

PROGRESS.

VOL. XI., NO. 551.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3 1898.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

SCENES IN THE COURT.

MRS. LEONARD NASE IS SUING PROGRESS FOR DAMAGES

The Proceedings of the Court on Wednesday and Thursday—Incidents That Happened—What led up to the Action—A Summary of the Principal Evidence.

About a year ago two or three articles appeared in PROGRESS concerning some matters that were in dispute between Mrs.

place, the suit came up in the circuit court Wednesday morning. PROGRESS was represented by C. N. Skinner, Q. C., and Mr. A. W. Macrae, while Mr. Baird had L. A. Currey, Q. C., associated with him.

It was a little after 10 o'clock when the different counsels and His Honor the Judge appeared in the court room. About the same time the door used by barristers newspaper men and other privileged characters opened and Mrs. Leonard Nase the plain-

the criminal trial on the previous day. That, however, was remedied later and the square looking affair with the ugly railing around it did not continue to spoil the effect of rather an attractive scene.

At first there did not seem to be much interest taken in the case; that is to say outside of jurymen who were supposed to be there, the officer of the court, the parties interested in the case and the witnesses who were summoned, the general public did not flock to the court room to listen to a case that seemed to promise at the outset to have some interesting features. It did not take the court long to select a jury in fact that was the briefest portion of the affair. The first gentleman called was absent, and Messrs M. D. Austin and Richard Rowe, the next two named by the clerk, did not appear to satisfy either the plaintiff or the defendant and one of them was challenged by each party. Messrs. Richard Whiteside, R. Ward Thorne and R. D. Smith were suitable and no objection whatever was made to them. The counsel for PROGRESS did not appear to think that A. W. Vanwart and Enoch B. Colwell were the best men

cation by evidence of those in connection with the paper, and for this purpose, during the suit, Mr. W. T. H. Fenety the president of PROGRESS Printing and Publishing Co., Mr. H. G. Fenety the secretary—treasurer, Mr. E. S. Carter the



His Honor Judge McLeod listening to the arguments of the counsel.

editor of PROGRESS and others in connection with the business department were put on the stand.

Mr. W. H. Nase, Mr. Leonard Nase and Mr. J. H. Hinds were also on the stand for the same purpose. Mr. Leonard Nase, the husband of the plaintiff was an interesting witness. In his evidence he acknowledged that there was a suit brought against Mrs. Nase and that in settlement of that he paid \$50. He acknowledged that there were differences between his wife and the members of the Smith family but all he appeared to know about it was what the plaintiff had told him or he had heard from other parties.

At the time of this writing the case is in court and PROGRESS is therefore not privileged to comment upon it or upon the evidence given. Therefore this article, of necessity will be less interesting than it would be otherwise.

On the afternoon of the first day Mrs. Nase had a lady friend to keep her company; she sat there composed as possible during the proceedings and evidently took a keen interest in what was going on.

The attendance on Thursday was quite large and the spectators followed the proceedings with interest. The judge did not permit the defendants to prove the truth of what the papers said because the justification plea had not been entered. He held that under the plea of "Not guilty" evidence of what went on in Courts Block could not be given. That of course made the case less interesting and the defendants had to depend upon what took place in the police court a year ago and the proceedings before the court. When Magistrate Ritchie was called to show what took place in the police court he told the court that he remembered the information against Mrs. Nase and Mrs. Leary; he had received sworn evidence in the case which he was not sure was one of assault or "language," but he had no record of what that evidence was because he had taken no note of the case.

Once in a while there was a bit of humor about the case. For example when Recorder Skinner asked the witness how long he had been police magistrate he replied that he thought most people knew when he was appointed.

John Smith and his wife Mrs. Smith were on the stand and told how they were in the police court and both of them tried to tell what they had told the magistrate. That did not seem to be an easy matter. They wanted to tell the facts of the affair as they had transpired in Courts Block but the judge would not allow that and consequently their evidence was not lengthy. Mr. Smith, however, told of the hard language used toward him by Mrs. Nase and Mrs. Leary and of the placards placed on his doors and the presence of effigies and so forth—all of which he said he had stated in the police court.

When he had finished his evidence an adjournment was made until Friday morning at ten o'clock and as PROGRESS goes to press an hour later it was not possible to get any further proceedings for this issue.

An Interesting Case.

One of the interesting cases before the police court this week was the suit of Roger Varian against Frank Wheeler—an action for debt. While the trial was going on Varian acknowledged that his real name was Rogerson and he gave some reasons for the change. As the magistrate will not deliver judgment until Thursday next, comment at this time is deferred.

HANDED OVER THE FIVE

A HALIFAX AFFAIR THAT WAS SETTLED OUT OF COURT.

A Commercial Traveller Well-Known in St. John has a Little Experience in Halifax as the Result of a Game of Dice—How It Ended.

HALIFAX, Nov. 29.—A. A. Corrigan a commercial traveller, and the representative of one of the largest cigar firms in Montreal was given considerable notoriety in this city last week by a little episode in which he figured somewhat prominently. Corrigan is particularly well known in this city, and he is equally as well known in St. John, both of which cities he finds it necessary to visit several times each year.

It was his misfortune one evening last week to drop into a certain hotel on Argyle street, which is now under the management of "Capt" Verge. While there Corrigan made the acquaintance of several other parties, and they all more or less enjoyed themselves quite pleasantly. Some one of the members suggested that they shake the dice, just for fun. That was very nice for a little while, but they soon tired of it. To make it interesting they decided to "shake" for dollars. The game quickly developed into a very fast one, and the greenbacks were being exchanged much more hastily than many of them cared about. However they hung it out until a dispute arose over one of the "stakes" and as a result the game was soon brought to a close. The difficulty was between Corrigan and that old familiar figure "Tommy" Goodwin. The latter though many years Corrigan's senior, is well up in the game, and many say that he is a hard man to down. This theory proved correct, as "Tommy", clearly showed that he could not be out done by any one, especially when it is a matter of dollars and cents. He is as sharp as the sharpest, and he frequently "grinds scissors to keep the edge on." How "Tommy" came to get in such company as this is as yet unexplained but he was there all the same and remained to the finish.

The whole trouble originated over \$5 which Goodwin alleges that Corrigan took from him. Goodwin was enjoying himself all right, but he was perfectly aware of all that was going on. He was not so green as he looked, and when he made a demand for his "V" it was not forth coming. He urged strongly for its return, but his appeals were useless and consequently he had to return home without the much coveted five. "Tommy" was bound to get a show for his money however, and on the following day he met his friend Corrigan and again demanded the money which he claimed was his. Corrigan, so the story goes, did not pay much attention to what Goodwin had to say about the matter, and with a "I'll see you later on" exclamation he left poor "Tommy" standing in a quandary upon the street. In a moment he gathered his wits together, and he decided on the law for his redress. To the city hall he proceeded, and on the strength of the information he laid, a warrant was issued for Corrigan's arrest, charging him with obtaining five dollars by fraudulent means. "Tommy" swore to the truth of this information, and the warrant was soon placed in the hands of the police to execute. The officer who was detailed to bring this man to justice proceeded down to the Halifax Hotel, and from the outside he saw the man he wanted standing among several others in deep conversation. An acquaintance of Corrigan's told him that there was a "blue coat" outside who wished to see him, and in an instant he donned his overcoat and proceeded out to see what was up. Very few words were exchanged, before "Archie" was on his way to the station, and later on he came before the magistrate and was admitted to bail to appear in court on the following morning for trial. When the case was called Corrigan appeared, but Goodwin did not, and consequently the defendant was discharged for want of prosecution. The affair it is understood was settled by the parties interested out of court. Goodwin obtained his money and that is all that he wanted. An offer to entertain "Tommy" after the settlement was made, was thankfully declined by him. Perhaps it is just as well for some parties that the case was settled out of court, as developments might have arisen during the progress of the trial that would not have been at all edifying to them. Those persons were particularly happy, when they were informed that Corrigan was free, and that the case was at an end.

Christmas Annals, all kinds, at McArthur's, 90 King street.



Mrs. Leonard Nase, her Husband and Mr. A. W. Baird, as Sketched in the Court Room.

Leonard Nase, Mrs. Leary and Mr. and Mrs. John Smith.

Perhaps the first intimation that the public, outside of the immediate vicinity of the parties, had of the affair was the publication of the cases on the docket of the supreme court a year ago in November when the title of one of them was Smith vs Nase.

This was an action brought by Mrs. John Smith against Mrs. Leonard Nase for assault and the amount of damages claimed was \$300. The case, as stated above, was entered on the docket of the circuit court and the publication of the fact attracted considerable attention. Though published in the evening papers of the day in which the court met it did not appear in the morning papers having been settled in the meantime. The amount paid by Mr. and Mrs. Nase was not made public then but it was stated that it was \$300 probably because that sum was asked as damages.

Naturally enough this was the subject of an article in PROGRESS and some description of what happened written in an interesting way appeared in this paper under the caption of "A Broom and Dust Pan War" That was on December 11th. Two weeks later Mrs. Nase and Mrs. Leary were asked to appear at the police court and answer to a charge of abusive language preferred by John Smith against both of them. Mrs. Leary did appear but Mrs. Nase did not. She was ill was the excuse sent to the magistrate. Sworn testimony was given by several of the parties and accounts of the days proceedings in the police court appeared in all three evening papers. They were quite long and interesting.

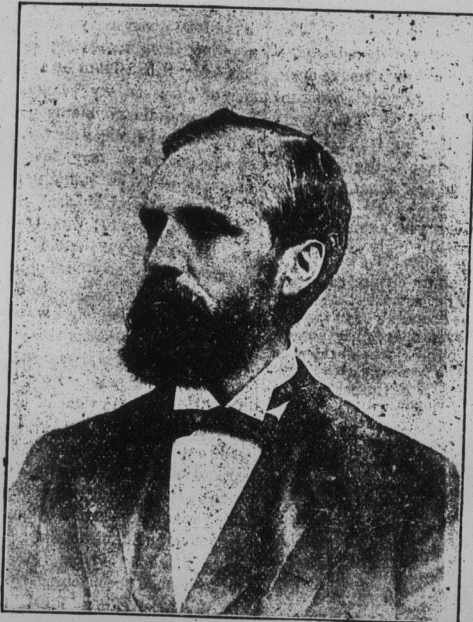
On the following Saturday PROGRESS told the story in its own way and described the settlement of the case in the police court.

Then Mrs. Nase went to Boston shortly afterwards for a visit and when she returned she changed her residence. The fact was noted in PROGRESS of a later date and in doing so the paper made reference to what had taken place before.

On account of these articles Mrs. Nase through her attorney Mr. A. W. Baird notified "PROGRESS Publishing Co., Ltd" that she proposed to bring a suit for libel unless an ample apology was printed. PROGRESS did not see where an apology was possible or why it was necessary and so none was made. In consequence of that, after the usual formalities had taken

tiff in the case, appeared in the company of her husband. Both of them under the guidance of their counsel found a seat at

they could have on a jury and they were challenged and stood aside. Probably on the same ground the plaintiff objected to Joseph Ruddock, but the four remaining



C. N. SKINNER, Q. C.

jurymen were found in Chas. MacMicheel, Geo. K. Berton, Harris Allan and S. H. Belyea.

After the jury was sworn, Mr. Baird presented the plaintiff's case to the court, and in doing so he read the articles complained of. Mr. Baird has always been noted as an admirable reader. It is not an unusual thing for him to appear on the public platform in that capacity and very many people have listened to his expressive tones with the greatest of pleasure. It can easily be understood therefore that when he read the articles in PROGRESS they sounded very interesting. Perhaps there was not a person in the court room outside of the parties in the suit who had any idea at this date (nearly a year after they were published) of what was said in them and therefore Mr. Baird's reading of them had additional interest.

A good deal of time was taken up by the opposing counsel in arguing certain points of law and it was quite well along in the forenoon before any witnesses were called for the plaintiff.

Mr Currey endeavoured to prove publi-



A. W. MACRAE,

the right of the barrister's table and just in front of that grim looking dock which the officers of the court had not removed after

MISS BOOTH'S MISSION.

THE COMMISSIONER TALKS OF HER WORK TO PROGRESS.

A Visit to the Mechanic's Institute and one to the Opera House Contrasted—What the Other Side Thought of the Meeting at the Institute.

"Whither away this hour of the night, and in such a storm too? To the Mechanic's Institute to see Commissioner Booth? Well I must say two dramatic performances in one night seem just a little steep even for St. John. This is a sort of ten bar rooms in a night business with a vengeance; but come along, we might as well take in the institute show together."

It was just outside the opera house some where around ten o'clock last Wednesday night that the foregoing remarks were addressed to a representative of PROGRESS who had paused for a moment to turn up a big coat collar, and otherwise prepare for the storm which was sweeping over the city.

The speaker, like PROGRESS, had witnessed a portion of the laughable programme furnished by the Kentucky Troubadors, and late as the hour was both turned their steps toward the Institute where Commissioner Booth was the attraction—the bright particular star of a small but earnest and conscientious little company as ever occupied the stage of that building.

"They are playing to a full house, at any rate, and that's more than can be said of the Troubadors" was the thought which suggested itself to the visitors as they took a seat in the last row and looked with interest around the well filled building. What a striking contrast to the scene of a few moments before! That recalled a stage filled with laughing, tumbling, dancing fun-making minstrels, and an audience which it small, made up in appreciation what it lacked in numbers. The building echoed with music, jest, and song and the more ridiculous the actions of the performers the better pleased seemed the audience.

The crowd which filled the Institute was quiet, subdued, and thoughtful; instead of coon songs and the gay music of a well trained orchestra the listeners were thrill with the sound of good old hymns and words of earnest exhortation from the officers who occupied the stage. There was no applause to encourage the speakers and to all outward seeming their words fell on unappreciative or unheeding ears. Here and there through the crowd moved blue clad officers, pausing frequently to speak a few warning words, or ask a question that was calculated to disturb some poor sinner's conscience for one night at least. In a corner two young men were jestingly discussing their chances of future salvation or joining in the hymns with a wonderful fervor.

The central figure on the stage was that of Commissioner Eva Booth—a world famous woman, and one of the most earnest and devoted workers in the Salvation Army. Miss Booth had delivered her address earlier in the evening and was quietly resting. All that could be seen from behind the desk was a bright face framed in fluffy curling brown hair and shaded by the army bonnet. Her part in the meeting was over, and it was not until later, in the dressing room of the Institute, while the Commissioner was waiting for a carriage, that any idea of her personal appearance could be obtained.

Miss Booth was tired after her journey and her evening's talk but she was bright and interesting and her beautiful face lit up with enthusiasm while she talked of her work. The warm hand clasp, the clear brown eyes which look at you steadily all the while she speaks, the gracious presence, the musical voice and winning charm of manner, all exercise a wonderful influence, and explain the worship which the denizens of the slums bestow on this favored daughter of the founder of the Salvation Army.

"I love that branch of the work known as slumming" said the commissioner as she carefully wrapped up her little protegee "Willie," a child of the slums, for the ride to headquarters; "and in fact I can't remember when I didn't love it. Of course my first venture was a strange and thrilling experience, because I had been so carefully brought up, and shielded from all knowledge of sin, but I soon grew accustomed to visiting those districts and all little natural fears I may have had at first soon disappeared. Though I usually had some one go with me to the door I always went into a house alone. I find one can work more successfully when alone. Oh some of the districts were terrible and those who congregated at the corners would as lief rob you of your clothing as not. I have gone into places where the police said they would not be responsible for my life, but I have never in all my experience been insulted or subjected to the slightest indignity. In Paris I found my work a little difficult

because the young French fellows were inclined to stupid flattery, but even in the slums of that great city I was treated with every kindness.

"I always went among the people as one of themselves and I don't think they ever knew my name even. I went as a singer or a flower girl and, seated around with them on steps, floors or any place, I became for the moment really one of them. I couldn't always get around their rough tongue so I usually enacted the role of a foreigner—speaking broken English, or the language they understood wherever I happened to be. I really think one reason why they were so kind to me was they thought I was unfortunate like themselves and had come down in the world. That class of people has an intense and bitter hatred for any one a little better off in this world's goods.

"One thing I have learned though and that is that the very poor are more kindly disposed towards each other than any other class. They will share the last crust with a suffering fellow creature, watch by the sick and do other little acts which show that underneath there are good kind hearts, but circumstances have been against them. It is only when drink comes in that unkindness begins.

"We sent eight officers to Dawson not long ago, and I went with them to Skagway; we had splendid meetings in that place and our people are getting along nicely in Dawson. They have built a barracks, and their meetings are largely attended. There is much need of such work for I saw a great deal of poverty and sickness the short time I remained in the north. I am very glad to be able to tell you that our condition in Canada is most encouraging.

Has that little difficulty in the United States been bridged over? You refer I presume to the trouble with my brother! Oh, that is something of which I cannot trust myself to speak. It is a sorrow that will never heal, and must always be a deep grief to our family."

After a little further talk on general subjects the commissioner departed for the Army's headquarters on Pitt street, and the two visitors again faced the storm outside.

"Well how did that show compare with the other one," PROGRESS ventured to enquire when there seemed no immediate prospect of the silence being broken by the other side.

"Oh, say," was the subdued response, "I'm sorry I said what I did tonight about the Institute show and all the rest. It was all right, and if a fellow heard and saw more of the christianity practised by Eva Booth—the rightdown practical kind—the world would be quite a different place. "Don't you think so?"

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

His Difficulties on Once More Taking up the Ordinary Ways of Life.

"For a long time after I had given up business," said the retired burglar. "I had great difficulty in accommodating myself to the ordinary conditions of life. Seems to me I told you once something about that, now I couldn't get into the habit of eating and sleeping at the hours of other people, and I had difficulty in getting back in other ways, too, so strong is the force of habit.

"There were some curious things about this that might never occur to you at all. For instance, in those days, if I came home late at night, that is at the hour at which formerly I had gone into other people's houses, I never went in at my own front door; I used to go in at a cellar window. This was bad; it was like a man who had resolved to quit drinking taking a drink occasionally; he is in constant danger of falling back into old habits; but it didn't seem to me that I could break off all at once. And then I made it easy for myself, too. When I looked up the cellar nights I used to leave a cellar window unfastened so that it was perfectly easy for me to get in.

"But one night, or one morning rather, about 2 o'clock, when I got around to that window. I found it fastened, and I knew well enough what had happened. My wife had a perfect horror of burglars, and I knew she must have been around the cellar after me and seen the window unfastened and turned the buttons. But that was no impediment to me; it made me laugh to myself to think how easy it was, and I opened the window and slid in as usual.

Besides having a horror of burglars my wife was great on pickles and preserves and jellies and that sort of thing, which she used to put up herself, consisting of a nice broad plank suspended by side pieces

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nailed to the floor beams overhead. I don't know how I did it—as a general thing we never do know how we came to do things—but when I slid in that night I got turned in some way so that I was in danger of falling, and I threw up my arms instinctively to save myself and my hand touched the end of that shelf—I'd often said it was too near the window and the first thing she knew somebody'd come along and clean it all out and naturally enough it closed over the board. And the sport of it was that I yanked that end of the shelf free from its support and pulled it down, and the bottles and jars went slam—scattering down on the cellar bottom—and I went down among 'em.

"Somehow I managed to cut myself up pretty bad on the broken glass, and I was pretty well used up otherwise. The upshot of that experience was that I stayed in the house six weeks to repair damage, and as a matter of fact that did more to bring me back to the ways of other people than anything else. I was half helpless at first and I gradually became accustomed to the house. By the time I was able to go out again, indeed, I had quite fallen into the ordinary ways and hours of living. I got up when other people did and home in early nights, and came in with a night key instead of a Jimmy, just as natural as could be."

THE VALUE OF TORPEDO BOATS.

To Make a Successful Attack the Vessel Must Remain Undiscovered.

Reasoning from superficial facts, much has been written of the failure of torpedo boats. It is as well to correct this impression now while events are still fresh in the popular mind. The idea of torpedo attack under cover of darkness, rain, or fog. The construction and painting have this object in view. There is no protection against even the lightest projectile, and to make a successful attack the boat must remain undiscovered until almost the moment for the discharge of its torpedo. Our vessels fully comprehended the dangers of torpedo attack, and all precautions were taken to guard against one. In spite of this, one of them had a narrow escape from being torpedoed by the Porter, not having been discovered until well within striking distance. In this case the cruiser was a lost ship, and ever after had the utmost respect for the possibilities of successful torpedo attack. Had the Porter been certain that the vessel sighted was an enemy, and had it not been necessary to disclose her presence by signals, etc., the attack could have been successfully made, and the Porter would have escaped without harm. No lack of discipline, lookouts, or attention was in any way responsible for the incident, all these being fully up to the high state of efficiency in our navy. Only the favourable darkness of a stormy night and the advantage which we took of the cruiser's smoke made such a result possible. Contrast these conditions with those under which the Spaniards made their gallant but foolish efforts at Manila and Santiago. They showed splendid heroism, but how was it to be expected that thin torpedo craft could live and approach through a fire that destroyed armored cruisers? Their chief defense—invincible—was lacking. Torpedo-boats have sufficient speed to choose their time of attack, and to be successful, the time chosen must be one favourable to the torpedo-boat—not favourable to the enemy, as was the case in both attacks in this war.

—From "Torpedo-boat Service," by Lieutenant J. C. Fremont, in Harper's Magazine.

SUFFERED UNTOLD MISERY.

South American Rheumatic Cure Hywated Disease and Cured Him Outright.

Robert E. Gibson, merchant, Pembroke, says that ten years ago he contracted rheumatism in a very severe type, suffered untold misery—resorted to fly-blister and other severe treatments with no lasting good or relief. When hope of recovery was nigh gone he was induced to try South American Rheumatic Cure. The first dose gave him instant relief, half a bottle cured him outright. His own words were: "It is the best rheumatic remedy on earth."

Stranger: "Beg pardon, sir, but you have it in your power to do me a great favour, and one that I will gladly repay."

Bankrupt (sadly): "I'm afraid you have made a mistake. I am of no use to anybody. I have just failed for \$20,000 with no assets."

"So I heard."

"You know it, and yet you say I can be of service to you."

"Yes, sir. I beg you will not refuse."

"But what can a miserable bankrupt like me do for anyone?"

"I want you to tell me, sir, how you got so much credit."

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ST. VITUS DANCE. A TROUBLE THAT CAUSES ITS VICTIMS MUCH INCONVENIENCE. Winfred Schofield, of Gaspereau, N. S. tells how he Obtained a Speedy and Permanent Cure. From the Acadien, Wolfville, N. S. The many cases brought to his notice of residents in the vicinity being cured from physical disorders through the agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, have created in the mind of the Acadien, representative a sincere belief in the healing powers of this remedy. Yet withal he was a little incredulous the other day when told of a young man who had been cured of a very serious and deplorable disease by the use of only some two boxes of these little miracle workers. It seemed impossible that such a remarkable healing could be wrought even by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in such short order. Accordingly he was possessed of a strong desire to investigate. Mr. Winfred Schofield, of Gaspereau, was the address given us by our informant, and were not long in hunting him up. We found Mr. Schofield to be a bright young man of about twenty years of age and of more than ordinary intelligence. His hair of candor and straight-forwardness dispelled any doubts we may have had. In a very few words he stated to us his case. "Two years ago," he said, "I was taken with an attack of St. Vitus Dance. Sometimes when at work I found that my fingers would all at once straighten out and I would be compelled to drop anything I was holding. One day I was using an axe when seized with one of these attacks. The axe slipped from my hands and in falling struck my foot and gave it a nasty cut. After that you can depend upon it I left axes alone, and it was not long before I had to give up using any kind of tool. My complaint rapidly grew worse and I was soon unfitted for any sort of work. Everything possible was tried by me in order to get relief, but I got no better. At last one day a neighbor of mine, Mr. Fred Fielding, who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, advised me to give them a trial, offering to pay for them himself if they did not help me. As it turned out he was safe enough in making the offer. I followed his advice, but had scarcely begun to use them when I began to feel very much better. After using two boxes I was perfectly cured and have never been troubled with the complaint since. I am confident that to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills alone I owe my cure.

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.

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

TWO STUDIOS. LIFE GLASSES At the Princess Street Studio, Ladies from 9 to 12. Gentlemen, evening, from 7 to 10. Terms, 25c. MILLS ART SCHOOL, 27 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

BE YOUR OWN BOSS WE will start in your own home at once. You can make \$25 a week. Money will be coming in every day. First answer will get this fine start. EDWIN PARFUM CO., Box 79, Farnborough, N. S.

WANTED Old Postage stamps used before 1870, worth most on the envelope, furniture, old china. Address W. A. KAIN 118 and 120 Germain St. St. John, N. B.

BICYCLE THIS YEARS "MARSEY" model Massey-Harris bicycle, ridden very little, purchased in the middle of June. Nothing at all wrong with the machine, the owner having to discontinue its use through ill health. Cost \$75, cash is \$22 inch frame and handsonally unexcelled and nickle-plated—Address communication to "Bicycle" Progress Office.

A GENUINE FOUNTAIN PEN FOR 35c. with gold-plated pen. Satisfaction guaranteed. Postpaid 35c. BRUNSWICK NOVELTY CO., Boston, Mass.

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NEW LEXINGTON, Me., Nov. 14, 1898. GENTLEMEN: * * * You have probably forgotten me, but I have not forgotten the excellent training I received at your institution. * * * I look upon the education you imparted to me as the principal means of my success in life. * * * I now hold the highest position in the largest business in Northern Maine. I intend to send my son to your college as soon as he is old enough. [Signed] HORACE V. PRINCE.

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Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

I understand negotiations are in progress with a view to bringing to St. John the finest aggregation of musical talent that it has ever been the privilege of our citizens to enjoy.

Tones and Undertones.

Rosa Sucher has retired from the Berlin Opera. Milka Ternina, the Munich soprano now with the Ellis forces in this city, will in all probability succeed her.

Melba may, it is said, create the title-role in Puccini's Sardon operatization, 'La Tosca.'

Francis Wilson's 'Little Corporal' Company includes Lulu Glaser, Maud Lillian Berri, Allene Crater, Maude Bagley, Mathilde Previle, Florence Reles, Denis O'Sullivan, Louis Casavant, John Brand, and Alfred Holbrook.

Calve is not to sing in America this season.

Puccini's 'La Boheme' was produced in English by the Castle Square singers at the American Theatre New York last Monday evening.

R. A. Barnett's contract with Augustin Daly for his latest and probably most successful musical comedy, 'Three Little Lambs' calls for its production with a special cast and entirely new scenery, costumes and accessories.

Jean de Rezske will sail for New York Dec 12. He will sing only in New York but Edouard de Rezske will also take part in Mr. Grau's Chicago season.

Some of the Italian musical papers announce that Sir Arthur Sullivan will go to Florence next month to conduct the first performance of an Italian version of 'The Mikado.'

W. Herbert Williams, a young Englishman has been appointed an assistant conductor at the Royal Opera House, Dresden, Ger., the first appointment of the kind on record.

Lillian Russell is said to contemplate a production of 'Girofa' Girofa, in London.

Paderewski has bought a villa near Lausanne France, and the property includes a cellar of 10,000 bottles of wine.

Siegfried Wagner, the son of the great composer, has written a comic opera, which is a case of from the 'sublime to the ridiculous' with a vengeance.

Augustin Daly is reported to have bought an adaptation by Anthur Sturges of a new French comic opera.

Mlle. Nuola, an American girl, who has been educated as prima donna, by the best French teachers, has arrived in London. She had secured an engagement at Madrid for the winter, but owing to the recent war it was thought better to cancel it.

'Mr. Bluff, from New York,' is the title of a new musical comedy, by Chas. F. Edwards, which will be produced next season.

Suzanne Adams, Mme. Djella and Albert Saleza made their American debut Nov. 8 as members of Grau's Opera Co. in Gounod's 'Romeo et Juliette,' at the Auditorium, Chicago, Ill.

'Johnny on the Spot' is the name of a new musical comedy that opens Dec. 19, under the management of Charles Marks. Edwin Hanford and George Griffiths are in the party.

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TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Opera house has been occupied this week by the Kentucky Troubadors, an aggregation of colored people who succeed in keeping their patrons well amused for about two and a half hours every evening. The show is a very good one indeed and were it not for numerous counter attractions this week, would, I am sure have played to larger audiences.

Mansfield's Cyrano has started upon the road with his long nose.

'Zaza,' in which Mrs. Leslie Carter will star, is to be produced on January 9.

Maud Hollins, of Jefferson D. Angelis' company, fainted Tuesday last on the stage at the Broadway Theatre, New York at the end of the second act of 'The Jolly Musketeer.'

Eleanor Calhoun is to put on 'A Lady of Quality' in January in England.

A Number 2' company will be put out in a few weeks to play 'The Little Minister.' Horace Mitchell, is understood, will appear in the title role.

Joseph Haworth, as John Storm, has cast E. J. Morgan in the shade by his playing of the scene in Glory Quayle's chamber in 'The Christian.'

Liebler & Co., will send out next season two companies to play 'The Christian.'

Mascagni's 'Iris' is to be produced in both London and Philadelphia this winter.

Katherine Grey is to create the role of the heroine in George H. Broadhurst's new comedy, 'The Last Chapter,' in New York early in March.

Daniel Frohman will not put 'At the White Horse Tavern' on at his own theatre, but will organize a special farce company to play the piece at Wallack's.

Victory Bateman is said to be recovering.

Chauncey Olcott's new drama by Augustus Pitou is entitled 'A Romance of Athlone.' It will have its first production at the Walnut, this city, on January 2. The third act shows a gypsy camp by moonlight, and in the last act there is a duel with swords between the hero, a squireen, and an adventurer. The date is 1800.

A second 'Hotel Topsy Turvy' company has been launched with Henry E. Dixey and Alice Atherton in the No. 1 roles of Eddie Foy and Marie Dressler.

Charles W. Coudlock has been seriously ill.

The short piece in which Burr McIntosh is to appear is a sketch of Southern life, and a lot of pickaninies will figure in it.

Marshall P. Wilder will make his vanderbilt debut shortly.

Of Eugene W. Presbrey's new play, 'Worth a Million,' it is reported that Comedian Crane does not observe it working out a justification of the title at the box office end of the theatre. It will be drawn shortly and a new play put on, which is an adaptation from the German of Arronge. The adaptation is the joint work of Messrs. Clyde, Fitch and Leo Diodrichstein, and will be produced under the title 'The Head of the Family.'

Hall Cain will return to Europe early in December. He will resume work on his new novel, which will be published in August 1900, and on a play which he has in hand. His next book will not be called 'The Drunkard,' as has been rumored.

Helen Lowell has been engaged to play the late Ethel Marlow's role of Polly Love in 'The Christian.'

Anthony Hope intends to produce 'Rupert' in London under his own management.

Israel Zangwill is to have his 'Children of the Ghetto' play completed for Liebler & Co., by April next. It will be presented at a New York theatre in October, 1899. The piece will be a distinct novelty dealing entirely with Hebrew types of character, and entirely on comedy lines.

Last week at the Haymarket Theatre in London there was held a meeting of actors to consider an offer by J. Passmore Edwards to build an Orphanage Home in connection with the Actor's Orphanage Fund. Curiously enough, this meeting precedes

the meeting of the Actor's Fund association to be held next month for the purpose of considering the feasibility of establishing near New York an Actor's Home and Sanitarium. In this instance no generous friend of the profession has offered to build a home; but it is to be determined whether some of the money of the Actor's Fund shall be invested in such a property. At present the Fund supports many aged and indigent actors and managers.

The President of the Municipal Council of Paris has informed Sara Bernhardt of its consent to her lease of the theatre des Nations, built on the site of the old opera Comique.

The Mayor of Jersey City, who seeks re-election, declares that he is in favour of opening the theatres of the city on Sunday.

Julia Arthur began the third week of her engagement at Wallack's Monday evening in 'A Lady of Quality.' She has so far played to even larger receipts than she did last year in the first performances of this play. On November 21, Miss Arthur presented the first new piece of her present season's repertoire, Ingomar, in which she appeared as Parthenia.

'The Wife of Scarli,' which Miss Nethercole includes in her repertoire, is the masterpiece of Giuseppe Giacosa, an Italian playwright. Its movement is indicated in its sub-title, 'The Rights of the Soul.' It deals with the curious psychological proposition of a woman's right to marry one man and love another so long as she sustains material loyalty to her husband.

Gerhart Hauptmann's new play, 'Fuhrmann Henschel' (Henschel, Liveryman), is the tragedy of a broken promise. Henschel swears an oath to his dying wife that he will not marry her servant, Hanna, a coarse woman, but not without physical attraction. Hanna, however, introduces Henschel to make her his wife and does her utmost to drag him down to her level. At last Henschel wakes to a sense of the guilt of his breach of faith. Imagining himself pursued by his first wife's spirit as by an avenging fury, he dies by his own hand.

'The Yoshiwara' is the title of the new oriental play which Russ Whytal is writing for Lois Fuller. Mr. Whytal accounts for recent misspellings of the word by the fact that the original compositor was tongue-tied.

Manager J. J. Rosenthal has decided to give the two important female parts in his new farce, Brown's in Town to Miss Anna Belmont and Kathryn Osterman. They will be transferred from the cast of 'What Happened to Jones.'

Last week Tim Murphy presented 'The Carpetbagger' in Washington, D. C., to enormous crowds of theatre-goers. The new play is described as a political romance of the south. It will be seen in New York after the holidays.

The following is a hint of the story of Vagabondia in which Mr. and Mrs. Russ Whytal began their forth starring tour last week at Kingston N. Y. Pailip Leighton, strolling artist and designer of Vagabondia a 'ner-do-well,' with little thought for to day and none for to-morrow, meets by chance the Lady Daffodil Wayward, who having fled from her Belgravian home to escape an hateful marriage with her cousin Sir John Daffodil Wayward offers her hand to Philip—the first man she encounters ('a gentleman so poor in his estate that he will sell his name for her protection') and is accepted. They part at the altar, he pledged never to look upon her face again, she to return to her home, protected from further molestation by the name of wife. A year elapses, finds her still wedded not wived, and still pursued by her persistent cousin, who questioning the legality of her marriage, seeks to annul it. The reappearance of her rightful husband (who, returning to his own country from abroad, arrives in time to saved her life from drowning) brings them again together, only again to part, but not until each has learned that 'tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.' Another lapse of years—Philip has grown famous and the Lady Daffodil is still an unclaimed bride. Sir John, her cousin, still obstructs his suit. At last, successful in learning to whom her Ladyship is married, and jealous of his rival's advancement, he succeeds in provoking Philip to a quarrel, receiving an ugly sword-thrust for his pains. Philip for delivering the sword-thrust receives as reward the hand of the Lady Daffodil, but this time it contains her heart, and so the story ends. No problem play—a simple love romance—but love's the hinge on which the whole world swings.

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Campbell will probably make a Continental tour, principally in Germany, at the close of their London season, as large certainties have been guaranteed. The rumors of war between France and England have made English performers shy of Paris engagements, as they would be very badly received there in case of trouble. Justin Huntly McCarthy, Cissy Loftus husband, sailed for New York last week and Mrs. Nordica and Olga Nethercole left by the same steamer. Miss Nethercole is travelling with "two maids."

Sir Henry Irving's illness has left him extremely weak and he has had a slight relapse consequent upon his over anxiety to sit up to soon. His recovery will be a slow one, but fortunately his restoration to complete health is prophesied by his physicians.

Sabaret has left Paris for Berlin, where she was to begin a three months' engagement at the Winter Gardens 1. She danced before the Peace Commission at Paris, and will return there in 1899 for three months at a "much larger salary."

Sarah Bernhardt has just celebrated her fifty-fourth birthday.

Theatrical London breathes freely again for Beerbohm Tree has launched his production of 'The Musketeers.' The launching occurred last week at his splendid theatre, 'Her Majesty's'—quite the finest in London—before a characteristically brilliant audience of persons prominent in the learned and artistic professions, politics, society and Bohemia, and it was shown that Sydney Grundy, who prepared the play, has strung together a series of pictorial episodes from the famous novel without weaving them into a very interesting dramatic fabric, and that the scene painters and the costumers have turned out a show piece which will dazzle London for a long while to come.

Among the members of the company engaged to support Mrs. Carter in the forthcoming production of 'Zaza' at the Garrick Theatre is Marie Bates.

'Cuba's Victory,' a war play, written by Nat Reiss and produced by his company, is making a strong impression in the South.

'The Modern Mr. Brutus,' a farce comedy, in three acts, by George Hoey, was given its first production on any stage Oct. 31, at the Grand Opera House, Columbus, O., by the stock company. The rumor that the young Duke of Manchester—whose mother was an American—is going on the stage, may be taken with a ton of salt. It is a fact, however, that while at Cambridge he was partial to amateur theatricals, and still more partial to entertaining comic opera artists at supper parties, the latter being a trait inherited from his ultra-frisky papa, the Viscount Mandeville. The young Duke of Roxbury's name is also connected with this rumor. He is a Scotch duke twenty-two years old, and not only was his father a duke's son, but his mother was a duke's daughter. He owns over 60,000 acres on the Scotch border, and is probably not about to adopt the stage for a calling.

Mrs. Dudley Smith, the daughter of the late George Kynoch, a member of parliament, has made her debut in a menage act in the Royal English Circus at Birmingham. She has a trained mare that has won over £500 in prizes, and one of her acts is to jump with her mistress over a 5ft. 10in. gate.

Work on the theatre in Johannesburg, South Africa, which was started under the auspices of "Barnes" Barnato, and followed up by his since murdered nephew, "Solly" Joel has been stopped. It was part of a "block" on which nearly \$500,000 was spent for the land and foundations alone.

The bankruptcy cases in London last week included the case of a young man named Strode who last November married "a lady of Daly's and the Gaiety Theatre." He came of age in 1895, since when he has squandered nearly £43,000, mostly paid to hotel keepers. He testified that his wife is now supporting him.

Daniel Frohman has closed an arrangement with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, by which they will play under his management in the States next season, beginning in October. Their chief play will be "The Elder Miss Blossom," which is apparently one of their greatest successes. It is now being played at the St. James' Theatre, London, and, as their sub lease of the theatre expires in January, they are looking for another London theatre in which to continue the run. Mrs. Kendal has made, it is said, a great personal success in this city.

Smyth and Rice report "A Misfit Marriage," Du Souchet's newest farce at O. K.

in every respect. They say it is a financial as well as a mythical success, in spite of a few inequalities of cast and story which have been remedied since the first performance. William Cullington joined Sol Smith Russell's company last week. W. B. Arnold has joined "A Twig of Laurel" company. Helen Corlette and Eleanor Merron retired from "The Carpet Bagger" company last week. "Vagabondia" Russ Whytal's new play, is said to be "Camilla's Husband," with a new title. Sol Aiken is engaged with "A Dangerous Maid" at the Casino. Mr. Aiken joins "Through the Breakers" in January. Willie Seymour is rehearsing "The Three Musketeers" for E. W. Sothern. He is engaged by Charles Frohman in January. Arthur Maitland retired from Robert Mantell's company this week. Beryl C. Hope has given up going to Troy, N. Y., with a stock company. She goes to the Kansas City, Mo., Stock company late in December. Barber (insinuatingly): 'Your hair is a trifle thin, sir.' Victim (grimly): 'So it is your chance of selling me a bottle of your justly celebrated hair restorer.'

A newly-married lady was telling another how nicely her husband could write. 'Oh, you should see some of his love-letters!' 'Yes, I know,' was the freezing reply; 'I've got a bushel of them in my trunk.'

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ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, DEC. 3rd

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

MINISTERS' CRITICISM.

Ministers seem to be distinguishing themselves lately along rather undesirable lines. It is presumed by unfair to declare that they seek notoriety, as Dr. J. M. BUCKLEY and T. DEWITT TALMAGE are already too well known to need any introduction to the public yet one is tempted to think of those who make bids for notoriety when considering the latest utterances of these gentlemen. "PASTOR FELIX" is not far wrong in terming Dr. BUCKLEY's criticism of the "Christian" an overdose. It has apparently slipped the Doctor's mind that the lowest implications in "The Christian" do not begin to equal the best to be found in some books regarded as classic literature. We need not deplore the book so much as the conditions that make such a story a more or less true picture of life.

The condemnation of any book by the critics of this country is no longer sufficient to damn it. We have heard not only of pulps being paid for, but also of critics being paid to condemn books. Our age is so surely an age of deceit that we must take counsel with our own opinions before daring to trust the expressed opinions of another.

It may be true as Dr. BUCKLEY claims that HALL CAINE "has never seen any experience of genuine, unselfish, rational, fervent piety." Dr. BUCKLEY must admit this article is not always easy to find. What are we to think of the "genuine rational piety" of the man who says "Evolution is of the devil and those who believe in it are his followers?"

This is the purport of Dr. TALMAGE'S latest pulpit utterances. LEST DARWIN, HUXLEY, SPENCER and all the other great men of the past and present, tremble for their fates. The "genuine, unselfish, rational, fervent piety" of the great Brooklyn divine has placed them where they belong. Those who have found evolution not incompatible with a broader, better, truer religious life than heretofore known, have been strangely blind to the horned head and cloven hoof of their leader.

How is it that so much good has resulted from the extension of his doctrine? Will the "genuine, etc. piety" of such men and leaders as Dr. TALMAGE assist the world to a better life than is lived now. Will this piety blind the eyes of men like HALL CAINE and prevent them seeing the terrible blots on our civilization which start up hideously black in every large centre of the world?

In Halifax there is an ever increasing growth about the war articles in American magazines. We are so accustomed to great military achievements that even KITCHENER stirs our pulses and fills our pages for only a few weeks at most. We soon drop back into our usual complacency and simply add the Sirdar's name to our long list of heroes. It is natural, therefore, that we should feel somewhat irritated over the long drawn out stories of the late unpleasantness between Spain and the United States. Their exuberant rejoicings almost make one feel that despite their confident tone, they hardly expected to win our sympathy. Else why this great fuss over a war so slight that similar affairs almost daily transpire in some part of our empire and are unnoticed by the nation. For our part the idea that the Anglo-Saxon race could ever be worsted by the decaying Latin race was so preposterous that it never occurred to us. Hence we cannot fully appreciate the continued excitement about the war. All

the subscribers and occasional buyers alike are entering their protest against a surfeit of war articles.

Do nations never learn lessons from the mistakes of other nations? It would almost seem not, else Canada would not be making a bid for settlements of Russian Jews and Galicians. For a new country we have problems enough to work out, without adding to our race problems. Slow growth from within, made up of elements that naturally assimilate, is better than rapid growth from without, made up of almost wholly indigestible elements. We have only to cast a look at the state of things over the border to have proof of this. The United States has certainly had phenomenal growth, but it is composed chiefly of alien elements, and only once in a hundred times does the real American sentiment obtain expression even by ballot. We do not need to fasten upon ourselves a limitless legacy of evils, by encouraging heterogeneous immigration. Posterity will not condemn us for leaving vast tracts of country unsettled, but we are inviting condemnation by starting race problems which will not have reached the difficult part of their solution during our time.

One American paper naively remarks that Lieutenant HOBSON received offers from two publications of \$5,000 for a description of the sinking of the "Merrimac." The penny officer by a judicious arrangement through his lawyer managed to secure \$6,000 from one magazine and the article will duly appear. This is patriotism bought and sold in the market and literature manufactured for the highest bidder.

The Hon. J. W. LONGLEY has secured some undesirable notoriety lately. His book, which should have given him a place among Nova Scotian authors, and which is undoubtedly the result of earnest thought has brought him fame chiefly as a poor grammarian. What a cruel fate for a budding author!

THE DAVES MUST GO!

The Halifax School Board Means Business This Time.

HALIFAX, N. S. Nov. 30.—The members of the school board are on their mettle and mean business! The resorts on that popular thoroughfare, South Brunswick street are to be exterminated if it can be done by force—I mean of course, police force, about which there is not anything very dynamic when requested to move something in which their interests are concerned. It is to be hoped however, that the "force" will be used, and to good effect.

At the city council last evening the matter was discussed, a communication from the school board requesting the police commission to take the bull by the horns and do its duty. Quite a breeze was the result of this unlooked for mild purgative. It was provocative of speeches and several aldermen gave expression to their thoughts quite freely and forcibly! Notably Alderman O'Donnell, who by the way is quite a figure; unique and picturesque as Halifax aldermen go. If anyone has a practical knowledge of the keepers of these "hovels,"—as one newspaper calls them, that same person is Ald. O'Donnell for it current reports are to be believed, he has had some of his property, let to this class of tenants! Be that as it may, Alderman O'Donnell has a big heart under his broad and expansive bosom and if his clothes do not bear the mark of the best tailor, nor even "reform fit," he has a great deal of horse sense hidden under his peaked cap, which now and then comes out.

In this matter the alderman has set himself on record as champion of good morals. He declared before the council that this particular street was never in worse condition than at present. He contended that the police could close up these places, which were now dens of rottenness. He also claimed that the liquor laws were openly violated.

One feels like patting the alderman on the back—if it wouldn't raise too much dust,—for his fearless stand. He has no doubt knowledge of the matter, and is in position to speak. The question was pretty well discussed, the unanimous opinion being that the street must be cleared out, the police commission being requested to take immediate steps to that effect. Thus the good seed sown by Commissioner Bell has taken root. It is to be hoped that the police commission will do their duty, and do it fearlessly.

Halifax citizens cannot afford to have the fair name of their city tarnished by the low resorts scattered along one of its most popular thoroughfares. Had the police been alive to its duty, the growth and expansion of these brothels might have been prevented to a great extent. It is rather late to lock the door after the equine quadruped has been absquatulated, but the

police always appear when the danger is over. If South Brunswick street is restored to its pristine beauty and feminine virginity, Alderman O'Donnell may be able to squeeze in at the pearly gates without a pass.

Hate off to "Neddy." CALIPH.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Love Too Late.
Far off in the dim and desolate past—
That shoreless and sorrowful sea,
Where wrecks are driven by waves and blast,
Scattered, sunken, and lost at last,
Lies the heart that was broken for me—
For heart!
Long ago broken for me.

My loves were glory and pride and art—
Abl dangerous rivals three!
Sweet lips might never and warm tears start,
Should an artist pause for woman's heart?
Even that which was broken for me?
For heart!

Oh, she was more mill than the summer winds,
More fair than the lilies be,
More true than the star with twilight twined,
Was the woman against whose love I sinned,
The heart that was broken for me—
For heart!
Cruelly broken for me.

I told her an artist should wed his art;
That only his love should be;
"No other should be from mine apart,"
I said, and my cold words chilled her heart,
The heart that was broken for me—
For heart!
Hopelessly broken for me.

I spoke of the beautiful days to come,
In the lands beyond the sea;
Those years that must be wearisome
To her past lips were dumb;
In silence it broke for me—
For heart!
Silently broken for me.

My dreams were dreams of summer-time,
My life—it was victory!
Fame was bright garlands to crown my prime,
And I half forgot, in that radiance of mine,
The heart that was broken for me—
For heart!
Patiently broken for me.

But my whole life seemed as the swift years rolled,
Fame's boom, at best, is hard and cold;
Oh, I would I have given both fame and gold
For the heart that was broken for me—
For heart!
Thanklessly broken for me.

Sick with longing and hope and dread,
I hurried across the sea;
"She had waited, as hours it was,
For child I poor child I and was long since dead;
Ah! I died for the love of me—
For heart!
Broken so vainly for me.

Weighted down by a load too heavy to hold,
She died unremembered;
And I, removed and forgotten,
I dream of the wasted days of old,
And the heart that was broken for me—
For heart!
Broken, and vainly, for me.

And my soul cries out in its bitter pain,
For the love that can never come again;
For the sweet, young life that was lived in vain;
And the heart that was broken for me—
For heart!
Dead and buried for me. —E. Burke Collins.

She Never Was a Boy.
When I came home the other night
With an ugly look on my face,
That I had got into a fight,
For my comrade had to cry,
But I was not a boy!
He clapped his hands for joy
And said, "I'd give you a boy,
Once he had hit a boy!"

"Boys will be boys," I heard him say;
'They won't be otherwise
And the one that I was to fight his way
Is the one that will be the prize;
When I was his age fightin' was
My greatest thrill—joy—
But she kept on cryin', cause
She never was a boy.

My golly, but I'd have to be
A girl with fifty hair,
As I'd have to be as As B. C.
With eight or ten clean to wear!
When I was so small I'd pose she was
Red checked and sweet and coy—
But, oh, the fun that she had her cause
She never was a boy.

True Solace.
When the world and its jangle seems all wrong
And the road is weary and rough and long,
And the heart grows heavy for lack of song—
Man has his pipe.

When your friends forsake you one by one,
And many a task is fruitless,
And riches and fame will not be won—
Man has his pipe.

When the woman says she'll have none of you
And durrin' the other (they always do),
And your mind gives way to the devil's brood—
Man has his pipe.

When duns beset you, morning and night,
Thoughts the sun be ever shining and slight,
And your purse strings hang in a dismal plight—
Man has his pipe.

Oh, the golden west that soothes you and cheers,
Which dispels all worries and fears!
Woman has taught but a sorry lesson—
Man has his pipe.

A Woman's Hand.
A woman's hand! so weak to see,
So strong in guiding power to be!
That light, so delicately planned,
That you can hardly understand,
The strength is in its fair symmetry,
A hand to set a nation free,
O curb a strong man's tyranny
By simple gesture of command—
A woman's hand.

O man, upon life's troubled sea,
When tempest tossed by fate's decree,
Though fortune hold the contraband,
Hope on! for thou shalt see the land
If somewhere is stretched out to thee
A woman's hand.

Might be Worse.
They sing of melancholy days, the saddest of the year,
And tell us in pathetic verse that aforesaid days are here;
To requiems to the dying flowers they mournfully give birth,
And say we've nothing left at all to beautify the earth.
Can they not see the ornaments old Nature deigns to send,
The treasures which to autumn days such floral beauty lend?
For have we not, when other flowers meander up
The chimney, and the football hair in simultaneous bloom?

Fashoda.
What! Roused at last? The curs have barked too loud.
With patient dignity he long has lain,
Too honest for unmeaning praise, too proud
To notice mean affronts; but now his mane
Rises in anger round his massive head,
His eyes are opened wide with fixed stare.
While from his slaty throat a thunder dread
Bears a defiance to the foe that dare
To brand the Imperial Hon his lair.
Now, hounds of France, a wider circle there;
And then of Asia, 'tis not in the fray—
Ranged, unwieldy, subtle Russia bear—
Or many a d-dly wound and ragged tear
Shall tell the world what game's been brought to bay.

Books, Toys, Dolls, Annals, Lowest Prices, at McArthur's Book Store, 90 King Street.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING NOVELTIES.

A Portable Lamp That Can be Used Safely in Looking for Gas Leaks.

Some novelties in electric lighting arrangements have recently been introduced into the market. One of these is a portable light such as a housekeeper might like to have for making excursions into the cellar, hunting for burglars in the dead of night, or for rummaging in closets or dark attics where any other sort of light would carry with it a danger of setting fire to the house. It could be used in safety for looking for a gas leak under circumstances where the usual seeker carrying a lamp or lighting matches is apt to be landed in a hospital immediately after finding the leak. The lamp is a little cylindrical affair with an electric glow light at one end and the battery which supplies the current hidden in the cylinder. A touch of the finger makes the lamp glow, and it ceases to give light as soon as the finger is removed.

Another handy lamp is one for night use in bedrooms, which is adapted to take its current from the ordinary dry batteries that are in common use for ringing call bells and such purposes. This can be put up permanently beside a bed or set in a chair with wires connecting it with the battery. For the workshop a clever new arrangement is a socket for an incandescent lamp, which conceals the windings of an electro-magnet and has its core extending through and beyond it at the top. The current going to the lamp energizes the magnet, and the workman can hang his lamp up anywhere where he can find a rod, a pipe or a plate of iron to press it against. The magnet will hold it there as long as he wishes. For household use there is a new lamp which contains two separate filaments, each fed by its own wire in the socket. Each filament may be of eight-candle power, in a lamp for an ordinary sixteen-candle power socket, or of double that or more, as required. A turn of the button in one direction lights up one filament, or turns in the other direction lights up both, doubling the power of the light. With only one filament glowing, only half the current is used—that is, taken when both are lighted.

Some manufacturers have begun to make fancy bulbs for the incandescent lamp, ornamenting them with pretty patterns by means of the sand blast or mixing the lower part of the bulb white in the same way and thus reducing the glare of the light thrown downward. Since the business of repairing burnt-out lamps has grown to such large proportions and the work is done cheaply the investment in fancy bulbs for the household could not be looked upon as an extravagance. A foreign manufacturer makes a bulb covering of a spiral of glass wire, the purpose of which is to reflect and refract the rays of light emitted by the filament within in such a way as to make the whole bulb appear to glow instead of one's seeing only the brilliant line of the filament itself.—N. Y. Sun.

UTILIZING MARSH GRASS.

The Wiry Fiber Can be Converted into Binding Twine.

There is a theory prevailing among many good people that nothing in all creation exists without some useful purpose, but we are a long time finding out what some things—mosquitoes, for instance—are good for. Marsh grass in another item in creation which is generally supposed to have been intended to pester farmer folk. It remained for a Chicago man, Mr. George A. Lowrie, to discover its utility. He has invented a machine by which wiry fiber can be converted into binding twine.

Wilson K. Chisholm, of Cleveland, Ohio, passed through Chicago recently on his way to open a second shop for its manufacture. The first was established at Oak-kosh about a year ago, and swamp grass twine was first used by the farmers of the Northwest in binding their wheat during the recent harvest. The experiment turned out so well that work was immediately begun upon a plant in St. Paul, which will be in operation in a few weeks and will be capable of producing 30,000 tons of twine a year. Until now the farmers have been compelled to burn their marsh grass every season and import material for binding twine from our new colonial capital, Manila. Now the factories at St. Paul and Oakkosh are prepared to contract for 50,000 or 60,000 tons of it a year, and this amount will be increased as the new grass twine comes into common use among the farmers. It is tough but pliable and can be cured in the open air without much labor. The difference in price represents the difference in the cost of the raw material—that is, the value of the wire grass in the swamps of Wisconsin and of hemp imported from Manila. The cost of labor in the factory is the same. This fall the new tangled twine has been selling for one third the price of the Manila article.

It is proposed to build a factory for the purpose of weaving the twine into mats, window curtains, carpet linings, bagging for cotton bales, coffee sacks and everything else that jute is now used for.

Russia as a Land of Learning.
Russia has the third largest library in the world. This great collection of books was begun in 1714 by Peter the Great who

ROYAL Baking Powder. Made from pure cream of tartar. Safeguards the food against alum. Alum baking powders are the greatest menaces to health of the present day.

named it the Imperial library. It has 1,200,000 volumes and 26,000 manuscripts. The principal contribution to it was the Count Zaluski collection consisting of 260,000 volumes and 10,000 manuscripts. Year by year the library is increased by the acquisition of thousands of volumes, and with similar progress Russian writers are steadily adding to the native literature of the empire. It was the fashion not so many years ago to look upon the Russians as barbarians, but the world has since learned that Russia is great in science, art, letters and general culture.

His Future Wife's Name.
He was a chatty kind of a conjurer, and was anxious to open the evening's entertainment merrily. So he stepped forward to the front of the stage and said:— "Ladies and gentlemen, if there is in this audience any young man who would like to know the name of his future wife, if that young man will kindly stand up, I will undertake to tell him, and this is no guessing competition. Now, will any single young man kindly stand up?" Up jumped a young man in the centre of the room. "Thank you," said the conjurer. "Now, do you wish to know the name of your future wife?" "I do," said the young man. "Well," said the man of magic, "I always like to do things in a proper business fashion; will you kindly give me your name?" "Yes, certainly," said the young man; "my name is James Jackson."

Smallest Island in the World.
Rockall is, perhaps, the smallest island of the world. It is situated in the Atlantic over 300 miles west of Scotland and is a mere rock about 60 ft. high and 225 ft. round, rising from a reef of sand. The rock is basalt and granite, very magnetic. It is haunted by sea-birds, and the makers of the surrounding seas are very fine. Of course, it was never inhabited, and is very seldom visited owing to the difficulty of landing on it.

For Xmas Trade.
D. M. Arthur's store on King Street is a pretty busy place these days, and the entire staff of employees is kept busy night and day opening up new goods for the holiday trade. Mr. McArthur has an unusually elegant and large stock of fancy goods, books, toys and souvenir gifts at prices that defy competition. All the Xmas numbers of the magazines and papers are in stock; the Toronto Globe is out with one of the handsomest holiday numbers ever published in Canada. It is accompanied by five elegant pictures.

Zera is Coming.
The old time favorite Zera Semon begins a weeks engagement at the Mechanics Institute on Monday Dec. 5. Mr. Semon will have all his former attractions many new ones, and the press of the towns he has visited this season pronounce his show better than ever. Zera has many novel sleight of hand tricks that are delighting his audiences the gift giving feature of his show is as lively as ever. The regular prices prevail and there is not the slightest doubt that the coming engagement will be one of the most successful he has ever had in this city.

Studying Book-keeping.
The general value of the study of book-keeping is greatly enhanced when it is taught by means of facsimile business transaction, or in accordance with the Laboratory Method in use at the Carrie Business University of this city. The method introduces a large body of practical business instruction and practice not included in book-keeping as ordinarily taught in the business colleges.

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.

Why is a pretty girl like UNGAR'S LAUNDRY? Because she always pleases the gentlemen. 28 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 58.

Fancy Goods, Games, Toys, Dolls and Annals, Lowest Prices, at McArthur's Book Store, 90 King Street.



The St. Andrews ball—the event talked of for weeks by its magnitude and brilliancy threw all other affairs of the kind within the last year or two quite in the shade. It was said that over 1000 invitations had been issued, but doubtless that was an exaggeration, or else many were sent to persons in other places, for nothing like that number was in attendance. Long before nine o'clock, the hour mentioned in the invitations, guests began to arrive and soon the two dressing rooms were filled with laughing, happy elegantly dressed ladies, and the scene was in pleasant contrast to the rain and darkness outside. The St. Andrews ball was not more fortunate than other recent events in the way of weather, but the spirits of the guests were in no way dampened by this circumstance and everybody seemed as merry and happy as though the night were perfect. Shortly after nine o'clock the grand march began and what a sight it was from the balcony. The walls of the old institute never witnessed such a scene, and the opinion was that not for years at least had anything so brilliant taken place in the city. The decorations consisted of drapings of the different tartan emblems, and a conspicuously placed motto of the society. In the supper room the colors were chiefly yellow; an immense chrysanthemum filled with fluffy yellow blossoms occupying a prominent position on the tables which were arranged in the form of a St. Andrews cross. There were three supper dances, and this prevented any crush in the dining room. The gallery was reserved for spectators though only a very limited number took advantage of this opportunity to watch the brilliant ever moving throng. Among some of the well known society people noticed in the balconies were Mrs. George McLeod, Miss Tuck, Miss Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Jack McLaren, Miss Bertie McLaren, Mrs. George Schofield, Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. T. McAvity, Mrs. A. O. Skinner, Mrs. Scammell, Mrs. A. H. Hamilton, Miss Cushing, Mrs. and Miss Lovitt, Mrs. F. Allison, and many others. The dancers too made the main gallery a rallying point and numerous couples made their way up during the evening to greet friends that were not dancing, or to rest. The dance programmes were charming little souvenirs of the ball, and were of course essentially Scotch in design. The floor was in excellent condition for dancing, and the following excellent programmes were danced. Grand March—The Pipes. This O'Clock to the North. 1. Lancers. 2. Waltz. 3. Military. 4. Waltz. 5. Strathspey Reel. 6. The Haughs o' Cromdale. 7. Two Step. 8. Polka. 9. Lancers. 10. Highland Schottische. 11. What's a' the Steer. 12. Military. 13. Highland and Schottische. 14. Waltz. 15. Military. 16. Waltz. 17. Military. 18. Galop. SUPPER EXTRA. 1. Waltz. 2. Highland Schottische. 3. Military. 4. Waltz. The list of those who accepted invitations was as follows: Mayor and Mrs. Sears. Hon. R. J. and Mrs. Ritchie. Lt. Col. and Mrs. MacLean. Lt. Col. and Mrs. Markham. Judge and Mrs. Wedderburn. Judge and Mrs. Forbes. Capt. and Mrs. E. A. Smith. Dr. and Mrs. Murray MacLaren. Dr. and Mrs. Smith, Shediac. Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Clarke. Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Fairweather. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence W. de Forest. Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Prince. Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Chisholm. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Shaw. Mr. and Mrs. C. E. L. Jarvis. Mr. and Mrs. Keltie Jones. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Climo. Mr. and Mrs. M. Stanley L. Ritchie. Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. White. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Trueman. Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Doherty. Mr. and Mrs. Francis P. Starr. Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Tapley. Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Scovil. Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Sturdee. Mr. and Mrs. Allan Rankine. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rankine. Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Rankine.

Mr. and Mrs. James F. Robertson. Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Rainnie. Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Puddington. Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Perkins. Mr. and Mrs. J. P. MacIntyre. Mr. and Mrs. P. S. McNutt. Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Mackay. Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Macaulay. Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Macaulay. Mr. and Mrs. B. T. Leavitt. Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Flood. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Girvan. Mr. and Mrs. Harry de Forest. Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Curry. Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Barclay Boyd. Mr. and Mrs. T. Mermann. Mr. and Mrs. John H. Thomson. Mr. and Mrs. R. Thomson. Mr. and Mrs. Le Roi Willis. Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Allison. Mr. and Mrs. James E. Cowan. Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Coster. Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Clibb. Mr. and Mrs. J. Roy Campbell. Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Harrison. Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Jardine. Mr. and Mrs. John R. Miller. Mr. and Mrs. George McAvity. Mr. and Mrs. J. Harry Robertson. Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Stone. Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood Skinner. Mr. and Mrs. H. Russell Sturdee. Mr. and Mrs. J. Ouy Sharp. Mr. and Mrs. A. I. Trueman. Miss Florence Marsh, Fredericton. Mr. D. J. Hutchinson, Brantford. Mr. Harry Chestnut, Fredericton. Mr. P. Gleeson, Pres. I. L. & B. Society. Rev. W. M. Jarvis, Pres. St. George's Society. Rev. W. W. Rainnie, Chieft. of Clan Mackenzie. Dr. and Mrs. Holden. Dr. and Mrs. White. Dr. and Mrs. McIntosh. Dr. and Mrs. Johnston. Mr. and Mrs. Sayre. Mr. and Mrs. Buel. Mr. and Mrs. Vroom. Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Jack. Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson. Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Ellis. Mrs. Charles Hazen. Mr. and Mrs. Outram. Mrs. R. M. Hazen. Mrs. Lawson. Mr. C. L. Drury. Mrs. F. A. Estey. Mrs. Thos. F. Raymond. Mrs. Geo. McLeod. Mrs. G. L. Hall. Mrs. Wickwire. Mrs. S. T. Hall. Mrs. Hutchison. Mrs. Alex. Wilson. Mrs. W. E. O. Jones. Miss Purdy. Miss Muriel B. rton. Miss Titus. Miss Irwin. Miss Tapley. Misses Clark. Miss Kator. Misses Sinclair. Miss Dever. Misses Sinclair. Miss Schofield. Misses Leuchler. Misses Robertson. Miss Schofield. Misses Armstrong. Miss Stone. Misses Sydney Smith. Miss Tuck. Misses Seely. Miss McKeay. Misses Kinnear. Miss Martin. Miss Louise M. Skinner. Misses Blair. Misses Johnstone. Misses Scammell. Miss N. Chesley. Miss Nellie Rivers. Miss Hayford. Miss Lena Rivers. Misses Donville. Miss Rennie. Miss Paterson. Miss Parker. Misses McMillan. Miss Puddington. Misses Blanche Wisely. Misses Perkins. Misses Page. Miss Woodbridge. Miss Neilson. Misses Taylor. Miss F. G. McFarlane. Misses Walker. Miss Macaulay. Misses Watson. Miss Bird McNutt. Miss Jones. Misses Mathew. Miss Vroom. Miss Lynch. Misses Thomson. Misses Langen. Misses Gertrude C. King. Miss Jones. Miss Ethel Allison. Miss Hamilton. Miss Constance deBury. Miss Berryman. Miss Hall. Miss Gray. Miss Bette. Miss Fowler. Miss Campbell. Misses Campbell. Miss E. V. Fiewelling. Miss Grace Estey. Misses Dunn. Misses Fairweather. Miss Carr. Miss Edith Fleming. Miss Burpee. Miss Forbes. Miss Gillis. Misses Gillespie. Miss Hall. Miss Schofield. Misses Holden. Miss Sutherland. Miss Hoban. Miss Thomson. Miss Hamm. Miss Tapley. Miss Mary Warner. Miss Adams. Miss Wedderburn. Miss Louise Hegan. Miss Caverhill Jones. Miss Leavitt. Misses Lindsay. Miss McLaren. Misses Lindsay. Miss McAvity. Miss McCormick. Miss Oulton. Misses Porter. Miss Partridge. Miss Robertson. Dr. McAvenny. Dr. Stevenson. Miss Stephenson. Count de Bury. Dr. G. A. B. Addy. Mr. W. S. Hare. Mr. W. A. B. Lockhart, Jr. Mr. F. W. Daniel. Mr. H. C. Brown. Mr. Wm. C. Clarke. Mr. James Hannay. Mr. Allan B. Wilmot. Mr. G. Vincent White. Mr. Robert Armstrong. Mr. Stanley Emerson. Mr. J. Gillis Keator. Mr. R. S. Ritchie. Mr. Robert Rankine. Mr. George W. Noble. Mr. Robert Matthew. Mr. John W. McKean. Mr. E. C. Jones. Mr. R. A. Watson. Mr. Lance Campbell. Mr. C. Walter Clark. Mr. F. Z. Fowler. Mr. E. S. Gerow. Mr. Ora P. King. Mr. H. H. Fairweather. Mr. Charles McDonald. Mr. J. G. Rainnie. Mr. Stanley B. Smith. Mr. John R. Warner. Mr. F. P. Johnson. Mrs. Sears wore a very handsome yellow brocade satin, court train, iridescent and chiffon and white ostrich tips. She wore some splendid diamond ornaments. Mrs. James F. Robertson a bride of last August, was gowned in a very becoming pink and white silk trimmed with white chiffon. Mrs. Robertson's beautiful toilette was enhanced by the diamond ornaments she wore. The usual number of black gowns were worn and in a very plain but elegant silk of this color Mrs. Charles Harrison's fair beauty was shown to advantage. Mrs. Harrison always attracts a good

deal of admiring attention wherever she goes, and unmarried young ladies and debutantes are perforce obliged to look to their laurels when this charming matron appears in public. Mrs. J. B. Stone was also in black satin, as was Mrs. F. E. Sayre whose gown was trimmed with white lace and roses. Mrs. J. L. Wickwire of Halifax had on a handsome black velvet with fur trimming. Mrs. R. T. Leavitt, Mrs. Frank White, Mrs. Robert Strain, Mrs. Robert Thomson, Mrs. Edgar Fairweather, were also in black satin or silk and in every case the bodice was very elaborately trimmed with lace and flowers. Mrs. E. Le Roi Willis looked very graceful in black satin; the scarlet satin bodice was covered and artistically draped with black chiffon and lace trimmings and scarlet flowers completed a most becoming toilette. Mrs. F. S. MacNutt's gown was a black and pink clover brocade trimmed with ruffles of black mousseline de soie. She was accompanied by her guest Miss MacNutt of P. E. Island, who wore white and pink crinoline and pink roses. Mrs. Robert Jardine's black silk gown was elaborately trimmed with jet. Miss Brock was also in black satin, and a very handsome dress was worn by Mrs. J. H. Thomson; over a black silk was a spangled net overdress, the pattern outlined by the spangles being very pretty. Mrs. Thomson wore diamond ornaments. Mrs. George F. Baird's sombre but becoming black toilette was brightened by a large corsage bouquet of crimson carnations, and Mrs. J. V. Ellis's black brocade satin was becomingly arranged with white duchesse lace and ostrich trimming. Miss Oulton was in pink silk daintily trimmed with pink chiffon and pearls. Miss Margaret Fowler had on one of the most striking gowns of the evening. Over a white silk she wore black net on which was arranged irregular rows, in groups of three or four, of scarlet baby ribbons. She wore a corsage bouquet of fuschias. So many pretty and dainty white organdies, mousselines de soie, and crepons were worn that it is hardly possible to particularize. Miss Taylor wore a crisp white muslin, with roses, (Gills) of Halifax white organdie; a d. bewitching little figure was Miss Ella Macaulay whose pretty white gown was trimmed with ruffles and rows of white valencienne lace and insertion. Miss Hamm wore white silk trimmed with chiffon and carnations, and Miss Partridge of Fredericton was similarly gowned. Mrs. Ouy Sharp looked particularly well in a white flowered satin with chiffon trimmings. Miss Grace Dick had on a flimsy muslin with which was worn pale blue ribbons. Miss Edith Little's dainty prettiness was enhanced by a beautiful white corded silk gown trimmed with tulle and pearls, and corsage bouquet of white chrysanthemums. Miss Florence Robertson wore white silk trimmed with pearl passementerie, and Mrs. Harry Robertson was wearing her wedding gown of white brocade satin, and white natural flowers. Others who wore lovely white gowns were, Miss Dunlop, Miss Grace Robertson, Miss Pearl Clark, Miss Florence Perkins, Miss Walker whose dress was white and primrose with yellow sash and ribbons, Miss Stone, Miss Hegon, Miss de Bury, Mrs. W. Jones, Miss Fairweather, Mrs. A. E. Prince, Miss Campbell, Miss Gertrude King, Mrs. Harold Climo, Mrs. H. De Forest, Miss Sch. Bid and a number of others. Mrs. Roy Campbell wore a very becoming green silk trimmed with white chiffon and pink carnations. Miss Jessie Forbes looked extremely pretty in blue silk brocade with white chiffon trimmings. Mrs. H. W. McLean's pearl brocade satin was one of the handsomest of the dresses seen at the ball. The trimmings were of chiffon and diamond ornaments were worn. Misses Frances and Hazel Rainnie were in black grenadine and pink satin respectively, and both wore pink flowers. Pink silk gowns were worn by Miss Outram and Miss Oulton both of whom looked well. Mrs. Frank Rankin wore a handsome blue brocade silk with trimmings of lace and roses. Mrs. Manuel, black corded silk with silk tartan, white ostrich feather trimmings. Miss Hoban wore black and white striped silk and chiffon. Miss McKean, a very becoming pink silk. Mrs. H. C. Rankine looked particularly well in a heliotrope brocade, artistically trimmed with lace and ribbons. Miss Gertrude Seely wore a dainty blue organdy and Miss Tina McLaren, looked pictureque and striking in a black mousseline de soie over rose silk. The trimmings were of gold passementerie. Mrs. R. J. Ritchie, had on a scarlet silk, the bodice of which was arranged with embroidered scarlet chiffon. The Misses Georgia and Annie Scammell were among the brightest and prettiest young ladies present. The first mentioned had on a combination of pink and t. quise silk, and the latter white muslin over pink silk. A very handsome gown of heliotrope satin, chiffon trimmed was worn by Miss Bette. Mrs. Walter Scovil and Miss Sharp were both very becomingly gowned in pink satin. Miss Allison was in pink muslin with corsage trimmings of roses and smilax. One of the handsomest gowns worn on Tuesday evening was that of Mrs. Keltie Jones. It was of heavy pale blue satin, with which she wore gold ornaments and a large and gracefully arranged cluster of violets. The front of the bodice was artistically draped with sequin trimming and the effect was indescribably pretty. Miss Stevenson, was gowned in a green corded silk, trimmed with embroidered chiffon and another much admired green gown was worn by Mrs. Titus. It was velvet trimmed with cream lace and ostrich tips. Miss Rivers and Miss Lena Rivers were in pink and yellow respectively. The former wore pink net's veiling trimmed with chiffon and carnations, and the latter yellow crepon and yellow roses. Miss Dever and Mrs. Sessions attracted an unusual amount of admiration and both were exceedingly lovely, and graceful in white satin gowns. Miss Devers gown was trimmed with chiffon and Mrs. Sessions's with pearls. Mrs. Andrew Jack was in cream over which was draped black lace. Yellow roses were worn. Miss Edna Jones who returned from New York on the afternoon of the ball was looking her best in a yellow satin covered with dotted chiffon and trimmed with lace and pale blue ribbons. Mrs. Malcolm MacKay's gown of tartan silk had the novelty of being the only one of its kind in the room and its appropriateness was much commented upon. (CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.)

There's Nothing in Welcome Soap But Good Soap, Pure, Hard Soap.

There's nothing to make the linen streaky, no alkalis to injure the finest textures. The lather forms quickly and copiously, and wash day is a pleasure instead of a drudgery. Try it in the next wash — most economical soap to use. Save the wrappers and send for premium list.



Smooth on the Hands. Rough on the Dirt. Welcome Soap Co., St. John, N. B.

"Haddies" That are "Haddies"

There is that fine, rich, delicate flavor of the freshly caught fish in the "Thistle" Brand of Finnan Haddies—they are real Finnan Haddies. "Any old thing" won't do for the "Thistle" Brand, which are cleaned, cured and packed at the water side. Ask for The "Thistle" Brand. Best grocers sell them.



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SAFE AND DURABLE. 2 or 3 Burners. Burns with a clear blue flame, without smoke, and a heat of the greatest intensity. Burners are brass, and so made that wicks can be replaced in a few minutes as in an ordinary lamp. Wicks are 10 inches in circumference and should last one year. Patent Wick Adjustment keeps the wicks from being turned too high or too low. Frames and Tops are made of steel and cannot be broken. Oil Tanks are placed where they will not heat and there are no perforated plates or braces surrounding the burners to retain any char or oil soakage, thus preventing odor.

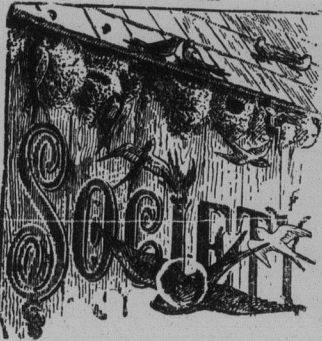
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A Few of Our Choice Brands in A. A. CHOCOLATES. [Light or Dark.] Apricot Jelly. Cream Dates. Borden's. Sour Lemon. Cherries. Sour Orange. Fibbers. Nougatines. F. L. Ginger. Burnt Almonds. McClaskey's - 47 King St.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES



HALIFAX NOTES.

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

The last week of the flagship's stay here is usually crowded with small gaieties, but this year it was an exception.

It is no secret that Lady Fisher prefers London to Halifax, and that she does not care for society or entertaining.

On Tuesday afternoon of last week Mrs. Cameron had a small tea for Mr. O'Shaughnessy, whose well trained voice and delightful singing has made such a stir in Halifax.

Mrs. Smith, Spring Garden Road, gave a delightful "at home" last week, with a huge list of guests and a very prettily and heavily-laden table.

Mrs. Colford had also a small tea in her new residence on Hollis street last week, which was very chery and pleasant.

This week Mrs. Chipman has an "at home" for which the invitations are out, and so the ball keeps rolling.

There has been no committee meeting about the rink as yet, but it is early and the private afternoon are sure to materialize as usual.

Mr. and Mrs. Gravelly have arrived from Calgare and have been welcomed indeed by their many old friends.

The engagement of Miss Daisy Oliver to Captain Crake, of the Leinster regiment, was announced last week, and was a great surprise to many people.

The wedding will take place in the last week of December, at the garrison chapel, and will be a uniform affair.

Mr. and Mrs. Curteis met Miss Easton in Bermuda, where the family have a winter home, and his marriage took place in New York very quietly.

After some months' leave spent in England, Mr. and Mrs. Curteis will arrive in Halifax, an unexpected addition to this winter's list of newly married couples.

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The engagement of Miss Daisy Oliver to Captain Crake, of the Leinster regiment, was announced last week, and was a great surprise to many people.

The wedding will take place in the last week of December, at the garrison chapel, and will be a uniform affair.

Mr. and Mrs. Curteis met Miss Easton in Bermuda, where the family have a winter home, and his marriage took place in New York very quietly.

After some months' leave spent in England, Mr. and Mrs. Curteis will arrive in Halifax, an unexpected addition to this winter's list of newly married couples.



Bright-faced, happy, rollicking, joyful babies, thousands of them all over the broad land, have in their bodies the seeds of serious diseases, and while they laugh and play are facing death.

It makes them strong, healthy and elastic. It stops debilitating drains and soothes pain. It gives rest and tone to the tired nerves.

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the Junior or Bread and Butter Club as they dub themselves at Mrs. Harvey Copp's. Great oaks began meeting quietly for a game of cards and finding it an agreeable mode of passing a long winter evening, kept it up with such regularity that by spring it was a thoroughly organized club which was anything but the original intention.

It was found necessary to limit the membership to twenty, or very few houses would be able to entertain the club often but as this by no means embraced all or even half the whist players; a number of the young people knowing a good thing when they saw it, started this season the Bread and Butter club. The Junior after like its predecessor is limited to one score and includes both married and single members.

The first meet was held at Miss Grace Fawcett's, the second last Friday at Miss Siga Copp's. On both occasions the playing five tables of diligent whist then a light supper following up with a little dance.

At the elder club the hostess spreads such a repast as her fancy dictates; in the Junior the menu is limited to bread and butter, a salad or scallop, coffee and cake. At both such a thoroughly good time is enjoyed that with everyone at present clubs are trumps.

Saturday evening there was a special thanksgiving reception held at the ladies college that included all the remaining students of the three institutions and as not many went away this year it was quite a goodly sized function.

The usual "topics" prevailed but the attraction of the evening was the Y. W. C. A. parlor which was charmingly decorated with flowers and with a homelike glow from the bright wood fire in the old-fashioned fireplace.

It was one of the amusements to come in and gaze at the flames for a moment. It made a very pretty sight, the groups of happy faced young people, the crimson flush of freight on the girls' light dresses and the background of greenery and flowers.

Another very agreeable feature was the coffee, cake and sandwiches served in the dining room at numerous small tables. The guests were waited on by the little Misses Gladys and Elaine Borden, and Lillie and Ruby Smith, the youngest girls in the school.

Bored from home and in consequence many jolly little "feeds" have been indulged in. Reversing the principle that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" some parents are thoughtfully endeavoring to enclose with the good things a bottle of medicine which even if not actually partaken of, will play the part of the skeleton at the feast and dumbly say "be wary."

Wednesday last there was a pretty afternoon wedding at the residence of Wm. McLeod, when his sister Miss Lyde McLeod was married to Thomas Flood of St. John. The ceremony was performed by Rev. D. Chapman of the Pointe St. Basil and took place in the quaint low celled drawing room which was beautifully decorated with flowers for the festive occasion.

The bride wore a smart brocaded silk vest the color of the hat and velvet of the same shade. After the delightfully spread luncheon Mr. and Mrs. Flood took the evening train for St. John where they will reside on Mechanic Street. Mr. Flood belongs to the firm of C. Flood and Sons, which is well known by a number in Sackville and the bride has made many friends during her many visits at "The Farm."

The girls, many and valuable including a seal skin satchel, a handsome piano, a diamond bracelet, one hundred and sixty dollars in gold and other too numerous to mention.

A number of friends and relatives from this town attended the funeral of the late Mrs. Para, Amherst Friday afternoon last. Among them were James A. Ayrer, Mr. and Mrs. S. Ayrer, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Harrison, Mrs. Aubrey Smith, Mrs. James Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ogden.

Miss Snowball has been the guest of her cousin Miss Jennie Black, several weeks, returned to her home in Chatham Wednesday last.

Everyone will regret to learn of the illness of Wm. Mowbray of the M. merchant's bank. It was feared at first the attack was fever but the doctor has probably concluded it appendicitis and an operation will probably be necessary. Miss Mowbray, his sister has been from Halifax to take care of him. His place in the bank is being filled by Mr. Read from the head office Halifax.

Mr. John Hickey is steadily improving in health since he moved into the house on Squire street lately occupied by H. Dixon.

W. H. Harrison of the Halifax Banking Co. spent his holidays end in Halifax at the holiday season. Miss Maynard Freeman Amherst, has been the guest of Mrs. Edgar Dixon.

Mrs. Harmon Humphrey has been visiting her son in Shediac.

Mr. and Mrs. F. McDougall spent Thursday in Truro.

performed by Rev. J. J. Blair of Wallingford, uncle of the bride. At seven o'clock the strains of the wedding march played by the orchestra was heard, as the bridal party came down the broad stair case and entered the drawing room. First came the brides maids, maids of honor and ushers, then the groom with his best man and brother, Mr. Everett Barnard; they were followed by the bride leaning on her father's arm, and little Miss Alice Eaton carrying the heavy train of the brides gown. The bride looked very fair and lovely in a beautiful bridal dress of ivory white satin made on trains which was trimmed with rosettes of white chiffon and orange blossoms; the waist and front of the skirt was trimmed with duchesse lace and orange blossoms. She wore a tulle veil fastened with a crescent of brilliant diamonds, and carried a bouquet of brilliant diamonds, and carried a bouquet of brilliant diamonds, and carried a bouquet of brilliant diamonds.

The bridesmaids, Miss Anna Eaton, and Miss Mary Barnard wore lovely gowns of pale pink mousseline de soie over pink silk, and carried bunches of white carnations. The maid of honor, Miss Marion Eaton was attired in white mousseline de soie over white silk and also carried a bouquet of carnations of pale pink in color. Miss Alice Eaton, the little train bearer, looked very daintily in a pretty dress of white lace. The ushers were Messrs George John and Harry Eaton, brothers of the bride. After the ceremony a reception was held until a late hour, which was attended by the elite from both Calais and St. Stephen. After supper was served, amid showers of rice and thousands of good wishes, the happy young couple drove away on their wedding journey their destination remaining a secret from all but the brides' mother. The presents were magnificent; the bride who is a general favourite was literally showered with gifts of gold silver and gems. The costumes of the ladies were exceedingly handsome and stylish; Mrs. Eaton mother of the bride was attired in an elegant gown of pink and black brocaded silk, trimmed with point lace and ornaments of diamonds. Mrs. Henry H. Barnard mother of the groom wore an exquisite dress of mauve silk trimmed with rich point lace, her ornaments were diamonds. The guests from abroad were Mr and Mrs H. H. Barnard, Miss May Barnard, and Messrs Everett and Frank Barnard of New York city, Miss Wheeler of Providence, Rhode Island, Mrs. Dickson and Miss Janet Dickson of Sozanto, Pa. Miss Mary Robbins, Messrs John Bryden and Walter Bryden, Walter Bryden. After their wedding tour Mr and Mrs Barnard will make their home in New York city and will receive their friends at the "Ranelagh" on February the fourteenth and twenty eighth.

Captain John D. Chipman accompanied by his daughter Miss Connie Chipman made a brief visit to Havellock last week. Dr and Mrs Franklin Eaton and Miss Irene Eaton are in Calais the guests of Mr and Mrs Wilfred Eaton.

Mr. William Saward of Dorchester Mass, made a brief visit in Calais during the week. Mr. Hume Bates is in town for a brief visit to his family this week.

Miss Whitecock accompanied by Miss M. J. Bivison left on Monday for a short visit to Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McVey gave a very pleasant party on Friday evening to celebrate the twenty fifth anniversary of their wedding day. The silver gifts were very handsome and varied, among them a complete silver service. The house was beautifully adorned with chrysanthemums and carnations and potted plants. Dancing, cards and music, made up the evening's excitement. At twelve o'clock supper was served. The invited guests were Mayor and Mrs. George J. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Murchie, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Hain, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Stevenson, Mr. and Mrs. William McVey, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson McNeill, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Jackson, Dr. and Mrs. Deistadt, Mrs. Corline Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Beverly Stevens, Miss Whitecock, Miss Maud McCleskey, Miss Jean Sprague, Miss May Carter, Miss A. Gregory, Miss Lillian Taylor, Miss Mary Short, Messrs. W. H. Edwards, J. T. Whitlock, Adam Gillespie, Herbert Crockett, John F. Tillion, Horace Trimble, H. B. McGregor, John F. Turney, J. R. Trimble, J. L. G. Hannington and Charles Haycock.

Rev. Dr. McKenzie of the Presbyterian church is visiting in Ontario. Miss Kate Newham is recovering from her illness much to the relief of her family and friends. Mrs. Wm. Boardman gave a family dinner party at her residence Thanksgiving Day.

Mrs. Charles W. King has opened her residence in Calais and will with her family spend the winter here. Much pleasure is anticipated from Madame Marie Harrison's concert on next Thursday evening in St. Croix Hall, and especially of the prospect of the new talent that has not been heard by a St. Croix audience. Tickets are selling rapidly and it is quite certain there will be a large attendance at the concert. Miss Maud McCleskey of St. John is the guest of the Misses McVey.

Mrs. Osborne Hannah has been spending Thanksgiving with her sister Mrs. Deistadt, but returns to St. John today. Mrs. W. F. Todd is expected home from Boston tomorrow.

The news of the death of Dr. Walter Holmes, at his home in Waterbury, Conn., was received here on Friday. He was the son of the late Dr. Job Holmes of Calais, and had been an invalid for many years. Mrs. S. H. Blair intends to leave for Ottawa on tomorrow.

Dr. S. A. Tuttle, St. John, N. B., Oct. 28th, 1897, Dear Sir:—I have much pleasure in recommending your Horse Elixir to all interested in horses. I have used it for several years and have found it to mine horses and also my trotting Stallion "Special Blend" with the desired effect. It is undoubtedly a first-class article.

I remain yours respectfully, E. LE ROI WILLIS, Prop. Hotel Dufferin.

PUDDINGTON & MERRITT, 55 Charlotte Street Agents For Canada.

Cannot Resist The Pleasure of Writing.

Gentlemen:—I cannot resist the pleasure of writing you a few lines to let you know what Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills have done for me. I suffered for a long time with weak kidneys and have used several remedies but all failed to do me any good.

Hearing what Dr. Ward's Pills had done for a friend of mine I resolved to give them a fair trial. I did so and must say that I have never found their equal. They have cured me of that distressing disease and I am now in perfect health due entirely through the use of Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills.

Yours very truly, H. E. Theodore, Representing St. John Rubber Co. St. John N. B.

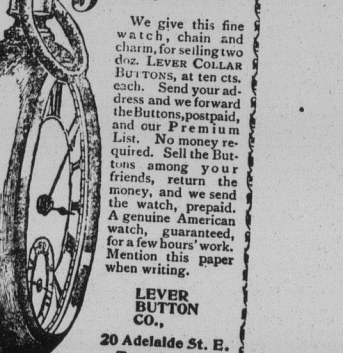
Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50 cts per box, 5 boxes for \$2.00 at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by The Dr. Doctor Ward Co. Limited, 71 Victoria Street, Toronto. Book of information free.



LOTS OF FUN FOR ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND and Canada and all ages playing the great game of BOBITY

Price \$1.25 each. Trade supplied by G. A. HOLLAND & SON, Manufacturers, Montreal.

FREE



We give this fine watch, chain and charm, for selling two doz. LEVER COLLAR BUTTONS, at ten cts each. Send your address and we forward List. No money required. Sell the Buttons among your friends, return the money, and we send the watch, prepaid. A genuine American watch, guaranteed for a few hours' work. Mention this paper when writing. LEVER BUTTON CO., 20 Adelaide St. E. Toronto, Ont.

LIFE LASTS LONGER

If Puttner's Emulsion be taken regularly by consumptives and all weak and ailing people Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

R. F. J. PARKIN, 107 Union Street, has a full line of Dunn's Hams and Bacons, and Canned Bacons, Pure Keg Lard, Bologna and Pork Sausages, Back Pork, Brine Mess Pork and Clear Pork. Wholesale and retail. Drop a post card for price list or telephone 1037.



THE HORSEMAN tell his desires or he would request the application of Tuttle's Elixir to his poor lame joints and cords. This Elixir locates lameness, when applied, by remaining moist on the part affected; the dried out \$1.00 Resin, Collie, Girth, Splints, Contracted and Knotted Cords, and Shoe Galls. Used and endorsed by Adams Express Co.

\$5.00 Reward to the person who can prove one of these testimonials bogus. Dr. S. A. Tuttle, St. John, N. B., Oct. 28th, 1897, Dear Sir:—I have much pleasure in recommending your Horse Elixir to all interested in horses. I have used it for several years and have found it to mine horses and also my trotting Stallion "Special Blend" with the desired effect. It is undoubtedly a first-class article.

I remain yours respectfully, E. LE ROI WILLIS, Prop. Hotel Dufferin.

PUDDINGTON & MERRITT, 55 Charlotte Street Agents For Canada.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Lakshme Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All Druggists take the money if it fails to cure. 25c



Baby's Own Soap makes the little ones happy by keeping their tiny bodies in a healthy, clean condition.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL, ALBERT TOILET SOAPS.

Friday to spend part of the winter with her son Mr. W. L. Blair.

Miss Helen Newton arrived from Salem, Mass., to spend a few days with her mother Mrs. C. H. Newton at their home in Red Beach.

Mr. Arthur Hatfield has returned to Cambridge, Mass., after a pleasant visit. During his stay he was the guest of Mr. Frederick Waterson.

MONCTON.

[Progress is for sale in Moncton at Hattie Tweedie's Bookstore, M. B. Jones bookstore, S. Melonson's, and at Canadian Railway News Co. Depot.]

Nov. 30.—As it is rather the off season for conventions and even our indefatigable little city could scarcely succeed in getting one up with Christmas so near, we have substituted a revival for the usual convention to which we have become so accustomed that Moncton does not seem natural without some excitement of the kind. In spite of the weather which has continued persistently and unspasmodically bad for the past three weeks the meetings have been wonderfully well attended and the greatest interest manifested, and Rev. A. J. Wheeler and Dr. S. A. Haggert who have had charge of the meetings should feel gratified by the success which seems to have attended their efforts.

For the past two weeks these evangelists have been holding two services a day under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. and no less than seven churches have co-operated in the good work. The farewell services took place on Monday evening at the First Baptist church, and the large building was nearly filled, in spite of the fact that even the city streets were almost impassable. Addresses were delivered by Mr. McWilliams general secretary of the Y. M. C. A., Rev. Mr. George of the Central Methodist church, Rev. W. B. Hewson of First Baptist church, Rev. Mr. Parker, of the Free Baptist church as well as Rev. Mr. Wheeler and his colleague Dr. Haggert. The evangelists left by the C. P. train yesterday for Sussex where they intend holding a revival.

The numerous friends that Miss Triton made during her two year's residence in Moncton were heartily glad to see her in town again last week, and only regretted that her stay was so short. Miss Triton spent Thanksgiving in Moncton, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Hewson of Alma street, remaining until Monday, when she returned to Halifax where she has made her home for the past year.

Mrs. A. J. Gorham left town on Thursday to spend a few days with friends in St. John. Mr. T. V. Cooke's many friends will be glad to hear that he has sufficiently recovered to be able to sit up for a short time every day, and that his speedy restoration to complete health is hoped for. Dr. O. B. Price of Pettediac, spent a few days in town last week the guest of his brother Mr. C. W. Price. Dr. Price is a graduate of Boston Dental University, and intends entering on the practice of his profession in this city about the first of the year, having secured an office in the Y. M. C. A. building for that purpose.

A very quiet but pretty home wedding took place on Wednesday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Ayer, when their eldest daughter Miss Jennie C. Ayer was married to Mr. G. Bruce Story of the Transcript office and son of Mr. George Story of the I. C. R. The ceremony was performed by Rev. H. C. Archer, in the presence of near relatives and friends of the bride and groom.

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



Hansen's Junket Tablets are the kind. They are sold ten in a packet for 15 cents. Druggists and grocers keep them. 33 celebrated recipes for delicious desserts accompany.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Story are well and favorably known in Moncton, and their numerous friends will join in wishing them every happiness.

The many friends of Mr. John Campbell of the I. C. R. car mileage department will be glad to hear that he is recovering from the recent attack of illness which has kept him a prisoner to the house for some days past.

Mr. George L. Harris who recently graduated with honor from Dalhousie law school has opened an office in the Y. M. C. A. building on Alma street, in the office recently occupied by the American consular agent. Mr. Harris' friends will wish him every success in his chosen profession.

By the way, I believe we are to have another M. D. in town soon! It is reported that Dr. Ferguson of Kingston, Kent county, who has only recently returned from New York and who spent some time in Moncton a few weeks ago, intends returning here in the near future and settling down to the practice of his profession in the railway town. It has generally been supposed that Moncton was more than usually well supplied with doctors and lawyers, for a city of its size, but there is always the comfort in assurance left to cheer the hearts of new comers that there is plenty of room at the top, and if they have a good stock of perseverance, and a little knack at climbing, they cannot fail to reach the coveted spot in time.

Miss Foster of Dorchester is spending a few days in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. T. V. Cooke of Stedman street.

Thanksgiving day was observed in the very quiet manner with dull weather and a lack of local attractions to make the holiday pleasant, necessitated. There were rumors of a football match but they proved to be without foundation, and as the hospital benefit concert fell through for the time being, the citizens who did not attend the revival meetings in the Opera house, remained quietly at home and passed the time in counting up their blessings. The usual number of absentees returned to spend the holiday at their homes in Moncton, and a fair proportion of our citizens spent the day abroad, so the balance of the population was preserved.

Miss Bertie Faulkner who is a student at Mount Allison Ladies College spent Thanksgiving at her home here, and Miss Bessie Holstead also a student at Mount Allison spent the holiday with her mother Mrs. William Elliott of Botsford street.

Mr. James Dugan of the I. C. R. draughting office, spent Thanksgiving at his home in Halifax.

Mr. George Ellis of St. John spent the holiday with friends in the city.

Mr. F. H. Blair left town on Wednesday evening to spend a few days with relatives in Campbellton.

Mr. Robert Ripley of Joggins Mines spent Thanksgiving day in town, the guest of his son Mr. R. P. Ripley of the I. C. R.

Mr. G. A. Vye of Digby, N. S. spent a few days in town last week, the guest of his daughter Mrs. Albert Lutz.

The Robinson Opera Company opened a week's engagement in the opera house on Monday evening and though the streets were ankle deep with slush, as a result of Sunday's storm, and a fine penetrating rain fell with perseverance worthy of a better cause, they were greeted with an excellent and most appreciative audience. The piece put on was Fra Diavolo, and those who were so fortunate as to witness the performance expressed themselves as highly gratified.

Mr. J. R. Burns of the Western Union Telegraph office was hastily summoned to Springfield, Kings Co. on Monday, on account of the serious illness of his father.

Judge Wells left town last week to pay a short visit to Montreal.

The numerous friends of Mr. Harry Williams of the I. C. R. engineering department, who has been in Upper Canada for the past two months engaged in professional work, are glad to welcome him home again. Mr. Williams returned to town last week.

Mrs. C. F. Hanington and Miss Beatrice Hanington left town last week for Ottawa, where they will be the guests of Mrs. Hanington's father, Mr. J. P. Featherston of that city for the greater part of the winter.

Dr. G. T. Smith's numerous friends will be glad to hear that he has returned to Moncton from his former home in Albert county, whither he had gone for change of air and scene, and will be able to engage in active practice in the course of two or three weeks. The injury to Dr. Smith's eye which has laid him up for so many weeks has so far improved that he is able to move about with the aid of a cane and in a short time it is hoped that the cure will be complete.

Mr. and Mrs. Mahon of Havaick, arrived in Moncton last week, and intend taking up their residence in the city for the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Mahon's numerous friends in the city will be glad to welcome them as residents, and doubtless find them a welcome addition to society.

Miss Constance Chandler of Dorchester who has been spending a week or two in town visiting her sister, Mrs. R. W. Hewson, returned home on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Spronie and little son of Charlottetown who have been spending a few days in town visiting friends, returned home on Monday.

Mrs. Wm. Smith of Sussex, spent last week in town, the guest of her daughter, Mrs. R. A. Bordon, of Botsford Street, returning home on Monday.

Mr. John Eddington, city engineer, received sad intelligence on Friday evening, of the death of his father. Mr. Peter Eddington, which occurred on the 13th of this month at his home in Perthshire Scotland.

Mr. Roy Sumner, who is a student at St. Martin's College, spent the Thanksgiving holidays at his home in Moncton. He was accompanied by his classmates Mr. Harry Edwards of Halifax, and Mr. Reginald Carr of St. John.

Mrs. John McSweeney's many friends were glad to welcome her back to Moncton last week. Mrs. McSweeney spent a few days in town visiting Mr. and Mrs. Geo. McSweeney at Hotel Brunswick, returning to her home in Westmorland on Friday.

Premier Emerson, Hon. C. H. Labilliois, and Hon. A. D. Richard, spent a short time in the city on Friday evening. They were returning from Riverside Albert County where they spent Thanksgiving day with Lieut. Governor and Mrs. McClellan.

A telegram was received by Mr. E. A. Chapman last Wednesday from Vancouver announcing the very serious illness of his son Mr. W. A. Chapman, who left this city last spring for the Pacific coast. Mr. Chapman has been employed as quarter-master on one of the large coast steamers and as particulars of his illness are given the family naturally feel the greatest anxiety concerning him.

Miss Fannie Bliss of Westmorland, is spending a few days in town the guest of the Misses McSweeney of Main street.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Sumner gave a very delightful little dance on Friday evening, at their handsome residence on Alma street. The function was in honor of their son's guests Messrs. H. Carr, and H. Edwards, and was most enjoyable in every respect. The guests who were all young people, numbered about thirty, and after dancing had been kept up with spirit for some hours a dainty supper was served shortly after midnight, and the company departed at two o'clock. Davidson's orchestra furnished excellent music.

Mr. Winfield Scott of J. A. Humphrey & Sons, left town on Friday evening for St. John's New Brunswick on a business trip.

Mrs. Thompson, wife of Rev. W. A. Thompson of Campbellton and children, who have been spending a few days in town on their return from a visit to friends in Charlottetown, returned home on Friday evening.

The numerous friend of Mrs. George Seaman, who has been undergoing treatment at the Royal Victoria Hospital Montreal for some months past, will be glad to hear that she was able to return home last week, and is rapidly regaining health and strength.

Mrs. M. B. Jones left town last week to spend a few days at her former home in St. John. Mr. J. E. Lefurgey, of Riverside, is spending a few days in town, the guest of his sister Mrs. George McSweeney at Hotel Brunswick.

Mrs. John Sutton left town Friday, to pay a short visit to her former home in Richibucto.

Mrs. Stamford and children of Halifax, who have been spending some time in the city the guest of Mrs. Stamford's sister Mrs. W. D. Martin of Weldon Street, returned home yesterday.

Ald. A. E. Wall, who has been travelling in the upper provinces for the past six weeks, returned home on Saturday afternoon.

Mr. P. S. Archibald returned on Monday from a short trip to Nova Scotia.

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

Nov. 30.—The whist club which has been reorganized for the winter had their second evening at Mrs. Geo. F. Nelson's last Monday evening when the following beside the house party were present Mrs. E. P. Wetmore, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Dickinson, Miss Yorston, Misses Bligh, Misses Bigelow, Miss Emma Thomas, Miss Emma Snook, Miss E. Robinson, and Dr. J. B. Hall, G. A. Hall, W. P. McKay, J. W. Murray, H. V. Bigelow, F. Stanfield, F. C. Cotton.

Mrs. C. B. Foster returned to St. John this morning after a short visit with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Page.

Miss Cochrane, Matiland was in town last week, en route to Springfield after a short visit with friends there, Miss Cochrane proceeds to New York, to spend the winter, with her friend, Mrs. Dan O'Day.

Mrs. W. D. Bowers has returned after visiting home friends, for a short time.

Nov. 29.—Miss Flora Powell of Boston who has been visiting friends here returned home today. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Mahon have gone to Moncton where they will spend the winter months.

Mrs. A. H. Robinson spent a day or two in Sussex last week.

Miss Lida Covey is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Covey.

Rev. John Hughes of St. John, spent Sunday with Mr. C. I. Keith.

Mr. W. Alward of Sussex, was here for a few days the latter part of last week.

Mrs. C. I. Keith is staying for a week or two at St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. David H. Keith has returned from a lengthy visit to Boston.

THINGS OF VALUE. When other people spend money in a way that we don't they are extravagant, and when they don't spend money in a way that we do they are stingy.

Selfishness does not consist in pushing one's own interests, but in ignoring others interests.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of man's curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient what would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound undiluted state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the frailties of the system are strengthened, and strength, by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid dependency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the animal function of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result—strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally denote all summer substance—result improved appetite, Northrop & Lyman of Toronto have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine in a usual rate, and, gauged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

The meanest people always have the longest memories.

The large cables of the Brooklyn bridge were made on the bridge. Wires one-inch in diameter were passed forward and back from one anchorage to another; 279 wires were bound into one rope, and nineteen of these ropes were bound into one cable.

Some people seem to feel that they have been treated very badly every time anybody they know succeeds.

Some persons have periodical attacks of Canadian cholera, dysentery or diarrhoea, and have to use Frost's Remedies to avoid the disease. Change of water, cooking, and green fruit, is sure to bring on the attacks. To such persons we would recommend Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial as being the best medicine in the market for all summer complaints. If a few drops are taken in water when the symptoms are noticed no further trouble will be experienced.

Failure consists in giving up, not in succeeding.

Attached to the army of Norway is a corps of skaters armed with rifles. They can be maneuvered on the ice or over the snowfields of the mountain with a rapidity equal to that of the best-trained cavalry.

Always on Hand.—Mr. Thomas H. Porter Lower Ireland, P. Q., writes: "My son, 18 months old, had croup so bad that nothing gave him relief until a neighbor brought me some of Dr. Thomas' Eucalypto Oil, which I gave him, and in six hours he was cured. It is the best medicine ever used, and I would not be without a bottle of it in my house."

Fortunately for himself, the man who knows it all doesn't seem to know what other people think of him.

It is said that herrings are so prolific that if a pair of them could be left to breed and multiply undisturbed for a period of twenty years they would yield an amount of fish equal to that of the entire earth.

An End to Bilious Headaches.—Biliousness which is caused by excessive bile in the stomach, has a marked effect upon the nerves, and often manifests itself by severe headache. This is the most distressing headache one can have. There are headaches from cold, from fever and from other causes, but the most excruciating of all is the bilious headache. Farnes' Vegetable Pills will cure it—cure it almost immediately. It will disappear as soon as the pills operate. There is nothing surer in the treatment of bilious headaches.

A medical authority in Berlin declares that not one of Germany's professional bicyclists has a sound heart.

Madrid is the most elevated city in Europe. It is built on a mountain plain or plateau 2,500ft. above the level of the sea.

They are not Violent in Action.—Some persons when they wish to cleanse the stomach, resort to Epsom and other purgative salts. These are speedy in their action but serve no permanent good. Their use produces ineffectual chills and if persisted in they injure the stomach. Nor do they act upon the intestines in a beneficial way. Farnes' Vegetable Pills answer all purposes in this respect, and have no superior.

Direct From the Growers to Consumers. The sparkling liveliness of Monsoon Tea in the cup proves the stocky quality which distinguishes Monsoon from all other package teas—and from this quality springs the bouquet of incomparable flavor and relish with which Monsoon delights your taste. Try Monsoon at 40, 50 or 60 cents—the imperial grades.



When You Order..... PELEE ISLAND WINESBE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND.

Wine as a restorative, as a means of refreshment in Debility and Sickness is surpassed by no Product of nature or art.—PROFESSOR LIEBIG. Pure Wine is incomparably superior to every other stimulating beverage for diet or medicine.—DR. DUNN.

Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It E. C. SCOVIL, Commission Merchant, 62 Union Street.



FREE WATCH for One Day's Work. We give this fine Watch, Chain & Charm for selling two doz. packages of Exquisite Perfume at ten cents each. Send address and we forward the perfume, postpaid, and our Premium List. No money required. Sell the perfume among your friends, return money, and we send the watch, prepaid. This is a genuine American Watch, guaranteed a good timepiece. Mention this paper. Home Specialty Co. 66 Victoria St. Toronto

A Lady dislikes eating with plated knives, forks or spoons the plate of which has departed. Buy Your Wife the kind that bears this stamp—W. ROGERS—and you will never regret it—it will last at least a generation. A statement which has been amply verified by experience.

Sole manufacturers SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO. Wellingford, Conn., U. S. A. and Montreal, Canada.

Doctors know good medicine. Engineers know good engines. Painters know good colors. Linen merchants know good linens. Furniture makers make good furniture. Dry goods dealers know good clothes. Glove makers know good gloves. Printers know good printing.

We are Printers WE KNOW OUR BUSINESS. PROGRESS PRINT. St. John, N. B.

Prompt attention to mail orders. Samples and estimates sent.

BASS & CO'S ALE LANDING. 15 BBLs., EACH 36 GALS. FOR SALE LOW.

THOS. L. BOURKE Moose steak and Partridge. THOS. DEAN, City Market.

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

The "Leuchetsky" Method; also "Synth System" for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK

Prince Edward Island OYSTERS. RECEIVED THIS DAY 25 bbls. Island Oysters. Large and fat.

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

Wines and Liquors to merit a fair share of the business. Ob ice Havana cigars a specialty.

Wishes to inform his friends and the general public that he will be found at the old stand 175 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, Horn Building, and by keeping the very choicest stock of

Wines and Liquors to merit a fair share of the business. Ob ice Havana cigars a specialty.

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THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the House, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men. 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. LEROI WILLES, 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. In season 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.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION. NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership subsisting between us, the undersigned, as

E. LAWTON & CO. has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. All debts owing to said partnership are to be paid to Edmund Lawton at St. John aforesaid, and all claims against the said partnership are to be presented to the said Edmund Lawton, by whom the same will be settled.

Dated at St. John this 10th day of September, 1898. EDMUND LAWTON, A. M. PHILIPS.

CARD. E. LAWTON

Wishes to inform his friends and the general public that he will be found at the old stand 175 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, Horn Building, and by keeping the very choicest stock of

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(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

Miss Florie Hall was in a green with white lace and pink and white roses.

Mrs. Charles Johnston wore a blue and white dress, her gown being a lovely pink brocade with pearl and chignon trimmings. Another blue silk brocade which certainly was most becoming to its charming wearer was the one worn by Miss Grace Skinner. A touch of contrasting color was given by the corsage bouquet of crimson roses.

Miss Hamilton was in pale blue silk with black lace overdress, and Miss Mabel Smith's pretty blue gown was trimmed with black chignon ruffles, edged with blue ribbon, and pink roses.

Mrs. E. P. Zimmerman wore cream brocade satin, to quince trimmings.

Miss Edith Skinner looked charming in pink silk covered with white chignon, trimmed with black lace and pink roses.

Mrs. E. A. Smith had on a handsome turquoise silk with black tulle over-dress, and chignon trim mng.

Miss Emma Robertson, white chignon over lavender satin.

Mrs. H. Flood, white with over dress of black and white tulle.

Mrs. D. C. Clark, pink silk with pink chignon and velvet trimmings and diamonds.

Miss Blair of Ottawa, wore black satin with tulle draperies, rose trimmings, pearl and diamond ornaments.

Mrs. D. P. Chisholm wore an exceedingly beautiful gown of white satin covered with black lace, and with which black velvet was charmingly combined.

Miss Louise Skinner had on a very handsome yellow silk trimmed with velvet of a deep shade and ostrich tips.

A pretty black and white gown, trimmed with white chignon and pink roses was worn by Miss McMillan.

Miss Mabel Thomson was in black silk trimmed with lace, and brightened with touches of yellow.

Miss Grace Fairweather was in pink silk the skirt and bodice of which was tucked in groups of four and five.

Miss Keator wore a very becoming gown of bright crimson trimmed with white.

Miss Lena Dunn, flowered green and white muslin and pink roses.

Mrs. John C. McIntyre grey silk with cardinal trimmings.

The marriage took place on Wednesday evening of Miss Jennie M. Carpenter and Mr. Arthur W. Banks at the residence of the bride's parents 276 Main street, Rev. Mr. Hunter performed the ceremony in the presence of quite a large party of friends of the contracting parties. The bride who was unadorned in a simple gown of white muslin over pale blue. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Banks received the congratulations of assembled friends and supper was served. An unusually large number of elegant presents were received including a dinner set from the fellow employees of the groom, 3 handsome parlor lamps a handsome dinner set, four collars, four rockers and many others. The guests included the following persons.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Banks, Mr. and Mrs. J. Banks, Dr. Pendleton, Miss Banks, Misses Mullin, Mr. H. Ritchie, Miss Ida Mowry, Miss Maud Sweeney, Miss May Elston, Miss Fannie Holder, Miss Nellie Carpenter, Miss Annie Sims, Miss Nettie Ritchie, Mr. J. McLeod, Master Odie Banks, Mr. B. Bellver, Mr. F. Carpenter, Miss Georgia Carpenter, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. M. Ritchie, Mr. and Mrs. M. Spragg, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Holder.

Mrs. (Dr.) Holden and Miss Marjorie were guests of Frederickton friends for a little while lately. Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlan were the guest of their daughter Mrs. Lee Babbitt of the capital this week.

Mrs. Thos. Bullock is spending a few days with her mother Mrs. Enoch Christ of Frederickton.

Mrs. C. B. Foster has returned from a visit to her parents Mr. and Mrs. James Page of Turro.

Miss Maud McCluskey is in St. Stephen the guest of the Misses McVey.

Mrs. Osborne Hannah has returned from the St. Croix having spent last weeks holiday with her sister Mrs. Deinstadt.

The marriage of Miss Maud Jones of Kars, N. B.



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.

The People's Faith

Firmly Grounded Upon Real Merit—They Know Hood's Sarsaparilla Absolutely and Permanently Cures When All Others Fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is not merely a simple preparation of Sarsaparilla, Dock, Stillinga and a little Iodide of Potassium. Besides these excellent alteratives, it also contains those great anti-bilious and liver remedies, Mandrake and Dandelion. It also contains those great kidney remedies, Uva Ursi, Juniper Berries, and Pipsissewa.

Nor are these all. Other very valuable curative agents are harmoniously combined in Hood's Sarsaparilla and it is carefully prepared under the personal supervision of a regularly educated pharmacist.

Knowing these facts, is the abiding faith the people have in Hood's Sarsaparilla a matter of surprise? You can see why Hood's Sarsaparilla cures, when other medicines totally, absolutely fail.

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 the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 25c

and Mr. Asa Parley Friars was solemnized on Wednesday afternoon at the residence of the groom's mother, Rev. J. W. Clark officiating in the ceremony that made the happy couple one. Only immediate relatives of the contracting parties witnessed the ceremony, but Mr. and Mrs. Friars were very handsomely remembered by their friends.

Mr. Alton Cushing and family have taken up their residence at the corner of Wentworth and Orange Streets. They removed from their former home at Lancaster this week.

Rev. W. J. Rutledge and Mrs. Rutledge of Woodstock spent a little while in the city this week.

Miss Jennie Wilson left this week for San Francisco to spend the winter with her brother Mr. H. W. Wilson formerly of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Kenney left recently for England where they expect to spend the next six months.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Atherton and Miss Atherton who has been visiting the city, left for their home in Saxon, B. C. this week.

Mr. Allan Ritchie of Newcastle was in the city for a short time this week.

Mrs. A. J. Goram of Montreal is spending a week or two with city friends.

Mrs. J. A. Morrison, who spent the summer on the Pacific Coast, was in the city for a day or two this week the guest of Mr. and Mrs. David Hodgson, on her way home from P. E. I. Mrs. Hodgson of Richmond who has also been a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hudson for a week or two returned to her home to day.

Mrs. Arthur B. Smith who was a guest of Mrs. W. S. Tammam, Carmarthen St. for a few days returned to Hampton this week.

The Fallsters' Tournament was an attraction of Monday and Tuesday evenings and drew large crowds of interested spectators. The ball of Tuesday evening did not seem to interfere in the least with the attendance, and in the matter of detail the work was even more perfect than on the opening night. The program was well arranged and gave splendid scope to the physical powers of those who participated.

An interesting event took place in Sackville recently when Miss Lydia McLeod of that town and Mr. Thomas Flood of St. John were united in marriage by Rev. D. Chapman of Pointe de Bute. The bride wore a smart traveling gown of wine colored cloth with white brocade silk vest the jacket and hat were velvet of the same shade. After the dainty spread luncheon Mr. and Mrs. Flood took the evening train for St. John where they will reside on Mackenzie street. The gifts were many and valuable including a seal skin satchel, a handsome piano, a diamond bracelet, one hundred and fifty dollars in gold and others too numerous to mention.

Mr. Robert Mathews invited the members of his Bible class to his residence after church on Sunday evening and a pleasant hour or so was spent by them with their happy esteemed instructor. Mr. Mathews left for Cuba, N. Y., on Thursday. He will be much missed by his many friends and co-workers in Trinity church and especially by his class of which Mr. W. S. Fisher takes charge during the winter. He was accompanied by Mrs. Mathews as was New York.

Mrs. I. Macgregor Grant and Miss Grant left on Thursday for London, to join friends who intend to spend the winter on the Riviera.

FREDERICTON.

(Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorne.)

Nov. 30.—The Musical club met last evening with Miss Carman and had a most enjoyable time. The programme consisted of:

Piano Duet,—"I. Italiana en Algerie".....Rossini
Vocal Duet,—"The Time of You".....Pissini
Mrs. M. E. Sewell and Miss Bessie Ciewes.
Piano Solo,—"Wayside Chapel".....
Mr. Bask.
Song,—"Love's Golden Dream".....Lennot
Mrs. W. T. H. Fenety.
Song,—"A May Song".....Mary Carmichael
Mr. Bristowe.
Song,—"The Daily Question".....Helmund
Mrs. J. H. Fenety.
Piano Solo,—"Nocturne in L. Schubmann".....
Mrs. Bristowe.
Song,—"How do I Love Thee".....Marzials
Mr. Downing.
Song,—"Snow Flakes".....Cowan
Mrs. M. E. Sewell.
Song,—"The Men of the North".....Godfrey
Mr. Martin Lemont.
Piano Solo,—"An Maltha".....Godard
Miss Carman.

At the finish of the programme a recherche supper was served which was much enjoyed before the pleasant party came to an end.

Mrs. Holden and Miss Marjorie Holden are the guests of Mrs. T. C. Allen at "The Poplars."

The Xmas sewing and dancing club meet this evening with Miss Nan Thompson.

Mr. John Williams of Bradford, Eng., spent a few days in the city before leaving for his far away home.

Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlan of St. John spent Thanksgiving here with their daughter Mrs. Lee Babbitt.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Creed spent Thanksgiving at their home in Fredericton.

THE PARROT IN TRADE.

emerged from the vestibule of a residence, where he had been conversing with a woman, and rushed down the steps to a covered buggy in front of the house.

"No use to dun 'em! No use to dun 'em! They're deadbeats!"

"Quiet, Polly! Shut your mouth," cried the young man as he removed from the seat of the vehicle a large cage containing a particularly vicious-looking parrot.

After several times repeating its uncompensated protests the bird finally subsided and its master reasoned the steps to the vestibule, from which he soon emerged with some bank notes in his hand.

"It's an original scheme of my own," explained the young man a little later, "and I'll explain the scheme if you keep it mum. Sometime ago I was connected with an agency that employed uniformed collectors and yellow wagons, the object being to intimidate the debtor, who would pay a just bill rather than be disgraced by having self-advertising bad debt collectors calling upon him every day.

"After time legal proceedings were taken by a disgraced debtor who had been persistently annoyed, and the wagons and uniforms were promptly suppressed. But are deadbeats to escape paying their just dues on that account? I thought not and recently devised the plan I am now carrying into execution.

"People whose names are on the blacklist are generally shrewd enough to understand the situation and a settlement is at once made or arranged for. I have been operating for over a month and in but one instance has Polly been called upon to repeat her well rehearsed act. I am told that complaints have been made to the police and must make hay while the sun shines. Good day."

"By! I'm a bird, I am!" shrieked the parrot, as the enterprising collector drove briskly away.—Chicago Chronicle.

Preparing the Sultan's Food.

The food of the Sultan of Turkey is prepared by one man and his assistants, and no others touch it. It is cooked in silver vessels, and, when done, each bottle is sealed by a slip of paper and a stamp, and this is broken in the presence of the Sultan by the High Chamberlain, who takes one spoonful of each separate bottle before the Sultan tastes it. This is to prevent the Sultan from being poisoned. The food is almost always served up to the Sultan in the same vessels in which it was cooked, and these are often of gold; but when of baser metal, the bottle is set into a rich gilded, bell-shaped holder, the handle of which is held by a slave while the Sultan eats.

Every Housekeeper

wants pure hard soap that lasts well—lathers freely—is high in quality and low in price.

Surprise is the name of that kind of Soap.

5 Cents a Cake.

THE ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO. ST. STEPHEN, N.B.



TOLD BY THE OLD CIRCUS MAN.

Light on the Giant's Size Shed by the Details of His Umbrella.

"You might have thought," said the old circus man, "that it would put us to some considerable trouble and expense to provide umbrellas for the great giant, whose actual size I have never dared to tell you for fear you wouldn't believe it if I did, trusting to those things that I have told you about him from time to time to give you some approximate notion of it.

"As to the giant's umbrellas, we never had any trouble at all; we simply used to use for that purpose the tops of our discarded balloons, you understand; after they had become weakened at all we used to put 'em aside and put in a new one, we never took any risks on balloons. Before the great giant joined us we used to sell the old balloons for junk, and likewise we used to cut up the old centre poles of the big tent, when they showed any signs of weakness, for fire-wood; but after the giant came we saved all the balloon tops for umbrella coverings, and the old centre poles we saved for umbrella handles. We had our blacksmith get out a set of ribs and fittings, and those were good for a long time. Whenever the covering of the giant's umbrella got so worn that it was no further use as such, or it looked bad when it was opened, why then we'd just recover the old frame. When we put in a new handle we'd simply take the ribs of the old one off and put 'em on the new one.

"We used to make it a point to have the giant carry the umbrellas in every town we struck, whether it rained or not. He used to turn out and walk with the show, and walking behind him we always had ten men carrying the umbrellas, rolled up and with an umbrella case on it. These men walking five on a side and carrying it lying along on sticks that they held by the ends. This always used to excite interest, because people always wondered what the men were carrying, but the sight didn't begin to excite the interest that was felt when they discovered what it was and saw the giant raise it.

"This, of course, he couldn't do in the street, on account of the trees, as a rule the giant opened the umbrella in the public square of the town. When we came to the place where the procession would halt and the giant would step out from it and step over the fence or the formal gateway or entrance or arch or whatever there was there—if there was one we always stopped so that the giant would be opposite it—and then the men would walk in with the umbrella and stand beside him. They would lift it up on the carrying piece as high as they could and then the giant would bend down and take it. He would draw off the case that covered it, which was something like a windsail, only many times larger, and of course made tapering, and roll it up and put it in his pocket, and then made a wag as big as a bale of hay, but it didn't bulge out in his pocket enough so 't you'd notice it. And then he'd hold the umbrella by the handle with one hand, point up, and shake it out as anybody does an umbrella that's been rolled up tightly, before they open it, and then he'd set out to raise it with the other hand in the customary manner.

"By this time of course everybody in the crowd around would know what it was, and it was fun to see 'em look at it; and I don't wonder. I never altogether lost interest in it, myself; because, when the giant held it up before opening it the umbrella was about the shape and size of a church steeple, and as a matter of fact it was often bigger than the church steeple that particular green. But when he came to open it, and they saw the spread of it—h-m-m; well, at one time and another the show had a great many striking features; but I don't think we ever had around our own minor attractions—it we did I certainly don't recall it at this minute—any single feature that was more striking than that.

The Silver Lining.

When peering into lovers' woes
And gazing into sad and throes
And yearnings—goodness only knows
It's all a pose.

I am a poet, too, you know,
I too, was young once, long ago,
And wrote such stuff myself, and so
I ought to know.

I, too, found refuge from despair
In sonnet's to a maid's fair
White brow or smile's complexion rare,
Or Titan hair—

Which, when she scorned, did I resign
To flames, and go into decline
Not mused! When some one's fateful perline
Enough to die.

So, reader, when you find in print
A poet's woes—be sure and print
Your tears and take this gentle hint—
It is his mist.

—Oliver Herford.

A Sad Week.

The year had gloomily begun
For Willie Weeks, a poor man's son.

He was beset with bill and dun,
And he had very little fun.

"This cash," said he, "won't pay my dues;
I've nought here but one and two.

A bright thought struck him, and he said,
"The rich Miss Holdricks I will wed."

But when he paid his court to her,
She hissed, but firmly said, "No, Thar."

"Alas! I said he, 'then I must die!
I'm done! I'll drown, I'll burn, I'll fry."

They found his gloves, and coat, and hat;
The coroner upon them sat.

Just so.

Though every man upon the earth
Has troubles of his own,
Few have enough to make them leave
The other man's alone.

More Truth Than Poetry.
No pelting rain can make us stay
When we have tickets for the play;
But let one drop the pavement splash,
And it's too wet to go to church.

A Remarkable Cremation.

A most remarkable cremation will take place when Joaquin Miller, 'the poet of the Sierras,' dies. He has built a great funeral pyre on his property at Oakland, California, in the form of a cube, nearly 10ft each way, made of boulders set in cement. On the top of this body will be placed and burned, and the ashes will then be flung to all points of the compass, if the provisions of his will are carried out.

Big Bridges Compared.

The largest bridge across the Danube is 1,600ft. in length; Waterloo Bridge, over the Thames, is 1,380ft.; Westminster Bridge, over the Thames, is 1,190ft.; the Saray Bridge, across the Volga, 4,872ft.; and the Freiburg, in Switzerland, 1,092ft. The sum of £100,000 is to be expended in improving and extending the approaches to the Brooklyn Bridge on the New York side.

Dolls, Dressed and Undressed, Kid Body and Jointed. All sizes. Large assortment. Lowest Prices. McArthur's, 90 King Street.

Mechanics' Institute, ONE WEEK Commencing Monday, Dec. 5.



Zera Semon

—AND HIS—
Boy Lawrence.

The Wonder Workers.

Used by a Collector to Bawl Perfidious Things About Debt.

"No use to dun 'em! No use to dun 'em! They're deadbeats!"

These words, uttered in shrill, piercing tones, attracted a crowd in the vicinity of Lincoln Park. A well-dressed young man

Sunday Reading

Leave It With Him. Leave it with him— The lilies all do, And they grow, They grow in the rain, And they grow in the dew, Yes they grow. They grow in the darkness, all hid in the night, They grow in the sunshine, revealed by the light, Still they grow. The grasses are clothed And the ravens are fed From his store; But you, who are loved, And guarded and led, How much more Will he clothe you, and feed you, And give you his care! Then leave it with him; he hath everywhere Ample store. Yes, leave it with him; The more dear to his heart, You well know, That the lilies that bloom, Or the flowers that start, Nestle the snow. What you need, if you ask it in prayer, You can leave it with him, For you are his care— You, you know.

A Message.

She wasn't on the playground, she wasn't on the lawn, The little one was missing, and bed-time coming on. We hunted in the garden, we peeped about to see If sleeping under rose tree, or lilac she might be. But nothing came in answer to our very anxious call Until, at length, we hastened within the darkened hall; And then upon the stillness there broke a silvery tone; The darling mite was standing before the telephone, And softly as we listened, came stealing down the stairs: 'Ho! Central! Give me Heaven. I want to say my prayers.'

CHRISTIAN SOLDIERSHIP.

Some seem to imagine that a profession of Christianity is the prelude to an easy and inactive life. They regard it as a sort of Mussulman's heaven, where there is nothing to do but sit down in self-complacent ease, and sing, or smile, or sign themselves away, as the humor suits, to everlasting bliss. They fancy that everything has been so effectually accomplished for them, that they have absolutely nothing to do themselves.

Certainly the Apostle Paul does not warrant such an estimate of the Christian's obligations. In writing to the young Timothy he exhorts him, 'Now, therefore, endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. The Scriptures represent the espousal of Christianity, not as the signal for a pause in our energies, not as a paralytic stroke upon our life, but as the threshold of a course of earnest life and action, as the introduction to a career of hard work, as the starting post of an emulous race, and the world of attack for a tremendous conflict. Christianity brings with it heavy trials and obligations. It does not exempt us from trouble or hardship, but only furnishes us with power to endure and fidelity to withstand.

The circumstances leading to his enlistment as a Christian soldier are special and individual. He may be attracted by the beneficence of the great Captain, he may be dismayed by the malignity of his foes, he may be stimulated by the example of a comrade, or terrified by a warning from the opposing camp. But whatever the secondary influences by which he is attracted, he is drawn to the Christian army by no native predilections of his own, but by the sovereign and constraining grace of God. If he has come to the banner of Christ, it is because the Father who has sent Christ, has drawn him. And, once enlisted, he looks to him to be endowed with those accoutrements wherein he may worthily acquit himself, to be equipped with those heaven tempered weapons which alone can parry the infernal stroke, to be crested with that helmet which flashes with the sheen of the Sun of Righteousness, and, denuded of all confidence in an arm of flesh, to be entrenched behind the thick bosses of Jehovah's buckler.

In order to become a good soldier in the Christian ranks, it is necessary that he be obedient to discipline and attentive to his drill. The Great Captain has appointed him a watchful sergeant, whose steady eye, the reflex of the eye of the Leader himself, is ever resting on him. This watchful officer is called Conscience, and though he may be suppressed and overcome for a time, he cannot be corrupted, nor entirely silenced. The good soldier will be obedient to the gentle discipline of conscience, and will never set at naught or resist its mild authority.

Then, too, he must be attentive to the exercises which the service imposes upon him. He must be diligent in self-examination, must often muster up para's before conscience his inmost motives, and beware

that no rebellion or mutinous spirit creeps in. He must see to it that he keep his weapons right and keen; and, to this end, must often repair to the council chambers of the Great Captain. The Leader of this army is ever accessible by the lowliest of his followers, and the good soldier will often come into his tent, as it were, and make known his difficulties and requests. He will make himself a faithful and a loyal standard bearer in time of war by often grasping that standard in time of peace. The standard is the cross, and as the young recruit beholds it bathed with his great Leader's blood, he will strain it to his heart, and be ready to claim it as the ensign by which he is prepared to die, and be even anxious for the coming of the day when he may stain it with his own.

Having become proficient in the details of his drill and discipline, the Christian soldier will be then fully prepared to fight. Now is the opportunity for attesting his valor and allegiance long wanting. Even now he can hear the distant hum and see the bristling weapons of the opposing hosts. The banners which they bear are blackened, and their spears are reeking with the blood of the saints. The good soldier calmly awaits the onslaught, not as a braggart, but with fear and trembling. He lifts his eyes to heaven, his lips are parted as he breathes a prayer, and he strains the standard of his Master's cross more firmly to his bosom, his cheek begins to flush with holy vigor, his eye lights up with kindling confidence, and he feels, despite the thickening legions who assail him, that he can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth him.

The Judgment Day.

When that dread day arrives which will lay the hopes of the sinner in ruins, there shall be signs of alarm. Men's hearts will quail with surprise and amazement. Each will be a terror to himself. Fear will send faintness into their hearts, and the sound of a shaken leaf shall chase them.

Then shall burst upon the astonished soul an intense, increasing light in mid heaven, and the Son of Man shall descend in clouds and in the glory of the Father. And the armies of heaven follow behind the great white throne, upon white horses, clothed in white linen. And lo! a great multitude, which no man can number, before the throne, in white robes, and with palms in their hands. The countenance of him that sitteth upon the throne of his glory, is as the sun shining in his strength. In his right hand he holdeth the keys of heaven and of hell, and on his vesture, marked with blood, a name written, King of kings! and Lord of lords!

Then the trump of the archangel shall sound, as it sounded on Sinai, when all the people that were in the camp trembled. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, will the dead arise. O what a dying day to the living! what a living day to the dead! The sea shall give up the dead that are in it; and death and hell shall deliver up the dead which are in them, and they shall all stand before Christ, to be judged, every man according to his works. How magnificently awful the scene! The vast, multitudinous congregation, of all kindreds and tongues, having dropped off these mortal bodies, and with the pulse immortality beginning to throb within them in the soul's new union with its spiritual body, rising like a dense cloud, full of mighty, rushing wind, and separating on the right hand, and on the left hand, to meet their everlasting doom. There stand aghast the lukewarm lip professor and the procrastinating, almost Christian, those who thought religion want of spirit, and those who were wise above what is written. Here stand in hope, those who mourned over their sins, who made it their endeavour to live soberly and righteously, the full greatness of whose goodness was shaded under modesty, and whose characters never beamed in full beauty to mortal eyes.

Our Great Achievement.

The highest achievement of charity is to love our enemies; but to bear cheerfully with our neighbor's failings is scarcely an inferior grace. It is easy enough to love those who are agreeable and obliging—

what fly is not attracted by sugar and honey? but to love one who is cross, perverse, tiresome, is as unpleasant a process as chewing pills. Nevertheless, this is the real touchstone of brotherly love. The best way of practicing it is to put ourselves in the place of him who tries us, and to see how we would wish him to treat us if we had his defects. We must put ourselves in the place of buyer when we sell, and seller when we buy, if we want to deal fairly.—Francis De Sales.

Our Great Curse.

Death is the primal curse of our race. While the world stands it can only be our greatest terror. Christian faith can triumph over it. But that does not belittle death; it only magnifies faith. David slew Goliath; but that did not disparage the

Walter Baker & Co., Limited. Established 1760. Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE Cacao and Chocolates. On this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufactures. Their Breakfast Cacao is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

Cure Constipation and you cure its Consequences.

These are some of the Consequences of Constipation:

- biliousness, loss of appetite, pimples, sour stomach, depression, coated tongue, nightmare, palpitation, cold feet, debility, dizziness, weakness, backache, vomiting, jaundice, piles, pallor, stitch, irritability, nervousness, headache, vomiting, torpid liver, heartburn, foul breath, sleeplessness, drowsiness, hot skin, cramps, throbbing head

AYER'S PILLS

are a Sure Cure for Constipation.

Dr. J. C. Ayer's Pills are a specific for all diseases of the liver, stomach, and bowels. These testimonials are from the thousands received:—

The Pill That Will

"I suffered from constipation which assumed such an obstinate form that I feared it would cause a stoppage of the bowels. After vainly trying various remedies, I began to take Ayer's Pills. Two boxes effected a complete cure." D. BURKE, Saco, Maine.

"For eight years I was afflicted with constipation, which at last became so bad that the doctors could do no more for me. Then I began to take Ayer's Pills, and soon the bowels recovered their natural and regular action." WM. H. DELAUCETT, Dorset, Ont.

"Ayer's Pills are the best in the world. I used to be annoyed with constipation until I began using them; now I have no trouble of that kind any more, and I attribute my recovery to the use of your valuable Cathartic Pills." H. FLOWMAN, Portland, Oreg.

The Pill That Will

giant, it only made the shepherd boy ill-tirious. Old people need not be melancholy. They occupy the highest vantage ground there is in this world for serene comfort. "It is well with them who, like you," wrote Cowper to his friend, Lady Hezekiah "can stand tip-toe on the mountain top of human life, and can look down with pleasure on the valley they have passed and sometimes stretch their wings in joyful hope of a flight into so radiant an eternity."

When Welcome is Worn Out.

An Ohio host wearied out of all endurance by the persistency of his guest, chose as his medium the family prayer after breakfast, and said: 'O Lord, bless our visiting brother, who will leave us on the 10 o'clock train this morning.' I prefer the subtler and more reverend method of another Ohioan, the father of William Dean Howells, the novelist. His practice was, when a visitor had worn out his welcome, to be called away on business and to say to his guest: 'I suppose you will not be here when I return, so I will wish you good-by.' Excellent and highly appreciated by the boys was the formula used by Dr. Vaughn, when, as headmaster of Harrow school, he had to entertain the highest form in the school in batches at breakfast. Commiserating the bashfulness of the lads who did not leave and yet wanted to do so, the doctor would say—apropos of nothing: 'Must you go? Can't you stay?' This was heartily the transposition of a blundering narrator, who, in telling this story, gave the formula as 'Can't you go? Must you

stay?' A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind to this revised version.

She: 'It cannot be. I am not worth by of you'

He: 'nonsense.'

She: 'It is true.'

He: 'Impossible. You are an angel.'

She: 'No, no, you are wrong. I am an idle, silly girl, utterly unfit to become your companion through life.'

He: 'This is madness. What sort of a wife do you think I ought to have?'

She: 'A careful, calculating, practical woman, who can live on your small salary.'

A Pocket Cure.

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are put up in neat compact form, convenient for the pocket. They're the newest and best known aid to digestion and a cure for Dyspepsia and all kindred stomach troubles. Carry them with you and you'll never be at the mercy of stomach troubles, incipient, acute, or chronic. One Tablet gives quick relief. 35 cents.

Bob—What makes you think a leopard can change his spots? Fred—Well, he can change his hide'n places, can't he? NO CENSORSHIP

Giving the News of the Great Cures Effected by South American Nerve—If You Suffered an Army of Sufferers From the Pangs of Indigestion and Nerve Troubles.

L. M. Holmes, of Ferrisboro, N. S., was taken seriously ill about a year ago with nervousness and indigestion, and for some time was completely prostrated. He consulted best doctors, but they failed to help him. A newspaper advertisement brought South American Nerve to his notice. He tried it with the result that he was greatly benefited from the first bottle, and six bottles completely cured him, and he would be pleased to give all details of his case to any person asking him.

Notches on The Stick

Bible verse made all the dim sense clear
That smiles of babbling babes conceal:
Rose notes of blameless woe and weal,
More soft than this poor song's appeal.
Where orchards bask, where cornfields wave,
They dropped like rain, that cleanse and lave,
And scattered all the year along,
Like dewfall on an April grave,
Sweet water from the well of song.

This is an unexpected tribute from one of the most mundane, if also most musical, of the poets of our time, to one of the most ethereal and spiritual, in whose breathing was the aroma of devotion, and whose brow seemed fanned by angels, whose her praiser heard the autumn leaves rustled by the feet of fauns. Yet we can be pleased that Swinburne has in him the grace to recognize and admire Christina Rossetti, for want of whom the world has been poorer since that December day (1894) when her "coffin was lowered from wintry sunshine into snow-sprinkled earth, in Highbury cemetery, London, and a robin sang near by, the tribute of one singer to another." But the unlike discover and regard each other.

Christina Rossetti, (who bears one of the sweetest of poetical names), has evidently found a competent biographer in MacKenzie Bell, and one of deep appreciation. He dealt with a spirit quiet and retired, whose history was of the inner life, with no more important events than the birth of poems destined to the praise of the present and of succeeding times. The few slender facts of her biography are skillfully if briefly told. We see her as she appeared to human eyes, and we also see her in the light of critical discernment and of gracious appreciation. A fair face, somewhat marred, like the face of Him she loved most, and which came to bear the imprint of extreme suffering. "In early life she is described as really lovely in appearance, with warm brown hair, peculiar eyes of hazel and blue-gray, one hue shifting into the other, with an expression of pensive sweetness in her countenance." There is now in the National Gallery a picture by her brother, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the inspiration of which was drawn from her girlish face. Saint Christina figures as the Virgin. We are thankful for such glimpses as show her the being she was: "It was in the June of 1863," writes Mrs. Frenn, "that Miss Christina Rossetti came upon her first memorable visit to my home among the Surrey hills. She was then a dark-eyed slender lady, in the plenitude of her poetic powers, having already written, some of her most perfect poems—"Goblin Marke," and "Dreamland." To my childish eyes she appeared like some fairy princess who had come from the sunny south to play with me. In appearance she was Italian, with olive complexion and deep hazel eyes. She possessed, too, the Italian voice, which all the Rossettis were gifted with—a voice made up of strange, sweet inflexions which rippled into silvery modulations in sustained conversation, making ordinary English words and phrases fall upon the ear with a soft, foreign, musical intonation though she pronounced the words themselves with the purest of English accents." This nightingale of English song remained mateless, though sought after, and sat for long nights with her bosom against a thorn. The painter who sighed after her in vain, and the man of letters, passed from the earth before her, for all the anguish that sought to stifle her songs. We have a view of her reclining upon her mother, who bends over her with that expression of consoling love and pity which mothers only can show. Resignation cannot disguise the torture that is in her face. Into her life was put "a measure of pathos and tears and comprehension of suffering, by various sorrows, disappointments, and illnesses." Consumption threatened her youth; angina pectoris drove its ten thousand needles through her heart, during her

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.

Easy to Take Easy to Operate

Are features peculiar to Hood's Pills. Small in size, tasteless, efficient, thorough. As one man

Hood's Pills

said: "You never know you have taken a pill till it is all over." See C. I. Hood & Co., Proprietors, Lowell, Mass. The only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla

early womanhood; then she was long and distressingly ill, with what is known as Graves' Disease, causing a protrusion of the eyes; then followed a dropsical affection of the heart; and finally a cancer was cut from her flesh, only to return bringing with it death. No wonder, when all hope had gone, that she lifted her appealing eyes to a friend and said: "Will you promise to pray for me? I have to suffer so very much."

Christina Rossetti approaches the highest rank among the feminine singers of Britain. "There can be little doubt," wrote Andrew Lang, shortly after her death, "that we are now deprived of the greatest English poet of the sex which is made to inspire poetry rather than to create it. Except Mrs. Browning we have no one to be named with Miss Rossetti, in all the roll-call of our literary history. . . . For the quality of conscious art, and for music and color of words in regular composition, she seem to me to be unmatched." And, in the opinion of another critic and poet, Watts-Dunton, "of all contemporary poets," she was "the most indubitably inspired." But the lover and student of Mrs. Browning must surely convict him of extravagance; for has not Miss Rossetti declared, in answer to a similar literary dictum of Mr. Patchett Martin: "I doubt whether the woman is born, or for many a long day, if ever, will be born, who will balance, not to say outweigh, Mrs. Browning."

The spirit of Christina Rossetti's muse is intensely Christian and devotional. The Christ she adores in her songs. Her brother William, in opposition to Mr. Meynall, who declared she always approached her subjects from the poetic side, says,—"No; from the religious side." If, he declares, she wrote as a poet, it was because she first believed as a saint. Watts-Dunton thinks that in her writings "we see at its best what Christianity is as the motive power of poetry. The Christian idea is essentially feminine (?), and of this feminine idea Christina Rossetti's poetry is full. In motive power the difference between classic and Christian poetry must needs be very great. But this at least cannot be controverted, that the history of literature shows no human development so beautiful as the ideal Christian woman of our own day. She is unique indeed. "The quality of her verse is inspirational, and she instinctively attains her effects. As her brother, William says, she reaches them "by an internal sense of fitness, a mental touch as delicate as the finger-tips of the blind. She simply, as it were, pours words in the mold of her idea, and the resultant effigy comes right because the idea and the mind of which it is a phrase, are beautiful ones,—serious, yet feminine, and in part almost playful." She had a seeing eye, and a power of lucid expression. It will be a while, and it may be a long one, before her place in the English choir is filled; and men will still turn, with fine regard to the purest and noblest, if not the greatest, of the family of Rossetti.

The editor of Butler's Journal inquires: "Can you give me any account of the life and writings of Ellen Hamlin Butler? What is her present address, and is the name she goes by her maiden or married name?"

Miss Butler is the daughter of Rev. Nathaniel Butler, D. D. She was born at Auburn, Me., in 1860, her mother being a daughter of Judge Stephen A. Emory. The Butler family have resided at Camden, Me., at Alton, Ill., and at Bangor, Me. We do not know her present address, but presume it could be obtained from the Portland Transcript office, since she is an occasional contributor to that paper. The poem from which we recently quoted a line appears in "The Poets of Maine," and it runs as follows:

The Voice of Maine,
Greece in her day of power saw,
Amid her matchless forms of stone,
A race, by nature's happiest law,
More perfect. On her sea swept throne
She mourned the grace of which they died,
And wept for sterner clay again.
Behold the nobler Spartan pride,
Behold my sons—the sons of Maine.
Rome strewed the streets with garlands, when
Her legions came with captive bands.
Those were the days of mighty men;
But those the days of wretched lands;
Behold my warriors come! No sound
Of wailing breaks the martial strain,

No blood of slaves is on the crowned;
These are my sons—the sons of Maine.
These are my sons. No mystic eke
Hath reference like those who read
The prophecy on war's dark page,
And bade the land be comforted.
For some with counsel, some with sword,
Went down, an awful cup to drain,
And knew the fiat of the Lord;
These are my sons—the sons of Maine.

The Nation knows my children—they
Who carry in their souls and wills
Some mood that must command and sway,—
A birthright of their frost-hewn hills.
And those who knew no vaunted part
Still tolled in silence for my gain,
All share the bounties of my heart—
These are my sons—the sons of Maine.
Young hearts are here, who only wear
The earlier glory manhood yields;
They hold my future,—wait to bear
Fresh harvests from far broader fields.
Today there is no thought of strife,
No ghost of old, forgotten pain,
Brethren—whose life is all my life,
These are my sons—the sons of Maine.

O voices, winter clear, awake
In all the wild familiar tharntes;
In thunder on the great shores break,
Call deathless, from the mountain pines.
The chant that lulled their cradle-rest
Is sweet to homesick heart and brain:
Cry, "Welcome!" down each cliff and crest,
For these my sons—the sons of Maine.
No collection of Miss Butler's poems
has, as yet, been published.

We have a copy of the Hagerstown Mail, giving additional particulars, and written in high terms of eulogy, concerning the late William Armstrong Collins. In speaking of the varied talents of Mr. Collins, the writer says: "Widely ranging were the gifts he bore so modestly. He was as vivid in conversation as with the pen, his expression abounding in wit and wisdom, in humor and happy suggestion, so that it was a high privilege to hear him discourse; and in it all never came a spark of envy, ill will or scandal, differentiating him and his ideas and views at once, as the Gulf Stream shears the Atlantic from the vast ocean of his fellow-beings. He had a delightful way of treating even his own suffering, looking at pain in the quaint philosophical way that was all his own, and bearing the dreadful sufferings with the fortitude of a hero—a hero, even though the struggle was not a world battle, but confined to the narrow limits of his own body, and though he knew composedly and even with cheerfulness then, that the tide of the combat was against him, and he must soon leave behind him on this earth all who were near and dear to him. He died, as he had lived, a brave, a chivalric man. Many are they who will cherish his memory, and honor him for what he was. Only those who knew him best fully realize how brilliant a career was curbed of its proper path by feeble health, and how cultivated, refined and starlike a mind reposes now in perfect peace." Had William Collins been a man of far less mark, it would be good to hear of so serene and steadfast a spirit, and of a character that the furnace can refine, but not consume. There have been Sidneys in private life since he, who made illustrious the field of Zutphen, passed out of time. The world will show more of them as the days go on, for it cannot be that such shall altogether perish from the earth.

We learn, by the Montreal Star, of the publication of a work in prose, by the Canadian poet, Arthur Weir. It is entitled "A Canuck Down South," and records in a pleasantly familiar manner his observations and experiences during a tour in the South and West in pursuit of health. The many who know Mr. Weir as a lyrical writer, and have tested his aptness at descriptive verse, will not be surprised to find the same pictorial grace and color in his prose writing: The reviewer gives a quotable example descriptive of scenery in part of Arizona, which we reproduce:

"We seem to be in Nature's boiler-room, and her stupendous energy is shown in

Merely Cogitating.

A certain judge who, during the plea of a rather prosy counsel, could not refrain from gently nodding his head in sleep, was caught at this by the lawyer, who looked significantly at him.

"Perhaps," said the judge teally and pre-variatingly, "the counsel thinks the court was asleep, but he may be assured that the court was merely cogitating."

The lawyer talked on. Presently the judge, again overcome by his somnolency, nodded off, and aroused himself with a little sudden snorting snore.

"If you please your honour," said the lawyer, "I will suspend my plea until the court shall have ceased to cogitate audibly."

"You may go on, Mr. P.," said the judge; and he did not fall asleep again.

Among yonder peaks lies cold and still
The crater of many a volcano which once
Perhaps rivalled Krakatts, Etna, and Ves-
uvius. In the dawning ages, when the
continent bore a different shape, and
strange monsters lurked in the sea, and
stranger trod the earth, what a dreadful
scene must the Arizona have presented,
the solid world trembling with pent-up
vapours, the lava winding luridly down the
vast mountain-slopes—the air thick with
steam and ashes, and sick with the con-
tinuous thunder of mighty explosions. For
miles upon miles, on all sides, as the train
swept along, we saw nothing but the
relics of subterranean fires." As a contrast
to this, here are a few sentences from page
95, descriptive of California: "It was like
Arcadia. The sun sauntered lazily through
the sky, day after day, and let the seasons
take care of themselves. The century
plant thought itself very energetic because
it had bloomed once since the Declaration
of independence, while the flowers forgot
time altogether and blossomed the whole
year round. There a thousand years were
as a day, and a day was a thousand years."

Mr. Weir has for some time been in-
dustriously preparing a still larger work,
which is now in press. It is entitled "From
Paddle to Propeller," and is "a work on
the history of transportation in Canada."

Mr. Henry T. Morgan, of Toronto, who
recently published a Dictionary of Canadian
biography, mentioned in these col-
umns, promises a work of more than ordi-
nary interest. "Types of Canadian Women,
Past and Present," is to be a book as
well of artistic as of literary and historic
value. It is heralded in the Canadian press
in a manner calculated to draw attention:
"The volume, or volumes, besides re-
cording the names and achievements of
Canadian maids and dames from the days
of Marie Madeline de Verchères, Mlle.
de Lotbinière, and Mary Simpson down to
our own time, will be profusely illustrated
with portraits and other pictorial repre-
sentations. Many copies of paintings and pho-
tographs have been received from London
and Paris for insertion in the book."

William B. Cushing says of Rudyard
Kipling, in his late review of "The Day's
Work," in The Home Journal: "Sentimen-
tal, Latinically-inclined minds will not
find much consolation in Kipling. It is
the opening of a green chestnut burr—
this Kipling cult. There is beauty of
style and exquisite word-painting at times;
but Kipling will switch off into his
roughest, harshest character tones before
you realize that he has left you. We may
say that Kipling, like Carlyle, has won his
spurs in literature in spite of the hard-
scrabble road over which he hurries. In-
tellectual invalids and sybarites need not
try to follow him, for they will be in the
lurch in a twinkling. His style is tonic
from A to Z.—no let-up. Kipling may be
properly the young man's author; but then
it is the young man who is to give the
direction in coming literature. He seems
at once the product and pioneer of his age
in Anglo-Saxon romance; and he is Anglo-
Saxon in every fibre." It is said that a
great end new stylist must create the taste
by which he is enjoyed. May it not be
equally true that time is required for
the creation of that taste, and that some may
acquire it who at first revolt. Even if the
style be vicious, or have crude or diseased
elements, nevertheless the same holds true.
We may grow to toleration, then to liking,
then to passionate admiration. For even

Vice is a creature of such hidden mien
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with its face,
We learn to love, then pity, then embrace.

With all that might be urged against his
peculiar style, we would not however, have
these lines too strictly applied to Mr.
Kipling.

PASTOR FELIX.

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smacked his lips; that ought to be proof
enough. When a man can eat a handful
of quinine without making a face, the
chances are about a hundred to one
that he has been in one of Uncle Sam's
camps for a while."—Washington Star.

Your Rheumatism.

Paine's Celery Compound The Only Medicine that Works Complete and Permanent Cures.

The ablest and best men and women of
our country—doctors, clergymen, lawyers,
bankers, merchants and literary women—
ought to praise and recommend Paine's Cel-
ery Compound as a sure cure for rheuma-
tism and sciatica.

Remember well that disordered nerves,
faulty digestion, and a slow and incomplete
nutrition of the body invite rheumatism,
just as they do nervous debility and neu-
ralgia. There is no surer start for rheu-
matism than a run-down, nerveless condi-
tion.

You cannot cure rheumatism by outward
applications. The disease is due to inter-
nal troubles and must be constitutionally
attacked and got rid of.

Paine's Celery Compound gives a healthy
tone to the stomach, increases the appetite,
and regulates the bowels, liver and kidneys,
so that they easily throw off poisonous mat-
ters that the sluggish system has allowed to
lodge in the blood, causing rheumatism and
like disorders.

Bear in mind that rheumatism neglected
means increased sufferings and certain
death. Be wise while you have a fair
measure of strength left. Use Paine's Cel-
ery Compound and banish an enemy that
has no mercy when it obtains the mastery.
It solely remains with you to determine
whether you will banish danger or remain
in misery and wretchedness.

Victoria's Pagoda.

It is not generally known that at Os-
borne there is a garden cottage in the
shape of a pagoda, where none may enter
except her Majesty. This cottage holds
nothing but mementos of the late Prince
Consort and relics of the Queen's youth, as
well as the toys and games of all her chil-
dren, many of which the Prince Consort
made himself for he was no mean carpenter.
There are also here wonderful fishes caught
by the Duke of Coburg in Canadian seas,
birds and tigers shot by the Prince of
Wales while in India, a mummy case
brought from Egypt, and other precious
curiosities that are dearly prized by the
Queen, who visits this family museum every
day while at Osborne, and sits among the
remains of her own and her children's youth

THE HEART WAILS.

Of Thousands Have Been Turned Into the
Joy songs of the Cured by the Almost
Magic Medicine, Dr. Agnew's Cure for
the Heart—It Relieves in Thirty Minutes.

Mrs. John Fitzpatrick of Gananoque,
was for five years a great sufferer from
heart disease—spent some time under ex-
perts in Kingston hospital without getting
any benefit and was pronounced incurable.
She commenced taking Dr. Agnew's Cure
for the Heart, and when she had taken three
bottles all dropsical tendencies, palpitation
and pain left her, and she has had no re-
turn of it, and ascribes her cure to this
greatest of heart remedies.


Tourist (who calls at village post-office
for a registered letter): "But why can't you
let me have it?"
Postmaster: "Have you proof of your
identity?"
Tourist: "No."
Postmaster: "Don't you know anyone in
the village?"
Tourist: "No."
Postmaster: "Have you a photograph of
yourself, or anything?"
Tourist: "Yes."
Postmaster (comparing photo with ori-
ginal): "Certainly, sir, it's you. I'll get
you the letter."

Coughs That Stick.

You don't seem to be able to
throw them off. All the ordinary
remedies you've tried don't touch
them. The cough remedy for you is
Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.
It loosens the phlegm, allays the
irritation, heals and soothes the in-
flamed lung tissue.

Mr. Wm. FERRY, Blenheim, Ont.,
says: "I can recommend Dr. Wood's
Norway Pine Syrup as the very best
medicine for coughs and colds, sore
throat and weak lungs."

**Dr. Wood's
Norway Pine
Syrup.**
Never fails to Cure.



**Chat to . . .
Boys and Girls.**

A little girl friend has written to the "corner" asking our advice about her birthday party—she wants to know what refreshments should be offered, how they should be served, what she shall do to amuse the company, and indeed many other questions bearing upon the success of the party. Now I am sure we all want to help Margie (for that is her name) either out of our own experience or with all the ready wit and wisdom we can bring to the subject, for we want every little guest to go home from that party, saying from the bottom of their happy hearts that they have had "just a lovely time."

For very small people afternoon parties are the best I think, and the hours may be from three till seven, or from four till eight, just as seems best according to the season. The invitations may be prettily written on small fancy paper; they may of course be printed, but we think a simple note is sufficiently formal. What do you say my bright-eyed Helen? A bird flying with a note in its bill, or a little dog sitting up with an envelope in its paws! Yes, these are both cunning designs for the corner of your paper, and I think Margie can find such at the stationers, or she may get dainty cards for writing her invitations on, and thank you Helen for the suggestion.

As the games of childhood wear out, no matter how long they have been in fashion, the majority of young people, find them an unending source of amusement at a juvenile party. The more lively ones will want to play "Blind man's buff," which, I am sure is so well known to you all, that I need not describe it—or for a change you might have, "Still Pond" this also requires a blindfolded person, but the other players instead of running about are obliged to choose their places at the beginning of each game, and to keep them in perfect silence. The blindman allows the others a few minutes in which to take their positions, and then cries "still pond," after which no one but the "blindman" may move or make a noise. Sometimes the cry is "Still proving, no moving." The players may hide under tables or chairs, behind doors or one may stand in the middle of the room, without being caught. The rules are the same as for any game of "buff." When a person is caught he or she may be touched, by the blindman but must not be forced to make a sound that would help to tell who it might be. If the name is not guessed in a minute the captive must be set free, but when the blindman guesses correctly, the person caught must be "it."

Willie thinks "hunt the ring" is a good game, so Margie, in case you don't know it, we will tell you how it is played. Seat your young folks in a circle, with one in the centre who should stand, a cord is passed around the inside of the circle and a ring is strung upon the cord. Each player keeps his or her hands moving, passing to the persons at the right and left, so in this way the ring is passed from one to another. The boy or girl in the middle has to watch closely, and try to tell who has the ring which is by no means easy to do.

But there are always at every party it seems to me a few little girls who like a quiet game in the corner, better than a rollicking round game, and for such Margie will want something. Now what can we suggest? Out with it Maggie, I know you have hit the right thing by your eager face—Jackstones! Well sure enough, what little girl doesn't like to play them! Of course they make the knuckles look red and even bruised, but then it is a delightful game, and so cozy! Now let me tell you, how a dear old Auntie of mine made jackstones for me when I was a child—they were just as pretty as could be and did not hurt the knuckles one bit—She took six pieces of sateen, each about three inches long and two inches wide, filled them with rice and then sewed them neatly and firmly so that not one grain could slip out, and I had the nicest set of "jacks" in the neighborhood—they were of black sateen

with scarlet dots, but you may choose any colors you like—green and pink, or yellow and blue.

Children take especial delight in games that have about them a spice of mystery or a secret or a prize, so it will be very interesting if little favors, that do not cost much but please the childish fancy are awarded to the successful players, or distributed by a "Great Bag" or a Bran pie, or in some such amusing manner; for the pie, the favours may be wrapped in white tissue paper, tied with narrow pink and blue ribbon and placed on a large dish, which will them be filled with bran, heaped up the shape of a large pie. The dish is set in the middle of a table and each child like Jack Horner may "put in his thumb and pull out a plum" and keep whatever favour is secured—This will give a gr at deal of pleasure and add much to the fun and enjoyment.

Another way is to prepare a large bag, and place in it as many gifts as there are guests. Each child will dip one hand into the mysterious depths of the bag, and bring forth one of its treasures. It is a good plan for the children to "grab" in the alphabetical order of their names.

Perhaps no better amusement can be found for young people than that afforded by a set of "Bean bags" in numbers from twelve to twenty, made of strong cloth, about eight inches square, and holding each about a pint of washed and well dried beans, which are then securely sewed in. With these one may play many a merry game of toss and catch, or they may throw them across the room into a large basket, account being taken of the speed and accuracy of each throw.

A very pleasant amusement for small children is arranged by suspending a hoop in the centre of the room or in an open doorway, through which the bean-bag may be tossed. Forfeits may be paid for any bags dropped, and in many different ways they will be found a favorite plaything—they should be made of bright pretty colors to please the eye.

And now Margie, what about your refreshments? Nothing very elaborate I suppose, and above all, nothing very sticky—I object to candies at a children's party, unless it is an out and out "Candy pull" where they come in plain school dresses protected by good big aprons, and the boys in suits not too good for the occasion but daintily dressed children, besmeared with taffy and chocolate are not at all to my taste. I would have for them, small, light sponge cakes made in hearts, diamonds or any pretty shapes and with these serve ice-cream some tiny homemade biscuit, or very dainty sandwiches, made of finely chopped meat and very thin bread, are sure to be liked, and I think a large pitcher of lemonade is quite indispensable, and I am sure the average child will be fully content with your little feast, and will long remember Margie's birthday party' as a very bright spot in the spring-time of life; while we one and all from out our corner, wish you 'merry happy returns of the day.' AUNT BELL.

TRILLS OF FASHION.

A pretty effect is gained by using lace beading—the kind which sounds cut and in like a string of beads—between narrow bands of silk for the collar and cuffs on a silk waist, and between groups of tucks for the yoke or waist.

Red plum velvet striped with silver braid forms the yoke on a black cloth gown, with a revers collar of black satin embroidered with jet and edged with a band of the braid trimmed velvet.

Jackets of a heavy corded silk and a black glace are one of the pretty fashions. They are lined with fur, or flannel and chamois, to make them warm, and finished with a fancy vest of embroidered cream satin and lace.

Cashmeres 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 thing, and velvet in black or colors is the material used, and sable tails, cream lace and violets are the trimming.

The military style of braiding and embroidery is very popular for cloth coats.

This lightweight taffetas, in light colors, make the regulation petticoat to wear with evening gowns, and sounces of net or white chiffon, trimmed with rows of baby ribbon, are the finish.

A novelty in evening gloves consists of a long drawn silk covering for the arm, attached to a kid glove of four button length. Crystal buttons are all the rage, and the

The Kola Asthma Cure.

Positive and unlimited confidence in the Kola plant as nature's sure remedy for Asthma has been abundantly sustained in the many remarkable cures obtained through the use of Clarke's Kola Compound. It is a great discovery. Endorsed by the medical profession everywhere. Over 500 cases absolutely cured in Canada. Cure guaranteed. Sold by all druggists. 27.

grass-makers of Venice expect to accumulate large fortunes in supplying the demand.

Woman has taken to wearing her heart on her sleeve in real earnest. According to one fashion she no longer swaths herself in gowns and veils of sombre and unwholesome black when some one dies, but wears instead a band of black on the coat sleeve, which is preferably made of tan cloth. Two New York women who are now in mourning for their mothers adopted this plan, and their friends are exclaiming—'How sensible!'

At last a trunk has been invented that will help woman on her way to heaven. Dresses do not have to be folded and laid carefully in them, but are simply hung up. The trunk is a long affair, long enough to accommodate the new skirt without musing it, and has a series of hooks fastened in one end. There are places for both skirts and bodices and straps to secure them. This trunk has many advantages. In the first place a woman can carry her wardrobe over the whole earth and bring up 10,000 miles from home without so much as one tiny wrinkle in a single garment. Then the ordinary horrors of packing are entirely got rid of and likewise those of unpacking, for at a hotel, for instance, the trunk can be utilized as a wardrobe.

Smart stationery is very gay. A beautiful rich yellow was much in vogue for Horse Show week invitations, and now comes a brilliant royal English red paper. Few people follow fashion closely enough to adopt such colors, but even those of very conservative taste are taking kindly to Wedgewood blue paper, which is very pretty stamped in white. West Point blue has almost ousted military gray stationery, and the difference is not sufficient to make one regret the latter. Dark papers are having and in some ways, are far more popular than those of very delicate tint. Goblin blue, which has a grayish tone in it; bien du roi a vivid blue, and a shade known as a silver blue take the lead. An unglazed paper is considered the swiftest, and dies are somewhat larger than last year.

In visiting cards oblong and square are equally fashionable. Cardboard of medium weight is considered proper. Black type is rather getting the better of script, especially with young men and women.

Creme scarfs in dainty colors are being much worn with theatre waists and evening gowns. They are about eighteen inches in width and at least two and a half yards long, and becoming alike to old and young. A scarf of this sort serves two purposes, giving considerable warmth over the shoulders and chest, and keeping a very light gown from becoming soiled by a dark wrap that may be put over it. The way to wear it is to spread it over the chest, cross the ends behind, bring them back to the left side in front and tie them in a loose knot. A coat is easily slipped on over this, and those who wear the scarf, are already adepts in removing them gracefully and quickly.

When woman is casting her eye about to find something to give man for Christmas she might take a look at a brand new cigar case, provided he smokes. The average cigar case is apt to be regarded as a nuisance. It is heavy, tears out one's pockets, is always in the way when not wanted, can never be found when most desired, and is generally a sort of white elephant. Not so with this new case, which is designed for travelling. It is made of very light embossed leather, and has compartments for a dozen cigars. Tucked away in one corner is a cigar cutter and in another a tiny alcohol arrangement for lighting man's comforters. One of the most desirable features about the novelty is that it is impossible for the cigars to be broken.

In some families the sons after they reach their eighth birthday, are required

IT'S ALL IN THE POLISH.

Why Do Some Shoes SHINE BETTER THAN OTHERS?

It's not in the leather. It is in the quality of the polish.

PACKARD'S SPECIAL

Combination Leather Dressings are the kind that give the best shine and the longest life to your shoes.

All colors, Brown, Tan, Russet, Ox Blood and Box Calf.

PACKARD MAKES IT
PACKARD OF MONTREAL
L. N. PACKARD & CO.

FREE! A SOLID GOLD SHELL STONE SET RING, Warranted, or a CURB CHAIN BRACELET WITH GENUINE PADLOCK AND KEY



DON'T send money. Just your name and address on a Post Card, and we will send you post paid 50 packages of AROMATIC CACHOUS (which are a delicious confection to purify and perfume the breath) to sell for us, if you can, at 5 cents per package. When sold send us our money, \$1.00, and we will send you FREE for your trouble your choice of the beautiful prizes illustrated above.

These are the handsomest and most costly free premiums ever offered by any house with a view to increase their sales. Any energetic person can sell the cachous in an hour or so.

Send us your name and address on a Post Card at once, state you wish Cachous, and mention this paper and we will send them (do not wait till others get in the field ahead of you). No money required, we take all risk. Goods returnable if not sold. This is a clean business proposition by a company of high financial standing.

TISDALL SUPPLY CO.,

Snowdon Chambers,

TORONTO, Ont.

to dress for dinner every night. This does not mean that they are made merely to wash their faces and hands and to put on a clean blouse and sailor suit, but that they are expected to make a careful toilet and to appear in the dining room in evening dress, a short dinner coat being the proper thing. This is a fine fashion and mothers who know say that their small boys like it.

'Do you know,' said one mother, 'that every boy whose parents can afford a dress suit for him should provide it and make him put it on every evening. That's good training for a boy. Nothing is better for him than to get into the habit of dressing up, so to speak, and then when he is grown he will not make an everlasting fuss about it, as many men do. I've often wondered whether laziness or pure cussedness was at the bottom of the way some men act about putting on their evening clothes, and I've about decided that it is six of one and half a dozen of the other.'

One of the latest fads is to wear a long-lette suspended from the wrist by means of a long chain. It's uncomfortable, but—never mind, it's the thing to do.

Nowhere within the boundary of fashion is the luxurious tendency of the season more apparent than in furs, which fluctuate in prices as rapidly as in prices. To be sure, the fashionable furs of to-day are those which were worn fifty years ago, with the addition of sealskin and chinchilla of course; but the styles in making them up change with the gowns every year, quite regardless of the expense involved.

Russian sable stands at the head of the list of fashionable furs, but Hudson Bay sable is a close second, and the cost of a muff of this fur now is three times what it was five years ago. A sable cape is a desirable possession for the fashionable woman, but sealskin and breitschwanz are the popular furs for coats. The prettiest and most stylish combination is seal and chinchilla, which is shown in some variety in the illustration. The cutaway shape is very popular, and chinchilla collar and cuffs are the finishing touch for novelty in style. Another Model in three-quarter length is made of breitschwanz, with a circular ruff on the bottom, and chinchilla collar, revers and cuffs. Sable is sometimes used with lamb, but the chinchilla is much more effective as a contrast.

One style of fur coat used this season in Paris is a modified Russian shape, with a belt at the waist and a pretty front arranged with two straps of fur fastening over on either side with large oxidized buttons. A long cloth coat with chinchilla collar, is one of the season's novelties, and a wrap of cloth, lined with silk has a collar, of Siberian fox.

There is certainly great variety in the fur coats, almost as great as there is in cloth, and the attractive additions in the way of fish shaped collars in contrasting fur increase their elegance. There are sealskin reefers, double breasted and fastened with tortoise shell buttons; short jackets with coat tails and a belt from the side, and boleros of fur rounding up to the neck in front and trimmed around the front with a double bias frill of velvet of the same color or in the same contrast. This is especially pretty in grey Persian lamb, with a gray cloth skirt and grey velvet trimming. A bolero of black Persian lamb, is the feature of a long redingote of black cloth. It turns back in revers and collar lined with white satin and is fastened with a white chiffon tie. Fur coats with fancy vests are one of the attractive novelties this season. A belted bolero in breitschwanz has long coat tail ends, a Medici collar and a full vest of cream lace. The belt is studded with turquoise, and worn with a China blue cloth skirt trimmed with fur, the effect is stunning.

The use of cream lace with fur is always elegant, and sometimes the addition of a knot of colored velvet has a pretty effect, but the use of velvet with fur for revers, yokes and collars is always patchy and suggestive of the made-over garment. Short capes of fur with long stole ends

are especially smart, and there is usually a generous decoration of tails down the front. One of the prettiest novelties is a point cape collar of silver fox, with a long bushy tail hanging from each point in front and rosettes of turquoise blue velvet and cream lace for a finish.

CATARRAH CAN BE CURED.

Catarrah is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable, and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrah 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.

Richest Woman in America.

Mrs. Richard King of Texas is probably the richest woman in the United States, not excepting Mrs. Hetty Green. Her wealth is partly inherited from her father, a pioneer Presbyterian clergyman, the first who ever went, staff and Bible in hand, to preach the gospel to the Indians and mixed races that peopled the vast domain over which his own little daughter was destined to sway as a land proprietor. Mrs. King is a widow, and her landed estate in Southern Texas amounts to 1,250,000 acres or about 2,000 square miles.

A Dunnville Jeweller's Wife

CURED OF PALPITATION OF THE HEART AND SMOOTHER SPELLS BY MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.

Mrs. D. E. Lasalle, Canal Street, Dunnville, Ont., whose husband keeps a Jewellery store, and is one of the best



known and most progressive citizens of Dunnville, Ont., gives the following description of her recent experience in the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills: "I took Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for weak nerves, dizziness, palpitation of the heart, smothering spells at night and sleeplessness. Before I used them I could not get restful sleep, and my nerves were often so unstrung that I would start in alarm at the least noise, and easily worried."

"Last February I commenced taking this valuable medicine, and it proved the right remedy for my weak and shattered nervous system. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills restored my nerves to a strong and healthy condition, gave regular and normal action of the heart."

"I sleep well now, and am better in every way, and I recommend them heartily to all who suffer as I did."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, 50c. a box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists. T. MILBURN & Co., Toronto, Ont.

Laxa-Liver Pills cure Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia. Every pill guaranteed perfect, and to work without a gripe or pain. Price 25c., all druggists.

.. DRESS .. CUTTING ACADEMY.

Metric System Taught

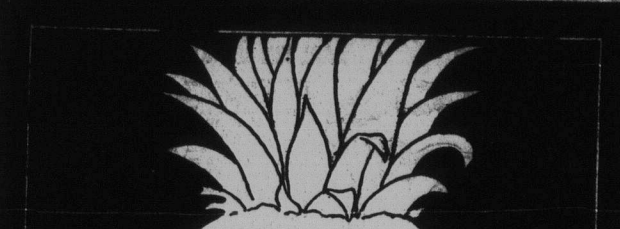
By MRS. E. L. ETHIER,

88 ST. DENIS ST., - - MONTREAL.

Directors of the Cutting Class at the Council of Arts and Manufactures of the Province of Quebec. Pupils are taught at the Academy or by mail, in a short course, how to cut and make all kinds of women's wearing apparel. Full particulars upon application.

BUY Coleman's Salt THE BEST

Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first class grocers.



**Nature's Own
Dyspepsia Cure**

Nature's remedies are not like man's—they never fail. Of the many remedies intended to cure dyspepsia, sour stomach, distress after eating, weight in the stomach, wind on the stomach, loss of appetite, dizziness, nausea, impoverished blood, catarrh of the stomach, sick headache, and similar results of indigestion, only one is uniformly and unfailingly successful—that is nature's own remedy, found only in

DR. VON STAN'S PINEAPPLE TABLETS.

The pineapple contains a large amount of Vegetable Pepsin—nature's most potent aid in digesting food. Mix meat and pineapple and agitate the mixture at a temperature of 103°, and the pineapple will completely digest the meat.

Take two of Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets after your meals and they will digest your food without aid from the stomach. This course rests, strengthens and heals the stomach. The tablets will cure the most chronic case of dyspepsia. They give immediate relief. Take them for a short time and your stomach will be as strong and hearty as that of a farmer's boy. They are as pleasant to the palate as candy. At all druggists.—35c. a box—or direct from

THE VON STAN MEDICINE CO.,
Toronto, Can., and Buffalo, N.Y. I

AN ARIZONA LION HUNTER.

Why Packard Uses a Rifle of Only Twenty-two Calibre.

Florence Packard, who lives in Greenback Valley, Gila county, A. T., has a remarkable record as a hunter of mountain lions. He has killed scores of them and last year alone his record was thirty-three scalps. The mountain lions of Arizona are most destructive to herds of horses and cattle. The risk of life and difficulties attending their destruction has caused the lions to be more numerous than one would suppose, and if it were not for the bounty paid by the county, the stockmen would be short on their cattle and horses. Much of the country surrounding Packard's ranch is made up of irregular ranges of broken mountains.

Packard was in Globe a few days since and related some of his adventures. In the last twelve months Mr. Packard has brought to Globe besides thirty-three lions a few bears, wildcats, coons and foxes. He does not consider it worth while to count the small game. The dogs for this work are a cross between the fox and bloodhound. Usually four dogs are in the pack. The two youngest are yoked together, another is trained as scout, whose work is to go ahead and around for the scent of lion or bear, and when scent is found, the oldest dog is put on the track, and to his credit, it is said, never fails to find the animal. Packard says he has frequently followed this dog over fifteen miles before the lion was found. Up to this date seventy-one lion scalps are to the credit of this dog. The dog is not a fast trailer, but very careful and, considering the roughness of the country, the dog is remarkable. Most of the animals are found in the rocky cliffs, but when hard pressed seldom enter the many openings but will back against the bluff or rocks and fight the dogs. The lion prefers trees, but their scarcity affords little protection in this locality.

It was last August that Packard's methodical mode of hunting was changed a little. The dogs came up to where a lion had killed a deer. The dogs took the trail and followed it for some five miles and ran it up a tree. This animal was a large tom lion, whose scalp was soon secured. Packard started for home, but on the way the dogs scented another animal and followed it for several miles, leading to a high, rocky bluff, following the edge some 500 feet to where it broke off, led down and under, and here the dogs had the lion cornered. Packard could not get sight of his game, and had to work around among the rocks, and in doing so came up to where the dogs were, and faced the lion, which was just under a ledge of rock, although this opening ran in and offered the lion safety. The lion no sooner saw the hunter than, with a mighty bound, it went over Mr. Packard's head and landed all of twenty-five feet below. The dogs were after him, forcing the lion again on the bluff, where he was summoned and compelled to back toward the bluff, over which he went tail first, for twenty-five feet, holding on to the almost perpendicular sides with his claws, until the remaining distance of some twenty-five feet, he had to let go and fall near

the hole he was treed in. This hole did not go in very far, but it forked a few feet from the entrance where the lion was. Packard said it was nonsense to go in as the lion would see him first, and that there was no way that he could use his gun or knife after crawling in, the hole being so small. This lion was abandoned until next day, but heavy rain came up and abated the trail. This is the only lion Packard has lost.

At another time Packard was equally surprised. His dogs had a lion under a rock some six feet high, and, believing the best place for him was on the top of this rock, he mounted, but no sooner had he reached it than the lion came from under and landed within two feet of the first occupant. The lion had no sooner landed than a ball from Packard's gun struck him in the neck and rolled him off.

Packard was asked if he was scared, and replied, no, but a little surprised. He said if a man will keep cool and not lose his head there is no danger.

Packard says a lion will eat coon and wildcats when very hungry. The male lions generally run by themselves and are very vicious. Female lions have been found that were literally cut to pieces by the tom lions.

The bears are the shyest of all game. Having poor eyes and good ears, the least noise drives them off a good way. It may surprise some hunters to know that a twenty-two rifle is used by Packard for killing these animals. If a heavy gun is used the force of the shot would knock the animal out of trees or off rocks before dead and likely cause the death of some of the dogs. The lion is easily killed by a small ball when well aimed.

**SAVE MONEY BY
HOME DYEING.**

Easy Way to Make New Autumn
Dresses Out of Old and Faded
Costumes and Suits.

Diamond Dyes for Long Years Have
Been the Standard Home Dyes.

Don't wear a faded gown.
Don't look shabby simply because you cannot afford to buy a new dress.
It is not necessary to wear clothing that is faded and shabby because you have no money to buy more. With one or two packages of Diamond Dyes, that cost only ten cents, the old dress can be dyed a fashionable and beautiful colour and made to look like new. Thousands of women will have autumn dresses this year that cannot be told from new, but which have cost them only a trifle, the result of colouring over their old materials with Diamond Dyes.

Diamond Dyes give the newest and most beautiful colors that will not fade-crock or wash out, and are the only pack, age dyes that have stood the test of years of use. Never risk your goods with any of the common adulterated dyes.

THE VEHICLES OF DEATH.

A Constant Part of the Traffic of the Streets at Centres of Life.

'Constantly weaving in and out in the web of the city's life,' said Mr. Staybolt. 'we see the shuttle of death in the form of an undertaker's wagon. In such a great city a place where so many dwell, it is to be expected, and we become familiar with it. It is here, not as in a village an occasional sight that fixes the eye and the thought when it passes, but it is a part of the great city's traffic; we see it in real-

dance streets, where, indeed, it has a significant meaning, but we see it, too, in the business streets and avenues, moving along the busiest thoroughfares with the rest of the wagons and trucks and carriages, an inseparable part of the city's spectacle.

'This is the black wagon, the varnished and shining wagon with the silver plate containing the undertaker's name upon the side. The business wagons, the delivery wagons of the caquet and coffin manufacturers, with their comparatively deep sides and with no top, are seen as often. Somehow it seems as though they were oftener seen. Sometimes this wagon is seen with a single burden, and this partly concealed by the high sides of the wagon and covered over with some covering and so further obscured from view, but sometimes it is piled high with the wide, deep, long boxes unpainted, in which coffins are finally to be enclosed, these being laid crosswise of the wagon, and resting upon its side rails.

'As for the actual funerals, those we see often, and they may be met anywhere; it may be in the city's busiest streets, but oftener, of course, on thoroughfares that lead to the dead's last resting place. In a street car we may pass and fall behind and re-pass a funeral; we may meet a funeral at night and see following the hearse, carriages with lighted lamps.

'For among so many Death is ever present, turning, and laying his finger here and there.'

There are few men in Europe more remarkable, than the eighty-year old King of Denmark, who is as erect and soldierly to-day as when he came into his kingdom nearly thirty-five years ago. He invariably rises early and declines assistance in dressing. After a frugal breakfast of coffee and bread he takes a walk in the palace gardens, each flower in which he seems to know and love. Every day from one of the palace windows he watches the parade of the Guard, and part of almost every afternoon he spends in the riding school either on horseback or in teaching his grandchildren the equestrian art.

HEART TROUBLE

Arising From Dyspepsia.

Gentlemen:—

This certifies that I was troubled very much with heart trouble arising from dyspepsia. I was very bad and my wife was afraid to go to sleep for fear I would have one of those smothering turns and perhaps not get over it. I heard of Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills and got a box of them. I took them according to directions and in less than two weeks time I was completely cured. I used altogether about three boxes and believe there is nothing on earth so good for dyspepsia as a box of Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills. I take great pleasure in recommending the pills to all afflicted as I was. Yours truly, Alex. McFeatherin, Antigonish, N. S., Dr. Ward's Blood & Nerve Pills are sold at 50 cents per box, 6 boxes for \$2.00 at druggists or mailed on receipt of price by The Doctor Ward Co., Limited 71 Victoria Street, Toronto. Book of information free.

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Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to

**FLASHES
OF FUN.**

'His Honor is at steak,' said the waiter when the county judge was at dinner.

'What's in a name?' a recent traveller was heard to exclaim. 'Why, about the hottest country on the globe is Chili!'

He (desperately)—'Will you marry me? I've asked you to marry me twice.' She (languidly)—'No; I wouldn't even marry you once.'

'Your replies are very tart,' said the young husband. Then he hastily added: 'But they are not as tart as those that mother made.'

Twynn—'A lately-discovered antiseptic is called by its German discoverer, 'Potassiumthinitrorescolate.' Triplett—'How did he discover its name?—Puck.

A club philosopher recently replied to a friend who remarked, 'One ought to despise an anonymous letter,' 'That depends upon whom it comes from.'

Thompson: 'What would you do if someone should leave you £10,000?' Robson: 'I suppose I'd begin to realize how little £10,000 really is.'

Cholly—'Yass, several weeks ago I fell deeply in love with a girl, but she rejected me—made a regular fool of me.' Molly—'And you never got over it?'—Brooklyn Life.

Visitor (in insane asylum)—'And this poor fellow is the father of triplets. Why does he continually call for a gun?' Attendant—'He thinks he sees a stork mum.'—Town Topic.

Madam (to riding master)—'Well, sir, do you think I make any progress?' Riding master—'Certainly; you fall much more gracefully than you used to when you first began.'—Bicycling World.

'That's quite a draft from the west this morning,' remarked the banker to the cashier as they glanced over the mail. The new cashier boy promptly closed the transom and again stood at attention.

'Did you see the story of that fellow with only \$800 who succeeded in failing for \$80,000?' 'Sure.' 'What do you think of it?' 'Well I wouldn't like to do it myself, but I would like to be able to do it.'

Sabbath School Teacher—'Why, Petey Murphy! Fighting again? Did not last Sunday's lesson teach that when you are struck on one cheek to turn the other to the other?' Petey Murphy—'Yes'm; but he witted me on the nose, an' I only got one.'

A traveler announces as a fact (and though he is a 'traveller' we believe him) that he once in his life beheld people 'minding their own business.' This remarkable occurrence happened at sea, the passengers being 'too sick' to attend to each other's concerns.

Doctor—'Well, Johnnie, don't you feel better since I gave you the medicine?' Doctor—'Yes; I forgot all about being ill.'

Doctor—'That's what I thought; and it was hard to take, was it?' Johnny—'Well it was rather, for it took two of us boys to hold Carlo while we gave it to him.'

'I should think you would get some work to do,' said the elderly lady to a tramp who had left his friend at the gate. 'I'm working at my regular business, right along, madam,' said the itinerant. 'An' what might your regular business be?' 'Traveling companion, madam.'

Teacher—'Johnny, can you tell me what is meant by 'steward?' Johnny—'A steward is a man that doesn't mind his own business.' Teacher—'Why, where did you get that idea?' Johnny—'Well I looked it up in the dictionary, and it said: 'A man who attends to the affairs of others.'

'He screamed the cross-roads orator, 'who puts his hand to the plough must not turn back.'

'What's he to do when he gets to the end of the furrer?' asked the auditor in blue green overalls.

A servant girl in a Birmingham family was taken to task for oversleeping herself. 'Well, ma'am, she said, I sleep very slow, and so it takes me a long while to get me night's rest.'

Tommy: 'Did you do much fighting during the war pa?'
Father: 'I did my share of it Tommy.'
Tommy: 'Did you make the enemy run?'
Father: 'You're right I did, Tommy.'
Tommy: 'Did they catch you pa?'

Photographer: 'There, now, sir, look as pleasant as you can! Try to think of something exhilarating.'

Customer: 'Well, but what, I wonder? Photograph for instance, that you have only got to pay me 6s. per dozen, while the man over the way charges 9s.'

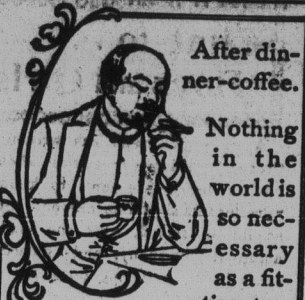
'There's no use talking,' remarked the curb-stone statesman, wearily. 'It's impossible to make a woman understand even the first principles of finance.'

'What's the matter now?' inquired another member of the old guard.

'While I was away yesterday, it appears the baby accidentally swallowed a three-penny-piece.'

'Yes, sir. And what does my wife do but call in a doctor and pay him half a guinea for getting that coin back!'

Hobson, who is, to say the least, a little absent-minded, was on his way to his own wedding, when something impeded the progress of the carriage, which stood at a standstill so long that Hobson put his head out of the window and said to the driver, 'Hurry up, old man; hurry up; or the whole thing will be over before we get there.'



After dinner-coffee.

Nothing in the world is so necessary as a fitting termination to a perfectly served dinner.

At no time does the true merit of coffee become so manifest. To produce that delicious, aromatic beverage that delights the hearts of epicures and acts as a delightful conclusion to a well-enjoyed meal, only the finest material should be used. They are represented by

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Grocers sell it in pound and two-pound tin cans, and the signature of these famous importers, together with their seal, guarantees its matchless excellence.

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Are Supplied in various Qualities for all purposes.


Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient.

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Be Sure To Demand, and See That You Get a

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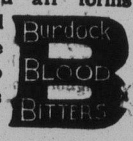
**'It is the best
POROUS
PLASTER**

Early applied, it quickly conquers Coughs, Colds and Inflammations of the Lungs and Chest. It is equally as sure and effective. Price 5c. All Druggists, Chemists, Grocers, Millers, Co. Mont', Ironstone, etc.

**Raw
From Ear
To Jaw.**

'I have been for years more or less subject to eruptions on my skin. The left side of my face from the top of my ear to half way down my jaw was in a very bad state—being almost raw, making shaving very painful. I was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters. One bottle perfectly cured me. I can honestly recommend B.B.B. to all who suffer from any skin disease.' G. WHITE, 'Carievale, N.W.T.

B.B.B. cures Salt Rheum, Eczema, Tetter, Shingles, Boils, Pimples, Sores, Ulcers, and all forms of Skin Diseases and Eruptions, from the smallest pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.



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Memorials,
Interior
Decorations.

CASTLE & SON,
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Write for catalogue.

Continued from Tenth Page.
 fixed. As it is, I'm afraid your booked. However, I suppose you persons don't feel such things the same way as we rougher fellows do, so you'll make the best of it.
 And then Mr. Charles Tiptaft betook himself to the station, and was whirled back to town.
 All the way he was secretly chuckling over his cousin's discomfiture, and, as he left the train, at London, he muttered, to himself—
 'What a precious humbug the fellow is! He'll throw that girl over as sure as Fate. The best I wish him is, that old Muggleton may give him a sound horse-whipping.'

CHAPTER LX.
 HOW SIR GRANVILLE TOOK THE NEWS.

The Rev. Mr. Tiptaft, left alone with his misery, sat by his fire for fully two hours without as much as moving.
 When he did at length rise, with a sigh that was almost a groan, his eye fell on the text he had chosen for his Sunday's sermon.
 Half abstractedly he stood in front of it, then took a pen, and drew it across the words.
 He would defer the writing of that sermon to a later day.
 Mr. Tiptaft was so deeply stricken by the dreadful intelligence which had been communicated to him, and he scarcely closed his eyes that night; and, at breakfast, the next morning, his devilled kidneys and choice veal cutlets could only provoke him to very languid appetite.

Life had lost its savor, so far as the Reverend Augustus was concerned.
 During the night, as he tossed restlessly on his downy bed—for he liked to lie soft, as well as to fare sumptuously—he had tried to think of some way of extricating himself from what, he feared, would prove an extremely delicate and difficult position.
 One thing was quite certain: if Marie Muggleton had no fortune, he had no wish to marry her.
 A penniless wife would not be to his taste at all.
 Not for this had he preserved his handsome figure, and his smooth complexion, with such assiduous care; not for this had he remained a celibate until now, avoiding, successfully, all the traps that had been laid for his feet when he was a curate, young and callow.
 He had put a very high price upon himself in these later years; but he had fully believed old Muggleton was able to pay that price.
 And now that the moment of disillusion had come, he felt himself an injured and ill-used man.
 But how was he to get out of the engagement—this wretched entanglement—as he had already begun to term in his own mind?
 His cousin had told him he was 'booked'—a horrid phrase, which rang in his ears, and disquieted his soul not a little during the watches of the night.
 Booked.
 It was only another word for doomed—doomed to give up all the glorious chances of his bachelorhood; doomed to be led to the altar like a lamb to the slaughter, and to eat cold mutton in a country rectory all the days of his life! The whole soul of the man revolted against it.
 'Oh, no!—no!' he cried out within himself.
 Fate could not require such a cruel immolation of all his dearest hopes.
 It could not—! should not—be.
 And then he remembered that, during the last few months, a widow—comfortably not so richly dowered—had settled in the neighborhood of Little Cleve, and had occasionally cast on his portly form such looks of tender admiration as only widows know how to give.
 With the richer prize of Marie Muggleton and her million dangling before his eyes, he had regarded the widow with a soft, almost condescending, compassion, as though gently regretting he could not fulfil her hopes; but now he thought of her with a quickened pulse, and a distinct sense of longing.
 Her money part, she was a fairer woman, in his eyes, than Marie Muggleton—a brilliant brunette of five-or-six-and-thirty, with much vivacity of manner, and a witty tongue.
 Mr. Tiptaft began to think he could be proud of such a wife.
 Then, she had eighty thousand pounds to do with exactly as she chose, and it was invested in the Three Per Cent.
 No fear of her fortune vanishing, as poor Marie Muggleton's had done.
 The more he thought of Mrs. Darling, and more attractive she looked in his eyes.
 A union with her seemed a thing, above all things, to be desired.
 To get on with the new love, Mr. Tiptaft did not doubt, would be an easy enough thing; but how to get off with the old?
 There was the rub.
 To solve this question, the reverend gentleman applied all the powers of his great mind.
 Suddenly it occurred to him that there were two others in the same strait as himself.
 Sir Granville Granville and Harry Rolleston were engaged to Marie's sisters, and, of course, this terrible blow would fall on them as heavily as on him.
 Might it not be well, he asked himself, to visit his fellow-victims, and see what they intended doing?
 They were as much 'booked' as he was, and if they could get their heads out of

the noose, why, surely, he could do the same.
 Thus meditating, he dressed himself with scrupulous care, then set out for the home of Sir Granville Granville.
 When he arrived at Upton Manor, he found Sir Granville still at the breakfast-table.
 Very surprised he looked to see his reverend visitor—surprised and, one would have said, not over well-pleased.
 As has been remarked before, Mr. Tiptaft was not a favorite with his own sex.
 'Ah! Tiptaft: you're an early bird. I thought you persons liked to lie in bed of a morning!' Sir Granville said, carelessly. 'Have you breakfasted?'
 'Thank you, yes; I took breakfast two hours ago.'

CHAPTER LXI.
 HOW HARRY ROLLESTON TOOK THE NEWS.

It chanced that Harry Rolleston was away from home when the news of poor Mr. Muggleton's ruin fell, like a bomb-shell, on the county of Hampshire.
 He had gone for a day's fishing, and did not return until the evening of the day on which Mr. Tiptaft took the melancholy tidings to Sir Granville.
 He was walking home from the station in a very gay and buoyant mood, full of happy thoughts of his dear Vi, when he met Lady Cantrip, the malicious old dowager whom Sir Gerald had once declared to deserve drumming out of every drawing room in Hampshire.
 Her ladyship was aunt to Sir Granville Granville, and had heard the news from her nephew early in the day.
 At sight of young Rolleston she stopped her penny phaeton, and beckoned him to her side.
 'Mr. Rolleston, have you heard the news?'
 'What news?' asked Harry, quite unsuspecting of the calamity that had befallen him.
 'Mr. Muggleton has lost all his money. It's well if he doesn't turn out a bankrupt into the bargain,' said her ladyship, improving on the story she had actually heard.
 The young man changed color.
 'Oh, I think you must be mistaken! It can't be true!' he said, hastily.
 'But it is true,' retorted her ladyship, triumphantly. 'I heard it from my nephew, Sir Granville, and, of course, he knows. Besides, it's in all the evening papers.'

'In the papers?' echoed Rolleston.
 There was still incredulity—perhaps more than was quite consistent with courtesy—in his tone.
 The thing seemed to him too terrible for belief.
 'Yes, in all the papers,' said Lady Cantrip, thoroughly enjoying herself as she noted the look of blank consternation on the young man's face. 'I quite think the poor man will have to declare himself a bankrupt. Shocking thing, isn't it, Mr. Rolleston?'
 Harry made a hurried and rather incoherent rejoinder, then shook hands with her ladyship, and hastened in the direction of The Towers.
 'My poor little darling!' he muttered, as he went. 'To think I should be away at such a time!
 Arrived at The Towers, he could see for himself that something was amiss.
 The solemn-faced butler looked more solemn than ever, and indecisively important.
 Rolleston was sure he knew of his master's ruin.
 'Where is Miss Vi?' Harry asked, impetuously.
 'I believe she is in the library, sir,' said the butler, in a tone that would have done credit to a funeral-attendant.
 'You needn't announce me. I'll step into the library, and see for myself,' said Harry. And he went up the great carved staircase, and impulsively opened the library door, without so much as pausing to give a preliminary knock.
 Someone who was sitting at the furthest window, looking steadily at the sunset, rose hurriedly at the intrusion, as though greatly startled.
 It was Vi—Vi, with a pale, tear-stained face, and a very anxious look in her pretty, dark-lashed eyes.
 'My darling!' cried Harry.
 And there was in his voice such a mingling of love and pity, and protecting tenderness, as made poor little Vi burst into a very flood of tears.
 He held out his arms to her, and she ran and nestled contentedly against his bosom.
 'Oh, Harry!' she whispered, 'have you heard?'
 'Yes, darling,' he answered cheerily; 'and came on straight away, to pet and

comfort you. I thought you'd be feeling a bit low about it—dear little woman!
 And he pressed his lips to the soft, crimson ones which were so near his own.
 'And—and it hasn't made any difference in you?' she whispered, looking up at him, adoringly.
 'Vi, did you think it would?'
 '—I didn't know,' she faltered. 'I thought nothing would change you; but I couldn't be quite sure. You know how afraid one is to hope when one—wishes something very, very much.'
 And then came another rain of happy tears, and she whispered, as she nestled still more closely to his side: 'Harry, if I live to be your wife, I'll try to repay you for this.'
 Presently—after a great deal of tender earnest talk—Harry asked for Mr. Muggleton.
 'Where is your father? I should like to see him.'
 'He's in his own room. He is dreadfully cu-up, Harry.'
 And Vi gave a very sad little sigh—even though her lover's arm was tenderly enfolding her.
 'Do you think he'd mind my seeing him?'
 'I am sure he wouldn't.'
 'Well, then, I'll say good-bye to you, my own dearest. Remember you are mine, whatever happens.'
 And, with a farewell kiss, he left her.
 His knock at the door of Mr. Muggleton's private room was answered by a 'Come in' uttered in a very dejected voice.
 Entering, he found the master of The Towers seated, gloomily, in front of his writing-table.
 His usually florid face was pale, and Harry noticed that the hand which turned over a sheet of papers trembled.
 He looked up, almost suspiciously, as though doubting the errand of his visitor.
 Harry, however, did not suffer him to remain long in doubt, for he walked straight up to the ruined millionaire, took his hand, gripped it heartily, and said, in a pleasant, cheery voice—
 'I hope I'm not intruding, Mr. Muggleton. I'm not like a stranger, you know—all but your son-in-law, I've been talking to dear little Vi, and I felt I couldn't go away without coming in to shake hands, and tell you how sorry I am about your loss. For myself I don't care, because, as you know, I said, from the first, I'd rather take Vi without a penny; and I'm glad, sooner than not, to have a chance of showing you I meant what I said. But I'm sorry for you, sir—very sorry indeed. I've never had much money of my own, so I don't know what it is to lose it!' he concluded, with a frank, honest smile. 'It isn't very pleasant I suppose; but money isn't everything, and you'll pull round all right, never fear.'
 Mr. Muggleton was deeply moved.
 A slight moisture gathered in his eyes, as he grasped the young man's hand again.
 'Thank ye, Harry! Thank ye!' he said in a slightly broken voice. 'Of course I know that things must be altered now.'
 'If you mean as regards Vi, I shall think it very unfair if you so much as hint at such a thing,' said Harry, stoutly. 'Vi and I don't mean this to part us, I can assure you. She's as true as steel, and is willing to face poverty with me. I only only hope she'll come to me all the sooner now.'

CHAPTER LXII.
 HARRY'S UNCLE.

Although poor Harry Rolleston spoke so cheerily to Vi and her father, he knew quite well there would be plenty of difficulties for him to face.
 He had not a penny of his own, apart from his uncle, and even his uncle was, for his rank perhaps the poorest man in Hampshire.
 What he and Vi were to live on was a problem which might well puzzle Harry's mind.
 When he reached home, he was met in the hall by a servant who told him the squire was in his room and desired to speak to him as soon as he came in.
 'He's heard the news?' thought Harry. 'Now for it!'
 And he pushed open the door with a

resolute hand, his eyes very bright, his mouth almost stern in its look of resolution.
 The squire was standing with his back to the fire, looking a good deal worried, and very cross.
 One glance at his nephew's face convinced him he had heard the news.
 'Well, what do you think of your precious Mr. Muggleton now?' he demanded bitterly.
 'I've exactly the same opinion of him as ever I had!' was Harry's sturdy answer.
 'Oh! you have, have you? Well, I consider it's something very like a fraud for a man to pose as the possessor of millions, when he's nothing but a beggarly bankrupt!'
 'Uncle, you know that's unjust!' cried Harry, warmly. 'Mr. Muggleton assures me that, a week ago, he believed himself safe. How could he know there would be such an awful smash at those mines? Do you think he'd have put his money in it if he had known?'
 'And, pray, when did you see Mr. Muggleton?' demanded the squire, with an angry flash of his eyes.
 'I called at The Towers on my way home sir.'
 'Oh, indeed! And] was it there you heard the news?'
 'No; I had met Lady Cantrip first. It was she who told me.'
 'And you went to The Towers after that! Upon my word, Harry, I didn't think you were such a fool. Heavens! I hadn't you got the rope fast enough round your neck, that you must try to tighten the noose.'

CHAPTER LXIII.
 THE YOUNG MAN LOOKED VERY HANDSOME.

'I'm not quite sure I know what you mean, sir,' said Harry calmly. 'But if you wish to imply that my engagement with Miss Muggleton is a noose round my neck, I must tell you plainly, that I cannot regard it in any such light. On the contrary, I am as proud and as happy as ever I was to claim her as my promised wife.'
 'Your a fool!' exclaimed the squire.
 'Even so, I would rather be a fool than a knave. Uncle, surely you don't mean to say you could counsel me to throw Vi over because of this? Putting my deep affection for her or hers for me, quite on one side, what about our honor? If we Rollestons have little left but the name, for Heaven's sake, let us keep that as untarnished as we can.'
 The young man looked very handsome as he thus spoke in a frank, honest, manly fashion, with his head a little thrown back his eyes glowing with unwonted fire.
 The heart of his stern old uncle thrilled a little, in spite of himself, at the sight of him.
 He loved the lad, and would have rejoiced to see him with his heart's desire.
 But how could it be?
 The thing was impossible.
 If Vi Muggleton had no money, of what use was it to bring her as a wife to that old ruined Hall?
 It would be madness.
 For the girl's own sake Harry must be induced to give her up.
 So he hardened his countenance, and questioned coldly—
 'Then I am to understand you will persist in marrying this girl?'
 'Yes, sir, most certainly! you must understand that.'
 Harry spoke respectfully, but his voice was very firm.
 'Indeed! And have you the faintest idea as to how you are going to live?'
 'Well, sir, I admit that is a difficulty,' said the young man, frankly. 'I don't quite see my way through it; but at any rate, I'm young and strong, and able, as well as willing, to work.'
 'Work! What sort of work do you meditate, may I ask?' said the squire, with something approaching a sneer.
 Harry flushed hotly, but answered with brave frankness—
 'Well, yes, sir, I've thought of that too. If Vi is willing, we shall probably go out to South Africa together. A fellow can always find something to do at Johannesburg, or some of those places. There's only one thing I should grieve over, sir—and that would be leaving you!'
 The young man's eyes glistened as he said this; and there was an answering glint in those of the stern crabbled old squire, as he suddenly stepped forward and grasped his nephew's hand. There were few men less demonstrative than old squire Rolleston; but this lad was the light of his eyes; and to hear him say, in that tone, and with that look, that he should be grieved to leave his uncle, stirred all the heart and soul within him.
 'Harry, do you mean that?' he said, in a slightly trembling voice. 'Would it really hurt you to leave me? Stop!—as the young man would have broken out into eager vehement assurances. 'I do believe you lad. I do believe you care a little for the cross, cantankerous old man. And, Harry, I will tell you what we'll do. If you go to South Africa I'll go with you. I'll realize what bit of money there is, and we'll go out there and manage a farm together. It'll be a wrench, leaving the old place; but, my boy, I'd sooner part with it than with you.'
 There was more than a tremor, there was an actual sob, in the old squire's voice now.
 He sank into a chair, and Harry, touched to the heart, put an arm round his neck, as a girl might have done—nay, not quite like a girl, for at such moments the emotions of a man must needs be stronger and deeper than that of any woman.
 And so it was settled that poor Vi, though she had lost her fortune, was not to lose her lover.
 To be Continued.

HOME WORK FOR FAMILIES.
 We want the services of a number of families to do knitting for us at home, whole or spare time. We furnish 500 machines and supply the yarn free, and pay for the work as we go.
 Distance no hindrance. 5¢ to 10¢ per week made according to the time devoted to the work. Write to Dept. Miss Robinson, Co-operative Knitting Co., Toronto.

DISAPPEARED!
 Kidney Pains All Gone.
 What Did It Do?
 Doan's Kidney Pills.
 How Do You Know?
 A Kingston Man Says So.

Mr. W. J. Papps, 112 Barrie St., Kingston, Ont., writes as follows: 'Having been troubled with kidney disease for years, and not having received any permanent relief until I used Doan's Kidney Pills, I take great pleasure in letting others similarly afflicted know of the wonderful curative properties possessed by Doan's Pills. Before taking them I was troubled at night by having to rise, but can now sleep, and do not feel weary in the morning. I hope that this may induce other sufferers from kidney or urinary troubles to give Doan's Kidney Pills a faithful trial, for I know that no other remedy could have acted so well as they did in my case.'
 Doan's Kidney Pills are the only pure sure for Backache, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, and all Kidney and Urinary troubles. Price 50c. All druggists. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont. Ask for Doan's and refuse all others.

WALTER'S TRUE BRAND CUTLERY.
 IS MADE OF WARRANTED BEST STEEL. LEADING DEALERS SELL IT.

The Sloop Cup.

There were only two days remaining before the Bayhead regatta, and up to 3 o'clock, Thursday afternoon the one rival to Dave Garrison's 'Fleetwing,' that everyone wanted to see, had not yet registered at the Yacht Club.

In spite of the 'Fleetwing' promising start and the master hand on her wheel, the sea rail sank under water and the white sails, swelling like a swan's breast, strained in vain to keep ahead of the black-hulled boat that was using all the wind its sails could find.

As Dave understood he held out his hand, 'You've won the cup,' he said, smilingly. 'Thorne, I'm mighty glad, old fellow.'

NO DOUBTING NOW.

Mr. Frank P. Mills' Cure Was Perfect and Permanent.

Like Every Other Cure Made by Dodd's Kidney Pills—Mr. Mills' is now hale and hearty and vigorous.

DIED.

- Hallifax, Nov. 16, David S. Horne. Amherst, Nov. 23, Mr. J. E. Page. Amherst, Nov. 23, Joe Lemont, 80.

BORN.

- Spinnahill, Nov. 12, to the wife of Geo. Berry a son. Parrboro, Nov. 4, to the wife of Robert Watson, a son.

MARRIED.

- Parrboro, Nov. 4, by Rev. W. C. Wilson, Frank Lewis to Nettie York.

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New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line.

Star Line Steamers

Fredericton.

Mail Steamers Victoria and David Weston leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8:30 a. m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 o'clock a. m. for St. John.

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Daily (Sunday excepted). Halifax 6:30 a. m., arr. in Digby 12:30 p. m. Digby 1:00 p. m., arr. in Yarmouth 5:30 p. m.

S. S. Prince Edward

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston, leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every Tuesday and Friday, 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:

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Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7:00

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Susex..... 8:30

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PACIFIC COAST

Leave Montreal from Windsor Station at 3 p. m. every Thursday for Seattle, B. C., and Victoria, B. C., every Friday, at 7 p. m. for Vancouver.

MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO.'S New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line.

Star Line Steamers - Fredericton. Mail Steamers Victoria and David Weston leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8:30 a. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted). Halifax 6:30 a. m., arr. in Digby 12:30 p. m.

S. S. Prince Edward BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston.

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, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7:00

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN Express from Susex..... 8:30

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