

PROGRESS.

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EVENTS OF CITY LIFE.

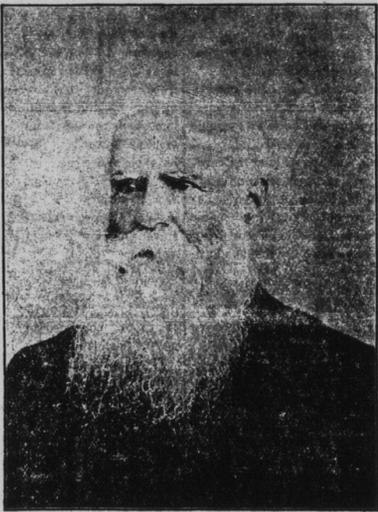
Town Topics of the Week—Many Interesting and Breezy Articles.

The telephone has become such an instrument of common use, that few people now-a-days ever give it much thought as to its utility throughout the land. All kinds of people have adopted it and there is no doubt as to its popularity. There is one class of persons, however, that have not altogether put it into use, this is the medical fraternity. One of the leading physicians in the city said the other day, that under no consideration would he have a telephone in his residence, that it would be more annoying than it was worth. He got along all right before the instrument came in use, and he found he made out just as well now without it. Another doctor interrogated on the subject said "Well he had used the telephone for years it is a great convenience in many ways, but in our profession it has its drawbacks." "You would be surprised," he said "the number of times we are all called up unnecessary. Sometimes it is a very disagreeable and unaccommodating and a whole book could be written on such instances which would be as amusing to the public as they were at the time annoying to me." "I have been called up out of bed many times after a hard days work and when rest was very much desired with such a remark from a mother that she feels sure that baby was better now or to answer a question from a patient as to whether it would be all right to get up the next day "I remember one afternoon calling on a lady in whose house there was sickness and she asked me if I intended going to a party that night. I replied that I could not as I had to make a visit to the country. It was midnight before I got back from that visit, very much tired out. My wife was away at the time. I sent the girl to bed, and lived in hopes that the telephone would rest easy. No sooner had I got soundly asleep than went the bell. It was my lady friend of the afternoon. She wished to know if I had got back and began telling me all I had missed by not being at the party. Of course I had to be polite, but standing for fully ten minutes with not too many clothes on could not but ruffle the best of dispositions, and all about the very last stuff in the world you cared about listening to just then. When I hung up the telephone, the talking was still going on, but I took very good care to hang the instrument in such a way that it wouldn't ring again that night. I went to sleep and dreamed such pleasant dreams of how doctors were so happy before telephones were invented. Another night my wife called me telling me that the phone was ringing that she had answered it, but could not understand, and I didn't blame her for all the nonsensical lot of talking I never listened to before. I persevered for about five minutes when the brilliant thought struck me to ask central. There I was told that no one called me, "but the bell rang" I informed them "If that is the case the wires must have got crossed. This was my reward for patience and I informed central that the next time the wire got twisted not to ring me up. I believe however that central told the truth for I learned the next day that two well-known politicians who had been celebrating that day, had been talking over the telephone the night before and I have no doubt that the conversation was sufficient to cross any wires "you see" said the doctor that a physician's life is not always an easy one and the telephone does not always help us out. Oh yes it is a great invention and a great convenience when you want to use it, but it is monstrous when it doesn't treat you right.

St. Valentine.

Valentine's Day was the occasion of much amusement among the younger class of people, but the day is not kept nearly as much as some years ago. The postmen had their usual share to handle, but they were of the comic variety for the most part. Of course there are some mad people in St. John, but they dare not say so. The paper lace and tinsel, the gaily printed loves and doves and roses of ready-made valentines make pretty playthings, and signify a suitable exchange of childish attentions; but they are quite beneath the dignity of young

folk old enough to take themselves seriously as lovers. Indeed, the courting quality has quite vanished from the day, which used—as readers of Scott's 'Fair-



SENATOR J. V. ELLIS.
The Mover of the Address in the Senate.

Maid of Perth' will remember—to be a very important one to maids and bachelors of long ago. Most of the customs attendant on its old observance have perished also. But the opportunity for an anonymous gift remains; and whether it is to be given to lad or lass, little or big, whether it is a token of friendship or an offering of sentiment, the custom is a pretty and graceful one, and a pleasing survival from times gone by.

DEATH'S WORK.

Great Changes in Fredericton Within a few Years

PROGRESS had an interesting conversation with a gentleman this week, who lately came from Fredericton, but who had not visited that city for some ten years past. The changes to his mind that had taken place in the Celestial city during the time of his absence had been great and many, but there was nothing that struck him so much as the change that death had made during the last few years. As persons pass away they are to a great extent forgotten by the public at large. The work of death in Fredericton has been gradual and the aggregate a large one, and a person would be surprised should he stop and think of the many who have died within the period of a short time. The great change brought about in this way does not strike one who lives right along in a place, nearly as much as it does a person returning to the place after an absence of a few years. Let us take a glance at the "stat. First there is the ministry, who among the youngest cannot call to mind Bishop Medley, Father McDevitt and the Rev Richard Simonds, to say nothing of many others occupying important positions in that calling. Then the legal profession, what a group there is here. Chief Justice Allen, Judge Fraser, Judge Wetmore, William Street, George Botsford, F. A. H. Stratton, William Carman, George J. Bliss, Wesley Vanwart, Fred Fisher, E. H. Wilmot, and many others. The medical profession too has had its share what more familiar characters on the streets of Fredericton than the late Dr Brown and the late Dr. Coulthard and Dr. Gregory. The merchants include such well known men as John Edgewood, Spefford Barker, Geo. Hatt, S. A. Akerley, John Babbitt, James White, S. F. Shute, S. A. Purdy, John McDonald, Simon Nealis, Thos. Loggan, A. A. Miller, Jas. Myshall, James Tibbitts, J. G. McNally, and John MacKay. Add to these the large number of leading citizens of various walks in life and there is a body indeed. In this latter a few only may be

mentioned: Thos Temple, Geo. E. Fenety W O'Dell, Dr. Jack, Archie Inches, Julius Inches H. G. C. Ketchum, Geo. A. Parley, C. Whittaker, Jno. Moore, Jno. Edwards, John Richards, John Edgar, H. Winters, J. B. Grievess, J. Kenney, John Peckard, Wm. Fisher, Col. Beverley Robinson, Col. John Robinson, Marshall Ritchie and D. F. George.

All the above mentioned were familiar figures on the streets of Fredericton but a few years ago. Nor does that city stand alone in the work death has wrought.

SOUTH END RESORTS.

The Police Are Fully Aware of Their Presence—They Have Simply Moved.

The police court business still continues at the same old stand on King street, while the business of the bawdy houses at the eastern end of Britain street is at a standstill.

The recent upheaval and disclosures relative to these haunts of vice, and the association of the police therewith has caused no small amount of discussion throughout the city.

It is certainly time that this illicit and unlawful business is not now carried on, in this vicinity at least, to such a great extent as was hitherto the case.

In the meantime the social evil is said to be spreading itself over parts of the city and it is even said that the police do not have to go out of Lower Cove to suppress such places. The migration of these people has been from one end of Britain street to the other. Instead of finding them on the eastern end of that street, they can now be located at the extreme western end, not many rods distant from Reed's Point.

Chief Clark says that he intends to wipe these places out. Now is the time to do it when they are spreading themselves over the city. He can get valuable facts from his patrol sergeants and policemen concerning their existence.

PROGRESS, some time ago, referred to the matter of remission of police court fines. What was said then is verified by recent facts. In the late police activity some arrests were made. The inmates were fined a cool hundred. It is generally said that the man who figured in the affair secured his liberty on the payment of half that amount. It has been further asserted that the youngest and the oldest of the quartette of women arrested secured their liberty this week at a decreased rate.

This may be justice from one point of view, but it seems passing strange that such a heavy fine should be imposed and the next minute rescinded. The Common Council has taken steps to regulate the matter of fines, etc. The city fathers must have evidently awakened to the fact of the absurdity of the system now.

A CHANGE NEEDED.

On City Fathers and Police are How, They Should Get to Work.

The Police of Saint John have wakened up lately. Since the Ring investigation there seems to be a little more life in the force and if that investigation did no other good, it certainly opened the eyes of those in authority to the fact that the citizens expected more life, and energy shown in the future by the guardians of the town. During the winter a number of people have been reported for not shovelling the snow off of their sidewalks. This is not taken as an example of any great police vigilance, for it is an old story, in fact it may be taken as showing just the opposite, for many think that the time taken in making these reports might be used to better advantage in other directions. Just what benefit is received from making these reports is a mystery. It has yet to be shown that the exchequer has in any way increased its funds in this connection. It is well enough to levy fines, but there is no sense in such procedure if such fines are of no account and the majority of legal talent believe this and the non-collecting of these fines would give the idea that there are others of a similar way of thinking, at least they do not care about testing the question Police activity then in this direction is of disadvantage as it only brings ridicule. There are generally however one or two things that always happens in St. John when the police show a little more liveliness. This is always manifested in the report of some isolated case, not of any material benefit, but as evidence that the "cop" was present when something was going on. This week the report was handed in to headquarters that an inhabitant was seen driving on the sidewalk. This is against the law and so must be considered wrong. At the same time it has its comical side. It only goes to show how very little the police can get its eye open, and is a fair sample of what is done

in this direction is also done in others. There is not a day that there are not dozens driving on the sidewalks and why one poor individual is picked out is not quite clear. But such is police protection and what the people are called upon to pay to support. As to driving on the sidewalk it is doubtful that it is such a misdemeanor. Is it not the safer place after a fall for team and pedestrians alike, considering the way the streets of St. John are looked after. On many thoroughfares more persons are to be found walking in the middle of the street than on the sidewalk, the miserable and icy condition of the latter compels this action. A man might run some risks in taking the middle course, but he certainly runs more in trying to maneuver along the icy sidewalks should a driver be blamed than if he attempts to keep out of the pedestrian's way by keeping off of the middle streets. Most people will say no. The responsibility is the city's and the latter should see that all places are made decent to travel on. If it were such a difficult job to remedy the defect some slight excuse might be made but none exist. By a very little expense the sidewalks of the city could be made for what they were intended, but the fact of the matter is they are not looked after properly at all. The aldermen will spend time in talking over the expenditure of some scheme, while the citizens of St. John would think much more of them if they devoted a little time towards looking after the comforts of life. There is no reason in the world why our streets shouldn't be sprinkled regularly with sand, the expense is trifling and save many a doctor's bill. The physicians, charge for attending a broken limb would sprinkle a good many sidewalks. The ideas of many City Fathers are two high with their expensive schemes, they want to come down to the level of the street.

New Drill Hall.

St John demands a new drill hall. The demand is a great and reasonable one. No city in Canada in proportion to its population is stronger in its militia and it is time that our militia should be looked after. The drill shed now in use is not properly suited to its purpose. It is neither large enough or centrally enough located. Our young men take a deep interest in military affairs and in this they should be encouraged, but to walk a mile and over to Lower Cove as the majority have to, to drill is not very enticing to the most ardent patriot. PROGRESS hopes before long to see a fine building erected in a central locality.

PROGRESS

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TODAY.

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Kites Have To Labor Now.

Why doesn't some Canadian with sport ing blood and leisure organize a kite club? Of course, the mass of his fellow citizens would be too busy to follow his lead, but the progressive elect who are in the convalescent stage of golf mania might welcome the innovation.

The kite has never been properly appreciated by Occidental grown-ups. Only the Canadian small boy has understood the joy to be won from a few sticks, a sheet of paper, a pot of glue, a ball of twine and the miscellaneous incident to a tail. It is different in the Orient.

Tradition says that the kite was born in Malaysia and was at first a part of religious rites, being used as a messenger to the gods. There is nothing devotional about Oriental kite flying in this later day. On the contrary, kite flying, particularly in Java, bats fan tan as a gambling game and frequently gives rise to life-long feuds.

January and March are the great months for kite contests. District arrays itself against district, kite club against kite club. It is not unusual to see thousands of spectators watching a kite duel and betting furiously upon the outcome. Peaceful kite flying is an art, but the war kite is the real thing in the Far East.

A man selects the kites which out of the hundreds in his possession, are the most trustworthy and yet the most 'nervous.' A tailless kite is the favorite with the Oriental sports, even in the case of kite battles; but the war kite has a tail. The tail is gummed liberally and sprinkled with pulverized glass; or else four sickle shaped pieces of glass are attached to the tail at intervals of two or three feet.

The two opponents send their kites up about 200 feet and then the battle is on. The aim of each fighter is to force his kite to cut the string of the other kite and set it free. The exhibition of skill in the management of the darting, swaying combatants is a thing to make an ordinary kite flyer open his eyes. The kites respond to handling with almost human intelligence. The Japanese who owns a famous war kite is the peer of the Englishman who owns a Derby winner, and Tod Sloan himself is not more famous in Western sporting circles than certain champion kite handlers.

The Chinese are kite flyers of another sort. They don't see the fun in direct combat and simple sport. They go in for complexity. The Chinaman flies tandems, and the more kites he can keep going at one time the better satisfied he is. Invariably the strings get tangled and the experiment ends in a hopeless snarl; but the kite flyer patiently unwinds and unties and disentangles. Then he begins all over again.

The Chinese, like the Japanese, Javanese and Siamese, are famous at kite making. Bird kites, fish kites, butterfly kites, boat kites, flower kites, all originated in the Orient. Masical kites, made by the substitution of fine metal bowstrings for the ordinary string, have always been popular in Japan.

The tailless darting kite, much used in modern science, is the ordinary war kite. The experiments of Capt. Baden Powell in England, Hargrave in Australia, and other modern kite enthusiasts, by which men swung in sling seats were carried into the air by kite tandems, are not particularly new, for the same results were accomplished long before the Christian era.

Japanese records tell that in year 600 B. C. a war kite was used for military purposes and carried a man in a bos'n's chair high over the enemy's camp. Another case is recorded in the sixteenth century, when robbers at Nagaya, Japan, by the use of kites, reached the minarets of a famous castle and attempted to carry off the golden ornaments valued at \$80,000.

But general utilitarianism in kite flying was left for nineteenth century America. There's a distressing side to modern scientific kite flying. Pegasus harnessed isn't more pathetic than a kite condemned to hard labor, but the modern American hasn't time for sentiment. He overworks his kites as relentlessly as his steam engines, and he wounds them in their most sensitive feelings. What self respecting kite, whose ancestors fought, bled and died above the blossoming cherry groves of Japan, can hold a patent medicine advertisement banner 200 feet above Broadway for eight hours a day, and not lose its buoyancy. How can a well-bred kite dart around all day like a kodak stand, with a camera tucked under its wing, and not feel itself degraded?

Kites, as advertising mediums, have had a tremendous boom in the last year. The political campaign exploited the kite sus-

static pressure and storm indications have been cleared up by the use of kites. The record for high kite flying rests with the Blue Hill Observatory, where recording instruments have been carried by tandem kites to a height of 12,057 feet above sea level.

The U. S. Weather Bureau has long recognized the possibility of obtaining from self recording meteorological instruments carried by kites synoptic charts of upper air strata, which may be compared with surface conditions and aid astonishingly in weather forecasting. Electrical experiments of great value have also been conducted through the medium of kites.

The value of kites, as signals, was demonstrated in the Spanish-American war; and certain authorities have advanced the proposition that kites may be used to carry explosives into an enemy's camp. Experiments have been made showing that kites 6x18 feet may be made to carry fifty pounds of dynamite one-fourth of a mile in the air, and to drop it into a fort one half mile distant. The uncertainty of air currents and the difficulty in controlling kite direction tend to make this use of kites dangerous and impracticable.

Innumerable devices have been adapted to the modern kite. Patent trolley parachute holders run up and down kite struts and discharge kites, at stated intervals. Windlass reels and spools hold the cord, and tighten or slacken it, without strain upon the operator's hands. Adjusted scales measure the force of the kite's pull. This strain is no small matter when one is flying a tandem of large kites. Scientists have devoted a great deal of attention to determining the kind of kite string needed for kites in proportion to their size. Silk cord was tried for a time, but has been abandoned.

China silk is the kite covering best adapted for rough weather and high wind. It is more expensive and heavier than paper. The ordinary kite is covered with

Manila rope fibre paper, and scientists make the paper serviceable in damp weather, by giving it a coating of paraffin.

White pine is unquestionably the best wood for kite frames, although spruce is stronger and is often used. One of the puzzling problems of kite making is provided by the difference in the velocity of lower and the upper air currents. It is difficult to make a kite rigid enough to stand the increasing velocity of the higher currents and yet light enough to be easily started and fly well in the lower air strata. This difficulty is greatly intensified by the use of a kite tail, and in fact a tail kite is practicable only in light winds. The box kites will stand higher wind than any scientific kite in the market, but both the Eddy kite and the keel kite, which has a keel or fin down the middle stick will respond more quickly than box kites to handling in light wind.

Kites have as much individuality as though they were living creatures. Each smallest difference in their construction, even if only the grain of the wood or the fibre of the paper, tends to give the kite a character of its own. A man who owns many kites knows exactly what to expect from each and does not require from one a task for which it is unfitted. Gilbert Woglum, well known among scientific kite flyers, has hundreds of kites, but has a name for each and insists that they differ from one another as radically as though they were children.

All of the problems of kite making are solved by scientific formulae and the toy shops are full of kits warranted to be mathematically above reproach, and sold for a song. American kites are being exported to all parts of the world, invading even those countries where kite flying is not only a science, but a fine art as well. Only the Canadian boy is conservative and, in his heart, hates the modern scientific kite. He sees no use in spooling a good thing by making it useful. If his

kite can outfly his chum's he doesn't care a button what temperature or wind velocity it finds in its flight, and he would rather make a kite according to boy tradition and wrestle with the tall problem of the light of experience and advice from other boys, than fly all of the ready made tailless kites in the market.

Obearing.

Among the people who revel in the inglorious things of this world and mourn with exceeding pleasure, may safely be counted Mrs. Hankey, a character in 'The Farringdons.'

Mrs. Hankey is telling about the recent wedding of her niece Susan, and prophesying the probable end of the bridegroom with considerableunction.

'How is your sister herself?' inquired Mrs. Bateson. 'I expect she's a bit upset now that the fuss is all over, and she hasn't a daughter left to bless herself with.'

Mrs. Hankey sighed cheerfully. 'Well, she did seem rather low spirited when all the mess was cleared up, and Susan had gone off to her own home; but I says to her, 'Never mind, Sarah, and don't you worry yourself. Now that the weddings are over, the funerals will soon begin.' You see you must cheer folks up a bit, Mrs. Bateson, when they're feeling out of sorts.'

A Modern Sec.

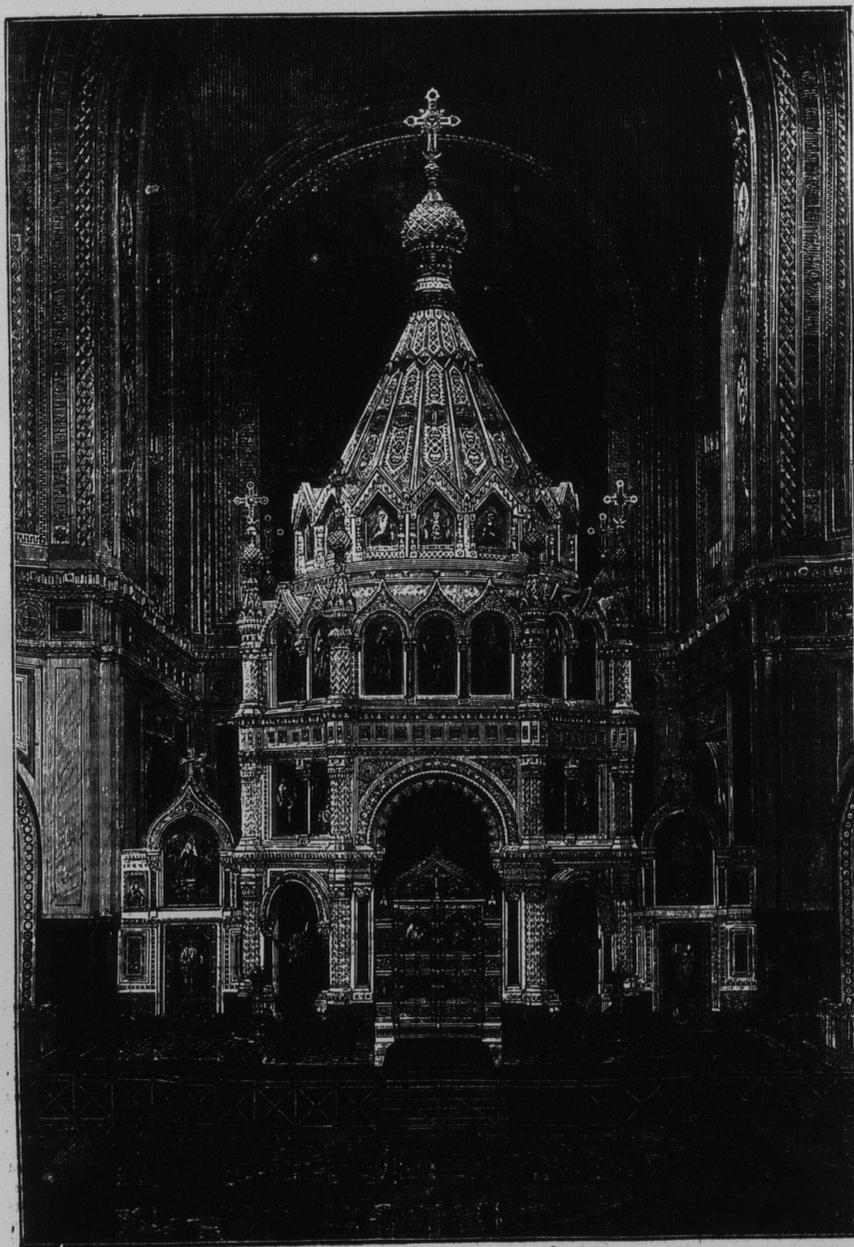
'Why, Mrs. Parkinson, whatever is the world induced you to buy that dead black dress, patted? Surely you don't think of giving up bright colors at your age?'

'No, but it was a bargain, and I got to thinking it might come in handy too. My husband's going deer hunting in the Adirondacks.'

The Author's Ambition.

Reader—I suppose Eitem's ambition is to write the great American novel.

Tell'em—Oh, no. He's trying to get the best American do'.



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Music and The Drama

FORES AND UNDERBORN.

The much anticipated production of Nell Gwynne took place this week, the first performance being given on Tuesday evening to a capacity audience, which pleasant state of affairs prevailed during the three nights on which the play was given.

The score of Nell Gwynne is replete with pretty catchy airs and the choruses are particularly calculated to leave a most delightful impression on the musically inclined. A decided disadvantage was the fact that there were no programmes on Tuesday evening which omission had the decided effect of marring the interest. It necessitated a great deal of hard work on the part of the principals to keep up the interest of the audience but they came bravely up to all requirements and all whose names appeared in the cast acquitted themselves nobly and reflected glory upon Mr. James Ford, under whose direction the opera was given. Mrs. Grigby sang the title role in a charmingly bright and pleasing manner. Her voice was heard to excellent advantage and her acting was far above the average. Miss Constance Vall, as the ward of the King, and Miss Margaret Patton, the niece of Wesel, were charming in the parts and exceedingly bright and winsome.

In the role of Marjorie, Miss Francis Rainnie made a most decided success and she was given unstinted praise. Among the gentlemen honors were about even between Mr. J. A. Kelly and Mr. D. Fidgeon both of whom were in excellent voice and acted well.

Mr. J. G. Rainnie had most of the comedy to sustain and he did it in a way that was a pleasant surprise to his friends. He was perfectly natural and easy and kept his auditors in constant good humor. Mr. A. H. Lindsay also had a good comedy role and he did it in a most admirable way, winning favorable comments on every hand. He and Mr. Rainnie sang a topical song in the last act that won a tremendous amount of applause.

The Opera House was artistically decorated with bright and aquatic emblems and presented a very handsome appearance and bouquets were generously bestowed upon the lady principals. The production of Nell Gwynne under the auspices of the Neptune Rowing club was assuredly a great success upon which all concerned therewith are to be warmly congratulated.

The engagement of Albani in March is an event of deepest interest to music lovers in this city and it is anticipated that financially it will be as great a success as it was on her last appearance here.

Kirke La Shell is among the grip victims.

Mamie Gilroy is going to star in My Sweetheart.

Manru is to be the title of the opera that Paderewski has written.

W. J. Block is going to produce a new piece, The Triumph of Love by H. Gratton Donnelly.

A new opera is being written for Alice Neilson by Victor Herbert, Harry Smith and Leo Districhen.

J. Sebastian Hillier has been engaged by R. A. Barnett to direct the forthcoming production of his new extravaganza in Boston.

Henri de Bornier, poet and dramatist, died in Paris recently aged 76. He had been a member of the French Academy since 1876.

TALK OF THE THEATRE

The Valentine Stock company played a four nights engagement in Frederick this week, greatly pleasing the people of the capital by their work. On the company's return to this city the end of the week, A Celebrated Case was given a production. In Missouri and Captain Letterblair are to be given early productions.

Walton Townshend is dying of consumption in Arizona.

The Cadet Girl closed at Columbus, Ohio, on Jan. 30.

The Actors Church Alliance is opposed to Sunday performances.

S. Miller Kent will star next season in "The Cowboy and the Lady."

Heinrich Sienkiewicz is said to be writing a sequel to his novel Quo Vadis.

Madeline Lucette Ryley and her husband sailed this week for London.

Leo Tolstoi, the novelist and playwright, is seriously ill at his estate in Russia.

Alice Neilson is suffering from an injured foot caused from dye from a colored stocking.

Annie Russell will play a New York

engagement in A Royal Family next November.

John J. McNally, dramatic editor of the Boston Herald, is to write a new play shortly.

Roselle Knott has been signed by Whitney & Knowlton for her original part Lygia in Quo Vadis.

Floy Crosswell who played several times here, died recently in Los Angeles, Cal. of consumption.

To Have and to Hold will be produced in New York on March 4. Isabel Irving will play the female lead.

The Coates Opera House, the oldest theatre in Kansas city, Mo., was destroyed by fire on Jan. 31.

Mary Manning has passed her 100th performance in Janice Meredith at Wall-Lock's theatre New York.

Joseph Kilgour, pleasantly remembered here, has joined the Alcazar Stock Company in San Francisco for a few weeks.

Olga Notherole was ill with grip last Saturday and Miss Sylvia Lynden took her role of Sappho at short notice and made a hit.

Edith Mason has succeeded Amelia Stone in the leading role of Vienna Life in New York. Miss Stone was a victim of grip.

Christie McDonald the Nova Scotia girl who has made a hit in comic opera is to be married this week to William Jefferson, an actor.

Lotta Crabtree was ill last week from ptomaine poisoning, and was at first believed to be dying. She is, however, recovering rapidly.

John Turton who was here a couple of years ago with the Maynard company and again as a special feature of a Bicycle Minstrel's concert is leading man with Rose Melville.

Lewis Morrison will return to the stage next season in Faust under Jules Murray's management. A new version following Goethe closely will be used and new and elaborate scenery provided.

Henry Guy Carleton has a slight paralytic stroke but is improving. Mr. Carleton known as one of the more prominent of American dramatists, has in recent years devoted himself to electrical inventions, in which he has been so successful that an electrical company which manufactures his devices bears his name.

The Boston Transcript recently gave a column and a half to a description of Margaret Anglin's gown, in "Mrs. Dane's Defence," and says: "Miss Anglin's gown was always bespeak the refined woman, and are of the kind that would be more appreciated by a drawing room company, than the mixed audience of a theatrical performance."

A Toronto correspondent writes that there considerable dissatisfaction there because of the recent in theatre management which will abolish the stock system. The Grand Opera house is to be a link of a chain of theatres while the Princess will be the headquarters for theatrical trust attractions. Stock companies have become an institution in Toronto of which the public has become very fond, says the writer. "It has been pointed out since the announcement of the change was made that thousands of people who have found excellent entertainment at the cheap prices charged by the stock company will be compelled next season to pay higher rates for an inferior article of amusement. It is said to be among the probabilities will have a new theatre another season permanently devoted to a Stock company.

Says the Dramatic Mirror of last week: Eleonora Duse's denunciation of modern stage tendencies and her appeal for a return to classical forms of art have been quoted widely by the American press since they were transmitted to us through the Rome correspondence of The Mirror. As the greatest of living European actresses Duse's views, however extreme they may be, possess a universal interest.

Discontented with modern plays and modern methods, Duse says: "We should return to the Greeks and play in the open air; 'boxes, stalls and late dinners kill the drama; 'since Shakespeare and the Greeks there have been no great dramatists; 'I want Rome, Athens, the Colosseum, the Acropolis.—I want beauty and fire."

Of course these bold assertions have aroused intense resentment among the writers of the laissez aller sort, who profess to be completely satisfied with everything connected with the theatre as it exists today in America and who find a justification for any kind of offense against taste and art in pecuniary success.

They find in Duse's works the symptoms of madness; they discover that she is strangely morbid, and unwholesomely pessimistic. No good could come of returning to elemental processes and abandon-

ing the vast improvements of the modern stage.

From this it is seen that the meaning of the great actress' remarks is not understood in the least by the writers of the class in question, who regard aspiration for something better as tokens of morbidity or madness!

BUCKS WITH LOCKED HORNS.

The Rare Trophy Secured by a Hunter in the Oklahoma Region.

Sam Aldridge, a noted hunter, who lives just over the the line in the Creek nation, near Keokuk Falls, Oklahoma, was out some time ago with his dogs in search of game, and about sundown a big buck deer, with immense antlers, was started, and made for the wilds of the Indian reservation. Aldridge called off his dogs, and it was too late to pursue the quarry further, and went home.

Early the next morning the hunter, who is perfectly familiar with the habits of deer, went back to where he had finished the game of the night before, knowing that it was almost certain the buck would track back and be in the immediate vicinity. Soon the dogs struck the trail and set off at a hot pace, giving tongue in a manner that caused the woods to ring. Aldridge followed as fast as he could, and after going about two miles he heard his dog at bay. As he came in sight he saw a scene that gave him the first attack of the "buck fever" for over thirty years. Jumping and bounding around what seemed to be three big buck deer with only one head were the dogs, and the hunter wiped his eyes to be sure his vision was not playing him a trick, and this is what he saw.

Locked fast in an embrace that could only end in death were three enormous bucks, with horns entwined in such a manner as to render escape impossible. Two of the deer were weak and exhausted, but the third made violent efforts to escape, and plunged and pawed madly. After he had calmed his nerves Aldridge shot the violent one of the trio through the heart. The other two, encumbered by the dead one, fell in a heap and the hunter proceeded to cut their throats with a common pocketknife.

From the condition of the three bucks Aldridge readily came to the conclusion that two of them had met in battle several days before, and had locked their horns in such a manner that neither could escape. They were exhausted and showed every effect of a long hard struggle. The other buck was evidently the one the hunter had started the night before, and when it had tracked back in the early morning it had found the two others with locked horns, and had at once attacked them viciously, as the torn sides and flanks indicated. In some manner the mad animal had finally charged into the two helpless ones and his horns, too, became entangled in such a manner that he was held fast until Aldridge came up.

After putting his game out of their misery the hunter tried to disentangle the horns, but found this impossible. He then cut the heads of the bucks off and dragged them to the wagon trail, and went after his team and hauled them home, where he cleaned the meat off the skulls and kept the strangely locked horns as a trophy. His neighbors came to see the unusual sight, and Aldridge finally offered a reward of \$10 to anyone who would unlock the horns without breaking them, but no one succeeded in earning the money.

R. E. Wood the representative in the Sixth Legislative Assembly from Pottawatomie county, was at Keokuk Falls some time afterward, and heard of the curiosity. He met Aldridge and secured the horns and now has them in his office at Shawnee in that county. He had a photograph made of them, and also continued the offer of \$10 to anyone who could get them apart without damaging them, but so far no one has succeeded.

Separated for Many Years.

For nearly half a century Mrs. Mary Greenleaf had lived without knowing that she had a mother, and now she finds that mother to be an Indian. Mrs. Greenleaf is now forty-six years old. She was a baby of three when her father, Col. Thomas Williamson, took her from her mother and gave her to strangers. Col. Williamson married Margaret, a Cherokee girl, in 1852, and went to live with her tribe at Fort Gibson, I. T. The husband and wife were divided in sympathy over the slave question, and the colonel was driven from the territory by his wife's people, who were slave-holders and Southerners.

Margaret stayed with the Indians, but let Williamson take the child. The colonel fought through the war, settled

at Keokuk, Mo., and in 1870, when he was seventy years of age, he was informed that his wife was still living in the Indian territory. He immediately set out for the Indian territory, and after a long and arduous journey, he finally located his wife at a small village in the Indian territory. She was then eighty years of age, and had never seen her husband since she was a baby of three years of age.

Complete Treatment for Every Humour, consisting of CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA OINTMENT, to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA BUBBLE SOAP, to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disgusting, and humiliating skin, scalp, and blood humours, with loss of hair, when all else fails.

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down in business and presently married again without being divorced. Margaret, the Cherokee wife, also married again. Mary Williamson grew up in total ignorance of her own mother and married William Greenleaf, a Kansas City architect. Her father died several years ago, and commended in his will that Mary should be told the secret of her birth. No one told her, however, until an old colored "mammy" revealed part of the truth and Mrs. Greenleaf guessed the rest.

Brave Officer-Boy.

The appalling explosion which shocked New York some time ago was marked by more than one example of that every-day heroism which ennobles common humanity. But of all the brave deeds there done that of an officer-boy was perhaps the most notable.

He was stunned by a blow on the head from a flying fragment, but regaining consciousness, was about to escape from the horrors surrounding him, when the depressing cries of the office girls reached his ears.

To attempt their rescue might entail death upon himself, but unmoved by such considerations, the brave lad determined to save them. Gropping his way toward them amid the dense smoke, the blinding dust and the sizzling fumes of burning chemicals, and with flames rapidly surrounding him, he reached the imprisoned girls, three in number, and braving, half-dragging them, reached the street in safety.

Cal, hoarse and bleeding, he reached all that he had quietly disappeared—perhaps to quiet the apprehensions of a loving mother. Surely, the making of a man is in that boy.

The Place to Wash Him.

On one occasion an M. P. of a past generation not noted for his habits of personal tidiness was visiting a seaside place, and one day while out in a boat with a sailing party he was swept overboard but was happily rescued. When the excitement was over a young fellow rushed down into the cabin.

"By Jove," he exclaimed, "we've been having such an exciting time on deck!"

"What is it?" asked everybody.

"Mr. Bland was washed overboard."

"I'm glad of it," snapped a fastidious matron.

Everybody was horrified.

"Well, I am," she explained. "Just think of that man being washed on board!"

"It's no use to feel me wreat, docther," said Pat, when the physician began to feel his pulse; "the pain is not there, sure—it's in me stomach."

Prevent Baldness

And Cleanse the Scalp of Crusts, Scales, and Dandruff by Shampoos with



And light dressings with CUTICURA, purest of emollient skin cures. This treatment at once stops falling hair, removes crusts, scales, and dandruff, soothes irritated, itching surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, supplies the roots with nourishment, and makes the hair grow upon a sweet, wholesome, healthy scalp when all else fails.

Millions Use Cuticura Soap Assisted by CUTICURA Ointment, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itching, and chaffings, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of Women use CUTICURA SOAP in the form of baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and eruptions, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for liberative weaknesses, and for many sanative antiseptic purposes, which readily suggest themselves to women, especially mothers. No other medicated soap is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic toilet soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus it combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, the best skin and complexion soap, and the best toilet and baby soap in the world.

Complete Treatment for Every Humour, consisting of CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA OINTMENT, to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA BUBBLE SOAP, to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disgusting, and humiliating skin, scalp, and blood humours, with loss of hair, when all else fails.

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PROGRESS.

Some time ago there was a notable automobile procession in the city of Buffalo, N. Y. It was notable for its size, and also for the fact that it was entirely composed of automobile wagons (like that in the cut above), built to distribute the advertising literature of the World's Dispensary Medical Association, proprietors and manufacturers of Dr. Pierce's medicine.

In many a town and village Dr. Pierce's automobile has been the pioneer horseless vehicle. These wagons, sent to every important section of the country, are doing more than merely advertise Dr. Pierce's Remedies—they are pioneers of progress, heralds of the automobile age.

And this is in keeping with the record made by Dr. Pierce and his famous preparations, which have always kept in the front of their merits. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is still the leading medicine for disorders and diseases of the stomach and digestive and nutritive systems, for the purifying of the blood and healing of weak lungs.

Women place Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in the front of all put-up medicines specially designed for women's use. The wide benefits this medicine has brought to women have been well summed up in the words "It makes weak women strong and sick women well."

The reputation of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets as a safe and effective laxative for family use is international.

It may be asserted without fear of contradiction that no other firm or company engaged in the vending of put-up medicines can rank with the World's Dispensary Medical Association, either in the opinion of the medical profession or of the intelligent public. The Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, which is connected with the "World's Dispensary," is alone sufficient to prove this supremacy. Here is a great modern hospital, always filled with patients, where every day successful operations are performed on men and women whose diseases demand the aid of surgery. No hospital in Buffalo is better equipped, with respect to its modern appliances, or the surgical ability of its staff. Dr. R. V. Pierce, the chief consulting physician of this great institution, has associated with himself nearly a score of physicians, each man being a picked man, chosen for his ability in the treatment and cure of some special form of disease.

The offer that Dr. Pierce makes to men and women suffering with chronic diseases of a free consultation by letter, is really without a parallel. It places without cost or charge the entire resources of a great medical institute at the service of the sick. Such an offer is not for one moment to be confounded with those offers of "free medical advice" which are made by people who are not physicians, cannot and do not practice medicine, and are only saved from prosecution by artfully wording their advertisements so that they give the impression that they are physicians without making the claim to be licensed.

Those who write to Dr. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., may do so with the assurance that they will receive not only the advice of a competent physician, but the advice of a physician whose wide experience in the treatment and cure of disease, and whose sympathy with human suffering leads him to take a deep, personal interest in all those who seek his help and that of his associate staff of specialists.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser (in paper covers), 100 pages, is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps, or 50 stamps for the cloth-bound volume, to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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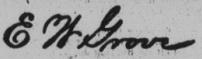
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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEB. 16

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

EDWARD THE SEVENTH.

In a stable and well-ordered popular government a change in the head of the state takes place without public convulsion or disturbance.

Nevertheless, the transfer of the scepter from the hands of Queen Victoria to those of Edward the Seventh will introduce a momentous change in the political and social life of Great Britain—a change not of form, but of that indefinable quality which we call tone.

King Edward also is a strong character. Heretofore he has been obliged by filial duty, as well as by the obligations of political propriety, to subordinate himself to his mother.

Consequently, although the British nation mourns its illustrious queen, it may with good reason look forward to the new reign in the hope that, although different, it will be glorious.

Yet it will be a long time before they or the world will forget the good old queen

A QUEEN'S MARRIAGE.

The marriage yesterday at The Hague of her royal majesty Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands (which kingdom we shall, here, for convenience, call Holland)

Some part of the extraordinary interest may fairly be attributed to the striking way in which the royal marriage at The Hague is set in contrast with royal funerals in London.

After all, that which makes the marriage of Queen Wilhelmina a theme on which high-thinking people the world over like to dwell is, more than anything else, the interest which attaches to the kingdom of Holland as a nation having a great past and in the present filling a role on the world's stage that is very far indeed from insignificant.

People who measure nations by armies, navies and treasuries, naturally reckon Holland unimportant. Judged by such a standard, Queen WILHELMINA is a ruler of a second or a third rate power.

If Holland were today a decadent nation, though we should still speak respectfully of her on account of that great history, we should be obliged, nevertheless, to withhold unstinted salutations.

It is not too much to say that while the kingdom of Holland certainly does not hold a relative rank among the powers of the earth nearly equal to that which she possessed in the mighty days of Dr RUTGER and WILLIAM OF ORANGE,

It seems to be in order again to remind all whom these presents may concern that what are called, in popular language confessions of murder, are usually about the most trifling of all sensational trash.

The peanut seems to be playing the part of "civilizer" in some of the foreign possessions in tropical Africa. Traders give a negro a bushel of nuts for seed on condition that he returns four bushels from his crop.

Early in the eighteenth century ISAAC WATTS wrote a noble hymn, beginning, "O God, our help in ages past." It has been a comfort and an inspiration to countless minds.

For some time past Song Wah, a son of land of rice and starch has been conducting a washes-washes business on Charlotte, near St James street.

The match races between Parker and Duffy are occasioning much interest among the sporting fraternity, each have now won a race and the third one is excitedly looked forward to.

The match races between Parker and Duffy are occasioning much interest among the sporting fraternity, each have now won a race and the third one is excitedly looked forward to.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Shadows of Darkness. The Queen of peace has passed away, She has life's second birth; Dark shadows fall across our way, There's evil on the earth.

Sunday Afternoons. From the window of the chapel softly sounds an organ's note, Through the wintry Sabbath gloaming drifting shreds of music float.

A Noveller Musician. Our Jane has always had the craze To play as Paderewski plays, And that she has acquired his ways.

In as the Birth. There was quite a commotion all over the west When Bryan's new paper was born.

When Bryan's new paper was born; A breeze from the south rose and blew at its best.

When Bryan's new paper was born; The tall ghost of Jackson was seen but not heard.

When Bryan's new paper was born; When Bryan's new paper was born; All nature rejoiced with a fullness of joy.

When Bryan's new paper was born; In Winter. When the north winds blow with might, Rushing out from frozen skies;

When Bryan's new paper was born; In whose gold red mine I see Some and all my flying down; Delving after wealth for me.

When Bryan's new paper was born; Work your worst, O skies of gold! Rage O demons of the North.

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

Keeping the Waiters Honest.

Travellers in Mexico find much to be desired in the matter of hotels and restaurants, unless they happen to be admirers of Spanish-American cooking.

During meal hours the hawk-eyed Missourian seemed to keep a vigilant watch over every part of the place.

Collecting the sum due, the waiter would hand memorandum and money to the proprietor, who sat perched in his series behind the counter.

The New Yorker, one day, happened to look into the register through the open top, thought it strangely lacking in 'works' and spoke to the restaurateur about it.

"How is that?" "Well, it keeps my waiters honest. They're wonderfully impressed with anything out of the ordinary that comes from the States, and are so positive in their belief that their is something magical about this contrivance that I picked up at an auction."

Mr. M. B. Thrasher, in his little book called "Tuskegee," quotes some sound sense in the frequently repeated advice of Booker T. Washington to students, either his own or of other schools.

Learning is of no use to you unless it makes you better able to live. The knowledge you require from books is of no use only as you apply it.

Young man, when you go home from school tonight, put on your overalls and say: "Father, go and sit in the shade and rest, while I hoe the crop or do the milking."

Young woman, tie on an apron and say: "Mother, you must be tired. Sit down and rest while I wash or iron or get the supper."

The diners at a popular New York restaurant are said to have had the privilege of witnessing an amusing little incident one evening not long ago.

An Anglicised young man seated himself at a table at which there was only one other person, a writer well known throughout the country, but evidently a stranger to the new-comer.

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

monocle in his eye, and screwing up his face to keep the glass in position, treated the other guest at the table to a prolonged stare.

The stare ended abruptly, however, for suddenly the writer looked up. Quick as thought he seized an empty tumbler, and applying it to his right eye, stared gravely through its bottom at his vis-a-vis.

The monocle was dropped in a very few seconds, and then the tumbler was replaced on the table. But the young Anglo-maniac's face was crimson, while that of the writer remained grave and unmoved.

Do Not Misquote Figures.

Some advertisers are using the Inland Revenue Department's recent official report upon baking powders to show the comparative strength and qualities of these articles as they are sold in the Dominion.

Table with 2 columns: Brand Name, Percentage of available leavening gas. Includes Royal, Cleveland, Dearborn, Imperial, Magic.

These tests should set the baking powder question at rest.—Montreal Pharmaceutical Journal.

Carling Ob-vision.

The St. John Thistles and the Fredericton Curriers stand at the head of the game in New Brunswick. Both clubs have had a very successful season, each losing but one game.

Miss Murray's Death.

By the death of Miss F. E. Murray, St. John loses one of its leading advocates in all good works.

Young and Old Men That Board.

Let us impress upon you that we replace the neck band on your shirt, when it is worn out. Darn your socks, sew buttons on your garments, repair your shirts, when it needs it, all free.

Not Any For Him.

Cholly—Old chappie, why don't you have a pair of these rubber heels put on your shoes?

Interesting.

"Did you have an interesting literary club meeting, Alnoe?" "Oh, yes; every woman there was working on a new pattern of battenberg lace."

Lucky the Boss Was Out.

"Is the boss in?" asked the stranger, entering the drug store.

Father—I shouldn't like to see you marry that Mr. Pmobbenny.

Daughter—Why, father? Father—Well, I've noticed that he's very close.

Daughter—Why, father, how did you notice that? Surely you haven't been spying on us!

Miss Swelltop—Our piano is somewhat in need of tuning, but will you not play for us, count?

Count Spolatro (absent-mindedly)—Weezs pleasure. Where ezza da handle? "How did your daughter's voice scare that burglar off?" "She got off her college yell at him."

Large vertical advertisement on the right side of the page, containing various notices and text, including mentions of 'The Monday evening' and 'The many friends of M'.



During the present week society and society folk have been almost completely taken up with the production of the pretty comic opera, Nell Gwynne at the opera house on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings.

At every performance the seating capacity of the building was taxed to the utmost limit and from a financial standpoint Nell Gwynne will no doubt compare favorably with Zephra.

The interior of the theatre is handsomely decorated with yacht club colors (red and white), patriotic colors and emblems etc. A corps of Neptune Rowing club members ably performed the duties of ushers. One great drawback on the first evening was the non-arrival of the programmes, which was a great disadvantage to those not familiar with the story of the opera and with the actors.

The majority of people, however, had little trouble in recognizing the voices of some of our most popular amateurs. The stage settings were artistic and that together with the handsome costumes of the ladies and gentlemen of the court and the picturesque attire of the village peasants made a very striking picture.

Of course the bulk of the work and honors of the evening fell to the lot of Mrs. Sheppard Grigsby, who made a very charming Nell Gwynne. Mrs. Grigsby is the possessor of a beautifully clear and flexible soprano voice and her singing was much admired. Her best solos were 'An Orange Girl' and 'First Love' and at each evening she had to respond to an encore. Mrs. Grigsby ably illustrated that she could act as well as sing for she seemed to enter thoroughly into the character of the vivacious and spiteful, but still fascinating Nell.

Miss Constance Vall as Lady Clara (the King's ward) made a very favorable impression. Her voice is sweet and her stage presence good and she came in for a good share of the applause.

Miss Margaret Patton made a sweet and charming Jeannette and though she was decidedly over-dressed for her part and reminded one more of what Nell Gwynne must have been than what the niece of a village parson would be, still she both sang and acted well and entered thoroughly into the spirit of her part.

Miss Francis Raine as the half-starved servant of the weaver made a decided hit. Her acting was good and her enunciation splendid. Every word being distinctly audible even at the back of the theatre.

Little Miss Daisy Sears was a usual graceful as Fanny, Buckingham's page. She seemed perfectly at home on the stage and her sweet clear speaking voice was much admired.

Of the gentlemen who took part, Mr. Jack Kelly and Mr. Don Pidgeon in the leading roles, of course came in for a goodly share of the applause. Mr. Pidgeon has never before been heard in amateur opera and surprised many with his beautiful baritone voice. Mr. Jack Kelly was, as usual, in good voice and seemed more at ease in this role than he did in the part assigned him in Zephra.

Mr. Joe Raine as the Beadle, the local authority, carried off the honors and on each evening received many encores.

The other parts were all well spoken and sung and each performance passed off without a hitch and was on the whole most successful.

Mrs. E. A. Smith entertained a few friends at her residence on Germain Street on Tuesday evening, for the purpose of meeting Mr. Baker of England. Mr. Baker is a member of the firm of Baker Bros. of Liverpool and this is his initial visit to this country. He will remain here a few weeks as a guest at the Royal.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. G. Herbert Flood of Elliott Row was "At Home" to a large number of her friends. The parlors were prettily decorated for the occasion and the affair was indeed very pleasant. Delightful refreshments were served, the hostess being assisted in looking after the material wants of her guests by a number of young lady friends.

The Monday evening skating club walking competition held in the Queens Bank on Monday evening was an interesting event of the week. The first prize was won by Miss Daisy Fairweather and Mr. H. E. C. Sturdee and the second by Miss Mabel Thomson and Mr. H. F. Piddington. The judges of the occasion were Mrs. F. S. Thorne, Mr. E. A. Smith, Mr. Barclay Boyd, Mr. W. A. Lockhart, Jr. and Mr. H. Russell Sturdee and their decision met with the universal approval of the club. Tea and coffee and light refreshments were served in the tea room during the evening, adding much to the enjoyment of the occasion.

The many friends of Miss Mary Robbins of the Daily Telegraph editorial staff will be sorry to hear that she is quite seriously ill, and has been confined to her room for the past week.

Miss Mabel Eglesey of Amherst is in the city, the guest of Mrs. J. B. Fagley.

Miss Gwendolin Main of Amherst is here paying a visit to her brother Mr. Harold Main of the Halifax Banking company.

Miss Sharp of Queen Square gave a pleasant afternoon while on Thursday last for the entertainment of her great Miss Winslow of Fredericton.

On Monday evening a number of the intimate friends of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Everett called on them at their residence on Garden street for the purpose of extending congratulations on the 15th anniversary of their marriage. Mrs. Everett received her guests in her usual hospitable manner and a delightful evening was spent with music and pleasant conversation. Mr. and Mrs. Everett were the recipients of many appropriate gifts in the way of cut glass.

At a meeting of the Ladies' Association of the Natural History Society on Thursday afternoon, Mrs. J. R. Colburn gave a very interesting lecture on a coaching trip through England, Wales and Belgium. The delights of a trip by this peculiar mode of transit were described in an able manner.

The very sudden death of Miss Frances E. Murray has cast a gloom over the entire community and has made a void among the ranks of the women of Canada that will be hard to fill. Miss Murray was a woman of noble character and took an active interest in all matters connected with the Church of England, of which body she was an energetic and consistent member. She had also for many years been identified with the Women's Council, the Ladies' Auxiliary of the B. F. C. A. and deeply interested in all practical movements for the betterment of her sex and the good of humanity.

Although Miss Murray had very many friends throughout the city and indeed throughout Canada she had no relatives residing here. Her two sisters Miss Ellen Murray and Mrs. Regies both reside in the United States.

The news of the death of Mrs. Mary Howe, which occurred at Montreal on Monday was held with sincere regret by her many friends throughout the city. Mrs. Howe was the widow of Mr. Arthur Howe, a well known resident of this city. Mrs. Howe had resided in St. John until a very short time ago when she and her family removed to Montreal. Her body was brought here for interment. She is survived by her four children—two sons and two daughters.

Mrs. F. G. Harriot, mother of Mr. M. J. L. Harriot and Mr. Edward Harriot of Harrison's orchestra, is dangerously ill at her home on Celebration street.

Mrs. W. T. Stewart of Halifax is spending a short time in the city.

Miss Fiske of Montreal is here for a few weeks as a guest at the Royal hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Foster of Elliott Row were surprised by a number of friends who called on them at their home on Monday evening and extended congratulations on the 15th anniversary of their marriage. An enjoyable evening was spent with music both vocal and instrumental. During the evening Mr. and Mrs. Foster were presented with a handsome oak sideboard as a small token of esteem in which they are held by their friends.

One of the most enjoyable social occasions of the season was the dance given by Mrs. Henry Ellard at her residence on Douglas Avenue. A very large number of invitations had been issued and it is safe to say that with a very few exceptions those privileged were in attendance. Many very handsome gowns were worn by the ladies. A programme of sixteen dances, with several excursions was carried out. About midnight supper was served. The decorations of the parlors and dining room were very pretty. Mrs. Ellard had the assistance of Miss S. M. Robinson in receiving and looking to the entertainment of her guests.

Mrs. F. G. Spencer went to St. Stephen this week, where on Thursday evening she sang at a concert given by the Harmony club.

Mr. James Dover of New York, son of Senator Dover of this city, is here and will remain until after the marriage of his sister, Miss Gettrude with Capt. J. Norman Leslie.

Mrs. Arthur Brantcomb is in Fredericton paying a visit to her mother, Mrs. Samuel Owens.

Mr. and Mrs. P. J. O'Keefe have returned from a pleasant trip to Ottawa.

Mrs. H. A. Hibson and Mrs. J. Keenan have returned from Brockton, Mass., where they have been attending the funeral of their mother.

Mrs. J. Fraser Gregory was receiving her bridal calls at her beautiful home on Douglas Avenue, on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons.

The many friends of Miss C. Bustin are pleased to hear that she has recovered from her recent severe illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry S. Smith of Windsor, were in the city during the early part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cushing went to Boston this week. They will be absent a couple of weeks.

On Wednesday evening about forty young ladies and gentlemen on the invitation of the Misses Rootes and Mr. Frank Nelson enjoyed a pleasant drive out as far as Torryburn. They left the city about eight o'clock and returning before eleven reached the home of the Misses Rootes on Horsfield street where supper was served and a few hours passed quickly with dancing, music and games of every description.

At a meeting of the Ladies' Association of the Natural History Society on Thursday afternoon, Mrs. J. R. Colburn gave a very interesting lecture on a coaching trip through England, Wales and Belgium. The delights of a trip by this peculiar mode of transit were described in an able manner.

The very sudden death of Miss Frances E. Murray has cast a gloom over the entire community and has made a void among the ranks of the women of Canada that will be hard to fill. Miss Murray was a woman of noble character and took an active interest in all matters connected with the Church of England, of which body she was an energetic and consistent member. She had also for many years been identified with the Women's Council, the Ladies' Auxiliary of the B. F. C. A. and deeply interested in all practical movements for the betterment of her sex and the good of humanity.

Although Miss Murray had very many friends throughout the city and indeed throughout Canada she had no relatives residing here. Her two sisters Miss Ellen Murray and Mrs. Regies both reside in the United States.

The news of the death of Mrs. Mary Howe, which occurred at Montreal on Monday was held with sincere regret by her many friends throughout the city. Mrs. Howe was the widow of Mr. Arthur Howe, a well known resident of this city. Mrs. Howe had resided in St. John until a very short time ago when she and her family removed to Montreal. Her body was brought here for interment. She is survived by her four children—two sons and two daughters.

Mrs. F. G. Harriot, mother of Mr. M. J. L. Harriot and Mr. Edward Harriot of Harrison's orchestra, is dangerously ill at her home on Celebration street.

Mrs. W. T. Stewart of Halifax is spending a short time in the city.

Miss Fiske of Montreal is here for a few weeks as a guest at the Royal hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Foster of Elliott Row were surprised by a number of friends who called on them at their home on Monday evening and extended congratulations on the 15th anniversary of their marriage. An enjoyable evening was spent with music both vocal and instrumental. During the evening Mr. and Mrs. Foster were presented with a handsome oak sideboard as a small token of esteem in which they are held by their friends.

One of the most enjoyable social occasions of the season was the dance given by Mrs. Henry Ellard at her residence on Douglas Avenue. A very large number of invitations had been issued and it is safe to say that with a very few exceptions those privileged were in attendance. Many very handsome gowns were worn by the ladies. A programme of sixteen dances, with several excursions was carried out. About midnight supper was served. The decorations of the parlors and dining room were very pretty. Mrs. Ellard had the assistance of Miss S. M. Robinson in receiving and looking to the entertainment of her guests.

Mrs. F. G. Spencer went to St. Stephen this week, where on Thursday evening she sang at a concert given by the Harmony club.

Mr. James Dover of New York, son of Senator Dover of this city, is here and will remain until after the marriage of his sister, Miss Gettrude with Capt. J. Norman Leslie.

Mrs. Arthur Brantcomb is in Fredericton paying a visit to her mother, Mrs. Samuel Owens.

Mr. and Mrs. P. J. O'Keefe have returned from a pleasant trip to Ottawa.

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Another pleasant drive and dance of the week was gotten up by several young gentlemen of the city, who invited about thirty of their friends and drove to The Farm at Duck Cove where the dance was held. The musicians were brought from the city and the large parlors of this popular summer resort were just the place for a dance and the young people thought so too, for they indulged in

this pleasant and healthful pastime to an alarming extent. Refreshments were served and the return to the city was made at an early hour on Friday morning.

Miss Ellis, Queen street, was hostess at a pleasant whist party on Tuesday evening. About thirty guests were present, and several intensely interesting games were played. Music was also a feature of the evening's entertainment. Delightful prizes were offered to the lucky players. Mrs. Geo. Reicher captured the ladies' prize, and Mr. Geo. Reicher that offered to the gentlemen. The consolation prizes fell to the lot of Mrs. Jack Davidson and Mr. B. Barlett.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ellis. Mr. and Mrs. George Reicher. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Davidson. Mr. and Mrs. Bert Griffin. Mr. and Mrs. Alice Carleton.

Miss F. Braden, Miss L. Dunfield. Miss H. Baker, Miss C. Clive. Miss M. Pilkington, Miss A. Williams. Miss E. Bannister, Miss I. Bond.

Mr. F. Dunfield, Mr. G. Kirk. Mr. F. Kee, Mr. B. Nugent. Mr. F. Stewart, Mr. H. Crawford. Mr. C. Bartlett, Mr. H. Bond. Mr. W. Irving, W. Bealey.

The management of the Mechanics Institute announces that the sale of ball rooms and reception rooms, having been thoroughly renovated, will be rented for any social functions. This announcement will cause much pleasure in social circles for since the closing of these rooms, during the early fall, functions of any importance have been out of the question.

Feb 13—Mr. H. J. Crow has gone to Boston on a business trip. Mr. C. McLellan, Halifax, is in town this week looking up old friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Miller of Clarence spent a week with friends in town recently.

Miss Ethel Howes of Boston returned home last Saturday to spend the rest of the winter.

Mrs. Stephen Thorne, of Lower Grandville is visiting her mother Mrs. Edward Marshall.

Mrs. J. W. Brown and Miss Maribel are for Boston on Saturday last, where they will spend a few weeks.

Mr. R. Fago, of Boston, manager of the Gold Eagle Mining Company of Mill Village and promoter of the Copper Crow Mining Company of Pictou, is in town.

Miss Lena Benjamin, Bridgewater were guests of Mrs. H. Healy over Sunday.

The marriage of Miss Mabel O. Scott of Charlottetown, P. E. Island, took place last Thursday afternoon at the residence of the bride's father. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. N. LeMoine, rector of St. Mark's, in the presence of a number of guests, principally relatives of the contracting parties. The bride was attired in a tailor-made suit of brown cloth with a hat to match, and carried a handsome bouquet of roses and carnations. She was attended by her sister Miss Alice Hillis. The happy couple left on the maritime express for a short tour and will reside in Sydney.

Feb. 11.—The carnival postponed from last week came off Wednesday evening in the Aberdeen rink. These events do not cause a ripple of excitement whereas in the early days of carnivals the looked for arrival of the costumer and the selection of an elaborate and costly costume were movements of much anxiety.

Miss Mabel Fursley is visiting her friends, Mr. and Mrs. B. Pugsley, St. John.

Miss Gwendoline Main has gone to St. John to spend a little time with her brother Mr. Harold Main, of the agency of her Halifax Banking Co.

Miss Beatrice Fuller goes to Truro this week to visit her aunt, Mrs. George Nelson.

Mr. Charles Hillcourt, late organist at St. George's church, Parraboro, was in town for a week or two, visiting his mother, Mrs. George Hillcourt. He left last week for Sydney.

Mr. Allen, of Fredericton, has been a guest of her sister, Mrs. Widdow, Rapart Street.

Miss Maude Bent, of Parraboro, is spending a few weeks with her friend, Mrs. Fred Christie, Albion St.

Mrs. Bliss, of 'Mount Whistley' has been spending a week with her son, Dr. C. W. Bliss and Mrs. Bliss, Church St.

Mrs. Henry S. Colwell, of Halifax was in town on Saturday last.

Progress is for sale in Moncton at Hattie Tweedie Bookstore and M. B. Jones Bookstore.

Feb 13—A large number of friends gathered in St. Bernard's church at seven o'clock to witness the marriage of Mr. Camille Boudreau, bookkeeper in the Peter McCrewey Co. establishment to Miss Agnes Boudreau, daughter of Mr. Philip Boudreau of the I. C. B. The bride, who was unattended, was prettily gowned in a navy blue travelling suit. Mr. and Mrs. Boudreau left on the maritime express for Halifax on a week's wedding trip, followed by the best wishes of their friends for a happy matrimonial voyage.

Miss Marjorie Hewson, of Oxford, Nova Scotia and Miss Edith McConnell, of Westleyville, are visiting Miss Maud Crisp at the Westley Memorial parsonage.

Miss Sumner and Miss Trice, of Moncton, are visiting Mrs. H. H. Macree, Esplanade.

The ladies of the mission hall connected with the First Baptist church have engaged Miss Lefurgey to give them a recital some evening next week. Miss Lefurgey will be assisted by Mrs. Lyman and others and will have full charge of the recital herself. Look out for further particulars.

Dr. A. D. Coburn, Canterbury station was at the Carlisle during the week.

Col and Mrs. Vince have arrived home after a pleasant trip to Boston.

Dr. Sprague who was quite seriously ill with grippe is able to get about again.

Mr. E. Pidgeon and Harry H. Webb of St. John spent a few days at the Carlisle last week.

Mr. Irvine B. Sprague and Mr. J. A. Maynard of Boston, Mass. were at the Carlisle Thursday and Friday.

Dr. C. M. Hay son of Mr. Hugh Hay of Woodstock, and Miss Louise Gordon Price of Philadelphia, were married in that city on the 7th inst.

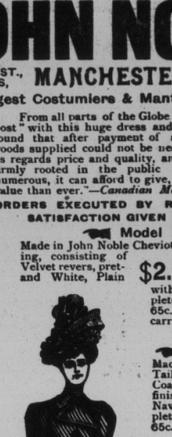
At the children's Carnival on Saturday at the Ice rink the prizes were won by Miss Edith Dalling and Charlie Jones.

The Boys Christian Association will hold a Valentine Sale, on Saturday next.

Unusually Made, Re-covered, Re-paired Sewal 17 Waterloo.

JOHN NOBLE, L^{td}.

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

From all parts of the Globe ladies do their "shopping by post" with this huge dress and drapery enterprise, it being found that after payment of any postage or duties, the goods supplied could not be nearly equalled elsewhere, both as regards price and quality, and now that the firm is so firmly rooted in the public favour and its patrons so numerous, it can afford to give, and does give, even better value than ever. — *Canadian Magazine*.

ORDERS EXECUTED BY RETURN OF POST.
SATISFACTION GIVEN OR MONEY RETURNED.

Model 256.
Made in John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating, consisting of Blouse Bodice with Velvet revers, pret- and White, Plain

\$2.56 tily trimmed Black fashionable Skirt with one box-pleat. Price complete, only \$2.56; carriage, 65c. extra. Skirt alone, \$1.85; carriage, 45c. extra.

Model 1492.
Made in Heavy Friese Cloth Tailor-made, Double-breasted Coat, and full wide carefully finished Skirt, in Black or Navy Blue only; Price complete Costume \$4.10; Carriage 65c.

JOHN NOBLE
KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS.

Thoroughly well made, in Strong Serge, with saddle top, long full sleeves, and pockets. Length in front, and Prices: 24 27 inches 40c. 61 cents. 30 33 inches 70c. 88 cents. Postage 22 cents. 36 39 inches 95c. \$1.10 42 45 inches \$1.22 \$1.34 Postage 45 cents.

Readers will oblige by kindly naming this paper when ordering from or writing to

JOHN NOBLE, L^{td}.

BROOK ST. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

WHITE'S

For Sale
by all First-Class
Dealers
in Confectionery.

WHITE'S




Caramel Snowflakes

Don't take inferior goods; the best do not cost any more than inferior goods.

Whenever and wherever there is a use for **THREAD Corticelli Sewing Silk** is Best and Cheapest, for it lasts longest and goes farthest.

Shades to suit every color of fabric.

Every inch of the 12,000 miles of **THREAD** turned out by the **Corticelli Silk Co's** every day is tested and found perfectly uniform in strength and size, and free from knots or flaws.

Sold Everywhere.



When You Want
a Real Tonic ask for **ST. AGUSTINE'S**
(Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine.
GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899.

E. G. SCOVIL, —
"Having used both we think the **St. Agustine's** preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic."
JOHN C. CLOWES;

E. G. SCOVIL, London **62 Union Street.**

Buctouche Bar Oysters.

Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Buctouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

Pulp Wood Wanted

WANTED—Understand saw logs, such as Belling or Spilling. Parties having such for sale can correspond with the St. John Sulphite Company, Ltd., stating the quantity, price per thousand superficial feet, and the time of delivery.

M. F. MOONEY,

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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FOR ADVERTISING SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



HALLIX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Hallix by the... Miss Lilla Cogwell sister of the bride acted as bridesmaid and Fred Webster of Cambridge was best man.

Miss Ada Mackay of Tower road, gave a large progressive supper-party and dance on Wednesday evening last week.

The marriage of Miss Lill Birge of this city to Mr. Wallace Foster, Sergeant of the N W Mounted Police took place on Tuesday evening at the residence of the bride's parents on North street.

Feb. 13.—The school concert, which commenced at Margaret's hall on Monday evening in aid of the library was a great success over one hundred dollars was realized.

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Months afterward Kennedy was arrested, though he strongly protested his innocence. His sister was present at his trial and immediately undertook to secure his release.

In succession five Indiana executives were appealed to. First, Gov. Gray, afterward Gov. Hovey, Gov. Chase, Gov. Matthews and finally Gov. Mount.

Then this girl did a remarkable thing. She assumed male attire, and as a last resort associated for months with rough men in hope of overhearing a word to prove her brother's innocence.

Eventually Gov. Mount paroled the prisoner. Still that did not satisfy her. The odium of a sentence for life is still hanging over him, she said.

Meantime, after his parole, her brother enlisted in the regular army and is now upholding the flag in the Philippines.

A new disease is a matter of special interest to physicians, and to many respectable people besides.

Feb. 12.—The Whist club met at the hospitable residence of C R Burgess on Monday night.

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HER FORTS SACRIFICE.

A Brave Girl Saves Her Brother After Year of Work.

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Mrs. Wife's Weak Heart.

It is a singular thing that in the popular view of the interdependence of the several organs of the body is lost sight of. The heart, for example, is diseased and it is treated as if it were entirely separated from, and independent of, every other organ.

"I doctored with three different doctors for weak heart, but they did me no good," writes Mrs. Julia A. Wilcox, of Cuyahoga, Wood Co., Ohio.

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NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of this Province at its next session, for an Act to amend the law relating to Grand Jurors in Ontario.

By order GEORGE E. VINCENT, Secretary.

NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made to Legislature at its next session for the passing of an act to incorporate a company by the name of THE COTY-AGE CITY FARR, Limited, for the purpose of acquiring, owning and managing Real Estate, and improving the same, and the erection of cottages and other buildings thereon, with power to lease, mortgage or sell the same, and with such other powers as may be incident thereto.

By order GEORGE E. VINCENT, Secretary.

PARABORO.

Progress is for sale at the Paraboro Book store.

A skating carnival was held in Cecilia Sink on Tuesday evening, Paraboro band furnishing the music.

Paraboro branch of the C M E A, with their friends, enjoyed a social evening in their hall on Wednesday.

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Easy Home Dyeing advertisement with image of a woman and text describing the product.

Perfection Tooth Powder advertisement with image of a woman and text describing the product.

BRANDIES advertisement with text describing various brands and prices.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder advertisement with image of a woman and text describing the product.

Illustrated Prospectus advertisement for Charles Scribner's Sons, featuring various book titles and prices.

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WINDSOR.
Feb 15.—Mr. John P. Smith and Miss Constance
spent part of last week at Harlock, the guests of
Mrs. Henry Redden.

Mr. Clarence H. Dimock after a brief visit with
Truro friends has returned to his home in Windsor.
Mrs. Anthony Blanchard, and daughter, Miss Jean
arrived in town last week and will visit a number
of friends before returning home.

Mr. T. Watson and his son, Mr. Keith Watson
Friday last, left on Thursday last for Harlock.
Out, called there by the serious illness of the for-
mer's aged father.

Mr. A. P. Jones has given up the house lately oc-
cupied by himself and family on Gray St., Mr. Jones
and Miss Jewel Jones are at present boarding at
the home of Mrs. E. D. Lockhart, Gray St.

Mr. Charles Hensley and two little children intend
leaving on Thursday next for Canning, where they
will reside. Mr. Hensley has been there since his
promotion to the position of Manager of the Halifax
Banking Company's branch in that town a few
days ago. They will be much missed by
many friends in town who wish them
every success in their new home. Mrs. Hen-
sley's sister, Miss Lizzie Smith, will accompany
her to Canning and remain over Sunday.

A very pleasant evening was spent on Monday of
last week at the residence of Mrs. Henry Dimock
under the auspices of the Women's Sewing Circle
of the Baptist church, in aid of their fund. Quite a
number took part. Mr. Moses Davidson gave some
solo violin music, and was encored, solo was
prettily rendered by Miss M. Vaughan and Miss
Nora Shand and encore were called for. Prof.
Adams gave some pianoforte music which added
to the enjoyment of the evening. Refreshments in
the shape of cake, coffee, chocolate, etc. were served.

Mr. Fred Lynch, Moncton, has been visiting
Shubenacadie and Millbrook.
Mrs. Eva Shaw is in Wolfville taking a commercial
course at Acadia Seminary.

Miss Edna Satter, Halifax, who has been a guest
at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Shaw has returned
home.

Mrs. A. H. Johnson, Wolfville, has been elected a
member of the Women's Horticultural and Agricul-
tural Society of England.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Young of Falmouth, and
Miss Mary Calder left on Wednesday last for New
York where they will remain until the first of May.

Mr. John Grant, Hardwoodland, has recovered
from her recent illness.

Miss Gertrude Corbin, of Kentville, after taking a
nine months' course at the Wintape Business Col-
lege and Shortland Institute, has secured a situa-
tion on the staff of the Free Press, Wintape. The
Free Press is one of the largest daily papers in
Canada.

Miss Carrie DeWitt, who has been in poor health
for some time, left on Monday for Ontario to attend
the Muskoka Sanatorium, and was accompanied by
her father, Dr. DeWitt. Miss DeWitt is one of
Wolfville's popular young ladies, and her many
friends hope she will return very soon, benefited by
her trip.

The ladies of the Upper Falmouth hall circle
held their tea supper, in aid of the hall on Thurs-
day evening last, but the attendance not being up
to expectations on account of bad roads, it was re-
peated on Monday evening. All present spent a
splendid time, socially it was a great success, and
everybody was well satisfied with the evening's en-
tertainment.

A social was held at the Mansie, Millford, Feb. 6.
A large number of people gathered, nearly every
family being represented. All enjoyed themselves
and before separating partook of a luncheon, and a
liberal collection was taken for church purposes.

On Tuesday, February 13th, a performance of
Sheridan's 'Critic' will be given at Edgemoor.

This brilliant burlesque was written. It will be
remembered, to ridicule the absurdities of the
stage during the eighteenth century. In which
noisy gibberish too often took the place of common
sense, and the most elementary principles of acting
gave place to attitude and strut. The play was to
have taken place in the Christmas term, but was
unavoidably postponed, and the approach of Lent
obliges the lady principle to fix the date as above.

The carnival at the rink, Feb. 6th, under the di-
rection of the Fish, batt. band, was a grand success
in every way. Over a hundred skaters were con-
tended to represent almost every character imaginable,
and among those who deserve special mention
are Misses Nellie Burgess, Emma Smith, Grace
Smith, Lena Pidgeon, Kathleen Russell, Sadie
Shaw, Maggie McCurdy and Master C. M. Curry.

The rink was very prettily decorated with red,
white and blue bunting, Japanese lanterns, and on
the sides of the building were draped flags.

Progress Job Print.
announcements printed in any quantity
and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any
address.

DIGBY.
Mrs. M. Merritt is visiting at the home of her son
Mr. H. A. Merritt, Queen street.

Dr. DuVerast, who has been ill for several
weeks; is again able to attend to his practice.

Mrs. W. B. Simons of St. John's, is the guest of her
aunt, Mrs. J. L. Price, Montague street.

Mr. G. B. Bishop, Fishery Inspector for this county
made a trip to Falmouth, Yarmouth county, last
week.

Miss Lillian Lewis of Freeport, who has been the
guest of her brother Capt. C. F. Lewis, King street
returned home last week.

Miss Lillian Eldridge of J. F. Saunders millinery
establishment is spending a four weeks vacation at
her home in Sandy Cove.

Miss Banks has returned from her trip to Green-
wood, Mississippi accompanied by her niece, Miss
Ada. The latter is the guest of her aunt at Torbrook
Mines.

O'Brien of Indiana was for the past two weeks has
returned home.

Miss Nellie Harrison is visiting friends in Sackville
and Amherst.

Mr. Wm. T. Keating returned to her home in
Everett, Mass., on Friday.

Miss May Ryan returned from her visit to Can-
ham bringing her friend Miss Buckley.

THINGS OF VALUE.
A bright tea-kettle will retain the heat of water
boiled in it much more efficiently than a blackened
one, so black is a personal indicator of heat.

Ohio.—The most concrete testimony, re-
peatedly said before the public in the columns
of the daily press, proves that Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRO-
GEN—an absolutely pure compound of zinc and
copper—removes all the various ailments of rheu-
matic pain, excruciating affections of the throat and
lungs, and cures piles, eczema, scabies, lameness,
tumors, hernia, and injuries of horses and cattle.

What is that which is often found where it is
not? Faith?

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

What time should an imbecile visit an iron
foundry? When he wants a harness.

Holloway's Cure Cure is the medicine to remove
all kinds of corns and warts, and only costs the
small sum of twenty-five cents.

Which of the planets has the most spots? The
moon, because it is constantly changing its ap-
pearance.

A CAREFULLY PREPARED PILL.—Much time and
attention were expended in the experiment with
ingredients that enter into the composition of
FARMER'S VEGETABLE PILLS before they were
brought to the public. Whatever other pills may
be, FARMER'S VEGETABLE PILLS are the result of
scientific experiment, and are suffering from
stomach or disordered liver and kidneys may con-
fidently accept them as being what they are repre-
sented to be.

Why should doctors be less liable than others to
be sick? Because they are more used to
be sick on the ocean?

It was a Connecticut woman who, when her hus-
band was brought some intoxicated, thanked her
attendant who was not a blood relation.

A SUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE.—Everyone wishes to
be successful in any undertaking in which he may
engage. It is, therefore, extremely gratifying to
know that their efforts to compound a medicine which
would prove a blessing to mankind have been suc-
cessful beyond their expectations. The endorsement
of these pills by the public is a guarantee that a pill
has been produced which will fulfill everything
claimed for it.

A little girl, on being told something which much
amused her, exclaimed emphatically: "I shall re-
member that the whole of my life and when I die
I will write it down."

Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickie's
Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordi-
nary penetrating and healing properties. It is so-
lemnly recommended by those who have used it as being
the best remedy for coughs, colds, inflammation
of the lungs, and all affections of the throat and
chest. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it a
favorite with ladies and children.

It is a mean thing for a handsome man to go to a
town and give every indication of being in the mar-
ket until half the girls are wild about him, and then
send for his wife.

FRANCES TO SPARE.
In Miss Helen Caddick's entertaining
book, 'A White Woman in Central Africa,'
many and varied experiences are related.
During the journey this frail English-
woman had no companionship save her
black bearers, who seem to have been
always courteous and obliging. The
philosophical way in which Miss Caddick
met the discomforts of the trip may be
seen from the following paragraphs.

'At Kawimbe,' she says, 'the rats in the
house were terrible at night. They roared
about my room and scampered over my
bed in a thoroughly happy manner. I
could not sleep at first, but at last I got
used to them and dropped off, only to
wake up and find a rat with his foot in my
ear.'

On her first night on the steamer on Lake
Nyassa she writes: 'I had a great shock
on taking possession of my stateroom, to
find that I must share it with an enormous
number of cockroaches. They were the
largest and most voracious I had ever seen.
Some of them greedily ate all the kid off
my shoes, while others ran races over my
bunk and nibbled my hair.'

'One night something larger than a
cockroach or rat dropped from the rafters
on my bed and awoke me. I lighted the
candle, and it was a lemur, a lovely little
furry creature. It looked fascinating; but
uncertain of its conduct, I thought I would
put it outside.'

'I opened the door on to the veranda
and tried gently to drive it from the room,
but alas! it objected and sprang straight
on my shoulder, on my shoulder, gripping
my arm with its sharp little teeth, refusing
to let go until I pinched its tail. As it
turned to bite my hand I flung it out of the
door, which I quickly closed.'

'I had fewer animals in my tent than in
a house; but even in my tent I was apt to
wake up and find all sorts of creepy, crawly
things about my pillow.'

Uninvited Guests.
Persons who want to save hotel bills are
extremely likely to drop in at the person-
age—preferably one where the occupant
has a limited salary and an uninvited
family. The merest shadow of an excuse
suffices for an introduction, as in two cases
which a clergyman reports in the Chicago
Times-Herald.

'Once,' he said, 'the last of our com-
pany had gone, and no new arrival was
expected. I felt that I could renew ac-
quaintance with my family, and that we
might sit down to a meal without strangers
being present. Just then the door-bell
rang. I opened the door myself, and a
young lady whom I had never seen before
stood on the door-step with a cat in her
hand.'

'Are you the Reverend Doctor Blank?'
she asked.

'I told her that I was, and she intro-
duced herself as Miss...

ed herself as coming from Akron, Ohio.

'I heard you preach in Akron when I
was a little girl, and now I have come to
spend a few days with your family and
hear you preach again.'

'I handed her over to my wife and daugh-
ters, and she stayed a week, and treated
us with the assurance of an old friend.'

Another guest he liked to tell about was
a lady woman from his native town, who
had been waited on by every member of
his family in town, and who exerted
constant attention. When she was leaving
after a month's visit, he went to the door
to see her off, and politely ventured to
hope that her stay with them had been
pleasant.

'I don't know as I have anything to com-
plain of,' was the depressing answer.

Baby's Pictures.
The trials that beset the amateur photo-
grapher are many, but the joy of ob-
taining a good picture now and then com-
pensates him for frequent failures.

'I've got the baby's photograph. I took
it all myself, and it came out splendidly,'
said a ten-year-old enthusiast, presenting
for his grandmother's inspection a picture
of a bed on which lay a small bundle
covered with mosquito netting.

'Yes, dear, that's the baby on her
mother's bed, so enough,' said grand-
mother, after a careful study of this 'still
life' subject through her spectacles.

'Yes,' said the young photographer
with pardonable pride. 'Mother said I'd
never be able to take her when she's
awake 'cause she squirms so, but getting
her asleep that way, and under the mos-
quito netting, it was just as easy! And
aren't the legs of the bed splendid and
clear?'

Unlike A. J. D. Eise.
Observancy, like most other qualities, has
many forms of manifestation.

'I do think,' said one of the group of
nephews who were discussing 'Uncle
Charley's' peculiarities 'he's the con-
stantly a "no".'

'What new light have you had on the
subject?' asked one of the others.

'Well, he's so constant, it was the rejoin-
der, that if he sees a newspaper adver-
tisement headed, "Don't read this," he
doesn't read it!'



His babyship
will be wonderfully freshened up,
and his whole little fat body will
shine with health and cleanliness
after his tub with the "Albert"

Baby's Own Soap.
This soap is made entirely with
vegetable fats, has a faint but ex-
quisite fragrance, and is unsurpass-
ed as a nursery and toilet soap.
Beware of imitations.
ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs.
MONTREAL.

CALVERT'S
20 per cent.
CARBOLIC
SOAP
Cures and prevents Insect
and Mosquito bites.
The strongest Carbolic Toilet Soap.
F. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester, Eng.

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

AGENTS WANTED FOR 'LIFE AND
TIMES' of Queen Victoria. Fab-
ricated terms; freight paid; credit given; sample book
free, send 20 cents to any post office. Ad promptly
to first in the field. The Bell Company, Dept. 3,
Philadelphia, Pa.

HUSTLING YOUNG MAN can make \$50.00
per month and expenses, learn
quick position, experience unnecessary. Write
today for particulars, Clark & Co., 4th & Locust
streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.
STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING AUGUST 11, 1900.
Income, \$ 58,890,077 21
Disbursements, 38,597,480 68
Assets, 304,844,537 62
Policy Reserves, 281,711,988 61
Guarantee Fund or Surplus, 50,132,548 91
Insurance and Annuities in Force, 1,052,665,211 64
Loans on Policies During the Year, 4,374,636 86
J. A. JOHNSON, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland
ROBERT MARSHALL, Cashier and Agent, St. John, N. B.
M. McDADE, Agent, St. John, N. B.
C. E. SCAMMELL, Agent, St. John, N. B.
JOHN ADAMS DIXON, Agent, St. John, N. B.

Job... Printing.
Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, State-
ments, or Envelopes running short? Do you
consider that you could effect a saving in this part
of your business? Why not secure quotations
your work before placing an order?
Consult Us for Prices.
Progress Job Printing Department.
29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

CAFE ROYAL
BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING,
56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B.
WM. CLARK, Proprietor
Retail dealer in...
CHOCOLATE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

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

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

QUEEN HOTEL,
FREDERICTON, N. B.
A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.
Fine sample rooms in connection. First class
Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)
entire tea and concert on Thursday evening which promises to be entertaining.

WESTVILLE.

Feb 15.—A very enjoyable social was given in McNeil's Hall, on Thursday evening of last week a nice musical programme was rendered in which some of the ladies sang a first class chorus. Also some very good solos were sung by Miss Cassie McDonald, while Miss Mary Ann McDonald accompanied her on the organ. Mr J W McDonald also played some very fine selections on the violin. Refreshments were served, then came the dancing which was kept up till the small hour. Mr Chas J Burns took a leading part in making the necessary arrangements, and he has the best thanks of these present for the able manner in which he did the same.

Mr. Walter McDonald, Glenoyer, C E, spent a few days in town this week the guest of Dr and Mrs McDonald.

Mrs Ecker, Caribon was visiting friends in town last week.

The First Bluebird.

First, first,
That was thy song that burst
Out of the spring of thy heart,
Incarnating that thou art
Now next the water depart,
Since to his age-bevy ear
Fatheth the youth of the year.

Low, low,
Ravishing, delicate, slow,
Lighten, O heaven that lowers,
Gladden, ye field, into flowers,
Blossom, ye branches, to bowers;
And thou, O my heart, like a stone,
Wilt thou keep whisper alone?

Sweet, sweet,
But there are songs on the feet:
No spring thoughts in the head,
But wintry hardness instead.
Nay, they are gone, they have fled,
Fled while the bluebird sang.
The earth and the heart are young.

An Ancient Library.

A library, no document of which is less than four thousand one hundred years old, has been discovered by Prof. H V Hilprecht of the University of Pennsylvania. He has been exploring the mound of ancient Nippur, in Mesopotamia, and has lately returned home. His journey across Europe was interrupted at many points for the bestowal of honors.

Professor Hilprecht has been at the work for eleven years, but the labors of the last year have been more successful than those of all the previous ten. The library tablets throw light on the history of a people living at the center of population in very remote times. The study of the tablets is likely to be of much interest for their bearing upon questions of Biblical chronology.

The chief point to be remarked, says Professor Hilprecht, is that we have found the first Babylonian temple library that has ever been discovered. Hitherto we have possessed nothing more than the knowledge of the probable contents of such a library from copies found in the royal library of Assurbanipal in Nineveh. This royal library however, was a compilation of documents from all over Babylonia. In the library which we have unearthed this year at Nippur we get for the first time an insight into the arrangement of the libraries of that early day, and a knowledge of the literature of the period.

Of special importance is the fact that we have not only discovered a Babylonian temple library, but that it proves to be the most influential and important, as well as the oldest, in the whole country. No document is younger than 2200 B. C.

So far only one wing of the library has been excavated. Nearly eighteen thousand documents have been rescued from the ruins this year. The size of these inscribed clay tablets varies from one by two inches to one by one and a half feet. Unfortunately for the deciphering of the writing, they were made of unburned clay, and therefore suffered considerably from the collapse of the building and the humidity of the ground. But we have all the fragments.

The records from Nippur are now on their way to Constantinople, where they will arrive in the course of six months. The conditions at Constantinople make it impossible for me to say when they will arrive here.

During the Siege of Peking.

In 'The Personal Side of the Siege of Peking,' contributed to the Independent, Mrs. S. Woodward gives some details of that long, patient, heroic waiting for the relief forces. Mrs. Woodward and her daughter were visiting the Congers in Peking, and could not get away before the siege. Soon they were driven into the British Legation for protection. The missionaries and the twenty guards of the American marines that Mr. Conger had there for the protection of the missionaries were in also.

'One night,' says Mrs. Woodward, 'during a terrific attack on us from all sides, I hurried to my daughter and insisted upon her getting up quickly, for we knew not what would happen. She dressed more hurriedly than I had ever known her to do before, and when hastening out of the house I asked her what was the last thing she did before she left the room. She

laughingly said: 'I threw a kiss to myself in the glass, for I never expected to see myself again.'

There must have been many there who 'never' expected to see themselves again. These weeks of terror developed latent character. Some who had been thought weak proved themselves strong, and remarkable fortitude was shown by the women.

One infectious man declared that the most wonderful event connected with the siege was the fact that six women lived in one room for nine weeks, sleeping, dressing and going through the long days without a quarrel. The six ladies, of whom Mrs. Woodware and her daughter were two, slept on mattresses spread on the floor with no protection from the swarms of flies and fleas.

The missionary ladies had to undergo painful hardships, with small children around them, many of them babies, but they were all uncomplaining.

Speaking of the hospital, which grew from an empty house to an important life-saving station, Mrs. Woodware explains that it was situated in an exposed place where the firing at times came from all sides. They dared not have lights, except a dark lantern and sometimes when this was carelessly turned toward the door or windows bullets could be heard striking near.

'It was strange in going through the wards to see on one mattress a German and an Italian, or in the next cot a Japanese and a Russian, each trying in his own way to help the other.

'A young American marine having died in the hospital, we buried him in the little cemetery in the Russian Legation beside a number of Russians who had been killed. As the body was laid in the grave, with no coffin, but just the flag around him, a large Russian jumped down into the grave and said in a soft voice: 'He no comfortable.'

'Then he took earth and packed it underneath the young American's head, raising it a little, arranged the arms and hands more naturally and said: 'We brothers; we fought in the war together.'

'There was international feeling among them all. Each admired the other's bravery.'

Adrift at Sea.

Two seamen, William Brown and Patrick Roche, of the American schooner Marshall L. Adams, while fishing off Highland Light, Cape Cod, on September 26, 1900, were separated from their vessel by a fog and drifted out to sea. They experienced terrible hardships and were rescued after days of exposure, when they had almost given up hope. William Brown tells the following story of their experiences in the New York Times:

We were members of the crew of the Marshall L. Adams, which was composed of twenty-three men. We sailed from Boston on September 26th, and anchored sixty-five miles southeast of the Highland Light. The crew was divided into several parties, who, getting into dories, rowed in different directions near the anchorage to trawl for cod.

We had been fishing for some time when the schooner signaled that she was going to pick up one of the parties some distance off. While she was gone, and before we realized any danger, the fog suddenly settled, and to all practical purposes we might as well have been in the darkness of midnight. We could not see anything and began to yell as loud as we could in order to let our comrades know our location.

This was in the afternoon. We continued to yell at the top of our voices until midnight, when we began to row in hopes of finding the ship. Morning came, with no signs of the Adams and the fog still dense. We had twelve cod that we had caught, but no water, and our thirst became almost unbearable.

We rowed all this day, and for the next three; our tongues were parched, and it seemed every minute as if we should collapse. We rolled pebbles in our mouths in order to keep them from becoming well, say "cooked," as we had had nothing to drink for three days, and they were nothing short of parched.

Fortunately, on the third day the fog lifted, and with its disappearance came a shower of rain, as much as possible of which we caught in our hats, and to a certain extent quenched our thirst.

When the fog disappeared we began to row in the direction in which we imagined land to be. At one time we thought we sighted what appeared to be Point Judith, but the wind started in fresh from the northeast and blew us further out to sea. We had to make a temporary drag of our trawls to spread over the boat to keep it from sinking.

We had about given up hope, when on the morning of October 12th we were discovered by the Orange Prince, Captain

"To Be or Not to Be."

That is the question that concerns every mortal whether it is better to be half ill, nervous, worn out, or to be well, strong, cheerful and useful. The latter condition will be yours if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Blood Medicine, — there is nothing equal to it.

After a Cold—"I was completely run down by a cold. My son persuaded me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and after the use of two bottles I found I was getting an appetite. When I had taken three bottles I was cured." L. P. Vernet, 117 Champlain Street, Montreal, Can.



Richardson. He carried us to Southampton, where Vice Consul Jones took us in charge.

It was a terrible experience, without water, in a little dory, drifting far away from land in a squally season on the Atlantic, with only a faint hope of succor.

Animals That Weep.

Laughing is believed to be peculiar to man, but the same is not true of weeping, which is a manifestation of emotion that is met with in divers animals. M. Henri Coupin, writing in La Nature, quotes numerous authorities to show that many animals shed real tears, and for the same reasons that cause human beings to weep.

Among the creatures that weep most easily are the ruminants, with whom the act is so well known that it has given rise to a trivial but accurate expression. 'To weep like a calf.' All hunters know that the stag weeps, and we are also assured that the bear sheds tears when it sees its last hour approaching.

The giraffe is not less sensitive, and regards with tearful eyes the hunter who has wounded it. Gordon Cumming says of an eland which he had pursued for a long time:

"Flocks of foam flow from its mouth; abundant sweat had given to its gray skin an ashy blue tint. Tears fell from its great black eyes, and it was evident that the eland felt that its last hour had come."

Deers weep quite easily. The same is true of certain monkeys. As for the elephant, there is abundant evidence of the ease with which it weeps. Sparrman assures us that it sheds tears when wounded, or when it sees that it cannot escape; its tears roll from its eyes like those of a human being in affliction.

Tennent, speaking of captured elephants, says that 'some remain quiet, lying on the ground without manifesting their grief otherwise than by the tears that bathe their eyes and run constantly down.'

Aquatic animals too, are able to weep. Thus all authors agree in saying that dolphins, at the moment of death, draw deep sighs and shed tears abundantly. A young female seal has also been seen to weep when teased by a sailor. St. Hilaire and Cuvier assure us, on the authority of the Malays, that when a young dugong is captured, the mother is sure to be taken also. The little ones then cry out and shed tears. These tears are collected with care by the Malays, and are preserved as a charm that is certain to make a lover's affection lasting.

The "Kid."

It was not a long procession or a pleasing one, but it attracted much attention.

There was a policeman in the lead. Beside him walked a stocky, bull-necked young fellow in a yellowish suit of loud plaid. His face was bloody, and his right wrist encircled by the bracelet of the "twisters" which shackled him to his captor. The face of the policeman was also bloody and his clothes were torn. Behind these two walked three other patrolmen, each with a handcuffed prisoner.

The 'kid' and his gang had been caught in the act of robbing a saloon, and the fight had been lively, although short. The prisoners had been taken to the detectives' office, and photographed and registered for the rogues' gallery. They were now on their way to court, and thence, in all probability, to jail.

At Broadway there was a jam of cars and heavy trucks, and the procession had to wait. Nobody has been able to tell just what happened, but they all agree as to the essential points. First, the bystander saw a streak of yellow, which was a kid; then a streak of blue which was the policeman. The prisoner had wrenched the twisters from his captor's hand, and made a dash across the tracks. The policeman, thinking, of course, that he was trying to escape, had followed.

Then everybody saw a little child toddling along in the middle of the track. A cable-car, with clanging bell, was bearing down upon it with a speed which the grip-

man seemed powerless to check. The baby held up its hands, and laughed at the sound of the gong. On the other side of the street a woman was screaming and struggling in the arms of three or four men who were trying to keep her from sacrificing her own life to save that of her child.

Then the kid stood there with the child safe in his arms, the steel twisters hanging from his wrist. He set the baby down gently at his feet, loosened the clasp of her chubby hand on his big red fist, and quietly held out his wrist to the policeman to be handcuffed again. He had had one chance in a million for his life when he made that desperate leap, but he had not hesitated the fraction of a second.

Jacob A. Riis was among those who saw the splendid deed. If he felt the need of any encouragement in his fight with the slums and his war upon influences which convert young men like the kid into 'toughs' before they are twenty, he must have held that Broadway crossing with new hope and a more determined spirit.

Cold-Resisting Bacteria.

Some time ago Dr. Allan Macfadyen and Mr. Sydney Rowland reported to the Royal Society that the temperature of liquid air has no appreciable effect on the vitality of micro-organisms exposed to it for a week. Recently they have presented a supplementary report showing that bacteria subjected to the temperature of liquid hydrogen for 10 hours show no alteration as regards vitality. The temperature of liquid hydrogen, they say, is about one-quarter that of liquid air, just as the temperature of liquid air is about one quarter of the mean temperature of the atmosphere. This result is obtained by considering that liquid hydrogen is about 20° centigrade above absolute zero, liquid air about 80° above, and ordinary air, on the average, about 300° above.

Long Balloon Flights.

The balloon races and contests conducted in connection with the Paris Exposition were productive of some very interesting results. Every Sunday the spectacle was witnessed of a large number of balloons starting on their journey. 'One afternoon,' says Mr. A. Lawrence Rotch, '17 balloons rose successively, each aeronaut endeavoring to land as near as possible to some point that he had fixed beforehand.' By taking advantage of the various air currents and skilfully manipulating the guideropes, surprising results were obtained. One aeronaut, after travelling 30 miles, landed within half a mile of the goal he had set out for. The greatest height attained by any of the aeronauts was 27,000 feet. In the long distance race six balloons started, and three of them landed in Russia. About 1,400 miles were travelled in 37 hours.

Nature's Parks in Africa.

In Central Africa are found districts which impress the beholder with the belief that the hand of man has shaped their features, although there is now no population capable of producing such effects. These districts, near Lake Tanganyika, are called 'park lands,' their origin was explained before the Linnean Society in London, by Mr. Moore, as being due to the spread of vegetation over a light surface soil gradually deposited above the salt steppes left by former lakes. In some places these districts are covered with natural plantations that have a 'quite homelike look.'

Science and Stormy Cape Horn.

In history, as well as in romance, Cape Horn looms before the imagination as the especial home of tempests, shipwrecking billows, cross-seas, black squalls, sleet, roaring gales and freezing blasts, and recent study of the meteorological conditions prevailing about the stormy cape does not diminish the darkness of the picture. The Hydrographic Bureau has undertaken to collect statistics concerning the weather of Cape Horn.

And some of them are presented in the Pilot Chart for November. In this manner, it is hoped that some of the difficulties of the Cape Horn passage may be overcome through scientific advice to ship-captains.

The Phonograph.

This is a combination of the phonograph with the telephone, intended to record a telephonic message on a wax cylinder at the receiving end of the telephone line. The record is made by a stylus actuated by the undulations produced by the sound waves. From the impressed cylinder the message can be retransformed into spoken words by the ordinary method of a phonograph. The usefulness of the instrument depends upon the fact that by its means a message can be sent when the intended recipient is absent. Upon his return the latter can set the phonographic



Songs of Praise
I have used SURPRISE SOAP since I started housework and find that it is longer and is better than other soap I have tried.
Frederick, N.B. Dec 15th, 1898.
Having used SURPRISE SOAP for the past ten years, I find it the best soap that I have ever had in my house and would not use any other when I can get SURPRISE.
St. Thomas, Ont.
I have to wash for these brothers that work on the railroad, and SURPRISE SOAP is the only soap to use. We tried every other kind of soap, and I will every body why our overalls have such a good color.
Montreal.
Can't get wife to use any other soap. Says SURPRISE is the best.
Chas. C. Ri gden.
SURPRISE is a pure bar, SOAP.

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WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc., etc.
Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family.
FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES.
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Accuracy, Purity and Promptness ARE THE RULES OF MY DISPENSING DEPARTMENT
Every care is exercised in procuring the purest Drugs and Chemicals, which are accurately prepared by competent Pharmacists.
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ANYONE IN NEED OF FARM HELP should apply to Hon. A. T. Dunn at St. John, as a number of young men who have lately arrived from Great Britain are seeking employment. Applicants should give class of help wanted and any particulars with regard to kind of work, wages given, period of employment to right man, etc.

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A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES.
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apparatus going and listen to the message at his leisure.
'Do telegraph companies keep books?'
'I suppose so.'
'I wonder if they put the wages of messenger boys under the head of running expenses.'
Inquire—What is a foot of poetry?
Poet—It's something we don't have to buy shoes for, thank heaven.

In German get married, tell you that less maiden sets herself off. Marriage is a matter of business, while the paper holds out for of the negot yields to the months of del with minute a then the lov courtship is probably not the German and the oppor acquainted wri age are very. This parent in the nation takes a hand German army ure to the eye ranging from lieutenant to In order to piness in appe Government unless he de \$20,000 for gradually less with the autho is doled out to is in reality pu because the officers are money require The money husband, unles al stipulation absolutely the man, in the eye no rights excep allow her. Ho merely a piece rebel, which a plays a very sh for wielding a a use for which In a German ways find a colia announcement in these adver how much mon wants. The w the very pleni, no money at all to marry into a knows that it unless she has only to \$100 or ed as the lowes ation as a Mi On the other privilege to ma prefers the man usually chooses a policeman, or a have tenure of sion. She les tlen to imbitio It is in the s eerty, the c most business tions. There a class who have pect of making wealthy marria fortunes it is the and when they the prejudices of ing to seek emp any kind of busi Therefore mo while waiting fo of rich brewers a ble to these g and pernent American heirs frankly to any o listen. Travelling Am so plentiful in Italy; still, they seem, however, fact that German more valuable countries, they glamour in fem

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1901.

They Have to Buy Husbands.

In Germany every girl is expected to get married. Ask a Bavarian and he will tell you that it is impossible for a portionless maiden to find a husband. If a girl has no money for a dowry, therefore, she sets herself at work to save some.

Marriage in Germany is nearly entirely a matter of business. The father of the girl announces the sum which is to go with her, while the papa of the prospective husband holds out for more. This is the first stage of the negotiations. Little by little each yields to the other. Finally, often after months of delay, the contract is drawn up with minute specifications by a notary, and then the love making may begin. The courtship is very circumscribed, and is probably not altogether satisfactory, for the German maiden is a romantic creature and the opportunities she has for getting acquainted with her husband before marriage are very meagre.

This parental supervision is so imbred in the nation that even the government takes a hand in it with its servants. A German army officer is a splendid creature to the eye, but his pay is very small, ranging from a matter of \$5 a week for a lieutenant to \$50 a full fledged general. In order to prevent the possibility of seediness in appearance or style of living, the Government forbids an officer to marry unless he deposits a certain sum—it is \$20,000 for a lieutenant, and becomes gradually less for each higher grade—with the authorities, the income of which is doled out to him semi-annually. This is in reality putting a price on the man, because the greater number of German officers are very poor and can get the money required only from their brides.

The money which a wife brings to her husband, unless there is an express notarial stipulation to the contrary, becomes absolutely the husband's property. The man, in the eye of the law, has practically no rights except such as her husband may allow her. He treats her very often as a merely a piece of livestock. If the woman rebels, which she does very rarely, he displays a very short temper and an aptness for wielding a poker or a walking stick in a use for which they were never meant.

In a German newspaper one may always find a column devoted to matrimonial announcements. There is no romance in these advertisements. The man tells how much money he has and how much he wants. The woman names her dowry to the very penny. Very often the man has no money at all, and expresses his desire to marry into a business; but the woman knows that it is useless to advertise at all unless she has some money, if it amounts only to \$100 or so—which may be regarded as the lowest sum worthy of consideration as a Mitgift.

On the other hand it is the woman's privilege to name the calling which she prefers the man should follow. She usually chooses an official clerk or porter, a policeman, or a car conductor, all of whom have tenure of office and an old age pension. She lets more of an eye to stability than to ambition.

It is in the so called higher classes of society that one finds the baldest and most business like matrimonial transactions. There are few young men of this class who have either money or any prospect of making any otherwise than by a wealthy marriage. When they inherit fortunes it is the fashion to dissipate them; and when they don't inherit, it is against the prejudices of their education and training to seek employment or to engage in any kind of business.

Therefore most of them enter the army, while waiting for a rich bride. Daughters of rich brewers and merchants are acceptable to these gentlemen, but their great and persistent dream is to capture an American heiress. They confess the matter frankly to any one and every one who will listen.

Travelling American heiresses are not so plentiful in Germany as in France and Italy; still, they are to be found. It would seem, however, that notwithstanding the fact that German titles are at least a little more valuable than those of the Latin countries, they do not possess the same glamour in feminine eyes, because the

German title captures the American bag of gold comparatively rarely. Perhaps it is because the Teutonic wooing is more arrogant and supercilious than minuting. As an instance of the business-like way in which the German nobleman offers himself, for a price, two cases may be cited. The hero in the first comedy was a Reichsgraf (which is something more than an ordinary Graf) of ancient lineage. He enjoyed his title in common with nineteen brothers and cousins; likewise a common impecuniosity. For two or three years he made the rounds of the German and Austrian watering places, and it was at one of these that he met the American girl upon whom he wished to confer his title and debts. She was in the company of her family; the papa had gout.

With German thoroughness the Graf would have made careful and exhaustive investigations before entering into the matter at all; but the Americans had only a short time longer to stay when he met them, and he had to accept common report as to their wealth. Accordingly he paid assiduous court to the young woman, proposed within a week and was duly accepted, not only by the girl, but by her parents as well.

It is possible that the papa had a mental reservation. He was not dazzled by the splendid military uniform built upon the Graf's fine figure, nor by his grand airs but, being an indulgent parent, he allowed matters to run smoothly along for a week or so. During that time the Graf let it be known exactly what he required: his debts were to be paid, a certain sum was to be paid down for the purchase of a small estate, and thereafter the Graf, not his future spouse, was to receive a yearly income in keeping with his pretensions.

Paternalism tacitly agreed to all this. At the end of the period during which the arrangements were discussed he suddenly appeared before the Graf one day in a state of great apparent perturbation. With much embarrassment he confessed to the Graf that he was in temporary financial difficulty, and requested a small loan to tide him over. The Graf came near to an apoplectic fit, and his outraged dignity prompted the sending of a challenge to a duel, which the American treated as a joke.

Some time after the Graf learned that the papa was not ruined, but was really richer than report has made him out to be. His needs being pressing, he thereupon promptly forgo: all about his dignity and went as fast as an express train could carry him to the new sojourn of the Americans for the purpose of renewing his attentions. But in the meantime the American girl had lost her desire to form a noble alliance, and the Graf is still haunting the watering places.

In the second case the nobleman, though his title was genuine, was not of so good a family, and he was fain to be content with less. He won the affections of an American girl with a fortune in her own right, and all preparations were made for the wedding. A week or so before the day fixed he formed the acquaintance of a Russian widow of unknown antecedents and a large fortune, and without even so much as a good-by to his American betrothed, he married the lady and started on a tour around the world.

These are typical cases. Of course there are conditions under which international marriages may be effected in Germany, and probably with approximate chances of happiness, but they are uncommon. For one reason, American girls thus married seldom find themselves treated as equals. Of all countries Germany is perhaps that in which romanticism flourishes most. It is instinct in its traditions, in its history and in its literature. Yet in the affairs of daily life, and preeminently in its matrimonial affairs, materialism rises to the plane of worship.

Est all you can, Mother. An old man, whose hair and beard were cut in a chaste, rural design, appeared in one of the table d'hote restaurants the other day. He had his wife with him. That was more than the old lady could say of her hearing. She was almost stone dead, which gave everybody a chance to find out what splendid lungs her husband had. The meal was luncheon. The price which

the old man was asked after he had ordered two meals, was 75 cents.

'Seventy five cents?' he exclaimed. 'You don't mean a piece?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Gracious!'

He thought it over a minute or two. Then he looked at his wife as if considering whether he should try to get the dreadful news past the old lady's tympanum. Evidently he gave it up. But he did what he could. When the first course came on, he leaned over and shouted in her ear. 'Eat all you can, mother! I'll tell you why after a while!'

TO EXPLORE UNKNOWN ALASKA.

United States Will Send a Party This Summer to a Vast Northern Wilderness.

Extensive explorations are about to be undertaken by the American Geological Survey between the Arctic circle and the shores of the Arctic Ocean in Alaska. Preparations were begun last summer, and one of the large appropriation bills now pending in congress makes provisions for paying the expenses.

The exploring party will start from Bergman, away up above the Arctic circle, nearly one thousand miles northwest from Sitka. Upward of one third of Alaska is about as little known as the interior of Africa was a few years ago. Roughly estimating, the great Alaskan wilderness to be explored is about as large as New England, New York and Pennsylvania combined.

The party will be divided into three sections. The first detachment led by W. J. Peters, will proceed to the Arctic Ocean. If time permits this party will go eastward to the British boundary, turning westward again and reaching the coast in the vicinity of Point Barrow, the northernmost settlement on the continent of North America.

The second detachment will be led by W. C. Mendenhall, geologist and its work will be confined to the little known region around Kotzebue Sound, in three directions. The third party led by Mr. Gardine will continue explorations that have already been begun in the Copper River Valley.

It is believed that the whole territory is a vast desolate plain, rising occasionally into high hills. It is believed that the region is devoid of life, excepting for some of the fur bearing animals that are found near the shores of the Arctic Ocean and in summer by two or three kinds of wild fowls which hover about the neighborhood of the lagoons. Almost certainly the territory is devoid of trees and every kind of vegetable life except moss and stunted wild grass such as is found in summer in the tundra region somewhat farther south in Alaska.

Murder Will Out. That conscience doth make cowards of us all there is much in the lives of men to testify. Two tragic instances just revealed bear out the strength of the remark.

Four years ago, Mrs. Ludwig Wurl, the wife of a wealthy German ranchman living near Tie Siding, thirty miles west of Cheyenne, Wyo., was murdered.

The murderer used an axe, with which he hacked the body into pieces, leaving the weapon sticking in his victim's head. At the time the crime was committed the murdered woman's husband and Hans Dell, a hired man, were supposed to have been on the road from the ranch to Laramie.

From top to bottom the house had been ransacked and a tin chest containing money had disappeared.

And here is where conscience plays its part. A year after the murder Hans Dell committed suicide. On his deathbed he said: 'I killed myself because I murdered a defenceless woman.'

A letter received a few days ago from South Africa, where Ludwig Wurl, in company with a Mrs. Krueger, had gone, says: 'Ludwig Wurl shot himself last week. On his deathbed he confessed to Mrs. Krueger, whom he had married that he and Hans Dell had murdered Mrs. Wurl. 'I wanted her out of the way,' he said, 'to marry you.'

Thus was justice, through conscience, vindicated.

Mrs. Krueger had been in total ignorance of Wurl's awful crime until he made his confession.

Mrs. Jason—'What is that you are trying to sing, for the land's sake?'

Mr. Jason—'The Lighthouse by the Sea.'

Mrs. Jason—'Well, if you expect me to get the washin' ever done, you'd better be thinkin' of the woodhouse by the saw.'

Beautiful Mrs. Keppel.

Fashionable London has had a good many problems to perplex it since His Majesty King Edward VII. was proclaimed sovereign.

Not the least of these has had to do with the future social status of a woman of extreme personal loveliness, a member of the smartest set, an aristocrat by birth, though untitled, and for two years past distinguished by the conspicuous favor accorded her by England's social arbiter.

It is no secret that "the Prince," as his present Majesty has so long and lovingly been known, has greatly admired the beauty, wit and charm of Mrs. George Keppel.

On all occasions when the Marlborough House set has gathered together it has invariably been Mrs. Keppel who has completely eclipsed every other woman of this charming coterie, including those of the highest rank. It has been Mrs. Keppel's epigrams which most keenly tickled His Royal Highness's fancy, her gowns which elicited his most bland approval, her companionship which he appeared most gratified to secure on a drive or at dinner.

All of which was served to set Mrs. Keppel on a pinnacle quite solitary and distinct.

A woman whom the Prince of Wales chose openly to admire needed neither titles nor advertisement to emphasize her social importance. In an unofficial sense she had gradually come to hold the highest position in smart English society, when— There occurred the sudden and lamentable demise of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, immediately followed by the accession of His Equally Gracious Majesty King Edward.

That is to say the Prince of Wales, as a private individual of supreme social importance, vanished from sight.

Has the pre-eminence of Mrs. Keppel subsided simultaneously?

Will the next Duchess who holds a week end house party place Mrs. Keppel first in her lists of guests?

Is she in future to be deferred to as if she were a member of the royal household?

Will she in the brilliant court which His Majesty is bound sooner or later to establish, hold the precedence commonly accorded to women of royal rank?

Or will she fall into line with a hundred other graceful and accomplished women?

Will His Majesty deem it discreet to forget this entertaining episode? And is the supremacy of Mrs. George Keppel already in the past tense?

An estimate of the number of ordinary serene brows that are furrowed over these questions would amount to the sum total of the social leaders of England.

Outwardly the Duchesses, Marchionesses, Countesses, who draw the lines of exclusive society, are now trailing crape bordered veil and mourning, with every evidence of gracefully sustained affliction the death of "the dear Queen." Inwardly these fair aristocrats are asking themselves: 'What are we to do with Mrs. Keppel?'

And it is not unlikely that Mrs. George Keppel is asking herself a similar question. Meanwhile all England is demancing to know exactly who this royal favorite is.

Mrs. Keppel who was married in 1881 to the Hon. George Keppel, brother of the Earl of Albemarle, is the sister of a Scottish baronet, Sir Archibald Edmondstone. The Edmondstone family for generations have filled dignified positions in the army and the navy. Mrs. Keppel is slight, tall, dark with a beautiful complexion, violet eyes full of life and vivacity, regular features and masses of dark hair.

The dominant note of her personality is elegance. She is always faultlessly dressed, never overdressed. She has a clever tongue and a winning manner, and one feature about her that all her friends and rivals allow that she is in no way offensively conscious of being the object of royal preference.

If Mrs. Keppel has placed any value on her unique position it is doubtless a comforting reflection to her that His Majesty was never a worshipper of title, that he is fairly democratic, as Englishmen understand the term, and that no influence which has ever yet been brought to bear upon

him has prevented him as doing as he pleased.

Wherefore, if he wishes Mrs. Keppel's violet eyes and nimble tongue to enliven his court, why should they not do so?

Her standing is in every sense irrefragable.

Her triumph, astounding as it may appear, has not lessened her popularity with the women who have always been her friends and who control society. Nor has she ever been the victim of any such social boycott as that to which Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, when Princess of Wales subjected the accomplished woman who was then Lady Brooke and who is now the Countess of Warwick.

Doubtless a good share of the present concern over the situation is due to the Chatsworth incident. For it is only a few weeks back that the attention of all England was for the first time publicly drawn to the friendship between the present King and Mrs. Keppel. That the friendship existed had long been known. The so to speak public proclamation of it remained for Chatsworth to give.

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire asked the smartest people in England to their country seat, Chatsworth, at New Year's for a shooting party and private theatricals. Mrs. Keppel, as usual, absorbed the devotion of the Prince of Wales. One day the Duchess permitted a photographer to "snap" the party. The photographs, which were printed in the illustrated papers, show the Prince and Mrs. Keppel walking together alone, while the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire and a horde of other titled persons, including, of course, the Princess of Wales, are 150 yards in the rear.

Whether the Prince or the lady or their hosts were pleased at the sudden flash of notoriety on this platonic 'ffair de coeur' is not difficult to answer. It is said, in fact, that the Prince was very angry indeed at the indiscretion of the Duchess in unwittingly allowing the artists to provide sketches so well calculated to excite undesired comment. The Prince was in excellent humor. He had one or two grave conversations with the Duke about the South African 'pandemonium'—that is what the Prince called it. But he came down to enjoy himself and he was most of the time at the side of Mrs. Keppel. The rest of the party quite accepted the situation.

The party was semi-official function. The doings were reported in the press and the guests included men like Mr. Arthur Balfour, who only occasionally take part in the diversions of the Marlborough House set and who were invited for their importance in other spheres.

The rule of precedence, as every one knows, are rigorously observed at dinners. In fact the slightest breach of them is apt to cause the most unpleasant misunderstandings. But the Prince by a special dispensation absolved the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire from placing their guests in order of rank. Matters were then—quite fortuitously, of course—so arranged that the Prince had the Duchess of Devonshire on his right and Mrs. Keppel on his left. This order was observed at all the dinners.

When the performance of 'A Pantomime Rehearsal' was given in the ball room, the Prince of Wales had Mrs. Keppel on his left again in the front row. When the ladies joined the shooting party in the woods for luncheon the prince had Mrs. Keppel and Lady de Grey at his table.

Simplicity in Funerals.

The simplicity which marked the ancient Jewish burial ceremonies has much to commend it even to us. The inexpensive coffin and the uniform linen shroud served to emphasize the equality of all in death. As things are to day the rich tax their brains to invent new funeral fineries and the poor impoverish themselves to keep up with their wealthier neighbors.

He Felt That He Wasn't Included.

'See that fellow over there with the pretty side whiskers?'

'Yes.'

'Well, he got up and left the audience the other night when the orator said he wanted to talk to the plain people.'

Praise... SURFERS SOAP... I find that it lasts longer than any other soap I have tried.

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DEPARTMENT... in procuring the Chemicals, which are by competent Phar-

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HELP... NEED OF FARM... y to Hon. A. T. as a number of have lately arrived are seeking em-

STEEL PILLS... REGULARITIES... apple, Fil Cochis, etc.

the wages of mes-... head of ironing ex-... foot of poetry? we don't have to ven. etc.

Sweet Violet.

IN TWO INSTALLMENTS—PART II.

Then she thought, as she went up the broad and richly-carpeted staircase, followed by Violet: "Gracious Heavens! How like—like that poor unfortunate darling! I never saw such a likeness in all my born days!"

She, of course, referred to Violet's mother. She had not the slightest idea that this was the daughter. It was a singular but positive fact that she had entirely forgotten the name of Loveridge, and it never for a moment struck her about the Christian name.

The bell-porter had kept his secret. Had he informed the housekeeper of what happened on that fearful night more than seven years ago, it is a moral certainty that Sir Archibald would have lost a good and tried servant, for the housekeeper would not have stayed with him. Many a score of times she had cried bitterly over the absent daughter, whom she had nursed as a child. Many inquiries had she made, but without success.

Having rested and partaken of some light refreshment, Violet proceeded to attire herself in a becoming dress in order to visit Sir Archibald, who, she was informed, was awaiting her presence in the study.

"I shall wear that, my dear," said the housekeeper, pointing to a lovely blue satin dress; "that is very nice, and I am sure Sir Archibald will say so."

Now that colour was Violet's mother's favourite when at home, and this the housekeeper had not forgotten.

"She is very much like that poor girl," thought the housekeeper. "I wonder how she looks with it on?"

Violet accordingly donned the blue satin dress, and then the housekeeper ran off to the conservatory and brought out a single white rose. This she placed in Violet's hair, saying:

"There, my dear, you look lovely! Oh lovely is not the word. You do so put me in mind of someone I knew years ago. Such a lovely creature, poor darling!"

"Do you recollect—?" commenced Violet, but she did not let it out. But even as she spoke the form of Sir Archibald rose up before her, and with a deep sigh she passed down the stairs.

The study-door was slightly ajar, but Violet knocked.

No answer being returned, she opened it gently and entered the room. Sir Archibald was indulging in his afternoon nap. Violet, not wishing to disturb him, closed the door, and seating herself in an easy-chair, proceeded to wait for him to awake.

But although she had rested for some time after her journey, she was still very tired. She tried hard to battle with it, but sleep would come, and soon her head fell back and she slept.

An hour passed on, and then Sir Archibald started from his seat, and rubbing his eyes, looked before him. And as he looked his whole frame trembled as if with the ague. Great beads of perspiration stood out upon his forehead. Was he awake?

"Oh, my God!" he moaned as he clutched the table for support. "What is this—is it her—returned to life? No, no, no! it cannot be."

He approached Violet and looked long and earnestly into her beautiful face. She still slept on, calmly and peacefully.

Sir Archibald fell upon his knees before her, saying in a husky whisper, "No, not her—not her—her child! And oh, how like—very like! Oh, Heaven, in mercy spare me! But away with these thoughts! he added, as he rose to his feet. "I am getting old and foolish. Girl, girl! awake awake! How dare you fall asleep in my study?"

Oh, pride, pride, thou hast indeed much to answer for! Violet slowly opened her eyes, and then as slowly left her chair.

"I am so sorry, gr—, sir. I entered and found you asleep, and I was so very tired. But I did not intend to fall asleep, believe me."

"Hem! Very good; but don't do it again. It is against rules—quite. Now, what made you put on that blue dress, and who told you to put that rose in your hair? It is against rules—you must not do it. But, er— I have a few words to say to you. I understand that you are perfect in education."

"I think so."

"Good. Now you must understand that since you have been at that school you have cost me a large amount of money. Do you know that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Hem! No doubt you know as much about money as a baby. Did you find your pocket-money sufficient?"

"Oh yes, thank you; and I have saved two hundred pounds."

"Oh, indeed! Saved it! Good girl. Hem! Well, I don't want it back. But now you must make up your mind to earn your own living. Did your governess give you any hint of that?"

"Yes, she often spoke of it."

"Quite right. I shall secure you a good position; so you must be prepared to undertake it at a moment's notice. Now go, and, mark, don't talk."

Violet approached Sir Archibald, saying: "I am so much obliged to you for all your kind treatment. Perhaps one day I may be able to repay all the money you have so generously expended on my edu-

cation. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, girl, good-bye."

"You will let me kiss you for your kindness, will you not?"

"Eh? Ah, but you are too old for that now." Yet, as he saw the lovely face bending over him, the bright blue eyes looking so steadfastly into his, his pride once more wavered, and he added: "But you may give me just one kiss; and mind you must not tell anyone."

This promise Violet immediately made.

CHAPTER IV.

Two weeks passed away, and during that time Violet had not heard from Ronald for the simple reason that he did not know where she was, so he determined to run down to the school.

After a good deal of scheming, he got hold of one of the scholars, and learned from her that Violet had gone to Sir Archibald, and that his intention was to make her either a governess, or companion.

Lady Radstock was well known to Sir Archibald, and therefore, when he received a letter from her saying that if he happened to know of a well-educated young lady to act as companion, would he kindly let her know, he was delighted beyond measure.

He replied, saying that he did know of a young lady, and one whom he knew she would be pleased with. He placed all particulars before her, but of course omitted to say that Violet was any relation to him.

Immediately on receipt of this, Lady Radstock wired to say that Miss Violet Loveridge was to come down to her at once.

Violet was therefore sent for. "I am glad to tell you," said Sir Archibald, "that I have found you a first-class engagement as companion. It is to a lady of title a little way out. Are you prepared to go?"

"Oh yes."

"It is as companion to Lady Radstock, of— Why, what is the matter with you? What made you start like that? You do not know Lady Radstock, do you?"

"No, but—"

"Ah, you thought you had heard the name before, and it's very likely you have. She is a well-known lady, and I am sure you will be very comfortable with her. You are to go at once, so get ready, and I will attend to the despatching of you."

In four hours Violet stood in the study, bidding good-bye to Sir Archibald.

"I may see you some day," he said. "Be careful and transact your duties carefully, and by so doing you will gain my approval. Good-bye. You may write to me and let me know how you are getting on. The carriage is waiting to take you to the station."

And soon Violet was seated in the carriage and being conveyed to the station on route for Radstock Castle, Arkwell.

Radstock Castle was indeed a noble piece of workmanship. Its architectural beauty was almost beyond comparison.

As Lady Radstock's carriage drove along the sweeping avenue leading to the entrance, Violet thought she had never beheld so lovely a place. Flowers of all kinds perfumed the air; costly statues of the most exquisite design were scattered in every direction, and in front of the grand hall peacocks with the most lovely plumage it is possible to imagine strutted proudly up and down.

"Shall I ever be mistress of this?" she thought. "It seems impossible, and yet how is it I was selected as Lady Radstock's companion? It seems very strange. Well, well, I will learn all, no doubt?"

Lady Radstock received her, and Violet was surprised and delighted with the warmth that lady bestowed upon her.

"I am so happy to see you," she said. "My son has told me of you. He has often said what a lovely girl you were, and indeed he is right."

"I have heard all about your engagement," continued Lady Radstock, "and as I always allow my son to do as he likes, I raised no opposition to it. It was by his desire that I wrote asking Sir Archibald to recommend me a companion."

Violet smiled. She was beginning to see through it all now.

"Ronald is in London now," said Lady Radstock; "he is there for a day or two on business. We are about to invite a party of guests here for a few days, and so I am sure you will enjoy yourself."

In a remarkably short space of time Lady Radstock and Violet were on terms of the greatest affection. Indeed, it seemed as if they had known each other for years, instead of only a short time.

Two days after this Ronald returned and greeted Violet in the most boisterous manner, bestowing more than one hearty kiss upon her lips.

"What do you think of my plan?" he laughed.

"I think it very ingenious," replied Violet. "I wonder what Sir Archibald would have said, if he knew anything of what had previously occurred?"

"Ah, my sweet Violet, I was too deep for that. Directly I ascertained that you had left school, and that you had gone to his house, I made up my mind what course to pursue, and I am very thankful it has

proved successful. Sir Archibald will know all before long, my Violet, and now you want some amusement. To-morrow our guests commence to arrive, and rely upon it, you will now see a little life. Come, now, and let us take a long walk through the park. I want to show you many places that you have not yet seen, all of which you will be mistress of before—ah, Violet?"

Violet made no reply, she simply nestled her head upon his breast.

CHAPTER V.

A week passed away, and for nearly all that time Violet had been supremely happy. Numbers of the nobility and gentry had been invited to spend a fortnight at the Castle, and it was evident that all thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

"Violet could have continued to be happy, but something happened which had served to damp her spirits considerably."

Among the guests invited was a certain Mrs Howland and her daughter Florence.

Florence was the recognized belle of the season, and was courted and petted by all with whom she came in contact. And truly she was a most beautiful and accomplished woman. But she was not a lovable woman. She was not a woman possessed of any great amount of affection.

"Perhaps this was due to her mother's teaching, and her mother was a most notorious match-maker."

She was also a woman who laughed to scorn the idea of marrying for love.

Her idea of happiness was in rolls of wealth, to be followed by a numerous train of servants, and the right to rule not only them, but her husband.

All this she had taken infinite pains to impress upon her only child, and it is only right to say she followed in her mother's footsteps step by step.

Now, while in London, they had been visited by Lord Ronald time after time, and we may say that he had been struck with her exceeding beauty.

So frequent was his attendance, and at one time, so great had been his attentions, that he began to be looked upon as an accepted lover of Florence Howland.

And Florence tried her hardest to keep him to her side. She knew that to marry him meant not only a title, but wealth to an enormous extent.

Was it any wonder therefore that she assisted by her mother, should endeavor to keep so desirable a person by her side?

But before long Lord Ronald had discovered the real character of Florence Howland, and by degrees his visits fell off. Yet whenever he met her he was always on terms of the greatest friendship with her.

Florence did not pretend to notice how few and far between his visits had become, but both she and her mother set themselves to find out whether Lord Ronald had fixed his affections in any other quarter.

But they found out nothing.

It was not very likely they would, for, as our readers are aware, Lord Ronald had wood and won his intended bride far away from society, far away from where prying eyes would penetrate their secret.

On the second day of their visit to Radstock Castle, Violet happened to be walking alone in rather a secluded quarter of the park, when she was attracted by the sound of voices.

Not wishing to be seen at that moment she drew aside, and remained in the shadow of a large oak.

The sound of voices came nearer and nearer, and in another moment Violet had recognized the speakers.

They were Florence Howland and her mother.

Instead of passing on, they stopped directly opposite the tree by which Violet was standing, so that she distinctly heard every word they uttered.

"What is to be done?" asked Mrs. Howland.

"That I cannot say," replied Florence. "I have left all to you, and I presume I must still be guided by you."

"But here is evidently the secret of his absence from us?"

"I have not yet seen it."

"Not seen them together?"

"Then you must certainly be blind!"

"No, I believe my eyesight is perfectly sound. Do you mean to say that he would think of throwing himself away upon such a wretched girl as she is?"

"She is pretty."

"But she has no fortune."

"Neither have you."

"I have a little, she has none—at least so I have heard. But I should never think of marrying a poor nameless orphan."

"Nameless! I have heard that my Lord Ronald thinks a great deal of the name. It sounds pretty—Violet—don't you think so? Ha, ha, ha!"

Violet turned cold from head to foot. They were talking of her, and him! Who was this woman? She thought. What was she to him? Had she ever been anything to him?"

"I'll never mind the name," continued Florence in hard, cold tones, "we must try what we can do in the matter. But you said you had something of very great importance to say to me. What is it?"

"Something you will be astonished to hear beyond question. Probably I take more interest in this matter than you think I do."

"It is to your interest to do so," replied Florence calmly.

"True; that I admit. Well, I have made enquiries, and find that this Violet Loveridge is the adopted daughter of Sir Archibald Blackmore."

"Yes."

"Well, I have been informed of certain things in connection with her, and I will now give you her history. More than seven years ago, in the depth of winter, a poor woman was found dead upon the doorstep of a large house not far from Sir Archibald's residence. Clapped to her breast was a child, a little girl of about nine years of age. The said case came under the notice of Sir Archibald, and he



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—you know his reputation for charity—took compassion upon them. He buried the woman decently, and then adopted the daughter."

He sent her to a boarding school, where she remained until a short time ago, when she returned to Sir Archibald, who obtained an engagement for her as companion to Lady Radstock. This child is Violet Loveridge."

"Then there is no chance of Lord Ronald being in love with her. He would not marry a street wail."

"But he does not know her history. I am sure of that."

"If he does not, he shall know. I will take good care of that. But I will wait and watch."

"And there is another thing which goes to prove that what I say is correct," said Mrs. Howland. "Does Lady Radstock treat her as a companion? Does she not treat her more like her own daughter?"

"I tell you that you are more observant than I am. I have not taken as much notice of it as I should have done. However, I will keep my eyes open."

"It is disgraceful that he should treat you as he has done. Although he did not actually propose to you, he led you to believe that he would do so."

"If he did marry this outcast, what would society say so far as I am concerned? Fancy being rejected in favor of a pauper's child!"

With these words the pair moved off, while Violet, bursting into a passionate flood of tears, sank down by the tree and covered her face with her hands.

Thus she remained for several moments; then, starting to her feet, she fled to the Castle.

Without pausing to look to the right or the left she rushed into the small sitting room, her intention being to pass through and enter her own room. But it so happened that Lord Ronald was seated near the table, and hearing the rustling of a dress, he looked up. The next instant he had started to his feet.

Violet took no notice of his presence, but he was quick to see her pale and tear-stained face.

"My own sweet Violet," he cried in tones of alarm, as he placed his arms about her, "what is this? Speak, my own darling! What has happened?"

"Do not ask me, Ronald. Let me go; I want to go to my room."

"You shall go, my love, but first tell me what has happened."

"I cannot, I cannot—not at present; I will tell you by and by. But, Ronald—"

"Yes."

"Do you know—did you?—oh, I will tell you all before long. Let me go."

"Very well, my dear, I will let you go; but you ought to tell me what has happened."

He released Violet, who went at once to her room, and there she relieved her full heart in true womanly fashion—to wit, tears.

"What can have happened?" muttered Ronald, as he walked slowly out upon the terrace. "Has anyone been offended? I hope not, for their sake. What can it be? Ah, Miss Howland, how do you do? I hope you and your mother are enjoying yourselves."

"Yes, thanks," replied Miss Howland, as she drew her handsome person nearer Lord Ronald. "You are looking well, I see."

"Oh yes, I enjoy fairly good health. This is a fine healthy spot, you must recollect."

"It is, indeed. But, I say, Ronald, how is it you seldom call upon us now when in London? I heard you were there lately, but you did not favour us with a visit."

"My business was so great there that I really had no time to call."

"You have grown tired of us, I am afraid, Ronald."

"Tired! Why should I have grown tired?"

"I don't know, but I hope neither mamma nor myself have offended you."

"Make your mind easy on that score, Miss Howland."

Miss Howland! At one time he had called her Florence.

She was not slow to observe the change, and she fairly bit her lips in vexation.

"By the way," she said, "what a pretty, ladylike girl your mother has as a companion."

"Yes, indeed, and not only pretty, but she is a most accomplished young lady."

"Then you must mind what you are doing," smiled Miss Howland, but it was cruelly forced, for you will lose your head in that direction."

Ronald simply smiled. He did not

choose to let Miss Howland into the secret of his affairs.

A gentleman friend coming up at this moment, Ronald left her and joined him.

"Oh yes," muttered Miss Howland fiercely, as she walked away, "there is something in it, after all! Oh, how cruel, how bitter is my disappointment! All my acquaintances will laugh at me! But wait—wait! I will let him into the secret of her history. It is not likely that Sir Archibald, when he recommended her here, told Lady Radstock her history. Did they know it, they would scorn to look upon her longer—she would be turned from the doors of Heaven! I must tarry no longer. This very day he shall know of it!"

"Have you seen Lord Ronald?" asked mother when she met her.

"Yes, I have," cried Florence, throwing herself into the nearest chair.

"Well?"

"Well? What?"

"How did he treat you?"

"Coldly and scornfully."

"As I expected! Hem! He has rather a singular taste, I think."

"I think so too. If he has set his mind upon a creature like her?"

"You had better make him acquainted with her history at the earliest possible moment."

"I intend to let him know this very day."

Quite right. If you do not, you will stand a chance of losing him, and a prize like him cannot be obtained every day in the week."

"I am aware of it. Oh, how bitterly I am disappointed!"

"Nonsense! you have not absolutely lost him. No man is insensible to beauty, and surely you do not place your beauty in comparison with hers?"

"No; but different men—different tastes."

"True. Well, don't forget, my dear, that you let him know all I have told you concerning this girl's history. Do so as early as possible. More guests are to arrive today, and if you delay it you may not have the opportunity of speaking until it is too late."

"Yes, more guests were to arrive that day—a great many more, and among them would be Sir Archibald Blackmore."

CHAPTER VI.

The splendid park adjoining Radstock Castle was most brilliantly illuminated. Every tree held its dozens of small oil lamps.

A fine band had been engaged, and dancing had been going on for some considerable time.

Ronald was in the best of spirits, but not so Violet. She could not get out of her mind the conversation she had heard that morning.

She had not yet had an opportunity of telling Ronald the cause of her tears, but she intended to do so.

Still, she endeavored to forget all about it for the time being, and she danced as much as anyone.

Almost all her dances were with Ronald, for he was jealous that she should be the partner of anyone but himself.

And oh, what a blow this was for Florence Howland. Many times during the evening she placed herself in Ronald's path, in the hope that he would request her to dance with him.

But he did not make a single request. He smiled upon her, bowed she enjoyed herself, and so on, but this was all.

"I will wait awhile," she muttered; "they will go for a stroll before long, so doubt and then will be my time. I will denounce her before him!"

She was right so far as this was concerned. When the Lancers were about to be started, she observed Ronald place his arms about Violet's waist and move off towards the back, where they knew they would be free from the glare of the lamps and where they could enjoy the luxury of a few minutes uninterrupted conversation.

And Miss Howland, unseen by either of them, followed.

"Ah, Sir Archibald, I am so glad to see you!" cried Lady Radstock, as Sir Archibald

CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTEEN.

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Sunday Reading.

CHRISTIANS UNDER A CLOUD.

It is not every Christian who walks in constant sunshine and carries within him a cheerful and happy heart. There are quite too many who spend most of their time under a cloud. Here, for example, is one who leads a reputable life before the community; but in his own heart lies an overwhelming mass of doubts that rob him of his spiritual peace. He has become a chronic doubter; and what the Apostle Thomas was for a single evening, he is for nearly every day and night of his uncomfortable existence. It has become habitual with him to distrust God's promises, and sometimes to distrust his own conversion. He seldom knows what it is to grasp a divinely revealed truth firmly and cling to it, and rest on it, and grow by it, as his own body eats and thrives on his daily food. If the Apostle Paul should come to him and say, 'I know whom I have believed,' he would be very apt to reply, 'How do you know it? I never have any clear assurance. I sometimes doubt if ever Jesus Christ redeemed me, or if the Holy Spirit ever converted me. I am enrolled in the church record as a 'believer,' and yet I am very often a terrible doubter.'

That is very true, my friend, and it is your own fault. The man that does that wretched doubting walks in your shoes. It is not another person's sin against you that robs you of peace, but your own sin against your own soul, and against your forbearing Master. It is your besetting sin. God commands you to believe His Word, and you disobey. Jesus Christ bids you look to Him, and you look away; to lay hold on Him and trust Him, and you stand off and question His truthfulness, and love and power. He promises you that if you will honestly strive to obey His commandments, and will sincerely seek the grace that is sufficient for you, He will answer your prayers. You are no exceptional character. If Paul received from Christ pardon, and peace, and power, and assurance of hope and spiritual joy under fierce trials, so can you. I fear that there is a subtle self-conceit in your heart, which pretends that what sufficed for Paul and for millions of other Christians, is not clear or strong enough, or efficacious enough, for you.

In addition to self conceit of which you may not be fully conscious, you are guilty of no little obstinacy in cherishing your doubts. You hold fast to them, instead of holding fast to Him who died to save you. When these harassing doubts come to the door of your heart, instead of bolting it in their face, you let them in, and parley with them and harbor them. Your duty is to treat them as summarily as Joseph treated the wanton proposal of Potiphar's impudent wife. To every skeptical whisper of your tempter, say, 'Get thee behind me Satan! Pray for more faith. Grasp hold of a promise, as sinking Peter stretched out his arms to his omnipotent Master. Be done with your pitiful 'ifs,' and lay hold of Christ's immutable 'wills' and 'shalls.' You listen to Satan more than you listen to your Savior. The wretched habit you have contracted of disbelieving the Lord Jesus must be dealt with as a tippler must deal with his habit of indulging in intoxicants. You must break it up, or it will break you down. Fix your grasp on the loving Son of God, and say to yourself: 'If I go on any longer in this way, I shall become an infidel and an outcast. I will be done with the devil and cling to Christ if I perish. Lord, I believe; help Thou my accursed unbelief!'

Depend upon it that you will never attain any sunshine of spiritual peace, or any power, until you—in divine help and strength—overcome this deplorable habit of doubting. What have you ever gained by it? How much has it cost you? And if you expect to rely on Christ in the dying hour, why dot do it now? It is said that Dr. Marie D'Anbigue, the famous Swiss historian of the Reformation, was sorely troubled with doubts during his student days. He went to his old experienced teacher for help. The old man refused to discuss the doubts, saying, 'Were I to rid you of these, others would come. There is a shorter way of destroying them. Let Jesus Christ be really to you the Son of God, the Saviour; and His light will dispel the darkness, and His Spirit will lead you into all truth.' That old man was right. He saw the fatal habit which the young man was acquiring; and he knew that the glorious Sun of Righteousness could alone scatter the clouds that make so many lives dark and dreary. I remember that once upon a famous infidel book was under discussion in a certain ministerial circle, grand old Dr. Thomas H. Skinner said to us: 'Brethren, difficulties have arisen in my

own mind that were worse than any or all infidel writers could suggest; I have in the strength of Jesus Christ conquered all these; why should I care what the skeptics have to say?'

I cannot close this article without saying that many, professing Christians are under a cloud caused by indulgence in sinful practices. Their transgressions, like a thick cloud, separate between God and their own souls; the divine countenance is hidden as in an awful eclipse. Spiritual declension is always fatal to spiritual peace. No church-member who neglects prayer and the house of God, who pursues crooked paths in business, who indulges in secret tipping or unclean lusts, or who is unfaithful to his word with men and his vows with God, can ever expect to enjoy a blessed 'assurance of hope.' That is a fearful description which Bunyan drew of certain backsliders, who, having turned off over a 'stile' from the King's highway, were left to grope among the tombs under the shadow of a dark and lonely mountain. As Christian looked at them, his eyes gushed forth in tears. I have occasionally seen such backsliders awakened out of their guilty condition by some alarming providence, and crying out, 'Where is now my hope?' If any who is under such a cloud should read this paragraph, I would say to him, or to her—you may find your lost 'hope' where Peter found his when he went out and wept bitterly. You may find it, in penitence and confession, at the cross of Christ Jesus. And when, after your return to obedience and right living, the forgiving love of Christ has lifted away the cloud, you will feel as Lazarus must have felt when he was delivered from the tomb, and back again in his home.—Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D., in Zion Herald.

Moody and Religious Cranks.

Mr. Moody was a successful business man before he became an evangelist, and he brought his business habits into his religious work. He was as sharp as a needle, nothing escaping his eye. Whenever a large attendance was doubtful, he plied every means of advertisement. Some of his meetings were 'open' in the sense that any one so disposed was at liberty to speak or pray. But on important occasions he knew very well beforehand who were likely to take part in the meeting, and some of the most delightful surprises were what Artemus Ward would have called 'prepared impostures.' Of course he was beset by 'cranks'; but he faced them with great courage. When a speaker was taking breath, he would give out the next hymn as naturally as if the man had finished. I have heard him say to a speaker who had scarcely commenced what he intended to say, 'Now, sir, that is perfect; if you add a single word you will spoil it. Let us sing No. 123.' When provoked beyond measure, he could be very severe.

An Australian evangelist had told a long story of his own glorious doings and of the opposition he had everywhere encountered. As he sat down Mr. Moody remarked, 'I can tell you, sir, why they opposed you.' 'Why? Because you spoke too much about yourself.' This was said in a crowded meeting.

Where She Began.

She was a christian mother, and when her first-born child lay in her arms she said reverently, 'God's boy and mine,' and a partnership was formed between God and the mother for the training and teaching of the child. The mother resolved that he should never know when first he heard a prayer or knew of Jesus' love.

So every night after the little one had been made ready for bed the mother would kneel down, and taking both tiny palms in one of hers, would gently place her other hand over baby's eyes and ask in simple audible words that the dear Lord who loved children would keep and bless her boy and help him to be good and true. By and by when baby was strong enough to sit up, the mother would have him sit on the edge of the bed and lean his cheek against hers—but always one hand covered his eyes while the other held his.

Then came a time when the little frame was racked with agony. Mother and doctor and friend were seeking to save a little life. Not old enough to talk, he could not tell his pain, but after awhile rest came and the doctor said, 'I think the worst is over, and if baby will go to sleep nature will do the rest.' But the eyes kept opening with a restless look, and the hands reached out, mamma stooped over and said, 'What does my darling want?' Instantly two tiny hands were put into hers, and, moving his head toward hers, the eyes closed. A moment of silence followed, for the mother thought she could not pray with the doctor there. The blue eyes opened, the little hands nestled closer into hers, and the eager coo of the sweet baby voice broke the silence. 'He wants something—do you know what it is?' asked the doctor. And the mother, remembering the partnership with God, knelt

down and prayed the simple, brief sentences, and baby slept. With moistened eyes the doctor said, as he laid his hand on his mother's bowed head, 'I wish every child could grow up that way.'

Do you smile and say it was only a habit and had no reverent meaning to the child? True; but the boy grew into the habit of prayer, and the mother and son were forever bound together by a cord of that extended partnership till 'God and we,' as the boy put it, were working together.

Mothers, it is a blessed thing to be partners with God in the training of your children.

A Legend.

A legend was told me the other day which may interest you. A young man, discontented with his lot, dreamed a wonderful dream. He was carried into a beautiful country, and was driven in state through leafy bowers and under arching trees, through groves redolent with orange blossoms. Rare exotics bloomed on every side. The place seemed a perfect fairyland of beauty.

After driving for miles and miles, he stopped before a magnificent palace. It was built of marble, and the carving was of the finest workmanship. Its marbles and domes were ornamented with rare jewels, which flashed in the sunshine. The doors were of pearls, the floors of gold, and the ceilings, instead of being frescoed, were studded with rubies and diamonds. The building was of enormous size, covering, with its wings, fully a square mile, and everything was on a scale of rare splendor.

Stepping to one side of the palace, his eye rested on a dark brown niche, small, but in such a striking contrast to the place that he asked the guide what it meant, and why that was not marble, also, and set around with precious stones.

Imagine the young man's surprise when he said, 'The fault is yours. This is the Palace Beautiful, and this is your niche. You have been unhappy because of your lowly station in life, and since you could not have a position of prominence you have spent your time in discontent, while others have been improving their time. It rests upon you alone to make this palace perfect.' The young man awoke, and saw the lesson taught by his dream, and set to work to marbleize his brown niche.

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The manufacturers of the celebrated Diamond Dyes and the popular Diamond Dye and Rug Patents are now issuing a new and enlarged edition of the Diamond Dye Rug Book, that should be in the hands of every woman and girl in Canada. Many new and attractive designs for Mats and Rugs are shown as well as full directions for the making and coloring. Thousands of women who are interested in the making of pretty Rugs are sending for this book. Send in your address at once to The Well & Richardson Co., Limited, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal, Que.

KILLING WALRUS FOR FUN.

A Wanton Sport That Threatens to Bring Starvation Upon Northern Tribes.

Vessels are going into the northern waters of the western world every year and the larger representatives of animal life in the far north are rapidly diminishing in number. The right whale has been nearly exterminated, a falling off in the supply of the oil seal is noticeable and, according to good authorities, the walrus is also in danger of being wiped out. The extermination of the walrus would be particularly deplorable, as it is the chief food resource of the Arctic highlanders of northwest Greenland and of the Indians along the coasts of northern Alaska. An Arctic explorer of this country recently said with regard to the slaughter of walrus in Greenland waters:

'Any one who is familiar with the conditions of life among the Esquimaux living north of Cape York, Greenland, must fear for the fate of these natives, numbering only about five hundred souls. They are shut in by the ice of Melville Bay from intercourse with any other people in the world except that the whites come to them nearly every year. Their food resources are almost wholly confined to walrus and seal, mainly walrus. The Esquimaux pay little attention to hunting the reindeer with their crude weapons. The animal is comparatively abundant, but plays a very small part in the domestic economy of the Arctic highlanders.

'Now, for ten or twelve years past, white men have been visiting the North Water and the region of Littleton Island nearly every summer. They have killed large quantities of walrus for dog food. They have killed numbers of walrus in order to

take their skins and skeletons back home to the museums. No attention whatever, apparently, has been paid to the fact that the main source of food for the natives was thus being endangered. I believe it is the general opinion among those who know that the wholesale increase that are being made upon the walrus of northwest Greenland should be stopped in the interests of humanity and to avert starvation from the band of Esquimaux who eke out a bare existence under the most difficult circumstances in that region.'

The Treasury Department issued instructions last month to the collector of customs of Port Townsend, Wash., to urge the captains of vessels going to Alaska to prevent the killing of walrus by persons on board their ships. Many of the Indians along the northern coasts are said to be in a nearly starving condition, and these orders were issued with a view to protecting their main food supply. Hundreds of passengers on the steamers to St. Michael and Cape Nome are said to make a practice of firing into the herds of walrus that they see drifting on the ice floes. A great many of the animals are killed and wounded, and their bodies are seen floating in Behring Sea and the Arctic Ocean. This destruction is purely wanton, for no good comes of it, as the passengers can not possibly recover the ivory or the valuable hide of the walrus. They shoot merely for the excitement of killing. The practice is a reprehensible one, and in the opinion of Alaskan officials the most stringent regulations should be adopted to put an end to it.

La Grippe's Ravages.

A CAMPDEN LADY CURED OF ITS AFTER EFFECTS.

She Was Left Weak and Run Down, and Unable to Regain her Strength Until she Used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

In the village of Campden, Ont., and throughout the surrounding country, there are few people better known or more highly esteemed than Mr and Mrs Daniel Albright. Mr Albright has for many years filled the position of village postmaster, in addition to conducting a boot and shoe business. But it is with the postmaster's estimable wife that this article has chiefly to do, as it gives, particularly in her own words, the particulars of her recovery from a severe illness through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. To a reporter who asked Mrs. Albright if she would consent to give the particulars of her illness and cure for publication, she said: 'If you think my experience will keep some other sufferer I am quite willing to give it, for I may tell you that I am a very enthusiastic admirer of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. For some years prior to the winter of 1898 I suffered with a lame back, which frequently prevented me from doing my household work. Later exposure to cold developed sciatica, and every movement of the body caused intense pain. In this way passed gloomy days and restless nights, until the winter of 1898, when my trouble was aggravated by an attack of la grippe. The first and most severe symptoms of this trouble passed away, but it left me in a weak and depressed condition. I did not appear to be able to recover my strength; my appetite was very feeble; I was extremely nervous, and my heart would palpitate painfully at the least exertion. I had been under a doctor's care, but did not recover my strength, and as a consequence I was much depressed in spirits. At this juncture a friend who called upon me advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to follow the advice and procure a supply. To my gratification I felt an improvement in my condition almost from the outset, and after using the pills for little over a month I was once more enjoying the best of health, every trace of the trouble that had afflicted me having disappeared. It is nearly three years since I used the pills and I have been well and strong ever since and I have the best of reason for ascribing my present good health to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a tonic and not a purgative medicine. They enrich the blood from the first dose to the last and thus bring health to every organ in the body. The genuine pills are sold only in boxes with the full name, 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People,' printed on the wrapper. If your dealer cannot supply you send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

After Thirty Nine Years Waiting.

This is a romance of youth and age, of the old fashioned days of the old century and the bright promise of the new. Fifty years ago it began with a courtship and the old story. Last week it ended with a marriage. Fifty years ago when Toledo was but a little settlement, Philip Breidt and Mary Hall were lovers. He was twenty one then, she twenty. She the daughter of one of the oldest settlers, he with no capital save his energy and strength. For twelve years varying fortune kept him, except at brief intervals at from Toledo and his sweetheart.

Then he returned, the love vows were repeated and a marriage license was obtained. That was in 1862—thirty nine years ago. The first Probate Judge of

30 Minutes

of soak and rinse with PEARLINE washing. You save half the time. It's easier, pleasanter, healthier work. Soaking the clothes in PEARLINE and water loosens the dirt. You rinse it out with no rubbing. This soaking is absolutely harmless—not so with most soap-soaking. 629

the county, F. A. Jones, issued the license. But the marriage did not occur.

'It was put off,' said Philip Breidt.

'It was put off,' repeated Mary Hall.

Thirty nine years elapsed, and still no marriage. The lovers were old now. He was seventy one the seventy. But last week the old man took the marriage license from the drawer where it lain for nearly forty years. Accompanied by Mary Hall he took it to the Court house—not the little Court house of forty years ago, but the splendid building that tells the story of Toledo's growth.

'Is—is this good yet?' he asked the clerk.

The clerk assured him that it was.

'Well, we're going to get married this time, sure,' said the old man. 'It should have been long ago, but—well, we didn't that's all. And there's no reason for it either.'

That evening they were married by Rev. Dr. Shannon of Madison Street Church. They were the oldest couple ever married in the county who had not previously entered matrimony.

A WOMAN OF MERIT.

Preferred Army Life to Honors and Antislavery of Court Life.

There was buried last Sunday in the National Cemetery at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, a woman who, had she so elected, could have occupied a high position in the Old World.

She was the Baroness Von Clossman, the wife of Dr. Von Clossman, assistant surgeon at the recruiting station. In the court of Vienna her title is a matter of record, and had Maximilian maintained the double-headed eagle in Mexico she would have borne a higher title, for her husband was one of those soldiers of fortune who followed the brother of his sovereign to the New World. He would have won a duchy had Maximilian held the palace of Chapultepec, but that dream faded at Queretaro.

At Solferino the Baron led a company of Austrian hussars. All through the Austrian-Danish war he fought. Then he joined Maximilian. After his leader's death he escaped from a Mexican prison.

At Fort Wingate, New Mexico, he married the woman who died last week. She was a Virginian, Miss Martha Hester Spangler. During the civil war she lived in the besieged city of Petersburg. Two of her brothers were lieutenants under Lee.

Fully twenty years of her married life were spent on Indian reservations. In an army camp on the frontier she reared her seven children, and often when the Indians were hostile an ambulance was her home.

Her twenty years on the plains were twenty years of peril. She was at the Standing Rock Agency when the Sioux hordes gathered to avenge Sitting Bull.

At the Tule Rose Agency the Apaches on the warpath tried to rush the stockade. While the attack was on the brave woman handed her husband cartridges.

For many years the Baroness lived at No 614 West Haven street, Carondelet. Three of her daughters married army men. One is now in Manila, and another, Mrs. John McCormick, is the widow of a soldier who stormed San Juan Hill.

He gazed at the individual who was spread over four seats in a crowded railway car and murmured:— 'May I ask you a question?' 'The individual granted assent. 'Have the government inspectors examined you yet for trichinosis?'

'Emerson,' said Mr. Hanpeck, 'informs us that to be simple is to be great.'

'That's all right,' his wife replied, 'but don't you go and get any absurd ideas in your head now. Always remember there is a big difference between being a simple man and a simperetoo.'

'Your doom is sealed,' said the sheriff solemnly.

'Doesn't matter?' responded the prisoner absently, 'my wife will open it.'

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. Do a box, as all dealers of EMMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto. Dr. Chase's Ointment

and Too... Boston, Mass.

Howland into the secret... Boston, Mass.

Lord Ronald P. asked... Boston, Mass.

PTER VI... Boston, Mass.

make a single request... Boston, Mass.

old, I am so glad to see... Boston, Mass.

A Wedding in Basutoland.

When I arrived at Jonathan's village that warrior was away with a band of his young men, so that I could not see him, though I saw his son at a wedding which was being held when I reached the scene. I was taken through rows of naked, grinning savages of both sexes, to be introduced to the bride and bridegroom, whom I found to be a pair of mission converts. When I saw the pair the shock nearly shook my boots off.

The bride, a full blooded negress, was dressed in a beautiful white satin dress, which fitted her as if it had been fired at her out of a gun. It was not fixed on to her dress, nor to her wreath, but was tied on to two little kinky curls at each side of her head by bright green ribbons, after a fashion of a prize filly of the draught order at a country fair. Her hands were encased in a pair of white kid gloves, man's size, and a pretty big man at that.

When I was introduced to the newly shackled matron she put one of those gloved hands into mine with a simpering air of coyness that made me feel cold all over, for that hand in the kid glove reminded me of the day I took my first lesson from Laurence Foley, Australia's champion boxer, and he had an eight-ounce glove on (thank heaven) on that occasion. In her right hand the bride carried a fan of splendid ostrich feathers with which she brushed the flies off the groom. It was vast enough to have brushed away a toy terrier, to say nothing of flies, but it looked a toy in that giant fist.

The bridegroom hung on his bride's arm like a fly to a sugar stick. He was a tall young man, dressed in a black frock coat, light trousers braced up to show that he wore socks, shoes, white gloves and a high crowned hat. He carried his bride's white silk gingham in one hand and an enormous bunch of flowers in the other. He tried to look meek, but only succeeded in looking sly, hypocritical and awfully uncomfortable. At times he would look at his new spouse, and then a most unsaintly expression would cross his foxy face; he would push out his great thick lips until they threw a shadow all around him; open his dazzling white teeth and let his great blood-red tongue loll out until the chasm in his face looked like a rent in a black velvet gown with a cardinal's red hat stuffed in the centre. He may have been full of saving grace—full up and running over—but it was not the brand of Christianity I should care to invest my money in. When he caught my gaze riveted upon him he tried to look like a brand plucked from the burning; he rolled his great velvet-black eyes skyward, screwed up the slit which ran across his face and which he called a mouth, until it looked like a crumpled doormat, folded his hands meekly over his breast, and comported himself generally like an advertisement for a mission society.

From him I glanced to his 'pa,' who had given him away and seemed mighty glad to get rid of him. 'Pa' was dressed in pure black from head to heel—just the same old suit that he had worn when he struck this planet, only more of it. He was guiltless of anything or everything in the shape of dress, except for a long ring of horn, which he wore on top of his head. He did not carry any parasols or fans of gewgaws of any kind in his great muscular fists. One hand grasped an iron-shot assegai and the other lovingly fondled a battle axe, and both weapons looked at home where they rested. He was not just the sort of a father in law I should have hankered for if I had been out on a matrimonial venture; but I would rather have one limb of the old heathen than the whole body of his 'civilized' son, for with all his faults he looked a man. A chum of mine who knew the ways of these people had advised me to purchase a horn of snuff before being presented to the bride and bridegroom, and I had acted accordingly.

When the ceremony of introduction was over and I had managed to turn my blushing face away from 'Ma' and the bevy of damsels, as airily clothed as herself, I offered the snuff box to the pair. The groom took a tiny pinch and smiled sadly as though committing some deadly sin. The bride, however, poured a little heap into the palm of her hand about as big as

a hen's egg, regardless of her nice white kid gloves. This she proceeded to snuff up her capacious nostrils with savage delight until the tears streamed down her cheeks like rain down a coal heap. Then she drew back her head, spread out her hands out palm downward like a mammoth duck treading water, and sneezed. I never heard a human sneeze like that before; it was like the effort of a horse after a two mile gallop through a dust storm. And each time she sneezed something connected with her gear ripped or gave way, until I began to be afraid for her. But the wreck was not quite so awful as I anticipated, and when she had done sneezing she laughed, and the sound of that laughter was like the sound of the sea on a cliff crowned coast.

A little later one of the bridesmaids whose toilet consisted of a dainty necklace of beads and a copper ring around one ankle, invited me to drink a draught of native beer. The beer was in a large calabash, and I felt constrained to drink some of it. These natives know how to make love and they know how to make war, but, as my soul liveth, they don't know how to make beer. The stuff they gave me to drink was about as thick as boarding house coconuts; in color it was like unto milk that a dirty maid of all work had been stirring around in a soiled soup dish with an unwashed forefinger. It had neither body nor soul in it, and, as insipid as a policeman at a prayer meeting. Some of the niggers got gloriously merry on it and sang songs and danced weird, unlucky dances under its influence. But it did not appeal to me in that way; possibly I was not educated up to its niceties.

The wedding joys were of a peculiar nature. Bride and bridegroom, linked arm-in-arm, marched up and down on a pad about twelve yards in length; a nude minstrel marched in front and drew unearthly music from a kind of mouth organ. Girls squatting in the dust en route clapped their hands and chanted a chorus. The bridegroom hopped first on one leg and then on the other, and tried to look gorgeously happy; the bride kicked her satin skirts out behind, pranced along the track as gracefully as a camel; behind the principal

actors in the drama came a regiment of youths and girls and the antics they cut were worthy of the occasion. Now and again some dusky Don Juan would dig his thumbs into the ribs of a daughter of Ham. The lady would promptly squeal, and try to look coy. It is not easy to look coy when you have not got enough clothes on your whole body to make a patch to cover a black eye, but still they tried it, for the sex seemed to me to be much alike on the inside, whether they dress in a coat of paint or a coat of seal-skin.

By and by the groom took his bride by the arm and made an effort to induce her to leave her maids of honor and 'trek' toward the cabin which henceforth was to be her home. The lady pouted and shook his hand off of her arm, while the maids laughed and clapped their hands, dancing in the dust strewn sunlight with such high-kicking action as would form for any ballet dancer in Europe. The young man jeered the groom and incited him to take charge of his own. He hung down his ebony head and looked sullenly, and the bride continued to 'pout.' Have you ever seen a savage wench pout? Verily it is a sight worth travelling far to see. First of all she wraps her mouth in a sinner, and her lips look like a fold in a badly doubled blanket. Then slowly she draws the corners toward the centre, just as the universe will be crumpled up on the day of judgement. It is a beautiful sight, the mouth which, when she smiled, looked like a sword wound on the flank of a horse, now when the 'pout' is complete looks like a crumpled concertina. The groom again timidly advanced his hand toward the satin covered arm of his spouse, and the 'pout' became more pronounced than ever.

The white of one eye was slyly turned towards the bridesmaids, the other rolled with infinite subtlety in the direction of him who was to be her lord and master, and the pout grew larger and larger, until I was constrained to push my way among the maids to get a look behind the bride, for I fancied the back of her neck must surely get somehow into the front of her face. When I got to the front again the 'pout' was still growing, the rich red lips in their midnight setting looked like some giant rose in full bloom that an elephant's hoof had trodden upon. So the show proceeded. At last one of the bridesmaids stepped from mid her sisters and playfully pushed the bride in the direction of her home. Then the 'pout' gave way to a smile, the white teeth gleaming in the gap like tombstones in a Highland churchyard.

I had been a bit scared of her 'pout,' but when she smiled I looked around anxiously for my horse.

After a little manoeuvring the blissful pair marched cabinward, with the whole group of naked men and maids circling around them, stamping their bare feet, kicking up clouds of dust like a mob of travelling cattle.—[London Daily News.

Dog's Leg to Save a Man.

Here at last is an original dog story. Every one has heard of dogs saving lives and putting out fires, but it remains for a little San Francisco black and tan to give away its leg. A dog's leg is at present in the process of being grafted on to the ankle of Mr. C. F. Brandstedt. The operation is in progress in Ward M of the City and county Hospital of San Francisco. It is said to be the first time this peculiar form of grafting has ever been attempted.

The patient, who will hereafter be part man and a very small part dog, had two of the bones of his leg badly smashed. The bones were set and the wound healed except for one bone, which refused to knit. The bone had to be removed. A young dog of good birth and habits, weighing about twelve pounds, was secured. The man's leg was prepared aseptically. It was then treated with cocaine, thus enabling the patient to sit up and watch the operation with unconcern.

The dog was etherized and one leg was amputated above the joint. The ends of the two bones to be joined were carefully drilled for the silver wires which were to bind them together.

It was necessary for the wound to be allowed to heal for two weeks before the remaining portion of the dog's leg was amputated. The dog was laid outstretched, facing the patient, with chin and forelegs resting on the man's leg. The dog was tied in such a way that it always lay horizontally, whether the patient lay down or sat up.

Convicted by a Typewriter.

A typewriter was the strongest witness for the prosecution in a case of attempted poisoning just tried in New Zealand.

The prisoner, Henry Vincent Styche, was charged with trying to murder his wife through the agency of Dr. Sherbown Clayton.

The doctor told how he had received a typewritten letter describing a woman in chronic ill health who had said that she would just as soon be dead as be sick all the time.

The writer added that if the doctor should be called to attend this woman and

if she should die £200 would be sent to him three months afterward. If the doctor agreed he was to advertise in the local papers for a dog cart.

The police had the dog cart advertisement published, and almost immediately Styche's wife called on Dr. Clayton for treatment.

Styche himself called on the doctor and spoke about treatment for his wife, for whom however, he seemed to have great affection.

Dr. Clayton thereupon showed Styche the typewritten letters he had received. The man betrayed himself by his agitation, but nothing was done by the police. The evidence was not all in.

There was only one person, however, who could describe the peculiarities of the machine in the prisoner's office and who could swear that no other machine could in probability have such a combination of peculiarities.

Styche confessed that there was a joint insurance policy for £300 on his own and his wife's life. He declared that he did not need money, that he and his wife loved each other deeply and that she had gone to Dr. Clayton of her own accord.

He was found guilty and sentenced to seven years in prison. This is the first time that a typewriter has been called in as a witness in a murder case.

A Scientific Robber.

F. W. Bond, who has just been jailed in Denver for highway robbery, is perhaps the only scientific highway robber in the world. He has studied his work, has reduced it as nearly as possible to a science, is looked upon as an authority by his fraternity, and is of course regarded by other robbers as a model.

Last week he confessed the three crimes for which he is now in jail. In discussing his methods he speaks as if he were giving a dissertation on some scientific subject.

'A man,' he said, shortly after his arrest, 'who has been in the business a short time soon drops crude and dangerous methods of holding up people and does it in a strictly scientific manner. The majority of people think that the way to rob a man is to hide in a dark alley and when the victim passes jump out at him and make him throw up his hands. 'Why, if we did it that way every one would break and run and we could not make a cent.'

'The way I operate—and I think every good man in my line does as I do—is to walk slowly along the street until the circumstances favor the rob at hand. When I reach the man I wish to rob I cover my face with my arm, if there is any chance for him to see my features, resting my gun over my wrist. If I am alone I cannot always do this, for I must use my left hand to reach for valuables.'

'When two operate together the work is much easier. Then both can conceal their features and at the same time do the work nicely. I always let the man who is most nimble do the searching.'

'As to the life of the highwayman, I took it up because I had no steady occupation.'

A Lady Mountain Climber.

Mrs. Fanny Bullock Workman, an American woman, has reached a greater elevation above sea level than any other woman in the world. She climbed to the summit of a lofty peak in the Himalayas in the neighborhood of the Skoro La Pass—a peak that towers above the sea more than twenty-six thousand feet. She is the first woman who has undertaken serious work in the Himalayas and Karakoram, those peaks on the backbone of Asia that overtop Mont Blanc by at least ten thousand feet. She and her husband, Dr. Workman, have just returned to London after their dangerous adventure.

Mrs. Workman tells of one adventure particularly thrilling. For five days her party was encamped in the neighborhood of the Skoro La Pass at an elevation of over seventeen thousand feet. Above the camp towered the lofty peak. At its base was an immense pile of debris, consisting of mud, timber and huge stones, many of the latter weighing tons. The little party had just moved from their camp to a plateau a few hundred feet, when with a mighty roar hundreds of tons of debris swept down the mountainside, completely engulfing the former camp site. 'Had we remained in the position ten minutes longer,' says Mrs. Workman, 'our bodies would have been broken into a thousand fragments.'

His Opinion.

'Do you mean to say that you have walked all the way from the town in which you last played?'

'Certainly,' answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, 'I always walk when there is an opportunity. The trouble about the drama of today, sir, is that its exponents put in too many hours over dull, prosaic time tables when they ought to be meditating on Shakespeare.'



A PLEASANT HOUR.

Chat

There are new revivals of hair low on the very much on becoming to If she is young a small, shape new coiffure putting a rose But if she has experiments v own room, an ly so smart as hair high on the

Another poi its untidy app shown in its o very soon has must be arra style.

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French came popular materi gown.

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A pretty fini shirt waist by h match. These Russian gold with taffeta rib

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The variety in is beyond detaile the special novel brodered in yell dotted over the fi

Double veils ar the complexion in tulle is the lining

Every one in to be coming into are not becoming they will doubtles

Chat of the Boudoir.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

There are varied opinions about this new revival of the fashion of dressing the hair low on the neck. Their tone depends very much on whether or not the mode is becoming to the woman who is speaking.

Another point against the low coiffure is its untidy appearance, unless great care is shown in its construction, and even then it very soon has a dishevelled look, as it must be arranged loosely to have any style.

For full evening dress it has decided advantages, however, provided of course, that it is becoming, as it sort of dresses the shoulders, but with high necked gowns nothing could be more undesirable. Women with long hair dress it in puffs or a low soft coil, while for shorter tresses there is the simple style of turning it up once and tying it with a bow of ribbon.

French camelhair serge is one of the popular materials for the spring tailor-made gown.

Silk embroidery of the most elaborate and elegant description is a very striking feature of the latest evening gowns, and is considered much more chic than the spangles which have been worn so long. Velvets and transparent fabrics alike show this decoration, which in many instances is hand work.

A pretty finish is given to a plain silk shirt waist by having a belt and stock to match. These are effectively made of Russian gold or silver ribbon combined with taffeta ribbon.

The new crepe de chine sashes are lovely in coloring texture and gloss. Some of them have an embroidered design in white around the edge and all of them have silk fringe on the ends. They are pretty to drape around the shoulders, with a knot and ends at one side.

One of the pretty new fancy waists is made of white chiffon over white silk and partially covered by a bolero and short upper sleeve of Irish lace. The belt and collar-band are formed of silver braid and black taffeta ribbon.

Black, and black and white effects are to be quite as dominant as ever in the spring fashions and certainly nothing can be much more useful or appropriate for a greater variety of purposes. Especially is this true of the extreme examples represented by a well-made tailor gown and a dressy evening costume. With these two gowns and some fancy waists a woman is fairly well equipped for the ordinary exigencies of dress.

Fashions and fads in words and expressions come and go like modes in dress except perhaps that the changes are more limited in number. The word charming for example has almost died a natural death and in its place we have attractive used in the same manner both with and without any regard to fitness. The phrase fin de siecle has also gone out of vogue and nouveau siecle is suggested as a substitute.

Women have become interested in flower cultivation in England and seem to find in this another most interesting way of earning a living. Small farms for the cultivation of flowers have blossomed out all about London, and the business is said to be a profitable one even under a woman's management.

The variety in embroidered silk hosiery is beyond detailed description, but one of the special novelties shows an eagle embroidered in yellow silk while another is dotted over the front with single violets.

Double veils are the best protection for the complexion in this wintry weather, and tulle is the lining in some of them.

Every once in a while ear-rings are said to be coming into vogue again, but as they are not becoming to the average woman they will doubtless meet with the same fate

they have suffered so many times before. With evening dress ear rings are perhaps an attractive addition, but at any other time they add some years to a woman's apparent age.

SHE MAKES HER OWN HATS.

The Up-to-date Girl Studies Millinery Before Marriage.

There have always been sensible mothers who have insisted that no girl should be allowed to marry until she had a thorough training in cooking and domestic science. The principle is a good one, but there is a more modern idea that outdoes it as a promoter of domestic bliss.

The up-to-date girl prepares for matrimony by learning the milliner's trade. One can buy good bread at five cents a loaf. One can help along a good cause and spare one's temper and digestion by eating woman's exchange salad; but a French hat! There's a necessity of life that comes high; and upon that reef has many a matrimonial bark foundered. Give a normal woman enough hats, and she will bear the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune with an equanimity that justifies all the complimentary things poets have said about her.

It is a sad for girls, even for the golden girls to whom wearing confections comes as a birthright, to go in for millinery. There are schools of millinery. In private schools, there are millinery classes conducted by experts. Groups of girls are taught in private classes by professional milliners. The women colleges haven't taken up the idea, but they may in time drop Greek and higher mathematics and come around to millinery.

One of the oldest and most successful millinery schools in New York is having a particularly prosperous winter. It has students from California, Montana, Canada, Alabama, Texas and even South America; but the majority of the girls are from small towns in New York or neighboring States, and from New York city. With few exceptions, they evidently have comfortable homes. Some of the pupils expect to find work with millinery firms in this city, but more are taking the course, as a preparation for opening millinery shops of their own in small towns; and, particularly from the South, hundreds of women, well born and well educated, but financially embarrassed, come to the millinery schools to learn a trade that will support them.

Then there are the pupils who are studying for their own amusement and satisfaction.

'We have had many society girls this winter,' said the superintendent of the school to a Sun reporter. 'They want to learn how to make and renovate their own hats, and they are awfully enthusiastic, but likely to get tired before they finish the three months' course and to rebel against the prosaic side of the work. We've one New York girl, whose father is quite rich, and who is one of the most successful pupils. She is going to be married next June and she said that her husband would not be able to buy the sort of hats she is used to wearing, and that, anyway, she thought every woman ought to have some profession by which she could support herself and her children if necessary. She has a perfect knack for the work and we can sell her models as fast as she makes them. In April she is to come back here and make all her trousseau hats and her bridesmaids' hats.'

'We turn out a tremendous number of bridesmaids' hats here. Many girls come here for lessons because they expect to be married soon, and almost always wind up their study by making trousseau and bridesmaids' hats.'

'We have included hair ornaments, fancy muffs and fancy collarettes in our course for the past two years. You know, those things are sold in almost all well millinery shops now, so we had to take them up. There is any amount of work on the things and very little value in material, so it pays any girl to know how to make them for herself, and we've had lots of pupils who wanted to study only that branch of millinery.'

When a pupil enters the school for a serious course in millinery she is started in upon the most rudimentary features of the trade. In fully five cases out of ten, so the teachers say, the young American girl doesn't know the first thing about plain sewing, and that defect in her education must be remedied before she can make progress rapidly in millinery. The German girls who enter the school are decidedly the best sewers and turn out the neatest work, though they are usually behind the American and French girls in the knack of securing that indefinable thing known as style.

After the first lessons have been mastered in the millinery school, the pupil passes on to work more entertaining. Simple models are given to her and she copies them in cheap materials, usually in paper muslin. As fast as she shows herself capable of doing one model well, she gets another, a trifle more difficult. In course of time the pupil reaches a point where she may be trusted with valuable materials. She is watched at first, for the price of tuition will not cover much waste of material, and the school expect to get its money back by the sale of the hat.

The next step gives individual taste and talent a showing, and here many pupils run up against their limitations and prove that they will never be competent, all-around milliners. It is one thing to copy a hat and quite another thing to design one, to obtain new effects, to study hats in their relation to faces. Yet all this is a part of millinery. A good milliner should know, at a glance, what sort of a hat would suit a patron, should know where to give the twist and the touch that will convert an unbecoming hat into a becoming one. A proficient millinery pupil must have such practice. She is allowed to try original designing, in materials of no special value. If she achieves a success, her new hat is used as a model for less advanced pupils and she herself copies it in fine materials for sale. Then she studies the problems of lines and becomingness, by making shapes for fellow workers and later she is entrusted with filing orders for patrons.

After that her education is practically completed and she is ready for employment. What that employment may be depends upon the talent and ability of the individual. The best millinery houses in the city employ, as a rule, French designers and head trimmers. Yet, if an American has decided ability, she will have little trouble in finding employment and working her way to the top in New York, while in western and southern cities her chances of success are still greater. Five thousand dollars a year is no unusual salary for a successful designer in a New York shop, and a fairly good trimmer gets from \$15 to \$25 a week.

The milliners who, after receiving New York training, go into business for themselves in other towns, usually come to New York twice a year to obtain models. They visit the wholesale houses and frequently go back to the school for a few lessons in order to make copies of the new models.

Best Litter Invented A Woman's. The most practical litter yet constructed for carrying the wounded is the invention of Mrs. Chadwick, the wife of the captain who was in command of the cruiser New York at the battle of Santiago. It is designed especially for use in war, but it is equally convenient for hospital or family use and its cost is slight.

It is a kind of hammock chair, and while its weight is only 3 1/2 pounds, it will support the heaviest person. The bearers wear a harness of two leather straps, one of which goes over the shoulder and the other around the waist. The shoulder strap is passed through a broad piece of webbing to prevent it from cutting the shoulder of the bearer. To the belt strap two strong rings are attached to which the carrier is fastened. A canvas strip forms the chair.

The bearers hands are left free and any inequality of height in the bearers is overcome by adjusting the length of the shoulder straps, so that the waist belts shall be at the same distance from the ground. The Hospital Corps of the United States Army has pronounced the device the best and simplest yet used. A woman invented it and women manufacture it.

Mushrooms as Food. None of the edible fungi is worth much in a nutritive sense, according to Dr. Andrew Wilson, an English dietary authority however useful they may be as luxuries for varying ordinary diet. A British society for the better understanding of fungi has been formed and Dr. Wilson has given the society his opinion on the subject. Mushrooms, he says, contain 93 per cent of water to begin with. Of tissue building material they contain only 2 per cent, of fat and of starch practically none; but they contain two kinds of sugar making elements, together about 14 per cent of cellulose, which is found in all plants, a little less than 1 percent of minerals and a little less than 2 percent of other material valueless to the human system.

Truffles contain a little more nitrogenous matter and starchy and sugary elements, but they are of little more account than mushrooms as food. Moreover, neither is easy of digestion.

They Voted Against Bloomers. The fear of Englishmen that their women folks may be induced to wear bloomers instead of skirts for bicycling has brought about the defeat of a viscountess who ran for a place on the executive committee of the Cyclists Touring club, which in England is the representative cycling organization as the League of American Wheelmen is here. Women and men are equally eligible for membership in the club and this year the women wanted to be represented in its management.

As the most prominent woman in England they nominated Viscountess Harburton for a place on the executive committee at the club's election recently. Now Lady Harburton rides her wheel in trousers and advises other women to do the same. If the women who nominated her forgot this the men didn't.

The notion got around that the election of the viscountess would be a victory for bloomers and that settled her candidacy. The male members of the club largely outnumber the women and when the ballots were counted the women's candidate was buried under a mountain of anti-bloomer votes.

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HOOD'S PILLS. Bile, the for pid liver, and constipation, sick headache, jaundice, nausea, indigestion, etc. They are valuable to prevent a cold or break up a fever. Mild, gentle, certain, they are worthy your confidence. Purely vegetable, they can be taken by children or delicate women. Price, 50c. at all medicine dealers or by mail of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Cal., for his health, and met a man who said that Mr. Blinn was the second Easterner he had met in a long trip, and the other was a man from Wisconsin.

One evening at Blinn was reading he saw an advertisement asking for the heirs of J. T. Hilton, of Nevada. This advertisement had been sent from San Francisco, but Mr. Blinn does not remember the name of the executor of the estate, and he has also forgotten the month and year.

Catarrahal Headaches. - That dull, wretched pain in the head just over the eyes is one of the surest signs that the seeds of catarrh have been sown, and it's your warning to administer the quickest and surest treatment to prevent the seating of this dreaded malady. Dr. Agnew's Catarrahal Powder will stop all pain in ten minutes, and cure, 50 cents.—121.

Mrs. Linguist—I want to get a divorce. My husband talks in his sleep.

Lawyer Soozem—But, my dear madam, that is no ground for divorce. There is no cruelty in—

Mrs. Linguist—But he talks in Latin and I don't understand that language at all!

Common Sense and Modern Medical Science have reversed the almost universal belief that Rheumatism cannot be cured. The great South American Rheumatic Cure has turned the tables and has given to sufferers a tried, safe, simple and permanent cure. Thousands have testified that it has cured them in three days.—122

'Holden is a practical member of the peace society.'

'In what way?'

'He knocked down Thompson last night for sneering at his theories.'

Bad Heart—Could not Lie Down for Eighteen Months.—'I was unable to lie down in my bed for eighteen months, owing to smothering spells caused by Heart Disease. One bottle of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart removed the trouble, and to-day I am as well as ever I was.'—L. W. Law, Toronto Junction.—123

Mrs. Fijiti—You think you know what I am thinking about.

Mrs. Fijiti—Eh?

Mrs. Fijiti—Yes, you're thinking that I'm thinking that you don't know.

Thomas Ho—'dine's Nerves.—Mr. Hoskins, a resident of Durham, Ont., for a score of years, was a martyr to stomach and nerve disorders. Schooled to prejudice against "patent medicines," he started using South American Nervine as, he says, "a last resort," but six bottles of this great remedy proved to be his salvation physically. It can be yours.—124

Charley—Is she one of the girls you can kiss if you want to?

Jack—She's more than that. She's one of the girls you don't have to kiss if you don't want to.

Pill-Age.—Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills, 10 cents a vial, are planned after the most modern in medical science. They are as great an improvement over the 50 years old strong dose pill formulas as a bicycle is over an ox-cart in travel. They never gripe and they never fail. 40 doses, 10 cents.—125

Suttor—Yes, sir, I assure you. I would be glad to marry your daughter even if she were poor as a church mouse.

Mr. Moneybags—That settles you. I don't want a fool in the family.

The Happiness of Health.—Exhilaration is the ripple and laughter of pure blood as it courses through the veins. South American Kidney Cure drives out all impurities and insures the richness and purity that is essential to perfect health—successful because it merits it—popular because it fulfills every promise—a Kidney medicine solely and purely. It never fails.—126

Temperance—If I thought I should ever be as beastly as you are now I'd shoot myself.

Soakley—If you wash drunk 't I am, m'frien', you wouldn't be able 't shoot straight 'nough to hit yerself.'

Get Instant Relief from Piles.—This most irritating disease relieved in ten minutes by using Dr. Agnew's Ointment, and a cure in from three to six nights. Thousands testify of its goodness. Good for Eczema, Salt Rheum, and all skin diseases. If you are without faith, one application will convince. 35 cents.—127

'Edith, this last china plate you painted is a wul—awful.'

'Now, never mind about that, Edger. I'll give a whist party one of these days.'

One Tablet after Eating and what a world of distress would be saved. Dr. Stan's Pineapple Tablets cure sour stomach, distress after eating, weight in the stomach, wind on the stomach, loss of appetite, distension, nausea, and a dozen other troubles traceable to bad digestion. One Tablet gives instant relief. A positive and pleasant cure that nature has provided. 35 cents.—128

Concerning Royalty.

Widespread is the belief that the crowned heads and royal princes and princesses of the Old World are large owners of real estate in this country, the late Queen Victoria and Empress Eugenie in particular, being credited with exceptionally extensive holdings of building property in New York and Chicago.

This is a mistake. But what is true is that these royal per-sonages have large investments in American railroad and mining stocks, and in United States Government bonds.

Emperor William has about \$4,000,000 invested in Union and Southern Pacific, Illinois Central, Atchison, Topeka and other American railroad bonds. His wife's private investments in railroad stocks here amount to \$500,000, while the other members of the royal house of Prussia, comprising Prince Henry, Prince Albert, Prince Leopold and the widowed Empress Frederick are represented in American railroad companies by another \$2,000,000.

The Czar has \$6,000,000 worth of stock in the Pennsylvania railroad, the New Jersey Central, the New York Central, the Canadian Pacific and the Northern Pacific, which yield him handsome returns, the investments having been made on the advice of his Minister of Railroads, Prince Hil-koff.

Hilkoff was ruined as a young officer of the guard at St. Petersburg, came to America, and securing work on the New York Central as a brakeman, gradually worked his way up until the death of rich relatives and the inheritance of large estates enabled him to return to Russia, and to turn to good account in the service of the czar the practical experience of rail-roading which he had obtained in the United States.

The queen regent of Spain has for a number of years held some \$3,000,000 worth of United States bonds, and retained possession thereof throughout the war of Spain with this country. They are deposited with the remainder of her holdings of one kind and another in the bank of England, where so many continental sovereigns are in the habit of keeping their savings for safety.

Queen Victoria, on the other hand, derived an income of no less than \$700,000 a year from her American investments, being an extensive holder of American Sugar Refinery stock, of American Steel and Wire Company stock, as well as of the paper of the Tennessee Cokes & Iron Company. Her railroad company holdings were likewise very large, whereas her real estate possessions in New York do not exceed half a dozen houses all told.

King Edward caused all the capital account of the revenues of his Duchy of Cornwall which he enjoyed as Prince of Wales to be invested in American railroad stocks, and this now becomes the property of his son George, as the new Duke of Cornwall.

King Oscar of Sweden has money in American breweries, while the new King of Italy has probably inherited his father's large tobacco interests here. But the sovereign who has undoubtedly derived the largest fortune of the United States is King George of Greece, who when he was elected to the Hellenic throne was a penniless midshipman in the English navy.

To-day King George possesses one of the largest fortunes of any crowned head in Europe. He derives it from bold and successful speculation in American grain, chiefly at Chicago, during the war of Russia and Turkey some three-and-twenty years ago.

EDWARD VII. AS A BEAVER.

Many Persons Wonder If He Will Revive the Old Custom.

Will King Edward VII. touch for king's evil?

Many persons in England are now asking this curious question, and the more superstitious they are the more they are convinced that this good old English custom should now be revived.

From the time of Edward the Confessor down to the close of the eighteenth century there was a popular belief that British sovereigns possessed the power of curing diseases by touching the part affected, and that their healing powers were especially marked in cases of scrofula or king's evil, and now this belief, of which little was heard during Victoria's long reign, is again claiming attention, and predictions are freely made that very soon after Edward VII.'s coronation he will be called upon to give evidence of his power as a popular healer.

William of Malmesbury, who wrote about eight years after the reign of Edward the Confessor, says that that king touched for king's evil, and later writers say that his successors not only healed many sick persons, but also presented them with small gifts as memorials of their healing powers.

Thus Edward I. gave to each patient a piece or two of silver, but in later times a gold coin, which was intended to be hung around the neck, was given instead.

From Henry VII. each patient received an angel noble, which was the smallest gold coin then in circulation and until the time of Charles I. a similar coin was given by his successors. The luckless Charles had very seldom any gold in his purse, and consequently his patients had to be satisfied with silver or even brass.

Registers were kept of the number of patients during each reign, and these show that Charles II. touched not less than 90,798 afflicted persons.

James II. was also kept busy, and an official register informs us that on one occasion he healed 340 persons.

The Georges did not countenance this old custom, one reason probably being because the Pretenders persistently claimed that, as the lawful rulers of England, they alone were able to cure diseases.

Soon after George I. became King an old man asked him to touch his son, but the King declined and suggested that he apply to the Pretender.

The old man did so, and as his son speedily recovered after being touched he straightway forswore all allegiance to the King of England and became one of the Pretender's most loyal partisans.

Some Anecdotes Revived.

The new king has always been a very hearty laugher. On one occasion he laughed boisterously at a Hindu schoolboy. The youngsters had been drilled into the propriety of saying 'Your Royal Highness' should the prince speak to any of them; and when Albert Edward picked out a bright-eyed lad, and pointing to a prismatic compass, asked 'What is this?' the youngster, all in a flutter, replied, 'Please it's a Royal compass, your Prismatic Highness.'

It is said that the late duke of Argyle, when his son, then the marquis of Lorne, was sent for by the queen to betroth himself to the princess Louise, said to the 'messenger's' wife, Mrs. Donald Fraser: 'This is one of those sacrifices which makes one feel the burden of rank.' A feeling which was shared by his retainers, one of whom, according to a well-known story, after hiding a huge drink of whiskey to the young couple's health, remarked: 'This 'ull be a proud day for Her Majesty.'

The task of singing before Royalty is one that upsets the composure of the most self-possessed performers. The Queen, though a kindly and attentive auditor, often interrupted, during her later years, by requesting information concerning methods that to her old-fashioned idea seemed bizarre and inartistic. During a performance at Windsor of one of Sir Arthur Sullivan's operas, she summoned Mr. D'O'Jy Carte to her side and asked him sharply: 'Why does this young person shake at the end?' referring to the reiteration of two notes, an embellishment frequently used by certain singers. 'By your leave, your Majesty,' was the reply, 'she is not shaking at the end alone, but all over.'

When the Prince of Wales visited the United States, many years ago, they gave a great ball in his honor in St. Louis. Governor Stewart, of Missouri, came down from Jefferson City to do credit to it, and in the course of the evening became very happy, very proud, net to say enthusiastic. He and the Prince were stationed on a little platform raised for them at one side of the hall, where the beauty and brilliancy and blue blood of St. Louis swept by them in a dazling review. The spectacle elevated Stewart's feelings several notches. Finally he administered a mighty slap to the royal back, and exclaimed: 'Prince, don't you wish you was Governor of Mizsourah?'

A gentleman of large means in a Scottish county had a hot-house vineery celebrated for his choice produce. When the Queen was on one of her periodical journeys through Scotland, the royal train was timed to stop for luncheon at a well-known station in this county, and Mr. Childers availed himself of the opportunity to send Her Majesty an offering of the best grapes. In due course a letter of acknowledgment expressing the royal appreciation of the gift, and complimenting the donor on the fineness of the fruit, reached him; and, feeling sure his head gardener would be greatly interested in the contents of the letter, Mr. Childers read it to him. The gardener gravely listened, but his only comment was: 'She diana say anything about sending back the basket.'

He struck it Rich.

Barney Murphy, who is but thirty-two years old, has just sold out an Arizona mining claim for \$155,000 and has been offered \$40,000 additional for still another claim.

Less than two years ago Murphy was penniless. He worked as a laborer for the Copper Queen Company. Like thousands of others, he stated out in the Bisbee district grub staking. Thousands of prospectors have searched over the mountains of this region, enduring grim privations, to return at last destitute.

Murphy brought a meagre mining outfit and a rule and started out without any definite plans. He was so poor that he was obliged to find some one to finance his scheme. He joined forces with a man named Freeman, who paid the expenses and agreed to pay Murphy \$17 a month for one year while he was searching for gold.

In company with a patient jackass and his pots and kettles, bags of beans and pork, blankets and pickaxes, Murphy wandered for several months.

One day his donkey stumbled over a round rock at the bottom of a gulch, which Murphy at once recognized as 'live rock.' The stone was cracked in pieces and revealed tiny specks of gold in the gray quartz.

her late Majesty, the Queen, four are the heirs to kingdoms, namely, Prince Edward of York, the German Crown Prince, Prince George of Greece and Prince Carol of Roumania.

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Dr. Chase's Help

To The Workers

When the Brain Lags the Body Weakens and Physical Bankruptcy Threatens, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Speaks Out the Weak Spots and Builds them up.

Canadians are workers. Some from necessity, others from ambition. Some to provide for self, others for the daily bread of those dependent on them. All alike fail when the system weakens and health gives way to disease. The strain of work is on the minds of some on the bodies of others, but the nourishing of both is in the nerves and blood.

When the mind refuses to concentrate in thought when the brain tires and aches, when sleepless nights are followed by days of languor and discouragement, when the heart palpitates, the stomach weakens and there are pains and aches of heart and body, Dr. Chase will help you by means of his Nerve Food, the greatest blood builder and nerve restorative of the age.

Without deadening the nerves, without stimulating the heart to over-action, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food gradually and certainly reconstructs the tissues wasted by over-work and disease. The quality of the blood is enriched, the nerves are revitalized, and the new and strengthening tide communi-

He had made his strike. He examined the rock in every direction, and everywhere the tiny yellow specks abounded.

'I knew I was fixed for life,' said Murphy in telling his story, 'and I just sat down and smoked all that day and all night. It proved to be no trick at all to sell such a property.'

A Bullet in his Heart.

That a man can live with a bullet in his heart Charles B. Nelson, of Cadillac, Mich., formerly of Chicago, proves. He is hale and hearty, and looks forward to a vigorous old age, though since July 1, 1896, he has carried a bullet in his heart.

Nelson was sitting on a bench in Washington Park, Chicago, on the night of July 1, 1896, with Miss Marguerite Staples when a huge negro, supposed to have been a maniac, sent a revolver bullet into his heart. He was hurried to the Chicago Hospital, where it was found the bullet had passed through the breast and lodged in the muscles of the heart. Nelson, the doctors declared, had not one chance in one thousand for life, but that one chance, as he smilingly says, he has taken.

Recently he arrived in Chicago, and after dining at the Briggs House called on W. C. Fuchs, an X-ray specialist. Under the fluoroscope the leaden ball could be plainly seen rising and falling with each pulsation of the heart.

A Pocket Physiclan.

Is something unique. To be had in a Catarrhose Inhaler. This wonderful, convenient little instrument is very versatile, it actually kills those nasty colds in the head in half an hour, and relieves sore throat in about five minutes. Patients recovering from pneumonia find Catarrhose a valuable aid, as it strengthens and improves the lungs. For the voice nothing is half so good and great singers, public speakers use Catarrhose and say they would not be without it because it prevents hoarseness and renders the voice capable of greater endurance. As for Catarrh, Asthma and Bronchitis, Catarrhose alone is the only positive cure for such diseases. Ladies affirm that for sick headache and tired feeling across the eyes nothing is so helpful as Catarrhose, which also restores impaired hearing that is caused by Catarrh. Catarrhose prevents and is guaranteed to cure all diseases of the respiratory organs, and you can get it from any druggist, large size, \$1.00; small size, 50c. A trial sent for 10c, by N. C. Ferson & Co., Kingston, Canada, or Hartford, Conn., U. S.

Proposed to the Wrong Girl.

Just because she had a twin sister resembling her so closely that not even their parents or brothers could tell them apart, Mary Hussey, now Mrs. James W. Guild, of Hollowell, Me., lost her first sweetheart.

This was because he proposed to her sister by mistake.

It happened this way: When the Hussey twins were young Miss Mary had a sweetheart who paid her constant court. The lovers went to school together, played in the school-yard and after church walked home in each other's company. 'It will be a marriage,' the good people of Lowell, Mass., where they lived, said as they noticed the attention the young man paid Miss Hussey.

One Sunday evening the young man determined to propose. He waited at the church door. When Mary, as he supposed, appeared, he said: 'Mary, may I walk home with you?'

'Certainly,' she said; 'but don't you think we had better wait for sister?'

The young man, not realizing his mistake, answered in the negative.

It was an ironical rule with the sisters not to disclose their identity if one was mistaken for the other.

That evening he proposed. The answer was short. He was told to see Mary, and if she did not want him, perhaps Sarah

cases itself to every muscle of the body.

Mrs. D. W. Crossberry, 198 Richmond Street west, Toronto, Ont., states: 'My daughter, who sews in a white goods manufactory, got completely run down by the steady confinement and close attention required at her work. Her nerves were so exhausted, and she was so weak and debilitated that she had to give up work entirely, and was almost a victim of nervous prostration.'

'Hearing of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, she began to use it, and was benefited from the very first. It proved an excellent remedy in restoring her to health and strength. After having used four boxes, she is now at work again, healthy and happy, and attributes her recovery to the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.'

The strengthening and building power of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is now extraordinary. From weak to weak new vigor and energy are added to the system, until health and vitality is again fully restored. 50 cents a box, at all dealers, of Edman-son, Bates & Co., Toronto.

lived. Then he realized his mistake. Naturally he had been refused, for Sarah was engaged to his brother. So furious was he at his error, however, that he refused to see Mary again.

'And that,' said Mrs. Guild, who is now eighty years of age, 'is how I lost my first sweetheart.'

Her sister Sarah married the Rev. Luther L. Howard, and up to her death last month also lived in Hollowell.

FLOWERS BLOCK TRAFFIC.

Steamboats and Rivers Stopped by the Growth of Plants.

A steamboat held up by a flower does not sound probable.

Yet the boats on the St. John's Florida, are again brought to a standstill by the river hyacinth that has grown in such quantities as to cover the surface of the water, fill the slips, clog the steamboat wheels and stop the machinery.

This happened for the first time several years ago.

The river was filled with this plant, which had been sown there accidentally, that the surface of the water for miles was covered with the leaves and flowers. It looked like a meadow more than like a river.

Many efforts were made to destroy the plant by cutting it out and burning it, but so rapidly did it reproduce itself that no destruction had any permanent effect.

The severe frost which killed the Indian River orange groves at last killed the hyacinth.

At present the slips along the river are so filled with the plant, which is washed up by the tide, that small boats can with difficulty get out or in.

At Palatka, the river in many places is again impassable. The river men, pilots and steamboat captains are much worried over the reappearance of the flower, which is indestructible by any means except frost, and they are offering the orange men by praying for a cold snap.

The sudd on the Nile is another instance of water plants preventing navigation. When Sir Henry Baker made his voyage up the White Nile he found the river filled with floating islands of water plant.

This sudd had grown into such masses that all floating debris, trees, etc., was caught and helped to make an almost indestructible dam across the river.

The only other growth of this nature is the water weed called eargasium.

This is so thick in one part of the Atlantic ocean, covering as it does a large part of the ocean between the sixteenth and thirty-eight parallels of north latitude, that the spot is called the Sargasso sea.

Vessels caught in this sea growth have drifted for weeks, unable to free themselves, as the rudder or screw became clogged with the weed and the vessel was imprisoned in the seaweed.

'Look after your own grammar, George Ferguson!' exclaimed the irate Mrs. F. 'You make a business of picking me up on little plunders!'

'On the contrary, my dear,' soothingly replied Mr. Ferguson, 'I make a recreation of it.'

A MINISTER'S DUTY

A Glowing Tribute to the Sterling Worth of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

'When I know anything worthy of recommendation I consider it my duty to tell it,' says Rev. James Murdock of Hamburg, Pa. 'Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder has cured me of catarrh of five years' standing. It is certainly magical in its effect. The first application benefited me in five minutes.'

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(Continued From First Page.)

held's tall form entered the drawing room. "I was afraid you would not accept our invitation. We know that you are not partial to pleasure." "You are quite right, my lady," replied Sir Archibald. "All my desire for pleasure died out when my wife departed this life. But I accepted your kind invitation because I require a change of air. And how do you find your companion?" "Everything that can be desired," cried Lady Radstock.

"Hem! Gha! to hear it, I'm sure. Is she hereabouts?" "Yes, that is, she—or she is in the grounds." "Dancing, I presume; I hear the band. Well, a little amusement never hurts a young girl; indeed, it does them a great deal of good. Dancing is fine exercise, especially for young limbs." "Yes, it is indeed—"

"Hem! Oh, indeed. And she—what does she say? Does she love him?" "Oh yes!" "But they have not known each other long enough to form a proper opinion." "Oh, yes, they have, Sir Archibald. But you will let me plead for forgiveness for both of them, will you not?" "Forgiveness for what?" "They have loved each other for many—many months."

"Sir Archibald looked hard into Lady Radstock's face before he replied. Then he said slowly: "I cannot understand that." "Ronald met her at the school where she was receiving her education." "Oh! Hem!" "It is as a case of love at first sight." "Hem! How do you know?" "Ronald told me so." "How does he know? Hem! Well, I see it all now. Yes—yes, all. It has been very ingeniously done. I must admit."

"And Sir Archibald left his seat and commenced to pace the floor. He was evidently much agitated. "What a fool I have been," he muttered. "My foolish pride has let that precious prize slip through my grasp. And I came here with the intention of bringing her away with me! And only last night I resolved to ask her forgiveness—to let me treat her as a daughter in future. To ask her to love me a little, and to try and forget how I treated her poor mother. To ask her to call me grandpa! Oh, God! how bitterly I am disappointed."

"Pausing by the fireplace, he leaned his head upon his hands, and fairly sobbed aloud. Lady Radstock rushed forward and placed her hand upon his shoulder, crying: "Sir Archibald, what is it? Speak, what is it? I know you must love her, as your adopted child, as one you have brought up from the time she was not more than a baby. But, oh, believe me when I say that they love each other dearly, and that they would be happy together." "You do not know her history."

"I only know she is an orphan without a friend in the world except you. I know that she is fortuneless, that—"

"Stay, my lady. Where is she—in the grounds? Come, come, giving her his arm. Let me find her! Oh, Violet, Violet! My sweet, pretty Violet! They say you are friendless—peniless! Where are you, my Violet?" Lady Radstock accompanied him, but she was perfectly at a loss to account for his intense excitement. Ronald handed Violet to a rustic seat, and seated himself beside her. "Now, Violet," he said, "let me know the cause of your excitement this morning." "Ronald, did you ever love anyone before me?" "My darling, I have often told you that you are my first and only love. Why ask the question?" "Did you never have any love for—"

name which seems to attract you like a loadstone—Violet! Ha! ha!" "Miss Howland," said Ronald quietly, as he pressed the trembling form of his beloved Violet to his breast. "Your excitement will avail for nothing. I say again that I never led you to believe that I loved you."

"You did! How dare you stand there and tell such a deliberate falsehood!" "I tell no falsehood. I visited you as a friend, yet I must admit I admired you, but that is all—"

"As a friend!" cried Miss Howland bitterly. "I repeat as a friend." "Absurd! Did you visit us day after day—did you present me with many costly presents, as a friend?" "Beware, Miss Howland, or you will force me to say as many things of you as you have said of this young lady."

"I care not!" cried Miss Howland wildly, "I care not, I defy you. You know no harm of me. If you do, say so!" "I say nothing, only that you are a bold and, as you now show yourself to be, an unprincipled woman."

"Unprincipled! Because I advise you against a designing creature like that?" "I did not ask you for your advice. You should have waited until I did so."

"You intend to marry that penniless girl?" "I do, and I now hope you are perfectly satisfied." "So far I am, but let me warn you you will regret your choice."

"And why—what makes you think so? Have you had any experience of this young lady?" "Thank Heaven, no. I would not, like you, lower myself to make her acquaintance."

Lord Ronald laughed, but this only served to exasperate the disappointed young woman more than ever. Her eyes glared upon them after the manner of a tiger before it springs upon its prey. But Ronald was by no means afraid. It was not so with Violet, however. It was the first time in her life that she had seen a woman in such a towering rage, and she was actually trembling with fear.

Still, with her lover's arm tightly clasped about her, she felt safe. Miss Howland's loud tones had aroused the curiosity of the guests, and one by one and two by two they gathered round the actors in this novel drama.

her mother in the London streets. Her mother, when found, had perished with the cold. And this is the girl he loves. That common girl upon whom Sir Archibald Blackmore took compassion. See how she cowers in his arms. See how she knows that all I have said is true; ask my Lord Radstock to deny it."

"Before Ronald could reply to this outburst a deep voice broke in: "Who is it that dares to utter such words?" And Sir Archibald, with Lady Radstock on his arm, came through the trees. "Is it you who dare to utter such words, Miss Howland?" asked Sir Archibald sternly.

"Yes, and I have good cause too. This girl—this—"

"Be careful what you say, Miss Howland. Do you know what that girl actually is? What romantic rubbish about her being a 'common girl' have you heard? You are mistaken. Come, Violet," he added, as he opened his arms. "Come here, my child!"

Violet, with a great cry of gladness, rushed into his arms and nestled her head upon his breast. "Miss Howland," said Sir Archibald, "you see here not a 'common girl'—not a 'penniless wanderer'—but my grandchild! My grandchild, and the heiress to a million of money! This is my grandchild, Lady Radstock; my Lord Ronald, this is my grandchild! My own sweet Violet!"

And Sir Archibald bowed his grey head upon Violet's golden locks, and once more relieved himself with a burst of tears. Only for one moment did Miss Howland look upon this affecting picture. The next day she gathered up her skirts, and casting a fierce look upon the group, ran off to the castle, accompanied by her mother; and all that we may add in reference to them is that within an hour they were both at the railway station waiting for the train to convey them to London.

Long after the guests had retired, Sir Archibald and Violet, Lady Radstock and her son, sat in the drawing-room. There Sir Archibald spoke of his poor unfortunate daughter, of his foolish pride; how time after time he felt inclined to take Violet in his arms and acknowledge her before the world; and how pride had deterred him.

And after he had explained this he left his chair, took Violet's hand placed it within that of Ronald's, and blessed them both. "Oh, it was indeed a happy time. And now what more have we to add? Well, within three months Lord Ronald and Violet were married; and oh, what a magnificent gathering there under that roof!"

And did anyone look happier than Sir Archibald? By the treatment of Violet he endeavored to atone for his unworthy conduct in the past. He sold his house in Chester-square, and went to live at the castle. There he remained for many years, and lived to nurse numerous great grandchildren. Lord Ronald proved to be a most affectionate husband, and he always said that if he had searched the wide world through he could not have found such a loving and devoted wife as his own "Sweet Violet."

Seal Brand Coffee (1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.) Because of its ABSOLUTE PURITY Dyspeptics drink it fearlessly. It tones and strengthens the stomach. Imported, Roasted and Packed by CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

they shouted to their four sleeping children "Wake up! Run to the window and jump out!" they cried. But there was no answer. Soon the flames shut off escape even from the window. Then the frenzied parents heard the cries of the little ones whom they could not save. In the meantime the two young children were taken from the lower story safe. Helplessly the father and mother stood watching the destruction of their home and the death of their little ones. That afternoon four charred little bodies were taken from the ruins. There was recalled the tragic incident of the four handles pulled from their fastenings in the casket and of the casket falling to the floor.

Pain Must Go When Paine's Nerviline is used. Composed of the most powerful pain subduing remedies known. Nerviline cannot fail to give prompt relief in rheumatism, neuralgia, cramps, pain in the back and side, and the host of painful affections, internal or external, arising from inflammatory action. A bottle of Nerviline will give efficient proof of its superiority over every known remedy. Try Nerviline. Large bottles 25 cents. Druggists sell it.

WICHITA WAS REALLY BAD.

Capture by a Stranger Long Ago of the Town Mrs. Nation is Retelling. Wichita, Kan., has had more than its share of notoriety in the last forty days as a result of Mrs. Carrie Nation's efforts to close its saloons; nevertheless, it is a reformed town compared with what it was thirty-five years ago. Then it was the southwestern terminal of the only railroad running from the Missouri river to that part of the State. Beyond it were miles and miles of country where the prairie fox, the muleater, the fugitive and the Indian met face to face.

Wichita was a wooden town. The streets were wide and laid out on air lines. Gambling houses were as open as drug stores. Saloons occupied a good share of the buildings of the business district. If one rode or walked two miles the street on which one started ran out into some trail, or lost itself in chapparal. After that the traveller kept his hand on his gun.

Up from the matted grasses and out of the ditches there came, regardless of season, men, who never went unarmed; men who lived and died in their boots. The saddle was their lodging place. They rode into Wichita in couples or troops, according to the object of their invasion. They had the freedom of the town while they were there. When they depleted the stock of liquor in the saloons and broke the fare banks, they made a racetrack of the main street. The day wound up with a fusillade. The dead were left where they fell. The living disappeared in clouds of dust kicked up by fleet horses. There was no pursuit.

One night a stranger from the East registered at the "only first class hotel in the city," and asked for a room. The landlord showed him to his quarters, more like a stall than a room. "Got a gun?" asked the landlord. The guest said no.

"I'll loan you one," said the landlord, and he laid a six-shooter on the head of the bed. "If you hear any noise, don't ask any questions. Just shoot. Don't make any difference which way you aim. They'll come in from all directions. Can you shoot? Ever kill anybody?" The stranger said that he had not pulled a trigger in years, and of course he said "No" to the second question.

"Ain't a preacher, are you?" asked the landlord in surprise and contempt. The stranger denied having any such calling. "Then what in hades are you going out here with no gun?" thundered the proprietor. "You tenderfoot come out here and expect me to keep you from being killed. And I've got to kill half a dozen of these friends of mine who spend their money in my house to protect such fellows as you! I say it's a shame." He banged the door as he went out. Th...

Sensible! Reliable! Paine's Celery Compound. The True Health-Restorer.

Paine's Celery Compound has done more to heal the sick and relieve suffering than any other suffering in the world. Being pure, palatable and powerful, it is the medicine endorsed by our physicians as a true cure for all nervous diseases. Sickly children, weary women and tired men have found in this wonderful Compound, health, strength and happiness. For all those diseases which are the result of weakened nerves, as dyspepsia, headache, rheumatism, neuralgia, kidney and liver troubles, Paine's Celery Compound is the only sensible and reliable remedy. It strikes at the root of the disease, and makes a permanent cure. Beware of the substitutes; get "PAINE'S," the kind that "makes sick people well."

A Tragic Coincidence. That fate through coincidence tragic and unreal gives man its warning seems credible enough from this strange story. Last Sunday at Ashan, a settlement twenty miles northeast of Elkhart, Ind., the five year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Miller was buried. As the little casket was being carried from the house, the four handles pulled from their fastenings and allowed it to drop to the floor. Miller is a member of the Amish sect.

"This is a sign of approaching disaster," he said, as with tears in his eyes he picked up the casket containing the body of his loved one. Mark now the verity of the omen. Four days later Mr. and Mrs. Miller started to the barn to milk the cows. Their six children they left asleep in the house. The four oldest were in the second story, the two youngest in the lower story. When the parents had nearly reached the barn they looked back and were horrified to see their house on fire. They rushed back. The flames had already destroyed the staircase. There was no ladder. They could not reach the second story. Frantically...

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Aunt Wood. See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below. Very small and so easy to take no matter...

A WILD NIGHT AT WOOD RIVER.

A Thrilling Tale of Early Days on the Union Pacific.

'Keep that kid quiet,' said Bankers in a hoarse whisper. 'I'm doing the best I can,' said his wife, trying to hush the little one, who was sobbing and moaning in her lap. In the baby's muffled wailing a bitter cry was going on between paregoric and pain, and the letter was dying hard. The wind drove the rain against the side of the car and made it rock to and fro. 'Emma,' said Mrs. Bankers to her friend, 'take that bottle and hold it between you and a crack in the car, and when it lightens drop ten drops into the spoon. I suppose we must not strike a light.'

people know that he would return to the old business, so they sent for him. 'Looking for a job?' asked the superintendent. 'I am,' said Waterman. 'Tired of the old game?' asked the official. 'I don't know as I am, Waterman replied, laughing. 'It's a risky business,' said the Wells Fargo man. 'I never found it so, particularly,' said the hold-up man. 'Well, how would you like a steady job?' asked the other. 'That's what I'm looking for,' said Waterman. And the long and short of it was that the express company engaged him at a good salary to retire, just do anything except hold up their stages. 'The plan worked well so far as he was concerned, and was not very expensive, for his former pal thought he was an informer, and one of them soon picked a quarrel with him, and killed him. 'But there were others to take his place in the field, and the hold-ups continued just the same. One of the robbers was Jack Davis, who was a hail-fellow well-met with every one in Virginia City, and for a long time he was not suspected. 'The Virginia and Truckee Railroad finally reached town, and gold was shipped on the cars. But it was evidently an easy matter to hold up a train, and one night the engineer found a muzzie at his car, and was told to slow down at a certain spot, which he did. The leader of the robbers was Davis. This was the first railroad holdup in the country, and Davis might be called the inventor of the method which at other times paid well. 'Davis was caught the next time he held up a train, and was sent to jail. One day after he was released he turned up at the famous Hamilton brothers near Eureka, Nev. They captured every man at the coach station, tied them up and stowed them away like sardines. When the stage came up there were two Wells Fargo men with guns on board. One got down, suspecting nothing, when Jack grabbed him, supposing that his partners would attend to the other man. For some reason they were demoralized and ran. The second guard watched his chance and fired, and Mr. Jack Davis, the inventor of train robbery, passed in his chips. 'PROGRESS OF COLD STORAGE. It is Revolutionizing the Methods of the Meat Trade in Great Britain. The possibilities of refrigerating processes seem to be endless. These processes are influencing more and more the methods of trade in perishable goods. Butchers and poultrymen are no longer afraid to buy in large quantities. If they have a surplus stock on hand they have only to put it in cold storage to await a demand. This practice is coming widely into vogue in Great Britain. Such cities as Birmingham and many smaller ones now have cold-storage plants of large extent. Of the 14,000,000 rabbits now annually received in England from Australasia, scores of thousands are constantly in the freezing chambers awaiting their turn to get into the retail market. Many of the animals now in cold storage were placed there fully six months ago. Wholesale meat dealers are not afraid that they will lose their investment if they bring to market a shipment of meat at a time. It is asserted in England that the quality of Canadian turkeys and fowls is actually improved by the lapses of considerable time between killing and marketing. They are delivered alive at such centres as Toronto and Montreal. Then they are killed, plucked and hung for a day in cold air chambers on board ship. The temperature is maintained just about the freezing point, for the birds are never frozen, but are kept in the chilled state; and as the quality of beef and venison is said to be improved by hanging for several days in larder, so also, it is asserted by the Birmingham Daily Post, the quality of the Canadian birds placed on British markets within fourteen days of being killed is quite as good as that of birds killed and marketed in the ordinary way in England. The greatest development of cold storage is in Great Britain, because so many million dollars worth of the meat supply is brought thousands of miles from America and Australia. Vast quantities are sometimes received within a few weeks and placed in cold storage till needed for the market. In Birmingham, for example, as one of the local newspapers asserts, over a million persons are now regularly supplied with food from the city markets. The cold storage plant established thirteen years ago is large and additional works are building. These cold stores always contain many hundreds of quarters of American beef. In one room are thousands of carcasses of sheep in cotton coverings forwarded from Australia, New Zealand and South Amer-

ica. They are piled one on top of another like bricks. Thirty thousand sheep carcasses may be stored and the new rooms now building will increase the capacity to 100,000 sheep. One of the newer importations is chilled pork from this country, which is said to be of high quality and rich flavor and cheaper than English pork. Canadian eggs and Danish and Siberian butter are also preserved in these stores and large consignments of British Columbia salmon. Special storage rooms are set apart for the reception of fish and fruit. The midwinter steamers from Cape Colony and Australia are quite certain to bring many fresh grapes which are placed in the cold rooms until they are wanted. Just as refrigeration has lengthened the killing season at Chicago to twelve months a year so it has also made it possible to enjoy fresh grapes, peaches and other fruit the year round by bringing them from one or another part of the world; for somewhere or another they are always ripening. Though the trade in chilled and frozen meats is constantly growing there is still considerable prejudice against it. In Germany, for instance, very little refrigerated meat is sold, for most of the people believe it is distinctly inferior to fresh meat. A similar prejudice exists in England, though in a lesser degree. For a long time the public there could not be persuaded that frozen meat was palatable, but cheapness and improved quality finally made many converts. It is not eaten yet by those who can afford to pay high prices for meat: but for some years the frozen mutton of Australia and New Zealand and the frozen beef of America have been the staple meat supply of the laboring classes. Cold storage is having no more important effect upon any branch of the meat trade than upon the commerce in poultry. Until within a few years Great Britain has depended largely upon northern France to make good her deficiency in poultry. Today France is losing a considerable part of this trade, while Canadian poultry is reaching the British market in large quantities. 'One of the New Women. The ambition of Miss Albena Carpenter, of Nashua, N. H., is to travel from Atlantic City to England—more than a 3,000-mile trip—in a canvas boat eleven feet long. The boat is now being built by Capt. Andrews, 'the lone ocean voyager.' It is expected that the start will be made in June. The captain has several times made the trip alone, and each time in a boat smaller than the one used on the last trip. Miss Carpenter is a noted swimmer. Through her ability in this direction she first came to the notice of Capt. Andrews. When she heard of his intended trip she applied for a place in the boat. The obstacles and hardships are many, she knows, but she is determined to make the trip. Whether or not she will go, however, depends on the decision of Capt. Andrews. 'Passenger (to station porter)—Now, it's 4 o'clock, and the time table says the train arrives at 3.14. 'Station Porter—Oh, well, you mustn't take the time table too seriously. 'BORN. Sydney, Jan. 31, to the wife of John Young, a son. Yarmouth, Feb. 1, to the wife of E. Pendrick, a son. Toronto, Feb. 4, to the wife of E. Hasbenger, a son. Weirville, Jan. 27, to the wife of W. Ford, a daughter. Guinea, Feb. 5, to the wife of Ambrose Walker, a son. St. Louis, Jan. 28, to the wife of Herbert Stewart, a son. North Sydney, Feb. 6, to the wife of James Gowan, a son. Millers Falls, Feb. 3, to the wife of B. Boliver, a son. Beverley, Dec. 9, to the wife of Lewis Wood, twin boys. North Sydney, Feb. 5, to the wife of W. Christie, a daughter. Amherst, Feb. 2, to the wife of Ralph Trotter, a daughter. Colchester, Jan. 29, to the wife of A. Staples, a daughter. Summerville, Feb. 1, to the wife of Capt. Card, a daughter. Economy Point, Jan. 17, to the wife of H. Brown, a daughter. Pembroke, Feb. 5, to the wife of Geo. Bain, a daughter. Roxbury, Feb. 3, to the wife of George Tibbot, a daughter. Glenwood, Feb. 2, to the wife of F. Whitman, a daughter. Mount Pleasant, Jan. 20, to the wife of Richey Tat, a son. Ingram River, Feb. 3, to the wife of Robert Taggart, a son. Summerville, Jan. 31, to the wife of Otis Vaughan, a daughter. Ingram River, Jan. 25, to the wife of Norman Kennedy, a son. Ingram River, Jan. 25, to the wife of Rand Gibson, a son. Barachois, Shediac, Jan. 11, to the wife of Zoel Viennet, a son. Clark's Harbor, Feb. 3, to the wife of Capt. Bran, a son, a daughter. Dayspring, Jan. 31, to the wife of Edmund Mullock, a daughter. 'MARRIED. Hants, Hugh Fraser to Johanna Keohan. Vermont, Feb. 6, Peter Faris, to Annie Anslow. Windsor, Jan. 24, Harris Smith to Emily Foster. Digby, Feb. 6, Jesse Lee Haight to Emily Foster. Sheet Harbor, Jan. 30, E. Anderson to E. Coady. Grand Etang, Felix LeBlanc to Mathilda Cormier. Grand Etang, Simson Gaudet to Ellen Chanson. Shelburne Co, Jan. 30, L. A. Coffin to Sarah King. Pictou, Feb. 2, Daniel Robertson to Bessie Fraser.

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VOL. XL. GROC. Accounts. The accounts appear to be in a state of confusion. Now the City Carleton had a statement that they yet for their services. It was understood that the picnic had paid beyond and would be able to one or two in the eyes of the former picnic to the park and in that popular Grocers' Drive. The attendance was so large and proportion so much more that those who in having a surplus matter. They had hundred dollars after all the expense it seems instead of Grocers' Association is concerned, in that there are paid to the hundred dollars frankly makes it paid out all the money and is very difficult to settle the affairs of the picnic. The responsibility of three persons did not show the forward to account the department control. This is a defect upon them the staid merchant to the enterprise, and who did all the account about ago and the people what surplus stop occasion. Mr. McPherson the band committee sibility for the picnic. He says receipts have not the refreshment and in one or those who sold ment which Prof. but it is purchased makes it. Mr. J. S. A states that he has he has received have repeatedly the grocers to settle the picnic. The been held. The handed in, and that it is a there should be agreeable out pleasant and rest. POLICE PA. The Force on V. The annual suggest that the and recent event sidersable extent tainly justified. On the Water which is perhaps worst, there are times patrolling in the station. ers on the west to the city, som character as t. times. Cattle men not considered and those who exception to the every case pow