

# PROGRESS.

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## OTTAWA IN MOURNING.

The Cabinet and Thousands Attend the Funeral of Miss Bessie Blair and the Gallant Harper.

The funerals of Miss Bessie Blair and Mr. H. A. Harper, who were drowned in such a tragic manner on Friday while skating, took place at Ottawa on Monday and were largely attended. Thousands of all classes of citizens attended. There were also present the Governor-General and the Countess of Minto, with Major Maude, military secretary, Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, Mr. Mrs. and the Misses Fielding, Dr., Mrs. and Misses Borden, Sir Louis and Lady Davies, Mrs. Sifton, Hon. Messrs. Sutherland and Sooty, Fisher, Mallock, Patterson, Tarte, Justice Sedgewick, Gwynne, Girouard, the staff of the railway department, and as many of the friends of the family as the house would hold. Funeral service was conducted by Rev. Dr. Herridge, pastor of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, at which Hon. Mr. Blair and his family worshipped since they have made their home in Ottawa. The choir of the church was also present and sang hymns specially chosen by Mrs. Blair, 'Asleep in Jesus', 'Peace, Perfect Peace' and 'Lead Kindly Light.' The service was a most impressive one. The members of the family then took a farewell look at the loved one, and then the funeral procession started from the house for the cemetery. Immediately after the hearse walked the father, Hon. A. G. Blair, his two sons, A. George Blair, and Master Donald Blair, and his son-in-law, Mr. Randolph, of Fredericton. Captain Bell, A. D. C., as representative of His Excellency, came next, and the Premier and his colleagues walked two and two. Following them came hundreds of mourning friends in all walks of life.

The floral tributes were very numerous, among the contributors being Lord and Lady Minto, Lady Ritchie, Mr. and Mrs. Fielding, Mrs. Thomas White, Mr. and Mrs. Schreiber, Hon. Sydney Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. John Connor, St. John; Miss Snowball, Chatham; Mr. and Mrs. Martin Griffin, G. E. Barbour, St. John; the rest of St. Andrew's Sunday School, the New Brunswick members of the census staff, the Misses Eleanor McAvity, Alice Christie and Josephine Bostwick, St. John. With very token of esteem for the deceased, and evidence of affection and sympathy for the sorrowing family, the remains were laid away in a vault at Beechwood cemetery. In the spring they will be transferred to the family burial plot there.

Among hundreds of messages of sympathy, the following from the Prince of Wales was transmitted to Mr. Blair by His Excellency:

'Princess and I are deeply grieved to hear of shocking death of Miss Blair. Please convey our heartfelt sympathy to her bereaved parents.'

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain cabled to Mr. Blair as follows:

'Let me express my sincerest sympathy with you and with your family in your terrible misfortune.'

The High Commissioner cabled:

'Greatly grieved at the sad news in the papers. Lady Strathcona and I sincerely sympathize with you and your family.'

Mr. Creelman, who was not allowed to talk much on Friday evening, was restored on Saturday, and had a distinct recollection of all that happened. 'It happened this way,' said Mr. Creelman: 'Miss Bessie Blair and I were skating towards the city about 5.30, with Mr. Harper and Miss Snowball a few yards behind us and on our right. We were going pretty fast, Miss Blair holding my walking stick. The evening was just closing down, and the surface of the ice looked smooth. We had no idea that we were near this ice, and the first we knew was when our skates cut through the ice and we pitched forward. I realized at once that we were going through, and as we pitched forward I threw myself towards Miss Blair, so as to be able to catch her when she came up. I succeeded in getting a hold of her arm and keeping her up with my right. I

grasped at the edge of the ice with my left. It was pretty dark, and as we could not see how much open space there was in front of us, we turned around to get back to the spot where we had gone through. 'Thinking this was the only way to gain the ice again.

We had only swam a few feet when I began to sink. I told Miss Blair to keep cool and hang on to the edge of the ice.

She replied in a fearless way, 'Oh, don't mind me, I can swim, look,' and she struck out against the current. At this time I saw Harper and Miss Snowball skating towards us. Harper was throwing off his overcoat and gauntlets. I shouted to him, 'For God's sake, Harper, don't you come in too.'

He replied fearlessly: 'What else is there for me to do?' and plunged towards Miss Blair who was swimming against the current about ten feet from me. I had been under water and up again before this happened. This is how I became separated from Miss Blair. I had taken in a great deal of water and was well nigh strangled but I managed to keep my head and shout for help. Shortly after Harper plunged into the water I went down again, and when I regained the surface I was under the ice, and the current had carried me away from Miss Blair and Harper. When I felt the ice over my head I struck out with my fist in a forlorn hope of breaking through. My hand went through and I forced my body up through the ice. I cleared myself of all the water I could and started to shout for help. 'I was completely exhausted and had a hard time to keep from going down. I shouted time after time for help, and at last I heard a response. I shouted to save Miss Blair, that she was in the water with Harper. The voice which responded to me was Treadgold's. He had come up the river with Miss May Blair, and hearing my call, came to my assistance. I repeatedly called to him to save Miss Blair, and he as often told me that Miss Blair was all right. I asked where she was and he said she was over on the bank with the rest of us. I then asked where Harper was, and Treadgold told me that he was all right also. I replied that they could not be, as they were in the water. Treadgold, having been with Miss May Blair, thought that I was referring to her, and this, I suppose is how the confusion took place. About the same time that Treadgold arrived on the scene Miss Snowball returned from Gattineau Point with a man named Blair, who had trailed a punt over the ice to the open water. The fact that Miss Snowball had time to go to Gattineau Point and return before Treadgold got to the scene shows how long he had been in the water.

I did not see either Harper or Miss Blair after I broke through the ice. They must have been drowned while I was struggling to get through to the surface. I must have been there at least ten or fifteen minutes before Treadgold got to me. When he did he showed presence of mind and at once took the responsibility of getting me out. Blair, the man from Gattineau Point, and Treadgold got the boat into the water and rescued me. As soon as I came on the ice Miss May Blair skated up and she said, 'Why, it is Mr. Creelman.' I said 'yes' and where is Miss Bessie?' She replied, 'Oh, my sister, my sister is gone.'

'After they had rescued me they took me to a house on Gattineau Point where I got warmed up a bit and then proceeded to my room here. I am feeling all right, but I can't say how I regret the occurrence. I did all in my power to save Miss Blair, and had I not gone under and been carried away from her by the current I believe I would have succeeded.'

Rev. Job Shenton, D.D.

Rev. Job Shenton, one of the best known Methodist clergymen in Lower Canada, dropped dead as he commenced to eat his dinner in his Fairville home on Wednesday. Mr. Shenton and his wife sat down to their mid-day meal as usual, both in the best of health. Grace was said by the venerable pastor and shortly after

without a sound—he fell to the floor. It was a terrible shock for Mrs. Shenton. Help was summoned. Dr. J. H. Grey soon arrived. He said death was due to heart failure. When the sad news spread about the adjacent town it could hardly be credited. Mr. Shenton had been about in the morning, stopping and chatting in his usual happy vein to one of the towns men and bowing pleasantly to others. He appeared to be hale and hearty and was seen almost up to dinner time on the street. Then he disappeared within the parsonage, and in the short space of half an hour it was announced he had died. The people could hardly believe it.

Rev. Job Shenton has been a familiar personage in St. John for years. In the Methodist denomination in the lower provinces he was regarded as one of the ablest preachers, an ideal pastor, a clear thinker in business affairs pertaining to denominational interests, and a man of the highest Christian character.

He was an Englishman, and received his earlier education in the home land. Coming to Canada, he was ordained in 1860, and his first pastoral charge, strange to say, was in Fairville. He married a sister of Rev. W. W. Lodge, of Hampton.

During the forty-one years of his ministry he has occupied pulpits in many of the most important circuits and churches in the Maritime Provinces, including twice in Queen Square church in St. John, five years in Exmouth street church, three years in St. John's, N.B., three years in Fredericton; in Woodstock, Yarmouth and other places.

He leaves a widow and two daughters Mrs. (D.) McAlpine of this city and M. S. Grunland of Winnipeg.

WILL FUMIGATE MAILS.

All Mail Matter from St. John to U. S. Will be Delayed.

As a further precaution against the introduction of smallpox into the states from St. John and other provincial towns where the disease is now raging, says a Bangor paper orders have been issued from Washington to C. E. Marshall, chief clerk of the railway mail service in Maine, to establish a quarantine car at Vanceboro for the fumigation of mail matter en route to the United States.

A second class passenger coach, with seats removed, was sent to Vanceboro from Bangor on Tuesday morning. It is fully equipped with apparatus for disinfecting and fumigation will be commenced at once.

Only mail matter originating in St. John, Fredericton, and other towns in that vicinity, will be fumigated, and this will result in their arrival here about 12 hour later than now. The Halifax mail will come through as at the present time.

Wood Must Be Measured.

Fredericton has passed a bye-law, making it compulsory on a vendor of wood to have it surveyed before selling it. The same law ought to be in force in St. John and there should be a Public weigher of Coal also.

A Fredericton despatch says:—The new by-law passed at the last meeting of the City Council, regulating the sale of firewood, comes into force on Monday next, 16th inst., after which date all wood offered for sale by the load must first be measured by a duly appointed surveyor, so that the prospective purchaser can know exactly what are the contents of a load of wood offered for sale. The man offering the wood for sale will pay the surveyor the sum of five cents for every load measured, and the penalty for refusing or neglecting to have the wood so surveyed is \$2. The surveyor appointed at the last meeting of the council, William Turner, does not care to act, and another surveyor will have to be appointed. It is said that J. J. Moore, of the Phoenix square boat builder, will likely be appointed surveyor. Wood is not offered for sale any too freely in fact, the demand exceeds the supply, and prices consequently remain high; \$3.75 to \$4 a cord is paid for good maple and black birch in two feet lengths.

The Late John McLeod's Successor.

Dr. Roddock, of St. Martins, will likely be the government candidate in St. John Co., to fill the vacancy caused by the death of John McLeod. It is doubtful if the opposition will put up any candidate.

## TOPICS TALKED ABOUT.

Secret Ways of a Loan Institution—The Third Canadian Contingent.

The York County Loan and Savings Company, which has a branch office in this city, is the subject of an article in the last issue of the Monetary Times. Among other things the article states:

The York County Loan and Savings Company boasts, we are told, of getting 'cheap money' from the public, attracting juveniles and perhaps others by means of their little penny box system, and stated collections. But even if they get this money at a low rate of interest, it must be a costly system when the number of collectors and clerks they employ to handle it is considered. A correspondent tells us, by the way, that a detailed statement of the salaries and expenditure of the company has never been given, from 1895 until now.

By one of the company's prospectus sheets we learn that the rate of interest allowed is four per cent compounded quarterly. And to allure children and others an attached table shows how five cents per week paid to this company will in twelve years and six weeks grow to \$40. Suppose this to be true, what provision is the company making for the repayment of its hundreds of trusting depositors. That is the important question. Its literature says: 'Any time after three years and a half, the total amount paid in can be withdrawn, with interest, on notice of not to exceed thirty days.' But it does not appear that the company is ready thus to pay, when we find that a shareholder in Ontario, whose address we have, made application this year for the withdrawal of shares at the appointed time, and was besought by the agent to leave the money in the company's hands till next year, he offering a higher rate than four per cent.

Another point comes up, suggested by article 8 of the by-laws, section 2, dealing with stock class 'C,' full paid \$100 shares, bearing semi-annual dividends at the rate of not to exceed 6 per cent. (and with respect to which the directors reserve rights as to issue and cancellation), it is said, page 6: 'This stock shall be a first charge on all the securities of the company.'

What authority have the directors for so arbitrary a provision as this, and by what power can managers of a mutual concern prefer one class of shareholders by giving them priority in rights over the money of shareholders in other cases? Have the management any power to declare and guarantee a stated rate of dividend before it is earned? And is it right that such real estate operations as this company has undertaken should be carried on mainly with instalment money? It is time some explanation was had of these matters.

OFF TO THE WAR.

Twenty More of St. John's Brave Lads to the Front.

On Thursday evening the twenty brave lads, who volunteered for South Africa, were given a great send off by their friends and the public generally. All the evening until the hour of departure they filled the station with a good-natured jostling throng, crowding about the several departing men for a good-bye shake and a hearty 'good luck' for each of them during their adventures of the coming year. Among the number present were his worship Mayor Daniel and several of the aldermen. Lt. Col. McLean, Lt. Col. Jones, Lt. Col. Mackinnon, Lt. Col. A. J. Armstrong, Lt. Col. J. R. Armstrong and several other officers of local militia corps.

A few of them were the faded khaki of those who had fought in South Africa before, one or two wore the uniforms of city militia corps, but the great majority were clad in ordinary civilian clothes. Lieut. Ralph Markham, in command, wore his Hussars' uniform with his Transvaal medal with its five bars on the breast of his tunic. He had considerable difficulty in assembling his men from the well-wishing crowd, but before the Boston express arrived, for which the Halifax train was waiting, had them all gathered in the comfortable color-st sleeper provided by the I. O. R.

On the Boston express came the Fredericton contingent, Messrs. Fimmamore, Tibbitts, Phillips, Jones and Ryan.

Nearly all of the boys bore some substantial tribute of the affection of their friends. Fred Bettle, who had served with B Squadron, C. M. R.; had been presented by several of his friends with a pipe, tobacco, a compass and a revolver on Wednesday night, when a farewell supper in his honour had been held.

The train left the station sharp on time, and as it rolled out the doors of the shed was followed by a roar of hearty cheers, the memory of which should remind the departing soldiers during the work and danger to come, of the eager interest with which their every movement and accomplishment is watched by the folk at home. They reached Halifax Friday morning and will be drilled the evening they embark.

Those who went were:

Frederick W. Addy, farmer, 147 Union street.

Frederick W. Bettle, clerk, 182 Exmouth street.

Martin J. Burns, plumber, 280 Duke street.

Henry T. Comeau, carpenter, 38 Charles street.

John C. De'z'ell, wire-worker, 34 St. Paul street.

Claude McDavidson, railway clerk, Hopewell Cape.

Chasmer A. De'rab, blacksmith, Harland, N. B.

Robt. M. Fairfowl, stevedore, Edinburgh, Scotland.

Samuel E. Fox, farmer, 249 Brussels street.

James McD. Gilchrist, farmer, Cambridge, Queens county, N. B.

Christopher Graham, street railway conductor, Lakewood, St. John county.

John R. McCully, surveyor, Chatham.

Herbert McIntyre, teamster, Murray's mills.

Wm. Farry, guide, Gagetown.

Rowland Penny, laborer, St. Johns Newfoundland.

John N. Rawlins, fireman, 65 Douglas avenue.

James A. Ross, laborer, Prince of Wales, N. B.

Alfred Simpson, laborer, Clapton, England.

John H. Williams, fireman St. Stephen. N. B. Caldwell, age 22.

CLERGYMAN'S RATE DOUBLED.

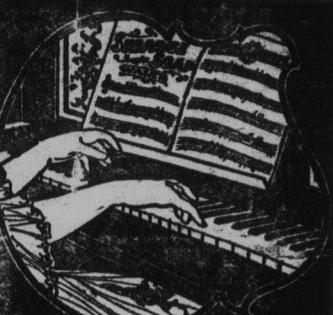
After Jan. 1 They Will Pay 3 Cents a Mile on Railways.

Heretofore clergymen have been granted a reduced rate on Canadian railways, paying only one and one-half cent per mile, while other passengers were assessed three cents a mile. After Jan. 1, 1902, clergymen will have to pay full fare, as after that date the railways will entirely discontinue the issuing of reduced rate ticket on account of clergyman between points in Canada to points in the United States and from points in the United States to points in Canada. The use of trip clergy permits will be entirely discontinued by the Central Passenger Association on and from of annual and time clergy permits are not to be honored by ticket agents in Canada.

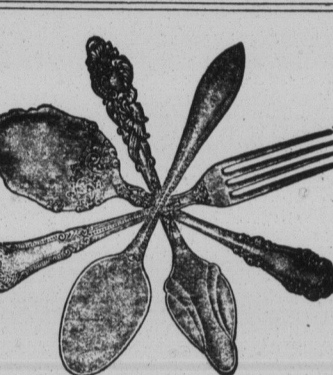
Mr. Chapman Is Busy.

William R. Chapman, besides being director-in-chief of the Maine, New Brunswick, New Hampshire, Vermont and Northern New York Music Festival, is a the head of the famous Apollo club in New York, conducted the first concert of the season of that organization at the Waldorf-Astoria last week and it was the most brilliant of all those which he has given during the past six years.

The soloists were Miss Isabelle Bourton, Miss Annie E. Otter and Willie E. Escheller, all of whom sang at the last festival. At this concert Mr. Chapman introduced a new tenor, Dr. Lawson from whom he expects great things.



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MOOSE MEAT  
—AND—  
VENISON.  
OS DEAN. City Market.

E. W. Gove  
signature is on every box of the genuine laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets remedy that cures a cold in one day (going to Florida).  
The Board of Education has granted one's leave of absence to Principal Muller of the Normal School, who has accepted the same for that period the management of the normal school at Pictou, Nova Scotia. The appointment of a successor in the principalship of the Normal School was referred to the premier and superintendent.



KITTY'S PUNISHMENT,

IN TWO INSTALMENT—PART II.

But it might have been from some instinct, for there, almost concealed by the night, was the figure of a man, who was studying the building intently.

It might, of course, be some tramp, for members of that fraternity frequently passed the farm, but somehow Kitty knew that it was not a tramp, but Reggie, come to look upon her home even at this late hour.

She could not distinguish his features, but she knew it was he, and her heart bounded.

How he must love her—simple, ignorant little rustic though she was.

It was more like Romeo or some troubadour of romance than an admirer of the prosaic nineteenth century.

'Dear silly fellow, what a long walk back he will have!' she murmured, when, after some time, the figure moved away in the darkness, slowly and cautiously, as one unaccustomed to the spot. 'It's a pity he can't stay nearer here; but he knows his own way best, of course, and one's relatives always make themselves disagreeable if one falls in love, especially a man's relatives, I think. Heigho! I wonder what poor old auntie and uncle would say if they thought Kitty had a young man round the place I suppose they'd think her a forward, bold young wix, who had no business to be growing up.'

CHAPTER IV.

It was a glorious afternoon in Greatover Woods, and Kitty enjoyed herself as she only could when in Reggie's company.

The flowers bloomed all the more sweetly, the sun shone more brightly, the birds sang more gaily when they were together; and in the deep, shady seclusion of the woods they could not be an object of curious scrutiny from the inhabitants of Northford.

Reggie was anxious not to be observed or stared at, and, naturally, Kitty did not want it reported that little Miss Wood from the Primrose Farm, was making assignments with a handsome stranger three or four miles from home.

So they were very cautious, and avoided the paths that were likely to be frequented.

'So you came to look at the house last night, sir?' Kitty said, with a smile and a happy little blush as they strolled beneath the trees Reggie her hand within his arm, after the manner of rustic sweethearts.

'Come to look at the house! What house?' demanded Caloney.

'What affection! What house? Why, the farm, of course,' she laughed. 'Why, he's ashamed that I caught him, actually!'

'Not ashamed at all, dearest; only, I wasn't there. What made you think so?' asked her lover.

'Why, I made sure it must be you,' she returned puzzled. 'A man was standing in the dark in the lane, looking everywhere most carefully, and I—'

'And you didn't recognize him?'

'No it was too dark; but I—'

'And where were you, may I ask?'

'Oh, I was going up to bed, and stopped to look out of the staircase window, and there I saw someone I thought was you—'

'Which is the staircase window?'

Kitty described this and the rest of the house to her lover, who asked her many interested questions, and declared it must be a picturesque old place.

'Oh, it is!' assented Kitty. 'Artists have occasionally asked to go over it. There is a very old mantle-piece in my uncle's bedroom that people admire very much.'

'I am a bit of an artist,' said Reggie. 'I think I must ask to go over it sometime when I call upon Aunt Milly,' laughing.

'I'll tell you who the fellow must have been, darling—one of my rivals.'

'You have no rival?' exclaimed Kitty hotly.

'I don't mean that, dearest,' pressing the hand that lay in his. 'I mean some unfortunate fellow who has a fancy for you. I don't mean that you would encourage another man at the same time as myself, I know what a true little heart you have. But, confess, isn't there any chap who casts sleep's eyes in your direction?' and he smiled down into her pretty face.

Kitty admitted that a youth who had known her nearly all her life thought more about her than was quite convenient always.

'But I am sure he was not the man near the farm last night,' she said. 'I don't believe that would be his style at all, and I've never known him to do anything like it before. No; I suppose it was just a tramp.'

'Something like that, I expect,' agreed Reggie.

A couple of nights afterwards, however, as Kitty was hurrying home rather late from a choir practice, she came upon two men in the dusk, who were walking round the Primrose Farm and examining it curiously.

One was a short muscularly built individual of about twenty-nine, with chestnut beard, the other was Reggie.

As Kitty ran up almost against them, Reggie started, but seeing who it was by looking closely into her face, he exclaimed aloud in wonder—

'Why, I had no idea it was you, Miss Wood. Where have you been so late?' he asked. 'My cousin and I were walking down this way, and I took a fancy for looking at your picturesque old house. He is most interested in it, being an architect, and an artist into the bargain. What did you say about the porch and that gable, Will?'

And he turned to his companion and touched him on the arm.

'Oh, they are very fine examples indeed, said the cousin, of whom Kitty could see but little in the gloom. 'Very fine! We must be getting back, now, though, old fellow,' and then he turned away, raising his cap to Kitty, and Reggie squeezed her fingers in his in a significant clasp.

This must be one of the cousins he had not wished to encounter, she thought, as she hurried into the house, and that was why the man had borne him away so hastily.

Yet she did not think she had ever seen the face with the chestnut beard in the neighbourhood before; but then, she had not beheld it very clearly now in the gathering darkness, so she could not be sure of anything distinctly.

She did not see how anyone could admire the old farmhouse; but then, she was not an artist, and it appeared that this cousin of Reggie's was, as well as himself.

Kitty wondered whether the cousin had heard anything about her from Reggie.

He had given her one scrutinizing glance, but had veered off so sharply that it was plainly to be seen he was in a hurry.

The next afternoon—the day being Sunday—Kitty attended the service at the old grey parish church, and on coming out was overtaken in the road by Jim Delamere.

He looked rather grave and a trifle careworn, which was a state of things Kitty had never known in him before.

'I wanted to talk to you Kitty,' he began gently.

'All right, Jim,' she replied, in a friendly tone, though somehow she could not help suddenly feeling that her old play-fellow was going to take her to task over so something or other that had displeased or wounded him. 'Why did you not join us after church this morning?'

'Because your uncle and aunt were with you, and I wanted you privately,' he returned, avoiding her inquiring glance.

'The fact is, Kitty,' he said, in a sort of burst, 'I saw you a couple of days ago in Greatover Woods with—with a fellow—a stranger—a good-looking chap, and—there was something about it that I didn't like.'

Kitty had first flushed red as Jim spoke, but by the time he had ended she had become rather pale.

They had wanted to keep it a secret—she and Reggie—about his being down here, and how on earth should she explain the footing upon which they stood to Jim, who was now regarding her earnestly?

'Why—why shouldn't you like it? What do you mean?' she stammered.

'How much had he seen or heard?'

'Well, there was an air of secrecy about it, somehow,' said Jim, in a low tone.

'How is it we've never heard anything about him—this friend of yours, Kitty? Can't I be told something?'

And he spoke so humbly, and with an accent of such pain underneath his appearance of composure, that Kitty could not turn upon him angrily, though she felt

vexed and uneasy.

'Well, I don't know that there is anything to tell, or that I can tell you, Jim,' she said awkwardly. 'I met him at Aunt Mapleson's, or rather, when I was with her, and now he has come here, and—' and that's all.'

'Not all?' expostulated Jim. 'You see, I could tell that—you thought a good deal of him in a minute. But, Kitty, I wasn't very much taken with him myself—'

Kitty burst into a laugh.

'How amusing you are, Jim!' she cried. 'Do you think I ever thought you would be?'

'No, it wasn't from any feeling like that, exclaimed young Delamere earnestly. 'I assure you, wherever I had seen that chap, good-looking though he is, I shouldn't have thought much of him. Kitty, do—do your people know him?'

Kitty blushed, and made a movement of impatience.

'I don't see what business that is of yours, really, Jim,' she broke out after a moment. 'Were you spying upon us in the woods?'

Young Delamere desisted to answer. He knew Kitty, and he knew Kitty knew him; but he read that she was ashamed and he drew his own conclusions.

'I suppose they haven't even heard of him?' he said tentatively.

'How you do bother, Jim! Kitty returned, blushing still deeper. 'They haven't heard anything about him, if you want to know.'

And she tossed her head.

'Don't you think they ought to, he said gently.

Kitty wanted to be angry, very haughty and dignified; but somehow it seemed impossible to be angry with Jim, especially Jim in this mood.

She guessed that the sight of herself with Reggie Caloney had been a shock to him, and that he was suffering what he would not tell her, and she could see he disapproved of her clandestine acquaintance with the stranger; but he was not making himself really disagreeable in the matter, so that she could not fly into a violent rage, although he was putting her in the wrong with every sentence.

'Are you going to tell them?' she demanded with weak satire.

'No; I think you will do that, after all, Kitty,' he replied seriously. 'I am not sure it would be my duty. I know you—at least, I am nearly sure I do—and I can't think you are altogether comfortable in keeping a thing like this from the people who have brought you up, and to whom you owe a duty. Besides, your own common-sense must tell you that, if all's right and square, there can't be any need for concealment.'

p&gt;'Ab, you don't understand the circumstances!' she exclaimed eagerly.

'No circumstances could make it right for you to be meeting a young man—particularly a stranger you can only have known a few weeks—clandestinely,' observed Jim firmly. 'No fellow who was all right and meant well would ask you to do so, Kitty. If he loves you, and you love him—with a gulp—he should go to your uncle and aunt about it. Why should he not?'

Kitty had been writhing inwardly at these remarks and kicking about the dust with the point of her shoe uncertainly.

She looked up at last and spoke in a subdued tone of voice.

'He is going to call upon them,' she said.

She could admit this much without injuring Reggie, or disobeying his wishes; and, in spite of a vexation against Jim, she could not quarrel with him.

She felt his love for her was sincere and unselfish, and she longed to be able to turn round and explain Reggie's peculiar circumstances to him, to satisfy him that her lover was not behaving dishonorably.

Jim turned a little pale at her speech, but spoke out bravely.

p&gt;'I'm glad of that,' he said, with a sort of relief. 'There's never any good in secrecy about a matter of that sort. Besides which, I am sure it would never satisfy you, Kitty.'

p&gt;'I don't know—I'm quite happy,' she murmured.

She did not like to confess that things might have gone on in secret indefinitely; as far as she was concerned, had it not been for Reggie's own suggestion that he should call upon her aunt.

Her infatuation for her handsome lover had gained such a hold upon her that it might have led her into a quagmire of deceit, had not Caloney himself opened the way out of it by desiring to know her people.

And the next week he called.

From the large, pleasant, low-ceiled dining-room that had once gone by the name of 'the parlour,' Kitty saw him approaching in the sunshine, looking leisurely about him, and she wondered, with a frightened fluttering of the heart, how he

would state his business, how introduce himself, how the whole affair would go off?

She was relieved and surprised that he had had the good luck to time his visit during the absence of her uncle, for old Wood had gone to attend a big cattle show at Warnham, and would not be back until late in the evening.

Kitty had been wishing all day that she had been able to let her lover know this; that he might, perhaps, take advantage of the occasion, but she had only learned the old farmer's intention at breakfast.

She had not said one word to her aunt concerning her acquaintance, but while she was trembling, and her heart beating with agitation at his visit, Reggie had knocked loudly and calmly at the front door, a stout maid-servant had admitted him, and he was ushered into the presence of Kitty, and old Mrs. Wood, bearing so undisturbed and unembarrassed a front, that Kitty almost gasped for breath in her admiration of his coolness and daring.

He shook hands lightly with her, and then turned to her elderly relative, who was regarding him with an amazed and bewildered look, and introduced himself with the utmost ease and aplomb, as a friend of her sister Mrs. Mapleson, whom he had had the pleasure of meeting, together with Miss Wood, a short time before, at Tor Bay.

'And finding myself unexpectedly in this neighbourhood, and remembering to have heard a great deal about this beautiful and quaint old farmhouse, I ventured to call and renew my acquaintance with Miss Wood,' he stated; and sinking into a chair by the old lady's side, he made himself so agreeable to her, that she was carried by storm, and even had she desired to treat his visit as an intrusion, had not the time or the power to do so allowed her.

Reggie talked to her in a sort of gentle whirlwind, by which she was carried off her feet, as it were, and carried along willy nilly.

But, as a matter of fact, Mrs. Wood had not desired to make herself disagreeable.

She was a little flustered by the unexpected apparition of a young, handsome, elegantly dressed gentleman, in her old-fashioned dining room; but once she had got over the nervousness and surprise, she was quite taken with his charming manners.

He sat with his back almost turned to Kitty, and never glanced at her, giving his whole attention to the old lady, who was, in no way suspicious—the mention of her sister being enough for a passport for him.

Much as Kitty had always admired his easy grace, his tact and diplomacy upon this occasion rendered her almost breathless.

How superior he was to anybody else, as he sat talking so pleasantly and deliberately to her aunt, who, it was easy to see, was quite won over by him.

He made every other man in Northford, even poor Jim, appear a sort of bankin, for they lacked the 'dash' and 'go' that distinguished his every word and look and gesture.

Yes, it was a very happy afternoon, after all, for Reggie succeeded in ingratiating himself most thoroughly with the old lady, and he was invited to remain to the old-fashioned country tea, which had not yet been superseded by the lighter and more elegant meal which is qualified by the adjective 'afternoon.'

At Primrose Farm, in spite of as many fashionable innovations as Kitty could introduce, the farmer and his wife approved of everything 'solid' and 'satisfying' and 'good,' and therefore, after Mr. Caloney had succeeded in winning his way with the mistress of the house, she bustled away to her store-rooms and cupboards, and Kitty and her lover were left a blissful five minutes of solitude a deux.

Kitty was very jubilant over Reggie's triumph and congratulated him upon his wonderful address, his self-possession, and his winning fascination.

'Was I not spurred on by the thought of you?' he returned fondly. 'I felt I might have certain prejudices to conquer in your family, so I did my best.'

'But how could you talk so well upon farming and agriculture pursuits when you belong to town and society, and quite an other world from poor old auntie's?'

Kitty wondered in admiration.

Reggie reminded her that his uncle did not live wholly in town, but possessed a country estate, as did most of his friends and acquaintances, and then the old lady came back, and the visitor craved permission to examine the carving over the front door and the windows, which had attracted his notice as he came up the path.

So he and Kitty went out and wandered round, while Mrs. Wood viewed them leniently from the dining-room, very

prond in her heart of hearts that her sister and her niece had been able to make so desirable an acquaintance.

And then they all had tea together, and the mistress of the house, pleased that it attracted such genuine admiration, undertook to show Mr. Caloney some of the best points inside, particularly the finely carved old mantle-piece in the bedroom upstairs, for which attention Reggie expressed himself very grateful.

'My uncle would so enjoy this sort of thing,' he said to Kitty. 'I am returning to London to night, and I must tell him all about this old bit of carving. I don't ever remember,' he added gratefully to his hostess 'having seen such a delicate and yet powerful piece of work.'

Kitty's heart felt at the tidings that he was leaving so soon, and her pleasure at the success of the call faded; but at the very end, as they said good-bye in the porch, he told her that, though it was imperative he should be in town that same night, he might be down again in Northford in a couple of days.

'For I can't bear to part from you for even an hour,' he told her, and Kitty was comforted.

It had been a very happy day, and Mrs. Wood was quite loud in Reggie's praises as she and her niece sat together in the evening, and her husband returning in a very good humor, he was regaled with an account of 'Julia's friend' who had called to see Kitty, at which Uncle John (for a wonder) uttered no word of complaint, but even admitted it was a pity he had been out of the way.

CHAPTER V.

Kitty went up to bed in an enviable frame of mind, and fell into happy dreams, of which she and Reggie were heroine and hero.

She had been asleep it seemed to her, a very long time, when some slight sound awakened her, the sound, as it were, of a catch being pushed back somewhere.

She felt she could only have been dreaming the sound, however, after listening in vain for a minute or two for the repetition of it.

The big old house was perfectly quiet, except for the ticking of the eight-day clock, which stood outside her door, on the broad landing, and she was again falling into a doze, when another sound caused her to start up once more—this time a loud, though muffled noise, as though a heavy bag had been dropped with a thud upon the wooden floor.

This time Kitty sprang up in bed, and her heart began to beat furiously.

What could the sound mean, and from whence did they proceed?

She crept to her door to listen, and while she was standing there with her ear pressed to the oak, an alarming remembrance came, that it was one of those days when she and her aunt were always nervous—when old Wood had returned from market with a large sum in his pocket to be taken over on the following day to the bank.

This time it was nearly £400.

Suppose—oh, suppose those mysterious sounds should mean that burglars were breaking into the house to obtain this money! For of course it must occasionally be guessed that the farmer returned with heavy bargains from the shows and fairs he attended.

The remembrance had just sprung upon her and redoubled her fears, when the frightful realization of them was made known to her by a sudden terrifying bubbling proceeding from the far end of the long landing, at which lay her uncle's bedroom.

It did not take her an instant to discover what had happened, for it seemed something to which she had always looked forward with dread, and which the dread had rendered almost—but it was none the less horrible for that—more so, perhaps.

From the farmer's room came hoarse, muffled cries of 'Help!' mingled with a sound of scuffling and repeated falls.

Then the door seemed to be torn open, and she could hear a weak crying in her aunt's voice of 'Murder!' upon the landing—a terrified, helpless crying, which it was not likely could be heard by the servants sleeping above.

In spite of her intense fear, the sound of these cries from the old pair seemed to infuse life and determination into the girl, who had been standing shivering in the dark.

She burst out upon the landing suddenly and rushed to the old woman, who was wringing her hands frantically and uttering her useless wails.

She speechlessly motioned to Kitty from whence the noise proceeded, although there was no need to do so, for the bedroom door was ajar, and the sturdy old







Chat of the Boudoir.

Fashion has set her seal on the use of fur this winter beyond any possibility of a doubt, making it the most conspicuous feature of all the elegant costumes for strictly winter wear, says the New York Sun.

Expensive furs as a part of woman's dress are not at all a new fashion, of course, but it is the treatment of them in the past few years which has brought out such wonderful possibilities and changed so completely their whole appearance in mode of decoration and general adaptability to the figure and style of the woman who wears them.

We are constantly meeting with surprises in the way of embroideries, lace and chiffon frills in combination with fur and there seems to be no limit to the decorative processes which can be applied to them. A fur coat in these days is an edition de luxe of the model we were once so proud to own and is a garment quite as up to date in all that pertains to stylish outline, fit and finish as anything produced by the most artistic dressmaker.

The furriers were not slow in finding out the necessity of some genuinely artistic work in their branch of business and the result is no end of the variety and perfect accord with the general trend of fashion.

The revival of miniver, worn so much by our grandmothers, is a speciality of the season, chiefly because it is white probably, as all white furs are very much in demand. Miniver has been a popular fur for children always, but now it is adopted by grown ups for trimming waistcoats, revers, collars and cuffs.

Moleskins seem to be used again, too, as they respond very prettily to the fashion of embroidery on fur. The French seem to have found a process of dyeing furs, which is very superior to anything heretofore accomplished in London, and they work out wonders in imitation sables and sealskin.

Contrasting two furs seems to be indispensible to style this season, and your coat is often of one fur and a very assertive collar and cuffs of another, or the division as to quantity in the small jacket is almost equal. It is either this combination of two furs or the application of embroidery and lace, for contrast there must be.

The use of fancy buttons is another feature of furs, and they may be mosaic specimens or large cabochon sapphires set in gold.

Baby lamb is the fur most generally liked for the greatest variety of garments, as the soft felt surface is so well adapted for any style of coat. A short coat of this fur, bloused in front, is a favorite style, with or without a basque frill. It is most becoming to some figures with no basque and worn with one of the new elastic belts, partially covered with embroidery.

A very coquettish little jacket of broad tail is made with coat tails in the back, short on the hips, and rather short stole ends in front. A belt of black silk is fastened with a steel buckle in the back, sash ends fall below, and the cuffs and collar are of silk covered with embroidery. Another peculiarity of this coat is that it is cut away at the neck enough to show the neck band of the bodice, and the embroidered silk collar turns down quite flat.

A coat which represents a small mint of money is the long one of baby lamb, made with a shaped flounce sweeping out into a decided train. The flounce is pointed with a band of guipure lace over the light satin lining.

The lace forms a collar, over one of fur, and the cuffs also. This, like the long ermine coat is indeed a garment fit for an Empress.

Blouse coats of mink in a fine quality are very good style, made with the dark stripes in the fur running around the cuffs and broad collar. You see brown silk passementerie frogs on some of the seal-skin jackets, and again schinchilla pelterine with a set of black silk cords crossing the front.

The Russian coat made in seal, ermine, and broadtail is one of the distinguished styles for fur, and here are two fancy models for chinchilla, Persian moire or sable, decorated with a lace collar, and a bell and sash of silk.

Baby lamb and lace form another style of jacket, and last we have a muff hat and collar of ermine. This latter is shaped and fitted to give it the appearance of being attached to the cloth coat.

In muffs there is every conceivable kind, between the frivolous little confection of tulle and the larger broque muff of fur made in an exact copy of one in the famous Lebrun picture in the Louvre.

It is certain that muffs are larger this

season. They necessarily have to be larger in proportion to the long, high, boas that are worn.

The large flat muffs are used, too, and they are sometimes made of two kinds of fur in stripes; for example, ermine and mink, and finished at the ends with charming frills of Venice lace. Large flat ermine muffs, finished with lace are also lovely. Tails and heads are used quite as much as ever for a muff finish.

Among the long list of fancy muffs there is one shown made of white chiffon frills edged with black chenille, which is looped into a little flounce effect at short intervals. Another one, of white tulle frills, is edged with pink flower petals and finished with a big bow of pink ribbon. One which is perhaps more effective still is the muff of white ostrich feathers tipped.

To Reduce the Girth of the Hips.

No figure can be lithe and graceful if there is an excess of circumference below the waist. This is a problem over which many a woman, with an otherwise shapely figure, has worried herself. Inordinately large hips will spoil the effect of an otherwise good figure, to say nothing of disastrous effects to smart gowns, for no perfection of cut will hide the presence of overmuch flesh.

To reduce the girth of the hips, one exercise is suggested which can be taken without any appliances.

It is to stand erect on a slight elevation from the ground, with the weight on the leg.

Relax the other leg, and with the power from the thigh first swing the relaxed leg forward and backward; then swing it in a circle around the strong leg.

During these swinging leg movements keep a steady poise; the body from the hips upward must be quite motionless. The quite interesting statement is made that a woman has reduced the size of her hips no less than four inches by this and similar exercise. Another one may be mentioned.

Bend the knees, and rise on the balls of the feet rapidly half a dozen times or more.

Do not strain or push with the body; it must be easily maintained erect and free from tension. Do not work the arms.

These exercises cannot be practiced too often if reduction of the size of the hips is desired. Too large a waist is also another lion in the path, but rather too large a waist than one too small; rather the generous inches of Venus than a wasp-like vision.

If it is desirable to reduce the size of the waist, or improve its shape, try swinging back and forth as far as possible without losing the balance; the body must be erect, with the arms extended vertically above the head, the hands touching.

For a variation, raise alternately the right and the left foot, holding the knee bent at a small angle.

The 'Footling' Custom.

There exists in the Manchester and other 'North Country' mills a custom known as 'footling,' which compels the girls employed to furnish wine and liquors on holidays and festival occasions for themselves and the men workers. Public attention has just been directed to this custom by Canon Hicks, of Salford, who in his capacity of chaplain to the Salford hospital, has seen the many evils to which it has led, says the London Telegraph.

For the first year, perhaps, after a girl has entered her mill or factory, she will not be asked or expected to join with her elders in one of these 'footlings.' Temperance has been strongly advocated among the young in Manchester, as the rolls of Bands of Hope and church and non-conformist schools can show, and numbers make their working start in life as pledged abstainers. But with the first promotion, a birthday or a wedding in the family the unfortunate girl is reminded by those who ought to know better that the 'footling' will be expected to celebrate the event. Her wages at these early stages cannot be large, and to provide the bottle of whisky, the bottle of port and the substantial plum cake which is the orthodox form for this useless imposition to take, she must either deny herself for weeks some infinitely more desired article of dress, and save patiently, or lay upon her poor little shoulders a miserable burden of debt or borrowing.

It is bad enough when she alone has to supply her co-workers with drink, for in such case the quality available will not be followed by serious after consequences. The worst occasions are at Whitenside and Christmas or big public holidays, when all the women furnish their 'footling' upon the same scale, and much drunkenness is the result. A regrettable feature of the evil is that men should be so dead to countenance and encourage it as they do,

by participating in the drink. Indeed, when the 'footling' is bought the idea is that the whisky or rum is for the men who share in it and the wine for women, though now it is not uncommon to purchase spirit only.

In some of the mills and factories efforts have been made to suppress 'footling' by forbidding them absolutely upon the premises. Practically, however, this attempt at remedy has proved almost worse than the disease, as the only result has been that the carouse in such case is transferred to a public house, where even greater excess is indulged in. The more respectable women themselves would have a deliverance with gladness, but at present the system seems too strong for them.

About eighteen months ago the first outside attempt to break down the habit was made, when an 'Anti Footling League' was formed. Its rules were simple, and its members pledged themselves: 'First, to take no intoxicating drink in connection with footling, birthdays and other occasions in the mill or elsewhere; second to try to exclude intoxicating drinks from all such occasions, and, third, to try to induce others to join this league. Efforts on the part of the sex are very well organized and united in Manchester, through the district branch of the National Union of Women Workers, and this movement is rapidly supported by the various clubs and societies befriending the class. Among others which took it up was the Girls' Institute, an immense non-sectarian establishment, where hundreds of hot dinners are served daily at the lowest possible cost which has its lodging houses, evening classes and a host of other endeavors at Ancoats, in the very heart of the manufacturing, as well as holiday and convalescent homes elsewhere.

The Wrong Boy.

A small boy on a railroad train can easily get into trouble. A Detroit man had to leave his little son while he transacted some business with the conductor, says the Free Press, and as was natural enough, he gave the boy careful instructions as to his behavior.

'Now, Willie,' he said, 'I'm going to be away just a few minutes. You sit right where you are, and don't you move a bit. If you do, I'll spank you good and hard. So don't stick your head out of the window. You might have it taken off if you do. Then you wouldn't have any head, and get a spanking besides.'

The man went away to find the conductor. After a few minutes he came back.

There was Willie with just his feet and the seat of his trousers sticking through the window. He seemed to be more out-

side than inside and moreover, whenever a telegraph pole whizzed by and looked especially close, he would make a lunge for it, as if trying to catch it.

The father did not hesitate long. He made a grab for the boy just as the latter was making a lunge for a pole. He pulled him in by the heels, laid him over his knee and began to fulfil his promise. The little fellow yelled and yelled until he almost drowned out the noise of the train; but during a lull in the uproar the father heard a snicker behind him. He laid the boy down and turned around to see what it meant.

There was his son two seats behind and across the aisle, with two fingers stuffed in his mouth to keep his merriment in. The man looked again and rubbed his eyes, but there was no mistake.

He looked at the boy in his lap. Behind the tears was a face he had never seen before. He had spanked some other man's son.

A Monument.

Near Yarmouth market is St. Nicholas one of the largest of the parish churches of England. One of its old tombs carries an unconsciously droll epitaph:

Sacred to the memory of Joseph Pigg, The affectionate husband of Elizabeth Pigg.

Verse on a tomb is idly spent, A man's good name is his best monument.

Or was it so unconscious, after all? One cannot help wondering whether the Piggs were not victims of some Yarmouth humbug.

The Monk—Five baby elk have been born here within the last four weeks.

The Cocktoo—By George! we'll organize a lodge.

"FRUIT OF THE LOOM."

Men and women of taste and judgment go into ecstasies over the wonderful patterns, textures and colors which are "the fruit of the loom." But there is one fruit of the loom they rarely consider, and that is the frail and faded woman, old before her time, because necessarily compels her to work under conditions, which send her more favored sister to bed and the doctor's care.

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Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be used with "Favorite Prescription" whenever a laxative is required.



Music

Lily Langtry's Queen... The attempt to secure some of late Alvin Joslyn Aoter (Who has gagemen')—W. Manager—N. Bram Stoker, personal representative that Miss Terry stage at the end of Thirteen year now played Claiion of the Silver nights, without Mathilde Co Rankin have be Frohman for Am the production of The Girl and the Lulu Glaser at opera, Dilly Ve York date, thou holidays. This follow Mansfield It is observed matter of The Bar to the materi and it is signific earlier play is writers generally nie Brice Bush in of the two—stro stronger in com

Frank Daniel latest musical pro took \$11,108 at Chicago, on its critics agreed th had been known completely captu records engage week for the season as the New York T little patience w easily discourag in America each hour each day t had a promise was the young singe Nordica met her the had not con kinwoman repli her to work. 'my dear, if you you'll find it hot New York T friend was telli that Joseph Jelf self as delighted had made as a seemed only a been running a madcap little g used to sit on h think that he di said Miss Barry of the distingui that. It ever I portant enough going to name 'Sit Upon.' "

Reginald de seem to be as p as was Gilbert effort in the rat sequel to their Hood.' It ob reception at its Philadelphia. Hood has join of his marriage Sheriff of Nott that her betrol to seize his e friends, disbe perily, agree Maid Marian pilgrimage to is captured by the sheriff, v Palestine. A second act is establish a h buys for this who has been a hour. The sheriff Robin tioned and li the Crown. A iff and Guy merry oper R banqueting h them with his the sheriff is is wedded to baronial hall

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Music and The Drama

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Lily Langtry has rejected Cecil Raleigh's Queen of Society.

The attempt of Catherine A. Hudleston to secure some of the fortune left by the late Alvin Joslyn has failed.

Actor (Who has been seeking an engagement) — Well, I've got to live. Manager — Not necessarily.

Bram Stoker, who is Sir Henry Irving's personal representative, positively denies that Miss Terry is to retire from the stage at the end of this American tour.

Thirteen year old Marjorie Murray has now played Cissie, in an English production of the Silver King, close upon 700 nights, without being out of the bill once.

Mathilde Cottrelly and Mrs. M. Koe Rankin have been engaged by Charles Frohman for Annie Russell's company for the production of Mr. Clyde Fitch's play, The Girl and the Judge.

Lula Glaeser and Strange and Edwards opera, D. Lily Varden, have found a New York date, though it is not until after the holidays. This attraction is reported to follow Mansfield at the Herald Square.

It is observed by critics that the subject matter of The Bonnie Brier Bush is similar to the material used in Hazel Kirke, and it is significant, when the success of the earlier play is recalled, that the same writers generally concede that The Bonnie Brier Bush is much the stronger play of the two—stronger in heart interest and stronger in comedy.

Frank Daniels in Kike La Shelle's latest musical production, Miss Simplicity, took \$11,108 at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, on its opening week, and the critics agreed that no musical piece that had been known there in years had so completely captured the town.

New York Times: Mme. Nordica has little patience with persons who are too easily discouraged. During a recent stay in America she kindly offered to give an hour each day to a young kinswoman who had a promising voice.

New York Times: The other day a friend was telling Miss Ethel Barrymore that Joseph Jefferson had expressed himself as delighted with the success which she had made as a star and that he had said it seemed only a few months ago that she had been running about his place by the sea, a madcap little girl.

Reginald de Koven and Harry B. Smith seem to be as prolific in producing operas as were Gilbert and Sullivan. Their latest effort is the rather daring experiment of a sequel to their most popular work, 'Robin Hood.'

The quiet lone yards, and outbuildings lay sleeping peacefully beneath the moon; and all would have been very much as it had been, had not the farmer's cupboard been empty, and Kitty lying unconscious on the floor.

Continued From Page Two.

farmer's figure could be seen upon the floor wrestling with a younger and more agile one—that of a bearded ruffian, revealed by the moonlight which flooded this side of the house.

The girl rushed upon the scene without a thought of her own danger, and her entry was greeted by the old farmer with a gasp of relief.

'Hi, Kitty, girl, get the stick from the corner!' he exclaimed, hanging on to his assailant's throat with hands which his life's work had rendered muscular and sinewy.

His noise dashed to a corner by the fire-place and seized hold of a heavy blackthorn walking-stick which was almost a bludgeon and had a loaded handle, that, when well-managed in a strong countryman's grip, could work havoc.

The farmer sneered at defences such as pistols or revolvers; in his lonely walks, rides, or drives, he carried nothing but this blackthorn stick, and swore by it, and when Kitty, with the swiftness of lightning, pushed it between him and the burglar, the old fellow took a sharp grasp of it, and prepared to bring it down upon his assailant's head.

But he had a tough customer to deal with, and a desperate, hardened ruffian to boot.

The man was struggling violently. Kitty, anxious to assist her uncle, and reckless of anything else, threw herself down by them and seized the intruder's right arm, hanging upon it with all her strength and weight.

He turned his head to her with a brutal imprecation, and it seemed to Kitty somehow, as she saw his face close to her, and clearly revealed by the moonlight, that it was familiar in some way.

She felt she knew how things stood. The window, which looked upon the back, was wide open.

The man had entered by this means, first, perhaps, cutting an opening for his fingers, and then proceeding to draw up the sash.

The money was kept in a cupboard by the fire place; he had probably been on his way to this cupboard, when the farmer had awakened and sprung upon him, for there was no sign of the bag or its contents to be seen, and they were still doubtless reposing in their hiding-place.

The man was becoming exhausted with his fierce efforts, when the room was darkened by a sudden shadow from the window, and Kitty turned, to see, with despair, a second form upon the sill.

The burglar in her grasp had perceived the darkening of the chamber also, and guessing its meaning, called out in a voice of hoarse elation to his comrade—

'Ar, blaz' away, Joe!—this side first!'

In instinctive terror at the words, Kitty twisted round sharply, and then her lips parted, her face blanched, and her fingers relaxed their clasp.

What was it she saw. Whose features were those that were looking in upon her from the window?

Great heavens, who was it? Not Reggie—in mercy, not Reggie Colton, her lover?

Yes—it was Caloney!

He was half in and half out of the casement, with a revolver levelled directly at the writing, wrestling group in the centre of the apartment.

Kitty sprang to her feet, and throwing out her arm, staggered towards him madly.

'Reggie, Reggie, it is I—Kitty!' she shrieked.

The miscreant at the window looked into her eyes in the moonlight, his own gleaming.

'Curse you, yes! I know it's you!' he made answer; and, altering the position of his weapon, he pointed it directly at her and pulled the trigger.

With one faint cry she fell to the floor, with the blood gushing from her breast.

The man then fired again into the room, but by this time the ruffian who had been struggling with the old man, had burst away from him, and, wasting no time upon revenge, scrambled through the open casement after his companion, who had disappeared.

All was done with the ease, agility, and despatch of practised performers. In less than two minutes the coast was clear.

The quiet lone yards, and outbuildings lay sleeping peacefully beneath the moon; and all would have been very much as it had been, had not the farmer's cupboard been empty, and Kitty lying unconscious on the floor.

Kitty came back to herself four hours later, when the hands of the clock in the room where she lay were pointing to seven.

She was bandaged and muffled and swathed very firmly and inconveniently, and she felt very dazed and weak and

queer.

Jenny, a stout maid, was sitting by her bed with an intent and watchful look, and when Kitty's eyes alighted upon her, after a wandering glance round the familiar chamber, the girl, who had been left as nurse, produced some reviving mixture, and held it to her lips in silence, shook her head when her young mistress attempted to question her, and continued this treatment faithfully during the morning.

For most of it was spent by Kitty in dozing fitfully, and she was to weak to attempt to set up her will against Jenny's when she awoke for a moment or two at a time, not being quite strong enough to recall the dreadful incidents of the night with any clearness.

In the afternoon she was conscious that her aunt, who looked a tottering shadow of herself, had taken Jenny's place; but in evening and during the night she was in a fever, with her temperature at an abnormal height, and knew nothing. And so a week passed, and her condition was causing great anxiety in the quiet old house, the affairs of which were always conducted with the regularity of clockwork, but were now utterly deranged by the startling event that had happened.

When Kitty first awoke with a clear remembrance of all that had taken place her aunt was beside her, and at the sound of her faint, conscious cry was on her feet and bending over her in a moment.

Kitty looked up into the kindly old face, with tears in her eyes.

She could see in a moment that the old lady had passed through a most anxious and trying time, and the realization that she herself had been the cause of it all was very bitter to her sensitive nature.

'Thank Heaven, darling!' her aunt fervently ejaculated. 'You are yourself again.'

Kitty felt a sob rise in her throat and tried to stifle it.

She knew she was anything but herself again, and that never more would she be the gay, light-hearted Kitty of other days.

Mrs. Wood gently stroked the hair back from her niece's forehead.

'You must cheer up, my dear,' she said soothingly. 'All's well that ends well, and things might have been a great deal worse than they are. You are still very weak, of course, but we shall soon have you up and about once more.'

'Yes—yes,' said Kitty, with tremulous lips and eyes that were still tear-filled; 'but—'

She stopped.

She felt she could not utter the words that were on her tongue.

And yet there was so much she wanted to know.

'What is it, darling?' her aunt gently queried. 'You remember all about that dreadful night, do you not?'

Kitty shuddered, and again her lips quivered pitifully.

She strove to speak, but the old lady broke in upon her.

'Yes, my dear, I see you know all about it. Well, you're all right, and we've all come out of it safely now, thank Heaven! Your wound was not in a dangerous place—just up near the shoulder; but it was loss of blood that made it so bad for you. There you were, lying there, and the doctor not coming till I don't know what time, with the servants frightened to stir out of the house.'

'But uncle—what became of uncle?' interrupted Kitty.

There was a dark horror in her eyes, as if she saw visions that froze the blood in her veins.

'Oh! he is quite unharmed, love—quite well. He was only bruised and sore; it was I who got the shaking and the shock. Yes, I've been far from well myself all this time; but, thank goodness, they're got the villains! Captured them the other night in Liverpool, and now we know the whole truth about them. One of them left his false beard behind him, and your uncle and the police got it out of the sponjona bush that climbs up the wall so it was a sort of clue.'

Kitty lay with her hands pressed over her eyes.

'Perhaps I'm talking too much to you,' exclaimed her aunt dubiously; 'but the doctor said you'd be able to talk about it as soon as you remembered anything clearly, and I suppose you do now?'

'I remember everything—only too clearly,' murmured the girl.

'You look very bad,' exclaimed Mrs. Wood. 'I won't speak another word until you've had this to eat and drink, and she began to feed her industriously, while Kitty thought, and her meditations were bitter.

'Yes, the rogues were caught, and they are committed for trial; and they're old hands at the business,' continued Mrs. Wood, in a tone of placid, gossiping enjoyment. 'But, oh! my poor dear child, how hard it was for that Joseph Thomas to

have pretended to be a friend of yours and Julia's, how wicked of him, the villain! He—'

'Aunt Milly don't!' cried Kitty, in a low, sharp tone of pain.

'After a moment or two she reached out her hand, and whispered—'

'You don't know the truth of the matter. You are pitying me when I don't need it—I mean I don't deserve pity. I have deceived you all. I have kept a long story from you, who were my best friends. It is through me that all this shock and trouble has come upon us all.'

And then in a voice trembling with grief and shame, the whole tale was poured into the ears of the shocked, but sympathetic old aunt, who forebore to utter any reproaches, but digested the history with bitter comments.

'A poor innocent country girl just taken in by one of those swell mobsters, she ejaculated. 'Could he not be satisfied without bringing trouble into a quiet, well conducted house, and finished his rascally work by attempted murder! Yes, he will get it hot, my dear! Don't you think any more about him, now,' as Kitty shrank back hastily at the words, and grew paler than she had been before.

'We were all deceived in him, as well as you. Mrs. Symes, over at G-estover, who lives in that row of cottages near the church, had him for a lodger for the week, and she was taken in completely by his grand tales, and took him for somebody above everybody else, common thief as he is!'

'What your uncle's state of mind is about it, I leave you to guess! The money had been taken through the window before he was awakened and jumped up to fight with the wretch who left his beard behind him, and who goes by the name of Percival Shepley, but except for the loss of the money, and the loss of his temper ever since, he's none the worse, thank goodness; and now we shall soon have you about again, my dear, and then everything will be all right.'

But Kitty, as she lay and listened, felt that it would never be all right with her again, for she had had a lesson that had embittered her life.

CHAPTER VI.

'You are very down, Kitty. I wish I could do something to cheer you up a little,' said Jim Delamere to her when she was convalescent, and sitting out in the garden among the bees and the flowers.

'You can't, Jim. I've made a muddle of my life just at the beginning, and I don't believe I shall ever be the same girl again,' replied Kitty.

'Now, don't tell me you're fretting about that accident,' he exclaimed, a little out of patience with what struck him as such a palpable want of common-sense.

'It isn't only that—it's everything!' she returned. 'I know I'm a laughing-stock in the place after it all coming out as it did, and I know, although he doesn't say much about it, that Uncle John has very little opinion of me now. He thinks me a sort of credulous, sentimental fool, Jim, and that I'm not to be trusted, and—and it's all a miserable business.'

Kitty looked very depressed, as she sat facing the young man.

Her old spirits had quite deserted her. It was a month since Joe Thomas, the man who had so deceived her, had been sentenced to five years penal servitude, but the nine days wonder had continued in Northford, and had not died away yet.

It was such an interesting case for the gossip—how pretty Kitty Wood had taken a low, rascally thief for a polished gentleman, had been quite deceived into thinking the thin veneer that he had managed to spread over his manners and appearance the true hall-mark, and had imagined she would make a grand match with a burglar, who turned and shot at her when she discovered him breaking into her uncle's house.

Kitty was a sensitive, refined girl, and had grown to dread the idea of facing the neighbourhood.

And then what weighed upon her also was her conduct to her natural guardians, which she now saw in its true lights—her ingratitude and want of confidence in them which she could see, in spite of their efforts to hide it, had wounded and surprised them exceedingly.

She felt miserably ashamed and down-cast, and her heart ached also that she had been deceived in her lover, whom she had credited with every good quality, and whose behaviour she had excused, as well as her own, under the plea of 'exceptional circumstances'—a plea which, at heart, she had known all along ought not to have excused her deceit or the young man's conduct.

She knew people felt she had behaved very badly, and she was not surprised; but she felt very lonely and very sad, and as Jim looked at her pale, little, downcast countenance a wave of tenderness swept over him.

'Kitty,' he said, 'I'm sure you've really got over your feeling for that fellow, and are only cherishing a sentimental regret. Forget it. Say to yourself, determinedly, that you'll think no more about it, and turn to me—yes—firmly, as he caught her astonished glance—'if you try hard to think of somebody else you'll overcome all this, Kitty, and whom should you turn to if not to me, who have loved you so long?'

'What nonsense!' she exclaimed, rising from her chair, with a vexed face. 'And it is very bad taste on your part to talk to

me so, Jim; you know that—'

'I don't know it,' he returned. 'Why should it be bad taste? If you engaged yourself to me, it would give you something fresh to think about, and it would carry off the awkwardness you feel about meeting people, so that you could defy their pity or their harsh strictures, or whatever it is you fear. Yes, I am only talking plain, downright sense, so you needn't stare at me so scornfully.'

'I wonder you bother to talk to me like this, when you know perfectly well my heart was given to—to—'

'Poo! your heart was never given at all, Kitty dear. The handsome villain captured your girlish fancy, and gratified your vanity by paying you attention. But I don't believe—'

'I don't care what you believe, and you are very unkind,' interrupted Kitty, walking away in a huff.

She wanted condolences and commiseration.

She did not at all like to hear what she thought her deep, intense, and passionate love for the man she had met at Tor Bay called a 'girlish fancy,' which had already melted away in a common-place manner.

She knew she had been mistaken in him, but she did not care to have all the romance snatched away from the feeling she had borne for him, and she said to herself that she would treat Jim Delamere very coldly the next time she met him, just to show him what value she attached to both his advice and his opinion.

But to her surprise, and, perhaps, rather to her displeasure, she had no opportunity afforded her for a very long time of treating the young fellow either coldly or warmly, for two months passed without her catching a glimpse of him; and then she heard one day from an acquaintance that he was staying at Torquay, and that she—the acquaintance—understood he was going to remain there for the winter.

Now, though Miss Wood had no thought to spare for Jim Delamere, it must be owned that she did not approve of this action of his, and that, in fact, she felt some resentment concerning it.

In the first place, he had not called formally at the farm to bid them 'Good-bye,' nor, in fact, had mentioned his strange—yes, strange—intention to her at all any time.

Then she had been unhappy, and out of humour with the world, and he had not stayed to try to comfort her, and, in fact, had deserted her, that was what it came to.

Of course, it was nothing to her—she did not care in the least—but she could never think it the action of a friend, or even of a man, and she should never attempt to

Kitty was really put out, and tossed her head whenever his name was mentioned.

But, indeed, she had had a wretched and depressing autumn and her thoughts were very sad.

People said the foolish business had changed her very much.

See was quiet and thoughtful, and when her Aunt Julia sent to ask her to spend Christmas with her, she declined with a shudder.

Just before Christmas Jim Delamere suddenly returned, as suddenly as he had departed.

Kitty met him quite unexpectedly at the decorating of the schoolrooms for the winter concert, and she was more astonished at the unaccountable bounding of her heart than at the sight of his broad, open face, and grey, honest eyes.

She would have gone up, and, burying the hatchet, greeted him as became an old friend to meet another, when, seemingly unaware of her proximity, he quietly walked off with her bosom-companion, Nelly Chambers, and remained with her for the whole of the evening.

Kitty was not at all surprised that her blood should boil at this, for was it not atrocious conduct?

But it was not worth the shedding of tears, nor was it worth a freezing coldness to Nelly on the occasion of their next meeting, yet both of these things came to pass.

It seemed that everybody was forsaking her; but from Jim Delamere she had expected very different treatment.

By Easter she was certain that he was engaged to Nelly, so she thought she would take the bull by the horns, and ask him if he were not.

He turned very quickly at her—as she imagined—carelessly-put question, and demanded to know if she would not be glad to have him happy.

Kitty, very much taken aback, grew red and then pale, but endeavored to carry off the effect of the answer by chivalric interest.

'Of course I should,' she assented, with a slight smile—that was more clever than becoming—and falling into his trap.

'Then marry me yourself, Kitty,' he returned; and after that there was much tossing of the head from indignant Miss Wood, and laughter from wily Jim, and, at last, explanations came about, and then very personal questions.

And the end of all was that they were standing together with clasped hands and smiling lips.

'And I think I could grow to like you if I had a very long time allowed me,' acknowledged Kitty. 'Of course all that other was nonsense, as you said.'

'Of, of course!' assented Jim gravely. 'And about how long would it take for you to learn to like me, do you think?'

'Oh, I don't know—months!' said Kitty.

'Then I could be running down again to Torquay, meanwhile?' asked Jim. 'By—'

'Oh, well, I could try to be quicker,' interposed Miss Wood, with more haste than dignity.

'Yes, that would be better, perhaps,' said Mr. Delamere calmly.

And they turned in at Primrose Farm with demure and sober lips and twinkling eyes.



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C. P. R. AND INTER-COLONIAL.

The complicated problem of transportation is forcing itself on public attention in Canada, and the leading interests of the Dominion resist (that important changes and improvements must be effected in the near future says the Toronto Globe. A period of discontent is certain to bring forth a wide variety of schemes and suggestions. The Halifax Board of Trade has declared in favor of handing over the Intercolonial Railway to the Canadian Pacific Company, to be managed and operated as a part of that system. This resolution makes the transfer conditional on the making of such arrangements as will retain Government ownership of the road, promote local traffic, and lead to the extensive development of Canada in export and import business through the ports of Quebec, St. John, Halifax and Sydney.

A resolution was passed at the same meeting calling for the establishment of a fast line of steamships equal to any sailing out of New York. The transfer of the Intercolonial to the Canadian Pacific Railway company would be a most important move, and the Board of Trade that will be approached on the matter by the Halifax board should consider it carefully before expressing their views. The Maritime Provinces have now an excellent railway system connecting the two Provincial capitals with the city of Montreal. This system was built and its various extensions have been made for the purpose of supplying transportation facilities to the important area served, and it is now operated with that end in view, the earning of profit being a secondary consideration. Its value to the Maritime Provinces cannot be estimated by the volume of its business, large as that has grown, for it has been a regulator of rates and charges by other transportation routes.

While it was a purely local concern, with but little prospect of yielding a profit to any private corporation, there was no suggestion of moving it from the control of Railway Department. But now that it is a force in the transportation business of eastern Canada, a regulator of rates, and an important link between the commercial metropolis and the Atlantic ports, it has assumed a more attractive aspect. The merchants and manufacturers of eastern Canada should consider well the difference between a railway service maintained for the accommodation of the public and one maintained with a single eye to the earning of dividends. An entirely different policy would be adopted to the Intercolonial if it should pass under Canadian Pacific management. The secret discriminations practised extensively on all railways under corporate control would soon be felt. Service not profitable to the company would be discontinued without regard to the convenience of shippers or of the travelling public. The discriminations adopted to favor the boats of the company on the upper lakes might be used for similar purposes in the Maritime Provinces. In fact, the transfer of the road would put the eastern Provinces completely under the domination of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and create that state of affairs which is causing serious dissatisfaction in the west. It is not an adverse reflection on the Canadian Pacific railway to say that it is operated in the interests of its shareholders, nor that its uncontrolled monopoly results in serious abuses. Such evils as have developed are inherent in the system that has been allowed to grow up. We must absolutely refrain from creating or strengthening transportation monopolies till we have demonstrated our ability to control those

already in existence. The wording of the resolution of the Halifax Board of Trade, and the provisions attached, suggest that it was the result of a compromise between divergent views. But it deals with one of the most important features of our transportation problem. At the present time, and in the light of current tendencies in regard to the management of highways, the transfer of a railway from public to private control would seem a retrograde step. A railway system like the Intercolonial is too important and valuable a possession to be lightly parted with, especially while it may be used to bring pressure on private corporations otherwise apparently beyond public control.

The subscribers to the York and Cornwall Cotton Mill stock ought to have a splendid investment. They only paid sixty cents on the dollar for their stock and there is hardly a doubt of its paying dividends the first year. The only wonder is, that the issue wasn't subscribed for two or three times over.

SOFT COAL STOVE, NO SMOKE.

E. R. Caboon's Invention May Solve the Fuel Problem.

Stove men of Albany and Troy are discussing an invention which they say will be as revolutionary as that of the sewing machine, says a N. Y. despatch. The inventor is E. R. Caboon of Troy, and the invention that of a fire box which burns soft coal without smoke. They believe Caboon has at last solved the problem of perfect combustion in the burning of bituminous coal. In his stove all the carbonaceous gases are consumed which hitherto have escaped through the chimney flues in the shape of dense smoke. The stove has been inspected by chemists, railroad men and representatives of some of the coal companies, and their estimate of the results of its development are far reaching.

Half of the 4,000,000 stoves manufactured in the United States each year are used to burn soft coal. It will be possible to burn this coal with as much cleanliness as hard coal. It will result, they say, not only in the substitution throughout much of the West of bituminous coal at \$2.50 a ton for anthracite at \$7 or \$8, but also in utilization of the great lignite fields of the Dakotas and the Northwest, which until now have proved of little value.

Fuel will thus not only be cheapened, but largely saved by the increased power obtainable from a given quantity by burning the 85 per cent gas as well as the 65 per cent carbon. This would save millions of dollars in fuel bills, take the smoke out of every locomotive stack in the country and end the smoke nuisances in the large cities.

Caboon formerly lived in Newark, N. J., doing a wholesale crockery business in New York. He was the inventor of one of the first successful burners of kerosene oil. What he learned of combustion in that line he applied to the burning of soft coal without smoke. For eight years he has been putting his money into models for fire boxes, testing them and throwing them away until he produced the stove that does the work. He has eaten up most of his capital, but in its stead he holds twenty six patents covering 820 claims protected in the United States and the principal European countries.

Several New York financiers and railroad men are interested in the formation of a company with a capital of \$1,000,000, the organization of which is being perfected.

First models of the stoves and ranges have been set up in one of the Troy foundries. Three of them, connected with a single chimney and burning ordinary union run soft coal full blast, produce smoke sufficient to be discernible across the street.

John D. Green, until recently manager of the Albany Foundry Company and a stove man well known throughout the United States, is one of the men connected with the enterprise. He said to a reporter:

"The theory of combustion is to get air and fuel together in proper quantities heated to the required degree. Chemists have never been able to do this with soft coal for practical purposes. Caboon effected it through introducing superheated air into the fire box on all sides of the fuel and he did it by means of a down draft. In ordinary stove construction cold air enters below, passes up through the fuel and carries out a large amount of released but unburned gas. The soft coal has to become incandescent before there is much heat. Caboon's air is heated in the down draft passage before it reaches the fire. The gas blows into flame and no more smoke results than from hard coal.

"The coal does not caking together and burns to a fine ash without clinkers. Coal screenings can be thrown on the fire—a thing that smokes a house out with an ordinary soft coal stove. We have burned garbage without odor and broiled beef

steak without a smudge. These things speak volumes to an Indiana or Illinois housewife. Not only can these things be done with soft coal, but they can be done with lignite which in the old stoves crumbled to pieces. The State chemist of one of the Northwestern States stated an analysis of lignite provided for 7 per cent. He was astonished when we burned 9 pounds of lignite 22 1/2 hours and had but 3/4 of a pound of ashes.

"The principle is applicable to fire place, open grate heaters, cellar heaters, furnaces, boilers and locomotives."

ONE RESCUE THAT FAILED.

Magistrate Tests Humanity and Finds the Simple Poor.

Anybody who wants Magistrate Cornell to engage in any humanitarian experiment had better not apply for some time, says the New York Sun, or at least not until his latest disappointment has ceased to chafe him. He admitted in the Jefferson Market police court yesterday that he had just been 'taken in' and that the experience, although not the first of its kind, had produced a certain soreness of mind.

The man who gave the wrench to the Magistrate's belief in the inherent goodness of human nature, was Patrick Montgomery, a young homeless ne'er-do-well, who drifted into the court on Thursday in a state of undress that made the well clad policeman shiver. Upright clothing he had none at all and the rags that served to obscure his nakedness hardly deserved the name of clothes. Blue faced, hunger pinched, hatless, and nearly shoeless, he was a picture of misery that might have touched the heart of a snow man.

His errand, guessed in advance, as he shambled down the centre aisle, was to have himself committed to the workhouse in order to save himself from death by hunger and cold. This request was granted with a readiness which showed how deeply the Magistrate, for one, had been touched by his distress. A commitment was made out, but at that point the Magistrate felt he had not done enough by simply sending the man to the workhouse. So he ordered Probationary Officer Van Kuren to make an investigation, with a view to finding out whether the man was worthy of help in some other and more lasting form.

"It was discovered that Montgomery at an earlier period of life had been an inmate for nine or ten years of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin on Lafayette place, better known as Father D. umgool's home. Policeman John McLaughlin, who is detained at the home, was then sent for. He said that Montgomery was perfectly honest and reliable, the only trouble with him being an innate weakness of intellect and lack of ability to shift for himself.

"It's too bad," remarked the Magistrate. "Something must be done for him—Why, I know. I'll send him out to my country home at Bayside, L. I., and place him there as a helper. The work will be light and suited to his faculties. He will be well taken care of, and perhaps we shall be able to make a man of him. Why, I think that's an excellent idea!"

Yesterday morning the Magistrate took steps to carry out this idea. Montgomery was taken from the court prison and left in the hands of Probationary Officer Van Keuren, who has been furnished with authority and means to improve the man's appearance so that he became fit to travel through the city with the Magistrate. It was the latter's intention to go down to Bayside himself with his protégé.

The blessings which Montgomery showed on Mr. Cornell when the change in his destiny was made known to him were numerous enough to last their object through the remainder of his life. They were so fervent that the Magistrate called Van Kuren aside and told him he might just as well put the man to some kind of a trial that very day.

So Montgomery was first taken to a barbershop for a shave, a haircut and a bath, then to an outfitter's, where he was dressed from head to foot, not an article of clothing needed at this season being omitted, and from there to a restaurant, where a good meal was ordered for him. Van Kuren put a two dollar bill in the man's hands to pay for the meal, directed him to report at the Jefferson Market court at 2 o'clock and left him to eat. The test suggested by the Magistrate had begun.

It is sad to relate the fall of Patrick Montgomery. He has been weighed and found wanting. On the very threshold leading to a decent, useful life he stumbled. In vain they waited for him from 2 o'clock yesterday until sunset. No Montgomery came.

He is gone. So is the two-dollar bill. And so is another fraction of the good-hearted Magistrate Cornell's trust in humanity.

Equal to Three.

Public vehicles in Paris are allowed to carry only as many passengers as can find seats. After that number has been admitted no one is allowed to enter. The explanation will serve to introduce an incident reported by a correspondent of the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

A crowd of men and women, each with a numbered ticket, showing the order in which they were to enter the next street-car, stood at the Place de l'Etoile station when the down-town car arrived.

Surveying the crowd, the conductor cried out:

"Only three places in the car! Who has ticket No. 1?"

With that Mrs. Blank of Chicago, the stoutest woman in the American colony, approached, holding up the ticket called for.

"Step aboard, madam," said the conductor, ringing his go-ahead bell.

"Wait! Wait! I've No 2!" called a little Frenchman.

"You're too late," replied the conductor. "Every place is taken."

Just a Cold in the Head! But if followed by another cold, or some extra exposure, is liable to result in Nasal Catarrh. Unless a radical cure is obtained, the Throat, Bronchial tubes and finally the lungs become affected. Noting cures colds to quickly and pleasantly as Catarrh (zinc). The Inspector of Mines for Nova Scotia, Mr. Neville, says: "Catarrh is the best remedy I have ever used. It cured me of Catarrh of the Head and Throat, and I am pleased to recommend such a satisfactory remedy." Catarrh is a safeguard against Colds, Coughs and Catarrh. It can be used while at work, in the church, theatre, or street cars. Simply inhale Catarrh once and it cures. Price, \$1.00. Small size, 25 cents. Druggists or Poison & Co. Kingston, Ont.

Overheard.

An anecdote from Short Stories suggests how far a bore may throw his beams.

Two men, we may assume that one was a Frenchman, were riding together one day through Paris. One was exceedingly clever, while the other was correspondingly dull. As is sometimes the case, the latter monopolized the conversation, and his talk was fast becoming unendurable when his companion saw a man on the street far ahead yawning openly.

It is not probable that the dullard felt this needless prick of wit, but his companion's exasperation must have found momentary relief.

"Look!" he exclaimed. "We are overheard!"

Cramps are Like Burglars.

They come unexpected, and when they are least welcome. Be armed with a minute cure for cramps and keep Poison's Nerve-line handy; it acts instantaneously. Nerve-line's anodyne power is unique, for its composition expresses the highest medical progress of the age. Poison's Nerve-line is a true comfort in the family for its all derangements of the stomach and bowels. It is an absolute specific. Nerve-line has five times greater medicinal value than any other remedy and is sold in large 25 cent bottles. Try it.

Why He Hesitated.

The Brooklyn Citizen prints an experience of a man who travelled all over Europe, and declares that he did not meet but one person who hesitated over the acceptance of a fee:

I was wandering through an old graveyard in an English town, and had stopped before a stone which had not been long in place. A man who must have been following me stepped up and said:

"Ah, sir, but she who lies here will be missed for years to come. She was for half a lifetime the president of the Charity Board."

In an absent-minded way I handed him a sixpence, said the traveller. He received it, turned it over in his hand in a hesitating way, and finally stammered:

"As she was my own wife, sir, and as I was here to plant flowers on her grave, perhaps it would not be exactly proper to accept a fee."

I replied that but for him I might never have known about her being president of the board and he swallowed his scruple and pocketed the sixpence with an motion and with evident satisfaction.

In the Centre of Africa the same of Pain-Killer has spread. The natives use it to cure cuts, wounds and sprains, as well as bowel complaints. Avoid substitutes, there's only one Pain-Killer, Perry D. W.'s, 25c. and 50c.

Convalescent.

The many friends of Mr. R. C. John Dunn, the well known architect will be glad to hear that he is convalescing after his long illness. He was able to go to his old home at Masquash Thursday.

The Small-Pox.

There has only been one new case of Small-pox reported in about a week and it is to be hoped that the disease is at a stand-still. The presence of the Small-pox in this city has learned people a valuable lesson, that is, the value of vaccination.

Bell Respect Forbids.

Abraham Lincoln's love of truth was a distinguishing characteristic, and so great was his reputation as a lawyer that his clients were sure that they would win their cases if they employed him. Yet they knew that if their cases were not fair it would be useless to consult him.

A lawyer who studied in Mr. Lincoln's office tells a story illustrative of his love of justice. After listening one day for some time to a client's statement of his case, Lincoln, who had been staring at the ceiling, suddenly swung around in his chair and said:

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And this somewhat startling testimony was promptly confirmed by her husband, who added:

Alleged Homor.

The bride—John, do you know anything about high balls?

Why, er—yes'm.

Then I wish you would cook several for my husband's dinner. I heard him tell a friend that he'd loved them.

Mrs. Gaddie—My husband's so slipshod. His buttons are forever coming off.

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Attendant—Because it is so salt that it makes a pretzel of a cruller in a five minute soak.

Sniggins has taken to riding horseback for his dyspepsia.

Any results? None except the horse look as if it had it now.

Mr. Tightfit—'m always willing to help a deaf 'ving unfortunate. Here is two cents; now don't spend it for drink.

Tamp—Certainly not. If I don't buy a ticket to Florida I'll surely purchase a set of winter flannels.—

"You say the defendant pulled the plaintiff's hair. Now, how could it defend, ant, who is an unusually short man, reach the plaintiff's hair, the plaintiff being fully six feet tall?"

"Why, you see, your honour, the plaintiff was batting at him all the time."

"77" BLOCKS THE GRIP

How many friends have you whose health has been impaired, whose infirmities date back to the Grip? Nearly every serious illness starts with a Cold or the Grip.

Kept free from Grip and Colds by using "77." It stimulates the action of the heart, liver and kidneys, and so throws off Colds that hang on.

At all Druggists 25c bottle, or mailed on receipt of price. DEXA'S BOOK MAILED FREE. Dispensary's Homeopathic Medicine Co; Corner William and John Streets, New York.

Conte

three scenes, beautiful, re park, with Huntingdon of the Crusade City of Acre banqueting The musical on the Heath er, in the ch Collar's T. Soarlet (Mr. Monk and the character to Robin Hood titled The Cities; I Am Sweetheart, May Go, A W the Mis-litoe

The Me desires to the patronage he success of last service. Th in effect in J of experimen know that it

It is inter to the subur and each year to meet the

We would as to the p move to you be pleased which you the summer in view the number, as es of our pr can, and t through t

For the will be ma summer tra mencing w Fredericton John at 5 as at pres a certain ntion to mo in May, o here about second Mo 9.10 a. m day 1 00 John to W the third

South city, the investment river rats a nimals Tribunal. That is th

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"But th of their I get ar eight o' ways late nine. No cats kno put their lacks on

You s in every and clo hinder th they do they kno morning

The p Argentin ing illus detectiv smuggling ops was a officials on suspn investig law. T

atches in astor suffic len pack egg party ha



# FARMERS MAKE MONEY

Do not sell your poultry, turkeys, geese or ducks till you investigate this great Company, its object and the high prices to be obtained by dealing only with it — cash is better than trading — who last year made money out of your poultry—Did you?—No.—JOIN this co-operative company for the protection of farmers—get high prices as well as your share of the profits of selling in England. Join at once.

## The Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited

Capital Stock, \$450,000

HEAD OFFICE: HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

PRESIDENT—MR. GIBSON ARNOLDI, Barrister-at-Law, Toronto, Ontario.  
MANAGER—MR. WILLIAM S. GILMORE, Merchant, Hamilton, Ontario.

Three Firms Alone Intimated Their Ability and Willingness to Handle About Two Thousand Cases Per Week at Good Prices.

### APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

GIBSON ARNOLDI, ESQ., PRESIDENT, THE CANADIAN DRESSED POULTRY COMPANY, LIMITED, 9 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose you herewith ..... in full payment for ..... shares of full paid and non-assessable stock in the Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited, which I wish allotted to me, as I wish to become a fully qualified shareholder and entitled to all the advantages of the Company, as described in the published Prospectus.

YOUR NAME, ..... ADDRESS, .....

Continued from page three.

three scenes, which are said to be very beautiful, represent a fine old English park, with the castle of the Earl of Huntingdon in the background; the of the Crusaders in the desert, with the City of Acre in the distance; and the banqueting hall of Huntingdon Castle. The musical numbers that are likely to win an enduring popularity are: The Daw in the Heather, sung by Miss Belle Harper, in the character of Lady Vivian; The Cellarer's Toast, a bass song for Will Soarlet (Mr. Allen C. Hinkley); The Monk and the Magpie, which is similar in character to the Old Cross bow song of Robin Hood; a glee for six singers entitled The Cobbler and the Bluebottle Flies; I Am an Outlaw, Tell Me Again, Sweetheart, Let's May Come and Love May Go, Away in the Forest, and Under the Mistletoe Bough.

#### News for Suburbanites.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company desires to thank those who by their liberal patronage have contributed to the marked success of last summer's suburban train service. The increase in the service put in effect in June last was largely a matter of experiment, and it is satisfactory to know that it was fully appreciated.

It is intended to pay particular attention to the suburban business out of St. John, and each year to arrange the train service to meet the demands of the traffic.

We would like to hear from you early as to the probable time you expect to move to your summer residence, and shall be pleased to consider any suggestions which you may wish to make regarding the summer train service in general, having in view the accommodation for the greater number, as it is our aim to meet the wishes of our patrons, so far as we possibly can, and at the same time retain the through traffic.

For the summer of 1902 arrangements will be made to place the majority of summer trains in service in May. Commencing with the first Monday in May the Fredericton local express will leave St. John at 5:30 p. m., instead of 6:45 p. m., as at present. It is now proposed that a certain number advise us of their intention to move to their summer homes early in May, to start the local express from Lingley, or beyond, to St. John, reaching here about 7:20 a. m., on and after the second Monday in May, and possibly the 9:10 a. m. and the Wednesday and Saturday 1:00 p. m. local express from St. John to Westford and return commencing the third week in May.

#### Sagacious Cats.

South of Fulton street, in New York city, the cat is not a pet but a business investment, an insurance policy against the river rats. Yet, wild as some of these animals are, there is one man, says the Tribune, whom they regard with approval. That is the cat's meat man.

"I don't know all of them," he says. "No man could; and, besides, there are changes all the time. But if I don't know them, they all know me, every last cat of them."

"And they're wise; cats are as wise as any beast that lives. Every cat on the block runs to meet me, but they are always on their good behavior."

Now, here's a place where I leave meat for six cats. They all follow me in when I give it to the porter. They are the cats that belong here, and all the rest of the cats are waiting peacefully for me to come out. Now, see those four cats run ahead and into the next place, they're the cats that belong there, and line up to meet me."

"But that is a small part of the wisdom of these cats. Five mornings in the week I get around my meat between seven and eight o'clock, but on Saturdays I am always late, and never reach this block before nine. Well, on Saturday mornings the cats know that I'm late, and they don't put their heads outside the doors until it lacks only a little of nine."

You see there are calendars hanging up in every office to tell the day of the week, and clocks, too, and there's nothing to hinder the cats from consulting them. If they don't find out that way, how do they know when it's nine o'clock Saturday morning?

#### Röntgen Rays in Emuville.

The post office at Buenos Aires, in the Argentine Republic, has furnished a striking illustration of the value of X-rays in detective work. Jewelers have found that smuggling in registered letters from Europe was very safe, as the government officials could not legally open such letters on suspicion, and it was finally resolved to investigate the evil without violating the law. The X-rays promptly revealed watches, chains, rings and other valuables in astonishing quality. This evidence was sufficient for a court order to open the packages, and more than \$20,000 of property has been confiscated in a single week.

#### THINGS OF VALUE

Corns / Corns / Corns

Discovered at last; a remedy that is sure, safe and painless. Patnam's Corn and Wart Extractor never fails, never causes pain, nor even the slightest discomfort. Buy Patnam's Corn Extractor and beware of the many cheap, dangerous and fish eating substitutes in the market.

When all other corn preparations fail, try Holloway's Corn Cure. No pain what ever and no inconvenience in using it.

"Ah, old man! I hear you've had an addition to your family."

"Yes, two."

"Not twins?"

"Oh, no; the baby and my wife's mother!"

There is nothing equal to Mother Graves' Worm Expeller for destroying worms. No article of its kind has given such satisfaction.

Young Mr. Margin seems very familiar with the stock market.

"I don't think so."

He discussed it with great confidence.

Yes. But any one really familiar with the market knows better than to display confidence.

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

"When she married that old man for his money. She thought his cough would carry him off in a few months."

"And it hasn't?"

"No. She can't even make him cough up what money she wants."

A Sound Stomach Means a Clear Head.—The high pressure of a nervous life which business men of the present day are constrained to live makes it difficult for their vitality highly detrimental to their health. It is only by the most careful treatment that they are able to keep themselves alert and active in their various callings many of them find the value of Parnelle's Vegetable Pills in regulating the stomach and consequently keeping the head bright.

"It's the old, old story, said Kwator, 'truth lies at the bottom' of a well, you know."

Yes, unless it happens to be an oil well.

If attacked with cholera or summer complaint of any kind send at once for a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Cholera Remedy and use it according to directions. It acts with wonderful rapidity in subduing that dread disease that we know the cholera germ that destroys the young and delicate and who have used this cholera medicine say it acts promptly, and never fails to effect a thorough cure.

When a girl wishes she was young enough to flirt with a man who thinks she is too old for that sort of thing, she calls "h'm a little snip."

No Alcohol in it.—Alcohol or any volatile matter which would impair strength by evaporation, does not enter into the manufacture of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Nor do any of the active ingredients of the Arctic changes affect it. It is as effective in the Arctic Circle as in the tropics, where man is more subject to cold from exposure to the elements.

"You remember Bingley, who bought a house on each side of his own dwelling, so he could choose his own neighbors?"

"Yes. What of him?"

"Well, he fitted up those houses elegant, and rented them to first class tenants, and they won't associate with him, all because he's merely a landlord."

#### Royal Perfumes!

- Royal Opopanax,
- Royal Daisy,
- Royal Heliotrope,
- Royal Violet,
- Royal Greek Lilac,
- Royal White Rose,

by the celebrated Perfumer, Ed. PINARD Paris. Also, a complete line of ROGERS & Gallet, Piver, Coudray and other choice Perfumes.

Just opened at

W. G. Rudman Allan,  
Chemist and Druggist,  
87 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.  
Call and see my display. Tel. 239. Mail orders promptly filled.

#### QUEEN HOTEL

FREDERICTON, N. B.  
A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

#### Victoria Hotel,

81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N.B.

#### Electric Passenger Elevator!

and all Modern Improvements.  
D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor

#### IF YOU CATCH COLD

Many things may happen when you catch cold, but the thing that usually happens first is a cough. An inflammation starts up in the bronchial tubes or in the throat, and the discharge of mucus from the head constantly poisons the system. The very contraction of the throat muscles in the act of coughing helps to irritate so that the more you cough the more you have to cough. It is of course beyond question that in many cases the irritation started in this way results in lung troubles that are called by serious names. It is in this irritated bronchial tube that the germ of consumption finds lodgment and breeds.

great numbers of people disregard cough at first and pay the penalty of neglect. Cough never did any one any good. It should be dispensed with promptly. Adams' Bronchial Cough Balsam is a restful cough remedy, and it is the street and quick-est cough cure known to day. It does not decoy you with a false promise, but it cures the irritated throat and heals the throat. The cough stops of its own accord. The action of this medicine is so simple that it seems like nature's own provisions for curing a cough. Every drugist has it. Be sure to get the genuine, which has F. W. Kiegan & Co.'s name in the bottle.

#### Sell Respect Forbids.

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And this somewhat startling testimony was promptly confirmed by her husband, who added:

"If you'd met 'is goin' along this dusty road, you'd a' taken 'im for a tramp goin' to Bigg for a night's lodgin'."

#### Alleged Humor.

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Why, er,—yes'm.

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"Why, you see, your honour, the plaintiff was bathing at him all the time."

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At all Druggists 25 cents, or mailed on receipt of price. Do not miss Book Mailed Free. Emuville's Homeopathic Medicine Co; Corcoran William and John Streets, New York.

## Job ... Printing.

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

### Consult Us for Prices.

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

**Job Printing Department.**

## Progress

29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

#### CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

### THE DUFFERIN

This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the Hotel, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men. It is within 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.

M. LEROI WILLIS, Proprietor.

Latest styles of Wills' ventilators and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any Address. Progress Job Print.

### BRANDIES!

Landing ex "Crescent"

100 Cts. Vrieland XXX  
100 " Tobit & Co.  
100 " Moret, France.  
10 Octaves "

For sale low for duty paid.

Quarts or Pints

### THOS. L. BOURKE

WATER STREET.

George Washington, said the father impressively; couldn't tell a lie. He couldn't retaken the boy scornfully. Hah! he didn't have much of an imagination, did he? B.T.M.



CURES WEAK MEN FREE

Send Name and Address To-day---You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous for Life.

INSURES LOVE AND A HAPPY HOME.



L. W. KNAPP, M. D.

Dear Sir: I have just received your letter... I have been cured of my weakness...

BOERS IN THE BRITISH RANKS.

London, Nov 30—For some time past the British troops in South Africa have been assisted by various bodies of captured or surrendered Boers who have volunteered to serve against their fellow countrymen.

Sick Headache

Bilious headache is the same thing. Most people that are subject to it do nothing for it until it prostrates them.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Faithfully taken this great medicine corrects the bilious habit and gives vigor and tone to all the vital organs.



A Lady of Quality

knows real value and genuine merit and will use SURPRISE Soap for this reason.

Your Spoons

Remember '1847'—Rogers Bros.—take no substitute. There are other Rogers, but like all imitations, they lack the merit and value identified with the original and genuine.

JOHN NOBLE

BROOK ST. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND. Largest Customiers & Mantlemen in the World.

From all parts of the Globe ladies do their "shopping by post" with this huge dress and drapery enterprise, it being found that after payment of any postage or duties, the goods supplied could be nearly equalled elsewhere, both as regards price and quality.

Model 1492. Made in Heavy Frieze Cloth Tailor-made, Double-breasted Coat, and full wide carefully finished Skirt, in Black or Navy Blue only. Price complete Costume \$4.10; Carriage 85c.

JOHN NOBLE, LTD. BROOK ST. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

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

EXZEMA RELIEVED IN A DAY.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure this disgusting skin disease without fail. It will also cure Barber's Itch, Tetter, Salt Rheum, and all skin eruptions.

INDIGESTION CAN'T STAY WHERE DR. VON STAN'S PINEAPPLE TABLETS ARE ARRANGED AGAINST IT.

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are arranged against it. Thomas Smith, of Dover, Ont., says: "I am delighted with them—from almost the first using I have been entirely relieved of the pains of indigestion."

ARE YOU HAUNTED DAY AND NIGHT?

Mind and body racked and tortured by evil forebodings, gloomy and dull, robbed of that 'Divine restorer,' sleep, appetite gone, nerves shattered, generally debilitated?

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE.

The Great English Remedy. Sold and recommended by all druggists in Canada. Only reliable medicine discovered. Six packages guaranteed to cure all forms of Sexual Weakness, all effects of abuse or excess, Mental Worry, Excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Christmas and New Years. ONE FIRST CLASS FARE FOR ROUND TRIP. Between all stations, Montreal and East.

PIDGEOONS, VEAL, LETTUCE, SQUASH.

THOS DEAN. City Market. E. H. Brown. This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets.

RECENT DETAIL

Recent detail of the celebrate bridge, by Prof. Observatory, is approaching miles per second.

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