the Premier's statement, and why his Council is not a coalition, but rather of a composite formation and without any distinctive mark or claim to a party appellation.

Wherever Coalition governments have been formed in any British Legislature, they have been the outcome of great public questions, about which the opposing parties may have long disagreed—such as the English Reform Bill, Catholic Emancipation, Abolition of Slavery, Repeal of the Corn Laws, and of late the Irish Home Rule Bill—and with regard to these Provinces, reference will be made hereafter.

Now the above were very great questions, and the whole nation took a most active part in the discussions, particularly in the Press, upon party lines, for and against; and, although there were no resultant coalitions in the House of Commons in order to their passage as the measures came up, the object now in this mention is to show what really constituted grounds and justifications for such amalgamations. "Coalitions" are not advisable although sometimes unavoidable, but never turn out successfully for disintegration is almost sure to follow preconceived prejudices after a time, as will presently be shown by historical references. Probably no two men, as Parliamentary leaders, stood in greater antagonism in the House of Commons, during the latter part of the last century, than Charles James Fox and William Pitt, the former a Whig and the other a Tory. Upon a great burning question coming before Parliament in 1780, on which both were in accord there two great antagonists united their forces and formed a "Coalition government." Again, at a subsequent date a measure brought down by the Shelburne Ministry for settling terms of peace between England and France, war between which powers had just terminated, was stoutly opposed by Fox and Lord North, two leaders who had always occupied hostile camps but who on this occasion "saw eye to eye," and that the measure if carried would only result in a cessation of hostilities for the time being, and would sooner or later break out afresh and the sparks for kindling the flame would be contained in several items of the treaty now proposed. A coalition was accordingly formed between the forces of these two great leaders to defeat the Bill. That "coalition" called forth at the time much disapprobation. It may have been ill-judged; and the result showed that the parties had not formed a correct estimate of the public opinion which was an important factor in the problem to be solved. But then the peculiar circumstances of the case were offered by their respective friends as grounds of justification. But as in the Fox and Pitt fusion of parties for the purpose of carrying or defeating certain measures, so with this last "coalition" they both fell to pieces after the convictions of their first love returned to them, and each saw in the future, questions likely to come up in Parliament, upon which they could not possibly agree, such as formed the staple articles of their political faith imbibed by them from sire to son. (The corn law question may be here mentioned as an example.)

There have been no "coalitions" of any great moment in the imperial government since those mentioned. Parties have strictly maintained their distinctive affiliations and sides throughout. What some persons may have thought to be "coalitions" do not come under this cognomen, whatever the resemblance may have been. It does not follow that because the Duke of Wellington took up the cry and embodied it in tangible form on the side of Catholic Emancipation, that in joining with his parliamentary opponents to carry a measure he had always bitterly opposed, that it was necessarily a coalition, no matter how many of his old followers went over with him. To constitute what is called a coalition both opposing parties must agree in common to form a Ministry upon well defined principles, and promises in measures well understood for the best interests of the country, although the spots of the leopard may remain unchanged. The same remark will apply to Sir Robert Peel and the old Corn Laws which he always upheld, but was compelled by force of public opinion, to introduce and overthrow, even the very measures so long disputed by his opponents such as Cobden and Bright. The same may be said with reference to Mr. Chamberlain's recent turn over. It does not follow that the Salisbury Government is a "coalition," because certain leading radicals from the other side have been taken into it. Mr. Chamberlain broke loose from his old party ties because he could not agree with his chieftain's, "Home Rule Bill for Ireland." He and Lord Hartington (now Duke of Devonshire) joined the Salisbury Government, because both sides had all along been "unionists," not because both had differed, and now united for the purpose of carrying or defeating a particular measure. But in any case, the old opinions which each party holds upon very vital issues will come up in time (and the old land marks be rehabilitated. We now return to the direct subject itself in regard to what constitutes a "Coalition Government" in the true meaning of the term.

In or about the year 1842 a Coalition Government was formed in Nova Scotia. The party in power led by Mr. Attorney General Johnston, called "the family compact"—that is the Tory party, as then designated—was invulnerable to all arguments brought to bear against their doctrines and practices by the reform party. Those were the days of political and family exclusiveness. Right or wrong, there was no dislodging the party—they had been entrenched in their strongholds from the first settlement of the Province, while the Legislature was like a foreign body to them. But the opposition led by Mr. Howe was daily gathering numbers and strength in the country, and it now became evident to Mr. Johnston, that his fort was doomed and capitulation must soon follow. Lord Falkland was the Governor (a counterpart of our Governor Gordon both lacking understanding and common sense in the discharge of their executive duties.) The English Government sent out Mr. Paulet Thomson, afterwards Lord Sydenham, one of their number—as a pacificator, and to bring about harmony between the contending parties, if possible. The leaders of the opposition—Messrs. Howe, Uniacke, McNab—were invited by Mr. Thomson to meet him and the Johnston leaders at Government House. This meeting resulted in an agreement to form a "Coalition Government" and the three opposition members just mentioned, entered Lord Falkland's Cabinet, but it was like an attempt to cement iron and clay—there being no adhesive qualities (the radical and tory elements still remained) for the machinery in a year or so fell to pieces, and the war recommenced with more virulence than ever. In a few years after this the Howe party became victorious at the polls and the strength of the old Tory party was broken forever. So much then for the first Colonial Coalition.

In New Brunswick precisely the same political principles had been at work for upwards of forty years. L. A. Wilmot and Charles Fisher were Reform leaders, while Robert L. Hazen, John Ambrose Street and others of that ilk held the reins of government with as rigid hands as those who did so in Nova Scotia. In 1845, or about that time, inducements were held out by the governing party to bring the liberal leaders into their fold. The offer of Attorney General was the bait held out to Mr. Wilmot, a seat in the Cabinet to

Mr. Fisher and likewise the same to Mr. George Silman Hill of Charlotte. Alas the trap sprung and our best men were caught, and the Liberal party received a rude shock and was thrown back for several years longer, but not killed, for it recovered new strength and came out on top as the Howe party did in a few years afterwards. This "Coalition" like its mongrel sister in the other Province likewise came to grief. Party lines were too well defined in those days for leaders of either side to step across without tripping up. The electoral was composed of men of fixed principles—not one thing to day and another to-morrow—and knew the full meaning of "Coalition Governments" and were anxious to avoid them altogether.

Again, in 1865, our friends in Canada were desirous of bringing about Confederation of the North American Provinces. Their leading men—such as Sir John A. McDonald, George Brown; and in Nova Scotia, Sir Charles Tupper, Adams Archibald; and in New Brunswick, Sir Leonard Tilley, Peter Mitchell, John H. Gray—men who had always been of opposite political opinions in their respective Legislatures; but upon this question all could fraternize, and they succeeded in their desires. From that time forward for many years the elements composing the old respective political schools of thought, formed what may be called a "coalition," the Tory party always preponderating in numbers and influence in the successive Cabinets. Like the chameleon which receives its color from the bark of the tree upon which it feeds, so with the Liberal party, its old complexion was altogether changed,—even at the present moment,—for there has been no true Liberalism since it broke ranks at the time of Confederation. Certainly no staunch member of the old Liberal party can call a government like the present one liberal, that embraces men who had always opposed liberal principles!

Having thus given a few historical instances to show what in our opinion constitutes a coalition government, we now ask the reader to compare the cases mentioned with Mr. Emmerson's interpretation of the term, when he says (as per the St. John Globe of December 3, 1897) "the government is coalition, and we have no desire to soil under false colors." This is mere hyperbole.

In order to prove that his craft will stand good—A No 1 at Lloyd's—the premier will have to produce a better showing than this as to the nationality of his flag. Before he can expect to obtain a register he will be required to answer the following questions:

How long has his craft been on the high seas? Who was her former skipper, and did he understand his business? Did he always keep in deep water? Is the present commander a man of experience and capable of navigating a vessel in stormy weather? How many new planks and patches have been put into the hull within the last dozen years? Is she water tight and in no way leaky? What's her ordinary rate of speed? Does she mind her helm well? Did she ever sail under any other flag than that of "coalition"? How long is she likely to continue sea-worthy? These and such like questions must be answered satisfactorily before a certificate for good sailing qualities can be granted to our Premier and that his vessel is not sailing under false colors. For the present however he might as well tell us that because his government is made up of men of different religious denominations—Baptists, Methodists, Roman Catholics—it must necessarily be a "Free Church" government, as to say that because one man professes to be a liberal and another a conservative—even if there be six of one party and half a dozen of another—it must be a "coalition"—or ask us to believe that a man's looks proclaim his nationality, his financial standing, or the language he speaks! Does it follow because a member of the government says he is a Liberal, or a Conservative, that makes him one? What is the ground of faith upon which he plants his standard? Is he to be judged by the party vote he casts, or by his profession, or by his shouting at election times? If a man's politics are to be judged by any of these signs then we have a motley combination of ideas with regard to the sterling principles of public men. The Premier is not so ignorant but must know that a man may be a Liberal today and a Conservative tomorrow. Liberal members of his government were Conservative not very long ago, but are now Liberals (using the terms in their vitiated sense)—the same can be said of the Dominion Cabinet, but is that Cabinet called a coalition? In this Province,

### Short's Dyspepticure.

cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Biliousness, etc. 50c. and \$1.00. from C. K. Short, St. John, N. B., and druggists generally.

## The Blue and the Gray.

Both men and women are apt to feel a little blue, when the gray hairs begin to show. It's a very natural feeling. In the normal condition of things gray hairs belong to advanced age. They have no business whitening the head of man or woman, who has not begun to go down the slope of life. As a matter of fact, the hair turns gray regardless of age, or of life's seasons; sometimes it is whitened by sickness, but more often from lack of care. When the hair fades or turns gray there's no need to resort to hair dyes. The normal color of the hair is restored and retained by the use of

### Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Ayer's Curebook, "a story of cures told by the cured." 100 pages, free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

however, every member of the government is a coalition in himself, mere shooting stars continually flitting from one quarter of the sderial heavens to another, and far from having the character of fixed stars, but belonging to the minor constellations. But again, what have been the great political principles out of which has been evolved Mr. Emmerson's Cabinet that he should call it a coalition—coalition for what purpose—to carry what measures for the good of the country; and who are the able men on both sides whom he considered necessary to make choice to assist him in his gigantic struggle to carry these wonderful measures? On the contrary, were several of his colleagues ever heard of politically and publicly before they were taken into what he calls his "coalition," and how does this medley compare in structure with the historical facts above given? To sum up—the present Government is a mere piece of mosaic made of political odds and ends, of no standard political faith whatever—mere itinerants, whose needs control their principles—they stick up for the side of the bread and buttered; and this is what Mr. Emmerson calls a "Coalition Government."

CONSTITUTIONALIST.

Fredericton, Dec. 23, 1897.

Left her in Doubt.

She—You must forgive me for being so unentertaining to-night, Mr. Sweetly; but I've had such a cold all day, and I'm all ways so stupid when I have a cold.

He (wishing to be gallantly consolatory) Well, I assure you I should never have noticed that you had the least cold!

Tit for tat.

'So you want my daughter?'

'I do.'

'Have you any money?'

'A little. How high do you quote her?'

Then they glared at each other in silence for a minute, and all reference to financial matters was eliminated from their conversation after that.

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DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD  
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PROMPT SHIPMENT GUARANTEED  
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which  
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Wanted—The address of every sufferer in America  
The Nyassan Medicine Co. Toronto, N. S.  
"Mention this paper when you write."

## Prize Beef, etc

Heifer taking Jubilee Prize and Sweepstakes at Guelph, Ont., Fat Cattle show.  
First prize steer in close competition with Heifer. Also 8 Steers averaging 1000 lbs each.  
A very large and carefully selected stock of Poultry, Eggs, Hens, Turkeys, Lard and Suet, Prairie Hens, Quail, Pigeons, Venison, Celery, Lettuce and Snowflake Potatoes. Above will be on exhibition on and after Dec. 30th.

**THOMAS DEAN,**  
City Market.

## OPERA HOUSE

New Year's Day, Jan. 1, 1898.

2 PERFORMANCES ONLY:  
MATINEE and EVENING.

BOSTON.....

## Comedy Co.

H. PRICE WEBBER, Manager.

Matinee at 2.30 p. m.

Keystone's beautiful play, the

## STRANGER!

Evening at 8. p. m.

H. J. Byron's Drama, the

## Lancashire Lass.

THE POPULAR ACTRESS,

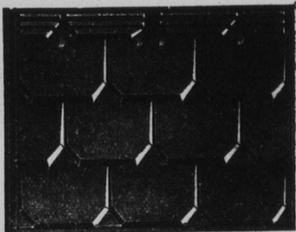
**EDWINA GREY,**

assisted by a competent company, will appear.

HARRISON'S ORCHESTRA, M. L. Harrison leader, will furnish appropriate music.

Admission Entire Orchestra, Dress Circle and Balcony, all seats reserved, 25c; Gallery 15c.

## EASTLAKE STEEL SHINGLES!



SHOWS ONE SHINGLE.

These Shingles have been on the Canadian Market twelve years, and have never failed to give satisfaction. They are absolutely FIRE, LIGHTNING and STORM PROOF, besides being very ornamental and easily applied.

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Sole Makers, 1370 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

### CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S EXCURSIONS.

To all points in Canada East of and including Port Arthur, Sault Ste. Marie and Detroit at **ONE WAY FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP** TO GENERAL PUBLIC December 21st to January 1st, 1898 inclusive, good to return until January 7th, 1898.

### TO BOSTON, MASS.

FOR GENERAL PUBLIC Tickets on sale December 21st, to 31st, inclusive, good to return until January 9th, 1898, at \$10.00 each.

FOR STUDENTS AND TEACHERS on presentation of school Vacation Certificates, tickets on sale Dec. 21st to 31st, good to return until Jan. 17th 1898 at \$10.00 each.

D. MCNICOLL, A. H. NOTMAN,  
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## LADIES EVERYWHERE.....

Admire the NEW COSTUME FABRICS for '97, made by the.....

**Oxford Mfg. Co., Oxford, N. S.**

## First

Last and all the time Hood's Sarsaparilla has been advertised as a blood purifier. Its great cures have been accomplished through purified blood—cures of scrofula, salt rheum, eczema, rheumatism, neuralgia, catarrh, nervousness, that tired feeling. It cures when others fail, because it

## Always

Strikes at the root of the disease and eliminates every germ of impurity. Thousands testify to absolute cures of blood diseases by Hood's Sarsaparilla, although discouraged by the failure of other medicines. Remember that

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.  
Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy to operate. No.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1898.

# THE CANADIAN LANCET,



One of the oldest and most respected medical journals of Canada, makes the following statement in its December issue with regard to



## Abbey's Effervescent Salt.

“MANY physicians of Canada are now prescribing Abbey's Effervescent Salt, which has recently been introduced here.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt is a Purely Scientific Chemical Product in the most approved form of effervescent granules, prepared by expert chemists. It is prepared to meet the requirements of the times, i. e., a more palatable form for the administration of nauseating drugs without interfering with their full medicinal effects.

An effervescent draught is recognized by the medical profession as one of the most agreeable and effective vehicles whereby to administer medicinal agents; especially as the carbonic acid gas, generated during its administration, is in itself a sedative, and is particularly soothing to a Sensitive Stomach.

One of its chief points is its superiority as an aperient, taking the place of nauseating mineral waters. It is particularly useful in cases of obstinate Constipation, without being attended with debility of the stomach and bowels; not having the reactionary effect peculiar to most aperients and cathartics. It also directly excites the hepatic function, making it invaluable in Chronic Liver Affections.

Its refrigerant qualities make it invaluable in fevers and many inflammatory affections.

It is especially useful in urinary troubles and as an antilithic in uric diathesis. It is particularly effective in the treatment of renal calculi, or kidney troubles generally. As an antacid it corrects the acidity of the stomach making it a specific in certain forms of dyspepsia and in the treatment of gout and rheumatism. It also acts as a mild alterative, rendering the blood and urine alkaline.

### ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT CLAIMS OF ABBEY'S EFFERVESCENT SALT

#### IS ITS ABSOLUTE PURITY

Its ingredients have been repeatedly analyzed by expert chemists, and have been pronounced fully up to the requirements of the Test for pure drugs, as laid down in the latest edition of the British Pharmacopoea.

After a careful trial we consider that this salt is Absolutely the Best Effervescing Salt made in any country. The fact that it effervesces up to the last drop is another of its excellent features.

”

This Standard English Preparation  
Is Sold By All DRUGGISTS

60 Cents a LARGE BOTTLE,  
Trial Size 25 Cents.

THE ABBEY EFFERVESCENT SALT COMPANY, Ltd., Montreal, Can.

The First Born. A little, little lock of golden hair Nestled above the tender heart his head Once pressed—from her soft pillow there Death took the babe to bed.

Was such a very little while, Still for her first she prays. And oftentimes in common household things. A simple word will fail to show us where Her heart is, while above it warms and stings The little lock of hair

Lucinda's Christmas Vision.

I wonder if I'll have plush furniture and a velvet carpet in Heaven? mumbled Lucinda Holden, as she plied the broom energetically to the faded rag carpet on the floor of the best room in the old farmhouse.

'I kind of thought so,' said Lucinda quietly. There was a strong resemblance between the two cousins, both having the same fine, brown eyes, dark wavy hair, and the same cast of features.

'The Lord favors beauty, too,' continued she, 'or he wouldn't a' made this earth so lovely to look at, an' He didn't believe in usin' old things till one gets sick an' tired of the sight on 'em, either.'

'How old cousin Lucinda has grown!' It was but a few days later that something happened in that quiet household. Something so unusual that Jotham Holden's slow wits could hardly grasp the situation.

'Hello! Mis' Holden,' called out a voice as she pushed in her shawl and was about to close the door. 'Here's a letter for ye.' Been down to the village, an' long's I was a-goin' by, thought I'd bring it to ye.'

Lucinda was down sick with a fever. With flushed cheeks and brilliant eyes, she tossed restlessly upon her pillow, muttering incoherently of 'Velvet carpets, plush chairs, the Heavenly city, and the Lord's handiwork.'

'Fair to middlin', fair to middlin', Mis' Holden,' answered the man stamping about in the snow, and swinging his arms back and forth for warmth. 'Jotham pretty smart this winter?'

Such a jumble of words, with no sense nor meaning for Milly or Jotham! With all the speed he was capable of, Jotham Holden started for the doctor, while Milly installed herself as her cousin's nurse.

'Hastenin' through the house, Lucinda piled fresh logs on the kitchen fireplace, and, seating herself in a comfortable old-fashioned rocker, fore open her letter.'

Something strangely familiar in the man's looks caused Mildred's heart to throb wildly, as she opened the door. Lifting his hat the man's eyes met her own, and the recognition was mutual.

'Dear Cousin Lucinda (she read aloud):—I am coming to the wilds of Vermont to spend Christmas with you and Jotham. So kill the tatted calf (that is the old hen-turkey), make some of those good, old-fashioned pumpkin pies, and let us make merry as we did when we were children and I spent my summers with you at the dear, old farm.'

'Force of circumstance causes many changes in on-'s plans, Miss Roberts, and the death of Dr. Whitney, who was an uncle of mine, was the primary cause of my coming to this little country town, where, for the present, I seem to be the only practicing physician,' answered he.

'Your affectionate cousin 'MILDRED ROBERTS.'

In spite of her anxiety for her cousin, Mildred's mind was in a tumult of emotion at this unexpected revival of a past in which this man was the principal figure. A past that had been both bitter and sweet.

'Here I am, cousin Lucy, three weeks ahead of time!' cried she, embracing Lucinda affectionately. I just couldn't wait, after I had decided to come, so I tol lowed my letter immediately. Oh! how good it seems to see the dear old farm again!'

'Hum!' muttered Lucinda, a little dryly as she loaded her letter and gazed musingly into the fire, 'Milly must be either bilious or in love to want to leave her beautiful home and come up here in the dead o' winter. seems sort o' queer now I think on't that she never married, an' she's a good deal past thirty, too.'

DR. WOOD'S Norway Pine Syrup. Rich in the lung-healing virtues of the Pine combined with the soothing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks. A PERFECT CURE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.

Heaven to spend Christmas with the Lord. It was such a beautiful city, I just walked along admiring everything. Suddenly I came to a grand mansion, with a shining door-plate on the front of it, an' feelin' sort o' curious I stopped to see who lived there.

'O Milly! I never'll forget how lovely it was. Such soft, velvet carpets your feet went down deep at every step. Such beautiful chairs, all cushioned with pleasant-shining silks. An' books an' flowers an' pictures everywhere. I just looked an' till my eyes fairly ached with the glory of it.'

'The tears were runnin' swiftly down Lucinda's cheeks, though her pale lips tried to smile as she added, quaintly: 'So you see, Milly, it's sort o' hard to have to come back to mother Holden's rag carpets again.'

'Jotham's eyes followed the sweep of Milly's arm, as she waved it tragically about, then coming back to her excited face, he said, slowly: 'So ye think it's Lucy's soul I've starved do ye? Well, I've thought for some time there was somethin' the matter with Lucinda's in 'ards, but I never supposed it was a starved soul. Now what's the prescription for 'er cousin Milly?'

'New wall paper, fresh paint and white-wash; then new carpets, new furniture, plenty of books, pictures and flowers,' said she, breathlessly. 'Jotham whistled, softly. 'Gues you think money's a plenty round these parts, cousin Milly,' said he.

'On Christmas day Lucinda was to leave her room for the first time. With a happy, excited face Milly dressed her cousin in the dainty, new wrapper she had made for her. 'How you have chirped up lately, cousin Milly!' said Lucinda, watching her curiously.

'A little later, as Jotham Holden lifted his wife's slight figure in his strong arms and carried her into the sitting-room, it seemed to Lucinda's dazzled eyes that her dream had come true. Dainty colored paper covered the walls. A rich, soft carpet was on the floor, and a comfortable couch, bright and luxuriant; while easy chairs were scattered about; a bookcase filled with such a wealth of reading, and on a stand beside the couch where Lucinda lay was a bouquet of lovely flowers.'

'I guess I don't want to go to Heaven just yet, cousin Milly,' said Lucinda, with a misty smile.—in Portland Transcript.

A Dog Catcher Caught. A black French poodle was trotting down Fifth Avenue, N. Y., on a breezy, bright afternoon, with a fine, straight young woman. The dog seemed proud of his mistress, and the girl was proud of her dog.

Tired? Oh, No. This soap SURPRISE greatly lessens the work. It's pure soap, lathers freely, rubbing easy does the work. The clothes come out sweet and white without injury to the fabrics. SURPRISE is economical, it wears well.

'If you do not drop my dog this instant,' said the girl, 'I will fire. Do you hear me?' The catcher dropped the dog. By this time people were coming up to see the disturbance. The young woman put the bogus weapon into the small chateleine bag that she wore, and accompanied by her dog, pursued her morning walk.—New York Sun.

HEALTHY STOMACH! Happy Man! Nothing Experimental About Using the Great South American Nerve—What it has done for Thousands it can do for you. Here are Strong Words from a Reliable Business Man—Read Them. I have been a great sufferer from indigestion and dyspepsia, I tried many remedies, but obtained very little relief.

A worthy old gentleman who had never wandered far from his native township before, went to Boston one day in response to an invitation to visit a relative. The Bostonian in showing his friend about town, took him to the top of a tall office building. They took a look at the marvellous landscape spread out before them and prepared to descend. They entered the elevator. It began its swift journey downward.

Now enters upon pursuits formerly monopolized by men. But the feminine nerves are still hers and she suffers from tooth-ache. To her we recommend Nerviline—nerve-pain cure—cures toothache in a moment. Nerviline, the most marvellous pain remedy known to science. Nerviline may be used efficaciously for all nerve pain.

Innocent Pain—Tormented—Racked—Life Despaired of. John Marshall, Varney, P. O., Co. of Grey, writes these strong words: 'For two years I was completely laid up with sciatica. I doctored without any permanent relief. I had given up hope. A friend saw the notice of a cure of South American Rheumatic Cure, and knowing my little faith in the efficacy of any remedy, he procured a bottle himself, and brought it to me. I took it, and to make a long story short, it saved my life. In a day or so I was out of bed, and in three days I was able to walk to Durham, a distance of four miles, to purchase another bottle. I am now entirely cured.'

Patric, a thriving tradesman in the neighborhood of the Dublin docks, was, as the story goes, a man who never spent a penny more than he needed to spend; but he was nevertheless, as good a man at the making of an Irish bill as any that lived between Bundry and Ballycastle. Having one day urgent occasion to send

a letter to Glasnevin, Patric called a messenger and asked him his price for going such a distance. 'It'll be a shillin',' said the man. 'Twice too much!' said Patric. 'Let ut be sixpence.' 'Niver,' answered the messenger. 'The way is that lonely that I'd never go it under a shillin.'

The annual report of Pension Commissioner Evans shows that the names of about fifty thousand new pensioners were added to the rolls during the year, and that there was a net increase of a little more than five thousand in the whole number. The number now borne on the rolls is but a little short of one million—in exact figures 976,014; and the amount disbursed in pensions during the year was about one hundred and forty million dollars. The report recommends the publication of a complete list of pensioners, to aid the detection of fraud.

KIDNEY WAR. How insidiously it wages, but how Quick the Surrender, and how the Flag of Truce is Hurlingly Hoisted when that Great General, South American Kidney Cure, Turns his Guns on the Disease. This is what James Sullivan, of Chatham, Ont., writes: 'For years I was a great sufferer from Kidney trouble. The disease became so acute that I was confined to the house, and I was greatly afflicted with insomnia. I was persuaded after using many other remedies without relief to procure a bottle of South American Kidney Cure. I had relied almost from the first dose. I have persisted in its use, and after using six bottles I am well and strong again. I can work fourteen hours out of twenty-four and feel very little, if any, fatigue. It is the best medicine I have ever used.'

A Frontier Life Develops Pluck and Endurance. Life on the frontier of civilization is favorable to the development of patient endurance of what cannot be helped, and that is about what is meant by the good old world pluck. A good example of this quality is cited by the author of 'A Colonial Tramp.'

All Australian boys are taught the necessity of guarding against snake-bites, and the method of treating them. Two little fellows, six and eight years old, had gone into the bush to play. The smaller one, chasing a rabbit into a hole, pushed in his hand and brought it back quickly, with the head of a most venomous snake attached to one of the fingers. 'Quick, Charley!' he cried, putting down his hand on a stump. 'Chop off my finger—the snake has bitten it.'

Ethel—Tommy Prescott's mamma is deaf. That must be awful! 'Johnnie—Oh, I don't know. I'll bet she never tells him that little boys should be seen and not heard!'

'Breaking in' Shoes. Is not much fun. They pinch the feet, make them ache, swell and burn. Next pair of new shoes you get try Foot Elm. See how comfortable your feet will be. FOOT ELM SOOTHES THE FEET so that walking is a delight. Prevents corns and bunions, and makes the shoe leather wear longer. Price, 25 cents a box at all druggists and shoe dealers, or sent by mail by addressing STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.

**Sunday Reading.**

DOROTHY.

Sitting in my room this afternoon, my eye rested as it often does upon some balls made of thistle-down. They are fastened together with pink ribbon, and as they sway softly in the breeze from my open window, my thoughts leave my chamber and go to that of 'an angel of light,' as I call her. It is in my heart to write about her. Surely the story of her sweet life will do good wherever it is known.

Over twenty years ago I lived upon a farm. The memory of my childhood days is a fragrant one,—a brook shaded by willow trees, mayflowers and mint upon its banks, violets carpeting the orchard, fields whose fence corners enclosed patches of wild strawberries.

I was a solitary child. My brothers and sisters were much older than I, and so when Dorothy came to her grandfather's for a few weeks at a time, as she often did, it was a joyous time for me. 'Grandpa' Hinman lived a mile from my father's house, but that distance was nothing to two girls who liked to go a 'piece' with each other, and so would turn and walk back and forth in the sandy road until dusk threw its curtains around us, thus giving us a warning that we were looked for at home.

As the years passed, Dorothy and I saw less and less of each other. We were both busy in school. 'Grandpa' Hinman died and the old farm of my childhood passed into other hands than those of my father. For years I heard nothing of Dorothy, except that she lived in the town of Framingham, and I knew that there she had taken her seminary course.

One warm summer day, I was in the railroad station at Framingham with the prospect of a long waiting time before me. Suddenly the thought came, 'Dorothy Hinman used to live in Framingham.' To think this was to start in quest of her, and as I walked down the shady village street, my mind was far away. I thought I saw two merry little girls in checked gingham aprons, trudging along a country road, their arms filled with golden-rod. A swinging sign attracted my attention at this point, and I saw the words, 'D. Hinman, M. D.' 'Here her father lives,' I thought, 'and I can at least ask where she is. I wonder what the years have brought to her. She may be in a happy home of her own, or it may be that she is a successful teacher.'

While thinking thus, I had reached the door which stood open in a friendly fashion. A grey-haired man answered my ring. 'Dr. Hinman?' I said inquiringly, though I knew full well that it was he. No one who had seen his deep set gray eyes could forget them.

'Yes,' he answered, taking my hand in a pleasant manner. 'You don't remember me,' I said half sadly, for it is painful to have one's childhood friends forget one's face.

'No,' he said reluctantly, 'I do not.' A cheery voice came from an adjoining room.—'But I do. I have not forgotten your voice. Come in Cora. It is Cora Bronson, papa.'

Joyful at the quick recognition of my voice, fearful that the years had changed my face more, and half wondering that Dorothy did not spring to meet me, I obeyed the summons.

For an instant I stood speechless. Was the pale sweet-faced woman on the couch Dorothy? Yes, her hands were outstretched in welcome, her eyes were shining, and as I knelt by her side, I felt that I was in an atmosphere of peace and joy. Dorothy, indeed, but not the Dorothy of bygone days. A Dorothy who carried in her face traces of suffering bravely and sweetly borne.

My waiting time passed too quickly Dorothy told me of the drunken man's runaway horse that crashed into her carriage.—'Eight years ago,' she said, 'and I have not walked since.' There was no sound of complaint in her voice, and she went on, 'You cannot imagine how many friends I have. The seminary students come often to my room and help to make me happy.'

'It is pleasant for you to live in the town where your Alma Mater is,' I said.

'You forget,' she replied; 'I had four terms more to study before graduating. I have no Alma Mater.'

That was only one of my blunders made in talking with her, but Dorothy's steady gaze never wavered, though I myself shivered in pain whenever I saw that I had touched a tender chord.

Then she drew me on to speak of myself, my school-days, my happy life as a teacher, my restful and joyous vacations. Gradually I lost fear of wounding her by the contrast and talked freely.

At last she stretched out her hand and drew me closer to her. 'You have not told me all,' she said; 'a great blessedness has come to you. You love and are loved. I can see it and feel it. Oh, my dear, I am indeed glad for you!'

And I, bowing beneath her sympathetic look and my own humility, feeling that I little deserved my happiness, answered, 'It is so.'

There was only time for a few broken sentences and I left, while a sweet voice called after me, 'Till we meet again.'

A few days later a box containing the thistle-down balls came to me. I had admired them in Dorothy's pleasant room and she had told me that she made them. Now you know why the balls made me think of telling you this little story.

Time went by quickly for me, as it does when we are happy. One day a letter bearing the postmark of Framingham came for me. It was as follows:

Framingham, Mass., Dec. 13, 1895.

Dear Cora:

I have just come from the room of a saint and too have found out that the saint knows you. Last fall, I came to Framingham to teach music in the seminary. On every hand I heard mention of Dora Hinman. Some of my girls asked me to go with them to see her. To go once is to go again. Do you know what a shrine her room is? Students, children, the heavy-burdened, the light of heart, all make pilgrimages to her room.

You are happy, friend of mine, but no one I know is so blessed as Dorothy. Her father says that she suffers intensely at times and that she knows there is no chance of her recovery. A long life of pain may be before her, but her serenity never deserts her. Her little brother and sisters can have no greater punishment than that of being deprived for half a day of going into her room. Her life is a useful one, too, for she is never too tired to mend a glove or sew on a button.

Many owe their faith in the Lord Jesus directly to her influence. 'All life is better and purer, because of her.'

You will not smile at my effusion, I know, for it comes from my heart. Good-by.

Lovingly,  
Harriet D.

**AT THE SAME DESK.**

Their Progress was Slow but They Learned Many Things.

We went together, John W. and I. We sat most of the time at the same desk; but one day it happened that the teacher found us talking, rather than studying, and he assigned us different seats after that.

I think our progress was slow, as far as books were concerned; indeed, we did not have very good text book, and now when I come to think of it, not a very good teacher either, it modern ideas are at all correct; but he did insist upon order, and usually obtained it, and so it came to pass that John sat at one desk and I at another.

But then there was the noon hour, and sometimes quite a long recess, and our intimacy ripened into a strong friendship as the years of school life went on. In the summer we planned to go fishing for trout, a few of which were to be found in the streams near our homes; in the autumn to snare rabbits, plenty of which were in the bush; in the winter to coast down hill after school or at recess.

We often talked in our boyish way about the higher life, not that our ideas were very clear, but we often wondered what would come after death, and why certain things were permitted here. One of our friends had gone one day for a swim, and getting beyond his depth was drowned. Next Sabbath John and I, sitting together on the bank of a stream, talked of this sudden departure of our late companion, and John said:

'What would I not give to know what Willie knows today.' And there seemed a longing in his tone that I have never heard before. Now as I look back, I see that the desire to know of those things is very early born into the mind, and that a craving for the higher and better life is with us early.

We do not go far along life's experience without finding that this world is not per-

fectly satisfactory to the heart. There is an instinctive longing for something that will fill us with peace. We do not recognize it at the time we first feel it, but later we find the 'something' we desire—the companionship of the One stronger than any earthly friend.

We did not have much of Sabbath-school training. Sometimes in the summer months there was a school in the neighborhood, but it was not very attractive. No bright papers, no Sabbath-school books, no lesson helps nor system of lessons. But yet some good was accomplished.

One day John was not at school. We learned that his sister was sick and it was feared that it was an attack of diphtheria. The disease rapidly ran its course, and in about a week she died.

We heard at the funeral that John was stricken with the same disease, and that none of his companions would be allowed to see him.

A few days after he sent for me to come and see him. Though the disease was regarded as contagious my parents permitted me to go. I found my cousin in bed expecting me. Stretching out his hands, he welcomed me with a smile of joy. Then he told me how as he lay upon his bed he had been studying God's Word and praying for help to understand it. An uncle had directed him as he would a child, and now he felt the presence with him of One precious indeed. He then spoke of his sister, whom he expected soon to meet in the Better Land. All fear of death was taken from him. His face was aglow with gladness as he talked, and his words thrilled me as no words spoken to me had ever done before. At last he said, looking longingly into my face.

'We have been playmates, and have had many pleasant times together. You must meet me in heaven.'

Then he placed his hand upon my head, and prayed that the Friend so precious to him in his hour of death might be with me in life and guide me; that I might know the sweetness of a Savior's love. When he closed he said: 'I feel my prayer will be answered.'

Gradually his strength failed. He had been lying for a little while with his eyes closed, when suddenly opening them his countenance beamed with a glorious light as he seemed to draw near to heaven and he gave a glimpse of the light that is on neither land nor sea. Turning once to his father he said:

'You will miss me, father, for a while, but you will find me with Jesus.' Then fixing his eye upon something that we saw not, he whispered: 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.' And thus he went in and stood in the presence of the King.

I was deeply impressed. After this my boyish heart was thrilled with the certainty of Jesus' loved presence with us. From the fullness of my heart I often cried:

'I give myself to thee—'tis all that I can do.'

Years have rolled by, but I have never forgotten the pressure of John's hand upon my head, nor the smile of joy that was on the face of the one who for years had used the same desk with me in our school life.

—Rev. W. W. Colpitts.

**A KINDLY DEED.**

He Sent all Delayed Christmas Mail on its Way.

The 'little kindnesses that most leave undone, or despise,' are often the ones which bring most comfort and satisfaction to all concerned. It is a delight, now and then, to chance upon a person who remembers the small services one may render to his fellows, as he goes along. A correspondent of the 'Youth's Companion' sends to that paper the following story of unpretentious but practical kindness.

From 1889 to 1893, the correspondent writes, I was postmaster in Huntington, West Virginia. A day or two before the Christmas of 1889 a stranger appeared in the post-office and asked if we had any letters or packages which could not be forwarded for lack of proper postage.

'Many,' I answered.



'Bring them all out and let us send them on their way,' said he, at the same time taking a bank-note from his pocket.

The accumulations 'held for postage' were produced, were properly stamped, and were sent to the cancelling table, the stranger paying for the necessary stamps.

'Now,' said he, 'I will leave two dollars more in your hands to be expended for stamps, in case other matter should be deposited during the holidays with insufficient postage. You can keep a record of the amount and we will settle when I call again.'

'Will you leave your name?' I asked.

'Oh, that's not necessary,' he answered. 'I'm only a drummer.'

This act he repeated every year until 1893, when, being detained and unable to reach Huntington before the holidays, he enclosed five dollars in a letter to the postmaster, asking that it be expended, if necessary in the same way. The letter was signed 'The Crank Drummer.'

Blessings on the 'crank' that turns things in such a kindly way, say we! Would there were more of them.

**Helping Somewhere.**

'Is your father at home?' I asked a small child on our village doctor's doorstep.

'No,' he said, 'he's away.'

'Where do you think I can find him?' 'Well,' he said with a considerate air, 'you've got to look for some place where people are sick or hurt, or something like that. I don't know where he is, but he's helping somewhere.'

And I turned away with this little sermon in my heart. If you want to find the Lord Jesus, you've got to set out on a path of helping somewhere, of lifting somebody's burden, and lo! straightway one like unto the Son of man will be found at your side.

Are you 'helping somewhere'? If so you will often find that—

'The great Physician now is near,  
The sympathizing Jesus.'

**ASSUMPTION CORRECTED.**

The American Taken Down by the Highland Moon.

The travelling American must expect to be 'taken down' occasionally in the Old World, when his love for his own country leads him, after the manner of all patriotic travellers, to vaunt it a little. An amusing instance of this kind is related by a correspondent of the New York Evening Post, writing of a visit to Greyfriars' churchyard at Edinburgh.

The sexton was a man of Aberdeenshire, and took pleasure in showing the visitor the grave of Duncan Ban Macintyre, a Gaelic poet, and in interpreting the Gaelic inscription on it, as if it were the chief glory of his charge. His heart was in the Highlands, plainly. The visitor had been at Greyfriars' before, and said to the sexton, as the old man pocketed his fee:

'I have seen your Highlands since I was here last.'

'Oh!' said he, with inimitable Highland inflection. 'And had ye never been there before?'

'No, I have never been in Scotland before. I live in America.'

'Oh! 'Tis a grand country that.'

'America? It is indeed!'

The old man looked up in utter surprise.

'Nay, nay,' he said, impatiently, 'the Highlands! A grand country!'

**AN AMUSEMENT.**

An Amusement That is Interesting for Hostess and Guests.

Entertainers are always eager to find some new amusement for their guests, but many of them will probably have too much knowledge of human nature to try a newly devised entertainment, which is said by Photography to have originated in England. It may be called a photograph or portrait party.

On every invitation to such a party is written a request from the hostess that the guest will forward, at the earliest possible moment, picture of himself or herself taken at some early period in the history of the person portrayed—just how early is not stated.

When she souvenirs of the young days of the guests arrive, they are arranged on a large screen, and form an example of the art of picture-taking in its various stages. Daguerreotypes, tintypes, silhouettes, cartes-de-visite, and cabinet photographs, are arranged side by side. To each portrait is affixed a number, and when the guests assemble they receive

tablets containing numbers corresponding to the pictures.

The fun begins when the guests are asked to write by the side of each number the name of the person to whom he or she thinks the juvenile portrait belongs. The mistakes that are inevitably made, and the remarks that inadvertently escape the lips of the guessers, are not calculated to promote a deep feeling of peace and harmony in the company.

When a visitor whose infantile appearance has been perpetuated by a daguerreotype overhears a sly discussion about the length of time that has elapsed since that form of art was in fashion, and catches the remark that a daguerreotype baby cannot be very young at the present day she is not likely to feel peculiarly anglic. A little coldness is apt to appear before the party breaks up.

It is pleasant to have the face or figure of one's childhood praised, but when the praise concludes with, 'Really, I am quite taken by that picture. It is so attractive. Do you know, I can hardly believe it is you, though there is a slight resemblance.' It takes some self-possession to be neither too warm nor too frigid in one's answer. On the whole, the photograph party is not calculated to be a brilliant success, and on the whole should not be commended.

**NOT ACCORDING TO THE BILL.**

He Made a Hit but Never Went on the Stage Again.

The Atlanta Constitution prints what purports to be circumstantial account of a difficulty into which two Southern literary gentlemen lately blundered. 'Authors' readings,' so called, have been fashionable of recent years in different parts of the country. It is to be hoped that they have helped some needy purses, but they are always attended by more or less risk—to the public, if not to the authors.

When Charles J. Bayne, of Augusta, first 'took the platform' he invited William Hayne, the poet, to assist him. Mr. Hayne has always been averse to appearing in public, but he is loyal to his friends, and for once he left his native modesty at home, and agreed to face the footlights.

It was advertised that Bayne would be assisted by Hayne, who would render some of his inimitable 'songs of the South.' It was a sort of—

Bayne—  
Hayne—  
Reading and songs;  
Sound the timbrels  
And strike the songs!

The entertainment was a grand success, but at its close seven men appeared at the box-office and demanded their money back.

'Why,' said the astonished manager, 'wasn't the entertainment all that was claimed for it?'

'No, it wasn't!' said the spokesman for the party. 'You said there was to be reading and songs; the tall fellow read all right and filled his part of the contract, but the little fellow in the long frock coat never sang a note! He was advertised for "songs," but he whirled in and read just like the other fellow. If he had a cold and couldn't sing, he should have said so—that's what!'

From that day to this Bayne has never been able to get Hayne before the footlights.

**THE "BIG" FOUR.**

A Quartette of Remedies That are Effecting Wonderful Cures.

Dr. Chase's four great remedies are: Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, Dr. Chase's Ointment, Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, and Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, his latest and greatest discovery for all throat and lung affections.

'I was sick for three years,' says James Simpson, of Newcomb Mills. 'I tried various alleged patent cures and several boxes of a certain pill which has been greatly cracked up. I got no relief. Then I tried Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Since, I have been able to work every day and feel like a new man. Your pills alone cured me at a cost of 25c.'

'I have been subject to severe colds every fall and spring,' says Miss Hattie Delaney, of 174 Crawford street, Toronto. 'I used many cough medicines, but none cured me until at a cost of 25 cents I tried Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.'

'My husband was troubled with the worst kind of piles,' writes Mrs. Jane Potts, of Meyersburg. 'He was often unable to work. Since using your Chase's Ointment he is completely cured. It is truly worth its weight in gold instead of the price you charge, only 60 cents.'

'I bought a box of your Catarrh Cure for 25 cents at Mr. Boyle's drug store here,' says Henry R. Nicholls of 176 Rectory street, London, Ont. 'I am thankful to say it cured me.'

Chase's remedies at all dealers. Edman-son, Bates & Co., manfrs., Toronto.

**Walter Baker & Co., Limited.**

Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.

The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of

**PURE, HIGH GRADE  
Cocoas and Chocolates**



on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufactures. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.

CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

### Notches on The Stick

"Dreams and Aspirations" is the product of a native of, or at least a dweller in, the Hoosier State; but there is nothing distinctive as to character or expression, and no raciness of that particular soil; rather these fancies issue from some fair-land, or at least from where the more general and universal forms of Nature bear sway. Hannah Bryan, while walking in Middle Park, Colorado, and elsewhere, has mingled her musings with the sound of forest and mountain streams, until the distinctive note of her poetry has become a gipsy passion of the wilderness, expressed in uniformly musical verse. She frequently expresses her sympathy with Nature in her s'erner moods and her severer forms:

To me the stormy night is full of charms  
Though war the elements in conflict loam,  
I could recline even in the tempest's arms,  
Upon the troubled bosom of a cloud.  
I love the roar of the contending winds,  
That meet and battle in the fields of air,  
The angry flash that for an instant blinds  
The aching eyeball with its vivid glare.  
The groan that issues from the forest's heart  
From giant oaks that bow before the gale,  
The rush of torrent as they madly start  
And leap in darkness downward to the vale.  
These sounds of dread that others shrink to hear,  
And fill my spirit with a strange delight  
A wild, ecstatic thrill, unknown to fear,  
And with bared brow I cry, Hail, glorious night!

#### The Trees.

Litied quiant arms of bloom and leaf bare,  
To me upriving sky in mute protest  
Against the winds that tossed them aimlessly,  
I know the mountain's mystic loam,  
The onane the waving woodlands teach,  
And to the circling hills outpour  
My yearning heart in kindred speech.  
I love all timid things that dwell  
In twilight glade or bosky dell,  
For wounded birds or hunted deer  
My bosom thrills with kindred fear.  
The secret places of the glade  
Are vocal as a busy mart,  
With tinkling brooks and whispering leaves  
That ever to my weary heart  
Speak softly, in the mystic tongue  
I learned when Time and I were young.

She magnifies the office of the singer,  
and is in sympathy with the poetic life.

Come to me, ye beloved, ye glorious dead,  
By godlike tolls and surrances defied,  
Who for your kind have bravely fought and bled,  
Who for your kind have greatly lived and died,  
O touch my earth-clogged spirit with the fire  
That thrills your purer essence. Let me be  
Strong to endure and worthy to aspire  
To high companionship with God and ye.

To the fair heights where ye serenely dwell  
In glorious sunshine bathed and purer air,  
Above all storms of passion throned and here,  
I lift an eager hand a pleading prayer.  
For I am lonely, though my solitude  
With moving forms and faces peopled be;  
Kindred alone by ties of place and blood  
Are they who hold companionship with me.

Not to the world of busy men  
The poet's tender joys are known—  
O bliss is he beyond their ken,  
Though visionary joys alone  
Be his; the leafy forest maze  
He threads, with happy sounds is rife  
The solitary woodland ways  
For him are full of joyous life.

Fancy, companion of his way,  
With eidolons of grace and power  
Peoples the solitary day  
And fills and brightens every hour.  
On lovely heights he dwells serene,  
The tumult of the darkened sphere,  
Whose shadows wrap his earthly home,  
Falls soft upon his spell-bound ear,  
As in a noontide forest dream  
Falls the fair sound of wind and stream,  
As dies upon the level shore  
The long, slow wave when storms are o'er.

He lives the brave romance of old  
Within the compass of the hour,  
He breathes in desolation cold  
The sweets of many a tropic bower;

God! angels on his birth-hour smiled,  
Their steps unseen his paths have trod—  
Oh, happy bard, 'air nature's child,  
Beloved alike of man and God!

Some of the best of these pieces give hints of personal history, and the conditions of her spiritual development; and in them there is a deep cry for sympathy and the apprehension of others:

SCOTT & BOWNE, CHICAGO, ILL.  
50c and \$1.00, all druggists.

blood. It is a food in itself,  
nerves, and makes rich, red  
tion, gives new force to the  
phites strengthens the diges-  
liver Oil with Hypophos-  
Scott's Emulsion of Cod-  
enough.

because they are not fleshy  
dred aches and pains, simply  
debility, pallor, and a hun-  
from frequent colds, nervous  
But many are suffering  
probably the case.

If perfectly well, this is  
natural.

Thin in flesh? Perhaps it's

I was a stranger by my father's hearth,  
Outcast in spirit from its social mirth,  
Alone amid the dim familiar ways,  
Alone, though all the pleasant rooms were rife  
With sounds of laughter and of busy life,  
And happy songs that filled the golden days.

From many a giant hole a d' lovely screen,  
I saw the gleam of the woodland lean  
Across the silent spaces of the dell;  
Upon my roving steps the wood nymphs hung,  
The elves across my path their glamor flung,  
With many a mystic charm and woven spell;

And ever were the voices called to me  
By household fire, lone brook, or spreading tree;  
Soft voices gentle as the marmonous flow  
Of mountain brooks, or sound of summer rain;  
With voices, d'lorous with secret pain,  
From dark-bins dist'nt voices calling faint and low.

And evermore I saw the faces poor  
Out of the dim wood-l'leys shining clear,  
Or outlined in the embers' ruddy gleam;  
Out of the pallid mists of eve they rise,  
They throng the hollow dark with fixed eyes,  
Eidolous, gliding thro' a life-long dream.

My heart is weary and I fall would rest,  
Vague fears oppress me of impending ill,  
Take me, sweet mother, to thy pilgrim breast,  
And love me, love me still!

Not voices' forms are in thy solitudes  
Where whispers reach me from the shadow-land;  
From out the emerald drapery of the woods  
Stretch forth a spirit-hant.

Let me where winds sigh low to murmuring  
streams  
That glide thro' secret nooks in vales afar,  
Lap my sad soul in sweet, delicious d'ar,  
Beneath the vesper-star.

"The Mountain's Guest," which we think to be one of her best poems, continues the idea of the last stanza is quoted:

How beautiful ye are, O V'rain Heights!  
Leaving your brows against the breast of air,  
In that the solitude the mountains know,  
Not lonely nor unpopulated do ye rise;  
Though never in our voice with shaft of sound  
Hath pierced your sacred silences profound,  
Nor ever human foot frequented there.

There are poems of the affections—such as "Sleep my Beloved," "To my Friend," "My Neighbor's Girl," "My Well Beloved," and "My Three Boys,"—which bespeak the tenderness and domestic and human sympathies of the author. We give a few stanzas of the last mentioned poem:

My eidolis a merry sprite  
Whose life hath numbered six short years;  
His laughing eyes are blue and bright  
As violets wet with evening tears.  
I see him with his mates at play—  
His laugh is ringing wild and free—  
The gayest he where all are gay,  
His blue eyes shine with frolic glee.

But when the evening shadows chase  
The sunbeams from the glowing west,  
He comes with earnest thoughtful face,  
And leans his head upon my breast.  
He scans the twinkling isles of light,  
And asks with wondering wistful air,  
"Who lights the shining lamps of night  
And hangs them in the halls of air?"

I tell him of the Hand Divine  
Of tenderest love but mightiest power,  
That makes the lights of evening shine,  
That all that's fair and lovely here,  
That lightens toil and brightens woe,  
From one Great Father, kind and dear,  
To all His erring children flow.

I tell him of the realms so bliss  
That lie beyond the starlit skies;  
And thought, an unaccustomed guest,  
Stirs, serious in his earnest eyes.  
Watching his infant mind expand,  
I press him fondly to my breast,  
Stroke his curls with gentle hand,  
And think I love my Herman best.

Two of the briefer pieces, we like best, are given below:

The Desert Queen.  
(Yucca Filamentosa.)  
The rugged hill, the barren plain,  
Thy heritage; and lone domains;  
Thou stately Desert Queen—  
The splendor of an Orient rhyme,  
The Hour's charm, the Hesper rhyme.  
Are in thy form and mien.

Thy myriad bell-like blossoms swing,  
By fairy pages kept a-ringing  
With elfin melody.  
Soft flutings of the courtier breeze,  
And murmurous wings of velvet bees,  
Swell that fine minstrelsy.  
No Sybarite, thy couch is hard,  
Thy feet are set in flint and shard,  
In an unkindly soil,  
But round thee thronged, a loyal band,  
Thy wild barbaric spearman stand,  
To guard from wrong and spoil.

In Trinity Church.  
(Cambridge.)  
I see within the Chancel stand,  
With haloed brow and crossed wand,  
A Christ who in his arms doth hold  
A tender nursling of the fold.  
Green spreads the turf beneath his feet,  
And underneath, the legend sweet  
So fraught with yearning, fond and deep,  
"Lovest thou me?" and "Feed my Sheep."

Oh, tender Shepherd, ever blest!  
To thee I lent my piteous cry,  
Like the meek lamb upon Thy breast  
In Thy sheltering care would lie.  
My secret heart's best offering  
Of thankful praise and prayer I bring,  
And kneeling at Thy feet implore  
Thy tender guidance evermore.

Mrs. Bryan is a resident of Memphis, Indiana, and is known also as a writer of vigorous and thoughtful prose. Her book bound in white and gold is most artistically printed, and contains a portrait of the author.

fering to revel in their anticipatory loves; but when they occur like the fabled angels' visits, they have a choice, peculiar flavor all their own. They utter love's reality and the serene content of possession, and show that there is an after subsistence in our affections, as well as a "young dream." Such ideal expressions as Barry Cornwall's "Touch us gently, Time," and "How many summer's love," and Allan Cunningham's "Bridal Day Song,"—

"O my love's like the steadfast sun,  
Or streams that deepen as they run."—  
are grateful to us, not on account of their tenderness only, but because of their settled assurance of truth.

Robert Burns,—who celebrated his Jean more sweetly after marriage than before,—has, in one of the earliest of his rhymed epistles, given us his impression of a post-epithalium. He writes to J. Lapraik, April 1st, 1785:

On Fasten-e'en we had a rockin',  
To ca' the crack and weave our stockin',  
And there was muckle fun an' jokin'  
Ye need na doubt;  
At length we had a hearty yokin'  
At sang about.

There was ane sang among the rest,  
Aboon them a' it pleased me best,  
That some kind husband had address'd  
To some sweet wife;  
It thrill'd the hear'-sittin' thro' the breast  
A' to the life.

I've scarce heard aught describe the see weel  
What ge'rons, manly bosoms see;  
Thought I, "Can this be Pope or Steele,  
Or Beattie's work?"  
They told me 'twas an odd kind chiel  
About Muirkirk.

It pat me d'lig'-fain to hear't,  
And sae about him there I spier't,  
Then a' that kept him round declar't  
He had incline,  
That nane excell'd it, few cam' near't.  
It was sae fine.

One of the best of these conubial lyrics was addressed to his faithful wife, in her age, by the late Thomas Carstairs Latto, which we reproduce for the congenial reader:

Stern, cold and silent hast thou deem'd me, dear,  
Yet ere deparst this immemorial year,  
Let me know what my solace thee:  
O patient goodness, an exhaustless sea,  
All that men comfort call I've found in thee.  
Lay up these lines in lavender,  
My darling!

Calms, serene, best of womankind,  
Whose violet freshness ne'er shall fade or wane,  
The sense that chose, now mellowed and refined,  
Would but repeat its springtime choice again.  
Though hard my chequered lot and flicked with pain,  
Lay up these lines in lavender,  
My darling!

Trust me that tho' white blossomed years advanced  
This heart beats warmly, as of old, for thee;  
E'en now it burns, it glows to meet thy glance;  
It seeks thee as the river seeks the sea;  
It knows no happiness apart from thee,  
No other home save in thine arms to be.  
Lay up these lines in lavender  
My darling!

When these dim eyes are dark and Memnon's lyre  
Has ceased to vibrate in the morning's voice;  
When ashes lie where leaped the living fire,  
And Earth's prized honors seem but childish toys,  
My thoughts shall be of thee, my first, last choice,  
Thy tender smile shall bid my heart rejoice.  
I never drew upon thy love in vain.  
Lay up these lines in lavender  
My darling!

I shall but love thee better after death!  
May, marvel not. See, Nature points the sign;  
Decay but kindles to intensest breath;  
From frosted grapes pour forth Olympian wine;  
To die but changes mortal to divine;  
There is no death for such a love as mine.  
Lay this truth up in lavender,  
My darling!

But all this is preliminary to a poem, read only last evening, which pleased us so much we wish to introduce it to the readers of PROGRESS. It appeared in the Montreal Witness for Dec. 21st. and its simplicity and directness, its playfulness and sincerity, must commend it more than any words of mine:

To Martin.  
Four and forty years together,  
Dearest, can it be so long?  
Swift as birds of whitest feather,  
Fleeting as a summer's song,  
All the seasons that have sped,  
Since the hour when we were wed,  
Well and proudly I remember  
How you left your father's roof;  
Wintry weather that November,  
But our hearts were winter-proof,  
Going to the sacred shrine,  
Where the rector made you mine.

Quickly to your home returning,  
Mirth and music charmed the night,  
Till the stars, no longer burning,  
Melted into morning light;  
Guests departing, young folk happy,  
Old folks just a little nappy.  
Sometimes gladly, sometimes gravely,  
Step with step and cheek to cheek,  
We have journeyed onward bravely,  
Patient when fatigued or weak;  
Never flinching, striving still,  
With indomitable will.

Time, his glass from all conceal'd,  
May be quinting at our share;  
Long may you with buoyant feeling

Easy to Walk.  
NEW SHOES  
Don't "draw" or pinch the feet when  
Foot Elm is used.  
25 cents at all druggists, or sent by mail.  
BROTT & JUNE, Bowmanville, Ont.

### THE REIGNING FAVORITE



among the sovereigns of the day is unquestionably our noble Queen. In the realm of soaps it is equally indisputable that

## ECLIPSE

reigns supreme. Be a loyal subject and buy Eclipse.

Send us 25 "Eclipse" wrappers, or 6c. in stamps with coupon and we will mail you a popular novel. A coupon in every bar of "Eclipse."

JOHN TAYLOR & CO.  
Manufacturers, Toronto, Ont.

"Escape the hunter's hidden snare;  
Books and music, palms and flowers—  
Household gods—these still are ours.

You, while reading, I while rhyming,  
Hear our children's children play;  
Oae upon my chairback climbing,  
Full of frolic all the day;  
She, our youngest pet, Lenore,  
Is a baby pet no more.

Sister of my joy and sorrow,  
While you tarry by my side,  
Let the great globe crack tomorrow,  
You are still my peerless bride,  
Shaped to woman's winsome prime  
By the gracious touch of time.

On the heights or in the hollow  
Of the batt' field of life,  
Where the red-headed valtures follow,  
Clings the comrade like a wife,  
Closest when the blows of fate  
Thicken on her wounded mate.

O! dear friend, there's no retreating,  
All our bridges burned behind;  
Heart to heart responsive beating,  
Cords of love will brace and bind,  
Till the bugles herald peace  
And our weary march shall cease.

Nov. 22, 1887.  
God bless the poet and his wife, and  
shield their home is the prayer of  
PASTOR FELIX.

HIS START IN LIFE.  
He owes it to his willingness to oblige a Customer.

The Philadelphia Times prints an interesting and encouraging account of the manner in which Mr. McLaughlin, the late publisher of that paper, gained his first upward start in the world. He was then employed in the printing-office of the Ledger. Young readers may find in the narrative something better than a good story.

Upon one occasion in 1851 when Frank McLaughlin was twenty-three years of age, it happened that the foreman and his first assistant were absent, and that John McLaughlin was at home ill. Young Frank McLaughlin was then the fastest worker of type in the office. At the dinner hour of the day in question, when every "stick" was lying at rest, Abraham Barker, the father of the well-known Wharton Barker and himself then one of the very few prokers in this city, walked into the Ledger job printing-office with a stock-list—an enumeration of the figures of the financial market of the day—and expressed a desire to have it set in type and fifty copies struck off for immediate use. By reason of the conditions described, there was no one in authority to wait upon him, and Frank McLaughlin stepped forward and received the order. The stock-list at the time, unlike the complex affairs of the present day, was an abbreviated statement, and the two men could easily place it in type within a quarter of an hour. When Mr. Barker asked the young printer if he would undertake the task, the latter answered with cheerful alacrity, "Certainly."

Cutting the list in two and turning to one of the oldest compositors in the office, he said, "Here, J. M., take one of these 'takes' and I'll take the other, and we'll rush her through in a jiffy." The man addressed walked forward with a frown on his face, and after he had taken the slip of paper and was moving back to his case, he muttered some half understood words about "giving a fellow a chance to eat his dinner."

"Never mind, Jim," said young McLaughlin, walking quickly after him and taking the copy from his hands, "I'll do the job myself." During these proceedings Abraham Barker never left the office, nor did he do so until the work had been completed. He leaned quietly against a make up table, reading a copy of the New York Tribune, apparently oblivious to all that was going on about him.

Young McLaughlin's fingers flew as he picked up the little pieces of metal. In less than half an hour he had the stock list in type, revised, and fifty copies struck off. He handed them to Mr. Barker with an apology for keeping them waiting. "What! Done already?" said the broker, and with a simple "Thank you" he left the office. The following morning the young printer was

surprised by receiving a note from the customer of the day before, requesting him to call at his office. He did so.

"I heard everything that took place in the Ledger office yesterday," said the financier, "and fully appreciate your conduct. I would like you to print the stock-list for me every day for one month, and I'll pay you five hundred dollars for the work."

"But it is not worth so much as that," answered the printer.  
It was worth as much to me to have it done as you did it yesterday," was the reply.  
That was Frank McLaughlin's first word for himself. At the expiration of the month the contract was extended to three times that period, and then to twelve months, with an annual recompense of six thousand dollars. At that time journey-men printers were receiving about ten dollars weekly, and only in extraordinary instances earned one or two dollars beyond that sum.

DARWIN AS A PUPIL.  
The Professor Thought Darwin was Wasting His Time.

Thirty years ago Dean Farrar, at that time plain Mr. Farrar and merely a master at Harrow School, delivered a lecture in which he attacked the system, then in vogue, of spending much time over Greek and Latin verse. He urged that the practice should be abandoned in case of boys who had no aptitude for such work. In place of this artificial drilling, the lecturer advocated the study of science and natural history, as likely to benefit boys who care nothing for Greek and Latin versification.

Of course the lecturer was opposed by those who were believers in the old classical system. But he had received his reward. Then there was but one well-known school in England which had a "Science Master," now there is scarcely a school of note which has not. Then the "Latin verse" system was universal; now it is almost entirely abandoned. He also had the pleasure of receiving from Charles Darwin a letter of historic interest in the annals of English education, wherein the great biologist relates his own experience, while a pupil, in being snubbed because he preferred chemistry to the classics. He writes:

"I was at school at Shrewsbury under a great scholar, Doctor Butler. I learned absolutely nothing except by amusing myself by reading and experimenting in chemistry. Doctor Butler somehow found this out, and publicly sneered at me before the whole school for such gross waste of time. I remember he called me a peccocourante [careless, indifferent fellow], which not understanding I thought was a dreadful name."

Dean Farrar, commenting on Doctor Butler's mistake with regard to the great intellect which ever passed under his tuition, calls it a fault of the times and not of the man. In those days boys described chemistry as "Stinks," and Darwin's nickname at school was "Gas."

No Half Measures  
"I believe in meeting people half way."  
"So do I; but my mother-in-law would scold like the dickens if I didn't go clear to the station."

Sitter (jocosely)—"I suppose you want me to look pleasant." Artist—"Unless you prefer a perfect likeness."—Exchange.

SILVERWARE  
OF THE  
HIGHEST GRADE.  
THE QUESTION  
"WILL IT WEAR?"  
NEED NEVER BE ASKED  
IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE  
TRADE MARK  
847 ROGERS BROS.  
AS THIS IN ITSELF  
GUARANTEES THE QUALITY.  
BESURE THE PREFIX  
1847  
IS STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE.  
THESE GOODS HAVE  
STOOD THE TEST  
FOR NEARLY  
HALF A CENTURY.  
SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

### Woman and Her Work

Christmas is gone once more, and those amongst us who are not suffering from indigestion, are either counting the cost and ruefully endeavouring to make the expense and income sheet balance before the end of the year, or else gloating over their presents thinking what a good time they had and wishing Christmas came at least three times a year—according to their different natures.

For my own part, a severe, and most ill-timed sore throat, prevented me from indulging in the pleasures of the table to any extent, consequently my digestive organs are in perfect order, and as the benevolent saint of the season brought me no less than thirty lovely presents exclusive of cards and calendars, I have spent the hours of convalescence in prowling excitedly around the table on which they are collected and admiring them one by one. It is a cheerful occupation for an invalid, and I think it kept my mind from dwelling upon the state of my health and assisted my recovery materially. One thing I did not get was a pin cushion, though I have been throwing out hints in that direction to my friends for some years past; and the result is that I find myself confronted with a crisis—I must either manufacture one for myself, or else adopt the masculine plan of scattering the pins over the entire surface of my bureau, and taking the chances of finding them by their points at unexpected times. But there is always a crumpled rose leaf somewhere and this is a very small one.

Christmas is past and the next thing we have to look forward to, is New Year's Day, which in spite of all predictions to the contrary, continues to be observed very much as it used to be in the last generation. The custom of calling may not be kept up with quite so much spirit in cities, as it used to be, but it is still largely observed, while in the smaller towns it has scarcely diminished at all, the same cheerful emulation as to which of the caller can pay the largest number of visits between eight in the morning and ten at night being kept up. I heard of a clergyman who made two hundred and three or four calls between the time he arose, and retired, but I confess that though I have tried frequently I have never been able to figure out how he accomplished the feat. It is a good old custom, and I hope it will be many years before more modern ideas have made it a thing of the past.

The new year is a sad time for many people; it has none of the merriment of Christmas, and so devoid of the excitement of giving and receiving gifts therefore we have more leisure to think, and somehow or other thinking is apt to mean sadness. The old year was our own, and he felt as if we knew what to expect of him, because we had got used to his ways and felt towards him as an old friend. But the New Year comes as a sort of untried task master who may prove to be a cruel tyrant for aught we know, and deprive us all our dearest possessions before he has done with us. Tennyson knew the feeling of

timidity with which human nature first greeted the New Year, and the bitter pang many of us felt at bidding the Old Year farewell, and he expressed it in an immortal poem—

"He gave me a friend and a true, true love,  
And the New Year will take them away."  
I don't know what we should do on New Year's day if we were left to brood over our own bad thoughts. It is all very well for those who are young and happy, and have never known a care, but I am afraid the sadder whose thoughts are sad ones, on such an occasion, predominates eagerly in this world.

Therefore the bustle and excitement of welcoming scores of visitors, exchanging good wishes with old friends, and sometimes meeting new ones, serves as a wholesome distraction, and makes what would otherwise be a very dreary day, pass, almost before one realized that it is here. I think the last few New Year's have been especially solemn, from the fact that each one represents not only the ordinary milestone, but one step nearer a more marvellous event than many of us now living have ever experienced—the end not of a year alone, but of a century! Two New Year's days after Saturday and we shall be standing face to face with a new era of time—in the beginning of a new century! I wonder how those amongst us who are spared to experience the sensation will feel? Meanwhile I trust the year we are so rapidly approaching will prove a happy one for as many of us as possible.

I clip the following verses from a late American paper, and they really seem better worthy of being embalmed amidst the deathless prose of my own particular page, than any I have yet seen. God bless the Gordon Highlanders, and three cheers, and a tiger measuring at least twenty-five feet from his nose to the tip of his tail, for them. How proudly every Scotch hert must have been beating for the last few weeks to think that Bonnie Scotland can still raise such sons! I am, as the small boy said of his dog, a thoroughbred mongrel myself, being a sort of complete photograph of many nations, English, Irish and Scotch, but when I think of those gallant men, I am all Scotch and proud of it. I see that the glory of playing for the famous charge belongs equally to the two pipers, Milne and Fiedlater, though the latter was the one who played sitting down after being shot through both ankles.

Hurrah for the Gordons, the gay gallant Gordons,  
The men from the banks of the Dea and the Do,  
Who fearlessly dashed where the leader had rallied  
With pipes gaily playing across the fire zone.

Hurrah for the piper whose lips kissed the chanter,  
And blew the war pibroch when wounded he fell  
Brave Cook of the North, loud and shrill rose the challenge  
He piped o'er the din of the shot and the shell.

But wall for the Gordons, once gay gallant Gordons  
Who'll never more march to the pibroch's wild strain,  
Now peacefully sleeping in Darzi's bleak valley,  
The heath hills of Scotland they'll ne'er see again.

A health to the Gordons, the gay gallant Gordons,  
All brave men can drink it, regardless of race!  
Each land has its heroes, all honor the daring  
Who ne'er are afraid to look Death in the face.

I am so glad to know that people are at last awaking to the uselessness and

vulgarity as well as the danger of rice throwing at weddings. What bride would countenance such a proceeding, or what well bred man or woman amongst the wedding guests would be guilty of throwing rice, if they understood the real meaning of the custom which is, in bold English—"may you have many children?" Very much to the point, but scarcely a refined sentiment. It is not considered good form now to throw rice at weddings. Prospective bridegrooms will undoubtedly welcome this news, because men say that fully one-half the rice thrown at a wedding finds its way down the bridegroom's collar, rendering him utterly miserable for the first few hours of his wedding journey. Some people say that they dislike the idea of substituting any thing for rice, as they really think that the little white grains carry luck with them and are emblematic of plenty. All the same, rice has to go. Rose leaves are now used instead by fashionable folks. If any colored scheme is carried out in the decorations or gowns of the bridesmaids, the color of the rose leaves used for this purpose is the same. Just as the bride and bridegroom leave the house a pretty willow basket filled with fresh rose leaves to be thrown at them is presented to each member of the bridal party. It is much better to go away in such a shower of beauty and fragrance than it is to be followed by rice, paper confetti, and old shoes.

The Victorian bonnet which was smiled over with gentle toleration in the summer, as a sort of passing whim which was merely the outcome of the Jubilee enthusiasm, seems to retain its hold upon the popular taste, to a surprising extent. I fancy it must be the picturesqueness of the quaint head-dress which makes it such a favorite, because it certainly is neither graceful nor generally becoming. Besides which, it has been steadily growing in size since its first introduction, until now it resembled a very much magnified coal scuttle, loaded with every imaginable variety of trimming. Fancy a shape of violet colored beaver, with long pale blue plumes laid against it, an immense frill of cream lace surmounting the crown and falling on, and partly over the brim, sprays of pink silk poppies and more plumes serving for the face trimming on the inside of the brim, and loops and bows of ivory satin ribbon and more poppies completing the decoration. Such head dresses are called picture bonnets, and are only becoming to very young and very slender girls, who must also be blessed with sufficiently clear complexions to make the wearing of a veil unnecessary, since none is ever worn with these bonnets. Their quaintness has brought them into great favor as bridesmaid's bonnets, and they have been a conspicuous feature at many of the swell autumn weddings.

The fashionable muff of the season is not by any means exclusively of fur, though of course fur is always in style; it may be of velvet, satin or cloth, and such a muff made in odd shapes and trimmed in all manner of quaint styles, is growing more and more common as the season advances. Dressmakers manufacture them from the material of which the dress is made, and they usually select the bag or reticule muff as the best model. Such a muff is lined with bright brocade silk, and around the opening where the hands enter frills of lace, or accordion-plaited chiffon are sewn, or else loops of ribbon, or very small fur tails encircle each opening. The place where it gathers up, to give the bag effect, is arranged quite like the mouth of a reticule. A ribbon or a gilded chain draws the fullness of the material together, and passes about the wearer's neck, the top of the muff really serving as a shopping bag, or at least a receptacle for the handkerchief, purse, or any other necessary trifle. Often a few big bows of ribbon, loops of fur, a ruche or ostrich tips, or even a bright winged bird are used to decorate the outside of this curious member of the muff family which really resembles a theatre hat more than a muff.

Those who prefer the orthodox fur muff render it very smart indeed by a lining of gayly colored satin. A chinchilla muff will display a lining of cherry red or apple green satin, while a sober Persian lamb, or deep orange yellow silk lining which is often still further embellished with vivid plaid stripes just at the end of the muff, where the fur and satin join is set a short thick tufted flounce of black chiffon or cream and black lace together. Needless to say a fresh lining of some bright color, and a little lace applied as directed, will work wonders in rejuvenating an old fur muff and restoring it to a foremost position amongst its owner's belongings.

There seems to me to be a whole encyclopedia of common sense, practical philosophy and logic and a good deal of pathos also in the following little sketch, which is really worth reproducing. The pathos lies in the fact that the wise little



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is equal to the best \$40.00 Hair Mattress in cleanliness, durability and comfort. The best homes and thousands of institutions in the United States have adopted the felt mattress in preference to hair on account of its being more sanitary, vermin-proof, more durable as it never loses its shape, packs, or gets lumpy; and cheaper.

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Samples at Mr. W. A. Cookson's St. John.

maiden who is its heroine should have learned so early that things we wish for have a fashion of coming too late, when they come at all to be of any use to us. I think children are studied more now than they used to be, and I know they have a much better time.

"See here, June Bridegroom," said Mr. Golden Wedding as they seated themselves together in the ferryboat, "what do you think of children?"

"Think of children?" stammered June Bridegroom, taking a color that an ancient ballet girl would have envied him. "Children," he repeated, "I can't say that I've ever thought much about 'em. You know I'm an only child, and my wife is an only child. So we have never had any nieces or nephews around, and we haven't been married—" another painful blush, "but—" and then he stopped, too embarrassed to go on.

"Ah, ha," ejaculated Mr. Golden Wedding. "I understand. Well, young man, let me give you a piece of advice born of experience. Study your children. Don't merely love them, but study them. Not only science demands it nowadays, but the children themselves invite this study. I never did anything but love my four boys and my darling little girl, and I'm afraid I made a mistake. I should have studied them, for since my grandchildren came on, and I've been observing them very closely I'm often puzzled to know to just what extent my children studied me when they were shavers. They must have gone into their subject very deeply, for Mrs. Golden Wedding insists that they always ruled me with a rod of iron, that they could wheedle me into doing anything or into allowing them to do anything, and that if it had not been for her firm discipline the whole lot of 'em wouldn't have amounted to a hill of beans."

"Whatever started you off on this track?" asked June Bridegroom, recovering his self-possession. "Two of your boys [are most successful business men, two are making fine records in Yale, and your daughter promises to be a great success in society. What more could a man ask of his children?"

"Oh, just a little story I heard my little granddaughter, Dorothy, telling her little brother last night. Dorothy had been teasing me for a pair of roller skates for weeks. I didn't mind getting the skates for her, of course, but I was afraid she'd break her neck on the darned things. Well, a few days ago, while Dorothy was cavorting around the yard on her pony, she fell off and sprained her ankle. I had spasms, as the women say, because if there is anything on earth a man can love more than his own child, it's his grandchild, June Bridegroom. You see, you don't feel so much responsibility for your grandchildren, and you can put the force expended in anxiety on your own offspring into just that much more love. But to get back to Dorothy. She saw how upset I was, and great tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Tell me something you want, Dorothy," said I. "Grampa will get it if he has to go to the moon for it."

"Roller skates," promptly responded that youngster, for she saw she had me.

"I'll bring 'em home to-morrow," I meekly promised, and so I did.

"When I carried them to her last night she was beside herself with joy, and as for me, why I was as happy as it all my investments had advanced 10 points in a day, and happier, too. Presently Dorothy's

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face grew very thoughtful, and she called her little brother Arthur up to the bed. She is 6 and Arthur is 3, and worships her.

"Arthur," she said, "Dorothy wants to tell you a story." Arthur was all eyes and ears in a minute because Dorothy is a very imaginative child and her stories are sometimes worthy of yellow journalism, in a very adulterated form of course. "Arthur," she began solemnly, "once there was a little girl an' she cried an' cried an' cried 'cause she was hun-g-ry an' had no bread to eat. After a while, when she kept on cryin' a piece of bread fell down in her lap, and then the little girl cried an' cried an' cried because she had no butter to eat with her bread an' her tears ran down on her bread and made dravy [that's what Dorothy calls gravy], an' when she had eaten her bread an' dravy all up, down fell some butter in her lap an' then the little girl cried because the butter had come too late after she had eaten all her bread."

"I tell you, June Bridegroom," said Mr. Golden Wedding as he concluded the child's story, "what that baby said set me to thinking as she went on with her story, but when I glanced at her and found her big, sad brown eyes fixed on me I never felt so conscience stricken in my life. And I felt positively guilty when she said before she had drawn her breath after telling the story:

"Grampa, why didn't you give me my roller skates before I broke my little leg?"

"Nobody can ever convince me that the six-year old girl has not realized already in her inner consciousness that our butter often comes to us in life too late, that it generally comes after we have eaten all our bread. No, sir, June Bridegroom, we do not study our children properly. I am sure that we often wound our children sorely, because we do not treat them as we should, because we do not treat them as if they were big people grown little, but deal with them as if they were wholly irresponsible little beings without reasoning power. Take my advice, June Bridegroom, when you have children of your own study them in addition to loving them, for they'll surely study you, and if you don't look out they will laugh at you up their sleeves for being a dear old ignoramus."

"You bet I'll study 'em," exclaimed June Bridegroom proudly as the gong sounded and everybody made for the front deck.

ASTRA.

A Step Down.

Not even the most ardent advocate of women's rights at a banquet recently given to a 'distinguished guest' from abroad, could help smiling at one toast which was proposed.

A brilliant speech had been made with reference to the wide variety of careers now open to women, and their success in every direction. When it was ended a mild little man, the twinkle of whose eyes betokened the gravity of his countenance, proposed the following toast:

"To the ladies—once our superiors, now our equal!"

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ENGLAND.

**THE TRAMP BOULDER.**

Remarkable Evidence of Glacial Influence in New Jersey.

Countless thousands of years ago vast stretches of glacial deposits came sliding across the State of New Jersey, mounted the Palisades, pushed their way across the Hudson River, scoured over Manhattan Island and slid out into the Atlantic Ocean, whither they disintegrated and sank into the deep or perhaps glided on to the other ocean shore.

But in their onward march these glaciers left indestructible evidence of their grinding stride and to-day, all along the Palisades the trap rocks and boulders are worn smooth where the mountains of ice and sand passed them. In some rocks are deep scratches, all pointing eastward, and showing which way the glacial deposits drifted. There is the evidence mute but indisputable.

To the careful observer there are numberless other evidences of the presence of glacial influences in the past, but none are more convincing than the tramp boulder that has finally settled down in the woods in the heart of Englewood borough. There it sits, a towering mass of rock weighing perhaps two hundred tons, and resting upon three points which in themselves find a purchase on a flat rock that is part of and common to the character of rock which composes the Palisades. But, strangely enough, and to the wonderment of geologists, the tramp-boulder is red sandstone from the Jersey hills twenty-five miles inland, and the pedestal is metamorphic or soft granite.

Around this marvelous monument have grown trees that may, perhaps be a century old, and they have completely hedged it in; while the rock itself has stood where it stands today for thousands of years. On the pedestal, or that part which is protected from the action of the elements, can be seen the deep ridges and scars made across the flat surface by the great grinding pressure of the body of ice and sand that passed over it countless years ago, when New York was ice and snow clad, and the world was a desolate waste in a state of chaos.

This tramp boulder has caused geologists much wonderment, and is regarded today as one of the finest specimens ever left in the wake of a glacier. It is equally astounding as though an explorer should find the hull of a steamboat in the Sahara desert. The only way it could get there would be through some great convulsion had landed it from the sea to the heart of the inland sands.—New York Journal.

**PAID HIS BILLS IN FIGHTS.**

Whipped a Landlord and a Lawyer Until They Called it Even.

In relating a fight he once had with a man from Illinois, Mr. S. H. Files, of Paducah, says: "At that time I lived in Smithland. W. P. Fowler was judge; I was sheriff; J. W. Code was clerk; Blount Hodge was there, Ben Barnes, Dr. Sanders, T. C. Leech, Judge Bennet, J. W. Bush, and many others of the old timers lived there then. I kept a hotel called the Waverly House. This man from Illinois put up with me. I gave him one of the best rooms. He stayed several days. I got uneasy about my bill and asked him for it. He said that I was in a hurry, and that he would pay it whenever he got ready. I very foolishly told him that if he did not pay me right, then I would take it out of his hide. He pulled off his coat and said he was ready to settle, and we went at it. We fought for some time, and I thought I had whipped him, but I am sorry to say that I was mistaken. He rested a short time and jumped on me again. When we fought out this round I again thought that I had him whipped, but alas! I was again mistaken, for he rested for a time and came at me again. By this time I was very tired of the fight. He got me down on the floor, and, after thinking about it for years, I think I was whipped. When he let me get up I told him he did not owe me a cent, and could stay at the Waverly House free of charge as long as he wanted to. This man from Illinois had a law-suit in our court, and David Greer was his lawyer. David had the suit up in nice shape, and expected a big fee, but alas for David! This man from Illinois, flushed with victory after getting through with me, concluded to settle with David as he had with me. He went to David's office and told him he had settled his bill with Sam Files, and now he was ready to pay him his fee in the same way. David got up out of his

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**DOCTORS SAID DIABETES.**

Mr. W. H. JAMES, O. hawa, Ont., states: "I have had Kidney and Urinary troubles for nine years—severe pain in the small of the back and in both sides. Doan's Kidney Pills have entirely removed all the pains. The doctors said I had Diabetes of the worst kind, and could not live six months. Doan's Kidney Pills have made a perfect cure."

**CURE DIABETES**

**NIPPED IN THE BUD.**  
Mrs. JOHN HOOK, 8 Edward Street, St. Thomas, Ont., said: "Doan's Kidney Pills cured my son of incipient Bright's Disease. He had terrible back aches and night sweats, and always felt tired and worn. His nerves were unstrung, his sleep bad and appetite poor. He commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills, and is now completely cured."

**CURE BACKACHE**

**BACKACHE and DIZZINESS.**

Mr. THOMAS DAVIS, Berlin, Ont., says: "I had a severe pain across my back, and was seriously troubled with my kidneys. I had terrible headaches and dizziness. My appetite became poor, and my sleep not refreshing. Doan's Kidney Pills have done wonders for me. I have not the slightest pain now. I eat better, sleep well, and am strong and vigorous."

**CURE BRIGHT'S DISEASE**

**The DROPSY DISAPPEARED.**  
Mrs. CATHERINE BURTON, 82 Alexander St., Montreal, says: "I was troubled for years with pain across my back, headaches, dizziness and poor appetite. There were dropsical swellings of my limbs. I was so sick I thought I was going to die. The doctors seemed unable to cure me. Doan's Kidney Pills brought relief at once, and have cured me."

**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**

chair and backed himself up in the corner and told the man from Illinois that he did not owe him a cent, and also told him that it would be unpleasant for him to stay longer with me, that he could go home with him and it would cost him nothing to stay as long as he desired to; but the man from Illinois had not completed his mission at Smithland as yet. He owed Tom Robertson a livery stable bill; he called on him to settle. Tom told him he owed him nothing. He then called on Mr. Cade, and he told him the same thing.

The last time I heard from this man from Illinois was that he was fighting the livery stable man at New Liberty, Ill., to get his horse out of the stable without pay, and he did so.

**D-O-D-D-S**

**THE PECULIARITIES OF THIS WORD.**

No Name on Earth So Famous  
—No Name More Widely Imitated.

No name on earth, perhaps, is so well known, more peculiarly constructed or more widely imitated than the word DODD. It possesses a peculiarity that makes it stand out prominently and fastens it in the memory. It contains four letters, but only two letters of the alphabet. Everyone knows that the first kidney remedy ever patented or sold in pill form was DODD'S. Their discovery started the medical profession the world over, and revolutionized the treatment of kidney diseases.

No imitator has ever succeeded in constructing a name possessing the peculiarity of DODD, though they nearly all adopt names as similar as possible in sound and construction to this. Their foolishness prevents them realizing that attempts to imitate increase the fame of "Dodd's Kidney Pills." Why is the name "Dodd's Kidney Pills" imitated? As well ask why are diamonds and gold imitated. Because diamonds are the most precious gems, gold the most precious metal. Dodd's Kidney Pills are imitated because they are the most valuable medicine the world has ever known.

No medicine was ever named kidney pills till years of medical research gave Dodd's Kidney Pills to the world. No medicine ever cured Bright's disease except Dodd's Kidney Pills. No other medicine has cured as many cases of Rheumatism, Diabetes, Heart disease, Lumbago, Dropsy, Female Weakness, and other kidney diseases as Dodd's Kidney Pills have. It is universally known that they have never failed to cure these diseases, hence they are so widely and shamelessly imitated.

**Natural Result.**

"Once a friend of mine and I agreed that it would be helpful for each of us to tell the other his faults."  
"How did it work?"  
"We haven't spoken for nine years."

**Baby Eczema d' Sca d Head.**  
Infants and young children are peculiarly subject to this terrible disorder, and if not promptly arrested it will eventually become chronic. Dr. Chase made a special study of Eczema and disease of the skin, and we can confidently recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to cure all forms of Eczema. The first application soothes the irritation and puts the little sufferer to rest.

**How Many Commandments?**

According to a writer in Household Words, a father in Scotland who wishes to present his infant for baptism is expected to pass a slight examination in the Shorter Catechism.

"One day a collier went to his minister o' bespeak him for the christening of his child."  
"How many commandments has ye?" asked the minister.

"Twenty" rejoined the collier, who was forthwith sent back to pursue his studies in elementary theology. On his way he met a brother miner, who was going to the minister on a similar errand.

"How many commandments has ye Jock?" asked the first.

"Ten."  
"Oh! you needn't trouble him wi' ten; I offered him twenty the while, but he wasna satisfied."

**HOME Dress Cutting and Making.**

The Abel Gauband system of dress cutting is easily and thoroughly learned in a few lessons. This system is the most simple and best adapted for home cutting of stylish, up-to-date costumes, ordinary house dresses, mantles and garments of all kinds. It is practical, reliable and always applicable to the requirements of the time in changes in fashions etc. Charges very moderate. For full particulars address

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**PROFITABLE POLITENESS.**

Why it Paid to be Polite to a returned Klondyke man.

One of the best Klondyke stories thus far received comes from Seattle by way of the Post-Intelligencer. It is interesting, not to say exciting, and has the further merit of conveying an excellent lesson. The hero of it is Jimmy Brennan, ten years old, and son of Police-officer Brennan of Seattle. Here follows the story:

With several companions, Jimmy was standing on Yealer Way, when a stranger came along. He looked like a man who had just returned from a logging-camp.

"Boys," he said, "where is the Butler Hotel?"

"I'll tell you for a quarter," said one of Jimmy's companions.

"I'll show you where it is for ten cents," chimed in another.

"Say, I'll do it for five cents," remarked a third.

"Mister," said Jimmy, "I will point out the Butler to you for nothing."

"You're my man," said the rough looking stranger, and the two went down Yealer Way together, while Jimmy's companions stayed behind to call him a chump.

Jimmy led the stranger to the Butler.

"Come in here," said the man, and he led the boy into a clothing store. "Give this boy the best suit of clothes in the house," said the stranger. Jimmy simply opened his mouth. Soon he had on a fine suit.

"Now give him an overcoat," said the stranger, and Jimmy's eyes tried to pop out of their sockets. The clerk adorned Jimmy with an overcoat.

"Now a hat," said the stranger, Jimmy wanted to cry. He thought it was Christmas time, and that he was by the side of a grate fire reading one of Anderson's fairy tales.

Soon he was arrayed in new hat, new suit, new overcoat. The stranger paid for all. Jimmy started out of the store. He was so bewildered that if several goblins had put in their appearance, he would have joined them in their fairyland festivities.

"Just wait a minute," said the stranger. Jimmy waited. If the stranger had said, "Go roll in the dust of the street," Jimmy would have done it.

The stranger went down in his pockets and closed his dealings with Jimmy by giving him a five-dollar gold-piece and a gold nugget worth about five dollars.

Then Jimmy thanked the stranger, and went off to tell his companions about the man to whom he showed the Hotel Butler for nothing.

The stranger was a Klondiker, supposed to be Patrick Galvin, who returned on the Rosalie Saturday night with a fortune estimated at about twenty thousand dollars. It pays to be polite. If you don't think so, ask Jimmy Brennan.

**OPHIE'S CHRISTMAS MAIL.**

Why the Mail was so Long Delayed—a Fateful Tale.

Recently, writes a letter from Denver, I was looking over the old mail pouches stored in the inspector's department of the Denver post-office, and on one of them I noticed a card tied near the rusty lock. On it was written, "This pouch was in a snow-slide on the dead carrier's back for twenty months, near Ophir."

Swan Nilson, a Swedish mail-carrier was the man who bore that pouch to his death. His route was from Silverton to Ophir, and on December 23, 1865, a terrible storm was raging in that part of the Rocky Mountains. Nilson's friends advised him not to attempt the trip, but he would not listen to their warnings.

"I mus' go he said. I haf many Christmas things in my pouch, and I not disappoint the good friends at Ophir. It will not be Christmas there unless Swan Nilson bring the mail."

So the brave carrier set forth, his mail-sack tightly strapped to his back, Norwegian snowshoes on his feet, and a long guiding-pole in his hand.

At Ophir the miners of the camp were waiting and longing for his appearance. Christmas eve came and went, while the storm raged fiercely in the mountains. The morning dawned clear and bright, but the faithful mail carrier did not come. Impatience changed to anxiety; search parties were organized and went out among the trails. There was nothing to be seen or heard of Nilson. The winter passed, and with the coming of summer the search for the lost carrier was renewed, and nothing could be learned of his fate. Another year rolled round, and during the summer another search party was organized.

On August 13, 1865, at the bottom of a snowslide, the picks and shovels of the searching party uncovered the body of Swan Nilson, and still strapped to his back was the old pouch with the Ophir Christmas mail.

**Could not run the Risk.**

The Squire—By the way, Giles, I haven't seen you at church for some time; anything the matter?

Giles—Well, sir, it is like this: Last time I went I 'ad a penny an' a two shilling piece in 'my pocket; by mistake I put the two-shilling piece in the plate; and, well, I shouldn't like it to happen again, sir.—London Sketch.

Women of experience in ordering coffee from their grocer are careful to specify Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee, which comes in pound and two-pound tin cans, knowing that satisfaction accompanies every can. Thousands of refined people who know and appreciate good coffee endorse this famous brand. The signature and the seal of these well-known importers guarantee its excellence.

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Cures Sick Headache  
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Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to

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ARRESTS DECAY—AT ALL DRUGGISTS—25 CENTS A BOX  
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For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, etc.  
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On The Shore. The far-heard, the holy, the hymn of the spheres. The music eternal to which the world rolls. The harmony solemn that haunts the dull years. The call from the Deep to the wayfarer soul.—A. B. Averill.

Christmas at Jim Pitt's.

The new of little tow-crowned... The little kitchen filled speedily with sudsy steam, and the ill odors of unclean clothes in the process of cleansing. The steady rubbing—rubbing over-topped the confusion of the children's voices. The strike at the 'Works' was not a demonstrative one, but perhaps it was all the more a stubborn one on that account. Still waters run deepest, they tell us. It had developed out of sympathy with other larger, fiercer strikes on all sides of it. There had been an epidemic of strikes and the men at the 'Works' had caught the fever. They went about with sullen, set faces, up-holding each other and encouraging the weaker ones to hold out. Jim's Pitt was one of the leaders—one of the sullenest, 'settest' ones of them all. The 'bosses' went their ways undisturbed. It was not a vital matter to them—they could wait. Meantime they took the opportunity to put in new machinery and make certain requisite repairs. They took on a few new hands, but not enough to antagonize the old ones. For the most part when the 'Works' was running at all it ran short-handed and waited for the moving of the still waters. It was generally known that, at any time, the old hands would be taken on again at the old wages. One or two went back shame-facedly, to be held in derision and galling scorn by the body of suffering men who held out with grim persistence. Jim Pitt decided loudest and bitterest. The week before Christmas began and kept along slowly. The days were too full of burdens and distress to hurry. At the Pitts' Rowena worked ceaselessly over the old work and the new, and the children counted the days on their fingers. One, two, three, four, five—only three little child fingers left! 'I could do it easier if I'd est more,' murmured Rowena over her rubbing, 'it sort of uses me up'—it on an empty stomach. She took little rests now and then—they grow of necessity more frequent toward the week's end—and went into the small bedroom adjoining the kitchen, to take peeps at the little board of silver that was slowly growing. It would never be grown up—poor Rowena!—but it was to buy children's things, and it would be grown up enough for that. Jim came and went silently, though if Rowena had noticed she might have seen that his face was gentler and the terrible lounge-r's stoop was gone out of his shoulders a little. He moved with his old quickness and even played with the children slyly, sometimes, at night. Once Rowena came suddenly upon him on all fours, growing in true beast fashion, to the edification of Tim'by and the rest. But he got up hastily and went out. He went away early in the morning and came in late for supper—he never came home at noons. Instinctively Rowena knew why that was. She ate no dinners, either. 'I'm glad he ain't home more,' she thought. 'He'd see me workin' like mad an' 'twould pester him all up Jim's got a good heart. He didn't used to want me to work any. I'd rather he'd be away this week, a good deal.' Saturday came and great excitement prevailed in the steamy, sudsy little kitchen. The children went about with radiant faces holding up, each one, the last finger of the eight—the finger that said only one day was left now. 'One more!' shouted exultant Tim'by. 'What do you think o' that, Meg Pitt?' 'One more,' echoed gentle Meggy, 'an' oh, I hope her eyes'll be blue, Tim'by!' 'One—no-re,—oh!' Little Jim murmured happily. Even the baby caught the spirit of glee and crowded and rubbed fresh holes in the tiny, mended, red stockings, with his kicking. Was there any spot in these tiny stockings that wasn't mended—or a hole? 'Merry Christmas, mammy!' the children chorused at last, unable to wait. The mother lifted her moist, tired face from the scrubbing-board—it was the last washing of the crowded week, thank the dear Lord!—and shook a sudsy finger at them in playful anger. 'You shut up!' she cried. 'You better wait till it's 'Merry Christmas,' an' then see! How do you know Santa Claus won't pass right by t'is chimney—he don't come to naughty children—' 'But we've been good—oh, mammy!' Little Jim's face fell and the corners of his mouth went a drooping, Tim'by laughed at him derisively. 'Huh! She's shammin', gossie!' he cried. 'Mammy's just a shammin', little Jim dear,' explained loving Meggy, getting her arm around him. 'Don't you see how her eyes are laughin'? She knows Santy's a comin'.' 'Well, go an' play, the whole kit o' you an' wait till he comes,' mammy said with a little laugh. How her back ached! How tired she was—and how happy! For the life of her she could not resist a little excursion into the tiny bedroom to squeeze the handkerchief with the money in one corner. One corner—it took the whole middle to hold 'em now! When Miss Westery paid for this washin' there'd be enough. Yes, an' mebbe her thick woolen gloves for him—land! Rowena's heart was set toward Jim and all the world. The Christmas gentleness was in it. She got the children to bed early—very early. They rebelled, but she hustled them under the quilts promptly. A neighbor

without any little rebellious bodies to tuck under quilts had agreed to come in and 'set' awhile. When she came Rowena hurried away. A light snow was sifting down with lazy indifference. It felt grateful to Rowena's weary face and she held it back for a little cool baptism. She was very, very tired. Her legs almost refused to carry her. A heavily-freighted car, gay with lights, shot by her. 'If I could only ride both ways!' she murmured wistfully. 'But land! there aint any use wishin'. I'll have to ride up with the bundles.' Oh, the bundles! The thought of them urged her on faster, and she forgot her leg and her back and the faintness in her stomach. It was nearer nine than eight when she finished her errands and tumbled in the empty handkerchief. The streets were full of people as eager and busy as she. Everybody was Christmasing. Nobody minded being jostled or run into or snowed on—the idea of minding such little things on Christmas Eve! Friends slapped each other's shoulders unnecessarily hard, and even enemies forgot themselves and nodded a little. Among them all, Rowena Pitt plowed on sturdily. She was almost sure once she saw Jim's face in the crowd, but it dodged away instantly. 'I hope he's at home eatin' his supper' she thought. 'I'm glad I left it where 't would keep good an' warm.' But Jim was not at home when she got there. The neighbor said he hadn't been. Rowena, left alone last, filled all the children's stockings, from Tim'by's to the baby's. Then she crept into bed beside the baby in the tiny bedroom. It was an hour afterward when Jim came home. Rowena was drowsily conscious of seeing him cross the shaft of lamplight at the door. She thought she heard his big steps on the floor, but she was too weary, to remember about the stockings or to feel any triumph or pride in them. She just nestled snuggler to the warm little body on her arm and went to sleep again. Jim crossed the floor, utopianly clamsily. He went straight to the chimney place, and then he saw the little stockings in a row and gave a low cry of astonishment and chagrin. One of the bundles in his arms slipped to the floor unnoticed. 'They were all there—the stockin's—an' full. The firing end of Tim'by's red-painted trumpet intruded itself upon his vision—and there was Meggy's doll and an' Little Jim's iron cart. The baby's tiny, red, mended stocking was full, too. A few minutes later Jim was striding down town again. He fairly flew. It was getting stormier—and later. On Merry Christmas morning Rowena lay beside the baby and listened with her eyes shut to the clamor of glee out in the kitchen. The children,—bless 'em—how happy they were! Bess 'em! They shouted and danced and laughed. 'Toot-a-toot-too-oooo!' 'Look quick—Tim'by!—her eyes are blue!' 'Toot-a-toot-too-oooo!' 'See my cart—Meg, Tim'by. Oh some-body look! It's a tipper!' 'Toot-a-toot-too-oooo!' 'What's in this bundle?—quick Meg, untie it! I found it on the floor—I guess he dropped it goin' up agin.' 'Well, it's ours Polly Pitt, it it's here. Break the string, gossie,—oh!' 'Stockin's!' 'Baby's!' 'Oh!' 'I'm so glad they're for the baby,' cried Meggy's sweet voice joyfully—'this toes do need 'em so!' 'So'm I glad, to,' agreed Tim'by's voice, generously 'Toot-a-toot-oooo!' Rowena got up quietly after awhile—very quietly so no to wake up Jim and the baby. She felt about in the dim little room for her cloths—then— 'What! What! for over them lay a great warm shawl—oh as warm and as thick as you could think! And a green fat package in the yellow paper that butcher's use lay on the shawl. Rowena lifted it cautiously. A drop or two of some dark juice had oozed out and spattered the dainty surface of the shawl. Rowena hastily covered the little spots so

Malignant Growths. At first you think it's only a wart or pimple. Doesn't seem to be of much account. Then it begins to spread and extend its roots. Gives pain, reduces the strength and undermines the health. The doctor tells you it's cancer, says there is no cure. We can submit indisputable proof that our VEGETABLE CANCER CURE does cure Cancers, Tumors and Malignant Skin Troubles. Full particulars in plain envelope sent on receipt of 6 cents in stamps. STOTT & JURY, BOWMANVILLE, ONT.

Jim would not see. She smelled the package with little eager, slow sniffs. 'Yes; it smells—like—steak,' she murmured. Like steak! 'Jim?' 'No answer. The baby nestled uneasily. 'Jim?' 'Get out! What d' you want to wake a fellow up in the middle o' the night for?' muttered Jim with a fine assumption of wrath. 'Jim—Jim—Jim!' And, then in a minute he was beside her with his arm around her in the old-fashioned way. 'Aint it a beauty?' he was saying proudly. 'It's a sirlion, Roweny,' getting things mixed inextricably. His voice was full of jols. 'I had to hurry, now I tell you! I carried the children's things back, when I found the stockin's was full. My, didn't I put, though?' 'Sudden enlightenment broke in on them both. 'Roweny,' he said sternly 'you've been workin' extra—extra—to get those things!' 'Jim,' she cried jubilantly, 'you've been back to the Works—all the week—to get these!' 'Yes,' he said with a shrug, 'strike's over.' Out in the noisy kitchen there was Christmas and in the tiny bedroom there was Christmas—plenty of it. The baby woke up and crowded in unconscious sympathy with everybody else's joy. 'It's a sirlion, Roweny, an' you're agin' to eat every mite of it—every mite, do you hear?' Jim said loudly. 'O, I am, am I?' laughed Rowena. 'Every mite, mind you.' 'Well see!' 'Toot-a-toot-too-oooo!' Cause of Pain From Corns. The pain caused by a corn is due to the inflammation of the flesh around the hardened skin or corn. A little 'Quickcure' spread on the corn and covered with thin paper reduces the inflammation and stops the pain. Try it. It also relieves bunions, etc.

ERRAND ACROSS THE STREET. A Prisoner Feigned Death and in That way Escaped. The Count de Hubner tells in his 'Memories' a thrilling story of an adventure in the Italian city of Brescia during the days of the Revolution of 1848. When the trouble began in the streets, he contrived to get into a house, taking with him two or three other persons, including the wife of a minor official who had entrusted the lady for a while to the count's care but who was to have certain news of her as soon as possible. The firing grew heavier, and the rebels soon had possession of almost every house in the street. On the 19th of March, Count de Hubner decided that he must do something toward bettering his position in case of an assault, and he forced his only remaining servant to make a dash across the street to the palace where the Austrian general Rath was quartered, two blocks away and on the other side. The man was merely to let the general know that Hubner himself was coming, and to ask that the gates be held ready for him. 'Myself, prudence and my honor had a long and heated argument,' says Count de Hubner. 'Finally I pulled myself together; I had to let Prince Metternich know about myself to make a last report, and to keep my word about poor Madame M. I undid the door, drew a long breath, and planged down the street. 'The bullets flew all around me, spatter-leaden showers from the stone pavement. As I arrived at the gates of the palace, they swung inward, and in a second I was inside unscathed. But only half my journey was done; I had still to go back again. 'A letter—my last report—was soon completed for Metternich, and my message to the husband of Madame M. was given. I had to return. 'Again the gates were opened and I bounded forth. A veritable fusillade followed. From every window and housetop came the spurts of white smoke, and I tried to dodge forty bullets at once. In a minute I had reached my own door, and as I did so I turned to look back. 'Another man left the palace gates at full speed, but before he had half crossed the street a puff of smoke shot out of a window and he fell flat and was instantly lying like a dog across the gutter. The fire stopped

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. SICK HEADACHE. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price. Substitution the fraud of the day. See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Recent Deaths. The deaths of two eminent scholars have been recently reported: Prof. James Legge of Oxford, England, distinguished as a missionary to the Chinese and as editor and translator of an edition of the Chinese classics; and Prof. (emeritus) Henry Drisler of Columbia University, for more than fifty years professor of Latin or Greek in that institution, and at two different times its acting president.

