

# PROGRESS.

VOL. VII, NO. 601.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## An Uncanny Maid.

A few weeks ago a rubber store ghost created quite a sensation in the district in which the alleged haunted store was located. The ghost showed a decided fondness for meddling with the gas which it turned on and off at all sorts of inconvenient times. There were a whole lot of people who fully believed that some supernatural agency was at work, but the man whose gas bill was increased, by the ghost's strange antics couldn't just make out why he had been selected as a victim, and he was decidedly sceptical about ghosts anyway.

An investigation finally led to the dismissal of a female employee by the name of Connell, and the ghost with a fondness for light and heat was laid to rest. That is, it was laid so far as the rubber store was concerned, but later on it turned up on Douglas Avenue, just about the time Hilyard family took the Connell girl into their employ. For a time it amused itself with a bell which connected the servants room with other parts of the house. At all hours and minutes, the new domestic would appear before the mistress of the house in response to a ring at the bell. When the latter repeatedly assured her that she had not rung, tho' all had been done by the bell, the girl suggested a practical joke on the part of boys on the street, but when it was pointed out that it was not possible for the boys to tamper with the bell without first entering the house, ringing ceased as the family didn't appear to take any stock in hints of ghostly visitants.

The next demonstration came in the shape of a broken window, and when the police to whom the matter was reported, investigated, they found that the glass had been broken from the inside. Later the lively servant produced the stone which she said had been thrown.

So far the jokes were quite harmless, but when the family positively declined to make a sensation out of anything that had occurred, it was clearly time for the quondam ghost to do something that would lend things up somewhat.

A few days ago the daily papers told of an attempt to burn Mr. Hilyard's residence and later on when the affair was looked into it was said that the attempted fire was but the prank of a too lively servant who, by the way, was the "ghost" of the rubber store.

It appears that when the bell ringing and stone throwing episodes fell flat the servant resolved to make a sensation some way, so a few mornings ago while sweeping the porch she called a man in Mr. Hilyard's employ and hitting a plank in the platform showed him a lot of exorcisor and paper saturated with kerosene, which stuff the man gathered up and put away in the barn. Late that evening the girl came from her room and enquired if there was a fire in the kitchen saying she smelt paint burning. Search was made and soon the domestic "discovered" a small fire under the porch; among the pieces was found a paper on which was some paint and which afterwards proved to have been torn from a paper upon which a can of paint had been laid shortly before.

The servant was dismissed as the family didn't care to take any further risks, and besides there was no telling what form her jokes would next assume.

**LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE.**  
The Advice Some Aldermen Give in Regard to the Ferry.

Some alderman in every council has a hobby of his own. The ferry is Alderman Colwell's. He has schemes without number for the improvement—or otherwise—of that branch of the city service. He was on the special committee appointed to form a bye law governing the passage of teams across the harbor and from the warm way in which he took up the cudgels for the resolution it could easily be seen that he was anxious for its passage.

If the bye law as framed had been carried and enforced there would be plenty of fun at the ferry gates every day. The heaviest load for a single team was to be 3,000 pounds and for a double team 6,000 pounds and no more. If it was more the gateman could turn the driver back. Then again these heavy teams could only cross at certain times of the tide because it was

alleged that when the tide was low the teams were put on the run from the boat to the floats in order to get a sufficient momentum to clear the summit.

The remarks of Ald. Christie were very terse and he had plenty of support; from the other members discouraging any interference with the present system. "Let well enough alone" was his advice and he did not seem to be disturbed when Ald. Colwell insinuated that he did not take the interest in the city business that he should.

There seemed to be considerable lack of information regarding team tickets. Some said they existed, others denied it and the chairman of the department said if they did exist they were not authorized. He also wanted to know if "other animals—at five cents each"—a phrase in the bye law included elephants!

This seemed to indicate a due want of respect for the new bye law and it was "referred back"—a polite way of shelving it.

### INVESTIGATIONS COST MONEY.

The Stenographer's Little Bill for St. McKeelley-Clark is out.

Investigations come high. The city has an account of \$40 against it because Mr. McKeelley laid a complaint against Chief of Police Clark. In the first time in the history of investigations a stenographer was engaged and the young man who acted in that capacity was present at both sessions of the inquiry. He has sent in his bill and one report says that it is for \$40. If that is correct stenography must pay. But correct or not some of the aldermen are quoted as saying that when another investigation is held the expenses will have to be paid. Who will pay them? Must such an obstacle confront a poor man who has a real grievance against a city official? That would be hard indeed. There is no need of expense either for stenographers or lawyers. The aldermen should be competent to judge whether an official has erred or not from the plain facts that they can gather without the assistance of lawyers.

A city official will probably be able to engage a lawyer to defend him and the plaintiff if he is unable to have the benefit of such assistance will feel that he is at a disadvantage.

### "AN EYESORE TO THE CITY."

That is what Mayor Evans says of the Drinking Fountain on Market Square.

"Not a thing of beauty but an eyesore." are the words of the Mayor in reference to the drinking fountain on the Market Square, presented by his brother to the city of St. John twenty years ago.

This was how it came about. The chairman of the city treasury, Ald. Robinson, brought up the question Messrs. Stanton's bill for repairing the Saars fountain, and in so doing made a speech in which he called the mayor's attention to a promise he had made to bear the expenses of the repairs. The reminder was not a pleasant one for the chair to listen to, especially when the Alderman said, that his workshop had not moved in the matter, the committee of management had undertaken the work.

According to his statement Messrs. Stanton were asked for an estimate of the cost and they placed it at \$110. The fact that the bill was for \$251.35 called for an explanation and this came out by degrees, with the assistance of Aldermen Maxwell and Christie. According to the former the sandstone was rotten and a new granite base was substituted. The cost of the labor was between forty and fifty dollars, the material about \$70 and an ornamental acorn or "something" which Ald. Christie spoke of as "God knows what the design is, I don't know," cost \$35. Other incidentals brought up the account to \$251.35 and it was ordered paid.

But not until his workshop had regretted the inquisitorial way in which the subject was brought up. When he made the promise of looking after the fountain and having it repaired he proposed to do the work with the advice of a competent architect. He had consulted one but he was taken ill and he had to await his recovery. Messrs. Stanton had estimated the cost of what he proposed to do at something like \$90, but when he went to the fountain with the architect he was advised to leave

it alone. "If you alter that fountain you will simply destroy what your brother has built" were the words of the expert. "As the fountain is to die" continued the mayor "I have very little interest in it. It is an eyesore and not a thing of beauty and I will have nothing to do with the bill."

### WASTED OF LIFE.

Why Margaret Johnson Tried to Commit Suicide.

To those whose duty or business it is to attend the police court daily the face and figure of Margaret Johnson are well known, while to those who scan the police court news, the unfortunate female's name is also very familiar.

Perhaps none of the city's disolute characters figure more often in the court than does Margaret, who on Thursday of this week attempted a new form of dissipation, which had not been for the timely arrival, and good offices of policeman Earle, would assuredly have resulted fatally for the woman.

On Tuesday last she was arrested for drunkenness and on Thursday was liberated. It seems though as if her spree had not quite ended for hardly had she regained her freedom when she started in to finish it up in the way that she thought proper.

Between twelve and one o'clock Thursday morning she was again arrested on Sheffield street and placed in the Lower Cove lock up.

Three times during the night the woman made an unsuccessful attempt to end her existence; the first time using the braid binding of her skirt, the second, a strip of her undershirt as a means of strangulation. Neither of these proving satisfactory recourse was had to a leather belt which she wore, and which she tied to the grating of the door and then around her neck. Standing on a bench she arranged everything carefully and then jumped from it. She had however miscalculated the distance and her feet came just to the floor, thus interting with her suicidal intentions. It was just about this time Officer Earle happened along and was horrified on beholding the woman's condition. At first he thought she was dead but quickly discovered that she was only unconscious, though nearly choked to death. After he had worked with her a few moments consciousness returned and she seemed none the worse. On Thursday morning she was taken before the police court and remanded. When asked why she had made these attempts upon her life the woman's pathetic reply was that she was "tired of life, tired of Sheffield street and tired of the jail."

There would seem to be an opportunity in this case to do a little missionary work and reclaim the one more unfortunate who seems so thoroughly tired of her life and its surroundings.

### Mr. T. O'Brien's New Paper.

The St. John Monitor is a new weekly paper, that appeared last Saturday morning. Mr. T. O'Brien is the managing editor. The Monitor is a four-page paper published in the interests of the Roman Catholic church. Its first issue was looked for with some interest. Mr. O'Brien's publishers are Messrs. Paterson & Co., who also issue the Messenger and Visitor. The two papers differ in many respects and PROGRESS would respectfully point out that some difficulty might arise should the matter for them get mixed. Rev. Dr. Blask, the talented editor of the Messenger and Visitor, would no doubt relish the opportunity to address the readers of the Monitor but the erroneous insertion of an article of his in its columns might be misunderstood and an explanation would be awkward. The friends of Mr. O'Brien are glad to know him as "editor of the Monitor" and they must be more than pleased with the strenuous efforts the Sun is making to welcome him to the field of journalism.

**Making a Good Job of It.**  
The operations of the stone crusher on the Loch Lomond Road have ceased for this season. More than a mile of the road has been repaired in splendid fashion. About sixty tons of rock were crushed in a day and hauled by four teams a mile and a half to the place being repaired. There were fifteen men engaged besides the drivers and the total cost of the repairs to the mile or so of road was \$2,900. The government expect to continue the work in the spring. If they complete the work to Loch Lomond they will find favor in the eyes of the people in St. John County.

## Messrs. Peters' Refusal.

An unpleasant surprise awaited the Messrs. Peters when they attended the meeting of the Common council Thursday afternoon. They were confident when they went there that their tannery business would be exempt from all taxation save that for schools and water for the next ten years at least. When they left the council chamber the matter of exemption seemed as far off as ever.

When the mayor called the public meeting to consider the request of Messrs. Peters there was no doubt on the minds of those present as to what Messrs. Peters wanted, viz—exemption from taxation for the tannery. They did not propose exemption on any part of the industry but their proposition was a plain one and went to the council equally plain—the firm wanted exemption from taxation.

There is no doubt that most of the aldermen know exactly what was wanted, and few of them knew when they voted on the resolution offered by Ald. Macrae that he only provided for partial exemption upon the real estate, building and plant of the concern. This word "plant" was understood to include more than it means. The Messrs. Peters thought it meant their stock, manufactured and unmanufactured, and there is no doubt but many of the aldermen thought the same because none of them in their speeches alluded to the slight advantage Messrs. Peters was to receive.

The taxes of the firm last year amounted to more than \$900. Something like \$140 of this was for water and the building, land and machinery were assessed at \$8,700, which would call for another \$135, or the balance of six hundred dollars and more must have been assessed on the personal property. It was this taxation that the firm wished to get rid of, not that on the building and machinery. When the council proposed to grant them the exemption except for school taxes and water rates they were satisfied, because in that event they would only have to pay forty one cents on the hundred dollars instead of \$1.55.

Recorder Skinner however drew up his resolution and memorandum of agreement in accordance with the motion passed by the council and this only mentioned the land, building and plant. The littleness of the affair began to dawn upon those present and one alderman remarked quietly, "If Peters accepts that the city can well afford to give it to them." But two of the Peters brothers were listening to the Recorder and they too were struck with the meagreness of the generosity of the city. They held a hasty consultation and when they found out that they had been exerting such efforts to bring about a reduction of ninety or a hundred dollars in their taxes they were naturally annoyed and disappointed.

The opponents of exemption saw a chance to carry their point and for a time all the aldermen wanted to speak at once. A motion was made to hear Mr. Peters and he was very frank with the council telling them in the firm expected exemption on stock in trade as well as on the tools of trade. He thought he had been led to believe that and he gave the aldermen to understand that if the difference would only amount to about \$95 he did not desire that exemption.

This was somewhat of a poser and yet there seemed to be a certain air of relief among the aldermen. They had acted hastily when they granted the exemption and it looked as if they were glad of a chance to crawl out of the difficulty for they were then fully aware of the unpopularity of their action.

However, it was not fair to Messrs. Peters. They are intelligent men and knew what they asked for and what was under consideration. If they had given Alderman Macrae's motion proper consideration they might not have fallen into the error they did. PROGRESS believes that the members of the firm were not alone in thinking that only partial exemption was intended. If the question had been asked in any gathering of citizens nine out of ten would have said they thought the tannery was to be exempt on its total assessment except taxes for water and schools.

The Mayor was evidently prepared to combat the intention of the Council and

even while he spoke of the "delusion" the Messrs. Peters had been laboring under, he was somewhat eager to accept their refusal of such a paltry decrease in their taxes.

Incidentally it was pointed out that the personal taxes of the members of the firm on their income alone was \$75 and that of their employees, on income, \$193.

Alderman Christie likes to cite a precedent once in a while and he gets a good many of them from the acts of the old town of Portland. In this case he pointed out that when Connor's rope walk was burned the Portland Council granted exemption on the building and plant but not on the stock. In the case of the Parks' cotton factory their valuation for building and plant was fixed at \$50,000 but they had always been taxed upon the stock.

Captain Keast seemed to speak from the public stand point when he said he was under the impression that the new factory was to cost about \$40,000 and to employ from 80 to 100 hands. He was not so enthusiastic over the \$10,000 building and the 25 hands.

Alderman Macrae who was responsible for the wording of the resolution that looked so big and was so small, had on his figuring cap and he calculated that if the exemption Messrs. Peters asked for had been their last year they would have saved ninety-six dollars and half a cent. This seemed to clinch the whole business and the "whereases" and "resolved" and provisos submitted at such length by Recorder Skinner were laid upon the table to await the acceptance of the Messrs. Peters.

### She Had a Good Time.

One little chorus girl in the Robinson opera company had a good time while in this city. She was attractive and the young men who are off one or two evenings in the week took turns in making life pleasant for her. She could smile an ice cream or an oyster supper out of them in a moment and while they were waiting for the same pay for it in advance with the daintiest kisses. Is it any wonder she was much sought for? North and south envied with each other for the favor of her smiles and when the north end considered that he would make sure of her he would present her with a locke, a brooch or a ring. The other members of the company were "on" and laughed at the "suckers". They chatted freely about the jewelry too and it reached the ears of Detective Ring who had been looking for some missing articles in that line for some time. He went to Fredericton where the enchanting damsel had gone with the company and the interview he had with her was touching. He "touched" her for the jewelry and she was so willing to return anything she had that the officer could see that if there was guilt she had no share in it.

He returned with the jewelry but strange to say they did not prove to be the missing articles. The young man had come by them legitimately.

### A Brave Act Recognized.

The four men who went out in the life boat and rescued the crew of the Hazel Dell will be recognized in a measure when they get the ten dollars voted each by the city, and have the engraved resolution recounting their deed hung up in their homes, that is what the aldermen did at their session Thursday and the vote was passed by all the members standing. The deed is a daring one and is deserving of all that was said about it. The crew were Americans of an American schooner but their lives were in great danger and the four men who ventured in that raging sea in that great apology for a life boat will never have their reputation for bravery disputed.

### Why Not Pay on Friday.

The 23rd of December comes on Saturday this year and all the people who work for the city will get their pay on that day so that they will have some spare coin for Christmas. The custom is a kind one but it would be more appreciated if payment was made on Friday instead of Saturday the last day of shopping before the good holiday. No doubt the gentlemen in the chamberlain's office would be better pleased too.

RAILROADS.  
CANADIAN PACIFIC  
ARMS  
EVERYBODY IN  
Great North-West.  
Land Illimitable With  
Illimitable Resources.  
Government Free Grant of  
to Bona Fide Settlers.  
Descriptive Pamphlet  
Transportation Rules,  
to  
A. J. HEATH,  
D. F. A. Co. R. R.  
St. John, N. B.  
Monial Railway  
Monday, Oct. the 16th, 1899  
daily, (Sunday excepted).  
ALL LEAVE ST. JOHN  
Amherst, Fredericton, Moncton, 7.35  
Halifax, New Glasgow and  
St. John, 8.15  
Moncton, 11.45  
St. John, 12.15  
Moncton, 1.45  
Halifax, 2.15  
St. John, 2.45  
Moncton, 3.15  
Halifax, 3.45  
St. John, 4.15  
Moncton, 4.45  
Halifax, 5.15  
St. John, 5.45  
Moncton, 6.15  
Halifax, 6.45  
St. John, 7.15  
Moncton, 7.45  
Halifax, 8.15  
St. John, 8.45  
Moncton, 9.15  
Halifax, 9.45  
St. John, 10.15  
Moncton, 10.45  
Halifax, 11.15  
St. John, 11.45  
Moncton, 12.15  
Halifax, 12.45  
St. John, 1.15  
Moncton, 1.45  
Halifax, 2.15  
St. John, 2.45  
Moncton, 3.15  
Halifax, 3.45  
St. John, 4.15  
Moncton, 4.45  
Halifax, 5.15  
St. John, 5.45  
Moncton, 6.15  
Halifax, 6.45  
St. John, 7.15  
Moncton, 7.45  
Halifax, 8.15  
St. John, 8.45  
Moncton, 9.15  
Halifax, 9.45  
St. John, 10.15  
Moncton, 10.45  
Halifax, 11.15  
St. John, 11.45  
Moncton, 12.15  
Halifax, 12.45  
St. John, 1.15  
Moncton, 1.45  
Halifax, 2.15  
St. John, 2.45  
Moncton, 3.15  
Halifax, 3.45  
St. John, 4.15  
Moncton, 4.45  
Halifax, 5.15  
St. John, 5.45  
Moncton, 6.15  
Halifax, 6.45  
St. John, 7.15  
Moncton, 7.45  
Halifax, 8.15  
St. John, 8.45  
Moncton, 9.15  
Halifax, 9.45  
St. John, 10.15  
Moncton, 10.45  
Halifax, 11.15  
St. John, 11.45  
Moncton, 12.15  
Halifax, 12.45  
St. John, 1.15  
Moncton, 1.45  
Halifax, 2.15  
St. John, 2.45  
Moncton, 3.15  
Halifax, 3.45  
St. John, 4.15  
Moncton, 4.45  
Halifax, 5.15  
St. John, 5.45  
Moncton, 6.15  
Halifax, 6.45  
St. John, 7.15  
Moncton, 7.45  
Halifax, 8.15  
St. John, 8.45  
Moncton, 9.15  
Halifax, 9.45  
St. John, 10.15  
Moncton, 10.45  
Halifax, 11.15  
St. John, 11.45  
Moncton, 12.15  
Halifax, 12.45  
St. John, 1.15  
Moncton, 1.45  
Halifax, 2.15  
St. John, 2.45  
Moncton, 3.15  
Halifax, 3.45  
St. John, 4.15  
Moncton, 4.45  
Halifax, 5.15  
St. John, 5.45  
Moncton, 6.15  
Halifax, 6.45  
St. John, 7.15  
Moncton, 7.45  
Halifax, 8.15  
St. John, 8.45  
Moncton, 9.15  
Halifax, 9.45  
St. John, 10.15  
Moncton, 10.45  
Halifax, 11.15  
St. John, 11.45  
Moncton, 12.15  
Halifax, 12.45  
St. John, 1.15  
Moncton, 1.45  
Halifax, 2.15  
St. John, 2.45  
Moncton, 3.15  
Halifax, 3.45  
St. John, 4.15  
Moncton, 4.45  
Halifax, 5.15  
St. John, 5.45  
Moncton, 6.15  
Halifax, 6.45  
St. John, 7.15  
Moncton, 7.45  
Halifax, 8.15  
St. John, 8.45  
Moncton, 9.15  
Halifax, 9.45  
St. John, 10.15  
Moncton, 10.45  
Halifax, 11.15  
St. John, 11.45  
Moncton, 12.15  
Halifax, 12.45  
St. John, 1.15  
Moncton, 1.45  
Halifax, 2.15  
St. John, 2.45  
Moncton, 3.15  
Halifax, 3.45  
St. John, 4.15  
Moncton, 4.45  
Halifax, 5.15  
St. John, 5.45  
Moncton, 6.15  
Halifax, 6.45  
St. John, 7.15  
Moncton, 7.45  
Halifax, 8.15  
St. John, 8.45  
Moncton, 9.15  
Halifax, 9.45  
St. John, 10.15  
Moncton, 10.45  
Halifax, 11.15  
St. John, 11.45  
Moncton, 12.15  
Halifax, 12.45  
St. John, 1.15  
Moncton, 1.45  
Halifax, 2.15  
St. John, 2.45  
Moncton, 3.15  
Halifax, 3.45  
St. John, 4.15  
Moncton, 4.45  
Halifax, 5.15  
St. John, 5.45  
Moncton, 6.15  
Halifax, 6.45  
St. John, 7.15  
Moncton, 7.45  
Halifax, 8.15  
St. John, 8.45  
Moncton, 9.15  
Halifax, 9.45  
St. John, 10.15  
Moncton, 10.45  
Halifax, 11.15  
St. John, 11.45  
Moncton, 12.15  
Halifax, 12.45  
St. John, 1.15  
Moncton, 1.45  
Halifax, 2.15  
St. John, 2.45  
Moncton, 3.15  
Halifax, 3.45  
St. John, 4.15  
Moncton, 4.45  
Halifax, 5.15  
St. John, 5.45  
Moncton, 6.15  
Halifax, 6.45  
St. John, 7.15  
Moncton, 7.45  
Halifax, 8.15  
St. John, 8.45  
Moncton, 9.15  
Halifax, 9.45  
St. John, 10.15  
Moncton, 10.45  
Halifax, 11.15  
St. John, 11.45  
Moncton, 12.15  
Halifax, 12.45  
St. John, 1.15  
Moncton, 1.45  
Halifax, 2.15  
St. John, 2.45  
Moncton, 3.15  
Halifax, 3.45  
St. John, 4.15  
Moncton, 4.45  
Halifax, 5.15  
St. John, 5.45  
Moncton, 6.15  
Halifax, 6.45  
St. John, 7.15  
Moncton, 7.45  
Halifax, 8.15  
St. John, 8.45  
Moncton, 9.15  
Halifax, 9.45  
St. John, 10.15  
Moncton, 10.45  
Halifax, 11.15  
St. John, 11.45  
Moncton, 12.15  
Halifax, 12.45  
St. John, 1.15  
Moncton, 1.45  
Halifax, 2.15  
St. John, 2.45  
Moncton, 3.15  
Halifax, 3.45  
St. John, 4.15  
Moncton, 4.45  
Halifax, 5.15  
St. John, 5.45  
Moncton, 6.15  
Halifax, 6.45  
St. John, 7.15  
Moncton, 7.45  
Halifax, 8.15  
St. John, 8.45  
Moncton, 9.15  
Halifax, 9.45  
St. John, 10.15  
Moncton, 10.45  
Halifax, 11.15  
St. John, 11.45  
Moncton, 12.15  
Halifax, 12.45  
St. John, 1.15  
Moncton, 1.45  
Halifax, 2.15  
St. John, 2.45  
Moncton, 3.15  
Halifax, 3.45  
St. John, 4.15  
Moncton, 4.45  
Halifax, 5.15  
St. John, 5.45  
Moncton, 6.15  
Halifax, 6.45  
St. John, 7.15  
Moncton, 7.45  
Halifax, 8.15  
St. John, 8.45  
Moncton, 9.15  
Halifax, 9.45  
St. John, 10.15  
Moncton, 10.45  
Halifax, 11.15  
St. John, 11.45  
Moncton, 12.15  
Halifax, 12.45  
St. John, 1.15  
Moncton, 1.45  
Halifax, 2.15  
St. John, 2.45  
Moncton, 3.15  
Halifax, 3.45  
St. John, 4.15  
Moncton, 4.45  
Halifax, 5.15  
St. John, 5.45  
Moncton, 6.15  
Halifax, 6.45  
St. John, 7.15  
Moncton, 7.45  
Halifax, 8.15  
St. John, 8.45  
Moncton, 9.15  
Halifax, 9.45  
St. John, 10.15  
Moncton, 10.45  
Halifax, 11.15  
St. John, 11.45  
Moncton, 12.15  
Halifax, 12.45  
St. John, 1.15  
Moncton, 1.45  
Halifax, 2.15  
St. John, 2.45  
Moncton, 3.15  
Halifax, 3.45  
St. John, 4.15  
Moncton, 4.45  
Halifax, 5.15  
St. John, 5.45  
Moncton, 6.15  
Halifax, 6.45  
St. John, 7.15  
Moncton, 7.45  
Halifax, 8.15  
St. John, 8.45  
Moncton, 9.15  
Halifax, 9.45  
St. John, 10.15  
Moncton, 10.45  
Halifax, 11.15  
St. John, 11.45  
Moncton, 12.15  
Halifax, 12.45  
St. John, 1.15  
Moncton, 1.45  
Halifax, 2.15  
St. John, 2.45  
Moncton, 3.15  
Halifax, 3.45  
St. John, 4.15  
Moncton, 4.45  
Halifax, 5.15  
St. John, 5.45  
Moncton, 6.15  
Halifax, 6.45  
St. John, 7.15  
Moncton, 7.45  
Halifax, 8.15  
St. John, 8.45  
Moncton, 9.15  
Halifax, 9.45  
St. John, 10.15  
Moncton, 10.45  
Halifax, 11.15  
St. John, 11.45  
Moncton, 12.15  
Halifax, 12.45  
St. John, 1.15  
Moncton, 1.45  
Halifax, 2.15  
St. John, 2.45  
Moncton, 3.15  
Halifax, 3.45  
St. John, 4.15  
Moncton, 4.45  
Halifax, 5.15  
St. John, 5.45  
Moncton, 6.15  
Halifax, 6.45  
St. John, 7.15  
Moncton, 7.45  
Halifax, 8.15  
St. John, 8.45  
Moncton, 9.15  
Halifax, 9.45  
St. John, 10.15  
Moncton, 10.45  
Halifax, 11.15  
St. John, 11.45  
Moncton, 12.15  
Halifax, 12.45  
St. John, 1.15  
Moncton, 1.45  
Halifax, 2.15  
St. John, 2.45  
Moncton, 3.15  
Halifax, 3.45  
St. John, 4.15  
Moncton, 4.45  
Halifax, 5.15  
St. John, 5.45  
Moncton, 6.15  
Halifax, 6.45  
St. John, 7.15  
Moncton, 7.45  
Halifax, 8.15  
St. John, 8.45  
Moncton, 9.15  
Halifax, 9.45  
St. John, 10.15  
Moncton, 10.45  
Halifax, 11.15  
St. John, 11.45  
Moncton, 12.15  
Halifax, 12.45  
St. John, 1.15  
Moncton, 1.45  
Halifax, 2.15  
St. John, 2.45  
Moncton, 3.15  
Halifax, 3.45  
St. John, 4.15  
Moncton, 4.45  
Halifax, 5.15  
St. John, 5.45  
Moncton, 6.15  
Halifax, 6.45  
St. John, 7.15  
Moncton, 7.45  
Halifax, 8.15  
St. John, 8.45  
Moncton, 9.15  
Halifax, 9.45  
St. John, 10.15  
Moncton, 10.45  
Halifax, 11.15  
St. John, 11.45  
Moncton, 12.15  
Halifax, 12.45  
St. John, 1.15  
Moncton, 1.45  
Halifax, 2.15  
St. John, 2.45  
Moncton, 3.15  
Halifax, 3.45  
St. John, 4.15  
Moncton, 4.45  
Halifax, 5.15  
St. John, 5.45  
Moncton, 6.15  
Halifax, 6.45  
St. John, 7.15  
Moncton, 7.45  
Halifax, 8.15  
St. John, 8.45  
Moncton, 9.15  
Halifax, 9.45  
St. John, 10.15  
Moncton, 10.45  
Halifax, 11.15  
St. John, 11.45  
Moncton, 12.15  
Halifax, 12.45  
St. John, 1.15  
Moncton, 1.45  
Halifax, 2.15  
St. John, 2.45  
Moncton, 3.15  
Halifax, 3.45  
St. John, 4.15  
Moncton, 4.45  
Halifax, 5.15  
St. John, 5.45  
Moncton, 6.15  
Halifax, 6.45  
St. John, 7.15  
Moncton, 7.45  
Halifax, 8.15  
St. John, 8.45  
Moncton, 9.15  
Halifax, 9.45  
St. John, 10.15  
Moncton, 10.45  
Halifax, 11.15  
St. John, 11.45  
Moncton, 12.15  
Halifax, 12.45  
St. John, 1.15  
Moncton, 1.45  
Halifax, 2.15  
St. John, 2.45  
Moncton, 3.15  
Halifax, 3.45  
St. John, 4.15  
Moncton, 4.45  
Halifax, 5.15  
St. John, 5.45  
Moncton, 6.15  
Halifax, 6.45  
St. John, 7.15  
Moncton, 7.45  
Halifax, 8.15  
St. John, 8.45  
Moncton, 9.15  
Halifax, 9.45  
St. John, 10.15  
Moncton, 10.45  
Halifax, 11.15  
St. John, 11.45  
Moncton, 12.15  
Halifax, 12.45  
St. John, 1.15  
Moncton, 1.45  
Halifax, 2.15  
St. John, 2.45  
Moncton, 3.15  
Halifax, 3.45  
St. John, 4.15  
Moncton, 4.45  
Halifax, 5.15  
St. John, 5.45  
Moncton, 6.15  
Halifax, 6.45  
St. John, 7.15  
Moncton, 7.45  
Halifax, 8.15  
St. John, 8.45  
Moncton, 9.15  
Halifax, 9.45  
St. John, 10.15  
Moncton, 10.45  
Halifax, 11.15  
St. John, 11.45  
Moncton, 12.15  
Halifax, 12

## She Posed as a Man.

The story of Ellis Glenn, the girl man of Southern Illinois, is one seldom matched in life or fiction. Officially Glenn was, until a week ago Friday, a popular, pleasant mannered young man who got into trouble over a forged note on the eve of his marriage and was sentenced to imprisonment. In reality, Glenn is not a man at all, but a woman, as was promptly discovered when the penitentiary was reached. According to the prisoner's story, she is not Ellis Glenn but his twin sister, who out of affection for her brother and availing of their marvelous resemblance, allowed herself to be arrested, tried, convicted and imprisoned in his stead.

Now, here, it will be seen, is a choice of stories that are equally romantic, equally weird, and equally improbable. You may take your pick, and in either event have all the wondering you could possibly want for one Sunday.

The police and the Illinois public believe there is only one Ellis Glenn. They take no stock in the twin brother yarn. But, granting it is true, such sisterly devotion and a resemblance that would enable a girl to pass as her brother's lover in an interview with his sweetheart is almost without precedent.

To begin at the beginning, this young man, Ellis Glenn, arrived in Litchfield, Ill. three years ago from Texas. He went into business, seemed to have plenty of money, dressed well, was fond of society and became a favorite with the girls. Last spring he moved to the town of Butler, where he represented a business concern. He got a room at the home of James Duke a well to do and respected citizen of the place, and made love to Duke's daughter, Ella. Their engagement was recently announced.

In April he began negotiations for the purchase of some property at Litchfield and offered in payment a note for \$4,000 purporting to be signed by two Hillsboro farmers. This note was declared a forgery. Glenn was arrested. James Duke, his prospective father-in-law, believed in his innocence and bailed him out.

The wedding was set for October 18, and all preparations were made, but two days before the young man disappeared. Shortly after stories were circulated that he had been drowned, but the police discredited them, and a few days later Glenn was arrested in Kentucky and taken back to Hillsboro for trial. He was convicted a week ago Friday and sent to Chester Penitentiary.

All these developments had been sufficiently sensational, for Glenn was widely known, and the Duke family highly respected. But it was nothing to what followed. When the Sheriff turned over a neat, dapper, blond young man of small stature and keen, penetrating eyes to the keeper of the penitentiary on Saturday night he handed in a commitment in regular form. The name of the prisoner was Ellis Glen, alias 'T. H. Terry.' His sentence was indeterminate, under the State parole law for the crime of forgery.

The prisoner was received in regular form, receipted for by Deputy Warden Dowell, and sent to the receiving office. There his hair was clipped close in convict style, and his photograph taken. Then came the ordeal of changing citizens' clothes for the prison garb, and then the bath. It was while these preparations were in progress that Glenn's real sex was discovered.

There was great confusion among the attendants, and the Sheriff hustled the prisoner back into her male attire and, because female prisoners are not admitted at Chester, she was taken back to Hillsboro last night.

The news of this discovery made at Chester had created intense excitement in Hillsboro and Butler, where Glenn was known, and when the train arrived nearly the entire population of both towns was at the station to catch a glimpse of the interesting prisoner. When they alighted the Sheriff had some difficulty making his way through the crowd to the jail. The prisoner, who was handcuffed, walked with downcast eyes and impressive face, heedless of the remarks of the crowd. Arrived at the jail she was at once placed in a cell and the handcuffs removed.

The prisoner's face is a peculiar one. It is a large slender oval, the most prominent features of which are a pair of large expressive eyes of a peculiar shade of green, and a large Grecian nose. There is a droop about the upper lip, and the chin is that of a woman. A profile view of her face gives it a masculine appearance, but a

front view develops the feminine characteristics. Her voice is soft and pleasing. Her hands are large for a woman and so are her feet. She is about five feet tall and will weigh not over one hundred pounds. The officials who have had her in charge do not feel called upon to provide her with feminine attire, and she is still attired in men's clothing.

Ellis Glenn's story, reduced to a simple narrative is as follows:—

"In the first place I want to say that my brother's name is Elbert Glenn and my name is Ellis. We are twins and were born in Ashabula, Ohio, thirty-eight years ago. The resemblance between us was so marked that our friends and relatives were puzzled to distinguish between us when we were children. As we grew older and adopted the habiliments of our respective sexes there was no such difficulty, although in form, feature and general complexion the same startling resemblance continued.

"I have photographs of myself and brother taken in Texas two years ago which will bear out my statements.

"About fifteen years ago I went to Texas and settled on a cattle ranch about eighty miles from Greenville. My brother drifted about the country and about six years ago he obtained employment as a private detective with an agency at Fall Worth, Texas. He travelled all over the country in his capacity of detective, and at the time he was here in Hillsboro and vicinity in the guise of a sewing machine agent

he was really working under cover as a detective.

"The last time I saw him was about two years ago down in Texas. It was at that time we had our photographs taken together.

"Shortly after he left I was taken seriously ill and my brother, as he told me, afterward believed me dead. Early in May of this year, when my brother was arrested for the alleged forgery, he wrote me telling of his trouble. I came North to see him as soon as I could arrange my affairs. I thought I would meet him at Litchfield, but was unsuccessful. Then I went to Butler. There was a festival being held there at the time.

"I saw my brother there, but did not speak to him until I got an opportunity when as one would see us together. I only spoke to him five minutes, during which he told me of his trouble.

"At that time he also pointed out to me the girl he was courting. I replied to him that it was better for me to go to prison, as there was no one except himself to care what became of me. If he went to prison there would be two broken hearts—my own and that of the trusting girl who had promised to become my wife. I finally persuaded him to let me take this step whenever we saw that his arrest was imminent.

"Accordingly, when I was arrested, I made no denial of my identity and allowed them to bring me back to Hillsboro. That is all there is to the story.

"I do not know where my brother is now, but I am satisfied he is not far away. At the proper time I am certain he will appear and secure my release. I am not at all alarmed at the outlook, and even if the worst comes I will be satisfied to endure the punishment so long as Elbert is at liberty.

"Did it not occur to you or to your brother, I asked, 'that it would be impos-

## Lots of Practice.

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

### Currie Business University,

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

Box 25. Telephone 93.

sible for you to impersonate Elbert and suffer imprisonment, because you were certain to be discovered by the prison authorities?

"No," she replied; "neither of us had thought of that. I believed that even if my sex was discovered they would only place me in the woman's division and let it go at that. In fact, the only thought we gave the matter was to so arrange the thing that Elbert could drop out of sight long enough to allow him time to fix up matters to obtain my release. Elbert is not guilty of the charge of forgery, and he will be able to prove it at the proper time."

"You have seen Miss Duke since you were brought back from Paducah?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, I saw her in jail before I went to Chester," she replied. I allowed her to believe that I was Elbert, and she was unaware of the deception during the interview. I had only seen her once before, in Butler, and never had spoken to her. My brother had told me all about their relations, even to the small confidences exchanged between them, so that I was able to completely deceive her. I feel sorry for her now, but at that time I thought it for the best."

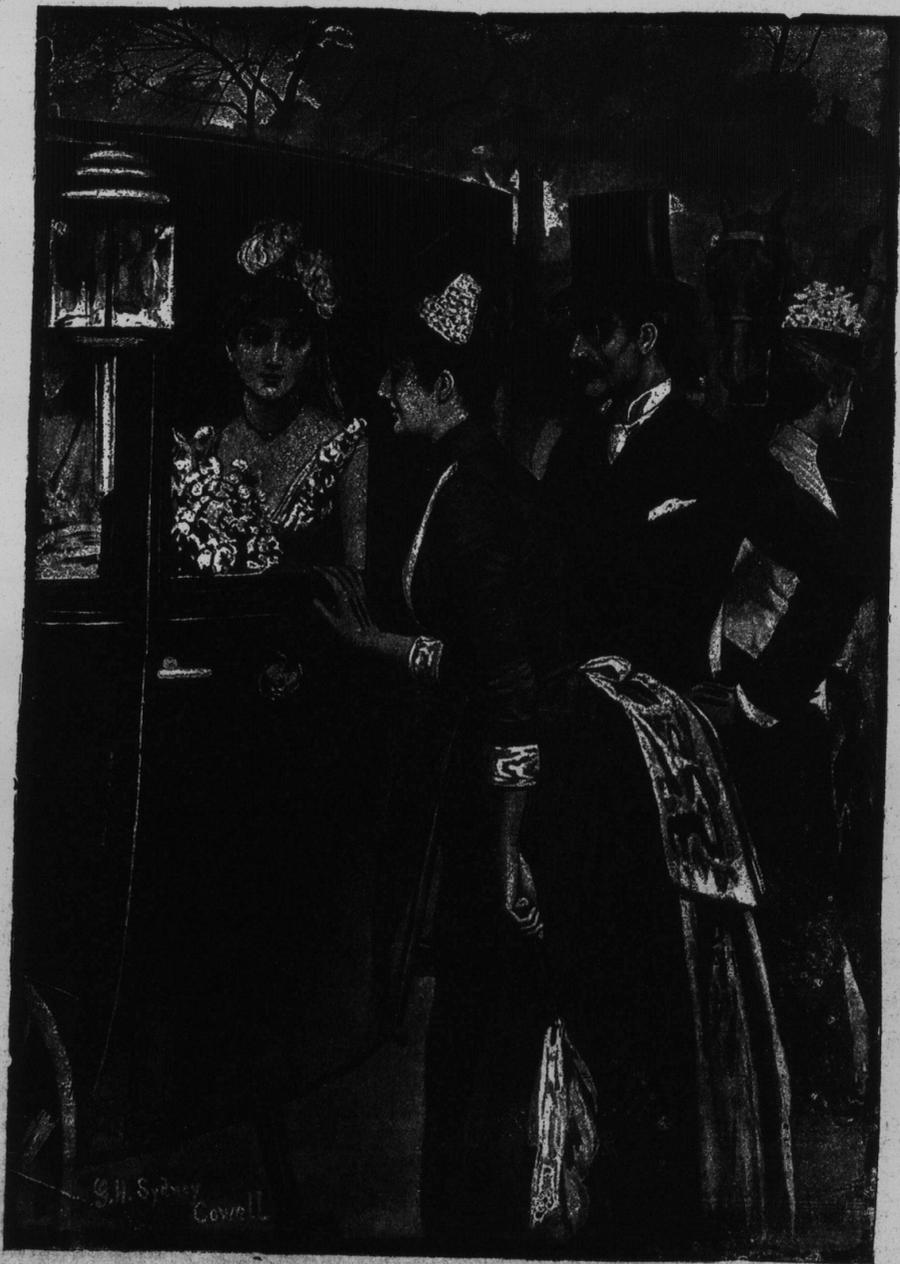
Ella Duke, the girl whom Glenn court-

ed with the full knowledge that she was cruelly trifling with the trusting heart of an honest, upright girl, still retains deep regard for Glenn, as is evidenced in her every word and action. It is unutterably sad to listen to her simple recital of the wooing of the gentle mannered, pleasing, soft voiced machine agent, and of the denouement, which has not only humiliated her friends and the community, but has also involved her father financially. O! Glenn she says:—

"He was an unusually entertaining talker though not fluent, and father and sister thought him a most agreeable visitor. I believed, although you must not think me bold to confess it, that he really seemed to enjoy my companionship, and we spent many of the pleasantest evenings together that I have ever enjoyed. We played dominoes and crokinole, or else if my sister and I were busy with needlework he would assist us in the work.

"He was a beautiful needle worker, and could embroider and crochet as well as either of us. We often joked about his skill in this particular, and told him it was a pity he had not been born a girl. He told us he had picked up the knowledge by long connection with sewing machine com-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)



SISTERLY AFFECTION.

## Music

A very large... listened to the... house on Sunday... evidencing the... of Sunday entertain... was an excellent... soloists and chorus

The inauguration... organ took place... upon which occur... packed to the door... of St. James cathed... at the magnificent... Mrs. F. G. Spence... Truesman assisted in

The Arriery Re... concert at the Open... day evening in aid... Brunswick Compan... tingent. The band... some of the best lo... chorus of male voice... the band are pushi... very energetically th... financially. The co... and the concert shot

Sarah Bernhardt... let' in Madrid with... pecuniary success.

Alderman Frank... Mayor of London, is... ters of the Gaiety Th... of the Empire Musi...

George Grossmith... Nugent composed a... the subject of 'Per... hope to have it giv... early in the coming

Sir Walter Paratt... Queen's Music, has... leader of Her Majest... he will probably be... Stanford when the br... Christmas.

Dan Godfrey, ha... England from his co... side of the Atlantic... opinion that the Eng... better than the Amer... his band played in... Union except Californ... the trip.

Maurice Grann ma... Chicago, Ill., on Nov... tempt to manage ano... son in Chicago unles... price or have very go... that the attitude of Ch... this form of amuseme... changed.'

Mme. Patti's only... during the winter sea... the Albert Hall on V... Nov 22, when besides... lowing vocalists will... Edward Loyd, Kenner... Santley. Among the... be Johannes Wolf.

Forbes Robertson... Campbell are on the lo... in the West End of L... moment such a play... secure, and, numerous... places of amusement... greater demand than s...

George L. Humphrey... tor of the Herald Squ... been appointed bandr... Regiment, N. G. S. N... held by the late Ernest... ment selected their ne... hundred and fifty appli... tion. Mr. Humphrey... was leader of the Revan... a number of years, and... band of Akron. This... musical director of th... Theatre, where he will... the same capacity.

Although the gossaps h...

## Cool the

In all Cases of... Burning Hu... with th...

### CUTICURA RE

While Cleansing th... Scalp with hot bat... CURA SOAP and... Raw, Inflamed S... CUTICURA OINTM...

Complete Treatm...

Dr. SOAP, 25-1 OUTFIT, 25-1... CUTICURA, 25-1... CUTICURA, 25-1...

Music and The Drama

TONES AND UNDERSTONES.

A very large and well pleased audience listened to the sacred concert at the opera house on Sunday evening, the attendance evidencing the popularity of the third form of Sunday entertainment. The programme was an excellent one and the work of the soloists and chorus gave much pleasure.

The inauguration of Centenary's new organ took place on Tuesday evening, upon which occasion the church was packed to the doors. M. Octave Pelletier of St. James cathedral, Montreal, presided at the magnificent new instrument, and Mrs. F. G. Spencer, Mr. Kelly and Miss Trueman assisted in the programme.

The Artillery Band propose giving a concert at the Opera House on Wednesday evening in aid of the fund for the New Brunswick Company of the Transvaal contingent. The band will be assisted by some of the best local talent, and a full chorus of male voices. As the members of the band are pushing the sale of tickets very energetically the affair promises good financially. The object is a worthy one and the concert should be well patronized.

Sarah Bernhardt has been playing 'Hamlet' in Madrid with much artistic and pecuniary success.

Alderman Frank Newton, the new Lord Mayor of London, is on the board of directors of the Gaiety Theatre and also on that of the Empire Music Hall.

George Grossmith has written and Claud Nugent composed a new comic opera on the subject of 'Perkin Warbeck.' They hope to have it given a London hearing early in the coming year.

Sir Walter Paratt, the Master of the Queen's Music, has resigned his post of leader of Her Majesty's private band, and he will probably be succeeded by Dr. Stanford when the band is reorganized at Christmas.

Dan Godfrey, having gone home to England from his concert tour upon this side of the Atlantic, has given it as his opinion that the English taste in music is better than the American. He claims that his band played in every State of the Union except California and Florida during the trip.

Maurice Grann made this statement in Chicago, Ill., on Nov. 25: 'I shall not attempt to manage another grand opera season in Chicago unless I am guaranteed my price or have very good reason to believe that the attitude of Chicago people toward this form of amusement has materially changed.'

Mme. Patti's only concert in London during the winter season takes place at the Albert Hall on Wednesday evening, Nov. 22, when besides, Mme. Patti, the following vocalists will appear: Ada Crossley, Edward Loyd, Kennerly Rumsford and Mr. Santley. Among the instrumentalists will be Johannes Wolf.

Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell are on the lookout for a theatre in the West End of London, but at the moment such a play house is difficult to secure, and, numerous as they are, such places of amusement are in considerably greater demand than supply.

George L. Humphrey, the musical director of the Herald Square Theatre, has been appointed bandmaster of the Seventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., the position held by the late Ernest Meyer. The regiment selected their new leader out of one hundred and fifty applicants for the position. Mr. Humphrey is an Ohioan. He was leader of the Revanna (O.) Band for a number of years, and later headed the band of Akron. This is his fifth year as musical director of the Herald Square Theatre, where he will continue to act in the same capacity.

Although the gossips have had it for some

Cool the Blood

In all Cases of Itching Burning Humors with the

CUTICURA RESOLVENT

While Cleansing the Skin and Scalp with hot baths of CUTICURA SOAP and healing with CUTICURA OINTMENT.

Complete Treatment, \$1.25

Small text at bottom of advertisement.

time past that De Wolf Hopper and Nella Bergen were to be married, the announcement of the ceremony actually having taken place came as somewhat of a surprise. The secret was well kept so far as the public was concerned, for more than a month had elapsed between the date of the wedding and the publication of the fact in the newspapers. The ceremony was performed at the Registry Office in the Kensington district of London, on Oct. 2, and the official record has it that the bride's name is Eleanor.

To those who are studying the times the phenomenal increase in the number of women who are playing the violin, the 'cello, the double bass, clarinet, cornet, horn and other wind instruments is a matter of astonishment. Fifteen years ago the piano was the first study of nearly half the students of music; now it is the first study of only one-third, while the number of those studying the violin has increased almost fourfold.

Fifteen years ago the male students numbered nearly a quarter of the total, while today they have decreased to a little more than a sixth. A writer in the London Spectator, who has examined the figures of the entries at the Royal Academy of Music for 1884 and 1899, has found the following curious results:—

'In 1884, out of a total of 178 entries (181 female and 42 males,) 88 choose the piano as their first study, 73 singing and 10 the violin. In 1873, out of 230 entries (182 females and 88 male), 94 chose singing, 78 the piano and 45 the violin.'

An important move for the reformation of church music has been ordered by Catholic Church authorities. The change is the result of the work of a commission of investigation, which spent two years in a complete criticism of the works in most popular use for church music.

Members of the commission discovered many works in which part of the liturgical text is omitted. In others it is garbled and unintelligible, or has unauthorized verbal additions. Music that is frivolous and unbecoming is also noted as wedded to the text.

Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati, who is now the senior prelate of the Catholic hierarchy in the United States, has therefore issued a circular letter, in which he forbids the use of many popular masses, among these well known compositions:—

By Joseph Haydn—Mass No. 2, kyrie, credo defective in text and benedictus too long; mass No. 8, kyrie, credo defective in text and benedictus too long; mass No. 7, credo, grabbing of words; mass No. 8, gloria, credo defective in text and benedictus too frivolous.

By Mozart—Mass No. 5, credo garbled; masses Nos. 7 and 8, kyrie, gloria, credo defective in text; mass No. 9, kyrie, gloria, credo defective in text; mass No. 10, kyrie defective in text; gloria, credo, words garbled; mass No. 11, kyrie, gloria, credo defective in text; masses Nos. 12 and 14, kyrie defective in text.

By Weber—Mass in E, flat, gloria, agnus Dei defective in text; credo, inserting words.

By Massé—Mass in F, gloria, sanctus, inserting words; credo defective in text.

By Millard—Mass in G, agnus Dei defective in text; mass in B, flat, credo, defective in text.

By Peters—Mass in D, gloria, defective in text.

By A. H. Rosewig—Mass in G, gloria, credo, sanctus, agnus Dei defective in text.

By F. X. Schmidt—Mass in M, flat, kyrie, gloria defective in text.

By Stearn—Guardian Angel mass, gloria benedictus, agnus Dei; Festival mass, kyrie, gloria, agnus Dei defective in text.

The ban on these works began on the first Sunday of Advent, December 3.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Christie MacLean has become a member of 'A Gunner's Mate' Co.

'The Gay Debutante,' starring Walter Jones reached a sudden termination of its road tour Nov. 24 at Portsmouth, N. H.

At the London Lyceum Wilson Barrett is now playing in 'The Sign of the Cross,' but an early revival of 'The Silver King' is announced.

W. E. Phillips, lessee of the Francois, Montreal, Can., and Maud Ellyson Shaw (non-professional) were married Nov. 22, in that city.

'Papa's Will,' with Anna Held and her entire company, will be presented in London, Eng., in the early Spring, under Florence Ziegfeld Jr.'s management.

'The King of England,' a romantic costume comedy, in three acts, by D. J. Greene, will shortly be produced, with Frederick Marston in the title roles.

George H. Broadhurst returned to America from England Nov. 22. He is at work on another farce, which the Broadhurst Bros. will produce in the Fall.

Grace George has withdrawn from the

Great Bargains

Trimmed and Untrimmed Millinery

In order to make a speedy clearance we have made a great reduction in Ladies, Misses and Children's Trimmed and Untrimmed

Hats, Toques and Bonnets.

Come early and secure a bargain.

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King Street.

cast of 'Ben Hur,' in which she was to be seen in the role of Esther, and Gretchen Lyons, daughter of Edmund B. Lyons, an actor, has been engaged to play the part.

Henry Irving has suggested to Charles Frohman that he arranged with the Lyceum Theatre, London, for the appearance at that house of William Gillette, in 'Sherlock Holmes.' Negotiations are now going on.

'Marsac of Gascony,' a play by Edward Vroom, the American actor, was produced at Birmingham last week by William Greet's 'Sign of the Cross' Co. The play will be produced in London within a few weeks.

Dr. George Stoker, a prominent London physician and a brother of Bram Stoker, Sir Henry Irving's manager, is at the head of a movement to send an ambulance out to the seat of war with a complete staff of surgeons, attendants and nurses.

Della Fringle and her company have just completed their tour of the Black hills and will shortly go south. There business has been far ahead of any previous season. Manager Adams is strengthening the show for their tour and will give the south scenic productions.

The most famous of all the theatres in Europe, the Comedie Francaise in Paris, is said to be in a bad way, financially speaking; the annual receipts which have been falling off of recent years, having during the past twelve months been 100,000 francs—\$30,000—less than during the previous like period.

'Bowery After Dark,' having been rewritten, goes on the road about Christmas, under the direction of S. Blair, late manager of the 'Queen of Chinatown.' Harley Marry is getting up quite a lot of new scenery. Col. T. Allston Brown is engaging the company. Victory Bateman has been secured for the leads.

Trouble among the chorus girls of the Bostonians, while the company was playing in Lancaster, O., recently, led to suit being entered in Pittsburg, Pa., yesterday by Margaret Hill, for \$5,000 damages for alleged slander. The dressing room of the chorus was robbed, and Miss Rushworth says Miss Hill made statements in connection with the matter that caused all her former friends to 'cut' her.

The Zangwill play, 'The Children of the Ghetto,' ended its run at the Herald Square Theatre, Nov. 25, and on Wednesday, Nov. 29, the whole company sailed for London, where the piece will be produced at the Adelphi Theatre on Dec. 9. The cast for London includes Wilton Lackaye, Robert Edison, William Norris, Mme Cottrelly, Rosabel Morrison, Ellen Burg and little Mabel Talfiaterro.

A female lion tamer, known as La Goulue, had a narrow escape from being killed at Paris last week. While putting a lioness through its performances in a cage at Laurent's menagerie the animal suddenly attacked her, and, knocking her down, inflicted terrible wounds with its teeth and jaws upon her left arm and leg. Two other lioners rushed into the cage and beat off the lioness. La Goulue was removed in an insensible condition.

The English government's official censor of plays is said to have forbidden the production in England of the new play recently purchased by Nat C. Goodwin from H. V. Esmond, under its original title, 'The Trinity.' Even the copyright performance was forbidden on the same ground—that the name was sacrilegious—but as some one has pointed out the name might mean a number of well known things as for instance a pilot boat melon—English pilots are controlled by Trinity House—or even 'The Three Musketeers.'

Jules Murray writes to the New York Clipper as follows: 'A morning paper says: "Lewis Morrison, who has starred for a number of years as Mephisto, in 'Faust,' is in negotiation with Sir Henry Irving to secure the American rights to 'Robespierre.'" Permit me to say that

Mr. Morrison is starting in 'Frederick the Great' this season, and that arrangements are about concluded by which I will present him next season in a grand and highly elaborate production of 'Robespierre,' and while as a matter of courtesy I have been negotiating with Sir Henry Irving, his consent to Mr. Morrison's production of 'Robespierre' is not at all necessary.'

SHE POSED AS A MAN.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO.)

passer. He had a fine voice, and on Sunday we would sing hymns and simple old ballads together, his voice blending nicely with ours.

'All this time not the faintest shadow of a suspicion that he was a woman had ever crossed my mind. True, my father had occasionally told sister and me of his doubts on that point, and asked us to observe him closely, but if I, who was with him continually, noting his every movement and expression, could observe nothing wrong, why should I listen to or entertain the fears of another? My sister and I could see nothing to justify father's fears.

'The thought was above me, and it was horrible and repugnant to Nellie, who worshipped him as her own brother. Love is blind, they say, and I suppose in this instance the saying is true. At any rate, we never guessed the truth.

'On the Thursday preceding the date of our marriage, he went to Hillsboro and engaged the Rev. Mr. Kellar to perform the ceremony.'

Further developments indicate that the Ellis Glenn personator may in reality be Mrs. Cora Rader, whose husband was murdered in Herker's Valley, Webster county, W. Va., shortly after their marriage twelve years ago. Mrs. Rader's husband left her. Shortly after the separation he was shot through the window by an unknown assassin.

Canadians are Proud of it.

All Canadians point with pride to the "Family Herald and Weekly Star," of Montreal. When the "Family Herald" makes a promise to its readers, they have the fullest confidence that that promise will be carried out. Their promise made some months ago, that subscribers would long remember the closing year of this Century by the beautiful pictures secured for them has been more than fulfilled. The pictures "Alma" and "Pussy Willows," are the talk of the whole country; wherever one goes he hears of these beautiful pictures. A dollar invested for the "Family Herald and Weekly Star" with these two pictures pays better interest than a share in a binder twine company.

'I forget how fast it is that sound travels,' said the man who is always discovering something that everybody else knows; 'but it's a marvellously swift pace.'

'I dunno,' answered the friend, who yawns, 'it always seems to me to depend a good deal on how you stand with the operator at the telephone exchange.'

SPECIALTIES FOR Ladies' and Gentleman.

We can supply any specialties and novelties in Rubber & Metal Goods at lowest cash prices. If you require any article whatever which is not to be found in the regular stores, write us and we will quote you prices, all correspondence confidential. Send 2c stamp for circular.

THE UNIVERSAL SPECIALTY CO., P. O. Box 1146, Montreal.

Don't Cough

and irritate your lungs and also your friends.

Dr. Harvey's Southern RED PINE. RELIEVES INSTANTLY. 25 cts. Everywhere.

THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., Mfrs., Montreal.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIO OINTMENT

unequaled as a remedy for Chafed Skin, Itch Scalds, Cuts, Sore eyes, Chapped Hands, Chills, Burns, Rheumatism and Rheumatic Pains, Throat Cuts, Ringworms, and Skin Affections generally. Large Size, 12 1/2c. each, at Chemists, etc., with Instructions.

Illustrated Pamphlet of Calvert's Carbolio Preparation sent post free on application.

F.C. CALVERT & CO. Manchester

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.



Pure and Fragrant The "Albert" Baby's Own Soap. Is specially recommended by many family physicians, for nursery use. Beware of imitations, some of which are dangerous and may cause skin troubles. ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs., MONTREAL.

G. A. Holland & Son Co's

(OF MONTREAL)

New Christmas Catalogue

with over 460 Illustrations

Will be sent

FREE

to any address on receipt of 2c postage stamp.

As a book of interest it is worth all of a dollar, not to speak of the saving it will be to many to have our establishment brought to their very doors. It represents much of the genius of Japan, Germany, Austria, France, Great Britain, United States and Canada, in the world of Dolls, Toys, Fancy Goods, Baskets, Games, Musical Instruments, Sporting Goods, and hundreds of Holiday Presents.

WRITE AT ONCE.

The G. A. Holland & Son Co.,

Manufacturers and Importers, MONTREAL, CANADA.

Established 1843.

EVERY DAY

I am opening and marking beautiful and useful CHRISTMAS GIFTS. New designs in Perfumes, Assorted, a handsome line of Dressing Cases, French, English and American Perfumes, Brushes, Combs and Mirrors in sets, silver mounted and plain; Pomade Jars, exquisite Scent Powder, Soap Boxes, Puff Boxes and numerous other useful CHRISTMAS GIFTS at lowest prices.

REMEMBER THE STORE,

Allan's White Pharmacy,

By Charlotte Street. Call and examine my stock. Mail orders promptly filled. Telephone 520.

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday at 25 to 40 Chambers Street, N. Y.

Remittances.—Persons sending remittances to this office must do so either by P. O. or Express order, or by registered letter.

Discontinuances.—Remember that the publisher must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped.

Letters should be addressed and drafts made payable to PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO., LTD., ST. JOHN, N. B.

A paper in the city can have extra copies sent them if they telephone the office before six p. m.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 9

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

SCARCITY OF WAR NEWS.

The press censor in South Africa is the target for some very unpleasant remarks at the present time. The newspapers are indignant and sarcastic and the people, who are interested both in their friends at the front and in the success of the army of the empire, are becoming daily more impatient over the scarcity of news.

Metropolitan dailies, English and American, have made the greatest preparations to give their readers the latest war news. They went to great expense to secure the services of the brightest and most fearless war correspondents and now to find that they cannot get any satisfactory news from them is indeed disappointing.

There is one cable from Natal and another from Deboqa Bay. The former is used by the British government and crowded as it is with official despatches the opportunities for the correspondents are limited. Their messages must be confined to 300 words daily and these are often delayed in transmission.

The story of how a score of Englishmen tried to swim and ford the river in the face of a galling fire must have stirred the hearts of every loyal man and the attempt, though it failed, must rank with the heroic deeds that brighten the pages of the history of the British Army.

A SMALL MATTER.

The terms of the exemption from taxation asked for by the Messrs. FERRIS have been made public. They are such to surprise those who thought, when such a privilege was asked of the city, that an expensive building would be erected for the purpose of an industry considered worthy of exemption.

The assessment last year on the property that was destroyed and the real estate was less than \$9,000. The taxes on this, including that for schools would be less than \$150, and it can easily be seen that the saving to Messrs. FERRIS by securing ex-

emption will not be more than \$100. This is not a large sum and the loss of it will not effect the city nor is it likely to be of any great benefit to Messrs. FERRIS, but the principle of exemption will be established and this will mean a great deal to the city in the future. The legislature will have to pass a bill authorizing the exemption and if the aldermen are unanimous in the matter there is no doubt of its passage unless the people awaken and oppose it by petition and otherwise. The buildings must be erected by May next and as the legislature will not conclude its labors in all probability until the middle or end of March the time allowed for the construction of the buildings is not long.

Since the above was written the action of the Council bears out our contention. The article referring to it will be found on the first page.

Under the caption of "A Canadian Thesis" the Chicago Tribune publishes an editorial article stating that the Mail and Empire of Toronto is stealing its special war news service and publishing their special cables representing them to be the product of their own enterprise and procured at their own expense. The Tribune does not make the expose in a half hearted way but has taken the trouble to send marked copies of its issue containing the article to every newspaper published in Canada.

The news of the overthrow of the Manitoba government came as a surprise to people interested in politics in St. John. Nothing else was talked of on the streets at a late hour Thursday night. Even war news was lost sight of for the moment. Leading conservatives who retained kindly memories of their old national policy chieftain, St. John, rejoiced that his son Hugh John Macdonald seems to be following in his steps.

Every baby has struggled with it; sometimes the struggle lasts for years, sometimes the victory is doubtful to the end. And this is a survival. And there is a general weakness in this respect all across the Central European plain, from Poland, through Russia to Paris. The Poles turn the pure Slavonic into a jargon, the Prussians and Parisians pronounce it as gh, saying ghbeit for beite and amougheuse for amougheuse and so on. Thus the reconciles the victors and vanquished at Sedan. Across the Channel the same consonant gives trouble. We have all heard of a class of people who are supposed to say 'Weally deah boy, and so on, and all the Saxon area in England has this disability. It comes across the Atlantic, and New York and Brooklyn have invented a new evasion of r. worse than anything Chinaman, Pole, Prussian, Parisian or cockney have ever attained. They say 'foyst, thoyd,' for 'first, third,' and 'boyd, skoyt, noyde, cyth doyt, boyt,' for 'bird, skirt, nurse, earth, dirt, birth,' in all of which a Scotchman, for instance, would pronounce a pure r. In their case, I think, this is the influence of the Dutch of New Amsterdam breaking through, but whatever it is, it is horrible, and should be stopped by legislative intervention.—New York Sun.

Near Ashcroft in British Columbia are a number of small lakes, whose shores and bottoms are covered with a crust containing borax and soda in such quantities and proportions that when cut out it serves as a washing compound. The crust is cut into blocks and handled in the same manner as ice, and it is estimated that one of the lakes contains 20 000 tons of this material.

That our laundry work cannot be surpassed. Neckbands replaced, bosoms darned all free of charge. Ungar's Laundry, Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning Works, 28 to 34 Westlroo street. Phone 68.

Miles—Where is your friend Jiggs now? Giles—He's gone to the spirit land. Miles—Indeed; it's strange I never heard of his demise. Giles—Oh, he isn't dead. He visiting relatives in Kentucky.—Chicago News.

It must have taken lots of nerve for him to laugh and joke with the doctors while they were taking his leg off at the knee. Dids't he seem excited? 'Well, I thought he talked in rather a disjointed manner.' 'Dids't you shoot anything at all, John?' 'Yes; I got a fine bag of game, but it was stolen from me on the cars.' 'Well, never mind, John; you've brought home a brand new story.'—Indianapolis Journal.

They say his wife has money. 'Well, that isn't his fault. They've only been married a short time.' —Atlantic Constitution.

POEMS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

To Rudyard Kipling Prophet of brown and black! Bard of the Fighting Man, You have made us a God of Steel, And to lead his church's ban You have sung the song that the bullet sings— The knell and the crowning ode of kings; The never denied appeal!

Prophet of brain and handcraft! Bard of our grim machinery! You have made us dream of a God of Steam; You have shown that his worship means; In the clanking rind and the whirring wheel, A life and a soul your songs reveal, And a power as might supreme.

Bard of the East and mystery! Singer of those who know To the eastern clods which they call their gods, And with God-like feet and you; You have shown that these heed not its suppliant's plea, Nor the prayers of the priest and devotee, For a vestal's futile vow.

Singer, we ask what we cannot learn From you, our God, what we must learn; Will our offered slain from our gods obtain, For the reward of foot and hand? Will our made gods be like their kind? If ye bow to a clod of clay established, Will we pray our prayers in vain?

A Century From Now, If you and I should wake from sleep A century from now, B'lieve to the grave we'd want to creep, A century from now, We'd wince at such a startling change, For everything so wondrous strange We'd hurry back across the range, A century from now.

A woman forty, fat and fair, A century from now, A century from now, A century from now, The Cabinet may be a flock of birds, say of hat and frock, Who talk, but who won't mend a sock, A century from now.

The people all will fit, on wings A century from now, On wings of air, but not on things, A century from now, They'll soar and dive and dip and dip, On pinions as a crow and dip, And change their feathers every year, A century from now.

There'll be no restaurants at all A century from now, The home will have no dining hall A century from now, The chemist's all our wants will fill, With food in tins, and to still, Our first we'll simply take a pill, A century from now. —Pearson's Weekly.

A Happy Philosopher, I like the weather rainy and I like the weather dry, I like the word "day" like the plan the ruler runs it by, There's mellow dromby seasons in some fair and while a streak of wet weather brights another, I like as not, But I hope love cast's roses that the little thorns don't be it, An' 'tis to me a something more than ordery an' God tued my taste to sweetness, so I shun the bitter bees, An' 'tis so much of honey I'm a-robbin' of the bees.

I've found that corn fields stunted till they wouldn't pay to shock, Will yield in winter season lots o' nubbins for the stock, An' the shriveled wheat that rusted, one o' Nature's weather tricks, Will yield in winter season all the hungry hens an' chicks, So what's the use o' whinin' if the run o' things don't suit, You get to smell the blossoms though some fustet takes the funk, I reckon 'tis a happy I can wander where I please, An' 'tis so much of honey I'm a-robbin' of the bees.

A happy life's dependent not upon on grit, But 'tis the plain philosophy o' make-the-best-o'-it, Of course I ain't denyin' Sorow's stalkin' through the land, But her sister Joy, is with her, an' a-holdin' of her hand, So write me down as happy, in the summer, spring or fall, An' 'tis so much of winter doesn't see the blossoms all, So I jest keep on a huntin' in the fragrance of the rose, An' 'tis so much of honey I'm a-robbin' of the bees.

The Wind's Word, Wind in the winter tree, What is the word you bring? "Lies," the wind replied, "Lies is a message down to thee, Next to the youthful year Telling of birds that hide, For such the first faint sound Of a light out on the ground, And he'll call that sets them free; Telling of birds that hide, For such the first faint sound Of a light out on the ground, Close to the southern gate For the earliest reborn; Telling of birds that hide, For such the first faint sound Of a light out on the ground, This is the word. And see, Starting this rock before I set a perished pledge, Then the Wind answered me, And lo, a fever at my feet, Suddenly showed; and then I breathed in the fragrance sweet And knew it was Spring again! —F. D. Sherman.

A Mother's Touch, A wanton heart—thus did I move at first— The momentary whim her soul's desire appears; No shame betrayed; rear I naught; she fears Not, quaffing life's sea with seasons' thirst An' unless lot—I almost said accused; For God had lavished Beauty, Grace and Wit With open hand; most dangerous gift to it, Such form and mind, if Virtue be unursed.

Her story told, I wondered much and long, How she, when fallen so, could yet, without, appear So womanly; her eye undimmed; no tear; Nor e'en an excuse made she for wrong. 'Tis pictured never thus in tale and song, She hinted not of change for future life; And spun contentment as a happy tale; In such a sphere she never could belong.

And, so, I knew her thus as time went by, The joyous seemed always and smiling; satisfied To seek her pleasures through acquaintance wide; No shadow on her face; nor care, nor sigh, Who less than happiness could his imply? A sweet cause—not man's, nor passion's; This touch of love unsought (Came it too late?) Tear stained her cheek, gave to her life the lie, —Brenton A. Macdon.

Alone With The Dream, Yellowed hairs and a dusty cover— Dim and gray with the dust of years, It was the gift of a long lost lover— A gift of love and a gift of tears.

A withered rose and a leaf of clover From the beautiful garden far away, In the dream of love so quickly over? What does the heart of the woman say?

She hears the bell of the May-time ringing; She sees the May with its blossoms bright; These were songs of her lover's singing, But the dust is over the lover's heart.

Her first sweet love!... He is calling—calling Back to the beautiful, "wash her hair"; Tears on the time worn papers falling; The woman weeps o'er the dream at last!

And was there never on earth another— A dearer love than the maiden one? Kissed her lips, and cried "My darling!" The book is closed, and the dream is done. —Atlantic Constitution.

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

THE REGIMENTAL DOG.

How the Canine has sometimes Flayed Important Facts.

More than one regimental dog has entered into the history of his country. In America the list is naturally headed by Old Abe, the Wisconsin eagle, which survived the fiercest battles of the Civil War and lived to enjoy an honored old age in the Capitol of its native state. The armies of Europe have had many pets, among which would be remembered a poor dog which followed the eagles of Napoleon a thousand leagues and more to Moscow, but did not survive the ruin of the Grand Army. A sergeant of the Imperial Guard tells of the dog's last battle.

A few days after the awful passage of the Bersina, I noticed a man marching in front of me much bent, apparently overwhelmed by the weight of a burden which he bore on his shoulders. The burden was a dog, and the man an old sergeant named Daubenton. I asked him if the dog was to eat.

"No," he answered, "I would rather eat Cossack. Don't you recognize Mouton, the regimental dog? His paws are frozen, and he can't walk any longer." Then he told me how he would have joined the vanguard of the army which had recently been destroyed, if he had not been saved through his devotion to the dog.

The evening of the day we had arrived at Wilna the poor dog had had his paws frozen, and this very morning the sergeant had decided to leave him to his fate. But poor Mouton got an idea that he was being deserted, and howled so piteously that the sergeant determined to take him. Hardly had he started, however, when the unfortunate dog fell forward on his nose, and Daubenton then fastened him across his shoulders over his knapsack. It was in this fashion that he rejoined the handful of men who formed the rear guard under Marshal Ney.

Suddenly, as we walked along, some one shouted, "Beware of the Cossacks!" A melee ensued, and some of the enemy bore directly toward us. Daubenton was fortunate enough to see the foremost of them in time to defend himself but Mouton, barking like a good dog, embarrassed his movements.

The man wheeled round, but at a distance, seeming to fear a musket-shot. As neither of us attempted to fire he inferred that we were without powder, and advancing upon Daubenton, he struck him a blow with his sword. Daubenton parried the blow with his musket, but the man instantly gave him a second one on the left shoulder. This blow hit poor Mouton on the head. The dog howled enough to break one's heart. Although wounded, with fresh paws, he leaped off his master's to run after the man; but being fastened to the straps of the knapsack, he pulled Daubenton down and I thought everything was over with him.

I dragged myself on my knees about two steps ahead and took aim, but the priming of my gun did not burn. Then the man, shouting savagely, threw himself upon me, but I had time to get under a wagon and present my bayonet at him.

Meantime the dog, howling and barking was dragging off Daubenton sideways. Fortunately the sergeant was able to disentangle himself, and seizing his gun, he cried to me: "Don't be frightened, don't stir!"

"He fired. The ball struck the Cossack under the right arm and he fell from his horse. A French soldier seized the animal by the bridle. "Stop, you rascal!" cried Daubenton. "That's my horse. I killed the fellow." But the other man escaped amid a yabble. Then Daubenton called out to me: "Look after Mouton! I am going after the horse."

The last words were scarcely out of his mouth when more than four thousand sarggers of all nations came on me like a torrent, separating me from him and from Mouton, and I never saw them again.

European Alliances.

The possibility of any European alliance against England, or of interference with England in the South African war is no longer seriously discussed. The settlement of the Samoan difficulty is in evidence of German friendliness, and the visit of the German Emperor to England is further proof. The fact that he took with him the Baron von Bulow, the German Minister of Foreign Affairs, indicates that his visit was prompted by something more than family affection. A few days before he went to England, the emperor had a brief conference with the Tsar of Russia

at Potsdam. The purpose of this meeting is not known, but it is generally interpreted as increasing the probability of the maintenance of peace. No alliance against England could amount to much which did not include either Germany or Russia.

NET THEIR DEATH.

A Famous Landmark Gone, Which Many Travellers Will Miss.

A landmark which will be missed by many people, within New England and without, was recently swept away by fire. The quaint old building known as the Willey House has stood in the middle of Crawford Notch, New Hampshire, ever since 1793, and in 1826 it was witness of a terrible disaster still held in remembrance.

Samuel Willey, Jr., the innkeeper of the day, was living there with his family. Early in the summer the household was startled by two successive landslides, which fell from the flanks of Mt. Willey so close to the inn that they seemed to threaten its destruction. A long drought ensued through the months of July and August, followed by a south wind which heaped immense masses of clouds upon the mountains.

On the night of August 28th a deluge of rain fell, washing out the sides of the ridge, flooding the valleys, and inflicting great damage in all the adjacent towns. All the bridges over the Saco River were swept away, and the Ammonoosuc was swollen to ten times its usual width.

The first traveller who forced his way through the chaotic ruin in the Notch found the Willey House deserted, with the doors unclosed and the Bible lying open on the table. He gave the alarm in Conway, and the people who came up found the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Willey, two of their children, and two hired men, buried in the slide and sadly mutilated. The bodies of the other three children were never recovered.

The family had evidently left the house in apprehension of the rising floods of the Saco, and retreated to a point farther up the mountain, where they were overtaken by the avalanche and swept to a fearful and united death. Had they remained in the house they would have been safe, for it was not moved by the water, and the slide parted at a great rock behind it and remained below, leaving the house unharmed.

A Good Showing.

Mr. J. S. Currie, the manager of the Situation Department of the Currie Business University, is meeting with great success in placing students in good situations. The following is a list of positions recently filled, the majority of which were secured through the Situation Department: Miss Mabel Lingley of Westfield, with L. G. Higgins & Co., wholesale Boot & Shoe, Montreal.

E. L. MacDonald of Alma, with Sydney Hotel, Sydney, C. B. Annie G. Luskay, city, with Nies & Nies, Commissioners-at-Law, Boston, Mass. Chas. A. Seely, city, with P. Coix Foundry, city.

Geo. N. Duffy, city, with Mt. Morris bank, New York, city. Laura Parker, Alyceford, N. S., with Chas. W. Boyer, Mechanical Engineer, Somerville, Mass.

W. J. McGuire, city, with Alfred Heans city. Gertrude McGowan, city, with A. A. McCluskey & Son, Confectioners, city.

Myrtle Waring, Amherst, with Cumberland Park Packing Co., Ltd., Amherst, N. S. Arthur Abbinate, Hillsboro, with Dufferin hotel, city.

Fred Patterson, city, with F. C. Colwell & Co., Confectioners, city. Millie Williams, Kingston, with Arming-ton's grocery, Worcester, Mass.

Ethel Wheaton, Norton, with Excelsior Life Ins. Co., city. Ethel Matthews, Chardon station, with E. R. Chapman, Barristers, City.

Howe Cowan, city, with Confederation Life Ass. Co., city. C. T. Gard, Hopswell Cape, with E. J. Armstrong, printer, city.

D. I. Buckley, Corn Hill, with F. E. Williams, grocer, city. Bertrand Beckwith, Sheffield Mills, N. S., with Dufferin hotel, city.

A Faraday?

The possibility of any European alliance against England, or of interference with England in the South African war is no longer seriously discussed. The settlement of the Samoan difficulty is in evidence of German friendliness, and the visit of the German Emperor to England is further proof. The fact that he took with him the Baron von Bulow, the German Minister of Foreign Affairs, indicates that his visit was prompted by something more than family affection. A few days before he went to England, the emperor had a brief conference with the Tsar of Russia

With the Christmas holidays usual special duties seem to be still, and are likely to remain so for four weeks. A pleasant three afternoons a week, and or those who have a turn for the little swimmer, where plished by fair fingers, and a recourse enjoyed by the women, are formed and held on a saturday and projected a youthful interest and enthusiasm.

The most interesting move the organization of the M. C. club—or reorganization perhaps—word for the club has been Queen's rink will be the evening mahlar, and at a meeting held the following officers and committee:

E. T. Sturdee, Walter J. Gills, Keator, G. H. F. Fuddington, Mrs. Geo. F. Smith, Mrs. Percy Thomson, Mrs. J. H. Thomson, Miss Keator, Miss Dew.

Miss Ella Whitaker has received a very pleasant stay with Miss Ella Payne has been sent Mrs. Charles Beckwith.

The recent Centenary dinner for the purpose of raising money for the new organ was a great success financially. There was not a building and the large amount of money was raised in the afternoon. Mr. Paletier proved master of his art and under his power of the new organ was Mrs. Spencer came from Boston, and her beautiful voice was an advantage than in her Promise; the duct "Co. Spencer and Mr. Kelly was and the singers were overheard.

Mr. Kelly was in charge "My Love is in the Eve that won warmest approval. Miss Treman was heard in her rendition of which gave organ fund was materially ended that there were about seven present at the concert. Miss the new organ.

Mrs. Hamlyn of Lancaster Hamlyn whose death occurred and Miss Hamlyn left this week. Mrs. Hamlyn will make her trip with her little Helen Carter child of her daughter Mrs. J. death two weeks ago, just one her father, was a great shock whom the deceased lady was a Carter had been sitting for some serious was anticipated even before her death. Her husband ran together with her mother sympathy in their very sad loss.

Miss Sam Jeeves arrived last and will likely spend the week on his way home to Truro. Dr. W. S. Muir spent a short week on his way home to Truro.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. E. S. Fielding returned this week where they had been to attend Dr. Smith, Mrs. Fielding went. Dr. Quigley returned Tuesday.

Mr. D. Russell Jack left for York from which city he will usual principal court. Spain in the principal counties visited. Hon. A. G. Blair was in the this week on route to Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray Holy from their wedding trip. Mr. and Mrs. William B. were in the city for a short time. Mr. and Mrs. George F. B. week from British Columbia, quite recovered from her attack. Mr. and Mrs. B. Randolph of Fredericton spent a day of week.

Miss S. Murphy of Dalhousie to the city this week. Mr. J. M. Lyons of Moncton early part of the week. Mrs. F. W. Sumner and Miss spent Tuesday of this in the city.

Lieut. Col. and Mrs. J. F. were in the city during the week. Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Gillman came down from St. Martins during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Daley of visit to St. John friends this week.

French omnibus lines seem to be very much like certain street cars which ply on the less frequented lines in American cities. A Parisian paper records this dialogue between a would be passenger and an employe:

'How often do the omnibuses leave for Saint Cloud?' 'Every ten minutes.' 'How long shall I have to wait for one now?' 'Oh, only about a quarter of an hour.'

Universities Made, Re-covered, Reported, Bunch, 17, Waterloo.

BAKING POWDER... and wholesome

The purpose of this meeting... known, but it is generally interpreted as increasing the probability of the success of peace.

NET THEIR DEATH... Landmark Case Which Many Travellers Will Miss.

Landmark which will be missed by people, within New England and it, was recently swept away by fire.

The most interesting movement of the week was the organization of the Monday evening skating club or reorganization perhaps would be the proper word.

Miss Ella Whitaker has returned to the capital after a very pleasant stay with west side friends.

On the night of August 28th a deluge of washing out the sides of the riding the valleys, and inflicting damage in all the adjacent towns.

A Good showing... S. Currie, the manager of the Department of the Currie business, is meeting with great success.

Dr. W. S. Blair spent a short time in the city this week on his way home to Truro from a trip to Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Rankine and Mrs. W. S. Fielding returned last week from Kingston, Ont. where they had been to attend the funeral of Rev. Dr. Smith.

Mr. D. Russell Jack left Wednesday for New York from which city he will sail to-day on his annual continental tour.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray Holly returned Monday from their wedding trip.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bonnas of Campbellton were in the city for a short time this week.

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Beverly returned this week from British Columbia.

Miss S. Murphy of Dalhousie made a brief visit to the city this week.

Mr. J. M. Lyons of Moncton was in town in the early part of the week.

Mr. F. W. Sumner and Miss Sumner of Moncton spent Tuesday in the city.

Lieut. Col. and Mrs. J. F. Wilson of Quebec were in the city during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Gillmore and Miss Gillmore came down from St. Martins for a day or two during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Daley of Sussex paid a short visit to St. John this week.



With the Christmas holidays so near at hand the usual social duties seem to be at a complete standstill, and are likely to remain so for the next three or four weeks.

The social in Canterbury church on Tuesday evening for the purpose of inaugurating the magnificent new organ was a great success both artistically and financially.

Mr. Arthur Vall, Mr. Will Hopper, Mr. Tom Sluder, Mr. Harold Golding, Mr. Burpee Brown, Mr. Bliss Case, Mr. Fred Case, Mr. Guy Smith, Mr. Frank Allwood, Mr. Everett Watters, Mr. Joe Brownell, Mr. Wetmore, Mr. Arthur Amland, Mr. Walter Goddard.

Master Harold Vall, Master Herbert Vall, Miss Nellie Walden, of Amherst, was here for a day or two this week en route to Worcester, Mass. where she will spend the winter.

News of the death of Miss Crawford, one of the city's most successful and efficient school teachers, which occurred this week after a brief illness, was received with many heartfelt expressions of regret.

Mr. J. B. King of Smith's Creek is the guest of her sister-in-law, Mrs. E. S. Carter.

Mr. J. G. Armstrong left this week for a visit to Fredericton where she will be the guest of Mrs. Russell for a short time.

Miss Olive Nixon is here from Montreal on a visit to Mrs. A. H. Chipman of the North end.

Mrs. G. E. Fenety and Miss Fenety arrived in the city on Tuesday and will remain for some time the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. Fenety, Leinster street.

Mr. W. W. Dixon of New York has been visiting this city for a week or two.

Mr. T. M. Mair of the Donaldson L'ne is in the city a guest at the DuRoi's hotel.

Mr. Malcolm B. King, of Chipman, who has been in the city a few days returned home Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Slipp have returned to Woodville after a short stay with friends here this week.

Readers of Progress will be interested in a wedding which took place here on Thursday Nov. 27th, writes a Montclair N. J. correspondent, in which the principal parties were Miss Harriet Sweet daughter of John Sweet of St. John N. B. and Mr. Thomas Jefferson Clark of the Flexible Sheet Co. of Chicago.

The marriage took place at the house of Mrs. James Hegan, a sister of the bride, the residence being decorated lavishly with cut flowers, roses, chrysanthemums, palms, and potted plants being disposed around the spacious rooms with most artistic effect.

"When the guests had arrived the rooms presented a beautiful and animated scene the lovely decorations forming a charming background for the beautiful gowns worn by the ladies.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. John Y. Dobbin, pastor of the first Methodist church. The bride who was given away by her brother-in-law Mr. James Hegan, was exquisitely gowned, in white organdy heavily trimmed with lace; she wore a tulle veil fastened with orange blossoms and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley and roses.

Mrs. J. A. McQueen and Miss Chapman of Dorchester were here for a short time the beginning of the week.

Miss Florence Burritt arrived from Weymouth last week and will spend a little while with city friends.

Miss Alice Johnston left this week for a three weeks visit to relatives in Moncton and Amherst.

Mrs. N. L. M. Shaw was in the city this week for a two or three days stay with friends. She left on Thursday for her home in Bathurst.

On Tuesday evening last between 8 and 9 o'clock the pretty home of Mr. Charles E. Vall on Elliott Row, was captured by a large number of friends and for several hours one of the pleasantest of evenings was spent, in celebration of the fifth wedding anniversary of their host and hostess, who were absent at the organ recital in Canterbury church when the party arrived. It was not long before the popular amusements and music were in full swing, and shortly after when Mr. and Mrs. Vall arrived home their friends were in full possession. During the evening Mr. A. H. Chipman, on behalf of the assemblage presented Mr. and Mrs. Vall with a very beautiful mahogany Morris chair upholstered in a pretty shade of green velvet. The present was made in a brief address of congratulation, which was very pleasingly responded to by Mr. Vall. The supper arrangements were unique. A postman distributed cards with amusing and fictitious names upon them and the gentlemen present had with one to find the lady who held the card corresponding to his. Partners for supper were thus arranged. With music and singing the gathering disbanded about one o'clock. Among those present were:-

- Mr. B. A. Stammers, Mr. L. B. Kierstead, Mrs. D. B. Nobes, Mr. Nathan Riley, Mr. David Hudson, Mr. Will White, Mr. John Stammers, Mr. Will McAlary, Mr. Chas. Vall, Mr. A. H. Chipman, Mr. Fred L. Telf, Mr. J. N. Golding, Mr. Ous, Miss McAlary, Miss Edna Granville, Miss Minnie Simpson, Miss Grace Emlin, Miss Lillian Whispley, Miss Aimee Smith, Miss Lella Tins, Miss Cas, Miss Lily McDonald, Miss Maggie Vall, Miss Muriel Dunham, Miss Polly, Miss Carrie McGinty, Miss Jennie Turman, Miss Watters, Mr. Arthur Vall, Mr. Will Hopper, Mr. Tom Sluder, Mr. Harold Golding, Mr. Burpee Brown, Mr. Bliss Case, Mr. Fred Case, Mr. Guy Smith, Mr. Frank Allwood, Mr. Everett Watters, Mr. Joe Brownell, Mr. Wetmore, Mr. Arthur Amland, Mr. Walter Goddard.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS. [Progress is for sale at the Farrabee Book Store]

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Fenety and Miss Fenety arrived in the city on Tuesday and will remain for some time the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. Fenety, Leinster street.

Mr. W. W. Dixon of New York has been visiting this city for a week or two.

Mr. T. M. Mair of the Donaldson L'ne is in the city a guest at the DuRoi's hotel.

Mr. Malcolm B. King, of Chipman, who has been in the city a few days returned home Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Slipp have returned to Woodville after a short stay with friends here this week.

Readers of Progress will be interested in a wedding which took place here on Thursday Nov. 27th, writes a Montclair N. J. correspondent, in which the principal parties were Miss Harriet Sweet daughter of John Sweet of St. John N. B. and Mr. Thomas Jefferson Clark of the Flexible Sheet Co. of Chicago.

The marriage took place at the house of Mrs. James Hegan, a sister of the bride, the residence being decorated lavishly with cut flowers, roses, chrysanthemums, palms, and potted plants being disposed around the spacious rooms with most artistic effect.

"When the guests had arrived the rooms presented a beautiful and animated scene the lovely decorations forming a charming background for the beautiful gowns worn by the ladies.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. John Y. Dobbin, pastor of the first Methodist church. The bride who was given away by her brother-in-law Mr. James Hegan, was exquisitely gowned, in white organdy heavily trimmed with lace; she wore a tulle veil fastened with orange blossoms and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley and roses.

It was attended by Miss Mary Dobbin, who looked delightfully pretty in her maid of honor dress. Mr. John McKisson of Montclair attended the evening.

After the ceremony an informal reception was held, during which Mrs. Clark sang some pretty musical selections. The happy couple then left on their wedding journey to Paris, where they will remain three months. On their return they will reside in Sherman Park, Chicago.

The out-of-town guests were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur S. Hawley, New Haven, Conn., Mrs. F. H. Armstrong, sister of the bride, and daughter, Kennebec, N. B., Miss Sweet, Medford, Mass., and Miss Clara B. Goodell, St. John, N. B.

Among the costly and beautiful gifts presented to the bride were a complete set of sterling silver knives, forks and spoons; a diamond sunburst, and a Persian lamb coat with Russian sable trimmings.

ST. ANDREWS. DR. T. - Geo. W. Bateson, son of Geo. E. Bateson of Campbellton, is a stenographer in the South Union station, Boston.

Mr. C. H. Dyer, of Eastport, a lady died in the highest esteem for her many virtues, died recently at her sister's residence in Calais, and was interred at Eastport on Saturday, Nov. 25. She leaves a sorrowing husband and several children.

John F. Hudson, a native of St. Andrews, who spent his last vacation with friends here and in Fredericton, has been appointed Clerk of the Supreme Court, Brooklyn. Next to the chief clerk this is the most important of the subordinate positions in the court. Mr. Hudson is regarded as one of the brightest of New York's bright lawyers.

Miss Nellie Stuart arrived home from Hamilton on Tuesday night. Robert Starkey was seized with a hemorrhage a few days ago and has since been seriously ill. Mr. John Fenwick has gone to Boston to spend a month.

Mr. E. Howard was summoned to Boston last week by the serious illness of her daughter. Mrs. McKibbin of Woodstock, is keeping house for her during her absence. Mr. Sumner Mal'ock and Miss Berle Tharber were united in marriage on Monday evening last, by Rev. J. C. Berrie. Their youthful friends gave them a home-warming after the ceremony.

The engagement is announced of Miss Molly Maloney, the talented young songstress, and Mr. Vern Whitman, of the Calais teaching staff. Mr. Whitman was in town last week. Mr. and Mrs. John Nesbit and Mr. C. A. Mason, of Boston, are on their annual visit to Charlotte County friends.

[Progress is for sale at the Farrabee Book Store] DR. T. - Changes have just now been made in the Commercial Bank staff. Harry Gillespie having been promoted and sent to Sydney and Mr. Buchart of Truro came to fill the vacancy thus made here.

Mrs. Robert Alkman is in Montreal whither she was summoned by the sad news of the death of her mother Mrs. Ibbotson.

Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Eaton son of Brooklyn N. Y. are staying at the Grand Central; their very many friends here are glad to know that they will remain during the greater part of the winter.

The Junior League had a pink tea social on Thursday evening in the basement of Grace Methodist church. The table decorations were pink and the members of the League wore pink aprons and pink tissue paper caps. After tea the children amused themselves with games. The arrangements were under the direction of Miss Florence Corbett, superintendent of the league.

Mrs. Cecil Parsons returned on Monday from a ten days' visit with friends at Amherst.

Mr. and Mrs. August Harris and Miss Gladys Harris of Wolfville came across in the Evangeline

Continued on eighth page.

STRAWS!

There is a world of wisdom in the saying "Straws show which way the wind blows."

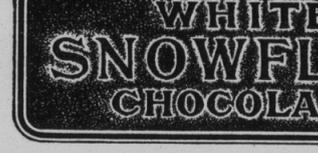
The many letters we are continually receiving from consumers and good housewives regarding the superior merits of WELCOME SOAP are only straws, but they show that the wind of public favor is blowing in the direction of the most pure and economical soap in the market.

We have been publishing some of these testimonials lately, could keep on indefinitely doing so.

If you would be convinced of its economical, pure and lasting quality, USE

Welcome Soap,

and insist upon your grocer giving it to you.



For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis,

and like affections of the Throat and Lungs, there is no better remedy than

HAWKER'S OF Tolu and Wild Cherry BALSAM

For Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Biliousness, Constipation,

HAWKER'S LIVER PILLS

LEAD THE LIST.

THE CANADIAN DRUG CO., Ltd.

Ferro-Nickel Manganese

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

The National Ore & Reduction Co., Durango, Mexico.

Stahlknecht Y. Cia, Banker, exclusive sole agents for the Mexican Republic, Durango, Mexico. The United States patent right is for sale.

Howard Chemical Works, Montreal, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

When You Want

a Real Tonic ask for ST. AGUSTINE (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine.

GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899.

E. G. SCOVIL, - "Having used both we think the St. Augustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic."

JOHN C. CLOWES.

E. G. SCOVIL, Commission Merchants, 62 Union Street.

Advertisement for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, featuring the text "STRONGEST AND BEST" and "FRY'S Pure Concentrated COCOA".

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Programs for sale in Halifax by the newspapers and at the following news stands and counters.

News and Co., Barrington street; Canadian News, George & Granville Sts; Halifax News, Railway Depot; The Progress, Brown's Alley; The Standard, 100 College St; The Evening News, 100 College St; The Daily News, 100 College St.

At the south end a whist club has been formed by a number of ladies and gentlemen which promises to form a pleasant feature during the winter evenings. Progressive euchre parties, too, rumor says, are coming into prominence, and that in the vicinity of Inglis street they are already in full swing.

The organ recital and concert at St. Luke's on Tuesday evening was a distinct success. The edifice was filled, every seat was occupied, and the appreciative audience were awarded by the really beautiful music to which they listened throughout the evening.

There were two or three bars this week, and there are several more to be before Xmas. These are the days one needs a long pocketbook. But these Xmas sales afford an excellent opportunity to purchase fancy work—particularly for those don't you know, who, unlike Mrs. Filabury, have not taken time by the forelock.

The leading musical event of the coming week, it goes without saying, will be the presentation of "Egmont" at the Academy of music. The "Symphony" who will give Beethoven's exquisite setting to the piece, are in excellent swing. So much so that the rehearsals are practically over.

The Orpheus Club held its first concert on Tuesday evening. It was most successful and the following programme was rendered: Cantata—Wreck of the Hesperus; Anderson Orpheus Club with Ladies' Auxiliary and Orchestra. Solos—Miss Elsie Hubble, Mr. Chas. B. Wikel and Mr. W. A. Curry.

Scenes ad Arks—"Regina and Silensio" (Lucia) Miss Florence Lewis. Part song—"The Sailor's Song" Hutton Orpheus Club with Ladies' Auxiliary. Violin Solo—"Fantasia" Sarasate Herr Bruno Siebels. (Accompanied by Miss E. Page.) Song—"A Son of the Desert and I" Phillips Mr. W. A. Curry. Part song—"Fly Singing Bird" Edgar Ladies' Auxiliary, accompanied by violins and pianoforte. Song—"I Dream" Schira Miss Elsie Hubble. Duet—"Serenade" Finlay Miss Frances Fox and Mr. Charles B. Wikel. Part song—"O Lovely May" Ed. German Orpheus Club with Ladies' Auxiliary. Songs—"Wake not, but hear me love" Osgood Mr. Charles B. Wikel. Chorus—"Cherry-ripe" L. Damrosch Orpheus Club with Ladies' Auxiliary.

DIGBY.

Dec. 6.—Mr. Parker, C. E., was in town on Saturday. Judge Savary of Annapolis was in town this week. Dr. Shaffer of Lawrence town is in Digby this week. Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Burchill were in St. John this week. Mrs. Isaac Killem returned to Yarmouth on Monday last. Mr. E. B. Crowe of Bridgetown was in town on Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Vye of Digby, were in St. John this week. Mr. G. B. Hoyt of Bridgetown was at the Dufferin this week. Mr. Nathan J. Thurber of Freeport was in town on Wednesday. Mr. A. B. Curry of Bridgetown was a passenger to Digby yesterday. Mr. J. L. Peters returned on Saturday from a business trip to St. John. Mrs. J. Boyd McNeill of Weymouth has been visiting friends in town. Capt. R. Peters of Westport was the guest of his brothers, J. L. and George H. at Digby last week. Mr. Holston, proprietor of the Yarmouth Times, was a passenger from Yarmouth on Wednesday. Capt. James Ellis of Gloucester, whose vessel is at Yarmouth, arrived here Wednesday, returning yesterday. Mr. L. R. Fair, architect, was a passenger to Digby on Tuesday, returning to Annapolis in the noon train. Mr. Frank Conwell arrived home on Wednesday from New York, to visit his father who is at present quite ill. Miss Leary who has been visiting Miss Nettie

TOURNA GOLDEN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. See E. W. Grove's signature on each box.

If a man is going to fight he wants to be well. He wants to be strong, steady-nerved, vigorous—able to take and give punishment.

One of Roosevelt's Rough Riders actually starved to death because his digestive system wasn't strong enough to extract the nutriment from food that kept his comrades strong and well and in tip-top fighting trim.

The soldier isn't the only one who fights and needs strength. Business men, clerks, engineers, laborers, all have a fight on their hands. All have to fight for a living. The strong win. The weak go to the wall. What about you?



Is your blood all right? Do you feel right? Are you losing flesh? Feel "run down"? Do you sleep well? Have trouble with your stomach? Tired all the time?

If so what you need is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It makes men strong. It keeps the digestive system right up to concert pitch. It tones the stomach, stimulates the liver, strengthens the nerves, enriches the blood—makes a new man of you. Put snap and vim and endurance into you.

A. D. Weller, Esq., of Pensacola, Escambia Co., Fla. (Box 54), writes: "I have taken eight bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and must say that am transformed from a walking shadow (as my friends called me) to perfect health. Four months ago I did not think to be in shape to assist our 'Uncle Samuel' in case of hostilities, but thanks to you, I am now ready for the 'war'."

Dakta, returned to her home at Bridgewater on Tuesday. Hon. W. S. Fielding, accompanied by his private secretary, passed through Digby on Saturday en route to Halifax.

Rev. J. Lockward, of Clementsport, exchanged pulpits last Sunday with Rev. H. Harley, rector of Holy Trinity church.

Mr. Arthur Marshall, accompanied by his brother George of Brighton, leaves tomorrow for Mexico, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. Robert Turnbull of Boston returned home on Wednesday after a short visit with his brothers, Messrs. Chas. H. G. Turnbull, south end.

Mr. Harry Cousins, gun instructor on the government cutter Kingfisher, arrived home yesterday and will spend the winter with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Cousins.

Mrs. Chas. Brackett of Charlestown, Mass., who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Lambertson at Brighton, returned home on Wednesday via Yarmouth.

Mr. John B. Smith of Halifax, inspector of the Standard Life Assurance Co., who has been spending a few days in town, was a passenger to Weymouth yesterday.

Messrs. A. J. S. Copp, M. P., George Bishop, fishery overseer, and Orbin Sprout, of the firm of D. & O. Sprout, were passengers to St. John on Wednesday. They returned yesterday, Messrs. Copp and Sprout proceeding to Kentville.

WEYMOUTH, N. S.

Dec. 6.—Dr. Jones of Digby, was in town Wednesday. Mr. Boyd McNeill spent Sunday in Digby. Mrs. Collin Campbell, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. D. Kemp. Miss Florence Burrill left Monday for a short visit in St. John. Mrs. Chas. Burrill and son, Mr. Bobbie Burrill, arrived home Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Saultier, of Saultierville, were in town Monday. A. M. Cormier, municipal clerk of Little Brook, was in town this week. Dr. Andrews of Middleton was called to Weymouth yesterday to visit a patient.

Miss Kitty McCormack has returned from Yarmouth where she was doing telephone duty. Miss Grace Oakes went up to Digby on Monday on a book canvassing trip. She is sub-agent for some American publishing houses. Rev. J. D. Somers of Annapolis returned last week from an extended visit to England, Scotland and Ireland.

In connection with the erection of the new Pulp Mill there is talk of a civil engineer and his family locating there for the winter.

YARMOUTH.

Dec. 6.—Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Goudey returned from Boston Saturday morning. Mr. Ansel Robbins of the Custom department, has returned from his vacation. Coun. Edward Allen was a passenger per S. B. Boston on Saturday morning. Mrs. Charles Carey and Miss Alice Carey arrived home from Boston by Steamer Boston on Saturday morning. Mrs. David Saunders left on Saturday evening by steamer Boston. She will take a musical course in Boston this winter.

Miss Bessie Cunningham who is visiting Mrs. J. A. Craig, returns home on Friday. Mr. William Burrill left on Saturday evening for Boston. Miss Alva Bain has returned from her visit to Boston. Lieut. Col. Bremner is registered at the Grand Hotel.

TRURO.

[Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Filston, J. M. O'Brien and O'Brien Bros.] Dec. 4.—D. H. Meale and Mr. M. Dickie arrived home last night from a short trip to New York. Mr. Arthur Campbell, who has been making a short visit with home friends, left on Monday for Ottawa. Mr. Campbell was accompanied by his mother, Mrs. Geo. Campbell, who goes to Montreal to spend the winter with her son and wife, Dr. and Mrs. Gordon Campbell.

The Ladies of St. John's Guild scored a great success in their "Fals" which was in progress last Thursday and Friday afternoons and evenings, and as a result of much pains and troubles furnished a very artistic entertainment with excellent financial results. Miss Bell and Miss Daisy Bell were guests at the

Lawrence 4-1/2 week returning from Baddeck, C. E., en route to Washington. Miss Mrs. Murray leaves the last of the week for Southern California, where she will spend the winter with friends. Pao.

MONCTON.

[Progress is for sale in Moncton at Hattie Woodville's Bookstore, M. B. Jones' Bookstore.] Dec. 6.—Dr. Frank Reade, D. S., has returned from a professional trip to Seckville. Judge Steadman, of Fredericton, has gone to Florida to spend the winter.

Rev. R. Barry Smith has resigned his pastorate and for the present his addresses will be at Fredericton. Mrs. Jarvis, mother of G. M. Jarvis, of the I. C. N. fell in her room at Truro, Wednesday, and broke her hip.

The induction service in the First Baptist church last Monday evening, when the new pastor was formally welcomed and installed into the pastorate of the church, was of an exceedingly interesting character. Between the hours of 7 and 10 o'clock a social tea was given in the vestry of the church and a large number of the members of the church and congregation took advantage of the occasion to meet and welcome Mr. and Mrs. Farshley and family. The reception was a very pleasant affair, one of the features of the decorations in the vestry being the setting of the Union Jack and Stars and Stripes in form of an arch.

Mr. Farshley was not only made a favorable impression in the pulpit but socially as well, and the earnest Christiana true of his reply to the words of welcome from the various branches of church work won for him golden opinions from the audience.

Although the weather was not all that could be desired, yet a large number attended the public induction service in the main church at 10 o'clock Mr. A. E. Wall, clerk of the church, presided, and the choir furnished music.

The ministers taking part in the service were: Revs. Dr. Trotter, Wolfville; Dr. Gates, St. John; Bates, Amherst; Daley, Seckville; Colwell, Pictou; Thier, Salsbury; J. E. Brown, Rector St. Paul's church; J. G. A. Balyra, Seckville, and Rev. Mr. Burgess, president of the N. B. Eastern Baptist Association.

Mr. Wall, clerk of the church, read the letter of transference of Rev. J. E. Farshley and family, from the Lawrence, Mass., church to the Moncton church, and on motion of Mr. C. A. Steeves, seconded by Mr. A. E. Jones, Mr. Farshley and family were formally received into the church.

The new pastor is a gifted speaker of marked ability. He has an easy flow of language that enables him to speak with freedom, and the sermons already delivered in Moncton church are stamped as among the ablest the congregation has listened to.

WOODSTOCK.

[Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. J. Doane & Co.] Dec. 5.—Fred H. Stevens of Fortierville, was here Friday. A. G. Kenney, of Anover, was here Wednesday at the Cavalier.

Adam Beveridge, M. P. F., of Anover, was here Friday. D. Perry Fitzgerald and wife, Centerville, registered at the Aberdeen Wednesday.

Mrs. J. K. Beazote of Glasville, visited some of her friends in town Friday. Hon. Commissioner of Agriculture, registered at the Cavalier Thursday.

Miss Kate Jameson of East Florenceville, was the guest of Miss Stella Dalling, Friday. F. B. Miles, Dawson city, A. E. Miles, Marysville, and Mrs. Fred Miles and Mrs. G. Miles, of St. John, were in town Monday.

Miss Kate McQuinn of Florenceville, called on some of her friends here Friday. Mrs. McAnn of Bangor, has been visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cole. Miss Katherine Rankin has returned from a very pleasant visit of several months to Halifax and St. John.

Dr. H. B. Hay of Chipman, Queens Co., is visiting his father Hugh Hay, Esq. J. L. Fuqua, W. C. Gordon, Hon. A. G. Blair and L. E. Davis, were guests at the Aberdeen Friday. Rev. P. Bradley of Florenceville, was in town Monday.

L. P. Farris of White's Cove, Queens Co., is the guest of Hugh Hay. W. W. Hubbard, of Sussex, was here Thursday. The wedding of Miss Margaret J. Watt and Mr. James Mavor took place at Lily Glen on Nov. 29th. The Rev. Gordon L. Frisling performed the ceremony. The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. George Mavor. The bride was given away by her father with whom she entered the room. She was becomingly attired in a handsome gown.

She was attended by her cousin, Miss Jessie L. West of Woodstock, and Miss Bella L. West, of Lily Glen, who also wore elegant costumes. The guests were all relatives or intimate friends of the two families. After congratulations a wedding supper was served. The bride was a granddaughter of the late Thomas Watt Esq., chemist and was a very popular young lady. A very large number of elegant and useful presents expressed the esteem in which she was held.

Mr. Stanley Gordon Smith and Miss Myrtle Faulkner were married last Wednesday. The marriage service was celebrated in St. Luke's church by Ven. Archbishop Neales at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The bride was very prettily gowned in white satin. She was attended by her sister Miss Lily Faulkner. The groom was attended by Mr. Frank Hall. After the customary reception was held at the home of the bride the residence of Mr. William Faulkner, and there refreshments were served. Mr. and Mrs. Smith took the evening train for St. John and will take Nova Scotia in their bridal trip. The bride was the recipient of many very handsome presents.

On Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock Mr. L. R. Slipp, and Miss Ethel Lane daughter of Mrs. Geo. Noble were married in the Free Baptist church. The church was well filled by the many friends of the bride and groom; and the marriage service was rendered by the pastor Rev. J. W. Clarke. Mr. and Mrs. Slipp took the evening train for New York.

NEWCASTLE.

Dec. 6.—Mr. James Robinson, M. P. was in St. John last week. Miss Nan Quinn entertained a few friends to what last Wednesday evening. The Miramichi Tennis Club held its second social meeting at the residence of Miss Annie Aitken this week.

FAST BLACK brilliant and glossy or fade by using that wonderful English HOME DYE MAYPOLE SOAP FREE book on Home Dyeing by applying to Arthur P. TIPPET & CO., Montreal.

No Woman Says a Bad Word

About "VICTORINE"—on the contrary all who know it find it hard to say all it does, and get neighbors to believe them.

VICTORINE makes clothes white as snow—without rubbing—yet without eating either clothes or hands. Boiling and rinsing are all that is required.

Mrs. K. DEAN, Mantor, Quebec, writes:—Find VICTORINE very satisfactory and a great saving of labor.

For sale all over. Two cakes cost 5c, wash four boilers of clothes.

W. CRAWFORD GADEN & CO., Mrs., - Montreal.

Calcium-Nickel Fluoride

FOR BRASS AND BRONZE CASTINGS

is the only low-priced but high-grade Alloy, strictly guaranteed, superior to phosphorus tin. A sample keg 100 pounds shipped to any responsible brass foundry. Manufactured under Mexican patent by

THE NATIONAL ORE & REDUCTION CO., Durango, Mexico.

Stahlknecht Y. Cia, Bankers, exclusive sole agents for the Mexican Republic Durango, Mexico. The United States patent right is for sale.

Howard Chemical Works, Howard Station, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

ADAMSON'S BOTANIC BALSAM

CROUP is the most deadly of all diseases of children. It gives very little time in which to seek remedies. A little tiredness—a cough—feverishness—stiffled coughing—delirium—convulsions—and even at this critical period LIFE IS SAVED if this wonderful balsam is administered. It should be always on hand and given at the first symptom but it will nearly perform miracles whenever used.

25c. AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

Hon. Robert Young, Mrs. Young and Miss Young of Carleton were in St. John last week. Thomas Murphy and E. D. Blair of Dalhousie are travelling through the New England States. Messrs. A. B. and George P. Melrose were in town on Monday. Mr. W. A. Davis, of Moncton spent Friday in Newcastle.

Mr. James Whiteside and wife of Millerton were in town on Wednesday. Mr. W. J. Demson of Campbellton was here on Wednesday.

Mr. Fred C. Dyke, who has so acceptably represented Messrs. Thos. B. Neal and Co. of Liverpool at Miramichi during the past season, left for home by the Parisian from Halifax on Saturday last. A host of friends both business and social—will wish him a safe return and welcome him to Chatham again on his return in May next.

Miss Alice Mountain of Blackville, is visiting friends in town.

RHEUMATISM CURED

Sufferers from Rheumatism have found great benefit from using

Putner's Emulsion,

the Cod Liver Oil contained in it being one of the most effective remedies in this disease.

Always get PUTNER'S. It is the original and best.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

For Sale at all Druggists.

FOR ARTISTS.

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. A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL. Wholesale Agents for Canada.

BOURBON.

ON HAND

75 Bbls. Aged Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky.

THOS. L. BOURKE



SHAMPOO

with TARINA—It cleanses the hair—alleviates irritations, promotes growth, and every lady should have a 25 cents, in tin, or 50 cents, in glass, or sent by mail on receipt of 66

Tarina

"The ladies' hair soap," is a preparation against the disagreeable effects of dandruff, and every lady should have a 25 cents, in tin, or 50 cents, in glass, or sent by mail on receipt of 66

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., P. O. Box 2410, MONTREAL.

FEDERATION

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton by Messrs. J. H. Haverthorn.] Dec. 6.—The Musicals given on Saturday at "Vine Cot" the cozy home of A. B. Tibbits, when they so charmed the ears of half a hundred of their friends the pleasant parties we have had since. The programme consisted of songs, Mrs. Lemont, Miss Nan Thomp. F. L. Cooper; Miss Sherman gave solos, Mr. F. E. Blair, piano solo. recitations by Mr. Barry Allen and all of which were much enjoyed.

Mrs. J. A. Vanwart, black silk and white satin and jet. Mrs. W. C. Crockett, pale green and white. Mrs. J. A. Vanwart, black silk and white satin and jet. Mrs. W. C. Crockett, pale green and white.

Mrs. H. B. Smith, black and white with front of cream satin, jet ornaments. Mrs. Lemont, black silk with fish. Mrs. W. Long, black silk and lace. Mrs. W. E. Burns, pale blue silk and pearls and lace.

Mrs. J. A. Vanwart, black silk and white satin and jet. Mrs. W. C. Crockett, pale green and white. Mrs. J. A. Vanwart, black silk and white satin and jet. Mrs. W. C. Crockett, pale green and white.

Mrs. A. B. Tibbits, black silk and white satin and jet. Mrs. J. A. Vanwart, black silk and white satin and jet. Mrs. W. C. Crockett, pale green and white.

Mrs. J. A. Vanwart, black silk and white satin and jet. Mrs. W. C. Crockett, pale green and white. Mrs. J. A. Vanwart, black silk and white satin and jet. Mrs. W. C. Crockett, pale green and white.

Mrs. J. A. Vanwart, black silk and white satin and jet. Mrs. W. C. Crockett, pale green and white. Mrs. J. A. Vanwart, black silk and white satin and jet. Mrs. W. C. Crockett, pale green and white.

Mrs. J. A. Vanwart, black silk and white satin and jet. Mrs. W. C. Crockett, pale green and white. Mrs. J. A. Vanwart, black silk and white satin and jet. Mrs. W. C. Crockett, pale green and white.

Mrs. J. A. Vanwart, black silk and white satin and jet. Mrs. W. C. Crockett, pale green and white. Mrs. J. A. Vanwart, black silk and white satin and jet. Mrs. W. C. Crockett, pale green and white.

Mrs. J. A. Vanwart, black silk and white satin and jet. Mrs. W. C. Crockett, pale green and white. Mrs. J. A. Vanwart, black silk and white satin and jet. Mrs. W. C. Crockett, pale green and white.

Mrs. J. A. Vanwart, black silk and white satin and jet. Mrs. W. C. Crockett, pale green and white. Mrs. J. A. Vanwart, black silk and white satin and jet. Mrs. W. C. Crockett, pale green and white.

Mrs. J. A. Vanwart, black silk and white satin and jet. Mrs. W. C. Crockett, pale green and white. Mrs. J. A. Vanwart, black silk and white satin and jet. Mrs. W. C. Crockett, pale green and white.

Mrs. J. A. Vanwart, black silk and white satin and jet. Mrs. W. C. Crockett, pale green and white. Mrs. J. A. Vanwart, black silk and white satin and jet. Mrs. W. C. Crockett, pale green and white.

Mrs. J. A. Vanwart, black silk and white satin and jet. Mrs. W. C. Crockett, pale green and white. Mrs. J. A. Vanwart, black silk and white satin and jet. Mrs. W. C. Crockett, pale green and white.

Mrs. J. A. Vanwart, black silk and white satin and jet. Mrs. W. C. Crockett, pale green and white. Mrs. J. A. Vanwart, black silk and white satin and jet. Mrs. W. C. Crockett, pale green and white.

Mrs. J. A. Vanwart, black silk and white satin and jet. Mrs. W. C. Crockett, pale green and white. Mrs. J. A. Vanwart, black silk and white satin and jet. Mrs. W. C. Crockett, pale green and white.

Mrs. J. A. Vanwart, black silk and white satin and jet. Mrs. W. C. Crockett, pale green and white. Mrs. J. A. Vanwart, black silk and white satin and jet. Mrs. W. C. Crockett, pale green and white.

Mrs. J. A. Vanwart, black silk and white satin and jet. Mrs. W. C. Crockett, pale green and white. Mrs. J. A. Vanwart, black silk and white satin and jet. Mrs. W. C. Crockett, pale green and white.

Mrs. J. A. Vanwart, black silk and white satin and jet. Mrs. W. C. Crockett, pale green and white. Mrs. J. A. Vanwart, black silk and white satin and jet. Mrs. W. C. Crockett, pale green and white.

Word

NE"—on the contrary it hard to say all it does, yet without eating either clothes or hands. s required.

makes clothes white as snow—without rubbing—yet without eating either clothes or hands. s required.

es, writes:—Find and a great saving

kes cost 5c, wash four

Mrs., - Montreal.

ckel

RONZE CASTINGS

h-grade Alloy, strictly rus tin. A sample keg onible brass foundry, atent by

REDUCTION CO,

exico.

exclusive sole agents ngo, Mexico. is for sale.

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

POUP is the most deadly

of all diseases of ren. It gives very little in which to seek remedies. tle tiredness—a cough—ishness—stiffled coughing irium—convulsions—and if this wonderful AVED is on hand and given at rms miracles whenever used.

AGENTS.

se

erfection Tooth Powder.

or Sale at all Druggists.

R

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

cting Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty and Royal Family.

R SALE AT ALL ART STORES.

ISAY & SON, - MONTREAL.

Wholesale Agents for Canada.

OURBON.

ON HAND

s. Aged Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky.

OS. L. BOURKE



SHAMPOO with TARINA—it cleanses the scalp and hair—relieves irritations, promotes the growth, and leaves the hair glossy and sweet. "Tarina" "The Indian hair soap" is a preventative against the disagreeable effects of perspiration, and every lady should have a cake. 25 cents, in tinboxed box, at your druggist, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MFRS. P. O. BOX 2440, MONTREAL.

FREDERICTON.

[Procession is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenety and J. H. Haworth.]

Dec. 6.—The Musical given on Saturday evening at "The Queen" the cozy home of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Tibbitts, when they so charitably entertained of over half a hundred of their friends, was one of the pleasant parties we have had for a long time. The programme consisted of vocal solos from Mrs. Lemont, Miss Nan Thompson and Mr. F. L. Cooper; Miss Sherman gave two whistling solos, Mr. F. H. Blair, piano solo. There were recitations by Mr. Barry Allen and W. A. Welsh, all of which were much enjoyed. Mr. Cooper's song, "Soldiers of the Queen" being very timely.

At eleven o'clock a very dainty supper was served, the supper room being exceptionally pretty with its artistic decorations, wax tapers in silver candelabras lighted the pretty table which was a symphony in pink and green, chrysanthemums being the chosen flower, mingled with am and pink ribbons. Large Chinese lanterns suspended from the ceiling shed a pretty softening glow over all. The handsome toilettes of the ladies added much to the pretty effect.

Mr. and Mrs. Tibbitts received their friends as they entered the drawing-room. Mrs. Tibbitts wore a handsome gown of canary brocade satin with Irish point and duchess lace and diamond ornaments. Mrs. James Tibbitts, black silk and chiffon. Mrs. C. Clifton Taylor, brocade silk with Honiton lace.

Mrs. Bailey, brocade satin, jet and lace, and crimson carnations. Mrs. W. E. Miller, garnet silk and jet. Mrs. R. L. Tibbitts, mauve silk white lace and roses. Mrs. E. Le Barr Smith, black pash de sole silk with front of cream satin, jet ornaments.

Mrs. Lemont, black silk with front of white lace. Mrs. W. Leig, black silk and lace. Mrs. W. E. Burns, pale blue silk, decolette, pearls and lace. Mrs. J. A. Vanwart, black silk with front of white satin and jet. Mrs. W. C. Crockett, pale green and black India silk.

Mrs. Atherton, black silk with white silk and pearls. Mrs. A. J. Gregory, spangled net over pale blue satin, decolette, with pearls. Mrs. Harry Beckwith, black satin, jet and pink silk trimmings.

Mrs. F. F. Thompson, black velvet and white lace. Mrs. Jeremy Taylor, black silk with bodice of pink silk striped chiffon, decolette, and pearls. Mrs. Geo. Clark, white bengaline with narrow velvet trimmings. Mrs. Sherman, black moiré and lace. Mrs. Sterling, black velvet with Honiton lace and white feather trimmings.

Mrs. T. C. Allen, black net over pale blue satin, decolette, and velvet trimmings. Mrs. A. Gordon Corrie, pale blue satin with overdress of black grenadine. Mrs. Steeves, black satin with bodice of coral pink silk, decolette, and velvet trimmings. Mrs. Oudlip, blue silk with overdress of black net.

Mrs. G. N. Babbitt, black silk with front of white satin. Mrs. Hemming, black net spangled with gold sequins over black silk. Mrs. W. F. Fiewelling, black and white striped satin with lace. Mrs. Haws, (Liverpool Eng.), black spangled net over black silk. Miss Frankie Tibbitt, black bengaline with bodice of white silk.

Miss Nan Thompson, pash de sole, with bodice of white satin, under black set, turquoise blue velvet trimmings. Miss Crookshank, brocade with waist of pale blue silk and pearls. Miss Jeanette Beverly, black lace, decolette, white chrysanthemums. Miss Annie Tibbitts, blue brocade muslin. Miss Fowler, lawn silk with bodice of pink silk. Miss Sherman, black velvet with blue chiffon and chrysanthemums.

The gentlemen present were: Mr. R. L. Abbott, Mr. L. O. MacNeil, Mr. W. F. Fiewelling, Mr. E. V. R. Bridges, Mr. S. H. Babbitt, Mr. Cudlip, Mr. A. J. Gregory, Rev. Canon Roberts, Mr. T. C. Allen, Mr. J. Taylor, Mr. W. H. Burns, Mr. Wm. Lemont, Dr. Bridges, Mr. Barry Allen, Dr. Steeves, Mr. A. G. Cowie, D. Bell, Mayor Beckwith. Mrs. Haws of Liverpool, Eng., who has been spending a short time here the guest of Mrs. and Mrs. Sterling left on Monday and will call in a few days for home.

Miss Crookshank, brocade with waist of pale blue silk and pearls. Miss Jeanette Beverly, black lace, decolette, white chrysanthemums. Miss Annie Tibbitts, blue brocade muslin. Miss Fowler, lawn silk with bodice of pink silk. Miss Sherman, black velvet with blue chiffon and chrysanthemums.

The gentlemen present were: Mr. R. L. Abbott, Mr. L. O. MacNeil, Mr. W. F. Fiewelling, Mr. E. V. R. Bridges, Mr. S. H. Babbitt, Mr. Cudlip, Mr. A. J. Gregory, Rev. Canon Roberts, Mr. T. C. Allen, Mr. J. Taylor, Mr. W. H. Burns, Mr. Wm. Lemont, Dr. Bridges, Mr. Barry Allen, Dr. Steeves, Mr. A. G. Cowie, D. Bell, Mayor Beckwith.

Mrs. Haws of Liverpool, Eng., who has been spending a short time here the guest of Mrs. and Mrs. Sterling left on Monday and will call in a few days for home. The young bachelors of Fredericton have issued invitations for a ball to be held at "The Queen" tomorrow evening. The chaperons for the occasion are Mrs. E. B. Winslow, Mrs. Geo. Babbitt, Mrs. A. B. Tibbitts and Miss A. G. Cowie.

Mrs. and Miss Fenety went to St. John on Tuesday and will be absent two months. Prof. G. D. G. Roberts is home from New York and will spend the Christmas here. Miss Lascais has returned home after a pleasant visit of three months here.

Miss Sadie Sterling has invitations out for a five o'clock tea for tomorrow afternoon. The many friends of Mrs. Geo. Black and Mr. Bob Chasent were pleased to welcome them home after their long stay in the Yukon country. The Lang Syne Whist Club, met last evening with Dr. and Mrs. Ouldhard when a very pleasant evening was spent. Miss C. Clifton Taylor was the fortunate winner of the ladies' first prize and Mr. S. B. Barker got the gentlemen's.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Whitehead captured the second prize. Mr. and Mrs. Balfour Wetmore, welcomed a young daughter to their home on Dec. 1st. The ball given by Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Whitehead on Friday evening in honor of their daughters the Misses Nellie and Florence Whitehead making their debut into society was a very grand affair and fully realized the anticipations of the large number of debutants who made their first entrance into society that evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead with their daughters and vi Horn the Misses Armstrong and Hagan, who are staying with them received their guest in the upstairs sitting room, the guests then passing out another door and down to the ballroom below where the light fantastic was tripped to the merry music of Hamilton's orchestra, till the "two short hour supper the very best grown very large indeed. The supper room was very prettily arranged the decorations being chrysanthemums in a pale shade of violet.

Many pretty toilettes were aired that evening, for the first time, all the debutants, ten in number, were gowned in new white dresses and looked exceedingly fresh and pretty. The debutants of the evening were the Misses Whitehead, Miss Carrie Tibbitts, Miss Frannie Babbitt, Miss Jean McNeil, Miss Florence Wilson, Miss Edna Coburn, Miss Queenie Edgecombe, Miss Myra McLeod, Miss Anna Vanwart. Mrs. Whitehead wore black silk, with front of white satin, and lace trimmings.

The Misses Whitehead, white silk, with chiffon and pearl trimmings. Miss Carrie Tibbitts, white taffeta silk with pearl trimmings and white rose in her hair. Miss Jean McNeil, white taffeta silk and chiffon trimmings. Miss Florence Wilson, white taffeta, with chiffon and a white rose in her hair. Miss Queenie Edgecombe, white muslin and carnations.

Miss Edna Coburn, white muslin with valencienne lace and a white rose. Miss Anna Vanwart white figured silk with trimmings of ribbon and lace. Miss Myra McLeod, white muslin and valencienne lace. Miss Frannie Babbitt, white muslin with trimmings of valencienne lace and ribbon. Miss Hagan, cream silk, with garnet velvet and carnations.

Miss Bessie Armstrong, white muslin and white lace. Mrs. Arthur Slipp, white duchess satin, decolette, en traine, with pearl and diamond ornaments. Mrs. Jeremy Taylor, black net over yellow silk. Mrs. W. H. Burns, blue and white striped silk with passementerie and pearls.

Mrs. A. Gordon Corrie, yellow satin and lace. Mrs. A. B. Tibbitts, blue silk net over pink silk. Mrs. Robert Randolph, black corded silk, decolette, with lace trimmings. Mrs. Geo. Clark, pale cream bengaline and velvet trimmings. Mrs. E. M. Belyes, plaid silk. Mrs. E. Steeves, black silk with pink corsage and velvet trimmings.

Mrs. J. W. Bridges, black silk with corsage of yellow silk. Miss Bull, white china silk with lace trimmings. Miss Annie Tibbitts, black satin, decolette, with jewel trimming over pink silk, hand bouquet of pink roses. Miss Sadie Wiley, white muslin over white silk and pink trimmings. Miss Annie Falmory, black satin and white lace. Miss Bailey, yellow silk and white lace. Miss Lawson, dimity muslin and roses. Miss Stone, white silk with lace and flowers. Miss Grace Winslow, yellow silk and velvet ribbons.

Miss Louie Tweedie, white muslin and lace. Miss Morrill, cream and black silk and lace. Miss Blair, white silk with lace and ribbons. Miss Nellie Babbitt, white and cerise striped silk with taffeta trimmings. Miss Agnes Tabor, robin's egg blue silk with white lace.

Miss Myra Sherman, black velvet. Miss Beila Brown, pink silk and chiffon. Miss Balloch, white silk with chiffon trimmings. Miss Mary Balloch, white silk. Miss Carrie Winslow, pink silk with trimmings of pink chiffon. Miss Nan Thompson, black silk with bodice of white satin under black set, turquoise blue velvet trimmings.

Among the young ladies visiting friends in the city at present is Miss Bull who is the guest of Mrs. Geo. Clark. The Misses Armstrong and Hagan are visiting the Misses Whitehead. Miss Blair of Campbellton is at Mrs. Dover's. Miss Ella Payne of St. John is visiting her aunt Mrs. Chas. Beckwith. The Misses Lawson and Stone are with Mrs. Foster.

Mr. Albert Sanderson was welcomed home on Saturday after an absence of five months spent in Maine where he was interested in building operations. Miss Maggie Gibson has been industriously preparing for her usual Christmas At Home which she intends too have next week. CANCELL.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. Announcements under this heading not more than five lines (about 50 words) each. Each insertion 1 cent. Extra for every additional line.

AGENTS WANTED for a genuine money-back insurance policy. The best making position for a salesman; particulars for a write to-day. The F. H. Kern Co., 120 Victoria Street, Toronto.

RESIDENCE at Roxbury for sale or to rent for the Summer months. The house is known as the "Blue Pine" and is a very desirable one. It is situated on a half mile from Roxbury Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec River. Apply to H. G. Fenety, Barrister-at-Law, Fugatey Building. 34 647

If its for a Gift and you want to buy the best plated knives, forks and spoons, get those bearing this trade mark, W. ROGERS.

It's the kind that lasts—it will wear out a generation of usage—and still be "spick and span."

See that your dealer supplies you with it. SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO. Wellington, Conn., and Montreal, Canada. A. J. WHIMBY, Mgr. for Canada.

Free Cure for Men. A new remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, varicose veins, night emissions, premature discharges, etc., and restores the organs to strength and vigor. Dr. L. W. Knapp, 200 Full Building, Detroit, Mich., gladly sends free the receipt of this wonderful remedy in order that every weak man may cure himself at home.

ESTATE NOTICE. Letters Testamentary of the Estate of George B. Fenety, late of the city of Fredericton in the County of York, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned Executors and Executrix named in his will. All persons having claims against the Estate are requested to file the same with W. T. H. Fenety at Fredericton forthwith, duly proved by affidavit as by law required; and all persons indebted to the Estate are requested to make immediate payment to either W. T. H. Fenety at Fredericton, or F. S. Sharpe at St. John. Dated at the City of Fredericton this 29th day of October, 1899.

W. T. H. FENETY, GEORGE B. FENETY, FREDERICK H. SHARPE, Executors and Executrix. H. G. FENETY, Solicitor.

Good Paper and Good Ink are important factors in the production of good printing. When there is added to these a most complete plant and skillful workmen, the result is sure to be satisfactory. We use these combinations in our business. Let us submit prices on your next job.

Progress Job Printing Department, St. John, N. B.

New York Millionaires. Only a few people reading advertisements of bankers and brokers, saying that money could be made through speculation, realize that the richest men in America have commenced life in a humble way and have made their fortune through stock exchange speculations.

Not the worst. As an instance of the sort of things one might wish to have expressed differently, a prominent physician reports a remark made to him by a patient. The doctor had written a note to the lady, and on his next visit she asked him to tell her what two words in it were, as she had been unable to decipher them.

"It has been said of me that my writing is the worst thing about me," said the physician, laughing, as he surveyed his own scrawl with doubt. "Oh, but I'm sure that it is not so!" was the hasty disclaimer. "Far from it, doctor, far from it!"

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899. GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S "THE ROUGH RIDERS" (Illustrated serial), and all his other war writings. ROBERT LEWIS STEPHENSON'S "LETTERS" (not yet before publication), edited by STURGEY COLVIE.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS: Stories and special articles. RUDYARD KIPLING—HENRY VAN DYKE—WILLIAM ALLAN WHITE and many others: Short stories. GEORGE W. CARLE'S NEW SERIAL STORY of New Orleans, "The Biologist"—Illustrated by Herten.

SENATOR NOAR'S Reminiscences—Illustrated. MRS. JOHN DREW'S Stage Reminiscences—Illustrated. JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS'S new collection of stories, "The Chronicles of Aunt Misery Ann."

Q'S SHORT SERIAL, "A Ship of Stars." ROBERT GRANT'S Search-Light Letters—Comical-serial essays. SIDNEY LANIER'S Musical Impressions. C. D. GIBSON'S The Seven Ages of American Women—and other notable Art Features by other artists.

THE FULL, ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS, INCLUDING DESCRIPTIONS OF THE ABOVE, SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS. THE MAGAZINE IS \$2.00 A YEAR; 25c. A NUMBER (CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153 - 157 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

THE DIAMOND Collection of Songs. Over 600 songs and everyone a gem—words and music. This book is a veritable treasury of the world's popular songs. The finest collection of songs ever bound between the covers of one book—N. Y. World.

The book has 256 pages printed on good paper has beautiful covers. Publishers price \$1.00. We will send one Volume complete for only 85c. for short time only. Address: N. B. SUPPLY CO., NEWCASTLE, N. B.

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

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

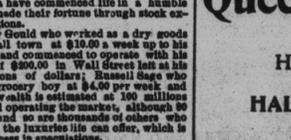
THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the Hotel, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men. It is within a short distance of all parts of the city. Has every accommodation. Electric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

CAFE ROYAL. BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in... CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS. OYSTERS FISH and GAME always on hand. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

Queen Hotel, Hollis Street, HALIFAX N. S. JAMES P. FAIRBANKS, Proprietor.

GEORGE SKALLER & CO., BANKERS & BROKERS. CORNER OF SPENCER AND BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

At the TOP of the TREE. Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa "Strongest and Best."—HEALTHY. 200 Gold Medals and Diplomas.



At the TOP of the TREE. Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa "Strongest and Best."—HEALTHY. 200 Gold Medals and Diplomas.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

(Continued from Fifth Page.)
On Saturday and spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. E. McLeod returning on Monday.
Mrs. Helen Fraser has returned from a visit to Mrs. Epps in Canada.
Mrs. Neddy gave a party for Master Carl Fraser on his tenth birthday. About twenty little people participated in the pleasures of this occasion.
Miss Alice Lavers who has been home for a visit has returned to Lowell.
Dr. Gray has taken a trip to Cape Breton.
Mrs. D. A. Hantley is back from Calais. Mr. Hantley who has been home for a week or two.
Mr. Ernest Brown of Wainville has been in town for a few days.
Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Tucker and baby came home on Friday from Euro where the two latter have been for a month with relatives.
Mr. C. W. Robinson, M. P., Moncton is in town. A large and delighted audience listened to Prof. Garrison's "Song Recital" on Tuesday evening. Mr. Hiltcock presided at the organ. Prof. Harrison was Rev. T. J. Butler's guest while here.
Miss Brown is spending the winter with her aunt Mrs. O. L. Price.
From the Russian of Lermontoff.
No I not for thee this yearling love of mine; I scarcely see those charms which make the town— I see a dead sweetheart of long years And my hot youth before its wreck went down.
And when from time to time our glances meet, If you should see a wail look thro' my eyes, It is not that soul springs up to greet, Not that it calls, not thy voice that replies.
To whisper me, my boyhood's love has come, I see in time the features that I know— In thy quick lips, lips that have once been dumb, In thine eyes fire the world quenched long ago. —Clive F. Talbot, p. W. Wiley.

When a Glory Walks Us.
An Empire's cooling-store was set today— A house not built with hands, a countless store Of hearts that beat as one the whole world o'er, With blood, bone, sinew, for a common fray, Upon the ebbing tide has sailed away.
The first armed transport from the western shore To uphold Britain's arm in foreign war, That Canada's daughter's part might play, East Lewis and Orleans, the cheering throng— Ten hundred Britons chosen for the fray— The best we had we gave; their warlike song Flashed back upon the Citadel. The night Came down, a lonely cannon boom; and we Find joy and sadness with our sons at sea. —Lance Bryan.

How Expert Tea Tasters Test Tea.
The expert tea taster carefully weighs the tea, puts a certain quantity of fresh boiled water in it— It is left to draw for a few minutes, then tastes. Tetley's Elephant Brand Tea stands this test which admits not from the right way of making tea.

EMPHATIC GESTURES.
How Foreigners Illustrate the Cost Inter-esting Conversation.
One of the first things to arrest the attention of an American travelling in southern Europe, is the constant use of gestures by the people. The words which an Englishman or an American sufficient to express his meaning seem totally inadequate in the mouth of a Frenchman or an Italian unless they are reinforced by continual gesticulation. The foreign observer is, therefore, very apt to ascribe great excitement to the most casual conversation.
A Napoleon, says a traveller who has learned to understand the Latin races, goes through an entire course of calisthenics before he has talked five minutes. Give him a pair of dumb bells and ask him what he thinks of the weather, and before his answer is finished he will have taken enough healthful exercise to last him all day.
Once the traveller sat with a friend in a cafe. Next him were two Italians engaged in a most spirited conversation. The younger of the two became very much excited.
with his hands he made reaching and clinging motions, as if climbing. Then he seemed to be groping for cherries in the air, as he reached right and left above his head. Next without slackening his conversation, he put the thumb and forefinger of his left hand together, and holding them a few inches before his eyes went through the careful movements of one threading a small needle. And all the time he talked. Suddenly his manner changed. He

made over hand motions as of throwing. Then he apparently imitated some one swimming, and immediately afterward described several circles rapidly with his left hand, which gave the impression of a revolving wheel.
Finally he leaned forward, and with his right hand acted the part of a person endeavoring to put a key into a keyhole.
The traveller was overcome by a slight. He turned to his friend, who understood Italian, and asked him what the plot of the story was.
"Ob, nothing," replied the other. "They're chatting about the weather."

SEEKING A HEADSTONE.
It Was Out of the Ordinary but Still a Patriotic Attempt.
A curious story of Indian simplicity is told in a recent periodical by Miss Harriet Mills, whose Indian name is Gray Eyes. She relates that on the Navajo reservation great efforts had been made to induce the Indians to abandon their custom of leaving the bodies of their dead above ground, and to adopt the white people's system of burial.
The agent's success was encouraging and arrangements were made by which the government should supply neat headstones. A stock of them was laid in, and soon after they arrived a tall Navajo appeared. He had lost his wife, and wished a headstone. He looked the collection over, but said, "No, no," to each one.
If you tell me what kind you want, I will try to get you one," said the agent.
"Me want United States tombstone," he said.
"A United States tombstone?"
The agent made every effort to find out what was meant, but the Indian would only respond, "Me want United States tombstone."

At last the agent, fearing that the man's disappointment might result unfavorably to the scheme for introducing white men's burial methods, gave the Indian some money and told him to go and buy the kind of gravestone he liked.
Some time afterward a party of hunters came in to the agency. They had been to the lodge of the tall Navajo who had lost his wife, and had seen her grave, and at the head of it was posted—a gaudy red and white barber's pole!
This was the Navajo's idea of a United States tombstone. It was as near as he could come to a gravestone bearing the national colors, and as he was a very patriotic Indian, he was content.

NEPALINE LETTERS.
The Mail Service in Nepal and its strange Way of Working.
The author of "In Northern India" tells of his experience at Bhagwanpur, where he wished to post four letters.
They were addressed to friends in England, who are stamp collectors, and only contained a few lines to say I had sent them in order to secure Nepalese stamps. The postmaster refused to accept them. Foreigners, he said were not allowed to post letters in Nepal, the postal service being only for the use of the Nepalese.
We sat on our elephant and reasoned, but he was firm, and the police and other officials supported him. After long discussion, we at last persuaded him to let us post the letters and leave it to the government at Katmandu to decide whether they might be forwarded.
Then we went into his office, a mud hut, and sat on low stools, nearly the whole population watching in a crowd in front from the large open space.
The postmaster directed each letter in Nepalese characters, and taking a large sheet of paper, prepared a full report for his government, the police inspector reading our description, and so forth, from the "permit." We were particularly required

to declare that the letter did not contain any political matter.
Then came the very serious business of stamping them. He had to get out a large wooden box for the stamps, and another for the date stamp. There are stamps of three values, equal to one penny, twopence and sixpence. He assured us we could not pay beyond Nepal, so we decided to put a one-penny stamp on each, and leave the excess to be collected on delivery if they ever reached England.
Fortunately they arrived after some delay, and strangely enough, no excess was charged, and thus I had the pleasure of anticipating the penny post, which is not likely to be extended to Nepal for many years to come.

A REMARKABLE DUEL.
How the Duellists Became Reconciled and Later Warm Friends.
Not long ago a sword which belonged to a valiant American soldier of the old time, Lieut. Randolph Ridgely of Maryland, was found in Richmond, Virginia, whither it had drifted during the Civil War, and was restored to Lieutenant Ridgely of the United States Revenue Marine Service. The elder Ridgely was a brave soldier of the Mexican War, and died at Monterey before the war closed.
A remarkable story is told by the Baltimore Sun of the manner in which this elder Lieutenant Ridgely once managed a duel between two young officers. In those days duelling was common, and many army officers thought that an "affair of honor" was necessary to settle every serious personal difference. Lieutenant Ridgely did not believe in duelling, and discouraged it as much as he could.
It happened once during the Mexican War that two young officers quarrelled; a challenge was off red and accepted. As there was no other officer available, Lieutenant Ridgely, who was the superior officer of both the young men, was chosen to serve as second for both; and both had the utmost confidence in him and respect for him.
They met on the "field of honor." Ridgely paced off thirty paces, and placed both the principals, who had their weapons rifles—ready. Then he drew his own revolver, cocked it, and announced that it either failed to obey his orders he would shoot him. And both of them believed him capable of keeping his word.
"Will you obey me implicitly?" he asked. Believing that this pledge was necessary to him as second for both, the young men answered, "We will."

"Make ready! Aim!" he commanded.
The two young men levelled their pieces at each other, and waited steadily, unflinchingly, for the command to fire. But instead there came the command from Ridgely:
"Shoulder arms!"
They shouldered.
"Right about face!"
They turned in obedience to order.
"Forward, march!" He kept them moving in obedience to regular military orders until he had got them side by side, and then he marched them to his tent, and made a little speech to them, which was to this purport:
"Gentlemen, you have faced each other, and proved that you are both brave men by standing unmoved before the gun-muzzle which in the next instant might have sent you to your death. This should be sufficient evidence to each of you that the other is a gallant gentleman. Your honor is established. There is no necessity for any further proceedings. Go to your tents and let this be the end of your disagreement. Forward, march!"
The two men were completely reconciled and were fast friends thereafter.

An Island of Sulphur.
In the Bay of Plenty, New Zealand, is one of the most extraordinary islands in the world. It is called White Island, and consists mainly of sulphur mixed with gypsum and a few other minerals. Over the island, which is about three miles in circumference, and which rises between 800 and 900 feet above the sea, floats continually an immense cloud of vapor attaining an elevation of 10,000 feet. In the centre is a boiling lake of acid charged water, covering 60 acres, and surrounded with blow-holes from which steam and sulphurous fumes are emitted with great force and noise. With care a boat can be navigated on the lake. The sulphur from White Island is very pure, but little effort has yet been made to procure it systematically.

A Butterfly Spectacle.
The inhabitants of New York were astonished on Sept. 7th by an invasion of butterflies, which suddenly appeared by thousands, fluttering about the tall buildings, alighting on the grass in the parks; spreading their broad orange-bred sails above the roaring traffic in the streets, and even threading the wiry masses of the Brooklyn bridge. They belonged to the variety known as the Monarch, or Milkweed butterfly, which measures from three

"Great Haste is Not Always Good Speed."

Many people trust to luck to pull them through, and are often disappointed. Do not dilly-dally in matters of health. With it you can accomplish miracles. Without it you are "no good."

Keep the liver, kidneys, bowels and blood healthy by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla, the faultless blood purifier.
Rheumatism—"I had acute rheumatism in my limb and foot. I commenced treatment with Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills and in a short time was cured." WILLIAM HASKETT, Bradford, Ont.
Scrofula—"I was troubled with scrofula and impure blood. A cut on my arm would not heal. Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended and after I had taken three bottles I was well." DANIEL ROBINSON, 52 1/2 Treasley Street, Toronto, Ont.



Hood's Pills cure liver ill; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

made over hand motions as of throwing. Then he apparently imitated some one swimming, and immediately afterward described several circles rapidly with his left hand, which gave the impression of a revolving wheel.

Finally he leaned forward, and with his right hand acted the part of a person endeavoring to put a key into a keyhole.

The traveller was overcome by a slight. He turned to his friend, who understood Italian, and asked him what the plot of the story was.

"Ob, nothing," replied the other. "They're chatting about the weather."

SEEKING A HEADSTONE.
It Was Out of the Ordinary but Still a Patriotic Attempt.

A curious story of Indian simplicity is told in a recent periodical by Miss Harriet Mills, whose Indian name is Gray Eyes. She relates that on the Navajo reservation great efforts had been made to induce the Indians to abandon their custom of leaving the bodies of their dead above ground, and to adopt the white people's system of burial.

The agent's success was encouraging and arrangements were made by which the government should supply neat headstones. A stock of them was laid in, and soon after they arrived a tall Navajo appeared.

He had lost his wife, and wished a headstone. He looked the collection over, but said, "No, no," to each one.

If you tell me what kind you want, I will try to get you one," said the agent.

"Me want United States tombstone," he said.

"A United States tombstone?"

The agent made every effort to find out what was meant, but the Indian would only respond, "Me want United States tombstone."

At last the agent, fearing that the man's disappointment might result unfavorably to the scheme for introducing white men's burial methods, gave the Indian some money and told him to go and buy the kind of gravestone he liked.

Some time afterward a party of hunters came in to the agency. They had been to the lodge of the tall Navajo who had lost his wife, and had seen her grave, and at the head of it was posted—a gaudy red and white barber's pole!

This was the Navajo's idea of a United States tombstone. It was as near as he could come to a gravestone bearing the national colors, and as he was a very patriotic Indian, he was content.

NEPALINE LETTERS.
The Mail Service in Nepal and its strange Way of Working.

The author of "In Northern India" tells of his experience at Bhagwanpur, where he wished to post four letters.

They were addressed to friends in England, who are stamp collectors, and only contained a few lines to say I had sent them in order to secure Nepalese stamps.

The postmaster refused to accept them. Foreigners, he said were not allowed to post letters in Nepal, the postal service being only for the use of the Nepalese.

We sat on our elephant and reasoned, but he was firm, and the police and other officials supported him. After long discussion, we at last persuaded him to let us post the letters and leave it to the government at Katmandu to decide whether they might be forwarded.

Then we went into his office, a mud hut, and sat on low stools, nearly the whole population watching in a crowd in front from the large open space.

to declare that the letter did not contain any political matter.
Then came the very serious business of stamping them. He had to get out a large wooden box for the stamps, and another for the date stamp. There are stamps of three values, equal to one penny, twopence and sixpence. He assured us we could not pay beyond Nepal, so we decided to put a one-penny stamp on each, and leave the excess to be collected on delivery if they ever reached England.

Fortunately they arrived after some delay, and strangely enough, no excess was charged, and thus I had the pleasure of anticipating the penny post, which is not likely to be extended to Nepal for many years to come.

A REMARKABLE DUEL.
How the Duellists Became Reconciled and Later Warm Friends.

Not long ago a sword which belonged to a valiant American soldier of the old time, Lieut. Randolph Ridgely of Maryland, was found in Richmond, Virginia, whither it had drifted during the Civil War, and was restored to Lieutenant Ridgely of the United States Revenue Marine Service.

The elder Ridgely was a brave soldier of the Mexican War, and died at Monterey before the war closed.

A remarkable story is told by the Baltimore Sun of the manner in which this elder Lieutenant Ridgely once managed a duel between two young officers.

In those days duelling was common, and many army officers thought that an "affair of honor" was necessary to settle every serious personal difference.

Lieutenant Ridgely did not believe in duelling, and discouraged it as much as he could.

It happened once during the Mexican War that two young officers quarrelled; a challenge was off red and accepted.

As there was no other officer available, Lieutenant Ridgely, who was the superior officer of both the young men, was chosen to serve as second for both; and both had the utmost confidence in him and respect for him.

They met on the "field of honor." Ridgely paced off thirty paces, and placed both the principals, who had their weapons rifles—ready.

Then he drew his own revolver, cocked it, and announced that it either failed to obey his orders he would shoot him. And both of them believed him capable of keeping his word.

"Will you obey me implicitly?" he asked. Believing that this pledge was necessary to him as second for both, the young men answered, "We will."

"Make ready! Aim!" he commanded.

The two young men levelled their pieces at each other, and waited steadily, unflinchingly, for the command to fire. But instead there came the command from Ridgely:

"Shoulder arms!"
They shouldered.

"Right about face!"
They turned in obedience to order.

"Forward, march!" He kept them moving in obedience to regular military orders until he had got them side by side, and then he marched them to his tent, and made a little speech to them, which was to this purport:

"Gentlemen, you have faced each other, and proved that you are both brave men by standing unmoved before the gun-muzzle which in the next instant might have sent you to your death. This should be sufficient evidence to each of you that the other is a gallant gentleman. Your honor is established. There is no necessity for any further proceedings. Go to your tents and let this be the end of your disagreement. Forward, march!"

The two men were completely reconciled and were fast friends thereafter.

An Island of Sulphur.
In the Bay of Plenty, New Zealand, is one of the most extraordinary islands in the world.

It is called White Island, and consists mainly of sulphur mixed with gypsum and a few other minerals. Over the island, which is about three miles in circumference, and which rises between 800 and 900 feet above the sea, floats continually an immense cloud of vapor attaining an elevation of 10,000 feet.

In the centre is a boiling lake of acid charged water, covering 60 acres, and surrounded with blow-holes from which steam and sulphurous fumes are emitted with great force and noise.

With care a boat can be navigated on the lake. The sulphur from White Island is very pure, but little effort has yet been made to procure it systematically.

A Butterfly Spectacle.
The inhabitants of New York were astonished on Sept. 7th by an invasion of butterflies, which suddenly appeared by thousands, fluttering about the tall buildings, alighting on the grass in the parks; spreading their broad orange-bred sails above the roaring traffic in the streets, and even threading the wiry masses of the Brooklyn bridge.

They belonged to the variety known as the Monarch, or Milkweed butterfly, which measures from three



"SURPRISE" SAVES HALF.

SURPRISE Soap will do your washing in half the time, with half the labor and half the wear to your linen.

No scalding, no boiling, no hard rubbing, no yellow or streaked clothes, no red hands.

Only 5 cents for a large, long-life cake. Remember the name—"SURPRISE."

Ask your dealer for the GREAT GAME of

BOBITY

FUN FOR ALL AGES. Sold at \$1.00 and \$1.50. The G. A. Holland & Son Co., Manufacturers, Montreal, Canada.

to four inches across the wings. The cause of the strange invasion is not known. They disappeared as suddenly as they had come.

To Study the Northern Lights.
A Danish expedition has gone to the north coast of Iceland for the purpose of studying, during the coming winter, the northern lights, which are magnificently displayed in that country.

Elaborate electric and photographic instruments, in the use of which the members of the expedition have been trained for several months past, were taken along.

The leader of the expedition is the head of the Danish Meteorological office, Dr. Adam Paulsen.

There are many mysteries about the aurora, and Doctor Paulsen hopes to clear up some of them before he returns.

Petroleum for Paint.
Monsieur Salome, a French artist, mixes his colors with petroleum instead of turpentine and drying oil, and he thinks he has made an improvement.

The colors are first ground in oil, and then rendered fluid with petroleum.

The Malaria Mosquito.
According to the observations of Major Ronald Ross in India the germs of malaria are borne, not by the ordinary brindled or gray mosquito, but by his cousin the spotted winged mosquito.

Major Ross was recently sent to the west coast of Africa to investigate the source of malaria there and

he reports that, as in India, the spotted-winged mosquito is the agent through which the disease is spread.

Italian investigators have also shown that mosquitoes convey the germs of malaria into the blood of human beings.

All the Difference.
An English traveller once met a companion sitting in a state of the most woful despair, and apparently near the last agonies by the side of one of the mountain lakes of Switzerland.

He inquired the cause of his sufferings.

"Oh," said the latter, "I was very hot and thirsty, and took a large draught of the clear water of the lake, and then sat down on this stone to consult my guidebook. To my astonishment, I found that the water of this lake is very poisonous! Oh! I am a lost man—I feel it running all over me. I have only a few minutes to live. Remember me to—"

"Let me see the guidebook," said his friend.

Turning to the passage he found, "L'eau du lac est bien poissonneuse"—The water of this lake abounds in fish.

"Is that the meaning of it?"

"Certainly."

The dying man looked up with a radiant countenance.

"What would have become of you," said his friend, "if I had not met you?"

"I should have died of imperfect knowledge of the French language,"—Titbits.

A Prize for Inventors.
The heirs of the late Anthony Pollok of Washington have offered a prize of 100,000 francs (\$20,000), to be awarded during the exhibition in Paris next year to the inventor of the best apparatus for saving life in case of disaster at sea.

The prize is open to universal competition. The award will be made by a jury sitting in Paris. It is provided that the entire prize may be awarded to a single individual, or a portion of it may be awarded to each of several persons, as the jury may decide.

The Bubonic Plague.
The British steamer J. W. Taylor, which arrived at New York November 18th, from Santos and Rio Janeiro, was held at quarantine under suspicion of having bubonic plague among the crew.

One man died at sea with suspicious symptoms, and the captain and the ship's cook were ill when the ship reached New York.

The plague appeared at Santos several weeks ago, and up to November 4th, 18 cases and six deaths were officially reported there from that cause.



A Crushed Bosom.

When you are dressing in a hurry there's nothing more vexatious than to find something wrong with the laundering of your linen.

OUR LAUNDRY WORK CAN BE DEPENDENT ON.

Our standard of work and service is high, and assures you of complete satisfaction.

American Laundry,

98, 100, 102 Charlotte St. GODSOE BROS., Proprietors. Phone 214 or postal brings our team. Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal Dyeing," Montreal.

I have been... the domestic life... If the term 'Boer'... sometimes is, the... South Africa which... early Dutch settl... dred years ago... Huguenots, who... land in the seven... South Africa and... that of the earlie... not be an easier... scription of the d... American peopl... the Dutch-Fre... now call themse... day less complex... the Americans th... and towns they... of our most cultu... whose domestic l... that of other c... English, French... Many of our m... able politicians... of this race; and... both of men and... creasingly fill ou... city students.

If, however the... it should be, to... of the race who... (the word 'Boer'... and who, in the... Colony, the Oran... the Transvaal, ha... the language, ma... forefathers of the... the task is far m... erful and virile fo... of Africa a couple... not merely domes... by old ideals and... uniformity exist... Whether we fin... the wide grass pla... Free State, the... and western Cap... lands nearer the... and above all, in... ment of his domes... unique conformity... The typical Sou... his own land, a f... country, it may be... more miles in leng... his homestead now... few generations a... great-grandfather... the wild in search... his great ox-wagon... ing fountain, or... stream with inexh... never yet been visi... man, and determin... He called the plac... tain," from the n... came down to drin... first night; "Wild... wildest which they... 'Tyer Kloot,' from... killed in the ravine... and there, after a l... with wild beasts or... ing bushes, he bu... and settled himse... Here as the year... lion and wild dog... and the wild bucks... days he lived beca... his little square o... stones or unburnt... surrounded by wall... piled branches of... built his kraals (or... to sleep in at night... placed very close to... might be more easi... beasts and savages.

By and by he g... larger or smaller, a... for catching rain-w... sons floods the plain... fed by his fountain... his stock came to d... the supply of water... often enclosed a... the dam with a ston... fig and peach trees... den.

Behind the home... even, often whitew... where the goodwill... had had to content

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1899.

## Domestic Life of the Boers.

I have been asked to write an account of the domestic life of the South African Boer. If the term 'Boer' be used to signify, as it sometimes is, the entire population of South Africa which is descended from the early Dutch settlers of two or three hundred years ago, and of the French Huguenots, who, driven from their native land in the seventeenth century, landed in South Africa and mingled their blood with that of the earlier settlers, the task would not be an easier one than to write a description of the domestic life of the whole American people. For the Afrianders, as the Dutch-French-Huguenot descendants now call themselves, are not at the present day less complex and many graded than the Americans themselves. In our cities and towns they form a large proportion of our most cultured and brilliant citizens, whose domestic life differs not at all from that of other cultured South Africans, English, French or Germans in descent. Many of our most brilliant lawyers and able politicians and professional men are of this race; and year by year the names both of men and women of this race increasingly fill our lists of successful university students.

If, however the term 'Boer' be taken, as it should be, to signify only that portion of the race who have remained farmers (the word 'Boer' literally means a farmer) and who, in the outlying districts of Cape Colony, the Orange Free State, Natal and the Transvaal, have preserved unchanged the language, manners and ideas of their forefathers of the seventeenth century, then the task is far more easy. For this wonderful and virile folk—driven into the wilds of Africa a couple of centuries ago—are not merely domestic and in their public life by old ideals and methods, but a strange uniformity exists everywhere.

Whether we find the primitive Boer on the wide grass plains of the Transvaal and Free State, the Karroo plains of central and western Cape Colony, or the bush lands nearer the coast, in appearance, ideas and above all, in habits and the arrangement of his domestic life, a complete and unique conformity exists.

The typical South African Boer lives on his own land, a farm, covering a stretch of country, it may be six, twelve, eighteen or more miles in length. On the spot where his homestead now stands, it may be that a few generations ago his grandfather or great-grandfather, on his first journey into the wilds in search of a new home, drew up his great ox-wagon beside some slowly oozing fountain, or on the banks of some stream with inexhaustible pools, which had never yet been visited by the foot of white man, and determined here to fix his home. He called the place perhaps Jackals Fountain, from the number of jackals which came down to drink or watch for prey the first night; 'Wilde Kats Draai,' from the wildcat which they killed the next day; or 'T'yer Kloof,' from the huge tiger-leopard killed in the ravine beyond the fountain; and there, after a longer or shorter struggle with wild beasts or poisoned arrow-shooting bushmen, he built his house and kraals, and settled himself and his descendants.

Here as the years passed, and leopard, lion and wild dog became exterminated, and the wild bucks on whose flesh in early days he lived became more rare, he raised his little square or oblong house of rough stones or unburnt bricks; behind his house surrounded by walls of rough stone or high piled branches of the mimosa (thorn), he built his kraals (or enclosure for the stock to sleep in at night), which were always placed very close to the house, that they might be more easily protected from wild beasts and savages.

By and by he generally built a dam, larger or smaller, as the case might be, for catching rain-water, which in rainy seasons floods the plains, or which might be fed by his fountain, it strong enough. Here his stock came to drink at evening; and if the supply of water were large enough, he often enclosed a small patch of land below the dam with a stone wall, planted a few fig and peach trees and made a small garden.

Behind the house was built a large brick oven, often whitewashed, on the outside, where the goodwife (who in earlier days had had to content herself with a hollowed-

out tub as an oven) might bake her bread. Behind the house was raised a large wagon-house, open on the side from which least rain came, where the great ox-wagon and cart, if there were one, might stand sheltered from sun and rain; and then the typical Boer homestead, as we know it, and as it exists to the present day was complete.

As sons and daughters grew up and married, additional rooms were often built on for them to the old farmhouse, or small houses were built near, or at a few miles distance on the same farm, where at some other fountain the stock was watered. But in each case the new homestead repeated the features of the old.

If one travel across some great African plain today, the hoofs of one's horses sinking step by step into the red sand, or crunching the gravel on some rocky ridge far off across the plain one may mark some distant flat topped table mountains rising up against the sky on the horizon; for the rest, a vast, silent, undulating plain, broken, it may be, by small hillocks, or 'kopjes,' of ironstones, stretches about one everywhere. After travelling five or six miles farther, one may discern, at the foot of some distant kopje, a small white or dark speck; as one approaches nearer, the practised eye perceives it is a homestead.

As one approaches nearer along the sandy wagon-track, slowly all the details of the place become clear—the house, the dam, almost or quite dry, if it be the end of a long, thirsty season; the little patch of dark green contrasting with the miles of red brown veld about it, the wagon-house and the great, dark square patches, which are the kraals. And yet, so clear is the air, making objects distinctly visible at a long distance, that one may ride on for an hour before the road, which has led straight as an arrow across the plain, takes a little turn, and the farmhouse is reached.

If it be the middle of a hot summer's afternoon, a great stillness will reign about the place; not a soul will be seen stirring the doors and the wooden shutters of the windows will be closed; a few hens may be scratching about in the red sand on the shady side of the house, and a couple of large Boer dogs will rise slowly from the shadow of the wagon house, and come toward you silently, with their heads down. If a colored servant should appear from the back of the house, or a little face peep out from behind the oven, it will be well to call to them to call off the dogs, for the African Boer dog is a peculiar species of mastiff; it is carried wherever he wanders; it is consulted not merely as a moral, but also as a material guide. The pages are solemnly opened and the finger brought down upon a passage, which is spelled out, and recovery or death of a child, and even such matters as the whereabouts of lost cattle, are believed to be indicated by its contents; as Enoch Arden's wife believed, when she brought her fingers down on the passage about the palm-tree, that it indicated Enoch's death.

After the dogs have been called off, the servant or child will go into the house to rouse the master of the house, who, with the rest of the family, is still taking his afternoon siesta, made necessary to all by the intense warmth of summer and by the early rising which is the invariable rule on an African farm. Presently the upper half of the front door opens, and then the lower, and the master of the house appears his eyes a little blinded by the glare of the afternoon sun after the cool darkness of the house.

He will step down from the low, raised stone platform before the door, and come to meet you—a tall, powerful man of over six feet in height, large-boned and massive, with large hands and feet, a long brown beard and keen, steady, somewhat deep-set eyes. He will extend his hand to you with the greatest courtesy, inquire your name, and whether you do not wish to off-saddle, and will call a servant to take your horse.

When you have entered the house with him, you will find yourself in a square room, large as compared with the whole size of the house. The floor is generally earth—soil forming the huge ant-heaps which cover the plains being generally taken for this purpose, which, damped with water and well pounded down, forms an exceedingly hard floor. In the centre of the room is a bare, square table, neatly finished off, but often of home construction, having been made by the father or grandfather of the present owner. Round the sides of the room are arranged some chairs and a long wooden sofa of the same make, the seats of which are formed, not

of cane, but of thin thongs of leather interlaced.

At one side of the room against the wall stands a small, square table. On it stands the great coffee-urn, and the work of the housemother. Beside it, in her elbow-chair, in which she has hastily seated herself to welcome the stranger, she herself sits, dressed in black, often with a little black shawl across her shoulders, and a white handkerchief round her throat.

At her feet is a little square wooden stove, with a hollow inside, in which may be put a small brazier of live coals in cold weather, the heat arising through small, ornamental holes cut in the wood of the top. Exactly such wooden stoves may be seen in the painting of Flemish interiors by the old Dutch artists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The goodwife politely extends her hand to you, asks you to be seated, and you take your place on the wooden sofa. Except the tables and chairs, the room contains little or nothing. On the wall may be a rough gun-rack, containing a half-dozen guns, from the old clumsy flint lock guns of a century ago—which may have brought down many an elephant and lion in the old days and defended the lives of wives and children—to the most elegant modern Mauser or Martini-Henry. But the guns are more often kept in the bedroom, on the wall near the head of the bed.

One thing however is never missing. Either in a little closed window with a crocheted cloth thrown over it, on the housemother's little table, on the centre-table, or in a little cupboard in the wall is always to be found the great family Bible. It holds a place altogether unique in the economy of the Boer life. It is not alone that on its front pages are to be found solemnly inscribed the names of his ancestors, the births, deaths or marriages of his children, and often a brief record of the date of the most momentous events in his own or his family's history; it is not alone that for generations this book has represented the sole tie between his solitary and often nomadic family and the intellectual life of culture of mankind; it is not alone that any culture or knowledge he possesses other than that gained from the material world about him, has been all spelled out of its pages, but the visible external volume forms the Lares and Penates of the household the sacred central point.

It is treated with respect; no other book is ever laid upon it; it is opened reverentially; it is carried wherever he wanders; it is consulted not merely as a moral, but also as a material guide. The pages are solemnly opened and the finger brought down upon a passage, which is spelled out, and recovery or death of a child, and even such matters as the whereabouts of lost cattle, are believed to be indicated by its contents; as Enoch Arden's wife believed, when she brought her fingers down on the passage about the palm-tree, that it indicated Enoch's death.

After we have been seated for a few moments the other members of the family will troop in, one by one, and shake hands and seat themselves on the chairs round the room; nine or ten children between the ages of eighteen and two years, and perhaps a married son and daughter in law, and an old grandmother, who has her own elbow chair near the window. For the Boer idea of family life is patriarchal, and two or three generations are often housed under one roof. Presently the eldest daughter makes coffee in the urn, a little Kaffir maid bringing in a small brazier of live coals to place under it. Then coffee is poured out in cups, or basins, and handed round to each person.

By the time coffee has been drunk, the afternoon is beginning to grow old; the heat is rapidly lessening and the soft evening breeze beginning to stir the air. The farmer lights his pipe, and invites you to fill yours from his large tobacco bag, made of coney-skin or little kid's. Then he invites you to accompany him to the kraals, toward which from different points on the plain the flocks may already be seen tending. Then comes the busy and delightful hour—sunset on an African farm. Everywhere there is bustle and stir; in the

ow-kraal the calves are bleating and putting their noses through the gate to get thorough to their mothers as they are being milked, one by one; the sheep and goats are being counted in at the gates of the great kraals.

The Kaffir maids are busy preparing the chobun for the fresh milk, and lighting the kitchen fire for supper. The children are romping outside, inspired by the cool evening wind. Even the old grandmother seats herself on the back doorstep to watch the stir, and to see the pink sunset slowly deepening into gray as the night comes down. The dark ganders quickly, and soon the whole family are again gathered in the great front room.

On really old fashioned farms, a little Kaffir maid then comes in with a tub of hot water and a cloth, and washes the feet of old and young, after which the family sit down to the evening meal, generally composed of boiled mutton, bread and coffee. After supper, it is not long before the whole family retire for the night into the small bedrooms opening to the right and left of the sitting room and by eight o'clock often the whole household is in bed and asleep, the old Boer dog, stealing slyly round the house, being the only creature moving, and the occasional bleating of sheep and goats being the only sounds that breaks the stillness.

At half past three or four the next morning, however, you will be early aroused by the sound of bustling and movement. Everyone is getting up. The Kaffir maid has already made the fire, and by the time you enter the sitting room the eldest daughter is already pouring out coffee at the little table, by the light of a candle although the gray dawn light is already creeping in at the door.

As soon as he has had his coffee the Boer with his sons goes out to the kraals to let out the stock. Long before the sun rises the flocks are already wending their way across the plains to their different pastures, with their Kaffir herdsmen behind them. Then, if you be the typical African traveller, anxious to get on his way before the heat of rises the day you will have another cup of coffee, bidding good-bye to your host, by the time the sun rises, you will be already on your way across the plain, and the farmhouse with its kraals and dam be already but a small speck behind you.

The time was March, 1867. The place was a farm near the banks of the Orange River, in South Africa and the principal characters were a Boers children who had gathered a heap of stones and started to play house. At the most exciting stage of the game there appeared on the scene one John O'Reilly, who had been hunting and wanted to rest and eat. But O'Reilly was not too tired to notice the children, and caught his eye of their "pretty pebbles" as he called them. The harder he looked at it, the better he liked it. After a time he talked to the parent Boer and got permission to take it and see if it was worth anything. It proved to be worth twenty five hundred dollars.

This is one story of the discovery of diamonds in South Africa. Within a year or two from the date of O'Reilly's visit, adventurers had spread all over the "diamondiferous" area, the territory embraced on the north, west and south between the wide fork formed by the junction of the Vaal and Orange Rivers. Yet it took these people three years to learn that diamonds were not to be found, as in Brazil, on river banks and in old river beds, but that they were really to be mined, like any other mineral.

The richest of the mines, that at Kimberley, six hundred and fifty miles from Cape Town, was discovered in July, 1871. When the miners founded their town, naming it for the British colonial secretary, the locality was almost a desert. Water had to be conveyed to the Vaal river, fourteen miles away, and a sheet iron hut was the most luxurious edifice wealth could command. Speedily the miners staked out all the available ground in claims thirty one foot square.

On the surface of the ground was red sand, to the depth of several feet. Then

came a layer of lime. Under this was fifty or sixty feet of yellow earth, disintegrated quartz, and under this again blue quartz, to an unknown depth. This blue quartz, kimberlite, is found nowhere else, and even experienced diggers did not know how to treat it. A lay or philosophical Boer found the way when he uncovered his claim, soaked it with water and let it lie. Moisture and air decomposed the stone, so that the diamonds could be picked out.

These early years of the Kimberley mines were productive of trouble, as well as diamonds. Three thousand little claims were crowded into an area a mile and a half square. When a miner had dugged down a hundred feet or so, the sides of his claim—and his neighbors—began to crumble in on him. He did not dare to buy expensive machinery or build properly constructed shafts, even if he had the means, for he did not know how soon he would come to the end of the diamond-bearing quartz. It was time for a great corporation to do what individuals could not do.

Then came forward Cecil Rhodes, son of an English clergyman, who had been interested in the Kimberley mines almost from beginning, and who owned a number of mines. He divided miles, principally of desert, remained to be traversed by ox-teams or on foot. The first stamp-mill in the Rand was erected in December, 1885 and this and all other machinery had to be dragged over the plains until 1892 when the railroad reached Johannesburg. As late as 1889, the average cost of transporting goods from the coast to Johannesburg was one hundred and fifty dollars a ton.

In spite of everything, the population grew. Prospecting was difficult and expensive, because many important rock outcrops were covered by a thick layer of red clay, sand and loam. But fuel was accessible and cheap, the ores were simple in composition and readily treated, the mines were easily drained, and the yield was unusually regular and uniform. In 1895, when Johannesburg was only nine years old, more than forty thousand natives a plan to unite the mines under one management, and interested the Rthchilder. The result was the organization of the DeBeers Consolidated Company, Limited, of which Rhodes was made managing director for life, at a salary three times as large as that of the President of the United States.

The DeBeers company has sunk shafts to the depth of more than fifteen hundred feet. Sixty-five hundred Kaffirs, hired by contract, panned in a "compound" and regularly searched to ensure their honesty, do its manual labor. The quartz they excavate is taken to the surface, spread out, harrowed, and then left for three months or more to disintegrate, under the eyes of an armed guard.

Then it goes through the crushing works, is washed in acid and rolled by machinery, and the diamonds are picked out by hand.

The yield of these Kimberley mines is said to average about fifty-five hundred carats a day. They furnish ninety-five per cent. of the world's diamonds. Mr. Kuss, of Tiffany's, estimates that so far nine and a half tons, worth three hundred million dollars in the rough and double that when polished have been taken out of the Kimberley "yellow" and "blue." On a nominal capital of less than twenty millions, the DeBeers company pays annual dividends of fifty per cent.

But the record of Kimberley should not obscure the fact that elsewhere in South Africa there are "infinite riches in a little room." For instance, the largest diamond known to exist was found at Jagersfontein, eighty miles away—a gem two and a half inches long, one and a quarter inches thick and two inches wide, weighing nine hundred and seventy-one carats, or nearly half a pound avoirdupois. And in many parts of South Africa gold is plentiful, notably in the Witwatersrand region of the Transvaal.

Witwatersrand (white water ridge), the watershed of two great river systems, is the highest ridge of an extensive plateau in the southern part of the Transvaal, which stretches almost due east and west.

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

**"SURPRISE"**  
**HALF.**  
 will do your washing  
 half the labor and half  
 ing, no hard rubbing,  
 es, no red hands.  
 rge, long-life cake.  
 —"SURPRISE."

**NAME of**  
**BITY**  
 Sold at \$1.00 and \$1.50.  
 Manufacturers, Montreal, Canada.

reports that, as in India, the spotted-  
 disease mosquito is the agent through which  
 have also shown that mosquitoes con-  
 the germs of malaria into the blood of  
 man being.

All the Difference.  
 An English traveller once met a compan-  
 sitting in a state of the most woful de-  
 air, and apparently near the last agonies  
 the side of one of the mountain lakes  
 Switzerland. He inquired the cause of  
 sufferings.  
 Oh,' said the latter, 'I was very hot and  
 rty, and took a large draught of the  
 ar water of the lake, and then sat down  
 this stone to consult my guidebook. To  
 astonishment, I found that the water  
 his lake is very poisonous! Oh! I am  
 et man—I feel it running all over me.  
 I have only a few minutes to live. Remem-  
 me to—'  
 Let me see the guidebook,' said his  
 nd.  
 turning to the passage he found, 'L'eau  
 est est bien poissonneuse'—The water  
 his lake abounds in fish.  
 is that the meaning of it?  
 Certainly.'  
 The dying man looked up with a radiant  
 tenance.  
 What would have become of you,' said  
 friend, 'if I had not met you?'  
 should have died of imperfect know-  
 of the French language.'—Titbits.

A Prize for Inventors.  
 The heirs of the late Anthony Pollok of  
 ington have offered a prize of  
 000 francs (\$20,000), to be awarded  
 the exhibition in Paris next year to  
 inventor of the best apparatus for  
 life in case of disaster at sea. The  
 is open to universal competition.  
 award will be made by a jury sitting  
 Paris. It is provided that the entire  
 may be awarded to a single indivi-  
 or a portion of it may be awarded to  
 of several persons, as the jury may  
 see.

The Bubonic Plague.  
 The British steamer J. W. Taylor,  
 arrived at New York November  
 from Santos and Rio Janeiro, was  
 quarantined under suspicion of hav-  
 ing brought the bubonic plague among the crew. One  
 died at sea with suspicious symptoms,  
 the captain and the ship's cook were  
 on the ship reached New York. The  
 appeared at Santos several weeks  
 and up to November 4th, 18 cases and  
 deaths were officially reported there  
 that cause.

# The Gamekeeper's Valentine.

IN TWO INSTALLMENTS.

Lord Oscar resisted no longer; he only said here "voice of deep feeling."

"O ton, this is very noble of you." "No such thing; it is only common humanity. Now, if you feel well enough to be left here, I will go on to the Hall, and seek assistance."

"For Heaven's sake don't leave me here alone!" entreated the other. "My right arm is useless, and what would become of me if those wretches were to return? I might be murdered. Don't leave me Orton; stay with me till someone comes."

"It isn't very likely that anyone will pass along this road at such an hour. Do you think you could manage to walk if you were to lean on me?"

Lord Oscar attempted to rise but sank back with a groan of pain. "It's no use," he said, "I must have sprained my ankle when I fell, for I can't stand. You'll have to leave me, Orton."

"No, I'll stay with you, though I can't be of much use."

"Take back your coat, then."

"Not so. You need it, I can do without," said Orton, decisively. "How did this happen? How came those scamps to attack you?" he asked, after a pause.

"They rushed out upon me from behind that tree, and demanded my money and my watch. Of course I resisted; and I had just knocked one down when the other snatched me in the arm. I don't remember anything after that until I found you here."

There was silence again. The gamekeeper leaned with folded arms against a tree, and Lord Oscar lay on the ground with his head resting on his hand.

And intently regarded him. "Orton," he said, at last, "you must think me an ungrateful dog not to have thanked you; but, to tell you the honest truth, I feel so ashamed of myself, I don't know what to say."

"You certainly needn't trouble to say anything in the way of thanks. I don't know how I could have done less than I have done."

"You have had a grand opportunity of returning good for evil," went on Lord Oscar, "but I wonder whether you'd have done as much for me if you'd known what was my errand in the town to-night?"

"I should have done my duty, I hope," said the gamekeeper, briefly.

Orton, mine was an unworthy errand, and retribution has attended it. I owe it to you to tell you what that errand was. You were partly the cause of it."

"Yes, you. When you spoke to me about Miss Forrester, you roused all the evil in my nature—roused it all the more effectually because, in my heart I knew that ever word you said was true. When you left me I vowed that I would have my revenge. Can you guess what I intended doing?"

"Perhaps I could, but I don't choose to try. It was the calm rejoinder. "Well, then, I must tell you; I meant to strike at you through Miss Forrester. I guessed you loved her, and I determined to try to win her away from you. I remembered that tomorrow is Valentine's Day, and I sent her a present by way of a valentine. Don't reproach me, Orton—don't tell me I'm a scoundrel! I feel it strongly enough without you telling me."

"And you have sent this present?"

reiter? Do you love her well enough to make her your wife?"

"I love her well enough, if that were all that were required; but you know very well, Orton, that it would never do to make old Grey's granddaughter the mistress of Shirley Hall."

"And yet such things have been, said John Orton, musingly. He left his position by the tree and began to pace up and down the road in the moonlight. Presently he stopped short before Lord Oscar.

"My lord, you say I have done you a service to-night. Will you do something for me?"

"Whatever you like to ask."

"Simply this; promise me, upon your honour, to give up all attempts to win the affections of Maude Forrester."

"I've already vowed that to my own heart," said Lord Oscar, very earnestly; "but I will gladly promise it to you as well."

"Thank you, my lord. You are right in thinking I love Maude Forrester; I love her better than my life, and I hold her honour as dear as my own. I love her so much that, were I a lord, I should still feel proud to marry her. As it is, I shall try with all my power to induce her to be my wife."

Lord Oscar regarded his late gamekeeper intently for a moment or two; then he half raised himself, and stretched out his hand.

Orton, you're a good fellow—the most true and generous I've ever known. People think me a haughty young fool, I dare say; but at any rate, I'm not too proud to think it an honor to be allowed to shake hands with a man like you. Will you take my hand, Orton, in token that you don't altogether despise me?"

John Orton took that white, aristocratic hand in his own sun-browned one, and clasped it cordially.

"I don't despise you now, my lord," he said, "though I tell you frankly, I despised you enough, in all conscience, a few hours ago. But it isn't everyone in your rank of life who would confess his wrongdoing to one in mine, and I honor you with all my heart for the confession."

"Don't mention that," exclaimed Lord Oscar, with energy. "As you rightly reminded me this afternoon, it would be a disgrace to me to remember it. You have saved my life to-night. If it hadn't been for you I might have been murdered by those fellows or left there to freeze to death. You shall find me grateful. I won't ask you to return to your old position, for you are above it. I am not your master and never shall be again; but you shall find me your sincere friend."

Before Orton could reply, there was a sound of voices and approaching footsteps, and in a few minutes three young men from the town came in sight.

Willing enough they were to lend assistance, and in less than an hour Lord Oscar was safe in his own home.

"Where is Orton?" he asked, as his servants were assisting him upstairs.

The ex-gamekeeper emerged from the shadow of one of the doorways, and stepped up to him.

"Give me your hand again," said Lord Oscar, heartily. "Come to me tomorrow and I will try to thank you better than I can thank you now."

## CHAPTER VI.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

St. Valentine's day dawned very brightly; the sky was blue and clear; the birds were singing merrily, almost deceived into the notion that spring had really come, and that it was therefore time for them to think about their own little love affairs.

Before the morning was half over, Orton was on his way to the Hall Farm, anxious and painfully anxious—to know what late his letter was likely to receive.

The thought of the present Lord Oscar had sent was making him feel that he could not endure suspense—that he must now not endure suspense—any answering love to respond to that which he had himself confessed.

No wonder that his heart beat quickly as he approached the old farmhouse. He entered the kitchen, where one of the maids was busy cooking.

"Master's out," she told him, "and Miss Forrester is upstairs. If you'll go into the sitting-room, I'll tell her you're here."

Into the sitting-room he went, feeling anxious and ill at ease now that the moment which would decide his fate was so near at hand.

But as minute after minute slipped by, he grew impatient, and man-like, he took up the poker, and gave vent to his impatience by poking the fire most vigorously.

As he did this a scrap of charred paper, the fragment of a letter, attracted his attention.

It was only a tiny scrap, but it was quite sufficient for John Orton—sufficient proof of the reception his wooing might expect, for he knew the paper which had been so ruthlessly committed to the flames was none other than the letter in which he had made his avowal of love.

"And so that is how she treats it—with rudeness and contempt," he muttered, very bitterly. "Ah! I was a fool to send it. I might have known!"

There was a sheet of folded note paper on the table, apparently unwritten upon. He took it up, when, lo! a crisp bank note—a bank note for fifty pounds—flashed on to the floor.

John Orton started back as though a serpent had stung him; then almost before he realized what he was doing, he had glanced at the letter—for it was a letter—in which the note had been enclosed.

Only one sentence he read— "Accept this, then, my darling, as a token of my love—as an earnest of the wealth I mean to lavish on you soon."

Only that one sentence; then he remembered he had no right to read the letter, and he put it from him with a flushed cheek and a trembling hand.

"Ah! this, then, is the price he sets upon her. Does she think it high enough, I wonder?" he muttered, very bitterly.

While his hand was still on the letter, the door opened and Maude entered. Her cheeks were lightly flushed, her step and air were full of pride.

John Orton noticed this, and thought he knew the cause.

A corresponding—nay, an even greater—pride awoke in his own heart, and his voice was supremely haughty, as well as frigidly cold, as uttered a formal salutation.

She returned his greeting, casting meanwhile, an anxious perturbed glance at the letter on the table.

He noticed this, and said, with quiet scorn—"I owe you a confession, Miss Forrester. You seem concerned about this letter—touching it contemptuously with his finger—and it is only fair to tell you that I, not dreaming of its importance, have presumed to look at it. I have seen its enclosure, and can guess from whom it came. May I, without adding very greatly to my presumption, say one word of warning? Just this—return that bank-note, Miss Forrester."

"On the contrary, I shall keep it," she retorted, "and you will, perhaps, allow me to add that I am in no need of advice, and most certainly can dispense with yours."

He gasped at the proud, beautiful face in silence. Many emotions were contending in his breast, and reflecting on his face something of that inward conflict.

Love, anger, jealousy, and disappointment—these were the passions felt by John Orton as he stood there in silence.

At length he took up his hat, saying—"Good morning, Miss Forrester. I don't suppose you and I will ever meet again, but I shall always remember you as a proof how great a fool a man may be made by a woman's beauty."

And with this bitter speech, he bowed, and quitted the room.

"He is jealous!" thought Maude, as she stood by the window and watched him striding firmly down the garden. "He is jealous, and no wonder, poor fellow!" she smiled a little sadly and took up the letter.

"He was too honest to read it, I suppose; but I wonder whom he thinks it came from?"

"A gamekeeper," she resumed, with a half sigh; "only a gamekeeper. And yet I almost wish he had been bold enough to try to win me a month ago, a week ago, or even a day ago, so that I had been before I knew what I know now. But it is too late—yes; it is too late!"

## CHAPTER VII.

LORD OSCAR AND FARMER GREY.

Lord Oscar had passed a restless night. Pain was a new sensation to him, and his sprained ankle and wounded arm had brought him into a state of feverishness which the bent of his thoughts did not tend to suppress.

As he lay on a couch and sipped a cup of cocoa, he was reflecting very seriously on the events of the preceding evening, thinking of his own selfishness, and contrasting it with the nobly generous conduct of his late gamekeeper.

A flash of shame crossed his cheek, and, frankly enough, he owned his own unworthiness.

His musings were broken in upon by a tap at the door, followed by the entrance of a servant, who announced, with some hesitation—

"If you please, my lord, there's Mr. Grey—Farmer Grey of the Hall Farm—downstairs, and he wants to know if you will see him. I told him your lordship is ill; but he kept on saying he must see you—that his business was most important. What shall I say to him if you please, my lord?"

A hot flush mantled Lord Oscar's cheek, and he looked into the fire for a moment or two without replying.

Then he said, with sudden decision—"Show Farmer Grey up; I will see him." The servant departed, wondering not a little, and Lord Oscar turned uneasily on his couch.

"Hang it! I won't be a coward, even though I have come very near being a scoundrel," he muttered. "He has a right to see me, and I won't shrink him. He'll be a tough customer though."

"Farmer Grey!" announced the servant, as he softly opened the door, and Lord Oscar looked up, to find his 'tough customer' beside him.

There was certainly something rather awe-inspiring in the stern countenance of the old farmer as he fixed his eyes on the young lord—fixed them sternly upon his face first, and then, rather contemptuously, on his splendid dressing gown.

Lord Oscar stirred uneasily beneath that gaze. It was a relief to him when the farmer broke the silence, by saying—"A guilty conscience needs no accuser," my lord, so I suppose you can guess my errand here this morning?"

# WITH AGE COMES WISDOM



From childhood to ripe old age since 1810.

## JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

has been used by generation after generation

### Relieves Every Form of Inflammation

for INTERNAL and EXTERNAL use.

Many old couples relate that ever since they were boys and girls together, JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT has been used and grown in favor with them for many family ills from infancy to old age.

I have used Johnson's Anodyne Liniment more than fifty years in my family. For 50 years for Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, toothache, etc., have found it always good. Mrs. WALTER L. TOZIER, E. Corinth, Mo. Send for our Book on INTERNAL INFLAMMATION, mailed free. Sold by all Druggists. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass. Put up in Two Sizes, Price 25 and 50 cts.

two without replying. Then he said, with sudden decision—"Show Farmer Grey up; I will see him." The servant departed, wondering not a little, and Lord Oscar turned uneasily on his couch.

"Hang it! I won't be a coward, even though I have come very near being a scoundrel," he muttered. "He has a right to see me, and I won't shrink him. He'll be a tough customer though."

"Farmer Grey!" announced the servant, as he softly opened the door, and Lord Oscar looked up, to find his 'tough customer' beside him.

There was certainly something rather awe-inspiring in the stern countenance of the old farmer as he fixed his eyes on the young lord—fixed them sternly upon his face first, and then, rather contemptuously, on his splendid dressing gown.

Lord Oscar stirred uneasily beneath that gaze. It was a relief to him when the farmer broke the silence, by saying—"A guilty conscience needs no accuser," my lord, so I suppose you can guess my errand here this morning?"

"Yes; I think I can," broke forth Lord Oscar, impetuously. "You've come to tell me that I'm a false-hearted scoundrel, who deserves nothing better from you than a horse whipping. Say it out, farmer; you can't say a word that's too bad for me."

Farmer Grey was somewhat taken aback by this most unexpected reproof; his face relaxed slightly, but hardened again in a moment, as he said, coldly—

"Keep your protestations for those who will believe them; no doubt they have some base purpose to serve; I have not come to call your names, Lord Oscar, for I don't think it worth while to use such language as your conduct deserves. I have simply come to bring you back the gewgaw you sent my granddaughter."

He laid a sealed package on the table as he spoke.

"Grey!" exclaimed Lord Oscar, very earnestly, "I suppose you won't believe me—I can't expect that you should—but all through the night I've been reproaching myself for my folly, and imperitence, and wickedness, in having dared to send that bracelet to Miss Forrester. I've felt as though I would have given my right hand almost to have been able to recall it. Believe me or believe me not, I never meant any serious harm by it. I sent it in a moment of pique, because, well, because someone had annoyed me; but I never thought of it doing any real harm. I am ashamed at myself for having dared do such a thing at all, but I swear it was not meant in the way of temptation."

"Temptation!" repeated the farmer, with a half angry, half-scornful look. "I hope you didn't imagine my girl could be tempted by such trumpery as this?" and he touched the packet contemptuously. "As a matter of fact, she has not seen it—has no suspicion of your having sent it."

"Had she seen it, her feelings would have been like mine—nothing deeper than contempt. No, my lord; Maude comes of a stock as famous for its women's virtue as for the honesty of its men. No man, least of all a Shirley, concluded the old man, proudly, and not without a touch of emotion, "could ever say a word against the Greys of the Hall Farm. And this reminds me of the rest of my errand here. I have come to give you notice to quit."

"Quit the farm?" exclaimed Lord Oscar, in dismay. "Why, Grey, it's been in your family for centuries."

"Yes, my lord, I know that, and I'd hoped the old stock might continue there so long as ever the bricks and mortar held together. But the Hall Farm is no place for me now. I've known the Shirleys, father, and son, and grandson, and honored and respected them all; but when a Shirley comes sending diamond bracelets to my granddaughter, there's an end to all respect or kindly feeling. So I'd better leave the farm, my lord, for I tell you plainly I don't choose to pay rent, or till the ground for a man that I can neither respect nor forgive."

"Forgive me one trespass," said Lord Oscar, in a low, earnest voice; "that's what you repeat in church every Sunday. Grey, won't you forgive me mine?"

Farmer Grey was amazed, dumfounded almost, by this appeal.

He himself was a religious man, although a somewhat stern one; but he had not expected this humble appeal for pardon from the gay young nobleman, whom, if the truth must be told, he had been disposed to regard as a graceless and hardened

sinner. "Grey, only listen for a moment," went on Lord Oscar, "and I'll try and make you believe me. I won't attempt to excuse my imperitence in sending that trinket to Miss Forrester; I must have been mad, as well as wicked, when I thought of such a thing. I was mad, but I've come to my senses now. The injury to my foot and arm came on me as a judgment, I verily believe, and the man who saved my life almost at the risk of his own, and all this in spite of the fact that I had both insulted and injured him, who returned me good for evil, until I felt ready to sink into the earth with shame—this man, Grey, made me see my own meanness as I had never seen it before."

"And who is he?" questioned the farmer, curiously.

"A young fellow who recently entered my service as under gamekeeper. His name is Orton."

"Orton!" A sudden cloud, a shade of disappointment, of confusion even, rose to the farmer's brow but he made no comment.

"Yes, Grey; and I swore to him I would never go a step further in my folly, even should Miss Forrester accept my gift. Nay I had almost made up my mind to send for you, and tell you what a stupid fool I'd been, and to ask your pardon as well as Miss Forrester's. I suppose it had for you to believe this; but I swear it's true by everything a man can hold good and holy."

The farmer looked keenly at his young landlord for a moment or two. Apparently there was something in those bright blue eyes which inspired him confidence, for his own face lost its look of sternness, and he said briefly—

"Lord Oscar, I believe you."

"And forgive me—say that, too, farmer," urged the young man.

"Ay, and forgive you." "Give me your hand upon it then. And Grey, just one thing more, and you'll set my mind at rest. Promise me you won't leave the farm."

"Not I, for I love it too well, my lord. And now I'll tell you something that I'm glad I didn't tell you till I'd seen for myself if you weren't the man I thought you. It will surprise you not a little, and not a soul in this place knows it but Maude and myself."

"What on earth is it?"

"Why my lord, my granddaughter is the daughter of a baronet—her father is Sir Alfred Forrester."

"What!" exclaimed Lord Oscar, in amazement. "Is this true, Grey?"

"As true as the gospel, my lord. I've never talked much about Maude's father, or let her talk much about him, either; but of course, I knew he was a gentleman, and highly connected though very poor. It was never thought he would come in for the estates. However, Sir William was drowned a few weeks ago, and his son died last Friday, as I daresay you know; and Maude's father is the heir."

"He came over from America as soon as he heard of Sir William's death and he would be down here now if he were well enough; but he is confined to his house in London by a severe cold. However, I have seen him, and I brought back with me last night a fifty-pound note for Maude by way of a valentine."

"And so now, Lord Oscar, you will understand why I thought it my duty to intercept your valentine to her this morning. It was not that I feared its effects on her, but I wished to hand her over to her father with a mind perfectly free from even romantic fancies. She has been the very apple of my eye for all these years, and no lord's daughter could have been more carefully guarded from harm."

"I'm sure of that, Grey. And now promise me one thing more. Never let Miss Forrester know of my folly in sending her that valentine."

"She shall never know from me, my lord."

At this moment the doctor was announced, and Farmer Grey took his departure, leaving his landlord to muse on the

(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

## CANCER

And Tumors cured to stay cured, at home; no knife, plaster or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 250-page book—free, write Dept. 11, MASON MEDICINE Co., 577 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.

## SURPASSING ALL OTHERS

"All over the world."

STRONG

# SINGER SEWING MACHINES

SILENT SPEEDY

16 Millions Made and Sold

Always Improving. Never better than now. See the Latest Model.

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.

Factory at New York. Offices all over the Dominion.

WISDOM  
From childhood  
to ripe old age  
since 1810.

ANODYNE  
LINIMENT  
has been used  
for generations  
for inflammation

INTERNAL USE.

My wife were boys and girls  
I have been used and grown  
in infancy to old age.

My wife were boys and girls  
I have been used and grown  
in infancy to old age.

My wife were boys and girls  
I have been used and grown  
in infancy to old age.

My wife were boys and girls  
I have been used and grown  
in infancy to old age.

My wife were boys and girls  
I have been used and grown  
in infancy to old age.

My wife were boys and girls  
I have been used and grown  
in infancy to old age.

My wife were boys and girls  
I have been used and grown  
in infancy to old age.

My wife were boys and girls  
I have been used and grown  
in infancy to old age.

My wife were boys and girls  
I have been used and grown  
in infancy to old age.

My wife were boys and girls  
I have been used and grown  
in infancy to old age.

My wife were boys and girls  
I have been used and grown  
in infancy to old age.

My wife were boys and girls  
I have been used and grown  
in infancy to old age.

Sunday  
Reading

The Honey of God's Word.

A singular incident in the old Hebrew history illustrates the sweetness and light that flow from God's blessed Word. Jonathan was leading the army of Israel in pursuit of the Philistines, and King Saul had forbidden the troops to taste of food during the march. When the troops reached a forest where the bees had laid up their abundant stores several honeycombs were found lying upon the earth. Jonathan— not having heard of the royal edict—put forth the rod in his hand and dipped it in a honeycomb, and put it to his mouth, and his eyes were enlightened. Refreshment came to his hungry frame and enlightenment to his eyes, which were dim with faintness and fatigue.

What a beautiful parable this incident furnishes to set forth one of the manifold blessings of God's Word! In the superbly sublime nineteenth Psalm David pronounces that word to be sweeter than honey and the droppings of the honeycomb. In the same passage he declares that 'it is pure, enlightening the eyes. Again the psalmist says: 'The entrance of thy word giveth light.' It is not the careless reading or the listless hearing of the book, but its entrance into the soul, which produces this inward illumination. There is a sadly increasing ignorance of the Scriptures; when read publicly in the sanctuary thousands give but little heed. They do not take the vitalizing, heaven sent truth into their souls as Jonathan took the honey into his system.

But when the Word is partaken of hungrily, and the Holy Spirit accompanies it, there is a revelation made to the heart like that which the poor blind boy had after the operation of a skillful oculist. His mother led him out-of-doors, and taking off the bandages, gave him his first view of sunshine and sky and flowers. 'Oh, mother, he exclaimed, 'why did you never tell me it was so beautiful? The tears started as she replied, 'I tried to tell you, dear; but you could not understand me.' So the spiritual eyesight must be opened in order that the spiritual beauty and wisdom and glory of the divine Word may be discovered. Many a poor sinner has never found out what a glorious Gospel our Gospel is, until he has swallowed the honey for himself. Dr. Horace Bushnell voiced the experiences of many of us when he said, 'My experience is that the Bible is when I am dull. When I am really alive and set in upon the text a tidal pressure of living affluities, it opens, it multiplies discoveries and reveals depths even faster than I can note them. The worldly spirit shuts the Bible; the Spirit of God makes it a fire, flaming out all meanings and glorious truths.'

The most growing Christian never outgrows his Bible; in that exhaustless jewelmine every stroke of the mattock reveals new nuggets of gold and fresh diamonds. Even as a mental discipline there is no book like God's book. Nothing else so sines up the intellect, so clarifies the perception, so enlarges the views, so purifies the taste, so quickens the imagination, strengthens the understanding, and educates the whole man. The humblest day laborer who saturates his mind with this celestial schoolbook becomes a superior man to his comrades—not merely a purer man, but a clearer headed man. It was the feeding on this honey dropping from heaven which gave to the Puritans their wonderful sagacity as well as their unconquerable loyalty to the right. The secret of the superiority of the old-fashioned Scottish peasantry was found in that 'big ha' Bible' which Burns described as the daily companion at every ingle-side. Simply as an educator the Scriptures ought to be read in every house, and there ought to be a chair of Bible instruction in every college. As the honey strewed the forests for Jonathan and his soldiers to feed upon, so the loving Lord has sent down his Word for all hungering humanity high or humble; as the sunlight was made for all eyes, this book was made for all hearts.

Ah, there is many a one among my readers who can testify how the precious honey from heaven brought light and joy to his eyes when dimmed with sorrow! The exceeding rich and infallible promises were not only sweet, they were illuminating. They lighted up the valley of the shadow of death; they showed how crosses can be turned into crowns, and how losses can brighten into glorious gains. When I am in a sick room I almost always dip my rod into the honeycomb of the fourteenth chapter of John. It brings the Master there with his word of infinite comfort. One of my noblest Sunday school teachers, so fed on this divine honey that on her dying bed she said, 'My path through the

Children should always increase in weight. Not to grow, not to increase in flesh, belongs to old age.

Present and future health demands that this increase in weight should be steady and never failing.

To delicate children, Scott's Emulsion brings richer blood and firmer flesh. Better color comes to the cheeks and stronger muscles to the limbs. The gain in weight is substantial; it comes to stay.

See and get, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

valley is long, but 'tis bright all the way.' Nothing opens the sinner's eyes to see himself and to see the Saviour of sinners like the simple Word. The Bible is a book to reveal iniquity in the secret parts. If a young man will dip his rod into this warning, 'Look not upon the wine when it is red,' he may discover that there is a nest of adders in the glass! If the skeptic and the scoffer can be induced to taste some of that honey which Christ gave to Nicodemus, he may find hell a tremendous reality to be shunned and heaven a glorious reality to be gained.

"The Wrath of God."

It appears strange that when the expression "the wrath of God," as aimed against sin, appears so often in the Scriptures, we so seldom hear it from the pulpit. When John came preaching in the wilderness of Judea, the burden of his message was, 'Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.' And to the Pharisees and Sadducees he said, 'Who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?'

The Gospel, in his apprehension, was not merely a dispensation of love and mercy, but of terrific judgment. And, therefore, in depicting the object of the Great Messiah in coming into the world, and the results of that coming, not a word is recorded in his preaching that he had come to forgive sin, but the message was only one of judgment, and the necessity of repentance in order to escape it. His only intimation was that he was ushering in a dispensation thorough and searching and fearful—'Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner; but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire.'

In accordance with this, the expression 'the wrath of God' as directed against sin is used in the Bible no less than one hundred and twenty six times, as any one may readily see by consulting a concordance; often times of course, meaning by it only the infliction of temporal judgments; but oftentimes, also, judgments in the future world, e. g., 'We shall be saved from wrath through him.' 'Jesus, who delivered us from the wrath to come.' 'But after thy hardness and impenitent heart treasurest up unto thyself wrath against the day of wrath, and revelation of the righteous judgment of God.' But how seldom do we now hear the expression used in the pulpit or indeed anything approaching it!

A very prominent and influential Congregational pastor closed one of his recent published volumes with this sentence: 'The one far off event to which every man and all men shall have reached the stature of the fullness of Christ.' This is Universalism out and out, and yet it passes without censure.

For several years past it has been the privilege of the writer to listen to the ministers of several denominations, at least three—the Presbyterian, the Congregational and the Baptist—and in five different communities besides Brooklyn, one a city of nearly 100 000 population, and in not a single instance has he heard the expression of the caption used in the pulpit, nor anything implying it, or approaching to it; and in not a single instance has the doctrine of the endless punishment of the wicked been insisted on. From these facts, and others which might be mentioned, he has come to believe that the doctrine that the wrath of God against the wicked and his determination to visit those who die in impenitence with his eternal displeasure, as well as to banish them externally from his presence, saying to them at the final judgment, 'Depart from me, ye cursed,' has been almost entirely eliminated from the preaching of the present day. He is disposed also, from this fact, to raise the vital question whether the pulpit has not, in this respect, departed from the teachings of the Master, as well as from the plain statements of the inspired Word generally; and whether, on

his account, we must not look forward to a corresponding looseness in the principles and practices of the entire evangelical Church. For the question, What is the proper penalty of sin in the perfect moral government of God? is vital and fundamental; and any looseness at that point endangers the stability of the entire edifice.

A Good Vacation.

Sometimes we hear a man say boastfully 'I have never taken a vacation in my life'; but we do not think this is anything to be particularly proud of. No man or woman either, who has the right views of life, wants to shirk work or be an idler. Work is a blessing to mankind, and while we are here upon earth we must do our share of it but an occasional rest has Christ's sanction and aids in recruiting body and mind. We have only to look at the forer of the men and women who have gone 'apart to rest awhile' for the best argument in favor of vacation. The man who takes no vacation may gain the reputation of untiring industry, but he will defeat his purpose of proving the benefits of perpetual grind by the sudden snapping of overwrought brain or muscles.

It is the toiler alone who fully understands and appreciates the enjoyment of a vacation. The luxurious idler who lives in continual ease, and who may have every wish and longing gratified, cannot feel the pleased and eager anticipation of the one who, having labored hard and faithfully, looks forward to a period of rest and recuperation. Rest is sweet to him, because it gives freedom for awhile from every-day care and worry, and the opportunity to gather new forces for the rest of the year. Nature enforces the command of renewal and recreation all around us and we may well learn the lesson of rest which she teaches.

A few weeks of recreation in the mountains or by the sea put new life into one, and draw the right hearted into closer fellowship with Christ. Who can gaze morning after morning upon the wonders and beauties of nature without being lifted up to Nature's God, and finding in him the true source of joy and delight? A vacation rightly improved will not only fit us for better work when we return home, but will leave behind a pleasant remembrance with those with whom we may sojourn. If we have had Christ as an ever present companion, we cannot fail to brighten the lives of those around us, and thus while resting ourselves we may have helped and encouraged some other toiling brother or sister. It may not be the privilege of every toiler to seek rest and change among the green pastures and beside the still waters of the country, but there is ever the Sabbath, God's own appointed rest day, and to those who may be denied the pleasure of a prolonged outing, and remember to 'keep it holy,' it will be full of tranquillity and grace, and they will come back as if close into the world of toil and labor refreshed and filled with a peace which passeth understanding.—Lina J. Walke.

Providential.

We often read in the papers accounts of men and women who take pills and powders in the dark, and never read the labels on medicine bottles. The special providence which so frequently watches over them, intervened in a still more wonderful way in behalf of certain recent travellers in South Africa, and more particularly in behalf of their native friends.

Upon returning to camp, writes one of them, we found that John, the driver had purchased a load of pumpkins, which the native men and women from the Massee Valley had brought to the wagon to barter.

At first I was pleased, but when I found that John had traded away about twenty

Hale Old Age.



Sad to see people advanced in years suffering from Backache, Lame Back, Urinary Troubles and Kidney Weakness. A hale old age, free from pains and aches, can only be attained by keeping the kidneys right and the blood pure. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS befriend the aged by freeing them from pain and correcting all Disorders of the Kidneys and Urinary System. Mr. Thomas Ash, an old resident of Renfrew, Ont., speaks as follows: 'I am 72 years of age, and have been troubled for a number of years with pains across my back. When I would stoop over it gave agonizing pain to straighten up. I was so bad that I could scarcely walk. I have taken many kinds of medicines, but got nothing to help me. Being recommended to try Doan's Kidney Pills I got a box. After taking three doses I noticed a great change for the better, and I can now get around as smart as a cricket. I can split my own wood and am, in fact, just like a new man.'

pounds of preservative, consisting of alum and arsenic, which he had mistaken for salt, I was filled with dismay.

We knew not the village whence the mistake had come, nor could we explain the error, being ignorant of the language; and before my scared mental vision rose piles of dead Mashons, pestilence, and war on white, provided there remained enough live Mashons to make it.

Hence it was that before daylight the next morning we left for the fort. We made no mention of the matter to any one; but a year later, when visiting the Massee Valley, I inquired of the natives if there had been any disease among them about the time when the white men arrived in the country.

They said that there had been an epidemic of stomach ache, but fortunately no one had died from it. My conscience was profoundly relieved.

H. M. SPEARS' STORY.

Nova Scotia Cheesemaker's Experience with Backache and Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Says Pain Has Left Him—Can do a Good Day's Work again—Entirely Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

ANTIGONISH, N. S. Dec. 4.—Nova Scotia cheese commands as good a price in the English market as any shipped from Canada. And just as good cheese is made in the town of Antigonish as is manufactured in Nova Scotia. One of the most successful cheesemakers here is Mr. H. M. Spears.

It was thought last winter that Mr. Spears would have to quit work owing to the fact that his back was incapacitated for work. Nothing renders a man more incapacitated for hard work like that in a cheese factory as backache. But he didn't quit work, and what is more, he is no longer troubled with backache.

Mr. Spears is always willing to give people the facts of his case, and when asked recently to explain his recovery, replied as follows:

'When I came to Nova Scotia two years ago I was so troubled with backache that I began to think I could not attend to business. I am a cheesemaker as you know, and before I left home I told my folks I did not think I could attend to my work unless I got help. After I came to Antigonish, however, I purchased a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, which benefited me so much that I did my work for the season without trouble.

'I had so much faith in them,' continued Mr. Spears, 'that I purchased half a dozen boxes last winter for lameness about my body and limbs. There was not a day last winter but I was lame somewhere till I began taking Dodd's Kidney Pills and by the use of three boxes my lameness has all left me and I am able to do a good day's work. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to anyone troubled with backache or lameness in any way. I would not be without them.'

THE DOCTOR'S BILLS.

A Man Whose Business It is to Make Patients Pay Promptly.

There was nothing remarkable about the appearance of the man. Nevertheless one of the party felt himself called upon to say that he probably had the most curious job of anybody in the city. 'He's a business manager for doctors,' he explained.

'There's nothing new in that,' was the retort of another member of the party, 'I know of a number of physicians and dentists who pay a certain sum each month to have their bills made out. The man so employed goes to their offices for a day or two, writes up their books, makes out their bills and mails them. Sometimes three or four doctors having offices in the same building will employ one man among them for this purpose. Members of these professions are notoriously poor business men and some of them lose about half they make owing to that fact.'

'But this man,' persisted the first speaker, 'does even more than that. He has taken up that idea and carried it to its logical conclusion. He has an office of his own and all bills are payable at that office. He takes the books of his clients to his own office makes out the bills and collects the money. Of course he has to be a man of standing, in whom the professional men of the place confide, but he is all of that and he does just the work a physician needs to have done. For some reason a doctor's bill is the very last one that most men pay. The average citizen will pay his grocer or his butcher or any other tradesman with reasonable promptness, but will let his doctor wait. I don't know why this should be so, but it is. Perhaps it is due to the fact that the doctor has been in the habit of letting his bills run. He sends them out, but he doesn't follow them up. If a bill sent out by a business house doesn't receive attention within a reasonable time a duplicate is mailed, and if that is ignored a collector calls on the debtor to remind him that it is time to pay up. That is regarded as business and no exception is taken to it. If the debtor doesn't like to have a call from the collector, he knows he can avoid it by paying the bill when he first receives it. The doctor's account, however, does not receive any such attention ordinarily. If the doctor is busy and under-

takes to look after his financial affairs himself it may be two or even three months before a duplicated statement is mailed. And by that time it has come pretty close to becoming a bad debt unless put into the hands of a lawyer. It's the old bill that one doesn't like to pay. Every business man realizes that.

'Now this young man of whom I am speaking simply conducts the financial part of the doctor's business on business principles. He does just as much as a merchant would do and no more. The first bill is followed by another, and if that receives no attention he goes out as a collector and presents the third in person. But, he says, the mere fact of the bills being sent out on time and followed up with reasonable promptness, sometimes with a courteous letter requesting that they receive early attention, has had a wonderful effect in increasing the number that are paid promptly, for, after all, the doctors are largely responsible for their own trouble in getting pay for their services. The young man is not a lawyer and he never sues for the money. He does not pose as a bad debt collector, never writes threatening letters and never resorts to building tactics. Yet, as I say, he has been most successful, and has proved himself worth far more to his clients than they have to pay for having their business affairs methodically conducted. After he is through, if he has failed to get the money, it rests with the doctor to decide whether he wants the bill put into the hands of a lawyer, and he has the further satisfaction of finding out in a much shorter time than ever before just what bad debts he has on his books.

'Of course every doctor has some charity patients and some others that, for one reason or another, he does not want pressed, and these are indicated on the books when they are turned over to the professional business manager. The doctor still controls his own business, but he has the satisfaction of knowing that details which have been neglected previously are now receiving the same attention that they would in a large commercial house.'

Pickpocket Figgott's Race.

'Jack' Figgott, the noted pickpocket, used to tell a funny story about the difficulty he had in picking the pocket of a fashionably dressed woman who was looking in at the window of Strive's jewelry store. It illustrates the hardships that the light-fingered gentry are forced to endure in the pursuit of their profession.

It was a cold winter evening and the lady on whose purse Figgott had designs stood looking at the holiday finery so temptingly displayed. Figgott said that he tried all arts known to his craft for the extraction of the wallet, but all in vain, until as a last resort, he fished a toothpick from his pocket, and reaching around, tickled the lady's ear. Instinctively she raised her hand to brush away the invading insect or whatever it might be, and in doing so let go of her pocketbook that she was carrying in the pocket of her coat.

It was only an instant but it was long enough for the expert pickpocket to get in his work, and when she put her hand back her money was gone, and in the crowd around her she could not identify the pale-faced, fashionably dressed young man at her side as the person who had robbed her, and if she had scented him there would have been no proof against him, as the swag was at once passed to a pal who stood ready to receive it and run.

Cataract.

Statistics prove that 97 per cent of our population is affected with some form of Cataract, but since Cataract, the new medicated air treatment for Cataract and kindred diseases, has been introduced this percentage has decreased. Cataract, some never fails to cure Cataract, Bronchitis, Asthma and Hay Fever, and is warranted to cure the most chronic cases of these diseases, even after all else has failed. It cures by inhalation. No danger, no risk, pleasant to use. For sale at all druggists or direct by mail, price \$100. For trial outfit send 10c in stamps to N. C. POLSON & CO., Box 607, Kingston, Ont.

A New York housemaid has invoked the aid of the law to help her to recover the \$482 which she has paid out to a fortune teller in order to secure a husband. It is the oldest, she had advertised in some matrimonial paper that she wanted a husband and she could doubtless have found some man without spending all her earnings on a fortune teller. All of which shows that it pays to advertise.

FROM ALL OVER CANADA come letters telling us of the great benefits derived from the use of The D. & L. Menthol Plasters in cases of neuralgia, rheumatism, lame back, etc. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., manufacturers.

The Puritan—'Is it not monstrous that a man should be put in the stocks for obeying his conscience?'

The Cavalier—'In truth, it is! Most men who are put in the stocks manage to have some fun before they get there.'

CROUPS, COUGHS AND COLDS are all quickly cured by Eppy-Pectoral. It lessens the cough almost instantly, and cures readily the most obstinate cold. Manufactured by the proprietors of Eppy-David's Pain-Killer.

And Tumors cured to stay cured, at home, no knife, please Canadian testimonials & 20-page free Dept. 11, Massee Medicines, 100-102 Dundas Street, Toronto, Ontario.

## Famous Poison Murders.

As I happen to have been present at some of the most celebrated murder trials in which various poisons were used during the last fifty years, heard the evidence saw the prisoners stand up when wretched men and women have been condemned to death, it struck me that it might be interesting to run over a few sensational cases of poison murders in England during the Victorian era. The trials have mostly taken place in what we call the "Old Bailey." It is really the Central Criminal Court in the City of London, close by Ludgate Hill, attached to old Newgate Prison, outside whose gloomy walls I have, as a boy, seen several prisoners hanged in the early morning amid the most hideous din and irreparable rabble that ever cursed a great city. Happily that scandal has ceased. Public executions exist no longer in England. Men and very rarely, women, are hanged inside the prison walls, and in the presence of the Sheriff and a few officials.

When you go into the Central Criminal Court on the morning of a celebrated murder trial, the scene suggests anything but sadness and gloom. It is a bright, ugly, uncomfortable, ill-planned court, with a dock for the wretched prisoner, large enough for a regiment of soldiers, and miserable accommodation for the barristers and solicitors and officials connected with the case, and a small confined 'pen' for the jury.

But the bench appointed for the Judge is, on such occasions, as gay as a garden, and the wretched man or woman waiting trial, huddled up in a corner of the great dock or standing between two burly warders in uniform, is face to face with a picturesque scene. Under a giant sword of justice hanging on the wall, which takes the place of the crucifix invariably placed in a French criminal Court, sits the Lord Mayor of London in his gorgeous robes of scarlet, fur and ermine. By his side are the sheriffs of London, in robes equally gorgeous, who are responsible for all the details of the trial and the custody of the prisoner.

Fitting about the court are the under-sheriffs, in black velvet court suits, adorned with cut steel buttons, knee breeches, black silk stockings and buckled pumps, lace ruff on their wrists and a sword at their side.

When the Judge appears, often in scarlet, with a heavy gray wig, provided it is a 'gaudy day' in term time, all rise (after a stentorian warning from the usher) to the court, who is, as a rule, the city townmaster, the official who stands behind the Lord Mayor's chair at city banquets to announce the toasts and act as fagman for the cheers. A curious occupation, surely, to lead the cheers and enthusiasm at the Guildhall or the Mansion House, and to call dreary silence when in the Old Bailey the Judge puts on a black cap and a man is sentenced to death.

You will notice that when the Judge enters to try a man or woman for his or her life he carries in his hand a beautiful bouquet of cut flowers, which he deposits by his side on his desk, which is not in the middle of the bench, as in other courts, but at the side, the centre being occupied by the Lord Mayor of London.

This bouquet is presented by the city of London, and is a survival of the old custom when at such trials rue and rosemary and sweet smelling herbs were scattered in the prisoner's dock, and in the precincts of the court, for the purpose of disinfection and to allay what was then called "goal fever."

The first celebrated poison case of the last half century was that of Palmer, a local doctor, of Rugely, in Staffordshire, who was charged with murdering by poison his friend Cook, a racing man, whose life he had insured, and to whom he owed a considerable amount of money. The actual murder occurred at the Raven Hotel, at Shrewsbury, but the trial took place in London, as often happens, to avoid local prejudice in the selection of a jury. I remember as a lad at school the Palmer case created furious excitement, and in all our classrooms and dormitories the Times newspaper was in enormous requisition. I was, I remember, appointed to read out

the details of the trial to my hungry and eager schoolmates. The case was tried by Lord Campbell, a very drastic Scotch Judge. "Jock" Campbell they used to call him. The attorney general prosecuted and the attorney general was Alexander Cockburn, afterwards Lord Chief Justice of England, a name well known in America in connection with the Alabama claim. For the defence was Sergeant Shee, an eloquent Irishman, with an enormous practice.

Palmer, the Rugely doctor, was charged with poisoning his friend Cook with strychnine, a deadly drug of which very little was known at the time, and consequently gave rise to a noteworthy discord in the medical evidence. There never was such black and white swearing on this occasion over the strychnine and its effects. At any rate, at the autopsy strychnine was discovered in the murdered man's body, and Palmer was proved to have bribed the postboy who conveyed the contents of the stomach for analysis to London to fall off his horse and smash the contents of the jar. Palmer, the doctor, throughout the trial preserved the utmost sang froid and fully expected he would be acquitted. The only thing that puzzled him was the obsequiousness of Lord Campbell, the Judge, who was not wont to be civil to anybody. Toward the close of the trial Palmer from the dock sent down a pencilled note to his counsel with these words written on the paper:—"The old devil on the bench is too beastly civil. He means to hang me!"

Palmer, the poisoner, was right. Hanged he was. Indeed, if he had not been condemned on this charge he would have been hanged a dozen times on others, for it was proved almost to demonstration that he had got rid of half his family, whose lives he had previously insured. Strychnine was found in each case, and death occurred after 'tetanus,' or twisting up of the limbs, a direct evidence of the effect of an overdose of strychnine.

Another remarkable case was that of Madeleine Smith, a lovely Scotch girl, who poisoned the cup of chocolate she offered to her lover, who turned out a blackmailer and a dastard. He was a young Italian. Weary of an intrigue which had become distasteful to her, and anxious to be honorably married, Madeleine Smith severed her connection with her lover. But he was brute enough to threaten that if she dared marry he would show all her passionate and compromising letters to her intended husband. The girl was accused of settling the difficulty with a little poison in the young gentleman's chocolate that did for him.

The case was tried in Scotland, and so much sympathy was expressed for the lovely girl that a verdict of "Not proven" was given, and Madeleine Smith was acquitted.

Many years after a curious circumstance occurred. It was related to me by George du Maurier, the artist-novelist, and well known to you all as the creator of 'Trilby.' One lonely Sunday, in London, a friend approached him and asked him if he had anything particular to do; if not, would he dine at the house of some hospital acquaintances of his. We will call them the Robinsons! They had given Du Maurier's friend carte blanche to bring anyone he liked to 'meal' on Sunday, in an informal way.

At the dinner table the conversation turned on celebrated poison cases and trials. Du Maurier launched out and quoted the Madeleine Smith case, maintaining with warmth that she ought to have been hanged, beautiful or not, no matter what provocation there had been.

When he had done his harandue there was a dead silence. Conversation fell flat and the party broke up.

When they got outside, Du Maurier's friend said:—"Do you know what you have done?" "Done! What do you mean; done?" "Do you know who your hostess is?" "Mrs. Robinson, I presume; you told me so when you took me to the house. She can't have changed her name in an hour!" "But, my dear fellow, do you know who she was?" "No! How on earth should I?" "Madeleine Smith!" Quick curtain.

The Lamsen case was another one of poisoning by a doctor. A little lad at school, a half brother, I believe, was in Dr. Lamsen's way, and it was convenient to get rid of him. So the doctor visited him

at school and took with him as a present a delicious cake, well primed with strychnine Lamsen, watching him all the time, without turning a hair, saw the little fellow eat the cake. The lad died. The doctor was dexterously hanged.

All London was once very much excited by the "Bravo" mystery. Mrs. Bravo was a beautiful woman, in good society, who had married an athletic, handsome and very popular young barrister. She originally resided in Malvern, where her best friend was the local physician. Suddenly they all removed to Balham, a London suburb, where young Bravo mysteriously died. It was charged that animosity was introduced again and again into the wine he drank, continuously and in small quantities. The poor young fellow sickened and died. After a long and anxious inquiry Mrs. Bravo was acquitted.

The Mrs. Maybrick case is a poison mystery of such recent occurrence, and it has been so freely discussed both in England and America, that it will be unnecessary to go into details of the arsenic extracted from fly papers, the habits of the dead man, his illness and all the pros and cons of this most extraordinary cause celebre. I have heard as many eminent lawyers capable of sifting evidence strongly oppose the verdict as I have heard many, the family included, maintain its justice up to the hilt. For my own part I feel certain that had Mrs. Maybrick been tried in Scotland and not in England the verdict would have been as in the case of Madeleine Smith—"Not proven"—and this verdict seems a very righteous one in a trial for murder as opposed to the stereotyped 'Guilty or not guilty.' Let us hope, anyhow, that justice in this disputed case will be tempered with mercy, and that the unhappy woman, after all these weary years, will be restored to the arms of those loving ones who have never ceased to maintain her innocence before the world.

So much in England depends on the temperament and snuffing up of the judge. We have what are called 'hanging judges' and judges who strain every point to avoid the extreme penalty of the law.

I was in the Central Criminal Court during the whole of the Peage murder trial when two brothers Henry and Patrick Staunton, the wife of one of the Stauntons, and Alice Rhodes, the mistress of the other brother—four in all—were arraigned for the wilful murder of an old woman by neglecting to give her, their mother, the common necessities of life. They shut the poor lady up, they treated her vilely and brutally and she unquestionably died of neglect. The question was whether it was wilful murder or manslaughter. The prosecution argued one way, the defence argued the other.

Mr. Justice Hawkins summed up the dead against the prisoners, and maintained that it was murder at all it was 'wilful' in the wickedest sense.

The trial was not over until nearly midnight. It was a ghastly scene when all were found guilty and condemned to death in that dim, half lighted court, the feeble gas supplemented by guttering candles. As the solemn sentence was pronounced the two women gave piercing shrieks and fell fainting into the arms of the female warders. The two brothers huddled together and received their death condemnation shuddering, hand in hand.

Then a curious thing happened. Public feeling was very strongly opposed to the verdict. Protest after protest was printed in the newspapers. The sentences were commuted to penal servitude in three cases and Alice Rhodes, though I saw her condemned to death, was actually acquitted and was afterward engaged as a barmaid in the city.

In fact they tell a story that one day Alice Rhodes found herself in the presence of Mr. Justice Hawkins on some rare occasion, when the following conversation took place:—

"I say, Judge, do you know who I am?"

"I certainly do not," replied the popular Judge.

"Why, I'm Alice Rhodes, the girl you condemned to death!"

Such a thing as a free pardon to a condemned criminal has, I suppose, never occurred before. She, poor girl, passed indeed through 'the valley of the shadow of death.'

Only one of the Stauntons survived the sentence. He was recently released, a prematurely old and broken man.

### CARE FOR THE WOUNDED.

How England Looks After Her Wounded and Dying Soldiers.

Modern artillery's effectiveness has put a very different complexion upon the uses and necessities of field hospitals. A field hospital used to be very near the fighting line—it was often actually under fire. But now, when artillery fire is commonly effective at four thousand yards, no field hospital could be allowed safely near the fighting line to permit of the wounded

**MANY A WOMAN'S LIFE**

has been saved, much needless suffering avoided or relieved by the wise counsel and advice given by Mrs. J. C. Richard. The rich and the poor, as well as the learned and unlearned, have been alike educated in the construction and functions of their special delicate organs, have been warned against the common causes of disease and shown the way to restored health, love and happiness. Mrs. Richard has just published a book entitled "Woman's Health and Disease" which will prove of much interest to daughter, wife and mother. A limited number of copies will be given FREE to all who send 10 cents (stamps or silver), to cover cost of mailing. Write to-day for a copy.

Mrs. J. C. RICHARD, P.O. Box 996, Montreal.

being taken directly to it, and the organization of aid has been altogether altered.

In South Africa it has been arranged that all the effective aid in the field will be that of the Army Medical Corps. Voluntary aid will confine itself to the lines of communication between the fields and the base hospital and between the base and general hospitals. The working organization is as follows:—

Accompanying the fighting line are the bearer companies of the Army Medical Corps—three or four men to each regular regimental company. When a man drops out wounded, the Army Medical Corps men pick him up and take him to the nearest dressing station, where he is attended to as quickly as possible. From the dressing station the wounded are taken to collecting stations, these being placed at points where more shelter is obtainable.

In the case of collecting stations, it is possible, of course, to select more effective shelter than at the dressing stations, where shelter is more a matter of improvisation. From the collecting stations the wounded are carried as quickly as possible to the field hospital. Here, generally speaking, they remain a day, and are then removed to the base hospital.

There will be twelve field hospitals in South Africa, four stationary or base hospitals and four general hospitals, each with its complete staff. The distribution of these hospitals will be determined by the officers commanding in South Africa, and must depend on the manner in which the military situation develops.

## Dreaded Diphtheria.

ITS AFTER EFFECTS FREQUENTLY SHATTER STRONG NERVES.

Mr. S. McDougall suffered for Years and His Doctor Told Him Recovery was Impossible—Again Strong and Healthy.

Farmer and "jack of all trades," is what Mr. Salter McDougall styled himself when interviewed by the News recently. Mr. McDougall resides at Alton, about ten miles from Truro, N. S., and according to his own statement has been made a new man by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When interviewed by the News man, Mr. McDougall said:—"I am only too glad to give you any information you may want. Anything I can say will not be too good a recommendation for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Up to the year 1885," continued Mr. McDougall, "I had always enjoyed good health. At that time I had a severe attack of diphtheria, the after-effects of which left me in a deplorable condition. I was troubled with a constant pain in my left side, just below the heart, and at times, dizziness would cause me to throw up my hands and fall on my back. My face, hands and feet would swell and turn cold. In this condition I could not move hands or feet and had to be moved like a child. My appetite all but left me and I got very little sleep. I was under the care of a doctor, but got nothing more than occasional temporary relief. Finally I got so low that my friends wrote for my father to come and see me for the last time. This was in January, 1895. That night the doctor told my friends he could do nothing for me, and he doubted if I would live through the night. That night I took a severe fit of vomiting, and raised three pieces of matter, tough and leathery in appearance, and each about three inches long. The vomiting almost choked me, and it required two people to hold me in bed, but I felt easier after it. I was in this deplorable condition when I was urged by a neighbor to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It was a hopeless case but I decided to try them. When I told the doctor I was taking the pills he said they would do me no good; that I would never be able to work again. But he was mistaken, for the effect was marvellous. By March I was able to get out of doors, and could walk quite a distance. I continued using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills until I had taken seventeen boxes, and they have made a new man of me. My health is better than it has been for twenty years, and notwithstanding the doctor's prediction, I am able to stand any amount of hard work. I attribute my new manhood and regained health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and gratefully recommend them to others in poor health."

"I am only too glad to give you any information you may want. Anything I can say will not be too good a recommendation for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Up to the year 1885," continued Mr. McDougall, "I had always enjoyed good health. At that time I had a severe attack of diphtheria, the after-effects of which left me in a deplorable condition. I was troubled with a constant pain in my left side, just below the heart, and at times, dizziness would cause me to throw up my hands and fall on my back. My face, hands and feet would swell and turn cold. In this condition I could not move hands or feet and had to be moved like a child. My appetite all but left me and I got very little sleep. I was under the care of a doctor, but got nothing more than occasional temporary relief. Finally I got so low that my friends wrote for my father to come and see me for the last time. This was in January, 1895. That night the doctor told my friends he could do nothing for me, and he doubted if I would live through the night. That night I took a severe fit of vomiting, and raised three pieces of matter, tough and leathery in appearance, and each about three inches long. The vomiting almost choked me, and it required two people to hold me in bed, but I felt easier after it. I was in this deplorable condition when I was urged by a neighbor to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It was a hopeless case but I decided to try them. When I told the doctor I was taking the pills he said they would do me no good; that I would never be able to work again. But he was mistaken, for the effect was marvellous. By March I was able to get out of doors, and could walk quite a distance. I continued using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills until I had taken seventeen boxes, and they have made a new man of me. My health is better than it has been for twenty years, and notwithstanding the doctor's prediction, I am able to stand any amount of hard work. I attribute my new manhood and regained health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and gratefully recommend them to others in poor health."

### Cautionary.

A Georgia colored preacher had more than one way of making sure that none of his parishioners let the contribution plate pass unnoticed.

"We have a collection for foreign and domestic missions this morning, brethren and sisters," he announced one Sunday, and for the glory of heaven, whichever one of you stole Widow Johnson's sheep, don't put a cent on the plate!"

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN.)

some three hundred miles. Johannesburg, which might be called the gold-miners' capital, is practically on the summit of this elevated land, which falls away rapidly toward the north—so rapidly that Pretoria, only thirty-five miles off, is twelve hundred feet lower.

Gold has been mined in there for comparatively few years, yet many different stories are told about the manner of the discovery. It is said that in 1854 a Dutchman named Marais found the precious metal and that the Boers, not wishing to be overrun by gold-hunters, gave him five hundred pounds to keep the secret and send him home! It is further said that the former owner of much of the gold bearing region, a British veteran whose land was confiscated because he took up arms against the Boers in 1851, died in an almshouse. It is certain that, before 1868, digging of gold was forbidden by law. It is equally certain that a 'strike' in the Rand was announced early in 1884, and that within a little more than a year more than twenty thousand persons had gathered there.

At that time the railroad from Cape Town reached only to Kimberley and three hundred and seven thousand whites were employed in the neighboring diggings. Today it is a bustling modern city, with a population of a hundred thousand.

When the present war began, the Transvaal was yielding annually about sixty million dollars' worth of gold a year—more than one-fifth of the world's production, of which, by the way, the United States is credited with nearly sixty million.

Conservative authorities have estimated that, carried down to a depth of four thousand feet, the Rand mines will yield in all more than three and a half billion dollars' worth of gold, of which almost a third will represent clear profit.

The old phrase of "a king's ransom" seems thin and meaningless when one realizes the enormous wealth destined to be controlled by the victor in the present struggle.

### A Volunteer's Appetite.

It seldom occurs to the average man that "home cooking" is really one of the blessings of civilization—but soldiers find it out. Apropos of the return of Western regiments from the Philippines, the Omaha World Herald prints this letter, written by a Nebraska volunteer to his wife:—

I see they are preparing to give us a grand banquet when we return to Omaha. That's all right, but I want something to eat before the banquet comes off. And I want it on the table when I get home, too. What do I want? Well, here's the list: Sirloin steak, rare. Hot biscuit and plenty of them, made by you. Flour and milk gravy, about three quarts. Mashed potatoes. Apple sauce. Corn on the cob, eleven ears. String beans. Macaroni and cheese. Peaches and cream. Ice-cream.

I want you to get all these things ready. We have had plenty to eat since reaching San Francisco, but when things are camp-cooked they all taste alike. Cook 'em yourself, and don't think because I've been away over a year you can ring in any hired girl cooking 'em. When I get through with this bill of fare I'll be ready to tackle the banquet.

### A Disappointment.

"I came mighty near tryin' to enlist in de Transvaal army," said Meandering Mike.

"You might have ter work," said Flooding Pete.

"For a minute I was willin' ter take de chance. I was deceived by a typographical error. De paper said de Transvaal was chock full o' Boers, an' I had ter read half a column before I got convinced dat it only meant Boers."

"Ten years ago," protested the farmer, I could buy a gold brick for \$10,000. And you ask me \$15,000?"

The Swindler inclined his head; he had no convictions to make.

"And yet the money interests' the farmer exclaimed, bitterly, 'protest not to understand agrarian discontent under an order which permits trusts?'"

**APIOL & STEEL PILLS**  
for Ladies.  
A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES.  
Superseding Bitter Apple, Fil Cocchi, Purgatives, etc.  
Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from  
EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and  
Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C., or  
Glasgow, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampten, Eng.

**Woman's Health**

The ever recurring...  
Christmas shopping...  
The newest fad...  
The "cakewalk"...  
Conservative authorities...  
It seldom occurs...  
I see they are...  
"I came mighty...  
"For a minute...  
"Ten years ago...  
The Swindler...  
"And yet the...  
USE THE GENUINE  
**MURRAY LANMAN**  
Florida  
"THE UNIVERSAL"  
For the Hand  
Toilet and  
... REFUSE ALL

LANMAN'S LIFE

...suffering avoided or relieved...  
...the construction and functions...  
...the organs have been warned...  
...of disease and shown the...  
...low and happiness. Mrs...  
...a book entitled "Woman...  
...which will prove of much...  
...and mother. A limited sum...  
...FREE to all who send...  
...to cover cost of mailing.

...ARD, P.O. Box 996, Montreal.

...CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN.

...hundred miles. Johannesburg...  
...be called the gold-miners...  
...practically on the summit of...  
...land, which falls away rapid...  
...the north—so rapidly that Frey...  
...thirty-five miles off, is twelve...  
...set lower.

...has been mined in there for com...  
...few years, yet many different...  
...are told about the manner of...  
...very. It is said that in 1854 a...  
...named Marais found the preci...  
...and that the Boers, not wishing...  
...run by gold-busters, gave him...  
...ed pounds to keep the secret and...  
...ome! It is further said that the...  
...ner of much of the gold bearing...  
...because he took up arms...  
...Boers in 1881, died in an alm...  
...is certain that, before 1868,  
...gold was forbidden by law. It...  
...certain that a 'strike' in the...  
...announced early in 1884, and...  
...a little more than a year more...  
...thousand persons had gather-

...time the railroad from Cape...  
...ed only to Kimberley and three...  
...ed seven thousand whites were...  
...in the neighboring diggings...  
...a bustling modern city, with a...  
...of a hundred thousand.

...the present war began, the...  
...was yielding annually about six...  
...dollars' worth of gold a year—...  
...on one-fifth of the world's pro...  
...which, by the way, the United...  
...admitted with nearly sixty mil-

...tive authorities have estimated...  
...down to a depth of four thou...  
...the Rand mines will yield in all...  
...three and a half billion dollars...  
...id, of which almost a third will...  
...er profit.

...phrase of 'a king's ransom'...  
...and meaningless when one...  
...enormous wealth destined to...  
...by the victor in the present

Volunteer's Appearance.

...occurs to the average man that...  
...is really one of the bless...  
...-militation—but soldiers find it...  
...os of the return of Western...  
...from the Philippines, the Omaha...  
...id prints this letter, written by...  
...volunteer to his wife:

...am preparing to give us a...  
...t when we return to Omaha...  
...ght, but I want something to...  
...banquet comes off. And I...  
...table when I get home, too...  
...nt? Well, here's the list:

...ak, rare...  
...and plenty of them, made by...  
...milk gravy, about three quarts...  
...atoes...  
...ob, eleven ears...  
...cream...  
...d cheese...  
...cream.

...to get all these things ready...  
...plenty to eat since reaching...  
...between things are camp...  
...-stays alike. Cook 'em...  
...don't think because I've been...  
...ear you can get in any hind...  
...ms. When I ring through...  
...fare I'll be ready to tackle

...Disappointment...  
...ghtly near tryin' to enlist in...  
...army," said Meandering...  
...ave to work," said Flodding

...ate I was willin' ter 'take de...  
...e deceived by a typograph...  
...paper said de Transval...  
...o' Beers, an' I had ter read...  
...before I got convinced dat...  
...Boers.'

...ango,' protested the farmer, I...  
...ld brick for \$10,000. And...  
...5,000?'

...inclined his head; he had...  
...to make...  
...money interests the farmer...  
...only, 'profess not to under...  
...discontent under an order...  
...trusts?'

Woman and Her Work.

The ever recurring question of what to buy for Christmas is to the fore again and occupies the waking and sleeping moments of every woman in the land. The shops are swarmed with good things, but the variety is so great that it leaves one after a prolonged inspection of the many novelties offered for sale more puzzled than before starting out.

It is the wise woman who does all her Christmas shopping early, before the terrible rush and crush of the last few days are on, but it is the economical woman who waits until a few days before Christmas and picks up the many bargains which the shopkeepers then offer in order to avoid the leaving over of a large stock of Christmas goods.

The newest fad in tambour work is done on a very coarse meshed canvas with a new material called 'prima.' This is a heavy cord like linen yarn, which works in very effectively in the large mesh of the canvas. Though it is thick, and fills in quickly, it takes a considerable quantity, but it repays one for one's trouble after it is finished. Pillows, chair seats and panels are shown in this new 'prima,' and it has 'caught on,' as the boys say, very thoroughly.

Then there is a new ribbon embroidery, which is dainty in the extreme. It is done with the very finest, narrowest ribbon imaginable, in Dresden and Watteau colorings, and is truly a most acceptable gift.

The 'cakewalk' and 'coon town' pillows are the latest novelty, and when they are outlined in silks to match the colorings of the design, and edged with two or three toned satin ribbon ruff, in colors to match the body of the pillow, they make a most striking looking cushion, which seems just about the very thing for the divan in a man's den, where everything needs to be substantial enough for hard wear.

Some pretty samples are shown for holding shaving paper. These are tiny disks of sheer linen embroidered in forget-me-nots, violets, tiny wild roses, as suits the fancy of the embroiderer and the color scheme of her sweetheart's den. These linen disks are mounted on a larger disk of cardboard covered with a contrasting shade of satin and finished at the top by full looped bows of two shades of very narrow satin ribbon. The same ribbon is twisted for the hanging loop.

Every woman knows what an eyesore a curling iron is, and how hard it is to get the ever present thing out of sight. Well, some ingenious person has devised a receptacle for holding the curling iron, which is really very attractive and ornamental. It is shaped somewhat like an elongated shield, made of linen and embroidered in some floral design. At the two upper points are full looped bows of narrow satin ribbon, and a twisted handle of ribbon, by which it hangs on the wall.

On the back is a pocket, into which the iron is slipped out of sight, and when hung on the wall in close proximity to the dresser and sideights the clumsy curling iron becomes quite a sightly affair.

Apparently this is a season of photo frames and screens, for the shops are full of them. The pretty gilt Empire frames still hold their own, and there is little change in them from last year. They are showing some new designs in mahogany—plain, straight lines, relieved by a delicate tracery of gold beading.

Then, again, the gold frames for ivory painted miniatures or pictures of friends and sweethearts are very heavily scrolled, in large openwork patterns. They are heavy looking, but very light of weight, and are de rigueur in a green drawing room for tables, cabinets and mantels. The daintier round gold frames are studded with rhinestones, emeralds, rubies and sapphires, and are more generally used for the miniature collections which are all the rage to-day.

For my lady's dressing case, are shown some novelties in hand glasses which are veritable works of art. They are of heavy gilt, exquisitely painted on the back with copies of famous Gainsboroughs, Sir Joshua

Constipation, Headache, Biliousness, Heartburn, Indigestion, Dizziness,

Indicate that your liver is out of order. The best medicine to remove the liver and cure all these ills, is found in

Hood's Pills

25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

Reynolds, R-mbrandts and others of their like who made portraits of beautiful women their specialty.

These hand glasses come in three or four different sizes. The large size is for the bureau, the medium one for the writing table and the smallest for the cabinet.

Silver is tout a 'tit born' de combat as far as the smart woman's bureau is concerned, and the newest and 'most' fashionable fad today is ebony. It does not look as though the new fad would have the enormous run which silver enjoyed, but toilet sets in ebony, relieved by silver initials and a narrow silver beading around the edge, are very elegant, and, being new, correspondingly expensive.

A pretty novelty for men is shown in a silver match safe which was within a frame for the best girl's picture. Another style has a double case, which opens by a spring and discloses the frame. Some of these silver match boxes are enamelled in the favorite flower of the man for whom they are intended. The flowers are on a mother of pearl ground, and the deep purple of the violet, which seems to be the favorite design, is brought out most effectively.

TIMELY HINTS.

Some of the Xmas Things That a Handy Girl Can Make.

The knowing girl is now collecting remnants of brocade, ribbon and furniture covering, with which to make Christmas presents for those who deserve to get them. She chooses patterns in medallions and stripes, much like those tattered church vestments seen abroad in the antique shops or made up by cunning fingers into portfolios, card cases, jewel boxes, trays, screens and frames.

Genuine old brocades are naturally dear, but excellent imitations are found at small prices in short lengths, suitable for cushions and fancy work. Boxes for fancy or needlework are the most tedious of all to make, but they can be put together, if one is patient and neat with sewing and gluing. White photographer's paste is the best for this work.

Gold gimp, found among dress trimmings, is needed for the edges and finish. Old prints or engravings, too small or torn to be used for anything else, can be cut square or oval and inserted in the centre of box or portfolio, with a rim and bow knot of gimp to set them off. Tiny hinges and locks are needed for the small boxes.

Handsome trays for desk or bureau are made of heavy pasteboard, the corners being elit and curved upward. When all covered with brocade, the edges and outlines being of the gold gimp 'blind stitched' on.

A clever girl bought several ready made cheap frames, some gold, some black, at nineteen cents each. These she 'made over' with the inner mat of pasteboard covered with fancy silk, sage green, and the openings filled with figured paper such as children use for paper dolls' dresses. Time was when silks or brocades were used for nothing but reticules and needle cases, but we have changed all that by copying the French in some artistic ideas.

Teeth of Paper.

Paper teeth are the latest thing in dentistry. For years some substance has been sought for which could replace the composition commonly employed for making teeth, and a fortune awaited the man who was lucky enough to hit upon the right material. Although paper has some disadvantages, they are small compared so its many qualifications, and paper teeth are very likely to be used exclusively—at least until more perfect material is found.

Up to this time china has been used almost entirely, but it presents so many disadvantages that dentists have been on the lookout for some other substance which could replace it. Not only does china not resist the action of the saliva and turn black, but china affects the nerves of the jaws.

People who wear false teeth often complain of suborbital neuralgia, and this is put down by many dentists as being caused by the heat or cold acting on the china or porcelain. Porcelain or mineral composition also is liable to chip or break, and for these reasons has never been satisfactory.

The paper teeth are made of paper

mache, which is submitted to a tremendous pressure until it is as hard as required. Their peculiar composition renders them cheap, and the price of a set of teeth will go down considerably owing to the new invention.

The color of the paper mache can also be made to vary, which is an important point, as no two sets of teeth are identical in color. Some teeth having a strong yellowish cast while others are bluish white. In order, therefore to obtain the right tint the coloring matter has only to be introduced into the mixture before the too h is cast in order to match the other teeth exactly. It is in this particular china teeth often fail to appear natural, their color differing from the other teeth in the mouth and showing that the tooth is artificial.—Pearson's Weekly.

SUCCESS ON THE RACE TRACK.

How the Jersey Lily Won Fame and Fortune on the Course.

Mrs. Lily Langtry, known in racing circles as 'Mrs. Jersey,' under which name her horses are nominated in the English stakes, is about to dispose of her racing stable and to wash her hands forever of the turf. She will do this at the expressed wish of her husband, Mr. Hugo Gerald de Bathe, who does not think it is a woman's province to own race horses. So it may be honestly said that Mrs. Langtry is giving up the amusement she loves best of all amusements for the sake of her husband.

It was not until 1892 that Mrs. Langtry's colors, turquoise and fawn hoops and turquoise cap, were noticeable on English race courses. Her infatuation for the sport was encouraged by Abingdon Baird, better known as "Squire Abingdon," who died in this country in the early nineties, when touring with 'Charley' Mitchell, the celebrated pugilist.

The story told is that Mr. Baird and Mrs. Langtry were dining in London when a friend of Mr. Baird made him an offer for the horse Milford. Several sums were named, and a forty thousand dollar offer met a flat refusal.

"I like a good horse myself, sir," was Mr. Baird's reply to all offers.

After his friend left the dingy room Mrs. Langtry intimated that she would like to own a race horse.

"I'll give you Milford," was Baird's immediate reply, and Milford became the nucleus of Mrs. Langtry's stable.

Milford, however, did not prove the gold mine one might naturally expect, as

BACKACHE.

The Unmistakable Symptoms of Kidney Disease Can Only Be Permanently Cured When the Kidneys Are Made Well By Using

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

Your back is tired. It aches with every little exertion. You think there is nothing serious the matter. "It will wear away," you say, and you try and forget your suffering. But you can't. The aching is growing worse. What can be the matter? Don't blame the back. It's the kidneys that are to blame. It's when the kidneys are wrong that the back tires easily and aches. Don't waste time with plasters and liniments. They can never cure backache because they don't remove the cause—disease of the kidneys.

Doctor the kidneys. Strengthen and invigorate them by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Then there will be no backache, no painful urination, no getting up in the night, no danger of Bright's disease, diabetes and dropsy.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills act directly on the kidney and liver. They make the bowels regular and active, and entirely remove every symptom of kidney disease. They are the world's greatest kidney cure and have the largest sale of any pill in Canada. The reason is not far to seek. They cure where other remedies fail. Here is an example:

Mr. B. Clement, 265 St. Lawrence street, Montreal, states: "For a long time I was a sufferer with backache and kidney disease. After doctoring for six months and trying many remedies without experiencing relief, I began to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I took two boxes of them, and since then have not had a pain in my back, loins or sides, and consider myself entirely cured."

Scores of thousands have been cured of backache and kidney disease by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers; or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

For cold in the head and catarrh, use Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. For throat and lung troubles, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER BELFAST, IRELAND.

And 164, 166 and 170 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. IRISH LINEN & DAMASK MANUFACTURERS.

Household Linens

From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the WORLD.

Which being woven by Hand, wear longer and retain the High Satin appearance in the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common-power looms goods.

Robinson & Cleaver BELFAST, IRELAND

(Please mention this Paper.)

he won few races, and finally developed into a rogue and became very unreliable. But Mrs. Langtry was in the thoroughbred business for money as well as pleasure. She purchased and sold horses during the season of 1893, finally offering to release Milford for \$5,000, but his reputation was too well known. She won considerable money in purses in 1894. In 1895 Mrs. Langtry's racing stable was known as Regal Lodge, Newmarket. Her trainer was 'Sam' Pickering, and she employed two jockeys, Trundle and Feakes.

When not otherwise engaged Mrs. Langtry spent much of her time at Regal Lodge, paying all attention to her horses. At four o'clock in the morning she would be on the beach watching the morning gallops on the private track connected with the lodge. She then had seventeen horses in training, including Milford, Nobleman, Carrick, Pride of the Sea, for which she paid a high price to Lord Calthorpe; Chillington, which was knocked down to her for 570 guineas, and a dozen others of more or less note.

During that season Regal Lodge was credited with some big winnings, nearly every horse in the stable earning winning brackets in stakes and purses.

The year 1896 was not so productive as the year before, and in 1897 'Fred' Webb was the trainer at Regal Lodge. It was he who fitted the Australian-bred horse Mer-man for the Cesarewitch. It was on Cesarewitch Day that Mrs. Langtry raised herself several notches in the estimation of English race goers through the victory of Mer-man.

It was a great day in Mrs. Langtry's history. The crowd cheered, and she was the queen of the meeting.

Cesarewitch Day of 1897 was made more notable by the fact that the Prince of Wales escorted Mrs. Langtry into the enclosure and mixed with Jockey Club society.

On Mer-man's victory it is estimated that Mrs. Langtry won anywhere between \$100,000 and \$200,000. She sent Mer-man to the post a 100 to 7 choice, besides having wagered considerable money in the future books. It was in this race that 'Tod' Sloan rode St. Cloud for Mr. James R. Keene. Mr. August Belmont's Keenan also started in the race, but, like St. Cloud, finished among the trailers.

Up to the fall of the present year 'Mr. Jersey's' colors were not very prominent, the stable having in racing parlance, 'gone off,' but she was the goddess of Goodwood as the sterling horse Mer-man won the Goodwood Stakes and the Goodwood Cup. He was then sent to Birmingham, where he took the Birmingham Handicap. At Lewes Uniform carried Mrs. Langtry's colors in the handicap, and another horse from her stable, Malma, won the Prince Edward Handicap, at Windsor, worth \$10,000. Gasettoer also won two smaller stakes at Windsor.

All told, Mrs. Langtry's career on the English turf has been prosperous. She spent thousands to retain a good string of horses and won many thousands. Fortune smiled and frowned at intervals, but the smiles were more frequent.

The notable woman delights in superintending all affairs she is interested in, and during her career on the turf, changed

trainers four times, substituting 'Joe' Cannon for Pickering, and following with Webb and W. T. Robinson. When at home she never missed a race meeting, and would parade the paddock before every race chatting with this man and that, getting the opinion of the Prince of Wales and comparing her own notes with those of her trainer.

She rarely let one of her horses run a race without giving it some support, and her winnings have been very large on several occasions. The actual amounts are her own secret, but a frequent remark of some of 'Tattersall's' members, after the turquoise and fawn had been prominent, was, 'The Jersey Lily crushed me today.'

Mrs. Langtry's first idea of going into the thoroughbred business developed in 1889, when she bought a tract of six thousand acres in California, making an expensive ranch. She made many purchases of fine bred horses and mares. The venture did not make the success anticipated and her project is almost abandoned. She also had a ranch in Nevada, close to Carson City, which, like the other, was unproductive.

Mrs. Langtry is not the first woman who has been prominent in English turf circles. There have been several notably the Duchess of Montrose, who rode under the name of Mr. Mantou. The Duchess was a tall, gaunt woman, and dressed almost in union with the colors of her racing stable, all scarlet. Before Mrs. Langtry had tripped out of her teens the Duchess of Montrose was a track notable, buying and selling horses like a man, an excellent judge and a diplomat.

There were others too—Miss Graham, Mrs. E. E. and Mrs. Betts—of whom spent thousands in thoroughbreds, but none of them was as successful as Mrs. Lily Langtry.

Dangerous Friction.

An insurance adjuster was sent to a Massachusetts town to adjust a loss on a building that had been burned.

"How did the fire start?" asked an acquaintance who met him on his homeward trip.

"I couldn't say certainly, and nobody seemed able to tell," said the adjuster, but it struck me that it might have been the result of friction."

"What does mean by that?" asked his friend.

"Well," said the insurance man, gravely "friction sometimes come from rubbing a ten thousand dollar policy on a five thousand dollar building."

Travels.

Betrothal notices are published to some extent in certain New York papers. Remark the thoughtfulness of the thrifty parent who put the following (names omitted) in the Herald one day last week: "Miss Henrietta—daughter of—, the sole manufacturer of the—, shirt raises, to—, No cards.—Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin."

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drum, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Best Drum may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 700, Fifth Avenue, New York.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water "THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME" For the Handkerchief, Toilet and Bath. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES!

### The Twist of a Rope.

'I'm not afraid of the storms on the lake, or of the dark of the night when the waves are higher than the pilot-house and the old tub rolls as if she would go under, but I was scared badly once in my life, and that within the last few months,' said Olaf Anderson, once a sailor, now one of the few men of Chicago who daringly earn their daily bread by scaling high steeples and chimneys.

Anderson's reputation among lake capitalists is that of a man possessing iron nerve—that steadiness of head in time of danger which is uncommonly needful when the fierce lake storms are at their worst. He is a Norwegian by birth, twenty-eight years of age, blue eyed, little given to talk, and very fond of the water. He does not drink, nor does he swear, two things which make him a wonder to certain disappearing class of tars.

On the morning of July 4, 1898, the city of Chicago knew, in an indirect way, that the American fleet had destroyed the fleet of Cervera, off Santiago de Cuba. That Chicago did not know more about it was due to the fact that every newspaper in the city had suspended publication. A difference of opinion between the stereotypers on the papers and the publishers had led to a strike, and for nearly a week Chicago had to do without her local newspapers.

In consequence of this the news from Santiago came slowly, and the mass of the people really did not know until the night of the Fourth of July that a great victory had been won for the flag. But early on the morning of that memorable day one man in Chicago certainly did believe that Cervera had been defeated, and he was Superintendent Edward Williams, of the Masonic Temple building, the twenty-three-story structure at State and Randolph Streets, whose flagstaff top is three hundred and twenty feet above its ground line. Mr. Williams saw various telegrams from the East in regard to the victory, and he decided that the staff of the temple should float at once, as the sign of rejoicing, the largest national flag on which he could lay his hands.

To get the flag was easy enough, but when it came to hoisting it from the great dome, up the slender staff, with a stiff wind blowing and a hot sun beating down, there was trouble. In pulling the halyards, the flag caught at the top of the staff, twisted itself into every kind of shape and was so snarled that it could not be displayed.

Several men tried to climb the staff and disentangle Old Glory, but their heads failed them almost before they started. It is a dizzy look down from the dome of the temple to the busy streets below, where the walking people look only half their natural size.

'Go anywhere,' said Superintendent Williams, 'and get me a steeple chaser—anybody that can climb.'

Olaf Anderson was at leisure that day, standing at the main entrance to the city post-office, two blocks from the temple, wondering how he should celebrate the national holiday, when he was roused by the hail of a man who asked him: 'Can you climb? Do you want to make five dollars?'

Hesitating a moment, Anderson replied: 'I can climb if there is anything to hold on to. As to five dollars—yes, I should like five dollars.'

The man laughed at the form of the answer, and then explained as to the tangled flag on the staff of the temple.

Anderson went with him to the dome of the building, and from that point glanced upward to the top of the flagstaff, where the flag was bunched. As to what happened after that, let him tell the story. He said:

'It didn't seem like much of a job—just a shin up, a little pulling and hauling, and a slide down. True, I'd be up in the air over three hundred feet, and nothing but my own hands, if I came down to quick, but a steel roof or the pavings stones of the street below, but I didn't plan to come down any way but my own. I tossed off coat, gave my belt a hitch, and up the staff I went.'

'Now I hadn't figured that the staff was affected by the wind, but when I was up seven or eight feet I felt that I was swaying back and forth at a great rate, and the higher I went, the more it seemed to move. Of course my imagination helped some, but when I could put my hand on the top of the ball of the staff and was right with the flag, it seemed to me that with every blast of the wind I was swinging over the edge of the dome and then coming back, just as the pendulum of a clock does.'

'I had one leg on the pole with a snake-twist, one leg free and one arm free. I



### SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

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

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

found the halyards caught in the little guide-wheel of the staff, to which they run to the flag, and the flag, by one of those tricks that nobody can explain, had tied itself and the halyards and the other ropes into a good knot. I pulled and hauled and tugged away at the knot, and the sweat just ran off of me in big drops, and the wind was rising every minute I could look 'way out over the Lake Michigan front, and saw the waves were choppy and white. Looking toward the city, I could see I was above every chimney and dome about the temple. Once I gave a look downward, but the street seemed far away, and the roof, with its steel girders, looked too hard.

'Finally I got everything straightened out, and glad I was, for to say nothing of the five dollars I was too have, I wanted to see the flag wave myself, for the good of what our boys had done at Santiago. I'm an American citizen, and I feel toward it at flag just as I do toward my old mother who is still alive in Norway.'

'When I got the flag free, the wind caught it up and whipped it out in great shape, and I took a good glance at the stars and the stripes, and just for the sake of the thing I loosened my grip a little, so that I could take my hat off and bow to the colors. The men on the roof were cheering. What happened next I don't know to this day.'

'As I raised my hat an waved it, my leg slipped. I made a grab for the staff, caught a rope, slipped a bit, and suddenly found myself hanging, head downward, from near the top of the staff. I didn't fall to the roof, because the rope and my left leg were so mixed up that I was tied up just as if I'd done it on purpose. Now that was a fine situation for a man to be in, and an old sailor at that! There I was, three hundred and twenty feet in the air, feet up, head down, tied to the top of a miserable little flagstaff, and the wind swaying us back and forth just as it pleased.'

'I could see the fellows on the roof, and they were dancing about, but they didn't know what to do. If they'd cut the ropes, down I must have come. As for me, I was thinking. I wasn't certain how tight I was tied up there. If I wriggled I was afraid I might get loose and drop. Then there was a let up in the wind, and the flag, which had been out straight, settled down in folds by the staff. It was right within my reach.'

'Thinks I to myself, 'Old Glory has pulled many a man out of trouble before, and I guess she won't go back on Olaf Anderson this day.'

'I threw out my hands, caught the folds, and pulled up. The hitch in the rope that held my legs gave way, but that helped me for I am nimble. I pulled with my hands and grabbed with my legs, and between the flag and my quickness I was on the staff in a jiffy, head up and safe. I let go of the old flag and it went out again on the wind, while I came sliding down, for fear I might get caught again.'

'The few seconds that I hung there head downward I was pretty badly startled. I thought my end was at hand, but the feeling away when the flag came down to help me. Then I knew that I was going to get out of it all right. After I was on the roof again I picked up my hat, which had come down before I did, and bowed to Old Glory the best I could.'

'As for Mr. Williams, he was so glad to see me back that he gave me ten dollars, and the money came back with so

little work that I decided to do all the high climbing I could get after that, and let the water alone.

As Anderson finished he gave his trunk a hitch and laughed, as if what he had gone through was nothing to speak about—only a common incident out of his daily life.

WITH THE FEET TO THE EAST.  
An Old Time Rural Practice Now Fallen Largely Into Disuse.

There was recently reprinted from a Western newspaper, a paragraph about the disinterment and reburial of a body in a cemetery, because it had been buried in the wrong way. 'The undertaker,' so the paragraph said, 'was a new man at the business, and the body was placed with its feet to the east, in accordance with the popular custom.'

New York undertakers say that hereabouts bodies are buried according to the situation of the burial plot; with the feet to the path in front, however that may bring the body with regard to the points of the compass. It was a common custom in old times to bury the dead with the feet to the east, so that when they should rise, on the day of resurrection, they would rise facing whence the summons was expected. There are, it is said, whole churchyards filled with dead, all facing east; but with the growth of cities, and of cemeteries, outside of churchyard burying grounds, this practice fell into disuse. Cemeteries were variously situated, to start with; and then they were laid out in such a manner as to bring the land within them most advantageously into use. Obviously, for illustration, of a double tier of lots joining at the back and each tier facing on a path, one tier of lots would face one way, and the other tier in exactly the opposite way. A body buried in any of these lots, facing either way, would be buried with the feet to the path upon which the lot fronted; so that the bodies in the two tiers of this double tier of lots would face in exactly opposite directions; and it might be that neither faced exactly East.

In laying out cemeteries there are likely to be curving roads and there might be roads crossing diagonally; with the result of some plots of irregular shape, and some triangular; and there are likely to be found in cemeteries some circular plots. In a circular plot that was enclosed by other land, it might be that the graves would be made with the feet toward the monument at the centre of the plot; it, as would more likely be the case, the circular plot had a path around it, then the bodies would be placed with their feet to the central monument and their head to the path, the graves radiating from the centre; and so lying as to the points of the compass, in various directions. In triangular plots the bodies might not be interred with feet to a path, but lengthwise of the plot in its longest section; in this or other irregular plots they would be buried as they could be most appropriately to the plot.

But in most lots it is possible to bury the body with the feet to the path and this is now without regard to the compass points substantially the common practice. And if a body were disinterred from one lot and reinterred in another it would, upon its reinterment, be placed with its feet to the front of the new lot whether this faced in the same direction as the old one or not. It is the location of the lot that governs; the practice being to bury with the feet and thus, of course, the face, toward the path.

But while the direction in which bodies shall be buried in nowadays commonly thus determined, there are those who still prefer to be buried facing east; and who accomplish that result simply by buying a lot that faces in that direction.—N. Y. Sun.

### NO OMBORSHIP.

In Giving the News of the Great Cure Effectuated by South American Nerve—It Has Saved an Army of Sufferers From the Pangs of Indigestion and Nerve Trouble.

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

### Scientific Guesswork.

Sir Joseph Prestwich, a distinguished English geologist, acquired extraordinary skill in making deductions from the surface formation of a piece of land. To some of his simpler neighbors his science seemed pure divination.

In 1864, Sir Joseph purchased an estate near Sevenoaks, and built a house upon it. The farmers about, were amazed at his stupidity. His house was on a dry and treeless chalk hillside. There was not a drop of water to be had.

So confident was Prestwich in respect of water supply, however, that he at once engaged an old well digger to sink a well one hundred and sixty eight feet deep.

The boring proceeded, but when a

### FLASHES OF FUN.

The three great vital factors of this body of ours are the heart, the nerves and the blood.

It is because of the triple power possessed by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills of making weak, irregular beating hearts strong and steady, toning up run down, shattered, nervous systems and supplying those elements necessary to make thin, watery blood rich and red, that so many wonderful cures have been accredited to this remedy.

Here is the case of Mrs. R. J. Arnold, Woodstock, N.B., who says:

'I was troubled for some time with nervous prostration and general weakness, feeling irritable, debilitated and sleepless nearly all the time. My entire system became run down. As soon as I began taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I realized that they had a calming, soothing influence upon the nerves. Every dose seemed to help the cure. They restored my sleep, strengthened my nerves and gave tone to my entire system. I think them wonderful.'



depth of one hundred and sixty eight feet was reached, the two workmen went to the city and sought an interview with their employer, whom they found at his desk. They explained to him that there was no sign of water, and that in their opinion it was useless to bore to a greater depth.

'Go on,' was the quiet rejoinder. 'You will come upon water tomorrow. You are within two feet of it.'

The next day it proved exactly as Prestwich foretold. And ever after, among many of the denizens of the valley, Sir Joseph had the reputation much to his amusement, of not being quite 'canny.'

### THE HEART WAITS.

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

Mrs. John Fitzpatrick, of Gannaque was for five years a great sufferer from heart disease—spent some time under experts in Kingston hospital without getting any benefit and was pronounced incurable. She commenced taking Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and when she had taken three bottles all dropsical tenderness, palpitation and pain left her, and she has had no return of it, and ascribes her cure to this greatest of heart remedies. Sold by E. C. Brown.

### In Another Character.

If clothes do not make the man, they may be said, in a certain sense, to make the dignitary. A railway train came to its destination in a large city. As the passengers were filing slowly out of the cars one of them, a lady of somewhat severe aspect, was observed to pause at the top of the steps.

'What do you mean, sir?' she said, sharply, to a man standing on the platform below.

'What do I mean?' he responded, 'To help you off, madam, of course.'

'You are an entire stranger to me, sir, she said. 'I prefer to get off without your assistance.'

'I am the conductor,' he explained. 'I think not.'

'But I am,' he persisted. 'This is the end of my run, and I have changed my coat and hat.'

'Then you are not the conductor, sir. You are not in uniform, and are merely a private citizen. Please stand aside.'

'I don't know but your're right, ma'am,' he said, complying with her mandate.

Perhaps she was right, as a matter of principle, although the might have been a few degrees more civil about it.

### 'SUFFERED UNFOLD MISERY.'

South American Rheumatic Cure Thwarted Disease and Cured Sin Outright.

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

Sold by E. C. Brown.

Carrie—They were discussing last night whether a sweet voice or a sweet face was the chief charm in woman. What do you think, Fred?

Fred—It depends upon circumstances. In a telephone girl, for instance, I should say that a sweet voice laid all over a sweet face.

### FLASHES OF FUN.

Did we save the country, Pat? 'How? that? P.' 'Be your own P.' 'No begorry. But I saved the rent.'

Jinks—What do you call your new dog? Binks—We call him 'Admiral,' because we gave him a home.

The Kind Lady—What causes your terrible appetite for liquor? Dismal Dawson—The high price.

He—Women act like idiots in a rush for a street car. She—I'll admit they act like men.

'What work does your father do, my young man? 'Oh, he doesn't have to work! He's a policeman.'

Slowboy—I am going to kiss you to-night when I go. Miss Willing—Don't you think it time you were going.

She—It's a woman's privilege to change her mind, you know. He—Yes, and her age too, but she takes her time in doing it.

Teacher—Do you know what a franchise is? Pupil—Not exactly; but I know its something you grab.'

Mrs. McPhidget—'Who wrote the song, 'There's Only One Girl in the World for Me? 'Mr. McPhidget—'Adam, I guess.'

'St. Gobble, why am I kept out of the heavenly roost? 'The cook forgot to singe you; just step down to the other place for a minute please.'

City Nephew—'Is that what you call a penknife? It looks more like a machete.' Uncle Silas—'Waal, it's the one I stick pig with, and if that ain't a penknife I don't know what is.'

Henderson tells me he means to name his new boy George. 'Old or new style? 'What do you mean? 'Washington or Dewey?'

Mr. Stuffing—That sunny Miss Lipp told me at dinner that I reminded her of a popular bird. Miss Whyte—What was it? Stuffing—A turkey gobbler.

'Beware of the man who loves secrecy,' said the person who deals in generalities. 'He's got me scared now,' answered Sen. Sorghum. 'I always did say this Australian ballot was a mighty bad idea.'

'Now, George, to what class of birds does the eagle belong? 'Birds of prey.' 'And the turkey, where does he belong? 'On the table.'

'So you engaged a lawyer? 'Well, I'm not just sure about that. Sometimes I think I engaged a lawyer and sometimes I think I was hypnotized by one. I'd know more about it when the case is finished.'

Hixon—According to the market reports hogs are scarce. Dixon—Oh, I don't know. I went into a barber shop last Saturday night to get shaved, and there were three fellows ahead of me waiting to have their hair cut.

Foreman (quarry gang)—It's sad news 'O' hoo' fur yes, Mrs. McGabarraghty. Y'r husband's new watch is broken. It was a toine watch, an' it's smashed all to pieces. Mrs. McG.—Dearie me! How did that happen? Foreman—A 10-ton rock fell on 'im.

'I don't believe professors know so very much,' said Mamie. 'Why! How can you think so?' replied Maude.

'Well, I don't see why Mr. Fullpate should have seemed so surprised and puzzled when I asked him to say rubberneck in Greek.'

Hicks—Did you hear the news that the Beethoven R. R. Co. has been sued by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals? Wicks—No. Is that so? What has the company been doing? Hicks—Ben running its cars over the frogs along its line.

Mr. Especk—Do you think that man who acknowledges having 42 wives should be imprisoned? Mrs. Especk—Imprisoned! Why, the wretch ought to be hanged!

Mr. Especk—Yes, I guess you are right, my dear. That would put the poor fellow out of his misery.

'You can bet if only the politicians had to go to war there would be no wars.' 'You are wrong. There would be more wars. The people would make 'em fight in the hope of getting them killed off.'

Jones—your wife doesn't seem to care much for her wheel any more. Smith—No, she insists on me doing it now.

'Poppa,' said Miss Lucetta, who has recently graduated from the village academy, and was consequently learned and accomplished a great plenty, 'do you know the story of Rip Van Winkle? 'Doo, 's I do,' replied honest Farmer Gapp. 'What'd he do, Lucetty? 'Why, for 20 years he remained in one spot, motionless and— 'As?' interrupted the old man. 'Mixed up in a game of chess, hey?'

Yellow will dye a splendid green by using Magnetic Dyes—10 cents buys a package and the results are sure.

(Continued from page 13) wonderful news. He did some upon time. Then he and gave orders for to John Orth, saying to see him.

But to John Orth messenger brought lady that he had longings and gone train, saying he

CHAS. WILL YOU BE AGAIN IT WAS ST. V. The sun was shining above a year ago, b standing in her father's

twelve banks of dollars but lit of its bright She seemed, indeed and one could easily been weeping.

And yet she ought cause of sadness— Valentine's morning The long absent is cently come home to love, lavished upon tion, and was as indol

acting girl could wish ready to burst into she had rec'ived ever one of them from Lo it was well known, I greatly to heart and in order to get the b ment.

It seemed strange thus happily situated face on St. Valentine's sun was shining, and ready to burst into beneath the touch of

But the heart kneas, and ever since disappears ce of Joh that she loved him fat ever dreamed of gu with a thrill of someth ing terror, that mar man must needs be f her because of the lov had dis-appeared.

St. Valentine's day all too vividly A little time ago, visit to her gran-fa that on St. Valentine's had sent her an affr 'I opened the lett- it. I thought it only lest it might unsettle old man.

'I did wrong, to She had said like to blamed her grandfat deep down in her bra had been a restless pain.

'Should I have be sphere of life? she had never known I w ter, if I had married I have seemed natur Can I honestly say I last year? Ah! I me discontented girl, for Her father entered tall, fine looking me with his long residen heavily bored.

'My dearest, Lord the Abbey last night, like to call very soon neighbour; it will be ment to see if we are A last faint rose to She knew perfectly wished, and in her hea could never be.

Lord Allandale was bis estate joined their his heart on her becom He had just returned a years sojourn abroad to be disengaged.

Sir Alfred had kno and had, moreover, hea of Lord Allandale him He might will him band for his beautiful 'I do hope you will li he said, seeing Maude her cheek still slightl still bent on her flower like, papa?' she replie

The next moment ask Sir Alfred some took the opportunity there might be no fu Lord Allandale. Later in the morn

FLASHES OF FUN.

Did we save the country, Pat? 'How's that?' 'Be your own man.' 'No begorry. But saved the rent.'
Jinks—What do you call your new dog? Binks—We call him 'Admiral,' because he gave him a home.
The Kind Lady—What causes your terrible appetite for liquor?
Diamal Dawson—The high price.
He—Women act like idiots in a rush for street car.
She—I'll admit they act like men.
'What work does your father do, my young man?'
'Oh, he doesn't have to work! He's a policeman.'

(CONTINUED FROM TWENTY PAGE.)

wonderful news. He did muse upon it for a considerable time. Then he suddenly roused himself and gave orders for a messenger to be sent to John Orton, saying his lordship desired to see him.

But no John Orton came. Instead, the messenger brought back word from his late lady that he had packed up his few belongings and gone away by the midday train, saying he meant never to return.

CHAPTER VIII.

WILL YOU BE MY VALENTINE? Again it was St. Valentine's Day. The sun was shining as brightly as it had shone a year ago, but Maude Forester, standing in her father's conservatory, between banks of delicate blooms reflected but little of its brightness.

She seemed, indeed, sad and dispirited, and one could easily have fancied she had been weeping. And yet she ought surely to have had no cause of sadness—least of all upon St. Valentine's morning.

The long absent father, who had so recently come home to claim a daughter's love, lavished upon her the fondest devotion, and was as indulgent as the most exacting girl could wish.

Already, though she was not fully 'out' she had received several offers of marriage, one of them from Lord Oscar Shirely, who it was well known, had taken her refusal greatly to heart and had even left England in order to get the better of his disappointment.

It seemed strange that a young lady thus happily situated should wear so sad a face on St. Valentine's morning, when the sun was shining, and the whole earth was ready to burst into greenness and beauty beneath the touch of the Spirit of Love.

But the heart knoweth its own bitterness, and ever since Maude heard of the disappearance of John Orton, she realized that she loved him far better than she had ever dreamed or guessed; she realized, with a thrill of something almost approaching terror, that marriage with any other man must needs be for ever distasteful to her because of the love she bore him who had disappeared.

St. Valentine's day recalled her to him all too vividly. A little time ago, when she had paid a visit to her grandfather he had told her that on St. Valentine's day, John Orton had sent her an offer of marriage.

"I opened the letter, Maude, and burnt it. I thought it only my duty, I dreaded lest it might unsettle your mind," said the old man.

"If I did wrong, forgive me!" She had said little at the time—had not blamed her grandfather in the least; but deep down in her heart, ever since there had been a restlessness and an aching pain.

"Should I have been happier in that sphere of life?" she asked herself. If I had never known I was a baroness's daughter, if I had married in the way that would have seemed natural in my position then?

Can I honestly say I have been happy this last year? Ah! no. I must be a very discontented girl, for I am afraid I can't. Her father entered the conservatory—a tall, fine looking man he was, bronzed with his long residence in California, and heavily bearded.

"My dearest, Lord Allendale arrived at the Abbey last night, I am told. I should like to call very soon. He is such a near neighbour; it will be a great disappointment to me if we are not great friends."

A faint flush rose to Maude's cheeks. She knew perfectly well what her father wished, and in her heart she was saying it could never be.

Lord Allendale was a bachelor, and as his estate joined theirs, her father had set his heart on her becoming his wife.

He had just returned to England after a year's sojourn abroad, and he was known to be disengaged. Sir Alfred had known his father well and had, moreover, heard nothing but good of Lord Allendale himself.

He might well think him an ideal husband for his beautiful daughter. "I do hope you will like Lord Allendale," he said, seeing Maude stood in silence her cheek still slightly flushed, her eyes still bent on her flowers.

"Don't I always like people whom you like, papa?" she replied evasively. The next moment a gardener came to ask Sir Alfred some question, and she took the opportunity to escape, so that there might be no further discussion of Lord Allendale.

Later in the morning she went for a

walk, resolutely determined to dismiss these memories which brought her so much pain, but scarcely had she passed out of her father's ground, before a cry of mingled embarrassment and gladness broke from her lips, for there before her was the man of whom she had been thinking—the gamekeeper, John Orton.

His blood before her in just such guise and fashion as her fancy most often invented him with—in his rough shooting suit, leaning against a stile, his gun beside him his dogs at his feet.

His garb was that of a servant just as it had been in the old days at Shirely; his boots were thick and mud-bespattered; his hands were hard and brown; but, in spite of all this, there was something so truly grand and dignified, in that erect and stately figure, something so truly noble in that open, honest face, and in the clear grey eyes, that Maude almost forgot that he was one of nature's noblemen, forgot that his descent of nobility was not of those which the world holds most precious—one of man's creating.

In that first moment of meeting, a flood of emotion overwhelmed her heart. He looked paler than he had looked last year, paler and graver, and her whole soul seemed to flow out towards him in a flood of tender pity.

In spite of her efforts at self-control, she trembled, for she realized that she loved him well enough to long for nothing so greatly as to have the right to lay her head upon his breast, and hear him say he loved her.

He took off his cap, with the old easy, yet respectful courtesy, and a slightly hesitant and doubtful smile of greeting lit up his face.

"Good morning, Miss Forester. May I wish you every happiness in your new life?"

"Thank you," she replied, struggling very hard, though not quite successfully, to compose herself. "I am pleased to see you again. Are you living near here?"

"At Thorbrook, Miss Forester, Lord Allendale is my master now."

Maude started visibly. Surely, she thought, there was something very wonderful in the working of fate.

It was strange that this man, whom she so loved, should be in the service of Lord Allendale.

"Good morning, Miss Forester," said Orton, raising his cap again, and turning as if to go.

She put out her hand with a swift, kindly impulse, perhaps it was slightly a selfish impulse, too, seeing that she delighted in his presence, and desired no greater happiness than to be beside him.

Her heart was asserting itself now as it had never asserted itself before; it cried out loudly that it had found its second self, and refused to let him go.

"You are in a great hurry, Mr. Orton," she said, with a faint little smile. "Why must you go?"

He turned abruptly round, and faced her—turned and gazed at her with so intense and penetrating a gaze, that her eyes drooped beneath it.

"Why must I go?" he exclaimed. "Because I dare not stay—because, if I were to stay, I might forget that I am only a son of the people, and you are a baroness's daughter. It is kind—it is generous of you to bid me stay—to tempt me into a betrayal which can only bring me humiliation? You know I love you—you know I love you still. You know it a year ago. It was folly then, it is madness now. Ah! I forgive me if I have distressed you. Forgive me, oh, forgive me! I cried, with a sudden change of tone, for he saw the girl was trembling violently, and that he could never be pale.

He was at her side in a moment, and with infinite respect as well, he supported her with his strong arm, and held her thus till the color stole back into her face again.

"Is it anything I have said that has distressed you?" he murmured penitently. "Oh my dear forgive me!"

He looked earnestly into her face as he spoke and saw in her eyes a nameless something which told him his love perhaps need not be all in vain.

"Maude," he said, in a low, deep voice which thrilled her to the very centre of the being; "Maude, can it be that Fate is hard and cruel to you, as well as to me? Oh! Oh! my dearest, do you know how you are tempting me now—tempting me as you tempted me a year ago tempting me to tell you that I love you?"

"If you had said it then," she whispered, with a painful burning blush, "it might have been better for us both. I could have obeyed my heart's promptings then; but now—"

"Yes, and now?" he questioned eagerly. "But now," she went on, slowly and sadly, while the burning blush faded from her cheek, and she grew quite pale again, "I have other duties, other ties. I have a father, a dear, dear father, who loves me almost better than his life. He would hold me far more dearly than I should hold myself, and it would break his heart were I to forget what he has a right to expect from me."

"And do you think I could care so much for myself, and so little for you, as to forget it either?" said John Orton, with sad, grave reproach. "No, Maude, a poor man may be an honest, ay, and a proud one, too. Forgive me my presumption, dear, forgive me, and may Heaven forever bless you."

He took her hand, pressed it with tender, almost reverent respectfulness, and the next moment he had vaulted over the stile, and was hurrying away, with his dogs leaping and barking behind him.

A minute or two Maude stood like one turned to stone. She could scarcely bring herself to believe he had really gone, but when she did at length realize so it, she bowed her face upon her hands, and burst into a flood of weeping.

Her heart felt as though it must surely break. To know John Orton still loved her, and

yet to see that he could leave her was more than she could bear.

She was still standing against the stile, her whole form shaken with grief, when a hand was laid upon her shoulder, and, looking round with a terrified start, she saw it was Orton who had returned—who was looking down at her with deepest, tenderest love.

"And did you think I really meant to leave you?" he whispered, while his arm passed itself boldly round her waist. "No, no, my dearest!"

It was but a ruse—forgive me for it—for give me! She looked up at him, her eyes swimming with tears. Her pride had all vanished. Nothing but love and tenderness remained.

"I love you, I do love you," she whispered. "I loved you always. Oh! if only I had loved you so a year ago. But now—my father—"

"Maude, if I can win his consent, have I your? Could you be content to be my wife?"

"Content?" She uttered that one word—that only; but the look with which she said it told him all he wished to know.

"Then, dearest, come to me—come to me as my promised wife; for such in very deed and truth you are. Sir Alfred will consent when I tell him I have won your love; for, darling, I am his friend, his neighbor—the master of Thorbrook Abbey—the Earl of Allendale!"

The joyful shock was almost too much for her. Again she was on the verge of fainting; but he took her in his arms and kissed the color back into her cheeks and lips, the radiance and love-light to her eyes.

"It is true, my dearest," he whispered—"true, quite true. Try to realize as it, for, it is no tale, no dream."

"And why—why?" she began, but blushed, and knew not how to frame the numberless questions which trembled on her tongue.

"Why was I masquerading as a gamekeeper, you would say?" he answered, pressing her still more closely to him, and kissing her wondering, upturned face. "You were the cause, darling! You, who stole my heart away in the first moment that I looked upon your sweet, bewitching beauty."

And then he told her how he had gone into the neighborhood of the Hall Farm on business, had seen her in her grandfather's garden, and had fallen in love with her straightway.

"The very moment, I saw you I felt I wanted you for my wife," he said; but I wanted to make sure you loved me for myself alone. And so I masqueraded, even as the Lord of Barleigh did a century ago, only he was an artist, whereas I represented myself as something lower still. The idea of posing as a gamekeeper flashed on my mind all in a moment when I heard that one was wanted on the Shirely Estate. I determined to try it, for one month at any rate, and during the month to do my best to win you."

"I found little difficulty in carrying out my plan, for I have always called myself a working man, even though I am an earl, and so no part of a gamekeeper's duties came amiss to me. Besides, I was not Oscar himself was only just returning from abroad, so that, with the most ordinary care, I hadn't to fear recognition."

"And you loved me well enough to do all that—and I was cold and proud to you! Oh! my dear—my dearest!"

And Maude's beautiful head drooped lower and lower, till it rested on his shoulder, and his lips came more and more met her own. "Did you love me even then, darling?" he asked, he whispered.

"I did—yes, I did!" "Then why did you burn the letter I sent you last St. Valentine's day?" he asked, with tender reproach.

"I didn't burn it. I didn't even know you had written to me."

Then she told him of her grandfather's confession concerning that ill-fated letter; and he, in turn, told her how he had recognized it among the embers of the fire, and of what his thoughts had been.

"John! I wonder you could ever go on caring for me after that," she murmured, penitently.

"How was it if you didn't go away and fall in love with somebody else?" "Because there was no 'somebody else' in the world who could have satisfied me," he answered, laughing. "But confess that your reception—as I then thought it—of

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.

my letter made me resolve to waste no further time in wooing one who was at once so proud and cold. I went abroad for a time, and last month I met Lord Oscar Shirely—"

"Yes; and what did he say?" she questioned, breathlessly.

"Well, he was a good bit surprised, you may be sure, when I was introduced to him as Lord Allendale; and, of course, I had to enter into a longish explanation. I told him the whole truth frankly. Do you know, Maude, he's a very decent fellow."

"Yes; I think he is," said Maude, blushing.

"He told me something to," resumed Lord Allendale. "He told me he had made you an offer of marriage, and that you had refused him—that you had refused three or four other suitors also, and he hinted his belief that your heart was secretly given elsewhere."

"When I heard this, my love proved stronger than my pride, and I longed to make one more trial. Thorbrook Abbey was then in the market, and I bought it, simply and solely that I might become your father's neighbor. Then I determined to contrive to meet you this very day—St. Valentine's—in order that I might ask you the question I put in that letter which was used so cruelly a year ago."

"You forget," said Maude, archly, but with the sweetest, tenderest look, "that I never saw that letter."

"Well, then, I must even put the question in good set words over again—Maude will you be my Valentine?"

"And in good, set words, I answer, Yes, John, I will."

A Useful Recipe:

An expert chef sends the following recipe for preparing Chocolate-Mentier:— For each cup wanted, break into small pieces one of the six tablets into which every half-pound package of "Chocolate-Mentier" is divided. Place it in a saucepan and add sufficient boiling water to reduce the Chocolate to a smooth paste by stirring it constantly over a brisk fire. When thoroughly dissolved add a cup of unboiled milk, either cold or warm, and boil for about four minutes. Serve hot and you will have a cup of perfect chocolate.

At Delmonico's in New York, Choccolat-Mentier is the chocolate used, and it is the same at the best restaurants and cafes in all the capitals of the world.

HIS FIRST LESSON.

His Act Was Mechanical but it Saved the Ship From Sinking.

The valor of the British soldier is justly famous, but it is fair to remember that a goodly share of it is Irish. Some of the very best records in the service belong to Irish regiments. The stuff that many of the officers are made of can be inferred from a brief chapter in the life of Robert Blakeney, who has left behind him an interesting autobiographical record of his experiences in the wars against Napoleon.

He was a boy of fifteen when he secured a small commission and set off to join the British army abroad. An adventure befell him at the start.

I embarked on board the mercantile ship Britannia, Captain Burrows, bound from Dublin to Bristol, and a more ignorant, drunken lubber never commanded a vessel. The wind blew hard as we entered Bristol Channel, and as we proceeded, the gale became tremendous. The billows rolled in, majestic yet horridly grandeur, sweeping everything off the deck. Far from encouraging the crew by inspiring them with a sense of duty, the master added to their terror by his degrading and worse than useless lamentation.

A gentleman passenger came down to the cabin, and vainly endeavoring to restrain his unwilling yet many tears, embraced his wife and two young children, who lay helpless in one of the berths. The innocent babes clung round his neck, beseeching him to take their mamma and them on shore.

The scene was excessively affecting, and acted on my feelings more powerfully than all the dangers by which we were surrounded. Although I had lain in my berth until then, so overpowered by seasickness as to be unable to make any exertion, I started up and hurried on deck just as the drunken skipper was knocked down by a blow from the tiller whilst trying to direct it.

Urged by the impulse of the moment, I seized the abandoned tiller, and turned it

as I had seen the captain attempt to it. At this critical instant, I descried a man on horseback making signals from the shore. This gentleman, foreseeing our inevitable destruction, should we be driven past Combe Martin, rode at full speed along the shore, waving his hat, now in one direction, now in another.

All the sailors were drunk, but assisted by one of the passengers, I moved the tiller in conformity with the signals made by the gentleman, and in a short time we succeeded in guiding the vessel through a very intricate and narrow passage between rocks and banks, and finally ran her aground on a shoal of sand. We subsequently learned that eight vessels were that morning wrecked in Bristol Channel.

Credit was given to me, but I took none to myself. It was the first time I had been on board a vessel larger than an open fishing boat, and I was consequently as ignorant about steering a ship as about training an elephant. Any part I took, therefore, was entirely mechanical, and the inventive and true merit was due slowly to the gentleman on shore, by whose direction I was guided.

Bad for a Cough.

Adamson's Botanic Cough Balm is very bad for a cough. In fact it kills a cough almost instantly and restores good normal health thoroughly and in a very agreeable manner. No cough can withstand it. 25c. all Druggists.

The Lost Straw.

The limit of conjugal devotion is ludicrously pictured in a book written to amuse the novel readers of twenty years ago. An eminently practical, matter-of-fact husband is bidding good bye to a sentimental wife. She put both arms about his neck.

"John," she sobbed, "you are going away!"

"This was so palpable that it would have been madness to attempt a denial; so he merely observed, 'Look out for my collar, Maria.'"

"You will think of your wife while you are gone?" she whispered, huskily.

He was a trifle nervous under the pressure of her arms upon his collar; but he spoke reassuringly: "I will bear it in mind, my dear."

"You will think of me as mourning your absence, and anxiously awaiting your return?" she murmured.

"You can trust me to attend to it," he replied, with as much firmness as if it had been a request for a barrel of mackerel.

"And you'll be very careful of yourself, for my sake?" she suggested, in a broken voice.

"I will see it attended to, my dear. But it is almost time for the train, and he gravely sought to remove her arms from his neck.

"John! John!" she convulsively cried. "don't forget me! don't forget me!"

"Maria," he said, with a tinge of reproach in his tone, "I have made a memorandum to that effect."

His Method.

"Remember," said the young man with the downy mustache and the foreign title, "I am not a fortune hunter."

"No," answered Mr. Camrox, gloomily, "I discovered that shortly after I became your father-in-law. You propose to sit still and have the fortune walk into your bank account. You won't do anything so fatiguing as to get up and hunt for it."

THE D. & L. EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL

may be taken with most beneficial results by those who are run down or suffering from after effects of a grippé. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

Learning From Experience. Uncle George—"You do not appear to think it necessary to spend so much time at home as you did when you were first married. I suppose the billing and cooing is all over now?"

Harry—"There doesn't seem to be much of a let-up in the billing. And as for the cooing, I am dreadfully afraid of it. It is sure to mean a new hat or a new gown or a new something."—Boston Transcript.

EVERY DRUGGIST in the land sells Pain-Killer. The best liniment for sprains and bruises. The best remedy for cramps and colic. Avoid substitutes, there's but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis' 25c. and 50c.

SHINES SOFTENS SAVES. PACKARD'S SPECIAL COMBINATION LEATHER DRESSING. 25c AT ALL SHOE STORES. L.H. Packard & Co. Montreal. ALL COLORS BLACK, TAN, BROWN, Etc.

Better stop that cough now with a few doses of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup than let it run on to end perhaps in Bronchitis, Pneumonia or Consumption. It's a wonderful healing remedy that cures the worst kinds of coughs and colds when others fail. Price 25c. & 50c. All dealers.

LAXA-Cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache and dyspepsia. Every pill guaranteed perfect and to act without any griping, weakening or sickening effects. 5c. at all druggists.

Christmas at Sea.

Could any man standing shadowless under the sun on December 25th, no matter what part of the earth, be able to realize that it is Christmas day? ... The shipowner's omission of Christmas Day as a holiday is a serious one.

...spurred his horse, which, however, would not move. The lioness stood on her hind legs and began clawing the horse's hind-quarters. ... The lioness charged, sprang, and came down under his foot.

Not a General's Egg. The freshness of eggs is carefully graded in this country, but our distinctions are surpassed in delicacy by those long since in vogue among the British residents of India. ... The Point of View. 'Magnificence' may signify one thing to one person and quite another thing to another person.

BORN. Amherst, Nov. 18, to the wife of Abern Smith, a son. Bridgewater, Nov. 23, to the wife of John Egger, a son. ... MARRIED. Bridgewater, Nov. 22, Stephen Ratuso, to Gertrude Himmelman.

CANADIAN PACIFIC FARMS FOR EVERYBODY IN Canada's Great North-West. "A Land Illimitable With Illimitable Resources."

Intercolonial Railway On and after Monday, Oct. 16th, 1899. TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax.

DIED. Halifax, Richard Grant, 65. St. John, Hugh Glasgow, 65. Truro, Nov. 23, Jacob Walsh, 40.

EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted). Lvs. Halifax 6.30 a.m., arr. in Digby 12.30 p.m. Lvs. Digby 12.45 p.m., arr. Yarmouth 3.30 p.m.

STAR Line Steamers For Fredericton and Woodstock. Change of Sailing. On and after Monday, Nov. 6th, STEAMER ..Clifton

When Mayor... the council for... deputy mayor... chair, he had... piece of Boer... during the time... While he was... to Ald. McGold... cil adjourned... the part of the... had taken place... Still in that... touching the Imp... been removed... is chairman to... which Ald. Chris... The object of... The mayor was... committee that... appointed to lo... Mayor Robertson... had so far advan... the draft of his... pany ready to e... thought it in ce... eration off the... The public work... eral committee... there are two n... than the latter... the make-up of... the son of the cl... The motion was... mayor from the... Ald. Christie... posed would be... plans of the ex... openly stated) th... was made as bu... determined to be... George, liberteen... be correct when... time that the rep... about to be submi... The council meet... and the first me... and the slight i... appeared in the p... stated his positio... in the newspapers... take in [dit]g... but his indignati... as mayor, of the... lost no time in l... just what he thou... There had, been... part of the coun... an unfavorable li... Bros for some \$250... drinking fountain... was withheld from... after the latter w... the chairman, Ald... occasion to make... mayor was in som... the cost of the wo... it be paid. His... in his reply to... ordered to be pa... Then again at the... the sum of \$10... the brew fellows... the Hazel Dell bu... being asked to ma... was usual and prop... treasury set him... testimonial. He sa... had invited the m... to facilitate him... Mayor Sears thou... and the committee... usual place for... declined to be pres... gathering dispers... an impression that... had, as it were, u... chief magistrate... The reply of his... of the treasury ch... common clerk was... dot such a docum... styles of that of... did not have the... this, of course, m... to be his. After the present... try members, most... the Board of Work... into a meeting of that body