

PROGRESS.

VOL. XII., NO. 603.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

A Judge in Trouble.

There was a hearing in the Equity court on Tuesday morning that will have a widespread interest inasmuch as the affairs of a supreme court judge are involved.

Mr. A. H. Hanington is a resident of St. John and a nephew of the late Rev. William Kinghorn who died possessed of considerable property, a good part of which he left in trust in the hands of James A. Vanwart, at that time a barrister in Fredericton. Since that time the lawyer has been made a supreme court judge and the suits on this account have caused considerable sensation among the legal fraternity.

The story of John Hetherington and his claim is told best in the complaint that was filed. His lawyers were Messrs. Macrae & Sinclair and they served the papers in the suit on the 31st day of July. This would give Judge Vanwart's attorneys until the 30th or 31st day of August to put in an appearance. No appearance was put in but as the equity court did not sit again in St. John until Sept. 19th advantage was taken of a sitting in Fredericton a fortnight earlier to sign judgment.

Here is the case of the plaintiff. The facts as presented are interesting.

The plaintiff complains that on the ninth day of February in the year 1893 and for some time previous to that date and since the defendant was a barrister-at-law and residing and practicing at the city of Fredericton in the County of York in the province of New Brunswick, and was previous to the said ninth day of February and thereafter until May 5th, A. D., 1893, the solicitor and confidential adviser of one, William Kinghorn, formerly of the parish of Douglas in the said County of York, clergyman, who departed this life on or about the fifth day of May, A. D., 1893, and that the plaintiff was on the said ninth day of February, A. D., 1893, and for some time previously and has since up to the present time been resident in the city of Saint John at number 225 Brussels street and is employed in the said city as a clerk.

That on the ninth day of February in the year of 1893, the said defendant did sign, seal, execute and deliver to the said William Kinghorn deceased a declaration of trust which consisted in part of the words and figures following, that is to say: "I, James A. Vanwart of the city of Fredericton in the county of York, Barrister-at-law, hereby acknowledge to have received from the Rev. William Kinghorn of the parish of Douglas in the county of York the sum of one hundred dollars to be forwarded to Alexander Ford of 145 Stone street, Newcastle on Tyne, England by P. O. order, the forwarding of which P. O. order shall be a discharge therefor. I acknowledge to have also received the sum of one hundred dollars to be held in trust for the said William Kinghorn during his lifetime and at his death to be placed in the Dominion Savings Bank at St. John in the name of John Hetherington of 225 Brussels street, St. John, and the further sum of one hundred dollars to be held in trust for the said William Kinghorn during his lifetime, and at his death to be deposited in the Dominion Savings Bank at St. John in the name of Sarah Hetherington 225 Brussels street, St. John. Given under my hand and seal this 9th day of February in the year of our Lord 1893." Witness, Wm. Kinghorn, Jy. (sgd) J. A. VANWART.

The John Hetherington mentioned in the said declaration of trust is the plaintiff and the said declaration of trust signed by the defendant is now in the possession of William Kinghorn Junior the witness thereto who is a son of the said Reverend William Kinghorn and the plaintiff craves leave to refer to the said Declaration of Trust as a part of this, his bill of complaint.

Reverend William Kinghorn departed this life on about the 5th day of May, 1893, and the said defendant then had in trust for the plaintiff the sum of one hundred dollars mentioned in the declaration of trust referred to in the second paragraph of this Bill and it became the duty of the said defendant to place the said sum of one hundred dollars

in the Dominion Savings Bank at Saint John to the credit of the said plaintiff, but the plaintiff charges and states that no part of the said sum of one hundred dollars was ever so placed to his credit by the said defendant nor paid over to him or anyone for him, but the said defendant has ever since continually retained the same in his own custody and control and has used the same for his own purposes, and has refused to account to the plaintiff for the said sum of one hundred dollars or any part thereof, and has never with respect to the said sum of one hundred dollars carried out or performed the trust by him undertaken with regard to the same as set out in the said declaration referred to in the declaration of trust.

The plaintiff by his agents and solicitors has frequently applied to the said defendant James A. Vanwart for an account of the said trust money received and possessed by him, and for the application thereof in accordance with the terms of the said declaration of trust set out in the second paragraph of this Bill and had hoped that the said defendant would have complied with such reasonable request as in justice and in equity he should have done, and the plaintiff further charges and alleges that the said defendant frequently, promised the plaintiff's agents and representatives that he would pay the plaintiff the said sum of one hundred dollars with interest at six per cent but the said defendant contrary to his promises and the duty imposed upon him by said declaration of trust has not paid any portion of the said money nor interest to the plaintiff nor accounted therefor nor placed the same in the Dominion Savings bank at Saint John, but has applied and converted the same to his own use.

At the time of the execution of the declaration of trust set out in the second paragraph of this Bill and for a long time thereafter the said defendant was generally reputed to be a man of means having in his own name and unincumbered large amounts of both real and personal property, but as the plaintiff is informed believes alleges and charges the said defendant has recently become financially embarrassed and is very largely indebted to diverse persons and is unable to pay his debts and has transferred, encumbered or otherwise made away with and put out of his control much if not all of the real and personal property formerly owned by him.

The plaintiff therefore prays that the said defendant James A. Vanwart may be removed from being trustee under the said declaration of trust, and that some other person ought to be appointed by this Honorable Court as such trustee in his place and stead, and that an account may be taken of the said trust money set out in the said Declaration of Trust and the application thereof and that it may be declared and decreed that the said trust money with interest thereon from the sixth day of May A. D. 1893, be paid to such new trustee and for such other and further relief as to this Honorable Court may seem meet, and that the defendant may be ordered to pay the plaintiff his costs in this suit.

When Mr. Hanington learned that judgment had been signed in Fredericton on September 5th he was not pleased and he began to make an effort to have the case reopened. His application was made to Judge Barker and he prepared and read the following affidavit in substance in support of his contention:

I am a member of the law firm of Hanington & Hanington, the Solicitors for the above named defendant in this cause. On or about the first day of August last past, we received from the defendant in this cause, the summons served herein with directions to enter an appearance and defend the said suit. The matter was entered in our office diary by mistake to be attended to on the eighth day of the present month, and in the absence of the junior partner who has been absent for some time, the mistake was not noticed and in consequence of such mistake, no appearance was entered in the said cause, and the failure to enter said appearance was wholly by the defendant and mistake of our firm. I have the management of this cause and am acquainted with the facts thereto and read over the draft of the bill submitted to me by the plaintiff's solicitor, and as I am instructed, and verily believe the defendant

has a good defence to this cause on the merits. I am informed and believe the bill in this cause was filed on the twenty-first day of August, last past, and on or about that date I saw Mr. Sinclair, the solicitor of the plaintiff in this cause and explained to him certain matters in connection with the business and the suit, and stated that I thought it would be better for all parties if the suit could be withdrawn and Mr. Sinclair informed me that he would talk to Mr. MacRae, his partner, about it and I understood him that he would let me know about it before anything further was done and I left Mr. Sinclair at the time under the impression that I was to hear from him before anything further was done, but Mr. Sinclair has since the bill was taken pro confesso in this cause informed me that he did not say he would let me know, and the bill in this cause was taken pro confesso for want of an appearance on the fifth day of September instant.

It is very important in the interests of the defendant that the decree to take the bill pro confesso should be vacated and set aside and the defendant be allowed to appear and defend the suit.

Upon this affidavit Judge Barker made an order for a hearing but this has been postponed from time to time and only came up on Tuesday. Mr. Sinclair's answer to Mr. Hanington is almost the same as a complete denial of his statement. It reads in brief as follows:

I have read what purports to be a copy of an affidavit made by Augustus H. Hanington herein on the eighth day of September A. D. 1899, and that with respect to the fifth paragraph thereof I say that the said Hanington did see me in the Equity Court room on or about the twenty-first day of August last past, and spoke to me about this case. He said, "surely you are not going into Equity for so small a matter," or words to that effect, and asked me what I intended to do. I said, I intended to take judgment as soon as possible. Mr. Hanington then told me, that there was a trust deed in his office and that every one but my clients had joined in it or words to that effect, and that I better withdraw this suit. He then said, that if we wished to come in under the trust deed to go over to his office and see him, I said, that I would tell my partner Mr. Macrae what he (Hanington) said. This is all the conversation I had with Mr. Hanington.

Mr. Hanington did not at any time tell me that he intended to appear or oppose my getting judgment nor did I tell him that I would let him know about it before anything further was done nor did I say anything that should lead him to believe that I would not proceed with the suit as rapidly as possible as in fact I told him I intended to get judgment if possible.

Mr. Macrae has filed another affidavit dated December 11th, in which he throws more light upon the subject. In substance his statement is as follows:

I have had the management of this cause and am acquainted with the facts connected therewith, and prepared the plaintiff's bill herein and as I am instructed and verily believe the defendant has no defence whatever on the merits, that as far as I can ascertain there is no dispute nor difference between the plaintiff and defendant as to the facts to be determined in this cause.

When I gave to Augustus H. Hanington Esq., a copy of the Plaintiff's Bill in this cause as stated in the seventh paragraph of his affidavit of the eighth of September last past, herein, the said Hanington informed me that the defendant had executed a trust deed to one D. McLeod Vince for the protection of the defendant herein and other requests in trust which I could examine in his office.

On the fourth day of December, instant, accompanied by Kenneth J. MacRae, a student in my office, I called upon the defendant's solicitor Messrs. Hanington & Hanington and interviewed both members of the firm. I requested Mr. Augustus H. Hanington to allow me to peruse the trust deed referred to as executed by the defendant. Mr. Charles S. Hanington went into another room and brought back with him and handed to me a paper which Augustus H. Hanington stated was the said trust deed. I examined it and noting that it purported to be a copy only said to Mr. Hanington "this is only a copy I wish to see the original." Hanington replied "I have not the original, I have only this copy." I

Eager for the Front.

Colonel James Donville is well known as a politician and a military man. He was a prominent merchant and later an enterprising gentleman farmer and still more recently the manager for a Yukon mining company.

But perhaps it is as a military man that the Colonel is as well known as he is in politics. The Princess Louise Hussars of which he was in command for so many years were complimented again and again by the commanding officers in Canada for their efficiency. At one time the Colonel wanted to take them to the Sudan and offered their services to the British government for which he was officially thanked but the war department did not avail itself of the proffered assistance. Nothing daunted, when the South African war broke out the Colonel was to the front again with an offer but he was too late or something of that sort, and again he had to remain at home.

Now when a second contingent is going, and most of them mounted troops at that, it was expected that the Colonel would be right at the front. He is no longer in command of the Hussars, it is true, but the same spirit still animates him and it is understood that under certain conditions he would go to the front.

These are in brief the command of the men who go forward. The views of the Colonel on this point are plainly stated. He thinks that the men should be thoroughly understood by their commanding officers and that he should look after their welfare from the time the application is made to enlist.

He should look them over then, and if he comes to the conclusion that the man possessed the necessary robustness and intelligence, then find out what else he could do. Take his word for nothing. If he said he could shoot try him and find out if he speaks the truth.

He maintains that the commanding officer should look after the uniforms of the men, select them and see that they are fitted for the climate in South Africa. He should take into consideration the fact that in South Africa the days are intensely hot and the nights cold. Preparation should be made first to make the men comfortable, then the horses should be looked after. With both man and beast in good condition they could not fail to render a good account of themselves.

Colonel H. H. McLean, not to be outdone by Col. Donville, has made a special offer to the government to raise one hundred body New Brunswick pioneers and equip them at his own expense. The offer is generous, but has not been accepted as yet. Colonel McLean's idea is that the woodmen of this province would make great scouts and there is no denying such a fact. They would make the best corps of that sort in the world. The country in Africa would no doubt be different from that in Canada, but their adaptability would have plenty of scope there. They are so hardy and enduring that they could be of the greatest service. It will be a matter for some regret if the minister of militia cannot see his way clear to accept the offer.

The case for enlisting is not confined to the men themselves. The officers of the local militia have not been backward this time, and the names of Tilley, Markham, Armstrong, and others figure among those young men who are willing to go forward and serve their country. Tilley is the youngest son of the late Sir Leonard and Messrs. Armstrong and Markham are sons of colonels. Whether their offers to serve will be accepted or not remains to be seen.

There are plenty of other offers and among those noted in the press this week was that of District Passenger Agent Lambkin of the O. P. R. The news appeared first in a Moncton paper and soon reached St. John. The friends of Mr. Lambkin here, knowing that his son was in South Africa with the first contingent were not surprised to learn that his father wanted to go too and when they saw his familiar figure appear on the street this week he had a good many inquiries to answer. He had his replies all ready off at once and got his audience so enthused with the idea that there was only one thing to do now—go to the war; and to use his own

words he could have raised a thousand men in a few hours. There is no doubt he would make a great recruiting officer if ever the Intercolonial consented to let go of him. Ald. McGoldrick is a great friend of his and when some inquiry was made whether it would not be possible to include him among the local contingent in some official capacity it was learned that he was already down as the "Little Corporal."

It is not likely that the contingent will leave from this port. Halifax seems to be the place spoken of and because of the immense drill hall recently erected there it will no doubt be chosen. But there are many in this city who think St. John should be chosen and nothing will make them change their minds.

IS THERE A REGULAR BATH.
Carleton Hackman and the Game They Sometimes Play on Strangers.

Have the Carleton Hackman a regular rate of charges or have they not, is a question that should be settled at once. Those who come to St. John by the Shore Line are particularly interested in the matter for most of them would prefer to walk the short distance between the depot and the floats, on that side of the harbor, to paying just whatever a hackman has a mind to charge.

The people of Carleton, when they patronize the coaches, say they can be driven all around the west side for five or ten cents, but strangers are a fair mark for the avarice and meanness of these men, and they usually have to pay thirty cents from the Shore line depot to the float.

A few days ago a lady travelling by the route mentioned, arrived on the west side and took a hack to the floats. She considered ten cents a fair payment for the few minutes' drive—and besides it was all she had. When she tendered the money the driver became most insulting, swearing at her and otherwise becoming disgracefully abusive in his language. The hackman is one of two of the same name, and the case cited is not the first time a traveller has received insolent treatment from him.

A west side citizen informs Progress that the regular fare from Dykeman's Corner near the city line, to the floats, is five cents, and as the depot is not a fourth of the distance, the charge of even ten cents seems most exorbitant. There is no reason why strangers should be made to pay five or six times as much as a resident, and the sooner the matter is looked into the better.

Miss Richards' and Sergeant Campbell.
Nellie Richards keeps a beer shop on Walker's wharf and this week she complained to the magistrate of the conduct of Sergeant Campbell. The full character of the charge was not made public because she did not appear Thursday when it was set down for a hearing. It is understood that the complaint was withdrawn. Campbell is the patrol sergeant and he walks about town all day or night seeing that the other officers do their work. He is a favorite with the chief and has again and again the coveted privilege of currying that official's horse and driving the owner to his camp at Spruce Lake. There was a report once—and Progress took some notice of it at the time—that the sergeant was a first rate hand at shoveling snow and coal. It is a pity that so good a man should fall under the shadow of a charge.

There was no doubt he was in Miss Richards' place but what his object was—whether he was searching for liquor or not—is not clear. If he was not bent upon such an errand as that it is not quite clear what he wanted there. It is fair to Campbell to say that he denies the charge. Those who were about at the time he was in Miss Richards' say that he got a warm reception and was treated to a recital of his failings and virtues that would have done credit to any linguist.

Mr. Kelly and the Policemen's Coats.
James Kelly has not been in the tailoring business for some time and he was surprised when the safety board gave him the contract to make eight policemen's coats at \$24 each. True he had put in that figure but he rather expected to do the repairs on the coats of the whole force than make the new ones. Repairs it is said are more profitable. When the council met Thursday however Mr. Kelly, it was announced could not make the coats for that money, and the director was authorized to get them made somewhere at that price. It seems that when the vendors found that he and not the city would have to supply the shining brass buttons he declined the contract. Brass must have gone up, though one wouldn't think so.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

EXCURSION RATES.

Christmas and New Year's Holidays.

WAY FIRST-CLASS FARE FOR THE TRIP between all Stations on the Atlantic and from Atlantic Division stations to Canada, Port Arthur and east.

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How the Bison Perished.

One of the most extraordinary events that has characterized the last half of the present century is the extermination, the wiping out, of the American bison. There is little use in resorting to invective or in denouncing those who are guilty of this crime, but it would be well if the acts could be held up in a bright light, that those who committed them might be excoriated in the time to come, when a few bones and pictures will alone tell the story of a mighty race swept from the face of the earth by the civilized people of the nineteenth century.

In 1870 and later, said an army officer to the writer, 'the plains were alive with bison, and in crossing at places I had difficulty in avoiding them, so vast were the herds. If any one had told me then that in twenty or thirty years they would have become almost entirely extinct, I should have regarded the statement as that of an insane person.'

That so many of these animals could have been killed in mere wantonness seems incredible when their vast numbers are realized. We first hear of the bison from Cortez and his followers in 1521. Montesuma had one in zoological garden, the specimen in all probability, having been caught in Coahuila. In 1580 Cabera saw them in Texas; and 1642 Corandó found a herd in what is now the Indian Territory one of his officers describing them as horrible beasts that demoralized the horses. In 1612 Sir Samuel Argoll observed herds of bison near the national capital, and in all probability, 287 years ago herds of bison grazed on the site of the capitol building at Washington. In 1678 Father Hennepin observed them in what is now northern Illinois, and in October, 1729, Col. W. Bird saw herds in North Carolina and Virginia.

These and other facts have provided data by which the early geographical distribution of the bison has been determined, and it is known that this grand animal, that is today represented by a few individuals, formerly ranged in millions from the Atlantic seaboard to the Gulf of Mexico, from Texas to the Great Slave Lake, and as far west as Central Nevada. As to their numbers, they were like the sands on the seashore, and the accounts given by those who hunted them twenty or thirty years ago, today seem like vagaries of a disordered imagination. Mr. Hornaday, who has hunted in South and Central Africa, where game is remarkably plentiful, states that the bison of this country previous to 1870 exceeded, in all probability, all the African game of every kind. An army officer in service on the plains in 1867 stated to the writer that on one occasion he was surrounded by buffaloes, and that from the top of a small hill he could see nothing but a black mass of their bodies. It was impossible to estimate their numbers, and the party were in great fear lest they should be caught in a stampede, the rush being irresistible. Col. Dodge, in his memoirs, states that on one occasion he rode twenty-five miles in Arkansas, always being in a herd of buffaloes, or many small herds, with but a small separating strip between them. The animals paid but little attention to him, merely moving slowly out of the way or advancing, bringing the whole herd of thousands down on him with the roar of an avalanche. This he met by standing fast and firing when they came within short range, the shot causing them to divide. In one day Col. Dodge killed twenty six bison from his wagon; not in sport, but as a protection. Otherwise they would have run him down and crushed man, horse and wagon.

This herd observed by Col. Dodge was later found to be fifty miles wide and to occupy five days in passing a given point on its way north. From a high rock, from which points ten miles distant could be seen in every direction, the earth seemed to be covered with bison. To make an accurate estimate of the numbers seen would be impossible, but Mr. Hornaday by a conservative calculation, estimates that Col. Dodge must have seen four hundred and eighty thousand, and that the herd comprised half a million buffaloes. A train on the Kansas Pacific road in that state in 1868 passed between the towns of Elsworth and Sheridan—120 miles—through a continuous herd of buffaloes. They were packed so that the earth was black, and more than once the train was stopped, the surging mass becoming a menace to human safety.

'You cannot believe the facts as they existed in the days 1871-72,' said an army officer. 'I was at that time on duty in the

pay department which made it necessary for me to travel on the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe railroad. One day the train entered a large herd, which scattered and seemed to go wild at the shrieking of the whistle and the ringing of the bell. As we went on the thicker they became until the very earth appeared to be a rolling mass of humps so far as we could see. Suddenly some of the animals nearest us turned and charged; others fell in behind, and down on us they came like an avalanche. The engineer stopped the engine, let off steam and whistled to stop them, while we fled from the platforms and windows with rifles and revolvers, but it was like trying to stay a tidal wave. We stood in the centre of the car to await the crash, some of the men going to the rear. On they came, the earth trembling, and plunged heads down into us. Some were wedged in between the cars, others beneath; and so great was the crush that they toppled three cars over and actually scrambled over them, one buffalo becoming bogged by having his legs caught in the window. Such accidents occurred several times, and twice in one week were trains derailed by charging buffaloes, whose numbers it was impossible to compute.

Hunters have heard the roaring of buffaloes at a distance of from three to five miles, and that the earth trembled when they charged we can well imagine when the large bulls are known to weigh 2,000 pounds, the cows 1,200 pounds. The question of interest today is how was it possible to destroy so many animals in so short a time and what methods were employed. The natural fatalities were few compared to the enormous numbers. The cow bison displays little affection for her young, and many calves were lost every year, but, all in all, the conditions were extremely favorable to them, and their increase was enormous. Many were destroyed by stampeding over precipices. In 1867, 2,000 buffaloes, or half a herd, became entangled in the quicksands of the Platte River. At another time a herd was lost by breaking through the ice of Lac Qui Parle in Minnesota. The cold winters sometimes killed many that remained in the far North; but these dan-

gers were as nothing compared to man. Man soon found that the buffaloes had a value. The Indians slaughtered them by the thousands for their skins, bone and for food; they killed 100 oftentimes to secure five, and waste and prodigality were the rule. Yet so vast were their numbers that doubtless the Indian invasions upon them had little effect so far as extermination was concerned. But with the white man it was different. Some wished to make records, and killed for sport; some killed for the hides and heads; some became professional buffalo butchers to provide the gangs of railroad men with meat, slaughtering a magnificent animal for its tongue alone. It has been estimated that previous to 1870 nearly three quarters of a million buffaloes could have been killed yearly and the herds kept intact; how many were killed and wasted will never be known. Each animal, however, had a value at this time estimated by Hornaday at \$5, the robe \$2.50, the tongue, 25 cents, hind-quarter meat \$2, bones, horn and hoofs, 25 cents and this was sufficient to attract an army of destroyers. The hides the greatest feature, and one firm in New York between 1876 and 1884 paid the killers nearly \$1,000,000, or, to be exact, \$923,070 for the robes and hides, which represents the final extinction of the animal. The government never interfered, owing to protests of interested legislators and the neglect of higher officials. Another firm paid \$216,000 for robes and skins and there were scores of private traders in the field. The word went out to kill everything in sight, and from 1876 there was a price on the head of every buffalo.

It is a dark and disagreeable subject to probe, but it is interesting to note some of the methods of these national calamity makers. A band of half breeds in two hunts, according to Rose, killed 47,770 buffaloes, 620 men being engaged in the sport, out of which about 30,000 animals were wasted or partly eaten. Hornaday estimates that from 1820 to 1826 five buffalo expeditions went out, composed of 610 carts each, killing 118,950 buffaloes. From 1826 to 1830 five expeditions of 750 carts each, killed 146,250 buffaloes. From 1830 to 1835 six expeditions, of 895 carts, killed 174,628 animals. From 1835 to 1840 fifty-four expeditions, of 1,090 carts each, killed 212,550 buffaloes. Total number killed by the Red River half-breeds alone in twenty years 652,275 valued at \$3,261,375. An interesting table has been furnished the Government by the firm previously mentioned, J. & I. Bo kowitz, showing the decline of the buffalo as an article of commerce. It shows

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It takes practice and lots of it to make a ready and reliable clerk or book-keeper, and that is where the supreme merit of our actual business department comes in. We give our students constant drill in doing just the thing they will have to do when they take office positions. If you propose to enter upon a business career that is the kind of training you want, and our school is the place to get it. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

Currie Business University,

117 Princess St., St. John, N. B.

Box 46, Telephone 291.

that in nine years this firm handled 246, 173 skins, costing \$924,790. In 1878 they received 41,268 robes; in 1883, 5,000; in 1884 none. The end had come, and the buffalo was a memory. Another dealer, Joseph Ullman states that in 1881 he handled 41,000 robes, valued at 41,000 robes, valued at \$3.50, and 12,000 at \$7.50. In 1882 he purchased 40,000 hides at \$8.50 and 10,000 robes at \$8.50. The prices hunters received were: Cow hide, \$3; bull hide, \$2.50; yearling, \$1.50; calves, 50 cents. The expense of transportation brought the hide up to \$3.59 in New York. This dealer in four years paid out \$310,000 to these men, who killed buffaloes by the tens of thousands for \$2.50 a head. Both of the above mentioned dealers in eight years paid out \$1,233,070 to the exterminators.

That the real extermination of the buffalo was caused by the demands of trade there can be no doubt, aided and abetted by sportsmen, Indians, and others; but the blame really lies with the government that in all these years permitted a few ignorant Congressmen to block the legislation in favor of the protection of the bison so that all the efforts of humanitarians were defeated and the hills when passed pigeon-holed.

There were many methods of extermination that are graphically illustrated by paintings and models in the Smithsonian institution. The still hunter was the most insidious enemy of the buffalo, and a single man by sneaking upon a herd has been known to kill 1,000 in a single season. One Capt. Jack Bridges, of Kansas, has the honorable record of having killed 1,142 buffaloes in six weeks. He took the contract to that effect and bagged his game. Up to 1870 there were undoubtedly severed millions of buffaloes alive, but the lust for blood was on, and soon came the demand for robes and hides from the dealers, and men who could not make a living at anything else went out to kill

buffaloes. In the different States there were regular killing outfits that cost, in rifles, horses, carts, etc., from \$2,000 to \$5,000. Such methods developed some famous characters. Buffalo Bill was one. He contracted with the Kansas Pacific Railroad to furnish them with all the buffalo the men could eat as the road was built and, according to Mr. Cody's statement they ate 4,280 buffaloes in eighteen months for which he received \$250 per month, the price he paid for his title.

Many buffaloes were killed by running them down; this was the popular method among the Indians who shot them with rifle or bow and arrow, or chased them over precipices. The great herds north of the Missouri were mostly exterminated by the Indians of the Manitoba Red River settlement, who hunted in a regular army. One division of such an army of exterminators consisted of 603 carts, 700 half-breeds, 200 Indians, 900 horses, 200 oxen and 400 dogs. The movements against the buffaloes in Nebraska were often made by 3,000 people, and as each man killed at least ten, 30,000 buffaloes bit the dust. In this way Indians as above killed, it is estimated, 652,000 buffaloes.

The completion of the western railroads divided the buffaloes into two herds, northern and southern. In 1871 the southern herd was composed of an estimated 8,000,000, and from now on the animals dropped away so rapidly that it was estimated that 3,000 or 4,000 a day were killed. It became evident that they were doomed and appeals were made to the government by hundreds. From 1873 to 1874 there were 1,780,461 buffaloes killed and wasted; 3,168,780 in all killed by white people and the skins shipped east over the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road. During the same time the Indians killed 890,000; besides these settlers and mounted Indians killed 150,000, so that the grand sum total for these years was 3,698,780. In the following year, 1875, the deed was done. The southern herd had been swept from the face of the earth; the northern herd went in the same way. In 1882 it was believed there were 1,000,000 buffaloes alive in the herd, but there were at least 5,000 white hunters in the field shooting them down at every point. Such a merciless war of extermination was never before witnessed in a civilized land. Then came 1883; thousands took the field this year and Sitting Bull and some whites had the honor of killing at least ten thousand.

There were living at the government census, made eight years ago, 256 pure-blooded buffaloes in captivity, the last of the untold millions that covered this continent during the past century.

Carrying Money.

It is interesting to note the various methods in which men of different nationalities carry their worldly wealth. The Englishman carries gold silver and copper all loose in his trouser's pocket, pulls out a handful of the mixture in an opulent way, and selects the coin he needs.

The American carries his "wad of bills" in a long, narrow pocketbook, in which the greenbacks lie flat. The Frenchman makes use of a leather purse with no distinguishing characteristic. The German uses one gaily embroidered in silks by the fair hands of some Lottobon.

The half civilized capitalist from some torrid South American city carries his dollars in a belt with cunningly devised pockets to baffle the gentlemen with the light fingers. Some of these belts are very expensive. The Italian of the poorer classes ties up his little fortune in a gaily colored handkerchief secured with many knots, which he secretes in some mysterious manner about his clothes.

A similar course has charms for the Spaniard, while the lower class Russian exhibits a preference for his boots or the lining of his clothes as a hiding place for his savings.

The Flight of the Sun.

The latest calculation of the velocity and direction of the sun's motion in space is by Prof. Simon Newcomb. He estimates that the solar system is being carried in a northerly direction of 16 1/2 kilometres—a little over ten miles—per second. The point toward which we are moving is within a few degrees of the extraordinarily bright star Vega in the constellation of Lyra.

An Inflexible Deity—Pinkie told me he knew a Britisher who had a Hindoo servant who used to offer prayer every day before the gas meter.

'I'll bet a dollar he didn't propitiate it.'



HOW SANTA CLAUS COMES.

Advertisement for Pinkie's Toilet Soap, listing various songs and hymns such as 'The Glory of the Whil' Mass', 'The Heavens as a Throne', 'The Music at the Christmas Hymns-choir', 'The Flight of the Sun', 'An Inflexible Deity', and 'I'll bet a dollar he didn't propitiate it.'

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...to make a ready and reliable clerk or
...the supreme merit of our actual busi-
...We give our students constant drill in
...have to do when they take office posi-
...upon a business career that is the
...and our school is the place to get it.
...alogues.

University, St. John, N. B.

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Music and The Drama

TONES AND DRAMATICS.

Following is a programme of the musical
services in the city's leading churches.
Programme desires to thank all who prompt-
ly responded to its request for a list, and
wishes to all readers of this department a
very bright and happy Christmas.

Trinity Church.

R. P. Strand, Organist and Choirmaster.
(CHRISTMAS DAY)

11 a. m. Morning Prayer and Holy Communion.
(Choral.)

Proper Prayers.....XIX, XLV, LXXXV
Te Deum and Benedictus.....Woodward in D
1000. "We have seen His Star".....C. Simpson
Holy Communion Office.....Strand in F
The above is for Christmas day, then on Sunday
evening (Xmas Eve) will be Trinity's First
Festival Service.

Antiphon, "The Star that now is shining".....King
Chorus.

Organ Postlude, Christmas march.....Gustav Merkel
Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis.....Mansfield in D
Cathedral Church.

Misa Hov, Organist.

To Deum.....Tours in F
Carol Anthem, "Love of All the Ages".....Ballard
Anthem, "The Christian Herald".....Combs
Anthem, "A Song in the Night".....L. H. Woodman
Christmas Chants and Hymns.

Cathedral—Immaculate Conception.

L. J. D. Landry, Organist.

High Mass, 11 o'clock. The choir will sing
Mass's 2nd Mass, with the "Adeste Fideles" at
the Offertory.

Vespers at 3:15—Programme:

"Dirige Domine".....Gregorian
"Christmas Anthem".....by Gloria
"Miss Lawlor, Miss Brennan and Mr. Kelly.
"Christus Natus" solo and chorus.....by Diabelli
Solo by Miss Brennan.

"Laudate Dominum" solo and chorus.....by Zingarelli
Solo by Miss Lawlor and Mr. Kelly.

"Magnificat" grand chorus from
Mozart's 13th, Gloria
"Hymn".....Gregorian
"Alma" solo and chorus.....Simpson
Solo by Miss Lawlor.

"O Salutaris".....by Faure
Solo by Mr. Kelly.

"Tantum Ergo".....Stilian
Frederick Baptist Church.

Miss Perkins, Organist.

The music at this church Sunday, Dec. 24, will
be as follows:

MORNING.

Opening Anthem, Let us now go even unto
Bethlehem.....Simpson
Hymn, No. 141, The race that long in darkness
pined.....Simpson
Anthem, Sing O Heavens.....Simpson
Hymn, No. 143, Hark the glad sound
of the Saviour comes.....Simpson
Hymn, No. 144, Joy to the world.....Simpson

EVENSING.

Opening Anthem, These were Shepherds.....Simpson
Hymn, No. 145, Brightest and Best.....Simpson
Anthem, We have seen His star in the east.....E. A. Clare
Hymn, No. 161, Hark the Herald Angels sing.....
Hymn, No. 144, Lift up your heads
to the mighty gates.....Simpson
Methodist Church, Fredericton.

Sunday and Christmas music, to be sung Dec. 24,
and 25, 1909.

C. H. B. Fisher, Organist.

"Glory to God in the Highest".....Simpson
With Soprano Solo.

"What Jesus was Born".....Simpson
With Bass and Soprano Solos.

"Worship Him and Sing of Him".....Simpson
With Bass and Soprano Solos.

"Be Joyful, O Earth".....Simpson
With Soprano Solo.

"The Glory of the Lord".....Simpson
With Bass Solo, and Tenor Recitative.

"The Heavens are Telling".....Simpson
With Bass and Alto Solos.

Organ and Cornet Accompaniment.
Holy Trinity Church.

Miss McCafferty, Organist.

Masses at 7, 8, 30 and 10 a. m.
The music at the 7 o'clock Mass will consist of
Christmas hymns and carols by the Sunday school
choir.

High Mass, 10 a. m.
Millard's Mass in B.
Offertory, 7:15 p. m.

Vespers, 7:15 p. m.

Psalms.....Gregorian
Alma.....Webb
Laudate.....Froye
O Holy Night.....A. Adam
O Salutaris.....J. Wolgast
Tantum Ergo.....Bardoli
"The Heavenly Song".....Hamilton King
Securus—Misses M. McCafferty, Francis McCaf-
erty, Messrs. D. McDonald and Frank McCafferty.
Germans Street, Baptist Church.

A. S. Cooks, Organist.

Christmas Eve Sunday, Dec. 24.

Adeste Fideles.....Novello
Nunc Dimittis.....Marsh
Te Deum.....Marsh
Evangelium.

Christmas Anthem.....Shelly

PIMPLES PREVENTED BY Cuticura SOAP

The most effective skin purifying and beauti-
fying soap, as well as a perfect and sweetest
for toilet, bath, and nursery. It strikes at the
cause of bad complexion, red, rough
hands, falling hair, and baby blemishes,
viz. the clogged, irritated, inflamed, over-
worked, or sluggish Pores.
Sold everywhere. For Free Data and Cuticura Soap,
20¢ Box, Cuticura Soap Co., P. O. Box 1144,
New York, N. Y.

And there were Shepherds.....Williams
O Holy Night.....Adams
The regular Christmas hymns will also be sung.
St. Peter's Church.
Miss K. Moriarty, Organist.
Christmas Morning Service.
Solemn High Mass, 8:30 a. m. and 10:30 a. m.
Kyle's Gloria.....Vedie C. Cabot
Solemn Mass.....from Mozart's 13th. Mass
Credo.....Vedie C. Cabot
Benedictus.....from Farmer's Mass, B. flat.
Agnus Dei.....Adeste Fideles
Offertory.....Adeste Fideles
Musical Prayers with (Orchestral Accompaniment.)
Vespers, 7:30 p. m.
Musical Prayers with (Orchestral Accompaniment.)
Dixie Dominions.....
Cantata.....
Bassos.....
Laudate Domine.....
Laudate Domine.....
Magnificat.....Mozart's
Alma Redemptoris.....
Benediction.
Solo, O Salutaris.....Miss Julia McCarthy
With Violin Obligato.
Tantum Ergo.....Adeste Fideles
Mission Church, Fardlee Row.
Mr. Hovis, Organist.
Christmas Services.
The first evening of the Festival will be
held on Sunday the 24th, at 7:30 p. m. A stringed
orchestra will assist the organist.
The cantatas will be Stainer in E flat, the anthem
"Let us now go even unto Bethlehem." Some well
known Christmas hymns and carols and, at the
close of the service, Morley's "Gloria in Excelsis"
in Station.
Christmas Day, 25.
Holy Eucharist, 8 a. m.
Matins (plain) 10:15 a. m.
High Celebration, 11 a. m.
Service, Kyrie in E flat.
Introit, "O Son that brings good tidings".....
Christmas hymns.
Main Street, Baptist Church.
Mrs. (Dr.) Simon, Organist.
Sunday, Dec. 24.
Morning Service, 11 a. m.
Hymn, Worship Christ the new born King.....Shelly
Anthem, Hark, Hark my Soul.....Shelly
Anthem, Hark, the Angels Sing.....Simpson
Anthem, We have seen His Star in the East.....Simpson
Hymn, Joy to the World the Lord is Come.....
Hymns.
Hymn, While Shepherds watched their flocks
by night.....Simpson
Anthem, Behold I bring you glad tidings.....Combs
Solo, Miss Maud McClellan, Noel.....Gounod
Hymn, Peace on earth, good will to men.....Adams
Solo, Star of Bethlehem.....Adams
D. B. Fidgeon.
Anthem, We have seen His star in the East
Hymn, He has come the Christ of God.....Simpson

TALK OF THE THEATRE.
An event of interest in theatrical circles
is the coming engagement of the Valentine
Stock company which begins at the opera
house on Christmas, the opening perform-
ance being All The Comforts of Home,
with an evening bill of Young Mrs. Win-
throp. Miss Jessie Bonstelle and Mr.
Edward R. Mawson are supported by cap-
able people and there is every reason to
believe that the engagement will be a
successful one.
Young Mrs. Winthrop is an emotional
drama, the scene New York, the time the
present, the characters are strongly drawn
and the opportunity for stage setting
superb. The following is the cast:
Douglas Winthrop.....Ed. R. Mawson
Buxton Foot.....Robert A. Evans
Herbert.....Edmond Whitley
Janette.....Bertha Watson
Mrs. Winthrop.....Jessie Bonstelle
Constance Winthrop.....Kate Blanche
Mrs. Dick Chester.....Ames Blanche
Edith.....Ames Blanche
The Fiske Jubilee singers who were last
heard here in 1894, propose giving a
sacred concert at the opera house on Sun-
day evening, January 7th. The Jubilee
Singers seldom give concerts on Sunday
but the opera house was not available any
other evening. Their concerts are always
largely sacred and the one mentioned will
be exclusively so. Mrs. Cole is still the
leader of the company and there are many
here who remember with pleasure her
magnificent voice and who will be glad to
welcome her again to St. John. Since the
company has been heard here its members
have made a concert tour of Europe.
The concerts under the management of
Mr. Fred G. Spencer are announced for
February 1st and 2nd. Mr. Spencer has
secured the Redpath Concert Co., the
personnel of which includes new names
this season.
Mr. and Mrs. Reginald De Koven will
reside in Washington this winter.
Josephine Hall may go to London to
appear in her present role in The Girl
from Maxim's.
Albert Raymond Alvarez, the French
tenor, arrived from Europe on Sunday, to
join the Maurice Grau company.
John Jack has been specially engaged
to play Grandfather Trent in Little Nell
and the Marchioness, with Mary Sanders.
Mauda Winter, it is expected, will star
next season in a rural comedy-drama now
being written for her by Howard P. Taylor.
Marie Tempest is reported to have re-
signed from the cast of San Toy in Lon-
don, as a result of the wrangle about the
costumes.
Dorothy Morton decided at the last mo-
ment that she wouldn't appear at the ma-
quette of A Greek Slave at the Herald Square

Great Bargains — IN — Millinery

Our entire stock of Trim-
med Hats, Toques and
Bonnets at greatly reduced
prices.

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO.,

77 King Street.

last Wednesday, so the audience was dis-
missed. Miss Morton says that her con-
tract calls for only one matinee a week.
Adme Bouvier, it is said in London, will
soon join De Wolf Hopfer's company, tak-
ing her original role in The Mystical Miss.
(The Charlatan.)
John W. Albaugh, Sr., retired from the
stage after his performance as Shylock in
The Merchant of Venice with the Lyceum
company, Baltimore, last week.
William H. Crane is going to play David
Harum in the dramatisation of the novel
of that name. It will be produced this
season by Mr. Crane's present company.
Ignace Paderewski, "the magnetic Pole"
arrived in this city on Dec. 6 from Europe.
He was accompanied by Madame Paderew-
ski who proceeded to Boston to visit
friends. The pianist played at Carnegie
hall Tuesday afternoon.
P. Aug. Anderson has been engaged
by Manager Robert E. Johnston to play
Quilp with Mary Sanders in Little Nell and
the Marchioness. Mr. Anderson was the
Quilp in Lotta's production of Brougham's
version of the story years ago.
Eleanor Merron, author of The Dairy
Farm, was entertained by Sorosis on Dec.
4 at a luncheon at the Waldorf Astoria.
Miss Merron, was the special guest of
Grace Barton Allen, whose mother, Eliza-
beth Akers Allen, wrote the song "Rock
Me to Sleep," which is sung in Miss
Merron's play.
Felix Schweighofer, the German comedi-
an, scheduled to open at the Irving Place
Theatre on Dec. 25, was asphyxiated by
coal gas in Berlin last week, and cabled
that he could not get here until Jan. 12.
Director Conrad cabled, however, that he
would be held to contract and the comedian
sailed Tuesday from Bremen.
Mrs. John Wood, one of the most inter-
esting links in the chain of artistic and per-
sonal sympathy which is supposed to con-
nect the stage of America with that of
Great Britain, is about to retire from the
stage. Mrs. Wood has been telling her
friends that they have seen her for the last
time in public, and that her final with-
drawal from the profession in which she
has been so conspicuous in two countries
will be accomplished with no ado whatever.
She has said "I am finished," and persons
who know her are inclined to believe that
she is serious. Mrs. Wood had the curi-
ous experience thirty three years ago of
returning to her own home from this
country and meeting with failure because she
was supposed to be an American, and the
same warmth of feeling between the two
countries did not exist.
Mrs. Wood was born in England, spent
her youth there, and only became a no-
table figure in the American theatre after
she reached womanhood. The memory of
that experience in her own country did
not endure long, for her prosperity began
soon after this experience. It may have
been that her own country people dis-
covered Mrs. Wood's nationality, but it is
more likely that her healthy personality
and rollicking humor would have won in
any country, whatever the prejudices
against her may have been. Ever since
that time she has been at the top in Lon-
don, now managing a theatre of her own,
or acting the principal part in some im-
portant production arranged for her. She
is now 70 years old at least, and attributes
her great vitality at this age to the extreme-
ly quiet life which she has always led
whenever her professional duties did not
interfere. No body would suppose that

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articles.
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to be found in the regular stores, write us and we
will quote you prices, all correspondence confiden-
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THE UNIVERSAL RUBBER CO., P. O. Box 1144,
Montreal.

Mrs. Wood was more than 60 years old.
But she has at least twenty more to her
credit.
When not in London Mrs. Wood lives
in Birmington-on-Sea in a villa called
"Heart's Delight," which is remarkable
chiefly for its area of garden in proportion
to the size of the house. It is really that
part of the establishment which is the most
important to its owner. All of her time in
fair weather is spent working there, and in
the spring and autumn days she does not
leave until the time comes for the theatre.
In vacation Mrs. Wood makes the rule
that 10 o'clock shall be the bed hour for
all her guests, and no more exciting occu-
pation than this is tolerated as an evening
diversion. The hostess says that is exact-
ing enough for one of her age. She is a
Christian Scientist, like many more in pro-
fessional life, and explains calling a doctor
when she broke her ankle a year ago, in-
stead of relying on the treatment of her
own faith, that she had no time to waste
and owed it to her manager as well as
herself to employ every possible means of
getting well. Her salary in London theatre
has been for some years past \$500 a week,
and she likes to say that few women of her
age were ever able to command so much.
The Philadelphia papers seem to be
rather uncertain as to how to classify My
Lady's Lord. Mr. Esmond's new play,
produced there last week. One paper
says: "Some might call it a farce, some a
burlesque without music, others a fairy
story, while others might give it up." An-
other journal speaks of it as a mixture of
burlesque and romance. Still another
remarks that "If My Lady's Lord should
ever come to be taken seriously it would
be unceremoniously damned."
The author himself describes his work as
"a whimsical romance." Philadelphia play-
goers do not appear to have seen its drift.
How could they be expected to when the
critics themselves are more or less at sea
as to whether the work is a playwright's
joke or an intentional extravaganza?
It will be interesting to observe whether
the New York public gets any clearer in-
sight into the meaning of the piece when it
is offered to their consideration.
It is said that some years ago drunken-
ness was so general among the Russian
peasantry that in one province of that
country cheap theatres were established
under government auspices as a means of
reform; and that such was the success of
the experiment that it is to be tried again,
this time throughout the country, in towns
having a population of 8,000 or more.
Those persons that thoughtlessly and ig-
norantly condemn the theatres—happily
they grow fewer year by year—ought to
make a note of this and ruminate upon it.
The irrepressible and infinitely varied
Bernhardt wishes to appear as her own
lawyer at Paris in a case of which she is
defendant, but the court has denied her
that privilege, which would be valuable
enough as an advertisement to reconcile
her to an adverse finding. And yet Sarah
may excusably felicitate herself on the fact
that had the court been less arbitrary
she might have exploded that ancient say-
ing that he who acts as his own lawyer has
a fool for a client.

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tial. Send in stamp for catalogue.
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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC 23

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

THE CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL.

We respect the conscientious scruples of those who register a solemn protest against SANTA CLAUS, but their sentiments are none the less abhorrent to us. Let us admit, merely for the sake of argument of course, that the best and most widely loved of saints, and that there is a deviation from literal veracity in the old legends concerning him. Even so, his genial heart expanding influence has been worth more to this world than whole libraries of blue books and indisputable statistics. There is a truth in the imagination as well as in fact and it is often of deepest import. What are the best fairy stories but symbolic utterances against evil and invocations to righteousness? But this is trading too close upon the supererogation of the earnest workers. Whatever stirs the emotional nature has its value, even if the moral is not obvious. A child brought up in the dreary barren Gadgrind school of facts wherein the fancy has no part is an object of pity. The nakedness of truth unadorned is not always an unmix'd blessing. Moreover the expression of truth is sometimes a positive wrong. It may be spiteful and cruel. There is a starchy puritanical truth that, truthfully considered is all eye and lie, and there is a savage bustling truth whose only purpose is to wound. We can make no such generalization as that all recitals of facts are safe and noble and that all illusions are dangerous and ignoble. The final test is in the spirit and in the teachings of human experience. Judged by this SANTA CLAUS will come out triumphant from the investigation of any but a packed court. We have all believed in him and with what results? Are we all knaves and falsifiers? If the theory that his influence is malignant were true the christian world would consist only of millions of replicas of ANANIAS and SAPPHIRA who died before SANTA CLAUS was known. But when the myth, if it is a myth, is exploded in the life of each one of us we do not regard it from that time on as license to prevaricate. We cherish its spirit and memory for ourselves and its illusions for our children, who will come out from them in turn as scathless as their parents. There has been no harm done by the legend which has made life infinitely more beautiful and given a stimulus to the imagination that is helpful ever afterwards. This is a spiritual view, but there is an utilitarian one. As an assistant disciplinarian SANTA CLAUS is without a rival and on no account can his invaluable services be dispensed with.

The Boer war is felt in England's finances. Not only is the flood of gold from the Rand mines stopped, but the cost of the war is enormous. The original estimate was \$50,000,000, but that sum is now raised to \$200,000,000, and the larger figure may look small when the fight is over. Gold exports from the states are unusual at this time of the year, but London's necessity is great and pressure there resulted in the shipment of \$2,450,000 of gold, from New York last Saturday.

Germany has another naval bill before her. This is a comprehensive scheme covering 30 years of construction which aims at placing the German navy next the English. It is part of the Emperor's bid for colonial empire, for Germany needs no such fleet at home. The Reichstag will fight over the bill, but its ultimate passage is probable. A more creditable move of Emperor WILLIAM'S is the withdrawal from

PARIS OF THE GERMAN MILITARY ATTACHE ON ACCOUNT OF THE CONTINUED DRAXFUS AGITATION.

The New York school teachers whose salaries have been so cruelly withheld are now assured of justice. JUDGE GAYNOR last week handed down a decision which orders the authorities to pay the teachers their dues, and the city officials will obey.

New York had a novel automobile runaway accident last week, in which the machine performed all sorts of capers and ended in a mad career by breaking a man's leg. Fifth avenue was the scene of the performance which drew a large crowd.

Unseasonable weather continues. A heavy rain followed at a discreet interval by cold weather with snow for sleighing would rejoice the hearts of farmers, mill men and merchants. Besides, the boys want snow for Christmas.

The January Number of the Delticentor, which is called the Century Number, begins the fifty sixth volume, and it exhibits a marked advancement in many details. There is, as usual, a complete presentation of the season's fashionable modes, a varied selection of brilliant literary features, and a generous amount of general household matter. Conspicuous among the literary articles is an 'Affair of Violets' by Harriet Riddle Davis, a delightful story of happy results following the tragic ending of a young woman's efforts in a business venture. In this number also is presented the first of a series of practical papers on Children and their Ills by Dr. Grace Pookham Murray. Cornelia Atwood Pratt contributes the first of three papers on The Young Girl, dealing with the last of her school days and the first years at home. Particularly appropriate just now is the article, 'Seen in the Shops, suggesting desirable articles for gifts. The Cradle of the World, by Laura B Starr is an admirably illustrated article descriptive of babyhood among many people. College news, by Carolyn Halsted, reviews the many features that mark the new year at the educational centres. Note and comment on important events in the club movements make club women and club life, by Helen M. Winslow, an inviting chapter. The tableaux for the children, entitled 'Mistress Mary's Garden, and the Two Entertainments will prove thoroughly enjoyable. A pertinent article at this time is the household topic 'New Year's Resolutions, as considered by N. E. May; other domestic subjects of worth are: 'Mending by Mary Seider, and an attractive group of recipes by Nannie Moore. An article ecclesiastical embroidery is contributed by Emma Haywood, social observation, conducted by Mrs. Frank Learned, is a valuable feature of the magazine, and in addition are the various departments: Crocheting, lace-making, tatting, knitting, the dressmaker, the milliner, the holiday books, etc., etc.

PROGRESS has much pleasure in announcing the 37th annual opening of the ever popular Victoria Rink, which important event is scheduled for Christmas day. There is no doubt but the efficient manner in which the Victoria has been conducted the past eight years, will tend to make it all the more sought after the season just commencing. During the fall months carpenters and painters have made many needed improvements and the rink is now second to none in Canada. Cleanliness and order as well as protection has ever been the aim of the management. Bright new and catchy music will be given each hand night by the "Vics" own band, making the season one of pleasure and healthful recreation. The parent, brother or sister who are just now wondering what to give as a Christmas present could hit upon no more suitable gift than a season ticket for the Victoria Rink. See advertisement on another page for prices.

PERPETUAL NIGHT IN THE OCEAN. Sir John Murray recently summed up the latest discoveries concerning the ocean. The deep sea, he says, is a region of darkness, as well as of low temperature, because the rays of the sun are wholly absorbed by the superficial layers of water. Plant life is absent, but animal life is abundant in those night haunted depths. The majority of the deep sea animals live by eating mud and by catching the minute particles of organic matter which descend from above. Many of the mud eating animals are of gigantic size compared with their allies in shallower waters, but they are the prey of rapacious enemies armed with peculiar prehensile organs. Some deep-sea fishes are blind while others have very large eyes. Phosphorescent light plays an important role in the great deeps. Sometimes the animals are furnished with phosphorescent organs which recall the use of bull's-eye lanterns.

We also wish you to know that we do the best laundry work. Neckbands replaced and also hosiery mended. Ungar's Laundry, Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning, Phone 88, 25 to 34 Waterloo street.

FORMS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Christmas Day With the Children. There's a misty storm around us all, And ever outside the door; A well known footstep seems to fall, But no one is standing there. Sad news from the battle field we hear, The saddest of all our years; It is Christmas day with the children dear, But we are in silent tears.

The life and hope of our home is gone, And though merrily ring the bells; They cannot restore to us our own, More sorrow each sound foretells. The subject of men a house to cheer, Now sleeps where the foe appears; It is Christmas day with the children dear, But we are in silent tears.

The star of our Christmas eve was red, And the chill of a dark night's breath; We cold as a warrior's unknown bed, And still as the march of death. The Northern snows lie white and dead, As a spirit to us appears; It is Christmas day with the children dear, But we are in silent tears.

We had to choke down our awful grief, To bring in the Christmas tree; O for a breath of blessed relief, From the sorrows our souls must see. The hands may part and the troops may cheer, When a victor fills their ear; And it's Christmas day to the children dear, But we are in silent tears.

Our hearts are away in that distant land, Where the hot rays blazed and burn; And one is not in that gallant band, Which some day may yet return. Ah, what shall we do in our anguish here, And the darkness the future wears? It is Christmas day with the children dear, But with us it is silent tears.

Pleasant Voices. Often when twilight shadows round us fall, Low voices to our hearts unbidden come; And to us all in beauty love to call The old familiar names so loved at home. Like music from the strains of vanished years They haunt us here and fill our eyes with tears.

When all are gone and faces none so dear, Lie close beneath our silent burial mounds; How reverently we linger sadly there, And treasure still the well remembered sounds, Or it is some far foreign land we roam, We cherish still the melodies of home.

Wherever we may go they follow here, And in our darkest days are low and sweet; In memory's halls then fondly they appear, And lovingly their tender eyes we meet. They tell us too of brighter days to come, In fair climates and all once more at home.

Earth, the Beautiful. I think the time will never be, When earth will not seem fair to me. If I may see the arching sky, With fleecy clouds wreath'd in blue; And green with grass, and white with snow, And clover in its shadow spread; Or see a river's steady flight, Its rippling racing to the sea; Though keen my sorrow, deep my woe, Yet happiness my heart must know.

Or if to slumbering eyes no ray Should enter from the brightest day, I might smell a violet's perfume, My dearest way I should forget, And in my fancy see once more As we would, lies with bonnets stretched out, And gathered thickly round my feet The bending wild flowers, fair and sweet. Or if my hand might hold a rose, The garden gates would swing unclose, And rank on rank there bloom for me Far fairer flowers than now I see. The ocean waves would ring for me Their mournful vibrant sympathy; And when in organs tones arise Storm voices as grandly to the skies. My pity we, abandoned to stay, My heart would join in Nature's psalm, My soul would join in Nature's psalm.

The Solitaire Player. He shrifts the weary cards again, And he cuts the pack anew, And he deals a them out with a heedless hand In the gym that is never done. He deals them out with a heedless eye, He places them one by one, He shuffles and cuts and begins once more In the play that is never done. Some that he deals are kings and queens, And some are attendant jacks And most are the half way number cards; The bulk of the weary packs. And here and there in the jostled rows Is a lonely, sublime, sad face, But most, if the cards are compound things, With the sum of the ace on their face.

He lifts and places them one by one, He combines them as they fall, And builds on the ace that base the whole, And the kings top off them all. But ever he shuffles the cards again, (We care!) and he deals anew, And he warily rebegins the play In the game that is never through.

Fleeting Dreams. When city streets are dull and gray, And office hours are dull as they; When like a schoolboy lack of school, I dream about the salmon pool, Or from my mantelpiece I reach The idle reel and make it screech. What glorious memories will be found In that exhilarating sound; The fresh eyes of the sun umm breeze, That whistled through the rowan trees; The ruffled and the grooms last call; And, best of all, the spots that fall.

The spots that, as it hurries by, Bears down my realistic life; My William, my silver foot, My velvet and my hat and coat, A specious morsel to invite The salmon's jaded appetite. Humor this soliloquy to the full, And give my heart a little thrill; A sudden 'twixt that I may feel The thrill, and hear the whirling reel, May light and dim these faded scenes, With streamers red and running lines.

I see him leaping over there, A bar of silver in the air; I hear the onlookers pronounce His name, and see his eyes on me; His rubies and his silks begin, He struggles—but I always win.

I never feel the sudden drax That proves me broken round a snag; I'm never adrift of grief, as these, Not in my dreamland—no, no, no! The shadow of delight I quest, And always bring home to the past.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. ABSOLUTELY PURE. Makes the food more delicious and wholesome. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

A JUDGE IN TROUBLE.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

then requested Hainington to allow him to make a copy of the document produced, he refused to do so, but added that if so advised by his counsel, Mr. Pugsley, he would. If the case came to a hearing he would be willing to show it to Judge Barker. I stated that I thought I was entitled to make a copy of it as I could not depend upon my memory for its contents. From my examination of the said document in the office of defendants solicitors I believe the same contains a number of clauses inequitable and unjust to the proposed bequests in trust as well as to all other creditors of the said James A. Vanwart and I feel that it is impossible for me to advise my clients to become parties thereto.

With the affidavits before the court the case will be heard in January at the sitting of the equity court, when it will be decided whether or not the judgments secured by Messrs. Macrae & Sinclair for their clients will hold good.

There are two suits one for John Hetherington and the other Sarah Hetherington who were each left \$100 in trust. The interest on each amounts to \$38.02.

Mr. Kinghorn was a generous sort of a man. He left \$9,000 to the Reformed Baptist alliance and the conditions of the trust are interesting. Judge Vanwart is the trustee and this was the receipt he gave to Mr. Kinghorn when the money was handed over.

I, James A. Vanwart of the City of Fredericton in the County of York, Barrister at-law, do hereby acknowledge to have received this day from the Reverend William Kinghorn of the Parish of Douglas in the County of York the sum of three thousand dollars to be held in trust for the uses and purposes following, namely:—

From time to time to invest said moneys and to change the securities as to me seems advisable, and I am not to be responsible for any more or greater rate of interest than I actually receive for same, and not to be chargeable with interest on said money or any portion thereof when not invested, said moneys not to be invested at a less interest than six per cent during the lifetime of his son William Kinghorn junior, without his consent and pay the interest actually derived therefrom to the said Reverend William Kinghorn during his natural life and at his death to pay the interest received therefrom semi-annually to his wife Mary Jane Kinghorn during her natural life; and at her death to pay the interest received therefrom to the said William Kinghorn junior semi-annually during his life; and at his death, if the said Mary Jane Kinghorn should survive the said William Kinghorn junior, then at her death and within ninety days thereafter to pay the said sum of three thousand dollars to the president and treasurer for the time being of the Reformed Baptist Alliance to be applied by them for Evangelical work in the Province of New Brunswick, the receipt of the said president and treasurer for the time being of the Reformed Baptist Alliance to be a valid discharge to me, and I to be exonerated from seeing that said money is applied for the purposes for which it is paid to the said Reformed Baptist Alliance; I in no way to be responsible to see the application of said money when paid over to them. I to retain a reasonable compensation, out of the interest derived from said moneys for my troubles and services in carrying out said trusts.

If the said Mary Jane Kinghorn and William Kinghorn junior should both die within fifteen years from the date of the death of the said William Kinghorn, then the interest derivable from the date of the death of the survivor of them shall be paid to the children of the said William Kinghorn, junior, that may be then living until the full term of fifteen years from the date of the death of the said Reverend William Kinghorn at which time the said sum of three thousand dollars shall be paid atheretofore stated.

But in no case is the said sum of three thousand dollars to be paid to the said Reformed Baptist Alliance until the expiration of at least fifteen years from the date of the death of the said Reverend William Kinghorn.

Gripsock for December. The Gripsock for December came out in larger form than the usual issue with more

illustrations, many of them from flourishing Cape Breton. New Glasgow gets a larger share of attention and portraits of prominent civil officials from there and Sydney and other points in Nova Scotia make the issue more interesting. Messrs. Knowles & Shillings have covered a good deal of territory in the line of illustration and this enterprise is quite apparent in the pages of Gripsock.

OLD-TIME CUSTOMS

Some of the Old Quaker Customs and Forms of Remembrance.

In the history of the old Quaker Coates family, of Punnaylania, we are told of a sermon preached by a certain godly Friend Benjamin Lay, near the end of the last century, on the vice of luxury. He spoke to a great crowd in the street in Philadelphia from the balcony of the court-house. On a table beside him was his wife's new service of French china, and he emphasized every sentence by banging a cup or a plate on the stones below, until nothing but a heap of glittering fragments remained. One does not like to think of his home-coming, unless Mr. Lay's temper was under better control than her husband's.

Boys addicted to lying or profanity were whipped, it not into virtue, into silence. The rawhide was found in every well-ordered household, ready for instant use.

In Pennsylvania hardened offenders were often publicly treated to a discipline of fasting and prayer in the hope that the evil spirit would be driven from their mouths in visible form. Watson in his annals, tells of the torture for days of some these men by well meaning zealots, the town looking on.

In Virginia women guilty of evil speaking and slandering were compelled to appear in church during the service wrapped in white sheets, to make confession of their fault, and publicly to pray for pardon. The methods of sinning and of correction differ in every age, but after all it is the same man and the same woman in Eden, in African jungles, in Quaker meeting houses, in Catholic chapels, in Protestant churches, or in American clubs today. The same names: evil is at work, and the same Helper is at hand.

The Welcome Soap Co.

The Welcome Soap factory, since their scorching and escape from being burned up, in the fire which consumed the Peters Tannery, has been making considerable improvements. The front of the building is nicely repainted as well as the interior, where much repairing and improvements have been effected. In this factory is made the Famous Welcome Soap for the Canadian markets. This soap is an American article, it is so popular and well known that the familiar clasp-hands Trade Mark and name has become a household word throughout the New England states for years.

The manager of this business reports a very busy season, and that their factory has been worked up to its full capacity for some months. Welcome soap is steadily growing in favor and the sales noticeably increasing, which not only is a sure indication of the superiority of Welcome Soap as a household necessity, but that the article is advertised to the consuming public and the sales pushed with energy and ability. This company are liberal and constant advertisers, and employ three pushing and popular travelling salesmen to cover the Maritime provinces and see that Famous Welcome Soap is on sale and well represented in every locality.

Two Answers.

Not long ago a Boston clergyman received an evening call from an elderly man and woman who expressed a wish to be joined in the bonds of matrimony then and there.

"Have you ever been married before?" asked the clergyman of the man, an honest-eyed weather-beaten parson of seafaring aspect.

"Never, and never wanted to be before," was the prompt reply.

"And have you ever been married before?" the question came to the woman. "No, sir," she replied with equal promptness; and with a touch of humor that appealed to the clergyman at once, she added "I never had a chance!" The marriage ceremony was speedily performed, and the clergyman refused to take any fee, telling the bride with a twinkle in his eye that it had been a privilege to officiate, which he would have been very sorry to miss.

BAKING POWDER PURE Delicious and wholesome

Illustrations many of them from flourishing Cape Breton. New Glasgow gets a larger share of attention and portraits of prominent civil officials from there and Sydney and other points in Nova Scotia make the issue more interesting.

Some of the Old Quaker Customs and Forms of Entertainment. In the history of the old Quaker Coates family, of Pennsylvania, we are told of a sermon preached by a certain godly Friend B. J. J. J. near the end of the last century, on the vice of luxury.

He spoke to a great crowd in the street in Philadelphia from the balcony of the court-house. On a table beside him was his wife's new service of French china, and he emphasized every sentence by banging a cup or a plate on the stones below, until nothing but a heap of glittering fragments remained.

Boys addicted to lying or profanity were whipped, it not into virtue, into silence. The rawhide was found in every well-ordered household, ready for instant use. In Pennsylvania hardened offenders were often publicly treated to a discipline of fasting and prayer in the hope that the evil spirit would be driven from their mouths in visible form.

In Virginia women guilty of evil speaking and slandering were compelled to appear in church during the service wrapped in white sheets, to make confession of their fault, and publicly to pray for pardon. The methods of sinning and of correction differ in every age, but after all it is the same man and the same woman in Eden, in African jungles, in Quaker meeting houses, in Catholic chapels, in Protestant churches, or in American clubs today.

The Welcome Soap Co. The Welcome Soap factory, since their scorching and escape from being burned up, in the fire which consumed the Peters Tannery, has been making considerable improvements. The front of the building is nicely repainted as well as the interior, where much repairing and improvements have been effected.

The manager of this business reports a very busy season, and that their factory has been worked up to its full capacity for some months. Welcome soap is steadily growing in favor and the sales noticeably increasing, which not only is a sure indication of the superiority of Welcome Soap as a household necessity, but that the article is advertised to the consuming public and the sales pushed with energy and ability.

Not long ago a Boston clergyman received an evening call from an elderly man and woman who expressed a wish to be joined in the bonds of matrimony then and there.

"Have you ever been married before?" asked the clergyman of the man, an honest-eyed weather-beaten person of coloring aspect.

"Never, and never wanted to be before," was the prompt reply.

"And have you ever been married before?" the question came to the woman.

"No, sir," she replied with equal promptness; and with a touch of humor that appealed to the clergyman at once, she added "I never had a chance!"

The marriage ceremony was speedily performed, and the clergyman refused to take any fee, telling the bride with a wrinkle in his eye that it had been a privilege to officiate, which he would have been very sorry to miss.



Victoria Skating Rink ESTABLISHED 1864. 1899-SEASON-1900 GRAND OPENING CHRISTMAS DAY.

Season Tickets now on sale at the Rink at following prices: Gentlemen... \$5.00 Ladies... \$3.00 Children under 14 years... \$2.00

Mr. Hyman who was in town this week gave a charming dinner at the Rink at which the following were among the guests: Dr. White, Mrs. White, Mr. and Mrs. C. Ooster, Miss Burpee, Miss Dever, Col. Geo. Jones and Mrs. Jones, Mr. Redmond, Mr. Sherwood Skinner and Mrs. Skinner.

The young people's annual ball will take place in the Assembly rooms of the Institute on December 29th. The chaperones are Mrs. W. F. Harrison, Mrs. George West Jones, Mrs. Stewart Skinner, Mrs. C. F. Harrison, Mrs. E. T. Sturdee and Mrs. W. W. White.

Mr. William McDonald son of Mr. Mont. McDonald, who went to Buenos Ayres some time ago, has been obliged to return home as the climate of that country did not suit him.

Mr. James S. Ford has been confined to his residence on Germain street through illness this week. Mr. McKewen, who has been visiting Mrs. G. M. Campbell of Fredericton, left this week for Fernie, B. C., where she will spend the winter with her daughter Mrs. S. Bonnell.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Brees arrived last Monday to spend the week with Mrs. Brees's parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. J. D. Landry. Mr. O'Leary went to Boston Monday for a few days' stay.

Miss Alice and Kate Lloyd were summoned from Boston, where they were visiting, by the death of their father Mr. H. Lloyd, which occurred on Sunday.

Miss McConnell of Marysville, visited Miss Warwick this week on her way home from Mt. Allison to spend the Christmas holidays.

Mr. Scott E. Morrell left the first of the week for a short visit to Toronto. The sale in the vestry of the Mission church in the early part of the week was very well attended, considering the busy season at which it was held.

The marriage took place Thursday afternoon at Capt. A. G. Pote's of the Prince Rupert, to Miss Ella M. Cairns, daughter of Alexander Cairns, at the residence of the bride on Sydney street, Rev. W. W. Weddall officiating.

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Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Upham are rejoicing over the arrival of a daughter last week. An Allen line steamer sailing from Montreal on May 1 will have among its passengers, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. H. Grimmer, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Gilmore, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Eaton, Miss Charlotte Young and Judge Wells, all enroute to the Paris exposition.

Mrs. Wm H. Whitlock's friends will be glad to know that she is improving in health. She will be obliged to remain in Boston until after Christmas. Miss Margaret Whitlock will remain with her.

Mrs. E. M. Cummins of Bath is visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Commins. Dr. Commins will join her for Christmas. Miss Lottie Bancroft, Bernard and Wilfred Bancroft are visiting relatives and friends in Deferim.

Arthur Chipman and Miss Constance Chipman are expected to arrive home on Friday. Among the engagements for Christmas week will be a dance Tuesday evening in Red Men's hall, Calais. On that evening a Thursday night class in dancing will be arranged for the winter by Mrs. W. A. Henry.

Miss Louie Taylor's friends will be interested to hear that she intends to spend the next five months in New York city where she has an engagement and also the privilege of violin instruction.

Mrs. W. D. McLaughlin has been quite ill for several days with an attack of scarlet rash. Mrs. Lewis Dexter entertained the whist club on Wednesday evening at her home in Milltown.

Mrs. Charles F. Eaton of Princeton was in town during the past week. Another whist club has been formed and held its first meeting at the residence of Mr. Joseph Merridith.

The Travellers' club met at Thornecroft, the residence of Mr. E. C. Young, on Monday afternoon. Miss Berta Toed and Miss Edith Deinstath have returned from Sackville to spend the Christmas holidays.

The Best Advertisement WELCOME SOAP

is the consumers, for it never fails to give satisfaction. It has that free lathering, great cleansing, and at the same time economical quality that pleases. One trial means another, and that means conviction and a customer.

THE FAMOUS Welcome.



For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, and like affections of the Throat and Lungs, there is no better remedy than

HAWKER'S Tolu and Wild Cherry BALSAM

For Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Biliousness, Constipation.

HAWKER'S LIVER PILLS LEAD THE LIST.

THE CANADIAN DRUG CO., Ltd. The Ladies' Art Needlework Store.

"Every woman has a soft spot in her heart for ART." Ladies looking for CHRISTMAS GIFTS should not fail to call at the

Ladies' Art Needlework Parlor, 89 GERMAIN STREET,

where Mrs. H. D. Everett has one of the finest displays of PAINTINGS and NEEDLEWORK ever seen in St. John; or where Mr. Kinnear can supply any kind of FANCY WORK wanted.

Ask your dealer for the GREAT GAME of BOBITY FUN FOR ALL AGES. Sold at \$1.00 and \$1.50. The G. A. Holland & Son Co., Manufacturers, Montreal, Canada.

When You Want a Real Tonic ask for ST. AGUSTINE (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899. E. G. SCOVIL, "Having used both we think the St. Augustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic." JOHN C. CLOWES.

E. G. SCOVIL, 62 Union Street.

Fry's Cocoa has the true, rich, delicate cocoa flavor that only an absolutely pure cocoa can possibly yield. It is easily soluble in hot water. It nourishes the system without weakening the digestive organs. It is concentrated and hence economical to use. Sold by best grocers everywhere.

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as snow---WITH means that clothes torn and shredded and there is posichemical in VIC-

address, 91, St. Mar... No words I... Victoria. I have... 3 years, and find... work, hurta neither... gets clothes a lovely

CASH DAY.

lers in St. John N. B., and... four boilers of clothes.

), Mrs., - Montreal.

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BRONZE CASTINGS

high-grade Alloy, strictly... phorus tin. A sample keg... responsible brass foundry... n patent by

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and thorough manner to be eradicated... ing and flannel wraps about the chest... re... try it

Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam

Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

FOR ARTISTS.

WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS. WATER COLORS. CANVAS, etc., etc.

Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family. FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES. A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL. Wholesale Agents for Canada.

A BOOK FOR WOMEN. A SPECIAL OFFER. A WOMAN IN HEALTH AND DISEASE. DAUGHTER, WIFE AND MOTHER. By Julia & Richard. Mrs. J. C. RICHARD, 224 BAY STREET, MONTREAL.

ANAPOLIS.

Dec 19--Rev. J. C. White was in town a few days this week on his way to Wolfville from a business trip to New Brunswick. Mr. White will, during the winter, have a copy of the mission in connection with the Baptist church at Wolfville. F. L. Milner and O. T. Daniels of Bridgetown, and W. G. Parsons of Middletown, were in town this week. Miss McLachlan has just returned from Montreal, and is staying with her sister, Mrs. (Rev.) E. de Blois. Mrs. Aubrey Brown, of the Myrtle House, Digby, spent a few days in town last week visiting relatives. J. J. Ritchie, C. C., left for Halifax on Wednesday, and will return to-morrow. James Riley, of the Spectator staff, and his sister Miss Ellis, who have been visiting in Boston for the past month, returned home Saturday. J. B. Mills, M. P., and son, Harold M., left yesterday for St. John. Fred Edwards, who has been employed on the N. Y., N. H. and H. R. Y., arrived home from Boston last Saturday, and will remain for the winter, assisting his father at the D. A. B. station. Miss Marion E. Barreux, of Middletown, was successful in obtaining a diploma for shorthand and typewriting from the commercial department of Whitson a Commercial College, Halifax. Rev. Howard E. Bosch of this town will preach in Windsor on Sunday next. Ralph Oliver, of Digby, is spending a few days in town.

MONTON.

(Progress is for sale at Monton at Hattie Freedie's Bookstore, M. B. Jones' Bookstore. Mr. Roy Sumner has returned from a shooting trip to Hartibogue. Coun. Ora P. King, barrister, of Sussex was in town this week. Mr. Patrick Cunningham, of Waterville, Me., is home on a few days' visit. Mr. James Barnes, M. P., of Easton was here Tuesday. Mr. Wm. Renssela, district Superintendent, L. C. B. Campbell, is in the city. Mr. Geo. M. Ryan, assistant post office inspector at St. John, came down from the north, on his return to St. John. Mrs. C. F. Hamilton and daughter left on the Maritime express last Tuesday night for Nelson B. C., where they will spend the winter. Amherst Press: Mrs. E. H. Brown returned a few days ago from Boston. Her little daughter, Jean underwent an operation and is much improved in health. Right Rev. T. Casey Coadjutor Bishop of St. John passed through Monton this week on his way

ITCHING SKIN.

In any Form, Whether Eczema, Salt Rheum or Piles Is Relieved at once and Permanently Cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

One of the strongest endorsements any remedy can have is its adoption by the medical profession as the standard treatment for the ills for which it is recommended. Such is the position of Dr. Chase's Ointment today. DOCTORS USE IT. Before the introduction of Dr. Chase's Ointment doctors admitted that they could not cure Eczema and Salt Rheum, and usually resorted to the surgical operation for piles. Now they use Dr. Chase's Ointment and know of no such thing as failure. Of course they don't always tell their patients what they are using, nor do they give the treatment in the original package; but nevertheless they continually order it from these offices for use in their practice and recognize it as the only absolute cure for piles and itching skin diseases. DOCTORS ENDORSE IT. Canadian doctors are a no less enthusiastic than their American brothers in the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but on account of the strict laws of the Dominion, do not care to have their names mentioned in public print. If you are in doubt regarding the wonderful virtues of Dr. Chase's Ointment ask your family physician. He knows its record in the past and will endorse it in the strongest terms. Dr. C. M. Harrison, New York, writes: "No physician now refuses to acknowledge the claims of such remedies as Dr. Chase's Ointment which proves its virtue by curing where other means have failed. "We know that Dr. Chase's Ointment meets all the requisitions of the highest standard of worth, and that it is held in high esteem wherever used, and consequently we endorse it to every reader." Dr. Chase's Ointment is guaranteed to cure any case of piles. 60 cents a box at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Lined and Turpentine for throat and lung troubles, Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. Each 25 cts. at all dealers.

PHOTOGRAPHIC TELEPHONE.

A Dane Invents a Means of Leaving a Message at the End of the Wire.

Ever since the invention of the telephone it has been the dream of electricians to see an instrument perfected which will leave a message on the other end of the wire. Numerous attempts have been made, but it has been left for a young Dane named Paulsen to invent this connecting link between the telephone and the phonograph. Paulsen left the world in ignorance of his discovery until he astonished the residents of Copenhagen a few days ago with a detailed story of what he had achieved. He demonstrated before a body of experts that a telephone message can be left at the other end of the wire and the addressee, by simply turning a knob, can hear what has been left for him.

Paulsen, until a few years ago, was an employee of the engineering department of the Copenhagen Telephone Company. Naturally he had many facilities for experiment, but his associates did not know what he was about. Instead of the usual photographic wax cylinder Paulsen supplied a steel ribbon. Where it is necessary to place off the wax on the ordinary phonograph Paulsen's phonograph needs only a cloth to rub off the writing which does the 'talking,' as easily as if it was that much chalk on a blackboard.

The only reason why experiments in this direction met with failure was because it involved too much trouble to record the message on the wax cylinder. The feasibility seemed apparent enough. But until Paulsen appeared no value could be attached to the experiments. The young man has the reputation of being a thorough chemist and it is not impossible that his knowledge of chemistry and its kindred arts has enabled him to overcome what has baffled others.

The apparatus is constructed so that a very small magnetic needle, which is connected with the current of the telephone wire, influences a steel ribbon which in turn runs over two cylinders.

These cylinders come in touch with the magnetic needle and the work is done. While the instrument is operating and a person talks into the telephone, the magnetism of the steel ribbon is influenced by the electric message to such a degree that a perfect message is recorded. At the receiving end it is only necessary to let the steel ribbon pass later before the electric needle and the current will then reproduce the words sent over the wire. Just as soon as the message has been heard, by passing a magnet over the steel ribbon, the speech is wiped off immediately and the instrument is ready to receive messages again.

The experiments which have recently been made in Copenhagen have been so successful that a company has been formed to introduce the invention all through the world. Paulsen sold out his patent and interested in the new concern are men like bankers August Lunn and Lemvig Fag. Patents have been applied for in all the principal countries of the world.

The experimenters so far with this telephone phonograph go to show that song is heard more distinctly by this method than simple words. Why this should be no one seems to know. The question arose whether time would have any effect on the clearness of the message. Apprehension was felt that if the message was held for several days the words would be inaudible. To test this the steel ribbon was removed from the machine and laid away for a time. When placed in position it gave the message very plainly.

The only drawback to the present receiving instrument is its size. It is somewhat larger than the ordinary table phonograph. But there is reason to suppose that this will be remedied as soon as the instruments are placed on the market. The new phonograph is a separate instrument, and it is not for it exists for some time it may be disconnected and placed to one side. It is arranged so that when some one calls up should no one respond, the talker is at once made aware that at the other end there is only the phonograph connection. He will, therefore, frame his message accordingly. So far as the central station is concerned, no extra work is placed on the operators there. Quite to the contrary, when a phonographic connection is present the operators will not be called upon as frequently as before. Young Paulsen is the son of one of the best known lawyers in Copenhagen, and has written considerable on the subject of physics as well as chemistry. His parents are wealthy. This allowed him to some extent to devote his time to the problem which he has recently solved.

You cannot dye a dark color light, but should dye light ones dark for home use. Magnetic Dyes give excellent results. Quinn--When women imagine themselves wise they are a menace to the community. DeFonce--You must have met some of late. Quinn--Yes, my wife. She asked me if a sea horse was in any way related to a bay mare.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements under this heading not over 500 lines (about 25 words) and 25 cents each insertion. Five insertions for every additional line.

AGENTS WANTED for a sensible money-making position: 1st. Life, Accident or fire policy; 2nd. every 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110-1111-1112-1113-1114-1115-1116-1117-1118-1119-1120-1121-1122-1123-1124-1125-1126-1127-1128-1129-1130-1131-1132-1133-1134-1135-1136-1137-1138-1139-1140-1141-1142-1143-1144-1145-1146-1147-1148-1149-1150-1151-1152-1153-1154-1155-1156-1157-1158-1159-1160-1161-1162-1163-1164-1165-1166-1167-1168-1169-1170-1171-1172-1173-1174-1175-1176-1177-1178-1179-1180-1181-1182-1183-1184-1185-1186-1187-1188-1189-1190-1191-1192-1193-1194-1195-1196-1197-1198-1199-1200-1201-1202-1203-1204-1205-1206-1207-1208-1209-1210-1211-1212-1213-1214-1215-1216-1217-1218-1219-1220-1221-1222-1223-1224-1225-1226-1227-1228-1229-1230-1231-1232-1233-1234-1235-1236-1237-1238-1239-1240-1241-1242-1243-1244-1245-1246-1247-1248-1249-1250-1251-1252-1253-1254-1255-1256-1257-1258-1259-1260-1261-1262-1263-1264-1265-1266-1267-1268-1269-1270-1271-1272-1273-1274-1275-1276-1277-1278-1279-1280-1281-1282-1283-1284-1285-1286-1287-1288-1289-1290-1291-1292-1293-1294-1295-1296-1297-1298-1299-1300-1301-1302-1303-1304-1305-1306-1307-1308-1309-1310-1311-1312-1313-1314-1315-1316-1317-1318-1319-1320-1321-1322-1323-1324-1325-1326-1327-1328-1329-1330-1331-1332-1333-1334-1335-1336-1337-1338-1339-1340-1341-1342-1343-1344-1345-1346-1347-1348-1349-1350-1351-1352-1353-1354-1355-1356-1357-1358-1359-1360-1361-1362-1363-1364-1365-1366-1367-1368-1369-1370-1371-1372-1373-1374-1375-1376-1377-1378-1379-1380-1381-1382-1383-1384-1385-1386-1387-1388-1389-1390-1391-1392-1393-1394-1395-1396-1397-1398-1399-1400-1401-1402-1403-1404-1405-1406-1407-1408-1409-1410-1411-1412-1413-1414-1415-1416-1417-1418-1419-1420-1421-1422-1423-1424-1425-1426-1427-1428-1429-1430-1431-1432-1433-1434-1435-1436-1437-1438-1439-1440-1441-1442-1443-1444-1445-1446-1447-1448-1449-1450-1451-1452-1453-1454-1455-1456-1457-1458-1459-1460-1461-1462-1463-1464-1465-1466-1467-1468-1469-1470-1471-1472-1473-1474-1475-1476-1477-1478-1479-1480-1481-1482-1483-1484-1485-1486-1487-1488-1489-1490-1491-1492-1493-1494-1495-1496-1497-1498-1499-1500-1501-1502-1503-1504-1505-1506-1507-1508-1509-1510-1511-1512-1513-1514-1515-1516-1517-1518-1519-1520-1521-1522-1523-1524-1525-1526-1527-1528-1529-1530-1531-1532-1533-1534-1535-1536-1537-1538-1539-1540-1541-1542-1543-1544-1545-1546-1547-1548-1549-1550-1551-1552-1553-1554-1555-1556-1557-1558-1559-1560-1561-1562-1563-1564-1565-1566-1567-1568-1569-1570-1571-1572-1573-1574-1575-1576-1577-1578-1579-1580-1581-1582-1583-1584-1585-1586-1587-1588-1589-1590-1591-1592-1593-1594-1595-1596-1597-1598-1599-1600-1601-1602-1603-1604-1605-1606-1607-1608-1609-1610-1611-1612-1613-1614-1615-1616-1617-1618-1619-1620-1621-1622-1623-1624-1625-1626-1627-1628-1629-1630-1631-1632-1633-1634-1635-1636-1637-1638-1639-1640-1641-1642-1643-1644-1645-1646-1647-1648-1649-1650-1651-1652-1653-1654-1655-1656-1657-1658-1659-1660-1661-1662-1663-1664-1665-1666-1667-1668-1669-1670-1671-1672-1673-1674-1675-1676-1677-1678-1679-1680-1681-1682-1683-1684-1685-1686-1687-1688-1689-1690-1691-1692-1693-1694-1695-1696-1697-1698-1699-1700-1701-1702-1703-1704-1705-1706-1707-1708-1709-1710-1711-1712-1713-1714-1715-1716-1717-1718-1719-1720-1721-1722-1723-1724-1725-1726-1727-1728-1729-1730-1731-1732-1733-1734-1735-1736-1737-1738-1739-1740-1741-1742-1743-1744-1745-1746-1747-1748-1749-1750-1751-1752-1753-1754-1755-1756-1757-1758-1759-1760-1761-1762-1763-1764-1765-1766-1767-1768-1769-1770-1771-1772-1773-1774-1775-1776-1777-1778-1779-1780-1781-1782-1783-1784-1785-1786-1787-1788-1789-1790-1791-1792-1793-1794-1795-1796-1797-1798-1799-1800-1801-1802-1803-1804-1805-1806-1807-1808-1809-1810-1811-1812-1813-1814-1815-1816-1817-1818-1819-1820-1821-1822-1823-1824-1825-1826-1827-1828-1829-1830-1831-1832-1833-1834-1835-1836-1837-1838-1839-1840-1841-1842-1843-1844-1845-1846-1847-1848-1849-1850-1851-1852-1853-1854-1855-1856-1857-1858-1859-1860-1861-1862-1863-1864-1865-1866-1867-1868-1869-1870-1871-1872-1873-1874-1875-1876-1877-1878-1879-1880-1881-1882-1883-1884-1885-1886-1887-1888-1889-1890-1891-1892-1893-1894-1895-1896-1897-1898-1899-1900-1901-1902-1903-1904-1905-1906-1907-1908-1909-1910-1911-1912-1913-1914-1915-1916-1917-1918-1919-1920-1921-1922-1923-1924-1925-1926-1927-1928-1929-1930-1931-1932-1933-1934-1935-1936-1937-1938-1939-1940-1941-1942-1943-1944-1945-1946-1947-

THE MEN WHO TALK.

Occasionally, Ned Barber, this Cause of Conversation, says One of the Latter.

The little barber was inclined to be uncommunicative and confined his attention strictly to shaving his customer. This rather unusual mood bothered the customer and after several ineffectual attempts to engage the little barber in conversation he asked:

'Why don't you say something more than 'yer' or 'no'? Usually you are perfectly willing to talk especially so when the man you are shaving wishes to be let alone.

'That's right,' retorted the little barber as he made a vicious dab with his lather brush and managed to insert the tip of it in his victim's mouth. 'That's right. Of course, we barbers always want to talk—noe. It's just you people that come in here expecting to be entertained while you lie back in the chair that cause barbers to keep up a conversation while they are shaving you. It's a funny idea that everybody seems to have that a barber is a sort of an encyclopaedia anxious to furnish information on every conceivable subject. The truth of the matter is that the barber would rather that there should be no conversation. It takes his mind off his work and then, unless he agrees in every particular with the man in the chair, the latter is very apt to take offence and quit the place.

'That may seem drawing it rather strong but it is mild. One day last week there was a man in the chair who made about the same remark that you did just now and I told him just about what I have said to you. He wanted to make a bet, and I accommodated him. I bet that the great majority of men who come in during the day would begin the conversation, while he took the opposite view. We each had a piece of paper and after we had noted down twenty seven men he handed me the money and went out without a word. Out of that twenty seven all but four had started the conversation and had done their best to prolong it.

'The first man had a small package wrapped up in a newspaper in his hand when he entered. As I was lathering him he asked: 'Do you know what there is in that package?' I hastened to assure him that I was no mahatma and was willing to let it go at that. 'Well, I'd tell you, he said. 'It's a couple of pieces of gas-pipe that have been subject to electrolysis and are curiously worn.' And with that he started to talk about the thing and tell what a great scheme he had to prevent electrolysis and what a fortune he would realize from it. He was still talking about it when the boy helped him on with his coat and then he talked to a man sitting in one of the chairs and waiting for his turn until the man went over to the stand in the corner and had his shoes shined to escape from him.

'Next came a man who knew all about prize fighting. I had to listen to the history of every fighter of the past twenty-five years. And it was only when a man in the next chair turned and called him down for slipping up on a date that he stopped talking. At that, he waited until the man who had called him down left the shop and then informed me that he could prove what he said.

'Then there was one of these real wise guys came in and wanted a shampoo. He was pretty near the limit. There wasn't a subject that he wasn't thoroughly informed upon—in his own estimation. And he wanted everybody in the place to know

what he knew. He could give you more misinformation in less time than anybody I ever met before. One of my regular customers came in then and as he appeared good natured I smiled at him. 'Who told you about it?' he asked when he saw me smile.

'About what?' says I.

'Why my little adventure with that fougat you picked out for me,' he answered and then he went on and told me all about it.

'It kept up that way all morning—religion, politics, sport, business and everything you could think of. And I had to appear interested in each subject. Out of all the men who came in no two talked on the same subject. All but four began the conversation. Half of them went out dissatisfied because I had dared to disagree with their views, and the other half probably set me down as a fool. And yet you say the barber always wants to talk. Come in here some day and don't care to do a rapid fire conversation turn with every man that sits in the chair.

'Pay at the desk. Thank you, sir. Next.'

AN AMUSING HISTORIC SCENE!
How a Woman Proved her Courage in a Trying Hour.

No doubt in the trying days of the Revolution our forefathers showed the heroic temper of their souls. Nevertheless, they were not all heroes; and there were some occasions on which even those among them who were, momentarily lost their self-control in a wave of panic.

Several great Revolutionary frights are matter of historical record, but none is more amusing than that which swept at one time over Windham County, Connecticut.

In one neighborhood especially it sped with marvellous swiftness and power, since not far away lived the rich Tory, Malbone who owned a dreaded gang of negro slaves; while in another direction, equally near, was a reservation still occupied by the remnant of a tribe of 'Paygan Injins.'

It was expected that these copper and ebony citizens—equally peaceable, as it proved—might at any moment be excited to arise and slay. Bonfires ready for light were kept piled on the hills, and a kettle of tar was suspended from the liberty pole.

'A single spark of rumor lighted all these combustibles. A post galloped through the town without stopping to communicate news, and a saucy boy on Dudley Hill had his ears boxed by a suspected Tory. Quick through the town flew the report of immediate onset!

At the terrifying cry that the Tories were coming, that the Indians were upon them, that 'Malbone's niggers' were up, the population fled to the nearest swamp. Sam Cheese raced along, ramming bullets into his musket without any powder. Limping Uncle Ass hobbled over the rough ground, lipping piteously as he went. 'Thither! Thither! I've forgot my shin plaster!' while his sister was heard grimly adjuring him, 'Come along, Ass! You'll never dress your shins again in this world! Old people were left behind hid in cupboards or haymows or remote corners of attics.

One woman, Rebekah Larned, proved the heroine of the hour. Instead of running away, she prepared to defend her home, and with it the three young children and the aged grandmother under her care.

She heaped a huge fire on the hearth, thrust every iron implement that could be mustered into the blazing embers and hung a kettle of water upon every hook of the crane, ready to give a warm reception to the first intruder. The fugitives sent back a messenger to beseech her to join them in the swamp, but in vain.

'Tell Becky,' they enjoined him, 'that iron will never do for the British.' But Rebekah remained firm; so did the

poor old grandmother, who was entreated to leave her if she would not listen to reason.

'If I am to be killed by the Tories to-night,' said the old woman, settling herself meekly in the chimney corner, 'why, then I shall be; so I'll stay with Becky.'

As neither Tory, Indian nor negro appeared to disturb her household, Rebekah Larned survived unharmed, and had the right to laugh as much as she pleased at her more timid neighbors.

CHARGED SIX HUNDRED.
How a Brave American Boy Won His Medal of Honor.

A medal of honor—the highest compliment which can be given to an American soldier—has been recommended for presentation to each of the ten surviving members of a band of twelve scouts who performed a brave feat near San Miguel de Maynme Ori, in the Philippines, on May 13, 1899.

These scouts were under the lead of William H. Young, a civilian who had been a famous scout on the Western plains in America, and whom General Lawton made his chief of scouts in the San Ysidro campaign this year.

"A Fair Outside Is a Poor Substitute For Inward Worth."

Good health, inwardly, of the kidneys, liver and bowels, is sure to come if Hood's Sarsaparilla is promptly used.

This secures a fair outside, and a consequent vigor in the frame, with the glow of health on the cheek, good appetite, perfect digestion, pure blood.

Loss of Appetite—"I was in poor health, troubled with dizziness, tired feeling and loss of appetite. I was completely run down. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and after a while I felt much better. Hood's Sarsaparilla built me up." LIZZIE A. RUSSELL, Old Chelsea, near Ottawa, Que.

Biliousness—"I have been troubled with headache and biliousness and was much run down. Tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and it gave me relief and built me up." A. MORRISON, 89 Deane Street, Toronto, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

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'If I am to be killed by the Tories to-night,' said the old woman, settling herself meekly in the chimney corner, 'why, then I shall be; so I'll stay with Becky.'

As neither Tory, Indian nor negro appeared to disturb her household, Rebekah Larned survived unharmed, and had the right to laugh as much as she pleased at her more timid neighbors.

CHARGED SIX HUNDRED.
How a Brave American Boy Won His Medal of Honor.

A medal of honor—the highest compliment which can be given to an American soldier—has been recommended for presentation to each of the ten surviving members of a band of twelve scouts who performed a brave feat near San Miguel de Maynme Ori, in the Philippines, on May 13, 1899.

These scouts were under the lead of William H. Young, a civilian who had been a famous scout on the Western plains in America, and whom General Lawton made his chief of scouts in the San Ysidro campaign this year.

On the day mentioned, General Lawton was advancing on San Miguel. A small body of Oregon volunteers came suddenly upon the enemy, drawn up in an advantageous position in front of San Miguel, the right flank resting on a stream, the left on an elevation made secure by a dense thicket.

It was afterward ascertained that the Filipino force in this position numbered about six hundred men.

Without waiting for the reinforcing battalion to support them, or to be in a position to do so, this squad of ten scouts, led by Mr. Young and by Private James Harrington of the Oregon, an old frontiers man,—twelve men in all,—charged the enemy's line, about one hundred and fifty yards distant.

The line fired, then wavered, and then completely gave way to be followed up by the reinforcing battalion, and driven from the city and environs of San Miguel, a place of great importance.

Young and Harrington, while shouting and cheering and leading the men up, were shot and killed.

Cutting.

The law court is the modern substitute for the tournament, and a pretty good substitute it proves when a battle is on between rival lawyers quick witted and outspoken.

The late Col. John Atkinson was opposed in an important case by another able lawyer, James H. Pound, and they were fighting like giants for every point of advantage. Pound had won a majority of the jousts; the colonel was nettled, and was lying low for a chance to deliver a swinging blow.

'It came,' says the judge, 'when I decided a point against Pound. It had been fiercely argued by both attorneys, and in deciding it as I did, I stated my reasons at length, giving authorities. I saw Pound shake his head at one of my conclusions; his lips moved, and I supposed he had made some comment, so when I concluded my decision, I asked:

'What did you say, Mr. Pound?'

'Quick as a shot, and in his most cutting tones of intense sarcasm, the colonel replied:

'Mr. Pound did not speak, your honor. He merely shook his head. There is nothing in it.'

Origin of Entry Rings.

These curious green circles in fields and pastures, appearing both on level ground and on hill-sides have given rise to many superstitious and called forth a variety of more or less scientific explanations. The famous Doctor Priestly strongly advocated the view that they were of electric origin. The real cause of their formation, has long

been known to be the growth of a species of fungi, which, starting from a single seed, spreads circularly and makes a broad disk on the ground. The fruit and seed form at the outer rim. The soil in the middle is exhausted, and consequently, as the ring grows larger the grass in the inner part withers. One of these circles near Stebbing, England, attained a diameter of 120 feet.

Proof Positive.

Walls have had ears since curiosity began, now it seems they have eyes, too, if we may generalize from the story of a contemporary.

A well known photographer of New York recently had his country house overhauled. A new skylight was added, and alterations were made in the roof. The men took their time and did not overwork themselves, but this did not prevent the roofer from presenting a bill almost as 'steep' as his calling. When the owner of the house expostulated, it was explained to him that the men had to be paid for their time, and they had spent several days on the job.

'No wonder,' said the photographer; and then he produced a number of snapshot photographs, representing the men on the roof of his house as taken from the attic window of an adjoining building. Some were sitting smoking, some were reading newspapers, and others were lying on their backs.

'Why,' said the astonished roofer, 'these are my men!'

'Exactly so,' replied the photographer, 'and they are earning my money.'

'What do you find to be the principal expense in running an automobile?'

'Paying the instalments on its purchase.'

A pure hard Soap
SURPRISE SOAP
MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

Corticelli SKIRT PROTECTOR
No row edges
No row edges
There is no gum or rubber or anything in Corticelli Skirt Protector that will chafe your shoes. It is made of specially grown specially spun and specially woven wool. It is better than any other skirt protector because it is made of different and better wool—it has an elastic, porous weave that dries out quickly when wet and sheds dust easily. Sewed on flat—not turned over—one or two rows of stitching—every dress goods shade. Sold everywhere 4 cts. a yard. Labeled thus



Ferro-Nickel Manganese

For Cupola, Crucible or Ladle use is the only low priced but high-grade Alloy that does not convert hard white iron into soft ductile steel castings. A sample keg, 100 pounds, shipped for trial to any responsible foundryman. From the Durango Iron Mountain high-grade Nickel and Manganese under Mexican patents by

The National Ore & Reduction Co., Durango, Mexico.
Stahlknecht Y. Cia, Banker, exclusive sole agents for the Mexican Republic, Durango, Mexico.
The United States patent right is for sale.
Howard Chemical Works, Howard Station, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

A Good showing.

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E. L. MacDonald of Alms, with Sydney hotel, Sydney, C. B.

Annie G. Lasky, city, with Nice & Nice, Counselors-at-Law, Boston, Mass.

Chas. A. Seely, city, with Phoenix Foundry, city.

Geo. N. Duffy, city, with Mt. Morris bank, New York city.

Laura Parker, Aylesford, N. S., with Chas. W. Boyer, Mechanical Engineer, Somerville, Mass.

W. J. McGuire, city, with Alfred Heane city.

Gertrude M. Gowen, city, with A. A. McClaskey & Son, Confectioners, city.

Myrtle Waring, Amherst, with Cumberland Pork Packing Co., Ltd., Amherst, N. S.

Arthur Abbinette, Hillsboro, with Dufferin hotel, city.

Fred Patterson, city, with F. C. Colwell & Co., Confectioners, city.

Millie Williams, Kingstons, with Armington's grocery, Worcester, Mass.

Ethel Weston, Norton, with Excelsior Life Ins. Co., city.

Ethel Matthews, Clarendon station, with E. R. Chapman, barristers, City.

Howe Cowan, city, with Confederation Life Ass., Co., city.

C. T. Gard, Hopewell Cape, with E. J. Armstrong, printer, city.

D. I. Buckley, Corn Hill, with F. E. Williams, grocer, city.

Bertrand Beckwith, Sheffield Mills, N. S., with Dufferin hotel city.



The Brightest Gift.

No one thing lends so much to the pleasure of Christmas as perfect Laundry.

Our work gives brilliance to any occasion, makes the wearer conspicuously clean looking and pleases in many ways. Pays the way for a perfect Christmas by sending your laundry to us. Perfectly Cleaned in Washing—Perfectly Finished in Ironing.

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98, 100, 102 Charlotte St.
GODSOE BROS., Proprietors.
Phone 214 or postal brings our team.
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PRIZE SOAP



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ks, Howard Station, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1899.

MODERN GUNNERY TERMS.

There are many terms and phrases used in the description of the war in South Africa which convey little or no information to many of those at home who are deeply interested in making out what is happening to their loved ones engaged in the field. An immense number of people are now deeply interested in the events of the war who want simple common-sense explanations about the terms they read, such as 'Creusot,' 'Krupp,' 'Sharpshooter,' 'Common Shell,' '94 pounders,' '4.7-inch guns,' 'Mauers,' 'Lee-Enfield,' and so on.

We have been told that the Boers have brought up some very heavy guns to fire upon Ladysmith and on Mafeking, but there is a dispute as to whether these are 'Krupp' guns or 'Creusot' guns, and I want first to explain what the discussion means. Creusot or 'Le Creusot' is a place in the Department of Saone-et-Loire in France, which has long been famous for its extensive iron works. It does not follow, however, that a 'Creusot' gun was made at Creusot, because that name is now applied to all the guns that are manufactured by the great French firm of Schneider & Co., who in 1835 became possessed of the works at Creusot, which, after being employed by the State under the Revolutionary Government for the manufacture of guns, were under the Empire handed back to private owners. In 1867 Messrs. Schneider made themselves famous by being the first firm fully to apply and adapt to the manufacture of both plates for armored ships and guns various inventions, chiefly English, notably the great invention of Bessemer for the cheap manufacture of steel. From that time onward their works have been steadily developed. They have applied new processes to manufacture, including the use of various alloys—notably nickel, of which in its raw state the British Empire possesses almost a monopoly—to the improvement of the quality of the steel of which they make their guns. They have become the owners of a vast area of ground in the neighborhood of Havre, and have there created gigantic workshops almost on as large a scale as their works at Creusot. Thus, when we speak of a 'Creusot' gun, we mean a gun of whatever size made by the great French firm of Schneider & Co., whether it has in fact been made at Creusot or at Havre.

On the other hand, a 'Krupp' gun means that the gun has been made by the great Prussian firm of Heren Krupp, whose works are at Essen. An 'Armstrong' gun means that the gun has been produced by the firm of Sir William Armstrong & Co., chief seat of whose work is near Newcastle, though they have large factories elsewhere—in Italy, for instance. A Maxim gun means, as far as its name is concerned, that it is the invention of Mr. Maxim, an American, many of whose patents have been bought by Messrs. Vickers & Co. A 'Maxim-Nordenfeldt' is a combined product of the inventions of Mr. Maxim and of those that were brought to this country by Mr. Nordenfeldt, a Swede. A 'Sharpshooter' is the name given to a particular form of 'shell.' It takes its name from a Gen. Sharpshooter, who during the Peninsular War invented a form in which it was applicable to the spherical shells which were fired from the guns we then used.

When, by the force of gunpowder or other explosive fired behind it, a body, which we have placed in a space like the barrel of a gun, large or small, with only one opening, that toward the muzzle, is driven forward first through the barrel and then through the open air, the resistance that it meets with is due to the opposition of the air, while it is all the time under the influence of the force by which it has been propelled and of the attraction of the earth known as gravitation. Obviously, the resistance is diminished if the same weight of metal can be put into an elongated body presenting a relatively very small surface to the air as compared with a round shot. If, however, we were to fire out of a smooth-bore gun an elongated body without any other precaution, the body, or, as we call it, the projectile, would at once begin spinning about its shorter axis according to a well known law of nature which any child can verify for himself. Experiment has proved that when once a pro-

jectile has been started with a good spin round its longer axis, the position taken by the body though the action of the air upon it is subject to certain remarkable laws which are irrelevant for my purpose yet remains very constant. Now if, by any one of many methods, we impart such a shape to the gun and to the projectile that as this later passes up through the bore of the gun, it has to turn round on its longer axis a certain number of times, it is obvious that it will leave the gun with an imparted tendency to spin round at the same rate with which it had to spin during the brief time it was in the gun. 'Rifling' takes many forms and has many varieties, but essentially it consists in the modification of the shape of the gun or projectile, or both, by which we thus make it spin in the bore in order that it may afterward have this spin as it goes through the air,

shell was charged was a mass of powder, and had two effects. It broke up into such large fragments that these, retaining most of the velocity remaining in the shell at the moment it opened, and having a certain fresh force imparted to them by the charge within the shell, struck with great effect against any solid bodies with which they came in contact and material-ly damaged them. The shells were thus very destructive to the carriages on which guns are carried in the field, and even, if they hit it fully, damaging though not so often, to the gun itself. They were particularly effective against buildings, earth-works, and against walls in which it was desirable to make a hole or breach. They also, from the large quantity of powder within them, produced a body of flame which tended to create violent conflagra-tions wherever they struck any bodies eas-

ily ignited. There was also another form of projectile, then called 'Canister' and now 'Case,' without any serious difference in their essential characteristics. This was and is the great defensive weapon of artillery. The case or canister very soon breaks to pieces after leaving the muzzle of the gun, scattering the bullets it contains in a great cone of dispersion. It is thus only effective for short ranges against bodies of either cavalry or infantry actually closing on the guns to attack them; but at these close ranges it literally sweeps over all the ground in front of the guns, and is appalling in its destructive power. The shrapnel required much more careful adaptation to the rifled gun shell. To the best of my knowledge and belief, the man from whom all nations have borrowed the invention of the rifled shrapnel is Col. Hope, V. C. He, waiting that England should have the exclusive use of his invention, did not patent it, but sent it to one who had the power to introduce it into the English service. The recipient did so introduce it, and the rifled Shrapnel so introduced remains the great projectile of our horse and field artillery. For the experience of the war between France and Germany led to the conclusion that a pro-

jectile which dealt out destruction among men was more effective for general purposes than one which only smashed material things. Hence both the Germans and we at the end of the campaign gave up the use of the 'common shell,' and now fill our wagons and limbers with shrapnel, while for defensive purposes we keep a few rounds of case.

Nevertheless, we have recently adopted an exceedingly powerful weapon that more than replaces the common shell. During the Peninsular War the guns that were then used chiefly employed, for the short ranges at which they were fired, solid shot, which did not break up like a shell; but we had also another form of weapon, the 'howitzer' which was only fired with shell the solid shot of the gun. In order to reduce the weight of the piece, and to enable it to be drawn easily by horses or mules in the field, it was made very much shorter than the gun, and this would have caused a great recoil from the reaction when the shot was discharged, the howitzer, instead of being laid, like the gun, approximately horizontal, was only fired at high angles, so that it shells travelled in very high curves, coming down on the enemy from above, while the recoil was largely downward and was received on a bed prepared for the purpose. When shell came to be so uniformly employed by the ordinary field guns, howitzers gradually dropped out of use, and ceased to be any part of the ordinary equipment of field batteries. Circumstances have, however, restored them to favor. All nations have for a great many years been trying whether they could not introduce a more powerful explosive than gunpowder as a means of bursting their shells. It happens that there is a very powerful agent, long known to chemists, which if it only could be made practically available, seemed to promise to give very decisive results. This was picric acid. Its compounds were very powerful and effective as long as they were quite fresh, but so fickle was the creature that the compounds rapidly changed their character, deteriorated, and became dangerous.

Nevertheless both Germany and France set to work to create a compound, of which a picric should be the basis, such as could be safely used in the field. France uses a composition of picric acid known as 'melinite.' I do not know whether it is the case now or not, but a few years ago France met the difficulty of its rapid deterioration by making up fresh melinite and re-filling the shells with it every year. For us, more especially for our ships, liable always to be recalled from distant stations to form fleets at home, it was exceptionally important to get over this difficulty of rapid deterioration involving danger in storage. After long experiments a form of picrate was devised which we call 'lyddite,' because the experiments were carried out at Lydd, one of our great practice grounds. From trial in various climates and long periods it was found that, on the one hand, it was possible with this material to secure adequate permanence, and, on the other that it was not safe to make it up for small shells. Yet it was necessary, if possible, to have weapons employing these shells with us in the field—that is to say, light enough to be drawn by horses, so that they could be moved about to a reasonable extent with other troops. It was for this purpose that recourse was again had to the old method of the howitzer. A 'battery' is six of these howitzers, short pieces firing at high angles of elevation, each drawn by six horses, and able to move along roads and on good ground at a trot, but usually obliged on difficult ground to move up into position at a walk. We have now three of these batteries, eighteen howitzers in all, on the way to the Cape. Meantime by the ingenuity of a naval officer, Capt. Scott, a substitute for them has appeared at Ladysmith. The navy have on board ship a number of guns which are not placed on carriages for moving about with horses, and being fired from the carriages on which they thus move. Though not broadside or turret guns, they are intended to be fired from fixed platforms. They, though somewhat heavier than the field howitzers, fire a shell of about the same size. These are the 4.7 inch guns, the arrival of which at Ladysmith made at one time so great a difference in the situation.

We call these guns 4.7 inch because the measurement of the diameter or length taken across the mouth of the gun is four inches and seven-tenths of an inch. It is evident that for a projectile of given length this diameter represents the weight of the shell which the gun can throw as well as if we said, 'what is the fact, that the weight of the shell is about fifty pounds. There is a possibility that yet more powerful naval guns are being used, namely 6-inch. They would throw a shell of over one hundred pounds weight. We are told that the heavy Boer gun called 'Long Tom' is a '94-pounder.' That would mean that it throws a shell ninety-four pounds in weight. It is of much the same character as the 6 inch, not easily movable. The shells are made to burst by means of two kinds of 'fuses.' A fuse is an independent body put into the shell and travelling with it through the air. One kind, the 'percussion fuse,' is filled with a composition and mechanical arrangement, such that when the shell strikes any object sufficient to bring it to a stop, the shell is exploded by the fact of impact. The other kind, known as a 'time fuse,' is a much more delicate instrument. It contains a composition which burns at a fixed rate, and the amount of composition placed ready to burn being indicated by figures outside the case of the fuse, it is possible for the gunner, who 'sets' the fuse before it is put into the gun, so to regulate it that it will explode the shell after it has travelled for a certain number of seconds or parts of seconds through the air. Tables made out by careful experiment have been made out which enable us to know how many parts of seconds a fuse should be adjusted to burn in order that when the shell is fired at a given range the fuse should cause it to explode at a given height over the enemy and a given distance in front of him. Thus the shell with a percussion fuse always bursts on striking with a sufficient force, and a time fuse is adjusted to burst at a given distance in front of the enemy.



GEN. LORD KITCHENER, Chief of Staff to Lord Roberts, the New Commander in the South African Campaign.

A Good showing.
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W. J. McGuire, city, with Alfred Heane & Co., city.
Bertrude M. Gowan, city, with A. A. Olasky, & Son, Confectioners, city.
Myrtle Waring, Amherst, with Cambridge Pork Packing Co., Ltd., Amherst, N. H.
Arthur Abbinette, Hillsboro, with Duff & Co., city.
Fred Patterson, city, with F. C. Colwell & Co., Confectioners, city.
Millie Williams, Kingston, with Armstrong's grocery, Worcester, Mass.
Ethel Wheaton, Norton, with Excelsior Ins. Co., city.
Ethel Matthews, Clarendon station, with S. Chapman, barristers, City.
Lows Cowan, city, with Confederation Ass. Co., city.
T. Gard, Hopewell Cape, with E. J. Armstrong, printer city.
I. Buckley, Corn Hill, with F. E. Adams, grocer city.
Gertrude Backwith, Sheffield Mills, N. with Duffin hotel city.

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

THE MEN WHO TALK.

Crutcher, and Barbara, the Cause of Con-

The little barber was inclined to be un-

"Why don't you say something more

"That's right," retorted the little barber

"That may seem drawing it rather strong

"The first man had a small package

"Next came a man who knew all about

"Then there was one of these real wise



The Brightest Gift.

No one thing lends so much to the pleasure of Christmas

Our work gives brilliance to any occasion, makes the wearer

American Laundry, 98, 100, 102 Charlotte St.

A Fair Outside Is a Poor Substitute for Inward Worth.

Good health, inwardly, of the kidneys, liver and bowels,

This secures a fair outside, and a consequent vigor in the frame,

Loss of Appetite - "I was in poor health, troubled with dizziness, tired feeling

Billousness - "I have been troubled with headache and biliousness and was

what he knew. He could give you more

"About what?" says I.

"Why my little adventure with that

"It kept up that way all morning—religion, politics, sport, business and every-

Without waiting for the reinforcing bat-

The law court is the modern substitute

The late Col. John Atkinson was op-

"It came," says the judge, "when I decid-

"What did you say, Mr. Pound?"

"Quick as a shot, and in his most cutting

"Mr. Pound did not speak, your honor.

Origin of Entry Rings.

poor old grandmother, who was entrusted

"If I am to be killed by the Tories to-

As neither Tory, Indian nor negro ap-

CHARGED - SEVEN HUNDRED.

A medal of honor—the highest compli-

On the day mentioned, General Lawton

It was afterward ascertained that the

Without waiting for the reinforcing bat-

The line fired, then wavered, and then

Young and Harrington, while shouting

Cutting.

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PRIZE SOAP



...Ladle use is the only alloy that does not contract ductile steel castings. shipped for trial to any From the Durango Iron and Manganese under & Reduction Co., Mexico. exclusive sole agents Durango, Mexico. right is for sale.

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MODERN GUNNERY TERMS.

There are many terms and phrases used in the description of the war in South Africa which convey little or no information to many of those at home who are deeply interested in making out what is happening to their loved ones engaged in the field. An immense number of people are now deeply interested in the events of the war who want simple common-sense explanations about the terms they read, such as 'Creusot,' 'Krupp,' 'Shrapnel,' 'Common Shell,' '94 pounders,' '4.7-inch guns,' 'Mauers,' 'Lee-Enfield,' and so on. We have been told that the Boers have brought up some very heavy guns to fire upon Ladysmith and on Mafeking, but there is a dispute as to whether these are 'Krupp' guns or 'Creusot' guns, and I want first to explain what the discussion means. Creusot or 'Le Creusot' is a place in the Department of Saone-et-Loire in France, which has long been famous for its extensive iron works. It does not follow, however, that a 'Creusot' gun was made at Creusot, because that name is now applied to all the guns that are manufactured by the great French firm of Schneider & Co., who in 1835 became possessed of the works at Creusot, which, after being employed by the State under the Revolutionary Government for the manufacture of guns, were under the Empire handed back to private owners. In 1867 Messrs. Schneider made themselves famous by being the first firm fully to apply and adapt to the manufacture of both plates for armored ships and guns various inventions, chiefly English, notably the great invention of Bessemer for the cheap manufacture of steel. From that time onward their works have been steadily developed. They have applied new processes to manufacture, including the use of various alloys—notably nickel, of which in its raw state the British Empire possesses almost a monopoly—to the improvement of the quality of the steel of which they make their guns. They have become the owners of a vast area of ground in the neighborhood of Havre, and have there created gigantic workshops almost on as large a scale as their works at Creusot. Thus, when we speak of a 'Creusot' gun, we mean a gun of whatever size made by the great French firm of Schneider & Co., whether it has in fact been made at Creusot or at Havre.

On the other hand, a 'Krupp' gun means that the gun has been made by the great Prussian firm of Herren Krupp, whose works are at Essen. An 'Armstrong' gun means that the gun has been produced by the firm of Sir William Armstrong & Co., chief seat of whose work is near Newcastle, though they have large factories elsewhere—in Italy, for instance. A Maxim gun means, as far as its name is concerned, that it is the invention of Mr. Maxim, an American, many of whose patents have been bought by Messrs. Vickers & Co. A 'Maxim-Nordenfeld' is a combined product of the inventions of Mr. Maxim and of those that were brought to this country by Mr. Nordenfeldt, a Swede. A 'Shrapnel' is the name given to a particular form of 'shell.' It takes its name from a Gen. Shrapnel, who during the Peninsular War invented a form in which it was applicable to the spherical shells which were fired from the guns we then used. When, by the force of gunpowder or other explosive fired behind it, a body, which we have placed in a space like the barrel of a gun, large or small, with only one opening, that toward the muzzle, is driven forward first through the barrel and then through the open air, the resistance that it meets with is due to the opposition of the air, while it is all the time under the influence of the force by which it has been propelled and of the attraction of the earth known as gravitation. Obviously, the resistance is diminished if the same weight of metal can be put into an elongated body presenting a relatively very small surface to the air as compared with a round shot. If, however, we were to fire out of a smooth-bore gun an elongated body without any other precaution, the body, or, as we call it, the projectile, would at once begin spinning about its shorter axis according to a well known law of nature which any child can verify for himself. Experiment has proved that when once a pro-

jectile has been started with a good spin round its longer axis, the position taken by the body through the action of the air upon it is subject to certain remarkable laws which are irrelevant for my purpose yet remains very constant. Now if, by any one of many methods, we impart such a shape to the gun and to the projectile that as this later passes up through the bore of the gun, it has to turn round on its longer axis a certain number of times, it is obvious that it will leave the gun with an imparted tendency to spin round at the same rate with which it had to spin during the brief time it was in the gun. 'Bling' takes many forms and has many varieties, but essentially it consists in the modification of the shape of the gun or projectile, or both, by which we thus make it spin in the bore in order that it may afterward have this spin as it goes through the air,

shell was charged was a mass of powder, and had two effects. It broke up into such large fragments that these, retaining most of the velocity remaining in the shell at the moment it opened, and having a certain fresh force imparted to them by the charge within the shell, struck with great effect against any solid bodies with which they came in contact and materially damaged them. The shells were thus very destructive to the carriages on which guns are carried in the field, and even, if they hit it fairly, damaging though not so often, to the gun itself. They were particularly effective against buildings, earthworks, and against walls in which it was desirable to make a hole or breach. They also, from the large quantity of powder within them, produced a body of flame which tended to create violent conflagrations wherever they struck any bodies eas-

ily ignited. There was also another form of projectile, then called 'Canister' and now 'Case,' without any serious difference in their essential characteristic. This was and is the great defensive weapon of artillery. The case or canister very soon breaks to pieces after leaving the muzzle of the gun, scattering the bullets it contains in a great cone of dispersion. It is thus only effective for short ranges against bodies of either cavalry or infantry actually closing on the guns to attack them; but at these close ranges it literally sweeps over all the ground in front of the guns, and is appalling in its destructive power. The shrapnel required much more careful adaptation to the rifled gun shell. To the best of my knowledge and belief, the man from whom all nations have borrowed the invention of the rifled shrapnel is Col. Hoop, V. C. He, waiting that England should have the exclusive use of his invention, did not patent it, but sent it to one who had the power to introduce it into the English service. The recipient did so introduce it, and the rifled shrapnel so introduced remains the great projectile of our horse and field artillery. For the experience of the war between France and Germany led to the conclusion that a pro-

jectile which dealt out destruction among men was more effective for general purposes than one which only smashed material things. Hence both the Germans and we at the end of the campaign gave up the use of the 'common shell,' and now fill our wagons and limbers with shrapnel, while for defensive purposes we keep a few rounds of case. Nevertheless, we have recently adopted an exceedingly powerful weapon that more than replaces the common shell. During the Peninsular War the guns that were then used chiefly employed, for the short ranges at which they were fired, solid shot, which did not break up like a shell; but we had also another form of weapon, the 'howitzer' which was only fired with shell the solid shot of the gun. In order to reduce the weight of the piece, and to enable it to be drawn easily by horses or mules in the

Nevertheless both Germany and France set to work to create a compound, of which picric acid should be the basis, such as could be safely used in the field. France uses a composition of picric acid known as 'melinite.' I do not know whether it is the case now or not, but a few years ago France met the difficulty of its rapid deterioration by making up fresh melinite and re-filling the shells with it every year. For us, more especially for our ships, liable always to be recalled from distant stations to form fleets at home, it was exceptionally rapid deterioration involving danger in storage. After long experiments a form of picrate was devised which we call 'lyddite,' because the experiments were carried out at Lydd, one of our great practice grounds. From trial in various climates and long periods it was found that, on the one hand, it was possible with this material to secure adequate permanence, and, on the other that it was not safe to make it up for small shells. Yet it was necessary, if possible, to have weapons employing these shells with us in the field—that is to say, light enough to be drawn by horses, so that they could be moved about to a reasonable extent with other troops. It was for this purpose that recourse was again had to the old method of the howitzer. A 'battery' is six of these howitzers, short pieces firing at high angles of elevation, each drawn by six horses, and able to move along roads and on good ground at a trot, but usually obliged on difficult ground to move up into position at a walk. We have now three of these batteries, eighteen howitzers in all, on the way to the Cape. Meantime by the ingenuity of a naval officer, Capt. Scott, a substitute for them has appeared at Ladysmith. The navy have on board ship a number of guns which are not placed on carriages for moving about with horses, and being fired from the carriages on which they thus move. Though not broadside or turret guns, they are intended to be fired from fixed platforms. They, though somewhat heavier than the field howitzers, fire a shell of about the same size. These are the 4.7 inch guns, the arrival of which at Ladysmith made at one time so great a difference in the situation. We call these guns 4.7 inch because the measurement of the diameter or length taken across the mouth of the gun is four inches and seven-tenths of an inch. It is evident that for a projectile of given length this diameter represents the weight of the shell which the gun can throw as well as if we said, 'what is the fact, that the weight of the shell is about fifty pounds. There is a possibility that yet more powerful naval guns are being used, namely 6-inch. They would throw a shell of over one hundred pounds weight. We are told that the heavy Boer gun called 'Long Tom' is a '94-pounder.' That would mean that it throws a shell ninety-four pounds in weight. It is of much the same character as the 6 inch, not easily movable. The shells are made to burst by means of two kinds of 'fuses.' A fuse is an independent body put into the shell and travelling with it through the air. One kind, the 'percussion fuse,' is filled with a composition and mechanical arrangement, such that when the shell strikes any object sufficient to bring it to a stop, the shell is exploded by the fact of impact. The other kind, known as a 'time fuse,' is a much more delicate instrument. It contains a composition which burns at a fixed rate, and the amount of composition placed ready to burn being indicated by figures outside the case of the fuse, it is possible for the gunner, who 'sets' the fuse before it is put into the gun, so to regulate it that it will explode the shell after it has travelled for a certain number of seconds or parts of seconds through the air. Tables have by careful experiment been made out which enable us to know how many parts of seconds a fuse should be adjusted to burn in order that when the shell is fired at a given range the fuse should cause it to explode at a given height over the enemy and a given distance in front of him. Thus the shell with a percussion fuse always bursts on striking with sufficient



GEN. LORD KITCHENER, Chief of Staff to Lord Roberts, the New Commander in the South African Campaign.

(Continued on Page Twenty.)

Ian Macquoid.

IN TWO INSTALMENTS.

CHAPTER III.

It was a wild and stormy day in October; the rain dashed against the windows in sudden violent squalls that almost threatened to break them in, and the wind howled in fitful gusts round the old house, in a way that Isabella declared was calculated to give anyone the "chills."

But in the intervals of storm the sun shone out warm and bright, and the effect of varying light and shade from the quickly scudding clouds, and the brilliant, over-changing tints on the rocks and hills, and the distant islands, made a scene so beautiful and new to me, that I could not resist the temptation to go out and enjoy it to the utmost.

I waited until a lull in the storm and a cheery burst of sunshine seemed to promise an hour of fine weather, and then arming myself with a waterproof and a pair of strong boots, I went out alone.

The wind was strong, but deliciously fresh and keen, and brought a warm glow to my face and a sense of exhilaration that made it a real delight to battle with the strong gusts which, at times obliged me to stand and gasp laughingly for breath.

In my keen enjoyment, I took but little notice of how the time was passing, or what direction I was taking, but walked on and on until I found myself on the top of a high steep crag, and on looking around me, was surprised to find that Ardnavach must be very far away, for my most familiar landmarks were out of sight.

I thought little about it, however, and my rocky pinnacle affording a wide and glorious view of the foaming, tossing sea, with its many tinted islands, I sat down to rest, and feast my eyes with the prospect.

The noise of wind and wave was in my ears, deadening every other sound so that I heard no steps approaching, and started a little when a short, delighted bark close at my side told that my old friend Collie was there, and his master appeared at the same moment.

"I could not quite believe that it was you, Miss Freers," he said, after the first greeting, "though Collie was convinced of it; but it is a long way from Ardnavach, and the day is stormy."

"But the storms are so beautiful," I answered. "The lights and colors on the hills and islands are so exquisite. I could not help coming out to feel it all nearer."

Ian Macquoid's grave face relaxed, and he smiled with sudden brightness and sympathy.

"Ah," he said, "you have found out one of the greatest beauties of our country, but one that not every young lady coming from the life of London drawing rooms would appreciate."

"Such a life as you speak of should make them appreciate this doubly," I replied. "For myself, I would rather spend a lifetime of storm here, and one of sunshine in London."

"I can understand that," said Ian Macquoid, as he threw himself down on the rocks, and Collie stretched himself delightedly between us. "Though," he went on, thoughtfully, "there is a great deal that is grand and beautiful, and many things to interest one, in London."

"You know I well?" I said enquiringly.

"Yes," he answered. "I have been there often when—years ago, and had good friends there, but—"

"But you do not care to go there again?" I questioned.

"I have no money to go to London, or anywhere," he said, simply. "My travels now are all done in spirit with my books."

There was silence for a moment, while I summoned courage to say what had all along been in my mind.

"I am glad that I saw you to-day," I began, awkwardly, "because I wanted to explain what you must have thought so very strange the other night. I did not know then—I had never been told—that Ardnavach belonged to Sir Robert Crawford, and that he had lent it to my mother and I, of course, supposed that she had rented it."

"I thought it most likely that there was some such mistake," said Ian Macquoid, quietly, without looking at me. "I suppose

you know Sir Robert Crawford well?"

"My father knew him," I answered. "I have not seen very much of him, and had never heard him speak of Ardnavach."

"My companion did not answer, and there was silence for some moments, I watching the great foam-flecked waves that broke with increasing fury at the foot of the rocks."

Suddenly he sprang up, and pointed to the north.

"Do you see that, Miss Freers?" he asked quickly.

And I turned, to see, with surprise, the heavy bank of dark, unbroken, inky-looking cloud that had gathered in the short time I had been resting.

"There is a bad storm coming," said Ian Macquoid, "and you must go home at once or it will overtake you; and it will be dark so soon that you must walk as quickly as you can, unless—"

"—unless you will let me go with you."

"It is very good of you," I said gratefully, "but there really is no necessity. I can find the way quite well, and, if the squall overtakes me, I shall most likely be able to shelter until it has passed."

"No, you must not do that," he said. "This will not be a squall, and will not pass over as the others have done today. I believe that we shall have snow—we often have sudden snowstorms quite early here—and you must hurry home before it comes. Are you sure that you know the nearest way?"

"I did not take special notice of the way I came," I answered; "but, perhaps the simplest plan would be to follow, roughly, the coast-line?"

"No; that is too far, and would take you too long," he said. "It will show you a more direct way, that will save you half an hour's walk."

He climbed upon the highest point of the rocks where we stood, and helped me to get up beside him, while he pointed out carefully the route I was to take.

Then, with one more injunction to walk quickly and not be tempted to take shelter on the road, he shook my hand hastily, and I started quickly on my walk home.

Presently I began to fear that I must have mistaken the way after all, though it had seemed so plain.

I was just beginning to wish that I had accepted Ian Macquoid's offer to show me, when his prophecy was verified, and the first snowflakes fell.

Soon I felt convinced that I had mistaken the road, and, after stopping to consider, I decided to take a course bearing more to the right, since it seemed to me that Ardnavach must lie in that direction.

However, after half an hour of quick walking I seemed to be no nearer than before, and, to my horror, I found that it was rapidly growing dark; while I could not discover even one familiar landmark in all the country round to guide me.

I walked on, hesitating and searching anxiously through the gloom on every side for something to remind me of my whereabouts, but found nothing, and the snow came down so thick and fast as almost to blind me.

The ground I was on was rough and rocky, and I stumbled several times, and at last, stepping into what must have been a rather deep hollow filled with snow, I fell forward, and struck my head against the rock.

I got up quickly, and tried to go on, but the pain in my temple was so acute that my head reeled, and I found it impossible to walk.

I must sit down, if only for one moment, to rest and still its throbbing.

Where was I?

My eyes opened slowly, and stared dazedly around, but could make nothing of the dim, shadowy outlines that met them.

I tried to raise my head, but it ached badly, and a vague sense of warmth and safety and content, made me lay it down and close my eyes again in dreamy abandon.

Something was stirring close to me—something that throbbed with strong, steady, unceasing beats, and gradually borne in on me a consciousness of movement, of quick but gentle motion, that I could not understand; and what was that strong, close clasp that held me, and inspired that sense of safety and repose?

I put out my hand, gropingly, and it encountered another hand, larger, warmer, but harder than itself.

A smothered cry of wondering enquiry escaped my lips, and the voice of Ian Macquoid roused me to full consciousness.

"You are better at last," he said. "Thank Heaven for that!"

"I am quite well now," I answered, "and I can walk if you will let me try."

He put me gently on the ground, and held my arm while I tried to walk a few steps, but my limbs were so stiff and painful, and my head so dazed, that I was obliged to submit helplessly when he assured me it was impossible, and I must not waste time in the attempt.

It was still snowing thickly as he strode on, carrying me again, and I was obliged to submit helplessly when he assured me it was impossible, and I must not waste time in the attempt.

called Collie, and told him to find you for me. He started off, looking very knowing but led me such a very erratic course, that I began almost to doubt him. I had no choice, however, but to trust to him, and at last, he brought me to you. But what had happened to make you lose consciousness? I tried all I could to revive you, but could not succeed, so thought it best to take you to shelter as quickly as I could."

"I fell down," I explained, "and struck my head, and when I tried to walk I could not, and, if you had not come, I must have lain there until morning. I wish I knew how to thank you!" I added, gratefully.

"Please don't try to," he said.

"Are we still far from Ardnavach?"

"From Ardnavach?" he repeated. "We are quite three miles from the house, and I am afraid you cannot reach there tonight. I am taking you to Mary Faa's cottage, which is close at hand."

"Three miles from Ardnavach?" I gasped in astonishment. Then where could I have been when you found me?"

"You were about two miles from here, and five from your home."

"And you have had to carry me all this long way?" I went on, penitently.

"Two miles is not far to me," he said, quietly, and I could find no words of thanks, so there was silence for a time.

A sudden bark of delight from Collie, who ran on in front of us, told us that we had arrived at the cottage, and, a moment later, Ian Macquoid set me gently down at the door.

The cottage was in complete darkness, and a chill of disappointment struck me. He knocked at the door, but no one answered.

Then he called loudly, but got no reply, and went and tapped sharply at the window of the room he knew that Mary slept in, but still no one appeared.

"Mary cannot be at home," he said, at last.

"I am afraid she will have gone to nurse a sick neighbor, or something of the kind."

My heart sank, but I tried to put a brave face on the matter, in spite of my frozen limbs and chattering teeth.

"Never mind," I said, as cheerfully as I could; "I daresay I can walk now, and I will try to go home if you will take me there."

"No, I will not take you any further in this snow to-night," he said. "You must go to a fire at once; old Mary would be only too glad to receive you were she here and she will readily forgive me for dispensing hospitality in her absence."

But if the door is fastened?" I objected.

"That is not likely," he said; "it would be the first time, indeed."

He tried the latch as he spoke, and as he had expected it yielded at once, and he pushed the door open.

The cottage was quite dark inside, but Ian Macquoid produced matches and lit a remnant of candle which he found, then drew up an old wooden armchair and seated me in it.

He seemed to be quite familiar with the ways of his foster-mother's home and quickly produced a bundle of wood and blocks of peat, with which he made a cheery, blazing fire.

A further search discovered a jug of milk and a small iron porridge pot, which he proceeded to put on the fire, and soon produced a cup of steaming milk, which he insisted on my drinking.

"You must be careful to keep a good fire while I am out," he said, as I handed back the cup, very much refreshed.

"But," I said, a little surprised, "must you go home now? It is still snowing heavily."

"I am not going home," he answered, "though the snow is nothing to me, and—yes, I must go out; but Collie shall stay to take care of you. You will be quite safe with him, and Mary will, perhaps, be coming home before long, so try to rest now and get thoroughly warm."

The door closed after him, and a great loneliness crept over me as I listened to the storm that raged outside, and remembered that there was no other habitation within miles of me, until Collie thrust his soft head into my lap, as if to reproach me with having forgotten him.

The day was dawning grey and chill when a gentle knocking woke me, for I had been sleeping in my chair before the fire, and Collie's delighted bark announced that his master had returned.

I opened the door, and Ian Macquoid came in, after shaking some of the moisture from his dripping clothes.

The snow had ceased falling, and was rapidly disappearing from the sodden ground.

Agony of Eczema.

Couldn't sleep at night with the torture.

Eczema, or Salt Rheum as it is often called, is one of the most agonizing of skin diseases, nothing but torture during the day and two-fold torture at night.

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"So Mary has not come back?" he asked. "I was hoping that she would be here before me. You will have had a very unpleasant night, I am afraid."

"No, indeed," I said. "I have rested well, and feel so much better, that I am quite ready to go home."

"You cannot go without eating something first, and your brother is coming to fetch you at nine o'clock."

"My brother?"

"I should, perhaps, have said your half-brother, Dick."

"You have seen him, then?" I exclaimed, full of wonder.

"Yes, I saw him."

Then I understood, and with a sudden impulse, went up to him and grasped his hand.

"I know now," I said, gently. "You went out on purpose, to Ardnavach, to tell them, and I was so stupid that I did not guess in time to prevent you?"

"Why should you wish to prevent it?" he asked, very gently, his hand closing over mine with a strong firm clasp.

"Because you had done so much already, and they did not deserve it of you!" I exclaimed with a sudden dire misgiving as to the manner in which his kindness had been received.

"You did," he answered, very low.

"I don't know that," I said, "but I do know that you have been kinder to me than anyone since poor dad died, and I have no words to thank you."

"You have done so, more than you know already," he said; "and it will be greater gratitude than I have merited if you will think a little kindly sometimes of the last Macquoid of Currachmore."

I glanced up quickly, with a wondering question on my lips, and his face looked grey and set in the dim half-light, but he dropped my hand, and turned away abruptly, just as the door was opened, and Mary Faa came in.

Her look of half-scared astonishment at the sight of us caused us to laugh, and the situation was quickly explained to her.

"She had, as we had guessed, gone on a charitable errand to a sick neighbor, and had stayed the night."

It seemed very soon after this that Dick arrived to take me home, and his face bore an expression that said plainly to me, "You'll catch it," but I only smiled back at him serenely, feeling for some mysterious reason, that the scolding and reproaches inevitably awaited me did not matter so very much after all.

Our stay was rapidly coming to an end, and, as the weather had quite "broken up," and storms and squalls were daily occurrences, my step-mother and Isabella both declared that the day of departure would be very welcome, and that nothing on earth should induce them to spend another week in this dull and dreary place.

My last day at Mull I reserved for paying a farewell visit to Mary Faa.

"You will surely be coming back Miss Agatha?" she said, wistfully, when I unwillingly prepared to go. "Our folk will be taking holiday every year, and where better could they spend it than here at Mull?"

"Yes, we shall surely come again," I answered, hopefully, for I could not bear even, to myself, to admit that it was not likely.

"Come soon, my bairn," said Mary, softly stroking my hand as I stood before her; and do not forget that there are those at Mull that will watch for your coming."

"Mary," I said, suddenly, after a moment's thought, "there is something I want to ask you. Why is it that Ian Macquoid calls himself the last Macquoid of Currachmore?"

A shade of pain passed over the brown and wrinkled face.

"Did he say that to you, Miss Agatha?" I nodded.

"And did he say so more?" she asked softly.

"No more," I said. "And if it is anything that he would rather not speak of, do not tell me."

Mary shook her head.

"He would not mind my speaking to you of this," she said. "You are English, my bairn, and maybe never heard much of the Macquoids of Currachmore. For nigh six hundred years have they been there, and held wide lands besides, and followers and servants by the score, but little by little all has come from them but just the bare rock and the falling house, and of all the Macquoids there is none left but Ian, and old Dougald is all the following he has."

"But, Mary," I said, wistfully, for the story touched and saddened me, "surely

there will be some way of improving things; perhaps the missing will may be found, or—

—he—may marry a rich woman?"

Mary shook her head energetically.

"The will will not be found," she said, decidedly, "and the wife he would have is not rich, and, if she were, my bairn would be too proud to ask her."

"You mean," I said, slowly, after a pause, "that there is one whom he wishes to ask, but cannot, because of his poverty?"

"Just that, Miss Agatha, but you will surely have guessed it without my telling you."

"How could I guess it?" I asked. "I have spoken very little with him, after all. I am very sorry."

"You have a good heart, dearie, and will think kindly of him sometimes?" said Mary with a very wistful look up in my face, "and if ever the chance should come, you would be kind to my bairn?"

"If I ever have the power to help him, I will gladly do it, but I am afraid it is not likely," I answered.

"We cannot tell—we cannot tell!" said Mary, little dreaming of the power her words would have.

CHAPTER IV.

A thick, murky November fog hung heavy in the raw, cold air, hiding the tall old houses opposite and the bare, straggling trees of Preston Square, and making the thought of bright, sunny, sea-girt Mull a bitter sweet remembrance to me as I sat curled up on the hearthrug in the dingy drawing-room, before the cheery fire which had been lit in deference to the expected visitor.

I was alone with my thoughts, for my step-mother and Isabella, after a long and unnecessary discussion on the woeeful state of our finance, and many injunctions to prove my gratitude to them and my good sense generally, and accept at once the flitting and, as they hinted, quite unmerited offer about to be renewed to me, had gone out, and left me to receive and entertain Sir Robert Crawford alone.

All their persuasions had been unable to make me promise that my answer to him should be the one they wished, for I did not choose to confide in them the fact that my consent must depend entirely on Sir Robert's acceptance of the condition I had resolved to exact.

Now, as the time drew near to put my plan into execution my courage almost failed me, and doubts—which had been scarcely doubts before—grew stronger and more assertive.

What if I should be wrong after all, and all my suspicions unjust?

My face flushed hot and crimson at the thought and for a moment I almost resolved that my answer must be an uncompromising "No" after all. A sense of relief and freedom came with the mere suggestion, but the thought of Currachmore, and of the happiness of two loving hearts that perhaps depended upon me, drove it back ruthlessly, and once more I tried to brace myself for an interview that, I knew would require all my courage.

I got up from the rug, and was pacing up and down the room in a fever of expectation and dread, when Sir Robert Crawford was announced and came forward eagerly to greet me.

He was a slight man of medium height, and pale rather weak looking face, with no touch of resemblance to his Scottish cousin, indeed no greater contrast could be imagined than these two men, sons of sisters though they were, and a feeling of dislike began to take the place in my heart of what had hitherto been only passive indifference for the man before me.

I had not seen Sir Robert since our return from Mull, for I think he knew that the less frequently we met the better I was disposed toward him.

A slight suggestion of nervousness in his manner seemed to put me a little more at my ease, as I signed to him to take a chair and, going over to the fire-place, I took my stand by the mantle shelf.

"It is very nice to know that you are at home again," began Sir Robert, awkwardly. "I hope you are pleased to come back as

(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

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... will be some way of improving things, ...e the missing will be found, or ...-may marry a rich woman? ...y shook her head energetically. ...'The will will not be found,' she said, ...edly, 'and the wife he would have is ...rich, and, if she were, my brain would ...e proud to ask her.' ...'on mean,' I said, slowly, after a ...e, 'that there is one whom he wishes ...k, but cannot, because of his poverty?' ...ust that, Miss Agatha, but you will ...e have guessed it without my telling ...ow could I guess it? I asked. 'I ...spoken very little with him, after all. ...very sorry.' ...y have a good heart, dear, and will ...kindly of him sometimes?' said Mary ...a very wistful look up in my face, ...e, 'if ever the chance should come, you ...e be kind to my brain?' ...e ever have the power to help him, I ...lady do it, but I am afraid it is not ...'I answered. ...e cannot tell—we cannot tell!' said ...e little dreaming of the power her ...e would have.

CHAPTER IV. ...thick, murky November fog hung ...in the raw, cold air, hiding the tall ...uses opposite and the bare, strag- ...trees of Preston Square, and making ...hought of bright, sunny, sea-girt ...a bitter sweet remembrance to me ...at curled up on the hearthrug in the ...drawing-room, before the cheery ...ch had been lit in deference to the ...ed visitor. ...e alone with my thoughts, for my ...other and Isabelle, after a long and ...essary dissertation on the woe of ...our finance, and many injunctions ...ve my gratitude to them and my ...sense generally, and accept at once ...ttering and, as they hinted, quite ...ited offer about to be renewed to me, ...e out, and left me to receive and ...in Sir Robert Crawford alone. ...e their persuasions had been unable to ...e promise that my answer to him ...e be the one they wished, for I did ...e to confide in them the fact that ...nent must depend entirely on Sir ...e's acceptance of the condition I had ...d to exact. ...e, as the time drew near to put my ...e to execution my courage almost fail- ...e and doubts—which had been scarce- ...e before—grew stronger and more ...e.

... if I should be wrong after all, and ...e suspicions unjust. ...e flushed hot and crimson at the ...e and for a moment almost resolved ...e answer must be an uncompromis- ...e after all. A sense of relief and ...e came with the mere suggestion, ...e thought of Currahmore, and of ...e spinners of two loving hearts that ...e depended upon me, drove it back ...e, and once more I tried to brace ...e for an interview that, I knew would ...e all my courage. ...e up from the rug, and was pacing ...e down the room in a fever of ex- ...e and dread, when Sir Robert ...e was announced and came for- ...e agerly to greet me. ...e a slight man of medium height, ...e rather weak looking face, with ...e of resemblance to his Scottish ...e indeed no greater contrast could ...e than these two men, sons of ...e though they were, and a feeling ...e he began to take the place in my ...e what had hitherto been only pas- ...e difference for the man before me. ...e not seen Sir Robert since our re- ...e mull, for I think he knew that ...e frequently we meet the better I ...e posed toward him. ...e suggestion of nervousness in his ...e seemed to put me a little more ...e, as I signed to him to take a chair ...e over to the fire-place, I took ...e by the mantle shelf. ...e very nice to know that you at ...e gain,' began Sir Robert, awkwardly, ...e you are pleased to come back as

...ANCER And Tumors cured to stay cured, at home, by a new method, patented by the inventor. For Canadian testimonials and 250-page free, write Dept. 11, Mackay Dispensary, 150-151, St. Nicholas Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Sunday Reading

Missionaries to the Mountains.

As the mountains were round Jerusalem so they swept in majestic outlines and guarding strength about a fair village set high in the summit of the Catskills. The mountains of this newer world looked down also upon the descendants of Isaac and Rebekah, Jacob and Rachel walking the streets of this mountain village, showing their birthright in their strong Jewish features and gay apparel, as they passed under the giant trees of the mountain, or or flitted over smoothly shaved lawns.

But beside these descendants of an ancient race, the people of a later civilization, differing in form and feature, and carrying about with them the easily borne name of Christian, found this little village nestled among the mountains a retreat full of beauty, restfulness and grateful shade, in the overheated August days. At least the stories of nights and mountain tops, which, with their forest lined slopes, protected the village from the fiercest rays of the sun, and drives which would take the summer sojourner in half an hour into the cool depths of mountain roads, where ice was to be found even in the hottest of summer weather, had been the attraction which had drawn many to this fair haven of rest.

Who could have foreseen the unusual, and prolonged and intense heat which they met instead? Day after day of glaring sunshine, till the fields had dried in this rocky region, dried in great patches of yellow brown over land that should have been green and promising an abundant harvest.

Sunday came—the first Sunday—the day that tests that manner of people the summer tourist has fallen among. The broad piazza and hammocks filled early with their accustomed groups. The appealing notes of the village church bells struck unheeding ears. Coolness and comfort, if they could be found, if not, their nearest approach, was the one good sought after by the assembled guests.

As the noon hour sounded, down the broad path from the front gate came a woman of foreign aspect, tall and somewhat angular, with strong German features. She bore in her hands a bunch of pure white everlasting.

"Oh, Mrs. S.—where have you been? You have not been to church," laughed the idlers on the piazza in mock reproach; but Mrs. S.—, perhaps losing part of the import of the speech in the unaccustomed language, flushed deeply before the curious eyes as she answered in the carefulest of broken English.

"I have been at the woods searching little flowers, and I have these that the good Lord has put for such as may find them."

There was a hush over the group for an instant as she disappeared, but their merriment was renewed as one more woman entered the gate and faced the crowd of inquiring and mirthful eyes. This one claimed the opening sentence.

"Not one of you has been to church this morning. You ought to be ashamed."

"Come right here, Mrs. R.—, and take this chair and tell us all about the sermon," returned a frank faced young man with laughing blue eyes.

"You all need it, I wish I might preach it over to you," answered Mrs. R.—with imperturbable good nature and honest frankness. Then she went her way, and the day passed on till its close very much after the manner it had begun.

It was a week later—a week of brassy days. Every heart longed for rain at nightfall. Every morning [saw the same red sun arise, run its course and sink behind the mountain tops with no sign of moisture. To look into the green depths of the mountain sides gave the nearest approach to coolness to the fevered imagination. The six days seemed like a month, so long is time when hope is deferred.

It was Sunday again, no cooler or more comfortable than a week before, but speaking quietly to one at a time, dropping a word here and there, the report had gone abroad through the house that there would be special music in the little village church that day, and music, that hath charms to draw reluctant souls back into the path of duty, won many churchgoers on this second Sunday morning.

"And I suppose the minister will pray for rain. Do you suppose it will make any difference?" asked a guest at one of the tables that morning.

There were a half dozen pair of shrugged shoulders, an inadequate remark or two, and the faithful poured down the village street in gloriouse array, accompanied by sunshades which were marvels of art in lace and ribbon and silk.

"Probably no single drug is employed in nervous diseases with effects so markedly beneficial as those of cod-liver oil."

These are the words of an eminent medical teacher. Another says: "The hypophosphites are generally acknowledged as valuable nerve tonics."

Both these remedies are combined in Scott's Emulsion. Therefore, take it for nervousness, neuralgia, sciatica, insomnia and brain exhaustion.

Prepared and Bottled in all Druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

The little church was filled to overflowing. The music was all that had been anticipated, and the minister prayed from the depths of his heart for the audience gathered in the house of God that day, and with equal fervor for grateful showers of rain for the parched earth, pleading the great need of water through all the mountain side. Then he closed the service with that hymn of strongest trust and love, 'My Faith Looks Up to Thee,' and the congregation passed out.

A drop of rain was falling here and there, only a drop, and they raised the parasols of lace and ribbon. The rain came faster and they stepped more quickly. Then it began to pour and the people ran. The unbelief of the morning had given place to a certainty that called for prompt action.

All that afternoon the rain fell in torrents, lightning flashed over the mountain tops above them, and the thunder rolled over the hills. On every side was the glory of the storm. The Lord was speaking through the majestic forces of nature.

The bed of the brook behind the house where the children had walked on dry stones the afternoon before was now a rushing torrent. Down from the mountain sides hundreds of streams were adding their volume to the rushing waters below. Water ran through the streets brown and soiled, having washed away as it passed all the effects of the long dusty drought.

Half a mile distant the long swinging bridge, which had been the delight of the young men and maidens, had been swept from its moorings, and carried on by the mighty rush of the water.

Slowly the tempest subsided at sundown, like a child sobbing itself to sleep, and over all the green and refreshed earth the rays of a glorious sunset cast their lingering beauty. The Lord of heaven and earth had spoken through the voice of the storm, and the visible world rejoiced in the refreshing moisture sent for the revival of tree, and flower and herb.

In the parlors after supper they sang, "My Faith Looks Up to Thee" once more, and followed it by many another hymn of faith and trust, and "He who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand" swayed also the hearts of these people, quietly leading them from the indifference and unbelief of the morning into the promised light of the eventide.

An Early Christian Endeavorer. When our Captain bids us go, 'Tis not ours to murmur "No." He that gives the sword and shield Chooses, too, the battlefield On which we are to fight the foe.

The first and best choice for a young life is to seek God and to do his will. Once the mind is made up to this, it becomes an easy task to walk in the paths of righteousness. The child who is brought up from his youth to serve God and is trained in the way he should go is apt to continue on in this good way when he has attained older years, or if he should wander away in maturer age in the bypaths and bewildering mazes of temptation and sin, he can never fully escape from the influence of his childhood. The feet may often slip over the dangerous shoals of life, but once they have been planted on the Rock of Ages, they cannot altogether lose their hold. The time will surely come where the teachings and guidance of youth will assert themselves, and the heart turn again with reverence and longing to the only true and profitable instructions with which it was inspired.

But while it may be true that the early years of mispent manhood and womanhood will be repented of, sooner or later, when sober and more reflective age brings back the desire to follow in the path the Scriptures advise and the ways taught in their youth, it is far safer and wiser experience to begin life with one's hand in God's, and to let him be the leader and guide all through the earthly pilgrimage. With him as the commander there can never be any snags, however alluring,

which can lead astray the feet which he directs, and which are ready and willing to go where he leads. The earlier one confesses Christ the more easily his counsels are written on his heart, and the easier it becomes for him to serve and to delight in doing his will. The way thus prepared in youth grows brighter and more desirable as the years go by, till God's grace and mercy encompass him completely, and the traveler heavenward watches for every opportunity to catch the whispers coming from on high bearing the messages which God has for him. Like the Mussulman in his devotions, his one common gesture will be to put his hands to his ears, as if listening for what God has to say. This will ever be the attitude of the mind of the one who has his standing place above the din and confusion of this mortal world.

Young people can do so much toward advancing Christ's kingdom, if they but try. If each young Christian would but follow the example of Timothy, what missionaries they might become! Timothy was a model Endeavorer, and the study of his life will help others to attain his perfection, to live their lives in understanding and in good works. From first to last he was a faithful follower and preacher of Christ, willing to do hard things as well as easy things. He went to prison with Paul, and tradition tells us that he suffered martyrdom in the end. His Christianity was for life and death, and his only choice, it is quite clear, was to serve and honor God.

In Paul's letters to Timothy, it is easy to see how near he was to the apostle's heart; he called him his son, and this affection could never have been so deep and tender had not Timothy espoused his cause, and been ever ready to help him in his work, whether it interfered with his plans or not. And this should be the aim of every young Christian, to aid and supplement his pastor in his work. Together they should become partners in the great business of saving souls, and together they should 'endure hardness as good soldiers.' The Christian's path is not one of pleasantness and ease. There are sorrows and burdens and anxieties to be carried and borne, and times of depression and sadness, but through all these God's peace will flow like a river, and in the end, if the fight is well fought, the reward will be 'a crown of righteousness which God the righteous Judge shall give' at the last day. Is it not worth seeking?

THE YOUNG MINISTER.

Way the Doctor Did Not Approve of the Young Man's Sermon.

The doctor as he walked slowly homeward down the village street in the quiet Sunday afternoon, was joined by the young minister, who had preached that morning in the little church. He had been ordained only a week, and this was his first sermon since his ordination.

His friends thought it "a masterly effort." He hoped the old doctor would say this of it too. The effort had cost him much study and prayer, and surely deserved commendation. But the doctor only said, "Good morning, Willy!" and talked of the drought.

The old man had known the young minister since he was born, had lanced his first tooth and brought him through the measles. It was natural that he should call him Willy. Still he ought to recognize the fact that he had become a teacher of men, one whose office was to declare the oracles of God.

The doctor meanwhile eyed askance the smooth face, with a sad yet half-questioning expression in his gray eyes.

"So I've reached the goal at last!" the young man said, presently.

"You are fully qualified now to take charge of a congregation?" asked the doctor.

Carpenters' Kidneys.



Carpentering is not an easy trade. The constant reaching up and down, the lifting and stooping over are all severe strains on the kidneys. No wonder a carpenter exclaims, recently, that every time he drove a nail it seemed as though he was piercing his own back. He uses DOAN'S Kidney Pills now on the first sign of backache and is able to follow his trade with comfort and profit.

"Well, I hope so. I passed through college and the seminary with success, as you know," the lad said, modestly. "I have studied hard. I think I am sound in doctrine. No man in my class is better versed in the original Hebrew and Greek of the Bible, and I have made myself familiar with modern forms of unbelief—the 'bane and antidote,' you know."

"Yes. But what do you know of men?" gravely demanded the doctor. "What have you learned of sin? That poor tavern leader yonder knows depths in the devil's power and God's patience of which you never dreamed. How can you preach to such as he?"

"What would you have me do?" cried the young man in surprise.

"Go out into the world, as your Master went. Mix with men and learn their temptations and the good and ill of their lives. Get close to them. Take poor outcasts by the hand, and try to lift them up. Feel with the tempted man's heart, see with his eyes, think with his thoughts. Then you will be able to speak to men who are like him words that they will understand. Neither they nor men of higher moral character care to listen simply to a clever literary essay in the pulpit."

"You do not approve of my sermon, then?" asked the minister.

"It was grammatical, terse, and in good taste. The allusions were apt. The poetry was well recited. You told us of a flame which you proved logically would burn us, of which you had read in three languages. If you could have spoken—as I trust you may do some day—out of the temptations of your own life; out of your own struggles against selfishness and fleshly impulses, urging, 'Behold, I have felt the fire; it rages in every nature; it burns on every hearthstone; it is ready to burst forth in every daily act; and then had proclaimed God's methods for extinguishing it every attentive soul in your audience would have responded in personal sympathy and in desire for the better life.'

"Young men in theological schools are sheltered," said Willy, coldly, "and occupied by their studies, they note little of the vice or of the temptations of human nature in the world about them."

"And that is the reason," said the doctor, promptly, "that older men and every-day business men, who are forced to see and note both, and whose daily lives are filled with besetments, are not eager to fill the pews to hear young men from the theological schools preach. The German apprentice, when he had learned to handle his tools, went out into the world for a year or more,—his Wanderjahr,—to enlarge his experience and from personal observation to learn if possible, how to use them with greater skill and efficiency. The same custom would be useful to the young minister."

The Word of God Stands Sure.

What God has said may be depended on. Not one jot or tittle of his Word shall ever fail. The calamities and triumphs of secular life, the smallest and greatest events alike, the events that stir the world, the moods of men as well as the greatest political upheavals, are all used by Providence as warp and woof in the weaving of the divine plans. How clearly this is evidenced by the events preceding the return of the Jews at the expiration of the seventy years and which may also be taken as a type of the return of our souls from the bondage and misery of sin!

STOP IT NOW.

Don't Let It Run on Until Your Condition Causes You to be Ostracized as if You Were a Leper.

Before it is too late stop that succession of colds that means nothing more or less than catarrh. Stop the suffering. Stop the disagreeable discharges that are so humiliating to you and so offensive to your friends. Don't let it run on until your condition causes you to be ostracized as if you were a leper. Don't neglect yourself until consumption makes its fatal appearance. You can be cured. Not merely relieved, but absolutely and perfectly cured. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder will restore you to complete, perfect health. It gives relief at once. It cures in an incredibly short time. Sold by E. C. Brown.

Marginal Notes.

The descendant of a New England Puritan divine has in his possession an old sermon written by his ancestor which shows that the preacher did not trust entirely to the impulse of the moment when delivering his discourse.

The manuscript is written in a strange, crabbéd hand, and plentifully be sprinkled with marginal references. "Read slowly here," the minister admonishes himself in one spot, and "To be given out very loud and clear," is the suggestion for another passage.

"Hurry a little, with fire," he wrote in several places. The most emphatic and important part of the whole sermon is indicated by a much underlined marginal note. After hearing stories of this saintly old-time preacher, it

is amusing to know that he deemed it wise and even necessary at the climax of his eloquence to "Y.I. like one possessed."

Table Talk.

'Table Talk' is the apt caption which a prominent journal gives to its weekly column of hints about diet. Many publications are helping to spread information on a subject which concerns the health and happiness of every human being; and all the best physicians are doing what they can to create a rational science of dietetics. A business man, whose relations with the food market give wide opportunities for observation, testifies that there is steadily growing demand for the best class of edibles. The hand of commerce is reaching all lands and zones and seas, to gather select supplies in response to the prayer of millions for daily bread.

It does make a difference what we eat. Few of us can safely venture to follow the example of the man who said, 'I never mind what I put in my stomach; I send all sorts of things down there, and let 'em fight it out among themselves.'

To be sure, people of delicate health and sedentary habits may easily fall into a fussy way of watching their reluctant digestion till they look it out of countenance, being too unmindful of Edward Everett Hale's injunction to 'look out, and not in.' But we have all-armed something in the school of experience—perhaps at a high rate of tuition.

The ordinary 'bill of fare' has been re-entrenched by the inventors of many kinds of 'health foods.' Many of these are excellent, wholesome and palatable, but it takes something from an approving appreciation of them when they are mixed with physiological lectures. One's relish may be impaired when required to eat for reasons laid down in a chemical formula. The religion of the dining-room can still be learned from those old Hebrews who blessed the Lord for satisfying the mouth with good things, and who then absorbed the goods things without analytical comment.

Be Cured of Catarrh.

It is quite easy to cure yourself of Catarrh or Asthma if you use Catarrhazone, the medicated air treatment for all diseases of the nasal and respiratory organs caused by germ life. Catarrhazone will cure—absolutely cure Catarrh, and is a very pleasant remedy that can be used without any danger or risk whatever. When inhaled it rapidly volatilizes, and finds its way to the very seat of the disease where it kills the microbic life that causes Catarrh and at the same time restores all irritated membranes to their normal condition, effecting a permanent cure. You simply breathe; Catarrhazone does the rest. One trial will demonstrate its worth. For sale at all druggists or by mail, price \$1.00. For trial outfit send 10c in stamps to N. C. POLSON & CO., Box 607 Kingston, Ont.

Uneasy Consciences.

The United States Treasury has a curious account upon its books. This is known as the 'Conscience Fund.' The sums entered to its credit are repentance-money received from persons who at some time or other have defrauded the government, and whose consciences have compelled them to restore their dishonest gains. No questions are asked when a penitent declares his sin in this practical way. Some penitents return the amounts unlawfully taken, and leave them to tell their own story; but oftener letters of confession accompany the money. These are kept on file. A letter from a clergyman, who signed his name and enclosed four dollars and a fraction, stated that the money was owed the government as duty and accrued interest on several cheap watches smuggled into this country a number of years ago by a man who confessed his wrong to him. 'The man who pays this money,' writes the clergyman in substance, 'entered upon a religious life a few weeks ago. This act attests the genuineness of his purpose to live in obedience to both human and Divine law.'

Another letter from an old veteran reads: 'Sir: Please find my thirty dollars, to be placed to the credit of the Conscience Fund, from the awakened conscience of an old veteran, who has been laying aside a little at a time for some time, and who has not been able to figure yet just what it is, but who hopes to light on the date yet, and restore it before he is called to meet his God.' The simplest fact in an upright character is its acute sense of right and wrong, and the honesty that pays secret as well as open debts.

IF TAKEN IN TIME The D & L.

Emulsion will surely cure the most serious affections of the lungs. That "run down" condition, the after effects of a heavy cold is quickly counteracted. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

An Electric Fog Horn.

A Canadian engineer has invented a fog horn in which the noise is produced by half a dozen clappers striking a gong and actuated by electro-magnets. A dynamo, supplied with power by a naphtha engine, furnishes the current. About 600 strokes per second fall upon the gong, thus producing a practically continuous sound, and this is magnified and governed in direction by a megaphone. A small model of the horn is said to have made itself audible at a distance of two miles.

MODERN GUNNERY TALK.

momentum. A shell with a properly regulated 'time' fuse always explodes in air. In all our shells we use both, so that if the fuse does not burst in air, it does on striking. We have heard a good deal of the Boer firing with 'plugged shell.' A 'plugged shell' is our modern substitute for the old 'solid shot.' Sometimes, not often, it is desirable, in preference to bursting a shell, to make it strike as a solid whole. Then we take out the bursting composition and, in order that the shell may be even and heavy as before, 'plug' it with some material that will not burst it.

In our modern infantry weapons the first great change that followed rifling was that all our rifles were made to be loaded at the breech or back end of the gun, and not from the muzzle. The ordinary breech loading rifled small arm was the weapon used by both the French and Germans in their great war of 1870. There were differences in the weapons used, but both were in this respect alike. Since then invention has gone on rapidly. By some means or other all nations now supply their men with a magazine for rapid firing. This is either fixed to the breech or detachable.

The form we now employ is the "Lee-Enfield." This difference between this and the Lee Metford is very small. It takes the same bullet. The Boers use the Mauser. The chief distinction between the two is this that while the Lee-Enfield has a magazine which is inserted underneath the body through the trigger guard and secured by a catch, and is provided with what is called a "cut off" to prevent the cartridges from rising, so that it can be used as a simple breech loader for single firing till the magazine, which contains ten cartridges, is ordered to be used, the Mauser on the other hand, has a magazine which, though not absolutely fixed, is only intended to be taken off for cleaning. It does not need a "cut off" to use as a single loader. The magazine contains five cartridges, but whereas the cartridges for the Lee-Enfield have, when the magazine is charged, to be each put in separately, the magazine of the Mauser is filled at once by placing against the face of the magazine a set of five cartridges held in a clip which falls off when the cartridges have been inserted in the magazine. Thus if each weapon were at the beginning of a fight empty, the Mauser would permit of more rapid fire because it could be loaded five cartridges at a time while the Lee-Enfield would take cartridge by cartridge as long to load as a single breech-loader. On the other hand, the times when a very rapid discharge of fire is desirable are not numerous, and for these the Lee-Enfield has ten cartridges ready against the Mauser's five.

MODERN SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE.

Men who have Served Under More Than One Flag in This Century.

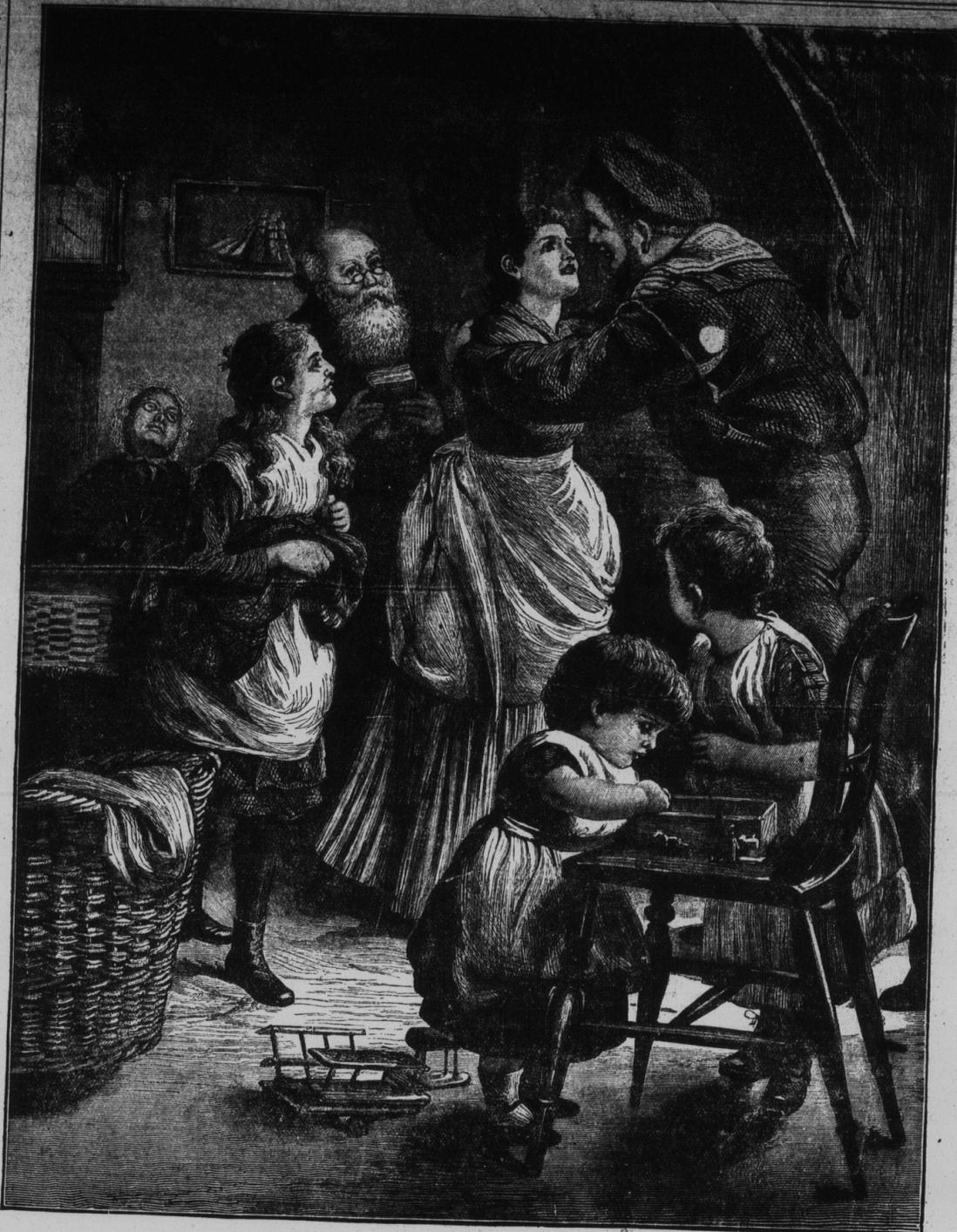
In the Transvaal to-day the soldier of fortune is making his last stand. No other country in the world is likely to offer the alien adventurer of the future the same positions and profit that have hitherto been the portion of Schiel, Von Albrecht and the other European mercenaries of Krugerdom. And in this very fact we may see the decline of the soldier of fortune, if we compare his gains with the colossal harvests of his predecessors in history. Perron, the wonderful Frenchman who commanded the Marhatta army, arrived in Hindustan a penniless petty officer from a man-of-war, and in nine years had amassed between one and two millions sterling. Even more rapid was the progress of Col. Hannay, who had to leave John Company's service to avoid the bailiffs. He entered the service of the Nawab Wazir of Oude in 1778, and left it after three years with a fortune of £800,000. Many other French and English adventurers were nearly as lucky.

At that time there was not the prejudice against these mercenary swords which the ethics of modern Europe have fostered. Few foreigners have risen to eminence in the English service, but large numbers of aliens were recruited for us in the Napoleonic wars. Besides the famous Hessians, there were the French Chasseurs Britaniques, three Swiss regiments, the Corsican Rangers, and the Greek Light Infantry. In the Crimean War a German legion was recruited in Heligoland, but they have never distinguished themselves on the field, and the precedent is not likely to be followed.

In spite of the chilling effect of modern ideas, the soldiers of fortune of the nineteenth century form a picturesque gallery—heroes and rascals, Fenians and Royalists, Poles, Englishmen and adventures of no country. Some of them like Lord Cochrane and Hobart Pasha, have established themselves on a higher plane than the mercenary can usually hope to occupy. The former's brilliant record with the English, Chilian, Brazilian, and Greek navies is probably unique, though Paul Bona-Part's name is set down as a bad second. The latter's name is a Whitehaven, collier

who was the most successful American officer in the War of Independence, and held command thereafter in the French, and then in the Russian Navy, is not the heroic figure which modern eulogists in the United States like to picture, but he was a fine seaman and a gallant fighter. In fact he was the typical soldier of fortune (for the accident that he fought at sea does not rob him of his place in that gallery). The revolutionary wars of the Continent have naturally attracted many of these adventurers. Count Ilinaki was a Pole who fought the Russians in his native land, and when all was lost took service under Schamyl, Prince of Circassia. The Hungarian War of Independence in 1848 next employed his desperate valor, and at Temeswar he had three horses killed under him. Finally, he became Colonel of a Turkish cuirassier regiment, and was known as Iskander Bey. In the Hungarian Revolt, Gen. Guyon, an Englishman, was a famous figure, and at Tyrnau he held his ground until he had lost three-fourths of his battalion and the village streets were streaming with blood. A less attractive personality is Gen. Cluseret, who served as a Captain in the French Army in Algeria, then under Fremont, in the American Civil War; was next a Russian "General" and then War Minister under the Commune. Dombrowski, another "General" in the Commune and a far abler and braver man than the ex Fenian, had fought in Poland and under Garibaldi. He was killed at the barricades in 1871. Among Continental forces of aliens one ought to mention the French Foreign Legion, which still includes the runaway aristocrats and broken men of half Europe, and the Irish Brigade which fought for the Pope in 1800 under the command of Major Myles O'Reilly, M. P. An old soldier of the Papal Zouaves, another Irishman, is now Gen. Coppinger of the United States Army, Garibaldi himself is of course entitled to a niche in this

gallery of fame, and his son Kiciotti has since his Italian campaigns fought for France in 1870 and for Greece in 1897, in both bravely fighting for a lost cause. The New World offers us condottieri of a new type, like Walker the filibuster, who became Dictator of Nicaragua and might have ruled Honduras but for a British Man-of-war. Gen. Carroll-Teviss, who served in the France Prussian war, and a good many South American struggles, was a Fenian hero. So was Capt. John McArthur, who served in the Mexican War of 1855, and was then an officer in the Confederate army. He was in all the Fenian plots of 1866-7, and was twice tried here for treason—clony. He was acquitted at one trial, and amnestied after the second, a leniency which he repaid by renewed activity in the ranks of the Clan-na-Gael. He was said to be the real 'No. 1' behind the Phoenix Park murders. Egypt has employed many aliases. Muxinger Bey was a Swiss who had been British Consul at Massowah; Gessi Pasna an Italian who, after serving as interpreter to the English Army in Crimea, became Gordon's Lieutenant in the Sudan, and smashed the slave hunters revolt in Darfur. Koring Pasha was an American soldier; Lupton Bey, Governor of the Bahar el-Ghazal, who died in the Mahdi's dungeons, an Englishman. Slatin and Emin were both Austrians. In more recent years we have had Gen. Kohn, an ex-major in the German Army who landed a cargo of Mauser rifles for the Chilean Congressionals, drilled their troops, and defeated Balmaceda. Gen. Ronald McIver, a Scotman who has served under fourteen flags, from the Confederates to the Carlist, is another roaming Briton, like Kit Maclean, an ex-lieutenant in our service, who is now commander of the army of the Sultan of Morocco. Gen. Digby Willoughby, who commanded (in blue and silver) the Hussar army, has since fought for the Carlist Company in Rhodesia, but has now turned to the arts of peace.



HOME FOR CHRISTMAS.

DEATHS ON THE BATTERFIELD.

Infantry Fire Still the Most Deadly—Percentages in Two Wars.

The war in the Transvaal appears to show contrary to expectation, that infantry fire is still the most deadly of the causes of death or wounds in the battlefield. The Austro-German war of 1866 showed the following percentages of deaths from the various weapons employed in modern war:

Table with columns: KILLED, Infantry Fire, Artillery, Cavalry, and other weapons. Rows include Austrians and Germans.

It is to be noted in explanation of the great difference between the Austrian and the German killed, by infantry fire, that the Austrians fought with a muzzle-loading rifle and the Germans with their then famous needle-gun. The German loss by artillery fire was due to the somewhat reckless manner in which the German troops were hurled against the Austrian guns in position.

In the Franco-German War of 1870-71 the difference in loss of the respective sides from the various causes was marked:

Table with columns: KILLED, Infantry Fire, Artillery, Cavalry, and other weapons. Rows include Germans and French.

In this case the great superiority of the German artillery over the French was clearly demonstrated; on the other hand the inferiority of the needle gun to the Chassepot was shown; while the deaths from the cavalry arms and the bayonets show that the Germans resorted to them more frequently and were more expert in their use than the French, though it was asserted that when the respective cavalry met the

French point nearly always had the advantage over the German.

The introduction of high explosives in shells into operations in the field brings a new factor into the causes of deaths in action. The reports both from the British and Boer sides of the effects of lyddite will therefore be of great interest.

Bloody British Battles.

Lord Methuen's telegram after the fight at Modder River told us it was one of the hardest and most trying in the annals of the British army. To the ordinary mind a battle is hard and trying in proportion to the danger the soldier encounters and overcomes, and the only possible gauge by which that danger can be measured is the loss incurred in overcoming it. It may be interesting to compare the action of Modder River with some other battles in which the British army has been engaged in the present century.

Lord Methuen's forces about 6,500 strong. His losses, killed and wounded, were 475, or 7 1/2 per cent. The other figures given below are taken from a table published by Colonel Henderson, Professor of Military Art and History at the Staff College, in his 'Life of Stonewall Jackson':

Table with columns: Strength, Killed and Wounded, Percentage. Rows include T. Rivers, 1800; Albuera, 1811; Salamanca, 1812; Quatre Bras, 1815; Waterloo, 1815; Froyshah, 1848; Sobraso, 1748; Gilliamswald, 1848; Alma, 1854; Inkerman, 1854; Modder River, 1899.

Lord Methuen's loss in officers was: Killed, 4; wounded, 19; total 23. One battalion of British infantry entered the action at Salamanca with 27 officers and 430 rank and file; it had 34 officers and 842 rank and file killed and wounded.

Woman and Her Work.

View fashion from any point of vantage where evening dress is in question and it is especially obvious that taste in dress is instinctive with some women, and quite an unknown quality with others.

The woman who will frankly admit that she has no taste in dress is a rare exception, but she will own without a tinge of pride that she has no talent for the other arts and accomplishments.

One great secret of success in any variety of dress is to understand what suits your individuality, to study fashion as it may apply to your special needs.

Fashionable clothes suggest a long purse this season, and especially in evening dress, for there is hand painting, embroidery, lace without limit, and so much fine handwork and machine stitching that even if the materials are inexpensive the manipulation costs enough to keep up the average extravagance.

The favorite materials are tulle, crepe de chine, various kinds of net, all-over lace, satin, and velvet. Oriental satin is much liked because of its soft pliable texture and pretty gloss, but peau de soie is also used.

Black and white combinations, always popular, are more so than ever before this season and it is the ivory tint of white which is the choice.

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Tonight

If your liver is out of order, causing Biliousness, Sick Headache, Heartburn, or Constipation, take a dose of Hood's Pills

Hood's Pills

On retiring, and tomorrow your digestive organs will be regulated and you will be bright, active and ready for any kind of work.

The ends tails at one side, and black tux and mousseline finish the décollete neck. White oriental satin embroidered with jet, white chenille and flowers made of black chiffon stuffed in some indescribable way to give a raised effect, are features of the black and white gowns.

The padded chiffon flower figures very conspicuously among the elaborate trimmings for ball and dinner gowns and is used in combination with applique designs of lace, silk embroidery, and jewels.

Another gown in yellow crepe de chine has a tulle finely tucked and dotted over with small applique designs of cream lace. Lace finishes the edge. This falls over a skirt with yellow chiffon ruff is edged with satin ribbon, and the bodice is tucked, pinched a little in front and trimmed with lace.

Among the evening gowns shown in the illustrations is one of satin guipure, forming bodice and overdress falling over a lace skirt and trimmed with fur. Cream lace and white chenille fringe forms another costume, the bodice turning back in a white satin revers over a shirred chiffon vest.

One of the many ways of using chenille fringe is shown in another costume of white satin and lace applique. A simple satin gown with chiffon ruff is in the skirt showing a feathered finish around the edge and a simple draped bodice so becoming to women with a good figure.

All evening gowns are cut very low in the neck and very long in the skirt, the train being a positive necessity for any style at all in evening dress. A pretty way of filling in the low neck is to use a scarf of tulle or chiffon, which is carried around the shoulders and fastened in front with a rosette, or the rosette may be fastened at one side with long scarf ends falling nearly to the hem of the skirt.

Jewelled laces are a very attractive trimming and especially pretty on the bodice, forming, if you like, a complete bolero. One feature of the new evening bodice is the absence of any unnecessary material.

The draped bodice is good style, and artificial flowers or a pretty knot of colored velvet are used for a finish at one side of the neck. Evening gowns for young women are especially pretty and dainty this season in the nets, tucked chiffon and tulle, which come flecked all over with tiny balls of white chenille, and are comparative inexpensive.

Every kind of decoration seems to be tried on the lace gowns and nothing is more universally used than the tiny bands of fur. The fur appears on some gowns only in bands for the shoulders forming with a little lace the diminutive sleeves, then again it circles all around the skirt in a coiled design.

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one pretty idea for chiffon. The fulness made by the tucks spreads out over a frilled skirt nearly to the hem which is also finished with ruffled platings.

Striping tulle with baby ribbon velvet in any color you fancy makes a very effective gown, and there are various ways of using it.

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ROBINSON & CLEAVER BELFAST, IRELAND. IRISH LINEN & DAMASK MANUFACTURERS. From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the WORLD.

APIOL & STEEL PILLS. A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Pfl. Cochis, Peppermint, &c.

Unwritten Law in the Best Society. For Dinners, Receptions and Five o'Clock's, the necessary, nay, the indispensable adjunct to the correct repast is Chocolat Menier.



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Table with columns: Killed and Wounded, Strength, and Percentage. Lists statistics for various battles including Alverna, Tlokoeng, and others.

Lord Methuen's loss in officers was: killed, 4; wounded, 19; total 23. One Italian of British infantry entered the town at Salambaca with 27 officers and 10 rank and file; it had 24 officers and 2 rank and file killed and wounded.

A Bachelor on Presents

'I've been thinking,' said the bachelor, 'that I might be a benefit to mankind. His hostess looked at him doubtfully. 'It's the Christmas season that suggested it to me,' he continued, thoughtfully. The woman remembred Scrooge, and admitted that there was hope for everyone.

'You've been reading 'Christmas Carol,' she ventured. 'Heavens' no, and I am not going to distribute turkeys promiscuously or do anything of that sort. I'm thinking of writing a newspaper story, called 'What Not to Give to Men for Christmas Presents,' and publishing it for the salvation of my afflicted brethren and the reform of women.'

'Well, write it. It can't do any harm. The editor would kill it,' said the woman, heartlessly.

'It isn't nice of you to snub budding philanthropy. For this scheme is wholly unselfish. Unluckily, I haven't a mother or sister, and, thank Providence, I've reached the age where I'm not threatened with Christmas packages scented with violet, and tied up with baby ribbon. But there are others—other men less fortunate—and it is for them that my heart bleeds. There's absolutely no other proof of the total absence of judgment in the feminine make-up so convincing as the presents she gives to men at Christmas time. Some few married women have been educated to a point of rational common sense. Why don't they start a club and instruct the younger generation. They've started clubs for everything else.

'Now, there's that graceless nephew of mine. Last Christmas Dick got eight pairs of embroidered suspenders, three slipper cases, two sofa pillows on which he would never dare put his head, five handkerchief cases, several neckties that he wouldn't wear on the scaffold, a book of poetry that he wouldn't read to save his immortal soul, an elaborate wallet that nothing could induce him to carry, and a cigar case designed by a maniac who had never seen tobacco. There were other things, all useless. It's always the way.'

'But nice things for a man are always so expensive,' murmured the woman, feebly.

'That doesn't cut any figure. Half the time a woman spends twice as much on a man's present as it would take to buy something he would really like and use. Just this afternoon I was in a Broadway shop where a pretty girl was choosing a pipe for some unfortunate man. It wasn't for her brother, because money seemed to be no object to her, and she was tremendously anxious to get the best thing going. There were some fine pipes there—plain, friendly briar woods and meerschaums, with gold curves and grain—pipes a man could learn to love, but bless your heart, she wouldn't even look at them. She hesitated a long while and then picked out a pipe with heavy gold chasing all over the bowl and around the stem. I almost felt that I must interpose and plead with her to consider the young man's feelings, but I didn't. She was very particular about having the pipe put in a case lined with turquoise blue, because the gold looked so much prettier against the blue. Jolly lot of difference that will make to the fellow. After she got her package, she waddled around on one foot, doubtfully, and then she said to the salesman:

'You're quite sure it's correct. You think he'll like it, don't you?' 'The man never finched. 'Oh, he'll love it,' he said, and he winked at me. They haven't any hearts, those salesmen.'

The bachelor smoked for a few moments and looked depressed. 'It's a funny thing,' he began again, with a sigh, 'that women can't understand that a man who is any sort of a man likes plain substantial, masculine looking things. I was looking at a card case the other day, one of those plain, curved gunmetal or silver ones, for the waistcoat pocket, you know. Along came a girl and wanted a man's card case. The salesman showed her the one I had selected. She didn't like it. She wanted a nice one. They didn't have any that exactly suited her, but she finally bought one, studded all over with turquoises. Poor boy! Did you ever give your husband a cigar case? Of course you did; and I'll bet a dollar you got a big one with an elaborate silver monogram and corners. I never met a woman who knew enough to buy a man a soft, flexible leather cigar case that wouldn't make him look deformed when he carried it in his pocket. Women don't know a blessed thing about smoking, even when they toe. They prove it the moment they try using smoking paraphernalia for a



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Costed Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution the fraud of the drug.

See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

man. It's enough to make any good fellow's heart ache to see the silver and gold ash trays, and jeweled cigar cutters and beautiful tobacco pouches that women are buying nowadays.

'As for the desk fittings, that's a nightmare. Did you ever see a business man's desk decked out in silver inkwell and paper clips and stamp boxes and pen trays and all that fol-de-rol. An office desk like that would queer a man even with the elevator boy. When a woman gives such things to her husband, she can use them, at home in the guest chamber. Ten to one, the man will not have them in the library. He wants heavy, dark substantial leather that will not tarnish and soil, or bronze, or something like that. A man hates silver toilet articles too. He never has them kept clean unless his wife does it for him, and they weigh a ton when he tries to carry them around with him.

'Did you ever think of the number of kind hearted men who are toting grips they detest around the country just because some of their women folks presented the things and would be hurt if the victims didn't seem to appreciate the offerings? Never buy a value for a man. Make a note of that. Every man has his own ideas about the kind of a grip he likes to carry and the way he likes to pack it, and he loathes anything that differs from the idea. It's the same way with canes. You may, possibly, buy a satisfactory umbrella for a man, if you get a good one with a sensible handle, and no gold and silver and ivory and mother of pearl about it; but don't get him a cane. You'll be wasting your money and embarrassing the man. There's only one kind of cane that he likes to carry and you'll never hit it.

'Don't give him embroidered things, made out of lace and ribbon, either. Every young man that attains the ripe age of thirty has trunks full of that stuff that he has never used. Dick has eighteen most gorgeous necktie cases; and he ties a string from his chiffonier to the gas jet, and hang his neckties over that.

'If you want to give steins or liquor sets or anything like that, give jolly good serviceable ones; and by the way, don't let anything tempt you to buy cigars for a man. Don't. Don't attempt books or pictures unless you know the man's tastes remarkably well; and do steer clear of things to wear, and jewelry. Men hate the smoking jackets and jewelry that women pick out. One can't go very far wrong on good pearl studs; but, when the average woman turns an effulgent fancy loose on rings and watch charms and jeweled tie clips and seals some man is foredoomed to agonize.'

The bachelor was out of breath. He checked the flow of eloquence and smoked gloomily. The woman cast a glance toward the drawer where her Christmas presents for the men of her family was hidden. 'But you don't tell me what one really could give to nice men,' she said pathetically. 'Oh, that's another story,' growled the man.

A Land of Promise.

Rev. Joseph Parker, the eminent English preacher, confesses that in his youth the sound of the name Van Diemen's Land—now known as Tasmania—powerfully affected his imagination. It was to him, as it has been to many youngsters, an appealingly mysterious place, but in time it lost its evil suggestions, and he tells how this

came about in his recent book, "A Preacher's Life."

At a Methodist meeting in the north of England, the people had been singing a hymn in which the line, "We are marching through Emmanuel's ground" occurs, and at the close of the hymn one good old man, whose emotion was in excess of his intelligence, fervently prayed: "Grant that when this life is over everyone of us may have a cottage in Van Diemen's Land."

The poor man somehow got it into his head, by some law of mental association which no one can fully explain, that Emmanuel's grounds and Van Diemen's Land were practically one and the same.

HANDLING FERRETS. A Professor of Rat-Catching Tells About the Things They Do.

'Weasels and ferrets,' said a professional who will ply his vocation here for the next six months, 'are about the same thing. The imported ferrets, trained to the business, are larger than the weasels, that is all. After I am through with rat catching I use my ferrets to hunt rabbits out of brush piles, hay and strawstacks, which is a profitable business when rabbits are plenty. What you call rabbits we in England call hares.

'When a man once starts as a professional rat catcher and gets to understanding training and working ferrets, there is such an attraction in the trade that he never willingly gives it up. It's a profitable business, without too much competition.'

'Do the ferrets ever bite you?' 'It's a very careless and awkward man that gets bitten by a trained ferret. When one is bitten by an enraged ferret the bite is of a very severe character, painful and slow to heal.'

As the rat catcher talked, a six months old ferret, his fiery little eyes gleaming like living gems, was crawling over his lap and trying to get in under his coat. 'This fellow,' said the rat-catcher, 'is as gentle as a kitten, and likes to have his back rubbed and caressed as well as any cat you ever saw. When the ferret bites a rat's neck he knows exactly what he is doing, and his front teeth, cutting like razors, go right through the jugular.

'Of course, we generally muzzle them when we send them in after rats, and we always muzzle them when we send them in after rabbits. If their teeth were at liberty they would kill the first rat or rabbit they met, and would remain in the hole sucking its blood. When we put a ferret into a house after rats we stop up all holes at the outside of the house except one or two. Over these we place bags, and the ferrets, driving the game before them, run the rats into the bags. We keep the ferret without his ordinary meals before using him, and this makes him keener in his chase.

'It's mighty easy to spoil a ferret. After a young ferret has been badly bitten by a rat, as sometimes happens, you can't get him to go into a hole muzzled. But when a ferret is full grown and has the skill and courage that he should have, he is a holy terror to rats, and is a valuable animal. I would not sell a well trained ferret for \$50. Such a ferret I should be willing to put in a pit with fifty rats, and he could in a short time kill every one of them. Rats are great fighters when they are cornered, but no other animal of the same size has so much courage as a ferret or weasel. In England the largest ferrets are called polecat ferrets and are a cross of the two animals, which are much alike. In this country the word polecat is supposed to be an abbreviation of Polish cat, and the animal abounds all over Europe. The mink is much like the weasel, except that it is larger, and many depredations that are attributed to the weasel are committed by the mink. All these animals prowl by night, and they frequently go many miles in search of food even coming into towns and the suburbs of cities.'

Audubon, who was a close student of nature, was delighted with the weasel, or American ferret. Its long flexible body, its extraordinary length of neck, the closeness of its fur, its keenness of scent, its wonderful agility and quickness of movement all excited his admiration.

An American writer says: The common weasel has sometimes been caught and carried off by large hawks and owls. Sorry is the experience of the captor in such cases. He has caught a tartar. The captive will bite into the sides of the enemy, so that both will fall to the ground, the bird mortally wounded and the weasel comparatively unharmed. The weasel's courage in defending itself when attacked by birds of prey is universally admitted, nor is it deficient in fierce opposition to dogs, and even men, when its nest is invaded by either. It usually kills for food, biting through the head into the brain with such expertness that its victims can scarcely utter a cry of pain. It usually eats the brain first, then the rest of the body follows. In pursuing mice, rats and moles, it follows them into their runs or holes. A weasel's proximity to a poultry yard is not

PALE PEOPLE

Have their blood enriched, their heart strengthened and their cheeks rosy by using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Insufficient quantity or poor quality of the blood is one of the evil results that usually follow any derangement of the heart.

If the heart becomes weakened in any way it cannot pump the blood to the lungs as it should, there to be purified and impregnated with the life-giving oxygen.

As a result the blood deteriorates. It loses its nourishing, vitalizing, health-giving qualities. The face becomes pale, thin and waxen, the lips bloodless, the hands and feet cold.

There is weakness, tiredness, shortness of breath and palpitation. When those suffering from thin or watery blood start taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills they are assured of a cure. Every dose acts on the heart itself, causing it to beat strong, steady and regular.

Every dose, too, introduces into the blood those vital elements necessary to make it rich and red.

Soon the pale cheek takes on the rosy hue of health, there is strength instead of weakness, energy and activity take the place of tiredness and lassitude. Miss M. Skullion, 50 Turner Street, Ottawa, Ont., says: "I was greatly troubled with my heart, together with extreme nervousness for many years. These complaints brought about great weakness and feeling of tiredness. My blood was of poor quality, so much so that I became pale and languid. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cured me after all else failed. They built up my system, enriched my blood, strengthened my nerves and restored me to health."

to be desired. But in barns, hayricks and grain stacks it is decidedly advantageous, as it will exterminate or drive away rats and mice."

The weasel's characteristics are noted in two American sayings: "Catch a weasel asleep" and "Sooner trust a weasel with a hen on the nest for an hour, waiting for a freshly laid egg."

Deeds of heroism have been enacted in Alaska which history will never chronicle. Truth prints a story of one party of prospectors who owe their lives to a dog.

Upon the desolate waste of that inhospitable glacier, the Valdes, which has proved a sepulchre to so many bright hopes and earnest aspirations, last winter a party of prospectors were camped. Day after day they had worked their way forward, death disputing every step with them, until it was decided that the main party should remain in camp, and two of their number, accompanied only by a dog should endeavor to find a trail which would lead away from the glacier.

For days the two men wandered, until nature succumbed and they lay down, weary and exhausted. Their faithful companion clung to them and the warmth of his body, was grateful, as they crouched low with bitter ice laden wind howling about them.

Their scanty stock of provision was well nigh exhausted, when one of them suggested sending the dog back to the camp. This was a forlorn hope, but their only one. Quickly writing a few words on a leaf torn from a book, they made it fast round the dog's neck and encouraged him to start back on the trail.

The sagacious animal did not appear to understand, but after repeated efforts they persuaded him to start and he was soon swallowed up in the snow and the storm.

Two days and nights passed during which the men suffered untold agonies. On the evening of the third day, when all hope had gone and they were becoming resigned to their fate, out of the blinding and drifting snow bounded the faithful dog and close behind him came ready hands to minister to their wants.

The remainder of the story is simple. The whole party returned, have abandoned their useless quest, and on the last Tompkins going south were two grateful men and a very ordinary looking dog. "That dog will never want as long as we two live" said a grizzled and sunburnt man.

"Balm of Hurt Wounds."

So Shakespeare terms sleep, but irritated breathing tubes prevent sleep through desire to cough. Balm is the same word as balm, and the balm for wounded lungs is Adamson's Botanic Cough Balm. 25c. all Druggists.

Berestford's Choice.

Like many another man who has made a success of life, Lord Charles Berestford was the despair of the teachers of his boyhood. They reported to his father that young Charles would do nothing he did not care to do and on the boy's thirteenth birthday his parent formally announced that he must make his final choice of a profession

Collins' Weekly reports the conversation which followed.

'What is it to be my boy—the army, the navy, or the church?' 'The navy, sir.'

'And why the navy, boy?' 'Because, I'd like to be an admiral, like Nelson.'

'Fahaw, like Nelson? Why Nelson?' 'Cause I want to.'

'But even if you were to join the navy, why do you think you will ever become an admiral Charles?' 'Cause I mean to,' was the blunt reply. He had his wish and entered the navy.

INJURED TO FEVER. An Englishman Tells of Remarkable Treatment Employed in South America.

The world moves fast, but it is possible that some of the most brilliant discoveries have not gone beyond the simple practices of uncivilized peoples. A Jamaica journalist gives his personal experience of how the Indians of South America not only cure a patient of the most dangerous stage of malarial fever, but also, by inoculation, insure for many years his immunity from future attacks. Other travellers have had similar experience, and no less an authority than Sir Clements Markham has testified to the efficiency of these Indian cures. The writer, after long escaping the terrible fevers of the country, succumbed at last. He says:

'I lay in my hammock, ravaged by an all-consuming fever, with death in sight. Medical aid, supposing it to be of any use, was not to be had within a fortnight's journey. A few miles from our camp was an Indian settlement. I had had some dealings with, and won the good will of the head man, so I sent to tell him that I wanted the services of a peiman or native doctor.

It was midnight when the messenger returned with my friend, the old chief, and the tribe "medicine man." By this time I was past knowing anything of my surroundings. My companions told me afterward, that I had already developed all the well-known symptoms of febrile collapse.

The peiman tended me, administering internal remedies by means of roughly devised but effective subcutaneous and other injections. Then followed the inevitable mummery when I was shut up with the peiman and enough noise was made to indicate a dozen people inside.

'At about 8 o'clock in the morning when the peiman issued forth, and my companions were allowed a sight of me. I was sleeping naturally, bathed in profuse perspiration, which was already moistening the outer folds of the double blanket that enveloped me. At 8 o'clock I awoke and then slept again for twenty-four hours, the peiman from time to time administering subcutaneous injections. When I finally awoke there was not the slightest trace of fever. In three days I was able to be about and in a week I was fit to undertake a long journey.

The most wonderful part of the story, however, is the sequel. The peiman, pleased with the reward given him, offered to inoculate his patient so as to render him proof against all kinds of "bush" fevers, no matter how much he might be exposed to them, for at least 100 moons. If he contracted fever it would be of the mildest kind.

The traveller went to the settlement an was inoculated. The operation consisting of stabbing gently into the left wrist with a bunch of exceedingly fine needles plucked from a hard spiny leaf, the needles being first passed through a flume and then dipped in a black liquid. In a short time all the well known symptoms of malarial fever developed, then a peculiarly nauseous medicine was administered, and a deep sleep completed the business. When the patient awoke he felt perfectly well except for the smarting of his wrist, which had to be bandaged.

For a long time after this he travelled in some of the worst swamps in Central America, undergoing considerable exposure, including a night spent under the trees after the upsetting of his boat. Of the four white men in the boat three had fever and two died in twenty-four hours; the third returned to the United States with health completely broken.

Afterward he spent six years about the isthmus of Panama, and in that hotbed of fever, Colon, never experienced a day's fever. Not until ten years after inoculation did a touch of fever come, and then no alarming symptoms were developed.

Bombarding an Observatory.

On July 19 last an eruption of stones, ashes and steam occurred from the great crater of Mount Etna, and the astronomical observatory situated near the base of the crowning cone of the volcano had a remarkable escape. Stones were shot to a height of more than a mile, and 80 holes were made by these projectiles in the iron dome of the observatory, which covers a large and valuable telescope. Fortunately the instrument was not touched. Fifty holes in the ground near the observatory show how close and fierce was the strange bombardment. Where the falling stones pierced the wooden floor holes were burned.

Others, and to have you... I am very fond indeed... A look of pleased Sir Robert's face.

'I am very glad,' he may hope, then, that to your taste? 'Arduous is very... 'So is Cur... A quick, but firm grey eyes in his di... fered themselves on...

'Yes,' he said; 'C... his beauty of its own... 'I was speaking of... coldly, and a slight... in my companions' f... I don't know the... house,' he said, a lit... 'Yes,' I replied; '... of it, and heard... 'Fa... 'Oh! you have un... her, have you? He... cold displeasure, wh... 'Yes,' I said, 'we... and she told me a g... navauch and the neig... tremely interesting... 'She probably told... Sir Robert burst out... mistakeable ill-temp... maliciously to mysse... 'Indeed! why are... telling me lies on the... 'Oh! well, nev... stories now, Miss F... in a different tone... I didn't come here... thing much more in... He got up from h... er to me, while a s... face.

'It is more than... 'I am more than... and you, of course... final; but Agatha... easily, it means... my whole life... fact—and even at t... I must ask you to... 'You don't know... dear—what you ar... not do to win you... man, Agatha, and... er cared much abo... little good there is... to sprang into life... began to long for... than the one I hav... He paused for a... suddenly up to me... 'You could do... love you could m... he said, in a low... was in earnest.

I tried to spee... not come, and he... very wistfully—... 'Have I made y... know how hard it... you would forgive... 'I am not en... ing that the task... came only harder... words would not... a moment while... face eagerly. 'Is... 'It is true that y... great deal to win... A gleam of hope... touched me in spi... 'Yes,' he said... not much use to... but, if you know... give you. I wish... I summoned all... a step nearer to... that grew a little... 'I believe you... gently; but, Sir... that you had not... not led quite a b... now to tell me, h... that life which... your proposal see... 'The eyes on w... grew rigid, their... chame, despair, a... ly back from me... I had no longer... was now straight... hard!

He did not spee... suddenly pulled a... a ghastly attempt... 'Miss Froers—... 'What a turn you... REIGN... AN... PAG... SHOE... LEATHE... GIVES... THE... REST... SHIN... Try... Bottle... PACKAR... (L...)

John Warne's Revenge.

Two men sat together in a room in one of the finest residences on a fashionable New York street one summer night. One of them was a well preserved gentleman of perhaps 55 years, and from his age and dress it was easy to tell that he was used to moving in the higher circles of society. The other was of nearly the same age, but there was something clinging to him, like that indescribable fitness which always seems to surround a book from a library, that told he was a man whose years had been spent among bills and ledgers.

He dragged her down to the water's edge. He dragged her out into the cruel waves, and with an iron grip upon the neck which she had fastened, he thrust her down beneath the flood and held her there. There was a wild, fierce struggle for life and liberty, but it was a vain one. His hold was not to be shaken off. It was death to her. It was revenge to him.

Pretty soon it was all over. He dragged the unresisting form back to the shore and dropped it on the wet sands. He never stopped to look at the face beneath the dripping garment that had shut out the world forever, but strode away across the sands, a vagabond and an outcast on the face of the earth forever more. But he had had his revenge.

A telegram, sir. John Warfield clutched the paper with fingers that shook like aspen leaves. His face was frightfully pale. He tore it open and read: 'We have had news for you. A terrible accident has happened. Come immediately.'

He knew who and where it was from without looking at the signature. Half an hour later the southward-bound train bore him out of the city. An hour after that he was standing at the door of the Pension des Demoiselles, where his daughter and niece had spent the last two years of their lives. He rang the bell, and stood there in the chill gray mist of the dreary morning, waiting with a pale and frightened face for what?

A heavy footstep in the hall. The door was opened by a girl with yellow hair and a white tear stained face. 'Oh, Uncle John! she cried, and burst into tears. 'It is so terrible. The man's face was ghastly with sudden terror. His teeth chattered so that he could hardly speak.

'I thought it was you!' he cried hoarsely, at last. 'Where is Cécile?' He clutched her arm so fiercely that she cried out with pain. 'She is in the parlor,' the girl answered sobbing. Do you want to see her now? He put his hands to his head in a sort of dazed way. It seemed to be whirling around and around, and he was trying to stop it.

'I must be a little wild,' he said, as if he hardly knew what he was saying. 'Cécile is in the parlor, you say? Is she well? Does she know that I am coming?' 'Oh, Uncle John! cried Catharine Oram with a great sob. 'Don't you know? Cécile is dead!'

He never answered her. He put out his hands, as if to grasp at something to steady himself by, but found nothing; and, with a gasping cry, he fell face downward to the floor. That afternoon this letter was put into John Warfield's hands: 'I have waited for twenty-five years for revenge. You have thought that I never found out your secret; you have thought that no living person, save yourself, knew that my sister's life was ruined and her heart broken by you. But you were wrong. How I learned the fact matters not. But I swore to be revenged. I have had none for mercy for your victim; I have had none for me. You thought to end an innocent life that stood between you and your selfish ambition. I have taken an innocent life, and sacrificed my soul for the revenge that I have been waiting for. When you know that I made no mistake in doing what I have done, but that I intended to do it from the first as it has been done, think of the ruin you wrought so long ago, and say, if you can, that my revenge is not complete.'

Today John Warfield looks out upon a little strip of God's green earth from behind the bars of a madman's cell; and to-day John Warne wanders up and down the work, a haunted, remorseful man. He is under the shadow of the curse of Cain; for him there is no rest here or hereafter.

THE PETRIFIED MAN FAKES.

Latest Specimen of This Article Comes From Montana—The Hoax's Variety. Now and then there comes a report from somewhere declaring that a petrified human body has been found, to the vast wonderment and interest of the credulous. Scientific men pay no attention to such stories, knowing them to be canards, the famous Cardiff giant fable having established an abiding skepticism among scientific men as to fossil human beings. But dime museum managers, practical jokers and other benefactors of the public 'discover' stone men in unexpected places and always arouse some interest in their finds.

The latest of these merry fakes comes from the region of Fort Benton, Mont. Two weeks ago it was reported that a petrified human body had been found near that place and that it was supposed to be the remains of Gen. Thomas F. Meagher, who was drowned in the Missouri River there while Acting Governor of the territory. The innocent Chicago papers swallowed the hoax and printed it as important news, as indeed it would have been had there been any truth in it. Investigation of the story was made and it proved that the 'petrified man' was merely the brain fossil of a museum owner who wanted such an article to add to his collection of freaks and who will probably appear in Chicago before long with a stone dummy in his care. What the nature of the dummy will be depends upon the taste of the dime museum man.

The so-called petrified men that have been exhibited to the public in the past have been various in design. Some of them have been merely masses of rock in the natural state, which, by the aid of a powerful imagination (furnished by the showman) might be thought to resemble in general outline a human body. Others, extensively advertised, have been merely small pieces of rock bearing something the appearance of an arm or a leg and perhaps honestly supposed in the first instance by the ignorant farmhand or ploughboy who found them to be parts of the human body turned into stone. Still other wonders of this sort—and the most successful ones—have been made to order. It costs something to have a human likeness out of rock, but it has been done and very likely will continue to be done so long as the public loves to be fooled.

Some years ago a showman exhibited in St. Louis a petrified infant. It was a rough looking infant, and its features were obscure and unrecognizable, but it was unmistakably human in shape, and great was the rush to see it, with the result that the showman made large sums of money and described his treasure as the scientific wonder of the age. Where he made his mistake was in quarrelling with the creator of the fossil about the price. The stone-cutter brought suit against him, and described the ordering, making and delivery of the scientific wonder at a certain price down and the rest to be paid at a given time. The showman declined to pay up, said the stone-cutter, because there had been some criticism of an irregularity in the infant's features which the showman averred, detracted from its market value. The maker never got his money because the museum man shipped the town leaving the child of his fancy behind him.

A somewhat similar hoax was worked in Chicago by a 'professor,' whose advertisements declared him to be an eminent paleontologist. He travelled on the strength of his petrified man alone, having no other curios except his lecture on the subject of the discovery and probable history of Lithos as he called the exhibit. All went well until one day Lithos fell from the stand on which he lay during the lecture and gave out a suspiciously hollow sound when he hit the floor. The eminent paleontologist incautiously lifted him up and revealed a wooden nakedness to the scandalized audience, for the outer layer of him had broken off in spots, showing ordinary wood underneath. Lithos was simply a dummy of wood overlaid with some calcareous deposit. The professor got away alive, but Lithos was utterly destroyed.

If a true petrified man ever were discovered his discoverer would not need to exhibit him at dime museums, for he would bring almost any price that might be asked. It is extremely improbable, however, that any such discovery will be made, though it is not regarded as impossible. Physicians say that there is no more reason, so far as physical reasons are concerned, why man could not be petrified as various animals, and fossil remains of various animals are not uncommon, but authenticated human remains have not been discovered up to date and if ever they are they will not be identifiable as Gen. Meagher or anyone else known to this period of the world's existence, for the reason that that it will have taken hundreds of centuries to complete the petrification by nature's processes. About sixty years ago an Italian, named Segato, scientist, discovered an embalming process which had the effect of petrification, and a cross section of a body treated by him is still used as a table top in Naples. His process, which died with him, has been rediscovered recently, it is said.

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HELISTED BY DOCTORS. For Heart Disease Without Help—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Relieves in Fifteen Minutes. Mrs. O. Ward of Magog, Que., was a great sufferer for years from heart disease. Physicians bled her and gave her other treatments without relief. She read in the papers of the wonderful cure made by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. She procured a bottle of it. Fifteen minutes after the first dose she had relief. Before taking this remedy she had constant spells of suffocation and fluttering, and severe pain at the top of the heart, and was so weak that the act of sweeping the floor caused her to faint. She continued using the remedy until she had taken six bottles, and today she is well as ever she was.—Sold by E. C. Brown.

Hix—Say, it's dead wrong for a politician to use the eagle for an emblem. D—Why is it? Hix—Because the eagle never thinks of feathering its own nest.

BORN. Hillsboro, Dec. 8, to the wife of Herbert Taylor, a daughter. Chatham, Dec. 5, to the wife of E. Maltby, a son. Moncton, Dec. 12, to the wife of Con. Gordon, a daughter. Ward's Creek, Nov. 27, to the wife of Fred Orr, a daughter. Campbellton, Dec. 2, to the wife of Alex. Mowat, a daughter. Woodstock, Dec. 7, to the wife of Rev. Gordon Fringle, a daughter.

MARRIED. Windsor, Charles Logan Smith to George Walter, son of Rev. J. Brown, Frank Gardner to Ida Murray. Elgin, Dec. 6, by Rev. I. Thorne, Geo. Eldart to Beatie Prosser. Milton, Mass., Nov. 20, Emma Schuman to Ernest A. Morgan.

Boston, Nov. 21, by Rev. Chas. Page, James Bladen to Mary Smith. Chester, Dec. 8, by Rev. A. Bert, Lawson Craft to Stella Easton. Chester, Dec. 7, by Rev. A. M. Best, S. Wm. Selig to Beatie Young. Anticosti, Nov. 30, by Rev. W. Robinson, Chas. MacNeil to Annie Smith. New Glasgow, Dec. 9, by Rev. A. Bowman, John Murray to Effie Mack. Glasgow, Dec. 6, by Rev. J. E. Beal, John Miller to Edith White. Bellefleur, Dec. 12, by Rev. F. Fickes, Edith Vail to Walter H. Kirk. Halifax, Dec. 7, by Rev. G. W. Schurman, Joseph Hunt to Beatie Webber. New Glasgow, Nov. 22, by Rev. J. Davis, Kate Cole to Geo. Woodworth. Bridgewater, Dec. 9, by Rev. S. March, Wm. Robb to Annie Leung. Yarmouth, Dec. 8, by Rev. J. B. Jackson, Nathan Boyd to Hannah Johnson. Halifax, Dec. 9, by Rev. Dr. McMillan, Campbell Robertson to Jessie Frost. Mahone Bay, Dec. 6, by Rev. S. Friggen, Alphonse E. Mader to Terie Mader. Waterford, Dec. 11, by Rev. A. Crispell, Howard Carter to Adeline McManus. Pictou, Dec. 8, by Rev. Wm. Wright, Clarence Reid to Mrs. Cyrella Elliot. Hanson, Colchester, by Rev. Chas. S. Bate, H. A. St. John, Dec. 12, by Rev. S. Hartley, Henry Grant to Katie A. Sanderson. Middle River, Dec. 8, by Rev. D. S. Frazer, George Hill to Christine Grant. Sussex, Dec. 13, by Rev. W. Campbell, Prof. F. J. St. Yves to Mrs. Annie Edger. Gloucester, Mass., Dec. 5, by Rev. F. H. Reed, Bristol, Queens, Dec. 11, by Rev. H. Shaw, Wm. Coombs to Henrietta Buchanan. West Tatamouche, Dec. 7, by Rev. D. A. Frame, George King to Mrs. Edith Moss. Denmark, Queens, Nov. 18, by Rev. S. March, Chipman Wile to Estelle Woodie. New Campbellton, Nov. 14, by Rev. D. Drummond, M. J. Marley to Estelle Campbell. St. Margaret's Bay, Dec. 15, by Rev. W. Arnold, Jas. Herrick to Janet Cleveland. Great Village, Dec. 13, by Rev. O. Chapman, Donald E. McLoughlin to Alberta Lawton. Chester, N. S., Dec. 9, by Rev. W. J. Armitage, Capt. J. Allan Chace to Mamie Woodie. Bay St. Lawrence, C. B. Nov. 23, by Rev. A. McFarren, Dennis Leroie to Susan Dunsley. Boston, Dec. 11, by Rev. A. E. MacLennan, Mr. E. C. Gilchrist to Miss Catherine MacKenzie. Curryville, E. B. Dec. 8, by Rev. C. W. Townsend, Estel McAlister to Annie Curry.

DIED.

Colchester, Robert Upham, 62. St. John, Dec. 18, James Taylor. Greenfield, Nov. 27, Neil Young, 61. Halifax, Dec. 9, Mary A. Perry, 16. St. John, Dec. 14, Patrick Flynn, 76. St. John, Dec. 18, Thomas H. Lloyd. Annapolis, Dec. 10, David Harrett, 67. St. John, Dec. 17, Mrs. Anne McKeown. Fort Louis, Dec. 1, William Finney, 71. Stellarton, Dec. 14, Jesse Elizabeth Turf. Truro, Dec. 8, Capt. Edward T. Rider, 60. Liverpool, Dec. 6, Mrs. Doina Brown, 83. Yarmouth, Dec. 3, Mrs. Ann O'Rourke, 83. Cape Island, Dec. 6, Freeman Nickerson, 62. St. Mary's, Nov. 27, Mrs. Wm. Williams, 83. Black River, Nov. 30, Mrs. Jane Davidson, 78. St. John Co. Dec. 11, Hugh H. Davidson, 78. Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 12, Hugh McIntosh, 67. Sydney, Dec. 9, Angelina Williams McLean, 15. Victoria Road, Dec. 15, Annie May Anketell, 10. Humboldt, Dal. Nov. 12, Milton E. Tomlinson, 76. Lower Canada, Dec. 5, Dorothy E. Wetherby, 60. St. John, Dec. 14, Foster MacFarlane, M. D., 65. E. J. Dec. 10, Ellen J. wife of Faley McKnight 24. Halifax, Dec. 15, Sarah Ann, wife of James Kilie. Grandpas, Nov. 25, Cymbaline Alonso Edric Hendart, 18. Grayville Ferry, Dec. 6, William Mills Weatherston, 71. Ostarbo, Dec. 14, Elizabeth, widow of the late Rev. Dr. Clarke. Bristol, Eng. Nov. 10, Mary Ann, widow of Charles Wallace, 81. St. John, Dec. 18, George Christie, son of G. A. and Annie L. Chase. Truro, Dec. 11, Clarence, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. G. C. McDowell. St. John, Dec. 18, Baby B., infant child of F. P. and Emma F. Galloway. Harvey, A. Co., Dec. 8, Mary, child of the late George Vernon, 71. Cumberland Co., Dec. 2, Francis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Morrell, 2. Shubenacadie, Nov. 19, Janet Orr, youngest child of W. J. and H. A. Wallace, 11 months.

STEAMERS.

Change of Sailing. On and after Monday, Nov. 6th, STEAMER ..Clifton will leave her wharf, Hampton, Monday and Wednesday mornings, at 7 a. m. for Indian Cove. Returning will leave Indian Cove on Tuesday and Thursday mornings at 11 o'clock (local). On Saturdays she will make round trips as at present. CAPT. R. G. MARIE, Manager.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after Monday, Oct. 16th, 1899 trains will run daily (Sundays excepted). TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Pictou, Pictou and Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou. Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou. Express for Quebec, Montreal, and Moncton. Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax, and Sydney. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11:30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11:30 o'clock for Truro and Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex. Accommodation from Moncton. Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal. Accommodation from Moncton. All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation. D. F. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager. Moncton, N. B., Oct. 16, 1899. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street, St. John, N. B.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

EXCURSION RATES.

Christmas and New Year's Holidays.

ONE WAY FIRST-CLASS FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP between all Stations on the Atlantic Division and from Atlantic Division stations to points in Canada, Port Arthur and east. SCHEDULE: F. U. L. C.—First class sale Dec. 21st, to Jan. 1st, inclusive, good to return till Jan. 31st. SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES—There is on request a present of school certificates Dec. 31st. SCHEDULE: F. U. L. C.—First class sale Dec. 21st, to Jan. 1st, inclusive, good to return till Jan. 31st. Above arrangements also apply from all Stations on the International and Dominion Atlantic Railways to Canadian Pacific Railway Stations named above. TO BOSTON—M. A. S.—First-class collected fares for the round trip from St. John, N. B., to Boston, via St. Stephen, St. Andrew and intermediate stations. Tickets on sale Dec. 20th to 30th, inclusive, good to return thirty days from date of issue. For further information as to rates, train service, etc., or to reserve berths on the Popular Short Line Express to Montreal, etc., call on the Ticket Agent at St. John, N. B. Passengers will note that the Canadian Pacific has Dining Cars on day express between Montreal and Toronto, as well as on short Lines, Truro to Brantford.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after Monday, Nov. 13th, 1899, the Steamers and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert.

ST. JOHN AND DIGBY. Leave St. John at 7:00 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday; arrive Digby 9:30 a. m. Returning leave Digby same days at 12:30 p. m., arrive St. John, 3:35 p. m.

Steamship "Prince Arthur."

St. John and Boston Direct Service. Leave St. John every Thursday, 4:30 p. m. Leave Boston every Wednesday, 10 a. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sundays excepted). Leave Halifax 8:30 a. m., arrive Digby 12:30 p. m. Digby 12:45 p. m., arrive Yarmouth 3:30 p. m. Leave Yarmouth 9:00 a. m., arrive Digby 11:45 a. m. Digby 11:55 a. m., arrive Halifax 3:30 p. m. Leave Annapolis 7:20 a. m., arrive Digby 9:30 a. m. Leave Digby 8:30 p. m., arrive Annapolis 4:45 p. m.

S. S. Prince George.

YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and most comfortable voyaging out of Boston, leaves Yarmouth, N. S., Wednesday, and Saturday immediately on arrival of the Express Trains from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Boston every Monday, Tuesday, and Friday at 4:00 p. m. Free coal stoves on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agents.

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, a 1 from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained. P. GIFFINS, superintendent, Kentville, N. S.

1899 1899.

THE YARMOUTH S. S. CO.

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STEAMERS "BO-TON" and "YARMOUTH"

One of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday after arrival of Dom. Atlantic Ry. train from Halifax. Returning leaves Lewis wharf, Boston every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 4 p. m. connecting with Dom. Atlantic Coast Ry. and all coach lines. Regular mail carried on steamers. The Fast Side-Wheel Steamer "CLYDE OF MONTECALLO" leaves Canada's wharf, Halifax, every Monday (10 p. m.) for intermediate ports, Yarmouth and St. John, N. B., connecting at Yarmouth, Wednesday, with steamer for Boston. Returning leaves St. John every Friday 7 a. m.

For tickets, staterooms and other information apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway, 138 Hollis Street; North Street depot, Halifax, N. S., or to any agents on the Dominion Atlantic, Intercolonial, Central and Coast railways.

For tickets, staterooms, etc. Apply to Halifax Transfer Company, 145 Hollis Street, or L. E. BAKER, President and Director. Yarmouth N. S., July 21, 1899.

STAR

Line Steamers

For Fredericton and Woodstock.

Steamers Victoria and David Weston will leave St. John every day at 8 o'clock standard for Fredericton and intermediate stops. Returning will leave Fredericton at 7:30 a. m. standard. JAMES MANORREY, Manager, Fredericton.

VOL. X... Some officials do in a happy fashion seems to be one of the public and for various reasons lenient city would forever from the "influence" has his him his position. Last week he has upon an old man in time he chose to evening. It was not an arrest for any great festival day in the market. His view alone McSorley a constable. He is would have much from but he knows instance of the law with him. The side when he made. No doubt the constable's idea of spending C naturally made son His friends tried in vain and finally to go along with "I can't walk, if you will have to be heavily again. McSorley would of talk but when he persisted in his the officer to assist jail. The policeman and the locks he not of a friendly he could be called him and so he old man to go along sick and you must the prisoner. I just another policeman which by this time in which the same w so liders the day when the prisoner had arrived the side would not move. Expressions of sides, "Let the old Christmas Eve" an constable had no like him death and officers got his man half dragged him to. There never a country market S news of the arrests streets by this time people to see the treated to the ga Campbell who did aside in his eagerness. The necessity for his parent but he was the tryman who was lea strong for he went "I'm not doing any as Campbell made isled. Somebody five, turned around named Fox, a brother so severe a mauling bit him a smash that Fox had not said the action of the place that a well known him intimately called you're wrong there. Fox started to say bell was going to a no, but some friends the sergeant followed as bound to go to complaint against C shared had killed friends persuaded he no use. McSorley landed he supported through arms of the policeman such an arrest on the pleasant one for the Good Evening. A pleasant custom foria hotel which the existing between th