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THE SENTENCE PASSED.

JOHN SULLIVAN IS PROFOUNDLY GUILTY BY THE JURY.

A Review of the Evidence for the Defence and the Crown—no Doubt was Entertained as to the Verdict to be Given—A Dramatic Scene at the Close.

If ever a man in this world had reason to exclaim with his whole heart "Save me from my friends!" surely that man is John E. Sullivan lately on trial for his life at Dorchester! Not that his friends were wicked, or even consciously injuring him, on the contrary they were so anxious for his welfare that they did succeed in putting a rope around his neck, the victim has at least the consolation of knowing that it was done with the best intentions possible, and was merely the result of misdirected zeal coupled with a peculiar business in regard to the boundary line between truth and fiction.

Of course it is just possible that the witnesses for the defence, in the Sullivan trial have told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, in their testimony; but the disinterested person who followed the evidence carefully, and was only anxious that justice should be done, will find it very difficult to retain such a charitable opinion, especially if he had the advantage of watching one of them under cross examination. It is a fact which no one will deny, that even the most truthful and upright person in the world shows a decided disadvantage when being cross examined by a clever lawyer; indeed if he is reasonably sure of his own name by the time that lawyer is through with him he must be made of firmer stuff than the majority of mankind, to hesitate and even become confused at times under such rigid questioning is but natural, few people could retain entire composure under an ordeal of the kind no matter how truthful they were. But the trouble with the witnesses in the Sullivan trial seemed to be that that they knew not to little but too much, and were so very certain of all they had to tell, as to almost justify the suspicion of having learned it carefully by heart, and rehearsed the story until "letter perfect" as theatrical people say. The prisoner's brother gave a particularly interesting instance of man's ability to change his mind, when he made a statement the direct opposite of what he had said at the preliminary examination, and when asked to explain the discrepancy coolly answered that he did not remember then, but had got his memory "fixed" since, "and fixed right too." No doubt Charles Sullivan was actuated entirely by zeal for his brother's cause, when he attacked William Dutcher, son of the murdered woman, and suiting the action to the word threatened in forcible if not elegant language to "guzzle" him for talk about the case; but all the same he made a very grave mistake, and did much harm to the prisoner, by his ill advised threats. There is not much doubt that the Sullivan family and their friends have been so foolish as to threaten, and try to intimidate, the crown witnesses on several occasions, and have acted altogether in a manner utterly inexplicable in people who believe in the prisoner's innocence and had nothing to conceal. If John Sullivan is a man of any intelligence it must have been torture to have to sit quietly by and hear his own friends deliberately prejudicing his case by their clumsy efforts to defeat the ends of justice; and to note the unfavorable impression produced upon the listeners by such transparent prevarications. The whole trial has been hard upon Sullivan, and one wonders how he can bear up under the strain. The response of waiting to hear how much Maggie Dutcher knew and what she would say, must have been simply awful: Then the effort of listening, apparently unmoved, to her testimony was another trying ordeal, and last of all his own cross examination was enough to test the nerve of an innocent man, and must have resembled the tortures of the Inquisition to one who had anything to conceal. All of one day, and nearly half of another John Sullivan was on the witness stand, and it must be indeed a hard heart that would not be moved to pity when considering the awful position in which he was placed, obliged to speak yet dreading each word lest some admission should be forced from him unawares. Answering question after question, never knowing what was coming next, nervously afraid of contradicting himself, his memory constantly on the rack lest some trifling

should escape him, and yet be of sufficient importance for the prosecuting attorney to seize upon and use it to his disadvantage. Truly it was a position in which one would scarcely wish to see his worst enemy placed, and many of the spectators were scarcely less relieved than the prisoner himself, when at least the cross examination was over and he stepped down from the witness stand. It would probably be difficult for any of us to give a detailed account at a moment's notice of our actions during any one particular day, and far more to describe what we did with our time during nearly a whole week, but the task does not seem to have daunted John Sullivan who cheerfully undertook to tell exactly what he did at every hour of the day and night for nearly that length of time, and who succeeded tolerably well, except for the fact that his story had a studied sound, and agreed almost too well with the evidence of the witnesses for the defence. Unfortunately the two witnesses whose testimony was most important in forming an alibi for the prisoner, were proved to be unreliable, the one because, he was clearly mistaken according to two other witnesses, and was by his own admission not in a condition to take much notice of passing events at the time, and the other because his own mother and brother, both of whom bear far higher characters than the witness himself, have sworn positively that at the time he declares he was in John Sullivan's company, he was really at home in bed. To make the perjury still worse a reputable Moncton business man has come forward and sworn that a day or two after the tragedy he asked this same boy—Thomas McGeary—whether he knew anything about Sullivan's movements on the night of the 10th of September, and the boy answered no, that he was at home in bed on that night.

There can be little doubt in the minds of intelligent people, as the amount of dependence to be placed upon the statements of Mrs. Parroll another of the most important witnesses for the defence who swore that Sullivan was in her house in Moncton, on the night of the Dutcher fire transacting some business with her and was proved to have stated before, to Detective Ring, of St. John, that she was out of town on Thursday night, and therefore knew nothing of the prisoner's movements. Neither can there be any doubt that the witnesses for the defence were tampered with, and those for the prosecution intimidated and threatened, one of the latter, a girl named Ardena Howell whose evidence did not tally with that of one of the Sullivan girls concerning the evening they met John Sullivan in the street in Moncton, having been even threatened with being arrested, by the prisoner's relatives. It has been proved that Dan Sullivan brother of the prisoner brought out Thomas McGeary and had conversation with him immediately after which the boy began telling that he had seen John Sullivan on Dunlap's wharf, on the night of September 10th though he had never mentioned such a thing before.

Whatever opinions there may be however regarding the evidence, either for the crown or the defence, can scarcely matter now. The jury had the facts given to them in a clear, lucid manner by both the prisoner's counsel, Mr. Barry Smith, and for the other side by Solicitor General White. Throughout the week it was felt that only one verdict was possible, in the face of the evidence offered by the defence. Mr. Smith certainly made a brave, praiseworthy effort in behalf of his client; but even he must have foreseen what the result would be. The scene in the court room when the jury returned with their verdict was dramatic in the extreme. The absolute silence which prevailed could almost be felt. The excitement of the preceding days had reached a climax and the result of the nervous strain was visible on the face of everyone—except the one most interested. The man whose life was at stake, who stood almost in the shadow of the scaffold, and who would in an instant know his doom, whether liberty and life would be given him or whether the awful death of the murdered would be his, was as calm and self possessed as he had been throughout the trial. When the word "Guilty" was pronounced, a slight tremor passed over his face but all sign of emotion, if any were felt, was quickly repressed. The sentence, given an hour or two later, which was that John Sullivan be hanged on the twelfth

day of March next between the hours of 6 and 12 a. m. was received with the same stoic indifference, or courage, perhaps would be the better word. At the close of the judge's speech he held out his arms for the harduff, which were fastened upon him and he was led back to his cell.

The prisoner's old father was present in the court throughout the day and when the verdict and sentence was given every heart in the room turned instinctively to him in deep, if unspoken, pity. His bowed head and falling tears visibly touched even those who had little personal regard or sympathy for the prisoner.

The only mitigation of Sullivan's crime is that it was not planned deliberately, but was the result of a drunken spree during which he entered the Dutcher residence for the purpose of obtaining money and being discovered committed the murder, and fired the house in his fright and panic. That at least is the most merciful conclusion.

THE OLD OFFICERS MUST GO.

A Lot of Young Active Men Will Likely be Appointed to the Force.

The old policemen must go. So says the voice of the Common Council and it doubtless will be obeyed. All. McGoldrick acting on the advice of Chief Clarke has decided that several men on the police force are too old to do effective patrol duty and argues that they should be displaced for some younger and more capable men. Beyond a doubt the aldermen for Stanley ward has taken the correct view of the question, there are men on the police force, who, while they have given long and faithful service to the city, should now be laid aside for others less advanced in years.

The Safety Board met on Wednesday evening and discussed the question. Chief of Police Clarke was present at the meeting and in a very emphatic manner made his wants known to the aldermen. The force was too small and is not wholly composed of active men able to stand the strain of hard work, while on patrol. Of the older men on the force Sergeants Hipwell and Owens have inside billets which of course do not call for as much active work as patrol duty. Sergeants Watson and Messrs Myles, Dalton and McDonald are still doing patrol duty, but while they do their best they are not so agile or so useful as younger officers. Chief Clarke has on several occasions made known this want to the council but he has not received very much attention.

There is no question that the police department is at present in a very bad state. The lockups with the exception of the Central station are in bad condition. Dirty and ill smelling—not a fit place to be occupied by the vilest prisoner. The Bussells street lockup is particularly bad and has even now become dangerous. Only this week it was reported to the inspector of buildings under the head of dangerous. When asked why matters are not fixed up a little and why something is not done the aldermen say that they must economize; that the police account is even now overdrawn. This may all be true but citizens can not forget that the aldermen do not show such a commendable spirit of economy in all things.

Only a short time ago at each civic appointment was made which was looked on with disfavor by some of the councillors and was even strongly opposed by a few. The appointment was made however and as a result a former member of the council was given a position at an advanced salary over the heads of clerks who had been in the office for years and were equally capable.

In Favor of the Husband.

HALIFAX, JANUARY 28.—The case of the episcopal clergyman's son in the western part of this county who was sued by his wife for alleged non-support and ill-treatment, and where the case was promptly dismissed by Judge Johnston will be remembered by PROGRESS readers. There was a sequel to it some days ago, the Judge being not Mr. Johnston but the bishop of the diocese. The young wife, baffled in the courts, took her case to the bishop's residence. She told his lordship her manifold tale of woe and an investigation was held. The result of it was lack of the essential element in the story; as lordship came to the same conclusion as did the judge—practically that the husband was more sinned against than sinning, and that the good, old, but afflicted clergyman, was a subject for genuine pity by all who have anything but hearts of stone.

THE COLONEL WAS MAD.

BECAUSE ANOTHER REPRESENTED KINGS COUNTY FARMERS.

He Expressed his Views on the Matter Very Strongly Before the Tariff Commission—He Missed the Place of Meeting and Landed Before the Supreme Court.

Among those who attended the tariff commissioners court at the Custom house here on Tuesday was Colonel Domville, member of the Dominion Parliament for Kings County, N. B. It is necessary to be specific about this because it may become a part of the tariff discussion this winter in the House.

Some may ask, "Why was the Colonel so deeply interested in the investigation?" In order to explain it is necessary to tell all the Colonel's doing.

On Monday there appeared before Sir Richard Cartwright and his fellow commissioners Doctor Gilchrist, of the North End. In answer to Hon. Mr. Fielding's enquiry Dr. Gilchrist stated in effect that he represented the farmers of Kings county, that Colonel Domville did not as a farmer own an ox, or a beef "critter" of any kind, in other words an ox, or an ass, a manservant or maid-servant.

When Colonel Domville read this in the public press his ire was raised. Belonging to an old military family he could not brook this intemperance, and he hid himself to St. John from the quiet precincts of Roxbury on Tuesday to guard against any other than himself "representing the farmers of Kings county."

And he did not arrive any too soon, so the story goes.

No sooner had Trinity chimed the hour of meeting than the colonel wended his way in search of the tariff commission. He did not understand that the customs house was the scene of their labors but thought they were occupying some of the court rooms. He accordingly sauntered into the supreme court room, and was kindly greeted by his honor Judge Tuck, who enquired: "Colonel have you any business before this court?"

"No!" said the Colonel, "I'm pleased to say I have not."

Then he inquired where the commission was sitting, and was told the customs house. He got there as fast as possible.

When he entered, Mr. S. L. T. Peters was before the court. The colonel at once took him in hand.

"Who do you represent?"

"The farmers of Queens county," was the reply.

"What do they want?" enquired the colonel.

"They desire free goods," certain of which the farmers from Queens named.

"When did you change your opinion of this matter?" next required the colonel. You were always known as a protectionist, when did you change. It must have been very lately because I did not hear about it before. When did you get the idea? Probably since the 23rd of June."

Here Sir Richard looked at the member from Kings, and the colonel took the hint and subsided. He was after other game and soon found it. Mr. Hubbard of Sussex entered the room and the Colonel went to greet him.

"What are you anyway," was the greeting.

"I'm Mr. Hubbard of Sussex!"

"Of Sussex? How long have you been there?" was the next question.

"Three years," was the reply.

"What did you come here for?"

"I represent the farmers of King's county," said the victim.

"You represent—!" Said the now thoroughly aroused colonel "You represent the farmers of Kings! They must be hard up surely. I want you to understand—that I'm—a great loud confident I—represent the farmers of Kings county, and I am here to see they get fair play. You represent the farmers of Kings? What Hubbard are you anyway, I never heard of but one—something about Mrs. Hubbard and a cupboard. Represents the farmers of Kings!" soliloquized the colonel—"I'll see about this business," and he started out mad clear through.

The General to be Replaced.

HALIFAX, Jan. 28.—A rumor is afloat that General Montgomery-Moore, whose time as commanding officer of this garrison will not expire till 1898, is to be removed by General Wolsley during this year, or putting it more mildly, that General Montgomery-Moore will be asked to

resign in order that a more energetic and more modern commanding officer may at once take control of British arms in North America. There may be nothing in this and quite probably is not, but General Wolsley is an officer who has been considerable active service, notably in the very region over which General Montgomery-Moore now presides, and it may be that he would prefer to see an officer more of his own stamp at the head of affairs military in Canada.

TAUGHT A WRONG DOCTRINE.

And now He Must Give Place to an Orthodox Teacher.

HALIFAX, Jan. 28.—The garrison chapel is the place of worship maintained by the war department for the use of the soldiers of this station. The rank and file and the officers have the first right there, and it is only after these have been comfortably accommodated, that the civilians are considered at all. The word of the general commanding is all prevailing in this as in other branches of militarism in Halifax. Sir John Ross a former general here, was very particular that the service should not exceed even by one minute the regulation time, and it was a very audacious chaplain who dare trespass.

The garrison chapel like the other churches of the city, has a Sunday school where children of soldiers and others who may feel like attending, receive instruction. The superintendent of the school has been Captain Wiggan, of the Royal Berkshire regiment, an earnest and faithful man, who enters the work not because it may be the fashion, but from a simple desire to accomplish good. But Captain Wiggan has had to retire from the superintendency because he did not suit the views of the present commanding officer, General Montgomery Moore. Captain Wiggan is a churchman, but he is a believer in baptism by immersion, and it will be remembered that some time ago, failing to obtain the consent of Bishop Courtney to his re-baptism in this way by a Church of England minister, and a Baptist minister having also refused the ordinance without the captain's adherence to the Baptist standard as a whole, that he was baptized by Captain Winn, a brother officer, in the waters of the north-west arm. This fact seems to have caused the general to keep his eagle eye on Captain Wiggan. Accordingly on a recent Sunday, General Montgomery Moore, accompanied by Colonel North, performed the unprecedented act of visiting the Sunday school in the garrison church. There they found Captain Wiggan zealously at work, and they also found a grievance. The worthy captain is a devoted believer in organized Sunday school work and in the most modern methods as taught in the interdenominational association of teachers, of which Captain Winn is the enthusiastic president. The general found that Captain Wiggan was teaching, not the catechism and the collect exclusively, but from the international lesson sheet. General Montgomery-Moore, it seems, does not pin his faith in Sunday school work to the methods adopted by the provincial teacher's association and by the international committee, but adheres rather to the efficacy of the good old catechism and collect, and when he found that superintendent Wiggan apparently took a different view, with so-called "methodist" leanings, his mind was made up. He decided that Captain Wiggan's usefulness as superintendent was gone and resolved that the officer must leave.

Accordingly he repaired to the Rev. Mr. Bullock, the garrison chaplain, and stated his position. He did not say that either Captain Wiggan must leave or he himself would resign his command of the British army in North America, but he made it clear that a new superintendent must be installed in the place of the officers then in the position, and that at once. There was nothing, therefore, for the Rev. Mr. Bullock but to carry out this behest and captain Wiggan in due course was notified of the position of affairs. In consequence, without delay, there was a vacancy in the superintendency of the garrison Sunday school.

Not only this, but there were also several vacancies in the staff of teachers, for some of them were warm adherents of Captain Wiggan and of modern methods. From an order like this, however, there is no appeal, and all they could do was to leave without remonstrance and give place to others, if such could be found. One or two new recruits have already been secured. Thus the matter rests.

CRUSOE'S LOST ISLAND.

JUAN FERNANDEZ SWALLOWED UP BY THE SEA.

The Boys Heard of this Event with Genuine Regret—Not a Single Speck of a Idyllic Island Remains—It Was Rent by an Earthquake and Has Disappeared.

It is with genuine regret that many a grown up boy had learned that Robinson Crusoe's famous island is no more. That this place of all others on earth so dear to youthful fancy should have been swallowed up by the sea seems like a stroke of universal misfortune, and when we reflect on the loss to future generations of boys the event takes on the proportions of a great catastrophe. How many thousands of youngsters do you suppose have finished De Foe's fascinating romance and firmly resolved that when they grow up they would hunt up that very island and live on it just as Crusoe did, with his goats and parrots and faithful man Friday? But the boy of the future will learn with sorrowing soul that in the latter part of 1896 Crusoe's island disappeared in the sea after having been rent in twain by a fearful earthquake, and that not a single peak of that idyllic islet remains above the waves.

Apart from the romantic interest with which De Foe surrounded the spot the island of Juan Fernandez had a most interesting and thrilling history of its own. This was largely due to its isolated position. Lying as it did—how odd and sad it seems to speak of Crusoe's island in the past tense—some 400 miles off the western coast of South America, it was the only break in an immense stretch of water. The nearest land to it was another little island about 200 miles farther out in the Pacific.

Juan Fernandez was about 14 miles in length and 4 or 5 miles wide, just about as large as Staten Island in New York bay; but, unlike that exclusive chamber of the metropolis, its shores were dead, and from the center there rose a peak 3,000 feet high, to which the Spaniards gave the name El Yunque, meaning the 'anvil.' In later years this peak went by the name of Crusoe's Lookout. The island could be approached but from one side, where there was a good harbor formed by a hand-locked bay, in which the water was deep enough for a modern warship to ride at anchor. Ages ago the island was probably thrown up by a volcanic eruption, and it is appropriate that it should have been destroyed by the same force.

A bold Spanish mariner by the name of Juan Fernandez gave his name to the island. He discovered it in 1563 and left some goats behind. He returned a few years later and planted a Spanish colony there, which survived until Spain conquered the original inhabitants of Chile and transferred the island colonists to the mainland. For a time the island was abandoned, but early in the sixteenth century became the haunt of various pirates who at that time swept the seas. Spanish buccaners, Dutch marauders and English pirates made it a refuge in turn, and it was used as a base of operations by some of the most famous rascals that ever flew the Jolly Roger.

At length the Spanish government decided to put a stop to the raids which these adventurous gentlemen were making upon their South American seaports. Colonists and a garrison of soldiers were sent to Juan Fernandez. A fort was built high up on El Yunque, and the pirates gave the island a wide berth. Volcanic eruptions finally destroyed the fort and the colonists' houses, and the island was once more left to the goats.

In the meantime two unfortunate men had experienced a term of solitary life on Juan Fernandez. One was a Mosquito Indian, who was left there by a pirate ship in the hurry of an escape from a Spanish warship. He lived there for two years and was rescued about 1682 by the same ship. Another sailor was left there under somewhat similar circumstances and rescued a year or so later.

Then came Alexander Selkirk, on whose strange experiences De Foe based his immortal story. Selkirk was a Scotchman, who sailed in 1702 in an English Privateer-ship which had been fitted out to prey upon the commerce of France and Spain, then at war with England. Dampier commanded the expedition, which was composed of two vessels—one being the St. George, which he commanded himself. On the other, the Cinque Ports, was Selkirk, who shipped as sailing master under Captain Stradling.

The enterprise was unfortunate from the start. In the first place a rich Spanish galleon was missed, and Captain Stradling proved to be a tyrant, who was cordially hated by all the crew. After some three months of storm tossed sailing the Cinque Ports put in at Juan Fernandez for wood and water.

When the vessel was ready to sail again, with the crew on the eve of Mutiny, Selkirk asked to be left behind, preferring peaceful solitude to the other prospect. He was accordingly put ashore, with his gun, ammunition and his sea chest. At the last moment, the record has it, he repented, but Captain Stradling laughed at his ap-

peals and sailed away. For four years and four months Selkirk lived the life which De Foe so vividly pictured and was rescued in 1709 by an English ship.

Juan Fernandez became, after Selkirk ceased to be lord of the isle, a Chilean convict station, and later was occupied by a German colony. But even in modern times it was so infrequently visited by ships that colonists did not stay there long; and when last heard from, a year or two ago, there were not more than a dozen people living on the island.

Of course doubters have appeared who have declared that Juan Fernandez was not the island on which Selkirk was marooned at all. Tabago, near the mouth of the Orinoco and one of the Caniboes, has been given the honor. These claims, however, have never been well supported, and Juan Fernandez, the island that was but is not, will go down in history as Crusoe's island. —Alfred R. Rowley.

STAIRBUILDING.

In Larger Cities Now a Separate Branch of the Builder's Art.

Up to fifty years ago carpenters building houses constructed the stairs, as well as every other part of the wood work. Stairs took up a considerable amount of room in a shop, and about that time some carpenters and builders began giving out the stair work to other carpenters, to whom they furnished the lumber. Very soon after that stair builders started in business on their own account with their own capital and material, and ever since then stair building has been in New York a separate business. In some other large cities stairbuilding is now carried on as a separate branch of work. In many other places the stairs are still made by the house builder. Stair building has a literature of its own—there are books that treat upon this subject only.

Stairs, of course, must be built with absolute accuracy, and in a great city where buildings are put up in great variety and for various purposes, where all the space is utilized, and where so far as possible space is economized, the stair building problems presented are many. In designing a building the architect makes plans of the stairs, drawn to scale; the stair builder makes from them the working drawings. Ordinary straight stairs are when possible, put together in the stair builder's shop and carried bodily to the place where they are to be set up. Fine stairs and all stairs that are bent or curved or reversed, with landings, all stairs that are built otherwise than straight, are set up in the building in which they are to be used. The stair builder looks after the support of the stairs as well as the building of the stairs themselves.

While stairs are built from plans and measurements, and, of course, with the utmost care to insure accuracy, yet mistakes are sometimes made, and a mistake in stair building is a serious matter. A defect in stairs cannot be cured; the remedy for it would need to be distributed through the entire structure. When a mistake has been made there is nothing to do but to throw the stairs away and build anew. As a matter of fact, however, mistakes are rarely made. Many varying sets of stairs are made and never put together until they are finally placed in position in the building for which they were designed, and almost invariably they are made with such accuracy that they come out exactly right.

The height of the stair risers and the width of the treads are determined to a greater or less degree by the situation in which the stairs are to be placed. Some stairs are 'easy' and some are not. It is possible to make stairs too easy. There are standard measurements for height of risers and width of treads, and these measurements are used where space permits, as it usually does. People become thus in dwelling places and elsewhere accustomed to stepping certain distances in going up and down stairs, and it might be that making steps to be used under such conditions with lower rises would really make them more fatiguing, rather than less so. Stairs with low risers and broad treads are made for use under certain other conditions, as, for instance, when the stairs with low riser and broad treads are also sometimes used in front of churches and other buildings of a public character, which people habitually approach with comparative deliberation.

Faithful to His Captain.

That was a loyal if not very gentle answer once made by a private soldier to Frederick the Great of Prussia, as the story is told in Harper's Round Table:

During a campaign in Silesia the king made it his habit to stroll through his camp in disguise at night, to come into closer relations with his soldiers. One night he was stopped by a sentry, but giving the proper password, was permitted to proceed. Instead of doing so, however, he endeavored to tempt the sentry into accepting a cigar, saying that a smoke would solace his long watch.

'It is against the rules,' said the soldier.

Ask your grocer for

Windsor Salt

For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best

'But you have my permission,' said Frederick.

'Your permission?' cried the soldier. 'And who are you?'

'I am the king.'

'The king be hanged!' said the incorruptible sentry. 'What would my captain say?'

INDIA FAMINE-TROCKEN.

Canada to the Rescue.

According to the report of an official high in the service of the Indian Government, six millions of people in India are on the verge of starvation, and already the famine has claimed thousands of victims. The desperate state of the case is now accurately known, and the whole civilized world is aroused. Relief must be sent to India, and that, too, without delay. The people of Great Britain have already taken action. America is following their example, and even the Russians are contributing to the relief of British subjects in the Indian Empire. The relief movement in Canada has been inaugurated by the Montreal Star newspaper, whose publisher has headed the list with a subscription of five hundred dollars. This opens the relief fund in this country, and from all parts of the Dominion come words of approval and promises of co-operation. Premier Laurier has written to the Star stating his approval of the course taken by its publishing, and to the Relief Fund he adds his cheque for a handsome amount.

The Protestant clergy of Montreal have all joined in a memorial to the Star supporting the case of Canadian assistance for India. The appeal is being heard and responded to.

Subscriptions to the Relief Fund, great or small, sent to the Montreal Star will be publicly acknowledged.

Bad News for Divorce Lawyers

There is bad news for the divorce lawyers of Chicago in the announcement that some of the girls of that city have organized for the purpose of securing a five-year marriage extended to a term of five years, and ultimately even for life.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Undoubtedly.

Fred—'What do you think of this case where a man was fined \$50 for kissing a girl?' Dolly—I think he got the wrong girl.—Philadelphia North American.

This is a "real business" school. That means that we do real actual business from the start, just as it is done by other men in business. Use short improved methods—save time. This practical training makes my students in demand. Snel's Truro N. S.

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Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. 2 five cents extra for every additional line.

WE CAN GIVE POSITIONS to persons of all grades of ability. Agent, Book-keepers, Clerks, Farmers' Sons, Lawyers, Mechanics, Physicians, Preceptors, Students, Married and Single Women. Positions are worth from \$400.00 to \$2,000.00 per annum. We have paid several of our canvassers \$50.00 weekly for years. Many have started poor and become rich with us. Particulars upon application. State salary expected. T. H. LINS-COTT, Manager, TORONTO, ONT.

WANTED Old established wholesale House wants one or two honest and industrious representatives for this section. Can pay a hunter about \$12.00 a week to start with. DRAWER 29, Brantford, Ont.

SIGNS! Our White Enamel Letters make elegant signs for office and store windows; for beauty and durability they are unsurpassed. We are sole importers and agents of the original Letter since 1881. ROBERTSON STAMP AND LETTER WORKS, St. John, N. B.

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

PHOTO Outfits and materials, Kodaks and Cameras from \$5 to \$100. Practical information ensuring success, free. Save time and money by consulting us. ROBERTSON PHOTO SUPPLY CO., Masonic Building, St. John, N. B.

WANTED MEN everywhere to paint signs with our patterns. No experience required. Thirty dollars weekly. Send stamps for patterns and particulars. BARNARD BROS. TORONTO, ONT.

WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our water-proof Cold Water Paint. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOFOD, 49 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

RESIDENCE at Rothesay for sale or to rent for the summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the TITUS property, about one and a half miles from Rothesay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec-cas Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. FENBY, Barrister-at-Law, Forestry Building. 24 6-11

Good Words From Old Students (No. 8)

I am in a position to speak positively of the great benefit to me of the course which I took at your College, as without it I could not have taken the position which was offered me here.

ARTHUR COSTER, Head bookkeeper for Messrs. Macaulay Bros. & Co.

See Catalogue containing terms, etc., also Circulars of the famous ISAAC PITMAN BROTHERS, mailed to any address. S. KEER & SON.

Odd Fellows' Hall.

PURE TEA

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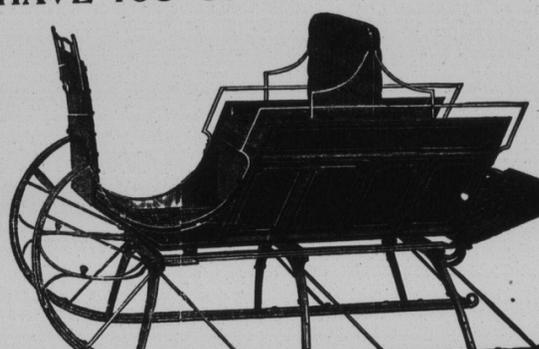
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Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Last Monday evening the choral service at St. Paul's (Valley) Church, was, in a musical regard, an occasion of somewhat unusual import.

In local musical circles there is always a desire that any one who has been prominent in a musical way among us, should not be forgotten locally, and believing that idea to be prevalent, it will interest at least the music lovers among PROGRESS readers, to hear something about Mr. Tom Daniel the well known basso.

It is also pleasant to note that at a concert given in New York on the 8th inst. by an aggregation who are styled "Holy Sepulchre Church Entertainers" there was a quartette sung entitled "My Little Barque" which is the work of Mr. James Ford of this city the well known organist and oratorical conductor.

The Seamen's Mission concert in Trinity church school room on Thursday evening, I regret was not given earlier in the week so that a more extended notice of it might now be given.

Prof. J. W. White, the well known violinist and teacher who removed to the United States some time ago, and who later was fortunate enough to secure membership in the Buffalo Symphony orchestra, is meeting with no little success and recognition.

Madame Melba, it is now announced is obliged to refrain from singing to any extent for some time. She has been working too hard and much uneasiness has been caused her in consequence.

The comic opera "Brian Born" is still attracting large audiences at the Boston theatre as it is being given by the Whitney opera company. Of this organization it is remarked, that is seldom obtained in an operatic company so many types of female loveliness.

The latest reports about Rosenthal the

pianist, are to the effect that, in case no complications arise, he will begin to play again early in March next.

Lillian Bianvelt who has been called "Queen of the American Concert Stage," has studied during the past summer under some of the best masters in Europe and now, a writer says of her; On the stage she "recalls Patti strongly, both from the delicious lark-like, flexible quality of her voice" and "from her petite, slender brunette beauty lit up with intensely dark eyes."

Miss Mary Louise Clary, the famous New York alto has been engaged to sing in a production of Rossini's Stabat Mater in Parkersbury W. Va., on the 6th, February next.

Sousa and his band will travel west to the Pacific Coast this season and Brooke with the Chicago Marine band will travel east. This latter band will be in Halifax in March next. Sousa may come east later.

It is represented that Madame Calve has decided after all not to sing Suleika in the approaching revival of L'Africaine, and this too although she has studied and rehearsed the part very carefully and bought beautiful costumes. She says "The part does not suit my voice, I know that I cannot sing it."

Bernard Listemann appeared as a soloist in a concert given in Central Maine Hall, Chicago, last week.

"The Gondoliers" was successfully presented at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, last week, and this week the ever popular "The Midado" has been occupying the boards.

"Jack and the Beanstalk" the latest of Barnet's burlesques closes its second week at the Boston Museum tonight. It has made a great success. Seats are difficult to obtain and even standing room is at a premium. It could run indefinitely. Its every feature is so attractive. Miss Madge Lessing, a handsome girl, makes "an audacious Jack."

The sale for the coming Damrosch season of grand opera in Boston closed last Saturday with the result that a gain of \$4,000 over previous years is announced. Many are patrons this year, it is said, "who have not heretofore attended German opera performances".

Madame Melba was to sing in "Faust" (in French) during the second week of the Damrosch season in Boston but her illness compels a change. Her substitute, if the opera be not changed, is not yet announced.

Myron W. Whitney is pronounced by some musical people "one of the finest bassos that America has ever known."

"The Geisha" which has been one of the musical successes of the season, will be produced at the Hollis theatre, Boston, on Monday next, and a production in every way as complete as when it was first produced at Daly's theatre in New York and London, is promised. Miss Dorothy Morton and Miss Violet Lloyd will be with the piece. These ladies are the originals of the principle female characters.

A new comic opera is called "The Star Spangled Dollar."

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

A West side Dramatic Club gave a performance at the Opera house last Tuesday evening for the benefit of the A. O. H. Orchestra. The piece was called "The Mountain Wail" and though there were no ladies in the cast the performance is said to have been quite successful viewed from an amateur standpoint. The piece is being repeated at a matinee this afternoon.

"Sweet Musicarra" a new romantic Irish drama was given its initial production on any stage at the 14th Street Theatre, New York, last Monday evening. It is written by Augustus Pitou. It is noticed that in the cast is Miss Georgie Busby, a charming young lady who was here with Harkins a couple of seasons ago.

"A woman in black" is the title of the new play by H. Grattan Donnelly, which had its first performance last Monday at the Columbus Theatre New York.

"Straight from the heart" an English spectacular melo drama by Sutton Vane and Arthur Shirley was given its first American production at the Academy of Music New York last Monday evening. William A. Whitecar so favorably known here is one of the company giving the production.

Miss Georgia Cayvan, in a new version of "Squire Kate" is at the Tremont Theatre Boston, this week and at the head of her own company. This role was one of Miss Cayvan's greatest successes when, as a member of the Lyceum Company (N. Y.)

she played it in Boston four years ago. Besides "Squire Kate," Miss Cayvan's repertoire includes "Goblin Castle," "Mary Remington, Spinster," "The Little Individual" and Vanity Fair.

Three of the younger members of the Georgia Cayvan company, which comes to the Tremont on Monday, are more or less famous by right of birth. One is the great granddaughter of the celebrated English wit, Douglas Jerrold; another is a daughter of the late Col. John A. McCall, of comic opera fame; and the third is the son of Maurice and the late lamented George Drew Barrymore.

H. Beerbohm Tree, the English actor, gave a production of his play "The Seats of the Mighty" at the Hollis theatre Boston, last evening (Friday). The piece though it had but one performance, required the moving of three car loads of scenery from New York to the "hub". His American engagement closes tonight.

John Hare is coming to Boston on the 1st March next. He recently made a great hit by a revival of "Caste" in New York. The Boston people hope when he visits their city he will favor them with a performance of his old Eccles—a famous role of the late William Warren.

Richard Mansfield will begin a fortnight's engagement at the Tremont theatre Boston, on the 15th February next. It is claimed for him that he is the foremost American representative today of the nobler forms of drama.

A treat is in store for Shakespearean scholars in Boston next March, when Henry Lawrence Southwick will produce "Hamlet," "Othello," "Richard III," "The Merchant of Venice" and Balwer's "Richelieu." These works will be given at the Tremont theatre, beginning on the 15th of the month.

A new play entitled "Margery" which was written by Charles Henry Meltzer, is now under rehearsal by Miss Georgia Cayvan's company.

Miss Katherine Robber's engagement in this city closed last Saturday when "Esmeralda" was put on. The matinee during the close of the engagement were exceptionally well attended.

While Miss Ellen Terry was in America with Sir Henry Irving, her roles were played in London by Miss Kate Rorke who is a favorite in that city. Miss Rorke is the leading lady of H. Beerbohm Tree's company. The company are all English and among them is Gerald Du Maurier, a son of the late painter and author of "Trilby."

A Cat Which Wears Spectacles. A correspondent sends to the Philadelphia Times an account of a handsome cat which wears spectacles—not a very surprising thing in this day, when dogs wear rubber boots and carry umbrellas.

The cat, whose name is Max, belongs to a lady, as may be supposed. She has had him for many years, and lately began to notice that his sight was failing. She took him at once to an oculist. That worthy practitioner declined at first to have anything to do with such a patient. For one thing, as he said, he did not know how to go to work.

On this point the lady came to the doctor's relief. An image of a mouse was concocted, and by holding this before the cat's eyes at varying distances, the doctor finally secured a pretty good diagnosis.

As a result the cat was by and by fitted with a pair of gold-bowed spectacles, and now not only looks as wise as an owl, but can see almost or quite as well as ever. So says his owner, as he is reported by the Times correspondent.

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WHY STEAM PIPES TRUMP.

An Interesting Explanation of an Every Day Happening.

The question is frequently asked what is the cause of the thumping and pounding in steam pipes used for heating when steam is first turned on. If it is caused by the air how does the air act? What makes the noise? Why is it intermittent like a trip hammer? The following explanation may be interesting:

In all cases the pounding in steam pipes is caused by water, not air. Water formed by the condensation of some of the steam, settles into parts of the pipes or in other parts of the steam heating apparatus where opportunity for the formation of traps offers, and when enough of it gathers it shuts off the flow of the steam. Then the steam gathers head against it, until able to push the water along partly out of its way, and a great bubble of steam rushes past into the pipe beyond making the pipe vibrate as if struck on the outside with a hammer.

The moment the bubble of steam passes, the pressure behind the water is reduced and the water runs back, again closing the passageway. Another bubble of steam is soon forced past and then another, and this process continues until the steam heats the pipes enough to stop the rapid condensation which first formed the obstructing pool and also to evaporate and dissipate the pool itself. In particular cases a second and perhaps a third pool will form in the same place before the pipes get hot enough to stop such action. In these cases the pounding continues for a time, then stops, then begins, stops, and then pounds again before the final stoppage.

There are many causes of these collections of water, but most prolific one is an improper alignment of the steam pipes, by which there is left between the boiler and the radiators a sag in a pipe. In order to get heat from the steam, the steam must circulate through the pipes to the radiators and then return to the boiler in the form either of wet steam or water. Any spot in the whole system where this water can lodge will obstruct this circulation and cause a pounding.

Where pipes are carried along laterally they should by preference have a slight rise along their whole course from the boiler and should never be allowed to get into a reverse position. They are often set wrong at first, but even if this were not done the settling of a building frequently causes a trap in them.

Other traps are found at times in globe valves where the steam has to dive down under a diaphragm to get through the valve. This can be remedied by changing the position of the valve so that it stands at an angle of about 45 degrees from the vertical instead of straight up. In other cases the radiators are not level and water gathers in them and makes a trap. In a single-pipe system, where the steam is fed in and the water returns by one pipe and valve, this has been found to be caused in a number of cases by a lack of provision for the elongation of the pipes when they were heated. This expansion of the pipes will lift the end of the radiator where the pipe is attached, and make a trap at the other end.

In double-pipe systems a radiator may be set to thumping by having the steam partly turned on while the return valve is closed, or by a leaky valve letting a little steam into the radiator while it is supposed to be out of use. Even in well set-up systems, where there is not a decided drop back to the pipes toward the boiler all through their course, a great thumping may result from suddenly turning a full head of steam into cold pipes and radiators. Under these circumstances so much water will be turned into the cold pipes that it will block a part of the level portions of the pipe and make a great rumpus before it can get back to the boiler and leave the pipes clear again. The remedy for this is simple; don't turn on the steam so rapidly.

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SAVED BY A HATCHET.

A Prospector in Alaska Who Chopped himself Free From the Ice.

Golden days tells a story of a prospector in Alaska who, in company with eight other men, was walking across a great ice-field. At one place a thin sheet of ice hid from view a crack about three feet wide.

The party approached the crevasse diagonally, the prospector in advance, when suddenly he and the next man in line slipped through the thin coating of ice and disappeared in the chasm below. Their cries narrowly prevented some of the

others from meeting a similar fate.

The second man carried a gun, and as he held on to it, the weapon lodged, cross-ways in the crevice, and enabled him to be rescued; but the prospector went down at least seventy-five feet, and was tightly jammed between the walls of ice.

He could not be seen, but his voice could be distinctly heard directing the movements of his rescuers. Blankets were torn into strips and tied into a rope. This was lowered to the imprisoned man, who fastened one end around his body. When the rope was pulled, however, it was found that he was jammed in so tightly that he could not be moved without tearing him asunder.

The rescuers were in a quandary, but the imprisoned man suggested that they lower him a hatchet, and when this was done he chopped himself loose in short order. Altogether he was thirty minutes in the icy tomb, and it was a week before he recovered from the shock.

A Literary Problem.

Salesmen in bookstores are so much accustomed to having people mix up authors and titles that an inquiry for Noah Webster's orations or Daniel Webster's dictionary no longer disturbs their equanimity. But a clerk in Chicago was surprised not long ago when a young lady came into the store and said to him:

"I want to buy a present of a book for a young man."

"Yes, miss, said he; what kind of a book do you want?"

"Why, a book for a young man."

"Well—but what kind of a young man?"

"Oh, he's tall and has light hair, and he always wears blue neckties."

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 30

PREMATURE BURIAL.

English newspapers have lately been giving a good deal of space to a discussion of the extent to which premature burials possibly may occur, and of the methods of averting them. Attention has been directed to the subject by the publication of a book one of the authors of which was himself buried alive while the other had a ghastly experience of the kind in his family. The examples of premature interment collected by the writers have produced the deeper impression, because particular pains have been taken to authenticate them, and because they are distinguished carefully from the phenomena of disturbance, sometimes observed on opening a coffin which may have been due to the generation of gases.

Of course none of the many sensible persons who have discoursed lately upon the matter assume that premature burial is a frequent occurrence; on the contrary it is universally admitted to be rare. Yet if there were only one case in ten thousand interments, the one case would be attended with circumstances of horror, the mere thought of which spalls the imagination and suggests the misgiving that our semi-civilized forefathers may have been wiser than we in respect of their prolonged and assiduous watching of the dead. To this day, the Parsees as we know, expose the corpses of their friends on the so-called Towers of Silence, where the flesh is picked from the bones by vultures; and instances have been verified or bodies thus exposed being restored to animation by the onslaught of the birds; one of the objects of the slow mode of cremation practised by Romans of a certain rank in pre-Christian times was to afford a chance of rescue in the event of suspended animation; a chance which would have been destroyed by premature interment.

At the present day in civilized countries it is, or should be, customary to wait several days after the fact of death has been certified by the medical attendant before the body is committed to the grave and even before recourse is made to the embalming process. But can the certificate of a well qualified physician as to the fact of death always be accepted as absolutely trustworthy? That is the point upon the discussion in the London journals has turned principally. There seems to be grave doubt as to whether any of the usual tests can be looked upon as entirely unerring. For instance can a person be pronounced dead because he has ceased to breathe? On the contrary, there are hundreds of recorded cases where no sign of breath could be detected yet the patient lived. Is the complete stoppage of the heart's action a decisive criterion? There are cases where the hearts of men supposed to be dead have given no indication of movement to the trained, expert ear or touch, or even to the stethoscope, and yet it has been proved eventually that life was not extinct. Is the state of the blood a faultless index? Not so. You may open a vein and find the blood congealed and yet you may discover by and by that you have been operating upon a living subject. Neither reduction of the body's temperature nor the stiffening of the frame is an infallible verification. Galvanism may fail to produce a muscular reaction, and a bright steel blade, plunged into the tissues may when withdrawn show no sign of oxidation and yet death may not have been present. Nor, finally is putrefaction or decomposition an absolutely unmistakable proof of death, for it is well known that portions of the human frame may mortify in the living. What then is the scientific definition of death? It is the destruction of the body. That is to say, death is a condition in which animation is not present; which does not admit of resuscitation;

which is followed by the dissolution of the tissues.

The authors of the book which started the discussion contend that infrequent as are the cases of premature interment, there are enough of them to call for some changes in the law regarding death certification and treatment of bodies before burial. They advocate the establishment of public mortuaries where bodies could be kept without inconvenience or injury to health till the proofs of death become indisputable. An experiment of this kind has been tried in Europe; but out of many hundreds of bodies committed to the mortuary hall, not one came to life. The advocates of the institution would reply that the proportion of premature interments is not one in hundreds but in many thousands. In the absence of such precautionary establishments which could only be constructed and maintained at enormous cost, it might be expedient to revise the old custom of watching the dead incessantly before burial, and of not burying until signs of decomposition had appeared, not sporadically, but over a large part of the surface of the body.

DR. RAINSFORD'S PROTEST.

A former Toronto clergyman, Rev. Dr. RAINSFORD of New York is winning considerable notoriety by his sermons against "costly and luxurious entertainments" on the ground that "this is not the time for such affairs," since they "furnish texts for homilies on the heartless extravagance of the wealthy, in the face of poverty and destitution". In other words Rev. Dr. RAINSFORD would have all such gayety and its consequent expenditure cease, because as he says "the lines between the two classes—those who have wealth, and those who envy them were never more distinctly drawn." Perhaps the well-meaning clergyman did not pause to consider that the greatest injury that can be done to the property of a community comes from enforced or voluntary economy, on the part of society. If in every city and town every family should begin to cut down its expenses by a small fraction only, the sum of the loss to trade and labor would be so vast that it would bring disaster to business and industry generally. If this rich, more especially, should cut off all "extravagance" the consequence would be an appalling increase in "poverty and destitution". The traders whose business it is to supply the luxuries now demanded by the rich, would be driven into bankruptcy. A great social event always puts a vast amount of money into circulation among the poorer classes. On the other hand would things be better if people should suppress such events vigorously, on the Rainsford plan, and confine themselves to direct, charity? Indeed it might be said that such a course would be sure to bring serious and lamentable troubles on great numbers of people. There is no use of wealth that would spread poverty so quickly. It would be far better for those who are able to keep on being merry.

The time is approaching when candidates for mayoralty and aldermanship will be numerous enough to shake hands with every voter in town. No positive assurance has come from any candidate that he proposes to run for the mayor's chair but the friends of Mr. CHARLES MC LAUGHLIN have been quite active in gathering the sentiment of the people regarding his nomination. We understand that his candidature would meet with much favor. He has had much experience in civic affairs as an alderman, and should fill the office of greater honor. This city has been fortunate in its choice of chief magistrates. Mr. GEORGE ROBERTSON has the stamp of approval of a third term bestowed upon him as his predecessor Mr. F. W. PETERS also enjoyed. The sentiment of the people favors a change after his length of service and as one of the principal canvassers of Mr. ROBERTSON and his supporters when he opposed Mr. PETERS was that the latter was seeking a fourth term, it is not probable that he will be in the field. As least it would not be consistent.

The statement of the Halifax Banking company, which is represented in this city by Mr. JAS. G. TAYLOR, for the year 1896 is at hand and shows that the profits for the year were \$57,051.42, or something over eleven per cent. on the capital paid up. Of this \$35,000 was for dividends of June and December, and \$25,000 carried to the reserve fund. The balance carried over from 1895 was \$7,963.68. The reserve fund now amounts to \$325,000, and the deposits on call and subject to notices over \$2,500,000. The loans and bills discounted amount to over \$3,000,000. The statement should prove a very satisfactory one to stockholders and the public generally in the Maritime provinces. There are fourteen offices of the Halifax Banking Company in Nova Scotia and two in New Brunswick. If all of them have won the same favor from the business pub-

lic as the St. John branch the directors and management are to be congratulated.

While the sad event upon the I. C. R. near Dorchester this week is to be deeply deplored, there is still much cause for thankfulness. Though two bright, useful young lives were sacrificed, the escape from death of the other passengers and employees on the wrecked train seems truly miraculous. The road upon which the accident occurred is one of the safest in the Dominion and has been comparatively free from mishaps, and there will doubtless be some definite explanation of the recent accident forthcoming.

The verdict of the SULLIVAN jury appears to be just. No person who followed the evidence could doubt what the result would be. And yet the sentence of death will come with a shock to many who do not look upon capital punishment with favor. Of course no alternative was left the judge who has given the prisoner a reasonable time to prepare for his awful fate but the day will surely come when the judge will be able to exercise discretion between capital punishment and imprisonment for life.

Captain General WEXLER is certainly the costliest of modern warriors, taking into view what he accomplishes against his country's enemies. Recent reports from him records his burning of a whole village of three hundred houses. Perhaps even some Spaniards may regret that he managed to escape the ambush which immediately after that affair was prepared for him. He is a very expensive luxury for Spain.

HE HAD TO GIVE UP HIS CIGAR.

But the Deck Hand Smoked One in Spite of the Rules.

One of the regulations governing the Carleton ferry prohibits smoking in the lady's cabin on either steamer. A few days ago a young man who is a stranger to St. John and who was not aware of the rule in question boarded the ferry at the west side with a fragrant cigar in his mouth. He entered the lady's waiting room without removing his Havana and settled himself for a comfortable smoke and ride over to the other side. He was not left long in quietness however for suddenly the door opened and one of the ferry hands burst in upon him. "You must stop smokin' in here or get off the boat," said the deckhand.

As the boat was at that time part way across the harbor the young man could not see how he could very well leave the boat just at that moment but he did not communicate his impressions to the deck hand, who would not listen to any reason and on whom argument was wasted. He also noticed that the deck hand was pulling on an ancient T. D. but that did not appear to make any difference; the young man with the good cigar had to go out of the waiting room while the deck hand smoked in peace. The ferry employes may have been acting within the bounds of his authority when he ordered the passenger to stop smoking but the passenger is not by any means satisfied, and fails to see the reason why his smoking should have been stopped while the other fellow smoked on in peace.

THEY GAVE "SHORT WEIGHT.

The Law However Intervened and Brought the Bakers to Terms.

HALIFAX, Jan. 28.—The bakers of this city have been brought up with a round turn by the society for the improvement of the condition of the poor, and Mayor McPherson. The law requires that a loaf of bread offered for sale shall weigh two pounds, and be stamped with the initials of the baker. For some time the Halifax bakers' loaf, in defiance of this law, has been becoming lighter and lighter till now it weighs very little more than 1 1/2 pounds. A month ago the bakers raised the price of bread from 4 to 5 cents per loaf. This was too much for human endurance and the result was that the authorities took action. Mayor McPherson ordered the police to keep their eyes open and report any case of short weight in bread, when the law would be allowed to take its course.

This brought the bakers to their knees and they petitioned the mayor to defer putting the law into active operation till the beginning of February, alleging that they had sold many tickets on the old basis and that they could not get larger pans etc., before that date. This request was granted, and the police are being held back for a week. Recorder MacCoy is having a bill introduced into the legislature making the maximum penalty for short weight loaves a \$10 fine or 10 days in Rookhead prison. The old punishment was confiscation. The police will be doing a work that meets with popular approval when they commence their campaign against all short-weight bakers.

Go to Spencer, 74 Germain, and learn to dance.

THE OFFICERS WERE NOT AROUND.

Consequently the Officers Escaped Without Penalties.

The S. P. C. A. is a grand society and no branch seems more thoroughly in earnest, or more jealous in protecting helpless dumb creatures, than the Moncton society. No well authenticated case is too trivial to be dealt with, and the smallest and meanest creature is sure of redress for its wrongs if it lies in the power of the society to obtain it. But unfortunately the officers are not numerous, neither are they conscientious, and thus many people who richly deserve to be punished for the manner in which their animals, escape detection.

It is a matter for regret that none of the S. P. C. A. officers happened to pass Victoria rink last Monday evening, for they would have discovered a case well worthy of their attention, had they done so. On the night in question the thermometer varied at different points, from eighteen to twenty degrees below zero, but for at least an hour and a half a horse attached to a sleigh stood outside the rink, while the savages who owned the helpless creature amused themselves with the healthful and invigorating exercise of skating. Just outside the rink the wind had a clear sweep direct from the North pole, to judge by its temperature, and though there are plenty of sheltered spots in the lee of the building, the owners of this horse hitched him to a post where he was exposed to the full fury of the wind, and left him there unblanketed to shiver and freeze, while they enjoyed themselves and kept their bodies in a glass of heat by skating. Who these people were, I was unable to discover or I would gladly publish their names, in order to prove to the public that all savages do not wear war paint and feathers, or have copper colored skins. But I would respectfully suggest to the officers of the S. P. C. A. that they occasionally walk past Victoria rink on a cold night night find out for themselves who the offenders are, and if possible publish them for their cruelty.

GEORGE CUTHBERT STRANGE.

The Formal Opening.

The Board of managers and officers of the Halifax School for the Blind have issued invitations to friends of the Institution throughout the provinces for a reception to be held upon the occasion of the formal opening of the new building on Thursday evening February 4th from 8 to 11 P. M. The charity is one of the most deserving in Canada and the energy and devotedness of those connected with the institution have made it possible to extend its operations and good work by enlarging upon the former premises.

SMALLER CALIBRE RIFLE WOUNDS.

Effects of Hard-Nose and Soft-Nose Bullets on Game of Several Kinds.

Hunters have given the 30-calibre smokeless powder rifle a pretty thorough trial during the last year, and most of these are satisfied with its work on game in cases where a soft-nose bullet was used. A hard-nose bullet from the 30-calibre rifle, it appears, when it hits a deer passes through, leaving a "pin-hole," and causes the deer to run all the faster. With a soft-nose bullet, that curls over on hitting the flesh, the effect is usually deadly.

W. T. Carlin tells in Recreation about shooting a grizzly bear with a soft-nose bullet of 30 calibre. One shot hit the bear in the shoulder and smashed both shoulders to pieces. The shock congested the blood clear back to her hams. And another shot in the head broke the bones into sixteen pieces, besides splinters. An elk, shot through the shoulders, leaped up and fell dead. The bullet hit no bones, but stopped under the skin on the far side. Antelope shot almost anywhere in the body all within twenty yards, seldom stopping the bullet. The holes the bullets made were small at the entering point, but where the bullets came out one could frequently put a doubled fist into the wound. Commonly the wound was two inches across. A single hard-nose bullet fired from a Mannlicher rifle at a rhinoceros passed lengthwise through it, killing it, and then through another one's shoulders, killing it too. Tigers shot through the body sickened at once, when a soft-nose bullet was used, while deer of all sorts were knocked down by the force of the bullets, and not often were able to get to their feet again.

The bullets that mushroom come out in different shapes. Some fly to pieces, only shreds of the metal coating remaining on the battered butt, the lead being found in tiny splinters, scattered in the flesh in the path of the bullet. Some bullets curved back, looking like toad-stools with rounded tops, but these hit no bones. The bones are shattered and they distort or smash the bullets.

Lots of Them Were Made.

What? New resolutions at the New Year, it is not too late to make one now. Change your laundry and take advantage of what we give you free. Unger's Laundry & Dye Works. Telephone 58.

Chairs Re-seated, Cane, Splint, Perforated. Dress, 17 Waterloo.



Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against alum and all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., New York.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Your Hand in Mine. A LIFE KITCHEN. Your hand in mine a moment love, Before the altar seals a vow; We've met to take a morning walk, The sun shines brightly now. From life's great throng together we Have come, how strange, as one to be, The orange blossoms sing and sigh, On roses wings the moments fly; How gaily strikes the happy ball, Who lives in love have all things well. Your hand in mine 'tis soon my love, A golden glory glides the sky; The sunbeams all around us fall, In warmest love they linger alth. While mirth and music with us stay, How short has been the passing day; The full blown roses whisper low The brightest morning's come and go; The dreaming mid-day summer ball Just aches round our golden spell. Your hand in mine 'tis evening love, They all are gone who bore our name; Two its at rest in blessed sleep, The others take the way we came. Your hand in mine the dream was sweet, The journey love is just complete; The aspidochelone breathes low in prayer, Love takes her to all earthly care; At twilight sounds the peacocks bell What comes in starih, h't who can tell. Your hand in mine night comes my love, The morn, the mid day and the fall— Of darkness at the past scene's close, A few short steps and that is all. Across the stream we see the light, Your hand again my love good night; The white robed lily folds its hands, To bloom again in brighter lands, At midnight strikes the calling bell The day is ended love farewell.

THE REGIMENT PASSED.

There was din in the street, there was rushing of feet. At the drum and the thrum of a far-away drum, By every eye in the town watched a road winding down By meadows of rippling, yellow wheat, Every being was filled with the beat that had thrilled A.D. whirled as it stirred like the wings of a bird Through the sunny air clear, growing near and more near. Till all other sound in creation was stilled!

Then swift came the gleam of a mountainside stream, Which quivered and grew like the stars, like the dew. Like the sun's darting glance where little waves dance, Like a glittering river that wound from a dream.

O it broadened and spread like a vibrating tread In unison beat through the dust to our feet! O it drew every hue, from the heavens' calm blue To the poppies' red blood through the wheat field shed! Then a plume floated white, and they broke on our ear With a bugle note clear, they drew near, and a cheer Burst from us; then dumb at the roll of the drum As they reached us and touched us, and dumb with delight, We drew nigh, we pressed nigh, our hearts throbbing high, (O the tumult of joy in the heart of a boy!) Women crowded about, and a flag floated out, And we uttered a shout that rang up to the sky!

(Ay, it rings for me yet! Can I ever forget That thrill and that joy in the heart of a boy?) Then, a barefooted throng, we marched proudly along, Knowing naught of farwells or of eyes that were wet, Hearing only the beat of the drum and the feet Treading onward to war, growing faint, growing far, Seeing only the track, dust unclouded, whence back Looked never a man to that village street!

How we lingered around, listening low for a sound, Till the thrum of the drum was a clover bee's hum! How we marched a retreat through the still village street, And followed the footprints which covered the ground!

And when weary at last, how we happily cast Ourselves down in the wheat, talking not of defeat, Heeding not the wild red where crushed poppies were shed, Or the thunder and dread closing round, closing fast, But shut in by the rim of our dim mountains' a mass, We gave them but glory and fame unsurpassed, While for us was the hour—when the Regiment passed.

—Virginia Woodward Cloud.

Gray and Silver. I had a love; dark-haired was she, Her eyes were gray, For sake of her across the sea I sailed away.

Death, sickness, tempest and defeat All passed me by; With years came fortune, fair and sweet, And rich was I.

Again for me the sun looked down Familiar eyes; I found my love, her locks had grown gray as her eyes.

'Alas! she sighed, 'forget me, now No longer fair,' 'I love thine heart,' I whispered low, 'And not thy hair.'

—C. E. D. Phelps.

Lamp-light. Dear little lady, so tumbled and sleepy, Kneeling at dusk with her head on my knee Lamp-light is dim, and the shadows are creepy, Dear little lady, and, ah, sad me!

Saying a prayer that the angels must soften— Ah, little lady, could only it be! This was when I prayed, too, when and often, Longing for one that we never shall see. Dear little lady, all play days are over, Kneel here as dusk at my tired knee! Never could you know what is under the clover, Dear little lady, but, ah, sad me. Foot Wheeler in New York Press.



ROYAL KING POWDER... Best levelling strength and the food against alum and common to the cheap brands in New York.



The hotel DeLafayette was on Tuesday evening the occasion being the reception tendered to the visiting Dominion Government ministers by the liberal association.

Harrison's Orchestra stationed in the hall played the following programme during the evening: Overture, Barber of Seville; romance, Emma's gaiter, My Own; waltz, Symphonie; galop, Why Not; selection, Tabasco; descriptive, Concert in the Forest; march, Chicago Two Step; overture, Aurora.

Among those present were, Mayor Robertson, Judge Forbes, and Miss Forbes, Hon. E. J. Ritchie and Mrs. Ritchie, Mr. D. P. Chisholm, Mr. Fred E. Sayre, and Mrs. Sayre, Mr. Charles Harrison and Mrs. Harrison, Miss Louise Harrison, Mr. Robert Thomson, Mrs. Thomson and the Misses Thomson, Miss Holden, Miss Keator, Mrs. Charles Coster, Mr. Vassie Mrs. Vassie, and the Misses Vassie, Mr. John McCullin, and the Misses McCullin, Mr. James Doody, and Mrs. Doody, Mr. John Thomson and Mrs. Thomson, Miss Jack, Miss Gillespie, Mr. D. Tapley, and the Misses Tapley, Mr. C. B. Allan and Mrs. Allan, Mr. John Keator, Mr. James Barry, Mr. D. McCarthy, Mr. A. H. Martin, Mr. P. W. Lantalam, Mr. A. W. Adams, Mr. James Brennan, Dr. Addy, Mr. Hedley McLaughlin, Mr. John P. McCreary, Mr. P. G. Pearson, Mr. Harvey, Mr. E. T. Sturdee and Mrs. Sturdee, Dr. McAvenny, Mr. Geo. Knodel, Mr. J. H. Hale, Mr. John F. Ashe, Mr. E. F. Jones, Mr. T. J. McFarlane, Mr. Walter Foster, Mr. Pond, Mr. A. J. Wilson, Mr. C. H. Ferguson, Mr. D. R. Jack, Mr. Lunney, Dr. Thomas Walker, Mrs. Walker, and the Misses Walker, Mr. R. C. John Dunn, Mr. B. S. Smith, Dr. Doyle Traves, Mr. B. Gandy, Mr. G. Wetmore Merrill, Dr. Taylor, Hampton, Mr. Wm. Harehurst, Mr. H. H. McLean, Mr. N. Ratchford, Mr. Charles Patterson, Capt. Brennan, Col. Conard, Mr. R. O'Brien, Mr. P. Sharkey, Mr. E. Cotter, Capt. Miles, Mr. Carson Flood, Mr. Henry Maher, Mr. A. P. Tippet, Mr. Chas. Barpey, Dr. J. D. Maher, Mr. P. Coughlan, Mr. A. G. Blair, Jr., Mr. R. H. Ritchie, Mr. M. J. Nugent, Mr. Thomas Dyer, Mr. Thomas L. Hay, Mr. W. E. Vroom, Mr. James Hanney, Mrs. Hanney, Mr. R. C. Grant, Mrs. James Stratton, Mrs. Jack McLaren, Mr. B. J. Holt, Mr. James Hunter, Mr. W. N. Costes, Mr. Joseph P. Corkery, Mr. George B. Craigie, Mr. James Anderson, Mr. W. W. Jordan, Mr. R. T. Worden, Mr. Allen Moutch, Mr. John Ditchell, Mr. J. V. Ellis, Mr. P. and Mrs. E. W. Calhoun, Mr. Alex. MacMillan, Mr. C. S. Everett, Mr. W. A. Lockhart and Mrs. Lockhart, Mr. J. M. Beardon, Mr. E. J. Olive and Mrs. Olive, Mr. Thomas McAvity and Mrs. McAvity, Mr. A. N. Shaw, Mr. Thos. A. Rankine, Mr. J. V. Lantalam, Dr. John Zerrman, Mr. C. W. Dykeman, Col. McShane, Dr. A. D. Smith, Mr. P. S. McNut, and Mrs. MacNut, Dr. Gorham, Mr. S. G. Reel, and Mrs. Reel, Dr. Deyon Walker, Mrs. Walker, Mr. E. Elmonds, Mr. B. D. Macaulay, and Mrs. Macaulay, Mr. Will Jack, Mrs. Walter Higgins, Alderman Farley, Walter Magee, Mrs. Mitchell, Mr. F. C. McNeill and a large number of others.

Mr. J. D. Hasen is in Fredericton visiting her mother Mrs. James Tibbits.

Miss Tuck and Miss Mary Crookshank have been visiting Mrs. O. H. Sharp of Fredericton.

Rev. Mr. Rankine was in Fredericton this week a guest of Rev. Mr. McDonald.

The young people's whist club met at the residence of Mrs. Parks, Monks Pleasant on Wednesday evening. The club has had several pleasant meetings with Miss May Travers, and Mrs. J. McMillan. Among the young lady members of the club are Miss Christie, Miss May Travers, Miss Vroom, Miss Grace McMillan, Miss Louise Travers, Miss Helen Seelye, and others.

very largely attended though, two late for an extended account to appear in this issue of PROGRESS. Light refreshments were served during the evening, and Harrison's orchestra supplied music for the following order of dances: 1, waltz; 2, mazurka; 3, waltz; 4, bar; 5, waltz; 6, waltz; 7, mazurka; 8, waltz; 9, mazurka; 10, waltz; 11, waltz; 12, mazurka; 13, waltz; 14, mazurka; with many extras.

Among those present were, Miss Maud Thompson, Miss E. Clark, Miss Mabel Hawker, Miss Maud Reid, Mrs. J. B. Jones, Miss L. D'Orsay, Miss F. Prince, the Misses Potts, Miss Barbara Currie, Mrs. H. J. Smith, Miss Edythe Kerr, Miss Helen Bidderman, Miss Eva Estey, Miss Rand, Miss Belle Morait, Miss Jennie B. Aice, Miss Helen Day, Miss Beatrice Waring, Miss McCafferty, Miss Margaret Shaw, Miss Birdie Sullivan, Miss McNally, Miss Maud McCluskey, Miss Clara Brennan, Mrs. Henry Cole, Miss Dottie Cole, Mrs. E. LeRoi Willie, Mrs. W. E. O. Jones, the Misses Hall, the Misses Seelye, Miss Nellie Seelye, Miss Ida Frankie, Miss Estabrook, Miss Dora Ferguson, Miss Faye, Miss B. Seelye, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Higgins, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Higgins, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Melvin, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Dunlop, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Lawson, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Galey, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Sutherland, Mr. and Mrs. Lesley White, Mr. and Mrs. Fred James, Mr. and Mrs. H. Robb, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. T. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hopper, Mr. Arthur King, Mr. Henry O'Regan, Mr. F. Sturdee, Mr. J. Sutherland, Mr. Frank Estey, Mr. John E. Edmands, Mr. Jas. Blaine, Mr. E. H. Moffatt, Amherst, Mr. Ralph Markham, Mr. Frank McMahon, Mr. A. B. Lordy, Mr. J. McCarty, Mr. F. W. McNicol, Mr. Chas. McMullin, Dr. Day, Dr. Maher, Mr. Jas. Fraser, Mr. Guy Taylor, Mr. R. Hime, Mr. John Fraser, Mr. W. P. Broderrick, Mr. John Gleason, Mr. A. M. Frith, Mr. W. Cruikshank, Mr. A. B. McLean, Mr. Harry McBeath, Dr. Merrill, Mr. G. D. Ellis, Mr. Geo. Peters, Dr. Wetmore, Mr. Chas. Drury, Mr. E. H. Johnson, Mr. Fred Alton, Mr. Frank Watson, Mr. Thos. Hay, Mr. J. E. B. Mr. Arthur Patton, Mr. Geo. Beverly, Mr. D. G. Waterbury, Mr. L. W. Cooman, Mr. Chas. McMichael, Mr. Frank Potts, Mr. Herb Barton, Mr. Geo. Dickson, Mr. Walter Peters, Mr. Beatey.

Miss Maggie Thompson has gone back to St. Stephen after a visit to friends in this city.

Miss Edith Skinner is spending a few days with Miss Graham of St. Stephen.

Mrs. Howard Maclean, Carleton street, returned to her home in Moncton last week.

Miss Ada Milliken who has been visiting Mrs. Howard Maclean, Carleton street, returned to her home in Moncton last week.

Dr. G. A. B. Addy's friends are glad to know that he is recovering from a severe attack of rheumatism.

Mrs. M. Landers left for Boston Thursday morning where she was called on account of the illness of her daughter Miss Aggie Landers.

A rather unique and enjoyable evening was spent this week at the residence of Miss Stanton, Elliott row, when the members of the Rockwood Whist club gave a fancy dress party for one of their members, Miss Emma McLaughlin, who leaves Monday for Boston. The costumes which were very artistic were all designed by Miss Stanton herself. A string orchestra furnished music for dancing which was kept up till a late hour. A tempting supper was served at midnight. In spite of the fact that the affair was complete surprise to the gentlemen members of the club, they enjoyed it thoroughly.

FREDERICTON.

PROGRESS is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Finney and J. H. Hawthorne.

Jan. 27—Those who attended the Scottish concert in the Auld Kirk on Tuesday evening enjoyed a rare treat. Rev. Mr. Rankine of St. John was inimitable in his delineation of Scotch character and kept his audience convulsed with laughter.

Mrs. Worden's singing was much admired and she was heartily encored after each song.

Mr. A. H. Lindsay was most enthusiastically encored; his first number "Scots Wha hae" brought forth round after round of applause, and he was forced to respond to his second number "A bon water" which was equally well received and he very kindly responded to all the encores.

The Misses Teasdale gave a violin and piano duet of Scottish melodies which the audience fully appreciated and called for more. Two piano duets by Miss Bridges and Miss Kathleen Fair were splendidly executed and loudly applauded.

The Rev. Mr. Macdonald was master of ceremonies. All the decorations of the platform were in Scotch style. A quotation from Burns filled the black board at the back of the stage and was framed in Scotch emblems. The Scotch Tairnie over hung the quotation on either side were the Blue Balls of Scotland and the Heather, while over all hung a beautiful steel engraving of the betrothal of Burns and "Highland Mary."

The evening was brought to a close with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" in which the whole audience joined.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Walker leave on Saturday for a month's vacation in New York.

Miss Maud Everett who has been on a visit to her father ex-Adm. Everett, returned to Boston on Monday.

You Have Tried the Others...

WELCOME SOAP advertisement with illustrations of soap boxes and hands. Text: "The old Original and Reliable 'Welcome.' But One Quality, and Absolute Purity Guaranteed."

Military Orders From Ottawa

The Canadian Government has given orders that Protection afforded to our volunteers, by ordering all of their INFANTRY overcoats to be Waterproofed by the Rigby Process. A soldier may now march in the rain or sleet with comparative comfort; his overcoat will shed the rain as water runs from a duck's back.

Rigby Proofed material

Rigby does not change the color, appearance or feeling of the cloth; it simply keeps out the wet, and costs no more than the unproofed goods.

Dress Dreams... advertisement for Eudora fabric. Text: "Often had—seldom realized. Whose fault? Modiste perhaps; material probably. The nearest approach to a 'dream' of a gown is made of PRIESTLEY'S 'EUDORA.'"

ALL STYLISH SKIRTS

METEOR advertisement for Meteor Velvet Skirt Protector. Text: "Will be bound with 'METEOR' Velvet Skirt Protector, because it is economical, durable and stylish. FOR SALE AT ALL DRY GOODS STORES. 'Meteor Velvet Skirt Protector.'"

USE ONLY Pelee Island Wine Co's Wines.

Advertisement for Pelee Island Wine Co's Wines. Text: "THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE. E. G. SOOVL, AGENT PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE, ST. JOHN, N. B. DEAR SIR—My family have received great benefits from the use of the PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE during the past four years. It is the best tonic and sedative for debility, nervousness and weak lungs you have ever tried. It is much cheaper and pleasanter than medicine. I would not be without it in the house. Yours, JAMES H. DAY, Day's Landing, Kings Co. E. G. SOOVL, Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces."

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

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

- C. S. DeFAYAS, Brunswick street
MORFON & CO., Barrington street
CLIFFORD SALES, 111 Hollis street
LAW & CORNOLLY, George street
FOWERS' DRUG STORES, Opp. C. E. Depot
CANADA NEWS CO., Railway Depot
J. G. KLINE, Golden street
H. SILVER, Dartmouth N. S.
J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth N. S.

There is so very little going on in society now that one is really at a loss what to write about. Captain and Mrs. Marsh have gone to England on the Labrador. Mrs. J. A. Moore who entertained the happy couple during their stay in the city gave a farewell party on the evening before their departure. They had a warm welcome extended to them during their stay here.

Mr. and Mrs. Castans are back from their honeymoon and are the guests of the brides parents Mr. and Mrs. G. Franchly, N. W. Arm. Mr. E. Borredale was a passenger by the Labrador on her last voyage. He will remain on the other side for some time. The Labrador also had among her passengers, Mrs. W. B. Gavelly of Calgary, N. W. T. formerly Miss Almon, Mayor and Mrs. Greer and Colonel Collings.

Judge Forbes left last Saturday to assume his judicial duties. His family remain here for the present.

A concert is to be given by the well known Quartette next Friday evening at the cosy hall of the Conservatory of Music. As was predicted, this hall proved to be the very thing for chamber music, judging from the remarks of those who attended the first concert given by the quartette. At the concert next week, the Grand B flat quartette of Mozart will be performed. Toos remembering the fine effort made with the Schubert quartette, will readily understand that the Mozart quartette will not suffer in the hands of Mr. Well and his associates. This quartette is wonderfully worked out, something that Schubert often failed to accomplish. Mr. Well will appear on the programme as composer, arranger and soloist. He will be assisted by Miss Lewis, soprano, and Miss Tilley, pianiste. As will be observed there will be no cause for complaint on the score of novelty, and surely the hall should be crowded with all the music lovers in the city.

It is pleasing to know that rink matters are settling down into their old groove although as yet things have not assumed a very festive appearance. No tea is certainly trying to those who paid to become "tea members." Society had no less than three teas last Thursday, Mrs. J. F. Stairs, Mrs. W. Tobin and Mrs. Atkinson entertaining many guests in spite of the storm which prevailed during the afternoon.

The reception or at home to be held at the school for the Blind on Thursday evening next promises to be one of the most interesting and attractive entertainments given during the present season. The opening of the new building in connection with the school, is being marked by a large and popular reception, cards for which are now out. The guests will include General Montgomery Moore, Hon. Mrs. Montgomery Moore, His Hon. the Lieut. Governor, His Grace Archbishop O'Brien, Hon. Geo. H. Murray, and the members of the government and legislature of Nova Scotia, His Worship Mayor McPherson and the members of the city council, many leading clergymen, physicians and lawyers and a large representation of the wealth and intelligence of Halifax.

I have not yet received a programme but I understand that the affair will be in every way most enjoyable and that many of the ladies are giving more than usual attention to the frocks they are to wear. The spacious rooms and hall ways of the school for the Blind are well adapted for a full dress reception and when Halifax turns out in this way it always does itself credit.

AMHERST.

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

Jan. 27.—One could scarcely wish to attend a prettier or more fully appreciated party than that given by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pugsley at their handsome home on Victoria street, last Thursday evening. The weather was certainly at its worst as the elements recently have not favored the Amherst hostesses, but a large number of guests were present, and the floor being in excellent order, the music by the guests up to their usual standard, every thing moved along in a merry swing. Mrs. Pugsley was very stylishly gowned in black silk and isomely trimmed with just and Miss Mabel wore a very pretty and becoming dress of white muslin with trimmings of ribbon and lace. The matrons who assisted the hostesses were Mrs. Robert Sharp, Mrs. C. F. Hillson, Mrs. Amos Eiler and Mrs. Arthur Sharp who wore pretty gowns were worn, but only a few new ones which were worn by the younger friends of Miss Mabel and if I am to name the belle it will be among them as the party was given more especially for the younger members of society and Miss Thos Morse looked winsome and pretty in a frock of a handsome shade of green crepon with pearl trimmings and green ribbon; Miss Fanny Pipes in pale pink mull with pink and green satin ribbons, looked very pretty and Miss May Love in pale blue crepon; Miss Lottie Munro in a dress of cream cashmere; Miss Daphne Allen in a dress of white muslin prettily trimmed with yellow satin ribbon all looked exceptionally well. Miss Beatrice Fuller, Miss Nellie Chapman, Miss Grace Clark, Miss Alice Sleep, Miss Helen Sleep, Miss Pipes, Miss Grace Pipé, Miss Lena Welton, Miss Gertrude, Miss Freda MacKinnon, Miss Purdy, Miss Maggie Purdy, Miss Brown, Miss Louisa, Miss Tighe, Miss Main, Miss Owen, Miss Jean Johnstone, Miss Munro, Miss Jean Butcliffe, Miss Helen Bidden, Miss Beale Butcliffe, Miss Helen Bidden, Miss Beale Butcliffe were among the young ladies present, and the gentlemen were Mr. Douglas, Mr. J. H. Douglas, Mr. H. Main, Mr. Harry Bidden, Mr. Reg Harris, Mr. Bert McLeod, Mr. J. Chapman, Mr. F. W. B. Moore, Mr. McKean, M. D. Hyde, Mr. A. R. Borden, Mr. Geo. Wilson, Mr. J. McKinnon, and Mr. E. Rhodes.

\$19.500 GIVEN AWAY

IN BICYCLES AND WATCHES FOR SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS

During the Year 1897. For full particulars see advertisements, or apply to LEVER BROS., LTD., 23 SCOTT ST., TORONTO

IT GAINED its first success in its birthplace. It won confidence at the start where it was best known—at home. And that was thirty years ago, when "Obelisk Flour" was first winning its way for strength and purity.

Its friends are everywhere to-day. They have made its name a household word—when good bread is mentioned.

THE TILSON CO., LTD., Tilsonburg, Ont.

QUAKER FOLDING HOT AIR AND VAPOR BATH CABINET

Business luxury, efficiency, economy, sanitary and remedial effect equal in degree to the famous Turkish Baths, in the privacy of your own bedroom, without water supply or bath fixtures, at small cost. Ensures perfect cleanliness. Cures colds, rheumatism, etc., and obesity. A delightful substitute for muscular exercise. Healthy skin and beautiful complexion assured. Needed by all, sick or well. Send stamp for descriptive circular and testimonials to E. M. TREE, General Agent, 13 Wellington Row, St. John, N. B. Price \$7.25. Delivered. Local Agents Wanted.

CROCKETT'S Catarrh Cure.

A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc., Prepared by THOMAS A CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

The Tariff Commission elicits some strange and curious facts, but none more true than the good words spoken by both Free-Traders and Protectionists for MINARD'S LINIMENT. They are our BEST ADVERTISEMENT, and we esteem them of more value than all the fences and bars in the country covered with posters.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

WINES. "The Nicest" in quarter cask and Octives.

For sale low. THOS. L. BOURKE WATER STREET.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock. TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B. The "Leuchetky Method"; also "Byzantine System," for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK

"Strongest and Best."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., Editor of "Health." PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA.

OVER 100 MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM. Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the firm.

Mr. Robert Pugsley and Miss Mabel Pugsley went to Windsor on Tuesday where Miss Pugsley goes to resume her studies at Edgemoor.

Miss Batcherford who has been the guest of her brother Mr. C. E. Batcherford returned to Halifax on Friday noon.

Miss Aggie Munro's many young friends are sorry to hear that she is kept in doors with a rather severe cold.

Intense excitement prevailed over the town yesterday afternoon when it was known that the C. P. S. train was wrecked near Dorchester, as a number of the passengers were from Amherst but fortunately all escaped without injury with the exception of Mr. Barnes who it is feared is seriously injured.

Miss May Jenks of Parrboro is the guest of her sister Mrs. W. W. Black Victoria street.

Miss Nellie Cutler left on Thursday for Fredericton to visit her cousin Miss O'Dell.

Mr. A. W. Foster and Master Archie are visiting Mrs. Foster's mother Mrs. M. D. Fride Haven street.

Dr. and Mrs. C. O. Trapper of Brook yn N. Y. are the guests of Mrs. D. W. Robb Maplehurst.

Mrs. C. E. Batcherford who has been visiting her sister Mrs. McNutt in Halifax is home again.

The marriage of Miss Lucy Andros to Mr. James Chapman which took place last Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's mother Mrs. B. B. Andros Croft street, was attended by only the immediate friends of the parties. The bride looked particularly well in a gown of brown broadcloth with trimming of lighter colored satin and lace, and the groom looked very happy, and the large number of presents testified to their popularity. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Beatty. Mr. and Mrs. Chapman attended the services in the Methodist church on Sunday. The bride wearing a handsome gown of green trimmings in harmony. They will make their home with Mrs. Andros where she received her visitors this week assisted by Miss Clark.

Society turned out in force on Saturday evening to watch the game of hockey between the Wanderers of Halifax and the Amherst H. C. The game resulted in favor of the Wanderers by one goal. The Wanderers played the Amherst team on Saturday evening and the Amherst Bankers play the Moncton Bankers in Moncton on Thursday. Capt. Moffat and his team are certainly deserving of great credit as his team besides playing wonderfully well never forgot to be gentlemen.

The meeting of the Amherst Deanty took place on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, and on Tuesday evening a social was given in the Parish house which though not largely attended was thoroughly enjoyable. Among the visiting clergy are, Archdeacon Kaulbach and Rev. Mr. Underwood of Truro, Dr. Ambrose of Parrboro, Rev. Mr. Gale, Rev. Mr. Bent, Rev. Mr. Taylor, and Rev. Mr. Almon. On Wednesday they were entertained at dinner at the rectory by the Rev. V. E. Harris and Mrs. Harris.

NEW GLASGOW.

Progress is for sale in New Glasgow by A. O. Pritchard and H. H. Henderson.]

JAN. 27.—The first Hockey match of the season came off on Monday at West Side Rink, the opposing teams being the Antigonish and New Glasgow Hockey Clubs. The game ended with a score of four to three in favor of New Glasgow. After the game the boys entertained the guests at Mr. Mason's with an oyster supper, music and speeches.

Another game will be played between Antigonish and Truro in New Glasgow Rink on Wednesday evening.

The Misses Douglas entertained a number of their friends very pleasantly at a dancing party, Thursday evening. Turkey supper was served at eleven o'clock. Those present were:—

Misses Eva Grant, Addie Bent, Ella Bowman-Lily and Ina McKay, Maggie Fraser, Scilla McIntosh, Maggie Smith, Mrs. Dr. Ross, (Moncton) Mrs. Howard, Mrs. McLennan, Miss Miss McDonald, Miss Jessie W. Fraser, Miss Allen, Margaret Allen, Jessie Graham, Mrs. Graham, Messrs Wall Jackson, A. D. Grant, J. W. Grant, Geo. Fraser, Grant, J. P. McLennan Sydney Smith, J. McDonald.

Mr. J. Fred McDonald is confined to the house with illness.

Hon. Wm. Patterson was in town Friday and Saturday of last week, the guest of Mr. J. W. Carmichael. Mr. Patterson visited the Steel Works and different manufactories and expressed himself much pleased with them.

Misses Lily Falconer, and Jessie McKenzie of Sydney, are the guests of Mrs. F. Conrad.

The friends of Mr. Donald Grant, contractor, were shocked to hear of his sudden death, of paralysis on Tuesday of last week. The funeral took place from St. Andrews Church on Thursday afternoon.

The pulpit of the church was artistically draped in black, and also the pew formerly occupied by Mr. Grant. The casket was covered with wreaths and flowers. The services were conducted by Rev. A. Bowman, assisted by Principal Pollok, and Rev. T. D. Stewart. Jean.

WINDSOR.

Progress is for sale in Windsor at the store of F. W. Dakin.]

JAN. 27.—U. S. Consul Dr. Young and Mrs. Young have gone to Wolfville where they expect to spend some weeks at the Central hotel.

Mr. John Blanchard sailed on Saturday for England where he has gone to purchase goods for the spring trade.

Mr. Horace Greene has been called home from Boston on account of the illness of his mother. He arrived on Wednesday evening.

Mr. Elson was in Halifax for a few days last week he returned to "Fairfield" on Saturday.

Mr. Wilson and Mr. Goodge are in Halifax attending to parliamentary duties.

Miss Madge O'Brien has returned from Quebec where she has been spending some weeks with school friends.

Mr. Clarence Dimock was in the city last week. Miss Dexter of Liverpool is visiting Mrs. John W. Blanchard.

Mrs. Halley of Digby is in Windsor the guest of his father, Dr. Hind.

Hon. David McCurdy and Miss McCurdy of Baddeck, Cape Breton, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Blanchard.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradford of the Collegiate school were visiting friends in Halifax last week.

Mr. G. Troop of Halifax spent Sunday at "Claremont".

Mrs. E. J. Torey of Freeport, Ill., who has been spending several weeks in Windsor left for her home on Tuesday.

Mr. J. W. Curry went to Boston last week. Miss Bertie L. Clark of Halifax is visiting her sister Mrs. Jamieson.

The snow shoe club lately organized here was entertained by Mrs. Pauline on Thursday last unfortunately the weather was not suitable for snowshoeing but the party spent the early part of the evening at the rink adjoining the house for a dance and supper.

The parish Guild gave an entertainment on Tuesday in Christ church school room. After a musical program was carried out refreshments were served and a very pleasant hour spent socially.

The whist club which was such a pleasant entertainment last year had its first meeting for this winter on Thursday at Mrs. Lawsons. On account of the very stormy weather the gathering was not so large as it would otherwise have been.

TRURO.

Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Falton, and D. H. Smith & Co.]

JAN. 27.—A small party for whist were entertained at Fairholme last Thursday evening by the Misses Bligh, cards and supper were followed by an impromptu dance. It is needless to add that as is usual at this hospitable house everyone enjoyed a most pleasant evening. Those present, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Gourcy, Misses C. Chisholm, Bigelow, Emma Thomas, Lilla Snook, Messrs. W. A. Spencer, H. V. Bigelow, F. L. Murray.

On Friday evening Mrs. Atkinson entertained the whist club at the "Prince of Wales" cards were resumed after supper followed by a short dance. The following were among those present: Dr. and Miss Randall, Mrs. J. J. Snook, Mrs. Vernon, Miss Partridge, Misses Bishop, Messrs. Yuill, Vernon, Murray, MacKenzie, Cutten.

Mrs. Duncan McDonald's cards were out on Monday for Thursday evening of this week.

Miss Patchall, St. John is a guest of her friend Mrs. Fred Fuller.

Miss Taylor of Fredericton N. B. is visiting her friend Miss Lilla Snook.

Mrs. McKay widow of the late Doctor McKay, Springfield and her young son are guests at Mrs. Alex. Miller's Queen street.

A small but very congenial party were entertained by Mrs. O. B. Cummings on Monday evening, what was the diversion, followed by a most recherche supper. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Laurence, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Wetmore, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Crowe, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Bowers, Miss May Crowe, Mr. Will Crowe. Pso.

PARRBORO.

Progress is for sale at Parrboro book store.

JAN. 28.—A party of young people played at having a summer picnic on Tuesday evening, the coldest of the season so far. By means of a dozen or more of spruce trees a hammock or two, and in other ways Mrs. J. G. Holmes' parlours and hall had been transformed into picnic grounds and the cloth laid on the floor for lunch, and coffee made by the fire in the grate completed the illusion. The illusion was rather severely dispelled when the picnic having come to an end the picnickers started to return to their homes with the temperature at eighteen below.

Mrs. Howard entertained a number of young people on Thursday evening at progressive games after which there was much fun pulling candy.

Rev. Dr. Ambrose of Digby is here and will have charge of St. George's parish for a short time.

Capt. and Mrs. Cook have returned from a brief visit to friends at Dorchester.

Mrs. C. E. Day gave a party on Friday, Salmagundi and other amusements and a recherche supper made an enjoyable evening.

Mr. Burpee Tucker who has been taking a trip to the North West arrived home yesterday accompanied by his cousin Miss Neville of Winnipeg.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Gillespie have returned from Westmoreland.

Mrs. McKay of Nappan is visiting her daughter Mrs. Stanley Smith.

Miss McCurdy is back from a visit to her sister in the States.

Rev. E. H. Howe returned on Saturday from Boston.

Mr. F. A. Upham spent Sunday in town. The Literary club had an interesting meeting on Monday evening at Rev. Mr. McLean's.

OPENING

New York Shirt Waists 1897 STYLES.

We are just opening a very beautiful line of these goods, made by the very best makers, and guarantee them SECOND to NONE ever shown in St. John.

Different Styles and Prices.

ALSO

New Linen Collars and Cuffs, To wear with Shirt Waists and for ordinary wear.

THE PARISIAN

165 Union St.

A COMFORTABLE COMPANION

BURNS TWO HOURS.

The newest convenient thing ever invented HAVE YOU SEEN THEM?

They Only Cost \$1.00 With Carbons.

CALL AT Allan's Pharmacies, 31 King street and 172 King st. eet. West. Physicians' prescriptions receive every attention. Telephone 239.

COME AND SEE OUR STOCK.

Ferguson & Page

Always keep a full line of Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry,

Solid Silver and Silver-Plated Goods, Clocks, Bronzes, Opera Glasses, Spectacles, Eye Glasses, Canes, Umbrellas.

It will pay you to see our goods before making your purchase. Will give you a good bargain in Gold or Silver Watches. Do not forget the place . . . 41 KING STREET.

Pigs' Feet and Lamb's Tongues.

RECEIVED THIS DAY. 10 Kegs Pigs Feet, 5 " Lamb's Tongues. AS 19 and 20 King Square. J. D. TURNER.

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New York Shirt Waists 1897 STYLES.

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ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Master...

The Current News club enjoyed a most delightful...

Miss Josephine Moore entertained the young...

Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Grimmer of St. Andrews are...

A very happy affair today was the double wedding...

Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Grimmer of St. Andrews are...

the good things at supper had been discussed, and...

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Rennie have gone to Boston...

Mr. R. D. Ross has returned from Woodstock...

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Saunders who have recently...

Mr. and Mrs. DeSoyres of St. John occupied the...

WOODSTOCK.

Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs...

WOODSTOCK.

RIDERS. OF HIGH GRADE WHEELS do not hesitate for a few dollars but usually look for special quality or features. Not only is the "King of Scorchers" Special Grade in quality, mostly hand finished and gauged, but it has more real improvements than any other cycles.



E.C. Hill & Co, 101 Yonge St., Toronto, SOLE DOMINION AGENTS.

"Prince Charles' Farewell to Flora MacDonald"...

Under the auspices of the "Ladies Aid Society"...

WOODSTOCK.

Under the auspices of the "Ladies Aid Society"...

WOODSTOCK.

WOODSTOCK.

Millinery, Dress Making.

Mrs. J. J. McDonald's ESTABLISHMENT MONCTON, N.B.

T. O'LEARY, Choice Wines and Liquors and Ales and Cigars.

Public Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Bill will be introduced at the next session...

Nearly Two Years ago Rev. Job Goodhouse, of Seely's Bay...

WOODSTOCK.

WOODSTOCK.

WOODSTOCK.

WOODSTOCK.

ATED A. ING. Park Waists YLES. pening a very these goods, ry best mak- e them SEC- E ever shown es and Prices. n Collars uffs, Shirt Waists ary wear. RISIAN. n St. E COMPANION ket Stove. O HOURS. thing ever invented EEN THEM? 00 With Carbons. armacies, 72 King st. West. ptions receive every st- E OUR STOCK. n Page a full line of onds, Jewelry, Silver-Plated Goods, Opera Glasses, Eye Glasses, Umbrellas. to see our goods be- purchase. good bargain in ver Watches, ace. KING STREET. et and s Tongues. THIS DAY. ggs Feet, mb's Tongues. King Square. URNER.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(Continued from Page Seven)
with Mr. Alexander Willis of Highfield street. Mrs. Willis was quite an aged lady and had been in failing health for some years past, but her death was seen the less a shock to her family, who still have the company of their numerous friends in their old home.

ANNUALS

Jan. 28.—On Saturday 28 January, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Robinson celebrated their twentieth anniversary by their twentieth anniversary in a fitting manner. From five to eight o'clock they held a reception in their parlors, tastefully decorated and beautifully illuminated for the occasion. A number of ladies and gentlemen graced the reception with their presence. The following list their names: Rev. A. Ouellet and P. Desmar, Shediac, Rev. E. L. Belliveau, Grandpré; Mr. Justice and Mrs. Landry, Hon. A. D. and Mrs. Richard, Dorchester, Mr. and Mrs. Irvin, St. John, and Mrs. L. N. Bonquet, Moncton; Hon. Senator and Mrs. Fournier, Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Harper, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. McInnes, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Russell, Dr. L. J. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Tait, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Lawton, Mrs. C. Ouellet, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. James Webster, Mr. and Mrs. Angus Feltner, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Richard, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Schaefer, Mr. and Mrs. J. Y. Bourque, Dr. and Mrs. Legoy, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Cyrille, Mrs. Abercromby, Mrs. Galland, Miss S. Chapman, Miss S. Nesbitt, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wilbur, Mr. J. Macintyre, Mr. W. Bonquet, Mr. Art. Legoy, Shediac; Mr. and Mrs. N. Robinson, Ottawa; Mrs. Milnes and Messrs Brunson, Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. I. J. D. Landry, St. John; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Talbot, Shediac; Mrs. J. L. Baquet, Dalhousie; Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Kerfoot, Mr. and Mrs. E. Kerfoot, Mr. and Mrs. A. Hard, Grand Falls.

Congratulatory letters and messages expressing the best wishes for their future happiness, were also received from Very Rev. A. Roy, Superior, and Rev. Fathers of the Holy Cross, St. Joseph's college; Very Rev. G. Blanche, Superior of St. Ann's college, Church Point; Rev. H. Bonzel, Grand Seminary, Montreal; Rev. N. A. Irois, P. F. Notre Dame church, Montreal; Rev. F. X. Cormier, Upper Aboujagan; Rev. Jos. Ouellet, St. Mary's Kent; Rev. F. X. Joseph, Michaud, Bouctouche; Rev. E. J. Doucet, St-Jovite; Rev. S. J. Arsenault, St. Joseph's; Rev. Ladies of St. Ann's convent, Shediac; Rev. Sister Mary John, St. Bernard's convent, Moncton; Mr. and Mrs. Urban Johnson, St. Louis; Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Newman, Yoccoon; Mr. F. P. Gaudet, Church Point; Mr. and Mrs. Capt. A. Landry, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. Camille Lassier, St. Hyacinthe; Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Dorion, Shediac; Mr. J. S. Raywood, Moncton; Mr. and Mrs. George Mallet, Montreal, Mr. Geo. Ross, St. Joseph's college.

Mrs. Robinson was the recipient of a great number of handsome gifts in remembrance of the auspicious day.

ST. GEORGE.

Jan. 27.—The marriage of Miss Alberta J. Gilheople of Pictou and Capt. G. Fred Pan of Beaver Harbor took place at the Rectory on Tuesday afternoon in the presence of Lamediate relatives. Rev. E. S. Smith, M. A. officiating.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Campbell are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a young son, Colin Douglas Campbell.

Miss Yvonne Korman is attending Currie's Business College St. John.

The Fine Tree club had a very enjoyable sleigh drive to Beaver Harbor on Monday evening.

The ladies of the W. C. T. U. held a public meeting in their rooms on Monday evening, a very interesting programme was carried out by the members.

Mr. George Hill who has been spending a week with relatives in town returned to his home in Milltown on Tuesday.

Sherrif Stuart St. Andrews was in town on Tuesday.

HARCOURT.

(Promises to be for sale in Harcourt by Mrs. S. Livingston.)

JAN 27.—Mr. Robert H. Davis of St. George, who has today in this county passed through Harcourt on his way home.

Mr. S. I. Powell has been visiting at Mr. Ezra Keewick's for some days past.

Mr. H. H. Fairweather, of St. John was here on Saturday en route to Campbellton.

Mrs. Ezra Keewick has been on a visit to Kings ton and St. Nicholas River.

Rev. Mr. Meek of Richibucto, Rev. James Spencer of Campbellton, Rev. Thomas W. Street, of Bathurst, Rev. Canon Forsyth of Chatham, Rev. F. G. Snow of Newcastle, and Rev. W. J. Wilkinson of Bay du Vin were here yesterday and today attending deacons meeting.

Mr. J. F. R. McMichael went to Newcastle on Monday to relieve Mr. Terer who is ill.

Miss Woodman of P. E. Islands is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Bucklefield.

Great Sales Cures Power Success Hood's Sarsaparilla
proved by the statements of leading druggists everywhere, show that the people have an abiding confidence in Hood's Sarsaparilla. Great cures proved by the voluntary statements of thousands of men and women show that Hood's Sarsaparilla actually does possess power over disease by purifying, enriching and invigorating the blood, upon which not only health but life itself depends. The great success of Hood's Sarsaparilla in curing others warrants you in believing that a faithful use of Hood's Sarsaparilla will cure you if you suffer from any trouble caused by impure blood.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

Kootenay Cure has passed the Experimental Point and is now recognized and endorsed by Clergymen, Physicians and Hospital Executives as an absolute cure for Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Kidney and a host of other Complaints.

The New Ingredient masters Disease and lends the charm of health to hopeless, helpless invalids. It has made a thousand cures of Rheumatism and Bright's Disease. Send for Chart Book Mailed Free by S.S. Ryckman Medicine Co., HAMILTON.

SAKIBURY.
Jan. 27.—Miss Annie Brown of Point de Bute is visiting her sister Mrs. E. B. Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Brown were at Anker last Thursday. Mr. Brown of Pictou was in town on Friday. Mr. A. Grey spent a few hours in Moncton on Saturday.

Miss McLeod of Pictou is visiting her sister Mrs. Fred Keith.

Mr. A. Sherwood of Hillsboro was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Baker one night last week.

Mrs. C. McCarty of Moncton spent a day with friends last week.

Mrs. A. S. Trites was in Moncton on Saturday. Rev. Mr. Pausley was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. King at the passage over Sunday. Mr. Pausley occupied the pulpit of the Methodist church, Sunday evening.

Miss Jessie Holstead is visiting Mrs. L. A. Wright.

Mr. and Mrs. Burnett of Dorchester spent a few hours here with friends on Saturday.

Mr. Ferguson of St. John was in the village on Monday.

Mr. Wallace Taylor is threatened with an attack of pneumonia.

Mr. F. Parke of Sussex was in the village on Tuesday.

Mr. Victor Gouhard of St. John is in town today.

BATHURST.
Jan. 27.—The chief social event of last week was the O. M. E. A. ball which took place in the Masonic hall on Friday. The hall was tastefully decorated for the occasion and the floor in excellent condition for dancing. The music was furnished by the Chatham orchestra. The dresses worn by the ladies were all very pretty but I regret not being able to give a better description. Rumor says that Miss E. Hutton was belle.

Mr. Cathers of St. John was in town a few days this week.

The Bathurst curling club went to Campbellton on Tuesday night to play in a game with the curlers of that place.

Miss Harrington of Chatham is visiting her uncle J. J. Harrington.

Mr. F. J. Burns, T. D. Adams and J. Baldwin, returned from St. John on Friday.

Dr. G. J. Spruel was in town last week.

Mrs. Fraser of Chatham was in town last week to attend the C. M. B. A. ball.

The whist club met at Mrs. Henry Bishop's on Monday night.

Mr. A. J. H. Stewart returned from Montreal on Wednesday.

Mr. Joyce of Toronto was in town on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Rino of Caraga were in town on Monday.

Mrs. Gilbert went to Chatham on Tuesday.

Mr. Gilbert went to St. John on Saturday.

It is said the bachelors of the town are soon to issue invitations for a ball which will probably take place some time in February.

HAVELOCK.
JAN. 26.—Dr. L. H. Pico of Moncton was in town last Tuesday.

Mrs. B. Ashaw of Hampton is visiting her daughter Mrs. H. H. Keith.

Capt. and Mrs. Fowles arrived home last week.

Mrs. A. E. Robinson has gone to Hammond to spend a few days with her parents.

Mr. Elias Robinson who has been visiting Halifax returned last Monday.

Rev. and Mrs. MacNeill of Hampton are visiting Mrs. MacNeill's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Price.

LANOLINE Toilet Soap
LANOLINE Toilet Preparations
LANOLINE Toilet Soap
From all Chemists.

SAVED BY THE GIRAFFE.

An Old Circus Man's Story of a Remarkable Midnight Rescue.

"Whenever I look at a giraffe," said the old circus man, as he stood for a moment in front of the giraffe cage. "It makes me think of an experience I had once in the old days when circuses used to travel by the road and not in spacious trains of their own as they do now."

"We had showed one day in a big country town, and after the night performance we struck tents as usual and packed up and started for the town where we were to show next, some twenty-two miles distant. It was midnight when we got started. Along about 2 o'clock in the morning, when we had made, I should say, about six miles, we saw through the trees ahead, off to the right a glow of light, and I rode on ahead to see what it was. The road along there lay through a big stretch of woods but a little further on it took a bend to the right and when I got to the bend I saw about a quarter of a mile further along on the right hand side of the road a house afire and in about half a minute I was alongside of it."

"It was a two-story, square, frame house, standing not very far back from the road, and without any verandas or porches, or any projections whatever, but just the steps from the front door. The house was all afire on the side toward me as I came up, flames coming out of the second-story windows, and just beginning to curl out around the eaves of the windows on the first story, and the folks in the house were all at the second story front windows furthest from the side of the house that was burning most. Still I couldn't see why they didn't come down the stairs and out the front door, but I did see a minute later when I got a little nearer and looked in below and saw the house was all afire downstairs, and the stairs already blazing. And the house stood on a foundation that reached four or five feet above the ground, so that it would have been a jump of fifteen or twenty feet from the windows, and they didn't want to jump, and so they just stood there, huddled together at two of the windows, hollering."

"All the time the circus was coming along and by this time the centre pole was halted abreast of the house. Nobody could get a centre pole up any quicker than we could, but if we had raised it here the upper end of it would have rested against the roof of the house and been a foot or two away from the windows, and it would have been pretty risky for the folks, excited as they were, to try to reach that distance from the windows to slide down it to say nothing of the risk of losing the pole, and I knew something better than that, any way, so I hollered to the folks to hold on, and then I started the centre pole on and rode back along the line myself."

"We had at that time the biggest giraffe I ever saw, one that stood about eighteen feet high; I may possibly be a few inches off in that, but not many, if any, and he was the most docile and intelligent giraffe I ever knew. His cage wasn't very far from the head of the line, and I hustled him along up to the front, the rest of the procession keeping moving all the time but when we got the giraffe cage up in front of the house the line stopped, sort of its own accord, because everybody was interested, and it so happened that it halted with the animal cages strung along right in front of the house, and every blessed animal had his nose up at the grating in the side of the cage looking out at the burning house, and at the people in the window and seeing us manœuvre the giraffe cage. And there wasn't an everlasting sight of time to lose, now, either, because the flames were already beginning to come out of the front windows upstairs and down, on the other side of the front door, on the end of the house toward the burning side, and things were beginning to get more or less lurid."

"We opened the giraffe's cage and let him out. We had taught him to lift men up to the bars of flying trapezes, and to pick them off, and this was a cinch for him; but the biggest thing about it was that he seemed to understand just what was wanted of him. We sheered the grizzly bear cage wagon out of the road and up tolerably near to the corner of the house, and then we started the giraffe, the two grizzlies in the cage looking on with the children in the two windows, and when we turned the giraffe loose he reached over and closed his teeth on the clothes of one of the children, and then he swung his head and neck round like the arm of a crane and landed the little one on top of the grizzly bear cage; we had men up there ready to receive the folks as they came and hand them to men on the ground. Then the old giraffe swung round again and lifted out another child and swung that over to the bear cage, and then the other two, one after another. And then he reached in and picked up the woman and landed her there safely, and then he reached for the old man. He was a big, solid man—weighing 230 or 240, and it made the old giraffe's neck bend when he lifted him clear of the window sill, and this time he didn't land his freight on the bear case. He made a bluff at it, but he just missed it, and then he just let his neck bend over like the heading of a bough of a tree and landed the man gently on the ground. When the giraffe lifted his head up again after that he winked just once at me; only once, but I could see that wink plainly by the light of the burning house."

"Well, we got the giraffe back into his cage, and then we got that and the grizzly bear cage back into the road, and then we stood by and saw the house burn down; we couldn't do anything to save it, and it didn't last long. Then we put the folks the giraffe had saved into the band wagon—it was cold—and we covered them up with buffalo robes; we had buffalo robes in those days—and then we took them along and left them at the house of the neighbors; in fact, some of the neighbors had come up in time to see the giraffe lift the last of them out of the window."

"That was a long time ago, but to this day I never see a giraffe without thinking of how the old eighteen-footer lifted those people out of the second-story windows of the burning house."

GERDLING THE GLOBE.

The Canadian Australian S. S. "Aorangi" Maiden Voyage A "Round the World" Trip.

The addition during the coming spring of a new steamer to the Canadian-Australian line plying between Vancouver B. C. and Australia, offers an excellent opportunity for making a "round the World" trip cheaply and expeditiously. The line now consists of the magnificent steamers "Miwera" and "Warrimoo," is to be strengthened by the "Aorangi," an ocean greyhound now being rebuilt, a vessel of 4250 tons register and 5000 horse power which is to be commanded by Captain Hepworth R. N., formerly of the "Warrimoo." The "Aorangi" which is nearing completion is expected to leave England about the 17th. of March, and after touching at Tenerife and Cape Town, will cross the Indian Ocean to Melbourne and Sydney Australia, thence calling on the sail up the Pacific at Sava, Fiji, Honolulu, Hawaii, Victoria B. C. and Vancouver, where connection is made with the Canadian Pacific across the continent.

The "Aorangi" is expected to reach Vancouver about the 16th. of June, and the whole trip from start to finish will occupy less than four months. Those from the provinces who intend taking advantage of this chance to girdle the Globe can cross the Atlantic from either St. John, Halifax or the American ports, and join the excursionists in the old country.

There will not be many delays on route, but at several interesting points, stoppages will be made of sufficient duration to enable the tourists to see what there is to be seen and acquire an insight into the customs and manners of far-away people. Not the least interesting stage of the journey will be the crossing of the North American continent at a delightful season of the year. The ride of six hundred miles through the mountain ranges of British Columbia, and the trip across the great plains and prairies of the Canadian Northwest in June is a delightful experience and enables the tourist to compare his impressions of our own country with those formed of other and strange lands which have been visited.

The Aorangi's trip will doubtless be a pleasant one and it is more than likely that many Canadians will be included in the passenger list.

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The addition during the coming spring of a new steamer to the Canadian-Australian line plying between Vancouver B. C. and Australia, offers an excellent opportunity for making a "round the World" trip cheaply and expeditiously. The line now consists of the magnificent steamers "Miwera" and "Warrimoo," is to be strengthened by the "Aorangi," an ocean greyhound now being rebuilt, a vessel of 4250 tons register and 5000 horse power which is to be commanded by Captain Hepworth R. N., formerly of the "Warrimoo." The "Aorangi" which is nearing completion is expected to leave England about the 17th. of March, and after touching at Tenerife and Cape Town, will cross the Indian Ocean to Melbourne and Sydney Australia, thence calling on the sail up the Pacific at Sava, Fiji, Honolulu, Hawaii, Victoria B. C. and Vancouver, where connection is made with the Canadian Pacific across the continent.

The "Aorangi" is expected to reach Vancouver about the 16th. of June, and the whole trip from start to finish will occupy less than four months. Those from the provinces who intend taking advantage of this chance to girdle the Globe can cross the Atlantic from either St. John, Halifax or the American ports, and join the excursionists in the old country.

There will not be many delays on route, but at several interesting points, stoppages will be made of sufficient duration to enable the tourists to see what there is to be seen and acquire an insight into the customs and manners of far-away people. Not the least interesting stage of the journey will be the crossing of the North American continent at a delightful season of the year. The ride of six hundred miles through the mountain ranges of British Columbia, and the trip across the great plains and prairies of the Canadian Northwest in June is a delightful experience and enables the tourist to compare his impressions of our own country with those formed of other and strange lands which have been visited.

The Aorangi's trip will doubtless be a pleasant one and it is more than likely that many Canadians will be included in the passenger list.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS
The Baby's Own Tablets
A mild and effective purgative for infants and young children. It is perfectly safe and does not irritate the bowels. It is the only purgative that is pleasant to take and is the only one that is guaranteed to be effective.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1897.

WORTHY ROYAL HONORS.

SOME MEN WHO ARE DESERVING OF JUBILEE DISTINCTION.

They may Perhaps be Knighted Next Spring When the Diamond Jubilee is Being Celebrated—Names of Those who Would Wear a Title with Dignity.

HALIFAX, Jan. 28.—Next summer is to be a glorious one in the way of celebrations in the British empire, but in no part of it will there be demonstrations, in proportion to population, greater than in Halifax. Here in this military town we will have a double celebration during the Queen's diamond jubilee and the middle of next June will see much out of the usual. Plans are already being matured for the celebration of the queen's diamond jubilee, and in addition to that arrangements are being made for a celebration of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of the mainland of America by Cabot. The Royal society of Canada will meet in Halifax on June 22nd and 23rd, and on those dates the memorable landing of Cabot, on Nova Scotia soil, will be commemorated. One feature of this celebration will be the laying of a suitable commemorative table in the province building. By the way, how many are there who know that in the year 1811, where it was completed our province building was the handsomest and most imposing public edifice on the continent of America.

It will be round the celebration of the Queen's diamond jubilee that most interest will centre. The people of Halifax are loyal, they love display and they know how to make such a success. In connection with this coming celebration there is one very interesting personal consideration to be looked at. It is the possibility of the conferring of imperial honors on the men to be most prominent in the celebration and on other public men. There were but few knight-hoods at New Year's but there will likely be many next June when the diamond jubilee of Queen Victoria's long reign and the Cabot celebration will engage the attention of Her Majesty's subjects.

It is believed that the mayors of the principal cities will be knighted, and if so, what mayor more likely to receive the honor than his worship of Halifax, remembering the fact of the double importance of the celebration here on account of Cabot's discovery. There is little doubt that Mayor McPherson will be re-elected for another term, notwithstanding the candidature and canvassing of Alderman O'Donnell. In that event Mr. McPherson would of necessity take a very prominent part in whatever was going on next summer and his name would be in every one's mouth. What more natural then, than that the queen should hear of David McPherson, and that her majesty should say "Henceforth thou art Sir David McPherson!" The chances are that ere the days shall have reached their longest next summer that our worthy mayor will be "Sir David McPherson," the second of the name, though there was, no relationship between the late Toronto Knight and the present chief magistrate of Halifax.

The premiers of provinces may also have a chance for a similar honor. In that case it would be "Sir George Murray" at the head of affairs in Nova Scotia. Good-hearted, honest George Murray would wear the title with credit to himself and to his native Cape Breton, where Cabot first landed.

Of course some of our lieutenant governors will be knighted, and most certainly one most likely to receive the honor is Malachi Bowes Daly, lieutenant governor of this province. His father was a governor and Governor Daly is now serving his second term at government house. Sir Malachi Daly would sound well, and there is no man in Canada who would wear the title with greater dignity, and none whose knight-hood would please more of his fellow-subjects.

Hon. A. G. Jones, a tried and true liberal warhorse, in Nova Scotia and an ex-minister of the crown, is spoken of as likely to be made Sir Alfred Jones. Besides his former services to the country there is another immediate reason why Hon. Mr. Jones should be knighted, and that is his recent work as a member of the Pacific cable conference in London.

The other Canadian member of the cable conference was Dr. Sandford Fleming, who is already a C. M. G. and he stands a good chance of becoming Sir Sandford Fleming. Halifax and Ottawa would between them share the honor of

this knight-hood for Dr. Fleming who keeps up an establishment at the federal capital in the winter lives in summer at Blenheim Lodge, on the shores of the Northwest arm.

This article is intended to show the jubiles and Cabot honors likely to come to Halifax and it would appear that a goodly number are obtained. Yet there is one more, and a loftier eminence than any other is anticipated for him. Sir Charles Tupper, Bart; it is believed "on the highest authority," will be raised to the peerage and made "Lord Tantram," from the famous marabes in his native Cumberland. It would be an eponymous name, and Sir Charles Tupper would wear the title with marked dignity. He has the wealth to sustain the honor and he has attained the position of an imperial statesman. Halifax would enjoy the honor to Sir Charles for every one knows that he began his public career by occupying the position of city medical officer, an office now held by Dr. Thomas Trenaman.

This ends the list of PROGRESS' predictions for imperial honors to Nova Scotians next summer. This paper does not insist on them, but thinks no mistake would be committed were each to be conferred.

HISTORY OF THE VIOLIN.

Its Form has Remained the Same Through Many Centuries.

The violin consists of three parts, the neck, the table and the sounding board. The strings are tuned in fifths, the compass of the instrument exceeding three octaves. The violin assumed its present shape in the beginning of the seventeenth century. Many attempts have been made to improve upon the original idea, but it is significant that the oldest violins are ever regarded as the best. The instruments manufactured by the Amati, Stradivarius and Guarnerius families, of Cremona, are especially celebrated.

Stradivarius, or more properly, Antonio Stradivari, the great violin maker, was born in 1644 and died in 1737. Almost the whole of his life was passed in Cremona, Italy, where, in his gloomy workshop, he spent his days and most of his nights. He was in early life a workman in the violin factory of Amati, also a famous violin maker, and there learned his trade. Evidence of his workmanship is thought to appear in many of the Amati violins, which become the more valuable from that circumstance. The violins made by Stradivarius in his prime differ in many particulars from those of previous makers. Though the differences, in themselves, seem trifling, the sum was sufficient to bring the violins of this celebrated maker into the highest repute, even in his own time, and no subsequent maker has been able to effect any improvement in the manufacture of this delicate instrument. The secret of the superior excellence of a genuine Stradivarius violin is believed to be partly in the wood employed, partly in the outlines and partly in the varnish, said to be a secret composition. The greatest improvements he effected were in the bridge, which, before his time, was made almost at haphazard, and in fixing the exact shape of the sound holes and their position in the instrument. His violins, in his own time, were sold for four louis d'or, in England for £4. Nearly a thousand violins from his factory are known to exist, and he made a great many lutes, lyres, mandolins, theorbos, lutes and guitars. His instruments are very unequal, some being too weak to bear the pressure of the bow in playing, but a genuine Stradivarius, of good quality, has been known to change hands at from \$2,000 to \$4,000.

The name of Amati was borne by a large family of violinmakers at Cremona, in Italy, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Cremona was at that time the heart of rich agricultural district and had many wealthy churches and monasteries. It was, therefore, a great musical and artistic center, and for two centuries enjoyed almost a monopoly of the manufacture, not only of violins, but of violas, violoncellos, basses, mandolins, guitars and other stringed instruments. The Amatis were the founders of violin making in Cremona, and one of the most famous of the family was Nicola or Nicolo, Cremona continued to be famous for its violins till about 1760, the names of Stradivari, Guarneri, Landolfi and Sarafin being almost as famous as that of Amati. The value of the violin depends altogether on its qualities and in no degree on the name of the maker, nor on the ornamentation. There is a common superstition that every

GREAT ANNUAL SALE OF

Household Linens and Cottons

THE latest acquisition to our stock is a very large assortment of White English Bedspreads, Satin Finish, in small, medium, and large sizes. Also White Regent Quilts, Double Bed Size, made of 3-ply yarn, both warp and filling spun from superior long staple cotton, and warranted not weighted with any substance whatever.

These goods have been imported especially for this sale, and the value will be found exceedingly good.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

TO GIVE THE FISHES AIR.

The Various Methods Employed to Effect This End in Aquariums. Fishes, like other animals, need air for their existence, and they find it in the waters they inhabit. All living waters contain more or less air; and when waters become stagnant and dead the fishes in it die. Water becomes aerated in various ways. A mountain stream, breaking over rocks and tumbling down in waterfalls, gathers air in its foam and spray. Rivers and lakes absorb air with its breaking waves.

In aquariums the water in the tanks is kept sweet by a constant inflow of new water, the surplus running off by an overflow pipe. There are some tanks in which the water is not removed except to supply that lost by evaporation, aeration in these tanks being produced by the introduction of just the right amount of plant life; but the greater number of tanks including usually all the larger tanks, are circulating tanks; they are kept sweet by the circulation of the water in them. It is customary to filter the water used in aquariums; that process, however, is no longer necessary with the salt water used in the aquarium in this city. The aquarium is in a building which stands at the edge of the bay, upon filled-in ground, and its salt water supply is obtained from a well sunk upon the premises; it is drawn through what is in effect a great natural filter.

It is a common practice in all large aquariums so to arrange the main supply pipes over the supply tanks that the water from the pipes shall fall through the air for a number of feet before reaching the surface of the water in the supply tanks. This is a simple and effective method of aeration: the water falling through the air carries more or less air with it into the body of water in the storage tank. Under ordinary weather conditions the natural aeration of the water, supplemented by that produced by the fall from the supply pipes into the supply tanks is sufficient for the wants of the fishes. Under some weather conditions, however, it is not sufficient, and then an added supply is desirable.

Sometimes it is necessary to shut off the circulation from the tanks in which the fishes are, and if the circulation is suspended for any considerable time it is necessary to use great care to preserve the life of the fishes. How long fishes would live in a circulating tank without any circulation would depend of course upon the size of the tank and the number of fishes in it. In tanks of ordinary size and containing an average number of fishes, the fishes, if uncared for, would exhaust the oxygen in two or three hours, or less. They would come nearer the surface and take air there, or try to, but they don't like air taken in that way, and they cannot live upon it; sooner or later they would turn over on their sides and die. When the supply is turned on again in a tank from which the circulation has been cut off the fishes gather around the intake pipe to bathe their gills in the life-sustaining new water.

There are various methods of aerating the water in the tanks during a suspension of circulation, or when the amount of air from ordinary sources in the water of tanks in circulation is insufficient for the welfare of the fishes. The artificial aeration of tanks out of circulation is, however, only a temporary expedient to carry the fishes more comfortably than would otherwise be possible through the period of temporary suspension; the vitality of the water and

the life of the fishes could not by these means alone be greatly prolonged.

Sometimes in the transportation of fishes in cans, when a fresh supply of water is not available, the waters in the cans is aerated by the very simple means of pumping from one can to the other with a pump designed for that purpose, or dipping it up and letting it fall back. One way of aerating water in aquarium tanks is by means of a bellows the nozzle of which is inserted in the water. By this method air may be forced to the bottom of a tank, but it is driven from the bellows in compact puffs, of which the water retains but little; it mostly comes out at the surface again in bubbles. By another system air is carried into the water in the tank through the water-supply pipe by means of an additional pipe. A little opening is made in the supply pipe, and in that opening is set a small glass tube. The water passing down the supply pipe into the tank draws air through the insect glass tube and carries it along into the water.

There are other methods of aeration in which compressed air is used. In one of these methods a pipette is drawn out to a fine point, which is fixed just above the surface of the water, half an inch or perhaps an inch from it. The column of air liberated through the small pipe penetrates the water to a considerable distance, and more or less of it is absorbed by the water. By the best method, which has been adopted by the Aquarium—a contract for the necessary fittings and appliances has just been made—compressed air is forced through supply pipes and allowed to escape through smaller pipes into the several tanks. By this system the air is usually delivered through short flexible rubber tubes having attached hard rubber ends with very fine openings to comminute the air; or the end of the soft rubber tube is plugged with some porous material, like basswood. Through this under pressure, the air is delivered so finely divided that it makes a beautiful light cloud of vapor in the water. The flow of air can be regulated at each separate tank, and it can be used, of course, in case of a suspension of circulation or to make up any deficiency in the current supply.—N. Y. Sun.

AERIAL NAVIGATION SOLVED.

German Scientist Claims He has Overcome Previous Difficulties.

Dr. Wolfert, the well-known German aeronaut, who for years has been trying to solve the problem of aerial navigation, now claims to have solved it with his new airship Deutschland, and to those who have seen him speed through the air in the Deutschland his claim seems to be well founded. The great difficulty hitherto has been to manufacture airships that could be steered in any direction; this difficult feat Dr. Wolfert claims to have accomplished. The question now is, can he also succeed in steering his airship through a storm and at any height from the ground? As five days and nights were occupied in filling the balloon (at the doctor's factory in Lehnberg this task could have been accomplished in an hour), much of the power was lost, and the vessel, which itself weighs 700 kilogrammes, was not in condition to carry Dr. Wolfert, who weighs 100 kilogrammes, the result being that G. Wirsum of Canstatt ascended in his stead and made the experiments. The air-ship is twenty-eight meters in length and eight and a half meters in diameter in the middle, and it is propelled by means of a ship's paddle, with two blades, which has a diameter of two and one-half meters. There is a second paddle under the gondola, which is used alike for the purpose of ascending and descending. These paddles make about 600 revolutions to the minute. The gondola, which is four meters long and made of bamboo, is firmly fastened to the balloon. How it is fastened is a secret which Dr. Wolfert keeps carefully to himself. He intends to make another ascent in the near future, and he hopes to be able to prove the practical utility of his new airship.

FOUNTAIN SYRINGES—2 quart, in wood box, with 4 pipes (including vaginal irrigator) \$1.00. Postpaid to any part of Canada \$1.10. C. K. Stone, Druggist, St. John, N. B.

BABY'S OWN

KEEPER OF CRAIGIE'S CUT

Baxter, the new inspector of the Evansburg & Sank Center railroad, was not the only person who had been astonished at the first sight of the keeper of Craigie's bridge and the rock cut beyond.

The new inspector had come down from Craigie's walking the whole length of section 27. He had found everything in the best of order, not bolt loose nor a spike gone, and he felt, after the manner of new inspectors, like complimenting the vigilance of the keeper.

"Is L. C. Dolby in?" he asked when he reached the keeper's house on the hill.

"Yes, sir; will you walk in?" asked the rosy-cheeked girl who came to the door.

He stepped into the neatest of little sitting rooms. There were flowers in the windows and a cheery fire on the hearth in front of which a lazy tabby cat yawned a good-humored greeting.

"My name is Baxter, the new inspector, and I wish to see L. C. Dolby, the keeper of 27," he said.

The girl flushed slightly. He observed that her hair was cut short like a boy's and that her chin was firm and sharp.

"I am the keeper," she answered; my name is Lettie C. Dolby and I've had the place since father was injured last winter.

"That's right, and as good as a man she is, too," came a gruff voice from the outer room.

Lettie flushed again.

"It's father she whispered; won't you step in and see him? He's very glad to have visitors."

Baxter had not yet recovered from his shock of surprise at finding that the slim, blue-eyed girl who stood before him was really keeper of Craigie's cut, and he allowed himself to be led into the other room.

There, at a big bright window, sat a man in a rocking chair. His face was of the chalky whiteness that comes from being always indoors, and his lap was spread with a plaid comforter. He looked prematurely old and worn.

"How are you?" he asked. "I'd get up only—and he motioned to his crippled legs with a faint smile.

"That's all right," responded Baxter, sympathetically; "keep your seat."

And Baxter, sitting there heard Lettie explain the condition of section 27, and make her reports as promptly and very much more clearly than any of the keepers he had ever met.

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and that I couldn't help myself; but still I hang there. A man doesn't like to be dashed to pieces on a ledge of rocks unless it becomes absolutely necessary.

"Pretty soon I heard the limited squealing down the cut. I knew that Jim Crosby, the engineer, was foundering in the snow. I said to myself that if Jim succeeded in rooting through with his engine I might be saved, but I knew well enough that he wouldn't succeed. It would take four engines and two rotary plows to drive a tunnel during such a blizzard. And there she squealed and shrieked for hours, it seemed to me, while my hands and arms grew as numb as clubs.

"And Lettie—what was she doing all this time? When the snow covered the woodshed and began to creep up on the windows she was frightened. I'm afraid that father'll never get back," she told her mother—I heard all about it afterward—and her mother, who's always been fidgety and nervous like, began to walk up and down and wring her hands, not knowing what to do. Twelve o'clock came, and then one. Lettie started up and said: "Mother, I'm going out to see if I can't find father, and in spite of all her mother could do she bundled into her cloak and hood and opened the door.

"The snow was up to her waist, but the wind had mostly gone down. In the cut Jimmie Crosby's engine was calling and screeching for mercy, and Lettie, when she looked over the cliff couldn't see the train at all—only a big black hole where the smoke from the stack had melted the snow. But Lettie wasn't strong enough to get down to the tracks, for the path was drifted full, and a slim girl like her couldn't venture it without losing her life. She knew well enough that I was down on the section somewhere—perhaps out on the bridge. But she didn't give up—not Lettie. There wasn't a man around the place to help—only in the train, and the train was at the bottom of the cut buried in the snow. She thought that if she could get word to Jim Crosby he'd help her, for she knew him well. So she ran and got a coil of rope and tied one end of it to that stubby oak—there you can see it at the edge of the hill—and then she took hold of it and slid into the cut. That took grit—there ain't many men would have risked it—let alone girls. Of course the snow got into her eyes and nose, and the rocky ledges cut and bruised her, but she never stopped until she was at the bottom. Jimmie Crosby said he saw something floundering in the snow outside of the cab, and then somebody called:

"Jim, oh Jim."

"It was Lettie. They dragged her into the cab, and as soon as she could talk she told Jim that I was lost in the blizzard.

"We'll save him, said Jim, and the fireman agreed to help, and so did a dozen other men who had come down from the train. And Jim, being a good climber, went up the rope hand over hand and helped a dozen or more men to follow him. By this time it had stopped snowing, and the sun shone bright in the west. They walked down through the drifts to the bridge Lettie following. They tried to leave her at home, but she wouldn't say, "If father's in danger," she said, "I'm going to help find him."

"I heard 'em when they reached the bare knoll this side of the bridge. I had crooked one leg around a sleeper and still hung there over the chasm. I don't believe I could have let go. I guess I was frozen there. I tried to shout and let them know where to find me, but I couldn't get my mouth open. It was clean suffering, that. For there was help within reach and I couldn't make a sound.

"But Lettie knew the path I usually took and first thing I knew she was on her knees at the end of the bridge crying:

"Here he is; oh, father, father."

"After that I don't remember much. Jim said they carried me to the house and laid me on the bed, but I didn't get back to my right senses for two or three days.

"I almost forgot to tell you that one of the men who helped was Bradley the superintendent. When he saw Lettie and heard of what she had done he just took off his hat, this way, and held it before him.

"You're the bravest girl I've ever met," he said.

Dolby paused as if he liked to remember this part of the story.

"The passengers, oh, they escaped by Lettie's rope and were driven into Craigie's. And that night when the superintendent was talking about who who should be keeper of section 27, Lettie spoke up, timid-like:

"Mr. Bradley let me watch it; I can do it almost as well as father."

"The superintendent looked at her for a moment, and then he said:

"I believe you can, Lettie."

"From that day to this L. C. Dolby has been keeper of 27. I've never recovered—my legs and my back—but the doctor still gives me hope. And I couldn't get along without Lettie—"

But the old man's voice broke. Baxter shaking hands with him silently, went out toward Craigie's where he sent a glowing report of the excellent condition of section 27, L. C. Dolby, keeper.—Chicago Record.

FORTUNE IN A HAIRPIN
One Cost \$11,500 and is Worn by a New York Girl.

Costly hairpins are fast becoming the proper caper, and the girl who wears the most expensive one is the envy of her companions. These hairpins cost any amount from \$10 to \$15,000. The handsomest worn in this country is owned by a New York lady, and cost \$11,500. In length it is just six inches, while the upper, or ornamental part of it measures two inches across. It is not a pronged affair, like the old-fashioned pins, but is what a yachtman might call a single sticker. The great cost of this trinket is due not only to the profusion of the gems

BEST FOR WASH DAY USE SURPRISE SOAP BEST FOR EVERY DAY.

with which it is set, but also to their rare and brilliant quality. The upper part of this hirsute adornment is shaped like a lyre, with a single string across it. This string, the sides of the lyre, and the bar, or pin proper, are all of solid gold, and quite broad and heavy. The sides of the lyre are studded with diamonds and rubies, the latter of a quality that makes them vie in value with their more sparkling neighbors. The string is similarly inlaid, and at each tip of the lyre is a superb diamond set about with rubies.

In the bottom part of the bowl of the lyre is a golden lotus bud, with opening leaves, that reveals the largest and most valuable diamond of the ornament. The offset of the whole design is heightened by two flexible strings of diamonds, ingeniously connected by delicate settings and threads of gold that run from the horns of the device to where the bar begins.

OLD TODMORDEN.

Happy Happenings in the Historic Hamlet.

Mr. John Gamble, jr., the well-known and popular son of John Gamble, Esq., proprietor of the Todmorden Hotel during the past four years, gives the following account of his rescue from heart and nerve trouble through the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Speaking to our reporter, Mr. Gamble said: "Some three months ago I began to feel very poorly; in fact, I felt as if I was moving around in a dream. This condition I wrongly attributed to biliousness, for I became very weak and seemed to have no staying power. I also became very nervous, and would jump or start at the slightest sound. The feeling was one of constant dread. I expected something dreadful to happen. I knew not what. Again I was dizzy, my memory failed me very often, and as a matter of fact my whole system was out of order.

Our druggist, Mr. H. W. Love, corner Broadview and Dantorth avenues, recommended Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills some three weeks ago, and I have taken them according to directions. From the very first I began to improve, and am now surprised at the change in my condition. I am very much stronger; my nerves are steady, and my memory bright. I no longer suffer with that morbid feeling of dread. The pills have proved certainly, in my case, a remarkable remedy for weak nerves and reduced physical strength. I cannot too highly recommend them to all who suffer from any or all of the symptoms which I have mentioned to you, and must return my thanks to the manufacturers of these pills for placing such an excellent medicine before the public.

(Sgd.) JOHN GAMBLE, Todmorden, Ont.

MY DAD'S THE ENGINEER.
An Interesting Story Suggested by the Popular and Pretty Melody.

Mrs. James Smith, Don Mills Road, Todmorden, Ont., gave our reporter a kindly interview a few days ago, and spoke about the cure effected by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills in the case of her husband, Mr. Jas. Smith, the well-known, popular and efficient engineer.

Said Mrs. Smith: "My husband has been suffering for a long time with nervous debility which seriously affected his general health. The use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills which he got from Mr. W. H. Love, the druggist, has been very beneficial to him. They did him more good than anything else he had ever taken before, strengthening his nerves, toning up his entire system. They are the grandest remedy for nervous affections and, moreover, the best tonic obtainable. They proved so efficacious in my husband's case that I commenced giving them to my daughter for nervousness, with which she has been troubled for some time, and they are already giving satisfactory results."

(Sgd.) MRS. JAS. SMITH, Don Mills Road, Todmorden, Ont.

DRIVING WITHOUT FATIGUE.
Some Important Advice to Those Who Take Very Long Drives.

Even in this age of the world, horses are rarely abused, sometimes through indifference, often because of ignorance. Mr. H. C. Merwin, writing in Harper's Magazine, offers some good suggestions to those who have occasion to drive long journeys. The most important rule, he declares, is to start off slowly.

The roadster should have an opportunity to stretch his legs and to get his second wind before being called upon for a real effort. No matter how great the hurry, time will be gained in the end by driving the first three or four miles at a gait not exceeding six or seven miles an hour. With a substantial load, or in very hot weather, the pace should not be more than five or six miles an hour.

I happened once to see a pair of horses just as they had finished a drive of twenty miles over a very hilly country. They had accomplished it in the very excellent time of two hours and a half, and they arrived in good condition. A week later the same horses were driven by a different man over the same road in three hours and a half, and they were completely exhausted by the journey. The explanation was that the second driver had started at a great pace, and kept it up for the first three or four miles, although there were some steep hills to climb.

It is a more common mistake to suppose that a horse can maintain a fast gait without fatigue over a long level stretch. When the road is perfectly level, the labor of drawing a vehicle, though not excessive, is absolutely continuous, so that it becomes exhausting after a few miles. On such a road the horse should be permitted to walk a little once in every two, three or four miles, according to the weight of the carriage, the condition and ability of the animal, the weather, and other circumstances.

An up-and-down road, even though the hills are steep, is far less fatiguing to the horse than a level one, besides being, as a rule, much more picturesque. At least half of the villages in the mountainous parts of New England are connected by two roads, one through the valley, and another, but seldom used, over the hills. The traveller would do well in most cases to pursue the hilly route.

RECOVERING SUNKEN TREASURES.
The Remarkable Achievement of two Submarine Divers.

The perils of a submarine diver are freshly brought to mind by the recent remarkable achievement of two Australians named Arthur Briggs and Michael May. In 1869, two English divers recovered a treasure from a vessel which had been sunk in twenty-three fathoms—one hundred and thirty-eight feet—of water. At that depth the pressure is enormous, and it has been thought that no one would have the courage to go lower, or going, be able to survive. Briggs and May established a new 'record,' however, their work being done at a depth of twenty-seven and a half fathoms, or one hundred and sixty-five feet.

The brave Australians sought the treasure of a steamer which, about a year ago, struck on an submerged reef, the night after she left Sydney. In her specie-tank were ten boxes of gold.

Equipped in diving suits specially made to bear an extraordinary strain, the two men took turns in descending. Their first act was to carry a guideline from their steamer, moored directly overhead, to the wheel-house of the wreck. Another line

was made fast to the chart-room, from which the specie-tank opened.

To descend to the wreck, hand over hand, down the guide-line, took from six to ten minutes. If the slightest 'sea' was running, the line swayed so violently with the motion of the steamer that it was almost impossible to maintain one's hold.

A diver was exhausted by the time the wreck was reached. Even then he had to fight the ocean currents, which were there very strong. At times he would have to hold on to something with both hands, to keep from being swept away.

A big shark had taken up his home on the steamer's deck. He was neither vicious nor timid. Unfortunately, though, he was curious, and Briggs says that he often had to kick the great fish to make him move out of the way!

It was May, when the divers located the wreck. Not until August, so unfriendly was the weather, did they approach the object of their search. They blew open the door of the chart-room with dynamite—much to the consternation of the shark—and thus gained access to the specie-tank.

But this was dark, and the boxes containing the gold could not be found. Briggs procured an electric light enclosed in a strong, water-tight globe. He was so unwise as to turn on the current before he started. By the time he had reached the wreck, he was surrounded by myriads of fish, attracted by it, and could not see more than a foot in any direction! After that the light was not turned on until the diver had entered the chart-room. The fish would not pass the doorway, and the diver escaped their company.

On a memorable day, late in August, Briggs succeeded in lifting four of the boxes of gold from the specie-tank to the chart-room floor. It was that occasion that the 'record' dive was made. Briggs remained at the bottom for fifteen minutes and nineteen seconds.

As soon as Briggs came to the surface May went down, and succeeded in netting the largest box, which contained five thousand sovereigns, so that it could be drawn up. On the following day, Briggs sent up four more of the boxes of gold.

In all seven boxes were recovered, containing nearly seventy-five hundred sovereigns, about thirty-seven thousand dollars.

People Do Not Read the Papers.
Some persons wonder why engaged people generally prefer to keep their engagements as quiet as possible until the day of the wedding. Perhaps the reason lies in the results of a newspaper announcement.

The other day an engagement was mentioned in one of the afternoon papers. It was in the last edition of the paper, but early the next morning several awning makers were at the home of the future bride's parents, soliciting the contract for supplying an awning when the event came off. On the same morning and in the first mail no less than half a dozen printers and engravers sent samples of their work, and quoted prices for which they would be willing to prepare the wedding cards, according to the latest dictates of fashion. During the remainder of the week milliners, caterers, dressmakers, liverymen, furniture dealers, hardware men, and dry goods merchants made known their desire to supply the future bride and groom with all the outfit that they might need or imagine they needed. The young folks are now waiting for bids from ministers who are willing to tie the knot at bargain prices.—Buffalo Courier.

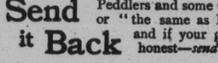
A GROSS FRAUD.
How to Avoid Deception and Loss.

Some dealers in Canada buy package dyes that are so poor and weak that it requires fully three packages to give the depth of color that is obtained from one single package of Diamond Dyes. These weak dyes, worth from four to five cents, are sold to consumers at ten cents per package, same price as the full strength Diamond Dyes.

Any woman who is urged by a dealer to buy these adulterated and weak dyes should refuse at once to be swindled. Such dyes are only a source of profit to sell them; they are certainly snares and deceptions to the women who buy them. Loss, trouble and fraud can be avoided by asking for the Diamond Dyes. Examine each package, and be sure you see the name 'Diamond.' Working with the 'Diamond,' you are sure of good, fast, brilliant and lasting colors.

Glad to be Believed.
Bold Highwayman—'Get off that wheel!' Timid Bicyclist—'Are you going to take it from me?' Bold Highwayman—'Well, I am!' Timid Bicyclist—'All right, you can have it and welcome, if you'll only keep the payments on it.'—Somerville Journal.

Does economy bore you? It ought not to, always. Take the matter of washing with Pearline, for instance. That is a pleasant economy. There's your work made light and short for you; and while your doing it, in this easy, pleasant way, you can be thinking of the actual money that you're saving by not rubbing things to ruin, as in the old way. That ought to be pleasant to think of, whether you're doing the work yourself, or having it done. Millions use Pearline.



Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—send it back. JAMES PVLE, New York

Su... A very u... the 'Youth'... most tou... A young... He was in... elation, and... and importa... the christia... church, old... few young pe... seem to be... every-day ch... In the con... been a dru... phrase, he h... a changed ma... of uniting wi... bation had en... One day, w... was overcom... remained u... for about a fr... trouble to a fr... 'What shall... 'Do I' said... thing to do... Take your us... time and tell... pardon of God... if you are som... stay away.'... The poor fe... been advised... his temptatio... he offered his... the petitions o... fered for divo... again be overc... a word of encou... er in his behav... members pres... The meetin... out past him or... Not one of... seems incredi... They who had... the penitent a... left their errin... his shame in th... 'It can't be th... critic,' one said... this neglect... 'It no use to... are a disgrace... The young o... with the rest... agitated his h... treating figur... ated man as he... with bowed h... could not stay... and his anxiety... house... He hardly da... He grew hot... ought to do. At... woman weeping... his courage h... wished himself... had never spok... and he thought... would be consid... The wife adm... 'Oh,' she said... come in time... away. He's pa... good! He's les... He'll never c... never set foot... so ashamed of... way they've tre... hold up his h... plead with him... going! The young m... will try,' he said... with the discour... door. The sou... prayer—came th... wife's eager ear... out. Behind him... was erect... 'Well, Jennie... one friend left... sticks I'll try to... Hope and det... Another attemp... would now be m... the young chris... did not do, had... man was saved... been strengthen... Such consecratio... would win supre... and hasten the ur... the hearts and... Gospel News! Never use a... says a high medic... it in—drive it o... removes the acid... take something... digestion, and b... perfection of robu... thing" is Scott's... obtains the best... \$1. of all druggis...

Sunday Reading.

HIS FIRST CHANCE.

A very unusual incident is related in the 'Youth's Companion,' which seems almost too strange to be true:

A young man had just joined the church. He was in the very first glow of religious elation, and eager to do something definite and important to prove himself worthy of the christian name. It was a country church, old and conservative. There were few young people in it, and there did not seem to be any opportunity for practical, every-day christian work.

In the congregation was a man who had been a drunkard. To use a common phrase, he had reformed and had become a changed man. He was thinking seriously of uniting with the church when his probation had ended.

One day, in stress of temptation, he was overcome by his old appetite. He remained under its debasing influences for about a week. Then he went in great trouble to a friend and said: 'What shall I do?'

'Do P' said the other. There is but one thing to do. Go to the prayer-meeting. Take your usual seat, rise at the usual time and tell the whole story. Ask the pardon of God and of the church. Do this, if you are sorry. If you are not sorry, stay away.'

The poor fellow went, and did as he had been advised. Tremblingly he told of his temptation and of his fall. With tears he offered his confession, and asked that the petitions of God's people might be offered for divine help, that he might never again be overcome by temptation; but not a word of encouraging response or a prayer in his behalf was offered by any of the members present.

The meeting ended. The people filed out past him on their way from the church. Not one of them approached him. It seems incredible, but this is no fiction. They who had vowed to cherish and help the penitent and the fallen went out and left their erring brother standing alone in his shame in the house of God.

'It can't be true. He must be a hypocrite,' one said to another as an excuse for this neglect.

'It no use to coddle such men. They are a disgrace to the parish,' said a third.

The young church-member passed out with the rest. Some feeling of sympathy agitated his heart. He watched the retreating figure of the abashed and humiliated man as he slunk away from the church with bowed head. He went home, but could not stay. He wandered out again, and his anxiety led him to the drunkard's house.

He hardly dared to knock at the door. He grew hot and cold, wondering what he ought to do. At last he thought he heard a woman weeping within, and summoning all his courage he rang the bell, and then wished himself a thousand miles away. He had never spoken to the man in his life, and he thought that probably his intrusion would be considered impertinent.

The wife admitted him, weeping.

'Oh,' she said, 'help me! Maybe you've come in time to stop it. John is going away. He's packing up. He's going for good! He's leaving me and the children! He'll never come back. He says he'll never set foot in this town again. He's so ashamed of what he has done, and the way they've treated him. He never can hold up his head again. Oh! can't you plead with him, and prevent him from going?'

The young man forgot his timidity. 'I will try,' he said. He went into the room with the discouraged penitent and shut the door. The sounds of pleading—then of prayer—came through the partition to the wife's eager ears. An hour the visitor came out. Behind him walked a man whose head was erect.

'Well, Jennie,' he said, 'seems I've got one friend left in this place. As long as he sticks I'll try to stick, too.'

Hope and determination were stirred. Another attempt for permanent reform would now be made. The unselfishness of the young christian, in doing what others did not do, had accomplished this. The man was saved to his family. His soul had been strengthened in its fight with evil. Such consecrated work by every christian would win supreme honor to christianity and hasten the universal reign of Christ in the hearts and lives of men.—'Union Gospel News.'

Rubbing It In.

Never use a liniment for rheumatism, says a high medical authority. Don't rub it in—drive it out. Take something that removes the acid poison from the blood—take something that will improve your digestion, and build up the body to the perfection of robust health. That 'something' is Scott's Saraparilla, a remedy that obtains the best results in the shortest time. \$1. of all druggists.

THE ARREST OF THOUGHT.

A Plan to Remind People of how the Sabbath is to be kept.

In one of the central cities of our country, one Sabbath morn., the secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association stood at the entrance of the post office and silently handed to all who came for their Sunday mail a card containing only the fourth commandment: Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy; six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy manservant, nor thy maidservant.

Many Christians who had for years thoughtlessly come for their Sunday mail at the close of church, crushing the sermon between the upper and nether millstones of the Sunday mail and the Sunday paper, realized for the first time that the man at the general delivery and the woman at the stamp window were severally the 'manservant' and the 'maidservant' whom God Almighty had forbidden to work on the holy Sabbath. The card might well have had below the commandment God's explanation of its humane purpose: 'That thy manservant and thy maidservant may rest as well as thou.'

The secretary counted nineteen members of his own church among those who came that Sabbath noon for their mail. No doubt the other churches were as well represented. When he returned to his post for a like warning the next Sabbath not one of the church members had seen there the previous Sunday, knowing them to be such was to be seen. What Miss Willard calls with large charity 'the arrest of thought' had come to them—the only arrest that most Sabbath-breakers need, the arrest for which this article is a 'warrant.' The writer has found great encouragement in many such proofs that 'a word to the wise (often to the unwise) is sufficient.'

If by printed or spoken word those who wrong God and their fellows and themselves by Sunday work and Sunday amusements were shown the far-reaching injury done by their thoughtlessness and selfishness, in many cases they would desist. Thoughtlessness and selfishness are indeed partners in Sabbath-breaking, and the writer believes that the first, the Christian partner, is really doing the most harm, because the most respectable and influential. It is not adequate excuse for men and women, that excuse of childhood, 'I didn't think.' Such a person uses his head only for a hat rack. God commands us to 'Think on these things,' to 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.'

It should, however, encourage us that so often a reminder like this article, or the speaking of the same thoughts in the pulpit or in private, has caused such results as that already described. In more than a score of places during Mr. John Wanamaker's administration of the post-office department the writer secured the Sabbath closing of the local post-office by petition to the Postmaster-General, who had intimated he would order such closing when requested to do so by a majority of the adult receivers of mail. Not a whole sermon or so address was required to accomplish this, but only a brief reminder that there was no real need of Sunday mails, and nothing to sustain them but thoughtless habit and childish curiosity. It was shown that there was really a stronger excuse for Sunday saloons than for Sunday mails, since in the case of the former Sunday profits were double those of other days, and the patrons were moved by powerful appetites, while in the case of the Sunday mails there was no more salary paid for seven days' work than in like offices for six, and the patrons had in place of imperative appetite, only a childish curiosity. It is usually seen at once, when the question is raised that if it be admitted that there should be a weekly rest day, the postal clerk has as much right to require the dry goods clerk to serve him on that day as vice versa. In these days, when Saturday night and Monday morning telegrams provide adequately for all messages of emergency, when such messages, in fact, are seldom trusted to the slower mails, there can be no serious claim that Sunday mails are a work of mercy or necessity, kindred to the sale of milk and medicines and the necessary routine of the household.

Nor will the superficial objection that the suspension of Sunday work in postoffices would cause a congestion of commerce and hinder business prosperity, bear examination. London and Toronto both prove the contrary. In the former the Sunday work has long been next to nothing, and in the latter, which has grown faster in recent years than any American city save Chicago, there is absolutely no work done in the post-office in the twenty-four hours of the Sabbath. Those who think that to give the Sabbath to government employees (who more than almost any others need to

have abundant culture of conscience) would make double work on Monday, forget that the great bulk of the mail comes from business houses that are closed on the Sabbath, so making a twenty-four hour hiatus in the deposit of mail, which would give to Monday little more than the usual daily allowance to handle. In the words of a railway engineer pleading for Sabbath rest against shallow excuses that really charge God with impracticability, 'Right wrongs no man.' He who made the world and the man, made the Sabbath; made it not so much for early agricultural days when it was needed for worship chiefly as for these rushing days of steam and electricity, when it is a necessity of life to body and mind as well as soul.—'Sunday-School Times.'

ORGANIZED HOSPITALITY.

A Christianity which is put into Very Practical Form.

Organized hospitality is the outgrowth of Christianity, and while we glory in such work as our city missionary societies, homes and asylums, fresh air benevolences and floating hospitals are doing to brighten the lives of those less fortunate than ourselves, we must not allow them to take from us the privilege of using our individual homes in a personal manner. Two modern instances of the large and loving use of Christian homes it is a joy to record. A merchant of extensive business relations, who reserves time for doing many of the Lord's larger or smaller errands, with his consecrated wife, is accustomed to invite groups of young working women to dinner companies at his own home (not some public hall), and to devote entire evenings to them in the discussion of grave matters of current history in municipal or national affairs. A gentleman who could hold almost any position of public trust in Massachusetts receiving these lonely, homesick young girls into his home, and treating them with as much consideration as he could bestow upon his only daughter, is a lovely picture of nineteenth century Christlikeness. The other method of hospitality is most significant in its twofold relation to guest and hostess, and illustrates a noble way of raising above mere selfish grief by doing the Lord's will. Father and mother had passed into the rest that remaineth for the children of God, and left an only daughter in a large and most homelike house. With an intense longing to remain in the dwelling so dear to her, she began to wonder how to read just her life 'without selfishly keeping the dear home all to herself.' Providentially a physician told her of a lady who would be greatly benefited if some one in the suburbs could invite her away from the heat and noise of the business section for a two weeks' rest, a change which would involve no long journey by rail. An invitation was immediately extended, and in the two years since then this lady has received as guests, home and foreign missionaries, Salvation Army and other christian workers, trained nurses and young business women, besides adopting a little German orphan in whom her mother was much interested. 'It is simply making such use of their home as would gratify my parents,' she recently said to me, adding, 'Adjectives are misplaced in its mention, since the people who need me are those I most need.' There was no closing of doors from a morbid, selfish grief, and the home is all the dearer since making it a haven of rest to guests of the character described.—Harriet Knight Smith in the Congregationalist.

Important Papers.

Queen, Victoria has given so many proofs of the possession of sterling virtues that no one ever expects her to swerve from the path approved by her judgement and her conscience. When she first became queen, however, the world had yet to learn how determined the young girl ruler could be. Lord Melbourne, her prime minister, is said to have declared that he would rather have ten kings to manage than one queen.

On one occasion he arrived at Windsor late on Saturday night, and informed his youthful sovereign that he had brought for her inspection some papers of importance. 'But,' said he, 'as they must be gone into at length, I will not trouble your majesty with them tonight, but will request your attention to them tomorrow morning.'

Walter Baker & Co., Limited.



Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocoas and Chocolates

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

'To-morrow morning?' replied the queen. 'To-morrow is Sunday, my lord.' 'But business of state, please your majesty.'

'Must be attended to, I know,' replied the queen, 'and as, of course, you could not get down earlier to-night, I will, if these papers are of such importance, attend to them after we come from church to-morrow.'

In the morning the royal party went to church, and the noble statesman was not absent. Much to his surprise, the sermon was on the duties of the Sabbath.

'How did your lordship like the sermon?' asked the queen.

'Very much, your majesty,' he replied. 'I will not conceal from you,' said the queen, 'that last night I sent the clergyman the text from which to preach. I hope we shall all be the better for his words.'

It is presumable that they were better, for the day passed, and no word was heard of the papers. At night, when her majesty was about to withdraw, she said: 'To-morrow morning, my lord, at any hour you please, we will go into those papers—at seven o'clock, if you like.'

But the papers had suddenly grown less pressing, for the prime minister found that nine o'clock would be quite early enough to attend to them.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

The Professor's Unwelcome Increase of Knowledge.

One of Washington's scientific men found himself in an assemblage where there were a great many young people. He endeavored to rise—or, perhaps, to descend—to the occasion as gracefully as possible. Having been introduced to a number of young women, he tried to make himself agreeable by explaining some of the latest information in ethnology, and he became so absorbed in his discourse that he did not notice, until they were nearly all gone, that a youth with a nasal voice was winning his audience away from him with a funny song. He tried it again with archeology as the theme. A girl with a bango wrecked his ambitions. He thought he was making some headway by means of his remarks on paleontology when a man who took a rabbit out of a silk hat eternally quenched his pride.

'My dear,' he said to his wife, on their way home, 'I have been thinking it over, and I find that the evening has been far from wasted.'

'I was very much afraid that you would feel differently about it.' 'No, I have made a very important and interesting discovery. The merest accidents sometimes lead to the most surprising revelations, and tonight I learned something which completely overturns an accepted theory.'

'Is it possible?' 'We have been led to believe that the chief of all forces is the attraction of gravity.'

'Yes.' 'Well, I have found out to-night that there are times when it can't hold a candle to the attraction of levity.'—Washington Star.

Advertisement for Meridiana Knives and Spoons, featuring a circular logo with the text 'KNIVES AND SPOONS STAMPED 1847 ROGERS BROS. ARE GENUINE AND GUARANTEED BY MERIDIANA BRITANNIA CO. THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.'

FAIRLY WELL ISN'T WELL ENOUGH.

Let us say that your wages are twenty shillings a week. You have worked hard, done your best, and feel that you have earned your money. Very good. Now imagine that when Saturday night comes your employer hems and haws, and wants to put you off with fifteen. 'I'll be bound you would think yourself hardly treated. What are the great strikes in the country commonly about? Why, in some fashion they are about wages or hours; it comes to the same thing. Be it understood that the writer uses this fact as an illustration of another fact—that is all. What is that other fact? We will work it out of the following personal statement.

'Nearly all my life,' says Mrs. Sarah Dalby; 'I have been subject to attacks of biliousness, accompanied with sickness, but got on fairly well up to the early part of 1883. At this time I began to feel heavy, dull, and tired, with an all-gone, sinking sensation. My skin was sallow, and the whites of my eyes of a yellow tinge.'

As every body knows, or ought to know, the coloring matter was bile. The liver being torpid, and therefore failing to remove the bile from the blood, it entered the skin, and showed itself on the surface. But the discoloration isn't the worst mischief done by the vagabond bile, containing many poisonous waste elements; it disorders the whole system and sets up troublesome and dangerous symptoms, some of which the lady names.

'I had a bad taste in the mouth,' she goes on to say; 'and, in the morning particularly, was often very sick, retching so violently that I dreaded to see the dawn of day.'

'My appetite was poor, and after eating I had pain at my chest and side. Frequently I couldn't bring myself to touch food at all; my stomach seemed to rebel at the very thought of it.'

[This was bad, but the stomach was right, nevertheless. More food would have made more pain, more indigestion, matter to ferment and turn sour, more of a load for the sleepy liver, more poison for the nerves, kidneys and skin. And yet, without the food, how was she to live? It was like being ground between the upper and the nether millstones.]

'After this,' runs the letter, 'I had great pain and fluttering at the heart. Sometimes I would have fits of dizziness and go off into a faint, which left me quite prostrated. Then my nerves became so upset and excited that I got no proper sleep at night, and on account of loss of strength I was obliged to lie in bed all day for days together. I went to one doctor after another, and attended at Bartholomew's and the University Hospitals, but was none the better for it all.'

'In September, 1883, my husband read in Reynolds' Newspaper about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and got me a bottle of it. After taking it for three days I felt relieved. Encouraged and cheered by this I kept on taking the Syrup, and in a short time all the pain and distress abated, and I was well—better than I had ever been. That is ten years ago, and since then I have never ailed anything. With sincere thanks, I am yours truly, (Signed) Mrs. Sarah Dalby, 93, Tottenham Road, King'sland, London, N., January 2nd, 1894.'

Now run your eyes back to the first sentence of Mrs. Dalby's letter, and you will come upon these words: 'I got on fairly well.' So. This is the sad thought. Her life had always been at a discount; she has always got less than her due; she lost part of her health—wages. Do you take my meaning? Of course. Whatever may be our differences of opinion as to the rights of capital and the value of labour, it is certain that every human being is entitled to perfect health—without reduction, without drawback. All the more, as nobody else loses what one person thus gains. No, no. On the contrary, a perfectly healthy person is a benefit and a blessing to all who are brought into relations with him.

But do all have such health? God help us, no; very, very few. Why not? And, the answer is too big; I can't give it today. To the vast crowd who only get on 'fairly well' I tender my sympathy, and advise a trial of the remedy mentioned by Mrs. Dalby.

Prairie Dogs in The Sunshine.

On recent days when, though the air was keen the sun was bright and strong, some of the prairie dogs in the prairie dog village in the Central park menagerie came up out of their burrows to enjoy its warmth sitting perfectly still in their characteristic attitude, or even skipping about a little within the inclosure. After the prairie dog has gone down into its winter quarters where it has already carried a winter's store of provisions, it may not come out again until spring, but as the days grow longer and the sun gets higher, a still brighter day sometimes draws it to the surface, even though the winter has not yet passed.—N. Y. Sun.

Advertisement for Johnston's Fluid Beef, featuring an image of a bottle and the text 'Study Economy... Everybody considers it a luxury to use Johnston's Fluid Beef, and so it is, but when it can be bought in 16 oz. bottle for \$1.00 it is also economical. Johnston's Fluid Beef 16 oz. Bottle, \$1.00'

Notches on The Stick

If Archibald Lampman is the Canadian Wordsworth, or, as some aver, the Canadian Keats; and if Alexander M'Lachlan is the Burns of Canada, (though we conclude one of a kind is enough); then, surely, Heavyside is the Canadian Milton, Campbell is the Canadian Coleridge, Frank Waters, the Canadian Moore, Robert Kirkland Kernighan, of Rushdale Farm, Beverly, Wentworth County, Ontario, the Canadian Riley, and—if we filled the page up, as we might, would it not then sound fine? Nonsense? Of course; but not nonsense for which we wish to hold responsible. Several Longfellow's there doubtless are,—if you will but take the trouble to run down the catalogue, and accept the classification.

We count the author fortunate who is himself, and the only. Of course we expect a glimpse of resemblance, for souls gather in light from many sources; and as there are faces that seem strangely like others, so there are minds. But no one, except a masquerader, has his personality entirely hidden,—and surely Robert Kernighan, better known as "The Khan," is no literary masquerader, though his "Canticles" do remind us sometimes of Whitcomb Riley, of Eugene Field, and sometimes of David Barker, of Maine. Yet, at the root, and in every respect, he is Kernighan, or he is nobody.

In the introduction (which is not written by the poet), we learn with pleasure and surprise that Mr. Kernighan is "Canada's best gitted poetic genius," and that his productions, hitherto found only in the columns of the daily newspapers are "known from Vancouver to Halifax." After such a flourish of trumpets, concerning one of whom for the first time we have very recently heard, we naturally look for a magnificent entry; and, though it is neither a dance of wood-nymphs nor a procession of muses, we are not altogether disappointed with the motley lines that define before us. The man on the farm has his eyes opened to the beauty of his world, and through these rustic measures there leaps betimes the live light of poetry, the electric thrill of true song. He gives us the complaint of the farm hireling,—a complaint sometimes, we doubt not, justly founded:

The Hired Man.

He upward looks upon the sea-deep
Liquid of the splendid sky;
He sees the cattle standing knee-deep
'Neath the sheltering cedars high.
A beast of burden, yonder he
Can hear an insect chirp with glee.
While in the twenty-acre field,
Without a shelter or a shield
See him through the tall wheat awing.
He envies every little bug
Beneath the cool and grassy rug;
The beast afield, the bird a-wing—
He envies every creeping thing.

He hasn't time among the stable,
Or on the parched and burning sod,
To harken to the brooklets babble,
Or lift his old straw hat to God.
If Christ was preaching somewhere near
He couldn't spare an hour to hear:
His little joys are somewhat rare:
The summer cuckoo and the fair;
He picks some life aside for food;
A slaving tired and humble elf,
He needs a worker like himself.
Their creed is easy understood,
That God, though very great—is good.

More terse and vigorous are the initial lines of the volume:

I heard the sudden binder roar;
I heard the Reaper shout;
God sang to me on His threshing floor—
His oxen trod me out!
And here I lie, all bruised and brow—
Beneath the tramping feet—
The Ragweed and the Thistle-down;
The Cuckoo and the wheat!

If we were disposed to give Mr. Kernighan a characterist name, we might call him The Farmer Poet of Ontario; for never surely did the affairs of the Agricultural Department have a better setting forth in happy-go-lucky rhymes. The book abounds in such pieces, as indicated by the following titles: "The Fall Fair," "My Summer Fallow," "When the Old Cow Calves," "Dolly's Fowl," "The Old Cow Bell," "Bunchin' Hogs," "Filling the Barn," "The Depredating Hen," "The Sheep-Killing Dog," "The Orchard By the Barn," "The Old Nest." Here are some lines from "Morning on the Farm:

Afar the coming steeds of day
Are shaking out their manes of grey,
And thro' the clouds of sullen dun
The gleaming threads of silver run;
The distant woods seem creeping near,
The morning star shines cold and clear;
The house-dog from his kennel bounds;
The steaming pig forsake the stacks;
With piles of chaff upon their backs;
The milk cows hear the cheerful call,
And each one rises in her stall;
For pleasant sleep they mood their tanks
Then shake themselves, and lick their flanks;
And all, a tip-toe, silent wait
To hear the hired man at the gate—
To hear him move the sliding bar
That lead to where the turnips are.
The handsome gelding pricks an ear—
He knows that feeding time is near;
He knows that morn is almost here.

Here is a picture of rustic hospitality in some Ontario farmhouse:

Draw up to the fire, stranger;
You can't go out on a day like this
When the drifts are high as the blizzards blow;
You comfortable with us, I wish—
Stranger, draw up to the fire.

Dinner'll be ready in half a minute;
The old woman's billy's the half or a hunk,
'N' that's thurmot, 'n' cabbage, 'n' taters, 'n' jam;
Load up the stove with hickory, Sam—
Stranger, draw up to the fire.

Jim, hang up the gentleman's overcoat;
Ye come from the city I see, like'st not—
Ye'r welcome to stay an' share what we've got.
Mother, what's that bubbler 'top of the pot?
Dumplings? Dumplings!

Stranger, draw up to the fire.
Kind o' hard weather for March, ain't it?
I pities the folks in town, say I,
With pork 'n' pertater, 'n' coals so high,
Mother, is that custard 'er pumpkin—that sorrel pie?
Pankin's? Pankin's!

Stranger, draw up to the fire.
I was warmed and fed in that grand o'd kitchen;
They tacked me up as I went away,
And I felt as I drove thro' the winter day,
The heartiest words a man can say
Ar,—"Stranger, draw up to the fire."

Mr. Kernighan is a bohemian of the Bohemians, and, as he tells us on his first page, has been such for twenty years. As to his style, he gives us the clear birdseye throughout, with little finish, and no varnish. We get not songs alone, but sermons; and when he lectures us Sam Jones himself cannot use plainer, not to say ruder, speech. Here is a view of things slightly tinged with pessimism, though not unreasonably so:

There's too many cock robin doctors,
While there's scarce a good hired man;
And pee-wee lawyers are thicker
Than dust on a grist mill ben.
Bob-o-linck preachers air numerous;
This yer I boldly assert;
This kentry'—his visage was humorous—
'She cultivas es too many squirts.

There's too many agents and drummers;
I reckon that's peddlars galore;
There's too many tiddy-wink farmers
A-keepin' hotel er a store,
'Taint thistles, ner yet 'tain't ragweed,
Ner docken, ner witch grass, wot hurts—
Our crop as a nation's tectotally
Smothered with too many squirts!

We find many qualities to put us in love with our author. There are touches of rare tenderness; and a chivalric sympathy, without flattery, for womanhood and childhood that speaks from many of these pages. His love and understanding of the dumb creation reminds us of Burns, as does his direct expression of all the primitive emotions and sentiments. To illustrate, we might, if we had space, quote such poems as, "Peep is not dead," "Kiss her every day," "Be merciful to the horse," "Let daddy in," "When the old dog died," "Your mother died last night," "When I go home tonight," "At night," "Lady Lilac," "Mick's baby," "The children in the streets." The following is unexceptional, in spirit and manner:

Her Fathers Dinner Fall.

I see her every day at noon slip thro' the crowded street,
Like some sweet spirit clad in black, so noiseless
are her feet.
Her eyes of brown are soft and sweet, her pretty
figure's frail;
She carries in her little hand her father's dinner
pail.
How serious is her gentle face, how wise her woman's
way;
For she has taken mother's place, who died the
other day:
She 'tends the baby that was left, and still its
feeble wall,
Except when she must go abroad with father's dinner
pail.

She mends the children's dresses; her little brot-
hers three
They lay their prayer at bed-time all clustered
round her knee:
Each morning she prepares a lunch for father, with-
out fail,
And dons her shawl and hood at noon to take the
dinner pail.

A blessing on your sweet young face, O true and
faithful heart,
No heroine was'er so true or fearless as thou art;
And I will wait and watch each day, and I will
never fail,
To see thy pretty figure pass with father's dinner
pail.

The most cheerful sound of woman's
voice rings in the refrain—
Supper's ready!

The horses halt and slack their traces,
The weary workers lift their heads,
Light is on the hired men's faces
As thro' the fields the anthem spreads;
The brown faced girl I love is standing
Tip-toed on the kitchen landing;
She cannot cry nor can I vain,
Her sounding voice rings down the lane—
"Supper's ready!"

When he touches sacred subjects we
have some of his truest notes, as in "The
Old Hymn," "The Children's Country,"
"John Wesley," "The Ass's Colt," "The
Semaphores of God," "The Gold of God,"
"Just Two Friends." For vigor and
brevity take the following:

Saul,
With blood upon my fingers and upon my brow a
frown,
I wiped my knife and took my way to old Damascus
town.

The Salais of God all terror struck beneath my feet
went down—
I trod on angels all the way to old Damascus town.
All Hell came forth applauding as I went marching
down
To stone to death and persecute in old Damascus
town.

I fell and God stood o'er me; His hand had put
me down—
Tonight they'll wait in vain for me in old Damas-
cus town!

We have not been able to show by ad-
equates examples, his patriotism, his martial
songs, his homely humor and good fellow-
ship, his vivid descriptions of farm life, and
the love of nature, of kindred and of home,
and we find so passionately expressed. We
like the songs in this book, moreover be-
cause they are so full of hearty cheer, and
of sympathetic encouragement for the poor
and unfortunate, who need just such a voice
as his to beguile the tedium, monotonous way
of their life, and relieve it of some of its
tedium. Other and more finished songs
might not reach them; but in these they
find a consolation that the super-refined
taste should take into the account and learn
not to undervalue. Doubtless he knows,
by his own experience, the truth of his own
song:

When troubles are piled about your feet,
When shadows are falling across your way,
When your face is lashed by rain and sleet,
It's hard to look joyous and bright and gay;
It's hard to laugh when your soul is sad,
It's hard to jest when your brain is aching;
When they're sick at home and the times are bad
It's hard to smile when your heart is breaking.
PASTOR FELIX.

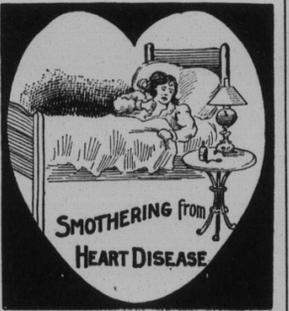
CALIFORNIA PEARLS.

The Great Majority Found Are of Little Value.

The beds of the gulf of California pro-
duced enormously for awhile, yielding
many pearls of great size. For some time,
150 years back, the output was 300 to 500
pounds of the "gems of the ocean" an-
nually. In 1790 a collection of big pearls
was made there for a collar that became
the property of the queen of Spain, and
which is even now one of the most valuable
possessions of the Iberian crown. As late
as 1881 a black pearl, valued at \$10,000
and weighing 28 carats, was obtained from
those waters. One of twice that weight,
light brown and worth \$8,000, was secured
in 1883, and in the same year a merchant
of La Paz, Hamed Hidalgo, bought from
an Indian for \$10 a pearl of besuteful lus-
ter, which he sold in Paris for \$5,300. All
the black pearls got from the gulf of Cali-
fornia are sent to Europe, because over
there they fetch more than white ones, being
a fad.

The pearl oyster banks of the gulf could
not be worked profitably today but for the
introduction of modern apparatus for di-
ving. Such of the bivalves as are left are in
water too deep for search by ordinary
methods but the rubber clad diver, pro-
vided with a tube to furnish him with air,
is able to search the bottom at leisure, his
glass fronted helmet giving him a good
view of his surroundings, thanks to the
dim greenish light which illumines the
subaqueous regions. He carried with him
a sheet iron reservoir filled with compressed
air, which in case of emergency may be
connected instantly with his helmet by the
turning of a cock. In this business one
interesting fact is that no such articles are
employed in diving for pearls anywhere
else in the world. The customary method
is to dive naked. In the Zulu archipelago
the divers paint themselves black, so as
not to attract the notice of sharks.

The pearl fisheries of the gulf of Califor-
nia are farmed out by the Mexican govern-
ment to a San Francisco company, which
employs about 400 men. Work is carried
on along the eastern shore of the peninsu-
la and up the Pacific side as far as Margar-
ita island. The oysters are found always
edge upward and usually in groups, and
the diver has no difficulty in separating them
from the rocks on which they grow
by cutting the "byssus" which serves the
mollusk as an attachment to its resting
place. The bivalves thus obtained are car-
ried by schooners to La Paz and are open-
ed under official inspection. One thousand
of them may yield not a single pearl of
any size, while from a dozen shells \$20,-
000 worth may be taken. The great major-
ity of pearls found are of little value. The
final process employed is to squeeze the
meat of the oyster in the fist, lest a pearl
should remain imbedded in the tissue of
the bivalve.—Boston Transcript.



SMOTHERING FROM HEART DISEASE.

DELAY MEANS DEATH.

One Dose Relieves—A few Bottles Always Cures.

"For ten years I have suffered greatly from heart disease. Fluttering of the heart, palpitations and smothering spells have made my life miserable. When dropsy set in my physician said I must prepare my family for the worst. All this time I had seen Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure advertised. As a last resort, I tried it, and think of my joy when I received great relief from one dose. One bottle cured my dropsy, and brought me out of bed, and five bottles have completely cured my heart. If you are troubled with any heart affection, and are in despair, as I was, use this remedy, for I know it will cure you.—Mrs. James Adams, Syracuse, N. Y.

PLEASANT TO TAKE DROPPED ON SUGAR.



JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT
CURES COLIC
COUGH
COLIC
CRAMPS

Every Mother knows how in the house for the many common ailments which will occur in every family as long as life has weal. Do not forget the very important and useful fact, that Johnson's Anodyne Liniment cures every form of inflammation, internal or external. It is a fact, proven by the investigations of medical science, that the real danger from disease is caused by inflammation; cure the inflammation and you conquer the disease.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Could a remedy have existed for over eighty years except for the fact that it does possess extraordinary merit for every Family Ill? There is not a medicine in use today which has the confidence of the public to so great an extent as this wonderful Anodyne. It has stood upon its own intrinsic merit, while generation after generation have used it with entire satisfaction, and handed down to their children a knowledge of its worth, as a Universal Household Remedy, from infancy to good old age.



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Advertiser, Boston, daily,	\$6 00	\$7 00	Globe, (Boston Sunday)	2 00	3 25
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Amateur Sportsman N. Y.,	1 00	2 25	Golden Days,	3 00	3 90
Amateur Photography,	0	3 15	Good Housekeeping,	2 00	3 25
American Horse Trader,	2 00	3 50	Good News,	2 50	3 50
American J. of Education,	1 00	2 15	Good Words, (Eng.)	2 25	3 40
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Babyland,	50	1 95	Ladies' Home Journal,	1 00	2 50
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Blackwoods Edinb'g Mag. (E),	8 00	8 50	Lippincott's Mag.,	3 00	3 65
Blackwoods Edinb'g Mag. (A),	3 00	4 35	Little's Living Age,	2 00	7 25
Book News,	50	2 40	Little Folks, (Eng.)	2 00	3 25
Boys Own Paper, (Eng.)	2 25	3 25	Little Men and Women,	1 50	2 75
British Magazine,	1 00	2 40	Live Stock Journal,	1 00	2 20
Cassells Family Mag.,	1 50	2 75	Longman's Mag.,	2 00	3 25
Century Mag.,	4 00	5 10	McClure's Mag.,	1 00	2 25
Chambers Journal,	2 00	3 40	Milliner's Guide,	2 00	3 00
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Christian Witness,	1 50	2 80	New York Weekly,	3 00	3 75
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Detroit Free Press,	1 00	2 25	Public Opinion,	2 50	3 65
Donahoe's Mirr.,	2 00	3 50	Puck,	5 00	6 75
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Family Herald and Star,	1 00	2 25	Strand Magazine,	2 40	3 50
Family Story Paper,	3 00	3 90	Sun, (N. Y. Sunday)	2 00	3 40
Fashions,	6 00	7 00	Sunday School Times,	1 50	3 05
Field, (London)	10 00	10 25	Sunny Hour,	1 00	2 40
Fireside Companion,	3 00	3 90	Truth,	8 50	9 50
Fortnightly Review, (E)	7 50	8 25	Tax, Field and Farm,	4 00	5 75
" " (Am.)	4 50	5 25	Witness, Montreal, daily,	3 00	3 50
Forest and Stream,	4 25	4 75	" " weekly,	1 00	3 10
Forum,	8 00	8 25	World, (N. Y. Sunday)	2 50	3 80
Frank Leslie's Ill. News,	4 00	4 85	Young Ladies' Journal,	4 00	4 75
Frank Leslie's Pop. Monthly,	3 00	3 90	Youth's Companion,	1 75	2 10

Woman and Her Work

For many years it has been supposed by the great majority of people, that arsenic had but one use—that of a peculiarly subtle and deadly poison! The man who wished to get his enemy quietly out of the way, and the woman who wished to rid her house of rats employed the same remedy arsenic. It was not so sudden in its effects as strychnine and therefore it seemed less premeditated and not quite so wicked. It would never have done, in the fifties and sixties for a physician to let a patient know that there was arsenic in the tonic mixture which was doing the invalid so much good, because the patient would almost have felt justified in having his medical attendant arrested on suspicion of having tried to poison him. In later years, however, the virtues of arsenic have become more gradually known, and its extraordinary tonic properties appreciated. As a blood purifier it is simply unequalled, and so beneficial are its effects upon the system when properly administered that it might almost be described as an elixir of life; it builds up the general system, purifies the blood, renews wasted tissues, and invigorates feeble constitutions. The physician of today tells his patient fearlessly—"I am ordering you an arsenic mixture, which should set you on your feet at once" and the patient who is abreast of the times merely answers—"Are you? Then I shall expect to look and feel ten years younger by the time I have finished the first bottle." It has long been known to scientists that arsenic had such a direct effect upon the skin and complexion, as to be the most valuable of known cosmetics, but a prejudice has always existed against its use because of the almost fatal effects which were supposed to result from any attempt to discontinue it. I remember once when a very small child, hearing a group of ladies discussing an absent friend, who was a great belle, and especially distinguished for her exquisite complexion which was a blending of milk and roses. "Do you know why she has such an unnatural complexion?" asked one. "Paints I suppose!" answered another; "I have always heard that she did, but could never bring myself to believe it." "Worse than that" said the first speaker darkly—"she eats arsenic!" There was a chorus of horror, and then the lady who had imparted this awful piece of information proceeded to enlarge upon the effects of the drug, and assured her audience that the beautiful Mrs. B. would never dare to leave off the agent to which she owed her good looks; if she did she would certainly wither and fade suddenly turning into a yellow, wrinkled old woman almost in the twinkling of an eye. Worse than that, the arsenic would soon lose its effect, necessitating a constantly increasing dose, and finally cease to benefit her altogether leaving her a faded old woman before her time.

Whether this terrible fate ever befell Mrs. B. or not I am unable to tell, but this I do know, that some very wonderful discoveries have been made of late years concerning the beneficent uses of the once dreaded drug, and none of them have attracted more attention in the world of science than that of Dr. James A. Campbell who has devoted the last fifteen years to exhaustive experiments regarding the best and safest means of administering arsenic internally. The result has only been given to the world a little more than a year, but already its success has been phenomenal, and under the name of Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers the remedy has been tried, and endorsed by thousands.

The great advantage of these wafers is their absolute safety, as well as the fact that they are not in any sense a cosmetic as the term is usually understood, but a tonic and blood purifier, removing all impurities of the skin through the agency of the blood, changing dull and muddy complexions to clear and fresh ones, when used with Fould's arsenic soap curing blackheads pimples wrinkles etc., by the same means.

This remedy is now the sole property of H. B. Fould of Toronto, whose advertisement appears in another column, and who is the inventor of Fould's medicated arsenic complexion soap.

"Kit" of the Toronto Mail who is a very conservative person indeed and not given to over praise, published an interview with Mr. Fould, nine months ago, in which he asked him especially whether the wafers could be taken constantly, and then left off without any bad result, and Mr. Fould was greatly amused at the revival of the old superstition, assuring "Kit" that properly prepared arsenic could be discontinued at a moment's notice without the slightest ill effect being felt, and also that after the

desired result was once attained and the complexion cleared, an occasional wafer—say once or twice a week—was quite sufficient to keep the complexion in perfect order, and the skin pure and soft. My friend "Kit" assures me that she receives numbers of letters from women who have tried the wafers, speaking in the highest terms of the wonderful results they have brought about and she says the sale of the soap and wafers in Toronto is simply enormous, everyone who tries them being eager to testify to their excellent effect. I can speak from experience of the soap, which is in itself a wonderful cosmetic, leaving the skin soft and smooth as an infant's, and keeping the hands—even those that do some hard work—soft and white. I fully intend making a trial of the wafers at an early date and then I hope to be able to speak of their merits myself as one having authority, but even now I have no hesitation in recommending them heartily to all who are in search of a perfect complexion, bright eyes, and velvet skin.

As long as there are children there will probably be children's parties, and of late years the dresses worn by even the tiniest maidens at such functions have been so elaborate that no child's wardrobe is any longer complete without at least one party dress of silk or cashmere, prettily trimmed, and quite as smartly made as her mamma's evening dresses, though after a somewhat different fashion. Of course cream, and pure white, are the favorite colors for very little children, but pale pink, pale green and pale blue are also very popular. The soft eastern silks are in great demand or the full lace dresses hanging from a yoke, which are so much worn by very young girls, and many of them are accented to give the additional fullness required for the skirt dances frequently taught in dancing schools. Lace over silk is often used for these elaborate little dresses, but of course if the child's mother is sensible the silk is of the serviceable washing variety, and the lace is pretty, without being expensive. Gowns of this kind have yokes of lace or sometimes tucked chiffon, and are simply trimmed with bows of satin ribbon, (either) in white or some pretty contrasting color.

Where the little maid is so small that the amount of material required for a gown, scarcely counts, there seems to be some excuse for making the tiny frock of rich material, but after all the more simply a little child is dressed the better taste her mother shows, provided the little garments are prettily made, and in dainty colors. White dotted mousseline de soie, makes an ideal frock for a very small girl, and it may be made up over either white, or some pale pretty color, and trimmed with a lace yoke and frill over the shoulders, and bows of satin ribbon. A very pretty accordion plaited dress for a girl between seven and eight, is of pale pink washing silk, with a large pointed collar of white satin covered with white lace, and finished with white satin bows. Many of these little gowns, when worn by girls over seven, are made with a short full waist cut low to display a guimpe of fine tucked lawn, and finished at the edge with frills of lace. Three little puffs at the top, is the latest design in sleeves, and a frill of lace falling from the shoulder makes a very pretty finish.

One very pretty dress of flounced taffeta has a double knife plaited frill of plain taffeta silk around the shoulders, beginning a little at each side of the front where a rosette of ribbon is the finish. These frills match the ground of the silk in color are cut into points at the edge, and the fine hem is feather stitched with silk. Sometimes silk frills are edged with three rows of satin baby ribbon in a contrasting color, sewn around the edge.

Dresses for older girls over ten often have odd little bolero jackets just like those worn by older people, and these are sometimes made of satin, and sometimes of velvet in some color that contrasts prettily with the rest of the gown. They are finished with tiny frills of lace, with black and white gimp as a heading. Pointed Swiss belts are much worn by very young girls, with the soft full bodice above. White silk crepon is a material very much favored by fashionable mothers for party dresses for little girls.

HALL'S
Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER
Beautifies and restores Gray Hair to its original color and vitality; prevents baldness; cures itching and dandruff. A fine hair dressing.
R. F. Hall & Co., Props., Nashua, N. H.
Sold by all Druggists.

Handy to Have

.....About the house is a pair of these

GERMAN FELT SLIPPERS,

At 19c., 25c., 68c., 80c.

We are selling all kinds of FELT FOOTWEAR just now at LARGELY REDUCED PRICES

WATERBURY & RISING,
61 KING ST. • 212 to 214 UNION ST.

In spite of all these elaborate gowns, the dress of fine white lawn, trimmed with lace or embroidery and worn with pink or blue sash and ribbons, will always hold its own as the sweetest and prettiest party dress a little girl can wear.

To come down to simple frocks which are within reach of people of moderate means, there are some very pretty models which can be easily made at home. Nearly everyone has an old evening dress of some light colored silk lying by, which can easily be either washed, or cleaned and which will serve for a foundation for a little frock of swiss mull, or fine dotted muslin, trimmed with yellow Valenciennes insertion on the yoke and either a deep hem, or a band of the same insertion finishing the skirt. The outside is made quite separate from the lining, so that it can be readily laundried, but both skirts are cut exactly alike, and the little bodice is made high necked, and lined with book muslin. A short puff of the silk forms the undersleeve which is covered with frills of lace edged muslin. Such a dress is not only pretty enough for a little princess, but it possesses the advantage of being easily washed, and coming back from the laundry each time just as good as new.

For healthy little maids who do not catch cold easily the pretty fashion of low neck and short sleeves is desirable, but it is rather a risk for most children, as they are so careless about exposing themselves to draughts, and catching cold; so after all the high neck and sensible long sleeve is the safest, even if it does not look quite so festive. Thin wool materials such as barege, cashmere, delaine, and nuns veiling are all suitable for children's pretty dresses, and when delicate pale colors are selected, and trimmed with narrow satin ribbon, black velvet, or lace, they make inexpensive and really charming little frocks.

I believe challoes are coming in again, and they always make lovely little dresses for children, when small floral designs are chosen, and the ground is cream or white.

A ROYAL CORNER.
Complex Branch of Etiquette by an American in London.

An American attending a wedding reception in a great house in London congratulated bride and bridegroom, and passed the usual compliments with the host and hostess.

There was a great throng of guests, and he could not linger at the entrance of the drawing room, where there were many behind him anxious to offer their greetings. Perceiving a quiet corner to the right of the bride, where a gentleman and a lady were standing apart from the other guests, he went directly to it, funnily coming to a stop between two royal personages.

The American was not aware of the fact that he was face to face with one of the queen's daughters, and had turned his back upon another member of the royal family. He stood quietly looking about, hoping to see some acquaintances in the company with whom he might have a chat; and soon became uncomfortably conscious that he was attracting attention, and that the hostess and bride were casting uneasy glances in the direction of the corner where he had taken shelter. While the drawing room was crowded, the company of guests with one consent avoided the secluded corner where he and his two royal companions were stationed.

An acquaintance in the background perceived his mistake, and coming within hailing distance motioned to him. He left his two companions in exclusive occupation of the corner, turning his back upon both as he edged his way through the throng while everybody stared at him. When he reached the spot where his acquaintance was waiting for him, the stage whisper was breathed into his ear:

"You have been poaching on royal preserves. You are a privileged character because you are an American, but no Englishman ventures to turn his back upon a prince or a princess. People were staring you out of countenance because they took

Honestly made of pure Rubber. Thin, Light, Elastic, Stylish, Durable.

Granby Rubbers

Modelled each year to fit all the latest shoe shapes. Extra thick ball and heel.

Sold everywhere. They Wear like Iron.

it for granted that you must be a royal personage, yet they were unable to identify you."

The answer might have been made that every American is a sovereign by the divine right of equality of free citizenship; but this would have been a meaningless pleasantry in an English drawing room, where social etiquette has a sanctity superior to loyalty to democratic principle.

The American thanked his friend for rescuing him from an embarrassing position, and then stood by and watched the corner where royalty was isolated from too close contact with the world of wealth and fashion.

No guest approached the royal pair. Their presence was an act of condescension to the host and hostess, and they remained on exhibition as the patrons of this social function without having their corner invaded. Everybody was careful to approach them too closely, and there was a general sense of relief when they departed, and the necessity for backing away from them on side tracks was removed.—Youth's Companion.

RUSSIA'S PENAL SYSTEM.

One of its Principles is Productive of the Greatest Good.

While the administration of the Russian penal system is very generally to be condemned, says Dr. Benjamin Howard, an English surgeon, who has made a study of the subject and who is an authority on penology, there is one of its principles that deserves to be copied, and that is the principle of productive labor. In so far as the administration of affairs rests with individuals, abuses very often creep in, and thus it is impossible that one person may be under humane principles while another may be an institution of horrors.

But the principle of productive labor bears good results. After a convict's term of two years' imprisonment is over there is nothing to prevent him, within three to five years, becoming—within certain geographical limits—a free man. A political exile or a murderer in Saghalien lives with his family in a well-built and often pretty, four-roomed cottage, with its court yard vegetable and garden.

The island is populated mostly by murderers or by persons guilty of similarly serious crimes. They work peacefully and quietly on their farms and walk about the street to all appearance free men. Russian convicts, instead of being a heavy charge on the resources of the country, are a source of revenue. Convict labor had added

to the Russian empire an island the length of England, not an acre of which was previously under cultivation. and it is only the population of Siberia by these people that has made possible the line of the Trans-Siberian Railway—the envy of the whole world.

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"IN THE SWEET BY AND BY."
Something About the Author of That Famous Hymn.

To how many is the name Sanford Fillmore Bennett a familiar one? Very few probably. Yet the owner of that name wrote one of the songs of our nation—a song which has been translated into almost every tongue spoken on earth and which is familiar in every part of the globe. 'In the Sweet By and By' is the hymn of which he is the author, a hymn which for more than a quarter of a century has been in almost constant use.

Dr. Bennet, the composer, is at present a resident of Plainfield, Ind. where he lives with his son. He is an invalid and has been struggling against illness for several years. S. Fillmore Bennett, as he writes his name, was born in 1836 in Erie county, N. Y. but at the age of 5 his parents moved to Indiana and settled on a farm at Lake Zurich, Lake county. When about 25 years of age, he went to Wisconsin and became editor of the Elkhorn Independent. He served through the war in a Wisconsin regiment, and after becoming a civilian once more he took up the study of medicine and opened a drug store in Elkhorn.

It was in 1867 that 'In the Sweet By and By' was written. Bennett was associated with J. P. Webster, a musician, in preparing a new Sunday school hymn book. Webster was a morose man, giving to fits of depression, and one day when in such a state of mind he came into the office where Dr. Bennett was at work.

'Well, what is it now?' asked Dr. Bennett.
'Oh, nothing at all,' replied Webster. 'It will be all right by and by.'
'Yes, in the 'sweet by and by,' added Dr. Bennett. And then the idea of the hymn came to him like a flash. Whirling around to his desk, he wrote out the words as fast as his pen could fly. When they were completed, he handed them to Webster to read. The latter brightened up at once, and taking a violin in a few moments produced the melody. In half an hour they were singing the song which was destined to become so famous. Within two weeks they heard the children on the streets singing it, and it spread like wild fire. It was just after the war, and then it seemed to have a peculiar fitness and charm. Such is the story of the origin of the beautiful hymn as told by the composer himself.

QUEER COLOR BLINDNESS.
A Locomotive Engineer Whose Affliction Was Intermittent.

A peculiar case of color blindness was brought to the attention of the superintendent of a local railway the other day while a test of the eyes of the employees was being conducted.

Among those examined was the engineer of an express train, who had the reputation of being one of the best men who had ever stood in a locomotive cab. To the utter surprise of the superintendent, however, when the man was undergoing the examination it was found that he was suffering from color blindness of a character unknown to those making the tests.

When the engineer was called the superintendent told that it was almost a waste of time to apply the test in his (the engineer's) case, and after he had told of all the colors accurately he was confirmed in this belief. But to make himself doubly sure, that no mistake should be made he submitted the man to a second test. Holding up a piece of bright red ribbon, he said to the engine man:

'What color do you see?'
'Green,' was the prompt reply.
The superintendent could hardly believe his ears, and the question was repeated.
'Green,' again replied the engineer.
Then the green ribbon was held up.
'What color do you now see?' inquired the superintendent.
'Red,' was the answer.

The fact that all the colors had been accurately called at the first trial puzzled the superintendent greatly, and he said to the engineer that he wished to subject him to a further examination later in the day.

At the third trial the superintendent first held up a piece of blue ribbon and asked the engineer to name its color.
'Blue,' he answered, without hesitation.
'And this?' elevating a red strip.
'Red.'

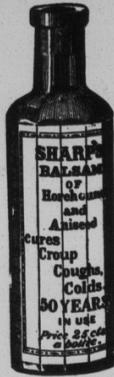
'Now this one,' holding up a green.
'Green.'
The result deepened the complexity of the Examining Board, and it was finally decided to send the man to an expert oculist for a still further examination. It was subsequently learned that the engineer had shown the same peculiar characteristics as upon the three previous tests, which were sufficient to unfit him for service as an engineer. He was therefore taken from his engine and given a lucrative position in the roundhouse.—Boston Herald.

The Tariff Commission elicits some strange and curious facts, but none more true than the good words spoken by both Free-Traders and Protectionists for MINARD'S LINIMENT.

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AN OCEAN TELEPHONE.
A Cable Could be Constructed for Talking Across the Atlantic.

'A cable could be constructed for use in telephoning across the Atlantic,' remarked F. A. Pickernell, chief engineer in charge of the long distance telephone construction department of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company, to a New York Tribune reporter 'but all the ships of the British Navy would not be able to carry it. It would be as big around as a hoghead, and the financial resources of any three of the great powers would be taxed to their utmost to pay for it. And if it were laid the cost of using it would discount its utility. The cost of one minute's conversation over such a submarine system would be close to \$60.'

Mr. Pickernell was discussing the feasibility of submarine telephony, and his remark above quoted was in reply to a question as to the probable utility to the reported invention of a Russian electrician, M. Kildischevsky by name, who, as reported by cable from Odessa, has made an improvement in the telephone by which 'distance has no effect upon the hearing,' whatever that may mean. The inference is according to the experts, that the Russian with a name which most Americans are shy of pronouncing, has invented what he considers an improved transmitter. The cable despatch went on to announce that in an experimental test, made between Moscow and Rostoff, a distance of 890 miles, talking and music, both instrumental and vocal were heard with perfect distinctness, and for the purpose of the experiment an ordinary telegraph wire was used.

In this there is nothing unusual, as expert electricians agree. In fact, it is only an episode in the development of the telephone on the other side of the ocean, which is almost ancient history on this side of the water, where the telephone of long distance pattern is in daily use for commercial purposes from Boston to Memphis, a distance of 1500 miles. This is the longest circuit in use in America. But there are connections running over 1,000 miles between Boston and Chicago and the long-distance lines from New York to Chicago, and from this city to St. Louis and to Cincinnati simply multiplying the factors contributing to American supremacy in electric science.

Another point in this connection was brought out in the course of a conversation with Herbert Laws Webb, an expert electrician, and for nine years connected with the submarine cable service. The difficulties in the way, Mr. Webb remarked, are not in the apparatus as it stands to-day, but they are inherent in the submarine cable itself. Telephone lines are placed as high in the air as possible, for burying them in the ground destroys their conductive capacity materially, because of their induction, which causes confusion among the electric waves that conduct and make intelligible the sound waves proceeding from the speaker through the transmitter. The vibrations become confused, and the effect is that of choking the wire, and the consequent effect being a blur of undecipherable noise at the receiving end of the line.

IS CYCLING HEALTHY?

There is a Diversity of Opinion About It, Favorable and Otherwise.

The lengthy correspondence which has recently appeared in the columns of a contemporary has, as might have been expected, elicited a wonderful diversity of opinion. Some have nothing but good to say of the cycle; others records all sorts of aches, pains, and nervous affections coming on after a ride. One rider attributes these entirely to the use of the bicycle as apart from the bicycle owing to the unconscious strain involved in keeping the former upright. The plain truth seems to us to rest upon a very simple basis. Cycling is not good for everybody and if abused is good for nobody. Within the last two years people of all ages have rushed into cycling in the most haphazard way. They have regarded neither age nor previous habits nor their physical condition. Small wonder then that many have found evil rather than good comes from an exercise which inevitably demands a heavy expenditure of nervous and muscular force. Probably just the same outcry would have arisen if the same class had suddenly taken to running or rowing or mountain climbing without any previous preparation. It is easy to preach moderation, but it must be remembered that moderation is a term varying with the individual, and every one fits for himself how much he can do. With regard to the strain involved in keeping up a bicycle and keeping a look out, it is probably no more than that involved in walking down the Strand without 'canonng' against others, but many of us have done the one from childhood, while the other is but a newly acquired accomplishment. There is no need to make a bicycle a very wheel of Ixion, especially with a 'safety,' for it is easy to get off and equally easy to remount; therefore the cry 'You must go on or you will fall' seems to us to ignore the fact that we are reasoning animal.—The Lancet.

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The pain- the old, pi- ed in even- ment is 'b- every day, married li- brightest f- future. T- and his ab- salary mu- needs, and- not far di- head of a- Each mon- placed in- cheerfully- power in- household- amount of- In an e- vival con- to the d- followed- gambling- used all h- keep him- horrible h- seemed to- will, and- into the d- He lost h- lowing h- now him- fair man- scanty-f- a half-ex- 'Doea- your sup- 'I have- in three- every cen- 'She is- live with- voice.
'While- based co- associate- torjected- 'Still- you' sa- be suppo- is that h- the rou- struggle- hood?'
'But v- gether, i- 'I lost- God on- the mean- you thin- finement- sell to li- loathsoo- attained- Here- at her- man dro- scious - with a s- and scoo- 'Look- a sense- loved hi- Now, if- of three- be in a- away fr- more.'
The woman- stern fa- 'Geo- his, as- 'chat's- to give- as scorn- feet.'
'It's- once, j- home a- No t- sion to- uttered- 'Oh, sneer- care st- some- 'No, seemed- half-cl- his hee- down h- was ter- the ach- him do- One- scorn- let her- loathe- him de- nor w- gamb- The- before- him, a- and at- before- 'Mr-

