

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY JANUARY 12 1901.

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SPEECHES FROM THE BOYS.

The Lads in Khaki Talk and are Talked to Over the Festive Board.

Those who thought that St. John was satiated with "Soldiers' Welcome" and celebrations in honor of successful events in South Africa had reason to change their opinion: this week, when some of the brave fellows from St. John and other parts of the province arrived from the scene of conflict.

The greeting they received was enough to turn any man's head dizzy, but these volunteers have encountered so much that was extraordinary that the proceedings did not seem to affect them much.

There might be some complaint that St. John was not considered in the matter of the time of the arrival of the boys. It is much easier to meet a friend in daylight than at one, two or three o'clock in the morning and the authorities here were so long in doubt as to the actual time the soldiers would arrive that they almost made up their minds to camp at the railway station so as to be surely on hand.

Thursday morning at an early hour the first arrivals put in an appearance. There were only five or six of them but they received just as hearty a welcome from Mayor Daniel, Warden McGoldrick and other gentlemen of the committee to gether with Premier Tweedie and Attorney General Pugsley representing the government, as though there were a hundred of them. The boys were tired and the good cheer of the Dufferin Hotel, where they were driven at once, was very welcome to them. When they were quartered the mayor and citizens departed to get ready to meet the rest of the volunteers in the afternoon. But all of



J. HAWKINS,

Who it is said will re-enlist for service in South Africa.

them did not wait until the afternoon. The express which connects at Moncton in the morning brought a few more and they in their turn had to stand the pressure of a cordial greeting.

In the afternoon when the through express arrived from Halifax the crowd was large and the enthusiasm suggestive of the days when the lads went to South Africa. This must have been the case all along the line for at Moncton, where Corp. Ralph Markham and another Khaki boy jumped off the train to greet some friends, the crush was so great that they were unable to get on board again. So they had to wait for the next express.

All of the boys who do not belong to the city were quartered at the Dufferin hotel, and the manager, Mr. McCaffrey, spared no pains to make them comfortable. The scene in the office when they arrived in the afternoon can hardly be described. The crush was so great that it was almost impossible to move. Men, women and children thronged about the khaki clad volunteers and gave them the hand of welcome. The stalwart form of Major Good of Woodstock was surrounded by an admiring group of ladies who listened to his modest answers to the many questions poured in upon him. The major must be nearly, if not quite, six feet in height and yet he looks small compared with Gunner Smith from the same town, who is ten inches taller and weighs over 200 pounds. It is little wonder that the people admired their splendid physique and were eager to ob-

tain an introduction to them. Smith was the champion strong man on the steamer going to the Cape, and won laurels in the New Brunswick contingent by throwing in a wrestling match, the champion from Ottawa. He is a splendid athlete and must have been a wonderful acquisition to the battery.

About nine o'clock in the evening the preparations for the dinner to the returned soldiers were completed and the guests had about all arrived. The intention was to entertain only members of parliament, military men, the citizens committee, press and aldermen in addition to the boys in khaki and so far as was possible this idea was carried out.

Considering the short time that the hotel management had to prepare a banquet the affair reflected great credit upon the staff. The menu card was in the shape of a shield and was much admired.

About seventy persons sat down to the festive board and for a time enjoyed the good things provided. Then the toasts and speeches followed and until nearly three o'clock in the morning were listened to intently by nearly all who were present at first.

Mayor Daniel made an excellent chairman and his address to Major Good, which is printed elsewhere, was couched in most appropriate terms.

After dinner speeches are not always entertaining, but certainly the brief remarks made by many people at this dinner proved attentive and pleased listeners.

Major Good is not a speaker but he indicated what he would have liked to say in a very few words. He must have been flattered by the reception given to him and the men under his command. In response to the last of our guests he had willing assistance from Capt. F. C. Jones who is in a pleasant way told how the men had done their duty in South Africa. It was plain that he and Lieut. McLean were favorites with the boys from the enthusiastic way they greeted them. The speech of the lieutenant was brief but right to the point, pleasantly surprising those of his friends who have regarded him as a promising officer and had no opportunity to hear him after dinner. Among the other boys who responded were Corp. Markham and Privates Morrison, Fairweather and Morley. The latter asked those present to drink to their comrades the Gordon Highlanders who had stuck to them through thick and thin and after the cheering had died away, Private Donahue, who lost his leg during the campaign, was asked to respond. His rising was the signal for a burst of cheering such as any man might well be proud of.

The speech of the evening was made by Recorder Swinner who proposed the health



NORMAN McLEOD,

of the commander in chief, the army and the navy. The Recorder has no equal in this city as an after dinner speaker and his remarks were so eloquent and patriotic that he was frequently interrupted by prolonged applause. Colonels McLean and Jones responded and then Ald. Macrae proposed the legislature eliciting pleasant, sympathetic and loyal speeches from Hon. Messrs. Dunn and McKeown and Mr.

William Shaw.

A dinner without a speech from Warden McGoldrick would not be complete. He made two Thursday, one proposing the Dominion parliament to which Senator Ellis responded admirably and the other to the press. Both were replete with unique remarks which kept the guests in laughing humor. Those who listened to the warden must have been convinced that he had



BERT FINNIMORE,

the blerney stone with him for his faculty of saying pleasant things was greater than ever. Mr. R. O'Brien made a very appropriate reply for the press, and Messrs E. S. Carter, S. D. Scott, H. Ervin and H. McDonald followed him.

"The Mayor" brought forth a ringing speech from the chairman and the "militia" found Major Armstrong and Captain Pratt ready to reply.

Mr. Carvell of Woodstock made a happy speech in response to a toast to himself and Treasurer McLeod of the contingent fund responded to a similar compliment. The speech of Col. Armstrong in eulogizing the work of the Red Cross and the Soldiers Wives League and that of Ald. White in response were splendid efforts worthy of the subject.

A touching incident was the cheering for absent Beverly Armstrong who lost a leg in South Africa and for a long time was near to death's door. His father paid a glad tribute to the attention and care he had received from the nuns at Johannesburg.

A song by Mr. W. M. Wallace and the reading of a poem by the same gentleman, written, he explained, in honor of the soldier's return, God Save the Queen and Auld Lang Syne completed an evening which was voted by everybody one of the pleasantest spent in a long time.

PROGRESS

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Obituary notices, special reports, etc., Duval, 17 Waterloo.

BIG PROJECTS AHEAD.

Hon. Mr. Pugsley Touches Briefly Upon Some Enterprises in Contemplation

There are five vacant seats in the legislature at Fredericton, and preparations to fill one of these at least have been begun by both parties. Sometime ago the opposition in Kings County selected Mr. Fred M. Sprout to oppose any government supporter who might be brought forward. It was only this week that the supporters of the local government gathered to gether and appointed delegates to select some gentleman to run in the interests of the present administration. The non residents, which number in the vicinity of 1000, met on Monday evening and elected a chairman and secretary namely, Mr. E. J. Armstrong and Mr. J. J. Sealey. PROGRESS understands that the work of organization is proceeding on the usual lines and after today, when a candidate will be selected at Hampton, no doubt will be proceeded with vigorously.

Considerable interest centered in the meeting owing to the presence before it closed, of the Hon. Attorney General, who in September was elected by such a handsome majority over the gentleman who now proposes to run in the opposition in the district. At the solicitation of Warden McGoldrick, a non resident voter, who took occasion in proposing that the Attorney General be heard from, to say some very nice and pleasant things about him and his government, Hon. Mr. Pugsley made an address which lasted fifteen or twenty minutes and outlined in a greater degree than has yet been done the probable policy of the government of which he is a member. He briefly reviewed what had been done in the interests of the people of the province, and spoke particularly of the prospects for the future. From what he says there does not appear to be any doubt that the government has had some proposal regarding the establishment of a ship building plant in the city of St. John, and had taken it into very serious consideration. The facts and figures which would support the idea seemed to come very readily to the tongue of Mr. Pugsley and indicated that considerable effort had been made at least to obtain information of what was possible in this direction in other cities on this continent. His reference to the town of Bath in Maine, which, as is well known, has a very large ship building plant employing some 12 000 hands, were made with a view to show that St. John was even in a better position to have such an enterprise than the city in our neighbor State. Mr. Pugsley pointed out that coal and iron were not to be had near Bath. St. John

of Warden McGoldrick. While not speaking unflatteringly Mr. Blair said he was in a position to know something of the coal from this section had proved to be equal if not superior as a steam producer, to that from different collieries in the Maritime provinces.

At the meeting of the Board of Health held on Wednesday of this week among other business dealt with was the appointment of an Inspector to fill the place of Daniel O'Neill (deceased). PROGRESS pointed out some months ago that a certain city constable was after the position. It was thought at that time that he would have received immediate appointment. At this juncture another gentleman with influential workers behind him sought the position and for the time at least, postponed the appointment. Nothing was done until recently. The city has been without the services of an inspector, when it needed one very much. In this, as in everything else, persistency has won out and the constable is now installed in office.

Another reference that the Attorney general made was the prospect in the future of a shorter line of railway through the centre of the province connecting with roads now in operation between the northern part of New Brunswick and Quebec. He spoke of the new steel bridge being erected across the St. Lawrence and the connections between the city of Quebec and the west as far as Parry Sound, suggestion that by the time this was completed it was probable that the St. John River Valley road would also be an established fact. Incidentally he mentioned the fertility of the country through which the railway would pass and seemed to have no doubt whatever that it would be completed in the not distant future.

Another theme that he dwelt upon was the development of the Queens county coal beds which he said there was every reason to believe would be operated extensively. The proposal that the Intercolonial should purchase the Canada Eastern Railway if carried out would make it necessary that some coal supply should be had and the Attorney General implied that the government would be quite willing and ready to render any reasonable assistance looking to the development of such an important industry. His speech was certainly an encouraging one for the supporters of the local government and gave some idea of what might come before the legislature for consideration at the next session.

He was followed in a brief speech by Mr. A. G. Blair, jr., who pleasantly and humorously alluded to the remarks



ARTHUR HAYDEN,

of Warden McGoldrick. While not speaking unflatteringly Mr. Blair said he was in a position to know something of the coal from this section had proved to be equal if not superior as a steam producer, to that from different collieries in the Maritime provinces.

Constable Get the Job.

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The Missing Jewelry.

It is said that the police are working up the disappearance of some jewelry, which vanished during the Harkin-Bonstelle engagement here recently. The facts are that some pieces of jewelry were left in the dressing rooms of the actresses and actors, while they were on the stage, and in some mysterious manner on their return they were missing. Suspicion has not been directed in any particular direction, and it would not be just for PROGRESS to touch upon some of the rumors in circulation.



HOWE, OF SUSSEX,

Who it is said intends to re-enlist for service in South Africa.

would stand in a better position than this city of Maine, because by the time the plant was ready for operation the Dominion Steel works at Cape Breton would be able to supply it with all the material necessary. Another reference that the Attorney general made was the prospect in the fu-

Present Danger of Spain.

A writer in the London Daily Chronicle declares that Carlistism is no longer a danger to the present dynasty of Spain.

This year, says the writer, there has been an attempted Carlist rising; such an idea, he declares, has never been entertained seriously in Spain.

I had the pleasure of meeting last week in Barcelona one of the Civil Guard who had resisted the attack and quelled this dangerous uprising of the people.

The government is charged with fashioning this "airy castle of a revolutionary movement," in order that it may have a pretence for the suspension of the constitutional guarantees throughout the country.

"Yet," he proceeds, "the danger to the established monarchy is a real and instant one, the wave of revolution comes flooding in through many a silent creek and inlet; within two years it is not improbable that the present regime will have to fight for existence and will find itself ill supported by the corrupt expedients by which it has hitherto been laboriously sustained."

Some months ago the very serious condition of affairs in Catalonia was fully pointed out and the writer in the Daily Chronicle finds in this the evidence of an oncoming revolution.

"We have heard much," he says, "of this last Carlist emente; we have heard little of the far more ominous disturbances that have lately troubled Spain—of the prolonged resistance to taxation in Barcelona commencing fourteen months ago, for the time overcame, but twice involving a suspension of the constitutional guarantees of Catalonia and the declaration of a state of war in the capital of the province, of the street warfare at Valencia, of the riots in Madrid itself."

"It is not widely known how the national hymn of the French Republic was greeted with cheers by the dark-haired, tawny-skinned, reticent Catalan artisans at Barcelona, and how the national anthem of Spain was received by them with hisses; how they boycott the Castilian language, and pay homage to a provincial flag, how the tour of the young king in the summer, from which much was expected, proved a dangerous fiasco, and had to be abruptly terminated; how he was greeted with silent hostility or ill-suppressed expressions of disloyalty in many of the cities he visited. These are signs worth observing, spontaneous uprisings, spontaneous expressions of disgust with the prevailing system of government. Not only the commercial magnates and the shop-keeping class, but

the united mass of the artisans and laborers in such centres of industry as Catalonia, Valencia and Bilbao—indeed, every section of the industrial community of Spain—are arrayed in hostility to the powers that be; and these powers are at once unwilling and incapable of conciliating them, nor could they gratify their demands without such a radical change of policy as might excite opposition scarcely less difficult to cope with.

"Carlists, in the event of a revolutionary uprising, may be trusted not to assist the present monarchical regime; probably many of them would promote turmoil in the hope that their cause might be benefited by disorder. But in antagonism to the government are more substantial and actual forces, all the sentiment of discontent and disgust which is justly aroused against a system that is perverted by corruption degraded by misadministration and has borne the fruit of national disaster and defeat. The Queen Regent has never drawn to herself the affections of her people, well though she has deserved them. She is of Austrian birth; she holds aloof from the national spirit of the bullfight; the Spaniards have a saying which expresses with even greater bitterness the opinion of Tacitus when he wrote of a German tribe: They are sunk even below servitude; they obey a woman. The boy king has the ill luck to be the thirteenth Alfonse, nor does he seem to possess the qualities or physique to attract the devotion of a Spaniard, while his health is a matter now of grave anxiety. The regent and her advisers are made responsible for the side and shortcomings of their ministers. The friends of the monarchy are most and fiercest; faithful, its enemies irrationally disaffected, or rationally convinced that almost any other conditions will be preferable to those now prevailing.

"The unnam'd passions of the Valencians already this year have stained with blood the narrow streets of the city. The republican artisans of Catalonia, undemonstrative, ploddingly industrious, of whom Napoleon declared that never had he encountered a race that possessed more fully the power of resistance, are now eagerly absorbing the aggressive theories, political and commercial, of France. They watch with sullen contempt Spain's loss of her colonies and nurse an implacable hatred toward a political system that warps and crabs their commercial enterprise by ill-conceived taxation, and sacrifices the prosperity of their province to the interests of the southerner whom they despise.

"77"

Danger of Pneumonia.

Our old winter enemy, Grip, is at hand, and in his wake will follow his twin brother. What is termed an "ordinary cold" is usually the first warning, and in a few days Pneumonia follows.

The main trouble is centered in the neglect of the first symptoms. The latter are more ominous of evil in proportion to the age of the patient. Past fifty years of age Pneumonia is a very fatal malady.

The man who gets thoroughly chilled after exposure to inclement weather most needs concern himself as to the ultimate outcome, especially if high temperature, cough and difficult respiration supervene. The only safety lies in the prompt use of "SEVENTY SEVEN," Dr. Humphrey's famous Specific for the cure of Grip and the Prevention of Pneumonia. At all Drug Stores, or by Mail, 25c.

Dr. Humphrey's Homeopathic Medicine Co., Cor. William and John Sts., New York.

"Spain's colonial disaster must ultimately, indeed, prove more damaging to Catalonia than to any other part of the kingdom. Concurrent circumstances, however, for a time have delayed the inevitable trade crisis. It is only now her manufactures are beginning to feel the strain. Minister at Madrid are becoming uneasily aware of the approaching calamity; they fear the moment when the Roubia, the striking boulevard of Barcelona, will be swarming with hungry artisans locked out from the still busy factories that line the Mediterranean coast."

FLU FROM CHINA.

Col. Five Returns to France, Where It Was Said that Boxers Had Murdered Him.

Over two years ago the Belgian Government decided to investigate commercial possibilities in China. So Col. Five, whose capacity and energy had been well tested on the Congo, was sent there. With him went the engineers Henrard and Ledent and the Messrs. Spingart, father and son. They went to Tientsin and then to Peking, where they lived a year and a half studying Chinese and making other preparations for a long journey of research. It was in November, 1899, that they left Peking to travel through China.

The mission took the train at Pau-ting, the temporary terminus of the railroad from Peking to Hankow; then they travelled along the surveyed extension of the line, meeting Engineer Ossent, who was grading the road bed with many natives. He was later killed by the Boxers. They kept on their way to the Yellow River and followed the Imperial road west to Sigantzu, the capital of Shensi, now famous as the place where the Emperor and Dowager

\$200 IN GOLD GIVEN AWAY FREE TO BRIGHT PEOPLE.

- LIFAMA
SCEBBO
ONTLEAR
TAWATO
SSINKNOT
ROMOTOT
MILTONIAN
ONNDOL
NIPSEWIN
CODREVNAV
TORVICAL

Can you arrange these eleven sets of jumbled letters into the names of eleven Canadian cities? If so, you can have a share of the above prize, awarded you simply with our own simple conditions. This is no money puzzle to be worked out by a scholar, but by judiciously perceiving you can possibly get eight or nine of them correct. In the prize schedule on the last column of this page you will find the full details. To receive the prize you must send in your solution of the puzzle to the publisher of this paper, and to the address of the publisher in Canada. Should two persons send in equally correct solutions the first prize will be divided between them each getting 100. Should three persons send equally correct solutions the first prize will be divided between them each getting 66.66. Should four persons send equally correct solutions the first prize will be divided between them each getting 50. The money prize has been deposited in the bank for this purpose and will be paid to the successful contestant immediately upon the close of the competition. If you can make out anything like a complete list, write us at once, enclosing stamps for our reply, which will be sent by return mail. Write very plainly. Address Toronto Publishing Co., Jordan Chambers, Dept. 1, Toronto.

Empress have been living since their flight from Peking. They were now in the heart of Northern China, but they kept on westward, ascending the Wei tributary of the Yellow River. At last they reached Lan-chow, the capital of Kansu province, which was to be their headquarters for a long time. They divided into two groups to make a study of the mineral resources of the province.

For some time they were hard at work in various directions from the capital. One party crossed the border to Lake Kuku-nor, on the edge of Tibet. They also travelled to the northern edge of Kansu and looked out over the plain of Mongolia. Just after the parties had met again and were about to return to Lan-chow they came across a Chinese telegrapher who had formerly been in the service of the elder Mr. Spingart. From him they learned the first news of the terrible massacres in Shantung and Pechili.

The man told them that an order had been sent to massacre them and to seize all their supplies. On learning this news Col. Five decided to hasten back to Lan-chow, but hearing that the Boxers intended to burn the Catholic mission at Kanchow, sixty miles to the west, he made a detour and informed the priests there of the danger.

Before he reached Lan-chow all the natives along the route had learned that the Chinese near the sea were killing foreigners. They received the party of Frenchmen with ill-disguised hostility. The white men might have been attacked if it had not been for the weapons they carried. The Viceroy at Lan-chow told Five he must leave the country in three days. The Frenchmen feared they would be marching to their death, but in vain they showed the passport given them by the Tsong-li-Yamen, and asked permission to remain. They were told they could not be protected in the city and must obey the order to depart.

On Sept. 6 last, the little expedition of five Europeans and seven Chinese servants all armed to the teeth, left Lan-chow to make their way north across the frontier and over the Mongolian plains to Urga, the great meeting place for traders from China, Siberia and Thiberia. Five be-

lieved that he and his men would be safe at Urga. At any rate it was the shortest route out of China and it was necessary to leave the country, without delay.

So for fifteen days they marched northward among villages that were wild over the news of war between China and the white devils. They passed through each town with drawn sabres and revolvers in hand. The attitude of the people was invariably menacing, but the party was not actually attacked. At last they reached Mongolia where they hired camels for the journey to Urga. They had no farther difficulty with natives, but suffered terribly from cold as the temperature sometimes fell to thirty degrees below zero.

Finally they reached Urga, where they found Russians in plenty and soon they were able to go on to the Trans-Siberian Railroad where they took the first train for home. They have been received with great rejoicing in France where their report had several times been published that the entire party had been killed by Boxers.

SEVEN-Continued.

It is easy to misunderstand and easy to be misunderstood; and sometimes, happily, it is easy to give and to accept an explanation.

"I did think I would never come to see you again," said a cousin of the prominent society woman who had come to the country to visit her and was about to start homeward. "It's kind of you to ask me, of course, but I remember that when I was at your house in the city, two years ago, you did not seem glad to see me. You were kind and hospitable, of course, but I remember you did not smile once during the entire two weeks of my stay."

To her astonishment, her city cousin burst into a fit of laughter.

"Maria," she said, "just before you came I had the misfortune to break the porcelain 'crown' from 'one of my new front teeth, and as my dentist was out of town on his vacation, I had to wait for his return. I didn't dare to smile when any one was looking at me for fear of showing the ghastly metallic 'back' to which the porcelain had been attached. It was a strain, Maria, but I was equal to it, and I did not want to have to explain."

And her smile, now without a mechanical flaw, reenforced the renewed invitation.

Supernatural.

In "Worldly Ways and Byways" Mr. Eliot Gregory has narrated a story of a complacently tactless and snobbish person, of a type happily unfamiliar even in the most fashionable society.

She, for it was a lady, importuned a painter for a sketch. After many delays and renewed demands he presented her one day, when she and some friends were visiting his studio, with a delightful open-air study simply framed. She seemed confused at the offering, to his astonishment, as she had not lacked assurance in asking for the sketch. After much blushing and fumbling she succeeded in getting the painting loose, and handing back the frame, remarked:

"I will take the painting, but you must keep the frame. My husband would never allow me to accept anything of value from you."

Then she smiled on the speechless painter, doubtless pleased with her own tact.

A Dublin Flower.

Not long ago, as the Duke and Duchess of Connaught were driving through Dublin, a corpulent man ran alongside their carriage for such a distance that the duchess stopped it, and asked the man his wishes. Puffing very little for one who had run so far, the man replied that it had long been his desire to get a good look at their royal highnesses.

"But how do you keep up such a pace?" asked the duchess.

"Oh, sure, ma'am, haven't I been chasin' pigs all me life?" said he.

A reply which surely indicated that a poor courtier had been spoiled to make a good pig-jobber.

For Turn Down, Dewey and Wigglespot Collars.

We have added a new collar shaping machine. This machine is a great improvement on any ever built and is a great linen saver. We can save you more money than ever now, try it. Ungar's Laundry, Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning Works. Page 58.



VISITING THE BABY.

Music The

Flodora is making New York Casino.

Miss Lillian Blauvelt, concert western tour here, but will visit the

The hundredth anniversary of Chatterbox on Jan. 12. Vienna by a performance of Segreto.

Charles Frohman is festival in New York and a great array of comedy entitled "The

Johann Strauss, a original Strauss, has the stand for monument Lanmer a piece which of the walls, the quote works of three general family.

The Paris Grand Opera for a year, four government pays \$16,000,000. The present Opera has years of its existence 10 operas and 13 ballets.

Edward Macdonald can composer whose general recognition in land, too, is now paying compositions. He has play a concerto and work of his own at a party in London. He has written a choral work for fish festivals to fill up

Paderewski is about through Germany, through Spain and long expected new opera produced in early spring. Meanwhile the composition of the words an over to Dr. de San Martin libretto is by Nossiq, sculptor, and it deals with the fiefs of medieval times gypsies.

A western music tea the assertion made in "Writers," that Beethoven great song writer because born vocal composer as served his best ideas gives the following into doubtless interest singing. "One can sing ten songs with less effort than one of Beethoven's, be mostly instrumental in sequence, very tiring best collection, by far, were not composed as by Silcher, who used 20 Sonatas, Op. 26, of the Allegretto, etc. This good, and is published gart."

TALK OF THE

The Valentine Stock its third week with a and Juliet, Mr. Ever Nora O'Brien being in play was beautifully costumed.

Miss O'Brien made dainty, girlish loveliness fill the role in a play acting left nothing to roughly finished and cl particular.

Mr. King made a though he was not near role as in Hamlet. His interpretation of the so thoroughly original conceptions.

Last season Miss K the nurse and received time. She was seen Monday night, throw heart and soul and win on every hand.

It was a pleasure too in the part of Mercury good was he in every indeed, it might be said of the cast added verbiage of the production rounding out a most first worthy performance. The Gilded Fool, a play Nat Goodwin, was given today. Institute.

The Institute was earlier part of the week company who essayed "Tom," but didn't.

Clyde Fitch's new play "The Horse Marines"

Music and The Drama

SONGS AND UNDERSTONES.

Florodora is making a big success at the New York Casino.

Miss Lillian Blauvelt after a most successful western tour has returned to Europe, but will visit America again in March.

The hundredth anniversary of the death of Chatterton on Jan. 11 was celebrated at Vienna by a performance of his Matrimonio Segreto.

Charles Frohman is giving a burlesque festival in New York with Edna May and a great array of talent in a musical comedy entitled "The Girl from up There."

Johann Strauss, a grand nephew of the original Strauss, has composed, in aid of the fund for monuments to Strauss and Lanner a piece which shows the history of the waltz, the quotations being from the works of three generations of the Strauss family.

The Paris Grand Opera gives 190 performances a year, four of them free. The government pays \$160,000 to cover expenses yet there is always a large deficit. The present Opera house during the 23 years of its existence has brought out 41 operas and 12 ballets.

Edward Macdonald is the only American composer whose works have received general recognition in Germany. England, too, is now paying attention to his compositions. He has been invited to play a concerto and conduct an orchestral work of his own at a philharmonic concert in London. He has also been asked to write a choral work for one of the English festivals to fill up half a programme.

Paderewski is about to undertake a tour through Germany, followed by tours through Spain and Scandinavia. His long expected new opera "Mauro" will be produced in early spring at Dresden, and meanwhile the composer has confided a copy of the words and played the music over to Dr. de San Martino of Rome. The libretto is by Nossiq, the Polish poet and sculptor, and it deals with the tribal conflicts of mediæval times between slaves and gypsies.

A western music teacher commenting on the assertion made in "Songs and Song Writers" that Beethoven failed to be a great song writer because he was not a born vocal composer and because he reserved his best ideas for his larger works, gives the following information which will doubtless interest singers:

"One can sing ten or more Schubert songs with less effort than is required for one of Beethoven's, because the latter are mostly instrumental in character, and consequently, very tiring to the voice. The best collection, by far, of Beethoven songs were not composed as songs, but adapted by Silcher, who used the themes of the Sonata, Op. 26, of the Eighth Symphony Allegretto, etc. This collection is very good, and is published by Zornsteeg, Stuttgart."

TALK OF THE THEATRE

The Valentine Stock Company opened its third week with a production of Romeo and Juliet. Mr. Everett King and Miss Nora O'Brien being in the title part. The play was beautifully staged and correctly costumed.

Miss O'Brien made an ideal Juliet, her dainty, girlish loveliness enabling her to fill the role in a pleasing manner; her acting left nothing to be desired, so thoroughly finished and clever was it in every particular.

Mr. King made a very good Romeo, though he was not nearly so good in this role as in Hamlet. Still one must admire his interpretation of the great dramatist, so thoroughly original are his methods and conceptions.

Last season Miss Kate Blanche played the nurse and received due credit at the time. She was seen again in the role on Monday night, throwing into it all her heart and soul and winning golden opinions on every hand.

It was a pleasure too, to see Mr. Hagar in the part of Mercutio, so thoroughly good was he in every particular. And, indeed, it might be said that every member of the cast added very materially to the success of the production and aided in rounding out a most finished and praiseworthy performance. Later in the week The Gilded Fool, a play made famous by Nat Goodwin, was given and is the bill at today's matinee.

The Institute was occupied in the earlier part of the week by a comic opera company who essayed to sing Prince Pro Tem,—but didn't.

Olyde Fitch's new play, "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines" opened in Philadel-

phia last Monday. A number of well known people are in the cast.

Lady Huntsworth's Experiment is making a hit in New York.

Maudie Adams' Boston engagement in L'Aiglon begins next Monday.

Viola Allen has made a distinct success in "In the Palace of the King" at the Theatre Republic, New York.

Ellen Terry has once again taken the trouble to deny the oft repeated rumor that she is meditating early retirement from the stage.

Marie Dressler's new production "Miss Prim", is a happy burlesque that is making money for the actress and her managers.

Wilson V. Bennett, here upon several occasions with Price Webber, died recently while the company was playing in Maine.

Chauncy Olcott, a great favorite at the N. Y. Fourteenth Street Theatre, will be seen there next week in a new play called "Garrett O'Magh."

Mary Mansering's success in Janice Meredith is justifying all predictions. The star herself appears to be a special object of popular admiration.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell expects soon to appear in a version of Echegaray's "Maritana" prepared for her by Arthur Symonds. Miss Constance Fletcher and Max Beerbohm are also writing plays for her.

Henrietta Crossman has decided to take "Mistress Nell" on tour somewhat earlier than was expected considering the unabated popularity of the piece and the crowded houses at the Savoy, New York.

The House That Jack Built, in which Tom Wise of pleasant memory is playing, is to be withdrawn from the Madison Square theatre, in favor of Madeline Lucette Ryley's comedy "My Lady Dainty."

"Herod," is still running strongly in London and it is expected to last until the middle or end of February, but Mr. Tree is completing his cast for a revival of Twelfth Night. It has now been decided that Maud Jeffries will play the part of Olivia.

In the Dane's Defence, Margaret Anglin has scored one of the great triumphs of her successful career. The piece is running at the Empire theatre, N. Y., and Mail and Express of that city says Miss Anglin's work in the court room scene in the third act was one of the best pieces of work ever seen in that city.

The listener in the Boston Globe has the following about a couple of young vaudeville people well known here, viz; Jack Tucker and Eva Williams: "Have you seen 'Skinny's Finish'? If not, lose no time it is one of the few character sketches that combine farce and pathos naturally and without effort. Eva Williams is as clever an artist as steps, and she gets under the skin of the poverty-stricken belle of tough New York in a style that captivates me. When all is done and said, you are thankful it is only an impersonation, so true is it to life."

The Paris correspondent of the London Times writes: "The Odeon Theatre some time ago instituted a practice which deserves mention. During the entr'actes of the plays produced here the band of M. Colonne plays in the magnificent and spacious galleried foyer on the first floor, classical authors or modern authors destined to become classic. The innovation is very welcome, for the prolongation of the entr'actes in the Paris theatres is one of the great drawbacks to theatre going in Paris, half of the three or four hours spent at the theatre being absorbed by these intervals, during which the foreigner whose acquaintances are limited is bored to death."

Says the New York Mail and Express editorially: Clement Scott, who is developing into a most inclement person, and who is missed in yellow journalism as sadly as is John L. Sullivan, is in a tree again and hoping that nobody will discover his hiding place. A while ago he made the curious statement that there were no pure women on the stage. It was one of those easy, irresponsible utterances that are oftener associated with the rustic pulpit than with the office of a city newspaper, but it made such a dust that Mr. Scott was unable to see through it for a week. Now he comes out from an humble retirement of several months to inform the British public that while the people on the stage may be shockingly virtuous, they are all of no consequence as actors.

People have grown so used to differences of opinion among American newspapers that they do not indulge in protests or sarcasm or convulsions whenever they disagree with anything in print; but in England the press is one of the sacred monuments, and is not permitted by public sentiment to go wrong, much. Hence

Mr. Scott's opinion has been taken seriously to heart by the British actor who, deputizing Mr. Beerbohm Tree as his spokesman, has begged to remark that the British actor is as great as ever. If the action of Mr. Tree in making this proclamation avows of bashfulness, it is yet better that the defense should have come from him than from Irving, for had Irving, who is by popular consent the most important of English players, taken up the cudgels against Mr. Scott, he would be charged by that worthy with sounding his own trump of fame and that would be even more ill-advised than making a haul of fame.

That Mr. Scott might possibly be right is not to be thought of for an instant. All but three or four of the English actors are in America, and the others have declared their intention of coming over here to live—not that American dollars enter into the consideration, but they like our various climate. And from the opportunities which these artists have given to us for their study we should say that Mr. Tree is right and Mr. Scott must, therefore, be wrong, and he owes an apology to America which shelters the worthy people who find only despite in their own land. We leave the question to our matinee girls, if the English actors aren't just too sweet for anything.

Neighborhood Kindness.

Mrs. Potter is a woman of sterling worth and simple piety, but she has a way of expressing her opinions which sometimes gives offense to sensitive people.

A neighbor's daughter, an excellent but unusually plain young woman, was about to be married, and Mrs. Potter went to see her a few days before the wedding.

"Well now, Mary Ann," said Mrs. Potter, as she sat looking at the bride elect, "it's a good thing you and James have decided not to wait any longer. Both of you are getting on, and besides that, nobody knows when a man may be turned aside from the path of duty by a pretty face. What is your wedding gown to be, my dear?"

"White silk," responded poor Mary Ann, endeavoring to look comfortable.

"Ah, my dear, white's pretty trying, I think," said Mrs. Potter, faithfully, "though of course it's common for brides to wear it, and all things considered, looks don't matter much in your case. Of course James realizes that the Lord doesn't judge by outward appearances, and he's chosen the better part and decided to do the same."

"Yes'm," said Mary Ann, with due meekness.

"And besides," added the comforting visitor, with a smile of great benevolence, "if you were to wear a color, Mary Ann, it would look to any stranger that might happen into the church as if you'd been married before, and its better to sail under your own flag at times like this, no matter if 'tis unbecoming, for of course you aren't a widow, though there's been plenty of time for you to be."

Postal Matters in Hungary.

Some ten years ago three American travellers visited a country post office in Hungary for the purpose of posting letters and buying stamps. Their experience was not greatly different from what might be that of travelled Hungarians in this country. It is told, however, in a way to amuse.

After the postmaster and his wife had carefully read all the addresses, and had marveled long at the range of our correspondence we succeeded in communicating to their dazed senses the fact that we wanted to buy a stock of stamps of various denominations.

"What! So much money for stamps? Impossible!" protested the old man and his echoing wife. "You are already sending away florins' and florins' worth on these letters!"

"But we want a stock of stamps to keep for our convenient use," we urged.

"Yes, yes, you want to use them, but why don't you buy them as you need them?" was the reply, as he shut the drawer under his elbow, apparently loath to part with any of its precious contents.

Arguments were useless, and we gave up the notion of securing a variety. We reduced our demand to a humble request for a few ten kreutzer stamps for foreign postage.

"Ah, no!" he said. "I can't let you have any ten kreutzer stamps, for the sheets haven't been broken into yet, and it is near the end of the month, when I make up my books, and I can't have my accounts confused by selling ten kreutzer stamps to any one."

We compromised on a double number

of five kreutzer stamps, the ones in use for local postage.

Financial Junglers.

Some months ago a United States commissionaire, taking a house in Porto Rico, hired a man to wash the windows and another to scrub the floors. The bills submitted were for twelve and seven dollars respectively. "What does this mean?" was the astonished query. "Twelve dollars, man, for one day's work? You must be crazy."

"Oh," came the courteous reply, "of course I only expect a dollar and a half for myself, but that is the way we always made out bills for Spanish officers."

"Take back your bills," was the emphatic reply, "and make them out honestly."

While such an incident warms the pride of the United States, the honest reader cannot ignore the current outcrop of great embezzlements in our own banking-houses, nor certain less important incidents of the past week.

Three clerks were recently dismissed from a prominent savings-bank. They were neat, accurate, prompt, and in no case had tampered with accounts. The directors discovered, however, that one had speculated to the extent of ten dollars in Wall street, and the other two had made small bets at a society race-course. "They were men of good character," said one of the bank officers, "but they were seen where none of our employees ought to be."

Some months ago a young man in the office of a New York banker consulted him about the collateral of a loan he proposed to make at twelve per cent interest.

"Don't do it!" said the banker.

"Why not? The interest is high and the security ample."

"No," was the reply; "there is only one better rate than six per cent., and that is seven. When you get above that in this state the security is never good."

Periods of financial prosperity offer perhaps greater temptations to young men than times of general economy, but the principles of honorable finance are unalterable. The young lady who was so impressed with palmistry that she really changed her character to conform to the lines in her hand is a not unworthy example. If these modern instances of financial turpitude work in any reader a juster appreciation of the money line in his life's palm, they will not have been repeated here in vain.

Why He Sang.

"Isn't it a grind, Phil?" asked one member of a college glee club to another. "I don't see how you can give up your Sunday afternoons to that mission."

"It is exciting," replied Phil, "and at first I thought it a burden, but to tell the truth I've come to like it."

"Oh, I don't doubt it does good, but the thing that would trouble me most would be the character of their music—that cheap, commonplace sort of stuff, you know."

"Well," said Phil, "it isn't classic, I know but it seems to be the kind that reaches those men and does them good, so I go ahead."

"I wonder at it, Phil, for your taste isn't of that sort."

Phil was silent a moment, and then, with heightened color and a lower tone, he said:

"I'll tell you what helped me to get over that. You know Professor Mason? Well, he plays for them. That man who has won honors at the conservatories abroad, and whose appreciation of good music is as much finer than mine as mine is than some of the men in the mission—he goes down there Sunday afternoon, after playing that magnificent organ at Grace Church in the morning, and sits down at that old pan of a piano, and plays those tinkling, cheap revival hymns, and puts his whole heart into it."

"I had some fine ideas about the seriousness of art and all that, and was tempted not to go there and sing; but when I saw that man and heard him there, I gave it up."



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up. If he can stand it for the sake of the good he is doing, I guess I can."

And so Phil sang on. No one who knew him ever suspected that he had lost his love of good music. On the other hand, there crept into his work in the glee-club a certain richness that had not been there before. "I've learned something about putting my heart into the song," he explained, modestly, when a friend asked him about it.

There is a cheap and thin culture which educates one above the needs of other people; a deeper, truer culture brings a heart sympathy which puts one in touch with them without condescension. The girl who has been away to study music, and come home with just enough education to despise the home choir in which she formerly sang, or the rickety girl's church organ which formerly she played, and the hymns which her parents love and which she formerly sang, has not had too much culture, but too little, and that of too shallow a sort. The noted organist and popular teacher taught his pupils many lessons, but the best of all his teaching was that which he imparted to his pupils.



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

KINGS COUNTY CONVENTION.

The supporters of the local government will meet to-day to elect a candidate for the local legislature. The convention will, no doubt, be representative and there should be no difficulty in selecting a candidate who will be easily returned. The defeat of the liberal candidate in the federal contest has possibly made the opposition party more hopeful of success than they would be otherwise, but, on the other hand, the tremendous majority of Hon. Dr. FUGSLEY in September shows that the local government is stronger than ever it was in Kings county.

It is very likely that a candidate will be chosen from the upper end of the county. Several names have been mentioned but that of Mr. ORA P. KING seems to obtain most favor. Mr. KING is well known in the municipal affairs of the county and his profession has brought him in contact with the leading men in every parish. There is no doubt that he would be accepted but whether he is the choice of the convention should receive the undivided support of the local and liberal party of Kings.

A MILLIONAIRE'S POSSESSIONS.

The appraisers' list of the property owned by the late CORNELIUS VANDERBILT discloses some novel and interesting facts. As appraised for taxation, Mr. VANDERBILT'S estate amounted to about seventy-three million dollars, twenty millions 'real' and fifty-three millions 'personal.' In the list of personal property were named about seventy different classes of securities. Fifty of them would sell for more than their face value. Six or eight of the holdings that are worth less than par represent shares in enterprises undertaken for the general good, which probably were never expected to pay a dividend. With possibly one exception, there is not a share of 'wildcat' stock in the list. Mr. VANDERBILT bought no gold bricks.

Although Mr. VANDERBILT'S income from his personal estate was about seventeen hundred thousand dollars, five thousand dollars a day, it is important to remember that this represented less than four per cent. interest on the fifty-three millions—another proof of the judicious character of his investments. The mere 'gilt-edged' security, the smaller the net return it makes, as a rule. Mr. VANDERBILT preferred not to sacrifice permanent value for the mere possibility of larger gains.

Many people picture to themselves a millionaire who is greatly interested in railways and similar enterprises and a bold inveterate speculator. It is true there are rich men who hazard great sums; but substantial fortunes, those that are perpetuated in a family, are built up as Mr. VANDERBILT'S was, by sure and steady gains. He could afford to 'take chances'; yet it is impossible to conceive him giving a second thought to the wild schemes which—because they promise large dividends—charm hard-earned dollars out of poor men's pockets. And these are things for poor men to ponder.

DIGNITY AND HUMOR.

It has taken centuries for the world to learn that the man who professionally makes us laugh may be respected. The court fool, the strolling jester, the buffoon were despised; there is a lingering reluctance to acknowledge dignity in the humorist.

Great men, men great in other ways, may be droll or witty incidentally—that is different. Even then there will be admir-

ers who are uneasy in their laughter. Some excellent citizens of the republic used to wish that ABRAHAM LINCOLN would not make jokes. Many more appreciated his jokes, but would have thought it nonsense to say, what all historians now admit, that his humor was in truth part of his power.

Today we begin to realize how precious a quality is true humor—twin to charity brother to wisdom. Lately, too, we have had new reason to perceive with what noble characteristics it may be allied in its possessors. Our own Mark Twain, long a source of wholesome merriment to his countrymen, has become also an object of serious pride, for his gallant and successful struggle to meet obligations which he might legally have disregarded, but which he felt rested upon his honor.

The late Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, we learn, was struggling with a cruel malady while he composed "Pinafore," fainting from pain between bar and bar of the merriest music. Shall his courage be less honored because he made us laugh?

"As the cracking of thorns under a pot so is the laughter of the fool," and it is most readily evoked by folly, cruelty and vulgarity. Not so the laughter of the sane and sensible. It cheers, it refreshes, it illuminates, it leaves man friendlier toward man. Those who have the art to call it forth are benefactors of their kind.

Free Gas.

Much has been said and written of the offensive odors arising from the Gas house sewers in the south end. The people of Lower Cove have made a strong protest without avail. The citizens in higher attitudes are now putting in their plea that the city should intervene and in some manner prevent the continuance of this offensive odor. The board of health should do something in this matter as there is not the least doubt that much of the typhoid and other form of fever during the summer months was due, in a great measure, to this much-dreaded and very offensive offal.

A Compostion.

It is the custom of the teachers in the public schools of Washington, says the Record, to take the pupils of the younger grades to the National Zoological park at least once every term for the double purpose of giving them a day of recreation and a lesson in natural history. Upon their return the children are required to give the result of their observations in writing. Here is a sample from a bright minded 11 year old whose father occupies a high official position.

"Lions always walk except wnt they eat and they grow. Their roar is terrifying to men and other beasts when heard in the forest but when they are in cages it sounds like they were sorry about something. Their tails are not so long as the monkey's according to their size but keep swishing all the time and the seals can make just as loud a noise and have more fun in the water. They are cats no matter what you think and their size has nothing to do with it and they think without talking. Once a donkey a lion's skin and went around bragging about it, but the other donkeys got on to him and killed him because he talked so much. That showed he was a donkey. Keep still when you are thinking."

"Have you fastened the windows, dear P?" she asked, as they were about to retire for the night. "No. What's the use? I gave you the last dollar I had to buy that new winter hat, and we needn't fear burglars." "But they might sit down on the hat, you know."

He Found One.

In rather dense weather a vessel was making up the Channel. The pilot (an Irishman) was in charge of the bridge, and the skipper leaned beside him on the rail.

"Pilot," asked the skipper, anxiously, for the second time, "are you quite sure you know all the rocks hereabouts?" "I do, sorr," was the cheerful reply, "very wan, and," as the ship struck heavily, "begorra, that's wan of them!"

An Indiana court has decided that husband and wife are two, and that if the husband gives his note to his wife, he must pay her just as though she were a stranger. The domesticity of the twentieth century is evidently going to take on a serious aspect for the believer in the old theory that husband and wife are one, and that one is the husband.

With courts ordering husbands to pay wives the money borrowed from them, a new terror is added to the perils of matrimony.—Baltimore American.

"I don't know where my next meal is coming from, Mister," said the tramp to the man with the baggage, who was moving along West street in New York. "And I don't know where my next meal's going to," said the stranger, as he hurried to board the outgoing ocean steamer.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

When May has tea at five, The sky is always cheerful, Although the early day, Is looking dark and dreary, And everything a-stray, The afternoon is ever bright, And hopes are never dreary; And all the gloom is filled with light When May has tea at five.

Sometimes when sad and lonely, In dismal dark and rain; And all the prospect only, Is full of doubt and pain; A d tria we can ne'er forget, Keep one but half alive; All wish in a magic spell, When May has tea at five.

Her day is most delightful, Of all such days we keep; The week till then is frightful, Shall like the hours creep. But after day draws near, What bliss I then derive; From knowing life is dearer, When May has tea at five.

A hundred friends may bow and smile, A hundred shake his hand; But for a moment they bewilder, While May is simply grand. She knows it through no word I speak, Though with my will I strive; But I am happier all the week, When May has tea at five.

The Wind in The Evergreens. When the drifted snow has hidden Roads and fences from our sight, And the moon floats through the Heavens Like a frozen ball, at night, Flooding all the high stretches with a ghostly, bluish light, I like to be and conjure Up old ball forgotten scenes, As the savage wind goes howling Through the sighing evergreens.

There's a cottage I remember, With an orchard in the rear; There's a winding pathway leading, To a spring that bubbles near— And the hope that I drank from bears the rest of many a year! There's a peach tree near the window Of the room where I sat last night, In the long ago, and listened To the wind howl away.

When a range of snowy mountains Stretch a long winding line, When the great pine meadow Has become an icy plain, What a joy it is to snuggle under quilts and count stars, And hear the peach tree creaking, At the corner where it leans, While the wind goes madly shrieking Through the moaning evergreens.

When the ruminating cattle Stand in bedding to their knees; When the sheep are warmly shivered, And the kittens in the kitchen are as happy as you please— When father's work is ended, And mother sits and sews, There's a wondrous mystic music In the angry wind that blows.

Ah! the rambling little sheepfold's Woe herds are no longer seen; The horses are no longer brachling at the fragrant hay; But the old-time kitchen stove so happy kitchen play, And out behind the village church, A noisy crowd of little boys, Above two mounds of earth which the wind Sighs through the evergreens.

The Blackthorn Blossom. Have you ever seen it—the blackthorn blossom Snowy white on the gray bough, The glow of green where it may blossom, The bushier bare as the trees are now? My wish is to see it with me'er a care, In my wish I'll give it all my care, How o' it charmed me in childhood's time— The blackthorn blossom white as snow.

Up the green hillside where the hawthorn hoary Leaned o'er many a last year, The glow of green where it may blossom, Of love eternal as 'd by spring, House sparrows mad o'er there mates were in the air, The crown bed esparrrow chirped below, But all in yellow the joyous you'll Flood with me in the snow.

Hard and high was the hawthorn hedge, But here and there the gaps below, Illuming the spring—tons, sides and edges, The freshly opened buds were seen, On old mossed stones the sparrows shining spoke to a heart untouched by woe, O budding woodbine above them I waned, And roush among them the blessed dew.

Oh, day's departed no more forever MAY I my home in Ireland see, But nor time, nor fate, nor seas can sever One happy memory from me. No listless crowd may my song embrown, In vain may my numbers flab and flow, But wh it came I'll hille the blackthorn blossom Spreads out before me, white as snow.

The Vice Above. Lost on the drift,—and where the fell clouds fly The steep above him looms, And strong winds out of distant regions blow The snow in streaming plumes And yawns the rail of the crevasse below In sapphire glooms and glooms.

Along the precipice there is no way That he may surely tread; Slight in his foothold on the slippery stay That trembles to his tread; And chill and terrible the driving day Falls fast about his head.

Could he but hear some loving of the herd, Some mountain bell rang clear; If some familiar sound one moment stirred To guide him, lost in fear! He dares not move—some bucking, leading word A!—could he but hear!

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ADDRESS TO MAJOR GOOD.

The Words of Welcome With Which His Worship Welcomed the Gallant Officer.

It is with great gratification that as mayor I convey to you my heartfelt welcome home with which every citizen of St. John greets you today—both those who belong here and those who belong to other parts of the province. The manner in which you, in company with the other forces in Canada who volunteered for active service in South Africa, have borne yourselves through the terrible privations and hardships of a most arduous campaign, as well as your gallantry and successful operations in action with the enemy, have filled us with pride and gratitude—have brought honor to yourselves—

—have placed Canada in a higher position among the nations than she has occupied before, and in one short year have done more to cement together in one real bond of brotherhood and union the various portions of our great empire with one another, and especially with the great mother-land, than all preceding events added together. We have read with the greatest satisfaction the laudatory words in which your great commander, Earl Roberts, expressed his high appreciation of the manner in which the Canadian troops have borne themselves under his command, and I am sure you must feel honored to have so thoroughly earned his commendation.

Major Gen. Smith Dorrien also issued an order in which he stated that 'He cannot allow the R. C. D. and D. battery and C. M. K. to leave his command without thanking them for the grand work which they have performed for him in the Bellair flying column. In eight of the last nineteen days they have been engaged with the Boers and have proved themselves splendidly brave mounted troops, and it has afforded the major general much pleasure to be able to send to the field marshal detailed accounts of their feats of arms and I have been able to bring to the special notice of the commander in chief five officers and seven non-coms, and men for distinguished conduct in the field during those operations.'

If you naturally feel proud to have earned words of such high commendation from your commanding officers I am sure that your fellow countrymen are just as proud of you—for what you have done in South Africa you have not done for yourselves alone, but your prowess on the field has reflected an undying lustre on this country in whose name you went, and the glory of your achievements will always remain among the brightest and most cherished possessions of the history of our beloved dominion. We feel as a people that we are safe while we can command the services of men like you, who, urged by the patriotic impulse of love of Queen and country, have gone unostentatiously to the field of battle ready to lay down life itself if necessary to uphold the honor of the flag and keep it ununited no matter who may be the aggressor.

Our city is honored by your presence and welcomes you with open arms, and asks these of you who are passing through to accept its hospitality and be its guests while you remain. I have only to add that I hope your future lives will in all respects be happy, useful and successful, as has been your campaign in South Africa.

A Serious Sequel.

True Christmas stories of the latest date can only be told after Christmas. There is in Detroit a model bachelor. Do not jump at the conclusion in this case that it must be the mayor, for there are quite a respectable number of model bachelors in Detroit.

The one we are talking about gave a Christmas dinner, inviting in a multiplicity of relatives and friends of both sexes. They were industriously going through the meat course when a telegram was brought in. This model and wealthy bachelor is so accustomed to receiving appropriate messages on Christmas that he merely waved his hand to the stern-faced uncle at his right and said: 'Read it out.'

The uncle is a man of business, and did not stop to first glance the message over. In a voice that would grace the stump, he read: 'Merry Christmas. Got the ring, and it's a dream. Playing in Chicago this week.'

The name signed was of a favorite speech. The bachelor went white and speechless. The uncle scowled so that he couldn't tell whether he was ast-

ing light meat or dark. One aunt seized the old-time smelling bottle at he curls, and another shook her cork-screw curls furiously as she left the room with a bow that belonged to the first half of the century. Some of the foolish cousins tittered while their elders rebuked them, but it was the bright niece of sixteen who flashed a woman's intuition.

'Why, uncle Charley,' she laughed, 'somebody is trying to play a joke on you.' And that was all there was to it. A bachelor who had not been invited framed the scheme and worked it, but there were some of those relatives who were not to be convinced, and changes in several wills are anticipated.

General Wolsley Only a Strip Lice.

It is pleasant, says the Saturday Evening Post, to come across old warriors who, having fought in many climes against many people are still hale and hearty. The other day one of England's veterans, Field Marshal Sir Frederick P. Haines, celebrated his eighty-first birthday. Just sixty-one years ago he began his career as a warrior, and fifty-five years ago he went through his first campaign, seeing most of the fighting that took place in the Sulej campaign of 1845. Almost the first time he smelt powder he was desperately wounded.

His next campaign was that in the Punjab in 1848-9, and later he fought through the ill-managed Crimean. Twenty years later he was made Commander-in-Chief in India, and was specially thanked by Parliament for his tact and energy in the Afghanistan operations.

The old warrior is hale and hearty and still has an opinion of his own. It is told of him that a dictum of Lord Wolsley's was quoted against one of his own. Sir Frederick rapped his cane on the floor and shouted: 'Wolsley! Wolsley! A clever lad. I'll admit, but a mere striping yet sir, a mere striping! As Lord Wolsley is only sixty-seven, that settled it of course.'

Household Hints.

Bruised clothes kept among furs frighten moths away. Never let a child sob itself to sleep. Sponge black silk with spirits to revive it.

Whiting and lime juice cleans ivory knife handles. The busy housewife should get an hour's sleep in the afternoon. Apply arnica to a bruise if the skin is broken. If broken wash the bruise and apply vaseline.

A stitch in time saves nine. Lemons stewed separately in dry sand keep fresh. Cut glass needs scrubbing with warm water and soap. When the dirt is removed rinse it well with warm water.

An egg beaten up in milk is a good pick-me-up. Soot covered with salt is easily brushed up. When grease is spilt on wood, cold water should follow.

Dry hair turns gray sooner than moist tresses do. Sufferers from dyspepsia should not drink while eating. If your clothes catch fire, instantly roll on the floor.

A hot bath taken at night affords refreshing sleep. When you want to cut whalebone, warm it by the fire. Crawl out of a room where there are smoke and fire. If possible, hold a wet towel to your face while escaping, says the Boston Sunday Journal.

Brief From Billville.

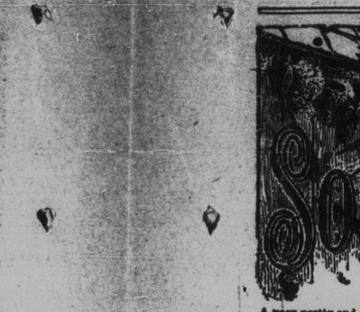
The R-publians we banished six days before the election are slowly returning home. A cordial welcome to all! What we want to do now is to build up the town. Our losses on the recent election were not great—consisting of one brindle cow and seven friends. We are now back to business with 'Welcome' over the door.

Now that the country has settled down for four years we extend the glad hand of forgiveness to all our enemies who won money from us.

Major Jones, our late leading Republican, died two hours after we went to press. We will try and locate him however in our next issue.

Night in Chicago.

Conductor—'Why didn't you stop for them three fellows that signaled?' Motorman—'I got me week's salary in me pocket, and you bet I aint taking chances like that!'



A very pretty and important week was the marriage of Miss Holden, daughter of Dr. C. F. Fullen, of New Brunswick of this city.

The marriage took place at 10 o'clock on Wednesday at Richardson's officiating.

The invited guests included twelve of the contracting party's hour appointed for the ceremony was filled with friends and supplies of the popular young couple.

Precisely at 1:30 the bride leaning on the arm of her groomed in cream satin, an heavily trimmed with white tulle veil was caught with white heather. The bouquet was white heather, white Holiden, looked prettily of cream serge with white tulle.

The bride's hair was styled in the latest fashion, and she carried a white tulle veil with white heather, white Holiden, looked prettily of cream serge with white tulle.

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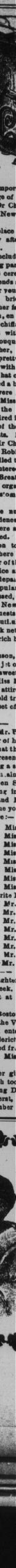
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ANNAPOLIS BOYAL.

Jan. 4.—Principal H. W. Messenger of the Le-... Mrs. Warren Marshall, and daughter Clytie...

It is with deep regret that the many friends of Mrs. E. F. Baker, of the 'Bungalow' learned that on Friday afternoon she received a cable from England...

On Thursday of last week Mrs. Fred Armstrong gave a children's party in honor of her daughter, little Miss Phyllis. In the evening Mrs. Armstrong entertained a number of her friends at a very pleasant little dance.

Miss Blanche Ruggles of Bear River spent part of her vacation with her cousin Miss Estie Newcombe at Brooklyn Corner.

Miss Annie Mar chant who has been spending the vacation at her home in Brooklyn street has returned to Truro.

Count de Bozouart and family left last Thursday for Campbellton, New Brunswick where they will in future reside.

Miss Blanche Ruggles of Bear River spent part of her vacation with her cousin Miss Estie Newcombe at Brooklyn Corner.

Miss Geo Ross of New Ross who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. R. W. White of this town returned to his home last week.

Miss Alice Fullcover of this town who has been spending several months in Boston and vicinity has returned home.

Mr. W. E. Hall and bride of Bridgetown have been spending a few days in town the guest of the bride's brother, Mr. Wallace Hawksworth.

Miss Belle Knefeld of Upper Dyke Village is spending her holidays with her parents. She leaves this week to resume her studies at Halifax.

Miss Beattie Freeman of Wolfville has been spending a few days in town.

Jan 7.—The opening of the rink Thursday evening was attended by a large number of skaters and spectators, who enjoyed the excellent ice, pretty decorations and fine music rendered by the band.

Jan 8.—Miss Minnie Parker, Fredericton, is visiting her cousin, Mrs. James H. Wilbur.

Miss Aita Adams of Fredericton, is spending a season with her aunt, Mrs. Arthur Bailey.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Higgins, Bel River were guests at the Victoria last week.

Thomas Kelly, Fort Frost, paid a visit to his old home-town, Woodstock, last week.

Miss Stella Dalling, who has been sick for a week, was able to resume her duties Wednesday.

Hallam Drysdale, who has been spending the holiday season in Fredericton, returned home Tuesday.

Mrs. John Donnelly and Miss Donnelly returned from St. John, this week, where an enjoyable visit was spent.

Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Scholey, Centreville, spent a couple of days in town last week. They registered at the Carlisle.

Mrs. James C. Doherty and two children, of St. John spent the holiday season with Mrs. Doherty's sister, Mrs. Isaac Hamm.

Mr. A. O. Putnam, M. B. McKay and the Misses Pearl Jones and Dora D. Shaw, of Houlton, registered at the Carlisle on Monday last.

Mrs. Woods of Fredericton, spent New Year's with her daughter, Mrs. John Atherton, Mrs. Atherton has been quite ill, but is now some better.

Late reports say Mrs. Kimball of Waterville, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. C. L. Tilly, and who has been very ill, is gaining slowly.

Miss Blanche Bibble left on Monday to visit friends at Boston.

TRINGS OF VALUE.

Daughter—But he is so full of absurd ideas. Mother—Never mind that. Your father was just the same before I married him.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy for all ills to which flesh is subject—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would remove one ill, in turn would aggravate the other.

Do Not Delay.—When, through debilitated digestive organs, poison flows in its way into the blood, its prime consideration is to get the poison out as rapidly and thoroughly as possible.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician.

Everything which is done has been done before. 'Oh, so,' when a man has just been done you can't do him over again.

Still Another Triumph.—Mr. Thomas S. Bullen, Sutherland, writes: "For fourteen years I was afflicted with piles; and frequently I was unable to walk or sit, but four years ago I was cured by using Dr. Thomas' Eucalypti Oil. I have also been subject to Quinsy for over forty years, but Eucalypti Oil cured it, and it was a permanent cure in both cases, as neither the Pills nor Quinsy have troubled me since."

Advertisement for Calvert's Carbolic Soaps, Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient.

Advertisement for Farm Help, ANYONE IN NEED OF FARM HELP should apply to Hon. A. T. Dunn at St. John, as a number of young men who have lately arrived from Great Britain are seeking employment.

Advertisement for Winsor & Newton's Oil Colors, Water Colors, Canvases, etc., etc., etc.

Advertisement for Cafe Royal, Bank of Montreal Building, 56 Prince Wm. St., St. John, N. B.

Advertisement for The Dufferin, This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests.

Advertisement for Victoria Hotel, 51 to 57 King Street, St. John, N. B.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING AUGUST 11, 1900.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Amount. Includes Income (\$58,890,077.21), Disbursements (38,597,480.68), Assets (304,844,637.62), Policy Reserves (261,711,988.61), Guarantee Fund or Surplus (50,132,648.91), Insurance and Annuities in Force (1,052,665,211.64), Loans on Policies During the Year (4,374,636.86).

J. A. JOHNSON, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland.

ROBERT MARSHALL, Cashier and Agent, St. John, N. B. M. McDADE, Agent, St. John, N. B. C. E. SCAMMELL, Agent, St. John, N. B. JOHN ADAMS DIXON, Agent, St. John, N. B.

Job... Printing.

Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, or Envelopes running short? Do you consider that you could effect a saving in this part of your business? Why not secure quotations your work before placing an order?

Consult Us for Prices.

And you will find that you can get Printing of all kinds done in a manner and style that is bound to please you. We have lately added new type to our already well-equipped plant, and are prepared to furnish estimates on all classes of work at short notice.

Progress Job Printing Department. 29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

Advertisement for Cafe Royal, Bank of Montreal Building, 56 Prince Wm. St., St. John, N. B.

Advertisement for The Dufferin, This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests.

Advertisement for Victoria Hotel, 51 to 57 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Year Pharmacy display at Toiletries, Perfumery, every description.

Given Free to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Memorial.

MONUMENT FUND, 180 Monroe St., Chicago.

Tommy and Roosevelt's serial, Davis's articles, The Russia.

ER A. W. Workers'.

ES by age, mpson,

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FIFTY by Sena.

FEATURES ILLUSTRATED American.

ES, LARGE, illus.

schemes (in and white) by ON CLARK, HENRY MO. L. HELMEN.

Prosecutors Press. R'S SONS, York.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1901.

Bold Women

Robbers.

'The public may not appreciate the state of affairs,' said the proprietor of an American hotel, 'but I believe that it is a fact that thousands of men are robbed every month in New York and few of the robbers are punished. There is not a night that I do hear of at least ten robberies in the district between Fourteenth and Forty-second street, west of Madison avenue. The majority of the persons robbed are merchants from out of town who come to New York to purchase goods. Once in while the merchant may be bold enough to go to the police and report that he was robbed, but in 90 per cent. of the cases the man robbed fears publicity and keep away from the police station.

'This is due to the fact that all these robberies are the work of well dressed women, who may be seen any night walking on upper Broadway. These women try to flirt with the stranger as he goes from his hotel after supper to see a show or to enjoy a walk. In many cases the women have for accomplices men who are employed in doing odd jobs about hotels. These men report the arrival of guests who may be made victims and in some cases point out the guest to the woman who is to do the robbing. When the merchant strolls up Broadway the tipster points him out and tells all he has been able to learn about the man. Then like the bunco men, the female thieves swoop down upon their prey armed with facts and figures relating to the man's home, occupation and business. The girl thus informed walks up to the merchant and says in her sweetest tones.

'Why Mr. So-and-so, what are doing in New York? How is everybody in Soch and such a place?' naming the town in which the merchant lives.

'She may follow this up by saying that she was once employed in a dry goods store in the merchant's native town or she may say she is the divorced wife of some of the men living there. She may say that she is the daughter of a prominent citizen or any other thing that she thinks will aid her in her scheme. Then she explains that she is in New York on a visit to a friend a schoolmate who is married and living here. Generally she pretends to be in a jolly mood, because as she explains her lady friend had her out all afternoon drinking cocktails while on a shopping tour. Incidentally she says that her friend's husband has gone to Chicago, so they have the house all to themselves.

'If you wish, you might call on me before you go back home,' she adds.

'As a rule the merchant invites her to a theatre or to supper. Then they have some drinks and if she finds that he has a great deal of money in his pockets she suggests that they drop in at some out-of-the-way place where no one will notice them. She generally says 'I wouldn't have anyone see me with you for the world, because the story might reach your wife and then there would be trouble.'

'The merchant permits himself to be jollied and coaxed until the young woman makes an excuse to leave him for a few minutes. When she fails to return he goes to pay for the last round of drinks he has ordered and then finds that all his money is gone. Of course he explains matters and is promptly told that the girl who had been in his company is a thief and that she would not have been served in the place had it not been for the fact that the manager believed she was an old time acquaintance of the merchant, having heard the merchant, discussing family affairs and gossip from his native town.

'Then for the first time the merchant realizes that he has been fooled and robbed. After thinking over the matter he comes to the conclusion that the girl is a native of his town and that it would be indiscreet on his part to try to cause her arrest. Cases of this sort are so common that I would be willing to make a wager of a thousand dollars to one that at least \$10,000 is stolen in this way every night. That's a large amount of money to be stolen in one night, but if you make inquiries of man about town they will tell you that the amount averages \$10,000. It is at least that sum, although the figures might startle the New

Yorker who has only heard of gambling houses and poolrooms.

'I know of one case in which a prominent United States official was robbed by a girl of \$600 the other night and I know of a case on that same night in which another woman got \$800 from a Massachusetts manufacturer. There were many smaller cases reported to the police, but the big cases are seldom reported.

'Just ask my hotel clerk about it if you want some information that would startle you. They will tell you that hundreds of men—remember? I said hundreds—are robbed in the Tenderloin every night. Some of the robberies occur in hotels of the medium class and others occur in doorways, hallways, back rooms of saloons and cabs. It is an easy matter for one of these female robbers to rob a man after she has got him in a cab. Sometimes if the merchant is not tipsy enough for her game she drags him. Then she can leave him on the sidewalk of any dark street, for the cabman is ready to help her in the game. I don't include all Tenderloin cabmen when I say this, but a big percentage in the Tenderloin district believe as they are today. Saloon keepers, bartenders and the police know better than any one else that this is a fact. They don't bother stealing anything so small as a ten dollar note, but they look for bigger amounts. They believe it is easier to get away with \$1,000 than \$10. Men who are robbed of a few dollars can't afford to lose the money, as a rule, so they squeal and in many cases get their money back. Then they do not care to make a complaint and the girl who did the job gets away.

But if a man is robbed of a few hundred dollars he will not, as a rule report the matter. There are two reasons for this. Men who carry so much money in their pockets are men who can afford to lose it. Then, again, the majority of the men who are robbed in the Tenderloin are married and cannot afford to go into a court room and admit that they have been around town treating a woman whom they have never met before. The result of this is that the women thieves become bolder and often grab a roll of bills out of a man's hand, pretending they are joking and run away with it.

'The woman who makes a big haul in the Tenderloin tonight will be found in another part of the city tomorrow night. She may go up to the neighborhood of Fifty-ninth street and Eighth avenue tomorrow night, and on the following night she may go further up town to the vicinity of Little Coney Island. On the next night she may be found in the vicinity of Fourteenth street, and the night after in Harlem. At any rate, she will make a tour of the town. This gives her a chance to remain away from the neighborhood in which she became acquainted with the man who was robbed. Sometimes she will go out of New York, to Boston or Philadelphia or Washington, and remain away for a couple of weeks. But as a rule she will not leave New York unless the amount of money she stole is very large. In some cases the amount of money is as high as \$5,000. I believe there were more than a score of such cases during the past year.

'When Pickett was captain of the Tenderloin he was in the habit of going through his precinct every night looking for female thieves, and when he found any of these women, if he could not get a complainant to appear against them in court, he had them taken to the West Thirtieth street police station and there he lectured them and told them that he would see that they were sent to Blackwell's Island if they did not keep away from this precinct. Capt. Price did the same thing. But the old thieves have returned. They have taught other women that they can get money quicker by stealing than in any other way. These thieves frequent the smoking parlors and other dens in the Tenderloin and they are frequently met at the entrances to the big hotels. No one would believe that they were thieves unless he caught them in the act of stealing. They are all good looking, of ages ranging

from 19 to 35. They dress stylishly and they wear big diamonds and other costly jewels. As most of them are women of education they have little trouble in getting their victims interested. When they start off this way they generally throw the victim off his guard and then they have an easy road to travel to his pocketbook.'

Unexpected Interview.

The author of the book of Antarctic explorations, entitled "Through the First Antarctic Night," says that once, in those frozen waters, a sea-leopard interviewed the ship's meteorologist, Arctowski. It was at night, and the scientist was established on an ice-floe, absorbed in his investigations.

The sea-leopard sprang suddenly on the ice-floe through a newly made crack, and then, without a sign of his intentions, crept rapidly over the snow, to examine Arctowski and his delicate instruments.

The explorer had no weapon at hand, and he confesses that he felt little liking for the teeth of the leopard, as it advanced and separated its jaws with a bear-like snort.

The man walked about the floe, the leopard after him. After making two rounds, the animal plunged into the water, swam round the floe, and then raised its head to get one more glimpse of this remarkable human being.

Arctowski made warlike gestures and uttered anathemas in Polish; but the leopard only raised its head higher and higher out of the water and displayed its teeth menacingly. Now and then its lips moved with a weird noise, which seemed to indicate a willingness to meet the new acquaintance somewhere down in the blue water underneath the floe, where they could talk over the matter without interruption. Finally the creature disappeared, and Arctowski breathed again.

The Parson Who Was Sheriff.

'Say, Weary, up in Maine they've gone an' elected a parson to office. They've made him a sheriff.'

'Eh! Sheriff? Well, that makes me remember that I once boarded with a sheriff that had been a parson. He was a cute one, too. Used to hold service an' pass 'round the plate every mornin'. If a feller didn't chip in willingly the sheriff'd have him searched on suspicion. D'ye remember old Jim Slobington, the reformed burglar I wuz telling you 'bout? Yes? He reformed more times than you could count. Well, Jim wuz so much moved by th' sheriff's services that he reformed again an' give the sheriff his note for one hundred dollars, with two forged endorsements on it, to help the cause along. Jim had a good heart if wuz so darned tricky.'

Well Under Way by that Time.

Counsel (examining witness)—'You say you saw the shots fired?'

Witness—'Yes, sir.'

'How near were you to the scene of the affray?'

'When the first shot was fired I was about ten feet from the shooter.'

'Ten feet. Well, now, tell the court where you were when the second shot was fired?'

'I didn't measure the distance.'

'Speaking approximately, how far should you say?'

'Well, I should think that it would be about half a mile.'

Voice of Experience.

Sweet Young Thing—'I am to have my coming out party next week, you know. Tell me some of the things I must do.'

Miss Fypppe—(who came out several seasons ago)—'It won't make any difference, child. Your friends will all say you carried yourself like an angel, and the envious ones will say you were pert and disgusting, or that you didn't know what to do with your hands and feet.'

A Rise in Life.

'Since th' Hoolibaas got rich, I sh'pose they're throwin' on all kinds av shottles.' Murphy—'I sh'd say so! They've changed th' goat's name t' Nannette, b'gob!'

Easy—'Jinks has no faculty for keeping money!'

'Let's it go to whoever asks him for it, I believe!'

'Why, I am told that even his wife can get money from him, if he has it!'

Mrs. Noorock—'That Miss Voicy talked splendidly loud in the box last night. We never had to listen to the play. Where did she learn the gift?'

Mrs. Knewit—'She used to be a member of a church choir.'

Evils Foretold for the Year.

At the beginning of each year prophets and astrologers and all sorts of folks with long distance vision start in to lay bare the future with so much confidence as the rhyme-makers turn out poetry in the first flush of spring. One of the most persistent of these prophets is a person in London known as 'Old Moore.' For many years he has issued in the latter part of December a publication called "Old Moore's Almanac." Just how old Moore is does not appear, but he has been in the business of making almanacs and prophecies for so many years that Londoners have come to look forward to the appearance of his almanac and its prophecies with something of the same interest they manifest toward the holiday season.

As a guesser of what is going to happen 'Old Moore' has been more successful than the majority of those in the same business. Indeed, many Londoners, practical men and women at that, have become firmly convinced that 'Old Moore' can see visions and dream dreams and that they will come true. His almanac for 1900 contained, among other things, the statement that one, and only one, European monarch would be assassinated during the year; that there would be more than one great war, and that India would be visited by a terrible famine. A man in the prophesying business can predict a famine in India in almost any old year and be pretty certain to have the prophecy come true. India rather runs to famines and a person with only short distance sight might venture on a prediction of that kind. It is rather a different matter, however, to guess that just one European sovereign will be assassinated in any one year, as was the case in 1900. Because of these prophecies and others which came true, Londoners have been looking forward with rather unusual interest to 'Old Moore's' almanac for 1901.

The almanac was issued about two weeks ago and, among other predictions, its author made the following:

'In January, there will be a formidable agitation in France and a severe attack will be made upon the Republic.'

'In February and March, most notable events will take place in the extreme east, and India will threaten to rise up against British domination.'

'April will be a comparatively quiet month, although there will be trouble in various quarters during the entire year.'

'In May, Ireland will follow the example of India and rebel against England.'

'In June, the Anarchists will again come to the front and will give the world much to talk about. During the same month the young King of Spain will be in danger from his political enemies and he is cautioned to guard against them.'

'July will be a month of catastrophes the whole world being threatened at this time with misfortunes of various kinds. Those who are planning to take a journey during this month will do well to remain at home.'

'August will be comparatively quiet.'

'During September India will again suffer terribly from famine.'

'During October, the Dervishes will start an agitation which may attain formidable proportions.'

'In November, the kingdom of Holland will attract attention by its dangerous and novel diplomatic policy and the statesmen in the various foreign offices will have to exercise all their skill if they would avoid a conflict.'

'In December here will be insurrections, revolts and strikes in various quarters of the globe. As a rule, they may not be of great importance, yet they will occur at this time and they will be striking features of the month.'

To the lay mind it might appear to be a somewhat hazardous undertaking to fix coming events with the definiteness that 'Old Moore' does. In his almanac this year he has located certain events in certain specific months, and if his prophecy in relation to January doesn't pan out, he is likely to find his reputation as a prophet seriously impaired. It will be seen that the almanac maker reverts to India again and another famine is to trouble that country. Since the Irish have always been

uneasy under British domination, it was comparatively safe for 'Old Moore' to predict that Ireland would rebel against England. Men familiar with the Indian situation, who make no pretensions as prophets, who have no clearer sight than officers in the British Army, have been talking for some time about the possibility of an Indian revolt, so that 'Old Moore' cannot pretend that this prediction is altogether original with him.

The prophecy about the diplomacy of Holland is, perhaps, as interesting as any of 'Old Moore's' prognostications, and the reports from London are that Englishmen are not a little interested in that statement. It is easy to imagine that Holland's sympathy with the Boers might be the first cause of diplomatic complications, but there is nothing to indicate at present that the policy of Wilhelmus will result in getting her disliked at the other courts of Europe.

'Old Moore's' prophecy of insurrections, revolts, and strikes in various quarters of the globe was anticipated as early as Dec. 31, 1899, by a New York woman named Evangeline Adams. At that time Miss Adams, for a consideration, cast the horoscope of Greater New York. She wishes it to be distinctly understood that she is no prophet, nor is she the daughter of a prophet. She's just a plain scientific person and she reads the answers to her questions of the future in the stars. A year ago the stars told her that in 1901 'the passions of men will be stirred and there will be uprisings and riots in which blood will be shed.' Miss Adams also said that 1901 would be famous for exposures of municipal fraud in New York, and would be noted for the scourge of disease which would affect the citizens of that city.

It isn't often one gets a chance to square a latter-day prophet's predictions with the events as they actually happen. It is possible, however, to do this in the case of Miss Adams. She put herself on record and the record has been preserved. For instance, she said that in June and July of last year there would be an epidemic of summer diseases greater than had ever prevailed in New York before. She added that a scourge of sickness would pass over the country and that death would be frequent and terrible.

As a matter of fact, it is pleasant to remember that New York wasn't visited by an epidemic of summer disease in last June and July and the scourge of sickness, followed by 'deaths frequent and terrible,' didn't pass over the country. She prophesied that October, November, and December of last year would be marked by 'many strange and appalling events,' which would 'stir up the minds of the people and cause a feeling of unrest and uncertainty as to what the morrow would bring forth.' Except with a few persons whose digestion was bad, or who had lingered too long over late suppers, there was no special feeling of uncertainty about the morrow during any of the months mentioned.

Miss Adams made a particularly bad guess when she read in the stars that the close of last year would be marked by a great celestial phenomenon. She said that, on the morning of Dec. 2, just before sunrise all the planets, but one, would be in the sign Sagittarius, forming a grand planetary conjunction, a thing which had not occurred before in thousands of years. It is quite possible that all the planets but one were in the sign Sagittarius on the morning of Dec. 2. But the fact didn't disturb anybody and the phenomenon didn't attract any particular attention. Whether or not the conjunction of the planets presaged a war in which all Europe will become involved, as Miss Adams stated, remains to be seen. From the present outlook, however, Miss Adams' deduction from her star reading, that great municipal frauds will be unearthed this year in this town, stands a chance of being borne out by the facts. With all the purifiers at work, something of a sort ought to happen.

Trick-Trigger Sam—Yes, we had a Christmas tree.

What did you hang on it?

Trick-Trigger Sam—Wall-Eyed Pete th' boss thid.

Advertisement for 'Play of Wash Day' and 'PRIZE SOAP'. Includes text: 'PRIZE SOAP', 'Play of Wash Day', 'Carnival!', 'Rink', '25 CENTS.', 'JOHN L. ROBINSON, President.' Also features an illustration of a woman washing clothes.

A Circlet of Love.

IN TWO INSTALLMENTS—PART I.

CHAPTER I.

"And you will be my wife?"

"Why do you repeat that question, Sir Jerom?"

"The answer is an easy one, yet it is all sufficient. Esther, I love you!"

"And you wish for nothing more?"

"I do not understand you."

"I know you do not," very quietly; "but, Sir Jerom, when two people kneel before the hymenal altar, should there not be an equal share of affection in both their hearts?"

"Sir Jerom Farquhar knitted his brow."

"My darling, why do you hesitate? Love must always follow marriage. What matters it if one heart is cold for a little while? Esther, grant me this promise—be my wife, and I swear I will make your life a happy one. Trust yourself to me, and I will do anything—everything to gain your love."

For a moment Esther Lisle stood silently before him, her great dark eyes raised to his with a troubled expression in their melow depths, an expression of mingled doubt and fear—doubt as to whether it would be a crime to wed one she did not love; fear lest by refusing she should wreck his life.

"Be merciful, Esther," he said, taking her white hands tenderly in his; "remember how dearly I love you."

"Sir Jerom, I cannot—oh, I know not now to decide."

"Let me decide for you, sweetheart."

She shook her head bravely and the bright hair drifting over her fair brow shone like burnished gold in the blue starlight.

"If I loved you," she murmured, trembling, "I could—"

"Tell me," Sir Jerom interrupted almost fiercely, "do you care for anyone else?"

"In the way you mean, no."

"Then, my darling, why are you loth to plight your troth to me?"

"Because," she cried passionately, "I am afraid—afraid lest I should never know the great love you speak of."

"How hard you are to win!" he exclaimed, looking wistfully into the beautiful flushed face. "A heart less strong, less earnest than mine would tire of the seemingly hopeless struggle to gain yours, but my great love gives me courage to win you in spite of yourself. Esther, you are my soul's soul, my heart's core, beloved. I will pour at your feet all the sweets the world can give. I will fulfil your every wish, I will be faithful to you unto death."

Esther's head drooped, and her breath went and came quickly as she murmured: "And in return—"

"I would have," Sir Jerom said softly—"I would have the sweet task of teaching you to love."

"Why not complete the task before making me your wife?" she asked simply.

"My innocent one! Do you not know why I want you now? Do you not see I am jealous? Darling, I must have you for my own; such love as mine cannot wait."

Esther was silent.

Thoughts swift and sudden were passing rapidly through her mind.

She looked back upon the quiet uneventful life she had led at the old vicarage, with no companion to break the dull monotony.

True, she had a father and two sisters, but the Reverend Matthew Lisle seldom cared to leave his dingy study, and as to Ruth and Dorothy, they spent most of their time with the sick, or in working for the poor children of the parish.

Then she thought of the home Sir Jerom offered her, where she would be surrounded by every luxury, where she would be beloved.

Beloved! As she breathed the word over and over again in her heart her eyes glowed with a new triumphant light, and a soft rose flush mantled her cheeks.

"Sweetheart," Sir Jerom said, breaking in upon her reverie, "I am impatient to know my fate. Are you content to pass your bright young life with me?"

Still there was no response.

"Esther! Esther!" he went on with passionate eagerness; "for Heaven's sake tell me quickly; is my answer Yes or No?"

A moment's silence, then his voice again fell gently on her ear.

"Let it be yes, Esther."

She raised her deep, dark eyes to his, and the clear, steadfast gaze sent a sudden thrill through his veins.

"As you will, Sir Jerom, as you will!"

"My life! My love! My wife! My dear, my dear, my dear! As you will, as you will, as you will!"

He bent down and would have imprinted a kiss on her sweet lips, but she shrank tremblingly from his embrace.

"Nay," he said, mistaking aversion for shyness. "Look at me, darling, and promise to be my wife. As yet you have spoken no word that can bind you to me, or I should have entered on you that kiss."

Esther cast a swift, wavering glance into the face above her own.

Certainly Sir Jerom was not handsome, nor could he be termed good looking.

"He is old and ugly," she thought to herself; "but he is good, and he loves me."

"Give me that kiss, my dear, and with it pledge your troth to me, that I may know I have not dreamed these blissful moments."

Slowly she disentangled the flower from amongst the soft folds of lace, and as Sir Jerom outstretched his hand to receive it,

she murmured:

"With this flower I give my life into your keeping."

The pretty voice ceased, the sweet face grew whiter than the waxen petals, and Esther, almost unconsciously, drew her hand back till the lily rested again on her breast.

"Must I take the will for the deed?" he asked lightly, too happy to note the despair in the girl's face. "You are slow to part with that lily, and yet you know in return I will give you all that makes life worth the living."

"I do not grudge you this poor, half-faded flower, but—Oh, Jerom," she broke off, her eyes glowing with the intensity of her feelings, "I know not if it be a sin to marry you, not loving you; I know not what my life will be when cast with yours, yet I will trust myself to you, not because I would be mistress of Westlea, but because you love me, and to me love is life!"

With a passionate movement she flung the lily into Sir Jerom's eager hand, and as his fingers closed round it he said earnestly:

"Darling, this flower will always remind me of you, it is so beautiful and—"

"Then he it so," she interrupted absently.

A look of pain crossed the baronet's face, and his voice grew husky.

"Those were cruel words to fall from the lips of my promised wife."

"Forgive me, Jerom. I did not think what I was saying."

"It was a deep thrust to deal at random," he replied with slow bitterness.

"Already I have displeased you, Jerom; let me take back my promise while there is yet time."

"A lily once culled can never bloom on its parent stem, nor can a promise once given be withdrawn."

"Then he it so. If in days to come you should regret having married me, remain here how you pleased to give back the freedom I begged."

"The days you speak of will never come," Sir Jerom said, ashamed of having given way to that outburst of temper. "Esther, if I thought you could not be happy with me, I would leave you free and unfettered. I feel sure you would learn to care for me in time, dear; you will not harden your heart against me?"

"No, I will try to love you."

"Heaven bless you for those sweet words," and he folded her closely in his arms.

She did not speak again or glance into the face of her lover until they reached the vicarage gate.

Then turning abruptly, she put out one small hand that gleamed like ivory in the moonlight. [He looked at her in surprise.]

"I should like to speak to your father, Esther."

"No, no, no, not now," in low, hurried tones: "I will tell him myself first."

"Very well, darling," Sir Jerom answered, pressing the cold white hands tenderly in his; "perhaps it will be better so. Good-night, my little wife—good night."

At the word "wife," a shudder ran through Esther's veins, and she closed her eyes with a sickening dread, as she bent down to kiss her.

"My dearest! you are shivering. The night air has chilled you. Look at me, Esther, and tell me you are mine once more before we part."

"Let me go now; tomorrow, Jerom—tomorrow I will say anything you wish."

"I cannot leave you until you have given me some proof that your promise is sacred."

"What shall I say—oh, what shall I say?" she cried, clasping her hands entreatingly.

"Say, 'Dear Jerom, I am yours for ever and ever.'"

"Dear Jerom," in a low, faltering voice, "I am—"

The trembling tones died away; the first, a d as his glistens fell on the tall, handsome woman standing by his side his face became livid and he reeled as though stunned by a heavy and unexpected blow.

"Gabrielle!" he exclaimed with a smothered oath, "you here?"

"Yes, it is Gabrielle. You look ill, milord. Does the pleasure of this meeting overcome you?"

The words were spoken in good English, though with a pretty accent unmistakably French.

"It is strange," she went on, clasping her other hand over the one already on his arm—"strange that we should meet again on this spot after—"

With a sudden movement Sir Jerom shook her hands from his sleeve.

His white, parched lips moved, but no sound escaped them.

"Absence has made you cold, milord. If you had not called me by my name I should think you had forgotten me."

"Forgotten you! When will you let me forget you?" he cried with a slow, deep anger. "Name of my existence, what devil prompted you to cross my path, and for a second time cast your hated shadow over it? I hoped—I was fool enough to believe I had seen your hated face for the last time!"

The Frenchwoman darted him a keen look.

His bitter words had awakened the slumbering fire in her black eyes and they glared ominously beneath her dark tawny, but her lips still wore a smile as she took a step nearer to him and murmured: "Ah, it was not thus you used to speak

of old—it was not thus you looked when those eyes, now turned so coldly from me, sought mine with seeming love and admiration."

"Be silent, for Heaven's sake! Away! Do not touch me—do not follow me! You have chosen your own path, and now it is too late to turn back. Pass on, Gabrielle Guffroi; go your own way and leave me to go mine!"

"My way is your way. Years ago you courted my love, and when I gave it, flung it back as worthless. Milord, that love, like a poisonous weed, is deeply rooted in my heart. Since we parted it has been rankling there, blighting every other affection and filling my life with bitterness and regret. Sir Jerom Farquhar, I have tried to hate you, I have tried to curse you, but I cannot, and now we have met at last, although I know you to be all that is mean and cowardly—although I scorn and despise you to the very utmost, I stoop to claim the fulfillment of the vow made when our love was young and guileless!"

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"Gone! How?"

"For all answer she held out her hand, and his brow became clouded when he saw the golden hoop he had so lately placed on her finger no longer there.

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"Home?"

"To Westlea Abbey. I had a letter from Harvey this morning. He wants me to let him know what day we intend returning."

A dim presentiment that his would not be so smooth for them when they were regularly settled at the old abbey; a dark foreboding of coming evil made Esther grow thoughtful.

She drew her hand slowly from the water, and as she commenced to dry it, her face grew suddenly white, and a low, startled cry broke from her lips.

"Jerom! my ring; my wedding-ring has gone!"

"Gone! How?"

"For all answer she held out her hand, and his brow became clouded when he saw the golden hoop he had so lately placed on her finger no longer there.

"What have you done? Where is it?"

"There," she said and pointed in the deep shining water. "Oh, Jerom, I am so sorry."

"You should have been more careful, Esther. However, it cannot be helped; we will go at once and get another."

"Another? ay, to satisfy the world! To me no other will have the same solemn meaning the one I have lost had. It was my wedding-ring."

Although Sir Jerom did not say much it was evident he was displeased. A heavy frown settled on his brow and his manner was gloomy and sultry as, on returning to the carriage, he placed his young wife in the footman in quick, imperative tones, and was about to take his seat beside her, when a hand was laid on his arm with a light detaining touch.

With an impatient gesture he turned his head, a d as his glistens fell on the tall, handsome woman standing by his side his face became livid and he reeled as though stunned by a heavy and unexpected blow.

"Gabrielle!" he exclaimed with a smothered oath, "you here?"

"Yes, it is Gabrielle. You look ill, milord. Does the pleasure of this meeting overcome you?"

The words were spoken in good English, though with a pretty accent unmistakably French.

"It is strange," she went on, clasping her other hand over the one already on his arm—"strange that we should meet again on this spot after—"

With a sudden movement Sir Jerom shook her hands from his sleeve.

His white, parched lips moved, but no sound escaped them.

"Absence has made you cold, milord. If you had not called me by my name I should think you had forgotten me."

"Forgotten you! When will you let me forget you?" he cried with a slow, deep anger. "Name of my existence, what devil prompted you to cross my path, and for a second time cast your hated shadow over it? I hoped—I was fool enough to believe I had seen your hated face for the last time!"

The Frenchwoman darted him a keen look.

His bitter words had awakened the slumbering fire in her black eyes and they glared ominously beneath her dark tawny, but her lips still wore a smile as she took a step nearer to him and murmured: "Ah, it was not thus you used to speak

A Bushel of Eggs

In the fall and winter, it is much better to have a bushel of eggs in the house than a barrel in hot weather. There's a way that never fails to fetch eggs when they're wanted, and that is to feed, once a day, in a warm manure.

Sheridan's Condition Powder

It helps the older hens, makes pullets early layers, makes steady layers of prize winners. If you can't get it we send one package, 25 cts.; five, \$1. 2-lb. cans, \$1.50; six, \$2.00. Write for circulars to L. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

her presence.

"Do not look so angry, Jerom. Before we go out I must speak to you; I must tell you I am sorry for having spoken as I did just now."

Pale and penitent she stood before him her fair hands loosely clasped, her golden head slightly bent down, no sign, save a quivering of the drooped lids, betokening the struggle those softly whispered words had cost her proud young heart.

"How much longer is this farce to last?" questioned Sir Jerom in chilling tones.

"Farce? Why are you so cruelly bitter—why who made me believe you loved me?"

"I did love you—madly loved you."

"Did love me! Then it is past—you have ceased to care for me?"

"I have not said so."

"Ay, but you have shown it in your every word, your every look, since you met the woman you called Gabrielle Jerom, what control has she over your affections that she could in a few short minutes change your love for me to cold indifference?"

Sir Jerom gnawed his moustache savagely.

"For the second time, Esther, I forbid you to mention that name," he said with slow, distinct force. "Yesterday I told you I would answer no question concerning my past life, but this much I will tell you that you may be satisfied: Gabrielle Guffroi is nothing to me, neither; has she any influence over the emotions of my heart."

"Nay," she answered impulsively, "nothing but the whole truth can give me satisfaction, Jerom. I know you are hiding some dark, awful secret from me. Oh, for pity's sake tell me what there is between you and that vengeful woman we met by the lake of the Bois P!"

"Once more I tell you, nothing."

"If I could believe that!" Esther cried, clasping her hands in her eagerness. "Are you sure you are not deceiving me?"

"For a moment he watched her in silence. Something in those low, pleading accents had touched a tender chord in his heart; the cold expression on his countenance gradually melted into a look of passionate longing, and taking a step forward he told her tightly to him.

"For God's sake be careful how far you try me!" he exclaimed hoarsely. "I have never deceived you in one thing, Esther. I love you, yet with a love that could turn to bitterest hatred. Why do you shiver?"

He asked, as he felt the slight form tremble in his embrace, "you who do not value my love—"

"You forget, Jerom," she interrupted gently, "I am your wife."

"And does a wife care for the affection of her husband even when she does not love him?" he inquired bitterly.

There was a short pause.

Then the answer came, clear and distinct: "Even if she does not love him."

At the end of one of the long galleries of the Louvre, two young men were critically examining a group of antique statues, and commenting on every finely chiselled line in a manner that betokened them to be pilgrims, not strangers to the art; pilgrims climbing the steep mountain of Fame side by side, eager to reach the god summit that was to crown their names with glory. Yet how widely different—how far apart were those two! The one laboring for wealth with which to buy the world's pleasures; the other, seeking enjoyment in the work itself, for all the love and energy of Kenard Gwydir's life was in his art, and now as he studied the old masterpieces before him, he was deaf to everything passing around, and Felix Gay spoke twice without winning any response.

"I say, old fellow," cried the latter, bringing his hand down rather heavily on his friend's shoulder, "I quite forgot about that play. I must go up to Meir, and make him send it down at once. Shan't be long."

Left to himself, Gwydir resumed his study of the grand old carvings and interrupted and unrestrained by the presence of another.

Suddenly he felt, rather than heard or saw—felt that he was watched, and was no longer alone.

With a start he turned his handsome head, and stood with his tall, well knit

CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN.

CANCER

For Complete Information, Write to the
 Book-Form, Write Dept. H., Mason & Manly
 CO., 577 South Dearborn Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Sunday Reading.

During the Civil War, the owner of a plantation near Tampa, Florida, called his two slaves to him, and said, in substance: 'I am in need of money, and have an opportunity to sell you in Georgia. If I do it, I want you to understand the reason: it is necessary that impels me. Yet even now I would make desperate efforts to keep you, but I am sure that before the war is over you will be free.'

The two slaves loved their master, and cheerfully consented to be sold for his sake, yet looked forward to the time of which he had told them, and which was nearer even than he thought, when they were to be free.

Freedom came, and Abraham, one of the two slaves, seeking a surname worthy of a freeman, took, like Booker Washington, 'the best name he could find,' and became Abraham Grant. As Abraham Grant he worked his way through school, preaching the gospel the while to his less favored brethren, and as the Rev. Abraham he took his place in the African Methodist church. Steadily he rose in his church and increased in usefulness, becoming a leader in the progressive work of his denomination, not only in America but in Africa, and at length was chosen to episcopate.

A notable conference was to be held in Tampa, and an old man, living back on his plantation, read that Bishop Abraham Grant was to preside. He knew the name and he hitched up his horse, drove to Tampa and sought, at noon hour, the busy bishop who had once been his slave.

It was an affecting meeting; and when the time came for the afternoon session, the two men walked arm in arm to the church, white man and negro, layman and bishop, each forgetting what the world counted distinction or superiority in a Christian fellowship which had had its beginnings on the plantation, in the days when there were masters and slaves.

There were white men who wondered that the old master should be walking arm in arm with a negro; there were members of the conference who wondered what the bishop was saying to the poorly dressed man by his side; but the two were happy together. At the church the bishop introduced his old master, and the white man sat on a front seat, a reverent worshipper among men of dark skin, in a conference presided over by his former slave.

At the close of the meeting, as they bade each other farewell, the white man took the negro's hand and said, 'Abraham, I want you to promise one thing. You live far from here, but when I die, I want you to come and preach my funeral sermon.'

The bishop promised, and the two men parted. That funeral, when it occurs, will be worth going far to attend. There have been few like it, and the conditions are past that will make others like it possible in future years. The servant has become God's freeman; the master has become God's servant; the two have become brethren in the spirit of a common love to God.

More than we have seen. I have seen fine letters from business men concerning the trustworthiness and reliability of 'my boys.'

Little Ben's Work.

It is a difficult matter to tell just when and where we do our best work—the work that is the most acceptable to God, and which extends the furthest out into the world. We are apt to think that it is done when we are well and strong and all our mental faculties in keeping with our physical being; and sometimes we believe that the work which is performed with the most untiring and painstaking care is the grandest and most enduring. This may or may not be true, for it is not always painstaking that perfects and makes the work of the most value to the world.

We are slow to learn that the task performed at great disadvantage is of the best and truest work of life. The hand may be feeble, and soul and body wearied, and yet the deed be of infinite value to the world. The low 'God bless you' spoken by pallid lips when the pulse is slow and life's lamp flickers faintly in its socket, may be as full of sweetness and inspiration as though falling as a benediction from eloquent voices that ring out with blessing, prayer and praise.

The cup of cold water loses none of its purity and sweetness when pressed to parched lips by a trembling hand, and it may be of more real worth than the princely gift of the philanthropist. Some of the world's best work has been performed in the gloom of poverty and pain, and the sweetest music often comes from broken harpstrings. It is true that sometimes life's best work is done when the pulse is strong and the soul is not burdened by physical hindrances, but oftener it is accomplished when the sun has passed its noonday mark, and the shadows begin to lengthen on the plain.

Whenever and wherever the toiler meets the Master 'face to face' there the best work of life is done, for it is the sacred nearness to Him that makes the effort glorious and crowned with power. Blessed is the one who walks constantly with God, for his life's best work is done all along the way.

On Choosing a Career.

If you are, as we say, nervous, do not become a surgeon, writes Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage in the January issue of 'Success.' If you are cowardly, do not become an engineer. If you are hoping for a large and permanent income, do not seek a governmental position. If you are naturally quick-tempered, do not become a minister of the gospel; for, while anyone is disadvantaged by an ungovernable disposition, there is hardly anyone else who acts such an incongruous part as a mad minister. Can you make a fine sketch of a ship, or rock, or house, or face? Be an artist. Do you find yourself humming cadences, and do the treble clef and the musical bars drop from your pen easily, and can you make a tune that charms those who hear it? Be a musician. Are you born with a fondness for argument? Be an attorney. Are you a good nurse, and especially interested in the relief of pain? Be a physician. Are you interested in all questions of traffic, and in bargain-making; are you apt to be successful on a large or small scale? Be a merchant. Do you prefer country life, and do you like the show, and do you hear music in the rustle of a harvest field? Be a farmer. Are you fond of machinery, and are turning wheels to you a fascination, and can you follow with absorbing interest a new kind of threshing machine hour after hour? Be a mechanic. If you enjoy analyzing the natural elements, and a laboratory could entertain you all day and all night, be a chemist. If you are inquisitive about other worlds, and interested in all instruments that would bring them nearer for inspection, be an astronomer. If the grass under your feet and the foliage over your head and the flowers which shake their income on the summer air are to you the belles lettres of the field, be a botanist.

The Humor of Defeat.

John Kendrick Bangs, the witty author and editor, tells, in 'Success' for January, how he narrowly escaped becoming a second Chauncey M. Depew:— 'That was the greatest blessing that ever happened to me. That defeat was my greatest success. In 1894, I was a candidate for the mayoralty of my native town—Yonkers. I was born there, you know, in May, 1862. Some of my fellow townsmen thought that I could be of some use to them as mayor. I was highly elated. I could see a great future—congress—perhaps the presidency! but I could not get around and lure voters. I stayed at home and made no speeches, and on election day my opponent won by a small majority. In later years, when I saw how I would have been forced to abandon my chosen profession for politics when I learned that

the majority would have taken every moment of my time, I was glad that I had been defeated. I might have developed into a second Chauncey M. Depew if I'd been elected.

Benny's Story.

Little Ben likes to write, and so he was very much pleased when mamma gave him a diary. It had a red cover, and the date of each day was prettily printed on a separate page.

'You had better keep your diary on the table in your room,' said mamma. 'Then you will always know where to find it.'

'Yes, mamma,' said Benny. 'What shall I write?'

'This is New Year's day,' said mamma, so you might write some good resolutions.'

'What are they?' asked little Ben.

'Why, you might resolve not to lose your wits and books and toys,' said mamma, smiling.

'Oh, yes!' said Benny. So he wrote something on the first page of his diary, and put it in his pocket. He started to carry it up stairs, but he met Rover in the hall, and he had to stop and wish him a happy New Year. They had a good romp together, and then Benny saw that it was snowing, so he ran out to find Tom, who had given him a severe snow-balling a few days before and now there was a good chance to pay him back.

The snow kept on falling for three days, and Benny had so much fun that he quite forgot his new diary. But one day when Tom was shoveling a path he saw something red in the snow. What do you think? It was Benny's diary! He had dropped it in a snow-bank when he was turning some ruts.

Tom opened it, and this is what he saw in Benny's writing:—

'Jan. 1. I am going to make a resolution not to be careless about losing my things.'

And that was all that Benny had written. How Tom did laugh!

Benny looked sober a minute, and then he began to laugh too.

'Well,' he said, 'I am going to make a new resolution not to lose anything more, never again.'

And mamma says that he is keeping this resolution pretty well for such a little fellow.

Paul's New Year's Gift.

Paul's little visit at grandpa's was at an end, and he had come home. The butler opened the door quietly, and looked down at him with a twinkling eye.

'Happy New Year, Junkins!' and the small man skipped into the hall.

'Happy New Year, sir!' answered the big man.

Paul tugged away at his rubber boots, but was glad of Jenkin's help. 'See the skates grandpa gave me!' he said, proudly displaying the shining treasure. 'Where's mamma? I want to show 'em to her right away.'

'Your mother says you're to go to the library and wait until your comes; then you can go up to see her.'

'But I want to go now!' Paul objected. 'Nevertheless, he went obediently into the library.'

Backing up to his father's easy chair, he was just about to make himself comfortable, when there came a small shriek from the hall and the rustle of garments, and some body seized him by the coat collar.

'Gracious goodness!' nurse panted. 'In another second you would have sat down! You gave me a turn, Master Paul.'

'What's the matter?' asked Paul, rather indignant at this unceremonious treatment of a boy who was old enough to own skates.

Nurse laughed softly. 'Turn around and look at the chair,' she said. 'It's another present.'

A large pillow filled the seat of the great chair, and on it lay a soft roll of flannel. Paul backed away. 'What is it?' he asked, sturdily.

Nurse carefully drew down a fold of the flannel, and there was a tiny pink face, with blinking blue eyes, a mouth like a round O, and no hair to speak of.

For an instant Paul stared with wide open eyes; then, with a whoop of delight, he dashed into the hall and up the stairs.

'Mamma, mamma,' he shouted, 'come down quick! The little New Year's in the library!'

Holding Up Christ.

A gentleman was visiting a friend who was an ardent admirer and lover of Mr. Spurgeon, and was continually extolling him as a preacher. 'I have never heard him,' said the visitor, 'but next Sunday I will go and see whether he deserves the praise you so liberally bestow upon him.' So he went to the tabernacle, and on his return from the morning service, his host met him with the eager question: 'Well, what do you think of him?' 'Nothing,' was the reply. Then, seeing the look of astonishment and sorrow on his friend's face, he said again: 'No, nothing.' But

Dr. Chase Makes Friends Of Hosts of Women

By Curing Their Puffy Hides—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food a Surprising Restorative for Pale, Weak, Nervous Women.

As a result of much confinement within doors, and the consequent lack of fresh air and healthful exercise, most women not only lose much in figure and complexion, but also suffer more or less from various bodily derangements as the result of the watery blood and exhausted nervous system.

More than a thousand of the cases of disease peculiar to women are directly due to a weakened condition of the nerves, and can be cured thoroughly and permanently by taking mild outdoor exercise, breathing plenty of pure, fresh air, and using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to form a new blood and revitalize the depleted nervous system.

It takes time to build up the system anew, to fill the atrophied arteries with new, rich blood, restore the wasted nerve cells, and renew the activities of the body's organs, but the persistent use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will accomplish these results and bring health and happiness to weak, nervous and suffering women.

Mrs. Chas. H. Jones, Fiskeston, Que., writes: 'For years I have been a great sufferer with my heart and no rest. I

would take shaking spells, and a dizzy, swimming feeling would come over me. Night after night I would never close my eyes, and my head would ache as though it would burst. At last I had to keep to my bed, and though my doctor attended me, I am still until spring, his medicine did not help me. I have now taken five boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and it has done me more good than I ever believed a medicine could do. Words fail to express my attitude for the wonder of cure brought about by its treatment.'

Mrs. Margaret I. Tower, Hill, N. B., writes:

'Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done me a world of good. I was so weak that I could not walk on the length of the house. Since using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I have been completely restored. I can walk a mile without any inconvenience. Though 75 years old, and quite frail, I do my own housework, and considerable sewing. I sit in a reading beside. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has proved of inestimable value to me.'

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cts a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

his eyes filled with tears of joy as he added: 'All I can think of is the preacher's Savior!' No finer sermons than this could be heard upon any man's preaching.

Taking Commence.

Even when bent on showing appreciation, the wavers of a crowd of hero-worshippers may leave something to be desired; but if the hero of the occasion which has brought them together is a man accustomed to obeyed, the result may be a good one. The one below, taken from Lippincott's Magazine.

It was at a Grand Army encampment in a Western city, and Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman was the guest of honor. No sooner, however, had he reached the rooms reserved for him in the hotel than there was a crowd at the door.

Some of the old soldiers were admitted, and among them were some old soldiers pushed to the way. The general made the best of things and rode to shake hands with them. But this was not satisfactory to a few, who wanted to pass the time of day with the veteran, and incidentally to look him over as if he were a prize ox in a stock show.

Finally the crowd in front of him became so dense that it blocked the way of others who were trying to get near him, and the whole scene came to a standstill. Several persons tried to straighten the tangle, but without success. Then General Sherman took command.

'Salute and back!' he said in a tone impossible to disregard, at the same time extending his hand toward the growling fellow nearest him, who took it rather sheepishly and speedily retired.

'Salute and back!' repeated he generally.

'Less than a minute the line was moving again, and the crowd rapidly melted away.'

Explicit Directions.

Two bicyclists, reaching a strange Long Island town, decided to take the first home. They stopped, says the New York Sun, to ask a colored woman the way to the railroad station.

'We are strangers,' they said. 'Will you kindly direct us to the station?'

'Certainly, and,' she replied. 'Keep going straight on till you come to the corner where the oleopostoffice used to be, then turn to your left, and you'll go right to the station.'

As they rode off she beamed with pride, they with amusement; and although they found the station, they have yet to discover the corner where the oleopostoffice used to be.

Showed Famer.

The necessity of stamping over the heads of shopkeepers and other tradesmen has made Kansas farmer energy and enterprise, it remained for Mr. Finch of Saline County to show how to make money as a newspaper editor.

The shopkeepers were none other than Mr. Finch's neighbors, and did a good deal of business for the paper. But Mr. Finch had a love of a good young joke, and soon discovered that they were much more than a match for the shopkeepers. The joke was that they should print the names of the shopkeepers in the paper.

He is a 'Boarder' Were Safe.

An earthquake, lately, in Caracas, Venezuela, brought ruin and terror. The city was in a state of chaos for days. The keeper of the jail, which always has inmates confined here for political offenses, issued the following notice, which ought to have amused as well as reassured those who read it. 'To the public: I have the satisfaction to inform the officials of those who are detained here: that this morning's earthquake has happily caused no accident within this establishment.'

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c CATARRH CURE. It is not difficult to cure the disease caused by the Improved Blower. Health the object, clear the air passages, remove droppings from the throat and permanently cure Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower No. 10, All Dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

Advertisement for 'The' (partially obscured) with a small illustration.

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CHILDREN ARE CLOSELY WATCHED.

The nursemaids are having troubles of their own. They must possess unassailable credentials from former employers who may be seen in the flesh and interviewed when they seek employment. No ordinary "character" will do. The employer would perhaps like to call in experts in criminology to examine the prospective nurse, and to consult a clairvoyant about her, but such measures seem a trifle impracticable. A woman with a heavy jaw or thin lips or a sinister squint cannot get a foothold in the homes of the people who are inclined to be cautious. All this is because fear of kidnapping has elapsed appendicitis and smallpox aside and is again causing trouble to parents. The last epidemic of the kind occurred about two years ago, just after the Clark baby was stolen. Then, as now, some wealthy parents distrusted every servant in the household, and stories were circulated that when the baby went out with his nurse they sent the second man to watch the nurse, and the footman to watch the second man, and a plain clothes detective to watch the footman. Perhaps the surveillance was not really quite so complicated as that, but it is a fact that many parents would not allow their children to go out alone with a nurse, and sent a man to dance attendance whenever the nurse and her charge stepped outside the door. The little babies didn't mind, but life was made a burden to the small boy whose prospective millions tied him to the apron strings of a fat nurse who couldn't run.

It was during those Clark baby days that a N. Y. Sun reporter was rash enough to get mixed up in an animated scrap between a nurse and her charge, conducted with no regard for Queensberry rules on the Park Mall.

"It's all along of the kidnapers," explained the desperate nurse. "He will be playing bear in the bushes, and his mother telling me if I let him out of my sight for a minute I'll lose my place."

Things are quite as hard for the boys who want to play bear in the bushes now. Since the Cudaby kidnapping case the terror which had to a great degree subsided has revived, and so the detectives and police are stronger than at any time since the Charlie Ross case stirred up the whole country. It is an accepted belief that one notorious crime, particularly if successfully carried out, invariably leads to a succession of crimes of the same character, and there has been widespread expectation that the Omaha kidnapping would be followed by other kidnappings throughout the country. Some families whose great wealth might make their children the objects of such crimes have taken radical measures of precaution, and in almost every home where wealth and children are found the children are being more vigilantly guarded than usual. Parents have consulted detective bureaus with regard to precautions against kidnapping, and in one or two instances the bureaus have furnished men who will keep an eye on the youngsters until the kidnapping idea is, presumably, crowded out of the public mind.

"Nobody needs a detective to watch a child," said one old detective to a New York Sun reporter, "but the fact is, some mothers get hysterical over a thing like this, and if it sets their minds at rest to know that a professional detective is watching their children and they are willing to pay for the luxury, it's no one's business but their own. I don't know anything better worth expending money for than peace of mind."

Certain New York families have always taken what might be considered extreme measures for the protection of their children, special vigilance being shown at their country places, where opportunities for attempts at kidnapping are, naturally, much greater than in the city. It would be hard to prevent the children from roaming about the grounds that surround the ordinary country home, and yet it would not be safe to let them play alone, or accompanied merely by a nurse; so an intelligent, trustworthy man is engaged for the purpose of watching the children and is ordered not to allow them out of his sight so long as they are out of doors.

In reality, the danger from kidnapers is practically nil. Kidnapping has never been a popular crime among professional criminals. The risks are too great, the chances of success too small. No other crime is so hard to carry through successfully. One may hide any other plunder and leave no clue, but a live baby isn't of any value unless it is alive. There must be communication with the parents, and communication means clues for detectives

and danger for the kidnapers. It is the next thing to impossible for any one who steals a child to cover up his tracks. Occasionally, as in the case of Charlie Ross, the scheme for extorting money fails, yet the child is never found, but such cases are extremely rare in the annals of crime. The ordinary criminal prefers sticking to the routine programme of safe blowing, administering knockout drops, &c. Such business can be handled according to the recognized traditions of profession, but in kidnapping the stolen child represents x, the unknown quantity, and complicates the problem.

Another thing that makes kidnapping unwholesome business is the universal indignation and alarm which the crime excites. Blow open a safe, and only the owners of the safe are particularly interested. Hold up a man and rob him, and only the man's relatives and friends regard the matter as important. Even murder doesn't awaken much interest outside a narrow circle; but let a child be stolen and every father and mother is up in arms. Such a crime as the recent one in Omaha is a menace to every wealthy family in the country and it would have been easy to raise the offered reward to almost any sum through voluntary contribution. It must be a tolerably certain prospect of a very large haul that will tempt a gang to risk the dangers and notoriety of such an undertaking, and it is not surprising that kidnapping cases are few and far between.

Capt. Titus, chief of the Detective Bureau at police headquarters, New York, when asked about kidnapping as a profession, smiled in rather a disdainful fashion.

"There has been so little of it that one hardly takes it into account in reckoning up crime," he said. "Within my memory there have been only two kidnapping cases of any importance, the Ross case and the Clark case, and in the latter the kidnapers were captured and the child returned to her home. There isn't one chance in thousands that a kidnapping deal will go through successfully, and the man who is unscrupulous enough to undertake it is too clever to take such chances. They can make the money more easily in some safer way. This Cudaby affair was clever from its very simplicity, and yet it is practically a foregone conclusion that the kidnapers will be run to earth. The whole country is excited. The capture of those criminals is necessary for the protection of all wealthy citizens. Such a mystery as the Ross case doesn't occur twice in a century."

"It is easy to see the effect of the Cudaby scare in New York. We notice it everywhere. Children are being guarded more carefully and people are paying more attention to the character of their servants, and to the doings of their nurses and children. It's a good thing that something comes occasionally to wake parents up. Ordinarily they will go to an intelligence office and engage a woman to take charge of their children, with as little concern about her history and character as if they were engaging her to scrub the front steps. Some wealthy parents take great precautions though, especially when they have the children at their country homes. Everybody who has money has been frightened lately. It is only the poor youngsters who have had any fun for the last week or two."

"I'll tell you one place where we notice the effects of the scare, even more than at intelligence offices. You've no idea of the number of children who have been in the habit of going back and forth to school alone, but who, now, are being taken to school by a maid or a man servant, and called for when they are ready to go home. I don't suppose it is necessary, but even when somebody murders a man and cuts him up into pieces, to be dropped around in different places, some fool is pretty sure to imitate the trick; so I shouldn't be surprised to hear of more kidnapping and, until the story blows over and less its influences, a little extra precaution isn't a bad thing."

"New York is a discouraging place for kidnapping because the penalty for the crime is severe here. A man can get twenty years for it. Out west the penalty has been much lighter, and I understand that in Nebraska the penalty is particularly light. They can get around that though by tacking on the penalty for extortion. If the kidnapers had carried out their threats and maimed the child, in case of non-payment of the money, the punishment would have been very severe, and they wouldn't have been likely to chance it. Bills providing for a heavy penalty for kidnapping

have been proposed in many of the western states and, of course, they will be passed, hands down, when the legislatures get at them.

"Most of the kidnaping cases nowadays are cases in which a husband and wife are separated and one steals a child from the other. Those can't be considered important. It is always easy to find the child and the court decides where it belongs, and there's an end of the matter. There are more cases of kidnaping in Europe than in America—particularly in Paris; but even there the motive has usually seemed to be not extortion, but a desire, for one reason or another, to get possession of the child, and put it out of the way. Success is more probable in such a case, because there's no necessity for communication with the family."

As Capt. Titus said, only the poor youngsters are having fun just now. But then they are the children who always do have most fun, under all circumstances. They can go to school and home alone, and fight with the other boys on quiet streets, and play hockey joyously, and talk with strange friendly men on park benches, and accept a ride whenever by happy chance a driver proposes it. And when they do get to the country they can foot it merrily across country and climb fences and wade streams and chase stray chickens and lie under trees, without anyone to get between them and the sun, or spoil their holiday. It's a dreadful handicap to be born heir to millions. The only really lucky child in the one that's not worth stealing.

BUFFALO HEAT TO MAT.

A Dozen Bison Slaughtered to Satisfy the Curiosity Of Spectators.

A dozen selected specimens of the only remaining herd of American bison now in captivity were this week led to the slaughter in Helena, Montana, to gratify the appetites of the American public for something unusual. It is not because the meat of the buffalo is better than beef, for even an epicure—given to exploration in the realms of the new—would say that it is not, but rather because the animal that once stopped wagon trains for days on the plains has at last become a curiosity and because there is a romance connected with the mention of his name that will never die as long as the memory of man runs to the era of the conquering of the West.

No farmer builds a fence that will stop the mad rush of a single buffalo determined to make progress, and so the precautions for the unusual event were of an exceptional character. The animals were a dozen of a herd numbering 140 that reams at will in the plains of the narrow Flathead Valley, Missoula county, Mont., between ranges of mountains that form a natural barrier. They were purchased by a Helena butcher and driven into a specially constructed stockade, built as a cul-de-sac into which the veterans of the plains, in all innocence, went to seek a fancied refuge. Strong ropes were twined over their horns by men trained at throwing the lariot, but then the trouble had only just begun. It took blocks and tackles and machinery to induce them to enter the big stable cars in waiting and then the journey to the capital began.

Out at the fair grounds, where a public exhibition was made of the slaughtering, a crowd of 1,500 persons gathered. The venturesome among the butchers thrust their arms into the car and managed, after many efforts, to hook a rope with a running loop over the horns of a fine specimen. The rope led to where a crowd of men pulled to a tackle rove many times through blocks to give an ample purchase, and even then it was no easy work. One buffalo and twenty men strove for the mastery. The men had some knowledge of mechanics. They knew that a block and tackle may be slow work, but that it adds to the power of the forces at the other end. On an equality the buffalo would have had far the best of it. The superior knowledge of his antagonist prevailed, however, and, fighting for every inch, the splendid fellow was hauled to his doom.

The clutes were made for the unloading of ordinary cattle. For this occasion they were re-enforced with heavy timbers, and massive posts. There was a runway on top. The workmen took no chances. As the head of the animal was finally drawn to where it could be reached with a spear the lance fell.

Every butcher knows how it is done. There is a sudden and a deep thrust at a point behind the horse. As if he had never been alive, the monster is suddenly inert. And then the huge men's arms of flesh is drawn by other blocks and tackles into the wagons in waiting.

The crowds looked on all day while the killing went on. At times they were moved to applause for the men who did the killing. It was rather a sort of admiration for the splendid fight that every animal made. There was a fascination

about it. The butchers, with aprons dripping red, cut the throats of the vanquished pioneers and men with pitchforks full of straw came to cover the pools of ore, as it were, to wipe out the stains of a crime. It was more than a butchery of so many cattle. It was the murder of surviving representatives of a vanishing tribe. It was an unequal combat, the like of which the old plainsman—and there are many such in Montana—never knew. It is the only time since the West was open to the plains—man that the buffalo was ever laid low without a fighting chance for his life. The arrow of the Indian and the rifle of the hunter have given him his quietus in his day. Never before has he fallen a victim to the butcher's lance.

"I still remember the days of '63," said Otto Zsigenfass, one of the old trappers and scouts, today, "when the steamers coming up the Missouri River to Fort Benton were stopped for days by the crossing herds of buffalo. There was no end to them then. It seemed as if they didn't stop to eat or drink, but were ever pushed on by the ceaseless activity of those behind. One time in July, 1863, we were tied up to the bank of the river three days by a single herd. No living thing could endure in the path of such a rush."

"One buffalo in point of strength is equal to half a dozen of strong bulls. There isn't a fence in the land that would hold one if he made up his mind to go through it. This exhibition here hasn't given him a chance to show what he can do. If he had made a rush for the gate instead of indulging the cattle instinct to pull back on the rope, he would have broken the thing to pieces. And there would have been a scattering."

"My partner, Jack Johnson, got in the way of them once up at Benton. He had fired and the gun missed fire, and before he could recover himself the old fellow was on him. Jack had five broken ribs and a broken ankle, and there wasn't flesh enough on his right leg to wad a shotgun with. He lived, though he was a cripple to the day of his death, and he is the only man I ever knew who came alive out of an encounter with a buffalo."

Epicures in St. Louis, New Orleans, Buffalo, N. Y., New York city and San Francisco will taste of the meat of the dozen carcasses that have been killed here. Orders from those cities and from others have been placed in advance. Some of them will say it is good, but beef is better. The flesh of the bison is coarse and dry as compared with domestic cattle and other wild game. But those who eat are contributing to the reduction of the last 400 of the animals in the world. In addition to the Allard herd, in the Flatland Basin, from which these were taken, there are in existence only a scattering few in the Yellowstone National Park, a captive herd in Wyoming, a small herd in Texas and the few specimens in Eastern parks and with menageries.

The Only Thing.

A man wrote to a western lawyer for information in regard to a person who had owed him a considerable sum of money for a long time.

"What property has he which I could attach?" he asked.

The lawyer's reply was brief and to the point.

"The man died six months ago. He has left nothing subject to attachment save a widow."

Indisputable.

There was a momentary pause in the conversation at the five o'clock tea.

The voice of a buckster in the street outside broke in upon the silence.

"Ap-pull! Ap-pull!" he yelled. "Aw-r-r-angel! And lemson! Gra-s-a speal! Fresh fruit! Fresh!"

"He seems to be putting on the loud peddle," remarked one of the guests.

"Yet they say five o'clock teas are stupid affairs!"

The Joys of Anticipation.

"Now, auntie, you know I want to marry Jack, and you know you are going to leave me all your money so we can set ourselves up nicely."

"But, good gracious, child, I am not going to die yet!"

"Of course you're not, you dear old thing, and I wouldn't have you for the world. But don't you ever get any fun out of anticipation?"

Three Mottos.

The Spanish Motto—"Never do today what you can put off till tomorrow."

The English Motto—"Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today."

The American Motto—"Never put off till this afternoon what you can do this morning."

The Boom Spirit in Kentucky.

First Kentuckian—"There don't seem to be no local pride nor enterprise at all over

in Stony Holler. Everybody pulls in the breechin' instead of on the tugs."

Second Kentuckian—"That's right! They had a meetin' over there last week, to try to organize a feud. The town, sah, couldn't even institute a dog-fight; and now, I'll be eternally benighted, sah, if they haist offerin' a bonus to any feud that'll locate there from any other town!"

A Sum in Multiplication.

Bill—"Did you say that gun of yours would shoot 1000 yards?"

Jill—"That's what I did."

"Well, it's marked to shoot only 500 yards."

"Yes; but there are two barrels."

Entering to the Public.

Friend—"Why dy you dump all that dirt into your soap kettles?"

Soap Manufacturer—"If folk don't find the water dirty after washing they think the soap is no good."

Mr. Johnson—"Did you remark at de club last night dat I looked like a lobster sub?"

Mr. Jackson—"No, sub. I am no back-biter, sub. If I wished to cast any aspersions upon de lobster family I should go right to de fish market and do it straight to dey faces, sub. Dat's my style, sub!"



PROGRESS.

Some time ago there was a notable automobile procession in the city of Buffalo, N. Y. It was notable for its size, and also for the fact that it was entirely composed of automobile wagons (like that in the cut above), built to distribute the advertising literature of the World's Dispensary Medical Association, proprietors and manufacturers of Dr. Pierce's medicines. In many a town and village Dr. Pierce's automobile has been the pioneer horseless vehicle. These wagons, sent to every important section of the country, are doing more than merely advertise Dr. Pierce's Remedies—they are pioneers of progress, heralds of the automobile age.

And this is in keeping with the record made by Dr. Pierce and his famous preparations, which have always kept in the front on their merits. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is still the leading medicine for disorders and diseases of the stomach and digestive and nutritive systems, for the purifying of the blood and healing of weak lungs.

Women place Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in the front of all put-up medicines specially designed for women's use. The wide benefits this medicine has brought to women have been well summed up in the words "It makes weak women strong and sick women well."

The reputation of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets as a safe and effective laxative for family use is international.

It may be asserted without fear of contradiction that no other firm or company engaged in the vending of put-up medicines can rank with the World's Dispensary Medical Association, either in the opinion of the medical profession or of the intelligent public. The Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, which is connected with the "World's Dispensary," is alone sufficient to prove this supremacy. Here is a great modern hospital, always filled with patients, where every day successful operations are performed on men and women whose diseases demand the aid of surgery. No hospital in Buffalo is better equipped, with respect to its modern appliances, and the surgical ability of its staff. Dr. R. V. Pierce, the chief consulting physician of this great institution, has associated with himself nearly a score of physicians, each man being a picked man, chosen for his ability in the treatment and cure of some special form of disease.

The offer that Dr. Pierce makes to men and women suffering with chronic diseases of a free consultation by letter, is really without a parallel. It places without cost or charge the entire resources of a great medical institute at the service of the sick. Such an offer is not for one moment to be confounded with those offers of "free medical advice" which are made by people who are not physicians, cannot and do not practice medicine, and are only saved from prosecution by artfully wording their advertisements so that they give the impression that they are physicians without making the claim to be licensed.

Those who write to Dr. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., may do so with the assurance that they will receive not only the advice of a competent physician, but the advice of a physician whose wide experience in the treatment and cure of disease, and whose sympathy with human suffering leads him to take a deep, personal interest in all those who seek his help and that of his associate staff of specialists.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser (in paper covers), 1008 pages, is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps, or to stamps for the cloth-bound volume, to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Chat

Louise silk same color making young girl, and well as other going to the flounce to the up-shoulder be cut straight it should cal lines a few around, so that panned with alto above the hem. Pretty collars of tween bands of selene are a good form all the trim variously shaped points down the side of the front. meets the sleeve up closely around row frill of lace point in children 10 years of age, waist line in fr simulate this by around.

A noticeable est gown for the use of fancy braids. For example, a fashionable material and afternoon waist silk braid in waist. Braid borders the revers of baby lace close turn collar in front over a red silk with gold sign. This is a buttons and give to the costume. cloth, panne and ally arranged, a An overskirt of of gown should be finished around shaped squares of plaited flounce of of plaited chiffon-ero of cloth with lar. This style closely like a prout to extend up corselet belt. T bodice under the one, and the chiff when there is no collar of the cloth silk embroidery sleeves, also em-der sleeves.

Black panne of of stitched cloth ends being fasten-tons, are extreme collar band stip finished with gold, almost broad used just at the much more smart which have lost adoption. Forev-very sparing use of it in some for removed, as it's lived. Yet there yet of any vanishi of lace masked w inset in the bodice so much worn. two stripes at the back, or scattered at equal distance you fancy. Preced by cutting out cloth and crossin ribbon fastened gold buttons.

In variety not compare with the sleeve. One of the belere jackets revers and trim the edge, one is a series flounced silk prin-ened to the jacked row of fancy bra straps are set un- and may be alte cloth of the same trant is another n-ones three bolere a triple collar of evidence all the Louis XIII. colla include all vari- linen lawn, hand around the edge, cloth gown and reaches the elbow-belt fastens up

Chat of the Boudoir.

Louise silks with polka dots of the same color makes a charming dress for a young girl, and a pretty finish for this as well as other gowns is the open work stitch joining the seams in the skirt and the flounce to the upper portion. The flounce should be cut in circular shape, or if straight it should be tucked down in vertical lines a few inches from the top all around, so that the gathers can be dispensed with altogether. A group of tucks above the hem makes a pretty finish. Pretty collars of lace insertion set in between bands of finely tucked silk or mousseline are a good finish for the bodice and form all the trimming necessary. They are variously shaped, but one of the prettiest points down nearly to the belt at either side of the front, rounds across the back, meets the sleeve at the shoulder and fits up closely around the collar band. A narrow frill of lace edges it all around. One point in children's fashions, for girls over 10 years of age, is the downward dip at the waist line in front, and the smaller girls sustain this by lengthening the waist all around.

A noticeable feature of some of the latest gowns for the grown up is the lavish use of fancy braids and galleons of various kinds. For example a costume of black panne, which by the way is one of the fashionable materials for elegant morning and afternoon wear, has seven rows of black silk braid in wavy lines around the skirt. Braid borders the short coat finished with revers of baby lamb. Gold lace covers the close front collar ending in a knot of lace in front over a high vest of dainty broad-edged silk with gold stripes and a flounced design. This is fastened with small gold buttons and gives an old time appearance to the costume. In combination we see cloth, panne and mousseline most artistically arranged, and all in the same color. An overskirt of cloth, which for this style of gown should be in some bright color, is finished around the edges in battlement shaped squares and falls over a deep box plaited flounce of panne. The bodice is of plaited chiffon partly covered by a bolero of cloth with a wide turn down lace collar. This style of a skirt fits the hips closely like a princess, and is sometimes cut to extend up on the bodice, forming a corselet belt. The idea of a lace or chiffon bodice under the bolero is a very useful one, and the chiffon is also used with cloth when there is no bolero. A wide bertha collar of the cloth, covered with gold and silk embroidery, is sufficient with cloth sleeves, also embroidered, and chiffon under sleeves.

Black panne gowns trimmed with bands of stitched cloth on skirt and bodice, the ends being fastened with small gold buttons, are extremely stylish, with a lace collar band striped around with gold and finished with cravat ends of lace. The dull gold, almost bronze in color, is very much used just at the moment and is considered much more smart than the brighter tones, which have lost their chic by universal adoption. Foreign fashion writers advise a very sparing use of gold, and a disposition of it in some form which can be readily removed, as its vogue is certain to be short lived. Yet there is very little evidence yet of any vanishing popularity. Medallions of lace masked with gold thread are prettily inset in the bodices of pale colored cloths so much worn. They are in the form of two stripes at either side of the front and back, or scattered over the entire bodice at equal distances apart, whichever mode you fancy. Pretty effects, too, are made by cutting out diamond squares in your cloth and crossing them with narrow velvet ribbon fastened at the ends with the tiniest gold buttons.

In variety nothing else in fashion can compare with the bolero unless it is the sleeve. One of the prettiest and latest of the bolero jackets is made without collar or revers and trimmed in various ways around the edge, one of which on a beige cloth gown, is a series of inch wide straps of flounced silk printed on the ends, and fastened to the jacket with a gold button or a row of fancy braid. In either case the straps are set under the edge of the bolero and may be alternated with ends of the cloth of the same width. In effective contrast is another mode which is in appearance three boleros one over the other, with a triple collar around the shoulders. Wide collars of various kinds are more and more in evidence all the time. They are called Louis XIII. collars but the name does not include all varieties. One of the finest linen lawns, handsomely hand embroidered around the edge, is shown in a pale blue cloth gown and so deep that it almost reaches the elbows. A wide black satin belt fastens up the front with gold buttons;

The bolero fastens with a black satin bow and buckle, and the vest and undersleeves are of pale blue chiffon with lines of fancy black lace beading sewn on to give a striped effect.

TRILLS OF FASHION.

Chiffon, net and gauze with narrow bands of silk stitched on at intervals make very pretty vests. One row of embroidered polka dots down the centre of the bands is an effective addition.

Gold tissue roses are a stylish touch of color in the all black hats.

Accordion plaited chiffon finds many uses this season, one of which is the entire lining of an evening cloak over another lining of silk.

Writing with white ink on blue paper is said to be one of the ultra fashionable fads in Paris.

One of the elegant trifles in fashionable dress is a muff and boa to match made of white chiffon, and finished with sable in all the edges. A bunch of violets is added to the muff and the combination suggests summer as well as winter. Gold gauze is sometimes substituted for the chiffon and treated in the same manner.

A low crowned sailor hat made of trefata silk or velvet, and trimmed with a bunch of roses or pompons at one side, is considered the chic headgear for young women to wear in the morning. While more dressy afternoon hats are of felt in pale colors trimmed with ostrich feathers and flowers.

White silk blouses simply tucked are very much worn now with fancy stripes of ribbon lace, and narrow velvet ribbon or gold braid.

The raglan shirt waist seems to be one of the new varieties, and is well recommended for athletic young women, as it gives freedom of motion. The sleeve sets in from the collar band like a man's raglan coat, and there are small stitches in pockets at either side of the bust. Flannel shirt waists in a shade of tan finished with leather trimmings are one fancy, while the other extreme most universally worn is the white flannel waist trimmed with gold.

French knots in either black or white silk beautify some of the narrow gold braids. They are done by hand and one row through the centre is sufficient for the narrow widths.

The variety of fancy belts is legion, but one simple and very effective style much worn is a narrow gold galloon in black velvet an inch and a half wide. It is crossed at inch intervals with very narrow velvet bands and fastens in front with numerous long ends of velvet finished with gold ferrites.

High crowned and broad trimmed hats are in prospect for the coming season as a suitable accompaniment for the wide lace collars.

A yoke of fur shaping down to the belt as a vest in front is the novel feature of a velvet blouse and the new lace collar falls from underneath this all around.

The most elegant evening wraps are very simple in effect, but extravagant to a degree as regards cost. A silk coat with a deep circular flounce of fur, fur collar and undersleeves, and a real lace scarf at the neck is one example, while another is of white cloth with no trimming except machine stitching and a collar and undersleeves of sable.

A pretty blouse to wear with a cloth skirt is made of meteor crepe matching the cloth in color. Lines of lace insertion are set in intervals all around between groups of tucks and small gold buttons decorate the front plait.

Pretty trimmings for collar bands, wristbands and waist decorations of various sorts are made by joining runs of braid with a lace stitch, or alternating narrow ribbon with braid and joining them in the same manner.

Crepe de chine is one of the most popular materials for the bridesmaid's gown.

Queen Wilhelmina's wedding dress is to be of silver brocade very soft and supple. It is cut in tunic form over flounces of chiffon and exquisite lace and embroidered all around the edge in orange blossoms and leaves, this flower being emblematic of the House of Orange-Nassau as well as the traditional bridal flower. Both bright and dull silver are used in the embroidery, which is dotted with small paillettes. The court train has the same decorations, a lit-

tle of which appears on the bodice, which is otherwise trimmed with lace.

ENGAGED GIRLS STUDY COOKING.

More Pupils at the Schools of the Saucepan Now than Ever Before.

Nothing in the previous history of cooking schools equals the wave of popularity that has swept the art of the saucepan into fashion this winter. The engaged girl is largely responsible for this state of affairs.

Some engaged girls approach the cooking school in anything but a respectful attitude, said a well known cooking teacher. 'They start with a determination to learn how everything, from bread to biscuit glue, is made. They begin with white bread. They stagger through a course of breakfast dishes, including eggs, chops, fish and omelettes and never get much further, because about that time they actually get married. I often wonder if their cooks ever discover the extent of their culinary knowledge, and while submitting to their breakfast tyranny play fast and loose with lunch and dinner. Of course where a girl pays for her own materials, as most of these girls do, they are at liberty to choose what they wish to learn. If one wants to feed a man on macarons and kisses, with frozen pudding, meringues and sorbets, why, I can only let her have her way, especially when she says 'of course I never shall go into the kitchen myself in all probability, but I don't want to be at the mercy of my cook.'

'A girl who came here because her father said that she was too young to be married but that if she would take a course in cooking he would give his blessing and other substantial things, put herself through a course of frozen desserts and marrons glacés. She learned to decorate cakes until really they were fairy tales in white sugar and spent her last three lessons in making chocolate creams and every kind of candy she could suggest. I often wonder if she uses and decorates the breakfast rolls and makes sugar cupids on the game. But her father, after inquiring if she had been present, every lesson, submitted to the wedding. At a fair last winter I noticed her name among those of the patronesses in charge of the candy table and indirectly heard that Mrs. N. couldn't make enough nougat to satisfy the demand. So at least I know she hasn't forgotten all she learned.

'One of the things we often do for engaged girls is to outline kitchen outfits and coach the girl in the use of each article so that she in turn may be sure her cook doesn't go in ignorance. But most of the engaged girls come here with a determination to learn to do their duty by the stomachs of their future husbands and their pocketbooks as well. We get more such pupils every year and there is yet hope for the next generation of housekeepers.'

Naturally there are queer happenings at some of the cooking schools. At one this winter a pair of "squabs" were laid out to be boned and potted. A girl who received one happened to know something about carrier pigeons and to her dismay discovered both of the "squabs" were registered Red Cross carrier birds, bearing the usual numbered ring on the leg.

'The same cooking school boasts probably the highest-fed boarder in New York,' said one of the pupils. I doubt if any of the table boarders at the hyphenated hotel fare any better and I do know three or four millionaires whose tables are set with far less elaborate food except on state occasions. This boarder is the janitor. Talk about the policeman or the millionaire Row post! Why, even he would envy the cooking school boarder. For four years now this janitor has stood his cooking school diet. If the cooking school was advertising its excellencies, its perfections, it would only have to placard the janitor, 'I have boarded four years with the—Cooking School' and turn him loose on the streets. The janitor now weighs about 300. He is especially devoted to fine sauces and has grown to be a very discriminating critic. He has never yet found fault. Good reason why, because he gets the best of everything made by the girls.'

One thing the engaged girls are apt to do as soon as they are settled in their own establishments is to invite the cooking school teacher to dine.

'I used to accept with fear and trembling,' said a teacher. 'But I've found the tremble was generally wasted nerve energy for the girls made every effort to show how well they can order a dinner and I have eaten a number where the new mistress has not been too proud to assist at the oversight of its preparation. One girl didn't stop with the teachers, but invited the ten girls of her class also. The dinner most often referred to, however, in cooking school annals is one given two years ago by three girls, pupils and friends, to nine young men of their acquaintance. The dinner was given at the home of one of the

girls. The three girls prepared and cooked every dish served. And it was a dinner of which to be proud. The nine young men declared it was the finest they have ever eaten and looked on those three girls with awe after that. I suppose I ought to say three engagements resulted from the dinner. But I don't know.'

WINE'S THREE-CENTURY PEOPLE.

A Number of Men and Women Whose Age Exceeds 100 Years.

A number of Maine people have lived in three centuries. Eben Lancaster of Bowdoinham in Sagadahoc county passed the century mark on Oct. 15, 1900, and is in good health and spirits for a man of his years. Last November he voted for President McKinley and afterward received a personal letter of thanks from the President for his support.

Patrick Kearney of Portland, a native of Ireland, is not far from 104. Until a few months ago he was about as lively as a man of 40, but he now rarely leaves his home.

Mrs. Dorothy Scribner of Scribner's Mills in Cumberland county was 100 on May 25, 1900. Her grandfather was a Revolutionary soldier, who died at the age of 102. She has four living children and eleven grand-children, and is active and industrious.

Mrs. Eliza Pmkham of Millbridge in Washington county was born on Jan 7, 1796, and if she lives until Monday she will be 105. She was born in the county in which she resides and has always made her home there. She was married in 1820 and has been a widow for forty years. She lives with a son who has been blind since 1860, but works out of doors every day.

Mrs. Caroline Hight of South Norridgewick in Somerset county was born on July 5, 1800. She was the daughter of a man who fought at Lexington and at Bunker Hill. She has had eight children, five of whom are living.

Mrs. Ruth Curtis of Kennebunkport in York county celebrated her 100th birthday last month. She has a recollection of many incidents of the war of 1812. She has never ridden on or even seen a railroad train. Edward Spencer of Lincoln in Penobscot county was born in Ireland on Jan. 2, 1797, and was 104 last Wednesday. He has been married four times and nineteen of his twenty five children are living. He served in the war of 1812.

Mrs. Saleme Sellers of Deer Isle, who has been the subject of much attention in the newspapers, celebrated her 100th birthday on Oct. 5, 1900. She is a descendant of John Winslow of the Plymouth colony. She has been a member of the Baptist Church for eighty years and she lived in the same house for seventy years. Mrs. Sellers's neighbor, Uncle Nathaniel Robbins, will be 101 on March 13.

A Play in a Temple.

A burlesque in the Temple of Heaven, China's Holy of Holies, is going on, and British officers are the actors. The play riddles Chinese royalty. Capt. Hamilton impersonates Empress Dowager, who is made to sing topical songs and dance jigs. Capt. Hamilton says:—'Think of me in this lousy weather posing as Venus among the heathen; think of me in the "altogether" at my time of life.'

Pres. Fane of the prize committee, who has been conducting auction sales of loot, sells the Empress Dowager at auction, describing her as 'a fine old bit of rare China.'

He bids 50 cents for her, saying that he can use her as a lady's maid. He appeals for bids for the dowager for the honor of China. Capt. Parks of the 7th Rajput regiment, who impersonates Prince Tuan, bids \$5 for the honor of China, whereupon the auctioneer calls:—

'Going, going, gone—the honor of China—sold for \$5. Prince Tuan, will you marry her?'

To this Prince Tuan replies:—'Ugh, the Dowager of China is a royal personage. She is sacred.'

It is easy to understand that a play such as this will scandalize the Chinese. Once a year the emperor of China visits the Temple of Heaven and prostrates himself.

A Great Constitutional Question.

Argument was begun in the Supreme court of the United States, December 17th on two cases, the decision in which is expected to fix the status of Porto Rico and the Philippine islands with respect to the United States. The cases arise from the assessment of duties on importations from the islands; but the fundamental question is whether the islands are a part of the United States or whether Congress has power to rule them as dependencies, without regard to the limitations which the

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Hoarseness in the Head by Dr. Nichols' Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 790, Eighth Avenue, New York.

HOOD'S PILLS. Bounce the torpid liver, and cure biliousness, sick headache, jaundice, nausea, indigestion, etc. They are invaluable to prevent a cold or break up a fever. Mild, gentle, certain, they are worthy your confidence. Purely vegetable, they can be taken by children or delicate women. Price, 25c. at all medicine dealers or by mail of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

constitution imposes upon the government of territory within the United States.

'Yes,' said the great musical genius, as he watched the crowd of idolaters scramble for possession of the cigarette stub which he had just thrown away. 'I have suffered for my art. Many and many a day have I suffered. I have even gone without food. Ah! what pangs of hunger I will suffer! What pangs of indigestion I will suffer! You put your whole heart into your work?'

'I did more than that. I put my stomach into it.'

Bought Yesterday—Cured Today.—Mrs. O. C. Burt, of 26 Broadway, New York, says: "I am surprised and delighted at the change for the better in my case in one day from the use of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. It worked like magic—there's no excuse for a person suffering pain with this remedy within reach. 50 cents.—8r

Change needed.—Doctor.—'You need more exercise.' Indisposed.—'Why, I'm steadily engaged in painting houses, now.' Doctor.—'Working by the day, I suspect?'

Indisposed.—'Yes.' Doctor.—'Well you had better work by the piece for a while.'

The Pall of Rheumatic Pains.—When a sufferer finds permanent relief in such a meritorious medicine as South American Rheumatic Cure, how glad he is to tell it. C. W. Mayhew, of Thamesville, Ont., couldn't walk or feed himself for months—four years ago three bottles of this great remedy cured him—not a pain since—Isn't that encouragement for rheumatic sufferers?—8a

'The Badgers claim their baby is remarkably intelligent.' I guess she is. It seems to me that she yells blue murder in 17 different languages every night.'

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side, and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces.—83

'A New Jersey woman had a queer delusion the other night. She mistook herself for a potato bug.'

'Yes. At least she gave herself a dose of Paris green by mistake.'

What makes you Dependent?—Has the stomach gone wrong? Have the nerves become tired and listless? Are you threatened with nervous prostration? South American Nerve is nature's corrector, makes the stomach right, gives a world of nerve force, keeps the circulation perfect. A regular constitution builder for rundown people. One lady says: "I owe my life to it."—84

The Chicago Man—That lady over there is from Chicago. Her foot is used as a model.

The St. Louis Man—Model of what—a gunboat?

What's the Trouble?—Is it Sick Headache? Is it Biliousness? Is it Sluggish Liver? Is your skin sallow? Do you feel more dead than alive? Your system needs toning—Your Liver isn't doing its work—Don't resort to strong drugs—Dr. Agnew's Little Pills, 10 cents for 40 doses, will work wonders for you.—85

Young Mother (to butcher)—I have brought my little baby, Mr. Bullwinkle. Will you kindly weigh him?

Butcher—Yes ma'am; bones an' all, I s'pose?

Dropsy is one Positive Sign of Kidney Disease.—Have you any of these unmistakable signs? Puffiness under the eyes? Swollen limbs? Smothering feeling? Change of the character of the urine? Exhaustion after least exertion? If you have these symptoms, dropical tendency and you shouldn't delay an hour in putting yourself under the great South American Kidney Cure.—86

'Who is this "Vox Populi" that writes for the papers so much?'

'I really can't tell you; all I know about him is that he's got the last syllable of his name all right.'

Have You a Skin Disease?—Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Eczema, Itch, Barber's Itch, Ulcers, Blisters, Chronic Erysipelas, Liver Spots, Prurigo, Psoriasis, or other eruptions of the skin—what Dr. Agnew's Ointment has done for others it can do for you—cure you. One application gives relief.—35 cents.—87

Mistress—Did you tell the lady I was out? Servant Girl—No, ma'am; she said she knew you wasn't.

A Sour Stomach and a Sour Temper travel hand-in-hand and are the precursors of mental and physical wreck. Nine hundred and ninety-ninety-nine in a thousand food ferment (indigestion) is the cause. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets keep the stomach sweet—aid digestion—keep the nerve centres well balanced—they're nature's panacea—pleasant and harmless. 35 cents.—88

everybody pulls in the... That's right! They were last week, to try... The town, sab... ate a dog-fight; and... ly burcussed, sab, if... bones to any feud... from any other town!... Multiplication... y that gun of yours... I did... d to shoot only 500... to two barrels... the Public... you dump all that dirt... —If folks don't find... washing they think... id you remark at de... looked like a lobster... sub I am no back-... med to cast any asper-... family I should go... et and do it straght to... 's my style sub!'



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r. Pierce's Favorite... front of all put-up... tested for women's... merits this medicine... men have been well... rds "It makes weak... ick women well."

Dr. Pierce's Pleas-... and effective laxa-... e international... a treatment fear of com-... her firm or company... ing of put-up med-... the World's Dispen-... cal profession or of... ic. The Invalids'... Institute, which is... "World's Dispen-... cient to prove this... is a great modern... lled with patients... successful operations... and women whose... aid of surgery. No... is better equipped... modern appliances... of its staff. Dr. R. V... nsulting physician of... a, has associated with... core of physicians... icked man, chosen... treatment and cure... of disease.

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Breaking the Jam.

The spring drive of logs down the West Canada Creek, an Adirondack stream, five years ago was remarkable for a number of unusual events. To begin with it was larger by millions of feet than any ever before floated down the stream. It was floated in record time, too, for the snow went off with a rush after the ice had gone out. Consequently the creek was brimming, and on this flood-tide came the logs by the tens of thousands.

To roll standard logs from the banks and to break the jams, there was a gang of more than sixty strong, daring men. They rode the torrent and fell in a dozen times a week, but at last they learned caution.

Bill Kennedy rode a log into Haskell's rifts before he knew it one day. A mile of white water full of rocks was before him. Kennedy lost his courage, the more completely because his courage had never before failed him. He uttered a wild cry. Dan Cunningham saw his peril, and jumping to a passing log, pushed out to the rescue. It was a wild race, but the approach of help steadied Kennedy and enabled him to keep his balance.

Among the rest of the boys at Wilmut, Will Conway, sixteen years old that spring, was renowned. He knew the creek, the places where the deer crossed it, the brooks that the minks followed and the pools the trout lurked in. But he wasn't satisfied with the money he earned selling trout and trapping mink. He wanted to make daily wages like a man.

That was the best place on the creek to see the drive. A big boulder had come out of the deep water above the gorge and lodged there in midstream at the brink of the tumult, its broad, ugly head two feet above the surface level. Against it logs were hanging every minute, making the worst jam of the season. It was already two hundred years old.

The mere fact that it was a big jam was something, but that was not all. Whoever broke this jam must surely go through the gorge—a third of a mile of the wildest plunging water, where the flood piles up first against one rock ledge, then against the other, and finally glides into the foaming tumble at the head of Mad Tom's pool, in which men have disappeared.

Haskell's rift, broad, open and comparatively shallow, had cost Cunningham his life. Here was water ten feet worse. At sight of the jam above it the men hesitated and shook their heads. They ate their lunch of cheese, bread, canned beef and coffee. Some hoped the water would rise and lift the jam over the boulder; they pointed out that the stream was just thinning a bit, for it was higher in the center than at the sides. At any rate, a little delay would do no harm.

At the head of the jam the water sucked and boiled, with little whirlpools diving in to one another. One by one the logs came wide, black and smooth, gurgling along the edges as it drew bits of ice and sticks under the ends of the logs. Where the water was divided and its bed narrowed, the current ran swifter and swifter till, at the entrance at the gorge, the water was lined and the foam stretched out, and even the bubbles were oblong, slanted back by the wind or whirled off the surface into shining, evanescent threads. Under such conditions,—with water sucking and boiling,—no man in the crew volunteered to go to the jam. As a matter of business the boss offered twenty five dollars to the one who would try.

There never was a log jam that river drivers wouldn't break sooner or later, no matter how high or rough the water, but in this case the men wanted time to think. And that was a boy's opportunity.

Will Conway's father had been a noted jam breaker, and men of the crew who knew the boy relieved their uneasy feelings by joking with him a bit.

'Why, Billy,' they said, 'your dad would have been out there hours ago if he were here. He wasn't afraid of the gorge. Hub, I should say not! I seen him the time he went through it—the only one as ever did it alive, I reckon, though some say they have. Them days they used to break jams with a cant-hook and ax, 'stead of dynamite. There was a jam just like this one. You'd ought to have seen it, the way he rode the first log, stiddy as a wagon, and he saved his ax, too. Fity ther' ain't no such men alive nowadays!'

To this bantering narrative Will listened

without undue gravity, but after awhile unobserved by any one, he opened the cheese-box in which were the dynamite and fuse used by the floaters to blast jams and dangerous rocks. He put four sticks of the stuff into his hip pockets, and a length of fuse into his blouse.

Then he went up the creek round the bend to his house and took a small corked bottle full of dry matches. The old pike-pole his father had used was used all the evening of the wood shed. He threw it over his shoulder and started for the creek.

He was soon afloat on a little log that was easy to guide, and he worked his way to the middle of the stream, dodging or fending off other logs. He watched the current ahead to see that an unexpected log did not carry him out of his course; he stood with ankles slightly bent and his head forward, and the quarter-inch spikes in the soles of his shoes gripped the log till it splintered.

Ahead of him was the jam, with logs hitting it every minute. Some of them dived out of sight instantly. Others alined round sideways and climbed the back of the jam. The whole head of the jam was rolling, twisting and heaving; there could hardly be a more dangerous place for a man's eyes.

To miss those rolling logs and yet find a landing was Will's hope. To go too far down would be to risk the pike into the gorge and the probability of being carried past the jam. But as he plunged into a drift of logs and was unable to steer out of it in time, he had to take his chances as they came.

There wasn't really any great choice in the matter. It would be a leap for life, a show, wherever the log struck, and it might as well be a big leap as a little one. Will was within a hundred feet of the jam before any one saw him. Then a small boy shouted, 'There's Will Conway on a log!'

A hundred men, and as many women and children, looked in time to see Will poise himself for the leap as his log approached the jam. Instead of holding the pole for a mere balance as he had been doing, he turned it parallel to his log and stooped for a vaulting jump.

Log after log struck, each with a heavy musical thump—a half dozen of them. Suddenly Will crouched, dropped his shoulder, struck the iron point home in a log, and then sprang forward and up—up, while the log he had just jumped plunged down into the vortex.

He struck fairly on his feet and ran lightly over the uneasy logs to the motionless ones. Then the crowd on shore tossed its arms and cheered. The first and least of the dangers was overcome.

Will walked down the jam, stepping from log to log, taking his time all the way. The crush at the boulder was very great. He looked the tangle over; some of the logs fairly stood on end, others were piled crosswise and lengthwise. A big one, its back splintered,—almost broken,—was evidently the key. As it lay broadside to the current, the water poured over it six inches deep at one end.

The other logs were thrust over and under it, and were lodged against the boulder. Just below the key log, in the water beside the boulder, was the place for the dynamite, so Will decided after the examination. Then he went to work.

While the crowd on shore looked on, wondering what he would do next, not knowing that he had dynamite, Will moved his pike along the jam, and found a straight spruce sapling, eight feet long and bare of bark, which some lumberman up at the log dump had used as handspike.

He carried this to the key log, and kneeling down, tied the dynamite sticks, one by one to his sapling, lashing them fast with a stout string, as he had seen the men do. Then he fastened the fuse and ran it along the sapling, steadying it by twine. This took only a few minutes—breathless ones to the onlookers.

Then Will examined the logs again, to be sure that he would put the charge in the right place. When Boss Koch saw him doing that, he said: 'The coolest chicken I ever see!'

At last the sapling was shoved home, the dynamite was fastened under water and the end of the fuse was nearly a foot above the surface. Then Will stood up and looked into the gorge below.

'He knew how the water ran there, for he had lived within a mile of it all his life. The story of his father's ride was not a new one; indeed, his father had pointed out to him the black streak of navigable water he had followed on that memorable drive of years ago.

Will could see the streak for a short distance along the right bank of the gorge to the left of the logs that missed the jam were lifting their noses against the ledge and tumbling over backward.

Will pulled his belt a hole tighter, and drew his trousers-legs out of his stockings; if he had to swim for it there wouldn't be bags of water on each leg drawing him under. He glanced back and saw where the pike pole was. Then he took a match from the bottle and struck it on a bit of dry log. The flame spluttered into the fuse, and Will, grasping his pike, ran for the head of the jam, where the logs were thumping and rolling.

In the days when jams were broken with cant-hooks and axes, the floaters always tried to keep ahead of the rush of logs lest they be crushed among them; but in these days of high explosives one must take one's chances at the other end; and this is not the safest place, when all the logs are moving and grinding together.

The fuse was long and burned slowly. Will was at the head of the jam long before the explosion came. He waited with the pike-pole balancing.

The onlookers stood on tiptoes. The roar in the gorge was not quieting to any one's nerves, but at last a dozen logs were lifted into the air, splintered and broken, and the boulder disappeared in smoke and spray.

There was not so much noise as one might think; just a sound that travelled low down, but a long distance.

A fifty foot dam of gray spray, speckled with large black sticks and yellow splinters ten feet long, flashed up, and then Will Conway poised for a life and death struggle.

The jam quivered from end to end. It broke to pieces in great masses. Some logs came jutting up out of the black water; hundreds plunged in mighty splashing. All were tossed and pitched.

In a moment Will was stepping and jumping from log to log, running toward the gorge. Once he fell, and the cry of gasped; but agile of body and cool of mind, he sprang to his feet again with only a shoe wet.

As he whirled into the gorge, one voice alone was raised. Boss Koch shouted: 'Good boy! Keep your nerve!'

Will lifted a hand in reply, and was then whirled out of sight.

Till this time hardly any one had stirred, but now everybody turned and ran for the road. Koch and his drivers leading. They raced over little patches of snow, through a creek waist deep with black water, and broke down a dozen lengths of fence getting over it into the highway. The river men were dressed in flannels of bright colors, blue, red, checked and plaid blouse waists, and mackinaw trousers of all shades and hues. On them the sun shone with extraordinary effect as they sprang out along the road, the best runners leading and the women bringing up the rear, all headed for Mad Tom's pool, where the gorge ended.

Down the gorge, below the first turn, the right bank is worn out and hangs far over the quick water. The turn is a gradual one, and the logs, once clear of the lifting wave above, swing round to the left again, end on, and along the side of a huge molasses like roll.

On the opposite side is a fierce eddy, in which logs dance on end and are split over and by the crush. The rocks on either side are hung with moss wet by a cold, thick spray, dashed up by the wind. Here Will found himself drawing toward the grinding mass in the eddy.

He was too far to the left. Quick as thought he jumped to a swifter log higher up the roll, then to one beyond, and on to a third, clear of the eddy by a yard.

Not time to think of it though, for ahead was business quite as dangerous—perhaps the worst of all.

The gorge narrows below the second turn, and the water, crowded into it, foams so high on both sides as almost to curl over. Down the center runs the black streak. Will got into that, and the white water was higher than his head on each side. He shot forward with increasing speed. He saw one log three feet in diameter strike a ledge, to be hurled end over end through the air.

As the spray lifted, he saw ahead the black level of Mad Tom's pool, where there was safety.

But before that the water gushed out suddenly in a like, until rollers ten feet high took up the speed, and only a greasy little trough lay down the center.

Once more Will saw that he was off his course, headed too much for the waves. Among them he could do nothing; he would be tossed as from a catapult.

He jumped again. The log caved, and he had to go to one beyond. For a moment he hung, almost toppling, but he got his balance again, now too soon.

Ten seconds of awful roar followed. His pike pole, which he held as a rope walker holds his balancing pole, was in the foam at both ends. Up and down on short, solid three foot waves went his log, and through some soiled, foamy ones.

A water soaked log came lumbering at him, but fell short. Another plunged across, just ahead of him. It seemed as if the whole jam was there, waiting for him.

The next instant the tumble of water was left behind. The current became broad and level; its dancing was over for a while. The logs, after a bit of teetering ceased their plunging, and floated on with rigid dignity. Will quickly pulled himself to shore and started up the road with his pike over his shoulder, heating the spray drops off his woolen cap.

He was met by a whooping crowd of rats, crying, crying, crying, and screaming boys, who all talked at once.

A few minutes later the drivers hurried away down stream, and Will accompanied them. He was to have a man's wages for handling the dynamite at jams too big for cant hook work.

Of course somebody went back to tell Will's mother what had become of him; in fact, they've been telling her ever since greatly to her satisfaction.

That's what you want. This is how you get it. Snuffs won't give it to you, neither will ointments or washes, they simply reach the door of the disease. Catarrh zone unlike all these reaches the very root, and the branches cannot escape its power. It is bound to cure for it is carried by the air you breathe; now isn't this common sense. Here's proof for you: Mr. C. M. Raney writes Sept, 1900: 'I feel assured there is only one treatment for Catarrh and that is Catarrh zone.' Catarrh zone is pleasant—acts quickly—cures absolutely—money back if you don't find it so. Druggists sell it at \$1.00 or direct by mail from N. O. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., Hartford, Conn.

A modern notion that fancy work is an invention of the evil one for keeping the foolish from applying their hearts to golf, yet the young ladies of long ago, who held to samplers and mourning pieces of an afternoon with a fervor better imagined than experienced, sometimes had their hobby in its utility rudely disturbed.

An anecdote in some reminiscences of Mrs. Anne Jean Lyman, a prominent New England woman and a contemporary of Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, records what may be considered a standing epitaph for fancy work.

When Mrs. Lyman was Miss Robbins, and a very charming young lady, she went to visit some friends of hers in Hingham. A young man, calling on the ladies one day, found them busy embroidering mourning pieces in which tall women in short waists and long skirts stood weeping by a monument. They begged for a motto for their pieces, and instantly got this bit of wit:

In useless labors all their hours are spent. They murder Time, then work his monument.

Up proverbial proverb. How many of us do God's work by the day and the devil's jobs by the piece. Smoke from the industrial chimney never clouds the bright star of hope.

A man who acted as treasurer seldom has a wife who is a treasure. A woman can do more than she thinks she can.

Birds, banks and beans are known by their notes. You'd be surprised if you used Magnetic Dyes to see what splendid results can be obtained, with slight effort and at a cost of ten cents.

BORN.

- Digby, Dec. 30, to the wife of Capt. Trask, a son.
Queens, Dec. 14, to the wife of C. McLean, a son.
Annapolis, Dec. 25, to the wife of G. T. Smith, a son.
Amherst, Dec. 31, to the wife of T. Rogers, a son.
Shelburne, Dec. 28, to the wife of T. White, a son.
Digby, Jan. 1, to the wife of Daniel Dillon, a son.
Digby, Dec. 23, to the wife of F. Blackford, a son.
Bristol, Dec. 28, to the wife of F. Wagner, a daughter.
Quebec, Dec. 12, to the wife of D. Smith, a daughter.
Milton, Dec. 24, to the wife of H. Porter, a daughter.
Hilo, Dec. 12, to the wife of Fred Haley, a daughter.
Charlottetown, Jan. 1, to the wife of Dr. Dickey, a son.
Brooklyn, Dec. 21, to the wife of Rev. R. Carter, a son.
Yarmouth, Dec. 28, to the wife of F. Weddleton, a son.
Yarmouth, Dec. 27, to the wife of Isaac Nickerson, a son.
Little Caspacia, Jan. 1, to the wife of J. Starnak, a son.
Herring Cove, Jan. 3, to the wife of Francis Thomas, a daughter.
Middleton, Dec. 28, to the wife of W. Pinc, a daughter.
Weymouth, Dec. 27, to the wife of E. Nickerson, a daughter.
Walden, Nov. 24, to the wife of M. Turbit, a daughter.
Selwood, Dec. 30, to the wife of Alfred Lake, a daughter.
Mount Densor, Dec. 25, to the wife of Capt. Smith, a daughter.
Bishopville, Dec. 29, to the wife of Arthur Vaughan, a daughter.
Campbellton, Dec. 31, to the wife of W. Chandler, a daughter.
New Westminster, Jan. 3, to the wife of W. Edgecombe, a daughter.
New Ross Road, Dec. 23, to the wife of H. Lockhart, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Canning, N. B., Dec. 25, Samuel Kerr to Julia McClelland.
Chester, Dec. 24, by Rev. A. M. Ben, Elias E. Walker to Blanche Zisch.
Truro, Dec. 25, by Rev. A. B. McLeod, John Gordon to Marion Hamilton.
Hants, Jan. 1, by Rev. E. Mack, Roland M. Hickey to Marion Hamilton.
Milford, Dec. 24, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, John Conley to Mary J. McKay.
Lower Stewick, Dec. 25, by Rev. F. S. Coffin, D. F. Burris to J. J. Fallon.
Truro, Dec. 24, by Rev. P. M. MacDonald, Edward Lively to Annie Starnak.
St. John, Dec. 28, by Rev. G. O. Gator, Harry Dempsey to Josephine Dakin.
Guysboro, Jan. 1, by Rev. Selley Jefferson, Eva Tombs to Charles Jenkins.
Springhill, Dec. 19, by Rev. J. M. Brancroft, Thomas Merritt to Dolie Welsh.
Andover, Dec. 25, by Rev. R. W. Dennings, Adam Briggs to Minnie Sisson.
Lockport, Dec. 27, by Rev. Geo. F. Day, John D. B. Perry to Janis Harding.
Picton, Dec. 25, by Rev. E. H. Ball, Thomas William Shelly to Annie Powell.
Truro, Dec. 24, by Rev. P. M. MacDonald, Lewis G. McLellan to Ada Candie.
Yarmouth, Dec. 27, by Rev. R. D. Bambrick, William Lawrence to Desire Mures.
Picton, Dec. 25, by Rev. E. S. Rattie, John D. McLellan to Jessie A. Chisholm.
Lunenburg, Dec. 27, by Rev. Mr. Bowers, Stanley Jodrey to Margaret Brum.
New Glasgow, Dec. 29, by Rev. W. M. Weaver, Lemuel Silver to Lily Silver.
Lunenburg, Dec. 24, by Rev. J. W. Crawford, Samuel W. Leach to Martha Zwicker.
Dartmouth, Dec. 31, by Rev. J. H. Davis, J. Frank Boush to Mary J. Wilson.
Amherst, Dec. 22, by Rev. J. A. Cresswell, John W. Barnette to Mabel A. Poina.
Lain Island, P. C., Dec. 10, by Rev. J. H. Logan, John A. Fulton to Mabel Stewart.
Eglin, Dec. 25, by Rev. Joseph Crandall, Elias Bannister to Maillie Deutshwright.
North Sydney, Dec. 25, by Rev. D. Drummond, and Mrs. J. H. Fraser.
New Glasgow, Dec. 29, by Rev. E. Cumming, Edward Graham to Mrs. J. H. Fraser.
Pugwash River, Dec. 25, by Rev. C. H. Haverstock, Carrie J. Eaton to Mack Chisholm.
Sussex, Jan. 1, by Rev. W. Camp, Frederick Wilkin to Jennie Whipley.

No. 100 Road, Dec. 25, by Rev. Mr. Williams, Mrs. White to Mrs. J. H. Jones.
Lead safety Station, Dec. 25, by Rev. D. C. Ross, Owen M. Cross to Mrs. E. G. Ross.
Hants, Jan. 2, by Rev. E. C. Armstrong, William E. Lyman to Ethel Blanche Williams.
Victoria, B. C., Dec. 27, by Rev. J. D. McFarlane, Daniel McLean to Annie G. Logghead.
Severly, Mass. Nov. 25, by Rev. Robert Johnson, James H. Macdonald to Agnes Whisman.
Hartfordville, N. B., Dec. 25, by Rev. J. H. Macdonald, Susan Alexander McKinnon to Annie I. Wood.

DIED.

- Hallifax, Jan. 1, Dr. Farrell, 65.
St. John, Jan. 2, Louis Marshall, 67.
Petersville, Dec. 31, John Morgan, 68.
Cochester, Dec. 31, Mary Clarke, 82.
Truro, Dec. 24, Mrs. J. L. Williams, 82.
New Glasgow, Dec. 31, S. Wright, 77.
Hampden, Dec. 29, Charles Dixon, 67.
Portage, Dec. 28, Susan Kessner, 81.
St. Andrews, Dec. 24, Eddie Griffin, 19.
Cedar Camp, Dec. 25, Andrew Klyn, 19.
Hants, Jan. 4, Elizabeth McAlpine, 65.
Charlottetown, Dec. 29, Mrs. Robertson.
Richmond, Dec. 28, Thomas Kennedy, 79.
Hants, Dec. 28, Ann Robecca Second, 69.
Northville, Dec. 27, Andrew Feasley, 59.
Versen River, Dec. 31, Samuel Wood, 68.
Charlottetown, Dec. 31, Fannie Gregory, 61.
Gay's River, Dec. 18, Mrs. William Scott, 78.
Great Village, Dec. 28, Mrs. Kate Layton, 78.
Kenseth, Dec. 17, James R. Macdonald, 78.
Hants, Jan. 3, Miss Florence Edwards, 28.
Summersville, Dec. 29, Captain Edward Stecher.
Lansville, Dec. 27, James H. McFarlane, 77.
North River, Dec. 31, Catherine Macdonald, 78.
Tracy Mills, Dec. 28, Alexander H. Kennedy, 69.
Truro, Jan. 3, Blanche, wife of Edward Johnson, 21.
Amesbury, Mass., Dec. 15, David P. O'Donnell, 41.
Boston, Mass., Dec. 30, Mrs. Martha Jane Moore, 78.
Haltar, Jan. 2, Rachel, wife of George Williams, 72.
Berwick, Kings, Dec. 20, widow of Wm. Gridley, 71.
Jamaica Plain, Mass., Dec. 23, Laura E. Hopkins, 71.
St. John, Jan. 2, Sarah Jane, wife of Nathaniel Prescott, 45.
Alkerville, Dec. 6, Frank, son of M. and Emma Turbut, 2.
Narmonth, Dec. 22, Deborah, wife of David Murphy, 21.
Haltar, Jan. 4, Ann, widow of the late Neil McLellan, 61.
New Glasgow, Dec. 20, Agnes A., wife of Harry D. Keppah, 54.
Covelside, N. S., Dec. 31, William M., son of John Cooper, 29.
Marzaverville, Dec. 16, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Colin MacLean.
Yarmouth, Nov. 27, Katie, daughter of Oscar and Mary Goodwin.
Carrington, Dec. 26, Marie A., child of M. A. and Annie Barron.
North Sydney, Dec. 29, Horace C., son of James and Mrs. Lewis, 21.
Amherst, Dec. 26, Francis Lorne, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Harrison, 1 year.
Yarmouth, Jan. 3, Annie A., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Green, 4 months.

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Express for Point du Chene, Campbellton and Halifax, etc. Express for Halifax and Picton, etc. Express for Sussex, etc. Express for Quebec and Montreal, etc. Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney, etc.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Sussex, etc. Express from Quebec and Montreal, etc. Express from Halifax and Picton, etc. Express from Halifax and Campbellton, etc. Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Montreal, etc.

VOL. ... The Acc... The scandal... suspension of... tive Ring in... the talk of... Sometime... were made by... and followed... abuses that... force forces... nation by... in as nearly... or such as... At that time... although these... the inner work... be able to give... tection and... There is not... of thing has... St. John for... no doubt truly... other cities, but... claimed as an... it in the city... two or three... tive in search... of cases obtained... Nasos, the pr... of resort on Brit... had at differ... Detective Ring... ing her protection... charge was a me... supposed to be... some unaccount... it appeared in... fact was of cour... the officer was... This gave the ch... he did not hesitate... is a few hours... suspension. No... held as yet, altho... Thursday that an... to get at the facts... Ring very propen... he be allowed... in defending himself... but according to... chief was not inclin... privilege. The invest... would be thorough... these interested perm... This will not satisfy... who are intensely... of the investigation... and it is quite within... that the investigation... est character and open... who contributes to the... The announcement... that Pearl Nasos, w... charge against Ring... city, having gone to... the nature of a shock... not ascertain before... it was true or not... tion that it was qu... thing that is likely... e is that the govern... chief of police may... to make regarding... investigation. It is understood that... complaints of the citizen... that at different periods... was inclined to investigat... police force and now... seems to have arriv... premier and a new att... power now and they... to the generally expressed... people. Detective Ring says... and that the charge... friends will hope that... he states, though if his... in the city, it is doubt... evidence against him... been regarded as a good... charge comes as a surpr... generally. General opinion conce... if there is to be an invest... of the most searching... let it stop with Ring... above bound, allowing... tatives to be present... get at all the facts. There are plenty of thing... besides the giving of h...