

# PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## ABOUT THAT APOLOGY.

WHICH DIRECTOR SMITH WAS ASKED FOR THIS WEEK.

BY MESSRS. PETERS.—The Facts of the Case as Understood by the City.—The Contractors Assured with Great Promptness and Resolved City Orders.

The war of words and letters over the Peters oat contract is not ended yet and aldermen are talking about it and arguing about it at all times. Perhaps the most extraordinary feature of the case was the demand for an apology from the Director of Public Works, A. Chyman Smith, which was made by the Messrs. Peters and read before the board one day this week. Mr. Smith did not hurry off to the wharf and get on his knees when he heard of this but he said nothing for the good reason that he was in the circuit court room watching the case of Thompson against the city. If he had been present he might have told the Aldermen that the affair occurred something after this fashion.

The Messrs. Peters have the contract for supplying oats to the city and the corporation steers eat about 2500 bushels of oats in a year. So it will be seen that the order is worth getting and figuring closely upon. When the tenders went in oats were lower than they are now the difference being about three cents per bushel. It was about the first of the month that Director Smith instructed Mr. Martin to get 200 bushels of oats for the department on account of Messrs. Peters' contract. The oats were sent up promptly and the first intimation that Mr. Smith had that they were not satisfactory came from the stable men who complained of them. Then they were examined and in the opinion of those who should know they did not come up to the sample furnished with the tender. And so the Messrs. Peters were notified. They were not pleased, naturally, and became so warm over the matter that they sent to the department stables for the grain. In the meantime Alderman Hamm who feeds so many good horses and should be an excellent judge of grain assured the director that the oats were as good as could be got this year as the crop was not up to the usual standard of quality. Then upon the assurance of Alderman Hamm that he would take the responsibility the director telephoned the stable men to take delivery of the oats. But they had been carried away by Messrs. Peters.

As horses cannot get along very well without oats Messrs. Peters were requested to send up 50 bushels but the answer came back with an emphatic "no." Then the recorder was interviewed and he instructed the director to notify the contractors, Messrs. Peters that since they had refused to supply the oats the city would buy the grain at the best market price and charge them with any difference in that and their tender.

Then Mr. Martin was sent again and instructed to buy the oats from Messrs. Peters but they very curtly refused to sell the corporation an oat. And so the matter stands.

### AND THE OATS WERE SEIZED.

A Sharp Lawyer, Makes Things Unpleasant for a Poor Man.

If the reports which are heard of late in connection with an eviction case on Strait Shore are true, surely the church society which it is claimed has been the oppressor has forfeited no little amount of its good reputation and surrendered to other than charitable inducements despite the fact that they are known as a christian body and one of charitable calling.

A man who has of late years not only suffered the loss of his wife, but also some five or six children, has been living in a little broken down shanty on Strait Shore eking out a scant living by selling wood. He himself is a cripple and an additional affliction is a blind eye.

A former agent of the property owning church society allowed the widower and his impoverished family their rent free in order that the property and land might be kept in good shape with the hope presumably that some day the whole affair would be sold en bloc. An element of charity is also quite permissible in this act as the agent in question is a gentleman of highly philanthropic ideas, and what's more he practices them.

The agency of the church society's lands and estates changed hands, a well known city barrister prominent in church business affairs assuming the duties of manager. He, one day some time ago, called at the

humble home of the widower and told him the church society had decided that rent must be paid for the use of the dilapidated premises. Rather than suffer for the want of shelter, no matter how scant, the crippled man begged to be allowed to stay but not until he offered to pay \$1.50 per month was his request granted.

One month's rent was paid but six weeks elapsed before the next installment was forthcoming. The man lay ill in his home, the neighbours and a few poor but charitable friends supplying him and his children with their daily food. Finally a relative in St. Martins found out the poor man's case and drove into the city for him. The children and their parent were removed to a more comfortable home in the country and will remain there at least for the winter months.

Before leaving, permission was given a kind neighbour to shelter his calf in the rickety old barn. A few days since Constable Wiley and the ecclesiastical-legal man levied on the poor little animal for rent owed by the widower. Its owner offered to pay the absent man's indebtedness but with a lot of humming and hawing the constable and lawyer dickered.

Measures were brought to bear and they had to surrender the live veal, when the rent was paid.

### AN AUTHORESS PUBLISHED.

Mrs. Marter—see Miss May Leonard to the Frost Agents.

In the good old days of this city it was not an unusual thing to see domestic infelicity advertised through the medium of the newspapers. When some unfortunate spouse found that his wife was unfaithful and had proved untrue to her solemn promise at the altar of obedience and devotion it was customary for him to advise the public that they had separated and that he was no longer responsible for her debts. Thus though he might not for some time be able to heal his wounded pride and dignity or restore the scattered feathers to his cheerless hearth he might at least protect and cherish his purse. And thus too in order to protect the aforesaid purse he seemed disposed to submit to the location which the increased publicity of his domestic irritation inflicted.

Very recently this custom of a generation or two ago was revived under very peculiar circumstances and the people who read the papers have seen a notice in them to this effect:

My wife May Leonard Marter, having left my home and refusing to return and live with me, I hereby give notice to all persons not to give her goods, board or supplies on my credit, as I will not be responsible for them.

Dated at St. John, N. B., 8th December, A. D. 1897.

W. B. MARTER.

Mr. Marter is well known in this city; being clerk with Mr. C. A. Belyea, barrister and attorney of this city, and also as the owner of considerable real estate. Mrs. Marter is also well known as a young lady of a sufficiently romantic turn of mind to write two touching romances—"Trixie's Inheritance" and "Zoe; or Some Day," copies of which she sent to the Queen clothed in rich morocco. Her own romance commenced when Mr. Marter assumed the role of knight errant and sued for her hand. He was successful; they were married and lived in mutual felicity.

Now comes the culmination of the romance. Last summer Mr. Marter was taken down with typhoid fever and was ill for a long time. Mrs. Marter appears to have taken fright and abandoned her post of duty at her husband's side. She went down to Pagan Place, her aforesaid residence, to live with her aunt and contented herself with passing notes under the door to her husband. She remained away all through some months and the sick man was cared for by his mother.

Mr. Marter now contemplates [assuaging his grief by dissipating in the champagne air and amber sunsets of southern climes hoping to be thereby restored to his wonted good spirits.

### The Jews in Fredericton.

Some foreigners have lately opened up a large ready-made clothing and general dry-goods store in the celestial city, which they advertise as the "Klondyke." The prices at which they are offering their goods are said to be so low that the people are amazed, and in consequence the new comers are having a continual rush. Their receipts for one day last week it is understood, were in the vicinity of Six hundred dollars. But it appears that Fredericton people don't want their goods at low prices, nor do they want outsiders to

come in; for the papers say, that at the last meeting of the civic board a motion was made to tax all persons coming into Fredericton to do a commercial business, \$50 a week. This, it is understood is aimed at the new concern, but the fact that, (although a few local merchants may have to mark their goods down) the working class are able to buy their goods at less than half price, does not appear to be considered by the city fathers.

### THE BOYS ARE IN CLOVER.

The New High School and its Advantages for Pupils.

A new era has been ushered in in the history of school education in St. John by the public opening of the new High School yesterday. The city now has a high school equal to if not better than any public school in the Maritime Provinces. It is certainly better housed and its efficiency, when thoroughly organized, will be at least equal to that of the best Nova Scotia county academies at Pictou, Halifax, Truro, Amherst and Yarmouth.

The new school is all the more a matter of congratulation for the citizens of St. John when it is compared with previous high school conditions. The Victoria school was efficient certainly but the grammar school was handicapped by its location and was inefficient with respect to discipline, and in other ways.

The new building presents a handsome appearance with its magnificent facade, composed of red granite and terraced front. It is now one of the handsomest public buildings in St. John and its interior arrangements are in keeping with its exterior attractiveness.

Spacious corridors traverse the length of the building and, like the rooms, are sheathed with light wood on walls and ceiling. The rooms afford every facility to teachers and students for good work being large and airy and ventilated according to the most modern system. The ventilation is by forced draught, fresh air being driven into the rooms by a mammoth fan in the cellar the whole time and in what ever proportions of hot and cold air are required. Thus at the opening of the school, there is no trace of the school room smell and the air is as pure as when school opened.

On the top flat is the spacious assembly room where the dedicatory exercises were held yesterday. It is provided with a large platform and will seat several hundred persons. Here every Monday morning after the holidays, as is done in the schools of Boston and other centres of education, the pupils will assemble to open the week's work with prayers and school singing.

The staff of the high school is most efficient and the discipline is such that there is perfect order and the fullest attention to work. A kindly but firm rule is the order there and the pupils become interested in their work. It may be expected that in future there will be more ambition among the young men and young ladies to pursue their studies at the high schools of learning and the high school should become a valuable feeder to the university of New Brunswick and other institutions. In the past St. John has not sent as many students to the colleges as she should but this may now be remedied.

The work of organization of the school is not quite complete and Dr. Bridges intends to introduce innovations and improvements as occasion demands and the time ripens. There is no XIth grade this year but it is expected to have a fairly good sized class in this grade next year drawn from the half a hundred students in the XIth grade and graduates of the XIIth will be admitted to the sophomore year at the colleges.

It is a delight to go to such a school as the High school, where the quarters are so comfortable and where there is every inducement to study and the old boys of the grammar school will regret that they were born so soon and did not enjoy the present day advantages. The school is now so popular that there are 480 pupils enrolled and in the high school grades there are about 325, which is certainly much greater than the Grammar school and high school grades of the Victoria school had.

### "Progress" in Demand.

PROGRESS took a big jump last Saturday—several hundred extras being required to supply the demand. This goes to prove that original and spicy articles are what the people want; and these, Progress will aim to give them.

## CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY

FINANCIERS CAN BUY OUT MONCTON'S STREET RAILWAY.

If all That is Said is True—It is Hibernating for a Few Months—The Advantages and Disadvantages of Such an Unusual Movement—An Obituary Notice.

MONCTON, Dec. 15.—After a troubled existence of something like fifteen months, during which it has maintained a gallant though unequal struggle for existence, the Moncton Electric Street Railway passed quietly away last Saturday evening at its usual hour for retiring. The end was peaceful in the extreme, as the constitution of the moribund had become so weakened from inanition, as to be incapable of further resistance to the inevitable. The event was not by any means unexpected, the deceased having been in failing health for some months, and though its guardians the directors and shareholders have announced that it is merely a case of hibernation, the railway having only retired for a long winter sleep, the majority of the people seem convinced that the worst has happened and it would be idle to inscribe the touching word "Resurgam" over the door of the silent power house. To quote the obituary poet—

Dear railway we have lost thee  
No more thy cars we'll see,  
And the motorman who bossed thee  
Has gone alas, from we.  
No more his merry prattle,  
Will charm our longing ears,  
He has given up the battle,  
And the mole's no longer steers!  
But in the brighter city  
Of his own dear Boston Mass.,  
He doubtless guides a street car  
With the aisles too full to pass.

There is some talk of interring the deceased in the rural cemetery, but the date of the funeral has not yet been decided upon.

The above paragraph tells its own sad tale! The street railway is already a thing of the past, and people who like to take their time in crossing the street need no longer feel nervous as to the time the last car passed or the next one is due, while the canine citizen can take his daily strolls and settle affairs of honor with other gentlemen of the canine persuasion, in the middle of the street, without being in danger of having his career brought to a sudden close. Once more the hurrying hand of toil who resides either in the impenetrable fastnesses of the Lutes Mountains, or on the arid plains of Irish-town, can bring his spanking team into the city with a load of potatoes, or a half cord of wood, without taking his life in his hands, through the irresistible impulse to either people chase across country, or else jump and sit down on him, which seized the said team every time a street car came whizzing by. The cats who reside in the suburban districts will be able to begin their concerts on the back fence some hours earlier than formerly, since the proceedings will no longer be interrupted periodically by the motorist's gong and the people who refused to invest any money in the enterprise and have never patronized it to the extent of a dollar since it has opened, will be able to say "I told you how it would be." These, will no doubt rejoice exceedingly, but to the more public spirited and enterprising citizens the closing down of the street railway is a most regrettable circumstance, proclaiming, as it does to the world at large that we are not sufficiently advanced to support an institution which smaller cities have found a necessity; or possessed of enough municipal pride to make one effort to retain it when the fact became apparent some months ago that the stockholders were losing money and would be compelled to close down, unless the business outlook improved. It is not exactly fair, however, to place all the blame on the citizens, as the real fault seems to be the very circumscribed area which the street railway embraces. The circuit is far too small to pay at all well, and it has been the experience of other street railway companies that a belt line, consisting merely of a city circuit, never really pays; it fails to reach a sufficiently large number of people. For example, to the resident of Waldon street, who is in a hurry to reach the post-office, the street car is a great boon, since he can catch it at his door, and reach his destination in a few minutes. The lady who resides on King street, and is in a hurry to reach the railway station, also finds the railway a great convenience and uses it frequently, but to the great majority of citizens living on the residential streets the cars are prac-

tically useless, and it takes really less time to walk to their destination, than to wait for a car, and then be only able to go part of the way to their destination. It does not seem worth while to take the trouble of stopping a car, getting on and off, and paying five cents for the sake of riding a few blocks, especially when one has got as much into the habit of walking as we have; and as for taking the cars for pleasure, who would care to travel around in such a small circle that they were in danger of growing dizzy, just for fun? To the comparatively few people who have used the railway frequently, and grown to regard it as a necessity, its closing will be a great inconvenience, and it will seem a great hardship that those who have always patronized it generously should have to suffer for those who have proved themselves so indifferent to its success. But they need not be without comfort, for it is understood that the company intend resuming business in the spring, and building sufficient extensions to place the road on a solid paying basis. Branches running to the rural cemetery, Sunnybrae, Lewisville and Humphreys are contemplated, provided the company receive sufficient encouragement from the citizens to warrant the expenditure, and it is hoped that with such improvements the stockholders will no longer have reason to repent of their confidence in the Moncton public. But meanwhile the streets seem very silent without the clang of the electric gong, and very much deserted since the gay little cars have ceased to bustle and whizz along the streets, while the late patrons of the road are emulating Ananias in their efforts to give plausible excuses to inquiring strangers for the absence of the much boasted electric car from the streets of the railway metropolis.

P. S. It is understood that the admirer of the big Yankee motorman, who has already become one of our local celebrities, have petitioned the company to put him on board wages in order to retain his services when the spring comes.

### HE ONLY THING WAS A KISS.

A High School lad and his Fracture of the Rules.

A kiss, not the real genuine article but simply an ordinary thrown osculation has cost a High School pupil what most people would call a pronounced dishonor but what seems generally termed among the rising generation nowadays as a "snap"; i.e.—suspension from school for a certain period. It was this way.

A tall, bright-faced lad not overly diligent in his studies but fully up to what is constantly going on around him was attracted one day last week by the sound of gentle rapping at the school room door. His other mates heard the summons also and raising their heads from their work watched their teacher open the portals.

A well-known city young lady wished to speak to her brother and while the teacher was acquainting the curly-headed lad of the fact, our hero gallant ventured to hurl a kiss at the pretty Miss in the hall. The deed was not done unwitnessed. A school master's regulation ire and righteous indignation was kindled. Summary dealings followed, in dizzy succession and a desk-top court was held.

Poor boy! he was sentenced to disciplinary until after the Christmas holidays and he now roams the streets "sorefully" taking in all the pleasant sights attendant upon this joyous season of the year.

### A Hat That Was In It.

A story is told of a fishing party of three who, went for as much game and fun as was to be had in the shoot time at their disposal. Two of the trio wore the oldest and most disreputable hats in their possession, but the third unluckily did not take this precaution. In some way after the luncheon was over the hat became mixed and the owner of an old "drier" unconsciously parted the good Oxford of his friend. In the exchange of compliments that followed the owner of the good hat kept out of the miles and watched the others have some fun with the hat they wore. The expression of his face when he discovered that his own good head covering was reduced to pulp is said to have been worth \$3. But the joke was so good that he had to laugh and enjoy it.

### Notice to Correspondents.

As Christmas Day this year falls on Saturday ProGRESS will be published a day earlier, and correspondents will please read their letters a day earlier than usual.

Atlantic Ry.  
1897, the Steamship and  
Prince Rupert,  
Trains  
Edward,  
Railway.  
ST. JOHN  
IVE AT ST. JOHN:  
IAN  
ort Line  
, Ottawa,  
to, etc.  
Steamship Co.  
and Halifax,  
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of St. John,  
er Alpha,

**CASSIUS CLAY'S DUELS.**

ACCOUNTS SAID TO HAVE BEEN GIVEN BY HIMSELF.

A Set-to with Knives, in Which He got Sixteen Wounds and the Other Man Died—His Trouble with Tom Marshall and with Brown of Kentucky.

Gen. Cassius Marcellus Clay—statesman, writer, thinker, duellist, Minister to Russia during the first administration of Abraham Lincoln, a relic of days that are past—whose recent troubles with the wife that left him alone in his fortified castle, White Hall, in Madison county, Ky., has again attracted public attention to his interesting personality, has a cold-blooded way of alluding to the numerous bloody affrays in which he has been a principal. An old friend lately said that he met the battle-scarred warrior not long ago, after a long separation. He congratulated Gen. Clay on his health.

'Yes,' the sage of White Hall replied. 'I have not been confined to bed for over thirty years except once, which was from a slight indisposition occasioned by an encounter with a man named Turner of Foxtown.'

Gen. Clay killed Turner with a bowie knife in the 're-encounter,' and the 'slight indisposition' was caused by sixteen knife wounds, his antagonist having repeatedly driven his bowie to the hilt in Clay's breast and side. Turner died in an hour, confidently believing that his foe had preceded him to the unknown beyond.

Gen. Clay is not communicative, and the privilege of listening to him relate his experiences on the field of honor is one accorded very few persons, and it is something long to be remembered.

'My first duel,' said Gen. Clay not long ago, 'occurred when I was 23 years old—nearly 65 years ago—and terminated without either party firing a shot. I was engaged to be married and a rival suitor, who had been disappointed, wrote a letter to my sweetheart's mother. The man was a doctor and his name was Declarey. I went to Louisville to find him, and took my friend James S. Rollins, who became Gen. Rollins during the war, with me. As soon as I went there I went to a cooper shop and got a good tough hickory cane about as thick as your finger.

'Well, sir, I saw Dr. Declarey on the street. I went up to him and asked him if his name was Declarey. He replied that it was, and then I told him that I would like to have a talk with him. This was on one of the main streets of Louisville, and although I intended to cane him, I did not intend to do it where a crowd would rush in and prevent my giving him the punishment he deserved. So I quietly turned our promenade off into a side street. In the meantime my friend walked along the other side of the street and watched me. When we reached a side street I said: Dr. Declarey, I am Cassius M. Clay, about whom you have taken the trouble to write this letter, and I would like to know if you can give me any explanation of your action.' He said nothing, so I raised my cane and began to strike him. He cried out and a crowd soon collected, but Rollins, by spreading out his arms and running in again and again, pretending to separate us, actually kept the crowd back until I was able to give him a good canning. A few hours later I got a challenge from him. We fixed a place in Indiana, just over the river, and the next day I was there on time. A great mob of Declarey's friends were on the ground, and Gen. Rollins refused to allow the fight to go on. We thereupon chose another place, but Declarey's mob followed us there. The next day was to be my wedding day, and I had to be on hand. Declarey wanted me to come after I was married, but I had decided objections to breaking up my honeymoon in that way. He afterward said he intended to cowhide me the next time he saw me, and I went to Louisville to give him a chance. I went into the dining-room of his hotel and leaned against a pillar to wait for him. As I stood there I heard some one behind me rise. I turned and saw Declarey. He was as pale as death, and I saw the coward in his eye. He walked out of the room and did not return. A man who acted like that could not, in those days, be respected in Kentucky, and Declarey committed suicide the next morning by cutting arteries.

'Curious, isn't it,' mused the General, 'that a man will have the bravery to commit suicide and still not have enough physical courage to fight? I have had a number of such instances in my life. It was so with Tom Marshall, who was so famous as an

orator in Kentucky. There had been for years a feud between the Clays and the Marshalls. Henry Clay, you know, had a duel with Humphrey Marshall, and Tom Marshall and myself were enemies for years. My first trouble with him was at the time I was editor of the True American, and Marshall headed the mob which was raised to kill me and demolish the paper. Well, the mob attacked me, but I was not killed.

'Soon after this I went to the Mexican war as captain of another company of the same regiment, and I decided to settle my trouble with him before we got through the war. He was drunk about half the time, and I believe he often cultivated drunkenness in order to say mean things and not be called to account for them. I expected to have a duel with him, and I got a stone and sharpened my sword until it shone like silver and had an edge like a razor. I gave him one or two chances to challenge me, but he did not do so, and at last one day, when we were pitching camp, Marshall rode into my quarters. He may have been drunk and he may have mistaken my company for his.

'At any rate, he came up to me and made some insulting remark. I rose and said: 'Tom Marshall, we may as well settle our feud, and row is as good a time as any. Get down from your horse and we will fight it out.'

'He replied: 'Not now. Some other time.'

'I here drew my sword and said: 'The time for men who wear swords is now. You chose your own time to mob me at Lexington, and you are a coward if you refrain on account of your surroundings.'

Marshall hereupon rode over to his tent. In a few moments he came back with his pistol. I saw him and went into my tent and got mine. I came out with one in each hand. They were cocked, and I said, 'I am ready for you.'

'He was a coward and he was afraid to fire. He turned his horse and rode back to his tent. That same evening he tried to drown himself in the R'o Grande River, but the men saw him and prevented him. He was afraid to fight, but he was not afraid to commit suicide. Had we fought with swords I would have carved him up like a pancake.'

The story of Gen. Clay's canvass for Congress against Wickliffe gives one an insight not only into the fighting character of this fire eater, but also affords a peep into that phase of Southern life that is now, happily, extinct. He once told the story in these words:

'During the campaign Wickliffe introduced my wife's name into one of his speeches. I challenged him and we fired at ten paces. Both of us missed, and I raised my pistol up into the air and demanded a second fire. The seconds would not permit this, and we left the grounds without a reconciliation or an apology on either side. As I look over the matter now, I don't believe our seconds had loaded the pistols with balls, and I did not see how I could have missed.

'Well, Wickliffe here had the worst of the fight, and during the canvass for Congress I was making a very good opposition to him, much to the disgust of the Pro-Slavery party. He had a handbill which he read during his speech. We had our speeches together, and when he brought out this bill I always arose and asked if I might interrupt him. He would politely consent, and I would then say the handbill he had read was untrue and had been proven so.

'The Pro-Slavery men got tired of this, and they decided to kill me. They sent Tom Brown, who was one of the most noted bullies in Kentucky. It is said that he had had forty fights and had never lost a battle. Brown came, and he and Wickliffe, a fellow named Jacob Ashton and Ben Wood, a police bully, held a consultation, at which they loaded a pistol which Brown was to use on me the next day. I knew nothing of this, and had not my duelling pistol with me. I interrupted Wickliffe as usual, and as I did so Brown struck me with his umbrella and told me that my statement was a lie.

'I saw at once that it meant fight, and when I recognized Brown I knew it meant a fight to the death. I had a long sharp bowie knife in the breast of my coat, and I jerked this out, but before I could strike Brown's friends grabbed my arms from behind and hauled me back about fifteen feet from Brown. Brown now pulled his revolver and told them to get out of the way and let him kill me. The crowd got back and I stood alone. Brown had his pistol pointed at me, and I started toward him I could see him looting along the barrel of the revolver. He took aim and waited until he thought I was near enough to give him a sure shot, and then fired. It felt the ball strike me in the breast and I thought it had gone through me, and I determined to kill him if I could before I died. I

came down on his head with a tremendous blow of the bowie knife, but did not split open the skull. I struck him again and again, and stunned him so that he was not able to fire. With one cut of the knife I sliced his nose right in two, so that it separated in the middle and came out as flat as a pancake. With another blow I cut off his ear so that it hung by a shred, and with a third I put out his eye. The conspirators now seized me, and I was struck with hickory sticks and chairs, some of the blows of which I still feel.

'I broke loose from my captors and again made for Brown, and they, to keep him out of my way, picked him up and threw him over a stone fence about seven feet high, and this ended the fight. Though I was the assailed party, they afterward tried me for mayhem, and at his trial Brown confessed the conspiracy and Henry Clay defended me. Of course I was not convicted, but I felt very friendly to Brown and wrote him a note thanking him for his evidence and tell I was willing to be friends with him if he cared to be so. He refused however, to bury the hatchet, and when I remembered his condition I did not wonder at it. The doctors had patched him up pretty well, but he was a horrible-looking object, and I expected that he would insist upon a duel with me, or would attack me and have his revenge. I met him several times afterward, however, and he never touched me. I have no doubt that he stayed in Lexington intending to kill me, but that the probability is that he had not the moral courage to attack me.'

'where did Brown's ball strike you, General?'

'It struck me just over the heart,' replied Gen. Clay, 'and I would have been killed but for one thing. The scabbard of my bowie knife was tipped with silver, and in jerking the knife I pulled this scabbard up so that it was just over my heart. Brown's bullet struck the scabbard and embedded itself in the silver, and we found the ball there. There was a red spot just over my heart, and the whole seemed almost providential.'

Although Gen. Clay never travelled without a brace of pistols in his satchel, his favorite weapon was a bowie knife, which he always carried concealed under his coat. During a fight at a political meeting once he was stabbed in the lung. He drew his bowie knife and rushed upon the man who had been responsible for the outbreak. The crowd got out of his way, and he found a cleared path to the man who had incited the riot. With a shout of anger he plunged the knife into the man's abdomen, and then, exclaiming, 'I die for my country,' he fell ranning to the floor. He was carried home, and for many days hung between life and death. Upon the day that he was able for the first time to leave his bed the man whom he had stabbed died.

Her Quandary

Ethel—Oh, dear! I don't know what to think! Algy asked me last night if I wouldn't like to have something around the house that I could love and that would love me.

Edith—well?

Ethel—well, I don't know whether he means himself or whether he is thinking of buying me a dog.

The Trained Man Wins.

You can't earn money till you get work; and you can't get work or keep a job till you learn how. Every business man wants help, but he considers quality and pays accordingly. Special Holiday reduction of \$5 from regular prices, good till Jan. 15, 1898. No vacation.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE A VALUABLE PROPERTY in the growing town of Berwick, N. S., known as "Brown's stock" and contains three stores all rented, also two tenements which can be easily converted into a Hotel. Orchard and stable in rear. Berwick is a noted health resort and is one of the most growing and prosperous towns in Nova Scotia. There is an excellent opening here for a Hotel. Terms \$400 down remainder on mortgage. Would exchange for good farming property. Apply to H. E. Jeddore or W. V. Brown, Berwick, Nova Scotia.

WANTED Old established wholesale House wants one or two honest and industrious representatives for this section. Can pay a hunter about \$12.00 a week to start with. DRAWMAN 25, Bradford, Ont.

WANTED Young men and women to help in the Armenian cause. Good pay. Will send copy of my little book, "Your Place in Like a Tree, 10 any who write. Rev. T. B. Lincoln, Bradford, Ont.

WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our water-proof Cold Water Paint. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOPOLD, 40 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

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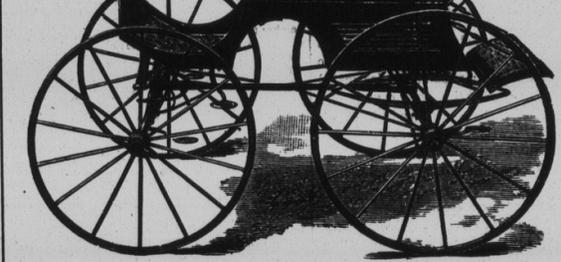
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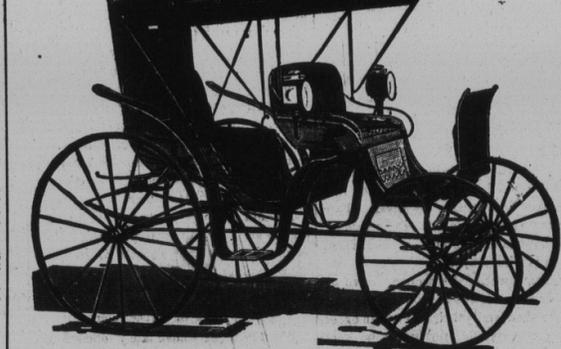
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Music and The Drama IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

This department has very little to record this week in the way of musical events; the late concerts still furnishing much ground for conversation among music lovers.

The usual preparation for special Christmas music is being made in the various churches, some I am told putting forth a special effort to excel this year.

The "Musical Club" has made preparations for a meeting to be held between Christmas and New Years which promises to be of more than ordinary interest.

"A Yeoman of the Guard" is spoken of as the next opera to be given under the same management as the "Firates of Penzance."

Mr. Strand organist of Trinity Church, is conducting a male glee class in the West End.

I hear that Mr. E. B. Manning of this city who went to New York recently for the purpose of studying the violin with Herr Schraduck has accepted a position with a mercantile house there.

It is rumored that the old Philharmonic Orchestra is to be revived, and I believe it is the intention to increase its membership to an extent that will enable them to give some of the smaller symphonic works.

Tones and Undertones.

Lillian Blauvelt will go to Europe in the spring or early autumn to make her debut at Leipzig with Nixdorf.

The statement of receipts and expenses of the last Worcester musical festival shows a deficit of over \$4000.

Mme. Clementine De Vere is to sing in Boston the 27th of this month.

M. Jean Gerardy is no longer a boy cellist for, he is now twenty one and is said to look every day of it.

Too numerous indispositions were the cause of Van Dyck's leaving the Imperia Opera at Vienna. His illnesses had the effect of rousing the anger of the city and the court against him.

Mrs. Emma Eames Story has settled down in Paris for the winter and is now at the home which she built there two years ago.

The production of Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" in Paris was a great success. The chorus numbered 150 and for the finale of the third act showing, the march of the guilds, it was planned to have 350 persons on the stage.

The Dominant, which is one of the best of musical monthlies is now published at 44 West Twenty Ninth street New York.

The Carl Ross season in London was brought to a sudden end after the production of "Diarmid" the words of which were written by the Marquis de Lorne.

SLEEP FOR SKIN-TORTURED BABIES

And rest for tired mothers in a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, and a single application of CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure.

CUTICURA REMEDIES afford instant relief, and point to a speedy cure of torturing, disfiguring, humiliating, itching, burning, bleeding, crusted, scaly skin and scalp humors, with loss of hair, when all else fails.

And rest for tired mothers in a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, and a single application of CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure.

duction of "Tristram and Isolde" in English was abandoned. Puccini's "Boheme" was a failure in London, just as it was in Vienna where in spite of much praise and a fine production it drew only half filled houses.

The "Prince Edward" march is the latest contribution to the musical world. The new march was composed by Gordon Perry of Yarmouth N. S. and is dedicated to the officers of the New Steamer Prince Edward of the Dominion Atlantic S. S. line which plies between Boston and Yarmouth.

Miss Evelyn Ashton Fletcher is a young Torontorian who has quite a reputation in musical circles in Boston.

Miss Florence Traub and Mr. Albert Burgemeister concert pianists of the Virgil piano school, New York gave a piano recital in Steinert hall, Boston last evening. Their programme was most interesting.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The next dramatic event of importance will be the engagement of H. Price Webber Boston Comedy Company at the Opera House. This well-known Company has been playing in Nova Scotia for the past few months and meeting with wonderfully good success.

The Miles Stock Company are playing in Portland Me. this week, having successfully toured other parts of the Fine State.

The Ethel Tucker Company closed a weeks engagement here on Saturday evening with "The Ring of Iron" a thrilling drama abounding in exciting situations.

In the cast of the "Princess and the Butterfly" at the Lyceum, New York, are two names well known to St. John people, that of James K. Hackett and William Courtleigh.

"A Ward of France" is the title of a historical play which follows "A Lady of Quality" at Wallack's (N. Y.) Theatre. The scenes of the play are laid in New Orleans during the early part of the century and are concerned with certain dramatic incidents attendant upon the succession in Louisiana of the Spanish, French and American governments every incident in the story is authentic and historically correct.

Olga Nethersole has secured from Rudyard Kipling the right to dramatize his novel "The Light that Failed." A dramatic version of the book has already been prepared and produced by Courtenay Thorpe.

"My friend from India" has been far and away the most successful farce comedy of recent years. The price has not only made a substantial fortune of \$75,000 for its managers, but has also brought Da Soubert to the front as one of the best farce writers in America.

The "Cherry Pickers" still continues to be one of the best paying attractions on the road. It is now being done in the South with all the original cast, and all the elaborate scenic effects for which it is noted.

Julia Arthur ended a wonderfully successful engagement at Wallacks theatre New York last Saturday, and on Monday began her road tour in "A Lady of Quality." In a few short weeks this young actress has advanced herself to the front rank as a popular and profitable star, and her career from this time on will undoubtedly be watched with interest by all who have known her.

Olis Skinner grows enthusiastic over his play "Prince Rudolph" which has delighted large audiences wherever it has been presented. That it is an adaptation of Stevenson's romance, "Prince Otto," is well known, but only those who have watched the dashing Prince of Kronfeld on the stage can appreciate the wonders that have been wrought with the work of the great Scotch story-teller who died in far-away Samoa.

The first appearance of Eleanora Duse at Naples was made the occasion of an innovation by the ladies of the greatest Italian city. There was a secret understanding that none of them would wear a hat in the audience and what the courts have not succeeded in doing, an appeal by the authoress, Matilda Serao has at last accomplished.

A monument is to be erected in Venice to Gustavo Modena, the great Italian artist. Funds are being raised by a series of benefits, in which Tomasso Salvini and Novelli, who next to Zacconi are the most prominent actors of the Italian dramatic stage, will take part.

The Comedie Francaise has recently purchased for the famous collection of paintings, cuts and engravings relating to the history of the French theatre, a very rare water color painting, representing the bodily chastisement of Beaumarchais in the Church of Saint-Lazare. The famous author who wrote "Figaro's Wedding" suffered this disgraceful public punishment because he spared neither the Court nor the sacred person of King Louis XV in his biting satires.

Clara Troop is very seriously ill. "Blue Jeans" is to be given a London production.

Margaret Mather enjoys the distinction of being attended by a high caste Chinese waiting maid. Miss Mather gave two performances of "Leah" at the Boston theatre this week.

A play founded upon Dickens "Tale of Two Cities" is being written for E. S. Willard. Mrs. E. S. Willard has taken up her pen with excellent results and has written a fairy tale called "Cherriwink" Her nom de guerre is Rachel Penn and she is said to have shown decided talent and ability.

Cora Tanner will, it is said, revive "Alone in London" next season.

Maud Harrison who has been in retirement for the last few seasons is to return to the stage early in January in one of the best parts of "O Susanna."

Mario Jansen has just completed her seventeenth year on the stage.

The murder of Guldensuppe in New York will furnish material and plot for a play to be produced in that city in the near future.

Sadie Martinot has patented a theatre seat hat box for ladies headwear. The, at present, crimson haired Sadie, thinks she is going to make a fortune out of her invention and incidentally remarks that if it works as well as she thinks, she will sometime have a statue erected to her memory by grateful mankind of succeeding generations.

Mrs. Kendal has been talking to a New York interviewer and in the course of an interesting conversation says some very bright sensible things; and unlike the majority of actresses acknowledges that she is past the age for playing young girls parts, and is sufficient of an artist to recognize that she must go in for an altogether different line but one which will give her just as good opportunities in every way.

SURE CURE FOR ALL SKIN DISEASES

During seventy years NY-AS-SAN has never failed in any case.

Wanted--The address of every sufferer in America The Nyas-san-Medicine Co. TRURO, N. S.

"Toss of the d'Urville" which is being played by Minnie Maddern Fiske has met with nothing but the highest praise wherever it has been played and every critic who has reviewed the performance is profuse in his praise of this wonderful work.

George K. Fortescue the portly Smith-kins of the "Belle of New York" who for years played the leading female parts in burlesque productions weighs 340 pounds. He played "the merry little mountain maid" in Adonis.

CREAM OF TARTAR.

Report of the Domtition Analysts Upon its Adulteration--Danger to our Food from Alum and Phosphate Mixtures.

It would seem as if housekeepers who have been in the habit of using in the old-fashioned way soda and cream of tartar or soda and sour milk to raise their cake, biscuit, rolls, etc., would have to make a change, if they have regard for the healthfulness of their food.

The report of the Inland Revenue Department of Canada gives the results of a series of analyses of substances bought for cream of tartar extending over a period of four years, made by Professor A. McGill, assistant to the Chief Analyst of the Dominion, Dr. Macfarlane. The samples analyzed, which were procured from the chief grocers and druggists in every part of Canada, including the Maritime Provinces, were in all cases bought for cream of tartar, and were from the stock from which sales were being made daily to housekeepers for baking purposes.

The number of samples thus collected and examined was one hundred and eighty-three, from as many different dealers. 'Out of this number,' says the analyst, 'I have found only one sample to consist of pure bitartrate of potassium' cream of tartar. Among the adulterants found are named alum (ammonia alum in most cases), tartrate of lime, sulphate of lime, superphosphate of lime, gypsum, etc. Many samples though bought for cream of tartar, had no trace of cream of tartar in them, but were made up wholly of phosphates, alum, starch, etc.

Seventy of the better samples, which were claimed to be really and actually genuine cream of tartar, were subjected to special tests. Every sample but one of these was found to contain lime, in quantities exceeding sixteen per cent of their entire weight. Lime is a caustic, and like alum, when taken with the food into the stomach acts as a poison.

Sulphuric acid is not a pleasant thing to take in food; yet over seven per cent of this chemical was likewise discovered in some of these samples of so called pure cream of tartar.

These being the best specimens of cream of tartar that can be bought in the Canadian market by chemists who are looking for pure goods, what are the chances of the housekeeper when purchasing indiscriminately from the ordinary stock found at the grocers' or druggists? So long as she trusts to these sources for the agents to raise her biscuit and cake, she is powerless to protect her food from dangerous impurities, for she is all the time mixing it with alum and other poisonous adulterants.

Prof. McGill indicates the remedy which the housewife should apply, and that is to give up using cream of tartar and soda in the old-fashioned way, and employ in their stead a modern high-class baking powder, known to be free from all detrimental substances. In the Royal Baking Powder, for instance, which is a cream of tartar powder, classed by Prof. McGill as a most excellent article, the ingredients before being used are refined to a condition of chemical purity. The enormous output of the Royal Baking Powder Company--probably one half of all the baking consumed in America, requiring the use of over one-half of all the cream of tartar manufactured--makes the use of chemically pure ingredients an absolute necessity. Its refineries are the largest in the world, costing the company over half a million dollars, but they have secured to the people what they could not otherwise have had, in place of the adulterated cream of tartar of the market, a baking preparation of absolute purity and healthfulness.

The importance of this subject to the public cannot be over-estimated, for it has a relation to the health of every person in the community.

Eating in Mexico.

Mexico is a land where people like to eat and eat a good deal. The dinner table is well spread, and there is an abundance. Food is served in courses and often many of them. A common bill of fare in thousands of houses at noon will be: Soup, called caldo, of broth; rice, or macaroni, known as sopa; baked or stuffed tomatoes or artichokes, a most delicious vegetable; two kinds of meat, often chicken and a roast, or chops and steaks, fried potatoes, salad, beans, which always appear; fruit and several kinds of sweets and then coffee. Everything comes on separately, served by a boy or maid. This is a very useful repast and is frequently varied with fish from Vera Cruz or the fresh water lakes. Red wine and pulque or usual table drinks.

Bargains! Bargains! Bargains!

The balance of our Stock of Trimmed Hats, Toques, Turbans and Bonnets at greatly reduced prices.

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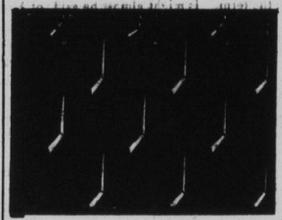
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SHOWS ONE SHINGLE.

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METALLIC ROOFING CO (Limited) Sole Makers, 1370 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.

Different Reasons.

In a little New Hampshire village there lives an old lady who has such a sweet spirit of kindness toward all the world, that she is unable to comprehend the entire lack of that spirit in some other people.

Not long ago one of her granddaughters a gay young city girl, was paying her a visit, and one day told her of a ragged and in toxicated man whom she had seen on the street just before leaving home.

'I can't bear to meet a man like that,' said, vehemently, at the end of her story.

'I know just how 'tis, dear,' said the old lady, laying one of her soft, wrinkled hands on the girl's head. 'It does seem as if you'd got to stop and speak with the poor creatures just a minute, don't it? I never can bear to pass 'em by without a word, it don't seem human!'

The gay little granddaughter was quite disturbed by this misinterpretation of her words, but she did not undoesive her grandmother as to her meaning. For some reason she felt ashamed.

A "Cry of the Heart."

A story is told of a schoolboy who was given an opportunity to hear a great deal about some recent explorations in Africa, under the supposition that he would be much interested in it, but who turned from the whole subject with weariness.

'Don't you like to hear about what all these great explorers are doing?' he was asked.

'Hardly, sir,' answered the boy; 'you'll excuse me, but it seems to me that there's enough geography already!'

"77"

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 25.

HON. MR. MITCHELL'S DEATH.

The death of Hon. James Mitchell is the sad event of the week in this province. Much regret has been and will be expressed for the demise of a gentleman who was popular in the broadest sense of the term. It might almost be said of him that he had no enemies—certainly no bitter ones. For many years he was connected with the government of New Brunswick and gained the highest position possible in that body. But to the regret of all who hoped for better things in Provincial government when he succeeded Mr. Blair, Mr. Mitchell's health did not permit him to carry out those administration reforms which must necessarily have suggested themselves to him. While in the government he was generally regarded as the one man whose principle and integrity could not be questioned. The political exigencies of the times no doubt forbade him to bow to the will of his colleagues and consent to many measures of which he could not approve. While not aggressive or inclined to force his opinion to the front frequently he could be firm when the occasion required and as provincial secretary he allowed no interference with the affairs of his department. He was very popular in his county of Charlotte and greatly esteemed by those who knew him intimately. The province can ill afford to lose such a man at present.

The Canadian Engineer possessed of a conscience that is either too conscious of rectitude to anticipate reproach, or too scared to care for it, says he has discovered the origin of forest fires by witnessing one in its very inception. Here is his story: The tree had been partly uprooted by a severe windstorm, and leaned over the tree nearest to it, some of which happened to be dead. Fierce gusts blew down from the neighboring mountains and caused the branches of the inclined tree to rub with considerable force against those upon which it rested. After the friction thus developed has been kept up for many hours, averts this courageous engineer, the dead wood upon which it was exerted first began to glow, then burst into flame, and a fire that swept through miles and miles of valuable timber was the result.

Things are very different now from what they used to be, and the story of the financing of the public boards, for instance would be a regular romance, with pathos, humor, and everything else in it. The growth of the bonded debt of the city was like the growth of the Leaning Tower of Pisa. The old financiers thought there was no necessity to assess for interest on the debt, so instead, if the civic revenues were insufficient, they would issue bonds to pay the interest on these, and so on. But the financing and management of the school board was stranger still. For some years there were no inmates kept at all, and later still a secretary's bookkeeping was so simple that it was all contained in one book, an entry book of income and payments.

While the Banks of France, Germany and Austria are government institutions the Bank of England stands upon a different basis. Ever since its incorporation in the days of William and Mary the bank of England has been a private institution controlled and directed by private individuals. Still it occupies a somewhat dual position inasmuch as it is the fiscal agent of the government, receiving the public revenues, paying the interest on the public debt and generally managing the government finances. More than this its directors take no step of importance without the concurrence of the ministry.

By a vote of nine to six the aldermen decided to accept the recommendations of Chief Engineer Kerr for appointments to the fire department. For that is virtually what the appointment of driver DONOHUE

meant on Thursday. An attempt is being made to change the law so that the chief can have absolute power over the department. It would be well to go slowly in this matter. The majority of the council can be depended upon to be without prejudice and it is sometimes as necessary to have the chief of any department under discipline as the men who are in it.

The world shows progress so far as the criminality of women is concerned in at least the States in the American Union. Iowa has 1,145 convicts in State prison and only thirteen are women. In the prisons of Massachusetts there are now 6,912 men and 1,145 women. In the New Hampshire reformatory for men there has been an increase of fifty, while in the reformatory for women there has been a decrease of forty five.

A queer industry has sprung up in Michigan, namely the conversion of pine stumps into shingles. It is stated that stumps of trees which were cut twenty or twenty five years ago remain enduring and obdurate obstructions to the cultivation of the soil. They are still sound and turn out excellent shingles when so used.

The compliments of the season that have passed of late between the editors of the Telegraph and Moncton Transcript are amusing in their way. These two champions of the cause of liberalism should have enough to do to watch the Tories without sparring at each other in this fashion.

If Alderman MILLIDGE is an ex-officio member of the safety board much longer he will know something of police affairs and methods. He is not by any means ignorant of them now but his cross-examination of Chief CLARK is so unique that he is bound to get out new facts here and there.

Belgium seems to hold a prominent place in the march of progress. In her parliament when a man is making a gay speech he is supplied with brandy at the government expense. This is an encouragement to the art of oratory, surely.

Alderman WARING wants the city to have a police fire alarm system. It will cost from \$3,000 to \$5,000. St. John has many other needs more pressing than a police alarm system.

The weather during the past week has not been very favorable for a busy holiday trade, and as a natural consequence the usual vim and rush is noticeable by its absence.

Belgium can go Chicago one better in the delicacy of sausages. The former city turns all the old hogs into the trauclent but vaguely mysterious sausage.

Moncton has lost its street railway. The ambitious city is not maintaining its reputation for progression. The railway hub seems to be retrograding.

A week from today old Santa Claus will own the country.

A Good Place for Christmas Gifts.

No firm has made more extensive preparations for the holiday trade than Messrs Myers Bros., whose advertisement to-day upon the 8th page is well worth reading. This firm sells both by auction and at private sale and those who wish bargains in every sense of the term should give this inviting store on Charlotte street a call. Residents of the country will be interested to know that the store is between the country market and Union street. All kinds of jewelry and fancy goods can be found there and the prices are such as will astonish the average purchaser. Mr. A. W. Myers gives his personal attention to the business and will be found a satisfactory and straightforward gentleman to deal with.

A Letter From W. A. Nelson. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—I noticed an item in PROGRESS issued Saturday, 11th, inst, headed "Trustee Gray's Haste," in which the names of the trustees and myself were quite prominent. I have been informed that a certain party has intimated that I wrote the above mentioned article, but as I did not write it or have anything to do with it in any way, whatever, respectfully ask, in justice to myself and all parties concerned, that you exonerate me from this charge, in the next issue of your paper. W. A. NELSON. Fairville, N. B., Dec. 13, 1897.

Notice to Correspondents. As Christmas Day this year falls on Saturday PROGRESS will be published a day earlier, and correspondents will please send their letters a day earlier than usual.

VERSE OF THURSDAY AND TODAY

Love Must Turn the Scale. Whenever hearts once cheer, And bright with a happy gleam; A hasty word and a tearful, Bringeth a scene of strife. When hearts are with anger shaking, And estrangement may prevail; In the heat of passion parting, Love must turn the scale. The tongue may strike a bitter blow, Successors of its power; And lay a tender blossom low, In some unguarded hour. The barbed spear may pierce the soul, As oft when foes assail; And tempers rise beyond control, Love must turn the scale. When a quarrel has overtaken, The home of the young and true, One may be left forsaken As cold in this case they do. When the conflict to anguish swelling, Springs from an idle tale; A burden of grief forestalling Love must turn the scale. When faith's sweet way is hard to keep, And from some passing just; A bitter thought within may creep, True principle to test. When struggling patience too gives way, And hope can no longer avail; When dark despair has come to stay, Love must turn the scale. When the roses are surely fading, In the path where once they grew; And sorrow, is slowly shading, The dewling that first they knew; When playing and fond believing, And pleading all seem to fall; And the spirit to death is grieving, Love must turn the scale. When times that first moved on aught, Go now from bad to worse; And life once beautiful and bright, Seems blighted by a curse. When want and sore distress arise, Armed in a coat of mail; And all is lost beneath the skies, Love must turn the scale. When in a rage some vow is past, Where all things promised well; When days last night must soon depart, In grief too sad to tell. When home can no more sweet peace afford, And dark each morn'g seemeth drear, Try just once more the magic word, Love must turn the scale. CHAS. GOLDEN.

The Shadow Over the Way.

Come, little wife, to the window; look at them over the way? You can see the blid their shadows, and watch them at their play. Open the casement a moment: the night is mild and clear; Hear the tread and tins at the dance, and the laughter merry and shrill! One can almost guess the names, as each childish outline flits past the pane; Was not that head little N.'s? There's no cheating a father's eyes! Hark! what a chorus of shouts! Though I caught no single word, I could wager a silver penny our Katie's voice if aren't you glad, for the children's sake, we let them run the fan. Though it means that we sit here alone till our Christmas Eve is done? And how good that the shadows are yonder, so plain on the blind, to say That the darling, though absent, are near to us still, and happy and gay! What? are you weeping, dearest? A sob is in your throat! Has my unheeding talk, then, started a deeper Have I touched the old, old sorrow, yet throbbing within your breast, Which two whole years of peace have never quite laid to rest? You are grieving again for the other, the lost little five-year-old, Joy of mine and our eyes, with his curly locks of gold. Who, this very Christmas Eve, had he stayed with us, would have been so; And with him 't is not "over the way," but far off—you are thinking—in Heaven. Far off, little wife? Why far off? Why farther Why should we deem that God's Home is a distant, dim retreat? It is near us Himself, filling our lives with His grace, Why should those living in Him be banished to uttermost space? Ah, but we linger to see them! Yes, dearest, and God knows how much! How we yearn for one smile from our boy, a look from his eyes, or a touch of his hand, or a word, yet, it is but "through the veil," we can trace no shadows that tell Darkly to Faith as it gazes and waits, "He is here he is well! Ah, and the well' hides glory! With light it is all aglow! Snatches of song are wafted sometimes to the watchers below; There is music and mirth for his little ones, sure, and the Father's love shines on them, and we dare not grudge to our darlings the joy of being there. Nor dare we grudge to the Father the joy of that Least of all on this Holy Eve, which marks His own festive grace? For the angels came with carols when 'to us a Son was given'; God grudging not His best to earth; shall we grudge our best to Heaven? Come from the window, dear! Let us wheel our chairs to the grate; We will leave our grief with God, and cheerily talk and wait. We shall not wait long for them now to come from across the way, And the one in the Father's House we shall kiss, too, again—some day.

Memories.

Ghosts of departed better days, Vague spectres of forgotten scenes, Peaceful presences whose presence brings Traquility, when twilight flings Its purple gloom, and night convenes Her stars in the amber haze; Dark-robed magicians by whose art Forgotten forms are conjured up, Shrewd alchemists whose cunning hold Tarnish recollection's rust to gold, And pour in fancy's silver cup The dew of peace to still my heart, I welcome you this lonely night, Crowd round my chair and revel free, Nor mind the storm-king's frantic shout Who holds wild carnival without, This charmed mantle over me, My restless heart with dreams delight. Haste, while the deep'ning shadows steal A-down the dusky path of night, Dim harbingers of spirit bands Who lure the soul to unknown lands. Haste, while the embers' dying light Its mystic pictures slowly reveals. What glories in your largest seem! What grotesque forms your magic makes, And in the light that come and go Dream-phantoms of the long ago. And sets thought's smould'ring fires a-gleam. What strange emotions thrill the heart As each Egyptian shade appears! Sweet agonies gliding by As clouds that o'er a summer sky—These spirit-forms of bygone years, These phantoms of our life's art.

Kit's Jubilee Letters.

Kit, the well-known editor of the Woman's Kingdom page of the Toronto Mail and Empire, has long held a prominent position as one of the foremost women-writers of this continent. Her description of travel and her writings on social subjects, not to mention her weekly correspondence column in which she has given advice and sympathy to thousands, have made her a welcome guest in numberless Canadian homes. It was universally conceded that her letters on the World's Fair were the best piece of journalistic work that appeared on that subject. They were widely quoted in the press of the United States, beside receiving attention in Canada. Her recent descriptions of the Diamond Jubilee Celebration were not less important and attractive, and calls for their collection in book-form has come from many quarters. Dealing as they do with an event in the Victorian Era which was interesting to every subject of the Empire, they form an interesting memento of the sixtieth year of the Queen's Reign. Their gifted author had exceptional opportunities of seeing and knowing all that was going on, and the brilliant account of it she wrote forms delightful reading. Presented to the Prince and Princess of Wales, and a guest in the houses of the nobility, Kit did not forget the masses of the people with whose trials and joys her broad sympathies have kept her ever in touch, and there is a human element about her writing that goes straight to the heart. At the same time her Jubilee Letters were a memorable feat of journalistic description, the high character of which was at once appreciated. Cloth, 16 mo. Price, 75 cents.

Tim and Mrs. Tim—A New Book.

The Toronto News Company, Limited Toronto, has just published a new book 'Tim and Mrs. Tim: a story for the 'Club' and 'Society' man and the 'New' woman.' The story is a satirical account of the trials of a wife who was burdened with a husband who was a 'society' fiend. He joined so many societies that he never spent a night at home; in fact he became a husband in name only. In bringing him to his senses, his wife becomes herself a victim to the mania for joining societies. The sequel shows how the husband and wife were brought to a realization of their duties as members of a society. The story will certainly be enjoyed by every wife whose husband is a society or club man to the neglect of his wife and family and by every husband whose wife is inclined to be, in his opinion, too strong an advocate of 'Woman's Rights.' The book is witty and yet instructive—factors which will tend to make it the popular book of the season. Our unfortunate country is so 'society' ridden, that everyone will enjoy reading this clever sketch. The book closes with a poem which will no doubt be read at many entertainments during the winter. It hits off the 'society' fun, in excellent style, and it is at the same time highly moral and instructive in tone. The book is printed on fine paper, in clear type and handy shape, and is for sale at the bookstores.

Fine Beef for Christmas.

Mr. Thomas Dean of the Country market is always on the lookout for something choice for his customers when the festive season comes around, and he usually secures as good as, if not the best, that is on the market, this year some idea of what will be offered to his patrons can be gleaned from the following paragraph from the Guelph Post, Mercury.

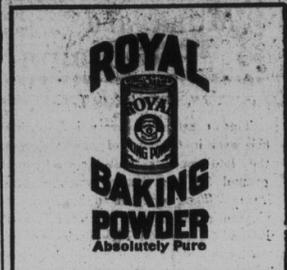
Mr. A. W. Maycock of Toronto, purchased for John McDevine, Jr., of St. John, N. B., the better which carried off the Jubilee sweepstakes prize of \$20 at the Guelph Fat Stock Show last month. This animal is considered by many good judges to be the finest in America. She has won 17 first prizes previous to this exhibition. Mr. Maycock also secured for the same party the first prize steer in his class, and which made such a close competition with the better. They will be shipped tomorrow. The price was about \$100 apiece. Both of these animals have been secured by Mr. Dean.

Christmas and New-Year Holidays.

The Intercolonial Railway will issue excursion return tickets to points east of Fort William, Detroit, Windsor, Sault Ste. Marie, &c., and to points on the Dominion Atlantic Railway, from December 21st, to January 1st, inclusive, at first class single fare, good for return January 7th, and local excursion return tickets at first class single fare for the round trip (adding sufficient to make fare end in 0 or 5) from December 21st to January 1st, inclusive, for the Christmas and New-Year holidays, good for return January 7th. Commercial Travellers can obtain excursion return tickets on the 18th, 19th, and 20th on presentation of their Commercial Traveller's Certificates.

For the Christmas Trade.

Mrs. W. H. Jones floral establishment on German Street has a decidedly holiday look, an unusually large amount of greenery being disposed around for the Christmas trade. The display includes palms, ferns, sword ferns and rubber plants,



azules in the different colors, violets in bloom and a profusion of cut flowers. The beautiful scarlet holly may also be obtained at this establishment, in sprays for decorative purposes. A visit to Mrs. Jones' place next week, will be something to be remembered.

Something New in Ribbons.

The Parisian, up-to-date millinery store received by express from New York a large lot of ribbons, the very prettiest and latest novelties put on the market. The patterns are known as the Roman stripe and the ladies who have inspected them at the Parisian show rooms were delighted with the gorgeous display. For stock bows, four-in-hands, and dress trimmings the new ribbons are simply superb and must catch the fancy of the most fastidious. To introduce these latest novelties in ribbons, Mr. Marr has decided to make no charge for making up bows. An importation of silk violets has just been received at this establishment.

Christopher to the Front Again.

The versatile Christopher Nichols had an admiring audience at his tonorial art rooms on Prince William street one day this week. Christopher and his landlady are not on the best of terms at all times, and sometimes the knight of the razor gets into difficulty with those who supply his shop furniture. The result of all this was that when a crowd gathered around to hear an eloquent orator there were three lawyers present to see that justice was done their respective clients who had an interest in the furniture. Still when all was over, no one was hurt, and Christopher was hard at work in the evening as usual.

New Calendars.

The Royal Insurance Company, J. Sydney Kaye, agent, have issued two very useful Calendars the larger of which contains a beautiful view of Windsor castle and a pretty river scene. The second has a crimson shield and types of the different peoples under British rule. This year the Company have also supplied their friends with convenient little pocket diaries, in which are recorded the great fires that have taken place in Europe and America during the past few years.

Dr. Gray May Not Resign.

Last week, PROGRESS had a few remarks to make in regard to school matters in Fairville and Dr. Gray's participation in the imbroglio over there. The gentleman referred to resented the strictures so much that it is now stated that, whereas he had intended to resign the chairmanship of the school commission there, he has now decided not to resign. There is a great deal of Scotch stubbornness in Dr. Gray.

New use for a Poodle.

A Southern woman says that she never sees a white poodle, dressed up with ribbons and bells, and waddling along in apathetic content, without being instantly reminded of a former pet of her own.

This dog mysteriously disappeared and although large rewards were offered for his return, nothing was heard from him. At last, one day, a servant of the house brought him in to his discouraged owner, in an indescribable dirty and abject condition.

"Where in the world did you find him?" she asked, with a mixture of delight and disgust, as the dog looked up at her with malicious, twinkling eyes from under a soiled drab fringe of hair.

"Oh," replied the man, doing his best to repress a chuckle, "I done found dat Mopsey 'bout a mile from hyar, missus. You see, dere was a trifling niggah, he'd got Mopsey tied on to de end ob a pole, and he was jest joking to swab all his wind-dows wic dat dog; but I reckon he didn't get mo'n seven or eight done, missus!"

Positively All Done by Hand.

All open front shirts done by hand with the New York finish. It is picturesque—Try it. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and Dye Works. Phone 68.

Oldest Sovereign

The oldest temporal sovereign in Europe is Grand Duke Adolph, of Lixemburg, who is eighty years of age.

All affections of the scalp, such as sores, eczema, dandruff, baldness, and falling hair, can be cured or prevented by the timely use of Hall's Hair Renewer.



ROYAL MAKING POWDER, absolutely Pure. Different colors, violets in profusion of cut flowers. The holly may also be obtained in sprays for decoration. A visit to Mrs. Jones' book will be something to be remembered.



Notwithstanding the inevitable rush and hurry of the present season society has found time for several very interesting functions in the way of teas at homes and other social gatherings. One of the pleasantest of these was the tea given by Mrs. Vassie and the Misses Vassie last Friday afternoon, which brought out many ladies. The affair was charmingly informal and the graceful hospitality of the hostess and her daughters made the occasion unusually pleasant.

Mrs. James Tapley, Mrs. Frank Courtney, Mrs. M. Williams, Mrs. Charles Miller, Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. Arthur McDonald, Mrs. McInerney, Mrs. John Cleary, Mrs. John Goddard, Mrs. T. Bell, Miss M. Moore, Mrs. Geo. Triles, Mrs. A. P. Barnhill, Mrs. E. R. Chapman. Mr. D. W. Robb of Amherst spent a day or two in the city last week. Mrs. David Dickson of Brockville arrived this week for a monthly visit to friends. Mrs. E. Kennedy of Salmon Cove, N.B., is visiting her aunt Mrs. T. Donovan of Carleton. Mrs. Frank Eaton of St. Stephen spent a little while in the city the first of the week. Miss Mabel Clarke's St. John friends will be sorry to hear that she has been quite ill for several days and at one time pneumonia was feared. Mrs. Charles W. King returned this week from a visit to the St. Croix valley. Mrs. Thomas Levers of this city has recently been visiting Rev. Mr. Lavers of St. George. Hon. A. F. Randolph was in the city for a short time Wednesday. Mr. Harold Charters, accountant of the Bank of Nova Scotia, business arrived here this week to enter the branch of that bank in this city. Hon. Wm. Fagley went to Boston on Wednesday afternoon. Mr. L. L. Brown and Mrs. Brown of Campbellton spent part of this week renewing old acquaintances in the city. Mr. H. H. Hassard's friends throughout the city will very deeply regret to hear that he still lies very ill at the Miss Hogan's hospital pneumonia having developed during the week. Mr. Frederic de Veber of St. Stephen spent a few days in the city lately. Among the exhibits at the Woman's Art Union Montreal are several from St. John, the following ladies having contributed some very pretty work. Mrs. B. Emerson, Miss McGivern, Mrs. McLeod, Miss Lily Marchant, Mrs. George Murray, Miss Fago, Miss Parks, Mrs. Raymond, Miss Julia Read and Miss Ritchie. Mr. Clarence Spooner was in the city for a little while the first of the week. Mr. J. M. Jarvis and Mrs. Jarvis of Moncton spent part of this week in the city. Miss S. A. Todd of Oakville and Miss Alice Bates of St. Stephen spent a few days here during the week. Mrs. Connel and Miss E. Connel came over from Digby for a few days this week. Mr. George Pike of Halifax made a brief visit to the city this week. Mr. Charles D. W. Smith returned to Windsor Wednesday after a short stay in the city. Mr. C. M. Bowditch made a brief visit to St. Martin this week. Mr. George Seaman came from Moncton for a day or two the beginning of the week. Mrs. E. S. deForest and Miss deForest returned from a visit to New York a few days ago. Mr. J. C. Robertson went to Montreal the first of the week. Miss Nellie Wharist who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Freeman for some time returned this week to her home in St. Martin. A very pleasant and successful concert was given in St. John's Presbyterian church last Tuesday evening in aid of the organ fund. During the evening the following programme was rendered in an excellent manner: Piano solo, Miss Estey; duet, Miss Fankhurst and Miss Cunningham; recitation, Miss Jennie Armstrong; gnomophony, Mr. Adams; duet, Misses Burns; recitation, Miss Gregory; duet solo, Mr. Stokes; recitation, Master Lorne MacIntosh; quartet, Misses Emily Kennedy, Hazel Smith, Pearl Smith, Francis and Hazel Featheringham; song, Mr. Rodgers; organ solo, R. Parks; recitation, Miss Morrison; gnomophony, Mr. Adams; reading, Miss Boyne; piano solo, Miss Graham; God Save the Queen. Miss M. A. Mansbury of the West Side left this week on a six months visit to friends in California. Mr. J. D. Pinney of Fredericton spent a day here this week. Mr. P. S. MacNutt left the first of the week on a trip to New York. Chief of Police Clark and Mrs. Clark returned Monday from Fredericton. Mrs. Clark had spent the preceding week with her daughter Mrs. Steves. Mr. W. S. Ellis of Toronto was in St. John for a day or two this week. Mr. W. D. Brishin of the same city was also here for a part of the week. Mr. W. A. Kimball of Boston was among the city's recent visitors. Mrs. Freeman Holmes of Cambridgeport, Mass., is in Somerset King's Co., spending a short time with her sister Mrs. McColgan. Russell F. Hoyt who was on a visit to the city returned Wednesday to Hillsboro N. B. Mrs. S. C. Charters of Point du Chene was here for a few days lately. Rev. Canon Roberts of Fredericton has been indisposed this week from a sudden attack of neuralgia. Mr. T. C. Mitchell of New York spent Tuesday in the city.

gave a birthday party Tuesday evening at the residence of Mr. Joseph Seymour of Duke street. The attendance was good and the following interesting programme had to make the evening pass very pleasantly. Refreshments were served at the close of the evening: Piano duet, Miss Myles and Cochran; recitation, Miss McConell; vocal solo, Miss Lily; recitation, Mrs. Baird, instrumental duet, Misses Ada and Nellie Thompson; reading, Mr. Vall; recitation, Miss Law; piano solo, Misses Cochran and Myles; recitation, Miss Maxwell; recitation, Miss Codner. Premier Emerson and Hon. Messrs. White and Farris were here the first of the week and went to Fredericton the first of the week. Miss Nina McFalls of Sydney C. B., is visiting North End relative. The marriage took place on Wednesday afternoon of Miss Annie E. Racine daughter of the late J. W. Racine, and Mr. J. King Kelly. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's mother on Carmarthen street and was witnessed by the relatives and intimate friends of the happy couple. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Kelly left for a trip to New York and upon their return will reside at Mount Pleasant. Mr. John A. McDonald of North Sydney was here for a day or two this week. Mr. F. L. Russell of Orono, Me., was in the city for a part of this week. Mr. A. W. Sharp is confined to the house this week through a slight inflammation of one of his eyes. Mr. George J. Clarke of St. Stephen spent a day or two here this week. Mr. Thomas Williams came down from Moncton for a day or two this week. Mr. H. B. Cranford of Ficton, N. B., was in the city for a day or two during the week.

Handsome Presents Given Away. Save your wrappers and send for our Premium List. WELCOME SOAP FOR FAMILY USE. Do not be put off with "something just as good." All first class grocers keep "WELCOME." Insist on having it, there is no household soap equal to "WELCOME." Why Not? Be healthy, cheerful and long-lived. Use a soap which will shorten your hours of toil and give you time for recreation and enjoyment. Open your windows and let in the light. A new order of things is upon us. Like a rainbow of promise comes "Welcome" Soap to dispel the dross of wash day. By a wonderful work it will make you a New Woman. WELCOME SOAP CO., St. John, N. B.

The St. John Millinery College. 85 Germain Street, SAINT JOHN, N. B. Offers a thorough, Practical, Scientific and Complete course of High-grade work. LADIES DESIRING TO LEARN THE ART OF MILLINERY for a personal accomplishment or as a means of livelihood, will do well to call on, or address, for full particulars. Write for circular. THE ST. JOHN MILLINERY COLLEGE.

No Hop Extracts. There are absolutely no adulterants used in making Fry's Cocoa—it is pure Cocoa through and through. No Hop Extracts are used to stimulate artificially. Fry's Cocoa is concentrated, hence it has great strength. A cup of it is as nutritious and helpful to the little child or invalid as it is to one who is in robust health and also wishes to keep so. Best Grocers sell it. Fry's Cocoa.

RUBBERS & OVERSHOES. VERDICT... All the leading dealers in the principal towns of the Dominion agree that "THE CANADIAN RUBBER CO.'S RUBBERS ARE THE BEST IN THE MARKET." STANDARD NEVER LOWERED.

Robb-Armstrong Automatic Engines. Interchangeable Parts. Large Bearings. Simplest and Best Governor. ROBB ENGINEERING CO., LTD., - - AMHERST.

When You Order... PELBEE ISLAND WINDS. BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND. Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It.

to the Front Again. Christopher Nichols had audience at his tenorial art in William street one day christopher and his landlord best of terms at all times, the knight of the razor gets with those who supply his The result of all this was crowd gathered around to ment auctioneer there were present to see that justice respective clients who had in the furniture. Still when one was hurt, and Christard at work in the evening as

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the world did you find him? with a mixture of delight and the dog looked up at her with winky eyes from under a soil- of hair. ed the man, doing his best to chuckle, "I done found dat ut a thille from hyar, missus. ure was a triding niggah, he'd tied on to do end ob a polo, projecting to swab all his win- at dog; but I reckon he didn't den or eight done, missus!"

Oldest Sovereign. dest temporal sovereign in Horand Duke Adolph, of Lixom- is eighty years of age.

ions of the scalp, such as sore, andruff, baldness, and falling be cured or prevented by the of Hall's Hair Renewer.

The "Fortnightly" whist club, organized by Miss Vroom, Miss Grace McMillan and others, had its first meeting on Wednesday evening at the residence of Mrs. J. H. Fuchs, Mount Pleasant. After three rubbers of whist there was a recherche little supper and some dancing. If all the meetings of the club are as pleasant as the first, then it will undoubtedly be one of society's most successful organizations. The members of the club are Miss Grace McMillan, Miss Vroom, Miss Tuck, Miss Travers, Misses Parks, Misses Holden, Furlong, and McLara, Messrs H. Vroom, Foster Gilinch, T. Hart, J. Furdy, J. N. Thomas, Geo. Robertson, H. F. Chaves, W. E. Redmond, J. E. Robinson, R. B. Booth, H. Patterson.

Mrs. D. F. Chabolin gave an informal tea last Friday afternoon, at which the guests were entertained in the graceful and tasteful way peculiar to the hostess. Among those who attended were: Mrs. James Dever, Countess deBury, Mrs. Carlton Gilch, Mrs. Charles Coyle, Mrs. Edgemo, Mrs. S. T. Stardee, Mrs. Tammarack, Mrs. B. J. Ritchie, Miss Fennell, Miss Furlong, Miss Travers, Miss deBury, Miss Marie Furlong, Miss M. M. On the same evening Mrs. (Judge) Barker entertained a number of young people at a very pleasant card party, when a delightful evening was spent.

Mrs. James Holly gave a large reception last week, the invitations numbering between two and three hundred. The spacious rooms of the pretty home on Douglas avenue were artistically decorated, the prevailing colors being pink and green. The hostess who was assisted by her mother Mrs. R. A. Barnhill and Mrs. B. Holly was handsomely attired in black brocade satin, and gracefully filled the rather arduous duties required of her. The ladies who assisted in the dining room were: Mrs. J. E. Moore, Miss A. G. King, Miss Tapley, Mrs. Fleming, Mrs. A. P. Barnhill, Miss McCarron, Mrs. Geo. Robertson, and Mrs. W. H. Nason. Mrs. Fleming, Mrs. Nason and Mrs. Rivers also lent valuable assistance.

The invited guests included the following persons: Mrs. James Hamilton, Mrs. Sheston, Mrs. D. McCormack, Mrs. Jewett, Misses McCormack, Mrs. Geo. Murray, Mrs. Frank Marritt, Mrs. Fred Temple, Mrs. Boyne Patterson, Mrs. Geo. Barbour, Miss Barbour, Mrs. Parves, Mrs. Jarvis Wilson, Mrs. Hunter, Mrs. J. C. Hatheway, Mrs. Gilchrist, Miss Beardsley, Misses Roberts, Mrs. F. Hanington, Mrs. Lamereaux, Mrs. J. Tapley, Mrs. Geo. McAvilly, Mrs. B. Dowling, Mrs. H. Flood, Mrs. F. Rankine, Mrs. N. Peters, Mrs. W. Merritt, Mrs. Frank Marritt, Mrs. J. Merritt, Mrs. E. King, Miss King, Mrs. S. DeForest, Mrs. Fen. Fraser, Miss Fraser, Misses DeForest, Misses Armstrong, Mrs. J. DeW. Spurr, Mrs. B. Cushing, Mrs. Geo. Cushing, Mrs. Alex. Wilson, Mrs. McAlpine, Mrs. Walker, Misses Walker, Mrs. McKim, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. H. Fleming, Mrs. W. Fleming, Mrs. James Fleming, Mrs. Wm. Fleming, Mrs. E. Bunn, Miss Bunn, Mrs. C. DeForest, Mrs. John Goddard, Jr., Miss Goddard, Miss Joyce, Mrs. Stevenson, Miss Stevenson, Countess deBury, Miss deBury, Mrs. F. Shaw, Mrs. Bacon, Mrs. McKim, Mrs. V. S. White, Mrs. Troop, Miss Troop, Mrs. Arthur McDonald, Mrs. Walter Hoyle, Mrs. H. Tuck, Misses Tuck, Mrs. Cunard, Mrs. James Magee, Mrs. S. Shaw, Mrs. F. E. Sayre, Mrs. J. P. G. Burpee, Miss Upton, Mrs. Street, Mrs. J. P. G. Burpee, Mrs. Douglas Hasen, Mrs. H. DeForest, Mrs. J. Russell, Mrs. C. McDonald, Mrs. Cedlip, Mrs. C. Smith, Miss Smith, Mrs. R. Smith, Mrs. W. White (Dr.), Mrs. G. Fagley, Misses Fagley, Mrs. Sine, Mrs. W. C. R. Allen, Mrs. Scarborough, Mrs. Wm. Fisher, Mrs. Nevins, Miss Jones, Mrs. Geo. Moore, Mrs. Geo. Fleming, Miss Gustie MacCorrick, Miss Annie King, Mrs. Jas. Manchester, Mrs. Wm. Barnhill, Mrs. Fred Barnhill, Mrs. Wm. Long, Mrs. G. P. Baker, Mrs. Charles Baker, Mrs. Frank Baker, Mrs. F. Woodman, Mrs. Wm. Rivers, Miss L. Rivers, Miss Rivers, Mrs. Wm. Shaw, Misses Shaw, Mrs. (Dr.) Smith, Mrs. Theo. Cushing, Misses Tapley, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Vanhook, Miss Vanhook, Mrs. T. Hilyard, Miss Hilyard, Mrs. Ruddock, Miss Ruddock, Miss Courtney, Misses Kilpatrick, Mrs. S. Holly, Miss Holly, Misses Tapley, Misses Murray, Miss Berry, Mrs. Harry Miller, Mrs. H. A. Miller, Mrs. R. C. Elkins, Mrs. T. Roberts, Mrs. Horneastle, Mrs. Ruddock, Miss Horneastle, Miss Gregory, Mrs. Gregory, Mrs. Hayford, Miss Travis, Mrs. D. Nick, Mrs. P. Nason, Mrs. G. Miles, Mrs. Fanner, Misses Fanner, Mrs. W. Day, Mrs. Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. D. Tapley, Misses Tapley, Mrs. Fen. Tapley, Mrs. Ford Tapley, Miss Tapley, Mrs. Fred Besty, Mrs. Wm. Smith, Misses Smith,

There was a meeting of the whist club at the home of Mr. James F. Coyle Wednesday evening, at which a large number of young people enjoyed themselves to the utmost with whist, music, dancing, etc. The Mother Goose party given by the Ladies Aid society of the Carleton Presbyterian church, Friday week was a great success. The room was tastefully decorated with flags, bunting, etc. Among those who took charge of the tables were the following young ladies, "Queen of Hearts" table, Miss E. Wilson and Miss J. Parris, "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary" table, Miss E. Johnston and Miss L. Parris, "Old Woman in the Shoe" table, Miss C. Dixon and Miss J. McMurray, "The Three Blind Mice" table, Miss G. Cougle. The refreshment tables were in charge of a bevy of pretty young girls. Miss Mary Nannary left for California Tuesday evening; a large number of her friends went to the train to see her off. The young ladies of St. Jude's church intend holding a social Thursday evening in the school room, which will no doubt be as enjoyable as they have held in the past. Mr. C. E. O'Billy of Albert County spent three or four days of this week with his parents. His many friends were very pleased to see him. Mrs. A. J. Gregory returned Monday evening to the capital after a pleasant trip in the city. Mr. George Black spent Sunday with city friends. Mr. R. H. Allen of Dorchester is spending a few days here. Miss Mary Whippley of Fredericton is here on a visit to relatives. Mrs. F. I. Morrison paid a short visit to St. John last week. Mr. J. G. Whiteacre of Toronto was in the city this week. Mr. E. B. Keith of Ficton was in the city the first of the week on his way to Mexico, where he will make his future home. Mr. Peter McMichael arrived from Montreal the beginning of the week. The "Lead-A-Hand" of Carmarthen street church

was in the city for a part of the week. Mr. W. A. Kimball of Boston was among the city's recent visitors. Mrs. Freeman Holmes of Cambridgeport, Mass., is in Somerset King's Co., spending a short time with her sister Mrs. McColgan. Russell F. Hoyt who was on a visit to the city returned Wednesday to Hillsboro N. B. Mrs. S. C. Charters of Point du Chene was here for a few days lately. Rev. Canon Roberts of Fredericton has been indisposed this week from a sudden attack of neuralgia. Mr. T. C. Mitchell of New York spent Tuesday in the city.

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FOR ADDITIONAL SCENE NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax by the newboys and at the following news stands and outlets.

- C. S. DEFRITAS, Brunswick street
MORSON & CO., Barrington street
LAMB & CO., 111 Hollis street
G. J. KLEIN, George street
POWERS/DUNCAN STORES, Opp. I. C. R. Depot
CANADA NEWS CO., Railway Depot
H. SILVER, Goldsmith street
J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth N. S.
QUEEN BOOKSTORE, 109 Hollis St.

A large number were on the wharf Thursday afternoon of last week to bid Colonel and Mrs. Leach farewell including General Montgomery-Moore, Hon. Mrs. Montgomery-Moore, Captain and Mrs. Colborne and Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Daly. Colonel Leach was on Thursday presented with a handsome gold headed cane by some of his friends.

A dinner was given last week at the residence of Mr. Michael Dwyer followed by a small dance.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Hamilton are expected here from Liverpool, Eng., on January 18th. Mr. Hamilton is a relative of Colonel Hamilton. They will remain in Halifax a couple of weeks and will afterwards go to Bermuda by way of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Smith of Windsor spent two days of last week in Halifax. One evening they were entertained at the residence of Mr. John F. Stairs. Mr. Smith is one of the prominent citizens of Windsor.

A number of ladies of the south end have started a progressive whist party. They will meet every Tuesday evening during the winter. Several of the officers of the Leinster regiment are members.

Mayor Stephen will give a large dinner party early in January.

The marriage of Lieutenant Moore and Miss Edith Duncan will take place in London in February next. Miss Duncan resided in Halifax for some years. She is a relative of the late Admiral Watson.

A letter from Admiral Fisher says that the Renown will leave Bermuda early next spring for Halifax. It is stated that Admiralty House is to be renovated and some parts remodelled.

Hon. Mrs. Montgomery-Moore's "dats" are always looked forward to with much pleasure.

The friends of Captain Clarkson are glad to see him back again from England. He looks very well after the trip.

A large number enjoyed a card party at the residence of Dr. Wickwire last week. It was a very pleasant function.

Society is looking forward with pleasure to the ball to take place at the residence of Mr. Unacke, Oakland, tomorrow, Thursday evening, for which a very large number of invitations have been issued.

Mr. T. E. Kenny entertained a number of friends at dinner at the Halifax Club Thursday evening. Bellevue was the scene of a large dinner and dance last week in honor of Colonel and Mrs. Leach. The large dining room was beautifully decorated with flowers from the general's conservatory.

A farewell dinner was given Saturday evening at the residence of Mr. T. E. Kenny, Thomarvale, to Mr. and Mrs. Huddleston who left on Monday for New York to take the steamer for England on Wednesday at noon.

Mr. and Mrs. Huddleston gave a farewell dinner to a number of their friends on Monday evening at Keith Hall.

AMHERST.

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

Dec. 15.—Mrs. D. T. Chapman and mother Mrs. W. Tipper, have returned from visiting friends in Halifax and Truro.

Mrs. Mark Curry of Bridgetown is in town, and her many Amherst friends are greatly pleased to see her and hope for a lengthy visit.

Mr. J. H. Turner who recently returned from Jamaica has been called to Halifax to fill position at the head office of the Bank of Nova Scotia.

Miss Lillie Moffat has returned from Acadia Seminary to spend the holidays to the delight of her numerous young friends.

Mrs. Martin of Dartmouth, mother of Mr. C. L. Martin of Dunlap Bros., is visiting Mrs. N. A. Rhodes, and Miss Laura Davison of Falmouth is the guest of Miss Bessie Curry, Sycamore Lawn.

Mr. D. W. Robb spent a few days last week in St. John.

Mr. Fred Pent who has been spending the past six months with her daughter Mrs. Fred Christopher left on Friday for her home in Cincinnati.

The young ladies of the baptist congregation have been preparing fancy work in great variety for their sale which takes place in the parlor of their church on Friday evening, excellent home made candies in dainty receptacles, light refreshments with tea and coffee will be served by charming waitresses, and the ladies of this church have established a reputation as to quality of stock in trade that always insures success.

Miss Celia Wilson held an afternoon sale today at her home on Rupert street that was a most gratifying success. Long before the glowing the prettily decorated table was minus the many dainty bits of embroidery and lace and the delicious home made sweets were off in a twinkling neatly arranged in pretty baskets and boxes, and the supply of Miss Wilson's handwork was far short of the demand.

This evening Mrs. Geo. Cole entertains the pupils of her Sabbath school class at her home on Lawrence street, upwards of twenty well bred and ladies will be present.

I am delighted to hear some rumor announce that three dances are among the pleasant holiday events, all to be given by hostesses whose invitations are received with pleasure.

Mrs. C. L. Benedict left on the noon train on Tuesday to visit her home in Perth. Ont. An apology is due Mrs. Benedict for an error in my notes of last week.

The Straight Minstrels in midnight shade will make their debut to an Amherst audience on Friday evening in the parish hall in aid of the parish house fund. There is as much talent as can be possibly utilized in one company and displayed to advantage, with Mr. E. A. Hillcoat as manager so

much is anticipated. All the performers have a high rate musically and specially but as they are to appear in cog I must refrain giving their names until they wear their laurels.

TRURO.

[Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, & Messrs. D. H. Smith & Co.]

Dec. 15.—Miss Frances Yull entertained a few tables of whist at "Tivoli" on Monday evening those present were, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Gourley, Dr. and Mrs. Atkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Black, Miss Leckie, Miss Sutherland, Miss Anna Sutherland, Miss Bent, Major Leckie, Messrs. W. F. McKay, F. C. Swanson, W. McKenzie, F. W. Cuttens, W. Reynolds, and Vinard.

Miss Minnie McKie, Halifax, is a guest of Mrs. H. F. McKenzie, Queen street.

Mrs. H. W. Crowe, scored a second social success last Thursday evening, when she entertained another ten tables, those present Thursday evening were, Mr. and Mrs. D. Cumming, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fuller, Mrs. Dimock, (Windsor) Miss Yorton, Miss Jean Crowe, Miss Leckie, Miss Archibald, Miss Bent, Misses Bligh, Misses Butchart, Misses Snook, Miss Hornsby, Miss Robbins, Miss Nelson, Misses Bigelow, Miss McLeod, Messrs. O. A. Hornsby, W. P. McKay, G. H. Williams, J. D. Ross, G. A. Hall, R. E. Leckie, F. L. Murray, W. Crowe, L. Crowe, W. Lawrence, F. V. Bigelow, F. Coston, P. Webster, C. E. Coleman, E. Vernon, Miss Lilla Snook, and Mr. Hall were the prize winners.

Mrs. C. A. Armstrong's cards, were out last week for Thursday of this week.

Miss Graham of Halifax was in town for a day or two this week.

Miss Ethel Peckle who has been visiting at her sister brother's, T. S. Peckle for some weeks leaves for her home in Bridgewater, on Thursday.

FARRSBORO.

[Progress is for sale at Farsboro Book Store.]

A special train on Wednesday evening conveyed a merry skating party to Newville. Perfect ice and a beautiful moonlight night left nothing to be desired in the way of enjoyment.

The literary society spent an interesting evening at Mrs. Robert Alkman's on Monday, discussing Irish authors.

Mr. Charles McCabe has gone to spend the winter in Virginia.

Mr. Eville, Miss Jean Smith and Mr. Vernon Eville came over yesterday on the Hiawatha and are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Eville.

Miss Mattie Woodworth went to Sackville on Wednesday and from there will go to Moncton to remain for some time. Mr. Harry Woodworth also left last week for Boston. Both will be much missed.

Mrs. Robert Alkman entertained the little friends of Master Gerald at a birthday party on Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Olive Price have a son added to their family.

Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Eaton returned on Saturday from a visit to New York.

Mr. Will Eaton is in town for a few days.

Mr. S. G. McCarty is back from Boston.

Mr. Barn of Annapolis is registered at the Evangeline.

Mr. E. J. Heiser, H. C. Ranger of the Foresters spent last week here.

Mrs. Spalding and Le Lecheur of St. John are at the Queen.

Mr. Fraser, electrician of Toronto is here in connection with the electric lights that are about to be introduced into the town.

Mr. Copp gave a duplicate whist party last evening. Very tempting refreshments were served after the games were finished. With such a hostess as Mrs. Copp it is needless to say it was an evening full of enjoyment for every one.

ANAGANCE.

Dec. 9.—Mrs. George Davidson was in St. John last week visiting relatives and attending the Evans Williams concert.

Mrs. Mary Kinnear of Sussex who has been in the village for the past month visiting at Mrs. Ethas Kinnear's returned home yesterday.

Rev. J. N. Parker of Queens Co., is visiting his daughter Mrs. G. H. Davidson at the depot this week.

Rev. Matthew Smith reached home on Tuesday, after a two months visit with relatives in Prince Edward Island.



A SEA OF FLAME.

On the evening of November, 28th, 1896, a fire broke out in the British ship Melanic, loaded with 500 barrels of petroleum. An awful mass of flames shot up from the main hatch and the vessel quivered from stem to stern with explosion of the barrels. Her seams opened and the blazing petroleum poured out into the river, spreading a belt of fire around her. The master and seamen jumped overboard. Captain Sharp, whose vessel was lying close-by, propelled a small boat through the blazing river and after a severe scorching and imminent peril, saved the seamen from a horrible death.

All over civilization there are thousands of men in more imminent danger than were those seamen. They are threatened with consumption or are already in the clutch of that deadly disease. If they only knew it, help is at hand. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. It also cures bronchitis, asthma, throat and nasal troubles and all diseases of the air passages. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder, and nerve-tonic. It makes the appetite hearty, the digestion perfect and the liver active. The "Golden Medical Discovery" is the product of that eminent specialist, Dr. R. V. Pierce, who, during the thirty years that he has been chief consulting physician to the great Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, has treated more cases than fifty ordinary physicians treat in a lifetime. Thousands given up by doctors, have testified to complete recovery under this marvelous medicine.

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is speedily cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

Miss Short of Penebeque spent Sunday with her friend Miss Julia McManis.

Mr. George Stockton was in Sussex last Friday visiting friends.

SACKVILLE.

[Progress is for sale in Sackville by W. J. Goodwin.]

Dec. 15.—Last Thursday a number taking advantage of the good roads and fine moonlight to drive up to the hospitable mansion of Mr. J. L. Black, the party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pickard, Mr. McDougal, Senator Wood, Miss Wood, Mr. Herbert Wood, Miss Ethel Ogden, Miss Greta Ogden, Miss Nelson, Mr. Fraser, Mr. Mowbray, Mr. Tait, and Mr. W. Harrison. Whist was the order of the evening and was played so vigorously for some time till at length the guests progressed to a bountifully spread supper table.

On Friday evening there was a recital in Beethoven hall by some of the pupils of Professor Wootton, Professor Chisholm, Miss Jeeves, Miss Williams, and Miss Chase. Excellent music was admirably rendered but the performance was not opened to the public generally as was the original intention.

On the same evening a number went to see the moving pictures in the music hall. It was almost a social function as the hall not being full people went from seat to seat to obtain the best view, and chatting en passant with their friends. A good picture to the entertainment would have been a short address from the text "Top knot comes down" as the bunches of feathers and ribbons on the ladies hats were a serious obstruction to the pictures. The views were all wonderful and those of the jubilee pronounced by eye witnesses to be perfect representations. One picture a baby at breakfast was interesting from the fact not generally known that the papa who was seen literally shovelling spoonfuls of bread and milk into the mouth of his reluctant offspring was the inventor of these moving views, a young Frenchman. His name was not given perhaps because it is so unpronounceable as the technical name of the views which a man said was one you would not like to tackle after dark.

On Friday afternoon the funeral of the late Mrs. James Crane was conducted by Rev. Mr. Howard. Mrs. Crane was a daughter of Mrs. Dotson of Dorchester whose death was recently recorded and a granddaughter of George Bowser who has also been very ill but has recovered. Mrs. Crane leaves one little girl of four years who will be taken care of by Mrs. Baird, Mr. Crane's sister, Mr. Crane has broken up house-keeping and the house on York street is vacant.

Miss Mattie Woodworth spent a day in Sackville en route for Moncton where she will remain for the winter with Mrs. T. W. Binney.

Mr. Harry Woodworth expected to leave Farsboro on Friday for Boston and New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Black are visiting Mr. Black's parents in Amherst.

Mrs. David Dickson has gone to St. John for a month's visit.

The Misses Backhouse of Dorchester were the guests of Mrs. McHaffay last Sunday.

Mrs. Greenwood, Mrs. Andrews, mother has returned to Sackville.

Mr. J. F. Allison has been a day or two in St. John.

Last Saturday evening Senator and Mrs. Wood entertained about twenty of the young ladies from the college.

On the same evening the Misses Borden celebrated their tenth birthday by inviting exactly ten of their little companions to tea. The guests were, Miss Olive Wootton, Miss Hester Wood, Miss Lilla Estabrooke, Miss Nora Wiggins, Miss Mabel Andrews and the Misses Black. The table was most prettily arranged with a small tea set and dear little cakes and biscuits to correspond with the dishes, and the two birthday cakes were each adorned with ten candles. The only grown person invited was Miss Thomas, who is a great favorite with all the children, and with her assistance the evening was happily spent in various games.

On Sunday in the Methodist church the organ was taken by Miss Florence Webb, Mr. Wootton having resigned the position. Miss Farrington acted as leader. Although Miss Webb's playing cannot in any way be compared to Mr. Wootton's mastery of the king of instruments, the manager, big organ, admirably and furnished most acceptable music.

Dr. Borden preached in the Methodist church in the evening.

In St. Paul's the services were taken by Mr. Bryant who announced that the time for greening the church had arrived and all willing to help in the Christmas decorations would meet in the school house on Wednesday afternoon.

It was rather a special occasion in the baptist church last Sunday, when the Rev. E. E. Daley held his first service, making a most favorable impression on his new flock. On Monday evening there was a large social meeting held. It was a joint affair of the B. Y. P. U. of Bethel and the lower Sackville church and forty members of the same society in Amherst were present. Those with a goodly congregation filled the large church to overflowing. The programme consisted of choruses from the two choirs, a duet by Mrs. Gerard and Mr. Campbell of Middle Sackville, one by Mrs. Kinnear and Mrs. Heriot, recitations by Miss Libbie Anderson, Miss Ford of Amherst and Miss Atkinson. A bright address of welcome was given by Judge Emmerson on the occasion of the union, and suitable reply from Mr. Blair Busby the Amherst president. Speeches were delivered by Rev. Mr. McDonald and Rev. Mr. McLeod of Amherst and Rev. Mr. Daley and Rev. Mr. Belyea of Sackville. Coffee and Sandwiches were served at the close, and the Amherst contingent moved across the way to the parsonage to await the freight train which finally carried them home after a most enjoyable evening.

Mrs. Walls on Weldon street gave another of her agreeable teas last week, this time entertaining a number of her Point de Bate friends as well as some of the good folks of Sackville.

Miss Grace Towse has assumed her duties in the office of Fowell, Bennett and Harrison. She is looking well after her stay in the Hub where she had a position as book-keeper and stenographer. She reports that her sister Miss H. Towse who left here some years ago to take up nursing, is in excellent health. She obtained her degree some two years ago and at present is assistant matron in the Long Island hospital. Their brother Mr. Clarence, is in a drug store in Boston where he intends to learn the business. Miss Towse expects to spend the winter with Mrs. Arthur Dixon of York street.

LADY OF BRALOTT.

[Progress is for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.]

Dec. 15.—Thursday last, was the 25th anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Palmer. The friends assembled at eight o'clock at their home, Woodlands, and presented Mrs. Palmer with a handsome silver tea service, and Mr. Palmer with



Vapo-Cresolene FOR Whooping Cough, Croup, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh. Items from physicians' statements in our Descriptive Booklet. Send for it. "Have found it of such great value in Whooping Cough, Croup and other spasmodic coughs, that I have prescribed every family under my direction to secure one." "It is of great value in Diphtheria." "It gives relief in Asthma. The apparatus is simple and inexpensive." Sole by all druggists. VAPO-CRESOLENE CO. 25 Wall St., N. Y., City.

"The Ideal Tonic." CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE Tones up the System, Restores the Appetite. No other Quinine Wine is just as good.

a gold headed cane. They were also the recipients of a number of other pretty gifts. Mrs. Palmer's sister, Mrs. M. B. Palmer received the guests, and Mr. and Mrs. Palmer were kept in the background until everything was in readiness. Upon the playing of the wedding march by Miss Gallagher, Mr. and Mrs. Palmer appeared and a very nice address to which were attached about 75 names was read by Mr. Justice Landry after which the gifts were presented. Mr. and Mrs. Palmer then received the congratulations of the assembled friends. Progressive whist was the amusement of the evening. Although it was such an informal affair prizes were fortunately enough to capture the lady's prize, and Mr. Roy H. McGrath the gentleman's. Refreshments were served and the party broke up about midnight. A few young people stayed afterwards for a while or two.

Mrs. James Friel appeared out last Sunday at St. Edward's church in the morning and at Trinity church in the evening. She is receiving this week of Fenfield. A large number of guests witnessed the ceremony which was performed by Rev. Mr. Lavery. After congratulations and good wishes the friends repaired to the dining room where a bountiful supper was served. The bride was attired in a gown of grey trimmed with lace and ribbon and carried a bouquet of chrysanthemums. The bride-maid Miss Lida Cavley wore a costume of green cashmere. The groom was assisted by Mr. J. T. Hinds. Many wedding gifts were received.

Miss George Watson of Boston is the guest of Mrs. Henry Goss.

Mrs. Charles Ludgate has returned from a pleasant visit to her old home in Murquash.

Miss Ella Dick who has been spending the summer and autumn at Haseldale and St. George has returned to St. John.

Rev. P. M. Young and family of Bridgetown N. S. Capt. and Mrs. Stephen Young of Bridgetown N. S. Mr. and Mrs. Atram Young St. John, Mrs. Vess Lynott Red Besch, Mr. Will Young Williamsport Vt., Mrs. Smith St. Stephen, and Mrs. Glass St. Andrews were in town last week to attend the obsequies of the late Mr. Young.

Mrs. Thomas Lavers St. John, is visiting at the parsonage.

Mrs. Maud Parks, Miss King, and Mr. Edwin Russell are still confined to their homes through illness.

A few friends took advantage of the sleighing on Friday and spent the evening with Miss Bessie Stewart Upper Falls.

The funeral of the late Mr. O. F. Bogue took place on Thursday at 11 o'clock and was largely attended; high Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Lavery. The pallbearers were Mr. Hibbard, Mr. J. Sutton Clark Mr. Charles Lynott and Mr. C. Henessey.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Chadsey with their children have gone to Indian Island to spend the holidays with Mr. Chadsey's parents.

Miss Jean Seely has returned from a pleasant visit in Woodstock and St. John where she participated in many social affairs.

Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Breen and Mrs. Brit [of St. Stephen were in town last week to attend the funeral of the late Mr. Eoghan.

Capt. Pratt was the guest of Hon. H. A. Gillmor, on Wednesday.

The funeral of Mrs. James Stewart daughter of Mr. Seelye Spofford took place from her late home on Thursday last, Rev. Mr. Fraser officiating. The music was by members of the presbyterian choir.

Mr. Sutton Clark returned from St. John on Wednesday.

SUSSEX.

[Progress is for sale in Sussex by George M. Saffren.]

Dec. 16.—Mr. Harold Charters our popular Bank Accountant has been promoted to the St. John branch and leaves for that place in a few days. The L. Tour club of which Mr. Charters is a member, gave him a farewell supper on Monday evening at the Queen Hotel. His many friends thought pleased to hear of his promotion regret his departure very much.

Miss Ella Ross is visiting relatives in St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Moore entertained their friends at whist on Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Armstrong gave a card party on Monday evening.

Mr. S. H. White was married on Wednesday to Miss Ida Fairweather. The ceremony took place in St. John at the residence of the bride's brother Mr. Samuel Hoyt.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Landsdowne of Landsdowne Villa entertained a number of their young friends to whist on Thursday evening. A very pleasant evening was spent.

Major O. E. Arnold has returned from a visit to Boston.

Elegant Ribbons

Seems to be the most fitting phrase to apply to the New York RIBBONS now on display here.

We can safely say that at no other time has the critical RIBBON BUYER ever been asked to see a more attractive assortment. Attractive in Superb Finish, Startling and Beautiful Color Blendings, and that indefinable charm that comes from Highest Grade Pure Silk Quality.

For Christmas Presents these Ribbons will make

STOCK BOWS

FOUR-IN-HAND-TIES, AND...

DRESS TRIMMINGS, and clever Milliners are ready to make the Bows Free of Charge.

Parisian... 163 Union St., ST. JOHN.

THAT PALE FACE

may be a sign that your blood is poor in quality and deficient in quantity?

Puttner's Emulsion produces pure, rich blood, and restores vigor and strength, and bloom to the cheek.

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

GROCKETT'S... CATARRH CURE!

A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc. Prepared by

THOMAS A CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

Tongues and Sounds

Received this day—3 bbls. Codfish Tongues and Sounds. Wholesale and Retail at 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock. TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

The "Lecobitisk" Method; also "Synthetic System" for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK

POULTRY, SUGAR CURED HAM and BACON.....

THOMAS DEAN, City Market.

A CASE OF IMPORTANCE



DIRECT FROM SCOTLAND WILLIAM McINTYRE, St. John, N. B. Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces.

FOR SALE WHOLESALE BY McINTYRE & TOWNSEND, JOHN O'REGAN, 12 and 14 Water St. 3 Union St.

DR. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

(Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the bookstores of W. H. Fenwick and J. W. Fenwick & Co. In Calais at O. F. Truett.) Dec. 15.—Preparations for Christmas at this early date seem to be in progress...

On Tuesday morning Miss Daisy Hanson, principal of the King street school was honored by some sixty ladies and gentlemen, who went to visit the school and to hear the examination and closing exercises...

The marriage of Miss Georgie Meredith to Mr. Delle McLaughlin is to take place in the afternoon of Christmas day, in Trinity church.

The Current News club which has in the past three years been so popular will begin their round of meetings early in January.

Mr. James L. Thompson principal of the schools of Danforth Maine, is expected home this week to spend the holiday season with his parents Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Thompson senior.

Mr. and Mrs. Almon I. Todd entertained a party of friends most pleasantly at their home last evening. The guests were Hon. George A. Curran, Mrs. Curran, Mrs. W. F. Todd, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Vroom, and Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert W. Ganong.

Miss Sarah Todd is expected from Wolville, N. S., this week. Miss Todd is a pupil at the Ladies' seminary in that town.

Mr. Frederic DeVeber of the freight station of the C. P. R. has gone to St. John for a few days.

Mr. Wilnot Brown has returned to Richibucto after a short stay in town.

It is reported that Mr. W. B. Ganong of the Barker house Fredericton will be the new landlord at the Windsor hotel. There were a large number of applicants, but at the meeting of the owners of the hotel Mr. Ganong was chosen.

The F. U. S. club is entertained this evening by Mrs. J. S. Murchie at her residence Hickory Hill.

Miss Margaret Lawson left last week for Knapton to visit relatives. She was a passenger in the steamship Parlatian.

The Harmony club have decided to reorganize directly after the New Year.

Miss Boardman has issued invitations for a reception at her home this afternoon to Mr. Fisher and Todd's party.

Mrs. Howard Q. Boardman entertained the No Name club at her residence on Monday evening.

Miss Isabel Clark's friends will be sorry to hear she has been quite ill during the past week with an attack of pneumonia.

Mr. A. E. Hanson of Fredericton spent a few days in town during the past week with his sister Miss Daisy Hanson.

Mr. G. Durrell Grimmer of St. Andrews was the guest of Mr. J. S. Murchie on Monday.

A new interest is manifested in the welfare of the public library, a large sum of money has been collected which is to be expended for new books, and on Monday and Wednesday evening of last week, the ladies and gentlemen of the book committee, late from devoted several hours, selecting books, and from the pen of the most popular authors.

Mr. J. M. Aitken of Newca arrived here on Friday to fill the position as accountant in the Merchant's bank. Mr. Aitken will be heartily welcomed to the Celestian.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Babbitt entertained the members of the library choir, with a few friends at their residence George street, on Thursday evening.

FREDERICTON.

(Progress is for sale in Fredericton by Messrs. W. T. H. Fenwick and J. W. Fenwick & Co.) Dec. 15.—Invitations were issued this past week to a large number of ladies and gentlemen to meet on Monday night at the residence of Mrs. Jeremy Layton and Dr. J. W. Bridges respectively, for the purpose of organizing a club to be known as the Fredericton assembly club, with a view of holding January and February assemblies on Tuesday, and January and February assemblies on Wednesday...

Mr. Jacob of Montreal is a visitor in the city this week.

Mrs. Downing mother of prof. Downing of the University has arrived from Philadelphia and is the guest of her son and Mrs. Downing at 'The Gables' and will remain here a winter.

Mr. Peter Clinch of St. John is in the city.

Many friends here regret to lose Mr. Daniel Jordan and his estimable wife from among them.

Mr. and Mrs. Jordan have removed to St. John and will make their home for the winter with Mrs. Will Fleming on Hazen street.

Mr. Jack Robertson of Toronto spent Sunday in the city with friends.

Mrs. Ellis of New York is visiting her home here and will spend the holiday season with Mrs. John McCoy.

Mr. A. J. Gregory returned home from St. John on Monday evening.

Mr. Geo. Black spent Sunday pleasantly with friends in St. John.

Miss Anna Kingdon the little daughter of his Lordship the bishop entertained her young friends at her birthday party at 'Botteraux House' on Saturday afternoon.

Miss May Whelpley is visiting relatives in St. John.

Capt. Macdonnell of the R. R. C. I. is being warmly welcomed home again, after spending a month at the Toronto Infantry school depot.

Mrs. Joseph McKay and daughter of Kingsclear have returned from a visit of six months spent in the North West.

Judge Vanvar went to Woodstock this morning. Mr. W. M. Clark Chief of Police of St. John spent Sunday and Monday here with his daughter Mrs. W. H. Stevens, returning home on Monday evening accompanied by Mrs. Clark who has been visiting Dr. and Mrs. Steeves.

Miss Lillian Sills of Boston, formerly of this city is here and will spend some time with Miss Fisher at Summer Villa.

Mrs. F. J. Morrison paid a short visit to St. John last week.

Miss Luba Tupper has returned home from a visit to Boston.

Judge and Mrs. Steadman left today for Orlando, Florida, where they will spend the winter with Mrs. Steadman's daughter, Mrs. Joubert.

Miss Deacon of Shediac is visiting at Judge Vanvar's.

Mrs. Rowley of Marysville gave a very pleasant 'at home' on Saturday afternoon for the Mission Band of Marysville which was largely attended.

Miss Nan Rowley in a speech presented Mrs. I. C. Sharp with a beautiful hand painted china candlestick, the work of Miss Rowley. Mrs. Sharp who has taken a deep interest in the band will be much missed by them upon her return to Montreal.

THINGS OF VALUE.

A Problem. How strange a thing is a man's income. Paradoxical though it be. To live within one's income, to live without one's income.

There never was and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which the flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and being differently seated dis-eases rooted in the system of the patient, would relieve one ill, in turn, and aggravate the other. We have, however, Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound and unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ailments...

Does it happen because a man is always harping on one idea that he is a born musician. There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician.

An insurance policy often makes a man more valuable after death than during his life. COLLOID AND KIDNEY DYSPEPSIA.—Mr. J. W. Wilson, J. F. Fairbank, N. Y., writes: 'I am subject to severe attacks of Colic and Kidney Dyspepsia, and find Farnes's Pills the best medicine for these ailments. They do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required. They are Gelatine Coated, and rolled in the Finest of Licorice to preserve their purity, and give them a pleasant agreeable taste.'

One of the striking features of the Millennium will be the increased prevalence of common sense. Mr. T. J. Farnes, Columbus, Ohio, writes: 'I have been afflicted for some time with Kidney and Liver Complaints, and find Farnes's Pills the best medicine for these ailments. They do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required. They are Gelatine Coated, and rolled in the Finest of Licorice to preserve their purity, and give them a pleasant agreeable taste.'

'He's fast, I understand. He—No, Slow. You evidently don't know how he spends money. Ah, but I know how he pays his debts.' DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION.—C. W. Snow & Co., Syracuse, N. Y., writes: 'Please send us ten gross of Pills. We are selling more of Farnes's Pills than any other remedy we keep. They have a great reputation for the cure of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaints. Mr. Chas. A. Stone, Lindsay, Liver Complaints. Mr. Chas. A. Stone, Lindsay, writes: 'My sister has a trouble with severe headache, but these Pills have cured her.'

The jury were out several days, and then called to order. 'That shows the jolly of masculine juries to a jury of women would have disagreed much sooner than that.'

Unqualified.—Mr. Tho. Pratt, Tyndisaga, Ont., writes: 'I have to thank you for recommending Dr. Thomas' Eucalyptic Oil for diarrhoeal piles. I was troubled with one for nearly fifteen years, and tried almost everything I could think of. Some of them would give me temporary relief, but none would rid me of the trouble. I have been free from the distressing complaint for nearly eighteen months. I hope you will continue to recommend it.'

I wonder what it is that creates such a prejudice against children in boarding-houses? 'Boarding-house children, I guess.'

The Proper Thing. 'He told me to get off de earth,' said Billy Black the new-boy and shoe polisher. 'What did yer do to 'im?' demanded Billy's friends. 'Oh, I got de cart huff. Yer see, he'd come through a muddy street an' de earth was thick on his boots.'

CONSUMPTION CURED. An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an 'East India' missionary the formula of a simple, respectable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested his wonderful cure for thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to suffering fellow-men. I am desirous to relieve human suffering, and to see the afflicted, French or English, with full powers of recovering and enjoying life. Sent by mail on receipt of the price, which is 2s. 6d. per bottle. Write to the Proprietor, naming this paper as the medium through which you were informed, and enclosing 2s. 6d. in postage, to Messrs. 250 Foveaux Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Helping The Heavens

'Johnnie,' said Mrs. Chaffin sternly, 'where did you get this dime I found in your pocket?'

'You gave it to me yourself. I did no such a thing.'

'Yes, you did, mame, dear. You told me to put it in the missionary box and the teacher heard me swear one day and said I was a regular little heathen, so I just kept that dime for myself.'

How he Won Her. 'A penny for your thoughts,' said Miss Ricketts, playfully, to Mr. Gilderleeve.

'They are worth far more than that, Miss Ricketts,' replied the young man, 'for I was thinking of you.'

When he proposed, a little later, she didn't say a word about its being so sudden.

Stock Still Complete

Our stock of cloth is well assorted in all the leading cloths in Overcoatings, Suitings and Trousers for late Fall and Winter wear. As the season is well advanced, customers would do well to leave their orders early.

A. R. CAMPBELL,

64 Germain Street.

PURSES.

We have just received a nice stock of English Purses, Card Cases, Cigarette Cases, etc.

ALSO—

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Solid Silver and Silver Plated Goods, Eye Glasses and Spectacles.

See our stock at

FERGUSON & PAGE

41 KING STREET.

News and Opinions

OF National Importance

THE SUN.

ALONE CONTAINS BOTH.

Daily, by mail, \$6 a year

Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year

The Sunday Sun

is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

Price 5c. a copy. By Mail \$2 A Year.

Address THE SUN, New York.

LADIES EVERYWHERE...

Admire the NEW COSTUME FABRICS for 'W', made by the.....

Oxford Mfg. Co., Oxford, N. S.

HOTELS.

THE DUFFERIN.

This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the House, 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.

BELMONT HOTEL

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate.

QUEEN HOTEL

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

My Christmas Stock

HAS ARRIVED, COMPRISING:

Beautiful Perfumes, in new and delicious colors. Triplicate Mirrors, in unique designs. Dressing Cases in Leather, new patterns. An Elegant Array of Ebony, Military, Hair Cloth and Hat Brushes. Atomizers. Cut Glass in Bique and Pretty Tints. And an endless variety of useful Gifts especially designed for the Christmas season. All marked at the lowest prices. Call and see my handsome display.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN.

Chemist and Druggist. 35 King St. St. John, N. B. Telephone 239.

CHOICE SCOTCH WHISKY

LANDING 25 Cases Old Malt Liqueur. 50 Cases Usher's Special Reserve, 100 Cases Scotch Whisky. Wholesale.

THOS. L. BOURKE

WATER STREET.

T. O'LEARY,

RETAIL DEALER IN.....

Choice Wines and Liquors

and Ales and Cigars, 16 DUKE STREET

OYSTERS FISH and GAME always on hand. In season

MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

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.

A QUARTER FOR FOOT

That means 95 cents a box of COMFORT. Foot Plaster, the great foot specific. Sold by all druggists or money order. Broome & Jones, Fredericton, N. S.

As Christmas day this day, the following notices will be published. The same respondents will please send their notices earlier than usual.

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Advertisement for 'Cough, Croup, Colds, Asthma, Catarrh' with 'Vapo-Cresolene' logo and text: 'Cough, Croup, Colds, Asthma, Catarrh. Physicians' statements in our Descriptive of such great value in Whooping Cough, Croup, Colds, Asthma, Catarrh, and other spasmodic coughs, that I have found under my direction to secure great value in Diphtheria. It gives the apparatus is simple and easy to use. VAPOR-CRESOLENE CO. 60 Wall St., N. Y., City.'

Advertisement for 'Elegant Ribbons' with text: 'The most fitting phrase to the New York RIBBONS now on sale. No other time so safely as at no other time. The RIBBON BUYER over-looked to see a more attractive assortment in Superb Finish, Start-Beautiful Color Blendings, and defensible charm that comes from Grade Pure Silk Quality. Christmas Presents these Ribbons.'

Advertisement for 'TOCK BOWS' and 'OUR-IN-HAND-TIES' with text: 'TOCK BOWS. OUR-IN-HAND-TIES, AND... PRESS TRIMMINGS, Milliners are ready to make Free of Charge.'

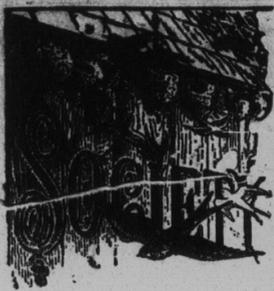
Advertisement for 'Christianian' with address: '163 Union St., ST. JOHN.'

Advertisement for 'CROCKETT'S... CATARRH CURE!' with text: 'A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc. Prepared by THOMAS A CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney'

Advertisement for 'D. TURNER' with text: 'D. TURNER. Languages and Sounds. Received this day—3 bbls. Codfish and Sounds. Wholesale and at 19 and 23 King Square.'

Advertisement for 'Jessie Campbell Whitlock' with text: 'JESSIE CAMPBELL WHITLOCK. TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. LEON STEPHEN, N. B. "Synthetic" Method; also "Synthetic" for beginners. at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK'

Advertisement for 'POULTRY, BACON' with text: 'POULTRY, BACON CURED HAM. THOMAS DEAN, City Market.'



(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)  
ing the past two weeks in town. the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Bruce of Bonnacord street returned Saturday to his home in St. John.  
Mrs. A. E. Mitchell left town yesterday to spend a few days with relatives in St. John.  
Mr. Robert Simpson, who has been visiting his son Mr. R. W. Simpson of the I. C. R. engineering department, left town on Monday for New York en route to Glasgow, Scotland, where he intends spending some months with relatives.

Miss Bruce returned on Friday from a short visit to Campbellton.

The many friends of Miss Edith Holstead who has been a student at the Waltham training school for nurses, are welcoming her very warmly back to her former home. Miss Holstead is spending the Christmas holidays with her mother, Mrs. William Elliott of Botsford street.

Mr. P. S. Archibald C. E., left town on Monday to spend a few days in Halifax.

One of the saddest accidents which has happened on the I. C. R. for years, was that by which conductor C. C. Thompson lost his life at Sackville on Monday morning. Mr. Thompson was a well known resident of this city a general favorite amongst all who knew him and the heart-felt sympathy of the entire community goes out to the hapless widow and orphan. The funeral took place this morning under the auspices of the Brotherhood of Railway trainmen, the remains being taken to Sackville for interment. IVAN.

**PEITOODIAC.**

Dec. 15.—A very pleasant surprise party was tendered Miss Florence Jones on Friday evening by a number of her friends. A most enjoyable evening was spent in playing whist and in dancing.

Among those invited were: Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Hanson, Misses Jessie Fleming, Annie Webster, Mamie Tritts, Julia Keith, Clara Price, Ella Blakely Edna Tritts, Laura Fowler, Grace Crandall, Ruth Chapman, Alice Keith and Elsie Cochran, Messrs. Hugh Keith, Bernard Ryan, Everett Keith, Hugh Church, Will Blakely, Will Fowler, Ernest McLeod, and Sherman Colpitts.

Mr. G. B. Hallett was in town last week.  
Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Gross arrived home from Hillsborough on Monday.

Mr. B. Howes of Sussex is in town.  
Miss Mabel Macdonald entertained a number of her friends at a "yellow tea" on Monday. It is needless to say that all enjoyed themselves.

Dr. Bennett, Sussex, was in town today.  
Mr. Walter Potts of St. John spent Tuesday in town.

Mrs. J. C. Price of Havelock and her daughter Mrs. N. McNell of Hampton, spent Friday here the guests of Mrs. J. W. Bates.

Mr. Humphrey Davidson was in town to-day.  
Mr. Herbert S. Keith, St. John, spent Sunday with his parents Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Keith.  
Mr. Hugh Church was in Salisbury on Tuesday. DICK.

**Notice to Correspondents.**

As Christmas day this year falls on Saturday Progress will be published a day earlier, and correspondents will please send their letters a day earlier than usual.

**INDIA'S CHIEF IDOLS.**

Brahma the Creator, Vishnu the Preserver, and Siva the Destroyer.

Great is the number of idols, in India, for popular report puts the number down as 333,000,000. Every Indian village has its especial idol, sometimes more than one. None of these idols of clay, wood or stone is supposed to be fit for worship till the consecrating words have been spoken over it by a priest.

Brahma is the supreme god of India and appears in three forms—Brahmathe creator, Vishnu the preserver, and Siva the destroyer. Each of the three is supposed to be married, and thus at once we have six deities which are supreme in India.

Vishnu, the preserver, the most popular and most worshipped, is shown black and likewise with four arms, and as in a struggle of the gods with the demons he killed

a woman he was condemned to be born twenty-two times as a fish, a tortoise, a bear and a lion among many other animals. His many manifestations in animal form are likewise popular. His wife, Lakshmi, is the goddess of prosperity and good luck. She is represented as a lovely woman with a gold-colored face—gold being the Hindoo's ideal tint.

Very different are Siva and his wife. He is the destroyer and is represented as a man unclothed, but powdered over with ashes and having a tiger skin swathed about him. He has the third eye in the middle of his forehead. A necklace of human skulls decorated his throat, while he carries a club or trident surmounted by human heads and bones. He is also armed with a bow and an ax. His wife has several forms. At first as Sati, the faithful one, her name is given to widows who are buried alive on their husband's funeral pyres. Secondly she is Durga, the mother of the world, and is seated on a lion and dressed in red. Again, as Kali, the goddess of cruelty, she is one of the most horrible of Hindoo deities, represented as black, adorned with human skulls and hands and dancing on the body of her husband. This is not because she hates him, but because, when, according to tradition, she had finished destroying her enemies, she danced so violently the earth seemed about to be shaken to pieces, and to stop her Siva lay down among the dead, and she, not seeing him under her feet, became ashamed, and put out her tongue, which is the Bergali manner of blushing. These are the principal gods of India, selected from the reputed 333,000,000.

**Good Blood**

Is essential to health. Every nook and corner of the system is reached by the blood, and on its quality the condition of every organ depends. Good blood means strong nerves, good digestion, robust health. Impure blood means scrofula, dyspepsia, rheumatism, catarrh or other diseases. The surest way to have good blood is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine purifies, vitalizes, and enriches the blood, and sends the elements of health and strength to every nerve, organ and tissue. It creates a good appetite, gives refreshing sleep and cures that tired feeling. Remember,

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. cure Liver Ills: easy to take, easy to operate. 26c.

**Short's Dyspepticure.**

cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Biliousness, etc. 50cts. and \$1.00. from C. K. Short, St. John, N. B., and druggists generally.

**A WIDOW'S AFFECTIONS.**

Adjudged by an Illinois Jury to be Worth Over \$54,000.

In most breach of promise cases the amount of damages asked for is ten times as much as the damages sustained or hoped to be received. But a jury recently gave a verdict in a case at Danville, Ill., in which the affections of the fair plaintiff were adjudged to be worth over \$54,000. This is probably the largest award for slighted love ever made in a breach of promise court. The story of the circumstances out of which the case arose is an important one.

John H. Germand has long been considered the wealthiest man in Danville, Ill. He was a real estate owner for several years and his property brought in large returns. He had many tenants, among whom was Mrs. Carrie Corbett, a beautiful widow of 35 years, who lived with her little 12 year-old son. Germand visited her once a month, but claims his visits were at first of a purely business nature. One day he went to the house to give some instructions to some painters who were at work when Mrs. Corbett asked him to come into her apartment. This he did and the two sat upon the sofa. This was the beginning of a long courtship, in the course of which Germand took her out for carriage drives, and on several occasions they journeyed to distant towns together, and once both went to Chicago on a vacation trip. Of course they were always properly chaperoned.

It went along this way for a long time, and then came a trip that led to a disruption. Mr. Germand was going to the convention of Christian Endeavorers in San

**DIED.**

FISHER—At "Summer Villa" Frederickson, Dec 10th, Miss Clara Ariana Alter, youngest daughter of the Late Hon. Judge Fisher.

Francisco. Mrs. Corbett expressed her desire to go along, and her sweetheart bought the ticket and paid the other incidentals of the trip. On the way Mrs. Corbett paid particular attention to a delegate on the train, and carried on a flirtation with him all the time. Germand was jealous and so the trouble came on which culminated in the breach of promise case as above indicated. Germand is 71 years old and has been three times a widower. The amount of the damages allowed was a surprise to all—even to Mrs. Corbett herself. But before the trial Germand had disposed of most of his property, so that in all probability the judgment of the court will stand unexecuted.

Spelling by Ear.  
An American gentleman, residing in Berlin, taught a little German boy the simple stanzas, 'Ding-dong bell' and 'Twinkle, twinkle, little, star.' On being asked to write the words of these poems, as he thought they were spelled, the boy produced the following, according to the Home Guard.

Dinn, dann, bell, Fossis in wi well,  
Bupstern, liltel zanni grun,  
Huuickerant liltel Tamme! l'rust  
Wardarnriben was tas  
Tudann Farpuskikat.  
Twinkle, Twink'l, liltel star,  
Handvander wad jay,  
Abahaf wi wo! so bel  
Lelkelede-mann in Winkl.

**GREAT CHRISTMAS AUCTION SALE!**

At **MYERS BROTHERS,**

29 Charlotte Street,

6 Doors from City Market.

Is going on Every Afternoon and Evening.

**\$10,000 WORTH OF BANKRUPT STOCK**

Consisting of Solid Gold Cases, Solid Silver Cases, Gold Filled Cases.

All Gold Filled Cases are Warranted by Certificate from the Manufactures to wear equal to Solid Gold for 15 and 20 years) Silverine and other cases made by the best American and Canadian Watch Case Makers. MOVEMENTS—Made by the American Waltham Watch Co., The Elgin National Watch Co., The Springfield, Illinois Watch Co., The Trenton Watch Co. and New Haven Watch Co.

**DIAMONDS and Other Precious STONES**

Solid Gold, Gold Filled and Rolled Gold, Plated Rings, Necklaces, Watch Chains, Locketts, Charms, Bracelets, Ear Drops, Ladies' Brooches, and Bar Pins, Gents' Scarf Pins, Studs, Collar and Cuff Buttons. Pens, Pencils, Opera Glasses, (in Oriental, Pearl and Morocco), Pocket Cutlery and Scissors.

**SILVERWARE in Triple and Quadruple Plate.**

Berry Dishes, Fruit Dishes, Tea Sets, Waiters, Cake Stands, Dessert Sets, Dinner and Pickle Cruets, Napkin Rings, Spoons, Knives and Forks, (English and Rogers make.) Fancy Plush Goods, Albums, Musical Instruments, Accordeons, Violins Mandolins, Opera and Field Glasses, etc., etc.

**This Stock is being Sold Without Reserve to the HIGHEST BIDDER**

If you are in need of anything in this line do not fail to take advantage of this opportunity to get goods for half price or less. Come early and avoid the Holiday rush. Private sale going on all the time during auction sale.

**Remember we are a Reliable and Responsible Firm**

and have been dealing in Bankrupt Stock for years. With all Watches sold we give a written Guarantee, stating the material of the case, and the length of time for which the movement is warranted to keep time, with the numbers of case and movement, so there can be no possible mistakes.

**SALE EVERY DAY AND EVENING AT 29 CHARLOTTE ST. MYERS BROTHERS, Props.**

**The Same Old Sarsaparilla.**

That's Ayer's. The same old sarsaparilla as it was made and sold 50 years ago. In the laboratory it is different. There modern appliances lend speed to skill and experience. But the sarsaparilla is the same old sarsaparilla that made the record—50 years of cures. Why don't we better it? Well, we're much in the condition of the Bishop and the raspberry: "Doubtless," he said, "God might have made a better berry. But doubtless, also, He never did." Why don't we better the sarsaparilla? We can't. We are using the same old plant that cured the Indians and the Spaniards. It has not been bettered. And since we make sarsaparilla compound out of sarsaparilla plant, we see no way of improvement. Of course, if we were making some secret chemical compound, we might.... But we're not. We're making the same old sarsaparilla to cure the same old diseases. You can tell it's the same old sarsaparilla because it works the same old cures. It's the sovereign blood purifier, and it's Ayer's.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1897.

## CAN THESE PROMINENT PHYSICIANS BE MISTAKEN?

Every one makes mistakes, but everyone doesn't make the same mistake. Unless some of the most prominent physicians of Europe and Canada are greatly mistaken.....

**ABBEY'S EFFERVESCENT SALT IS THE GREATEST HEALTH--GIVING, HEALTH--PRESERVING PREPARATION THAT MEDICAL SCIENCE HAS YET PRODUCED.**

These physicians not only speak well of it, but recommend it, and prescribe it in their daily practice, and the glowing terms in which their patients speak of it, proves that the faith they put in it is not misplaced. Here is what some eminent physicians have to say of

## ABBEY'S EFFERVESCENT SALT.

### Uses it in his Practice.

Here is what Dr. G. P. Sylvester, Toronto, Ontario, says of it: "I have been using Abbey's Effervescent Salt in my practice for some time, and find it one of the most pleasant and efficient laxatives I have ever used. To the weak and irritable stomach it is soothing and overcomes any acidity that may exist. I have no doubt it will be very useful in many forms of Rheumatism and Gout, assisting to neutralize the uric acid and also help to eliminate it. I will continue to prescribe it on all occasions where it appears suitable."

### Purifies the Blood.

From Chas. R. Davidson, M. D., Nottingham, England.  
"I find Abbey's Salt to be a nice and palatable form of medicine for Indigestion and for purifying the blood in rheumatism and febrile states of the system."

### Free from any Injurious Ingredients.

From Dr. G. B. Frier, London, England.  
"I have carefully tested the Abbey's Effervescent Salt, and can certify that it is free from any injurious ingredients, and in every respect a safe and useful family medicine."

### Excellent Results Obtained.

From Dr. P. P. BOULANGER, Quebec, P. Q.  
"Like many of my fellow practitioners I have personally tried your Abbey's Effervescent Salt, and I am pleased to recognize in it all the qualities which you claim.  
"The undoubted purity of its composition, and the excellent results obtained from the administration of this Saline, cannot fail to obtain for it a general use in therapeutics."

### Its Use Prolongs Life.

J. A. S. Brunelle, M. D., C. M., Montreal, Professor of Surgery, Laval University Medical Faculty, Surgeon to the Hotel Dieu, etc., says: "I have found it particularly beneficial in the treatment of derangements of the liver and of the digestive organs, and consider that the regular use of a preparation of this nature has a decided tendency to prolong life. I am using it in my hospital practice."

### Admirable for Indigestion.

From Dr. L. Carignan, St. Pierre, LeBequets, P. Q.  
"Dear Sirs:—I have made a trial of a bottle of your Abbey's Effervescent Salt, which has succeeded admirably in different cases of Indigestion and Nervous Headaches."

### An Agreeable Remedy.

From Dr. P. Lussier, Medical Health officer of Maisonneuve, P. Q.  
"I have used Abbey's Salt very frequently in my practice. It is a very agreeable remedy to take, and is at the same time most efficacious."

### Prescribes it to his Patients.

Dr. G. E. Martineau, Quebec, P. Q. says: "I am very happy to be in a position to tell you that I use your Abbey's Effervescent Salt with much success. It is certainly a medicine which is destined to render great service. I have already prescribed it to many of my patients who have found it without exception most satisfactory."

### The best of Health and Spirits.

From Dr. W. H. WRIGHT, L. R. C. P. I., L. M., M. R. C. S. E., L. S. A. I., Medical Officer of Health, London, England.

"I have great pleasure in bearing testimony to your excellent preparation. I take it every morning before my cold bath, and it keeps me in the best of health and spirits. I may say by its continued use during a terrible epidemic of La Grippe I escaped an attack although often worn out with the extra fatigue and great strain put upon me when grappling with it. It keeps the blood cool and allays fever, and thus keeps the system in a condition of insusceptibility to Diphtheria, Fevers, and other blood disorders. I also find it a valuable anti rheumatic."

### Subsequent Testimony from Dr. Wright.

I have very much pleasure in informing you that myself and family have again escaped an attack of La Grippe. This confirms in every way my good opinion of your excellent preparation. Our artificial mode of life constantly causes such changes to take place in the quality of the blood, that it frequently becomes impure and we fall an easy prey to infectious diseases and blood disorders of all kinds. I strongly advocate keeping the system cool and the blood pure, and I know of no better remedy than your Abbey's Effervescent Salt. I take it regularly every morning before my bath and I can assure you as a fact that I should miss it more than my breakfast. Most aperients (the German Waters, etc.) have a depressing effect. Your Abbey's Effervescent Salt is invigorating, cleans the tongue and mouth and imparts a feeling of freshness and energy to the entire system. I am constantly prescribing it.  
W. H. WRIGHT.

### Recommends it to his Patients.

From Dr. T. B. Brooks, S. R. C. P., S. R., C. S., Derby, England.

"I gave your Abbey's Effervescent Salt a thorough trial. I can speak in great praise of it, and I now recommend it extensively amongst my patients."

### Fifty Years a Physician.

Dr. Chas. L. deMartigny, of Montreal, has been a physician for the past fifty years. He has seen much suffering in that time and has done much to alleviate it. This is his opinion of Abbey's Effervescent Salt: "I have given Abbey's Effervescent Salt a very thorough trial among the inmates of the House of the Sisters of Providence, where I am Resident Physician.

"I have found it particularly useful in cases of flatulency, headache and chronic constipation and am using it now in a case of Rheumatism. I have tested Abbey's Effervescent Salt in a great number of cases and have always found the results perfectly satisfactory.

"I have no hesitation in recommending Abbey's Effervescent Salt as a thoroughly reliable preparation. I may add that I use Abbey's Effervescent Salt myself every day and have found it more beneficial in my own case than any similar thing I have ever tried."

### Specially Beneficial.

From Dr. Thos. E. Lovegrove, Nottingham, England.

"I have great pleasure in certifying that Abbey's Effervescent Salt is a safe and useful family medicine and is specially beneficial in cases of Indigestion and Rheumatism."

Physicians of such prominence as the abovementioned gentlemen seldom endorse a preparation in such glowing terms. The above testimony is that of men who are true physicians by nature, as well as practice, and feel that it is their mission and their duty to benefit their fellow beings to the fullest limit of their power, irrespective of any personal emolument.

THIS STANDARD ENGLISH PREPARATION IS FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT  
**60 Cents a Large Bottle, Trial Size 25 cents.**

**THE ABBEY EFFERVESCENT SALT CO., Ltd., MONTREAL, CANADA.**

A crust of bread and a corner to sleep in, A minute to smile and an hour to weep in, A pint of joy to a peck of trouble, And never a laugh but the moans come double; And that is life!

A crust and a corner that love makes precious, With the smile to warm and the tears to refresh us; And joy seems sweeter when care comes after, And a moan is the sweetest of foils for laughter; And that is life!

THE DESERTER.

December, 1862, Rosecrans, recently assigned to the command of the army of the Army of the Cumberland, lay encamped on the Nashville turnpike almost within hearing of the church bells of Murfreesboro. Directly in front and shielded by the dense cedar thickets rested the army of the Confederate General Bragg. The rebel defense described a semicircular line between Rosecrans and Stone River in a country admirably adapted to a running fight toward Murfreesboro, the rebel base. Simultaneously the commanders of the opposing forces were planning attack. Rosecrans desired to gain possession of Murfreesboro. Bragg's plan was defensive and night after night he made weak demonstrations on the Union front, which were recognized by Rosecrans at their true value. Unless Bragg dislodged the Federal troops massing in front on his right Polk's corps must be withdrawn behind the river and Murfreesboro abandoned.

War slumbered in the air. The soldiers, fatigued by continuous campaigning, lay stretched about the camp in resting thousands, nor did the crack of the outpost's rifle nor the volleys of cavalry carbines cause so much as the blink of an eyelid nor the raising of a head in the camp. Familiarity had bred contempt for the musket shot and the roar of the cannon in the distance may have caused a curl of the lip—no more. The powder-stained borders felt the breath of coming battle, but it gave them no concern, and they huddled snugly together in their blankets, for they feared the shivering blasts of December more than the puny bullets of the enemy.

no chance to return. A dozen long squirrel rifles were leveled at his head and the husky voice of the first sergeant in gray command him to advance. He rode forward with his head erect, but his heart sinking within him. On the very threshold of success he saw his mission fluttering idly to the ground.



SEE THAT LINE It's the wash, out early, done quickly, cleanly, white. Pure Soap did it SURPRISE SOAP with power to clean without too hard rubbing, without injury to fabrics. SURPRISE is the name, don't forget it.

Little Lumps CANCER CURE. Saves many in advanced stages, but wisdom would suggest preventing the advance of the disease by being cured at the outset. Particulars in plain envelope sent on receipt of 6 cents in stamps. STOTT & JURY, BOWMANVILLE, ONT.

Henry gave the rein to his horse and started in the morning fog. Ten minutes later, he drew up in the rear of the dimly lighted hospital. The good sister gazed in mute astonishment at the uniform when he half staggered into the hallway, then he bent over the white cot a pair of eyes opened wide. There was wonderment in them for an instant, then they lighted up with love and welcome and with a faint cry.

easy to pass there than by making new probably sharper acquaintances. The increased thunder of the distant guns admonished him that he had no time to lose. Twenty minutes were gone when he reached the post and saluted the sergeant and his squad.

The morning of Jan. 8 found the forces engaged in deadly battle. Breckinridge made a fierce and desperate assault, but it proved ill-judged, and he was hurled back with fearful loss. In vain the confederate forces rallied and pressed forward again and again, only to be repulsed by the hot fire from the Union batteries and rifle pits. Rosecrans and Sheridan on the left were hurling shot and shell into the main body of the enemy, while Davis and Johnson, swinging in from the right, mowed down the half-formed rebel left under Breckinridge. The battle waged with fearful loss on both sides, and slowly but surely the rebel defense gave way and Polk was forced behind Stone river. During a lull in the battle a mounted officer rode hastily to Gen. Rosecrans and reported the desertion of a brigade commander and three other officers in the face of battle.

joy welled into the heart of the chief as he saw the rebel lines waver and break. Now in from the left and right pressed masses of others in blue swinging along like automatons, halting every now and then to pour a volley into the confused, straggling ranks of the men in gray. Joining together with a beautiful precision, they formed a solid wall in front of which the rebel defenses gave way completely, and rout persuaded their ranks. The last line of a gallant defense shivered into clouds of smoke and when Rosecrans looked again the Union troops were throwing their caps into the air in their frenzy of joy, while the scattered remnants of the gray forces hurried down the bank of the river and disappeared from view.

D-O-D-D-S THE PECULIARITIES OF THIS WORD.

No Name on Earth So Famous --No Name More Widely Imitated. No name on earth, perhaps, is so well known, more peculiarly constructed or more widely imitated than the word DODD. It possesses a peculiarity that makes it stand out prominently and fastens it in the memory. It contains four letters, but only two letters of the alphabet. Everyone knows that the first kidney remedy ever patented or sold in pill form was DODD'S. Their discovery started the medical profession the world over, and revolutionized the treatment of kidney diseases.

Jeff pulled on the lines and the wagon rumbled away. Henry mounted his impatient steed and clattered noisily down the streets. He didn't care a pikayune now if the whole army charged down on him. The great weight was lifted from his mind, for his wife and little one was rapidly borne to the fresh country air and health. He whistled almost as blithely as a schoolboy as he made for the picket post where he had entered the city. It was

He turned his attention then to the battlefield, with its hurrying, scurrying hosts of blue and gray. Suddenly his attention became riveted to the left of the line. Charging down the slope into the very jaws of death it seemed was one of Sheridan's regiments, evidently bent on sweeping down the rebel wall that had stood invincible for hours. The attack was planned so suddenly and put into execution with such dispatch that the rebel skirmish lines barely had time to fall back and take up a position to withstand the shock when the rushing screaming hoard was upon them. A thrill ran through the old warrior on the hill and for an instant he closed his eyes. Another instant and the crash must come. As he opened his eyes again a sheet of vivid fire shot from the rebel line, then was born to his ears the dull crash of volley after volley and he dimly saw the Union ranks thinned out by the storm of hail. The advance was checked. The Union line staggered and stopped.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP Is Sure To Cure COUGHS AND COLDS. Price 25 Cents.

Sunday Reading. ANGELS OF THE BIRTHDAY.

Papa and Mama Gray held a counsel. In the family history there was an anniversary day approaching. It was the birthday of their oldest daughter. She was fifteen years old. The result of the counsel was that this blessed day should be celebrated. A family party was planned. There were twenty little cousins, six aunts, six uncles, three grandparents, for one dear grandpa had died.

The invitations were a source of great delight, for there on one side was the full name of each child, with the date of its birth, and on the other side was a bright little poem signed 'The Brownies,' and then came a picture of Bessie's chery face and the cordial invitation.

Aunt Clara planned a programme for the evening, and taught the cousins several pretty choruses. A list of charades was arranged, and papa was asked to welcome the grown folks, and Bessie the children. Aunt Emma, who lived miles away, was to be sent for and asked to talk to the children, and papa at the last minute said he had engaged the 'phonograph man' to come and bring not only his filled cylinders but some blank ones also. Was there ever such a beautiful party?

Then mamma with her skillful fingers decorated the rooms and arranged the tables while savory odors from the kitchen testified of the good things in store.

Very early the guests began to arrive, and Bessie, in her birthday dress of blue, flitted about like a bird, welcoming friends, expressing her thanks for some beautiful gift received, and exclaiming with delight at some new surprise.

The hour before supper was spent most happily as had been planned, and the announcement was made that after supper the phonograph should be heard. No one had missed Aunt Emma, but she and the 'phonograph man' had had a secret counsel.

After the supper the little party gathered in the large parlors watched the man as he adjusted the great horn of the phonograph, and listened eagerly, and this is what the phonograph said:

The Angels of the Birthday.

Out on the sea of the great unknown fifteen years ago to-night there floated the barques of many little souls. Let us watch them in their restless passing. There goes one swiftly. Gaily bedecked is the little craft, and it sails on and on till we see it lost in a beautiful oriental home; but alas! the soul of that baby girl is not welcome. Only the mother who holds the baby close to her heart, and would conceal its very life, loves the little one. No father hovers over her with fond pride, for baby girls are not welcome in oriental countries.

Another little barge sails past us and rests in the loving arms of an African mother. But the soul is white, and when these little soul-crafts started out, they were all alike to the One who had bade them go. One was as dear to Him as the other.

But there comes another sail! How anxiously we watch its passage! Oh, if it should be lost on the way, or find its way to some other country! No, it comes straight on; it rests, and lo, in the arms of the waiting mother, lies our Bessie. There is no lack of welcome here. Only such love as springs from the divine heart can compare with the love for this new baby. Grandfathers, grandmothers, uncles and aunts come bringing their offerings of love. And the baby looks wise, closes its eyes wearily, and dreams, perhaps regretfully, of the beautiful land from which she came.

And Bessie grew—a wondering, questioning child. A new sister comes into the home; now she learns to love. Flowers and birds are her playmates; angels whisper to her beautiful thoughts; the sunshine kisses her cheeks; the soft winds toss back her hair; 'Life is a long play day,' she says. 'I shall play away.' She knows no better, our baby; she is but five to-day. The years hurry by and our little girl is ten. Her heart is full of hope now for the days to come,—but, oh, the days are so long! She would have them hurry! She would be a poet, a musician, an artist, a lady. The days are filled with dreams of the future. But she has not come to dream. Little brothers and sisters have come. Lessons of usefulness are now to be learned, of helpfulness, of self-control. School with its duties is pressing and lessons are hard. Life is not all a play day. Ah, me!

Fifteen beautiful years are lived. Bessie is standing now on the threshold of young womanhood, and grandparents, uncles and aunts come again, bringing

congratulations and love. At ten one's ideas are vague, but at fifteen new ideas come, new desires. Some of us perhaps would say, 'Oh, Bessie, be a little girl again! Life is not all sunshine; there are clouds and tears.' But Bessie, peering out into the future tonight, sees only an alluring prospect, and God grant it may be so. There is one thing needful to make life all that it should be—that is, to sit as a learner, as did Mary, at the feet of our Lord.

There are beautiful angels that come to girls on their fifteenth birthdays, and whisper to them sweet secrets. Can we not hear them tonight as they bend over our Bessie? One says: 'Be beautiful, Bessie, be beautiful, and everyone will love thee.' 'O that I might sweet angel! Tell me how. Every girl longs to be beautiful.' and the angel says, 'Beauty is not in the face alone, it is heart-deep; out of the heart it comes. The secret I give thee is to let thy heart rest in the heart of Infinite Peace. Cultivate repose of manner and quietness of mind. It is worthy and fratfulness and peevishness that mar the face. Be amiable, Create about yourself an atmosphere of sunshine, and you will be beautiful.' 'What is your name, O angel?' cries Bessie. 'I would write it in the book of my life, and with it the secret you have given me.' 'They call me, my child, the Angel of Beauty.'

A radiant face appears, and a silvery voice says, 'I am the Angel of Happiness, and all the world seeks me. I come not to the rich nor the beautiful nor to the learned, and I am not found of those that seek me. I enter the home, whether it be rich or poor, where each one patiently does his duty. Where love dwells, I come; where each one seeks not his own, but another's good; where sympathy is the spirit. I bring with me precious jewels. I transform the cottage to a palace. I turn the plainest garments into royal apparel. I bid my harp play their sweetest music. Eluding the one who seeks me for herself, I come to the one who, forgetting herself, seeks me for another. I would come to you Bessie. Will you give me room in your heart?'

What a gentle angel comes now! How tranquil, how calm is her face! She is not needed in great emergencies, but her ministry is especially to those who are tried in the afflictions of everyday life. She is the Angel of Small-sacrifices. She hovers near and whispers, 'Keep sweet,' when our plans must be given up, our desires thwarted. She bids us keep back the harsh word and conquer the self within us. She would have us yield gracefully. This gentle angel finds the greatest opportunity to help the eldest sister of the family. It is often by trifles that the harmony of home life is broken. Let our Bessie seek the help of this good angel, and strive to put into her life this grace of the Angel of Little-sacrifices that will make her winsome.

A tender voice is now speaking to Bessie and the love-light in the eyes of this angel makes the face beautiful. 'I would be to you, Bessie,' she says, 'all you seek in a counsellor and guide; I would be with you in your joys, I would have you tell me your sorrows; I would spare your heart-aches and pain; I would protect you from the falshness and flatteries of life, I would seek your confidence; would always open my heart to you, whatever might be your coming. The heart of the one now whispering to you can never be separated from you; for it has ever beaten in harmony with your own. Will you make me your best friend? Your heart can safely trust in me.' And Bessie turns, but she does not see the face of the angel. 'Who is it? On, tell me!' she cries. 'I would see her face! I would be ever with her! I would have such a friend!' The angel's answer, We call her the Angel of the Household.' And as they bring her forward, Bessie beholds the face of—her mother.

And as the Angels of the Birthday glide away, they softly chant. 'He shall give his angels charge over thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.'

But look! A face of matchless beauty appears, a halo of glory surrounding it. The Angels stay their flight and bow their

heads. Bessie beholds as in a vision the face of the Savior of the world, and a voice that has been heard for ages in the hearts of men speaks in infinite tenderness. Bessie listens: 'My child, give me thine heart. I would have thy beautiful young womanhood. I would have thy service in the church. I would have thy influence in society. I would have thee lean thy heart upon me. Should sorrow come, should temptation, should sin, I will give thee comfort, will give thee power to withstand, will give thee forgiveness, will place about thee, even as thy mother did in thy infancy, the everlasting arms. I will give my angels charge over thee. Come, O come to me.' Bessie's heart responds. She falls on her knees, and with upturned face and outstretched hands she cries, 'I come! I come! There was silence in the little company when the story was ended. A solemn awe rested on the faces of the children.

Bessie's face indicated that she had not listened in vain to the voices that had been talking to her in the Story of her Birthday.

THE PROUD SLEEPER.

A Boy's Love for His Mother's Work Wins Him Many Friends.

Children and growing young people are sometimes impatient of the work of dear home-fingers. While patient hands are cutting and fitting, there is a little sigh for tailor-made garments, or perhaps the wish is expressed that 'we can't afford to go to a fashionable dress-maker.' To all such we commend this little story.

Albert P. was the young clerk in the M—Bank, Boston. He was not quite twenty-one years old, slender, delicate, bright-faced. Every one like him, from the young clerks among whom he first served, to the kind, keen friend to whom he owed his promotion.

'Al never makes a fuss about anything!' said one of the young men, looking up pleasantly, to where Albert sat perched on a high stool, busy over his long columns of figures. 'Harry got your coat on by mistake this noon, Al, and he's afraid a fellow stole it.'

'What!' said Albert, looking up in a startled way, quite forgetting to 'carry one' to the next column.

'Have mine, you know, if I don't find it, said Harry quickly. 'It was so stupid of me! But mine's a good coat—just bought it—and fits you like your skin. Didn't know we were so near of a size before, did you?'

'That's all right, Harry. Your coat's worth twice what mine is—yours was new and mine wasn't. But say, if you don't mind—won't you please do what you can to get it back somehow? Get an ad. into the evening addition—here, I'll write one.'

'What's all this?' asked the president coming up pleasantly, and picking up the advertisement which Harry was starting at. 'Lost—Light-weight overcoat—m—m—m—what's this? 'Eleven pieces in the sleeve!' That's a curious description!'

'Yes, sir!' said Albert modestly. 'You see it's worth a great deal to me. My mother made it.'

The president gave him a keen look. 'I see!' he said, and passed on into his inner office.

Before night the overcoat was safe in its owner's delighted hands again. The advertisement did not go into the papers, but the president told Albert afterward that a special detective had spent half a day tracing it, and he added that so valuable a coat was well worth all the expense and trouble.

'Your dear mother is not living, I infer?' he queried kindly at the close of the interview.

'Oh, yes,' said Albert thankfully, while the tears sprang to his eyes at the thought of losing her. 'But I am very careful of everything she ever made me, for she has had a long illness, and we do not know whether she will ever be able to sew for us any more. She can do such wonderful needlework—you can hardly see the joinings in that sleeve, sir! If she should die—and here the boy's voice broke—'my father says I shall be very proud of this piece of sleeve.'

'And well you may be!' responded the president warmly, bowing out his young



visitor with a most benevolent expression of countenance. Albert did not live to become bank president or anything of that sort. He was promoted within the year to the post of teller, with a much increased salary, and was able to carry home enough of his earnings to have saved his mother's loving fingers from a little of their old piecing and contriving. But he died before she did, and when, at the age of twenty-two and a few months, he lay asleep among the flowers, I noticed one large rose-wreath with this card on it: From—President of—Bank. In memory of a young man who appreciated his mother.'

FRED'S CHANCE.

The Future is Shaped by the Smallest of Daily Actions.

If young people knew how much depends upon the way in which they attend to their every-day tasks, how their whole future is shaped by to-day's carelessness or faithfulness, they would set out to deserve a successful future with hopefulness and courage. Not only Christ's praise, but all other good things, come to those who are faithful.

Fred is a member of the Latin school. He studies hard and is always prompt in his attendance. Though he was not well prepared when he entered, he made up his lack of drill by extra work and now stands near the head of his class. He has been hoping to go from the school to college and to enter a profession which requires this thorough education. A short time ago, however, his father was taken sick, and it is now probable that Fred will have no help from home in further study. For a few days he has been facing the hard necessity of leaving school and giving up the hope of college.

A relation of Fred's says that he was reading an account of the Latin school graduation day in the paper and saw [that the boy had won two prizes, one for the excellence in the classics and another for faithfulness and attention to study, and he wondered that it should be the fate of such a boy to lose his chance, while so many fellows, who cared little about study, would have abundance of means to go on. He forgot about the compensation that comes to every one who does good work—the feeling that he has been equal to what was asked of him. But even while he was mourning Fred's disappointment, a letter came to him stating that Fred had received an offer from his teacher that would take away all the need of leaving school. A wealthy man wished to help some deserving boy to an education; he had left the selection to the teacher, giving the boy the chance to go through the Latin School and college with all his bills paid, and the privilege of paying the money back afterwards, if he was able, and chose to do so. The friend of learning requested the teacher to give the chance to some boy who had 'earned it by his faithfulness.' Fred is very happy now that he has been studying so hard the last two or three years; but he does not forget Christ's promise to help those who serve him, and he gives his most fervent thanks. Nobody who reads this account would call this faithful scholar's opportunity a piece of good luck. God has been watching Fred—the teachers have been watching him; the rich donor of the money has been noticing all his life that the faithful boys are the faithful men.

NOTHING WITHOUT WORK.

All Success and Fame in Life Comes Through Hard Work.

The boy who thinks that he can get along because he is bright and ready and does not need to work will always be disappointed. All success comes from hard work, and most failures are due to the want of it. A bright boy lately learned this to his cost.

He had led his class previously and now went to a new school expecting the same success. At first he made a good impression; he faithfully prepared his lessons and was on the way to a leading place in the school. But soon idle boys wanted his company in study hours and persuaded him that he could recite well without so much work.

'You are too good a scholar to dig!' they said, and he listened to their fatal flattery.

By and by he began to fail in his classes; then he received a warning from his teacher; later, his father heard that his boy

was 'going to the bad,' and hastened to the school. So far the foolish fellow had done nothing very disgraceful, but he had fallen behind so far that he had become discouraged and thought that it was of no use to try to win his old place. A little sober talk and a great deal of patience and kindness on his father's part set the boy again to hard work. But, while he is now in a fair way to regain his lost rank, he has learned a lesson which he will never forget. Only work wins.

Truth, Best and Safest.

For ages the fossil remains of sea plants and animals have from time to time been found in rocks and on mountains. Somewhere about the seventh century an Arabian philosopher advanced the theory that this was because the mountains in which these things were found had been created by water. A similar explanation was put forth by the engineer-artist, Leonardo da Vinci, in the fifteenth century, and by Falisy the Potter in the sixteenth; but thence onward for more than a hundred years the earth was a sealed book to man. Ignorance, prejudice, and vested interests (chiefly ecclesiastical) stood in the way of that sort of investigation. The effort to acquire exact knowledge was extra hazardous in those days, and it was still more risky to publish it. A Dominican Monk, Giordano Bruno, said he believed the earth turned on its axis; and they roasted him alive for it on February 15th, 1600.

But, then, none of us is afraid of that now. The only excuse for ignorance—at least of matters which have been unearthed and cleared up—is want of time to study the subject and to read what is written. And for men in certain responsible positions even this apology will not avail. Chemists must know their minerals; navigators must know their way across the trackless ocean, and the surgeon must know how the body is made and the relative functions of all its organs.

Had a particular doctor known what it was his duty to know he never would have told a woman patient of his that all her trouble was due to weak action of the heart. For, as the sequel showed, it was not so; and the mistake came near proving fatal to her. 'In October, 1890,' she tells us, 'I became low, weak and prostrated. I had no desire for food, and the little I ate gave me intense pain at my chest and around the waist. There was also a horrible gnawing sensation in the stomach which nothing relieved, and I was much troubled with palpitation and pain around the heart. A little later my breathing came to be so bad I had to be bolstered up whilst in bed.

'I then began to lose strength rapidly and grew so feeble I could no longer move about; and was obliged to take to my bed. There I lay for four long months—being nursed night and day. From a strong, healthy woman I was in six months reduced to a mere shadow of my former self. I had a doctor attending me. Several times he examined my heart and said all my trouble was due to a weak action of the heart. I took bottle after bottle of medicine without benefit. I was now as near death's door as any one could be and live and had given up hope. Yet I am now in good health, and thus it came to pass:—

'In April, 1891, my sister, living at Bath wrote and urged me to try a medicine called Mother Seigel's Syrup. I had no great expectations of its doing me good, but my husband procured a bottle from Mr. K. Widdowson, the chemist at Bulwell. After taking it for a week, I felt much better. My appetite revived, and my food caused me no pain. My breathing also was easier. For these good reasons I continued to use this medicine, and in ten days I was able to leave my bed. I was still very weak, but getting stronger every day. Not long afterwards I was able to walk about, and in three months I was as well as ever. I consider that Mother Seigel's Syrup saved my life, and desire other sufferers to hear of it. I am therefore willing my statement should be published if you think it may do good. I will answer any inquiries. (Signed) Matilda Walter, 25, Chatham Street, Highbury Vale, Bulwell, Nottingham, October 30th, 1894.'

The error in this case consisted in the false assumption that Mrs. Walter's disease was of the heart, when in fact it was of the digestion and of the digestion only. The weakness of the heart was due solely to the general weakness of the whole body,—and that resulted from the patient's inability to digest sufficient food to sustain her strength. In that fact lies the very nature of dyspepsia—the most prolific of evil of all our ailments. Under its influence of the organs of the system are more or less crippled,—as a watch ticks faintly and loses time when the spring is almost uncoiled. When Mother Seigel's Syrup corrected the digestion, food began to do its good work, strength returned, and the heart acted as it should. How simple, how natural! Let us try, my friends, to know the truth—for ignorance travels ever in darkness.

Reverse Action.

'Hello, old fellow, I'm glad to hear that your wife is well. Didn't the doctors tell her she couldn't recover?' 'Yes, and if they'd told her that she must get well she would have fooled them just as badly. I saved her by telling them her disposition.'

LINE wash, done cleanly

it AP an with & with bricks. SE project it.

et of the chief as he er and break. and right pressed the swinging along every now and into the confused, men in gray. Join-beautiful precision, all in front of which

dropped down and n. Rosecrans awoke d, riding hurriedly through a powerful

ndest charge, sir, I bo did it? of the—th Ohio,' nago Chronicle.

D-D-S

ARITIES OF WORD.

arth So Famous More Widely

perhaps, is so well rarily constructed or than the word DODD. iarity that makes it and fastens it in the four letters, but only alphabet. Everyone kidney remedy ever ill form was DODD'S. led the medical pro- and revolutionized ey diseases. er succeeded in con-essing the peculiarity they nearly all adopt possible in sound and s. Their foolishness ing that attempts to ame of 'Dodd's Kid- he name 'Dodd's Kid- As well ask why are imitated. Because ed precious gems, gold ecal. Dodd's Kidney e they are the ine the world has ever

ver named kidney pill e research gave Dodd's world. No medicine disease except Dodd's other medicine has cases of Rheumatism ase, Lumbago, Dropsy and other kidney and Kidney Pills have. It n that they have never e diseases, hence they namelessly imitated.

nd in signs, s somewhat irrespon- n don't believe in signs e. But don't you evelves in circumstances evements of evil? 'Yes- ple ask me for a loan I ng to 'lose money.'

WOOD'S WAY PINE SYRUP To Cure CUGHS AND COLDS. 25 Cents.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited. Established 1760. Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocos and Chocolates. On this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufacture. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

### Notches on The Stick

Dear Elliland! First home of Robert Burns and his wedded Jean, we love to linger with you! Here he exulted in song as husband never exulted before!

"By night, by day, a-field, at home,  
The thoughts of thee my breast inflame;  
And eye I miss and sing thy name—  
I only live to love thee.

He turns his face where Corsican hills lie  
dreaming away at the head of Nithdale,  
and makes of it his Parnassus:

Then come, sweet muse, inspire my lay!  
For a' the lac-lag simmers day  
I couldna sing, I couldna say,  
How much, how dear I love thee.  
I see thee dancing o'er the green,  
Thy waist as it flap, thy limbs as clean,  
Thy tempting lips, thy rosy cheek—  
By heaven an' earth I love thee.

This goes to the rhythm of green leaves,  
when a gleeful wind is among them, and  
with the feet of dancing rivulets on a sunny  
April day. You seem to feel the leap of  
warm blood in such verses; you seem to  
hear the rollic rapture of a bobolink, dancing  
on a spray in the eye of his mate. The stately  
epithalamiums of the poet are  
diminished before it!

Dear Elliland! the poet's sanctuary and  
refuge—his best bower of song! Say,  
why came that sad necessity of leaving you?  
Were you not his true sanctuary, and had  
not then the scenes around you that hal-  
lowed light they seem to us to wear?  
What though conditions grew harder.  
What though he rode through ten parishes  
his weekly two hundred miles; he was  
back to Jean again at last, and the worst  
that came here was better than the dull  
misery of Mossiel, better than the agonizing  
rock of a town on which our dying  
eagle was chained. Was it good to give  
up the cosy cottage his own hands had  
built, and the "hazely glens" of Nith,  
with his pleasant outlook of woods and  
waters, for mean Dumfries, the Wee Ven-  
nel, the dirty and sordid streets and alleys?  
But necessity is a stern master; and  
Dante's exile and Tasso's prison teach us  
that, for poets as for ordinary mortals,  
there is appointed a destiny that we all  
must learn to dree.

Here he began, as a matter of definite  
aim and intention his purification and re-  
casting of Scotland's drossy minstrel gold,  
—the instauration of the old Scottish melo-  
dies;—a noble task, on account of which  
some of the present time would belittle  
him. Here his own heart dictated rarest  
things. Even after he was gone to more  
prosaic seats this lovely vale became the  
inspiration of his sweetest songs,—the  
clearest, softest, tenderest, most plaintive,  
most joyous, most heart piercing. Go  
where he would he could never get away  
from the sod where he had driven his  
plough, where he had scattered seed and  
swept sickle; where he had hummed the  
good old Scottish airs, and fashioned his  
fanciful; where he had been swayed by al-  
ternate mirth and passion; where the awe  
and gloom and grandeur, where the radi-  
ance and blossoming beauty of his native  
clime and country had been upon him.  
Lincluden opened his eyes to vision and  
his soul to melody. In squalid alleys the  
sweets of hawthorn and brier-rose still  
clung to his sense, and the heather pur-  
pling on the moors still enrapt him. The  
primeval melody within him had found  
loftiest utterance through pipes this vale  
had furnished; and here his genius shone,  
like the ruined kirk of Alloway at mid-  
night, with unexampled bleeze.

And as here love and nature entered in-  
to his soul so deeply, so he has become a  
part of the world-wide soul of man, and  
subsists in myriad recollection. We could  
bring a thousand instances to show how the  
thought of him and the force of his song  
blend involuntarily with ideas and scenes  
the most varied;—but let one suffice.

Coughs and colds need not  
be endured; they can be  
cured, and that quickly.

Many mixtures are tem-  
porary in effect, but Scott's  
Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil  
with Hypophosphites is a  
permanent remedy.

The oil feeds the blood  
and warms the body; the  
hypophosphites tone up the  
nerves; the glycerine soothes  
the inflamed throat and lungs.

The combination cures.  
This may prevent serious  
lung troubles.

50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.  
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

"I remember, (it is Mrs. Jamieson who  
writes) as a particular instance . . . of the  
tenacity with which Burns seizes on the  
memory, and twines around the very fibres  
of one's heart, that when I was travelling  
in Italy, along that beautiful declivity  
above the river Clitumnus, languidly en-  
joying the balmy air, and gazing with no  
careless eye on those scenes of rich and  
classic beauty over which memory and  
fancy had shed

"A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud  
Enveloping the earth";

even then by some strange association, a  
feeling of my childish years came over me,  
and all the livelong day I was singing sotto  
voce—

"Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands  
re-ckon,  
Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume;  
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,  
Wh' the burn stealing under the long yellow broom.  
Far dearer to me yon humble broom bowers,  
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen;  
For there lightly tripping among the wild flowers  
A listening the linnet, ah wanders my Jean."

Thus the heath and the blue-bell, and  
the gowan, had superseded the orange and  
the myrtle on those Elysian plains,  
"Where the crush'd weed sends forth a rich per-  
fume."

And Burns and Bonnie Jean were in my  
heart and on my lips, on the spot where  
Virgil had sung, and Fabius and Hannibal  
met.

Dear Elliland! Whatever storms came  
here the skies were often fair, and such  
starry influences came over him as, in  
favored hours, had only blessed his boy-  
hood. For is it not true that love in its  
first blush, kindles a new youth-tide?  
Here his first winter of married life "glid-  
ed happily" away, while "golden days of  
the heart and the fancy often shone; when  
the father rejoiced in the crown of the  
poet." Down by yonder riverside Jean  
saw him, bewitched, inspired,—stalking  
past her with shining visionary eyes, gestic-  
ulating with his arms, and rabbling off  
verses,—his brain hot with the throes of  
Tam O' Shanter!

"Kings may be blest, but he was glorious,  
O'er a' the illis o' life victorious!"

Out in yonder stack-yard, prone on the  
ground, did not his wife find him in a  
realm of rapture, his eyes fixed upon the  
kindled star of dawn, then shining "with  
lessening ray!" Could she know that then  
was born in his soul a lyric cry to which  
the heart of every age should tremulously  
respond, even to the end of time? Nay,  
for now she sees him sit down as scribe, in  
the old homely way. Is there anything  
divine in a peasant's letters? Maybe Jean  
subtly feels there is; though how, she may  
not understand. Here, to this new shrine  
of song came many a visitor—now and then  
one not altogether mean or obscure,—  
among them "the fat and festive Grose,"  
who let fall his

"Fouth o' auld nick-jackies,  
Rusty a' in caps and jinglin' jockies,"

to hear from the poet's own lips "of the  
wonderful jump of Cutty Sark and the  
magnificent terrors of Tam."

It is a curiously entertaining glimpse  
we get of Burns and his wife, as entertainers,  
while yet they lived in the Elliland through  
the eyes of the English Sonneteer,  
Samuel Egerton Bridges. Drawn by the  
fame of the new bard, and by admiration  
of his genius, he came seeking an interview;  
but fearing that Burns might be in a mood  
unfavorable to a gracious reception, pro-  
ceeded cautiously and reconnoitred the  
neighborhood. Approaching the home  
of the poet, he came upon him in one of  
his favorite books, where he and the muse  
were having an interview, probably, but  
did not address him there. Arrived at the  
house, Jean,—gracious hostess!—entertained  
him, and sent for her husband. The  
poet arrived, his visitor had dextrally in-  
gratiate himself, working his way "through  
all the outworks of suspicious pride." When  
it was seen that Bridges would take a  
sup of native au de vie with him, the  
poet of Scotland extended his hand for a  
warmer clasp; "the fire sparkled in his  
eye," says Bridges, and mice sympathetic-  
ally met his. "Here's a health to auld  
Caledonia!" was his first toast; a sentiment  
fit to kindle the poet or the hero within.  
"Then he drank, 'Erin forever!' and the  
tear of delight burst from his eye. The  
fountain of his mind and of his heart opened  
at once, and flowed with abundant force  
almost till midnight." This is a character-  
istic scene, doubtless repeated in the life-  
time of the poet many, many times.

Praise we our favorite poet? Praise to  
Jean also,—as steadfast in courage, in  
gentleness and patience and dutiful at-  
tention, as her husband was great in intel-  
lect, sensibility and genius. We have little  
heart to follow her to Dumfries, the scene  
of her deepest sorrows and of her heaviest  
cares. She disappears, for the most part,  
within the walls of home, and we seldom  
get glimpses of her; but we cannot doubt  
that hers were ever-increasing privations  
and anxieties. Her husband is oftener and  
longer from home, more exposed to peril

and mischance on account of failing health,  
he is more reckless, moody, abandoned, at  
the last, and more in questionable com-  
pany. Yes, still she bears her part, though  
we see little of her; still she keeps her  
"fireside clime" by dint of as brave a heart  
as then beat in the breast of a woman, and  
made an asylum for her wayward Robin,  
when stung with the "whips and arrows of  
outrageous fortune." He is still before  
us,—a figure, now noble, now pathetic,  
yet always appealing, commanding our  
sympathies. We see him, riding with Mr.  
Syme over Galway moors in the rain,  
drenched and chill without, but his bosom  
blazing with the martial fires of Caledonia,  
and the splendid conception of "Scots who  
have wi' Wallace bled." We see him as he  
lifts his glass to toast the nobler name than  
that of Pitt,—a spirited, but imprudent  
act, bringing him under the eye and hand  
of official jealousy. Be wise above your  
superiors in station, and where is the mag-  
nanimous soul who will not seek to sup-  
press you! We see him, sheering away  
from the gala-day crowd who dared to  
scorn him on the streets of Dumfries,—cut  
to the heart that has been so light but is  
now so broken. We see him, at the well  
of Brough, on the Solway shores,—the signet  
of death already on his brow. We see him  
as he sits at the table of Mrs. Craig, widow  
of the minister of Ruthwell, and the sink-  
ing sun shines full upon his face. His  
words, accompanied with a smile of the  
sweetest benignity, spoken to the daughter  
of his hostess, when, observant, she stepped  
to drop the curtain,—are among the  
saddest, most pathetic, he ever uttered:  
"Thank you, my dear, for your kind at-  
tention; but oh! let him shine, he will not  
shine long for me." Amid all these scenes  
and in many others, we see him moving,—  
and his acts, like his words, are given to  
fame; but Jean, who loved him,—as they  
can who love with prayers and deeds,—is  
seen of few, and seen not at all heroically,  
except in that light wherein He who esti-  
mates truly the heroes and martyrs of the  
world,—many of whom are soon forgotten  
on the earth, though their names are writ-  
ten in Heaven.

We are pleased to find our honored and  
worthy friend does not work without ap-  
propriate recognition. The following is  
from the Quebec "Daily Telegraph":  
Sonnnet to Sir James McPherson LeMoine.

We feel assured that our readers will  
agree with us, that the following graceful  
sonnet to Sir James M. LeMoine, from the  
pen of another well known literateur G., M.  
Fairchild, Jr., is but a fitting tribute to  
the genius of the author of "Picturesque  
Quebec" and "Maple Leaves," who has  
endowed our ancient city with an undying  
fame:—

Linked to Quebec the name LeMoine is famed,  
The mantle of her greatness fell to him by right  
For having led her out of darkness into light,  
And her proud place in history's roll proclaimed.  
Scour'd of hard battles and of fierce sieges maimed;  
Losing and holding place of Empire is the land;  
Fought for and died for by many a hero band,  
Whose glorious deeds in other lands were famed;  
Yet scarce entombed than most these deeds forgot,  
And even grim Quebec but shared this doom.  
When roused by patriotic zeal and pride of loom,  
Once and for all to raise the curtain of the gloom,

ALARMING!  
The frequency of Heart Troubles gives  
Collingwood people no need for alarm.  
His ravages can be stopped.

"For a number of years," says Mrs. J. W.  
Gardiner, Napier St., Collingwood, Ont.,  
"I have been afflicted with nervousness  
and weakness of the heart. The symp-  
toms constantly became more distressing



and alarming as the disease advanced. I  
had violent palpitation and fluttering of  
the heart which naturally made me weak.  
My sleep was disturbed with frightful  
dreams and my mind wandered at night.  
In addition to this my blood was much  
impoverished, causing sleeplessness and  
fatigue. I became thin and lacked bodily  
vigor. Dizziness and weak eyesight,  
blurred vision, etc., added to my distress,  
and at times I found it difficult to breathe  
after slight exertion and felt always tired  
and weary.  
"At Mr. Carpenter's drug store I got a  
box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills in  
March last, and from that time began to  
get better and gain in strength and weight.  
By their remarkable tonic action they  
brought my entire system to health and  
strength again, gave me restful, refreshing  
sleep, enriched my blood and restored  
vitality, and in every way conferred great  
benefit upon me. I cannot say too much  
in favor of this great medicine as a tonic  
for all forms of physical weakness caused  
by wrong action of the heart or nerves."

## THE CHINESE MUST GO and get WUN LUNG LAUNDRY Eclipse Soap.



if they want to do their  
work well—and so must  
all who have washing to  
do. Join the procession  
and buy ECLIPSE Soap.

Send us 25 "Eclipse" wrappers or 5c.  
in stamps with coupon and we will mail  
you a popular novel. A coupon in every  
bar of "Eclipse."

JOHN TAYLOR & CO.  
Manufacturers, Toronto, Ont.

LeMoine, from deep research and loving pen to  
cast,  
Gave to the world the living story of the past.  
G. M. FAIRCHILD, JR.

When S. R. Carnell of Sealands, Spring  
Vale, Isle of Wight, Cartier's first voyage  
up the St. Lawrence, and the fate of his  
ship, the "La Petit Hermine;" the noble  
lord, to whom his inquiry is addressed, re-  
fers him to the standing authority, as  
follows:

Kensington Palace, W.  
June 30, 1897.  
Dear Sir,—I am much interested in your  
account of the finding of the boat. I have  
sent your letter to Sir J. LeMoine, Quebec,  
what will be the best able to answer it.  
With regard to histories of Canada, the  
best is by Dr. Kingsford.  
Parkman has also written much on early  
Canadian history.

I remain,  
Yours faithfully  
LOTNE.

It must be concluded,—from the repre-  
sentations of the "Montreal Daily Star,"  
for Sat. Dec. 4,—that Dr. William Henry  
Drummond's "The Habitant, and Other  
French Canadian Poems" is a substantial  
addition to our native literature. A large  
portrait is there given of the authors virile  
and strong countenance, which seems open  
and friendly, while a good opportunity of  
tasting his style is given by reprinting his  
fine ballad, "The Habitant." A warmly  
eulogistic preface has been written by Dr.  
Froebette, who, in closing, says: "In  
reading Dr. Drummond's verses the French  
Canadians feel that they are the expression  
of a friendly soul; and on this account I  
owe the author more than my applause,  
for I owe him at the same time my warm-  
est thanks."

DEATH'S COLD SWEAT.  
Stood out in Great Beads Upon his Face—  
A Victim of Heart Disease Snatched From  
the Grave by the Prompt Use of Dr. Ag-  
new's Cure for the Heart—Relief in 30  
Minutes.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart positively  
gives relief within 30 minutes after  
the first dose is taken, James J. Whitney of  
Williamsport, Pa., says: "Cold sweat  
would stand out in great beads upon my  
face, and I indeed thought that my end had  
come. But relief was found in Dr. Agnew's  
Cure for the Heart. After using it for a  
short time I feel now the trouble is alto-  
gether removed." Its effects are magical.

The Foot of the Reindeer.  
Everything in anyway connected with  
Alaska and the Klondike is of special inter-  
est at the present, and among other items  
the foot of the reindeer deserves particular  
mention. The foot of a horse to a  
great extent determines its value, as upon  
this portion of its anatomy its speed and  
endurance depend. The foot of the rein-  
deer is most peculiar in construction. It  
is cloven through the middle and each half  
curves upward in front. They are slightly  
elongated and capable of a considerable  
amount of expansion. When placed on  
an irregular surface, which is difficult to  
traverse, the animal contracts them into a  
sort of a claw, by which a firm hold is  
secured. When moving rapidly the two  
portions of the foot, as it is lifting, strike  
together, the heels making a continuous  
clattering noise, which may be heard at a  
considerable distance. It is this peculiar-  
ity of the feet that makes the reindeer so  
sure-footed and so valuable in that rocky  
and uneven country, where almost any  
other animal would prove a failure as a  
best of burden.—New York Ledger.

Morin's Wine—Creso-Phates.  
Is used with success in every case of  
pulmonary sickness, Cough, Cold, Grippe,  
Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, etc., etc.  
We notify you again to beware of coun-  
terfeits so numerous these days.  
Morin's Wine is sold packed in a round  
red box, bearing the signature of Dr. Ed.  
Morin.  
For sale every where.

A Contrast.  
Bishop Thoburn, of India, has lately  
spoken of the contrast between the pre-  
sent and the time when he first went to  
that country:  
When I first went to India, thirty-eight  
years ago, I sailed on a vessel of 650 tons,  
and the voyage took 127 days. On my

last trip to this country our ship was one-  
month of a mile long, of 10,000 tons' bur-  
den, and the voyage took only twenty days.  
When the Methodist church began its  
work in that country, we were limited to a  
section of the empire having 17,000,000  
people, and speaking only one language.  
Now God had led us into all parts of India  
with 260,000,000 population, and we are  
preaching in sixteen languages.

MORIN'S WINE—CRESO-PHATES  
Your Negligence Will be Your Loss.  
Your cough, grippe or whooping cough  
are serious sicknesses. Take care of your-  
self without delay. Morin's Creso Wine  
is the only remedy that can cure you.  
Make them give you Morin's Wine and  
don't accept any substitute.

ORACLE OF A FAMOUS FAMILY.  
The Celebrated Harrison Homestead Down  
in Old Virginia.  
The Berkeley home of the Harrison fam-  
ily of Virginia is one of the interesting  
landmarks of the nation. It has been a  
birthplace of a governor of Virginia and  
signer of the Declaration of Independence;  
of a revolutionary general and of a Presi-  
dent of the United States. The estate is  
mentioned in colonial annals as long ago as  
1622, when it was the scene of a terrible  
Indian massacre. It was then owned by a  
prominent settler, George Thorpe, who  
was killed during the uprising by an Indian  
whom he had befriended, Berkeley soon  
afterward passed into the hands of Ben-  
jamin Harrison. His descendants lived there  
until within the last twenty-five years, dur-  
ing which time, we are told, the place never  
lacked an inmate of the name of Benjamin  
Harrison.  
Berkeley is an unpretending building to  
have been the home of so many great men.  
The house is of brick, two stories and a  
half high, with a quaint sloping roof and  
dormer windows. A modern porch has  
been added to two sides of the structure  
in recent years. To one room in Berkeley  
pertains especial interest. When the  
hero of Tippecanoe, Gen. William Henry  
Harrison, was elected to the Presidency he  
left his Ohio home and came to his birth-  
place, Berkeley, to write his inaugural ad-  
dress in his mother's room.  
During the civil war Berkeley was  
known in the North as Harrison's Landing.  
It was occupied by Gen. McClellan after  
his "chance of base," July, 1862; and was  
the place to which he retreated and fortif-  
ied himself after the battle of Malvern  
Hill, the last of the seven day's battles.

Relief from Pain.  
The agony one suffers while waiting for  
something to relieve the pain of an acci-  
dental scald, burn, sprain or wound,  
should convince any one of the necessity of  
always having "Quickcure" at hand. It  
gives instant relief, and cures quickly, as  
no microbes can retard healing, or cause in-  
flammation where "Quickcure" is used.

A Gift of Argument.  
"Give me a ride on your back, daddy,"  
"No, dear; not here." "Why not, daddy?"  
"Oh, there are too many people about."  
"But if you took me on your back there  
would be all the more room for the people!"  
As if by Magic.  
This is always the case when Nerviline  
is applied to any kind of pain; it is sure to  
disappear as if by magic. Stronger, more  
penetrating, and quicker in action than  
any other remedy in the world, pain can-  
not stay where it is used. It is just the  
thing to have in the house to meet a sudden  
attack of illness.

At a Distance.  
Helen—Kittie claims to be a follower of  
the fashions.  
Mattie—Well, perhaps she is, but she is  
a long way behind them.

last trip to this country our ship was one-  
month of a mile long, of 10,000 tons' bur-  
den, and the voyage took only twenty days.  
When the Methodist church began its  
work in that country, we were limited to a  
section of the empire having 17,000,000  
people, and speaking only one language.  
Now God had led us into all parts of India  
with 260,000,000 population, and we are  
preaching in sixteen languages.

MORIN'S WINE—CRESO-PHATES  
Your Negligence Will be Your Loss.  
Your cough, grippe or whooping cough  
are serious sicknesses. Take care of your-  
self without delay. Morin's Creso Wine  
is the only remedy that can cure you.  
Make them give you Morin's Wine and  
don't accept any substitute.

ORACLE OF A FAMOUS FAMILY.  
The Celebrated Harrison Homestead Down  
in Old Virginia.  
The Berkeley home of the Harrison fam-  
ily of Virginia is one of the interesting  
landmarks of the nation. It has been a  
birthplace of a governor of Virginia and  
signer of the Declaration of Independence;  
of a revolutionary general and of a Presi-  
dent of the United States. The estate is  
mentioned in colonial annals as long ago as  
1622, when it was the scene of a terrible  
Indian massacre. It was then owned by a  
prominent settler, George Thorpe, who  
was killed during the uprising by an Indian  
whom he had befriended, Berkeley soon  
afterward passed into the hands of Ben-  
jamin Harrison. His descendants lived there  
until within the last twenty-five years, dur-  
ing which time, we are told, the place never  
lacked an inmate of the name of Benjamin  
Harrison.

Berkeley is an unpretending building to  
have been the home of so many great men.  
The house is of brick, two stories and a  
half high, with a quaint sloping roof and  
dormer windows. A modern porch has  
been added to two sides of the structure  
in recent years. To one room in Berkeley  
pertains especial interest. When the  
hero of Tippecanoe, Gen. William Henry  
Harrison, was elected to the Presidency he  
left his Ohio home and came to his birth-  
place, Berkeley, to write his inaugural ad-  
dress in his mother's room.  
During the civil war Berkeley was  
known in the North as Harrison's Landing.  
It was occupied by Gen. McClellan after  
his "chance of base," July, 1862; and was  
the place to which he retreated and fortif-  
ied himself after the battle of Malvern  
Hill, the last of the seven day's battles.

Relief from Pain.  
The agony one suffers while waiting for  
something to relieve the pain of an acci-  
dental scald, burn, sprain or wound,  
should convince any one of the necessity of  
always having "Quickcure" at hand. It  
gives instant relief, and cures quickly, as  
no microbes can retard healing, or cause in-  
flammation where "Quickcure" is used.

A Gift of Argument.  
"Give me a ride on your back, daddy,"  
"No, dear; not here." "Why not, daddy?"  
"Oh, there are too many people about."  
"But if you took me on your back there  
would be all the more room for the people!"  
As if by Magic.  
This is always the case when Nerviline  
is applied to any kind of pain; it is sure to  
disappear as if by magic. Stronger, more  
penetrating, and quicker in action than  
any other remedy in the world, pain can-  
not stay where it is used. It is just the  
thing to have in the house to meet a sudden  
attack of illness.

At a Distance.  
Helen—Kittie claims to be a follower of  
the fashions.  
Mattie—Well, perhaps she is, but she is  
a long way behind them.



# Eclipse Soap.

They want to do their work well—and so must you have washing to Join the procession buy ECLIPSE Soap.

TAYLOR & CO. Manufacturers, Toronto, Ont.

This country our ship was one mile long, of 10,000 tons' burthen voyage took only twenty days. Methodist church began its country, we were limited to a the empire having 17,000,000 speaking only one language. led us into all parts of India 3,000 population, and we are sixteen languages.

WINE-ORBSO-PHATES Intelligence Will be Your Loss. h, gripe or whooping cough. Take care of your-delay. Morin's Creosote Wine remedy that can cure you, give you Morin's Wine and any substitute.

OF A FAMOUS FAMILY. Harrison Homestead Down in Old Virginia. They home of the Harrison family is one of the interesting of the nation. It has been a governor of Virginia and Declaration of Independence; any general and of a President of the United States. The estate is colonial annals as long ago as the scene of a terrible. It was then owned by a settler, George Thorpe, who the uprising by an Indian befriended, Berkeley soon passed into the hands of Benjamin. His descendants lived there the last twenty-five years, during which we are told, the place never ate of the name of Benjamin

An unpretending building to home of so many great men, of brick, two stories and a a quaint sloping roof and a modern porch has two sides of the structure. To one room in Berkeley social interest. When the canoe, Gen. William Henry elected to the Presidency he came and came to his birthplace, to write his inaugural address. The room in Berkeley was a civil war Berkeley was North as Harrison's Landing, d by Gen. McClellan after base, July, 1862, and which he retreated and fortified the battle of Malvern of the seven day's battles.

relief from Pain. One suffers while waiting for relieve the pain of an ailment, burn, sprain or wound, use any one of the necessity of "Quikcure" at hand. It cures quickly, as an retard healing or cause in-ter-ference. Quikcure is used.

Of Argument. "ride on your back, daddy," there. "Why not, daddy?" too many people about." Look me on your back there a more room for the people!"

As if by Magic. In the case when Nervine is kind of pain; it is sure to be by magic. Stronger, more and quicker in action than any in the world, pain cause it is used. It is just the in the house to meet a sudden

At a Distance. One claims to be a follower of ill, perhaps she is, but she is mind them.

**FORKS AND SPOONS STAMPED BY ROGERS BROS. ARE GUARANTEED THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.**

## Woman and Her Work

I believe I am suffering for what a physician would diagnose as "determination of Christmas presents to the brain." I have been reading the subject up, and jotting it down; I have been racking what little brains nature has endowed me with, to think up new ideas on the time worn subject, and then I have been trying to put those ideas in practice and satisfy myself that if those distracting directions are faithfully and intelligently carried out the result will be something like the alluring pictures of the finished article which embellish the pages of so many "Women's Departments." Besides that, it is only natural that I should have a few presents of my own to select, and think about; so the subject has been before me constantly of late, and it is little wonder that I should be inclined to harp upon the one theme, which has at least the merit of being seasonable, to recommend it.

I don't know whether it is that the approach of the festive season makes so many slightly light headed, or whether the human race is naturally lacking in judgement where the selection of presents is concerned; but this I am sure of, that the most steady going and sensible of people whose minds are proverbially well balanced on all other points, make curious blunders in their choice of gifts. Every Christmas when I am strolling through the shops in search of Christmas novelties and interesting copy, I am struck afresh with the collection of reprehensible nightmares that are exposed for sale under the delusive title of holiday gifts. Somebody must buy these things or they would never be offered for sale neither would they be manufactured; and that they are not intended for the poorer and presumably ignorant classes is evidenced by the price, which is frequently quite out of the reach of people in moderate circumstances. I can solemnly aver that I have seen complicated abominations in the shape of dressing cases and manicure sets, marked at the modest price of twenty dollars, which I would have found it hard to say "thank you" for, with any semblance of sincerity. And coming down to the commoner articles, the collection of hideousities is even more noticeable. There always seems to be an especial run on napkin rings, match safes, and boxes of every description, and when the manufacturer can think of nothing else to give expression to his lack of taste, he always falls back on the time honored and long suffering paper weight, and brings out some fresh atrocity in that line.

I think I have seen more horrors in the shape of paper weights than in any other article of bigotry and virtue ever manufactured, though the inkstand makes a good second. The dogs harnessed to sledges, and the monkeys carrying fishing creels strapped to their backs, form an endless procession with the rabbits laboriously trundling wheel barrows, and the dissipated looking cats wearing battered hats, and staggering under the weight of

disproportionately huge hods of mortar which they are endeavoring to carry up very fragile looking ladders to no where in particular.

Then the boxes! The array of utterly useless, and far from ornamental inventions dignified with different names such as work boxes, handkerchief, cuff, etc, that burden the counters of the fancy shops, and which the proprietor must expect to sell. Surely it is the fault of the public that such monstrosities are offered for sale, and if we exercised a little more taste and judgment in the purchase of the gifts we intend for our friends, the grinning monkeys, the impossible rabbits, and the scent bottles bursting from the heart of china, or metal roses, would soon disappear. If we would only bring the philosophic golden rule to bear upon our Christmas shopping what a good thing it would be! Then we should no longer purchase a bisque dog sitting up on his hind legs, and holding a hat nearly as large as himself in his mouth, and gravely send it to Aunt Susan, because we know she will expect something, and this is showy for the money. Neither will we force poor Uncle John to be a hypocrite by trying to seem grateful for a fifty cent inkstand supported on four horses boots, looking like a snail spider, and so hard to open, that the game seems scarcely worth the powder, especially as it will not hold enough ink to fill a large pen half a dozen times.

It would be so easy to buy something we should like to have ourselves, and Aunt Susan might just as well have had the delit rose jar, or the pretty, simply framed etching which cost almost the same and would have given her such real pleasure. A pair of driving gloves, or if they were too expensive two or three pretty ties, or handkerchiefs, would have been sure to be useful, and Uncle John could have thanked you with a clear conscience.

I believe it takes a child to make a really honest and unselfish present, and I shall never forget being at a bazaar once and meeting a friend carefully carrying a gaudily painted toy representing an interior view of a doll's kitchen. It was made of wood, and besides every variety of kitchen utensils it contained two gorgeous ladies painted blue and green respectively, and a whole array of painted joints and provision, which the ladies were engaged in preparing for the table. My friend held it up with a peculiarly tender but humorous smile, and said: "This is what Elie is taking home to her grandmother; she had ten cents of her own to spend, and laid out five for this; so I am taking care of it for her till we get home." Edie was not quite four years old and she had expended one half of her entire fortune in buying for her especial friend, her grandmother—the thing which to her was the most beautiful in the whole bazaar. Bless her generous little heart she knew how to do as she would be done by, and I know grandma appreciated the gift too, for it stands on the mantel of her own room to this day.

I really believe that many of the mistakes made by good, unselfish people in giving presents come from a too careful, though well meant consideration of the

## Every Woman



should have among her assortment of footwear a pair of good heavy solid laced boots for fall and winter wear. We have a number of these lines now in stock at \$1.75, and \$2.00 per pair.—They are warm and comfortable for this time of year.—Worth while trying a pair.

**Waterbury & Rising**  
61 King St.  
212 Union St.

recipients tastes, and alas, occupations! "I must try to give her something appropriate" we say, and then we give the girl who teaches music a case for carrying a roll of music around in, which she does not want, and when a silver chain bracelet, or the tiniest of friendship rings would have filled her soul with joy. I know how good my friends are to me in this respect, and how often I wish they would consider the appropriateness of these gifts less, and give me something they would like themselves. Sometimes when I look at the array of editions de luxe, of my implements of daily warfare, in the shape of paper and envelope holders, silver blotters, gold pens and pen trays, and ink stands, that have been bestowed on me from time to time, I feel truly grateful to the donors but I cannot help wishing they had given me instead, the simplest of d'oyles, or the most modest of pique shawls. But bless their hearts, how could they be expected to know just how one's soul stokes at the very sight of anything connected with one's tyrants, the pen and the ink pot, or, how pleasant it seems to be the woman who works for her daily bread to possess a pin-cushion that somebody else made, and with which she has not been acquainted from the time it was nothing but a mass of materials in the rough.

"Let us then, oh my friends," as Mr. Chadband said, endeavour in future to give our friends a present they would really enjoy instead of something we think they ought to have.

Who will believe me when I say that the very latest skirt model measures just two and a half yards round? It sounds incredible I know, coming so soon after the limit has been placed at four and a half yards, but I really think my information is authentic, and that the day is not far distant, what with tight sleeves and sheath skirts, when we shall only require to make an estimate of the dressmaker's probable charges in selecting so insignificant an item of expenditure, that we scarcely need consider it at all. But of course that is in the future, and at present the skirts are of very ample dimensions, and much more comfortable to walk in, than if they were narrower.

Fur seems to be the accepted trimming this winter, and it is not considered out of place on any material, no matter how light and flimsy it may be, even an evening bodice of white lace and chiffon, having recently made its appearance trimmed with bands of chinchilla fur. In spite of all that can be said to the contrary, such a combination is decidedly out of place, and no matter how skillfully the combination was effected, it could not have been harmonious, however striking the effect might be. Fur was very fashionable last year, but this season it seems indispensable, and the woman who does not possess a fur garment of some kind, or at least a fur trimmed one, is a conspicuous exception. Caps, coats and hats are trimmed with fur, and no matter how rich and heavy, or how gauzy and sheer the fabric may be, on goes the fur trimming. Sable, fox, chinchilla, persian lamb and broad-tail are the most popular trimming furs, the latter being often applied in wide bands out in some pointed design on each edge and outlined with a fine silk cord, or braid. Two bands of this description fully seven inches wide from point to point, arranged around the hips pointing down in front, apron fashion, form a very stylish trimming for a gown of green cloth. It is scarcely necessary to say that an ordinary fur like persian lamb, or even mink would be utterly impracticable, for such a trimming, but the broadtail is so thin and pliable, that it can be used almost as a substitute for velvet and silk, entire blouse waists being sometimes made of it. In fact you can almost cover your winter gown with fur, if you feel so inclined, the quantity you use being almost entirely regulated

## The Patent Felt Mattress, \$15.00



is equal to the best \$40.00 Hair Mattress in cleanliness, durability and comfort. The best homes and thousands of institutions in the United States have adopted the felt mattress in preference to hair on account of its being more sanitary, verminproof, more durable as it never loses its shape, packs, or gets lumpy; and cheaper.

If you wish to try one write us the exact size of your bed (inside measure), and the name of your furniture dealer; and the mattress will be delivered at your door free of transportation charge and if not satisfactory in every respect at the end of thirty days free trial, we shall refund your money.

References: The Merchants' Bank of Halifax or any wholesale Dry Goods House in Canada.

**THE ALASKA FEATHER & DOWN COMPANY, Limited, 290 Guy St., Montreal, Que.**  
Samples at Mr. W. A. Cookson's St. John.

by the length of your purse, fashion permitting just as much, or as little as you like. If bands on the skirt add too much to the expense, an edge of fur around the high collar, down the fronts, and around the dresses will answer all purposes, and amply conform to Dame Fashion's behests. Revers covered with broadtail or chinchilla ornament the fronts of some of the new gowns, which have no fur anywhere else, and high collars made of fur, and lined with satin and lace, are a feature of some cloth and velvet dresses, with perhaps narrow bands down each side of the front. One or two narrow bands of persian lamb set on around, or up and down each side of the front, trim some of the newest cloth skirts, and sable is considered especially good style on tan, mauve or green cloth. Chinchilla is the fashionable trimming for half mourning dresses and on a Russian blouse of black velvet, it forms an ideal finish. Black fur, is greatly used on coats and gowns, and white fox is equally popular as a trimming for light and airy theatre wraps, and opera cloaks.

The variety in fur garments this season is something surprising! Once upon a time, and not so long ago either, there was one prevailing fashion in furs, and we all wore long thick boas, or short comfortable shoulder capes, as fashion dictated, but the day for one universal style in furs, seems to have departed, and we have an immense variety to choose from. Many of the fur garments are destitute of any excuse for existence, except from an ornamental point of view, as it would be impossible to extract any comfort or warmth from them, but others again really do give a little warmth to the wearer, at least around the neck, while a few sensibly designed capes and boas, really afford some protection from the cold. Tails without number, or limit, adorn most of the boas and collars, and the round boa of fox with the real head at one end, and a collection of tails which would have seriously embarrassed the owner during his life time, at the other, is one of the most popular styles of neckwear shaped boas with collars that can be turned up or down, boas with bows of satin ribbon set in at intervals for the entire length, and boas with a lace trimming, are amongst the novelties, but the most elegant of all the new wraps, is the pelerine cape with long stole ends. Some of these are bordered all around with a fringe of little tails, even the long ends being decorated on both edges with them. Another novelty is the mink cape with ruffles of the fur so placed that the dark stripes rounds around,

## THE LIQUOR HABIT—ALCOHOLISM.

I guarantee to every victim of the liquor habit, no matter how bad the case, that when my new vegetable medicine is taken as directed, all desire for liquor is removed within three days, and a permanent cure effected in three weeks, failing which I will make no charge. The medicine is taken privately, and without interfering with business duties. Immediate results—normal appetite, sleep and clear brain, and health improved in every way. Indisputable testimony sent sealed: I invite strict investigation.

**A. Hutton Dixon,**  
No. 40 Park Avenue, Montreal, Que.

## John Noble COSTUMES

Worn Throughout the World. Three GOLD MEDALS Awarded.



**\$2.50** Canadians who like to dress nicely look to John Noble Ltd. for their pretty and durable wearing apparel. John Noble's many customers in Canada are so delighted with the goods supplied them, and the money they save after paying duty and carriage by dealing direct with the greatest firm of costume experts in the world, that no lady who has once patronised this firm would for a moment dream of getting her costumes elsewhere. They are exquisite creations and models of ease and comfort.

**MODEL 802**—A smart well cut bodice trimmed with black and white. A full skirt made of silk with three box pleats. Price complete, \$2.50.

**MODEL 803**—A well made costume No. 500, consisting of a full bodice, well cut, trimmed with black and white. Price complete, \$2.50.

**MODEL 804**—A smart well cut bodice with a high collar and long sleeves. Price complete, \$2.50.

**MODEL 805**—A smart well cut bodice with a high collar and long sleeves. Price complete, \$2.50.

**Models 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900.**

**PATTERNS** of the two good durable cloths in which these costumes are supplied—John Noble's Cheviot Serge, weighty and weather-resisting. John Noble's Costume Coating, smooth-surfaced and lighter in weight. **SENT POST PAID** with Illustrated Book of European Fashions, to all who write the name of this newspaper. Ladies who cannot wait for Patterns, can order straight away with the certainty of receiving satisfaction.

**COLOURS** of all Costumes: Black, Navy, Brown, Sage Green, Ruby, Myrtle, Electric-Blue, Fawn, Purple and Grey. **STOCKED SIZES** are 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100.

**SAVE MONEY** by going straight to the Largest Firm of Costumiers in the World, John Noble Ltd., who employ 1,000 well-paid assistants, and whose long experience and vast resources enable them to give far better value than is obtainable elsewhere.

**BE AT EASE** concerning the just dealing & trading ability of John Noble Ltd., who have 1,000,000 regular customers. **ORDERS** for any class of goods executed promptly and carefully.

**JOHN NOBLE, LTD.**  
BROOK STREET, MANCHESTER ENGLAND.

## A CLEAR COMPLEXION

The Outward Sign of Inward Health.

### Lovely Faces,

Beautiful Necks, White Arms and Hands.

**DR. CAMPBELL'S**  
Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers

.....FOULD'S.....

### MEDICATED ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP

Will give you All These.

If you are annoyed with Pimples, Blackheads, Freckles, Blisters, Moth, Fleas, Worms, Eruptions or any blemish on the skin, get a box of DR. CAMPBELL'S WAFERS and a cake of FOULD'S MEDICATED ARSENIC SOAP, the only genuine beautifiers in the world.

Wafers by mail 50c. and \$1 per box. Six large boxes \$5. Fould's Arsenic Soap, 50c. Address all mail orders to

**H. B. FOULD, Sole Proprietor,**  
144 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.  
Sold by all druggists in St. John.

The Canadian Drug Co., Wholesale Agents

of course this model is decidedly expensive which is one season of its popularity, amongst those who can afford it.

ASTRA.

Neighborly Courtesy.

Smith—"I don't like to make any complaint to a neighbor, Mr. Jones, but your dog kept up a terrible barking about all night." Jones—"Oh, that's all right; he's used to it; won't hurt him a bit. Kind of you to mention it, however."

A Peonodym

A lady who wanted a servant so badly that she took one without a recommendation, or even an introduction, happened one day to look into a book which belonged to the girl, and immediately thereafter went to her with some uneasiness expressed in her face.

"Is this your book, Susie?" she asked.

"Yes'm."

"How is this, then? When you came you told me your name was Susie Stokes, but here in this book is the name 'Bridget Lafferty.'"

"It's all right, ma'am," said the girl. "That's me nondy-plum!"

Mrs. S. James, Seaforth, suffered for years with what is called old people's rash. She was treated by many physicians without any result. Mr. Fear, the local druggist, recommended Dr. Chase's Ointment, which relieved the irritation at once and speedily effected a permanent cure of the skin eruption. Mrs. James also says Dr. Chase's Ointment cured her of Itching Piles which she had been troubled with for years.

Unknown.

Mr. F. Litchfield, a well-known art dealer, exhibited some panels of old tapestry at the Manchester Jubilee Exhibition, says Household Words. "Wanting one of the panels returned for some reason, he telegraphed: 'Please send panel eight by ten—Venus and Adonis—Litchfield.' The department head of the exhibition was away, and his clerk returned the message to the post-office as 'Not understandable.' The post-office people struck with a bright idea, then transmitted the telegram to the city of Litchfield, and received the following reply: 'No such firm as Venus & Adonis known here. Try Manchester.'

THREE REMARKABLE CHILDREN. They Were Born and are Being Raised at Sea.

That out of a family of four children three should be born at sea, and on one ship, is a remarkable occurrence, which, taken into consideration with the fact that the only child of the family born ashore did not live to be a week old, makes it more so.

The children are those of Captain and Mrs. Carson, and they first saw the light of day in the cabin of the Manx ship Manx King. Captain Carson's family consists of two sons and one daughter—Tom, Jack and Teresa.

Tom, the eldest living child, was born on the Pacific Ocean, about three hundred miles off the coast of Chili; but the exact latitude and longitude was never determined other than by approximation, as the sky had been overcast for several days prior to his birth. On May 8, 1888, the arrival of the young sailor was becomingly celebrated by the officers and crew of the ship.

Teresa was born in the storm centre of the most dreaded coast in the world, almost off the peak of Cape Horn, on March 24, 1891, when the Manx King was in latitude 54:42:16 south, longitude 73:35:14 west. When the ship was laboring heavily in a living gale the little stranger made her appearance. When she was about ten days old the ship, then in the South Atlantic, encountered a hurricane and was thrown on its beam ends, and set so low that the seas came in through the cabin skylights, completely flooding the cabins. The ship was soon got on an even keel and reached its destination without any further mishap, and with both mother and child in excellent health.

Jack was born Dec. 24, 1892, in the North Atlantic Ocean, in latitude 4:16 north; longitude 24:31 west. The weather when Jack first came into the world was all that could be desired, and the noble ship with its precious living freight, was bowling along under all sail at about fourteen knots an hour.

All of the children enjoy remarkably good health, and at sea, no matter how hard the gale may blow, these children of King Neptune never allow them to interfere with their play. No matter at what angle the ship may ride, nor how much it may pitch and toss, the children of the Manx King play in the ship's cabin. The children have become so accustomed to the motion of the ship that not one of them has suffered any bad mishap; for, where they are thrown down by the violent pitching or rolling of the ship, they seem in some way to settle on the deck, much after the fashion of the storm birds on the ocean waves, and though in their short lives they have encountered more storms than falls to the lot of most mortals who live on land, not one of them has suffered even a sprained limb.

Tom's knowledge of nautical matters is naturally extensive, and it is safe to say that, if he follows the sea with his father until he is 14 or 15 years old, he will be able to navigate as well as most men who have been at sea twenty or thirty years, for with him it is natural. As young as he is, he knows the name and location of every line and spar on a ship, and if it came to a pinch he could give all the necessary orders for shortening sail or putting the ship on its courses.

A FORTUNE OVERLOOKED.

Unexpected Find Made by the Executors of a Washington Estate.

'You may talk about the wonderful discoveries of gold in the Klondike region,' said a lawyer a few days ago, 'but one of the richest gold finds of the year occurred right here in Washington. I will not mention names, but the gentlemen referred to was known all over the country before he died as one of the wealthiest pension agents and publishers of the present day.'

A short time after the captain (I will call him 'captain' throughout the story) died his executors were engaged in making an examination of his effects. His will had been carefully drawn and all of his real and personal property was supposed to be distributed among his relatives and friends, according to his last wishes. One day in clearing out the safe in the building, which still bears the captain's name, an old chest was discovered in one of the dark corners of the vault. It had been there for years, and was supposed to contain only some plates and drawings

Constipation

Causes fully half the sickness in the world. It retains the digested food too long in the bowels and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indigestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, insomnia, etc. Hood's Pills cure constipation and all its results, easily and thoroughly. 25c. All druggists. Prepared by C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills

gestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, insomnia, etc. Hood's Pills cure constipation and all its results, easily and thoroughly. 25c. All druggists. Prepared by C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

of war pictures, used in connection with a book of war stories. The executors had passed the old chest by without examining its contents, supposing, of course, that it contained nothing but the plates and drawings, as indicated by the marking on the outside. One of the clerks engaged in the work had curiosity enough to take a peep into the chest. When the loose drawings were removed a sight met his gaze that fairly took his breath away. There, nestling among the sheets of war pictures, and at the bottom of the chest, was an immense pile of gold coin, which when counted, amounted to something over \$50,000.

There were gold pieces of every denomination, from \$1 to \$20. The discovery was so unexpected that the executors were at a loss for some time to account for the pile of treasure. The latest will was scrutinized, but nothing in it could be found relative to the unlooked for gold deposit. Various theories were advanced to explain the accumulation of coin, and it was finally concluded that the captain had followed the example of other cautious capitalists during the last raid on the Treasury gold, and hoarded the amount found in the chest. The coin looked as though it might have been dropped into the chest carelessly, for the various denominations and dates were in happy confusion. The executors were unable to account for the omission of the gold pile in the will, for although the captain was a great spender, he usually kept a clear account of his securities. It is possible that he may have been quietly engaged in hoarding gold pieces for a number of years prior to his death, and when his fatal illness came on he may have forgotten the gold lying in the old chest containing the war pictures. Of course, the gold was carefully counted and entered up as a very desirable part of the estate.—Washington Star.

A RICH FULL COLOR.

Diamond Dye Cardinal One of the Most Fashionable and Most Useful Colors.

Millions of packages of this wonderfully rich and popular color are sold every year.

Fast Diamond Dye Cardinal is noted for its strength, fastness and beauty of color. One package dyes two pounds of silk or all-wool goods a standard shade that will never wash out. It colors over, with grand results, all shades except greens.

The Fast Diamond Dye Cardinal for dyeing cotton and mixed goods is the only Cardinal for cotton dyeing in the world that is fast to light and soap. One package makes a fast and everlasting Cardinal on one pound of cotton or mixed goods.

Be not deceived with crude imitations or soap grease dyes. Ask for the "Diamond" and you will always have success.

Marriage Customs.

'That is a curious custom they have in some of the South Sea islands,' said Mr. Wallace, 'of marrying a girl to a tree or some inanimate object, which is supposed to act as a sort of scapegoat for the shortcomings of the real live husband. It is not absolutely unique,' said Mrs. Wallace, 'for a woman in this country to be married to a stick.' But Mr. Wallace, with the calm superiority of the masculine mind, refused to deem it a personal matter.

VICTORY FOR EAST SIMCOE.

Of one thing Mr. W. H. Bennett the Conservative Standard Bearer in East Simcoe is sure—he suffered from Catarrhal Trouble and Found Speedy and Fixed Relief in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

In the coming by-election it will not be settled until the votes are counted, whether Mr. W. H. Bennett, who has represented the constituency with ability for years, will again be the successful candidate. One thing Mr. Bennett is perfectly certain of, whatever turn the election may take: When attending to his duties in Ottawa two seasons ago he was taken down with catarrhal trouble in the head. He used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and over his own signature says that it worked like a charm, and quickly removed the trouble and made him fitted for his parliamentary duties.

Care of Cut Chrysanthemums.

An expert says: Plunge them at once into a large pan of tepid water and keep them there for ten minutes. Then cut one fourth of an inch from each stalk while still under water, so that it may draw in water, instead of air for its nourishment. Put them in a roomy vase with plenty of water the vase not tapering to a point at the bottom. If the water is changed daily and the flowers kept out of a gas heated atmosphere, giving them pure air at night, they will keep fresh for days.

The Red.

In Rome, the priestess presiding over the hymen used to put a red veil on the forehead of the young bridegrooms. Red is the symbol of love. The red round box contains the Morin's Oreo-Phates Wine, a remedy which always cures Cough, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and Consumption. Ask for it, it is sold everywhere. Beware of imitations.

Proved True.

A lawyer whose office was one of the upper floors of a tall building was about to enter the elevator one morning, but stepped back in order to let a lady who seemed to be in a hurry precede him.

The conductor, it appeared, had been waiting for just one more passenger to complete his load, and when the lady step-

ped inside he shut the door and the elevator shot upward.

'Politeness,' muttered the lawyer, 'is not always its own reward.'

A few minutes later, however, ascending by another 'lift,' he passed that load of passengers, struck half-way between floors—where they remained half an hour—by some accident to the machinery.

'I take it back,' he muttered, in the same tone as before. 'Politeness is its own reward.'

STILL IN HIS PRIME.

North Hastings' Oldest Inhabitant Hale and Hearty.

Josias Moore, of Bancroft, Ont., one of the oldest and best-known residents of Hastings County, can boast of wonderful health and vigor for his age.

'Although I am over 84 years of age,' he says, 'I feel as young as ever I did.'

Mr. Moore, however had a narrow escape from death about a year ago. 'I was so bad with indigestion,' he writes, 'that the doctors gave me up. I tried various alleged remedies but found them no good. One day our popular druggist, F. C. Hambley, sent me a sample of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to try. The result was marvelous. After taking two I was able to get up. Then I sent for a box. I could soon eat anything. In a short time I was able to walk two miles, to Bancroft and back with ease.'

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills will, without fail, cure all kidney, liver, stomach and blood troubles. For sale by all dealers. Price 25 cents. One pill a dose, one cent a dose. Edmondson, Bates & Co., manufacturers, Toronto.

The Colonel—'Mr. Moriarty, I received this morning a most offensive anonymous letter, and from certain indications, I am compelled reluctantly to ask you if you know anything about it.' Moriarty—'An anonymous letter? Why, Oid' scorn to put my name to such a thing!'—Punch.

It is considered good luck to kill a white crow. It is also said to be good luck to kill eighteen or twenty rabbits, ten squirrels, a couple of deer, two dozen quails and a dozen or two partridges and pheasants.

E. L. ETHIER & CO.

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF Billiard and Pool Tables and Supplies. Bowling Alleys, etc. SECOND HAND TABLES \$100 to \$200. Our Columbus Electric Cushions are known to be the best in use. 88 St. Denis St., Montreal.

STEM SET, WATCH, STEM WIND, FREE. To introduce Dr. Weston's Improved Pink Iron Tonic Pills for making blood, for pale people, female weaknesses, liver and kidney disease, nervousness, general debility, etc., we give away a 10c gold-plated watch, Ladies or Gent's, nicely engraved, reliable time-keeper, warranted 5 years. This is a 25c. per box, 50c for 2 boxes. Send this amount and you receive 2 boxes and the watch, or write for particulars. THE DR. WESTON PILL CO., 256 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

STAINED GLASS Memorials, Interior Decorations. CASTLE & SON, 20 University St., Montreal. Write for catalogue E.

Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum. For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore throat, etc. KERRY, WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL.

THE NEW SILK STITCHED DRESS STAYS EVER-READY. MADE IN SATTEEN, RIBBON CLOTH (Novel and Attractive) AND SATIN. Thinner, Lighter and More Elastic than any other Dress Stay.

FACTS ABOUT OLD CLOCKS.

suggested by the Sight of an Ancient Time-piece.

A fine old timepiece is on exhibition temporarily in Reading, Pa. It stands majestically back of a plate glass window—a real, though not an apparent obstacle—eight and a half feet in height, massive, but of perfect symmetry and without a suggestion of bulk. It was constructed about 150 years ago by Zeigler of Allentown, Pa. The mechanism came from Germany and the pipe organ with which it is equipped from Switzerland. The cylinders that are a part of its musical equipment are wooden and an indisputable index of its antiquity, since these have not been made for a century and a half. They are contained in a mahogany cabinet, about one yard square, the wood being the same as that of the clock.

Above the dial stand forth the figures of an orchestra, a pompous collection of musicians, each holding the instrument he plays. Surrounding these automata is the significant inscription: 'Abreise, Quantin Durward.' The orchestration occurs every half hour, when, instead of the usual one bell, delicious and quaint airs flood the apartment. Eyes as well as ears are delighted as the musicians above the dial raise their instruments to proper position, make all the motions of performing and then drop them to their sides again. Each instrument can be recognized in the ensemble, and the effect is better imagined than described.

Thirty-two airs constituted the magnificent repertoire, which is presented on vellum in old German and quaintly framed, making a most attractive feature. No more artistic environment for this work of art could be suggested than to remain in the possession of the last representative of the family that originally owned it. Yet eyes have looked wistfully and plethoric purses offered their seductive contents at this impossible shrine.

It may be consolation to reflect the great Caesar was not fortunate in the matter of timekeepers. A water clock marked the flight of his imperial time. It is interesting to note in the progress of clock-making from that crude state wherewith Caesar was doubtless content, to the highly complex and apparently perfect system now in use, that the heavenly bodies were usually represented. Those landmarks in the history of clock-making, whose importance has led to their preservation, either in chronicle or in fact, show this comprehensiveness of effort.

The celebrated clock in the famous cathedral at Strasburg describes the motions of the planets. A clock presented to Frederick II. by Saladin in the thirteenth century marked not only the hours, but also the course of the sun and moon and planets. A clock made by an English abbot in the fourteenth century indicated in addition to these the ebb and flood tides.

In the eighteenth century a German who invented astronomical clocks conceived the still more comprehensive idea of measuring time in its whole extent. A hand of universal history indicates principal epochs of history in the Old Testament and the great events of the future founded on the Apocalypse. Eight thousand years were embraced in the revolutions. A century hand marks the year of the century and makes the circuit in 100 years. This clock also represents the motions of the planets, and they make their revolutions in the same time and manner that they actually do in the heavens. The heavenly orbs alone were consulted for marking the passage of time when no other method was known.

RESPECT RULES.

We Cannot Make Social or Other Laws Suit Ourselves.

Young people ought to early learn that civilized society gets along only by obeying fixed laws and regulations. We all must comply with the rules that are set for us, whether by human or divine law. Respect the rules of the town you live in, the firm you work for, the school you go to, or the road you ride over. An amusing example of the desire to make rules for one's self occurred the other day.

A woman came rushing to the gates of a crowded railway station just as a train was starting out.

'I want to go to Stafford!' she panted, as soon as she got a little breath, while she clutched at the gate that was dropping over the entrance.

'Train for Stafford at 2.30,' said the polite official.

'I was told that it went at 2 o'clock,' said the anxious woman, still trying to stop the closing gate.

'No, the train for Stafford does not leave till 2.50,' the gate-keeper repeated calmly.

'I am sure it goes at two!' replied the bland man in uniform serenely, while the crowd laughed.

Played Down to the Fabric.

Critic—'You are not maintaining the high standard which you set at your theatre when the season opened.' Manager—'No, I've stopped encouraging art to give the people what they want.'

Chase & Sanborn's SEAL BRAND COFFEE. is the kind that housekeepers who want only the best always buy. Packed in pound and two-pound tin cans, it comes into the home with all its natural aroma and strength. Protected by our Seal, the consumer knows that its purity and strength have been untampered with. Your grocer sells this kind, but be sure our seal and name is on the can you buy.

LAXA-LIVER PILLS

CURE TORPID LIVER, CONSTIPATION, SICK HEADACHE, AND DYSPEPSIA.

As a laxative, one pill acts perfectly, and if a stronger action is desired a cathartic effect is produced by two pills. In obstinate cases, where a purgative is necessary, three pills will be found sufficient. These pills leave no unpleasant after effect. One pill taken each night during thirty days will cure constipation. PRICE 25 CENTS OR 5 FOR \$1.00.

Assist Sluggish Kidneys.

The seat of inflammation, congestion and pain that tend to cripple their vital functions, by applying

Benson's Porous Plasters

across the back on line with the lower ribs. They promptly relieve the Backache, Pain in the Loins, or heavy dull feelings in the region of the kidneys, and aid in stimulating and re-establishing a healthy condition of the organs. No external remedy so effective, reliable and prompt as a BENSON'S. All Druggists. Price 25 cents. Loaming, Miles & Co., Montreal, Sole Agts. for Canada.

Teaberry FOR THE TEETH AT ALL DRUGGISTS. PLEASANT HARMLESS 25 cents a Box. ZODESA-CHEMICAL Co. Toronto

HERBINE BITTERS Cures Sick Headache HERBINE BITTERS Purifies the Blood HERBINE BITTERS Cures Indigestion HERBINE BITTERS The Ladies' Friend HERBINE BITTERS Cures Dyspepsia HERBINE BITTERS for Biliousness Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to

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**KA-LIVER PILLS**

CURE...  
D LIVER,  
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ive, one pill acts perfectly,  
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effect is produced by two  
ubstinate cases, where a pur-  
cessary, three pills will be  
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**Sluggish Kidneys,**  
Inflammation, congestion and pain that  
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ASANT  
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Bottles, Small Doses, Price  
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Every-day Verses.

All the day from slope and meadow  
Vocal song and silent prayer  
Rise from small fields and shadows,  
As in fair midsummer days—  
And bid blossom  
They and valley,  
Meadow path and city mass.

Trailed cornstap, fattening sodas,  
Far horizons, smiling fields,  
Chickens in their yards, bridges,  
Crowded close where harvest yields  
Grass and clover—  
Good time over—  
Ample share for barn and fields.

Backbone grasses insect voices,  
Breeze from slope and hill,  
Flourishing thistles—all rejoice  
While the round world says, 'tis well.  
Wakes the music,  
Hearts responding,  
Let me, too, the story tell.

Come, all genial life, together  
Sing with me—a joyous throng,  
You on pinions rise, with feather,  
Swift ascending more along.  
Fishes forever,  
Gladness taking,  
Life and love in grateful song.

**SIMPSON'S RANCH.**

'I don't see no sense in it, nobow.' It was the older of two stalwart 'cowpunchers' that delivered this oracular statement. In private life he was once probably Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones, but this must have been in days which were prehistoric as far as his fellows in the cattle country were concerned. To them he was, and had all ways been, 'Broncho Sam,' and old Bill Kensett, up on the divide, whose age was beyond mortal ken, and who was a stalwart man when he trapped with Ruxton and traded with St. Vrain, was on record as saying that he allowed that when that 'Yokogaster' come from the States he hadn't no other name than Broncho Sam. That settled it.

'That 'ere youngster' was a relative, not a positive, characterization; for Broncho Sam was a veteran, and he looked it as he sat on a rude bench, outside the rider log cabin, and facing the west. To an Eastern eye his surroundings were the abomination of desolation. The cabin stood in a narrow valley, near the bed, almost dry, of what might be a stream. To the banks inclosing it a few stunted and distorted cedars were precariously clinging, and at a distance there were some patches of sagebrush. As unwise, indeed, were he who should look at these things to the exclusion of distant ones, as he who should curiously inspect the squalid streets of Naples when by lifting his eyes he could see across the beautiful bay to the grand silhouette of Vesuvius. Here, above the barren outlines of grim canons, above the sparsely wooded foot-hills, above the jagged outlying peaks, rose in its simple majesty the great range. Across the exquisite blue sky overhead drifted clouds as white as the driven snow, and light and fleecy as those under which once lay the Isles of the Blessed. It was near sunset, after the radiance of an autumn day, and the air was deliciously clear, cool and bracing.

Broncho Sam was not looking at the mountain or sky, but at a gun which he was cleaning. His companion, a younger man and evidently a disciple, had been watching his skilful manipulation, and listening to the words of wisdom which fell from his lips, for a famed ranch manager was this same Broncho Sam; and fortunate were his employers, far away in 'the States,' whose interests were intrusted to his faithful care.

Then came a voice through the open door—a fresh, youthful, ringing voice: 'Just you wait a minute, Sam, and I'll come out and argue the point with you. I have not an idea what you are talking about, but I say there is some sense in it; and what is it all about, anyway?'

Sam uttered an unintelligible grunt. It could not have been one of entire dissatisfaction, for something like a smile showed itself on his rugged features, and was plainly visible as he looked up in the doorway. Jack Reynolds standing in the doorway. A handsome young fellow he was, and a general favorite in the regions for fifty miles round. Ever since he came out from Chicago—where the doctor sent him after a long illness—he had added as steadily to his list of friends as to the hardness of his muscles, the color in his cheeks, and the figure at which he turned the scale.

'He ain't no slouch of a ranchman now, according to my idee,' said a rash newcomer.

Sam looked at him with an undignified contempt, clearly shared by the bystanders. 'Perhaps he is, an' perhaps he ain't,' said he. 'I allow you oughter know better'n I. Yes, Jim, yer may gimme another one of the same sort.'

Jack, it may easily be believed, was the soul of the ranch. He interested himself in the operations, and made a creditable figure at the first 'round up.' He could soon ride the worst of the 'bucking' horses, and threw a lariat with many an older man. He was a bit of a dandy too, in his way, and did not disdain a gilt cord with expensive tassels around the crown of an expensive sombrero, a gay necktie loosely knotted and lying snugly under the riding collar of his gray flannel shirt, of a pair of long riding boots of exceptional make. All this finery, however, was reserved for other places than the ranch, and other occasions than the days passed there. The most cynical of 'old timers' found nothing to criticize in his display thereof when he rode into Pueblo for a day of combined business and pleasure; and, in a way, they felt a local pride in one who could hold a certificate of competency from such a Sir Hubert as Broncho Sam, and at the same time be by the canons of that longitude, a very respectable 'well.' More than one young lady member of some party of 'personally conducted' tourists had looked admiringly at him from the window of the Denver Pullman as he sat on his horse near the station platform; and the landlord of Arcade saloon was understood to have, in a rare interval of sobriety, expressed the opinion that such an exhibition was good for the interests of the region. 'Why,' said he, 'that ain't no two ways about it. When these 'ere tenderfeet an' fancy tourists see an outfit like that, they'll kind o' think ranchin' is a boss business, an' it'll put 'em to comin' out here an' buyin' land, an' startin' a boom in ranches an' helpin' trade. Yer see, they'll think all ranchmen is like

'I jest tell yer,' said he, 'that when a man rights out and leaves such a good-appearin' outfit, I'll see a poody little gal ex is up to Simpson's, an' don't send 'em no word, it's playin' it pretty low on 'em, unless he's got a blamed good reason for a doin' so.'

That he would discuss this point with Jack was highly improbable. They talked of cattle and the season's prospects, and there was no word of Simpson during the plain supper or the placid pipe smoke which followed. When they 'turned in,' the sky was overcast, and during the night there came a gale of wind which almost shook the house. It was in the gray of early morning that a violent knocking at the door brought all three men to their feet alert in an instant. Jack was the first at the door, and opened it. A man stood there holding the bridal of a pasturing horse. His words were few and to the point. There had been a storm and cloudburst in the mountains; the great reservoir which fed the irrigating ditches was in imminent peril; there would be a terrible "wash-out" in the valley.

'Have you warned them at Simpson's?'

asked Jack breathlessly.

'I came the other way.'

Broncho Sam had his eyes on Jack's face, and saw the color leave it. He rose to the occasion in an instant.

'Yer kin do it, my boy,' said he; 'but jest yer ride like Jehu. Git yer boots on, an' I'll have the saddle on Comanche.'

In five minutes Jack, with his head bent to the wind, was spurring his horse wildly up the valley.

There was nothing aesthetic about the external appearance of Simpson's ranch. The architecture of the house was of the early cow-boy period, with suggestions of that of the mining camp. There was a severe simplicity about the roughly hewn logs which made up the walls, and although the freaks of fashion bring many queer crevices with adobe has not yet been naturalized in polite neighborhoods. Never, however, should the wise traveller in the West or Southwest judge the kernel by the shell, of the interior by the exterior. Both Mrs. Simpson and her daughter possessed the rare and charming 'gift of practical management,' which Hawthorne has ascribed to little Phoebe, in 'The House of the Seven Gables.' 'It is a kind of natural magic,' he says, 'that enables these favorite ones to bring out the hidden capabilities of things about them; and particularly to give a look of comfort and habitableness to any place which for however brief a period may happen to be their home.'

So did cheap and simple material take new character and virtue from their hands; so were rough walls hidden by chintz of tasteful pattern and homogenous tint; so did equipment supply the place of costly equipment. Jack Reynolds realized all this the first time he entered the building. To be sure, he saw it under favorable circumstances.

The daughter of the house had come out to meet him as he approached. When she saw it was her own favorite horse he had brought home, her face lighted up by a smile which went straight to her heart. Before his visit came her no one but himself would have known; but it could not have been otherwise than pleasant, for he arrived at his home in the highest spirits. He counted the days until he thought he might call again, and he made them as few as he possibly could. It was strong evidence of Broncho Sam's partiality for his young friend that he took but mild exception to what must surely be a detraction to an em- bryo cow-boy; but then Sam himself had seen the young lady, and her grace and sweetness had made an impression on even his hardened sensibilities.

'That ain't no kind o' use in talkin' about it,' said he; 'it's human natur. I'm an old man now, but I was young once myself an' I know. He's a fellow that's got sand, an' she's a real good appearin' gal an' I allow it ain't no one's business but theirs.'

The road up the valley was narrow and rough; one side was often much higher than the other; and many turrows and holes lay as pitfalls before the rider. All riders, however, had not such horses as Comanche. He knew what was expected of him. With a splendid stride he went over English turf, clearing his treacherous gully with a spring, serving to avoid that pile of earth washed down by the evening's rains, leaving one landmark after another behind in his headlong course. They talk to this day of the time in which he made the distance.

Jack sat him like the good horseman he was. His excitement was intense, but every faculty seemed under perfect control. One thinks and remembers at such times with unwonted quickness and vividness. Not knowing what duty or peril awaited him, acted for whatever it might be, he still found himself wondering whether Sam and the other man could get the horses to a place of safety. Then he thought, for what seemed to him a long time, but was probably a few seconds, of his far away home. Then the absorbing theme of what was his own encounter took the place of all else. The horse began to breathe a little hard, but his pace never slackened. At one time Jack fancied he heard hoofs behind him, but he dismissed the idea as absurd. The next moment he saw something which made his heart beat fast. What had shown itself in the gray light of dawn as a slender tur- bid rill was now a large stream, and rapidly growing higher. Instinctively he called to his horse. Faster the noble animal sped on; the water was around his feet; there was a turn in the valley where it narrowed; a surging torrent reached his knees as he rounded the point of the cliff. In five minutes he slackened his pace, for there, parting the flood which eddied around it, tugged and tore at it, hurled logs and stumps and tree trunks at it, was Simpson's ranch, and at the window on the lower side was Edith.

In the lee, as it were, of the house, the

**What dainty feet**

YOU HAVE WHEN YOU USE

**FOOT ELM.**

Allows you to wear size smaller shoe with more comfort than the big ones. Prevents the feet swelling, burning and aching. Gives relief from corns, bunions or ingrowing toenails.

Price, 25c. at all druggists and shoe dealers, or sent by mail by addressing

**STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.**



water was comparatively quiet and shallow in a second he was at the window, the horse standing still, with heaving flanks and laboring breath. There was scant time for ceremony, but the expression of joy on the girl's face told the story, and he managed to reach her hand with his. Only a few words passed at first. Her mother had spent the night with a sick child at a ranch on the hill. At daybreak, alarmed at the prospect of the 'wash-out,' the hands had gone to look after the stock, and the Mexican woman to escort her mother back. Then the flood had come suddenly and cut off their return.

Jack always said his plan of rescue was pure inspiration. At the right, separated from the house by a wide and deep torrent the ground sloped from a mesa. Could he reach that slope. He looked around the corner of the house, the horse barely maintaining his footing. Half-way up the slope and a few rods above a cedar, and his lariat hung at his saddle bow. How he blessed his practice with it! The first cast was successful, the loop lay over the stump, and a pull tightened it. In a moment he was back at the window in another. Edith, stepping from the sill, sat behind him and clung to him. Again he guided Comanche to the corner; he wound the lariat around the pommel of the Mexican saddle. He drew a long breath, and rode into the torrent. The thorough-bred was swept off his feet before he had gone ten yards, but he swam strongly and boldly; the lariat was taut as a bowstring, but it held. It seemed an hour before the middle of the stream was reached. His breath beat fast; the girl said nothing, but he felt her clasp tighter; and still the horse swam on, and the torrent, backed by the stout lariat of its prey, actually aided their escape. They neared the slope; Comanche gained his footing; they were saved! Jack had never taken his eyes off the horse's head and the knot on the pommel, and he had never seen a stalwart bearded man gallop down the slope and jump from his horse just before they gained the land. Now, to his amazement, this man lifted Edith from Comanche and folded her in his arms. Shortly he raised his head.

'You needn't look so sort o' surprised, young feller,' said he; 'you bet it's all right. I haven't got a card case about me, but my name's Simpson, and—' 'God bless manner changed in a second. 'God bless you, for as plucky an' clever a thing as I ever saw in all my life. He will bless you too, for you've saved the life of my little girl, that's the apple of my eye.' Still Edith, clasping his daughter tightly with his left arm, he wrung Jack's hand, and the tears stood in his eyes.

Just then, with many a crack and groan, and almost one would say, a cry of distress, Simpson's Ranch house was torn from its frail foundations and swept down the valley.

'Never mind; let her go,' cried he. 'I'll buy a bozen blamed old shanties like that for you to-morrow, if you want 'em.'

Next day all the neighborhood knew that Simpson had come back, and why he went away; how the partner who had defrauded him nearly ruined him years before had written him from his sick-bed in his refuge in Manitoba; how he had made restitution; how Simpson had been for months beyond the region of mails and

telegraphs; how he had come home and ridden up the valley behind Jack.

'I didn't know you were ahead of me,' he told him. 'Of course it was my horse you heard; but I knew a short-cut to the mesa, and turned off by it; but you were too quick for me. Oh, yes, I know; it's all right. I wouldn't cross the little girl, anyway. If she's willing, I am; and if she's going to leave her old father, I'm mighty glad she's going to have a man to take care of her that's got sand.'

**THREE GREAT MEN.**

Representatives of Three Great Nations.

ONE OF THEM DEvised

**PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND**

A Medicine That is the Wonder of the Age.

THE ABLEST MEDICAL MEN RECOMMEND IT.

Makes People Well When Other Prescriptions Fail.

Three men have done a mighty work for the profession of medicine, and they will ever be remembered as true benefactors of the human race.

Right Honorable Lord Lister, President of the Royal Society, Professor Edward E. Phelps, M. D., of Dartmouth College, and Professor Charles Richet, of the University of Paris, are men that have lived to benefit mankind.

Professor Edward E. Phelps, who gave the world the famous Paine's Celery Compound, has gone to his well earned reward, but his great medicine still saves men and women every day. Thousands live today who owe life, health and vigor to Paine's Celery Compound, the mighty disease banisher. The weak, nervous, sleepless, rheumatic, neuralgic, dyspeptic and constipated are soon made hale and vigorous, and the deadly dangers of liver and kidney troubles are quickly dissipated.

It is now no necessity for continuing agony and danger when such a rescuing agent as Paine's Celery Compound is held out to sufferers. Paine's Celery Compound assuredly cures; its thousands of magnificent testimonials in the past are sufficient proof. Have you tried it?

Didn't Like Papal Bulls.

The lawn of Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson's estate on Buckingham street, Cambridge, is separated from that of an adjoining Roman catholic institution by a light fence. Chattering with a new neighbor there the other day, the colonel observed that he thought of removing this fence, when it was suggested that the cow feeding on the catholic side of the fence should be securely tethered. 'Oh, I don't mind,' said the colonel, 'so long as it is not a papal bull.'

**DYSPEPSIA**

CURED BY DR. CHASE.

FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS W.W.HODGES SUFFERED—DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS EFFECTED AN ALMOST MIRACULOUS CURE.

Messrs. EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

DEAR SIRS,—I take the liberty of writing to you regarding my experience with DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS, and the wonderful cure of dyspepsia of 18 years' standing effected by them with three boxes. I am as well as I ever was, and am a man of 64 years of age. I have recommended DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS to a great number of people and they all say they are worth their weight in gold. If you desire any further statement or certificate of my case, I will be pleased to furnish one.

Yours truly,  
W. W. HODGES,  
Holland Landing, Ont.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS**

**SICK HEADACHE**

Positively cured by 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. Substitution

the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

When Love and Birth meet at our fatal board... Another time when pale with woe we meet

When Love and Birth meet at our fatal board... Another time when pale with woe we meet

JOHN HUBERT'S LUCK.

Poor John Hubert! Ill luck had followed close at his heels for many a long year... 'Will you not marry me, Meta? Have I not loved you ever since you came among us a little girl? True, darling, the wealth for which I have so patiently toiled has not yet come to me, but it will come, Meta. I know it—I feel it, and then I will take you away from all these sad associations, but while you must be here let my love cheer and comfort you.'

'I do not love you, Roger! I will confess to you tonight what I have never before acknowledged. I do love you, or, rather, I would had I room for love in my heart-room for any other feeling than the determination to bring my father's murderer to justice. How do I know but that you, speaking with sudden impetuosity, 'are the man?'

ness of the night placed the stolen treasure in his claim, knowing well what would follow. I never should have told. I don't know what it is makes me tell now, unless—unless—and with a great choking in his throat the man fell back—dead!

From London Truth comes this story of the great Sir Charles Napier; When Sir Charles Napier had conquered Mehemet Ali he found it impossible to force or coax the wily Egyptian into signing the treaty which only would make his victory effective.

One day Sir Charles, in speaking of England, said casually that it was governed by a lucky woman. A strange fish passed over the pasha's countenance, but he made no answer. As soon as Napier gave Mehemet sent for the English consul, who was an Egyptian, and demanded: 'You were in London when the English Queen was crowned. Were the omens bad or good?'

General Gordon's remarkable influence over the Chinese was in a large degree due, it is stated, to their belief in his extraordinary luck. During the 'Lao-Fing' rebellion he was followed by an army who did not comprehend either his ability or his religious zeal, but who believed that he was protected by an invisible being who led him to victory.

STEERING BY ECHOES. The Ship was in a Dense Fog and They Steered by Sounds.

An interesting peculiarity of Alaskan navigation is thus described by Mr. L. Verne W. Noyes in the Chicago Times-Herald. He extols the beauty of the scenery and the smoothness of the water—by the inland steamer route—and says that the channel is tortuous and full of rocks and whenever a fog is encountered, every movement of the ship is fraught with danger.

I was awakened about three o'clock one morning by a long blast of the steamer's whistle. This struck me as unusual, for vessels are rarely met on that trip, and there are comparatively no settlements. A moment later I heard the captain and the pilot on the bridge over my stateroom in a lively colloquy.

DON'T TOUCH. Don't touch a cancer with a knife. The knife is deadly. A cure has been discovered that needs no knife or plaster. Full particulars (6c stamps). STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.

which here and there rises precipitously from the water's edge.

BORN.

- Decatur, to the wife of Mr. Leslie Smith a son. Springfield, Dec. 4, to the wife of Allan Thibodeau a son. Springfield, Dec. 4, to the wife of Mr. John Clark a son. Moncton, Dec. 10, to the wife of Valentine Legare a son. Arlington, Dec. 3, to the wife of Mr. Thodus Poore a son. PETERS' Mills, Dec. 6, to the wife of Mr. Fred Brins a son. Barrington, Dec. 4, to the wife of Mr. Henry Smith a son. Halifax, Dec. 6, to the wife of Mr. A. J. Dixon a daughter. St. John, Dec. 13, to the wife of James B. Jones a daughter. Wolfville, Dec. 2, to the wife of Mr. L. M. Baird a daughter. Cumberland, Dec. 3, to the wife of Wm. Smith a daughter. Shediac, N. B., Dec. 1, to the wife of Paul Rogers a daughter. Springfield, Dec. 4, to the wife of Mr. Dan McKenzie a son. Dalhousie, Nov. 29, to the wife of Mr. Constantine Salmon River, N. S., Dec. 6, to the wife of James Dyer a son. Great Village, Dec. 5, to the wife of Mr. Joham Flahy a son. Grand Narrows, Dec. 1, to the wife of Mr. E. A. McNeil a son. Stevens Mountain, Dec. 6, to the wife of Wm. Willson a daughter. Kentville, Dec. 1, to the wife of Mr. F. W. Stead a daughter. Scott's Bay, Nov. 15, to the wife of Mr. M. W. Steele a daughter. Charlottetown, Dec. 6, to the wife of Mr. Robert Kennedy a daughter. Lower Sables, Dec. 4, to the wife of Mr. Fred H. Faulkner a daughter. Springfield, N. B., Dec. 9, to the wife of Capt. W. A. Strancombe a son.

MARRIED.

- West Roxbury, Nov. 28, James R. Best to Mary B. Kinman. Halifax, Dec. 8, by Rev. J. F. Dunstan, Chas. T. Conrod, to Harriet Myrart. Lunenburg, Dec. 1, by Rev. Benj. Hills, James A. Ebb to Leticia E. Giddart. Wolfville, Dec. 4, by Rev. T. A. Higgins, Watson Lightfoot to Annie Rogers. Beach Meadows, Dec. 1, by Rev. C. Duff, John F. Bagley to Annie B. Mouser. Shelburne, Dec. 4, by Rev. W. S. H. Morris, Herbert Smith to Eleanor Bower. Newfoundland, Dec. 7, by Rev. J. Geo. Williams, B. Strang to Annie Parsons. Acadia Mines, Nov. 25, by Rev. J. D. Spidal, Edward T. Egan to Della Morrison. Bridgetown, Nov. 23, by Rev. J. Strothard, Norman A. Brooks to Emma Levy. Middleton, Nov. 30, by Rev. F. E. Locke, James E. Brooks to Clara B. Bent. Derby, N. B., Dec. 6, by Rev. F. G. Johnstone, George Tardison to Jane Scott. Brooklyn, Nov. 30, by Rev. Charles Duff, Robert D. McLeod to Linda A. McLeod. Wallace Station, Dec. 1, by Rev. Mr. Astbury, Dimock Hopper to Jennie Naira. Bridgewater, Dec. 2, by Rev. F. A. Bowers, J. Willis Bolyer to Sadie E. Jondrey. Amherst, Dec. 1, by Rev. D. A. Steele, J. Oran Atkinson to Frances Bell Lraddell. Charlottetown, Nov. 27, by Elder Wm. Holliway, J. Oscar Malone to Minnie Sarah Nickerson. New Glasgow, Dec. 1, by Rev. G. F. Raymond, Alexander M. Martin to Libbie McCabe. Trent, Dec. 8, by the Archbishop of Nova Scotia, John Smith to Jennie Frances Whewell. Kentville, Dec. 7, by Rev. George McMillan, Charles Stephen Silver to Kate McAlister. Salmon Creek, Chipman, Dec. 8, by Rev. D. McK. Clarke, Murray Starkey to Esther Baird. Guysborough Nov. 24 by Rev. W. I. Croft, Frank D. Ladd to Lillian Cordelia Ludington. Salina, Kings Co., Dec. 9, by Rev. A. D. Archibald, Robert E. Ray to Mrs. Elizabeth Ryder. Woodward's Cove, Grand Manan, Nov. 27, by Rev. S. H. Bayley, Frank C. Russell to Eva L. Ingrossell. Oxford, Nov. 30, by Rev. E. Munro, assisted by Rev. A. C. Mackintosh, Stanley H. Peppard to Ona A. Brownell.

DIED.

- Mexico, Dec. 2, W. H. Gibson, 45. Ohio, Nov. 28, John B. McInnis, 38. Ontario, Dec. 2, Isabella Pearson. Halifax, Dec. 9th, Gertrude Shorten. Huron, Nov. 27, William Durkee, 81. Hantsport, Dec. 6, Joseph Lyons, 93. Halifax, Dec. 7, Charlotte Brown, 46. Halifax, Dec. 7, Peter Brown, 66. Hebron, Nov. 27, William Durkee, 81. Lunenburg, Nov. 18, Corbett Pearl, 24. Walton, 30 ult. Captain D. Roberts, 44. Lunenburg, Nov. 18, Corbett Pearl, 24. Moncton, Dec. 10, John McDonald, 51. Jemseg, Dec. 13, Mrs. F. W. Springer. Five Islands, Dec. 7, George Callan, 14. Greenwich, Dec. 4th, Mary A. Roop, 84. Halifax, Dec. 8, Georgea Goodwin, 17. Lunenburg Nov. 24, Flora Crawford, 22. Hillsboro, Nov. 29, John McDonald, 69. Moncton, Dec. 12, Robert Coughlan, 33. Lunenburg, Nov. 24, Flora Crawford, 22. Painesville, Dec. 15, Reuben Titlow, 63. Clinton N. S. Dec. 6th, Daniel Stewart, 61. Hillsboro, Dec. 12, Mrs. Thomas Kerr, 81. Shubenacadie, Dec. 7, Thomas Cooper, 75. West Head, Dec. 1st, Harvey J. Newell, 3. Williamsdale, Dec. 9th, Janet Atkinson, 92. Brooklyn, N. Y. Nov. 29, James Russell, 61. Halifax, N. S. Dec. 8th, William Hickey, 46. Gloucester, Mass., Nov. 26, George Harrison. Aylesford, Nov. 22, Mrs. Hannah Loomer, 66. St. Margarets Bay, Dec. 7, Sophia Beyno, 61. Battie, N. B. Dec. 9th, Robert McLaughlin, 88. Aylesford, Nov. 22, Mrs. Hannah Loomer, 66. Boone Texas, Dec. 3rd, William Ellis Briggs, 27. Salmon River Lakes, Guysboro, Tillie M. Rogers. Gasperaux, Dec. 7th, Dewayne Eric Davidson, 1. Antigonish Harbor, Nov. 2, Samuel Mahony, 90. Dartmouth, N. B. Dec. 8th, James Oliver Mills, 40. Lower Gasperaux, Dec. 4th, Jaquette M. Martin, 13. Halifax, Dec. 8, Charles Stewart Thornton, 6 mos. Danvers, Mass., Nov. 14, Lydia Weston Ross, 53. Centralville, C. B. Nov. 37, Roderick S. McNeil, 20. Roxbury, Mass. Dec. 11, Caleb Edward Belyea, 24. North Sydney, Nov. 30, Mary Elizabeth McLeod 24. Centralville, Dec. 6, Nell son of Angus F. McNeil 22. Indian Mountain, Dec. 7, Eva V., child of Robert St. Margarets Bay, Dec. 7 Sophia, wife of Lewis Rejno, 61. Charlottetown, Mass., Nov. 20 Mary wife of Timothy Q. West, 63. North Sydney, Nov. 27, Winifred child of Wm. and Elizabeth Ruff, 7 wks. Greenwood, Nov. 25, Willie, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Paterson, 1. Dartmouth, Dec. 10, Alexander child of Alexander and Alice Patterson, 3 mos. Halifax, Percy N. and Francis E. sons of Emma and Frederick Jollimore, 19, 12.

DOMINION AD.

On and after Nov. 1st, 1897. Train service on this railway. Royal Mail S.S. P. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday. Lvs. St. John at 7:15 a.m., arr. Y. Lvs. Digby at 1:00 p.m., arr. Y. S. S. Brangellian runs daily between Barrington, making a stop with express trains.

EXPRESS TRAINS.

Daily (Sunday except) Lvs. Halifax 6:30 a.m., arr. Y. Lvs. Digby 1:00 p.m., arr. Y. Lvs. St. John 7:45 a.m., arr. Y. Lvs. Digby 12:45 p.m., arr. Y. Lvs. Yarmouth 7:15 a.m., arr. Y. Lvs. Digby 11:25 a.m., arr. Y. Lvs. Yarmouth 9:00 a.m., arr. Y. Lvs. Digby 10:14 a.m., arr. Y. Lvs. Annapolis 7:30 a.m., arr. Y. Lvs. Digby 3:20 p.m., arr. Y.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

On and after Monday, the 4th inst., trains of this Railway, Sunday excepted, as follows: Express for Campbellton, Pagan and Halifax. Express for Sussex. Express for Moncton and Quebec (excepted). Express from Moncton (daily). Express from Halifax, Pictou and Bellisle. Accommodation from Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT.

Express from Sussex. Express from Moncton and Quebec (excepted). Express from Moncton (daily). Express from Halifax, Pictou and Bellisle. Accommodation from Moncton.

CANADIAN PACIFIC.

CHRISTMAS EXCURSION TICKETS. Now on sale to Teachers and School and college on presentation of proper from Principals and will be on sale to all Travellers December 15th, to the Pacific from December 21st to January 1st. The one way first class fare for the go-d to return until January 1st, 1898. Further particulars on application Agents.

STEAMBOATS.

1897. The Yarmouth Steamship (LIMITED), For Boston and Halifax via Yarmouth. The Shortest and Best Route between Scotia and the United States. The fastest time, 15 to 17 Hours between Yarmouth and Boston. 2-Trips a Week. THE STEEL STEAMER BOSTON UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

STMR. CITY OF ST. JOHN.

Will leave Yarmouth every FRIDAY morning, calling at Barrington, Shelburne, port, Liverpool and Lunenburg. Returning, Pictou, Black's wharf, Halifax, every DAY at 5 p.m. connecting with steamer for on Wednesday evening, for Yarmouth intermediate ports.

STEAMER ALPHA.

Leaves St. John, for Yarmouth every TUESDAY and FRIDAY afternoon, returning every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY morning after arrival of the Express train from Halifax. Returning, leaves Lewis wharf, Boston on TUESDAY and FRIDAY at 12 noon, close connections at Yarmouth with the Atlantic and Coast Railway to all ports Eastern Nova Scotia.

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