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# PROGRESS.

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VOL. XI., NO. 557.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 14 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## A ROUGH EXPERIENCE

THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG ENGLISHMAN.

Who Went to the Scenes of Gold and Ice in Search of Adventure and Gold—He is Willing to Give Good Advice to Any Who Think of Going There.

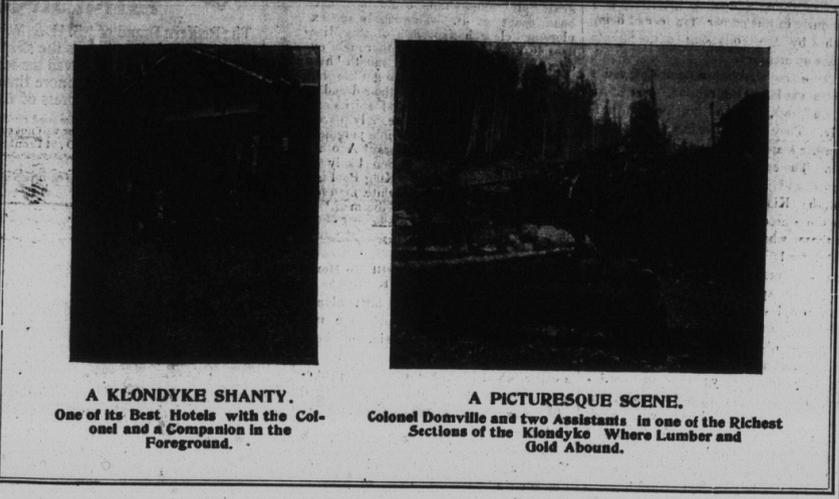
Progress was able a few days ago to have an interesting talk with an English gentleman, who for nearly two years has been roughing it in the Klondyke. Perhaps it can be truly said of him that he has seen all that there was to be seen in that new, rich and rugged country. When he went there he had a partner and both of them were rather in search of adventure than for gold. Well connected in England, well educated, powerful men and athletes, they sought with true Britons love of adventure and danger, the northern country of ice and snow where gold in millions was said to be, and where the hardships and dangers of mining incited brave spirits to venture.

This gentleman is at present staying in the city and he said to PROGRESS that while he had a natural distaste for being interviewed and for having his name figured in the newspapers as a returned Klondyker, he would be glad indeed to know of anyone who had any intention of going there in the spring, or to see anyone who had friends there and to give them all the information that he possessed regarding that rich country and its dangers. So if any of those who read this article wish avail themselves of this opportunity of obtaining Klondyke information, PROGRESS would be glad if they would call at this office and get the address of this gentleman.

His idea of the Klondyke in a general way may be had from a brief statement which he gave to the editor of this paper. "I do not propose," he says, "to say anything about the different routes to Klondyke as they were two years ago or even a year since. So many men have written their experience that it would only be a repetition, and the greater facilities that will exist this spring for all kinds of transportation will make the journey one of comparative comfort always supposing that you have the needful. But the question is will it pay for the trouble and outlay to go there? A great many have started to go with the idea that they have only to get to Dawson City and pick up as much gold as they wanted. How far from the truth that is some of those that have returned could tell you, and there are many more there who would like to return, but have no means to do so. I do not for one moment say that a man cannot earn a living in the Klondyke, but, I do say that a man who can make a good living there can do so in almost any part of the world with a good deal more comfort. Of course we know that, comparatively speaking, there has only been a small part of the country prospected now, but a man with a limited capital must be very sanguine to risk his all in prospecting new ground with so many chances against him.

The man that thinks of going this spring who has no interest there and has not been there before might be wise to give it a little more consideration before he makes a start. He must remember that Dawson City is not quite so pleasant a spot to live in as he has been accustomed to, even if he came from a rough part. Typhoid fever was very common there last summer and with an increased population and scarcely any sanitary arrangements it is likely to be worse next. He must also remember that the price of food is a little different there, and that he will have to work for \$1.00 an hour when he can work, and there are a great many hours when he can do nothing. In the winter there are three or four hours of light only, to say nothing of the intense cold. Of course we hear of nearly every one that has made a pile there, but scarcely anything of those that have made none, and nothing at all about those who have lost their lives in the attempt, and I think that if the truth was known that the percentage of those who have bettered their position by going to dig for gold in the Klondyke would be very small—indeed less than five per cent.

The narrator bears with him the marks of at least one trying ordeal which cost him the thumb and forefinger of his left hand and some well nigh costing him his hand and arm as well. In some way while prying off a portion of a ledge of rock his hand became caught and his thumb and



finger were crushed to a shapeless mass. He had to go 75 miles to see a doctor and for sometime it was not considered possible to save his hand.

His partner did not escape so easily but succumbed to the hardships of the climate and died. Still this Englishman is going to try it again in the spring though it is doubtful if he would do so if he had not interests then that require his personal supervision.

## THE UNITED LABOR PARTY FIZZLES

A Straggling Band of Two-by-six Oranks Who Hope to Reform the World.

HALIFAX Jan. 12.—Of organizations for the protection of labor, Halifax had not a few in days gone by, and one and all have culminated in disillusion and defeat. The latest movement on the part of the proletariat is now sprawling its misshapen proportions before the public as The United Labor Party, and for drivelling idiocy exceeds all its predecessors. Its platform, lately circulated, may be compared only to a torchlight procession of maniacs through the dim-lighted corridors of Pandemonium.

It is a lineal descendant of Mr. Dempster's Protective and Aid association, so-called, presumably, from the fact that it never protected or aided its members in the slightest degree, but the idea of the U. L. P. is larger, and its projected avenue to the Millennium are lighted up with more fanciful pervasions of common sense than the Butler-Dempster scheme could afford.

The several meetings which the party have held have been graced principally by the presence of Mr. J. T. Bulmer of Police Court fame. None can deny the popular character of Mr. Bulmer's oratory, his felicity of phrase and the unabashed manner in which he violates the rules of propriety and common sense. "Down with Capital, Capitalists, Capitalism," is the burden of Mr. Bulmer's melody, and the professional and capitalist classes are held up for execration, while according to his own showing the gifted orator is a mere parasite, a robber, a man who consumes much and yet produces nothing. To such a pass does Mr. Bulmer's learned dialectic lead us,—yet we are very far from considering Mr. Bulmer a useless or unprofitable citizen. That which amuses has always its utility.

Doctor T. A. Wallace is also shining brightly with the proletarians. His gospel seems to diverge somewhat from the legal friend in the peoples cause, and he is less inclined to get up on his hind feet and howl. The doctor, while swallowing the platform of the party, gives one the impression that he still entertains some mental reservations. We trust those reservations will be a seed in good soil that they may multiply some thirty, some sixty and some a hundred fold. It is the general impression that the genial disciple of Aesculapius has let his philosophical speculations for the nonce run away with his good sense, but is expected to regain his sanity.

Of the other lights of the party, little can be said. One Mr. Blois, a student at college, generally speaks at the ghost dances, and orates like a minister at a prohibitory caucus. At every meeting held so far by this would-be-political-party, there has sat, uncomfortably in the chair, a young man remarkable chiefly for his

extreme tallness and his thirst for the gore of the capitalist. Mr. Muirhead, (to emulate the poet, in thus giving to airy nothing a local habitation and a name" is known as the National Secretary of the U. L. P. and has a faith that is almost pathetic, in the ultimate triumph of the socialist programme. We would not do Mr. Muirhead the injustice of analysing his philosophy, knowing as we do that he should not be held responsible for utterances jested uncomfortably out while under the hypnotic influence of Mr. Bulmer's phrasology and Mr. Wallace's analytical peregrinations.

It is not thought that the party will fulfil its threat to put a man in the field next election. If its members progress much along present lines there won't be enough of the party outside Mount Hope to fight a good sized team, let alone the political institutions of sane, law-abiding people.

## AT HIS FATHER'S FUNERAL.

A Halifax Man Arrested on an Old Score in The Cemetery.

PROGRESS has a letter from Halifax which contains some statements which are not only remarkable but almost incredible, but regarding the source from which it came, there can not be any doubt but that the assertions made have considerable foundation in fact. It seems that a short time ago a civic official, who had not been appointed very long, passed away from the sorrows of this earth and left several near relatives at home and abroad who in duty bound prepared to follow him to his last resting place. One of his sons lived in the United States and had done so for some time. When he went away he was not in affluent circumstances, and like many another man was unable to pay all his bills, so as a matter of course he left them unpaid. One of his creditors happened to be a merchant who is now—and perhaps was then for all PROGRESS knows—an alderman of the city. He is not only one of the city fathers but is also a considerable champion of the Law and Order League, and figures among what might be called the church-going portion of the community.

This merchant or alderman, had a judgment against the absent son of the deceased civic official in question and from what happened afterwards it would almost appear he was hiding his own nose to spite the other. No doubt unconsciously of his intentions the son came home to attend the funeral of his father, and learning of the fact the alderman had the necessary papers prepared for his arrest. Now comes the strange portion of the story which it will be hard to believe of any man. It is said that the officer who was instructed to serve the papers was also told to arrest the debtor at the grave of his father. It is also stated that the officer protested against such a move, but the creditor insisted. Nothing would satisfy him but that the man should be arrested at the cemetery. His instructions were carried out. What happened after this so far as the creditor is concerned is not stated but it is quite possible that under the circumstances a settlement was reached.

PROGRESS correspondent grows indignant over the affair and says that such an action can not be expected from a man who goes out of his way to see that the local liquor dealers comply with the law,

but who is blind to the fact that there is illegal selling right in his own neighborhood. This has nothing to do with the case however, but is merely a side issue. The legal right of any man to collect a debt as best he can cannot be questioned, but there are few men who would not prefer to lose an account rather than take proceedings at such a time and at such a place as are noted above.

## THE COLONEL AFTER HIM.

Mr. James of London, England is Sued for Slander.

When Mr. Trewartha James of London, England, stepped off the train on his arrival in St John he was greeted by the Deputy Sheriff with a writ for his arrest. He was a surprised man but he did not lose all his coolness but like a sensible gentleman secured the services of a lawyer and tried to get out of the clutches of the law. He was sued for slander and the gentleman who took the proceedings was Colonel James Domville, the former manager of the Klondyke Yukon Stewart Pioneers. The Colonel does not talk much about his action but it is understood that he was not satisfied with certain remarks made by Mr. James in London in connection with his management of the company.

The amount of damages Colonel Domville claims is not stated but Mr. James had to furnish bail for \$5,000. To do this it was necessary for him to cable to England but satisfactory arrangements were made and Mr. James has the same liberty now as any citizen. He is stopping at the Dufferin hotel and getting acquainted with the local members of the company. Captain Ferris dined with him on Thursday and was no doubt able to give him much information about the country he was going to.

## He has the Correct Time.

The smile of good humor that usually belongs to the face of Jack Power faded into one of amazement when a few of his friends marched into his place of business the first evening of the week and presented him with a handsome marble clock which possesses such admirable arrangements connected with the striking apparatus that the owner will never need to be reminded of the proper hour of rising or retiring. Jack is no speechmaker but his hearty "Thank You Boys" expressed as much as he could have said in an hour. The clock was a large and handsome one procured from Messrs. Ferguson & Page and will be ornamental as well as useful in the cosy home of Mr. and Mrs. Powers.

## A Scenic View.

The fire fiend ravaged one of Nova Scotia's prettiest and most picturesque little towns Thursday, but amid the real regret there is a cause for thankfulness that its deadly work was confined to the business portion of the city and while in a financial sense many families may be practically ruined yet it is good to know that none were left homeless and houseless.—Bridgewater is one of the quaintest towns in Nova Scotia, and contains many beautiful residences, and has of recent years become quite a summer resort for Americans who seek change of scene and atmosphere in Canada.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired, Duval, 27 Water Street.

## SLANDER'S DARK WORK.

INJURES THE REPUTATION OF A YOUNG BUSINESS MAN.

How the Story Began to Circulate and the Lack of Foundation That it has—Some Facts That will Counteract Many of the Absurd Lies Afloat.

The start of a story—who can trace it? A short time ago an attempt was made to poison a well known clubman of New York. The poison was received and did its deadly work but the first victim was not the clubman. A woman died first and the clubman was the next victim. Ever since the police have been trying to find out who sent the poison but so far they have not succeeded. If they could only trace the origin of that poison and find out who started it on its deadly mission the rest of their work would be easy.

There are other kinds of poison besides cyanide of mercury (which was the particular poison used in New York). Perhaps they don't destroy lives but they ruin reputations and it is just as hard to find out who starts a slander as it is to ascertain who sends poison.

A sample of this slander poison has been scattered abroad lately. To judge from the talk it has created there must have been a pretty liberal sprinkling of it because reputations do not stand before it for an instant.

When, a day or two before Thomas A. Linton, the confidential clerk of Mr. O. H. Warwick, was about to start for England in the interest of his employer, he little thought that a check for \$28 that he signed in payment of a personal account would be used as a lever to cast a reflection upon his integrity.

Yet such is the fact. Mr. Linton had a power of attorney from O. H. Warwick which he had used for years in the business of the concern when called upon to do so. In common with the other employees of the firm who could afford to do so he allowed that portion of his salary that he did not require to accumulate to his credit and at the time that he drew the check in question there was something like \$500 to his credit on salary account. So when he was approached the day before he went to England and asked to pay an account of \$28 he went into the store of the firm where he owed the bill and drew a check for the amount marking it "T. A. Linton's account" and signed it "O. H. Warwick" under his power of attorney. In the hurry and bustle of departure Mr. Linton says he forgot to mention the matter at the office of Mr. Warwick but when he did think of it he remembered that the check spoke for itself and so he gave himself no concern over the matter.

And nothing was said about it apparently until lately. Some two months ago Mr. Linton's friends say he saw an opportunity to go into business for himself and he notified his employer Mr. Warwick of the fact. The latter was naturally annoyed over the matter and it is stated withdrew the power of attorney from Mr. Linton. Many business men will perhaps agree that such a course as this was justified inasmuch as Mr. Linton was about to start on his own account but it seems to have been about that time that injurious stories began to circulate about him in connection with his relations with Mr. Warwick's store.

The most serious of these stories made Mr. Linton out a defaulter to a considerable amount. [It is a satisfaction for PROGRESS to state that there is no truth whatever in this story. At the end of the year, instead of being indebted to his employer in any way, Mr. Linton had a balance to his credit on salary account alone of \$700. This amount has since been paid him and this of itself would be ample refutation of any such scandalous story.]

Further than this Mr. Linton is still with Mr. Warwick and will be until the first of May if he or his employer do not come to any other conclusion. He has been in his employ for nearly 20 years and the regrettable feature of it is that now when he proposes to start out for himself some one should be so maliciously interested as to endeavor to destroy his reputation for integrity.

## This is a Great Offer.

Any person sending a new subscription to this office with \$4.00 enclosed can obtain PROGRESS for one year, and the Cosmopolitan, McClure and Munsey magazines for the same period with only one condition,—all of them must be sent to the same address.

**CAROLINES' LOST RACE.**

**RUINS OF NAN-MATAL ALL THAT IS LEFT OF IT.**

**Foreigner's Tradition of Its Disappearance—Walls 40 Feet High and 185 Feet Long With Blocks Carried Thirty Miles—Chau-te-Leur's Tomb.**

An exploration of the strange Cyclopean ruins in the Nan-Matal islets off the coast of Ponape, in the eastern Carolines, was made by Mr. F. W. Christian in 1896. He has just given an account of his discoveries to the Royal Geographical Society in London, and what he had to say about the ruins is here reprinted from the Times. Mr. Christian went from Sydney to Ponape and from the harbor of Metalanum, on the east coast, explored the Nan-Matal ruins:

'The area occupied by the islets of Nan-Matal is about nine square miles. For the most part they are deserted, and altogether there are not above twenty people living on the three or four inhabited ones. Some of them are planted with coconuts and bread fruit, and are visited occasionally by fishing parties. The King's island of Tomun and the shores of the Metalanum harbor are fairly thickly populated, but the folk as a rule give Nan-Matal a pretty wide berth. They say the place is haunted, and on certain of the islets, such as Pan-Katara and Pei-Kap nothing will induce them to set foot. All the enormous quantity of basalt which the ancient builders used must have been brought in canoes or rafted down the coast, a distance of twenty to thirty miles. These pillars and blocks were carried down to the sea from the dales below the precipices of U and the great perpendicular scarp of Chokach, where the columnar basalt formation is very strikingly marked. Here were grand natural quarries, whence the builders might select all the shafts and pillars required lying around ready shaped to their hand.

'The first of the islets visited from Uhentau was Nan-Tausch, the most remarkable of all the Metalanum ruins. The waterfront is faced with a solid terrace of massive stonework, about six feet wide, standing over six feet above the shallow waterway. Above is a striking example of immensely solid Cyclopean masonry. A great wall between twenty and thirty feet high and about ten feet in thickness, formed of basaltic prisms laid alternately lengthwise and crosswise, incloses an oblong space, which can be entered only by the great gateway in the middle of the west face, and by a small portal in the northwest corner. The right side of the gateway is overshadowed and all but hidden from view by the dense leafage of a huge Ikoik tree. In olden times the walls must have been considerably greater in height, but much of the masonry has now fallen into ruin.

'A series of huge rude steps lead into a spacious courtyard, strewn with fragments of fallen pillars. This encircles a second terraced inclosure topped by a remarkable projecting frieze or cornice of stonework. The outer inclosures were 185 feet to 115 feet the wall varying in height from 20 feet to nearly 40 feet; the inner, which forms a second conforming parallelogram, measuring 83 feet by 75 feet. Height of the wall, 15 feet to 18 feet; average thickness, 8 feet. Another rude flight of steps leads up to the great central vault or treasure chamber, said to be the grave of an ancient monarch, who bore the dynastic title of Chau-te-Leur.

'It was difficult to gain much information about the old traditions at first. The natives certainly know something about the history of these ruins, but do not care to talk of them to strangers. This reticence was overcome little by little and consequently bit by bit a tolerably explicit little chapter of history was built up. It appeared that in olden days Ponape was much more populous than at present. All the tribes in the days of the builders were united under a powerful line of kings. The last of this dynasty met his death facing a great invasion of barbarians from Pati-Air, the barren lands of the south, probably some portion of New Guinea, the New Hebrides or some neighboring portion of Melanesian area. They arrived in a great fleet of canoes under the command of a fierce and terrible warrior, Icho-Kalaka. The savage invaders poured in upon the peaceful settlers and blotted out the ancient civilization after a great battle, in which numbers were slain on both sides. Part of the walls were thrown down and the defenders were either slain in battle or offered up in solemn sacrifice to the war gods of their conquerors. King Chau-te-Leur himself in his flight perished in the Chapalap River, to the head of Metalanum harbor. The Ani changed him in blue river fish, which the folk of Metalanum to this day will not eat.

'The underground chamber or vault which bears King Chau-te-Leur's name lies right in the centre of the inner precinct,

facing the great gateway. It is about eight feet in depth, roofed in with six enormous slabs of basalt. The flooring was paved by some heavy basalt blocks, which they had great trouble in lifting away. Below this was a layer of soft vegetable mould, thickly matted with a tough roof growth that made excavation somewhat troublesome. The side nearest the entrance threatened soon to fall into ruins and they had to pursue digging operations very cautiously in this corner for fear of being crushed by the collapsing of the mighty masses of masonry.

'There are three other tombs or vaults besides the large central one, situated on the southwest, east and northwest respectively. They are smaller in size, and gave up rather scanty results to their excavations. The one on the east side is very narrow and some twelve feet in depth. Paul, the King of the Metalanum tribe, sometimes used them as dungeons to confine those who offended him—a punishment greatly dreaded by the natives, in their childlike horror of the dark and of the viewless spirit forms with which their fancy peoples these lonesome places. 'The eyes of the spirits are watching everything you do,' said Keroum, one of the workmen, as he tendered his resignation. 'I know they are angry; they will not injure you because you are a white man, but they will punish us. I am very much afraid; I cannot sleep at night, and I would like to go home.'

'Standing on the southwest angle, where the wall is nearly forty feet in height, one looked down upon a green abyss of nodding woodland, with never a glimpse of the network of canals rippling below. The northeast angle is occupied by an enormous banyan tree, towering full fifty feet above the masonry in which it stands firmly rooted, thrusting its bunches of thread-like root fibres into every crevice. These, as they swell, exercise a constant and gradually increasing force, wrenching the blocks out of place. When a high wind blows the structure is racked through and through in every joint and keystone. Sooner or later, if nothing is done to remove the tree this side of the wall will settle down into ruins. A tangle of weeds, grasses and creepers thickly carpets the precinct. Beyond the two small cross walls on the inner side of the great outer wall on the southwest side is a remarkable slab, inclining to a crescent shape, balanced on two solid shafts projecting out of the masonry. This when tapped gives a clear ringing sound, and was probably used for an alarm or for a sort of a bell in sacred ceremonies. The northwest angle gives a happy impression of the style of architecture, the two walls at their junction running up high and bluff like the bows of a Japanese junk. Beneath the terrace fronting the waterway

is overgrown by a belt of young coconuts of recent growth.

'None of the excavations and of the havoc being made in the jungle in clearing operations finally reached the ears of King Paul, who at once put a stop to the work. Most unfortunately, his superstitious terrors were confirmed by a very severe epidemic of influenza that broke out in the tribe shortly after their departure and carried off many of the Metalanum people. The result of the excavations in the central vault was distinctly encouraging, and it was a great pity more time could not have been spent at it. Thoroughly to explore and clear the labyrinth of this Mierdesian Venice and to make thorough excavations would take several months' hard work. It was very difficult to get the natives to work here, owing to their dread of the vengeance of the ancestral spirits and heroes hovering around these holy places, ready to let loose some terrible judgment upon the head of rash intruders. Another great drawback to exploration likely to continue during the reign of King Paul is a deep-seated hostility to the white man felt by many of the Metalanum tribesmen.'

**GUN ORNING.**

**A Russian Traveller Who Will Go Home and Tell About It.**

S. Hanblum, 50 years of age, blonde gray, whiskered, volatile, and all the way from St. Petersburg, Russia, has been visiting Denver. To the surprise of a caller, who had never seen the gentleman before, Mr. Hanblum turned and with an expression of delight upon his face, exclaimed:

'Ach, my friend! I am fill wis delect. You are ze zhentleman from Melbourne vich I meet on ze high mountain, ze peak of Pike. Eet ees wis ze greatest pleasir I see you.'

When gently told that he was mistaken he could hardly believe it.

'Ees eet pooseeb? Vell, eet ees remarkable ze raysambulance.'

His accent and vernacular were peculiar. Sometimes he talked like a German, sometimes like a Frenchman. His manner was wholly French.

'Yes, sair,' said he in answer to a question. 'I am a resident of St. Petersburg. I was born in Warsaw, Poland, but I leev in R-russia tairty yairce. My name ees Jairman. Deed you notice zat name? Hanf, you see, meence hemp, and blum ees flower; zat ees altogaythair, hemp-flower. Zat ees preety, ees eet not?'

It was, and his visitor admitted it.

'I haf been in America some weeks, and haf noticeed many t'ings to pleece me and some vich do not. Now, zat seengular custome of eating gom. Zat ees ze most remarkable. Eet ees not fairer me to onderstand. All ze time time zey bite, bite, bite, chewing zis gom. So many, too!' And Mr. Hanblum held up both

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hands and arms like a pair of exclamation points.

'On ze car from Boofalo to Neeackeers zair was a young ledy seating in front of me ating zis gom—wisout stop, sink of it! all ze time! I ask: 'Vat ees zis zat ze people all eating?' I was told. I pair-chase some of ze leedle stoff and put in my mouce—Pa-ah! shpat heem out. Eet ees like medecoon and worse. And ees ees so ugly! I wonder so much as zis mees-oor-able habest, and eet seemee to be ze nabest deestee-ntkeet, nayee-anol-ees eet zo?'

The impeachment was admitted with grief.

'And ees zair no r-rymedee, no cure for zees ter-raible sing? No? Zat ees sad.'—Denver Post.

**At the Queen's Expense.**

The prince of Wales occasionally enjoys a joke over the queen's propensity for giving away Indian shawls. At one Henly regatta he was on a steam launch with a merry party, engaged in scrutinizing the other craft on the river. Their attention was especially drawn to a boat containing a pleasure party, one member of which was an elderly lady bearing a remarkable

resemblance to the queen, and she seemed bent upon doing all in her power to heighten the resemblance. One of the company on board the launch approached the prince and ventured to draw his attention to the lady in question, jocularly suggesting that it was the queen viewing the regatta incoog. Just as his royal highness was leveling his field glass upon her, she rose, and taking the shawl upon which she had been sitting, threw it about the shoulders of the young girl who was with her. 'It is undoubtedly the queen,' replied the prince quietly; 'I see that she has just presented one of her Indian shawls.'

**To Our Readers.**

Jan 14.—The editor desires to inform his readers that he is authorized, through the courtesy of N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., to offer each one suffering from catarrh, fetid breath, bronchitis, &c., a sample outfit of Catarrhoxone. Catarrhoxone is a liquid which, when inhaled reaches every diseased spot, cleansing and invariably curing catarrh and all nasal and throat diseases. For a short time these samples will be given free. It never fails to cure. So write at once to the above address.

**Scene: A Railway Carriage.—First Artist: 'Children don't seem to me to sell now as they used.'**

**Second Artist (in a horrace whisper): 'Well, I was at Stodge's yesterday; he had just knocked off three little girls' heads, horrid raw things, when a dealer came in, sir; bought 'em directly, took 'em away; wet as they were, on the stretcher; and wanted Stodge to let him have some more next week.'**

**Old Lady (putting her head out of the window and shrieking): 'Guard, stop the train and let me out, or I'll be murdered!'**

**CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.**

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

**AGENTS AND OTHERS** EITHER SEEK "Dew of Eden." Something new—just out. Do you want money to burn? Send 20 cents in silver for sample. "Dew of Eden," THE EDWIN PARSONS CO., Box 79, Parrisboro, N. S.

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Music and The Drama

Important steps have lately been taken toward the realization of a Wagner theatre for England, and a definite plan will be published soon.

At fourteen of the forty-six Italian theatres are being played French operas. At several opera houses the oratorios of the Abbe Peri are, moreover, to be performed.

Dr Dvorak is about to celebrate his silver wedding. He had to wait several years before he was able to marry the girl he was engaged to, as he had not enough money to support a wife.

The complete Wagner cycle is to have two representations in New York this winter, the first beginning on Thursday evening, at the Metropolitan Opera house with a performance of 'Das Rheingold.'

'Is there any difference between the audiences in various cities?' asked a New York San interviewer of Emil Paur. He replied: 'Yes, indeed! In Germany they are much warmer and more demonstrative than they are in this country.'

Masagni is at present engaged upon the composition of an opera called 'The Comedy of Art.' The familiar figures of the Harlequin, Pantaloon, Columbine, etc. are represented. It will be an opera like 'The Barber of Seville.'

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Paul Caseneuve Company opened an indefinite engagement at the Opera House on Monday evening in 'The Strategists,' a bright little piece abounding in laughable situations, all sorts of funny mistakes and mix-ups of one kind and another.

The opera house begins the new year under the most favorable conditions and though the past year was not a record breaking one in the way of business it was very successful financially—and from other standpoints particularly so.

The management is earnest and indefatigable in its efforts to give the people the very best that can be procured in the way of popular amusement and good healthy plays, but unless the action of the piece proper is interspersed with vulgar songs, stale jokes and questionable witticisms, the best efforts of a company count for nothing and the finest play ever written is accounted flat, stale and unprofitable.

EZEMA OR BABY

My little daughter had Eczema. We used all kinds of remedies, but she kept getting worse. I used to wrap her hands up, and to dress her, had to put her on the table. I could not hold her, she would kick and scream, and when she could, she would tear her face and arms almost to pieces.

Dr. J. C. G. A. O'NEILL, L.D.S., N.Y. Feb. 7, 1898. Mrs. G. A. O'NEILL, L.D.S., N.Y. said throughout the world. PETER HERRING AND CO., Chemists, 77th Street, New York.

Olga Netherola began an engagement at Wallack's Monday evening, appearing in 'The Terzaghi.' Later on she promises a new satirical comedy by Max O'Rell.

'Zaza' came to the Garrick Theatre, New York, this week, with Mrs. Leslie Carter as the heroine.

This week will witness the production at the Irving Place Theatre, New York, of Hermann Faber's 'A Happy Couple.' The play has been performed in Germany with great success.

'On and Off' will be succeeded at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, on January 16, by Mr Gillette's play, 'Because She Loved Him So.'

'Cyran De Bergerac' recently reached its three hundredth performance at the Porte-St-Martin, Paris.

Sarah Bernhardt intends giving the Theatre des Nations her own name when she takes possession of it next month.

Signor Novelli has appeared as Shylock in Paris with great success, the part being considered by the French critics as one of his best.

According to the London Era, Hall Caine has accepted a commission to write a new play for Maude Adams.

G. P. Bancroft has read his new play, with which Edward Terry begins his London season, entitled 'What Will the World Say?' It promises to be a really good play.

Although 'La Poupee' is still going very well on its revival at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, the new opera by H. J. W. Dam and Justin Clerice is being rehearsed daily. There will be something quite Spanish in it, we are told.

John Hare will respond to the toast of 'The Drama' at the fifteenth annual dinner of the Playgoers' Club, which will be held on January 29, at the Hotel Cecil, London.

Sir Henry Irving, J. M. Barrie, Beerholm Tree, A. W. Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones have joined the committee for raising a fund to help Mrs. Harold Frederic and her children.

A 'Smoking room for ladies' will be one of the novel features of the remodeled St. James' Theatre in London.

Kienzi has completed a third opera which will also be brought out at Berlin.

Zangwill's dramatization of 'The Children of the Ghetto' will be first produced in the Broadway Theatre, New York, in October next.

Sutton Vane's latest production of 'The Crystal Globe,' an adaptation of 'La Jalousie d'Orgue,' which has just been produced in the London Princess' Theatre seems to be in his characteristic style.

There is to be produced at the London Court Theatre a rendering by Messrs. Aubrey Boucicault and Osmond Shillingford of 'Les Premieres Armes de Richelieu,' one of the pieces given by Dejazet, whose favorite it was.

Bernard Shaw is writing for Forbes Robertson a play founded upon a supposed early flirtation between Julius Caesar and Cleopatra.

Henry Arthur Jones has signed an agreement to write a new play of modern life for Beerholm Tree. The latter will soon make his first appearance as Achille Talon Defard, in 'The First Night,' a character associated with the names of some famous French and English actors, notably M. Ravel and Alfred Wigan.

The London Globe and the Savoy have both responded, with John Hare at the former, with 'School,' and 'The Merry Menach,' rewritten, with new music by Ivan Caryll, and rechristened 'The Lucky Star,' at the Savoy.

'Le Barreau,' of M. Brieux, which has been produced at the Theatre Francaise, has for its object to prove that divorcees ought not to be granted where there are children. M. and Mrs. Chastrol, who have been divorced, meet by accident at the bedside of their sick child, with the consent of the lady's second husband. After hovering on the brink of the grave for many anxious days the child recovers, and the parents, in a paroxysm of feeling, throw themselves into each other's arms.

The new Century Theatre purpose producing a new play in January by H. V. Esmond, called 'Grierson's Way.'

Leoncavallo has nearly finished his 'Rinaldo di Berlino,' which Emperor William II ordered. He announced his intention of shortly commencing work on 'Zaza.'

Sometimes the letters received by the singers at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, are more remarkable than persons unaccustomed to see them would ever believe. It is understood generally that actors, singers and other figures in public life receive many strange letters.

Persons write to beg for money, for interviews, for pictures, for autographs. Requests for autographs, indeed, are the most numerous. There is little or nothing flattering to the artist in these requests for autographs. Some of the artists drop the cards that are usually inclosed ready for the name into the waste basket.

Next to the autograph seekers, the beggars are the most numerous. They want money in the majority of cases, although their ways of begging for it are varied. One example of their methods occurred in the case of Mme. Marcella Sembrich and Edouard de Reszke. One day Mme. Sembrich received a note from a Pole who lives somewhere in the far eastern side of the city.

It happened, unfortunately for the writer, that Edouard de Reszke was at Mme. Sembrich's house when the note arrived. She read it through, and handed it to him. Immediately he recognized the handwriting. The letter was identical with one that had come to him, the only difference being in the matter of the names. In the letter to Edouard de Reszke the writer had said that Mme. Sembrich had promised to pay half the \$50 if M. de Reszke would pay the rest. The Pole got nothing.

It has been said frequently that the De "77" is Dr. Humphreys' Specific for Coughs, Colds, Influenza and Grip Pneumonia Prevented.

Advertisement for Dr. Humphreys' Specific for Coughs, Colds, Influenza and Grip Pneumonia Prevented. Includes text: 'The early use of "Seventy-seven" will prevent Grip and Pneumonia. One of the strongest points of "77" is its sustaining powers during an attack of Grip; the vitality of the system never lags and you come out feeling almost vigorous, instead of a debilitated Grip-wreck full of sores and pains.'

Reszke has more calls made on their beauty than any of the other singers, and that they respond to them with greater liberality. It is true they have greater beauty than any of the other singers, and that they respond to them with greater liberality. It is true they have greater beauty than any of the other singers, and that they respond to them with greater liberality.

Mme. Sembrich receives the customary letters from her compatriots begging for money, but the most remarkable of her correspondents is an American girl, who writes singing herself after her name "dram. sop." The letter came from a town so small that it is to be found only on a very large map. The letter was written on paper that bore the advertisement of a small village hotel. These words "dram. sop," were puzzling for a while. But the letter cleared up the mystery. The writer said that she was a dramatic soprano. She inclosed a photograph which looked dramatic. The woman lived in a small town in the interior of the state. She had been to New York and had not heard Mme. Sembrich sing, as she was not on the programme during the time that the writer's examination ticket lasted. That was only an incident of the letter. Several years ago the writer brought a photograph to paint on a brass plaque. The picture was one of Mme. Sembrich. She wanted the singer to see it, and suggested that she come to visit the prima donna for a while, bringing the brass plaque with her. She was willing to act as companion or maid during that time, and, indeed, she was willing to serve in any capacity that would take her every night to the opera. That was of course, one of the letters to which no answer could be made. The writer was exasperated, however. She wrote several times, and then sent a registered letter to the proprietor, asking if the former letters had been delivered.

The singers receive all sorts of requests to sing for old ladies' homes, Young Men's Associations, and no end of equally inappropriate charities. Unless these are accompanied by some very influential letters they are merely disregarded. Several weeks ago a woman who was a cripple came to New York from a Southern city. She wanted a benefit. She wrote a note to Mme. Emma Eames, whom she addressed as "Madame Aimes." That was astonishing enough. But when she said Mme. Melba had given her a letter of introduction, that was more surprising, as Mme. Melba and Mme. Eames are not supposed to have any close social relations, and this was an unfortunate suggestion. After having interviewed Mme. Sembrich and found her equally opposed to any such plan, the woman returned to the South, quite puzzled that the great opera singers should take so little interest in her plan for a benefit performance in which they should all take part. One curious invitation sent to Mme. Eames was to attend a new-years dinner given on Christmas Day in Fittingburg. The attention was appreciative, but Mme. Eames' arrangements at the Metropolitan made it impossible for her to accept.

Most of these begging letters are thrown aside without being read. Sometimes they contain a particular note that appeals to the person, and they may receive attention. Persons who have written to the great singers and received no answer may take it that their letters did not contain the appealing note. Many of these letters never reach the person for whom they are intended. The husbands, agents or managers throw them away. Many come from the proud parents of promising youngsters. "I have a daughter," runs the thing usually, "who is very musical. She sings very sweetly and has so far had few lessons. I took her once to the opera to hear you, and she has always talked of the impression your singing has made on her. She has taken much more interest in her music ever since she heard you. It would gratify me so much if you would consent to hear her some day. I should so like to get your opinion on her voice. We think her teacher is a good one, but are not certain."

This is the customary form of the mother's letter. Sometimes it comes from the girl herself, but the form is usually the same. In nine cases out of ten these are wholly ingenuous letters written by people who wonder why in the world they never get any answers to them. If the principal singers in the company spent their time answering these letters there would be little time for anything else. So they have to go unnoticed. The men singers have the same experience. Jean de Reszke is constantly importuned to hear throaty young tenors, and Edouard, who listened to a baritone in Chicago and gave him some advice, received a visit from him here. He had travelled all the way for more advice and encouragement. Albert Salza recently told how he had recovered his

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voice after some very faulty instruction from one of the professors of the Conservatoire. The day following he received a letter from a man living in New York, who wrote that he was not a professional singer himself, but wanted to be one. He was anxious to have M. Salza give him some instructions as to the way he would best set about recovering so much of his voice as he thought had teachers had deprived him of. M. Salza had too much on hand to undertake the instruction of this modest applicant. Begging letters make up the majority of the correspondence, however, that comes to the well known singers. Everything from tickets to money is to be found among the requests. The extent to which these are answered depends entirely on the particular disposition of the artist to whom the letters are sent. It is needless to say that many letters are unanswered and that some of the singers never respond to these appeals for help. Possibly they are the wisest. The economies of some singers have frequently been the subject of comment. In many cases they have been ridiculous. But when one considers that they are looked upon as the legitimate prey of many persons who would not dare to ask of others, their prudence is highly creditable, and they can be excused readily for refusing to grant every request made to them, merely on the ground that they happen to have won fame in their profession.

The Sense of Direction in Animals. I am an old reader of the Spectator, and should like to be allowed to add one to the many interesting stories you have collected about the traits of animals. Mine relates to a paradise duck which had become domesticated, and lived at a sheep station twenty-one miles from Timaru, in the provincial district of Canterbury. It belonged to the housekeeper, who had clipped its wings, and it spent its life between the homestead and a small pond close by. In course of time its mistress left for the neighborhood of Christchurch and she carried the duck with her in a basket. Her journey was by train twenty-one miles to Timaru, then by changing to another train for ninety-five miles, and finally by coach or cart for about ten miles. By and by the duck disappeared from his new home, and was looked upon as lost. Then its mistress returned to her previous domicile some time after—how long I have not discovered—and to her intense surprise found the duck had revisited its old haunts, and was settled on the pond as before. It could not fly, and no one was known to have carried it, so the only remaining hypothesis is that it walked for one hundred and twenty miles, threading its way by many crossroads, over bridges, and across streams, through a country which presents a great variety of contour in hill, valley and river.—J. M. Ritchie in London Spectator.

Fashoda a Paradise for Sportsmen. Big game is said to be plentiful in the region of Fashoda. The river swarms with crocodiles and hippopotami, while great herds of antelopes of various kinds and giraffes are frequently met with them. The latter fact is particularly interesting, as most of the zoological gardens of the world are in want of a specimen of the North African giraffe, which they have been unable to obtain, owing to the closing of the Central Sudan for so many years.

HAVE YOU EVER USED B 14498 THE GREAT ANTI-DYSPEPTIC DOSE—A teaspoonful in half a wine-glassful of water before breakfast and dinner, and at bedtime. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents a bottle. Prepared only by W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, Chemist and Druggist, 35 King Street. Telephone 239. If you suffer from Dyspepsia try a bottle and be convinced.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, JAN. 14th

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

SYMPATHY IS NEEDED.

It almost seems as if Mr. GEORGE ROBERTSON, the ex-mayor, is growing weary of the stagnation of life as an ordinary citizen and that he proposes to ask the people of St. John to send him to the provincial house as a supporter of the EMERSON-TWEDDIE government.

The credit for this move seems to have fallen upon the willing shoulders of Mr. WILLIAM PUGSLEY, who, if report is not again astray, seems also willing to add to his experience in the election field.

And yet withal much sympathy should go out to any gentlemen in such distress and dilemma brought about through their anxiety to serve the ungrateful public!

A day or two after the opening of the year a schedule of the police, court offences for 1898 was published and if we compare the total of that year with that of 1897, we find that there is a slight increase. Still

It is hardly fair on this account to conclude that there has been an increase of crime in the city of St. John for 1898. As a matter of fact the number of minor and trivial offences, violations of city bye-laws and so forth, make up very largely the total of offences in our city.

The resignation of Mr. WARD C. PITFIELD from the presidency of the exhibition association will be a severe loss to that corporation. For years Mr. PITFIELD has devoted his wonderful energy and ability to the service of the exhibition and it has been largely through his efforts that the show has continued to be an annual one.

New York has a poison case that is puzzling the police of that city very much. Of course the experts connected with the police force have "clues" but so far the evidence they have obtained is not strong enough to warrant them in making an arrest.

HALL CAINE, the English novelist, who has been doing a lecturing tour in the United States has gone back to England and has made some very pleasant remarks regarding the people of the great republic.

There are two McLeans. It seems that up in Victoria County in the town of Andover there is a gentleman by the name of H. H. McLean, who is quite well known, not only by the people of that town and county but also to travellers who happen that way, because he is very generally connected with the daily life of Perley's Hotel.

Mr. A. W. Masters, the General Manager of the London Guarantee and Accident company with offices at Chicago has sent a diary bound with Russian leather to PROGRESS. The diary contains complete maps of the Eastern, Southern, Western and Central States and much information that is very useful to a man in every day business.

A few new stoves for the Electric Street Railway cars.

PROGRESS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Where Alice lives, Where Alice lives beside the sea, There she is a young lover's dream, There is a double charm to see, For which I thank the giver.

The Clown of the Regiment, We call'd him the clown of the regiment, the very day that he came to the desert, and he served to give proof of his name.

The Gold Discovery That Built Bridgewater is a Canadian Wilderness. 'Up in Ontario,' said J. W. Wheatley, a civil engineer of Montreal, 'there is a deserted town called Bridgewater, which is built entirely of marble.'

'In sinking a shaft one mile south of the town, on the claim of B. Flint, a life Senator of Canada, a vein of white marble was found. At the suggestion of Senator Flint, who wanted little or nothing for the material, the town of Bridgewater was built solidly of marble.'

'While the town was booming the entire country adjacent was prospected. Some of the shafts and tunnels driven were more than 100 feet in depth, but, remarkable as it may seem, there was never sufficient gold found by the prospectors collectively to pay the cost of a single mine in the district. Still, the earlier disappointments only increased the virulence of the gold fever, which laid hold of the farmers around Bridgewater with a particularly tenacious grasp.'

Now the snow is trampled by million feet the world is lighted and loud, And Christmas comes to a hurried host of neighborless men in a crowd.

Call for a rug and we will clean it free by our great carpet renovating process for like new. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY DYEING & CARPET CLEANING CO. Telephone 68.

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

A Complaint From Hellas. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: An item in the Halifax Evening Mail of the 28th. December goes onto say that the local firms find it very hard to get goods at the freight sheds and yards and that shippers are grumbling at the facilities afforded at the deep water terminus.

When Tom hove in sight the coyote smiled a satisfied smile. Tom had not at first seen the coyote; in fact was not aware that a foe was near until the first charge, when the coyote sprang at him. But, quick as a flash, he parried the first thrust and squared for action.

Tom was ready, and rushed the fight. He crowded the coyote and backed him over the knoll, planting a left or right whenever or wherever he pleased.

'How do you expect to vote?' inquired the stranger in North Carolina. 'Well,' was the answer, 'we'll decide that when we give the ammunition. We haven't made up our minds whether we'll vote by squads or platoons.—Washington Star.

property for almost anything over \$1 an acre. 'Within a couple of years it became patent to all that mining in Bridgewater would never pay. So silently, one by one, the prospectors stole away from their marble residences, to be followed shortly by the owners of the marble stores, leaving the once thrifty town to settle down to a lonely, weed-choked and futureless desolate.

How an Undanted Fellow Won a Battle for His Life. A Boie man passing over the sagebrush plains near Meridian the other day was treated to an exhibition that was as strange as it was interesting. It was a battle between a cat and a coyote.

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A Rag Cleaned Free. By the great carpet renovating process. When you get it home you will see what we can do with your carpets.—Carpets also dusted without the aid of straps or chains. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY DYEING AND CARPET CLEANING WORKS. Telephone 58.

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FOR ADDITIONAL COUNTY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Prognosis for sale in Halifax by the newboys and at the following news stands and centres.
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J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth N. St
Queen Bookstore, 109 Gold St
Colonel and Mrs. Collard entertained a large number of guests at five o'clock tea last Wednesday, the occasion being not only the welcome presence of Miss Collard, who is finishing her education in Windsor, but also that of their elder son, who arrived from Kingston to spend the Christmas season with the family. Mrs. Collard also extended her hospitality to three of the present season's brides. Col. Kingscott was one of the chief guests, looking quite well after his stormy Atlantic voyage. Of course the event of last week was the marriage of Capt. and Mrs. Craike. The Garrison chapel was more than crowded and the fair bride bore herself well and modestly. A little pale, perhaps—what woman with true woman heart is not pale on her wedding day?
The gallant young soldier husband held himself well and responded to the solemn service, read most beautifully by the chaplain, in a firm and manly manner. The bride's "I will" was heard distinctly all over the church.
The service over, the bride left the church on the arm of the young husband, going down the opposite side from the one she had entered.
At the house the scene was most beautiful, many fair women and brave men all giving congratulations to the newly wedded pair. Capt. and Mrs. Craike received under the arch of flowers, Mrs. Oliver, of course, first receiving the guests as they entered.
The speeches were happy and appropriate, the reverend rector of St. Luke's proposing the welfare of the bride and groom. The bridesmaid's health was then drunk and the "man," Mr. Cochran responding, his only grief being that he had not claimed the privilege of the best man in the vestry—according to tradition—the second kiss from the bride.
Other speeches followed and the bride left the table (after cutting the cake with her husband's sword) to change her bridal garments for a travelling dress.
Among the many beautiful dresses worn by the guests on this occasion, I may mention first of all Mrs. Oliver's violet satin, with black and white lace; Miss Craike's smart gown of grey cashmere and sealskin and a most beautiful hat; Lady Seymour's pale grey costume and her daughters likewise attired.
Mrs. Stewart wore black and violet; Miss Stewart grey and white; Miss Daly a blue tailor-made costume; Mrs. Unisacke, fawn color; Mrs. W. Hill, dark blue relieved with white; Mrs. Clarkson black velvet, the bodice striped and finished with a white satin cravat; Mrs. Trench a lovely gown of blue silk, with beautiful embroidery about the neck and sleeves; Mrs. A. E. Jones ("Lallah Bell") black satin with gold embroidered froth, hat of white chiffon and Red and white roses. Mrs. Jones' two little girls were in red velvet frocks red hats with white plumes. Mrs. G. Morrow looked very well in an exceedingly well-fitting tailor-made gown. Mrs. James Morrow was in blue and pink; Mrs. M. R. Morrow in red brocade; Mrs. McWaters was in black relieved with white; Mrs. J. J. Stairs was very smart in dark blue with a white vest. Many other ladies wore most beautiful costumes.
Another event of equal importance in society took place this week in the marriage of Miss Blanche Wickwire, daughter of Dr. W. N. Wickwire of this city, and Captain H. M. Elliot of the Royal Artillery. The ceremony took place at St. Luke's Cathedral, and long before the hour the building was crowded. Mrs. Wickwire entered the church on the arm of Mr. Huddleston, her brother-in-law, accompanied by Mrs. Huddleston and Miss Keith in beautiful costumes. The bride followed on her father's arm. Simultaneously the groom with his best man entered. The bride wore a magnificent court gown of white satin, a mass of silver embroidery and Brussels lace. Her train was enormous and her veil graceful and becoming. Her ornaments, besides the wreath of orange blossoms and garniture of the same flowers, consisted of diamonds and pearls, the gifts of father, mother and groom. The pearls were most beautiful, one being a special antique design of a shell of pearls, presented by the groom's mother, also a very lovely star, the gift of Mr. Turner, Bank of Montreal. The bridesmaids wore white satin costumes, being the bride's gift to them, and large royal blue hats trimmed with ostrich plumes and three lovely knots of blue chiffon. They carried bouquets of blue, trimmed with white feathers, and wore opal and gold garnet pins, gifts of the bridegroom. The bride was attended by two pages, Master V. and H. McWaters, sons of Colonel McWaters. Their costumes consisted of white satin and velvet trimmings of blue. The groom was attended by A. M. Cayley, R. A., as best man, and J. H. Jones, R. P. Jones and O'Donovan, R. A., as groomsmen. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. P. Crawford, rector of St. Luke's, assisted by Rev. W. H. Bullock, chaplain of the forces. The wedding presents were very numerous and costly. Captain and Mrs. Elliot left for New York, on route to England. They had a special car.

Behind every great man you will find a great mother. Behind every great woman you will find a healthy mother. A child's physical and mental well-being depends upon a tremendous degree upon the mother's condition during the period of gestation. If, during these critical months, the mother suffers from weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs that bear the burdens of maternity, the chances are that her child will be weak, puny and sickly, with the seeds of serious disease already implanted in its little body at birth. If the mother, during the interesting period, suffers from the abnormal mental states which recur periodically with women who are weak in a womanly way, these conditions will impress themselves upon the mind of the child.
Every woman wants children who are both physically and mentally healthy. Every woman may have that kind of children if she will take proper care of herself in a womanly way. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all medicines for prospective mothers. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs that bear the brunt of maternity. It makes them strong, healthy, vigorous, virile and elastic. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and tones and builds up the shattered nerves. It banishes the usual discomforts of the critical period, and makes baby's introduction to the world easy and almost painless. It insures the little new comer's health and a bountiful supply of nourishment.
Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Advice. For paper-covered copy send 31 cent stamps to cover customs and mailing only. Cloth binding, 50 stamps. Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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- Mrs. N. Curry, Mrs. Dunlap, Mrs. J. A. Dickey, Mrs. E. B. Fuller, Mrs. B. C. Fuller, Mrs. G. Hillcoat, Mrs. C. H. Hillcoat, Mrs. C. T. Hillcoat, Mrs. J. E. Hillcoat, Mrs. H. Hillcoat, Mrs. M. Hillcoat, Mrs. W. J. Moran, Mrs. C. McLeod, Mrs. A. Mackinnon, Mrs. Pughley, Mrs. H. W. Rogers, Mrs. J. H. Rogers, Mrs. C. R. Smith, Miss Sleep, Mrs. J. M. Toynahend, Miss Sutton, Windsor.

Master Oliver B. Dickey returned last week to Kingston Military College, after a two week's vacation.
All our young men and maidens are turning their faces seawards this week after most enjoyable holidays, for there has been a round of pleasant entertainments for their enjoyment.
Dr. Ernest Harding, who was summoned here from Montreal by the death of his father the late Mr. Jesse G. Harding has returned leaving on Monday last.
Mrs. Blair McLaughlin returned last week to Truro, her mother Mrs. George Christie, was very ill during her stay but was quite out of danger, before Mrs. McLaughlin left.
Miss E. B. Smith was in town on Friday, having spent the holiday season with her friend Mrs. A. McKay at Nappan; she returns to Parrboro next week.
Miss Emmeline, eldest daughter of the late F. B. Bobb, has gone to attend the Ladies' college Pleasant St. Halifax.
Rev. Cecil Wiggins, rector of Sackville, N. B., was in town on Friday the feast of the Epiphany.
Miss Harrison and sister Miss Gerlie, who have been in Vancouver B. C. for some time previous to the fire, and since that time have been in Winnipeg, were in town on Friday and Saturday en route from the latter city to their former home Parrboro.
Miss Hamilton who came to town to attend the funeral of her father will remain here all winter with her step-mother.
The public schools open on Monday.
Dr. McDougall has returned from Montreal and resumed the practice of his profession.
Mrs. Randall of Antigonish is a guest of her niece Mrs. A. MacKinnon, Havelock street.
The many friends of Mrs. and Miss Brown who left here early in December will be glad to learn of their safe arrival in Edinburgh, Scotland and a most enjoyable passage across. They met with a warm and hearty welcome from their relatives.
Mrs. Mark Curry of Bridgetown is in town with her mother Mrs. Lowe.
Mr. George Townshend son of Judge Townshend, Halifax was in town this week a guest of his uncle Mr. J. M. Townshend.
The children of Christ church F. S. gave a very pretty entertainment in the Parish hall on Monday evening.
Mr. Fred Barron who has been visiting Mrs. F. B. Bobb for the past three weeks, left for his home in London, Ont. on Monday night.
Mrs. Arthur Quigley is visiting her sister Mrs. A. B. Cove in Truro.

PARSBORO.
[Prognosis for sale at Parrboro Bookstore.]
JAN 11.—Mrs. Townshend's progressive euchre party and dance on Thursday evening was a very enjoyable function eagerly looked forward to for a week before hand. There were twelve excellent tables of games fast and merry outlasting in taking prizes, a prettily hat pin and book of poems, respectively, for Miss Gussie Holmes and Mr. C. K. Eville, a bomboniere and thermometer for Mrs. B. L. Tucker and Mr. N. H. Upham, and a booby an emery cushion and silver match safe for Miss Alkman and Mr. E. A. Howard. Mrs. Townshend wore black silk the bodice black and white and Mrs. Parsons pink silk. There were many beautiful gowns while predominating the brides Mrs. C. Langille and Mrs. B. L. Tucker wore white silk, others wearing white gowns were Mrs. Robert Alkman, Mrs. Gullford, Miss Butler, Mrs. Jeffers, Miss Alice Gillespie, Mrs. E. R. Reid and Miss Upham. Some of the more particularly artistic. Dancing began after supper (and continued for two or three hours, the music excellent.
A party of gentlemen about forty in number assembled in the dining-room of the Alpha for an oyster supper on Wednesday evening the guest of honour being Mr. Eugene Huntley who has been

for a length of time in the office of Mr. M. L. Tucker and who left here on Friday to take a position in St. Martin's. After discussing the oysters a short address was read by Mr. L. G. Gove and a valuable gold ring presented to Mr. Huntley. Then followed toasts and songs and it was a late, or rather an early hour, when the party broke up.
The members of St. George's Sunday school had their Christmas treat on Thursday evening. First all sat down to tea at 5 p. m. long tables being spread. After this there was a Christmas tree bearing gifts for every one, pupils and teachers. Mr. E. Woodworth acting for Santa Claus. Then after some pleasant games everybody went home very happy. Some of the members of the congregation presented the rector at Christmas with a fur coat and cap.
Mrs. M. L. Tucker entertained a small party of young people at progressive croquet on Friday evening.
Mr. C. Atkinson spent Christmas the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Cullen, Miss Mabel Cullen returning with him to Fort Lawrence for a visit.
Mr. Stuart Jenks, Amherst, was in town on Saturday.
Mr. Cann has returned from spending the holidays at his home in Yarmouth.
Mr. Bowers, Truro, has been in town for the purpose of placing a vocalion in Grace Methodist church. The instrument wanted for the first Sun day is said to be fine.
Mr. and Mrs. Starratt spent Xmas with friends in Truro.
Mr. W. Fraser and little son Carl are spending the winter with Capt. and Mrs. Nordby.

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TRURO.
[Prognosis for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, Messrs D. H. Smith & Co. and at Crowe Bros.]
JAN 11.—Miss Annie C. Jones who is on her way home to Windsor, from Newcastle, N. B. is a guest en route of Mrs. W. E. Bligh, at "Fairbome."
There were numerous large functions last week, for young people, the largest, and one very thoroughly enjoyed by all present, was given by Mrs. J. E. Bligh last Wednesday evening, in honour of the Misses Emma and Hernal.
Tomorrow evening Mrs. D. B. Cummings and Mrs. Howard Wetmore, chaperone a large dance in the Merchants Building.
Miss Mollie Black Springhill, was a guest of her aunt Mrs. J. S. Birrell, for a few days.
Mr. A. S. Murray; is in Wallace, this week.
Captain Craike and his bride, were guests at the "Learners" last Tuesday night, and Wednesday, leaving in the afternoon for their Upper Provincial Tour.
Miss Grant, Springhill, was visiting her friend, Miss Beatrice Bligh, yesterday.
The Halifax Herald, yesterday, announced the engagement of Mr. E. M. Fulton, one of our most popular and rising young barristers, to Miss Jessie Sinclair, Halifax. The young lady is well-known here in social circles, as she is frequently a guest of her cousin, Mrs. Walton Smith. Psa.

NEWCASTLE.
JAN 10.—There was a very pleasant little party at The Rectory on Wednesday evening when Rev. T. G. G. and Mrs. Snow entertained some twelve or more of their friends. Cards were the principal amusement of the evening a dainty supper being served about eleven. Among the guests were—Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Williston, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. John Russell, Mrs. J. S. Gjerdt, Mrs. Harley and Mr. Wilson.
The same evening, there was a bright little dance at the "Town Hall" it being the final meeting of the Senior Dancers Class. These meetings have been greatly enjoyed by the young people, who besides taking all the latest dances, were glad of a social evening once a week, Newcastle having developed into quite a prosy little place. Those present were—Mrs. C. Call, Miss J. Helen Sinclair, Miss Muirhead, Campbellton, Miss Jean Thomson, Miss Annie Aitken, Miss Layton, Miss Lenore Layton, Misses Mainie and Katie Fleming, Miss McAllister, Miss Sargeant, Miss Susie Stables, Miss Annie Bell, Miss Flo Harvey, Miss Alice Burchill, Miss Leah Doren, Miss Lottie Troy, Miss Aggie Palmer, Messrs. Parks, McKee, Stearns, Lyster, Stewart, Bell, Sinclair, Stables.
Miss Anne Brock of Moncton is the guest of Miss Helen Sinclair, "The Bridge." Miss B. Muirhead of Campbellton, has been visiting Miss Sinclair for the past two weeks.
Miss Belle Falconer who has been teaching grades VII and VIII in Harkins Academy, has been obliged to resign on account of ill health, and Miss Troy has accepted the position.
Miss Troy has many friends here who are glad that she will spend the winter in their midst.
Mr. Hugh Harrison who has been spending the holidays with his parents, returned to Woodstock on Thursday.
Miss Holt returned on Wednesday from a very pleasant little trip to her home in Ottawa.
There has been several small parties lately, on Thursday evening Mrs. James Troy entertained a number of friends and on Friday evening Mrs. J. W. Davidson gave one of her bright little tea parties.
Miss Sprout who has been the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Sprout, left on Saturday for her home in Sussex.
Miss Jones also left on Saturday for her home in Truro, N. S.
Mrs. Christopher Crocker and Miss Anna Crocker of Derby, were in town on Wednesday before leaving for Scotland where Miss Crocker will spend the winter.
Masters Allan and Harold Ritchie who have been spending the holidays with their parents left by Monday's express to resume their studies at the Rothessy seminary.
Miss Gerlie Stothard and Master Percy Clarke returned to Mount Allison college early this week.
Miss Nellie Hennessey left on Monday to enter a Ladies seminary in Halifax. Master Charlie Moresy returned the same day to Memramcook.
Miss Harley of Chatham head is visiting friends in Nova Scotia.
Miss Beattie Bell returned on Saturday from a pleasant little visit in Sackville.
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NER'S ZINE 1899... ROSEVELT'S... HENRY VAN ALLEN WHITE... DAVIS: Stories... G-HENRY VAN ALLEN WHITE... NEW SERIAL... "A Ship of Stars"... Search-Light... Musical impres... Seven Ages of... PARKIN, Street, of Dunn's... Pure Keg and Pork... Wholesale... post... or tele... benefit from... 's Emulsion, contains the most... Nerve Tonics... most palatable... Opinions... PORTANCE... SUN... BOTH... \$6 a year... \$8 a year... ay Sun... Newspaper in the... \$2 a year... New York... 'S ALE... 36 GALS... OURKE



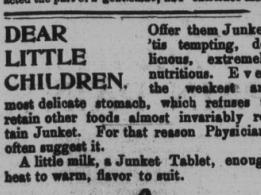
IN THE RACE FOR FAVOR Baby's Own Soap has distanced the field. Its scientific preparation and the purity of its ingredients make it the best of soaps for the delicate skins of ladies and children.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL... SACKVILLE. [Progress is for sale in Sackville by W. J. Goodwin.]

JAN. 11.—Friday appears to be the pet day for entertainments of all sorts. Last week in spite of wind, snow and bad roads there were two parties on that evening. Miss Beale Carter gave an enjoyable party to her young friends. The invited guests were, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Amy Miller, Miss Francis Miller, Miss Nora Wiggins, Miss Edith Willis, Miss May W. L. L., Miss Irving, Miss Mabel Dixon, Miss Elsie Turner, Miss Jennie Ford, Miss Orlan, Juliette, Miss Harry Chappelle, Miss A. McIlroy, Miss M. Prescott, Miss Vera, Miss Ella Stevens, Miss Grace Fawcett, Miss Jennie Fawcett, Miss McMurray, Miss Lulu Ford, Miss Emily Willis, Miss Sarah Duncan, Miss Emma Duncan, Miss Lee, Miss Emmerson, and Messrs. B. B. Todd, H. Henderson, Dr. Sprague, L. Harrison, B. Rayworth, F. Thigley, G. B. Chandler, W. Mowbray, C. Fawcett, W. Black, F. Turner, H. Ford, Dr. Keapp. As there was more snow flying in the air than there was on the road the party went in carriages, the objective point being the residence of Mr. W. W. Copp, Brooklyn, some twelve miles up the country. After a merry rip the first number on the programme was a most bountiful supper, the hot turkey, mashed potatoes, scallops and numerous other viands being most acceptable after the cold drive. Then dancing and fun generally were kept up till an early hour of the morning, when the sky was showing a faint tint of grey and the babbling creek that lives in Prof. Andrews' Gothic henhouse was about to chant his morning orisons.

Something new in the way of entertaining in Sackville was the ladies afternoon whist party given last week by Mrs. J. F. Allison, as in a good many other cases at this time of the year all the guests were not able to attend. Those present were Mrs. Wiggins, Mrs. Henry Fawcett, Mrs. Vincent, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Lane, Mrs. McDougall, Mrs. Ryan, Miss Ethel Ogden, Miss Grace Ogden, Miss Grace Fawcett. The game was progressive, the unmarried ladies taking the gentlemen's part. The play was kept up with great spirit, tea being postponed by request of the guests, till the last game was finished. Sackville can boast of some excellent whist players among its ladies who not only know what is what about the game but are very successful. A fancy workbasket was carried off by Mrs. Ryan; Miss Grace Ogden received that awarded to the winning maid, a dainty glass and ribbon handkerchief box, Mrs. Vincent, as the loving matron was consoling with a pretty little basket and Mrs. Wiggins who kindly acted the part of a gentleman, had existence made

DEAR LITTLE CHILDREN. Offer them Junket, 'tis tempting, delicious, extremely nutritious. Even on the weakest and most delicate stomach, which refuses to retain other foods almost invariably retain Junket. For that reason Physicians often suggest it. A little milk, a Junket Tablet, enough heat to warm, flavor to suit.



Hansen's Junket Tablets are the kind, that are sold ten in a packet for 16c. Druggists and grocers keep them, thirty three celebrated recipes for delicious dainties accompany. AGENTS IN CANADA, EVANS & SONS, Limited Montreal and Toronto.

smooth and sweet by receiving a chine cross and a sugar bowl. Guestions were supposed to be completed by their absence but Rev. C. F. Wiggins said Prof. Vincent arriving for their respective wives were invited in till the party broke up which was a later hour than anticipated in the invitation, the guests evidently finding it difficult to leave so pleasant a house.

The whist club met Wednesday at Miss Ethel Ogden's in a very enjoyable evening. The strength of the holiday season a more elaborate supper than is usually allowed by the club rules was indulged in. The club will be entertained this evening at the handsome residence of Mrs. Fred Ryan.

Saturday evening was a gala time at the skating rink where by the kindness of Copp Bros. the band discoursed sweet music. There was a good attendance and the ice was in excellent condition which augurs well for the season's skating. The curling rink is well patronized this year, there being some forty members. The series of matches for the gold medal are just commencing. These matches always excite great interest not only in the wives, sweethearts and sisters of the players but in the public generally. It is an uncommon sight to see the platform fringed with spectators and even crowded.

While the ice in the rinks affords unlimited fun, the ice in the streets yields anything but a pleasurable harvest. Many have been the falls lately for both man and beast, fortunately some of these very serious. J. F. Allison, Sackville's most efficient postmaster has been confined to the home for some weeks as the result of a bad fall on the icy sidewalk. R. C. Rayworth sustained a severe injury to his knee Christmas day, playing hockey. It was at first feared his knee cap was permanently hurt and for some time he hobbled between crutches. Mr. Rayworth's friends will be glad to learn that Richard is almost himself again though he fears his leg will have to be a foregone pleasure this season.

All the schools are in working order again after the prolonged Christmas vacation. At the university there are no changes of note to chronicle. Several new students have arrived among them a young lady, but the full number is usually made up the first term. It is rumored there will be no seniors at Home this year in consequence of the death of Mrs. Allison, which is only a fitting tribute to the memory of one so dearly beloved. At the Academy things are progressing smoothly as usual, the year opening with five new pupils. The ladies college shows a marked increase there being twenty-five new students, making the total attendance larger than ever. Many of these are female pupils, the excellent work of the conservatory under Prof. Vincent's tactical management is showing good results in this department. The studio is also doing exceedingly well patronized this term better than ever before and will have a large number of beginners there are several pupils more advanced who are most promising.

A new addition to the staff of the ladies' college is Miss Wilber of Montreal, a trained nurse, who will attend to the physical well being of the school. Among students who are contemplating coming to Mt. Allison are a Cuban young lady now in New York and a student of the Art School in Boston, who thinks she can do as well in her native land as the Sackville Art Studio, which is flattering to Prof. Hammond.

The teachers have all returned with the exception of Miss Williams, who has been detained in Boston by the serious illness of her sister. A snug and pretty parlor has just been fitted up in the south wing for the use of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent. Cards are out for the wedding of Miss Walker, Bermuda, who was the guest of Mrs. Borden last summer, to Clarence Stuart Peniston, of Pembroke, Bermuda, Jan. 29th. Miss Walker made many friends during her visit in Sackville, all of whom will wish her much happiness.

The closing concert that was to herald the Xmas holiday of the ladies' college and was deferred by the death of Mrs. Allison, will be given Jan. 27. Mr. and Mrs. H. Berton Allison were invited guests at both church and reception for the wedding of Miss Fanning, now Mrs. E. Howard Gay.

Mrs. (Principal) Palmer is at her home in Fredericton, N.B. A and piece of news all will regret hearing is the death of Mrs. Stephens, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Webb from grippe. Miss Gault who with her mother has been in Chicago with Mrs. Stephens since the autumn has also been ill with the same complaint but is recovering.

Mrs. Orlan, Juliette, is the guest of her sister Mrs. Wiggins. Captain. Miss Harrie Chappelle, Bala Verte has been visiting friends in Sackville. Mrs. McCrewey, Mt. Whistly, is the guest of Mrs. J. F. Allison. Miss Laura Smith has returned from Dillon, Montana, and is with her sister Mrs. W. C. Miller. Prof. Albert Tait of the academy staff has opened a French class in Dorchester.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS. [Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book store of G. B. Wall & L. Nicholson and J. Vroom & Co. In Calais at G. P. Tremblay.]

JAN. 11.—A most delightful social event was the progressive whist party given by Mrs. C. H. Clarke on Friday afternoon from three until seven o'clock. The same parlors were used as last week and the lamps lighted, so that the whist players might enjoy the game by lamp light. There were nine tables and at the close of the game Mrs. Seth S. Whitney was found to be the winner and was awarded the first prize, which was a lovely souvenir spoon of St. Stephen. The booby prize fell to the lot of Mr. J. James G. Bivens, a silver watch. At six o'clock supper was served in four courses. During the hours of the game, Miss Florence Mitchell gave some brilliant selections on the piano which added greatly to the pleasure of the party and won for her self many delighted and complimentary comments. Mrs. George J. Clarke sang several times some pretty ballads, which were greatly admired.

The ladies were all very prettily attired. Mrs. Clarke wore a dress of black and halitropo silk the waist trimmed with ermine. Miss Nov Clarke a black skirt with a waist of turquoise blue silk trimmed with black. Miss Mabel Clarke looked very stylish and pretty in a dark blue gown with a collar and sleeves of pale pink chiffon. The invited guests were Mrs. Henry Grubb, Mrs. W. F. Todd, Mrs. G. W. Ganson, Mrs. W. B. Ganson, Mrs. John E. Algar, Mrs. Almon T. Todd, Mrs. James G. Stevens, Mrs. H. B. Eaton, Mrs. Wilfred Eaton, Mrs. A. T. Clarke, Mrs. S. T. Whitely, Mrs. John Black, Mrs. H. B. McAllister, Mrs. Percy Lord, Mrs. Martha Downes, Mrs. Frank P. Woods, Mrs. Clara Wetmore, Mrs. J. M. Murchie, Mrs. Fredric M. Murchie, Mrs. William A. Murchie, Mrs. G. W. Vinal, Mrs. Fredric E. Rose, Mrs. A. L. Sawyer, Mrs. Hubbard, Bangor, Mrs. George J. Clarke, Mrs. Lewis Dexter, Mrs. Howard Boardman, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Miss Annie Collier, Miss Mary Abbott, Miss Florence Mitchell, Miss Ida McKenzie, Miss Millie Sawyer and Miss Grace Stevens.

The Robinson Opera Co. gave a week of entertainment in St. John's Hall. The repertoire was a fine one and the company should have received better patronage. There were several opera parties, and on Friday evening a large number of St. Stephen ladies made a party to enjoy together the opera "Bohemian Girl."

Mrs. Frank P. Woods on Thursday evening last gave a very delightful whist party at "Thorncroft" her handsome home in Calais for the entertainment of other guests Mrs. Hubbard and Miss Parker of Bangor. The congregation and Sunday School of Christ Church enjoyed a handsome well-laden tree of gifts on Thursday evening. The rector O. S. Newham and Mrs. Newham were kindly remembered, as well as the scholars and teachers of the Sunday school. At the close of the evening cake and coffee were served to all who were present.

Mrs. Charles S. Swan most pleasantly and gracefully entertained the ladies of the Traveller's Club, which although some two or three years old is still very popular and much enjoyed.

WANSOON. "Demand it; No Substitute is just as good." MODERATE IN PRICE—EXTRAVAGANT IN SATISFACTION. That's the Whole Story. INDO-CEYLON TEA. In the cheapest, because its great strength necessitates the use of less weight. It is sold in packets only. Never in bulk. It's grown on the best soil in Ceylon. Comes to us in all its native richness. Hence it's the same of tea satisfaction. Direct From the Growers to Consumers.

THINGS OF VALUE. You cannot always judge by appearances. A clock appears to be terribly modest, with its hands always before its face, but you'll find that there's a substance—very improved appetite, Northrop & Lyman of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, strengthened by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

The average woman doesn't want her husband to be just what she wants for him to love her. Having the courage of your convictions is very commendable, but there is no use in being so aggressive as to make it rashness. Repartee has probably lost as many men their hearts as it has made others their reputations.

It attacked with cholera or summer complaint of any kind send at once for a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial and use it according to directions. It acts with wonderful rapidity in subduing that dreadful disease that weakens the strongest man and that destroys the young and delicate. Those who have used this cholera medicine say it acts promptly, and never fails to effect a thorough cure.

Head La Grippe.—Mr. A. Nickerson, Farmer, Dutton, writes: "Last winter I had La Grippe and it left me with a severe pain in the small of my back and hip that used to catch me whenever I tried to catch a fence. This lasted for about two months when I bought a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eucalypti Oil and used it both internally and externally, morning and evening, for three days, at the expiration of a week time I was completely cured."

Known to Thousands—Farnelle's Vegetable Pills regulate the action to the secretions, purify the blood and keep the stomach and bowels free from deleterious matter. Taken according to direction they will overcome dyspepsia, eradicate biliousness, and leave the digestive organs healthy and strong to perform their functions. Their merits are well-known to thousands who know by experience how beneficial they are in giving tone to the system.

Look before you leap; otherwise you won't recognize yourself afterward. Originally consisted mainly in not saying the things which everybody else says. A Sound Stomach Means a Clear Head.—The high pressure of a nervous life which business men of the present day are constrained to live makes draught upon their vitality highly detrimental to their health. It is only by the most careful treatment that they are able to keep themselves alert and active in their various callings, many of them know the value of Farnelle's Vegetable Pills in regulating the stomach and consequently keeping the head clear.

Stupid people rob us of time and temper, but wiser people go away loaded with our ideas. Love is like a butterfly—it was probably a lot more comfortable when it was a worm. Before a girl is 20 you can never tell whether she is to love or her stomach is out of order.

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

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

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N.B. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats. OYSTERS FISH and GAME always on hand. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

CAFE ROYAL, BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in... CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS. Almost like finding things \$2.00 IN CASH OR \$6.00 WATCH FREE.

Prince Edward Island OYSTERS. RECEIVED THIS DAY 25 lbs... P. B. Island Oysters. Large and fat. At 19 and 23 King Square, J. D. TURNER. Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

Is it Good Enough. If any reader of "Progress" thinks his Printing is not attractive or forcible as it might be, we invite him to write to us about it. Maybe we can make it better, and maybe we can't. The chances are we can. PROGRESS PRINT. What we do, we do well! A LARGE STOCK OF Turkeys, Geese, Chickens and Ducks. THOS. DEAN, City Market.

W. ROGERS. It means the best that any price—if it is not there, ask the salesman to show you goods that bear it. Sole manufacturers SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO. Wellington, Conn., U.S.A. and Montreal, Canada.



Left Prostrate

Weak and Run Down, With Heart and Kidneys in Bad Condition—Restored by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

I was very much run down, having been sick for several months. I had been trying different remedies which did me no good. I would have severe spells of coughing that would leave me prostrate. I was told that my lungs were affected, and my heart and kidneys were in a bad condition. In fact, it seemed as though every organ was out of order. I felt that something must be done and my brother advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I procured a bottle and began taking it. Before it was half gone I felt that it was helping me. I continued its use and it has made me a new man. I cannot praise it too highly. MRS. SUMNERVILLE, 217 Ossington Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. Get only Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1, six for \$5.

Hood's Pills

are purely vegetable, reliable, beneficial. \$1, six for \$5.

A SIBERIAN BOY.

A Little Fellow Who Drove a Sledge Until He Almost Froze to Death.

'The boys of Siberia' is the title of an article in the St. Nicholas by Thomas G. Allen, Jr. Mr. Allen says:

I have often witnessed the brave endurance of the Siberian boy, but never to such an extent as while on a sledge journey from Krasnoyarsk to Minusinsk. The road between these two points during the winter is nothing more than the frozen surface of the Yenisei river, for the ice is over a yard in thickness, and although the swift current of the river crowds it up into small hammocks during the early winter, yet, with the packing of snow and the constant wear of the sledge caravans, it affords a comparatively smooth and solid roadbed. The ice is considered so safe that it is even used as a bridge for the trains of the Trans-Siberian railway. The ties are laid directly upon the ice and the locomotive with a loaded train steams across. Fancy a thousand tons' weight crossing one of the largest and deepest rivers in Siberia merely on frozen water!

The incident I am going to tell occurred on one of the coldest nights I have ever experienced, for the thermometer stood at 25 degrees below zero. In order to prepare for the long ride to the next station, I had swallowed three or four glasses of hot tea at the yemshicki quarter, or station, and strapped on a heavy reindeer-pelt over my huge Russian overcoat. On reaching the sledge, or tarantass, which was waiting, I saw on the driver's box what appeared to be a solid ball of fur, but on closer inspection I found that the bundle contained a boy not more than fourteen years of age. His extreme youthfulness surprised me, and I immediately returned to the keeper of the quarter to remonstrate with him against detailing a mere boy for such an arduous duty on such a cold night. He assured me that the boy referred to had made the same journey many times before, and was indeed a full-fledged yemshicki, or tarantass driver. Although inwardly protesting, I could do nothing but accept the situation.

I gave the word to start. Crack! went the little fellow's whip, and away dashed the troika (team of three horses). Our horses were already impatient with the cold. The night was black and threatening, and the roadway among the hummocks of ice on the river was almost indistinguishable. As the darkness increased, we frequently missed it altogether, and the ponderous sledge went bumping and toppling over the icy hummock of ice. 'The horse is down, barin' (master), shouted the little yemshicki. I leaped out at once, and ran to the horse's head to assist him to rise, but he did not move. There was not even a sound of breathing. I placed my hand over his heart. There was not a beat. The horse was dead. The poorly-nourished animal had succumbed to the excessive cold and strain. We took off the harness, backed the sledge out of the way, and then started off again with the two horses remaining. The little fellow on the box, I could see, was shivering with the cold, as I myself was by this time, for the exposure necessitated by the accident had chilled me through. I offered to take, and even insisted upon taking, his place for a time, so that he might warm up; but he resented this intrusion as almost an indignity to his calling. Not a murmur of discontent passed his lips. On we rode through the darkness; but how long I know not, for, exhausted by twenty-four hours' constant traveling, I fell into a dose. From this I was finally roused by a sudden shock. We seemed to have collided with something. I looked out, and saw that we had reached the next village, and that our steaming, frost-covered horses, as gear to get into shelter, and run

the shafts of our vehicle heading into the gate.

'What's the matter?' I called out to the yemshicki. 'The horse is down, barin' (master), he replied, in a chattering voice.

That admission was sufficient; I knew that the little fellow's hands must be either numbed or frozen, and for that reason he could not pull on the reins. I jumped out, opened the gate, and led the horse in but he did not move from his box; his legs were too stiff with the cold. I picked him up and carried him bodily into the house. A basin of snow was immediately brought to thaw out his frozen fingers, while I removed his clothing to rub a circulation back into his stiff limbs. With this and a glass of two of hot tea we finally restored him to animation. Even then he never uttered one word of complaint, and when I slipped a ruble into his glowing fingers he looked as cheerful as though nothing unpleasant had happened.

If this, I thought, is the stuff the Siberian soldiery are made of, then Russia need never fear a rival to her title of 'Ruler of the East.'

Out of Death's Shadow

THE EXPERIENCE OF A LADY WHO HAD GIVEN UP HOPE.

Tortured [with Pains in the Stomach for Four Years—Doctors and Hospital Treatment Failed to Help Her—In Her Extremity Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Her to Health.

From the Pembroke Observer.

Wherever man is to be found there also, side by side with him, is disease and suffering. Those who have dejected their lives to the alleviation of the suffering and bodily weakness of human organization are surely benefactors of their kind, and deserve the praise of all mankind. For special honors in this line may be pointed out the discoverer of that wonderful remedy, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Recently the case of Mrs. Maggie Brunette of Chichester, Que., came prominently under the notice of the Observer reporter. He felt it to be his duty on hearing of Mrs. Brunette's restoration from prostrate illness to health, to interview the lady and record her experience for the benefit of others who may need the healing influences of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Brunette's farm home was found to be very comfortable and even elegant, located near the base of an immense hill, an outguard of the Laurentian Mountains. The reporter was warmly welcomed and Mrs. Brunette said she was very glad to have an opportunity to testify to the great benefit Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had conferred upon her. She is 42 years of age now. Her husband, the late Chas Brunette, died 14 years ago, and after his death she worked very hard for some years, with the result that she became completely run down, so much so that, although quite tall she weighed only about 90 pounds. After taking the slightest food she felt such distress that she was compelled to lie down for hours, being so weak that she was unable to sit up. At last she thought she must have been attacked by cancer of the stomach, so violent were the pains that constantly harassed her. She consulted the best physicians and spent more than a hundred dollars in treatment and medicine, in addition to which she spent nine weeks in the hospital at Pembroke. But withal she was ill four years and despaired of ever being well. Finally she decided to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and accordingly she procured six boxes. Although they benefited her almost from the time she began taking them, she kept on taking the pills until she had taken sixteen boxes, and then felt that she was completely cured the pills accomplishing in three months what four years of medical treatment had failed to do. From that time, nearly three years ago, Mrs. Brunette has been in good health, needing no medicine. 'You can see,' said Mrs. Brunette, as the reporter was departing, 'that I am in effect cured. I attend to all my household work and the dairy and poultry, and have a large number of cows to milk. I never fail to say a good word for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills when I have an opportunity, for they did wonderful things for me.' Mrs. Brunette is a well educated lady, speaking French and English fluently.

Illustrations Dogs. Of all the illustrious dogs which ever trod the boards, the most famous is Dragon the property of Capt. Montdidier in the French army. This gentleman was murdered in the Forest of Bandy by his friend Lieut. Macaire of the same regiment. After the crime Dragon showed such a strange aversion to Macaire that suspicion was aroused against him. In the end he confessed his crime, and his accomplice, Landry in trying to escape, was seized by the faithful animal and bitten to death. This story has held the English stage on and off, since the year of Waterloo, and it is only three decades since two 'stars' named Lamb and Emmett, played in it



Lasts long lathers free—a pure hard soap—low in price—highest in quality—the most economical for every use.

That Surprise way of washing—gives the sweetest, whitest, cleanest clothes with easy quick work. Follow the directions. Saves weary work—much wear and tear. Surprise Soap is the name—don't forget.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.) her guests, among those present were Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Doherty, Mrs. Prior, Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard, Miss Carrie Mills, Miss Bertha Anderson, Miss Alice White, Miss Bertha Weeden, the Misses Culler, Miss Ethel Davis, the Misses McKay, Miss Beulah Kite, Messrs. Slep, Mills, Gordon, Chapman, Darr, White and Fiddeman.

BATHING.

Jan. 11.—Mr. Jack Fallon of Chatham, spent a few days in town last week. He was the guest of Mrs. Henry Bishop.

Miss Roswell entertained a few of her friends one evening last week.

Miss Molly Green went to Chatham Tuesday. Misses Josephine and Mary Rive of Carleton, spent a few days in town. They went to Halifax Tuesday.

Mrs. Barry held a party at her home on Monday night. Among those present were—Mrs. H. Bishop, Miss Dewey, Miss Helen Bishop, Miss Barnes, Miss des Brins, Miss Duncan, Miss Maggie Duncan, Miss Gertrude White, Miss Chapin, Miss Molly Green, Miss Ethel Baldwin, Miss Edith Baldwin, Mr. Henry Bishop, Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Crocker, Mr. Craig, Mr. F. Baldwin, Dr. G. Duncan and Mr. Hanson. A very enjoyable evening was spent in dancing.

Miss Helena Bunn left today for New York where she will spend the winter.

The Inquest.

Wasn't one of us denied it that we played a leadin' hand? Saddy Mexican Rinaldo to the Greaser Promised Lane; He had give us provocation for a don' of that same. By a palmin' all the aces in an honest pokur game Fyia' rumors of the lynchin, in some unknown manner got. To the country seat be'ow us, an' precipitately brought. The ol' coroner a sail n' fur to take the needless pains. O! a holdin' of an it quest on the weather chilled remains.

Said it was a legal duty, an' the jury's verdict might. Gilt the reckless perpetrators in a tangle turlurly light. For the sudden (l)vation of a mortal to a tree Was a crime, as per the statutes, of quite serious degree. We endeavored to convince him that the statutes didn't go. In the Squawville jurisdiction, but he wouldn't have it so. An' he asked us all to licker in sich gentlemanly way. That we modestly informed him he could make his legal play.

So he summoned up a jury an' it started on its work. By electin' me the foreman, a possah I couldn't shirk. An' we met in solemn order, every face a wearin' of noo. Quite befitin' an event of such solemnity, you know. That the witness was questioned, an' they all ex- pressed surpris. At the startin' information of the Mexican's demise. An' upon their oaths asserted they was more than satisfied. That le jus got tired ol' livin' an' committed suicide.

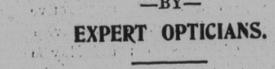
All the skill of the official couldn't shake their evidence. An' the coroner was puzzled at their ignorance so litense. Fur 'twas proved beyond a question that we'd be other h and nor read. 'Fere the coroner's arrival, that the Mexican was dead. He remarked in a snappy manner that he thought it mighty queer. That a thing like that could happen in the camp an' on one heat. Nary caused thing about it, an' to bolster up his view. By coincidence, we tel' him that us fellers it ought so, too.

After due deliberation in a strictly legal way an' considerin' the evidence brought forward in the play. We returned a proper verdict to the coroner, which read: 'We, the jury here assembled, find the cold remains is dead.'

When I handed him the same, I tuk occasion to remark. That some queer things sometimes happen here in Squawville after dark. That the sun was just a sentin' an' the way his horse's feet. Hit the landscape d' wa the mountain was a pleasurable treat!

No City Councils There.

Under the laws of China the man who loses his temper in a discussion is sent to jail for five days to cool down.



Eyes Tested Free —BY— EXPERT OPTICIANS.

The best \$1 glasses in the world.

Everything at cut prices. Open evenings till 9 o'clock.

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

with their trained dog Carlo at the Marybone Theatre, London. This animal was also the principal performer in a canine drama named 'Poor Dog Tray. Eighty years ago there was a theater at Pockham, where a youth named John Baldwin Buckstone made his debut as the injured captain. There is a venerable theatrical legend which deals with a piece called 'The Caravan Driver and His Dog.' One evening the leading tragedian was taken ill, and the prompter rushed off to the manager to inform him that the play must be changed. 'How you alarmed me,' said that worthy man, ordering a glass of strong brandy and water to steady his nerves; 'the tragedian unwell! I was afraid it was the dog.'

VICTORIA'S NEW YACHT.

It Will Be the Largest and Most Costly Pleasure Vessel Afloat.

Queen Victoria may soon enjoy the pleasure of a cruise on her new yacht, the largest ever built. The new royal yacht, the name for which has not been definitely chosen, but which probably will be called the Prince Albert, is now so far advanced that it is expected she will be launched next March. The first keel was laid on Dec. 23, 1897, at the Government dockyard at Pembroke by Mrs. Watson, the wife of Capt. Burgess Watson superintendent of the dockyard.

The British government has a remarkably well-developed faculty of keeping its business to itself. The gates of the Government dockyard are rarely open, even to the British citizens, and almost never to foreigners. Consequently, although all Englishmen in general and yachtsmen and naval architects have been curious to know what Queen Victoria's new yacht will be like, ever since Parliament appropriated money to build the boat, nothing is known except the meagre details the Admiralty has seen fit to give out.

English curiosity became so clamorous a short time ago that the Admiralty decided to depart from its declared policy of maintaining secrecy about the royal yacht so far as to give out some of the principal dimensions of the vessel. The new yacht is to be 380 feet long and 50 feet beam. Her draught is to be 18 feet and her displacement is to be 4,600 tons. This will be by far the biggest yacht ever built. William K. Vanderbilt's yacht Valiant, which has passed muster for a pretty good sized yacht, is small by comparison with Queen Victoria's new pleasure craft. The Valiant is only 332 feet long, 39 feet beam and 16 feet draught. Her gross tonnage is 1,823. Howard Gould's Niagara is still smaller, being 272 feet in length, 35 feet beam and 16 feet draught.

The new royal yacht is as large as the cruiser Baltimore, larger than the New Orleans and much larger than the German Emperor's yacht Hohenzollern. The Hohenzollern is nothing more than a protected cruiser, armament, protective deck and all, with quarters fitted up for the Emperor. The British royal yacht, on the other hand, will have none of the qualities of a cruiser, but will be a yacht pure and simple.

It is to be of steel, sheathed with wood, and covered with copper. She will have three funnels and two masts. Speed is to be an important consideration. The Admiralty has designed to inform British taxpayers that the yacht is to have two sets of triple-expansion four-cylinder engines, driving twin screws and having an indicated horse power of 11,000. The high-pressure cylinder of each engine is to be 28 1/2 inches in diameter the intermediate cylinder 44 1/2 inches in diameter and the two low-pressure cylinders 58 inches in diameter, all having a stroke of 39 inches. Steam will be supplied by eighteen Belleville boilers, working at a pressure of 300 pounds, which will be reduced at the engines to 250 pounds. The grate area under the boilers will be 840 feet and the heating surface will be 26,000 square feet. This machinery is expected to drive the vessel through the water at a speed of twenty knots an hour with the engines making 130 revolutions a minute.

Recently progress on the yacht was de-

layed by strikes, but men are now working overtime to make up for it. Only the best animals to be found in the United Kingdom are employed. The vessel will have orlop, lower, main, upper and forecastle decks. It is estimated that by the time the royal yacht is in the water she will have cost £237,538.

Although no information concerning the arrangement, fitting and furnishing of the interior has been given out, it may reasonably be surmised that her Majesty will be fairly comfortable on board, since it is estimated that the finished yacht will cost £300,000; or, in round numbers, \$1,500,000.

The Sounds of Battle.

The report of a battle reaches the world over in these days of the reign of the newspaper, but without any such outside aid it can be heard far beyond the scene of actual strife. The reports of the guns themselves, the real sounds of battle, go far out into space, and can be distinguished a long way from the point of conflict. Prof. W. F. Sinclair says that there is nothing unusual in the hearing of artillery at the distance of sixty miles. The Bombay time guns and salutes are often heard at the northern Manin, a distance of over fifty miles. The guns are—or were at the time when the observation were made, very modest affairs, old-fashioned twenty-four or thirty-two pounders, loaded with four or five pounds of coarse black powder, not all of which was burnt. The target practice of the forts and turret ships at Bombay was easily distinguishable from mere salutes and time guns, not merely as a louder sound, but by being felt in the chest when the others could not be heard. The sound produced by modern powder is probably very different from that of the old black powder so that an army in action at the present time may be relied upon to make its voice heard. The 'din of battle' is not a figure of speech.

A Beauty of the Arctic.

There is a beautiful bird called the rosy gull, very few specimens of which exist in any museum, and whose entire life is spent in the immediate neighborhood of the eternal ice that surrounds the North Pole. A paper describing these curious birds was read at the recent meeting of the American Association in Boston by Mr. John Murdoch. They follow the advance of the ice toward the South as winter comes on, keeping near the loose edge of the floating pack ice, and then retreat with it toward the north when the summer begins to rise high upon the arctic circle. The bird is small and of a deep rose color, whereas all other gulls are white.

A Dragon in the Rock.

Among the most wonderful monsters of the Age of Reptiles was the ichthyosaurus or fish-lizard. Last summer a very fine specimen was uncovered in a quarry at Stockton in Warwickshire, England. The creature is twenty feet in length, its head alone being almost four feet long. The ichthyosaurus possessed gigantic eyes, whose lenses could be focused at will for different distances. It hunted its prey in the sea.

WALCOTT'S PAIN PAINT.

The King of all medicines. Guaranteed to cure La Grippe, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Sciatica, Liver Complaints, Kidney Diseases, Nervous affections, Catarrh and all Diseases of the Blood. Guaranteed to stop any pain in five minutes. PAIN PAINT is made purely of Bases, Herbs and Bark. It is just being introduced into Canada and is sure to prove a boon to suffering humanity. A trial will convince. Sample sent on receipt of 10c. Agents wanted everywhere to sell this wonderful remedy. \$3.00 to \$7.00 per day is guaranteed. Address: HERB REMEDY CO., Westworth, N. S.

Estate Sale.

On Wednesday, the eighth day of February next, at twelve o'clock noon, at Charles Currier in the City of Saint John in the City and County of Saint John, there will be offered for sale at public auction the Leasehold Property consisting of the portion of the late William McNichol, situate at No. 11 and in the Parish of Lancaster in said County, as presently occupied by Mr. Harry J. Kesteven, for particulars apply to the undersigned Administrator or Geo. H. V. Bell, St. Francis Street, Saint John, N. B. E. J. B. BELL, Administrator, Estate of William McNichol. GEO. W. GIBSON, Auctioneer.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1899.

A CANINE'S DOUBLE LIFE.

A THRILLING STORY OF WULLY THE FAMOUS SCOTCH COLLIE.

Guarded His Master's Flock by Day and Killed the Neighboring Sheep at Night Under the Guise of a Fox and Otherwise Distinguished Himself.

That a dog may lead a double life—in fact he can—Dr. J. K. and Mr. Hyde is vouched for by an eminent naturalist Ernest Seton Thompson. In the book called 'Some Animals I Have Known,' just published, he tells a thrilling story of 'Wully,' a Scotch collie, that guarded his master's sheep by day and killed the neighbor's sheep at night under the guise of a fox.

Away up in the Cheviots little Wully was born. He and one other of the litter were kept—his brother because he resembled the best dog in the vicinity and himself because he was a little yellow beauty. His early life was that of a sheep dog in company with an experienced collie, who trained him, and an old shepherd, who was scarcely inferior to them in intelligence.

By the time he was two years old Wully was full grown and had taken a thorough course in sheep. He knew them from ram horn to lamb foot, and old Robin, his master, at length had such confidence in his sagacity that he would frequently stay at the tavern all night while Wully guarded the woolly idiots on the hills. His education had been wisely bestowed, and in most ways he was a very bright little dog, with a future before him.

Then came a great sorrow to Wully. His worthless old master, Robin, cast him off. The dog's next home was in Mousaldale, in Derbyshire. His new master, Dorley, with his daughter Huldah, had a farm on the lowland and on the moors had a large number of sheep. These Wully guarded with his old-time sagacity.

He was reserved and preoccupied for a dog—rather too ready to show his teeth to strangers. But he was so faithful that Dorley did not lose a sheep that year, though his neighbors, lost many by eagles and foxes. At length came a time when the depredations of a certain big yellow fox became the talk and fear of the country. Whole flocks of sheep were destroyed in a night, as if done by a fox.

Suspicious bloody tracks were at length found leading to Wully's home door, and the neighbors accused him of being the criminal that had long masqueraded as a fox at night. Dorley swore that it was nothing but a jealous conspiracy to rob him of Wully.

Wully sleeps in the kitchen every night. Never is out till he's let to bid w' the yowes. Why, mon, he's w' our sheep the year round, and never a hoof have Ah lost.

Dorley became much excited over this abominable attempt against Wully's reputation and life. The neighbors got equally angry, and it was a wise suggestion of Huldah's that quieted them.

"Feyther," said she, "Ah'll sleep in the kitchen the night. If Wully 'as no way of gettin' out Ah'll see it, an' if he's no out an' sheep's killed on the country side, we'll ha' proof it's us Wully."

That night Huldah stretched herself on the settee and Wully slept as usual underneath the table. As night wore on the dog became restless. He turned on his bed and once or twice got up, stretched, looked at Huldah and lay down again. About two o'clock he seemed no longer able to resist some strange impulse. He arose, quietly looked toward the low window, then at the motionless girl. Huldah lay still and breathed as though sleeping.

Wully slowly came near and sniffed and breathed his doggy breath in her face. She made no move. He nudged her gently with his nose. Then with his sharp ears forward and his head on one side studied her calm face. Still no sign. He walked quietly to the window, mounted the table without noise, placed his nose under the sash bar and raised the light frame until he could put one paw underneath. Then changing, he put his nose under the sash and raised it high enough to slip out, easing down the frame finally on his tail with an adroitness that told of long practice. Then he disappeared into the darkness.

From her couch Huldah watched in amazement. After waiting for some time to make sure he had gone she arose, intending to call her father at once, but on second thought she decided to await more conclusive proof. She peered into the darkness, but no sign of Wully was to be seen. She put more wood on the fire and



BIRTHDAY CONGRATULATIONS.

lay down again. For over an hour she lay wide awake, listening.

Another hour tick-tocked. She heard a slight sound at the window that made her heart jump. The scratching sound was soon followed by the lifting of the sash, and in a short time Wully was back in the kitchen with the window closed behind him.

Huldah had seen enough. There could no longer be any doubt that the neighbors were right, and more—a new thought flashed into her quick brain; she realized that the weird fox of Mousaldale was before her. His eyes gleamed, and his mane bristled. But he cowered under her gaze and grovelled on the floor, as though begging for mercy. Slowly he crawled nearer and nearer, as if to lick her feet, until quite close, then with the fury of a tiger, he sprang for her throat.

The girl was taken unawares, but she threw up her arm in time, but Wully's long, gleaming tusks sank into her flesh and grated on the bone.

"Help! help! feyther, feyther!" she shrieked.

Wully was a light weight, and for a moment she flung him off. But there could be no mistaking his purpose. The game was up. It was his life or hers now. "Feyther! feyther!" she screamed as the yellow fury, striving to kill her, bit and tore the unprotected hands that had so often fed him. In vain she fought to hold him off. He would soon have had her by the throat, when he rushed Dorley.

Straight at him now in the same horrid silence sprang Wully and savagely tor him again and again before a deadly blow from the fatigued dog disabled him, dashing him gasping and writhing, on the stone floor, desperate and done for, but game and defiant to the last.

Another quick blow scattered his brains on the hearth stone, where so long he had been a faithful and honored retainer, and Wully, bright, fierce, true, to each rous Wully, quivered a moment, then straightened out and lay forever still.

Not a Nation of Shopkeepers.

'We are not a nation of shopkeepers,' blunthly remarked one member of the Spanish cabinet. 'Of course we are not,' answered the other. 'There is a great deal of satisfaction in reflecting that even

though the Philippines are no longer ours, we got a much needed 20 million in spect cash for a very troublesome lot of ground. As I said, we are not a nation of shopkeepers; but I imagine we could hold our own if we were to open a few real estate offices.'

PSYCHIC SCIENCE AS A LOVE CURE.

A Method of Breaking off Unfortunate Affairs of the Heart.

Psychic science is a great thing, when it condescends to apply itself to straightening out mundane tangles, and applied psychic science is doing wonders in Paris. Distracted parents and of a persons rise up and call it blessed. Victims of unhappy love affairs exorcise Cupid and the devil in its name. Lathario and Don Juan find their occupation gone. Love has been discredited for some time past, but now he hasn't a pointed arrow left in his quiver.

'Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more.' There's really no excuse for heartache and temptation and regret in this advanced age. A man has come out of the east to set lance at rest against Cupid, and he is prospering better in his quest than might be expected. When he first turned up in Paris he didn't devote all of his attention to love affairs. He wore flowing hair and medieval costumes and an occult expression, and did psychic things of various sorts. He was a follower in the paths of the Wandering Jew and Cagliostro, but those paths have grown thorny in these prosaic days and a cruel world gayed him about his clothes and his familiar spirits, and he got very low in spirits of all kinds, and was tempted to abandon on psychics and go into a patisserie shop. Being in the way of exorcising demons, he resisted temptation. Then his business began to improve. Psychological research became the fad, and the public, finding the thing sanctified by fashion, indulged its bent for credulity.

Business in psychics was brisk; and the man from the east had an inspiration. He knew that love affairs were universal, and that they led to puzzling situations. Psychics, applied to love, would appeal to a tremendous clientele. He became a specialist.

Just by way of getting his hand in and showing what he could do in the way of adjusting matrimonial events, he married a real Princess, who made up in pedigree what she lacked in fortune. Incidentally he promised her to give up medieval clothes and long hair, and was obliged to face the spirits of the invisible world in a frock coat and patent leather pumps; but he kept his occult expression and the symbolic poses and his incantations. He announced that, with the aid of Sister Aldegunde, a nun who had renounced the veil and had consented to be a medium for his supernatural power, he could deliver any young woman from the demon of love. Against sober, well regulated love, sanctioned by conscience and parents, he waged no war. (Witness the Princess.) But unconventional and foolish love he would

down, it took all the spells in his black books. Paris was an excellent place for his business, and he prospered from the start. Now every one talks of him and it is an admitted fact that many grande dames have consulted him.

One of his recent triumphs was in the case of an illustrious family in the Faubourg St. Germain. The pretty young daughter of the family has given her parents no end of trouble, and defied all French family traditions. She was madly in love with a disreputable and utterly ineligible Lieutenant, and would not listen to reason. The infatuation caused much scandal. The girl was punished, scolded, nagged, trotted about Europe, but stubbornly held to her Lieutenant. Finally, she became seriously ill. Her parents were in despair. They couldn't permit so hopeless a mesalliance, but they couldn't see their daughter die. Then Madame la Comtesse, the mother, heard of the Master of Applied Psychics. As a last resort she appealed to him. Now the young Lieutenant goes sorrowing, the girl is heart whole, and the Master of Psychics rides the topmost wave of popularity and is working over hours. Unfortunately the press of affairs has exhausted his medium, and he is searching vainly for some sensitive, virtuous, and mystical young woman who can share the tired nun's duties.

When a patient calls upon the master he listens to the tale of woe, meditates and goes out of the room for a while. When he returns he brings Sister Aldegunde with him. She takes the hand of the patient, rolls her eyes toward the ceiling, and submits herself to the mesmeric influence of the master. After a time the patient is conscious of a strange sensation. According to the description of one of the women, she felt as though an electric knob were turned at the back of her head and a dazzling light flowed into her brain. Then she saw distinctly all the faults and imperfections of the man she loved, and also despised him. She was led to a seat where she stayed a few moments, and then she went home cured and wondering how she could ever have cared for the man.

All of which is convenient for the woman but hard for the man; and unless something is done to throttle psychic science the lady killer will become extinct in society. Hard-headed scientists say that the new love cure is an interesting but unwarrantable illustration of the force of hypnotic suggestion and should be suppressed; but to the casual observer, a love cure seems a practical and labor saving institution that does its work with expedition and despatch, and without pangs and torments.

A Curious Case of Somnambulism.

The modern novelist is very prone to found his plots on the doings of sleepwalkers and hypnotists; but, as usual, 'truth is stranger than fiction,' and his efforts are outdone by actual occurrences. Here, for example, is a true story from France of a gentleman missing from his bedroom a packet containing more than \$10,000 worth of bonds. The thief could not be traced; but shortly afterwards the mistress of the house, who had taken the robbery to heart even more than her husband, was taken to a doctor, for she was suffering from nervous prostration. The doctor, a firm believer in hypnotism, was told of the robbery, and, putting two and two together, hypnotized his patient and extorted a confession from her that she had taken the bonds and buried them in the garden. There, upon search being made, they were found, but the lady is as yet quite ignorant of the fact that she herself was the person who hid them—Chamber's Journal.

"THAT TERROR OF MOTHERS."

How it was overcome by a Nova Scotian mother Who is well known as an author.

'Of all the evils that attack children scarcely any other is more dreaded than croup. It so often comes in the night. The danger is so great. The climax is so sudden. It is no wonder that Mrs. W. J. Dickson (better known under her pen name of "Stanford Eyeleth") calls it "the terror of mothers." Nor is it any wonder that she writes in terms of praise and gratitude for the relief which she has found both from her own anxieties, and for her children's ailments, in Dr. J. C. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Memory does not recall the time when Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral was not used in our family, for throat and lung troubles. That terror of mothers—the startling, croupy cough—never alarmed me, so long as I had a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house to supplement the hot-water bath. When suffering with whooping cough, in its worst form, and articulation was impossible on account of the choking, my children would point and gesticulate toward the bottle; for experience had taught them that relief was in its contents.'—Mrs. W. J. Dickson ("Stanford Eyeleth"), author of "Romance of the Provinces," Truro, N. S.

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A Curious Case of Somnambulism.

These statements make argument in favor of this remedy unnecessary. It is a family medicine that no home should be without. It is just as efficacious in bronchitis, asthma, whooping cough, and all other varieties of coughs, as it is in croup. Anyone who is sick is invited to write to the Doctor who is at the head of the staff of our newly organized Free Medical Advice department. The best medical advice on all diseases, without reference to their curability by Dr. Ayer's medicine. Address, J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

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# TO THE BITTER DREGS.

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

Eva Ware, who was watching her, at once grasped the facts of the case.

"Oh! do tell me who this seedy-looking individual is!" she demanded of Metherell.

"Can he be Miss Loraine's artist?"

"Possibly," Metherell drawled, trying to fix an eye glass. "Miss Loraine, is this your painter-fellow?"

Shirley pretended not to hear, entering quickly into an animated discussion with Captain Dorrien, as to the merits of a little pebble she had just picked up from the path.

Why she did it, she knew neither at the time nor afterwards; but she kept her eyes lowered until the artist had passed; then, with a quick revelation of feeling, looked eagerly to see if it was too late to bow.

"How could you cut him like that?" Eva giggled. "You should have just seen the look he gave you!"

"It was cruel of you not to give him the two shillings," said Metherell. "I must copy the cut of that coat—the hang of it is unique."

"You might do worse," Shirley said, dryly.

She was feeling furious with herself furious, too with these gay, chattering people. She told herself, with shame and remorse, that she had forced her acquaintance upon the artist, had put herself under an obligation to him, and had been behaved like this.

She had some idea of running after him, and probably would have done so—for she was one of those who act on impulse—had not his long, easy stride already carried him some distance.

"Rather a good-looking chap," Dorrien said. "Is he really the man who painted that little sketch?"

"I—I think he is," Shirley stammered. "I was not looking when he passed. Where are Miss Brend and Mr. Ridley off to?"

"A quiet stroll up Lover's Lane," Dorrien said, with a knowing smile. "I fear poor old Ridley is very hard hit."

"Why 'poor'?" Shirley questioned.

"Don't you think she cares for his devotion?" Dorrien shrugged his shoulders.

"That is a matter beyond my powers of speculation. What onlooker can tell when a woman really cares for a man? I am sorry to say, Miss Loraine, that your sex are born actresses. Shall we, too, take a turn?"

"Not up Lover's Lane," Shirley said, rising. "It is not fair to spoil sport."

"Indeed, no," he agreed.

But Shirley saw, or thought she saw, that on this occasion he would very much have liked to spoil the sport.

She did not care much for Captain Dorrien; he had very little to say for himself, and she had scarcely spoken to him before.

But this morning she had felt that Metherell was perfectly odious, and was glad to escape from his presence.

She and the captain had gone to the end of the esplanade, and were returning, when again she saw the artist coming towards them.

He was walking slowly, chatting to one of the coastguards.

When some little distance apart, their eyes met.

She was smiling, eager to atone for her past rudeness; but no answering smile appeared on the handsome, haughty face of the artist, as he slowly withdrew his gaze, and passed, without glancing again in her direction.

"You have done it this time," Dorrien remarked, twisting up his dark moustache. "That fellow never intends to give you the chance of snubbing him again."

## CHAPTER V.

"Oh! Madge, don't crush my one and only decent gown. I do want to look nice to-morrow, if only to cut out Eva Ware."

Madge Loraine smiled as she retold the dainty muslin dress.

"You might do that without much honour and glory," she observed.

"She has nice things," Shirley said, dropping a fan into the trunk she and her sister were packing, for Lady Metherell had invited her to spend a week at the Court, and the afternoon had been employed, in getting her wardrobe together.

"I have only seen her once; but I thought she looked rather vulgar," Madge returned, with a slight curl of her lip. The Metherells do not seem to be very particular as to the people they know."

"It is not fashionable to be particular," Shirley declared, lightly. "Blue blood is no longer thought anything of, and nobody cares even if you are not quite certain whether you had a grandmother or not."

"Don't talk like that," Madge said, rather sharply. "It is only second-rate people who speak in that way. Mr. Davitt, I am sure would agree to all you say."

"Poor Mr. Davitt! Do you know Madge, I really rather like him, and sometimes feel almost inclined to forgive him his wickedness in having sufficient money to buy Bushmead."

"He had a right to buy the place if he wanted to," the elder girl replied. "But—oh! it maddens me to think of a common man like that having our home. Some day he will bring his vulgar wife to it. She will have mother's rooms, and her garden. I cannot stay here and see that happen."

"Perhaps it never will happen," Shirley said, soothingly. "We must marry for money, and buy the place back."

Madge went on with the packing.

"It joins the Metherell estates," she said.

The pink deepened in Shirley's cheeks. Though she said nothing, she knew

what was passing in her sister's thoughts, for Gilbert Metherell's attention to herself was no secret, and she had half made up her mind to accept him, in spite of what she had said about not marrying him even if he were the last man left in the world.

The neat basket trunk had just been locked, when a carriage from Metherell Court came for Shirley.

"Enjoy yourself, darling," Mrs. Loraine who was an invalid, said, fondly embracing the girl. "You look very nice. Madge has trimmed that hat sweetly."

"I wish you were both coming," Shirley cried, regretfully. "I feel so mean, carrying off all your best garments. One thing is, I shall be constantly reminded of you. I have even taken Madge's best shoes, and her necklace with the little diamond cross."

"Well, you are not going shabby," Mrs. Loraine said, with a touch of pride.

"Good-bye, dearest."

"They are too kind to me," Shirley said to herself, as she drove away. "They give me everything. I don't deserve it. I wish I were as good as Madge."

She sat looking pensively from the open window, as the carriage passed through the village, where the tradesmen were busy erecting decorations for the morrow.

Preparations were going on everywhere. It seemed to Shirley that every few yards a small knot of men were busy over a triumphal arch of a flagstaff.

"To-morrow," she said, "poor little Codrington will be lost sight of beneath the bunting."

Then she drew her breath in a little gasp, for, on passing the churchyard, she had caught sight of a bent figure before an easel.

It was the artist.

Acting on the impulse of the moment, she stopped the carriage and alighted, and bidding the coachman drive on, walked hastily back to the churchyard gate.

She had been rude—she wanted to make amends for it.

Her heart was beating quickly as she stood beside the artist.

Her voice had a quiver in it, as she said—

"I saw you from the road. You are beginning a big picture of this view."

If he was surprised to see her, he did not show it, merely lifting his cap, and then continuing his work.

Shirley stood beside him, feeling rather small and uncomfortable.

"You were on the esplanade this morning," she began after a brief pause. "He mixed some colour."

"Yes; I was there."

"You—you must have thought me—rather rude."

She was digging a hole in the ground with her sunshade.

"Why?"

The quiet question was more disarming than almost anything else he could have said.

"Because," she began lamely, "I—I did not see you—I never looked up to notice you. I thought, afterwards, you—you might think I—I wanted to cut you."

She watched the clever, slim fingers lay on the color.

He was putting in the sky with masterly touches.

It apparently, engrossed all his attention.

She was beginning to wonder if he was ever going to speak, when he said, quite courteously, but with a coldness that made Shirley flinch—

"It is very good of you to trouble to tell me this; but I can assure you, there is no occasion to give the matter another thought. I am used to the world and its ways, or, perhaps I should say your world, for that is as far removed from mine as the sun from the moon."

"I don't see why," he said.

"For an instant the keen grey eyes rested on her face.

"I think," he replied, with a slight smile, "you saw it this morning."

"That was a mistake—an incident," she cried. "I don't know why I behaved like that—I was glad to know you—I was looking forward to meeting you again. Will you not pardon a rudeness which was not contemplated?"

He rose from his seat and looked down upon her.

"There is nothing to pardon," he said. "You did what was right. If I expected anything more than I received—well, I have but myself to thank for the disappointment."

"I don't know why I did it," she said again.

"Second thoughts are sometimes best," he replied gravely.

"It was not a thought at all," she declared, warmly. "I cannot explain—and you will not understand. But—I am keeping you from your work."

"Unfortunately, my work is of importance to me," he said, returning the slight bow she had given him.

Then she walked away her head erect, her lips pressed together, and her blue eyes filled with tears.

"He is a bear!" she said to herself.

"Any other man would have accepted an apology."

She glanced back as she opened the gate.

The artist had resumed his seat, and was bending over his painting.

"So clever, so handsome, and so horrid!" she ejaculated, letting the gate clash behind her. "I wish I had never met him."

Turning quickly in the direction of Metherell Court, she came face to face with

Sir Martin, who laid out a welcoming hand to her.

"Good afternoon, Miss Shirley. Are you on your way to us? I heard Lady Metherell order a carriage to be sent for you."

"I left it here," Shirley explained. "I saw a friend I wished to speak to. Have you been down in the village, Sir Martin?—everyone is busy decorating."

"Indeed," he said, with pleased smile, "that is very good of them."

He walked with her as far as the gates, then left her, saying he had business to attend to.

It was pleasant business—something to do with his son's coming of age.

His bright eyes had a smile in them as he walked proudly down the road, looking young and handsome for all his fifty years.

A woman—richly dressed—coming from the opposite direction, looked narrowly at him as he passed her.

For a moment she hesitated, then followed him.

At first he was not conscious of the steps keeping pace with his own; but, presently, they worried him, and he slackened his speed, so that the person, whoever it was, might pass him.

But, instead of doing so, she, too, altered her pace, and so still kept behind.

Then he began to walk quickly, and the steps following him grew faster too.

Suddenly, the thought came to him, that it was someone he knew, doing it for fun, and, halting abruptly, he wheeled round, to find himself face to face with the woman, who, standing still, flashed her dark eyes up to his.

"Sir Martin Metherell, I believe?"

The voice was dimly familiar, and, as he looked, the face began to glow horribly so.

"Madam, you have the advantage of me," he said.

She lifted her veil.

Look closely at me, Martin Metherell. I surely cannot have altered beyond all recognition. Ah! you know me?"

He stood as if rooted to the spot, his gaze riveted to hers, an expression of incredulous amazement overspreading his features.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed hoarsely, "Dola Koski!"

Sir Martin knew the woman, though she had greatly altered, and for the worse.

Her face had grown coarse, her eyes had a bold insolence of expression which told something of what her life had been.

A sickening sense of disgust swept over him, and vibrated through his voice as he repeated—

"Dola Koski!"

"Now Dola Rozier," she corrected, with perfect sang-froid. "Let us walk in this direction; it looks a quiet road. And, after so long a separation, their is much for us to talk over. I was on my way to visit you."

He started.

This woman in his home!

A glare of anger came into his eyes.

"Madame Rozier," he said, haughtily, "I beg you to understand that our acquaintance ended more than twenty years ago. I have no desire to renew it."

"Perhaps not," with an expressive little foreign gesture; but I think differently, I have come to England for the express purpose of meeting you, my friend."

"I regret you should have taken so much trouble for nothing," he returned, icily. "Your presence reminds me of a time I would fain forget, therefore—"

"It is because of that time I come to you," she interrupted. "I am about to ask some small return for the service I rendered you twenty-two years ago."

"Name it," he demanded; "and end an interview which is hateful to me."

She laughed, shrugging her shoulders.

"Sir Martin is not over polite to an old friend. It is foolish, for the old friend, knowing the secret of his life, might turn upon him and—ruin him."

"Your price?" was the curt reply.

"Oh, you shall have it!" she declared. "It is not a very high one and will not affect your pocket. I have money—there is no need for me to weary you with the details of rather a varied career; suffice it for you to know that Monsieur Rozier has kindly left me his fortune. There is only one thing I now desire, it is the entree to

good society; I am tired of the shady side. You understand now why I come to you— you can give me what I want."

"How?"

"By inviting me to your home—introducing me to your wife, your friends. You have a large party staying with you at present. I shall be charmed to make one of them."

"You!" he exclaimed, contemptuously. "Never."

"You say that? We'll listen to the alternative; if you refuse my request I—"

"Speak!" he echoed, derisively. "What harm can that do me now? That poor girl is dead; she—the child, too is dead."

"Your first wife was living when you married the present Lady Metherell; and as to the child—well, my friend, it is possible it did not die."

"I have your written statement of its death," he said. "It is worse than useless for you to attempt to blackmail me. I will have nothing to do with you; and, if you seek to harm me, I shall call upon the law to silence you."

"Say what you please," she laughed, jeeringly. "It makes no difference; you are in my power. I can fill the papers with a scandal which will electrify society. I can prove that your wife has no legal claim to that title, that your son is not your heir. Ah, you begin to see the wisdom of my words! It is better to keep me as your friend, is it not?"

"Friend!" he cried, with passionate scorn. "You have been the evil influence of my life. But for you, I might have known happiness and peace. But for you, I should have overcome the temptation of that hour, and, though I might have been poor all the days of my life, I should have been free—free from a burden which has crushed all the gladness from my existence. Can you at times feel for the luxury and ease I have bought at the cost of a life? And now, when, after long years, my lasting remorse begins to lose its bitter sting, your evil shadow falls again across my path."

Almost unwillingly, he had walked down the road she had first indicated—it led to a ruined mill.

He paused by the broken wall, and looked down in the whirling waters of the whirling stream, while an agony of recollection surged through his mind.

"You are complimentary," she said, "You speak like this, and yet you once—loved me."

"Loved you?" he said, [with biting contempt.] "I never thought of love in connection with you."

A gleam of fury came into her dark eyes; but she kept her temper under control.

"I have not come here to quarrel," she said quietly; "but simply to tell you my reason for silence. If you refuse to do as I wish I shall revenge myself by producing your rightful heir."

He seized her by the arm in a grip which hurt.

"You are a wretched woman, to utter such an intemperate falsehood! I tell you it is useless to try your tricks on me. Go—do your worst; but remember, I will also will do mine."

"You defy me?"

"I—despise you!"

There was a moment's silence, while they glared bitter hate at one another.

A sneering smile was on her lips; his were compressed with anger.

"This is your final answer?" she asked, at length.

"It is."

"You are a fool."

"I should be the most consummate fool did I do ought but thrust you from my path."

She moved her hand in one of her quick gestures.

"To-morrow I shall appear like a thunder-bolt amongst all the merry-making. To-morrow you shall see your lawful heir. An avenger!"

For the first time a sickening fear came to him that, perhaps, she was speaking the truth.

That it might really lie in her power to carry out her threat.

That the child he had never seen might grow to manhood.

He tried hard to speak, but his tongue clave to his mouth; great drops of anguish stood upon his face.

Then, at length, he spoke, in a voice harsh and discordant—

"Prove this. Show me some evidence that this story is true."

She was walking away, but stopped to answer him.

"With pleasure, I have certain letters which will put an end to all doubt."

"Show them to me."

"If you name the time and place for a meeting. They are at my hotel; I did not bring them with me."

He hesitated, his mind seemed in a whirl of confusion as he vainly tried to grasp what it would mean to if him this awful thing were really true.

She tapped the ground impatiently with her foot.

"I recalled him to the immediate present."

"I will see you here at six this evening," he said, and, turning on his heel, walked rapidly away.

Dola Rozier watched his retreating figure with a malicious smile, though, as he disappeared, it faded, and a pucker grew between her brows.

"I wish I knew what had become of the boy," she muttered. "I was a fool ever to have lost sight of him, and if Martin Metherell discovers that I have done so, he may take advantage of it. Still, it is only a question of time; I must trace him in the end."

Sir Martin Metherell felt dazed by the shock of this unexpected meeting.

He walked blindly on, one thought ever repeating itself in his tortured brain—

"What if it were true! What if it were true!"

He passed through the village, where the preparations for the morrow's rejoicings were being carried on.

It seemed strange to him that he could

ever have taken any interest in the proceedings.

This nightmare of horror, which had swept down upon him, had taken the life and pleasure from everything, making it all appear a hideous mockery.

He left the village for the beach, and traversed the lonely shore, his gaze bent on the pebble-strewn sand; while his mind carried on its painful burden of thought, until it reeled beneath the terror of it all.

He was proud of his position, proud of his name; the thought of exposure was awful to him.

"Curses her! he cried aloud, lifting his haggard eyes to look across the surging sea. "At all costs she must be silenced."

As he wended his way back to the old mill, his limbs trembled, he felt faint and unstrung, and was glad to sit down while awaiting her; but when he saw her coming jauntily down the road, he stood up, bracing himself for the interview.

One glance at the bloodless face told her what he was suffering and an expression of cruel triumph illumined her own.

"You look anxious, mon ami."

"Your proofs, was his terse reply.

"You shall have them—they are here."

She opened a small bag she carried and drew out several papers. "You will excuse my not trusting them to you; but they are rather valuable. This—holding a paper she had unfolded for him to see— is a little agreement, signed by a woman in whose care I left your child."

"I agree to adopt the child Vivian West as my own, on the receipt of £30.—Signed Louisa Jubb."

"Witness, Jane Fieldwick."

"Quite simple and clear, is it not?"

"Madam Rozier remarked, with her insolent laugh. "This letter—displaying a thin, soiled piece of note-paper—was written a year after I told you the child was dead."

"Princess Lane, Shepherdsbush."

"Madam,—The child is doing well I am glad to say I am quite fond of him."

Yours obediently  
Louisa Jubb."

"I have dozens of these," she declared; "but brought only two or three to convince you. Here is one written six years later—"

"Princess Lane, Shepherdsbush."

"Madam,—In reply to yours the child is doing well. He is a big boy now, just seven, he goes to school regular."

"Yours obediently  
Louisa Jubb."

"You begin to believe, do you not?"

"There are fifteen years to account for between that letter and now," he answered.

"That is so," she replied, equably. "It is rather a long period, and changes occurred during those years. Mrs. Jubb died; here is her husband's letter—"

"Princess Lane, Shepherdsbush"

"Honored Madam,—My pore wife past way last nite, I take the liberty of araking you wot you would like done with the boy as I can no longer keep him I take the liberty of saying I think there is something wrong with the little chap he aint quite like others but my pore wife was wonderful fond of him against my wishes and I never constinted to the adopting an now as I shall be leaving the old place he must find another home. I am honored madam."

"Your respectfully  
Alfred Jubb."

"In course if you made it worth while I would think about it."

"Alfred Jubb was not quite the nicest man on record," Dola observed, as she folded the dirty, badly written epistle.

Metherell passed his hand across his eyes; there was a glare in them, brought there by the fierce, hot anger raging within.

There had flashed before his mental vision the lovely face of the girl who had trusted him, and whom he had driven to her death.

And the thought of her child, whom he should have protected, having been left to drag up a miserable existence with low illiterate people, drove him mad with a desperate longing to revenge himself upon the woman who had brought about this sin and misery.

His utterance was choked with fury; there was murder in his brain as he looked from his tormentor to the mill-stream.

It was deep, he knew, and the current was strong.

How easy it would be to press her back, back, until she lost her footing, and went struggling and gasping down into the waters!

They would close over her and her secret, and he would be safe.

His hands were on her, he was holding her arms as in a vice, his face awful in its tense passion.

She saw what he meant to do.

She did not struggle.

It was not the first time she had raised, and faced, a man's fierce anger.

"Would you murder me?" she asked, coolly. "Hanging would be a very ignominious death for Sir Martin Metherell. And make no mistake, my friend, you would hang for it, for there are those who know I have come here to see you, and a few inquiries would quickly bring out the whole interesting story."

She felt his grip begin to slacken.

"Devil!" he said, hoarsely, "you are not worth sinning for! Where is the boy now?"

What has become of him?"

She did not reply immediately.

They had arrived at a point where questions were becoming difficult to answer.

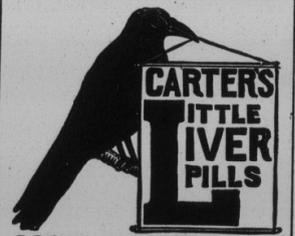
For, that letter from Alfred Jubb had travelled half over the world before reaching her; and even then she had not troubled to reply to it, having a bigger game on hand at the time, which engrossed all her attention.

Afterwards, when she wished to find out the boy, it was too late; Alfred Jubb had gone none knew whither, and all trace of Vivian West was lost.

"Speak!" Metherell demanded.

"Why do you wish to know?"

"Why! Because I would make some re-



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Continued on Fifteenth Page.

**Sunday Reading**

**NIP'S PRAYER.**

Nip lay on her back on the piazza floor watching the flight of the grubbeak—a warring line of silver across the blue sky.

'The overflow is a comin'; so many white birds is a sure sign; Granny Jane said so,' she chanted.

She could hear the hoarse moan of the river, its turbid waters swollen out of their deep banks.

'The overflow is comin'; she went on in her sing-song. 'The river is most brimful. The swamp land is all flooded, and the back water is creepin' up, creepin' up over the fields. The deer and snakes is swimmin' out to the front. The grass is all covered; what will the poor rabbits do? The cotton will be all drowned out and won't Popsy be hoppin' mad?'

Popsy, the sole parent of the sallows large eyed child, sat at the other end of the piazza, his chair tipped back, his feet on the rickety balustrade, his pipe in his mouth. As he smoked, he gloomily surveyed the dark torrent before him, on whose swirling current were borne trees, timbers, fences and other debris of the freshet. Presently he got up and went down the walk, lined with jimson weeds, to the river's edge and with a stick measured the depth of the bank that yet remained above the water. It was less than two feet.

'The water rose mor'n two foot since yistiddy mornin',' he told the child who followed him. 'By to-morrow it'll be out of the banks, and all over the front lands as it is over the bank.'

'Will it carry off the house, papsy?'

'No I reckon not; the old trap looks safe enough on that knoll and perched on them posts,' he answered, indicating the stout cedar pillars on which the house was built. 'But the old stable'll catch it I'm thinking,' he went on, walking down toward the rickety structure at the foot of the elevation, at the window of which appeared the gray, shaggy head of a venerable pony.

'Lucky I sent the stock to the hills, all but Suttler. And a blind old pony don't count for much.'

But he was Nip's pony, and mamsy and Tuck had loved him.

'Please, papsy, put him in the yard,' pleaded the child.

'I will if things look worse; I reckon the stable'll stand, though. It's the back water from the bayou that's workin' the damage. The river mayn't rise no higher, ef it don't rain no mor.' But all the cotton is under water, and it was the best stand I've had in ten years, too; jest my luck! Allers some misfortin comes when—'

A sound like thunder cut short his lamentations. They both looked in the direction whence it came.

'It's Bayou Winsey's banks cavin' in,' said 'Colonel' Weir. 'The old church'll go next, with them tools of psalm singin' niggers in it likely, along with that old scallow that preaches ter um. There is a big crack in the ground behind the church—clear 'cross the graveyard. I saw it today.'

'Was it clear to mamsy's and Tuck's graves?' questioned Nip, anxiously.

'I didn't notice particler,' answered her father, evading her eyes.

He relighted his pipe and sauntered to the house, calling to Nip that she had better come in, as it looked like rain. But Nip was running rapidly through the cotton field, a broad strip of which was still unsubmerged, in the direction of the old church and burial ground, where the overflow and the caving banks threatened the destruction of her 'holy ground'—the graves of her mother and twin brothers Tuck.

Nip and Tuck the twins had been called by their father, who began it by declaring one day that it was nip and tuck which grew the faster and prettier. The phrase attached itself to them as names. No others were given them. But for their father's opposition the mother would have called them for her own parents in far off Virginia, whom she still loved, although they had cast her off when she, a romantic school girl, had married a man far beneath her socially; his father having been an overseer on her father's plantation in slavery days. The veil of illusion had fallen from the young girl's eyes before she had long been domiciled with her uncongenial husband on his lonely cotton farm.

When her babies came, she clasped them to her throbbing pulses, and felt that God had sent her compensation; a love to fill her lonely life and heal the dull, aching heart. So far as her falling health, undetermined by malaria, permitted, she devoted herself to her children, and in turn she

was their idol and oracle. But one hot, rainy summer, when vegetation rioted and human life drooped and failed, the pale mother fell a victim to swamp fever, and was buried in the graveyard behind the old church standing like a stranded vessel among the woods and cotton. There were no trees about it, no flowers such as the poor young wife loved.

Red river dirt is a sight too vallerble to be wasted on such furbelows,' her husband said.

Two days after his mother was buried, Tuck was laid beside her; and Nip was left alone.

Never was a child more forlorn and neglected than Nip. If it had been the boy who survived, his father would have taken him to the 'store,' a little rough board building near the house, whence he dispensed drinks and provisions to the negro hands. But a girl! 'Colonel' Weir confessed he did not know what to do with a girl. And so Nip was left to her own devices, with only such care as Granny Jane, the rheumatic old negress who superintended the menage, could give her in the intervals between the cooking of bacon, corn pone and sweet potatoes that formed the staple meal in the Weir household.

Nip lay in the weeds and looked up at the clouds, and mumbled dreams that came to her; founded on the stories her mother had told her of her own girl life and those she had spelled out in a few old picture books. Her recreations were riding the pony, Suttler, to the swamp to drive up cows; following the half wild turkey hen 'Sadie' to find her ingeniously hidden nest, and nursing her pets, a chicken whose broken leg she had splintered, a rabbit she had rescued from the dogs and a screech-owl that had been wounded by a pistol ball shot by her father one night when it was uttering its 'warning of death' cry from the eaves of the store.

But the graves of her dead were the lonely child's dearest haunt. Here she brought her cherished possessions—shells, the little brown pitcher with a dog for its handle, a china cup and a porcelain doll's head she had found in the debris from the river; the covers of the Bible out of which her father had torn the leaves in a fit of drunken rage against his wife because she read it so often.

On each grave she planted a yellow jessamine from the swamp. The vines had covered the mounds, and reaching up, clasped the wooden board that marked the graves, hiding their ugliness. A sharp pang rent the child's heart when she saw the crevice in the ground her father had spoken of. Yes, it took in the graves. They were close behind the church; and the crack, coming from the edge of the bayou's bank, ran just behind the smaller mound. When the ground caved in, the church and the grave would go. The church had been built in the angle made by Bayou Winsey and Red River; too close to the river from the first, considering the crumbling nature of the alluvial soil, whole acres of which gave way sometimes and all into the river; but the rich soil was grudged for any other purpose than to grow the precious staple.

Nip flung herself upon her mother's grave, crushing the odorous bloom of yellow jessamine, and sobbed as though her heart would break. It was some time before she was conscious that a meeting was going on in the church.

The plantation negroes, idle because of the overflow, had met to pray that no more rain should fall, that the waters might recede. 'For thou holdest the waters in thy hand, O Lord, and we know if thou takest our homes from us here, that we have a home not made with hands in heaven; a mansion in the skies, where we will be with our dear ones who've gone before.'

Nip recognized the impassioned tones as those of 'Brother Taylor,' the white preacher who taught the negro school. The words repeated themselves in her brain, meaninglessly at first, but 'a mansion in the skies, with the dear ones gone before,' grew into a consciousness that they were especially intended for her.

'O, dear Mr. God, please, sir, take me to your mansion in the skies, where Tuck and mamsy is. I'm so lonesome. Nobody

wants me. Please, mamsy, beg God to let me come to you.'

The slender body shook with the intensity of the prayer. It did, indeed, seem as though nobody wanted her. She lay there on the damp vines until the wild, plaintive voices of the negroes singing the doxology had ceased; until the dull daylight crept into darkness and the rain began to fall. She rose at last, hardly conscious that her limbs ached beneath her calico skirts. It gave her no surprise to find the house in darkness when she reached home; so frequently was she absent from the regular meals, that now her father had gone to bed without a thought as to his child's whereabouts. She heard his deep, regular breathing as she passed his hall shut door, and went on to her little 'shed room' that adjoined his chamber.

She groped her way to the bed and felt for the night gown she had hung on the head rail that morning; unbuttoning her wet garments, she let them drop to the floor; then she stooped and wiped her bare feet upon them before creeping into bed, where she lay with wide open eyes fixed upon the curtainless window on which the rain beat.

Hour after hour passed. Her nervousness increased with the rain, that now fell in a downpour. She pictured to herself the pony, Suttler, shut up in the old stable with its rotten post foundations that might be even now undermined by the flood. She could stand it no longer; she sprang out of bed and made her way to the piazza. A cry of dismay broke from her lips as she saw the yard covered with water; the banks had overflowed.

'Papsy, papsy,' she cried shrill. 'papsy Suttler will be drowned ef you don't get him out quick!'

But the whiskey 'Colonel' Weir had imbibed as a night cap rendered his sleep lethargic.

The anxious fear for her pony's safety made the child desperate. She caught up the long night gown in her hands, and waded out to where a black bulk out the leaden sky line in two. The water was waist high when she reached the stable door; nevertheless they were steady little fingers that passed quickly over the boards in search of the chain that fastened the door. At last she found and unloosed it.

'Suttler, Suttler!' she called. 'Cobe, cobe, pony.'

With a whinny of recognition the little animal rushed out, striking the side of the door with such force that the frail structure tottered. With a cry of terror Nip turned to follow her pony, who had run past toward the house; but it was too late, the stable toppled forward, burying the child beneath it. God wanted Nip.—Observer.

**Fear and Blessing.**

When the angels came with their 'Good tidings of great joy,' the first effect on the listening shepherds was to frighten them. If the sky had been full of ghosts, they would not have been more alarmed, and perhaps that is what they thought was the fact. When Jesus came walking on the water in the midst of the storm which threatened His disciples with shipwreck, they, too, were scared, and thought they beheld a ghost. But how changed was their feelings when His loving voice uttered the assuring words: 'Lo, it is I; be not afraid!' People are often frightened in these days at the coming of Heaven's messengers with good tidings. Many a great blessing comes to us in unexpected guise, and when we first see it we are alarmed. We should have such abiding faith in the kindness of God toward us, and in his ability to care for us, that we shall know that no harm can come in this world. Christmas should teach us to have hope not fear, of God's providence. The New mercies of God that shall come every morning are more than a match for the new trials we shall have to confront.

**The Skylark.**

'He's got a good, broad cap, strong face, a nice full breast. I'll warrant him, said the dealer. The creature thus summed up was not a pony nor a dog, but an English skylark. Brave little fellow, he was caught in some snare on his native

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meadow, and has traveled in his jail across land and sea, and is now put into a brown-paper bag, to be carried as unconcernedly as a pint of peanuts to a dark restaurant on a narrow street; but he will not lose his courage. Give him six inches of turt on the bottom of his cage and a glint of sunshine at the window, and he will stand on his tiptoes and sing until all the street will catch something of the heavenly enthusiasm of his music. Men and women who love Christmas, and have caught the Christmas spirit in their hearts, should carry it with them into all the dark places of life, sweetening and blessing and inspiring as they go.

**Training Birds to Sing**

In a little town in New Jersey there is a man who has a bird-training organ. It stands as high as an old-time clock, and the air is forced through the pipes by means of weights similar to the weights in a clock's works. The singers that are being trained are kept in cloth covered boxes with the curtains pulled down. They learn to sing best in the dark. They will learn to sing all the tunes played by the organ. They become so trained in the music taught them that they seldom improvise. Just as the mocking-bird imitates by nature such tunes as he hears, the canary will sing any tune he is schooled in. The Lord is teaching us to sing the heavenly songs. Many of them we must learn in the dark. We should also be careful to choose such associations as will not interfere with the divine tunes of the Christian life in which we are seeking to perfect ourselves.

**The Czar's Ideal Symbolized.**

A statue symbolizing the Czar's ideal of universal disarmament is now being displayed in copy all over Paris through photographs and plaster casts. Its title is 'Temps Futurs' ('The Future'); the sculptor's name is Belloc. 'Temps Futurs' represents a robust artisan transforming the murderous weapons of war into the traditional ploughshare and pruning-hook, the emblems of peace. The dream of the Emperor of Russia thus finds expression in marble while awaiting its actual materialization by the great powers of the world, when the magnificent armies shall be disbanded, and their members enter upon the honorable joy of an honest but laborious toil for their daily bread. That day will surely come when the angelic prophecy of 'Peace on earth, good will to men,' will be realized.

**Never Give up.**

If your motive is high enough and you are doing honest work worthy of being crowned, then never despair. Lady Butler, the artist, whose 'Roll-Call' made her famous, sums up the early vicissitudes of that picture thus: 'Rejected and damaged rejected; accepted; accepted and asked.' Many a man has been rejected and damaged; but refusing to accept the verdict, has gone on, only to be rejected again; but steadily persevering, he has been finally accepted, and found his place in the skies.

**CATARRAH CAN BE CURED.**

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

**Christmas and Duty.**

The first Christmas message came to the shepherds while they were on duty keeping watch over their flocks. If they had deserted the sheep that night, how great would have been their loss. The best things always come to us in the path of duty. He who goes steadily on, doing the best he can in the place where he is, living with high motives and doing the unselfish deed in the romantic spirit, is in the line of promotion in God's world.

**Not For His Wife.**

'Sweet, do you love me as well as you did this time yesterday?' tenderly murmured the young bridegroom, leaning toward her.

'Rather better, I think, dear,' softly answered the young bride.

'Then I'm happier than I was yesterday,' he rejoined. 'And I didn't think it was possible!'

Whereupon the hard featured old bachelor in the seat directly behind them went forward into the smoking car.—Chicago Tribune.

**WONDERFUL SUCCESS**

**Not One Failure on the Part of Dodd's Kidney Pills.**

When Used in the Treatment of Kidney Diseases—They Cure Even Where Physicians Have Given the Patient up to Die.

SHOGOMAC, N. B., Jan. 9.—There are, perhaps, not more than three or four subjects, upon which all members of a community hold the same opinion.

Everyone knows that death comes to us all, for instance. That is a subject that admits of no argument.

There is another question on which every person resident in this district agrees. That is that Dodd's Kidney Pills are a positive unfailing cure for all forms of Kidney Disease; that there is no other medicine within the reach of man that can cure these complaints; and that Dodd's Kidney Pills have never been known to fail in any case of Kidney Complaint.

Of course the people of this district could not possibly hold different opinions. Dodd's Kidney Pills have had such wonderful success, that no other conclusion could be reached.

Every time they have been used they have effected a thorough and permanent cure, no matter how hopeless the case had seemed—and in several instances the patients had been given up by their physicians. Not once have they failed.

An idea as to the esteem in which our people hold this great medicine, can be gained from the following statement made by Mr. Charles Shaw, one of our wide-awake merchants. He says: 'Dodd's Kidney Pills are more appreciated and have done more good than any other medicine we sell. They give the very best results, when used as a blood purifier, and tonic.'

Any victim of Kidney Disease should begin the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills at once. They are sold by all druggists at fifty cents a box; six boxes \$2.50, or sent, on receipt of price, by The Dodds Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

**Paid for her Vanity.**

A curious story comes from Monte Carlo, the heroine of which lost a large sum through excusable female vanity. She entered the gaming saloon while a former friend of hers was winning in a sweeping style that seemed to break the bank.

'I am so glad to see you here, Prince, and in such luck too!' she exclaimed. Do tell me a lucky number; it is sure to win, for you are no w in the vein.'

The Prince generously placed a pile of gold lions before the vivacious lady, whose beauty had successfully defied the effects of thirty-six winters, and said—

'Put it all on the number of your years, and reap a golden harvest.'

The lady reflected, hesitated, and then placed the pile on twenty-seven. An instant later the croupier sang out—

'Thirty-six red wins!'

'Heavens!' muttered the lady as she fainted away; 'thirty-six is exactly my age!'

**Trapped Him.**

One must be unusually quick-witted to endure the cross-examination of a skillful lawyer without discomfiture. In an action for payment of a tailor's account, a witness swore that a certain overcoat was badly made, one of the sleeves being shorter than the other.

'You will,' said the lawyer, slowly rising to cross-examine, 'swear that one of the sleeves was shorter than the other?'

'I will,' said the witness.

'Then, sir,' thundered the lawyer quickly with a flash of indignation. 'I am to understand that you positively deny that one of the sleeves was longer than the other?'

Startled into a self-contradiction by the suddenness and impetuosity of this thrust, the witness said—

'I do deny it.'

A storm of laughter ensued. After it had died away, the lawyer said meaningly—

'Thank you, sir. I've no more questions to ask.'

**RHEUMATIC SPRING.**

South American Rheumatic Cure Sways the Wind and Suffering Comes in a Trice.

Mr. A. S. Kennedy, 44 Sussex Ave., Toronto, says: 'I had been attacked very frequently with acute muscular rheumatism, afflicting my shoulders and arms. I used South American Rheumatic Cure and found immediate relief after a dose or two. My family have used this remedy with the most satisfactory results. I think it truly a very efficacious remedy for this very prevalent ailment.'

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

**CANADIAN HOUSE, 4 Hospital St., Montreal.**

IN THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

INSURANCE OF LUCK RELATED BY A FOREIGN DIGGER.

Who Have Made Rich Finds on Ground Where Others Had Spent Their All—First Discoveries of Diamonds—Laws Against Illicit Diamond Buyers.

'The first diamond discovered in South Africa,' said Henry A. Kratoch, who spent several years in the diamond fields, 'was purchased in 1867 by a trader, an Irishman by birth, named John O'Reilly. While returning from the interior with his cattle he stayed for a few days, in order to recuperate, at a large farm on the banks of the Orange River owned by a Boer named Schalk van Niekerk. A peculiar stone had been picked up some time previously by a Bushman boy. O'Reilly bought it for a trifle out of curiosity, not knowing himself what it was, and took it with him to a town called Colesberg and handed it to the resident Civil Commissioner, who in turn forwarded it to Dr. Atherstone in Graham's Town Cape Colony. This gentleman after careful examination, pronounced it a veritable diamond 2 1/4 carats in weight and worth \$2,500. It was subsequently purchased for this price by the Governor of the colony, Sir P. Wodehouse. When the find became known a search for diamonds was instituted throughout the Hope Town district, but it was not until 1869 that the existence of diamonds in paying quantities was proved beyond a doubt. Then a great rush of diggers from all parts of the globe was made to the Orange River and its vicinity. It is a curious fact that, though the earliest finds were made in the Hope Town district, no mine was discovered there. In the latter part of 1870 a lot of miners who had gained valuable experience in California and Australia discovered a mine about 100 miles due north of Cape Town, nearly 1,000 miles from the British Colonial Secretary, the Earl of Kimberley. At the beginning of 1871 10,000 men had found their way to this spot. The extensive farm on which the Kimberley mine and town are situated was property of one Van Wyck, from whom it was purchased for about \$25,000.

'The actual diamond mine is a hole of twenty-five or thirty acres. The mining was so-called gravel digging until 1878, when the hard rock was reached at the depth of 270 feet from the surface. There were then about 320 claims on which licenses were paid. The yield of diamonds from this big excavation since the opening of the mine in 1871 probably exceeds eight tons weight of precious stones, in value about \$240,000,000. After years of progress all the individual small diggers and claimholders sold out to gigantic syndicates of which the late Barney Barnato and Cecil Rhodes were the promoters. This company employs at present about 1,700 white men and about 14,000 Kaffirs, and its expenditures for labor, material, &c., are not less than \$12,000,000 annually. The finest diamond ever found in South Africa was the famous Porter Rhodes, discovered in claim No. 375, near the centre of Kimberley mine, on Feb. 12, 1880. It is a pure white octahedron, weighing 150 carats and valued at \$300,000. A splendid yellow octahedron was found on March 27, 1884, at the east end of the mine. It weighed 302 carats. The largest diamond ever found in this mine was discovered near the west end of the mine on Sept. 29, 1885. It was a large irregular octahedron, slightly spotted, of yellow color, and weighed 404 carats, or nearly three ounces. In the month of February previous to a similar stone of 352 carats was found near the east end of the mine. The former of these stones is probably the largest diamond the world has yet produced, excepting a very imperfect stone of some 500 carats found in Jagersfontein, Orange Free State, in 1881.

'About twenty miles to the westward of Kimberley the Vaal River is met. Diamond mining is in active progress on its banks. These mines are generally termed the poor man's diggings, because any man with a little capital can dig there and stake off an unoccupied claim 40x40, pay his monthly license free of \$7.50 to Government mining commissioner and go to work. The only mining implements necessary for his undertaking are a pick and shovel, a large gravel sieve and a smaller hand sieve, two tubs, generally obtained by sawing an ale barrel in half, and a provisional table to sort on, as well as a large pail in order to carry the water for washing the sand from the gravel in the tubs. As a rule one of these prospectors, accord-

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ing to his means, hires two or three Kaffir laborers at about \$5 a week and keep, the rations being regulated by law. These men perform the most laborious work in the sun, the prospector generally limiting himself to the actual washing and sorting. The digging is purely surface, as at a depth of about two feet a solid rock is met. I have known instances during my sojourn there where men have expended their last cent and savings probably ranging from \$500 to \$1,000, endured all kinds of hardships and never found anything. 'On the other hand, I have also met men who, after a few weeks' work, found stones to the value of \$20,000. I can recall one instance where a man whom I personally knew had accumulated about \$2,000. He took chances and went to the river to try his luck. He employed several natives and took out a license for three claims. He worked unceasingly for about two months, without ever finding a single stone. Then he abandoned his claims and returned broke to Kimberley. A week or two after his departure a Scotchman named Cameron staked off one claim in the centre of where the former three had been, hired one Kaffir and started to work. On the fourth day when he was washing up, he found a pure white octahedron of 147 1/2 carats, which he sold to a visiting broker on the spot for \$30,000, cash. The largest diamond found on the Vaal River surface diggings, known as the Spalding or Stewart diamond, was discovered in 1872. It weighed 288 carats and was valued then at \$25,000. It has been cut and weighs now 128 carats. These diamonds found on the banks of the river are of a decidedly superior quality to the Kimberley mine diamonds, being generally perfectly white. All commodities of life here are very expensive, owing to the great difficulty of transportation. I have often paid \$1 for a can of condensed milk, 60 cents for a loaf of bread, 50 cents for a small tin of sardines, 25 cents for a pound of sugar, and 75 cents for an ordinary glass of Irish or Scotch whiskey. The only food which is cheap is goat's meat, which must be consumed within a few hours after slaughter, owing to the hot African sun and the utter absence of ice. This meat can be purchased as live stock from the constantly travelling Kaffir herds for about three cents a pound. The climate is fairly healthy for Europeans and especially beneficial for pulmonary weaknesses. Female society is out of the question, as far as white women are concerned. During my first two years of residence there I saw only one white woman. She was travelling through to join her husband, a missionary. When the presence of this so-called angel became known in the city everybody quit work in order to gaze upon her.

'From the discovery of diamonds in South Africa until the present day one great obstacle the diggers and the company have had always to contend with has been the enormous loss annually of rough diamonds stolen by the native Kaffir laborers while at work in the claims or on the depositing floors. These thefts reached such enormous proportions and the diamonds found such ready market among the unscrupulous element of the white population that it became necessary to enact special laws to cope with the evil. In the earlier days, upon conviction the Kaffir was simply punished for the theft by about twelve months imprisonment, and the white buyer, for receiving stolen property, was subject to a fine of about five times the actual value of the diamond and three months imprisonment with hard labor. The profit to the buyer was so great that this punishment proved to be utterly inadequate. Trial so far has been by a magistrate. It became now necessary to create a special court. Under an act passed by the Cape legislature commonly called the Illicit Diamond Buying or Diamond Trade act, this court consisted of three Supreme Court Justices, doing entirely away with trial by jury. Upon conviction the maximum sentence for a Kaffir, the thief, was fifty lashes upon the bare back with the cat-of-nine-tails and to undergo imprisonment with hard labor for a term not exceeding ten years. The receiver or illicit diamond buyer upon conviction received a maximum sentence of ten years' imprisonment at hard labor, the first one-fifth of the term to be spent in isolation and in chains, and he was also liable to a fine not exceeding \$5,000 as well as confiscation of all real and personal

property which he held at the time of his arrest within the diamond mining area. The ground taken was that the criminal had accumulated this property from the gains of his illicit trade. Isolation in prison consisted in being kept apart from all other prisoners as well as not having the privilege of seeing a visitor or writing a letter or communicating with any one. The prisoner was provided with about fifty others, consisting of British and Bushmen, in a large dormitory cell about 100 feet long by 12 feet wide, was obliged to work twelve hours a day in the hot sun in a stone quarry, and had chains weighing from seven to eighteen pounds riveted on his legs. His behavior during this part of his term had been exemplary; otherwise it was privileged at the discretion of the prison superintendent. Upon my leaving the colony there were about 300 hundred whites thus undergoing sentence. There was no appeal from the sentence excepting to the Privy Council or House of Lords, and this was hardly within reach of the average convict.

'This law checked to a certain extent illicit diamond buying, but it must be remembered that the inducement to commit a crime was enormous. For instance, a Kaffir was induced to steal a diamond, say of about 40 carats, which he could safely conceal in his mouth or even swallow. The native runner or gobetween in the employ of the white buyer would pay him about \$10 for this stone, which might have a market value of from \$1000 to \$2000. The runner received a present about \$5 in addition to a weekly salary of about \$25 and his board. Upon conviction the runner faced the same as his master. Many forayers have been made in this traffic and buyers have slipped from the colony in the nick of time on the eve of being trapped. Trapping is the mode of procedure resorted to by the detective department in order to catch the buyer. The detectives get hold of a runner, who is induced to betray his master. A trusted Kaffir is procured and thoroughly searched and stripped by a number of detectives, so that he has nothing in his possession. A rough and uncut, well identified and accurately weighed stone is then handed to him. The runner takes in tow and introduces him to his master. The two are followed as they are watched by a number of disguised detectives. The white man will ask to see the stone, which the Kaffir takes from his hiding place. A bargain is struck for a few dollars, the money is paid over, and the Kaffir departs. As soon as he reaches the open a signal is given to the detectives, a rush is made, and the diamond buyer is arrested. Upon search being made the diamond is found in the buyer's possession and the money in the Kaffir's. The runner turns Queen's evidence against his employer and is held as a witness. The detectives corroborate all details and a conviction is certain.

HOW TO GET TO PEKIN.

Changes in Methods of Travel Brought About by the Railroad.

There are many interesting things to see in Pekin, and not a few white men, diplomats, tourists and traders, are all the while going to or coming away from the Chinese capital. In the past two years several causes have combined to make the journey to Pekin quite different from what it was, and travellers are telling about their new experiences.

In the first place, it is no longer possible to go by steamer clear to Tientsin, the well-known treaty port of north China and the port of Pekin. This great city lies some distance up the Pei-ho, and formerly steamers from Shanghai went direct to the city; but a great change has occurred in the conditions of navigation at all the ports of North China bordering on the Gulf of Pechili. The turbulent Yellow River carries down to the sea immense masses of yellow sediment which for years has been piling up mud banks a little off the coast. On account of this obstruction it is now almost impossible for a vessel of considerable draught to enter any part of North China. Chefoo as well as Tientsin is suffering from this impediment. The steamers that formerly went up the river to Tientsin now have to anchor off Tongku near the mouth of the river, where the passengers are taken off by a small and dirty tug to the train that conveys them to Tientsin, and the cargo is placed on lighters and towed up the river to the city.

Shanghai is the starting place for Pekin. One may go to Pekin by way of Yokohama but the Japanese vessels stop at Chefoo, the port of Seoul, and other places. The ten days' journey is not popular among passengers, for the boats are all freighters and do not give comfortable accommodations to tourists.

One peculiarity of the trip from Shanghai is that the traveller is not sure when he is going to start until the steamer has actually cast of her moorings and is puffing out to sea. The vessels are advertised to sail for Tientsin on certain days, but they never start until they are full of cargo, and that may be from one to three days after the advertised time. The boats of the three companies engaged in the Shanghai-Tientsin trade are all cargo boats, and passengers are merely incidentals of the business. The result is that the journey is not a very comfortable one.

After leaving Shanghai the traveller does not know when he will reach Pekin, for there is cargo to be loaded at Chefoo; and if a strong north-easter blow prevents the

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discharge of cargo the vessel simply gets under the lee of Chefoo bluff, five miles away, and waits till the wind has subsided so that she can land her Chefoo freight. It accordingly takes anywhere from three days to a week to reach Tientsin from Shanghai.

They have an Astor House at Tientsin, a pretty good hotel for a caravansary in China, and at the railroad depot a Chinese porter is waiting to conduct the travellers to a hotel. Two or three trains run daily from the city to Pekin, but tourists and diplomats as a rule travel by no train except the mail, which leaves Tientsin at 11:30 A. M. The railroad business is not well systematized in China yet, and trains on the Pekin Railroad are not running with Occidental smoothness. The mail train is the best of the lot, for it is managed by the Customs Department, at the head of which is Sir Robert Hart.

The crowning excellence of the mail train in the eyes of foreign travellers is that no Chinese passengers either of high or low degree, are permitted to travel on it. This concession to Europeans was not obtained without much difficulty, but the persistence of the white men at last secured the desired exclusion of the Chinese from this train. Passengers, however, have to pay for the privilege, as double first class fare is charged. The reason they insisted upon having this exclusive train was because the first-class cars on the ordinary trains have only un-cushioned wooden seats, and not only the holders of first-class tickets are admitted to these cars, but also Chinese passengers who have second and even third-class tickets. White travellers complain that the manners of these persons are not agreeable and that their proximity is often unendurable. The distance from Tientsin to Machiapu, the northern terminus of the railroad for Pekin, and four miles from the gate of the capital, is eighty miles. The mail train covers this in four hours if it sticks closely to time-table rate of speed. Sometimes it runs on schedule time, but just as often it fails to do so. Sometimes it starts an hour late. As yet railroad trains in China cannot be depended upon to fulfil the promises of the time table.

If a traveller wants a special conveyance to meet him at the Pekin terminus of the railroad to take him to his hotel, he must telegraph for it from Tientsin. It be frames his telegram on an economical basis and does not use more than eight or nine words the visitor begins to get acquainted with the smells of Pekin, and life in that city means the perpetual endurance of unpleasant odors. Travellers usually resort to the Hotel Tallien, which everybody agrees in saying is on a dirty street, has small stuffy rooms, indifferent cuisine and service and high charges. Although there is much interest in Pekin, there are many discomforts, particularly during a temporary visit. If some enterprising person or company would start a good hotel in a roomy enclosure the traveller would be able to find rest and comfort and refuge from the foul sights and smells which he must endure whenever he goes into the streets. Mrs. Bishop says she thought Sooni was the filiest city in the world till she saw Pekin. Major A. C. Tate says he is glad he visited Pekin, but he has no wish to repeat the visit in the near future. Another traveller says that there are two most satisfactory moments in the visit to the Chinese Capital. One is when he first sees the city from afar, and the other when he takes his last look at it. Major Tate says Pekin is a repulsive place, but well worth visiting, for all that; and no unpleasantness with the natives need be anticipated. The instances have been rare when the Chinese of the capital have been rude or insolent to foreigners, whether men or women, and there is no need nowadays to apprehend such occurrences on visiting this city.

So Knowing. There is a class of persons who seek credit for wisdom by repeating, as if original, what they have recently heard or read. For perfect success in this attempt it is important that the rehearsal be accurate. Those who are careless are in danger of

making themselves ridiculous. This is well illustrated by the following incident, which occurred in Poupou, and is vouchered for by the traveller who witnessed it. A party of perhaps thirty English ladies and gentlemen, under the care of a personal conductor, were entering one of the famous old houses which modern excavation has brought to light. As the foremost of the party entered the pillared remains of the ancient hall, graced by one or two faded frescoes, the guide began his regular discourse by saying: 'This, ladies and gentlemen, is the atrium'—speaking the word, of course, with the Continental pronunciation. He had got no further before a young man, somewhat over dressed, noticing that a young lady in the rear of the party had not heard the guide, seized the opportunity to impress her with his antiquarian knowledge by remarking, with a wave of his hand toward the frescoes: 'This is the art room, my dear. My dear' bit a smile in two and thanked him.

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Will's English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Will's English Pills are used. A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggists, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. W. Hawker & Son, Druggists, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B. Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 137 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, King St., St. John, N. B. E. J. Mabony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B. G. W. Hoben, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B. R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B. S. Watters, Druggist, St. John West, N. B. Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Car. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B. C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B. S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mill St., St. John, N. B. N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B. G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels St., St. John, N. B. C. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St., St. John, N. B. Hastings & Pines, Druggists, 63 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

Just a Hint.—He: 'Your sparkling eyes would out-sparkle the most precious diamond.' She: 'Why don't you make the test?'

Is bound to follow the ravages of disease the outcome of the stomach disorders—this blood shakes hands with the undertaker—ward off that possibility—Dr. Von Stan's Pinesod Tablets make and keep the stomach healthy—they're Nature's antidote—pleasant and positive. 35 cents.

Lady (engaging servant): 'Of course I allow no followers.' Servant: 'I'm glad to hear it mum. You being a married lady, it would'n't be right that you should.'

DR. WOODS' NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Cures Coughs, Colds, Lung and Bronchial Affections that other remedies won't touch.

Mr. THOS. J. SMITH, Caledonia, Ont., writes: 'A year ago I had a very severe cold which settled in my lungs and in my throat, so that I could scarcely speak louder than a whisper. I tried several medicines, but got no relief until I used one and a half bottles of Norway Pine Syrup, which completely cured me.' 25c. a bottle or five for \$1.00.

FASHIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Clothes in pale tints are all the rage in Paris for afternoon gowns, and their special title to be considered chic lies in the simplicity of finish and outline, showing all the grace of figure a woman is fortunate enough to possess.

The straight up and down appearance of some of the new coats and wraps is not exactly becoming to the average figure, but most of them have some redeeming feature in the way of trimming, which serves to disguise the real outline. Yet there is one style of driving coat wider at the waist than around the shoulders, made with loose fronts, which lap entirely over each other, and figures does not matter much in this, however perfect it may be.

Muffs, like the gowns, are afflicted with circular frills out of all proportion to the real muff, which is nothing more than a strap of fur or velvet, as the case may be, hardly wide enough to give room for the tips of the fingers. But the more expensive muffs of sable fox, and chinchilla are made in the good old round fashion, quite large in size and very soft.

Of the immense pompadour which encircles some of the feminine head at the opera very little can be said in praise. It is both ludicrous and absurd to give the head an abnormal shape, which would be considered a deformity if it were real instead of a stuffing of cushions.

Tucked taffeta waists are quite as popular as ever, and anything which can give them novelty is a welcome hint. One of these in pale gray has a lace yoke over white, and at the end of every tuck all around the neck a clock, such as is seen on hosiery, is embroidered in white silk.

Among the combinations of color which have become familiar this season are blue and red, blue and coral pink, brown and mauve or violet, and brown and turquoise; but if you want the swellest one of all have a brown gown trimmed with chinchilla.

Buttons and buttonholes set around with real or imitation jewels, diamonds preferred, are the latest fad in dress ornaments.

Taffeta messaline is one of the new fabrics recommended for evening gowns.

Poplins, very silky in finish with a crosswise silk-line stripes and silky dots between, are to be popular favorites among the spring goods.

What matron lives who does not have trouble with the candles which light her dainty dinner table? Every one admits that complexions as well as colors seen by candlelight are not the same by day; they are far fairer and more beautiful, and so dine by candlelight one must. Candles are like everything else in life, though. They have their good and their evil side. While shedding the light of immortal youth on those about them they drip grease on the best table linen and set their own shades on fire. A dozen wax candles can do more to mar a dinner party than one disagreeable, discordant guest, and that's saying a good deal to their discredit. Men can't understand why on earth women insist upon lighting their dinner tables with candles. He'd far rather have the brilliancy furnished by gas or electric lights, but he has learned to accept the candles now as part of the dinner party and tries not to lose his temper more than once before his guests on account of their pyrotechnic contrivances. Undoubtedly, however, he'll be over-joyed, and so will women, to learn that there is an admirable substitute for the wax candle, which does not threaten to set the house on fire, neither does it ruin one's fine tablecloths, and it defies detection from the real thing. Best of all, it sheds a light on time's unrelenting wrinkles and lines as kindly as that of the wax taper. This candle is made of fine ware, and burns oil. House-

When the children are hungry, what do you give them? Food.

When thirsty? Water.

Now use the same good common sense, and what would you give them when they are too thin? The best fat-forming food, of course.

Somehow you think of Scott's Emulsion at once.

For a quarter of a century it has been making thin children, plump; weak children, strong; sick children, healthy.

Prep. and Bottled by SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

keepers know what a soft, becoming light oil gives. The oil candles are supplied with wicks and chimneys, which make it impossible for their shades to catch on fire. They cost 65 cents each, but are a lifetime investment, and those who've had experience with them say that if no more were obtainable they would be well worth their weight three times in gold.

Man is getting quite festive in his dress. His waistcoats this winter are often very loud, indeed, and now he has cast aside his plain black chest protector with its lining of chaste white satin and is wearing one made of fancy silk and lined with the gayest of gay brocades or plain silks.

A notably pretty one, seen in New York, was fashioned of black and delicate gray brocade silk, and lined with delicate pink satin. Violet effects are also much sought and many swells show a decided preference for those protectors in which delicate blue is the leading color.

There was a time when woman bought her corsets by numbers. This one wore No. 18 that 20, and almost nobody owned to 25. Whenever Mrs. Bigallowances wished a new pair of stays she walked into a swell place and asked for her number. She didn't dream of having them made to order or so much as trying them on. She laid them up and put them on. If they were too loose here and too tight there the fault was all laid on her figure. She declared that she was growing stouter or thinner, and thought no more about her corset until she needed another. This is not so to day. Every woman who can afford to do so has her own corset maker just as she does her own doctor and dentist, and she sets great store by him or her, as the case may be. She depends upon this corset maker to keep her figure in order, just as she depends on her dentist to keep her teeth up to their best mark, and she firmly believes that this important personage can save her lines from falling into fleshy curves or her curves from deteriorating into angular lines, and not without reason. Those whose limited allowances do not allow them the luxury of a corset maker have to buy their stays ready made. But they would no more dream of getting a corset by a number than they think of going without one. They make an appointment for a fitting, just as with a dressmaker, and some women have been known to try on twenty pairs before being suited. At one of the swellest department stores in the city, noted for the fine fit and quality of its corsets, customers sometimes have to wait for ten days before they can get an appointment with the corset fitter, her time is so taken up. But the wait is worth while, for the results are invariably satisfactory and the patient customer is likely to go away thinking that her figure is improving with age if she be growing old and that it is about the best shape in her set if she chances to be a trim young matron or maid.

Adjustable lockets for natural flowers are quite a fad just now. The lockets are fashioned after those in which a four-leaf clover was worn a year ago, and are worn on a Cyrene chain. The fashion is a pretty one and will appeal to most women, who attach much sentiment to some blossoms which come to them. When one sees fresh young girls, blooming young matrons, and sad-eyed women wearing these lockets which carefully guard a spray of violets, a single white rosebud or a few pansies, one's thoughts involuntarily turn to love, marriage and death.

The quaint fashion, which prevailed some time ago amongst the fair sex, of wearing gold and silver pigs as articles of jewellery seems to have been revived in a new form. This time fashion in America has taken the natural pig itself into favor. So far, the new craze is confined to a small circle, but it may grow, and the pig may yet out the lap dog from its comfortable corner in the carriage or boudoir. As a candidate for wide popularity the pig is, to be sure somewhat handicapped. In the first place, it must be young; when it gets much beyond baby hood, its popularity as a lady's pet diminishes; it is no longer a dainty oddity to be adorned with pretty ribbons and fed on milk and dainties, but a nasty, horrid grunting brute. Then again, as the lady-owner of a pet pig usually admitted, there are few if any, 'points' about a pig. One little pig is very much like another, and the difficulty of determining questions of breed and pedigree is correspondingly increased. And then, too, although the new pets are given the prettiest titles ('Tiny,' 'Silky,' 'Trilby,' etc.) the wretched little porkers have not the intelligence to answer to their names!

The chrysopease is the coming fad in jewels. A novelty in evening gloves consists of a long drawn silk covering for the arm, attached to a kid glove of four-button length. Cashmires are very much worn, and there is nothing prettier for the soft draperies and dainty chemise embroideries so much employed. Hats and muffs to match are the material, and velvet in black or color is the material used, and sable tails, cream lace and violets are the trimming. Sleeves laid in inch and a half folds or tucks are still extremely popular on hand-some dresses and fancy waists, and they continue to be used in the heaviest materials. Thin lightweight taffetas, in light colors, make the regulation petticoat to wear with evening gowns, and flounces of net or white chiffon, trimmed with rows of baby ribbon are the finish.

Growing Old. The fashionable women of today will not grow old—no, not if they die for it, which many of them do, poor things. Their waists must be slim, their manners as vivacious and their attire 'as up-to-date as if they were twenty-five instead of—well, let us say fifty, although sixty might be nearer the mark. No gray hair for them—no worn-looking eyes. They touch up; the former with one of the many restoratives, which are 'not dyes, you know, only tonics,' and as 'blessings brighten as they take their flight,' so do their rapid thinning locks become more and more golden or bronze until they are finally hidden under a red or yellow wig. The eyes which have been dimmed and aged by the tears 'they have shed and the things they have seen, are touched up with a pencil and brightened with belladonna and faded and wrinkled skins are ironed out, whitened and painted so that by candle-light and at a proper distance they look comparatively youthful (to their owners), while, as long as gout and rheumatism will allow, they hop and skip to dance music with the best.

Undoubtedly it is hard to grow old; the spirit remains young much longer than the body; the same things interest and amuse at sixty that were enjoyed at twenty-five. It is hard while the mind is still bright and vigorous, and so well fitted to use the accumulated stores of experience and knowledge which it has been gathering through life, that we should be attacked by 'that incurable disease,' as Seneca calls it, and that our limbs should fall and heavy lies when we ourselves feel the same.

So, in these latter days we have elected not to grow old, and it distinctly unfashionable to dress or act as if the accumulated years were a burden hard to bear. Up to the very end men and women are expected to dress, and to act as if they were as young as ever, and, like the thoroughbred horse, to go until they drop.

THEY KEPT THEIR VOWS. People who Have Made Rash Vows and Kept Them.

There are many instances of vows rashly and needlessly taken by woman who have kept them at the cost of great trouble and self-sacrifice; and there is one case on record where a woman actually starved herself to death in fulfilment of her pledge. She was a married woman of middle age, and her violent temper was the cause of constant quarrels between her and her husband. After a stormy interview with his wife, on one occasion, the husband expressed his unwillingness to continue a life of such endless disagreements, and left the house, whereupon the wife vowed she would taste of nothing to eat or drink until he should return. As he failed to return, the woman kept her vow, and died of actual starvation in the midst of plenty.

A well-known American lawyer and his wife, who lived a life of continual friction, vowed one day that they would never speak to each other so long as they lived, not even communicate in writing. They continued to reside together, to avoid public scandal; but for eight months they spoke not a word to each other, and any message which it was necessary to communicate

was delivered through the medium of a third person, generally a relative. At the end of eight months the lawyer relented and once more addressed his wife. She, however, steadfastly abided by her vow, and all the pressure her husband and his relatives brought to bear upon her failed to induce her to once more speak to him. For more than five years she maintained her silence to him, and even at the end of that time, when she died, she resolutely declined to hold any verbal communication with him. Rash vows of lovers are scarcely ever heeded: love is always rash and courtship studded with meaningless vows. But twenty years ago a young woman who lived in Bolton made a love vow from which she has never departed. She was engaged to a young mechanic of Bolton, who, on one occasion, gave her some slight cause for jealousy. She then, before him and her relatives, solemnly swore that she would kill him if he ever did so again. Shortly afterwards her lover received the offer of good employment in America, and went out to his post, after eager protestations of his faithfulness and promises to write. For many months he wrote regularly; but at last his letters ceased, and his sweetheart learnt accidentally that he was about to marry a young woman of means in Boston. She thereupon entered domestic service, and no one but herself gave a thought to the awful vow she had previously taken. During three years service, however, she saved enough money to pay her passage to the United States, and thither she followed her faithless lover. At first she was unable to find him, and was compelled by lack of means to support herself to enter domestic service again. But she never gave up her quest, and a short time ago she found the man, and now, twenty years after the taking of her terrible vow, she stands on trial for its fulfilment.

A WHITE WOMAN IN AFRICA. Teaching Black Boys English—The Terrible Dread of Witches.

A letter received here the other day from a woman in missionary living in Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, gives some interesting news from that part of the world. She is a medical missionary and part of her usefulness in Africa is to care for the sick among the natives. She writes: 'The diseases here are simple and not so complicated as they are in the America and they are not of the nervous kind. There are always plenty of sores. Every little abrasion of the skin runs into a sore eating the flesh to the bone and occasionally resulting in blood poisoning. The food here is not blood-making. Rice and fish are the main diet, and fish is eaten when too long out of the water. The natives bathe once or twice a day. They and the Liberians as a general thing, are cleanly. Just now the grip is a prevailing complaint.'

This missionary is not much impressed with what the negroes from America have done for the natives around them. She says: 'Monrovia, as you know, was settled by ex-slaves from America, whom their masters had set free, and this town was named for President Monroe. The American negroes in turn treated the natives (i. e. heathen) as though they were their slaves. In all these years they have done nothing to speak of towards civilizing the natives, so that within hearing of the church bells there are several thousand heathen.'

The following gives an idea of the busy life a medical missionary leads in that part of Africa: 'I have eighteen children in my home whom I feed, cloth, and teach. Others come to the house to be taught. At 2 p. m. I take the boys' to the native town and teach there. When at home they study geography, arithmetic, oral, grammar, and I also teach them physiology to get into their head some idea of the human body. This is most important, for now when they are sick they say some one has bewitched us, and if they die it is because some one compasses their death by witchcraft. This constant fear of witches is a terrible oppression. A sick person is often taken away at night to some secluded place in the hope to throw the witch off his track. Down in Old Calabar it is even worse. Twins and their mothers are put to death. The natives say: 'One child be a proper



Rain-Proof... Dress Goods.

Some of the most beautiful street dresses worn are rain-proof—absolutely rain-proof—yet nothing about their appearance indicates their nature, and even the closest examination of the goods fails to reveal it.

This make of goods is known as Cravenette. 'Tis made in light and medium weights—in Navy, Myrtle, Brown, Grey, Castor, Black—six colors.

'Tis porous, cool, absolutely odorless and beautifully soft and pliable.

Cravenette The Rain-Proof Dress Goods.

All Dress Goods Houses keep it.

child. No more. Todder be devil.' So they put both to death. The babies are thrust into a large-mouthed jar, taken to the bush and left to be devoured by driver ants or eaten by wild animals. The mother is fastened to bamboo sticks so that she may be carried to the bush and abandoned. The poles to which she is tied make it unnecessary to touch her, which would be a terrible crime, as she has given birth to a demon. One of the first things I try to do is to disabuse the native mind of the old prevailing faith in witch power.'

She goes on to say that she teaches only English in her school. All her pupils are very anxious to learn English. Her children are much interested in events in the United States, and ran up the American flag every time they heard of a victory over the Spanish.

A PROMINENT VANCOUVERITE

Permanently Cured of Asthma, Clarke's Kola Compound Cures.

Mr. F. J. Palmto, the well-known proprietor of Palmto's Music Store, Vancouver, B. C., writes: 'I have been a great sufferer from asthma in its worst form for over four years, very often having had to sit up nearly all night. I had consulted physicians both in England and Canada without obtaining any permanent relief and tried many remedies with the same result. A friend who had been cured by Dr. Clarke's Kola Compound advised me to try it. And three bottles have entirely cured me. I am now nearly two years since my recovery, and asthma has not troubled me since. I feel very grateful to Dr. Clarke for introducing this wonderful remedy, suffering as I was, and do not know of a single case where the required number of bottles have been taken that it has not led to cure. See that you get Clarke's Free sample bottle sent to any person. Mention this paper. Address The Griffin & MacPherson Co., 131 Church Street, Toronto, or Vancouver, B. C., and Canadian agents.'

Thickest Coal Seam Known.

The thickest known coal seam in the world in the Wyoming, near Twin Creek, in the Green River coal basin, Wyoming. It is eighty feet thick and upward of 300 feet of solid coal underlies 4,000 acres.

Yellow will dye a splendid green by using Magnetic Dyes—10 cents buys a package and the results are sure.

Little Dot: 'Mamma, I was playing with your best tea-set while you were away, and when you bring it out for company you'll be shocked, 'cause you'll think one of the cups has a hair in it, but it isn't a hair.'

Mamma: 'What is it?'

Little Dot: 'It's only a crack.'

PUT YOUR FINGER ON YOUR PULSE.

If it is Weak or Irregular don't Hesitate to Start the use of Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills at once.

With a strong, steady, regular pulse we may expect vigorous health.



With a weak, irregular, intermittent pulse we can tell at once the vitality is low—that Dizzy and Faint Spells, Smothering and Sinking Sensations and similar conditions are bound to ensue. By their action in strengthening the heart, toning the nerves and enriching the blood, Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills relieve and cure all those distressing conditions just enumerated.

Mrs. B. Croft, residing on Waterloo Street, St. John, N. B., says: 'For some time past I have suffered from pallor, weakness and nervous prostration, I had palpitation and irregular beating of the heart so severe as to cause me great alarm. I was treated by physicians, but got no permanent relief.'

'I am glad to say that from Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I derived the first real benefit that I ever got from any medicine. My appetite is improved, my entire system to nod up, and I can do no less than cheerfully recommend these pills to all requiring a reliable heart and nerve tonic.'

Miss Mary E. Hicks, South Bay, Ont., says: 'Laxative Liver Pills cured a horrid Sick Headache, from which she had suffered for a year.'

KNIVES, FORKS, AND SPOONS STAMPED 1847 ROGERS BROS. ARE GENUINE AND GUARANTEED BY THE Meriden Britannia Co. THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

**THE GIANT AS A BILL STICKER.**

The Old Circus Man Tells How the Giants Used to Help in Billings.

'I don't know of any little thing the great giant used to do,' said the old circus man, 'that stirred up more interest than his hanging out the billboards. We have a lot of billboards, about six by four, made especially for this use, and the giant used to hang 'em up around in conspicuous places in the towns we visited. After we'd got through showing at night in a town the giant would just go ahead to this next town and put up the boards between midnight and daybreak. These towns, like most towns or cities, for that matter, we are apt to be pretty quiet after midnight, and we used to put up boards then, so people would be surprised by 'em when they got round in the morning.

'In many of the places that we used to visit there would be a public square or green, in the centre of the town, with stores around more or less of it, and there was almost certain to be a church or two here, too, and here's where the giant would come out powerful and strong. If there was a church there, the giant never failed to hang a board on the steeple. I don't mean on the weather vane. He couldn't quite reach that, maybe, but on the base of it, above the roof. They were likely to be on these old-fashioned, slender, pointed spires, running up from a square base, and he'd set the board on top of that base, leaning up against a spire.

'Then he was pretty sure to put one or two boards in trees, but where we came out strongest was in setting 'em on the roofs of the buildings. No fifteen or twenty story buildings, of course, in those days, and especially none in those places; just good old-fashioned buildings two or three stories high, and often with sloping roofs, and with great big, square chimneys rising above the ridge pole, and the giant used to stand boards up on these roofs. Sometimes he'd prop 'em up in the eavestrough of a building; sometimes he'd lean 'em up against some other building that rose higher, but what pleased him most was to stand a billboard up on a roof leaning against a chimney.

'Well, in the morning, when then the people began to get around they'd see those billboards. The show would be in town by that time, and settling down in the circus lot on the outskirts, and the first thing you know the Mayor of the town, or some committee, or somebody from the church would be out to see the old man and protest against these billboards. As a matter of fact, it used to startle 'em a little bit to wake up and see the boards.

'The old man was an entertaining talker and a good, solid citizen generally, and he never failed to make a good impression on this official or committee. He would explain that he couldn't personally always look after the setting up of the billboards as he would like to do, but that it was not intended to offend the church, and he'd send at once and have those boards taken off the churches and the liberty pole and if the boards were any of them disturbing he would have them all removed.

'We had a wagon built especially for the purpose that we used in taking in the boards. It had axles about twice the usual length, giving it a very broad wheel base, so that it wouldn't upset, and then we had a tall frame work built up on that; it was very much like the sort of an outfit they have nowadays to run along the line to enable men to get at the wires of an overhead trolley line, only ours had this frame-work built up much higher. When that outfit turned into the public square people used to think that somebody was going to climb out from the top of it in some way to reach the billboards, but in about a minute they would see the great giant following, and pretty soon they'd begin to realize what it all meant. They'd heard of the giant, of course, but they'd never believed what they'd heard of him. They did now, however, when they actually saw him.

'The first thing he did was to walk up to the steeple and take down that board and hand it down to a man standing on top of the frame tower built up from the big wagon; that man would slide it down a frame chute, built for the purpose, to the floor of the wagon. Then they'd drive as near as they could get to the liberty pole and the giant would take down the board from there and hand that down to the man on the tower.

'By this time, of course, the whole town was looking on. Venturesome small boys who hadn't learned what awe was, seized the opportunity when the giant was standing still to run between his legs; grown-up people stood back and looked up at him in amazement and everybody followed when he moved. From the liberty pole he'd go to a building on some corner for a starting point and take, maybe, a board down from the eaves of the house or maybe one hanging against the side wall. Then he'd move on to the next house and take down a board from a chimney; but usually, if he had taken in two or three boards from buildings around the square the people were willing to have 'em stay, and they'd say so to the old man and he'd call the giant off.

'It used to stir the people up tremendous.

The whole country used to come to the show. But there came a time when it didn't draw so well; people had heard of it and read of it so much that it seemed kind o' familiar even to those who had never seen it before. Even the best things get kind o' stale after a while, and then we had to think of something new.

**Mother and Daughter**

**Both Cured by Paine's Celery Compound.**

**The Marvellous Medicine is Known All Over the World as the Great Banisher of Rheumatism and Kidney Disease.**

**A Happy Future for All Sufferers Who Use the Compound.**

**New Life, Strength and Long Years.**

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.,

Dear Sir:—I consider it my duty to write to you regarding the benefits derived by my daughter and myself from use of your Paine's Celery Compound. For years I was troubled with rheumatism and nervousness. I was treated by doctors, and tried medicine after medicine without any good results. Fortunately, a friend of mine advised me to try Paine's Celery Compound. I did so, and after using four bottles I found I was stronger and better than I had been for years. My daughter was cured of kidney disease after suffering for twelve years, by using a few bottles of the compound. I advise all suffering from rheumatism, nervousness and kidney troubles to give Paine's Celery Compound a trial.

Yours sincerely,  
MRS. LOUIS LEFAVE,  
Chapleau, Ont.

Why She Refused the Room.

A German lady, arriving for the first time in England, drove to a first class London hotel, asked for a room, and was shown into a very small, scantily furnished one. She said, in determined manner, and in very broken English, 'I will not have this room.'

'No, ma'am,' said the porter, and brought in the first box.

'Man!' repeated the lady, emphatically, 'I will not have this room!'

'No, ma'am,' said the porter, and brought in the second box.

The lady thought her faulty grammatical construction was the reason of the porter's continued obduracy, and repeated, with a stern insistence:—

'Man, I will have this room not have!'

'No, ma'am,' said the porter, and brought in the third box, whereupon the lady left the room indignantly, but the porter drew her hurriedly back across the threshold, pulled a rope, and, to her intense astonishment, the lift went up.

What She Feared.

He had called on her several times, and finally mustered up courage and assurance to be somewhat more affectionate than the circumstances warranted perhaps.

'You must not do that,' she said somewhat nervously.

'Do what?' was the innocent query.

'Put your arm around my waist.'

'Why not?'  
'My big brother might come in suddenly and see you.'  
'Well, what of that? He couldn't kill me.'  
'No, I suppose not; but he would try to borrow some money from you, and I have lost two chances already by his doing that.'

Raising his Fare.

A certain Board School teacher is responsible for the following little story, which is not without its pathetic side. He was endeavouring to explain the term "booking," as applied to our railway system.

'Now,' he was saying, 'can any of you tell me the name of the office at which railway tickets are sold?'

'The booking-office,' replied one of the lads.

'Right,' responded the teacher.

At this moment his eye fell on a small boy at the end of the class, who was evidently paying very little attention to what was said.

'Did you hear that, Dower?' he demanded.

'Wot, sir?' asked that youth, innocently.

'As I thought, you were not listening. We will suppose that your father decided to have a day's holiday and visit the seaside. What would he have to do before he could take his seat in the train?'

'Without a moment's thought the youngster electrified his teacher by replying: 'Pawn his tools!'

Not the Way to Clean Goldfish.

A lady who expended her anxieties chiefly upon a collection of goldfish took an Irish servant-girl recently in her household, and intrusted her with the charge of her finny substitutes for a family. In her directions as to the care of them, the lady gave strict injunctions that the fish were to be kept particularly clean. Biddy was up early, but the mistress habitually slept late.

For the first day or two after the engagement of the new servant the fish seemed to be ailing. One or two had come to the top of the water with their stomachs upward, and others were swimming very languidly, with their gold scales singularly broken and discolored.

Happening to rise rather earlier than usual on the third or fourth day, the mistress found Biddy at her morning's occupation. The thirty or forty goldfish lay panting and floundering upon the table, and the industrious servant was vigorously taking up one after the other, and rubbing them early, but the mistress habitually slept late.

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**FLASHES OF FUN.**

Hostess: 'I suppose there is no use asking you to stay to dinner.'  
T.B.  
Caller: 'Well, no, not in that way.'

To prevent domestic breaking anything—keep a cat in the house, and you will never hear of anything being broken by the servants.

Cholly: 'Yess, several years ago I fell deeply in love with a girl, but she rejected me—made a regular idiot of me.'  
Dolly: 'And you never got over it?'

'That's a terrible noise in the nursery, Molly,' said the mistress. 'What's the matter? Can't you keep the baby quiet?'

'Shure, ma'am,' replied Molly, 'I can't keep 'em quiet unless I let 'em make a noise.'

Auntie: 'A penny for your thoughts.'  
Little Nephew: 'I was thinking that, if I kept quiet and pretended to be thinking, you'd wonder what I was thinking, about and say just what you did. Gimme the penny!'

Cobble: 'It's wonderful how far a sovereign will go.'  
Stones: 'What were you thinking of?'

'The one I let you have. It must have traversed the country several times since then.'

Fond father (reading a letter from his son, a young lawyer): 'I have won my first suit, and—'

Shocked Mother: 'If he can't get his clothes without gambling he'd better come home at once.'

'You told me this horse had won half-a-dozen matches against some of the best horses in the country. He can't trot a mile in six minutes to save him.'

'It was in ploughing matches that he took the prizes, sir.'

Lathers (who is not on good terms with his neighbour): 'I've got some pride, even if I am only a barber.'

Snip (the tailor): 'Well, don't get too proud. You might be tempted to cut somebody.'

She: 'Ma says she knows that when we are married we won't live so like cats and dogs as she and pa do.'

He: 'No, indeed! Your ma is right.'

She: 'Yes, she says she is sure you'll be easier to manage than pa is.'

Clymer (at the races): 'How much did you make on that last race?'

Styner (angrily): 'None of your business!'

Clymer: 'I'm awfully sorry you lost, old man!'

Customer: Look here! The first time I used this cheap umbrella I bought of you the black dye soaked out, and dripped all over me.'

Dealer: 'Mein frient, that was our new patent self-detective umbrella. It automatically steals that, you'd know him by his clothes.'

A girl was so thoughtless as to tell a friend that at her wedding the names of the donors would not be displayed with the presents. Of course, the friend told. Her wedding came off the other day, and the presents were not displayed either. They consisted of 732 plated spoons and 380 salt-cellars.

The first chapter in a novel recently published contained the following: 'And so the fair girl continued to sit on the sands, gazing upon the briny deep, on whose heaving bosom the tall ships went merrily by, freighted—ah, who can tell with how much joy and sorrow, and coal, emigrants, and hopes, and salt fish?'

Bobby (at the breakfast table): 'Maud, did Mr. Jules take any of the umbrellas or hats from the hall last night?'

Maud: 'Why, of course not! Why should he?'

Bobby: 'That's just what I'd like to know. I thought he did, because I heard him say when he was going out: "I am going to steal just one," and—Why, what's the matter, Maud?'

A schoolmaster had been giving a lesson on physical force. 'Boys,' said he, 'can any one of you tell me what force it is that moves people along—for example, in the street?'

'Please, sir,' replied the first boy, 'it's the police force!'

A well-known violin player was invited to dinner. The host, with assumed carelessness, added:—

'By the way, will you bring your violin with you?'

The musician replied: 'My violin never dines.'

Ze: 'My dear madam, we have both passed the age of romance, but Loffer you my heart and with it my hand.'

She: 'My dear sir, I agree with you that we have both passed the romantic age. I beg therefore to inquire what amount of cheque that had is able to draw?'

Railway Manager: 'Here, Blobs, this new time-table won't do at all!'

Blobs: 'I thought it very explicit, sir.'

Manager: 'That's just what's the matter. The first thing you know the public will be able to understand a time-table as well as we. See if you can't complicate it a bit.'

New constable walks up to cabstand and reads notice-board: 'Stand for five carriages.'

Constable (to driver): 'How is it there are only four carriages on this stand? Where is the other one?'

Driver (smilingly): 'It must be in the yard.'

Constable: 'Well, you had better get it out at once, or I shall have to report it!'

Every Berry Selected as carefully as the master builder chooses the most perfect stones for the completion of a famous piece of work.

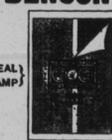
So it is not to be wondered that the beverage made from Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee is par excellent.

And it is not strange that thousands of homes delight in the joys of a drink made from such material.

Every grocer who prides himself on handling the best class of goods sells Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee, in one and two pound cans, sealed with a seal and guarantee of perfection.

Be Sure To Demand, and See That You Get a

**BENSON'S**



**'t is the best POROUS PLASTER**

Don't neglect your "Chest Colds." Apply Benson's Plaster to chest; they ward off complications and promptly cure the cold. Price 36 cts. All Druggists. Of agents, Manning, Miles & Co., Mont'g, if unobtainable.

**CALVERT'S CARBOLIC SOAPS**

Are Supplied in various Qualities for all purposes.

Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient.

Ask your dealer to obtain full particulars for you.

F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.

**HEARTBURN.**

"In the Spring of 1897, I was attacked with Dyspepsia and Heartburn. So severe was the pain that I could not sleep or eat, and I was troubled with headache most all the time. I remained in that state for three months, and tried everything I could think of. At last one day I read in the paper about Burdock Blood Bitters, and thought I would try it. Great was my surprise on finishing the first bottle to find I could eat better, the headache left me, and before I had used the second bottle, I was completely cured. I cannot advise too strongly all sufferers from stomach troubles to try B.B.B." MRS. WM. GRATTAN, Indianapolis, N.B.

Continued from Tenth Page.

partition to him for the misery of his childhood.

For the first time Dola Rozier was taken aback.

She had never dreamed he would look at things in this light.

'Reparation' she repeated, slowly and solemnly. 'What is it you intend to do—place him in his right position? Rather hard on your wife, and the son whose coming of age you celebrate to-morrow.'

'I would to Heaven I could do it,' he returned. 'But that is impossible. Still, all that lies in my power to do, I will do. What fustian had you in telling me he was dead?'

She spread out her hands.

'It pleased me. I hated him. I was jealous of any thought you might give him. I wanted them both to be wiped from your mind.'

'Then,' he cried, and a strange expression overspread his face, 'she also lives?'

'You read the account of her death; that ought to have satisfied you,' she answered, coldly. 'But now to business; we have wasted enough time already. If you take my advice, you will remain in ignorance of the boy's whereabouts, and so spare your feelings a shock, which they would most certainly receive if you met him. He is quite a common young fellow, perfectly contented with his station in life. There is not much in birth and breeding, after all. It is the surroundings which make one. What I want to know is this—do you feel inclined to consent to my modest request?'

'To ask Lady Metherell to receive you?' he said, with cutting disdain.

'To tell her it is your express desire that she does receive me,' Madame Rozier corrected, smiling.

She felt quite sure of the game now.

He paused for some moments before answering her then said—

'If you receive an invitation to-morrow morning, you will understand that I have agreed to your terms. If not—well, you must carry out your threats, if you consider it worth your while. For, remember if my past is to be raked up, so, also, will yours be. And I should say yours be. And I should say yours be blacker than mine.'

'Perhaps so,' she laughed. 'But I have nothing to lose, and you have.'

She began moving in the same direction in which he had turned.

He stopped at once.

'If this is your way—that shall be mine,' he said.

She laughed again, and walked on alone.

CHAPTER VI.

Scarce a cloud across the wide blue sky—scarce a ripple on the gleaming sea.

The weather, at least, had favoured Gilbert Metherell's coming of age.

'It would be impossible,' Shirley said, 'to imagine a more perfect day.'

'Oh! that's all right,' Metherell returned indifferently.

His mind was engrossed with something more interesting than the weather.

His face was flushed, his eyes were bright with excitement.

He kept voting it all 'an awful bore'; but nevertheless, he thoroughly enjoyed the flattering homage paid to him that day.

He was a hero of the moment, the chief person in all that gay throng, and he was in the most amiable frame of mind with himself and everyone else.

He and Shirley were walking down to the park, which had been thrown open to the people for the afternoon, and where sports and every sort of merry-making were in full swing.

Flags were flying from the refreshment tents, the band was playing a gay air, every face wore a smile.

Dull care seemed to have been left outside the big gates. As Shirley and her companion appeared on the scene, Eva Ware rushed up to them, crying, gushingly—

'You are the very person we want, Mr. Metherell. Do come and play kiss-in-the-ring. It will be such fun. The others are all going in for it. Do come.'

'It sounds very tempting,' Metherell declared. 'I'll play it Miss Loraine took.'

Miss Ware's heated complexion took a deeper shade, from annoyance.

'Of course Miss Loraine will, if you do,' she said, rudely.

Shirley smiled quite serenely.

'I really do not care for those romping games,' she said; then with a look which fairly dazzled young Metherell: 'Shall we stroll round, and see what everyone is doing?'

He went with her only too willingly, leaving Miss Ware crimson with fury and mortification.

'I say, Shirley,' he began, encouraged by the look she had bestowed upon him. 'I may call you Shirley for to-day, may I not?'

She shook her head.

'No—not even for to-day.'

'But it is such nonsense calling you Miss Loraine, when I am longing to call you something else,' he argued. 'There is not another girl who would object.'

'I dare say you might find a few,' she said, opening her umbrella.

'I am not so sure about that,' he replied, with a placid conceit which made her smile. 'I say, don't go that way. Your mother and sister are sitting there.'

'How rude,' she exclaimed, severely, 'to try to shun them!'

'I have been talking to them. Don't you see that I want to keep you, now I have you?'

Shirley did not at all object to walking about with the young heir.

There were two or three present who envied her the attention she was receiving. She was perfectly aware of the fact, and thoroughly enjoyed showing off her conquest.

'Who's this lady with your father and mother?' she asked, as three figures came across the grass towards them.

'Confound the people!' Metherell ex-

claimed, crossly. 'One cannot get free from them. Come this way.'

'Oh! we cannot,' Shirley expostulated; 'they are coming to speak to you. She is handsome, is she not?'

'I suppose she is the Frenchwoman I heard the pater talking about,' Metherell observed sulkily. 'Rather flashy-looking.'

'Gilbert,' Lady Metherell said, in her slow, cold tones, 'I wish to introduce you to Madame Rozier, an old acquaintance of your father's.'

'Ah! more than an acquaintance,' Madame Rozier said, shaking the young man's hand. 'I am glad to meet you on so great an occasion. It is a proud day for you, Sir Martin.'

The mocking eyes sought the baronet's. He smiled and bowed.

She, alone, dimly guessed what it cost him to do so.

'And the young lady,' she questioned, 'she is your fiancée?'

'Miss Loraine is a friend, Lady Metherell replied, haughtily. 'Excuse me, but there is a guest yonder to whom I must speak.'

She moved away, a gaunt, dowdily-dressed figure, yet possessing that indescribable something which stamps a gentleman, and which her visitor lacked.

'This is a very beautiful place,' Madame Rozier observed to Gilbert Metherell.

'You must, indeed, be happy in such a home.'

'It isn't bad,' he replied. 'But rather slow at times.'

'Ah! you like gaiety. Well, I must confess that I, too, like the world—the stir—the excitement. Your country life is very—flat.'

They were strolling towards a small crowd who stood watching a jumping competition.

As they paused to look, a tall young fellow ran forward and lightly cleared the bar, amidst a burst of applause.

Shirley felt the hot blood tingle to her ears.

It was the artist.

She drew back, so that he might not see her.

A broad-shouldered yoke hid her from his sight, but did not entirely hide him from her.

'I never see the looks of that chap,' the man before her remarked to his neighbour. 'There ain't a thing he don't seem to be able to do.'

'That's true agreed the other. I didn't think there was a feller as could come the better o' Barney; but he's out of it to-day.'

'He's fairly beat,' said the broad man, with infinite satisfaction—calling out, with a hoarse laugh: 'Poor old Barney you're done for this time!'

Barney, the village athlete, had just failed to clear the bar; an instant later and the affair had taken it easily again, much to the delight of the onlookers.

'Ah! but he is splendid!' Madame Rozier cried admiringly. 'What limbs! Who is he, Sir Martin?'

'A strolling painter,' Gilbert Metherell hastened to inform her. 'I should like to see him try a decent leap. Any fool could have done what he did.'

'You should have gone in for it yourself, Mr. Metherell,' Madame Rozier sweetly observed. 'We should have had some thing worth seeing.'

'Oh! I don't care to make a fool of myself,' he returned, not quite certain whether she was laughing at him; adding grandly: 'And to-day the sports are entirely for the villagers and their friends.'

Shirley listened to these remarks in silent indignation, feeling greatly relieved when Madame Rozier expressed a desire to see more of the park.

'It is too bad to monopolise you for even a little quarter-of-an-hour,' she declared, gaily; 'but I should so like to see more of this charming place; and Sir Martin and Lady Metherell are so engaged. Not that I regret it, if you will act as my escort.'

'I shall be only too happy,' Metherell assured her flattered by her evident appreciation of his society, and hoping that Shirley noticed it.

But that young lady persistently kept her face averted, and entered into conversation with the first person who came her way.

She chanced to be Mr. Devitt, the present owner of Bushmead, who was rather surprised at the warmth of her greeting.

He was a fine looking man, this Ralph Devitt, powerfully built, with a strong clever face, out of which gleamed a pair of shrewd bright blue eyes.

He was clean-shaven, and the hair at his temples was quite silver.

A man one instinctively trusted, and who was universally liked.

Simple and kind-hearted, he never attempted to hide the fact that his father had been but a small farmer, poor and hard-working, until it was discovered that beneath the fields in which he toiled, lay a coal-bed of great wealth.

'Is not this a perfect day?' Shirley said, by the way of opening the conversation.

'It is, indeed,' returned; 'and Miss Loraine looks as bright as the weather.'

'I thought you never paid compliments,' she said, pertly.

'Nor do I. I am afraid I should make a very poor hand at that sort of amusement. Excuse my saying so, but your sister is watching you with eyes of disgust. Can I put you in the care of one to whom she does not object?'

Shirley blushed.

'We made up our minds to hate you,' she owned, 'just because you bought Bushmead. It was very absurd of us, and I have grown wiser; but Madge—well, Madge loved the place so dreadfully. And will never forgive me for owning it.'

He said, quietly, glancing to where, beneath the trees Madge Loraine was standing, talking to Lucy Brend and one or two others.

Tall and graceful she looked in a simple gown of pale gray, a cluster of pink roses in her bosom, and another in a large black hat which shaded the delicate, aristocratic face.

'It is very stupid of her,' Shirley said, feeling rather small and uncomfortable, as she remembered the many snubs this man had received from her sister. 'Madge is so proud,' she went on. 'I believe she would rather have burnt the place down than have sold it.'

'Yes,' he said; 'but the answer was rather vague, for he had scarcely heard what she said.'

He was still watching the tall grey figure—a haughty contempt and a wistful longing struggling for mastery in his face.

Then, with a short, impatient sigh, he dispelled the thoughts which had crowded upon him, and turning his attention to Shirley, began chatting over the day's entertainments.

But on this occasion she was not a very bright companion, answering sometimes at random, and sometimes paying no heed to what was said, till, awakening suddenly to her shortcoming in the conversation, she apologised for her inattention, and declared the sun had given her a headache.

But the fact was the artist had disappeared from the scene, and she was intensely anxious to find out if he had gone altogether, or was amongst one of the many groups dotted about the park.

She was angry with herself for the interest she could not help taking in him.

He had behaved—so she told herself—more rudely than any man she had ever known, and now she longed for him to see the notice from other men.

But this small revenge was not given her, for the artist was not seen again that day.

The festivities were to wind up with a ball, to which all the country had been invited, and to which Shirley had been looking forward for weeks.

But somehow, when the evening arrived, the pleasure seemed to have diminished.

'I shall be glad when it is over,' she remarked to Lucy Brend, who was sharing the same room, and who looked up in comic surprise.

'Glad! My dear girl what has happened—quarrelled with one of your adorners?'

'Don't care that!—with a little snap of the fingers—for one of them.'

'Not for dear Gilbert?'

'No.'

Lucy laughed.

She was lounging in a low chair by the open window, waiting for the maid to come and dress her in the mass of silk and lace spread on the bed.

An open jewel-box stood beside her.

She was selecting what she would wear.

Shirley was leaning against the window-frame, her pretty childish profile outlined against the tender evening sky.

'I wish I were in love,' she said.

'Why? Lucy asked, playing with a gold chain. 'It is a painful state to be in, unless you are certain the man cares for you.'

Shirley laughed.

'I suppose it would be rather unpleasant; but I should find out first.'

'It is not always possible,' the other argued. 'At least, not when one is placed as I am. Directly a man pays me attention, there comes the awful doubt—is it for my money? I wish I had none.'

She tossed the gold chain into the box, the colour deepened in her cheeks, and her brown eyes darkened.

'I believe Mr. Ridley loves you just for yourself,' Shirley said; 'but I should doubt Captain Dorrien.'

'You think that? How strange! Lucy cried. 'Captain Dorrien makes violent love to me—Mr. Ridley rarely says anything. I do honestly believe he cares for me; but he is poor and proud—and what can I do?'

Shirley shook her head.

'A girl is so helpless,' she said.

'When I saw those flowers—pointing to a beautiful bouquet, 'I thought he might have sent them; but they were from Dorrien—I hate him.'

'So do I,' Shirley agreed. 'I should let him propose, and refuse him. That will finish it. Now I am going to make myself beautiful.'

She succeeded very easily, and created quite a sensation when she appeared in the ball-room, clad in white from head to foot, with no ornament in the burnished gold of her hair, and only a single string of pearls round her slender white throat.

'Shirley is the prettiest girl here to-night,' Sir Martin observed to his son.

'Those are my sentiments,' returned young Metherell, in a very conscious way. 'I suppose you would have no objection to welcoming her as your daughter?'

'I should only be too happy, if it could be arranged,' the baronet replied.

He had often felt terribly anxious lest the boy should make a媒salliance, for

young Metherell's tastes had been rather low, and Shirley was the first lady he had shown any decided fancy for.

'That's all right. I have your consent,' he said; 'and I'm much mistaken if I don't get hers!'

He hurried away to claim her for a dance, and Sir Martin found Madame Rozier at his elbow.

She laid her hand upon his arm.

'Come, my friend, to the terrace. These rooms are hot.'

Without a word he led her through one of the open windows.

Several people were sitting on the terrace, which was prettily illuminated with strings of colored lights.

He had decided to treat her with the utmost formality and politeness, and, arranging a chair for her, he asked if he could bring her anything.

'For answer she tapped a seat with her fan.

'You are so high up, I cannot speak to you while you stand.'

He took a chair some little distance from her.

She watched him through half-closed lids, then said, abruptly—

'Your wife does not like me.'

'Madame,' he replied, gravely, 'is that possible?'

'You must insist that she alters her manner to me.'

'Lady Metherell is not a woman one can rule.'

'On this occasion you will have to manage it—or I must humble her pride by placing a few facts before her.'

He looked her full in the face.

The lights from the gaily-swinging lamps gleamed in his eyes.

'Madame Rozier forgets the compact,' he said.

'Yes,' he said; 'but the answer was rather vague, for he had scarcely heard what she said.'

'Madame Rozier forgets nothing,' she replied, with emphasis. 'The compact was, that you introduced me to the lady known as your wife; that I became a guest in the house. Up to the present I have received an invitation for a week; after that, Lady Metherell will drop me. The invitation must be extended to an indefinite time—while I make my plans—you understand?'

'Perfectly,' he returned, with a bitter sneer. 'Welcome or unwelcome, you intend to remain.'

'Exactly so. As I told you before, it suits my purpose. Later it may suit me better to live close by. Then I shall have to trouble your pocket; but at present there is no need of that.'

He almost groaned aloud.

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MAJOR RUMSEY.

It was the proud boast of Mrs. Maltworth, widow of the late Captain Robert Maltworth, of the 4th Cavalry, proprietress of the Emeralds Hotel, Seabreeze, that in each of the twelve years during which she had owned and managed the establishment on the shore at Seabreeze she had successfully brought two young people into relations with one another that had resulted in matrimony. To tell the truth, Mrs. Maltworth was a born matchmaker, as many a young lieutenant could have witnessed.

Mrs. Maltworth was one of those rare individuals who can sink their own discomforts and smile on the pleasures of others. It was largely due to this fact that the Emeralds had prospered, and during the season its rooms were flooded with young people bubbling over with holiday spirits, who joked and laughed together as if the office and the counter were nothing more than mere imaginings which would not reappear at the expiration of a brief fortnight.

But Mrs. Maltworth and her two daughters were growing desperate. The season was rapidly growing to a close, and as yet no two young people had been attracted to each other. To be sure, there had been one or two mild flirtations which had excited considerable expectations, but they had not 'developed' and had expired before the participants left Seabreeze.

'Here's a letter from a Major Rumsey, my dears,' said the widow one morning. 'He wants to come next Monday with his son and daughter to stay—why, he doesn't say how long he will stay?'

'Who is he?' inquired the elder of the Misses Maltworth, a prim young lady of 25, whose living interest was centered and circumscribed in the cutting down of expenses at the Emeralds.

The widow passed the letter to her. 'He writes from Shoreham, you see, and that is very select. We shall have to put him and the son in the second floor front and his girl in the room opposite ours.'

The younger daughter nodded approval. She was a pretty girl, who had all her mother's amiability and tenderness, mixed with her father's soldierly pride.

Major Rumsey duly arrived with his son and daughter. He was a middle-aged gentleman whose hair was generously sprinkled with gray, labeled military from head to foot, and possessed of a bluff, hearty voice that instantly won the widow's heart.

'I always feel thoroughly at home with army gentlemen,' she confessed to him ere he had been in the house half a dozen hours. 'You see, I'm a soldier's daughter and married a man who carried a commission.'

'Ma'am,' replied the Major, 'you surprise and honor me.'

'Yes, my poor husband, Captain Maltworth, of the 4th Cavalry—'

'What!' roared the Major, springing from his chair. 'Your husband—old Bob Maltworth of the—'

'The same, sir.'

'My dear M's. Maltworth, I and old Bob—er—Captain Maltworth, were mates together before—Have you never heard him speak of his old friend Rumsey?'

'Bless my soul, my dear lady,' continued the excited Major, walking to the window. 'Fancy coming across the widow of my old friend. The world is, after all, quite a little place; now, isn't it?'

The opening of the door and the entrance of Mabel caused him to turn round. 'Mabel my dear, this is Major Rumsey—and he is an old friend of your poor papa's.'

The Major bowed to the fair young girl before him, while she blushed and murmured, 'How do you do in so pretty a manner that the Major was on the instant charmed and captivated.'

That evening there was a merry party in the widow's little drawing-room, which excited considerable curiosity among the other boarders. There was much laughter and just a few tears on the part of the hostess, and that night young Harold Rumsey dreamed of a blushing blue eyed girl who had called him 'Mr. Rumsey' no end of times, although he would have given anything to have been called Harold.

The visit of Major Rumsey, Mr. Harold Rumsey and Miss Eleanor Rumsey (to quote the Seabreeze News) was decidedly a time of unqualified enjoyment. The happiness of the three suffused through the whole of the Emeralds Hotel, and the proprietress was her life to remark that never in all her boarders at this period. The visit lengthened from a fortnight to three weeks, then to a month, and still the happy trio said nothing of leaving.

'It does my heart good to see these young people living so happily,' said Mrs. Maltworth. 'It makes me feel young myself, I confess.'

The Major was standing at the casement, looking away over the sea. Outside the promenade was almost deserted, for the days were growing cold and sunless, but at the end of the thin line of beach, where it was cut off by the cliff that jutted out, he could see a woman and a man seated. Her hand was clasped in both of his, and as the old soldier watched he saw her head droop lower—lower.

'Mrs. Maltworth,' he said, scarcely above a whisper, 'come here. You see those two young people away there? They are our young people.'

Together they watched the two, who all unconsistently that they were observed, were telling one another the sweetest story in the world.

The widow was the first to speak. 'I felt sure it would come,' she cried. 'Fancy, this is the thirteenth year without a break!'

'The thirteenth year!' thundered the Major.

or. 'Do you mean to tell me that the girl has for thirteen years—'

'Major Rumsey' interrupted the little woman. And then she explained, and explained so well, that her listener became as enthusiastic as herself, and swore with a characteristic military oath that he could have desired no better mate for his lad.

Suddenly the widow started up. 'O, dear!' she cried in dismay. 'It mustn't be. I was forgetting it's the 13th, and that would be unlucky. It was on the 13 that my poor Robert—'

'Nonsense, my dear madam,' growled her listener. 'Surely, you don't believe in that old woman's tale?'

'But Robert—on the 13—'

'Robert,' the Major thundered, and immediately apologized. 'I forgot myself. What I wanted to say is this: Why should we risk the happiness of our boy and girl?'

'Why, indeed?' murmured the lady. 'Suppose, for instance, two other people found they could join forces with advantage on the enemy's line better together than singly. Suppose, I say—Mrs. Maltworth—Helen—what do you say to taking me?—and here the Major flopped down on his knees in most unilitary style—'me—an old half pay officer without a friend in the world. Now, what shall we say?'

And like the soldier's daughter and the soldier's widow that she was, the blushing proprietress of the Emeralds answered 'Yes' with precision.

This is how it is that the Emeralds is 'under entirely new management,' and the young people who congregate there in the summer speak regretfully of the old days—the days that are no more.—Buffalo News.

ANIMALS' QUEER APPETITES.

Strange Things Taken from the Stomachs of London Fets.

The novel operations of removing over six inches of hatpin from the neck of a kitten is not altogether without precedent.

A London Daily Mail representative, in the course of some brief interviews with several leading veterinary surgeons, heard of many strange accidents that befall domestic pets, and of how science has on many occasions given painless and complete relief.

Kittens and puppies, and cats and dogs, it was stated, are frequent sufferers from a lack of discrimination in swallowing things never intended for consumption. Hatpins, meat skewers, knitting needles, and ordinary needles and pins are among the articles they have been known to swallow.

Only recently a tiny fox terrier was submitted for professional examination on what was supposed to be an abscess in the side. The surgeon, however, decided that a foreign body was present, and nothing could of course, be done without the merciful aid of chloroform, for it is both interesting and gratifying to know that even the least painful of operations is never attempted until the animal to be operated on is placed temporarily beyond the reach of pain.

The results of this operation disclosed the presence of a wooden meat skewer in the terrier's stomach, with the point projecting between its ribs. The obstacle was successfully removed, and to day the tiny pet is as frisky as ever it was.

Another small spaniel paid the penalty of its avariciousness with its life, mainly owing to the fact that its owner was a comparatively poor man. One morning the dog entered the bedroom, and bounding upon the dressing table, lapped up a diamond-stud worth five or six guineas.

Ordinary emetics had no effect, and unfortunately under chloroform on the operating table the surgeon was unsuccessful in dislodging the stud. At the wish of the owner, a further supply of the drug was given him, and a post-mortem revealed the missing gem. It is attributed to some cats they show an immoderate inclination for wine corks, and frequently swallow them. Other swallow needles, which gradually work out through their skin, and there is a case on record of an omnivorous goat that swallowed a package of small needles and for some months afterward, owing to its porcupine exterior, was a terror to the small boys who attempted to take a seat on its back.

Pet white mice, guinea pigs, tame rabbits and hedgehogs are also included in the veterinary surgeon's patients. Most of their ailments are however, medical troubles and their complaints are very little different to those of their youthful owners, in whose eyes, however, the invalid's state is a momentous matter. Dog with false legs and false teeth have been mentioned previously in the Daily Mail, and it is only recently that the wife of a well known millionaire had a handsome leg constructed of vulcanite and silver, with steel springs, fitted on to her toy spaniel. This false attachment cost nearly \$100, but of course this was for a canine aristocrat.

The false leg for the more plebeian people is usually a socket of leather filled with horsehair, costing a few shillings. Glass eyes for cats and dogs are quite common, and are said to fit them especially for the duties of dispersing rats.

To the Rescue.

An amusing story is told about Mr. Cecil Rhodes, which ought to induce the 'Colossus' to have greater admiration than he is reputed to have for the fair sex. At a certain young lady's seminary at Somerset East, political feeling was running very

high during some Cape elections. One day a scholar brought her lunch wrapped up in a newspaper which contained a portrait of Mr. Rhodes. An Afrikaner girl pounced upon the portrait, and, fixing it to the school wall, began to throw stones at it—a pastime in which she was joined by others of the same nationality. This was too much for the feelings of the English girls, who rescued the 'Colossus' with a combined rush, and to prevent it again falling into the hands of the stone throwing party, the original owner crammed what was left of the picture into her mouth and swallowed it. 'Now,' she cried in tones of triumph, 'you can't hurt, Mr. Rhodes, that's very certain!'

Lillian's Experience.

How She Kept Trouble, Loss and Disappointment from a City Home.

Lillian, the bright daughter of a farmer living some eight miles from Toronto, was visiting her aunt in the Queen city during Fair time.

The little country girl, only in her eighteenth year, was a model in all that pertained to housework: she excelled in butter-making, cooking, sewing, crocheting, and understood the art of making old things look like new—home dyeing with Diamond Dyes.

During the second week of Lillian's visit her aunt intimated one day that she had made a careful selection of some clean but faded skirts and a suit of boys' clothing which she thought were good enough for another season's wear if they could be properly re-colored.

Lillian's aunt acknowledged that she had never before attempted home dyeing, but said she was encouraged by the statements made in some of the newspapers that—Dyes would work wonders for her.

At once Lillian came to her rescue and said: 'Auntie, for goodness sake do not risk your good garments with these common dyes; they are quite useless. I tried a package some time ago in order to satisfy my curiosity, and they gave just such results as I expected—spoiled my material. When I use dyes I want pure dyestuffs, quite free from grease. Let me suggest the use of the Diamond Dyes; they are safe and sure, and your colors will be just right. Send to the drug store for them and I will assist you in your work.'

The Diamond Dyes were procured, and part of an afternoon was spent by aunt and niece in making the old things look like new creations. All were delighted with the magnificent results, and Lillian was particularly proud of the achievements of her friend the Diamond Dyes. At the table that evening the aunt said: 'Lillian, your experience in dyeing certainly saved us from trouble, loss and disappointment.'

A Rabbit Stopped Family Prayers.

'One Sunday we were all at regular family prayer. A sporting friend was visiting me, and he and I knelt, facing a low window, with our elbows upon the sill. And from around a corner, lo there came up on us a cone, and he reared up not two yards from us and he hearkened unto the prayers, and he winked his nose at us, till my friend forgot himself, and exclaimed: 'We kin catch that devil!' I threw up the window so hard that I cracked a pane and we leaped in red-hot chafe. And the dear old archdeacon almost burst trying not to laugh, for he had seen the rabbit that rabbit across four two acre lots as hard as we could split, and at last we got him into deep snow, where he gave up and was captured alive. And on looking back to the first fence we had cleared I saw a fuzz of white whiskers above it and heard a strong old voice shout: 'They got him! They got him!'

Thin Blood.

Is bound to follow the ravages of disease the outcome of stomach disorders—thin blood shakes hands with the undertaker—ward off that possibility—Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets make and keep the stomach healthy—they're Nature's antidote—pleasant and positive. 35 cents.

A Common Lock.—Unsuccessful Statesman: 'I don't seem to get along very well. What is it I lack?'

His wife: 'Humon!'

'Humon! Huh! Suppose I had a keen sense of the ridiculous, what good would that do?'

You would see your own short comings.

Trade Mark SUSPENDERS GUARANTEED

BORN.

Pietou, to the wife of J. M. Hanson, a daughter.

Halifax, Jan. 1, to the wife of G. H. Foster, a son.

Montreal, Dec. 5, to the wife of John White a son.

Windsor, Jan. 3, to the wife of Herbert Sharp, a son.

Hillvale, Dec. 25, to the wife of Watson Burgess, a son.

Windsor, Jan. 2, to the wife of Chas. Hensley, a son.

Sackville, Dec. 27, to the wife of Stanley Ajer, a son.

Northville, Jan. 1, to the wife of Robert Reed, a son.

Newport, Jan. 3, to the wife of Daniel Dill, a daughter.

Amburst, Dec. 29, to the wife of Mr. Nettie Ackles a son.

Springhill, Dec. 21, to the wife of Hugh Lambert, a son.

Halifax, Jan. 5, to the wife of L. Clyde Davidson, a daughter.

Barrington, Dec. 21, to the wife of Wm. Christie, a daughter.

Richmond, Jan. 4, to the wife of Dr. Bourque, a daughter.

Hillvale, Dec. 27, to the wife of James Lamburg a daughter.

Parsons, Dec. 25, to the wife of George Osborne, a daughter.

Nov. Tasset, Dec. 31, to the wife of G. B. Sabean, a daughter.

Little Brook, Jan. 4, to the wife of Arnold Coman a daughter.

Diligent River, Dec. 29, to the wife of Corglas Lamb, a son.

Lower Southamton, Jan. 1, to the wife of James Quinn, a son.

Brooklyn, Queens, Dec. 25, to the wife of Liawood Starnat, a son.

New York, Dec. 25, to the wife of J. Hartly Brodick, a son.

Lower Hill Island, Dec. 23, to the wife of J. W. Brodick, a son.

Newville, Cumberland, Dec. 23, to the wife of John Tyrrel, a son.

Central Economy, Dec. 18, to the wife of J. E. Cavanaugh, a daughter.

Castroville, Dec. 25, to the wife of Robert Sabean, a daughter and son.

Middle Sackville, Dec. 25, to the wife of Charles B. Estabrook, a daughter.

Upper Queensbury, York Co., Dec. 24 to the wife of John E. Major a daughter.

MARRIED.

Urbanis, Dec. 28, by Rev. J. W. Cox, Wm. H. Rose to Lydia S. Cameron.

L'Ette, Dec. 19, by Rev. E. E. Stevens, Wilfred Tucker to Viola Eoy.

Angasco, Jan. 2, by Rev. B. H. Nobles, Wm. Erb to Lore B. Nickerson.

Keam Stram, Dec. 27, by Rev. A. Heath, B. Rodding to Agnes Ashby.

Guyshere, Dec. 25, by Rev. J. E. McDonald H. Gilmore to Maudie Stacie.

West Gore, Dec. 28, by Rev. E. Wallace, Wm. Blais to Jennie O'Brien.

Fortna, Mass., Dec. 29, by Rev. John Pickles, Wm. H. Foy to Elsie A. Jones.

South Brook, by Rev. Jos. Killar, John W. Lavers to Eunice M. Thompson.

Se'ven, Mass., by Rev. E. P. Farnum, Lewis M. Smith to L. Mabel Jones.

Sherridge, Jan. 4, by Rev. A. L. Fraser, Arthur M. Allen to Edna Ames.

River John, Dec. 13, by Rev. G. Lawson, Walter C. Trean to Laura C. Fraser.

Westport, Jan. 3, by Rev. J. W. Bolton, Judson Monroche to Lizzie Egan.

Glennary, Dec. 31, by Rev. John MacIntosh, Janet to Jane C. Robertson.

St. John, Dec. 5, by Rev. J. A. Gordon, William Helms to Mary Jones.

Thomson, Dec. 18, by Rev. G. L. Dawson, L. O. Taylor to Emma Mattinson.

Edgerton's Landing, Dec. 27, Louis E. daughter of Edward McLochy, 1.

Rochbury, Mass., Dec. 20, Frank J., son of Catherine and William Scott, 24.

Edinburgh, Scotland, Jan. 2, Boston Ustick, wife of Henry A. Edin, 24.

Digby, Dec. 20, Grace Louisa, daughter of M. and Mrs. J. B. Digby, 11 months.

Fort Clyde, Dec. 13, Charles Gavin, son of Charles J. and Elizabeth Genshous, 24.

Dartmouth, Jan. 2, Gladys Marjorie, daughter of Charles and Ada M. G. 6 weeks.

Charlottetown, P. E. Island, Dec. 25, Elizabeth W. Tremaine, widow of Hon. J. Longworth, 24.

WALTER'S POPULAR TRUE BRAND CUTLERY.

Every blade warranted best steel. Leading dealers sell them.

MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO.'S New York, Enspport, and St. John, N. B., Line.

Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN, N. B., for New York, Boston, and other ports, on the 14th, 15th, and 16th of each month, and weekly thereafter.

Retainer steamers leave NEW YORK, BOSTON, and other ports, on the 19th and 20th of each month, and on the 21st of each month.

For all particulars, address, R. H. FLEMING, Agent, New York Wharf, St. John, N. B.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic Ry. On and after Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1899, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Edward, Monday, Thursday and Saturday.

Express Trains Daily (Sunday excepted).

S.S. Prince George, BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and swiftest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N.S., every Monday and Thursday, immediately on arrival of the Express train arriving in Boston early next morning.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after Monday, the 3rd October, 1898, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

Trains will leave ST. JOHN. Express for Campbellton, Peggwash, Fictou and Halifax.

Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou.

Express for Quebec, Montreal, and other ports.

Trains will arrive AT ST. JOHN. Express from Campbellton, Peggwash, Fictou and Halifax.

Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal.

Express from Montreal, Fictou, and other ports.

Trains will arrive AT ST. JOHN. Express from Montreal, Fictou, and other ports.

Express from Montreal, Fictou, and other ports.