

PROGRESS.

VOL. XIII., NO. 649.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY DECEMBER 22 1900.

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RIVAL COMPANIES.

St. John Will Have Plenty of Amusement This Holiday Season in a Theatrical Way.

On Christmas afternoon and evening the people of this city will have the opportunity of welcoming two of their stage favorites, Miss Bonstelle and Miss Blanche. Last year both of these ladies were in the city playing with the Valentine Stock Company, of which Miss Blanche seems to be the leading spirit. They won popularity, and for one hundred performances—no doubt the most extended visit that any company has ever made this city—entertained the people splendidly.

This year Miss Bonstelle is not with the Valentine Stock company, but at the solicitation of the management of the Development Club and under the conduct of Mr. W. S. Harkins will attempt to revive interest in the Mechanics' Institute, which has been so renovated and improved that it is now considered a most suitable place of amusement. No one could doubt its popularity in the past and the pleasant evenings that so many people have spent within its walls will incline many of them at least to return to the old place and enjoy the entertainment which no doubt Miss Bonstelle and her company can give them. It is the first time perhaps that there has been any opposition in the theatrical way in this city and there is already much interest in the result. Whether there will be sufficient patronage to warrant the continuance of two such good shows remains to be seen. The holiday season will no doubt be an incentive to good attendance but that is not likely to last more than a week or two. With a limited population such as St. John has, it is hardly probable that both places of amusements will be kept open for any lengthy season. Still every one will wish each company the very best success that is possible for them. Mr. Harkins has undertaken a task that will commend the admiration of all who know him, inasmuch as it must call for a great deal of energy and ability to prepare in so short a time the Mechanics' Institute stage for public amusement. He has had plenty of experience and is not likely to ask for any favors other than his show deserves. The members of both of the companies are in the city and are meeting many old friends who will no doubt assist them in making their shows successful.

Miss Blanche announces that she will receive her friends this afternoon at the Driffrin where the leading people of both companies propose to remain while in the city. It is a coincidence that the leading men of both companies have similar names—Everett King and Emmett King.

Mr. W. S. Harkins is in town again and it is so long since we have seen him at this season of the year in this part of America that his welcome is all the more kindlier because of that. The old Mechanics, or rather the new Mechanics Institute, is to be re-opened under new ownership and under new management, that of Messrs. McLellan and Wilkins, who have been so successful in securing the services of Mr. Harkins to conduct the management of an actress well known and well liked in St. John, Miss Bonstelle. Miss Bonstelle it will be remembered, was with the Valentine Stock company last winter and scored a decided success in the Opera house. Since then she has been with a company of her own and from time to time St. John has heard of her popularity in other cities. With her on the stage and Mr. Harkins as manager, the theatre-loving public of St. John are sure to expect something popular and engaging. No doubt they will get it. Progress understands that the renovation of the institute has been somewhat remarkable; that the lighting is much improved, the ventilation is better and the seating capacity added to. Opposition is the life of trade in all business and it that which seems to be approaching in the theatrical line will only stimulate a nicer appreciation of the wishes of the public there will be nothing to regret.

An Easy Task for Mr. W. C. Rudman Allan of Charlotte Street is showing a great variety of goods suitable for Christmas presents. His store

always looks bright and attractive and this is especially true of it this year. His windows are filled and show so many articles that would be appropriate for gifts that it is impossible to describe them. The stock of perfumes that he carries is



SAMUEL JONES.

always complete and as a bottle of some favorite odor is never unwelcome it is safe to say that he could supply the wishes of even the most fastidious in this respect. The choosing of holiday gifts is not always easy, but those who visit Mr. Allan's store will find their task less onerous than it might be otherwise.

LOST AND WON A WAGER.

Mr. Harkins Tells How He Lost and Won a Bet Down South.

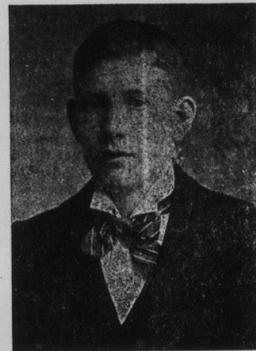
Mr. W. S. Harkins is a pretty good story teller and when a few evenings ago he related how he had lost a wager at one time and bought the handsome gold watch, that he carries with the winnings there was an air of some surprise and incredulity on the faces of the listeners that no doubt he appreciated. According to the story he was down south the winter that Paddy Ryan fought John L. Sullivan and he was a warm supporter and believer in the ability of Ryan to defeat the Boston pugilist. In fact, Ryan had told him that Sullivan could not beat him if he had a club, and so one evening, after the play, when Harkins was playing billiards, the somewhat boastful confidence of a bystander in Sullivan attracted his attention. Having such confidence in Ryan and quite willing to win a few dollars on the result, Harkins offered to bet a hundred that Sullivan would get whipped. He produced the money and the other fellow claiming that he hadn't the stuff put up a forfeit of five dollars that he would cover the wager in the morning. The stake holder was found right in the house and the parties separated. The next afternoon Harkins said as he was coming in from a drive he saw the bulletin, and realized just how easily Sullivan had whipped Ryan. "My hundred is gone" was his mental exclamation. Still he put on a bold front, went to the hotel and looked up the stake holder. "Sullivan wins" he said as he went in. "Yes" said the man who held the money "and you don't lose. That guy you bet with last night came in here just three minutes after I had heard that Sullivan had won and wanted to put up his other \$95. I told him no, so here's your \$105." Bill said that he was so glad to get the money that he went out to the next jewellery store and bought the watch he now carries. That is how he came to lose his bet and win his money.

More Serious Business on Hand.

After the information which has recently been given the citizens of the somewhat extraordinary deficit in connection with exhibition matters it seems somewhat strange that the association should be entering into arrangements at this early hour for placing the dates for next year's show. The initiative, however, seems to have come from Halifax people who made it a point to visit

St. John and confer with the executive. A very sensible view was arrived at that the dates of the two shows should not conflict. The general opinion however, will be that the exhibition association of this city has a far more serious matter to consider than the dates for the show next fall. The management has been unsatisfactory both to them and to the people and it seems to have been continued rather than a sentimental standpoint than from that of business. Progress has advocated a change from time to time and now even those who were perhaps somewhat indignant at this journal because of that fact

FREDERICTON BOYS TO ARRIVE.



ADRIAN TIBBITS.

agree that it was right and that the recommendation should have been carried out long ago.

Will Give Them a Grand Welcome.

Whether St. John will have any soldiers to welcome is a question. Still the preparations have gone on and it the boys come they will get a good reception. It is not to be wondered at that the people did not enthrone at the prospect of being called upon to give a hearty welcome to two or three hundred men the day before Christmas or perhaps on Christmas day. Their efforts in the direction of receptions have been hearty and wonderfully successful and it is not surprising that there should be some hesitation in undertaking to give a right royal welcome at a time when every energy is usually bent to home pleasure and enjoyment.

It is to the credit of the citizens and the council, however, that the task was cheerfully undertaken. The mayor and the council, the representative men and citizens are bending every energy to make the arrangement for the reception complete and Col. Otter and the men under his command will find that St. John will give them a splendid welcome if the department sends them to this port.

PROGRESS

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TODAY.

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Oliver's Re-located Case, Splendid Party, etc., 19, Waterloo

MADE A MOVE AT LAST.

The Magistrates Words to the Police Force Had Some Effect Apparently

This has been a great week in police circles, all kinds of things have been promised the policemen. They have asked for new overcoats and are going to get them. Some of them have received pay for time lost through illness, injuries, &c.

business specified. The chief knows that he made a mistake and is not willing to admit it.

NEED HELP AND DERRIS IT.

Poor Families Made Destitute by the Fire at the Coldbrook Rolling Mills.

When the glare in the sky on Wednesday evening told the people that there was a tremendous fire on the marsh road, there seemed to be no doubt as to where it was, the Coldbrook Rolling mills being the only large building within a short distance of the city. In less than an hour and a half this hive of industry was a heap of ashes and nearly one hundred men were thrown out of employment. The story of the fire and the loss of the principal stockholders has been told in the daily papers and Progress does not intend to repeat it, but there were some incidents in connection with the misfortune that deserve to be recorded. For some three years a number of very energetic workmen, have, with the assistance of some capitalists, carried on this industry and provided employment for the community there, quite largely at their own expense. They invested their little all in the works, and Progress understands, had from pay day to pay day kept investing a certain portion of their savings in the mills. For some time steady employment has been given night and day to a large number of capable workmen. The industry appeared to be prosperous and the community was contented in the knowledge that work was at their doors and there was apparently no danger of its cessation. To think that in an hour or two all their hopes and plans, their means of sustenance should be swept away by fire is distressing.

Worse than this there are some families who are in actual want because of the loss they have sustained. One in particular, a family of five ranging in age from 7 years to 2 months were taken from their beds carried to a neighbor's across the street, while their father with a broken leg crawled to the Three Mile house and was kindly looked after there. Some of the furniture was saved but very little of it and hardly any of the clothes of the little ones. Progress does not know at this moment whether the efforts of the associated charities extends outside the city, but in case they do this is a most deserving family for the consideration of those interested in the good work.

At the present writing no decision, it is understood, of those interested have been arrived at as to whether the mills will be rebuilt or not. The insurance is slight compared with the loss but as far as could be learned the plant was not injured materially.

A Kind Offer.

The street railway made a generous offer to the committee of citizens and to the council in undertaking to carry the returned soldiers when they arrived in the city free of all charge. Of course they mean on their cars, but as the system covers the city very completely it would afford the boys in khaki an excellent chance of seeing the town without charge. The service that is being given this winter is excellent in every respect and so far has been almost uninterrupted. There are now over 200 employees on the railway and each of them in a day or two will be the recipient of the usual Christmas turkey from the management. The birds are not scanty either for Progress understands their weight will be nearly two thousand pounds.

A Bountiful Market.

The country market never looked better at the Christmas season than it does this year. Considering the cool weather and the splendid travelling there has not been an extraordinary amount of produce from the country and what has arrived seems to have been processed largely by the butchers. Messrs. Dickson, O'Neill and Dean have a splendid assortment in each of their stalls, from the very heaviest beef to the very daintiest birds. Such delicacies as quail, pheasants and all kinds of game are to be found in plenty in the market this year.

SUFFERING WOMEN

My treatment will cure promptly and permanently all diseases peculiar to women such as inflammation, ulceration of womb, painful menstruation, irregularity, sterility, etc. Full particulars, testimonials from grateful women and endorsement of prominent physicians FREE BOOK sent on application.

Julia C. Richard, P.O. Box 996, Montreal

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Christmas and New Years. Holiday Excursions. Between Stations Montreal and East. One First Class Fare for Round Trip.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after MONDAY Nov. 26th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Point du Chene, Campbellton and Halifax	7:50
Express for Halifax and Pictou	12:15
Express for Sussex	12:40
Express for Quebec and Montreal	17:05
Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney	22:15

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11:00 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11:00 o'clock for Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex	8:30
Express from Quebec and Montreal	12:40
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Point du Chene	16:00
Express from Halifax and Campbellton	19:15
Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton	24:45

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time Twenty-four hours notation.

D. FOTTINGER, Gen. Manager
CITY TICKET OFFICE,
1 King Street St. John, N. B.

A Christmas Matinee.

It was the day before Christmas some years ago. Snow was falling heavily in the streets of Boston, but the crowd of shoppers seemed undiminished. As the storm increased, groups gathered at the corners and in sheltering doorways to wait for belated cars; but the holiday cheer was in the air, and there was no grumbling. Mothers dragging tired children through the slush of the streets; pretty girls hurrying home for the holidays; here and there a harassed-looking man with perhaps a single package which he had taken a whole morning to select—all had the same spirit of tolerant good humor.

'School Street! School Street!' called the conductor of an electric car. A group of young people at the farther end of the car started to their feet. One of them, a young man wearing a heavy fur trimmed coat, addressed the conductor angrily.

'I said 'Music Hall,' didn't I?' he demanded. 'Now we've got to walk back in the snow because of your stupidity!'

'Oh, never mind, Frank!' one of the girls interposed. 'We ought to have been looking out ourselves! Six of us, and we went by without a thought! It is all Mrs. Tirrell's fault! She shouldn't have been so entertaining!'

The young matron dimpled and blushed. 'That's charming of you, Maidie!' she said, gathering up her silk skirts as she prepared to step down into the pond before her. 'The compliment makes up for the blame. But how it snows!'

'It doesn't matter. We all have gaiters on,' returned Maidie Williams, cheerfully.

'Fares, please!' said the conductor, stolidly.

Frank Armstrong thrust his gloved hand deep into his pocket with angry vehemence. 'There's your money,' he said, 'and be quick about the change, will you? We've lost time enough!'

The man counted out the change with stiff, red fingers, closed his lips firmly as if to keep back an obvious rejoinder, rang up the six fares with careful accuracy, and gave the signal to go ahead. The car went on into the drifting storm.

Armstrong laughed shortly as he rapid-

ly counted the bits of silver lying in his open palm. He turned instinctively, but two or three cars were already between him and the one he was looking for.

'The fellow must be an imbecile,' he said, rejoining the group on the crossing. 'He's given me back a dollar and twenty cents, and I handed him a dollar bill.'

'Oh, can't you stop him?' cried Maidie Williams, with a backward step into the wet street.

The Harvard junior, who was carrying her umbrella, protested: 'What's the use, Miss Williams? He'll make it up before he gets to Scollay Square, you may be sure. Those chaps don't lose anything!'

Why, the other day I gave one a quarter and he went off as cool as you please. 'Where's my change?' said I. 'You gave me a nickel,' said he. 'And there wasn't anybody to swear that I didn't except myself, and I didn't count.'

'But that doesn't make any difference!' insisted the girl, warmly. 'Because one conductor was dishonest, we needn't be. I beg your pardon, Frank, but it does seem to me just stealing.'

'Oh, come along!' said her cousin, with an easy laugh. 'I guess the West End Corporation won't go without their dinners tomorrow. Here, Maidie, here's the ill gotten fifty cents! I think you ought to treat us all after the concert; still, I won't urge you. I wash my hands of all responsibility. But I do wish you hadn't such an unpleasant conscience.'

Maidie flushed under the sting of this cousinly rudeness, but she went on quietly with the rest. It was evident that any attempt to overtake the car was out of the question.

'Did you notice his number, Frank?' she asked, suddenly.

'No; I never thought of it!' said Frank, stopping short. 'However, I probably shouldn't make any complaint if I had. I shall forget all about it tomorrow. I find it's never safe to let the sun go down on my wrath. It's very likely not to be there the next day.'

'I wasn't thinking of making a complaint,' said Maidie; but the two young

men were enjoying the small joke too much to notice what she said.

The great doorway of Music Hall was just ahead. In a moment the party were within its friendly shelter, stamping of the snow. The girls were adjusting veils and hats with adroit feminine touches; the pretty chaperon was beaming approval upon them, and the young men were taking off their wet overcoats, when Maidie turned again in sudden desperation.

'Mr. Harris,' said she, rather faintly, for she did not like to make herself disagreeable, 'do you suppose that car comes right back from Scollay Square?'

'What car?' asked Walter Harris, blankly. 'Oh, the one we came in? Yes, I suppose it does. They're running all the time, anyway. Why, you are not sick are you, Miss Williams?'

There was genuine concern in his tone. This girl, with her sweet, vibrant voice, her clear grey eyes, seemed very charming to him. She wasn't beautiful, perhaps, but she was the kind of girl he liked. There was a steady earnestness in the grey eyes that made him think of his mother.

'No,' said Maidie, slowly. 'I'm all right, thank you. But I wish I could find that man again. I know sometimes they have to make it up if their accounts are wrong, and I couldn't—we couldn't feel very comfortable—'

Frank Armstrong interrupted her. 'Maidie,' he said, with the studied calmness with which one speaks to an unreasonable child, 'you are perfectly absurd. Here it is within five minutes of the time for the concert to begin. It is impossible to tell when that car is coming back. You are making us all very uncomfortable. Mrs. Tirrell, won't you please tell her not to spoil our afternoon?'

'I think he's right, Maidie,' said Mrs. Tirrell. 'It's very nice of you to feel so sorry for the poor man, but he really was very careless. It was all his own fault. And just think how far he made us walk! My feet are quite damp. We ought to go in directly, or we shall all take cold, and I'm sure you wouldn't like that, my dear.'

She led the way as she spoke, the two girls and young Armstrong following. Maidie hesitated. It was so easy to go in, to forget everything in the light and warmth and excitement!

'No,' said she, very firmly, and as much to herself as to the young man who stood waiting for her. 'I must go back and try to make it right. I'm so sorry, Mr. Harris, but if you will tell them—'

'Why, I'm going with you, of course!' said the young fellow, impulsively. 'If I'd only looked once at the man I'd go alone, but I shouldn't know him from Adam.'

Maidie laughed. 'Oh, I don't want to lose the whole concert, Mr. Harris, and Frank has all the tickets. You must go after them and try to make my peace. I'll come just as soon as I can. Don't wait for me, please. If you'll come and look for me here after the first number, and not let them scold me too much—' She ended with an imploring little catch in her breath that was almost a sob.

'They shan't say a word, Miss Williams!' cried Walter Harris, with honest admiration in his eyes. But she was gone already, and conscious that further delay was only making matters worse, he went on into the hall.

Meanwhile, the car swung heavily along the wet rails on its way to the turning point. It was nearly empty now. An old gentleman and his nurse were the only occupants. Jim Stevens, the conductor had stepped inside the car.

'Too bad I forgot those young people wanted to get off at Music Hall!' he was thinking to himself. 'I don't see how I came to do it. That chap looked as if he wanted to complain of me, and I don't know as I blame him. I'd have said I was sorry if he hadn't been so sharp with his tongue. I hope he won't complain just now. 'Twould be a pretty bad time for me to get into trouble, with Mary and the baby both sick. I'm too sleepy to be good for much, that's a fact. Sitting up three nights running takes hold of a fellow somehow when he's at work all day. The rent's paid that's one thing, if it hasn't left me but half a dollar to my name. Hello!'

He was struck by a sudden distinct recollection of the coins he had returned. 'Why, I gave him fifty cents too much!'

He glanced up at the dial which indicated the fares and began to count the change in his pocket. He knew exactly how much money he had had at the beginning of the trip. He counted carefully. Then he plunged his hand into the heavy canvas pocket of his coat. Perhaps he had had a dollar there. No; it was empty!

He faced the fact reluctantly. Fifty cents short, ten fares! Gone into the pocket of the young gentleman with the fur collar! The conductor's hand shook as he put the money back in his pocket and it meant—what did it mean? He drew a long breath.

Christmas eve! A dark, dreary little room up-stairs in a noisy tenement-house. A pale, thin woman on a shabby lounge vainly trying to quiet a fretful child. The child is thin and pale, too, with a hard, racking cough. There is a small fire in the stove, a very small fire; coal is so high. The medicine stands on the shelf. 'Medicine won't do much good,' the doctor had said; 'she needs beet and cream.'

Jim's heart sank at the thought. He could almost hear the baby asking: 'Isn't papa coming soon? Isn't he, mamma?'

'Poor little kid!' Jim said, softly, under his breath. 'And I shan't have a thing to take home to him; nor Mary's violets, either. It'll be the first Christmas that ever happened. I suppose that chap would think it was ridiculous for me to be buying violets. He wouldn't understand what the flowers mean to Mary. Perhaps he didn't notice I gave him too much. That kind don't know how much they have. They just pull it out as if it was newspaper.'

The conductor went out into the snow to help the nurse, who was assisting the old gentleman to the ground. Then the car swung on again. Jim turned up the collar of his coat about his ears and stamped his feet. There was the florist's shop where he had meant to buy the violets and the toy-shop was just round the corner.

A thought flashed across his tired brain. 'Plenty of men would do it; they do it every day. Nobody ever would be the poorer for it. This car will be crowded going home. I needn't ring in every fare; nobody could tell. But Mary! She wouldn't touch those violets if she knew. And she'd know. I'd have to tell her. I couldn't keep it from her, she's that quick.'

He jumped off to adjust the trolley with a curious sense of unreality. It couldn't be that he was really going home this Christmas eve with empty hands. Well, they must all suffer together for his carelessness. It was his own fault, but it was hard. And he was so tired!

To his amazement he found his eyes were blurred as he watched the people crowding into the car. What! Was he going to cry like a baby—he, a great, brawny man of thirty years?

'It's no use,' he thought. 'I couldn't do it. The first time I gave Mary violets was the night she said she'd marry me. I told her then I'd do my best to make her proud of me. I guess she wouldn't be very proud of a man who could cheat.'

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)



WAITING HIS RETURN.

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Music and The Drama

TONES AND UNDETONES.

No special preparation has been made in regard to Christmas music by the churches, and in the majority of them this part of the service will be quite the same as in previous years.

The W. H. Johnson Piano Company have inaugurated a series of recitals at their rooms on Market Square, which draw together a good many musical people. At the latest one Mrs. F. G. Spencer sang several selections in her usual charming manner.

Madame Szumowska had been engaged for the concert to be given by the Boston Women's orchestral society in Copely hall on Jan. 22.

The English critics were unanimous in their praise of Horatio W. Parker's new work "A Wanderer's Psalm" when it was produced at the Hereford festival.

The death of Sir Arthur Sullivan has had a curious effect on the audiences of "Patience" at the London Savoy. It has so stimulated interest in the dead composer's work that the audiences are exceeding the record of the first production of the opera, a score of years ago.

Sir Arthur Sullivan wrote the tenor and baritone music in his musical drama, "The Beauty Stone," for Mr. Devall and Mr. Isham, and when there was a hitch in the engaging of these gentlemen, he sent word to Mr. D'Oyle Carte that he would have no one else but them to sing it and they were at once engaged at salaries never before paid at the London Savoy.

Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, the banker poet, in his new compilation of the works of American poets, has honored a Boston author by quoting a set of his lyrics therein. Mr. William Gardner, who received this honor besides writing for the best American composers, collaborates with Sir Alexander McKenzie of London who since the death of Sir Arthur Sullivan is considered the most eminent English musician.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Christmas season promises to be a busy one [in] theatrical circles here, and we will have the novel experience of two strong companies in rival attractions. The Valentine Stock with a slight change in last year's personnel, comes to the Opera house for a four months engagement. It is headed by Miss Nora O'Brien and Mr. Everett King; concerning the latter's identity there are various contradictory rumors. The company opens in a matinee in "The Fool of the Family," followed in the evening by Hamlet. Both are strong bills and the house will no doubt be filled to give the returning favorites a warm welcome.

At what is styled the "new" Mechanics Institute a company will open on the holiday in Madame Sans Gene, a particularly strong bill, in which Miss Jessie Bonstelle will play the name part. This lady needs no introduction to St. John. When here last year she was a favorite socially and theatrically, and everybody will be glad to welcome her back. She will have the support of some well known people, and Emmett King, a man well known in the theatrical world, will be leading man. Later in the week the company will produce Denise. The company is under the personal management of W. S. Harkins.

The Christian company in which Miss Marie Furlong is playing, will open in Norfolk, Virginia, on Christmas day.

A new farce called "The Two Mrs. Homebuns," by Mr. J. H. Darnley, was produced at Eastbourne, London, the 6th of this month.

E. H. Southern who was compelled to abandon his tour on account of an injury to his foot while playing Hamlet has quite recovered and the season will re-open on Dec. 24.

Mr. Robert Downing appears to be making a success in Texas, with Miss Converse as his leading lady. "Ingomar" and "Richard the Lion Hearted," constitutes their repertoire.

Rudyard Kipling has dramatized his one long story "The Light That Failed," and the play has been acquired by Mr. Charles Hawtreay. It will probably be produced in the spring.

George Bernard Shaw, author of "Arms and the Man" has followed up his two volumes of "Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant," with a third called "Three Puntanicaal Plays." In his preface he says: "On the stage, it appears people do things for reasons. Off the stage they don't; that is why your penny in the slot heroes who only work when you drop a motive in them

are so oppressively automatic and uninteresting."

Mrs. Brown Potter will commence a London engagement on Christmas Eve, when she will recite poems suitable to the season surrounded by a winter scene, including a large Christmas tree. At the matinee of the week the children present will participate in a draw for a lucky bag and the number drawn will denote the present to be received from the tree.

Save the Boston Transcript of recent date: The immediate success of the latest New England novel of country life, "Quincy Adams Sawyer," had prompted several theatrical managers to look into its possibilities for stage use. The dramatic rights, however, it is understood, were disposed of by the publishers some time



W. S. HARKINS.
Manager of the Mechanics Institute Stock Company.

before publication, and the work of dramatization is already in progress. The author, Charles Felton Pidgin, chief clerk of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics, called attention to the dramatic possibilities of his book when he dealt with his publishers, and in fact it is more than likely that he had a possible stage adaptation in view when writing the book.

The following will be interesting to St. John people inasmuch as in it is mentioned the name of Mr. Arthur Elliott, an actor well known here. The cast engaged by Wagenhals & Kemper to support Mr. Henry Miller includes Louise Thorndyke Boucicault, J. H. Stoddard, Arthur Elliott, Florence Rockwell, Lawrence Lowell, Louis Payne and Miss Jennie Eustace. Such an array of names augurs well for the success of Madeleine Lucette Ryley's new play, "Richard Savage," which is to have its first production in a few weeks. The scenes are well diversified, the several acts taking place respectively in Richard Savage's garret, in the sumptuous banquet hall of Lord Tyrconnell's mansion, in the streets of London near Charing Cross, and in the historic Debtor's Prison.

The opening night of Miss Olga Nethersole's sixth American tour in Providence was signalized by an act of coolness and courage on the part of the distinguished artist, which is worthy of chronicle. During the second act of "Sapho" an alarming fire broke out next door to the Opera House, and a rumor rapidly spreading throughout the audience that the theatre was on fire caused a commotion and threatened panic. Realizing the situation, Miss Nethersole stopped acting and stepping down to the footlights, addressed the audience, assuring them that there was absolutely no cause for alarm. She had in the meantime sent for the chief of the fire department, who happened to be in the theatre, and he stepped on the stage and confirmed Miss Nethersole's assurance. The excitement was at once subdued, and at the close of the act Miss Nethersole was rewarded with a tremendous cheer.

In the second volume of "Players of the Present," just issued by the Dunlap Society, is an account of Mrs. Henry Miller (Bijou Heron), which seems entirely new. Mrs. Miller, then a little school-girl, made a success as the child in "Monsieur Alphonse" in the season of 1873-74 under Augustin Daly's management, a success that was so marked that she continued with the great manager. The next season she played Oliver Twist in a version of Dickens's novel in which Fanny Davenport was seen as Nancy Sikes, Charles Fisher as Fagan and James Lewis as the Artful Dodger. Later in the season she played King Charles in "Faint Heart N'er Won Fair Lady," and the name part in "Nan, the Good-for-Nothing." During her third season she played Fan-Fan in Mr. Daly's revival of "The Fast Family," and took part in an interesting performance for the benefit of Mrs. Gilbert, playing Juliet to Fay

Templeton's Romeo in the balcony scene. Mr. Daly had a miniature scene and balcony built for the occasion, while the company looked on from the wings, Miss Davenport smilingly declaring that she wanted a few points. This proved such a success that shortly afterwards, when Miss Templeton had a benefit in Philadelphia it was repeated.

The London Times of November 30th has the following under the head of "The right of Theatregoers," and which will be of timely interest here because of the fact that similar occurrences have often taken place here: At the Westminster County Court, yesterday, before Judge Lumley Smith, Q. C., Mr. C. F. Pollock, a solicitor, of Bedford row, and three relatives sought to recover 25s each as damages against the Moss' Empires (Limited). Mr. Pollock said he purchased four tickets at 5s each for Oct. 26 for the London Hippodrome. They were numbered in "B" row. On his going with his aunt and two other ladies who had come up from the country he found the seats occupied, and, though he was offered a box and his money back, he contended that he was entitled to the seats he had paid for, and they ought to have been kept for him. Mr. Philip J. Rutland, for the defendants, said there was an unfortunate mistake, and as soon as it was discovered that people with tickets for "A" row were occupying the plaintiffs' seats in "B" row an effort to get them out was unsuccessful. An offer to give them a box of the value of two guineas and to return the money was refused. What Mr. Pollock wanted was that the persons occupying his seats should be forcibly ejected, but that would have caused a riot. His honor said it was very annoying to be treated like this. Unless these seats were kept there was nothing to prevent them from being sold more than once. Mr. Rutland: "We offered the box. Mr. Pollock said he objected to the box as being draughty." Mr. A. Cook, the manager, said this occurred through an unfortunate mistake of a new attendant, and as soon as it came to his knowledge he apologized and offered the box and to return the money. Subsequently he repeated the offers to return the money and to give the plaintiffs any seats on any occasion they chose. His honor said he could understand how annoying this sort of thing was, and he should find for the plaintiff in each case for £1 damages and costs.

She'd rather starve than have a ribbon she couldn't pay for.

He rang up a dozen fares with a steady hand. The temptation was over. Six more strokes—then mine without a falter. He even imagined the bell rang more distinctly than usual, even encouragingly.

The car stopped. Jim flung the door open with a triumphant sweep of his arm. He felt ready to face the world. But the baby—his arm dropped. It was hard.

He turned to help the young girl who was waiting at the step. Through the whirling snow he saw her eager face, with a quick recognition lighting the steady eyes, and wondered dimly, as he stood with his hand on the signal strap, where he could have seen her before. He knew immediately.

"There was a mistake," she said, with a shy tremor in her voice. "You gave us too much change and here it is." She held out to Jim the piece of silver which had given him such an unhappy quarter of an hour.

He looked at it a little dazed. Would the young lady think he was crazy to care so much about so small a coin? He must say something. "Thank you, miss," he stammered as well as he could. "You see I thought it was gone—and there's the baby—and it's Christmas eve—and my wife's sick—and you can't understand—"

"But I do," she said, simply. "I was afraid of that. And I thought perhaps there was a baby, so I brought my Christmas present for her, and something else dropped into Jim's cold hand."

"What are you waiting for?" shouted the motorman from the front platform. The girl had disappeared in the snow.

Jim rang the bell to go ahead, and gazed again at the two shining half dollars in his hand.

"I didn't have a chance to tell her," he explained to his wife late in the evening as he sat in a tiny rocking chair several sizes too small for him, "that the baby wasn't a her at all, though if I thought he grow up into such a lovely one as she is I don't know but I almost wish he was."

"Poor Jim!" said Mary, with a little laugh as she put up her hand to stroke his rough cheek. "I guess you're tired."

"And I should say," he added, stretching out his long legs toward the few red sparks in the bottom of the grate, "I should say she had tears in her eyes, too, but I was that near crying myself I couldn't be sure."

The little room was sweet with the odor of English violets. Asleep in the bed lay the boy, a toy horse clasped close to his breast.

"Bless her heart!" said Mary, softly.

"Well, Miss Williams," said Walter Harris, as he sprang to meet a snow-covered figure coming swiftly along the sidewalk. "I can see that you found him. You've lost the first number, but they won't scold you—not this time."

The girl turned a radiant face upon him. "Thank you," she said, shaking the snowy crystals from her skirt. "I don't care now

struck a huge pile of casting, bounced off and hit the boiler with a crash like forty bass drums all being beaten at once. Exactly where the others landed I can't say, for by that time I was beating a rapid retreat; but it seemed to me that it was raining cannon balls for at least five minutes. Several of the visitors were bowled over like ninepins, and everything in the engine room was more or less damaged except the target. That escaped unscathed. Geisemann himself had crawled into an ash pit at the first fire, and when he was dragged out he was a pitiable looking object. He was weeping bitterly, but stuck to it that he had simply made an error in his 'calculation of curves' and that the gun was all right.

"I never saw it again, and supposed it was consigned to the scrap heap. If I ever attend another centrifugal gun exhibition, I shall insist on a conning tower four feet thick as a coign of vantage."

A Christmas Matinee.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO.

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if they do. I should have lost more than that if I had stayed."

A Mountain Accident.

A serious-seeming accident with a fortunate termination is reported by a Western exchange.

A man and his wife, while driving along a mountain road in Oregon, met with a curious mishap. The wagon was overturned and the occupants fell out. The woman dropped into the branches of a tree fifty feet below, and the man went, sliding and bumping, fully three hundred feet to the bottom of a ravine.

When he recovered his senses, he was comparatively unharmed, and went to his wife's rescue, but it was an hour before he could extricate her from where she hung by her skirts.

Mamma (in Boston)—We had a great deal of trouble with little Emmerson last night. His nurse told him something about a bugaboo—

Friend—Was he frightened?

Mamma—not at all; but he cried bitterly because she couldn't show him the bugaboo.

Yes, that Billikins who used to be regarded by most of the people around here as being a little off has struck it rich. They say he's made over \$100,000 during the past year.

Holy smoke! What did he do? Write a historical novel or get out a new goose book for children.

You can't give a married woman, who does the housework, any greater pleasure than a chance to taste some other woman's cooking.



A Delicious Tubbing

and then refreshing sleep—there is nothing better for any baby. Always use the "Albert"

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Excelsior

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, DEC. 22.

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

THE ELECTION PETITIONS.

No doubt there will be some regret among politicians and perhaps among people in general that some arrangement could not have been arrived at where by there would have been no election protests. Political contests nowadays cannot be conducted, it seems, without some infraction of the election law, enough in almost any case to give an opportunity for a protest.

The immediate friends of Dr. McLEOD in York claimed that he used neither money nor any other kind of influence in the campaign which he conducted against Mr. Gibson, but those who are acquainted with that somewhat peculiar constituency know better than that, and that if Dr. McLEOD himself was not cognizant of the fact that money was used, those who supported him are not equally ignorant. Still in spite of this he persists in carrying out his ideas of purity, patriotism and prohibition and in so doing has brought a great deal of trouble on his conservative friends through out the province. Ten petitions in all were filed, four against the conservatives and six against the liberals. So far as we can learn there was no intention to file any, not even in Kings county where the evidence submitted in the recount would give reasonable grounds for a protest, but now, unless some understanding can be arrived at there is every likelihood that New Brunswick is not through with the federal contests yet.

WOMEN RULERS.

The two most populous empires of the world today are ruled by women. They are, however, very different empires, and very different women.

Queen VICTORIA, in the eighty-second year of her life and the sixty-fourth of her reign, continues to exercise a benignant sway over Great Britain and Ireland, the swarming millions of India, and the numerous patches of continental or island territory which are painted red on British maps. She is queen through the affections of her subjects quite as much as by constitutional prerogative. She has administered the powers of the throne with gentle consideration; and her influence has always been felt on the side of peace, not only in the affairs of England, but in other courts whose rulers are connected with the queen by ties of blood.

The Empress Dowager of China, if her sinister influence is not exaggerated, is chiefly responsible for the recent massacres which have shocked the world, and for the reckless attacks upon the legations at Peking which have brought China into conflict with the rest of the world. Cunning, superstitious, narrow and cruel, now setting up and now deposing emperors, now promoting and now decapitating court officials, she is one of the most appalling and inscrutable forces recently operative in human history.

Two other women are exercising royal authority. One is the Queen Regent, MARIA CHRISTINA of Spain, guardian of the interests of the boy king ALFONSO, who has won from the Spanish people, in times of adversity, a regard which they did not manifest for her in more prosperous days.

The other is young Queen WILHELMINA of the Netherlands. She ascended the throne of her kingdom at the same age at which Queen VICTORIA began her reign. In the circumstances of her approaching marriage also, there is some resemblance to the love-match of Queen VICTORIA with Prince ALBERT. The young queen is pretty, sensible and well educated, and

there is a suggestion of firmness in her features which conveys the impression that she will not be unregarded in councils of state.

The amount of freight that is coming to St. John over the Intercolonial railway now, is the very best evidence that the arguments of the conservative party were all wrong. The steamship people say that the road is doing remarkable well, in its initial effort to provide cargoes for the vessels. The grain trains are arriving promptly and the new elevator, which during the election campaign was termed "a monument of incapacity" is doing excellent work. The train men on the government road are more than pleased at the extra work they are receiving and the additional pay in consequence of it; all of which goes to show that St. John will not lose anything from the fact that two railways are bringing freight from the western country for shipment to Europe.

A Request For Help.

Miss Hicks, head nurse at the Hospital and Women's Home of the Salvation army on St. James street, sends an urgent appeal through the press for assistance in carrying on their rescue work. She says that there are nineteen women and twenty one children at present in the Home and that they need help. The institution is one that should be helped and Miss Hicks request couched in the following words will no doubt be well acceded to by many.

"While enjoying the bountiful fare that this season brings may I plead that our Citizens will remember us in our effort to lift the fallen, rescue the degraded, and care for the sick in their hour of need. We are specially in need of clothing for the women and children. Donations of gifts and clothing will be thankfully and gratefully received."

An Attractive Exhibit.

The store of W. Tremaine Gard, 48 King street, is one of the attractive places in the city for intending purchasers in this the holiday season. Mr. Gard has too well known a reputation for the fine classes of goods he has in stock without attention being called to it. This year his display surpasses any of previous seasons and one may feel assured that an article purchased at this well known shop is worth its value. Mr. Gard has a very fine assortment of sterling silver and plated ware, opera and eye glasses, walking canes, cameras, photo frames, bronze ornaments, gold pins and pencils and one endless variety of the most fashionable and reliable goods suitable for holiday gifts. Intending buyers will find themselves well repaid by calling in and having a look at Mr. Gard's stock. The prices are very low and reasonable and to cash customers exceedingly so. Don't forget the number—48 King street.

He has a Choice Stock.

Mr. E. G. Scovill of Union street, whose advertisement of Pelee Island wines and other goods carried by him, has appeared in the columns of PROGRESS for many years, is as ready as ever at this season to supply the public in general with the very best. His stock of teas is always complete and it is hardly necessary to speak of the reputation that he has won in catering to the wants of the public so far as choice wines and liquors are concerned. A considerable portion of Mr. Scovill's trade is what is known as a family trade and the very finest goods are necessary to supply the wants of those who have been his patrons for so many years.

Neck Bands Replaced.

Hosiery darned, repairs made all free, why do you go elsewhere with your laundry, when we do the best work and do so many things free. Try us now, Ungar's Laundry, Dyeing and carpet cleaning work. Telephone 58.

New Use for Liquid Air.

In Germany a furnace has been invented intended for burning low class fuels, such as lignite and peat, and in which the combustion is intensified by turning into the fire the gaseous mixture obtained by the evaporation of liquid air. The nitrogen is first set free and the residue, containing at least 50 per cent of oxygen, is sent into furnace.

A Bar of Iron.

A metallurgist has calculated the various values that a bar of iron may acquire in being put to different uses. Made into horseshoes it becomes worth \$12; into table knives, \$160; into needles, \$355; into blades for penknives, \$3,180; into button buckles, \$4,500; into watch-springs, \$25,000.

"Harriet, you ought to give me my choice of Christmas presents once in a while."

"Well, Harry, I'm willing: do you want a lamp shade, a sofa pillow, or new lace curtains?"

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Under the White Down,
Under the white down hushed and still,
Memories holy the night dreams fill;
Where summer blossoms lie,
Ever to me they softly call,
Waking under there snowy pall;
To slumber is not to die,
Under the white robe o'er my soul!
Is a flower no death can e'er control.
Under the white down pure and cold,
Flowers dwell in their wintry fold;
Singing on in their sleep,
Listening to our Christmas cheer,
Safe by many a wood and mead,
Vigils of love they keep.
Under the green leaves fresh and fair,
My heart to Heaven goes out in prayer.
Under the white down far and near,
Flowers lie to our homes most dear;
But the golden bells of time;
Ringing to us of love and peace,
Are nought to the songs that never cease;
They hear in a brighter clime.
So out of our hearts on Christmas night,
Responses rise to a world of light.

—CYRUS GOLDBE.

Christmas.

Hark throughout Christendom joy bells are ringing,
From mountains and valley, o'er land and o'er sea,
Sweet choral melodies pealing and thrilling,
Echoes of ages from far and wide;
Christmas is here,
Merry old Christmas,
Gift-bearing, heart-touching, joy-bringing Christmas,
Day of grand memories, king of the year.
In voices majestic deep anthems are pealing,
Harmonies heavenly swell on the air;
Loyal and lowly in brotherhood kneeling,
Fessant and prince mingle prayer and prayer;
Christmas is here,
Sacrosanct Christmas,
Christ-bearing, life-giving, soul-saving Christmas,
Day of fond memories, king of the year.
Tender remembrances softly are stealing
Over the sons of the weary and wern;
In the past, full of balm and of healing,
Soothing the sorrow of sad and forlorn;
Christmas is here,
Many-voiced Christmas,
Grief-soothing, heart-cheering, hope-bearing Christmas,
Day of sweet memories, king of the year.
Day of the poor, bring Jesus the lowly,
Bearer of burdens and giver of rest,
Comforter, saviour, Redeemer most best;
Christenly birth-time, eternally best;
Christmas is here,
Merciful Christmas,
Faith-raising, love-bearing, all-blessing Christmas,
Sweetest and holiest day of the year.

Christmas Carol.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.
Still thro' the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music plays
O'er all the weary world.
Above us and below us
From heaven and earth they bring,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.
But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel's strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And an, an, at war with man, hears not
The love songs which they bring;
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!
And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bent with pain,
Beneath the aching burden of the cross,
With painful steps and slow,
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!
For, lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophetic words foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall all over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.
—Edmund Hamilton Sears.

Christmas Old and New.

The century nears its closing year,
Yet Christmas bells are still as true
As when the home halls rang with cheer
And grandpa kept the jubilee.
The stockings by the chimney deep
Were like your own, my pet of three,
Or sweetest wool from white faced sheep
And buckled high above the knee.
The chimney, oh, it was so wide
'Twould hold the gifts for fifty boys,
And Santa had an easy slide
When he came down with grandpa's toys!
The toys were not the dainty stuff
Your fingers grasp with childish glee,
When grandpa was a child of three.
A 'comforter' dyed green and red,
A knitted cap and overshoes,
Of seasoned hickory a sled,
Perhaps a ball too big to lose.
But grandpa liked the Christmas then
And what old Santa brought to him
As really as the little me
Who see bright trees in parlors dim.
For love is love the great world o'er;
God love the Bethlehem story tell
From year to year, from shore to shore,
Wherever rings the Christmas bells.

The Holy Night.

One star burned low within the darkened east,
And from a stable door an answering light
Crept faintly forth, where through full hours of
night
A woman watched. The sounds of day had ceased,
And save the gentle tread of restless beast
There dwelt a hush profound. The mother's sight—
So hidden by her Base took no fright
When shadows of the beams, that caught the least
Of light, seemed shrouded to a lengthening cross;
She only saw a crown made by a fleece
Of golden hair. Night pressed pain or loss,
To her, the pierce of the swinging sphere
Lay sheltered in her arms so warm and near;
A mother's heart proclaimed Him "Prince of
Peace!"
—Edna A. Foster.

The Aurora Australis.

During the recent trip of the Belgica in the Antarctic more than 60 observations of the aurora australis, the southern counterpart of our northern lights, were made. The appearance of the light resembled that presented in the Arctic regions. But the maximum frequency did not occur during the months of the long polar night, and the phenomenon was most intense at the time of the equinoxes, when the sun is perpendicular over the equator and daylight is simultaneous at both the North and South Pole.

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Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

PAIN WITHOUT SUFFERING.

A Physician's View of a Phenomenon of the Use of Anaesthetics.

"Pain is a great mystery," remarked a physician of this city who had a fondness for the recondite side of his profession. It is claimed by certain theorists that people who are placed under the influence of an anaesthetic for surgical operations really suffer everything they would otherwise, but forget about it when they return to consciousness and a good many ingenious arguments are advanced to support the proposition. It is rather a ghastly idea and I am glad to say that the real evidence is all the other way, but it is a pretty well-established fact that certain anaesthetics—ether, for instance, and nitrous oxide gas—will sometimes prevent suffering without destroying consciousness of pain.

"That sounds like a paradox and is somewhat difficult to explain without becoming more paradoxical still. The effect of the anaesthetic, in the strange cases to which I refer, is to render pain pleasant. While apparently insensible, the patient is fully conscious of everything that is going on and the nerves respond as readily as ever, but instead of producing physical discomfort the effect is exactly the reverse. I have encountered several anomalies of that kind and one quite recently. The subject was a middle-aged man whose foot had been injured in an accident. I had to amputate the two last toes, and the operation, which was under ether lasted about twenty minutes. When the man recovered from the influence of the drug, he tried to tell me about his sensations but although he struggled hard, he could find no words in which to express them. 'I felt all the pain,' he said, 'but somehow it didn't hurt me.' Then it wasn't pain,' said I, endeavoring to draw him out. 'Oh! yes it was,' he replied, earnestly, 'but I liked it; I didn't want you to stop.' He repeated a number of things that had been said during the operation and it was evident that he had been conscious all the while—at least conscious of his surroundings.

"The other patients seemed to have had practically the same experience and encountered the same difficulties in making themselves understood. They were trying to express the inexpressible. Such instances are, of course, rare, but they are familiar to almost every surgeon in general practice. Explain them? I don't attempt to."

Boys in a Bookstore.

A true story is told in the family of a certain Boston bookseller which has to do with the holiday time. Just before Christmas the little boys of the household were told that, as a treat, they might go down to their father's place of business and look over the books. It was a treat, indeed, in anticipation, for reading was their chiefest joy.

The day came, and joyfully did the little lads take their way down town. They were turned loose in the big establishment among books big and little. There were children's books and delightfully illustrated ones for happy older folks. There they were left to their own devices, and presently forgotten.

When the time for lunch came round, their father remembered with a start that two little guests were with him.

He looked about; they were nowhere to be seen. He made his way round the crowded shop, and finally came upon them in an unoccupied corner, industriously reading. One had 'Swiss Family Robinson' and the other 'Robinson Crusoe.'

"Did you get tired of looking round?" he asked.

One boy glanced up shyly. Evidently he felt that he had not been quite equal to the situation, but he must tell the truth.

"We found these 'most the first thing,' he said, 'so we sat down and began to read.'

"But you have those at home?"
"Yes, papa, but we like them best."
"Queer little souls, so very like grown up humanity! They had been bewildered by the books about them, and so had returned to the familiar and dear.

Tides in the Stars.

Professor Campbell of the Lick Observatory reports that the star called Xi Geminorum, which has long been known as a variable, is in reality double, but its two components are so close that no telescope is able to separate them, and their

existence is proved by the shifting lines in the spectrum. The variations in brightness, he thinks, can only be due to the attraction between the two stars raising immense tides in their molten or vaporous globes, which, through the effects of compression or otherwise, displace the spectral lines.

What Frightened Him.

While crossing the Isthmus of Panama by rail, some years ago, the conductor obligingly stopped the train for Mr. Campion to gather some beautiful crimson flowers by the roadside. It was midday and intensely hot. In his "On the Frontier" Mr. Campion tells a peculiar story of this flower-picking experience.

I refused offers of assistances, and went alone to pluck the flowers. After gathering a handful I noticed a large bed of plants knee-high, and of delicate form and a beautiful green shade. I walked to them, broke off a fine spray and placed it with the flowers.

To my amazement I saw that I had gathered a withered, shriveled, brownish weed. I threw it away, carefully selected a large, bright green plant and plucked it. Again I had in my hand a bunch of withered leaves.

It flashed through my mind that a sudden attack of Panama fever, which was very prevalent and much talked of, had struck me delirious.

I went 'off my head' from fright. In a panic I threw the flowers down, and was about to run to the train. I looked around; nothing seemed strange. I felt my pulse—all right. I was in a perspiration, but the heat would have made a lizard perspire.

Then I noticed that the plants where I stood seemed shrunken and wilted. Carefully I put my finger on a fresh branch. Instantly the leaves shrank and began to change color. I had been frightened by sensitive plants.

Hibernation of Mosquitoes.

If the mosquito has any friends among mankind, they may rejoice in the assurance given by Dr. L. O. Howard of the department of agriculture, that this cosmopolitan pest does not necessarily perish with the oncoming of winter. On the contrary, mosquitoes have been observed in the latitude of Washington to hibernate, adult specimens living from November until the succeeding April or May with all the powers of torment unimpaired, although their activity is suspended in winter. The mosquito needs but little food, and it is the female that thirsts for blood, the males contenting themselves with water and vegetable fluids. Doctor Howard ascribes the fact that mosquitoes are often found upon dry prairies, many miles from water, to the longevity of the adults of certain species, which enables them to survive seasons of drought. Railroads have been responsible for the transportation of mosquitoes into regions where they were previously rare. Their power of flight is not great, and it is believed that they are not distributed far through the agency of winds.

Met on A Screen.

One of the happiest uses served by that wonderful and many-named invention, the moving-picture machine, appears in a story told in the London Music Hall.

A party of gentlemen were watching the pictures, when in one of the South African scenes they recognized an officer friend. The wife of the officer, on being told of this, wrote to the manager and asked that this picture might be put on on a certain evening, when she would purposely journey from Glasgow.

She had not seen her husband for over a year, but at last observed him in a group on the screen of a cinematograph!

An Animal That Secretes Camphor.

Prof. O. F. Cook of Washington reports the surprising discovery of camphor as an animal secretion. The animal concerned is a myriapod, resembling a worm, or small slug, and scientifically known as polyzoniium rosabum. It lives in the humus of moist, undisturbed forests. When handled it gives off a very distinct odor of camphor, and ejects a milky fluid which possesses the smell, flavor and taste of ordinary camphor. Professor Cook thinks the camphor is secreted instead of the prussic or hydrocyanic acid found in other myriapods as a means of defense.

BAKING POWDER
 PURE
 Delicious and wholesome
 WOOD CO., NEW YORK.

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The Victoria rink opened for the season on Friday evening. As usual, a large crowd was in attendance and all enjoyed themselves to the extent of the "Vics" own band. Some persons have very truly said that the skating season never really begins until the old Victoria rink is thrown open to the public. Every year people seem to become more appreciative of this excellent and pleasant exercise and no better proof of this is needed than a visit to the Victoria rink on "hand night."

Here you find people of all ages and from all grades of life. Even the careworn business man finds a keen pleasure in the delights of the steel blade.

Unlike other amusements skating does not seem to lose its charms as the years go by, in fact indications are that this season will be most successful for the management of the different rinks throughout the city.

Miss Dianstad, Miss Marston and Miss Phillips of St. Stephen passed through here on Thursday on their way to St. Stephen. These ladies are students at Mount Allison.

It is now a certainty that the pretty opera "Neil Gwynne" will be presented to the public early in February. Mr. James Ford is even now busy instructing and conducting the different rehearsals. The principal role will be assumed by Mrs. Gries, a lady who is almost a total stranger in this city but who is the possessor of a very beautiful soprano voice. Misses Patton and Constance Vail and a number of other young ladies who took part in Zephra will also assist.

Miss Kate Blanche and Miss Nora O'Brien and ladies of the Valentine Stock company are to receive their friends this afternoon at the Dufferin hotel. During the stay of this company in St. John last season Miss Blanche made many personal friends who will no doubt take advantage of this opportunity of renewing the acquaintance.

A number of gentlemen who have been studying at St. Joseph's University passed through the city on Thursday enroute to their respective homes. Among them were Mr. Francis O'Brien, Boston; Mr. Emanuel Rodrigues, Boston; Mr. Edward Koenig, Worcester; Mr. Edward Kellher, Haverhill, Mass.; Prof. Van, Mr. Alfred Vuor and Mr. Henry Catrack of Pittsfield, Mass.

On Wednesday evening a number of the students in attendance at the Currie Business university assembled in the large class room and celebrated the closing of the fall term with a most enjoyable impromptu dance. Excellent music was furnished for the young people by Miss Pearl Clarke, who is the teacher of shorthand at the college.

Mr. Thomas Lunney who is studying at McGill university arrives in the city today and will spend his vacation with his parents on Union street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Heath and their children went to Boston on Wednesday where they will spend Christmas and part of the holidays with Mrs. Heath's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Connor of Montreal have been in the city for the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Barrill of Weymouth, N. S. are in town, guests at the Royal.

Mrs. T. Martimore is visiting friends in Toronto and London, Ont.

The sale of fancy Christmas goods, held in the Mission Church School room during the week was well attended. The affair was in charge of the Ladies' Guild of the church and quite a sum was realized from the dainty and useful articles.

The Monday Evening Skating Club will meet for the first time this season, on Monday evening next at the Queen's rink. There are many new members in the club this year and a very pleasant winter is anticipated. Tea and light refreshments will

Fry's
 Pure
 Concentrated
Cocoa

This choice Cocoa makes a most delightful beverage for Breakfast or Supper. Being exceedingly nutritious, easily digested and assimilated, it forms a valuable food for invalids and children.

be provided each evening; a cozy little room having been especially prepared for that purpose.

A series of pleasant and interesting recitals have been given by the W. H. Johnson Company, in their salerooms recently. These musicals have been in connection with Mrs. Everett's Art sale. Some of our best local talent have assisted and have delighted the audience with their talents.

Mr. Sydney Emerson who is studying dentistry in Philadelphia arrived in the city on Thursday and will spend Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Emerson, Germain street.

Miss Ida Foster of Newport, R. I. is visiting relatives in the city.

Miss Lloyd of the North end, is paying a visit to friends in St. Andrews.

The engagement is announced of Miss Bessie McVay a young lady prominent in St. Stephen's social circles and Mr. Bruce Caldwell of this city.

Misses Maud Scott, Ethel Brown, Muriel Haley, Florence Harding, and Susie Jones came home on Wednesday from Wolfville where they have been attending school.

Misses Ethel Davis of Sussex, May Crandall of Chipman and Grace Perkins of Springfield, all students at Acadia seminary passed through here on Wednesday, enroute to their respective homes.

Miss Maud Young of St. Stephen has been in the city for the past few weeks. She has been undergoing treatment for an affliction of the eye.

Ald and Mrs. McRae intend spending Christmas in Fredericton with Mrs. McRae's father, Judge Gregory.

Mrs. J. N. Harvey of Moncton is in the city visiting her mother.

During the latter part of the week almost every incoming train has been crowded with young ladies and gentlemen who for the past term have been seasonally studying at the different colleges and schools throughout Canada. All are very glad to be home again, and judging from the number of friends and relatives assembled to meet them their arrival has been looked forward to with feelings of impatience and gladness.

On Friday evening the St. John students attending St. Joseph's University arrived in the city. They were: Messrs Walter J. Holland and M. C. Collins, professors; Arthur McCluskey, Leo Bradley, Arthur McKinney, Omar and J. McIntyre, W. Sweney, Wm. Duke, Arthur Beady, Joseph McLaughlin, Charles Lawlor, Harry Green, Mathew Monahan, Charles Doherty and M. O'Brien.

A number of N. B. University students came down from the capital on Wednesday night. The majority of them belonged to the city while a few others were returning to their homes in different parts of the province. Among the St. John students were Messrs J. W. Clawson, Chester Martin, W. O. Raymond, Jr., H. S. Devlin, Ed. J. Ryan, H. L. B. Peters, F. Knolls, W. G. Baskin, Allen Carr and W. G. Pugsley Jr. Mr. J. A. Leger of Richibucto and Messrs J. Kelly and George F. Fenwick of Sussex were also with the party.

Miss Katherine McGeidrick, daughter of Ald. J. McGeidrick, is home from Halifax, where she has been at school.

Misses Josephine and Kittie Fitzpatrick and Marie and Edna Beady, students at the Sacred Heart convent, Memramcook, came home on Friday afternoon and are spending the holidays with their parents in the city.

Miss May Van Buren of Carleton, Maine, who has been visiting relatives in the city for the past two weeks, returns to her home on Monday morning. She will be accompanied by Miss Katherine L. Lowe, who will spend Christmas in Carleton, the guest of Mrs. S. Freedman.

Miss Josephine Kostwick, who has been studying at the Wolfville Seminary, arrived in the city this week and is spending the holidays with her mother Mrs. J. M. Bostwick, Wellington Row.

Mr. Thomas J. McLaughlin of Lowell, Mass. and Mr. Ed. Carroll of Haverhill, Mass., were in the city for a short time on Wednesday. Both are students at St. Joseph's University, Memramcook and were enroute to their homes in Uxale Sam's territory.

Miss E. Clancy of this city is paying a visit to her brother-in-law Mr. John Fisher, Union Street, Halifax.

Master Murdoch Ring, son of Mr. John Ring has returned from a lengthy visit to his uncle Mr. Jacob Layton at Blackville, North county.

Mr. John M. Smith and his daughter Miss Evelyn Smith of Windsor, spent last week in the city returning to their home on Saturday.

Miss Carrie Peters of Gagetown was in the city this week. Miss Peters was returning from a pleasant visit to her sister, Dr. Verne at Digby and to friends in the neighboring counties.

Miss Mary Connell of Woodstock is spending a few days with her friend, Mrs. Cotter.

The Misses Evelyn and Sadie Greaney who have been attending the Villa Maria Convent at Montreal are expected home today to spend the holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Greaney on King street east.

Miss Kathleen Hogan, daughter of Mr. M. Hogan of Princess street is home from Halifax, where she has been studying at the Sacred Heart Convent.

Miss Fowler, of the Fredericton hospital staff, is spending her vacation in the city with her parents. Mr. Ralph Smith, son of Mr. C. DeW. Smith, of Windsor, passed through the city this week. Mr. Smith is a student at McGill University and was enroute to his home where he will spend Christmas with his parents.

Mrs. H. L. Holmes, who has been in town for the past few weeks a guest at the home of Mr. Wm. Bowden, Sydney street, returned to her home in Carleton, Maine, on Thursday morning.

Miss Thelma of Moncton, is visiting friends in the city. She will remain until after Christmas.

of Cody are also guests at the home of Mr. Dunlop and are enroute to Boston to visit their daughter.

Mr. James Walton of Greenwich, spent a few days in town this week.

Much sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs. George Case on the death of their daughter, Mrs. Arabella Huestis, whose sad death caused by pneumonia, occurred at Boston last Saturday. Remains were brought to the city Monday, interment took place at Cedar Hill.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book store of S. Wall and T. E. Acheson.

Mrs. E. L. Slaggett has returned to her home in Houlton.

The marriage of Miss May Jones to Mr. E. Curran is announced to take place early in January. Mrs. D. G. Smith leaves on Friday for her home in Chatham.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Young spent last week in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Rankine Brown of Woodstock are expected to spend Christmas in town.

The Misses Whitlock and R. Whitlock are residing in their new home on Union Street.

Miss Ryerson of Lubac is visiting relatives in Calais.

On account of illness Miss Harriet Irvine has had to give up her studies at the normal school, Fredericton, for a few weeks. She returned home on Friday.

H. C. Waters of the Sea Coast Packing Company, Eastport, was in town one day last week to meet his mother, Mrs. Waters, who is enroute from St. Paul, Minn., to Eastport for a visit. Rumor has it that Mr. Waters and Miss Leavitt, daughter of General Leavitt of Eastport, will be principals in an interesting event which is to take place on January 18th.

Mrs. A. E. Neill, who has been suffering from a severe attack of bronchitis, was able to leave for Florida on Friday evening. Mrs. Neill does not intend to return to the St. Croix until late in the spring.

Miss Bordie Todd arrived from Rothesay on Friday evening to spend the Christmas holidays.

Miss Martha Harris entertained a party of friends on Tuesday evening last, a reunion of those who spent some weeks at the Owen on Campbell last summer.

Mrs. George Hobart of Pembroke was in Calais last week.

Miss Sara Clarke has returned from Hrrsburg, Penn., where she made an extended visit.

Mrs. DuVernet Jack of Grand Manan has been visiting friends in town.

John McKenzie and Charles McKenzie of Rumford Falls have been in town during the past week, summoned here owing to the serious illness of their sister, Miss Addie McKenzie.

Mrs. C. B. Eaton has recovered from her illness.

Mrs. C. M. Goove of St. Andrews has been the guest of Mrs. Grimmer for several days during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Granger have gone to Boston. Mrs. Bolton will spend Christmas with Mrs. E. L. Slaggett.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Johnson of Waterville, Maine, will spend Christmas in Calais.

Miss Bessie Todd will visit friends in Chicago during the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. Frank Black of Brooklyn, N. Y., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Howard Black.

Dr. and Mrs. Byrne intend to spend Christmas in Sussex with the doctor's parents.

Miss Gretchen Vroom is expected home from Halifax to morrow to spend the Christmas holidays. Miss Vroom is a student at the ladies college in that city.

Miss Rose Clarke will be the guest of Mrs. James Mitchell during the absence of C. H. Clarke and Mrs. F. V. Lee in the western states.

Miss Daisy Hanson visited Fredericton last week to attend the marriage of her brother.

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

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

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

Model 256.
 Made in Heavy Frieze Cloth Serge or Costume Coating, consisting of Velvet revers, pret- and White, Plain \$2.56
 tily trimmed Black fashionable Skirt with one box-pleat. Price complete, only \$2.56; carriage, 65c. extra. Skirt alone, \$1.85; carriage, 45c. extra.

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

JOHN NOBLE
 KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS.

Thoroughly well made, in Strong Serge, with saddle top, long full sleeves, and pockets. Lengths in front, and Prices:
 24 27 inches. 49c. 61 cents.
 30 33 inches. 75c. 85 cents.
 Postage 92 cents.
 36 39 inches. 97c. \$1.10.
 42 45 inches. \$1.22 \$1.34.
 Postage 45 cents.

PATTERNS of any desired material, and the latest Illustrated Fashion Lists sent Post Free.

SPECIAL values in Ladies and Childrens Costumes, Jackets, Capes, Underclothing, Millinery, Waterproofs, Dress Goods, Houselinens, Lace Curtains, and General Drapery.

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

JOHN NOBLE, LTD.
 BROOK ST. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

WHITE'S For Sale by all First-Class Dealers in Confectionery. **WHITE'S**

Caramel Snowflakes

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

Cut the loop and your silk is ready in needful lengths.

Brainerd & Armstrong's are the only Silks but up in this perfect holder.

It keeps each shade separate and prevents, waste, soiling or tangling. Its handiness adds to the pleasure of your work.

There are 376 shades of Brainerd & Armstrong's Wash Embroidery Silks. Each shade PERFECT—BRILLIANT and LASTING—Asiatic Dyed.

Send us three holder tags or a one cent stamp for our "BLUE BOOK"—tells how to embroider 50 different leaves and flowers.

CORTICELLI SILK CO., Ltd.
 ST. JOHNS, P. Q.

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

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

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

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

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

J. D. TURNER. M. F. MOONEY.

FOR ADDRESS SEE NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progressive for sale in Halifax by the newsboys and at the following news stands and centres.

News & Co. Barrington street... Cor. George & Granville Sts... Halifax Depot... Dartmouth N. St... Brunswick St... On Saturday evening last the pupils of the Well school of music gave their first recital of the season.

Mr and Mrs J P Andrews of Montreal are in town guests at the Acadia.

Mrs W M George is receiving her bridal calls this week at No 70 Willow street.

Many friends regret to hear that Mrs J Watson Fraser of this city is still very ill in Boston.

Mr H H Boutler of Washington accompanied by his wife are spending a few days in the city.

Miss Mae McMillan of Charlottetown is here for the Xmas holidays.

A grand patriotic concert in aid of the "Soldiers Memorial Fund" is to be held in the Academy of music on Wednesday evening.

Miss Ellen Clancy, who has been sojourning in St John the last two years, is paying a visit to her brother in law, Mr John Fisher, Union street Richmond.

Mrs D Campbell widow of Capt Douglas Campbell, has left by S S Ulana for London.

Mr Addison Hall of Canning is in Halifax. Mrs John E Forbes, wife and children of Canning are visiting friends in the city.

Miss Vera Frizzell of Elberhouse, is in the city and intends spending the winter with her aunt.

Mrs P J Healy and son left yesterday morning for Sydney.

Mr Henry Norton, of John Starr, Son & Co., left for Yarmouth this morning to be married to Miss Nye of that place.

Miss A Desmond, Miss Jackson, F W Smith, P A Friel, Miss Kate Archibald and G J Partridge and family left today by the D A R for Boston.

The engagement of Miss Sophia A Creed eldest daughter of J O Creed to Mr Stephen Mack, of Maxwelton, Digby County, is announced.

The wedding will take place during Christmas week at the residence, 30 Hollis street.

Miss Lena Cadman of Shesha is spending a short time in the city.

Alfred Ernest Stuart, of Melrose, Guysboro Co, and Miss Frances Mary McIvor, of Dartmouth, were married at Sydney on Monday, by Rev J F Forbes.

Miss Hannah McDermid was bridesmaid, and the groom was supported by his brother, J W Stuart.

DIGBY.

Dec 19.—Mrs Eliza Wright, of Digby, is visiting friends at Bear River.

Mrs Edmund Jenner has returned from her visit to Grand Pre.

Capt and Mrs Geo Corbett, of Annapolis were in town this week.

Miss Woodman, proprietress of the Waverly House, who has been dangerously ill, is slowly recovering.

Mr and Mrs John Welsh left on Wednesday for Orange, Mass, where they will spend the remainder of the winter.

Miss I O East, teacher, of Chipman, N B, is in town. Her mother, who is the guest of Mr W Fairweather, is quite ill.

Mrs Robert Hardwick and little son Robert of Annapolis, were in town over Sunday, the guests of Mr E E Burnham and sister, Mount Street.

Miss Carrie Peters, of Gagetown, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs DuVernet, returned home Wednesday accompanied by her father.

Mr Alvin Stewart arrived home from Amherst Wednesday to attend his father's funeral. His sister Miss Kate Stewart, arrived home from Hebron.

Miss Edith Jones of Weymouth, left last Wednesday for New York to enter upon her duties as nurse in St Luke's Hospital.

Rev H Howe, of Annapolis, has been recommended by his physician to take a trip south as soon as possible, in order that his convalescence may be more permanent.

Word has been received here that Mr Harry B. Hayden is dangerously ill at the Chelsea, Mass, Hospital. Mr W W Hayden, government wharf-inspector, is here yesterday via St John to visit his brother.

Miss Margaret Hixman, of Bay View, who has been visiting at Lansdowne and Bear River, returned home on Saturday. She was accompanied by her niece, Miss Maude, who will make a visit in Digby and vicinity.

YARMOUTH.

Dec 19.—Mrs O B Wallace of Toronto, daughter of H H Crosby, Esq, of Hebron, is now at her former home, having been summoned on account of Mr Crosby's serious illness.

We are pleased to learn that Mrs Crosby is steadily improving.

H S LeBlanc, M F F., went to Halifax on Thursday to attend the Laurier banquet.

Capt Fred Ledd returned from Boston on Wednesday.

Mr Joshua Huestis was a passenger from Boston per S S Boston Wednesday.

Capt A W McEwen of the S S Prince George returned to Boston per S Prince Arthur Wednesday.

One of Yarmouth's best known young business men will be one of the principals in an interesting event which will take place in a village in the

northern part of the county on Wednesday, Dec. 20th.

Mr and Mrs Fred Stieritt have arrived from Boston per S S Boston, Saturday last.

Mrs Harold Crowell and Miss May Crowell returned from Boston per S S Boston, Saturday last.

Mr E C Simonsen will take his wife to Colorado Springs shortly on account of her ill-health.

Mrs. Martin Bird returned from a visit to Boston Saturday.

Mr J Henry Harburt who has been quite ill is now recovering.

A very pretty wedding took place on the 8th Dec at the home of the bride's parents, Westport, when Rev P S McGregor united in marriage Mr Frank Moore to Miss Alberta, eldest daughter of Mr and Mrs Frederick Coggin.

The presents were numerous and very useful. About 100 guests were present. After refreshments all enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

TRURO.

[Progressive is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, J. M. O'Brien and at Crowe Bros.]

Dec 19—Judge and Mrs McLellan entertained a few young friends, Miss J Somerville, Misses Ina and Allie Gladwin and Miss Lulu Beck, very pleasantly at afternoon tea last Saturday afternoon.

It is needless to say that the young ladies enjoyed their selves thoroughly. On their departure each guest carried away a charming souvenir of the occasion from their hostess.

A benefit concert will be tendered Miss A M Sheriff tomorrow evening in Mrs Hugh McKenzie's parlors. Some of the best local talent will assist.

Mr J J Taylor and his daughter Miss Phyllis Taylor, spent Sunday and Monday with Amherst friends.

Mr J W Murray, the Commercial Bank's agent, at Berwick was in town over Sunday, a guest of his friends at Elmhurst. Mr Murray left on Monday for Boston where he will spend the holiday season with his family.

Miss Letta Craig and Miss Trade Cummings are among the students home from the Ladies college for the Christmas recess.

T G McMillan, Esq, M P F is expected home, from New York next Saturday night, and besides his immediate family those of friends are delighted at his improvement in health.

Latest styles of Wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address.

PROGRESS JOB PRINT.

BEDFORD.

Dec. 20.—Mrs Brown, wife of Rev J W Brown of Havelock is seriously ill.

Mr Abram Young has been quite seriously ill for a few days from a severe cold but is now recovering.

Mr Frank Prat has been seriously ill for a few days past. His condition is slightly improved this morning.

Mr J S Timpany has returned from a trip to Boston, and is the guest of her parents, Mr and Mrs B Harvey.

Rev E P Caldwell and wife formerly of Port Lorne, are spending the winter at Lower Argyll, Yarmouth Co.

Mr Lester Stothard of the Union bank staff, here yet for Bermuda last week and will spend Christmas with his parents there.

Misses Jessie Beckwith and Carrie Piper, students at the Halifax Ladies College, are home to spend their Xmas holidays.

Mrs Eastons Freeman of Shelburne, with her little daughter made a short visit at the home of her parents, Dr and Mrs DeBolis this week.

Mrs Fred Campbell and Mr Harold Campbell, of Philadelphia, have been guests for a week at the home of Hon John Aldous, returning home today.

Mrs C H Damon of East Lexington, Mass., after spending two years in San Francisco and Southern California and the past summer in visiting many interesting places in Europe, is now spending a few weeks with her uncle, Fletcher Bent at Paradise.

A Christmas treat is in preparation for the poor children of the town who are not expecting a visit from Santa Claus at their homes this year.

The members of the Crystal Club have this charitable affair in charge, and the Foresters have kindly placed their hall at the disposal of the club.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

Dec. 19.—Miss A Louise Jagger, daughter of Bishop Jagger, who has his summer residence at Smith's Cove, has been elected a member of the N S Institute of Science.

Rev. J J Teasdale, who has been staying at Digby during the past year regaining his health, is about to take up his abode at Fredericton, where he has purchased a residence.

The engagement of Miss Florence Williams of Mt scoble, and Mr Louis Chipman of Tupperville, is announced, the wedding to take place during the Christmas holidays.

Miss Ella Riley and Miss Mabel Riley, who have been visiting friends in Boston, returned Wednesday last.

Miss Minnie Longley graduated as a trained nurse from the Boston City Hospital on the 27th. She is at present on a visit to her mother in Paradise.

WINDSOR.

Dec. 19.—Miss Clarke, Halifax, is visiting friends in Falmouth.

Mrs Harry Selby of Avonport, died on Sunday last.

Miss Abbott of Wolfville is visiting her sister Mrs Crozier.

Miss Jettie Kilop is visiting relatives in Long Island, Horton.

Miss Madge O'Brien of Halifax, is visiting Mr and Mrs Paulin, Windsor.

Miss Churchill of Hantsport, spent a few days of last week in Wolfville.

Mr John M Smith and daughter, Miss Evelyn, returned from St John Monday.

Miss Elder has been spending a few days in town the guest of Mrs Chas Vaughan.

Mr F F Murphy and wife spent a few days in Halifax last week.

Miss Vera Frizzell of Elberhouse, has gone to Halifax to spend the winter with her aunt and attend school.

Miss Edith Ferguson of Dartmouth, who has been visiting Mr and Mrs Jas E Graham, returned home on Monday.

Miss Alice Coade, who has been in Kentville for some months has accepted a position at Chalmers Hall for the holiday season.

Mrs Hutchison has moved into her new telephone office. It is a fine building and makes a nice addition to Main street.

Rev J M Morgan and family of Aylesford, left on Thursday of last week for Nelson, B C, where the Rev gentleman has accepted a call.

Mr and Mrs John H Burgess and two sons, Howard and Gordon, accompanied by Miss Stephens, a niece of Mrs Burgess, arrived at their home in Sheffield Mills last Friday after several months

absence in England. While away they visited Mrs Burgess' daughter, Mrs Baker, nee Miss Birdie Hinman, of Goldsmith Gardens, Acton, London.

While away they had the pleasure of attending the Paris exposition.

One evening last week a number of young people from Falmouth met at the residence of Dr Thomas and spent a very enjoyable evening. Their coming was a surprise but they were made welcome, and all had a good time.

Little Miss Ruth Blanchard, the bright little daughter of Mr John W Blanchard is ill with scarlet fever.

Miss Cora Keys, Gays River, left Shubenacadie by the C P R for the United States on the 11th Dec. This is Miss Keys first visit to the neighboring republic and she travelled alone.

Miss Baker, Yarmouth, who has been a guest at the home of Mr and Mrs Harry Murphy for the past month went to Halifax last week and returned on Saturday.

Mr C O W Smith attended the Laurier banquet at Halifax last Thursday, and on Friday went to St John where he remains until the latter part of the week, when his son Ralph, who is returning from McGill University, will probably accompany him and spend two weeks vacation at his home here.

Mrs Jas Smiley and two children who have been living at Albert Mines, N B, for the past summer, have arrived in St Croix and will spend the winter at the home of Mrs Smiley's father, Mr Douglas Spence.

Rev Dyson Hague is seriously ill at Toronto with typhoid fever.

Mr H C Anand, Milford, is attending the Maritime commercial college, Halifax.

Miss Irene Logan, Milford, is at Shubenacadie with her cousin Mrs (Dr) Halliday.

Mr and Mrs John A Sanford of Burlington were in town recently.

Miss Annie Hunter, Milford, has been granted a diploma at Whitson's commercial college, Halifax.

Mrs J A McLellan and Miss Ayora and Sadie McLellan who has been visiting friends in Cheverie, have returned home.

Mrs A McMillan of Upper Nine Mile River, Hants Co., is visiting her niece, Mrs Burpee Bay.

WOLFVILLE.

Dec 19.—The King's Daughters' Society assisted by a number of their friends gave a very pleasant entertainment in Temperance hall on Saturday evening.

Miss Black Bishop gave the ballad of the cyrstanman illustrated by original drawings, which was much enjoyed. The songs of seven in which the child was represented by Edith Tait, the girl by Alice Huntington, the bride by Alice De Witt, the mother by Lina Burgess, the grandmother by Grace Patrinque were especially enjoyed.

Mrs J Elliott Smith gave a large and pleasant luncheon on Tuesday evening of last week to her friend in Kentville, Wolfville and vicinity.

The Bowling Club met at the home of Mrs Moore, Kent Lodge, on Tuesday evening last where a pleasant as well as a profitable evening was spent.

Miss Ohpman of Kentville spent Sunday with friends in town.

Miss Churchill of Hantsport spent a few days in Wolfville last week.

The Whist club met recently at the home of Mrs C H Borden and a most pleasant evening was enjoyed.

Miss Seaman of New Minas is a guest at the home of Mrs John Harris.

The first of a series of four recitals: was given by the teachers of Acadia Seminary last Monday evening in College hall. An interesting programme was carried out and the loud applause and enthusiasm of the audience testified their appreciation.

Miss Drew, who before coming here was a well known singer in Boston, Miss Brown, instructor in elocution and Professor Max Well of Halifax were especially enjoyed.

Mrs Wright of Clementsport is spending the winter with her sister Mrs George Burbridge at Kentville.

Dec. 19.—Miss Elizabeth Borden of Canning was in town last week the guest of Mrs A V Finer.

Mr J A Thomson of the People's bank here, has been ordered to report at the head office, and left Wolfville on Wednesday evening last.

The entertainment given by the society of King's Daughters in Temperance hall last Saturday evening was a decided success. The hall was well filled and an excellent programme was rendered.

A number of our young men have leased the old Masonic hall and are fitting it up for a club and reading room.

Free!

Here and there you'll find a dealer who does not sell that English Home Dye of highest quality, Maypole Soap, but such cases are rare. If a woman can't get Maypole let her write to the Canadian Dyeing & Finishing Co., Montreal, and receive by return mail a free book on successful home dyeing. We'll also tell you where you can get

Maypole Soap

FOR ARTISTS.

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

Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family. FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES.

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

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.



Tumor Cured.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." The way to judge of the value of any medicine is by its cures. Apply that test to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it is at once lifted high above all other put-up medicines designed for the cure of womanly diseases.

"Silver Plate that Wears."



For the Sideboard

We are showing a variety of pieces in Meriden Britannia Company's "Silver Plate that wears." This beautifully colored and decorated dish is fittingly enclosed in a handsome standard, the whole making a very attractive article.

"1847 Rogers Bros."

Knives, Forks, Spoons, etc., are always in our stock.

Public Notice.

THE UNDERSIGNED, having been appointed by the Common Council of the City of St. John a committee of the said Council for conducting the sale of the Fisheries on the eastern side of the Bay, River and Harbor of St. John, and the Fisheries on the western side of the harbor in the city of St. John, for the ensuing year, pursuant to law, hereby give notice that the Fishery lots along the east side of the Bay, River and Harbor, and all the Fisheries heretofore enjoyed and possessed by the inhabitants of the east side of the Harbor with those in and surrounding Navy Island, and also the Fishery lots for the west side of the Harbor, will be sold by Public Auction, on TUESDAY, the FIRST DAY OF JANUARY NEXT, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, in the City Court Room (so called) in the Court House, in the City of St. John, for the Fishing season of the ensuing year, to end on the 15th day of August next.

NOTICE.

Referring to several articles in your paper and others of your City in reference to a recent meeting of the representatives of this Company with your Mayor and Board of Trade, we desire to state that Mr Matthew Lodge, "Promoter" and formerly a clerk in the Gas and Water Department of Moncton, N. B., has no authority and is not in any way connected with this Company as an Agent, Stockholder, Promoter, or authorized to negotiate its affairs.

BRANDIES!

Landing ex "Corean." THOS. L. BOURKE 25 WATER STREET.

Eugene Field's Poems A \$7.00 Book. Given Free to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Monument Souvenir. The Book of the century. It is a masterpiece of artistry and a selection of the world's greatest artists.

HAVE YOU PAID A VISIT TO... Allan's White Pharmacy

87 CHARLOTTE STREET, To See the Handsome Display of Christmas Gifts. EBONY GOODS, from a set of Military Brushes to a Boston Hook. Single pairs and in sets. The finest lot of PERFUMES in the city; ranging in price from 10c. upward.

Scribner's FOR 1900 (INCLUDES)

J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grizel" (serial). THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "Oliver Cromwell" (serial). RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles.

HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day. Articles by WALTER A. WYKOFF, author of "The Workers".

SHORT STORIES by Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, Henry van Dyke, Ernest Seton-Thompson, Edith Wharton, Octave Thanet, William Allen White.

SPECIAL ARTICLES The Paris Exposition. FREDERICK IRLAND'S articles on sport and exploration.

"HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar. NOTABLE ART FEATURES THE CROMWELL ILLUSTRATIONS, by celebrated American and foreign artists.

Puis de Chavannes, by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color. Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARK, E. C. PEIXETTO, HENRY McCARTER, DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF and others. Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

Eugene Field's Poems A \$7.00 Book.

Given Free to each person interested in collecting to the Eugene Field House a set of 100 copies of this book. The book contains a selection of Field's greatest poems and is ready for delivery.

But for the noble contribution of the world's greatest artists, this book could not have been manufactured for less than \$7.00. The fund created is divided equally between the family of the late Eugene Field and the fund for the building of a monument to the memory of the beloved poet of childhood.

EUGENE FIELD MONUMENT SOUVENIR FUND.
(Also at Book Store.) 180 Monroe St., Chicago.

If you also wish to send postage, enclose 10 cts.

HAVE YOU PAID A VISIT TO . . .

Allan's White Pharmacy

87 CHARLOTTE STREET,
To See the Handsome Display of Christmas Gifts.

EBONY GOODS, from a set of Military Brushes to a Button Hook. Single pairs and in sets. The best lot of PERFUMES in the city; ranging in price from 10c. upward.

A stock of BROWN TREE'S CHOICE CHRISTMAS CONFECTIONERY in packages from 5c. to 50c.

PERFUMED ATOMIZERS.
DRESSING CASES.
TOILET SOAPS.
TOILET REQUISITES.

And numerous small gifts worthy of inspection. Everything is marked at lowest prices. Remember the Store.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN,
87 Charlotte Street.
Tel. 289. Mail orders promptly filled.

Scribner's FOR 1900

INCLUDES

J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grizel" (serial).

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Pavis de Chavannes, by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color.

Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLINGTON CLARK, E. C. PELKETTO, HENRY MORTIMER, DWIGHT L. BELMONT and others.

Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,
Publishers, New York.

FREDERICTON.

(Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. Fenety and W. H. Hawthorne.)

Dec. 19.—The social world has been quiet this week, but on Monday evening Mrs E B Winslow gave a pleasant party in honor of Miss Horton Taylor. Six tables enjoyed what would be midnight when a very sumptuous supper was served. The prizes were won by Mrs W H Burns taking first, Miss Grace Winslow getting second, Mr Chas Allen was the fortunate winner of the gentlemen's first, while Capt Thacker was consoling with the booty.

Miss Horton Taylor was returned to her home in Halifax after a pleasant visit with her brother here. Miss Sara McKee returned home two weeks ago, after an extended European tour.

Mrs Geo E Fenety and Miss Fenety, with Mr and Mrs Walter Fenety, have taken apartments at Windsor Hall for the winter and Linden Hall is closed. Miss Benita Glover is also among the guests at Windsor Hall for the season.

Mrs A P Crockett of Dalhousie is spending the Christmas holidays with her mother, Miss J T Gibson, at Maryville.

Mrs Hedley V B Bridges gave a small tea in honor of Miss Norton Taylor, Miss Thoburn, Miss Crockett, Miss Gregory and Miss Whitaker assisted in serving the guests.

Ald and Mrs MacRae of St John are here spending the holiday with Mrs MacRae's father, Judge Gregory.

Miss MacMonagle left today for her home in St. Stephen.

Miss Hamm went to her home in St John today for the holiday season.

The ladies whilst met last evening with Mrs W C Crockett, six tables extending for the prizes which were won by Mrs Forrester taking first, Mrs Barnside second, and Mrs Geo Babbitt the booty.

Mrs W H Burns with her sister Mrs McKee of Moncton left today for Montreal where Miss McKee who is in ill health will consult an eminent physician.

Mrs Smith of Quebec is in the city to spend a month with her son, Mr Edward Smith.

Miss Daisy Weddell, Miss Edith McConnell and Miss Kitty Edwards are all home for the holiday.

The Bankers Whist club met with Mr and Mrs Lee Babbitt last week and enjoyed a pleasant evening.

Mrs Russell is here on a visit to her mother Mrs. McLellan.

Miss Margaret Sharkey has returned from a visit of two months spent with her sister Mrs P O Keegan at Yvonne, Me.

Mrs John Black returned home on Saturday from a visit to her niece Miss Radcliffe at Boston.

Mrs Arthur Johnson and little son are spending the holiday season with her mother Mrs Wm Leonard.

Mr Jas Lemont is home for the holidays.

Miss Fowler, late of the hospital staff, left last night for her home in St John.

Miss Laura Burpee has returned to Fredericton after a stay of four months in Vancouver.

An opera, by some of our local talent is on the tapis for early in the New Year for the holiday.

Dr. and Mrs Judson Coy of Prince William are among the visitors in the city.

Mrs James Crompton has returned from a pleasant visit with relatives in New York City.

Mrs Rupert Pratt, leaves tomorrow for Annapolis where she will spend the holiday with her mother, leaving earlier in the New Year for her future home in London, Ont.

CROCKET.

Latest styles of Wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address.

Progress Job Print.

WOODSTOCK.

(Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. A. Doane & Co.)

Dec 18.—Miss Coen, niece of Rev W F Chapman of Woodstock recently visited Rome on the occasion of an Irish pilgrimage.

The engagement is announced in Montreal of Percival H Sanderson to Miss Pauline R Winslow, Miss Winslow is a daughter of the late John C Winslow of Woodstock.

Miss Annie Brown of Greenbank, eldest daughter of Mr Robert Brown, is by this time well on her way over the Atlantic. She left Halifax on the Parisian, and will spend a year visiting friends and relatives in England and Scotland.

Misses O'Boy of Hartland spent a few days in town last week.

Miss C Thornton of Hartland is visiting in town. George Dixon, St John was a guest at the Victoria, Monday.

Mrs E E Holyoaks, is gradually recovering from her illness.

Miss Estelle Curless of Grand Falls is visiting Mrs Samuel McKibben.

Miss Obeys and Miss Mamie Riley of Houlton were at the Carlisle, Saturday.

Miss Helen Hallett of Grand Falls was a recent visitor in town, the guest of Miss Stella Dalling.

Mr and Mrs Hugh Hay have gone to Philadelphia to spend the winter with their son, Dr Hay. Her many friends will be pleased to learn that Mrs W H De Voeber is recovering from her serious illness.

Thomas Bohan, jr, who is now in Texas, is reported by his Bath friends as somewhat regaining his health.

Mrs D A Grant and Miss Edith Grant have gone to Texas with the hope of improving the health of the latter.

Rev A A Challenger, pastor of the Highland A. M. E. church, is to be married on January 1st at Woodstock to Miss Ethel Winslow.

Miss Mary Connell left on Monday for Chatham, where she will spend the winter. En route she will spend a few days with the Misses Colter at St. John.

MONCTON.

Dec. 19.—Mrs David Chandler will be at home to friends on Wednesday and Thursday; house on Victoria street.

Mrs Tait of Horton Landing, who is visiting her parents, Mr and Mrs Barlow Palmer at Dorchester, attended the reception to Rev Mr Cresswell at Amherst recently.

Miss Benedict who has been the guest of Mr and Mrs J J Mackenzie, returned to Mount Allison, Sackville on Monday afternoon.

Mrs N Harvey is spending a few days with her parents in St John.

Miss M E Kennedy of New York is visiting in the city.

Mrs (Dr) E B Chandler received a telegram on Monday announcing the death of her step-father, Mr. John Green of Toronto.

Rev Mr and Mrs Burr of Shediac are spending a few days in the city.

Miss Florence Murphy has gone to Truro to visit friends.

Mrs E M Estey's friends, will be sorry to hear

FOUR A GOLD FOND DAY

Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. See W. W. Greave's signature is on each box.

that she is shortly to leave Moncton, for the winter season at least. On Wednesday night she proposes leaving for Montreal. After spending a time at the commercial capital she will proceed to New York, thence to Savannah and New Orleans, and on returning will again visit New York and Boston arriving home in June next. She will probably spend her home permanently in the west, as she finds the moist eastern climate too severe for her.

Mr W W Bruce of the bank of Montreal, Chicago arrived home Saturday afternoon to spend the Christmas holidays.

Miss Martha Berry leaves this week on a vacation to Boston and other spots of interest. She will be accompanied by her brother Mr Chris Berry of Berry's Mills.

NEWCASTLE.

Dec. 20.—A very successful sale and tea was given by the Ladies Guild of St. Andrews church in the town hall on last Thursday afternoon and evening. The menu was such as to satisfy even the most fastidious and the different tables were ably presided over by the ladies of the Guild assisted by a number of young misses who were quite prominent in the capacity of waitresses.

Mrs J E Allingham, Campbellton was visiting friends in Newcastle this week.

Miss Belle Hutchison, is spending the Xmas holidays at her home in Douglastown.

Miss Mary Connell, Woodstock, is the new or, assist of the Methodist church in Chatham. Miss Connell who is a talented musician commenced her duties on Sunday.

Master Murdoch Ring son of Detective John Ring, St. John, has been visiting his uncle, Mr Jacob Layton, Blackville.

Miss Jessie Crocker arrived home last night from Sackville for the Xmas holidays.

Miss McGinley, Bathurst is visiting Miss Minnie Dalton.

Mrs Stewart and children and Mrs C J Butcher, Boston, are the guests of Mr Samuel Thomson.

Mr M H McMillan and Mrs McMillan left last week for North Carolina, where they will spend the winter.

If a rumor is to be relied on several weddings of interest to Miramichi folks will take place between now and spring.

Mrs James Robinson and her daughter Miss Irene, have gone to Boston where they intend spending the winter. Miss Robinson the talented young vocalist is also there and is a pupil of Miss Alice Robins Cole.

CAMPBELLTON.

Mr and Mrs F W Anderson of New Mills, were in town Saturday last.

Rev S D Gondie, Methodist missionary of Nelson House Northwest Territory, wife and two children have arrived and are spending a few months with Mrs Gaudin's mother. Mrs George Young of Oak Point.

Arthur McMillan, who has been in Lawrence, Mass, for the past year has returned home and will spend a few weeks with his parents.

Mr and Mrs John White entertained a large number of friends at a progressive whist party on Thursday evening last, and a most enjoyable time was spent.

T Matheson and Wilmet Keith are now located at Sydney, and Mr Keith will shortly move his family there.

Capt and Mrs Bowering, of the Salvation Army, are holding a birthday party in the barracks, Thursday, Dec 20th.

Mrs Jasper Davidson entertained a number of friends on Friday evening.

Mrs Geo. Allingham is spending a couple of weeks with friends in Miramichi and Moncton.

Mrs Isabella Chisholm of Dalhousie is spending a few days in town the guest of Mrs. W. McD-Metzler.

Master Peter Martin who has been spending a couple of months in Montreal has returned home.

Mr and Mrs Robert Smith have returned from Halifax. Mrs Smith is receiving her friends this week.

The residence of Mr and Mrs D Metzier was the scene of an interesting event on Wednesday last when Miss Eliza Miller formerly of Eel Crossing was united in marriage to Mr. Donald McBeath of Tide Head. A number of invited guests were present and attended good wishes to the young couple. After the ceremony Mr and Mrs McBeath left for a short trip to Quebec and other Canadian cities.

THINGS OF VALUE.

You need not cough all night, and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you to run the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This delicate cure cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.

To the average person of any age, the future is very enough if it contains a promise of a good breakfast for supper.

SLEEPLESSNESS.—When the nerves are unstrung and the whole body given up to wretchedness, when the mind is filled with agonizing forebodings, the result of derangement of the digestive organs, sleeplessness comes to add to the distress. If only a subject could sleep, there would be oblivion for a while and temporary relief. Parmentier's Vegetable Pills will not only induce sleep, but will act so beneficially that the subject will wake refreshed and restored to happiness.

"Scribs is asleep isn't he?"
"I think so, he would like to be talked about as much as the English have."

THE FLAGGING ENERGIES REVIVED.—Constant application to business is a tax upon the energies, and if there be not relaxation, lassitude and depre- sion are sure to intervene. These come from stomachic troubles. The want of exercise brings on nervousness, and the stomach cases to assimilate food properly. In this condition Parmentier's Vegetable Pills will be found a recuperative of rare power, restoring the organs to healthful action, dispelling depression, and reviving the flagging energies.

First Horse—What do you suppose will become of it?
"Second Horse"—O, I'm sure I don't care. After being treated as an automobile I'm ready to die.

"It is a Great Public Benefit."—These significant words were used in relation to Dr. THOMAS' EUCALYPTIC OIL, by a gentleman who had thoroughly tested its merits in his own case—having been cured by it of lameness of the knee, of three or four years' standing. It never fails to remove soreness, as well as lameness, and is an incomparable pain- reliever and corrective.

"My boy," said the great man, "I used to shine shoes myself."
"Well," replied the bootblack, "they're a hell lot of do guys what is led astray."

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has no equal for destroying worms in children and adults and that you get the genuine when purchasing.

"I understand," said the reporter, "that the de- faulters' method was very simple."
"Very," said the bank official, "with a sigh. He just took the money."

Thos Sablin of Ellington, says: "I have removed ten corns from my feet with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

"Paw," said little George, "do you believe in pigs?"
"Yes," the old gentleman replied, "when your mother begins to complain about the shabbiness of our parlor curtains is a sign that I'll get some new ones for a Christmas present."

ROAST TURKEY, TURKISH STYLE.

Clean and truss the turkey. Wash and parboil one cup of rice in boiling salted water. When about half cooked, drain and mix with it one dozen French chestnuts peeled and cut into small pieces, one-fourth of a pound of well washed currants and two ounces of almonds blanched and chopped. Season with a fourth of a tea-spoonful each of salt, pepper and ground cinnamon. Melt half a cup of butter over the fire and stir the mixture in it until well mixed with the butter. Stuff the turkey with this, sew up the openings and bake on a rack, basting every ten minutes with butter or drippings melted in a little hot water. Turn the fowl often and dredge with flour after each basting. Serve with a rich, clear gravy.

AFTER CHRISTMAS.

As a general thing affectionate fathers and mothers rejoice in the happiness of their children, but the rule has its exceptions.

"Is Mr. Smart at all given to drink?" inquired a merchant, anxiously, of his confidential clerk.

"No, indeed!" was the decided answer.

"He never touches a drop. But what put such a suspicion into your mind?"

"Why, I have noticed that he has been two hours late for the last three mornings, and he looks for all the world as if he had been on a regular spree."

"Oh, that's all right," said the clerk.

"He gave his boy a drum for Christmas."

"In a case of this kind," said the lawyer, "there are many things to be investi- gated; and before I take the case there is one thing in particular that must be looked into."

"I presume," said the client, "that you refer to my pocket book?"

WHY CROUP IS FATAL.

When croup attacks your child you must be ready for it. It comes as an accompaniment to an ordinary cough, or it may attack without warning. All his of children develop quickly, and when any kind of cough appears there should be something at hand to stop it with promptness. Many a child has choked to death with croup because the right remedy was not convenient. Every one should know that the right safeguard for a child's cough or any cough is Adams' Botanic Cough Balsam. With this soothing compound in the house, croup is always easily checked and relieved.

To give a child a "cough mixture" containing a narcotic is a very serious matter, yet most preparations contain something of this kind. Adams' Botanic Balsam is prepared from the pure extracts of herbs and roots and gums of trees, and is health-giving in every component part of it. Wherever it touches an inflamed surface, it heals and soothes it. Nothing ever compounded for cough is so harmless, and so effective as Adams' Balsam. It is an old remedy and it has never lost a friend through failure to help. Keep it in the house. Try it on your own cough and do your child a good turn by being ready for any emergency. Price 25c. at any druggist's.

Mr. Dismore—"I am writing a letter to Uncle John and telling him that his advice has been of little value to me."
Mrs. Dismore—"You had better say it was of infinitesimal value."
"Why?"
"Well, it's a longer word, and I think it will impress him more."

Mr. Hendock—"The trouble with you is that you never know when to let well enough alone."
Mr. Henpeck—"That's right. I realize it. I was very, very happy when you and I were engaged."

GALVERT'S CARBONIC SOAPS

ARE SUPPLIED IN VARIOUS QUALITIES FOR ALL PURPOSES.

Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient.

Ask your dealer to obtain full particulars for you.

F. C. GALVERT & CO., Manchester.

FARM HELP.

ANYONE IN NEED OF FARM HELP should apply to Hon. A. T. Dunn at St. John, as a number of young men who have lately arrived from Great Britain are seeking employment. Applicants should give class of help wanted and any particulars with regard to kind of work, wages given, period of employment to right man, etc.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

THE SUBSCRIBER having decided not to go to the restaurant business again will give up as such in either a hotel or restaurant. Best of references furnished. DAVID MITCHELL.

HUSTLING YOUNG MAN can make \$60.00 per month and expenses, permanent position, experience unnecessary. Write quick for particulars, Clark & Co., 24 & Locust streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR SALE U. S. Gold & Copper Mining Company (Sulphur Basin, Wash- ington) 100. per share. Shares, need money. Regular price 10c. Address "C" Box 145 Minneapolis, Minnesota.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING AUGUST 11, 1900.

Income,	\$ 58,890,077 21
Disbursements,	38,697,480 68
Assets,	304,844,537 52
Policy Reserves,	281,711,988 81
Guarantee Fund or Surplus,	50,132,548 91
Insurance and Annuities in Force,	1,052,665,211 64
Loans on Policies During the Year,	4,374,636 86

J. A. JOHNSON, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland

ROBERT MARSHALL, Cashier and Agent, St. John, N. B.
M. McDADE, Agent, St. John, N. B.
C. E. SCAMMELL, Agent, St. John, N. B.
JOHN ADAMS DIXON, Agent, St. John, N. B.

Job . . . Printing.

Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, State- ments, or Envelopes running short? Do you consider that you could effect a saving in this part of your business? Why not secure quotations your work before placing an order?

Consult Us for Prices.

And you will find that you can get Printing of all kinds done in a manner and style that is bound to please you. We have lately added new type to our already well-equipped plant, and are pre- pared to furnish estimates on all classes of work at short notice.

Progress Job Printing Department.
29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

CAFE ROYAL

BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING,
56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B.

WM. OLARK, Proprietor

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Electric Passenger Elevator
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DEED OF AN ADVENTUROUS TURTLE.

Incidentally Killed by the Big Loggerhead in the Aquarium.

Until a few weeks ago the turtle pool on the floor of the Aquarium was occupied wholly by two loggerheads—the big one, that has long been a feature there, and a small loggerhead as a sort of companion for the big one. Then the pool was divided by a wire fence extending across it at about one-third of its length. The larger section was reserved for the big loggerhead; in the smaller section there was placed a number of smaller sea turtles of different varieties brought down from the turtle tanks on the gallery tier.

Among these new dwellers in the turtle pool was one from Venezuelan waters, a sea turtle about ten inches in length and weighing perhaps five pounds. It could just squeeze under the lower rail of the dividing fence of the pool, and so pass from one section of the pool to the other. All the turtles in the pool are fed once a day, but the smaller turtles are fed in the morning, the loggerheads in the afternoon. The Venezuelan turtle, however, managed to get two meals a day; it breakfasted with its own people in the morning, and when the loggerheads were fed at night it squeezed through under the rail and dined with them, returning then to its own quarters. It continued to do this until last week, when upon one of its visits to the loggerheads' enclosure the big loggerhead killed it.

The food for the loggerheads, which is commonly fresh codfish cut in strips, is supplied in much larger pieces than the food given to the smaller turtles on the other side of the fence. Some of these strips of codfish are four or five inches long and an inch square, weighing a quarter of a pound or more. Such a piece, however, makes but a small mouthful for the big turtle, which is about five feet in length and weighs something like 300 pounds. The Venezuelan turtle on this fateful day had picked up one of these pieces of codfish, which was a great deal more than it could take at a swallow. While it held one end of this strip of fish in its mouth the free end lapped over one of its forward flippers. The big loggerhead swinging round from another part of the pool saw the little Venezuelan with this strip of codfish in its mouth and made for it; not, it is believed, with any idea of hurting the little turtle, but solely with a view of taking the strip of codfish.

But in taking the piece of food the loggerhead took in also the Venezuelan's flipper, alongside which the piece of codfish was lying, and with the next indrawing bite it took in the whole turtle. The big loggerhead's mouth opens back six or eight inches; it could easily break a man's leg between its powerful jaws. When the big loggerhead closed these jaws on the ten-inch Venezuelan turtle it simply destroyed it, broke it all up in one bite and killed it instantly.

Then, no doubt, the big turtle would have eaten the little one, but they don't permit cannibalism on that scale at the Aquarium, and by the prompt and firm pressure of the steel ring of a scoop net upon the back of the big loggerhead's burly neck it was made to let go the crushed smaller turtle, which was then removed from the pool.

And so for the sake of a small piece of codfish this adventurous turtle lost its life.

Where Was the Goat?

The country known as the Mosquito Coast lies on the western shores of the Caribbean Sea. Charles Napier Bell, in his book, "Tangweera," gives an interesting account of his life there, at a settlement named Bluefields. Tigers were frequent visitors. His house was built on posts, and the goats and pigs slept underneath. Frequently the animals would dash out from their shelter, and in the morning tiger tracks would be seen.

One dark night my sister woke me, saying that a tiger was killing one of our goats. I rose and heard a piteous bleating in the wood shed. We lighted the lantern and fired off my gun, but still the cries continued. Then my sisters and I sallied out to the rescue. She held the lantern while I walked in front with my double-barreled gun.

We walked cautiously over the forty yards of grass and stopped at the shed, afraid to enter its dark shadow. The piteous cries of the goat still continued, and we were surprised to see the pigs lying in the dust quite unconcerned, and all the goats, with their green eyes glittering in the light of the lantern, composedly chewing their cuds. We were certain from this evidence that there was no tiger about, and we searched carefully to discover where the cries came from. At last my sister saw the horns sticking out of an upright barrel of tar!

The goat, like all goats, loving high places, had jumped upon the top of the barrel, and the head giving way it was

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Headaches—"I was completely run down and was troubled with headaches and dizziness and pains in my back. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla which in a short time entirely cured me." Mrs. L. Winterton, Orangeville, Ontario.



plunged up to the neck in tar. I mounted the barrel with my feet on the rials, and laying hold of the horns, I hoisted the goat out of the tar and tumbled it on the ground, and then we laughed and went to bed. The next morning the poor goat was covered with coconut-oil, washed with hot water and soap and made as clean as possible: but all its hair dropped off, and it was a long time before it grew again.

KEEPING CHRISTMAS.

How Four Travellers Helped a Widow and Her Family.

Four travellers who were snow-bound in a western passenger-train on Christmas eve speedily became acquainted with each other, and sat about the stove at the end of the car to "talk it over." One of the men was a drummer, another a cowboy, the third a big cattleman, and the last the minister who tells the story. They finally fell into conversation with a poor woman and her two children, the only remaining passengers, and found that the mother, who had tried to maintain herself by sewing since her husband's death, was giving up the unequal struggle and going home to live with "grandma."

The little threadbare children had been promised a joyous Christmas there, and when they found that the blockade would prevent their getting farther, for the present, they cried bitterly until sleep quieted them. Just before they dropped off the drummer remarked:

'Say, parson, we've got to give these children some Christmas.'

'That's what I said the cowboy.

'I'm agreed,' added the cattleman.

The children were told to hang up their stockings.

'We ain't got none,' quavered the little girl, 'ceptin' those we've got on, and ma says it's too cold to take 'em off.'

'I've got two pairs of new wooden socks,' said the cattleman eagerly. 'I ain't never wore 'em, and you're welcome to 'em.'

The children clapped their hands, but their faces fell when the elder remarked:

'But Santa Claus will know they're not our stockings. He'll put in all the things for you.'

'Lord love you!' roared the burly cattleman. 'He won't bring me nothin'! One of us'll sit up, anyhow, and tell 'im it's for you.'

Then the children knelt down on the floor of the car beside their improvised beds. Instinctively the hands of the men went to their heads, and at the first words of 'Now I lay me,' hats were off.

The cowboy stood twirling his hat, and looking at the little kneeling figures, the cattleman's vision seemed dimmed, while in the eyes of the travelling man shone a distant look—a look across snow-filled prairies to a warmly lighted home. The children were soon asleep. Then arose the question of presents.

'It don't seem to me I've got anything to give 'em,' said the cowboy, mournfully, 'unless the little kid might like my spurs. I'd give my gun to the little girl, though on general principles I don't like to give up a gun.'

'Never mind, boys,' said the drummer, 'you come along with me to the baggage-car.'

So off they trooped. He opened his trunks, and spread before them such an array of trash and trinkets as took away their breath.

'There,' said he, 'just pick out the best things, and I'll donate the lot!'

'No, you don't!' said the cowboy. 'I'm goin' to buy what I want and pay for it, too, or else there ain't goin' to be no Christmas round here.'

'That's my judgement, too,' said the cattleman, and the minister agreed.

So they sat down to their task of selection. They spent hours over it in breathless interest, and when their gifts were ready there arose the question of a Christmas tree. It had stopped snowing, and tramping out into the moonlight night, they cut down a great piece of sage-brush. The mother adorned it with tinsel paper, and



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W. Tremaine Gard,

48 KING ST. Goldsmith and Jeweller

the gifts were prettily disposed. Christmas dawned for two of the happiest children under the sun, and a happy mother, too, for inside the big plush album selected for her, the cattleman had slipped a hundred dollar bill.

Her Antelope.

Stalking antelope among the Rockies may have its humorous as well as its thrilling side. Says Mrs. Seton-Thompson in "A Woman Tenderfoot."

'We tread our horses on a dizzy height, and stole, Nimrod with a carbine, I with a rifle, along the treacherous, shaly bank which ended twenty feet below in the steep, rocky bluff that formed the face of the cliff.'

A mistop would have sent us flying, but I did not think of that. My only care was to avoid starting the shy, fleet-footed creatures we pursued. I hardly dared to breathe. Every muscle and nerve was strained with long suspense.

Suddenly I clutched Nimrod's arm, and pointed at an oblong, tan-colored bulk fifty yards above us on the mountain.

'Antelope! Lying down!' I whispered.

Nimrod nodded, and motioned me to go ahead. I crawled nearer, inch by inch, my gaze riveted. It did not move. I grew more elated. It was not so hard to approach an antelope, after all. I felt astoundingly pleased at my performance. Then rattle! crash! and a stone went bounding down. I raised my rifle to get a shot before the swift animal should go flying away.

It was strangely still. I stole a little nearer, and then turned and went gently back to Nimrod. He was convulsed with silent laughter. My elaborate stalk had been made on a nice buff stone.

In Danger of Freezing.

The Rev. C. T. Brady, a missionary in the West, says that his mission field covered a large extent of territory, and that he was compelled to drive long distances, often in the worst possible weather. One day he started with two wiry broncos, although the thermometer had dropped to eighteen degrees below zero, and a light snow was beginning to fall. He conducted service at the prescribed place, and then, although the storm had risen and was at a terrific height, set out for the next station. His friends remonstrated, but with perhaps a foolish pride he had resolved not to miss a single service on that day. He says:

My companion in the sleigh utterly gave way to the cold, and sank down under the buffalo robes, where I continuously kicked him to keep him from going to sleep. I had a scarf, called a nubia, covering my face, all except the leeward eye, out of which I was constantly obliged to brush the frozen snow. My breath froze on the wool, and I thrust my handkerchief between the scarf and my face and kept it there until the handkerchief froze as well.

Then I opened my little prayer book in the middle and laid it across my nose, under the scarf, making a penthouse through which to breathe.

The reins lay loose in my numb hands. I was conscious of nothing but the rush of the wind and the blinding drive of snow over the prairie. All I could think of was to keep up my rhythmical kicking of the man at my feet.

After what seemed ages of such agony as I never wish to endure again, the horses stopped at their stable door. It was night

and everybody was surprised to see us. My companion and I were taken to our houses and then, before I fully realized the extent to which we had suffered, I insisted on taking the little handful of men present over to the church, where we lighted the lamps and went through a service together. It was foolish, of course; but somehow it is the only act of folly in my life on which I look back with pleasure.

Antarctic Spring.

After spending weeks so near the South Pole as to share in the long night of that lone region, the crew of the Belgica prepared for dawn. Every man had suffered from the unnatural conditions of that imprisonment, void of light and solar heat. Physically and mentally they were all next door to entire collapse. Yet the sun, for which they had barely lived, was about to rise once more. Says the author of the book, "Through the First Antarctic Night":

Every man on board has long since chosen a favorite elevation from which to watch the coming dawn. Some are in crow's nest, others on the ropes and spars of the rigging; but these are the men who do little travelling. The adventurous fellows are scattered over the pack upon icebergs and high hammocks.

These positions were taken about eleven o'clock. The northern sky at this time was nearly clear, and clothed with the usual haze. A bright lemon glow was just changing into an even glimmer of rose. At half past eleven a few clouds spread over the rose, and under these began a play of heavenly color. There were spaces of gold, orange, blue, green and a hundred harmonious blends, with an occasional band of polished silver.

Precisely at twelve o'clock a fiery cloud separated, disclosing a bit of the upper rim to the sun.

We could not speak. There were no words to express the buoyancy of our belief, nor the feeling of new life which ran coursing through our arteries, following the beat of our enfeebled hearts. On every countenance were signs of the accumulated suffering of seventy days—sights. We were haggard, our faces lined and sallow, of an unnatural coloring. Perhaps we had not known until that moment how terrible our experience had been.

We watched and watched, hoping the crest of fire would rise; but instead it slid teasingly down to the verge of the sea. A few minutes after twelve the light was extinguished, a smoky veil of violet was drawn over the dim outline of the ice, and he stars again twinkled in the Gobi blue of the sky, as they had done without: tinged hours for nearly seventeen hundred hours.

Logical Listener.

Parson Franks of Slowbury was preaching with much fervor one Sunday morning upon the duty of doing with all one's heart and might whatever one finds to do, when he became conscious of a commotion in the pew of the Widow Goldsmith.

That lady seemed to be engaged in animated conversation with her son Tom, a boy of nine, on whose coat she had a firm grasp.

As Parson Franks bent his gaze on them the boy broke away from his mother's detaining hand, and started up the aisle. When he reached the foot of the pulpit he halted, scarlet-faced and gasping.

'What is it, my boy?' asked the minister, looking kindly down at him.

'Please, sir,' stammered the youthful Goldsmith, 'I—I forgot to feed the hens this morning, hurrying to get ready for church. Shall I go home now, or wait 'till the preaching's over?'

Some of the congregation smiled, but Parson Franks continued to look down at his little parishioner with kind gravity.

'I think you'd better stay, as the sermon is nearly done, Tom,' he said, 'but I thank you for showing me that at least one member of my congregation understands what I am saying.'

Then Tom returned to his seat, and the Widow Goldsmith was filled with reluctant pride.

New Diamond Fields.

Diamonds have been found in considerable numbers and of very fine quality in the interior of British Guiana on the Mazaruni River, 250 miles above its junction with the Essequibo. Mr. Moulton, consul at Demerara, says that the London dealers to whom the stones have been forwarded consider them superior to South African diamonds and equal in quality to those of Brazil. The present diggings are situated in a tropical jungle five miles from the river, and the region is not easily reached. The matrix from which the gems have become scattered is now the object of search.

'There is no joy,' says the office philosopher, 'equal to that of the brow beaten clerk who finds out his employer is henpecked.'

Songs of Praise advertisement with testimonials and a small illustration of a person.

W. S. HARKINS PRESENTS MISS JESSIE BONSTELLE advertisement for a Christmas play.

Victoria Skating Rink advertisement for a Christmas band performance.

AMERICAN LAUNDRY advertisement with a small illustration of a person and text about laundry services.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1900.

Maine Has Many Outlaws.

George Washington Jones of North Waldoboro, in Lincoln county, Maine, is by all odds the most picturesque figure in the state just at present. George has gone into business as an outlaw. He is attending to it steadily and so far he has met with entire success. He is standing off the high sheriff, the deputies and all the constabulary of the county of Lincoln and appears to be doing it with comparative ease. He has won the sobriquet of 'The Terror of the Woods.' When his neighbours see him coming they directly step to one side. There are various suspicions as to what might happen to the private citizen, who would tackle, trip or trifle with G. W. Jones while he is engaged in the outlaw business. As to what Jones can be expected to do to officers who chance to run up against him he has already shown. There are half a dozen black eyes and sore shins scattered around Lincoln's constabulary as the result of getting up against Outlaw Jones.

'The Terror of the Woods' stands 6 feet 4 inches in his stockings and is 'big 'ord-in' tew.' He isn't exactly a vicious man nor a blood thirsty one. He doesn't yearn to slaughter anyone, but he is determined to resist arrest.

Some months ago it was discovered that George Washington Jones was levying all together too freely and indiscriminately on the flocks and fodies of his neighbors. It had been known in the community for a long time that Mr. Jones wasn't as careful as he should be about property rights. At last several flagrant thefts and robberies were traced to him. He insisted in his conversation with several parties who went to him to remonstrate that he should steal all he wanted whenever it suited him to steal.

Long immunity had made Jones both bold and a braggart. At last his talk grew a little too strong for even the tolerant folks of Lincoln, who are willing to see an outlaw do well if he doesn't get too uppish. But uppishness isn't forgiven in Lincoln county, even in outlaws. Therefore complaint was lodged against Mr. Jones. A constable went to arrest him. George Washington Jones cuffed the constable and sent him home. The constable reported and resigned, and a bigger constable was sent. George Washington Jones had more of a job cuffing his second emissary, but the cuffing was administered.

The high sheriff of the county was notified. He sent one of his deputies. The deputy had a rough and tumble with the recalcitrant George. George licked him. This matter was reported to the sheriff, and he came himself and brought several deputies. One of the deputies located George. This deputy had proceeded the rest was alone. He lacked discretion. He should have called his fellows and planned a mass attack on the outlaw. But he tackled Jones single-handed. He explained to the Terror of the Woods that others were right at hand and that he might as well give up. But Jones made at him like a wild bull, and besides blacking his eyes and jarring him very much indeed tore about all the clothes of the officer. When the sheriff came up the deputy was in very bad shape, indeed, and looked as if he had been out in a gale.

A descent was made in force on the outlaw's house, but he had escaped to the woods. He has been there ever since. Jones's house is near the edge of the forest, and so he is able to make occasional visits to his abode. On these trips he gets more food and his wife puts him up on the latest developments in his case. A few days ago the officers got a tip that he was at his house, and they hurried around that way.

Mrs. Jones is a pretty good outlaw's wife. She met the officer at the door. She carried an axe and had a healthy looking bulldog by her side. The sheriff could not have entered the house without being very impolite to the lady and the bull dog. And the bulldog looked as though he would have resented intrusion. The officers decided that they would make no muss at that time and so they retired.

At another time the officers were in the house while Jones was upstairs, but he

talked to them so terrifically that they didn't venture up. They wanted no serious trouble with Mr. Jones. They could, of course, have had a pitched battle and might have been able to overcome him by brute force. But that might have meant damage to one side or the other. The officers prefer to catch the Terror of the Woods by craft. While the officers were in the house the outlaw leaped from one of the upper windows and ran for the shelter of the woods. The man might have been shot, but the officers don't like to hurt Mr. Jones, who isn't such a bad sort of a man outside of the outlaw habits. No one down that way wants to see him killed. They just want him locked up until the crops are sold and the hens sent to market.

Jones had a cave in the woods and stays there part of the time. He also dodges around from one logging camp to another. He likes his wife's cooking too well to go very far away, and he shows up pretty regularly to get fresh doughnuts and a new supply of cream o' tartar biscuits. Therefore the officers are laying plans to capture him at home without any one getting hurt. But as the Terror of the Woods is crafty himself the chances seem to be that Maine will have an outlaw all winter.

But even if George Washington Jones stands off the constabulary of Lincoln for a few months he will not be establishing a record. Maine outlaws are stayers. Bartley Campbell of Moose River defied capture for years. When he was caught the fight that ensued between him and the officers was the biggest thing that ever happened in the North Somerset wilderness. The battle in the darkness of the rough tavern room would make a story equal to some of Scott's tales of personal combat.

Outlaw George Nadeau in his little house on the upper St. John River in Aroostook county defied the United States officers for three years. Nadeau was as much talked about in Maine during those years as the governor of the state. Nadeau didn't mean to be an outlaw. He sort of got crowded into it. Major Dicksey used to tell me that Nadeau was as industrious a farmer and as good a French-Canadian as there was in the St. John Valley. But one winter his work in the woods was interrupted by an accident that befell him. He had a large family and in order to earn a little money to support his children through the hard winter he sold "morson," or white rum, in small quantities to the Canadians who passed his house in St. Francis. The next spring he gave up selling liquor and went to work. About a year later United States Marshal McNally and Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue Miller started after Nadeau. It was claimed that he had been selling liquor without paying a United States tax. Nadeau's friends sent word to him that the officers were coming. They advised him not to submit. They reminded him that he hadn't been selling liquor for a year and probably wouldn't do so again, and that all the officers were sitting there to get their mileage and fees for taking him to Portland.

Such counsel inflamed Nadeau. He feared that if he were arrested and taken to Portland another winter's work would be interrupted. He prepared to defend his home against the officers. 'Twas in the winter and the Nadeau house was surrounded by a high dirt banking. One standing at the front door was on a hill-lock. There were steps on the inside leading down to the door. McNally stood on the banking and rapped on the door with the handle of his whip. He cried for Nadeau to come out. There was no sound from within. Then the Deputy Marshal commenced to kick the door. Almost instantly there was a deafening report and a gunshot charge came tearing through the door. A portion of the charge entered the leg of the deputy and he fell. But he was up again straightway and ran like a deer. Nadeau was out after him. The Frenchman was so excited that for the time he was a veritable maniac. McNally says that the man's eyes glowed like coals of fire. Nadeau raised his gun again and

fired the other barrel. But the officer dropped and the charge passed over his head.

Nadeau evidently thought he had killed the marshal after standing a while at the corner of the house and bellowing hoarsely he went inside and shut the door. McNally crawled painfully down the road and finally overtook Capt. Miller, who was waiting for him with the horses. The first bullet from the gun had passed through McNally's leg and had chipped the ice under the horses' feet. They thereupon ran away with Capt. Miller, who was a one-legged man, and therefore hardly to be considered a combatant.

McNally lay for weeks at Fort Kent, and the doctors didn't know whether he would get well or not. He did. But he didn't capture Nadeau. Nadeau defied the whole United States, so he declared. He never went anywhere unless he carried his gun over his arm. He never allowed a stranger to come within a dozen feet of him. On the occasion when he drove down to Fort Kent he was as watchful as a cat. He never set down his gun even when he was making purchases at the stores.

Major Dickie and some of the rest of his Yankee friends at the fort advised him to give up to the authorities and take his sentence. They assured him that they would appeal to the court to make allowance for the circumstances attending his hasty act. But Nadeau was too frightened to give up and come out. No one wanted to run the risk of getting killed for the sake of the dubious honor of arresting him.

A year or so ago it was announced that Nadeau had been arrested and brought to Portland. But it was another Nadeau. Outlaw Nadeau is still at his home in St. Francis. He doesn't carry his gun now and probably no one will molest him.

Charles Morris shot and seriously wounded a game warden at the mouth of the Alleghani river not far from where Nadeau nailed his deputy United States marshal. Collins, the warden, was attempting to arrest Morris. Morris got away after his act and poled a hundred miles or so up the Alleghani and took up his station in the section above Moosehead lake, where he dodged about for a year and a half. Game Commissioner Wentworth sent men into the woods by the hundred, but that mode of man hunting was about like trying to catch a deer with a brass band. Morris was an old woodman, and he used to sit in the bushes and watch the bands of officers go past. The processions afforded him more or less innocent amusement. He told me so himself. I was sent by my paper to interview him in the woods while he was still following the business of an outlaw.

There was no trouble about securing an interview. I merely got a man who knew him to go along with me and assure Morris that I was simply after an interview and not after him. We met on the bank of West Branch, a few miles from Northeast carry, and he explained how sorry he was that he had shot Collins and how much he had wept since that time. He laid the entire trouble to too much Holland gin.

But Morris had a curious crochets in his noddle. He allowed that if he believed they wouldn't do anything to him except send him to State prison, he would come out of the woods and surrender himself up. But he declared that he knew perfectly well that he would be executed when the law got hold of him. He said they were going to hang him up by the heels and cut his throat, just as they kill veal calves. I talked with him an hour—till my throat was parched—trying to convince him that such an idea was only an hallucination that had got hold of him in some mysterious way. He listened gravely and carefully, but still insisted with pensive stubbornness that he was right—he would be put to the torture just as soon as the officers got him.

The man had worried so over the matter that he had gone out of his head. He was better off even in State prison than wandering around the woods in that lamentable state. He was grieving himself to death. And he was frightened half out of his wits all the time.

A year or so afterward Game Commissioner Carleton surprised the man in a little camp on the shore of Moosehead Lake and captured him after a little tussle. They sent Morris to state prison for seven years.

Light or dark blue cottons or silks, can be dyed black. Mordant dye gives a handsome, permanent color. Price 10 cents.

Life of an Indiana Recluse.

An investigation which has just been completed by the attorney-general of Indiana, and which was undertaken for the purpose of legally declaring 100 acres of land to have escheated to the state, has developed some strange phases in the life of a Scotchman and solved a mystery that for years caused the people of Lawrence county a great deal of concern.

Soon after the close of the Civil war a man arrived at Bedford, the county seat of Lawrence county, and registered at the hotel as George Donaldson. He was well dressed, his manners those of a man of culture, and his Scotch accent clearly indicated the place of his nativity. He stayed at the hotel for several days and made occasional trips into the country. Returning from one of these he announced that he had purchased a farm and intended to make it his home. The conveyance was duly made and Donaldson left the place and did not return for several months. In the meantime the owner of the farm purchased another, and what was unusual at that time, paid a part of the price in gold, saying that he had received it from Donaldson in payment for his farm.

When Donaldson again visited the town he purchased modest furniture for his home, and a few days afterward four or five large drygoods boxes, a couple of hunting dogs and a shotgun and a rifle were brought to his farm in a wagon from Seymour, the nearest railroad station. A woman at Bedford was installed as house keeper and through her it was learned that the boxes contained books, many of which were printed in foreign languages, and she stated that Donaldson, when not out in the woods, with his gun and dogs, devoted all his time to reading. With the coming of spring, Donaldson employed a number of men to fell trees and make rails, and his farm was soon inclosed by a high rail fence which was built just within the fences that separated his land from that of his neighbors. This act was construed to mean that he did not want to 'neighbor' with those around him, and the extraordinary height of his fences added force to the suggestion and those who would have cultivated his friendship gradually drew further and further away from him. After a time his housekeeper returned to Bedford, but she entered no complaint against her employer, saying only that it was intolerably lonesome at his farm.

In the mean time the people of the neighborhood were gossiping at Donaldson's expense. Every few weeks a wagon drove up to his home and unloaded demijohns and boxes, supposed to contain bottles of wine, and it was said that he was living a life of debauchery and was rarely sober. The woman who had been his housekeeper for a few months, denied these reports, but said that he drank regularly and in great quantities, but she had never seen him affected by the liquor, and that his manner toward her had always been that of a polished gentleman, treating her, in fact, as an equal. She stated that his table was provided with the best of everything that the country afforded, and that some of the things which came to his home from Seymour were delicacies that she had never heard of before and that he had taught her how to prepare many dishes entirely new to her. It also developed that he had correspondents in several parts of the country, and it was learned later that he had lived in Alabama and also in Virginia.

Years went by, and Donaldson continued to live at his farm, but completely isolated from his neighbors. They did not wish to intrude upon him, and he showed no disposition to cultivate their friendship. The wagon from Seymour arrived at intervals till a railroad line was completed to Bedford, and that the demijohns and boxes came to that point and were sent to Donaldson's home. It was then learned that the shipments came from a house in Cincinnati, and that the boxes contained champagne, sherry and other fine wines, and occasionally one was labelled "Old Kentucky Bourbon." In the years that followed Donaldson was frequently away from home for several weeks, sometimes for two or three months, but nothing was known as to where he was on such occasions.

Soon after one of these trips a number of young women arrived at the station at Bedford one evening, and were met by Donaldson. They ranged in age apparently from 17 to 20, and the greetings between them and Donaldson were of the most cordial character. Carriages were hired in Bedford and they were driven to Donaldson's home.

The visit lasted for two weeks and the people of the neighborhood testified that they had never seen anything like the commotion that it caused. The young woman rambled through the woods, climbed the fences, sang and rollicked all day long and even late into the night, for one of the neighbors found his curiosity so strong that he could not resist the impulse to go near the house and listen. At the end of two weeks the visitors departed and each purchased a ticket at the railroad station for Louisville, but their destination beyond that point was never known. A second visit of young women, but not the same ones, was made two years later, and was protracted nearly a month. While there was nothing to indicate a suggestion of immorality in these visits, the strangeness of the affairs increased the bad esteem in which Donaldson was held by his neighbors but they continued to keep watch over him and note his every movement. When away from home he would send money to meet the taxes on his farm and would have repairs made through an agent at Bedford, and paid the bills always without a murmur.

Four years ago he went away, closing up the house, but saying nothing to his friends at Bedford regarding the care of the farm. When the taxes fell due and no one appeared to pay them, it was assumed that the owner would return and thus time passed. But Donaldson failed to come nor was any word received from him. Several months ago the state began an investigation which was built just within the fences that separated his land from that of his neighbors. This act was construed to mean that he did not want to 'neighbor' with those around him, and the extraordinary height of his fences added force to the suggestion and those who would have cultivated his friendship gradually drew further and further away from him. After a time his housekeeper returned to Bedford, but she entered no complaint against her employer, saying only that it was intolerably lonesome at his farm.

In the mean time the people of the neighborhood were gossiping at Donaldson's expense. Every few weeks a wagon drove up to his home and unloaded demijohns and boxes, supposed to contain bottles of wine, and it was said that he was living a life of debauchery and was rarely sober. The woman who had been his housekeeper for a few months, denied these reports, but said that he drank regularly and in great quantities, but she had never seen him affected by the liquor, and that his manner toward her had always been that of a polished gentleman, treating her, in fact, as an equal. She stated that his table was provided with the best of everything that the country afforded, and that some of the things which came to his home from Seymour were delicacies that she had never heard of before and that he had taught her how to prepare many dishes entirely new to her. It also developed that he had correspondents in several parts of the country, and it was learned later that he had lived in Alabama and also in Virginia.

Years went by, and Donaldson continued to live at his farm, but completely isolated from his neighbors. They did not wish to intrude upon him, and he showed no disposition to cultivate their friendship. The wagon from Seymour arrived at intervals till a railroad line was completed to Bedford, and that the demijohns and boxes came to that point and were sent to Donaldson's home. It was then learned that the shipments came from a house in Cincinnati, and that the boxes contained champagne, sherry and other fine wines, and occasionally one was labelled "Old Kentucky Bourbon." In the years that followed Donaldson was frequently away from home for several weeks, sometimes for two or three months, but nothing was known as to where he was on such occasions.

The Canadian Pacific Ry. has arranged for special excursions to Boston on account of Christmas and New Years Holidays as follows:—To students and teachers of schools and colleges on presentation of standard school vacation railway certificate at rate of \$10.50 for the round trip. Tickets on sale Dec. 8th to 31st, inclusive, good to return until January 31st, 1901. To the general public at rate of \$10.50 for the round trip, tickets on sale Dec. 20th to 31st, inclusive, good to return for thirty days from date of issue. All tickets good only for continuous passage in each direction.

When does a man become a man? 'When he has a haw.' 'No.' 'When he threads his way.' 'No.' 'When he rips and tears.' 'No.' 'Give it up.' 'Never if he can help it.'



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IN THREE INSTALMENTS—PART II.

CHAPTER IV.

Later that day Mons Hanlan told her story to Sergio Beadesert.

Zebra had started immediately after lunch for a sail with Emilio.

Mona had been invited to join them, but she saw that she was not really wanted—by Zebra, at any rate; and as Lady Darkhaven begged her to consult her own inclinations, she pleaded slight fatigue and letters to write as an excuse for not going.

Before parting with her for the afternoon the countess complimented her on the quieting effect she already appeared to have on the untamed girl whom she was there to chaperon.

'You must be very sweet and true by nature, Mrs. Hanlan, for both of those children to have fallen so quickly under your charm. Emilio raved to me about you for nearly an hour this morning.'

'The young villain lost his head over Mrs. Hanlan, mother, regardless of the fact that she is married,' said Beadesert. 'I would not encourage his raving if I were you. Remember, Spaniards mature early. At sixteen Emilio is as old as an Englishman of twenty.'

'But, dear me, that seems very shocking! To think of any young man falling in love—with a married woman, I mean! Was there a smile in Beadesert's eyes as he replied demurely—

'I fear it happens occasionally. We will entreat Mrs. Hanlan not to encourage him, shall we?'

'I am sure she will not need our entreaty,' exclaimed the countess, looking anxiously at Mons, who laughed outright as she replied—

'Mr. Beadesert is only teasing. Let me assure you, however, Lady Darkhaven, that your grandson is a mere boy in my eyes; and, besides, he is half English, you know, so we cannot think of him as being so very Spanish.'

The countess retired, quite satisfied that Zebra's chaperon might be depended on in doing what was right and sensible.

When she had gone, Mons's laugh changed into a sigh.

She glanced at Beadesert, who was studying her with very tender eyes—more tender than he guessed.

'Mr. Beadesert,' she said impulsively, 'I cannot bear that your mother should think so well of me. Can you spare a few moments while I tell you about my marriage? I would rather tell you than her; it shows me up in such despicable colors. You can tell the countess afterwards. Oh, how I wish I could live the last three months over again! If I could only get my freedom back—and my self-respect!'

'You do not love your husband?'

Beadesert's voice was, at the moment, as tender as his eyes, into which a strange light flashed.

Carried away by his evident sympathy and interest, Mons answered brokenly and miserably—

'No Heaven help me, I do not! I married him because he was rich, and before we had left the church I knew him to be a possibly ruined man. A telegram was brought to him in the vestry. He behaved very nobly in the midst of his sudden trouble. He knew my reason for having accepted him, and his chief sorrow was that the news had reached him too late to prevent the marriage. He started for America at once, and he would not hear of my going with him. Poor Tony!'

'You parted on your wedding day?'

'Yes. Let me tell you all now that I have begun; it will be a relief if you don't mind listening?'

'You know I shall not mind,' murmured the dangerously-caressing voice. 'But come out under the trees, it looks more inviting there.'

She let him take her where he would, and settle her comfortably, being careful to place his own chair that he could watch her face.

'Now begin,' he murmured.

See obeyed vividly painting the wretched struggle to keep up appearances on next to no money which was the chief experience her young life had known, and the only lesson she had learned from her parents.

Then came the story of Tony Hanlan, the joining of their fates, and the account of how he had been robbed.

blame yourself. I am glad you made a confident of me before going to my mother; I shall repeat it to her, as you wish me to do so, but I shall tell it in my own way.

'Now, I am going to ask your patience while I explain the presence of that young savage here as legal lord and master—a position to which I had every reason to look forward as my own, until a few weeks ago. But I must not be selfish; you said you felt tired, and you have letters to write.'

'My fatigue is already a thing of the past, and my letters can wait. Please believe me when I say that I am both anxious to hear what you have to tell me concerning your niece and nephew.'

'Then I will tell you. My poor brother, Basil, the late Earl of Darkhaven, made a very foolish marriage when he was under age. He lost his head over a handsome Spanish girl, whom he met while cruising in his yacht. Her father was a merchant skipper, scouring the seas on his own account.'

'The only relative who turned up at the marriage was the bride's brother, Manuel Calzado. The ceremony took place in a tiny chapel, the officiating priest being a certain Fernando Toro. A fortnight later they were re-married by the late rector of this parish, in the little church you have probably noticed just outside the park gates.'

'Nothing much amiss happened until Basil had been a benedict for a couple of years or so. He continued to worship his wife, though he could not shut his eyes to the fact that he had done a very unwise thing—socially—in marrying her.'

'She was wholly uneducated, and by no means refined. He managed to teach her to read and write English before Zebra came to put a stop to her studies, but when I think of the sort of woman she was and is, I cannot wonder at my niece being an utterly untame creature. I was at Eton when my brother married, and only came here for the holidays; but still, I saw all I wanted to see of my sister-in-law.'

'I was here when the thunderbolt fell which opened my brother's eyes fully to the terrible mistake he had made. He had taken his wife and the baby Zebra for a trip in his yacht, and, thinking to please Mercedes, he made for her old home, and, while she went to ascertain if her old grandmother, with whom she had lived, was still alive, he re-visited the little chapel where his marriage had taken place.'

'He found a new priest in possession, and it was from him that Basil learnt the deception which had been practised on him. This new man had only arrived a couple of days previously to take the place of Fernando, who, it appeared had been discovered to be in league with a band of sea-robbers, who, in the guise of honest merchants, made a living by boarding craft smaller than their own, and helping themselves to anything of value they could find, not hesitating to use a knife or revolver in the case of resistance. In fact they were desperadoes of the worst description.'

'The leader of the gang was none other than Manuel Calzados, brother to the girl Basil had married; he had succeeded his father at trade.'

'The Calzados, it was found, were formerly gipsies, outlawed from their tribe on account of their excess of depravity. They were destitute of all honor, and Toro was as bad, or worse.'

'He had joined them some years before. Why he acted the part of priest and was content to dwell on that tiny island in the Mediterranean was best known to himself and the Calzados. Probably he was of immense use to them by virtue of the sanctity of his office. Who would be likely to suspect wrong of an honest merchant skipper who was hand in glove with a dignified priest of good repute?'

'But, one day, the supposed merchant skipper took in hand, a task beyond his power to carry through. Instead of taking captives, he and his crew were themselves captured and brought to justice. Papers were found in their vessel implicating Father Fernando; but they managed somehow to send him warning, and he was never taken. He, in his turn, contrived to enable Manuel Calzado to escape; but what became of the two, Heaven only knows.'

'Fresh from hearing this story, my brother returned to where he had left his wife. She had fled with her child, and he never saw her again until he lay on his deathbed at Madrid a few weeks ago. He had never forgotten her, and he almost made Spain his home in the hope of finding her some day. In some mysterious manner she learnt that he was dying, and she turned up at his hotel, with the girl Zebra and the boy Emilio, declaring that the latter had been born a few months after she left her husband, producing certificates of his birth and baptism, and so on, to prove that he really was my poor brother's child.'

'When I arrived on the scene, Basil was nearly breathing his last. He made me promise to go on looking after things until Emilio was able to do so, and he asked me to take both children and their mother home with me.'

'This I tried to do; but the woman, Mercedes, refused to accompany me, or to allow Emilio to do so. Zebra was free to please herself; she and I came back together.'

'I shall always be of opinion that there was some mystery about Basil's death, and that his wife was mixed up in it. I have detectives at work trying to ferret out the truth, so we may know some day.'

'A few days ago the boy and his mother turned up. He announced his intention of living here, but she declines to enter the castle. She has taken up her abode in that cottage above the little graveyard.'

Mona could keep silent no longer.

'I guessed as much some moments ago,' she said, 'and now I am quite sure. Mr. Beadesert, I must tell you what I saw and heard last night.'

CHAPTER V.

He leaned forward and stared at her, but said not a word.

His eyes—ablaze at the moment—were sufficient invitation for her to continue.

She hurriedly related her midnight experience, feeling glad that she had been prompted to do so when she saw his eager, wondering expression change to one of concern for herself.

Bending still nearer, he took her hand, saying, in even a lower tone than he had used before—

'I am thankful you have told me! Thankful that we have exchanged confidence so fully. That woman intends some harm to you, but I will guard you as the apple of my eye.' Then, as though conscious that he had let himself go a trifle too far, he added, slowly releasing her hand: 'It is my duty as your host, to see that no harm comes to you.'

She was trembling with the force of some emotion at work within her.

She had to moisten her lips with her almost dry tongue before she could speak—

'But what harm? I don't understand! Why should she wish to injure me?'

'Do you not understand?' His voice thrilled her with its exceeding tenderness. 'Mercedes is still associated in some way with the man who has robbed your husband. Toro himself is now in danger, and you are to pay the penalty. Thank Heaven we have had our talk so early in the day. You must leave here at once.'

The grey eyes bent on her face were dark with passionate longing and regret. Something stirred to life in the girl's heart, giving her courage to face the worst that might befall; not for her husband's sake, but rather than be separated from Sergio Beadesert.

'I shall not leave here,' she answered firmly, adding, with a smile, 'unless you are dissatisfied with me.'

'—Dissatisfied with you? Good Heaven! He dare not look at her now; glancing determinedly aside at the blue sea, visible in his peaceful calm through the trees, he murmured, half irresolutely—

'You ought to go this very hour. You may not understand the nature of the danger which threatens you, but—it is there! He might have added—

'And here, in the very love which fills my heart already to overflowing for you.'

A double danger threatened, and against the worst she had not yet any thought of being on her guard.

All she knew of the strange sweet feeling which was waiting to life within her, was that she more than ever regretted her meeting with Tony Hanlan, and that it would make her happy to stay at Darkhaven for ever.

'I will not go!' she said again. 'What a coward I should be if I ran away from so vague a danger as this! I should despise myself for ever! But hush! I hear your nephew's voice—yet they are surely not back already.'

But it was, in very truth, Emilio and Zebra who came towards them across the lawn, the former flushed and angry, the latter smiling in a manner which somehow brought the blood to Mona's cheeks.

'Feeling rested, Mrs. Hanlan? Letters written?'

Beadesert would have liked to strike the smiling mouth; but Mona was equal to the occasion, and perfectly able to defend herself.

'No, Lady Beadesert, I have not written my letters; but I have forgotten my fatigue in listening to the very interesting story your uncle has been telling me. I certainly confess to having felt some curiosity as to how you and your brother came to be Beadesert's.'

It was Zebra's turn to color now.

The shaft had gone home.

Nevertheless, she would not acknowledge herself defeated.

'I darsay we shall turn out as well as some of our dead and gone ancestors. Have you explored the portrait gallery? There is one there of a Sergio Beadesert who walked this earth nearly two hundred years ago. He was chiefly famed for making love to other men's wives. I fancy Uncle Sergio must be come to life again; the resemblance is really quite startling.'

Emilio burst into a loud laugh.

'That's it, Zo! You know how to do it! Mrs. Hanlan doesn't like it any more than our beloved uncle; but it serves her right for playing such a mean trick. Why couldn't she say she wanted to stay at home and flirt with—'



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may, that you have nothing to say to this young couple until he has apologized.'

Mona nodded, and moved off across the lawn towards the door by which she and Beadesert had come out.

He resumed his seat, and drawing a book from his pocket, began to read.

Zebra and her brother walked in sullen silence in the direction from which they had come.

Presently the former said, speaking in Spanish:—

'You see you have spoilt our sail all for nothing. It's no use insulting Mrs. Hanlan; she doesn't mean to insult her. I love her but so does he. It hurts him; that's what made me do it.'

'A strange way to show your love for a woman—to insult her. I should kill a man who tried that sort of thing with me.'

'You are Spanish, you see; English girls are so cold.'

'I am half English; I wish I were not. It is no use your loving her, Emilio; she thinks you a child.'

'She shall find out her mistake!' growled Emilio. 'I am going in; I must see her and apologize; it is easy enough to apologize to her. You'll have to do it to him!'

'I'll die first!' said Zebra. 'And yet I don't think I mind much.'

She wheeled round and returned to where Beadesert was reading—or pretending to.

'Uncle Sergio, I was horrid—detestable! I am sorry, really. Only that portrait is like you, you know.'

'You are forgiven, Zebra.'

Something in his smiling glance sent the blood into her face.

He drew her to him, standing up so that he towered above her.

In his gentle, caressing way he added—

'We begin to understand each other, I fancy, niece of mine. Your weapons are sharp, and you know how to strike. I should be sorry if you wounded Mrs. Hanlan. I want her to be happy here. She is young and and in trouble. Her husband's life is threatened.'

'Would you save him if you had the chance?' asked the girl.

'Most certainly I should,' was the sternly spoken reply.

'How don't you get cross again. I shouldn't you know, in your place; try to save his life, I mean. I will be a charming niece to you in future; only you must be an equally charming uncle to me.'

'So be it; and now be off, for I want to read.'

Humming an air of her beloved Spain, Zebra went slowly across the lawn and out on the bush-bound common beyond.

was still wearing his convict's garb.

The insignia of crime roused no aversion in her, as it might have done if she had a more conventional training.

'You will never get away in that!' she declared. 'Come full into view that I may see your height. Do not fear! I am not going to betray you; and we have the common to ourselves.'

Huff doubting, half trusting, he obeyed, and stood by her side.

Their eyes were on a level.

For a moment or two Zebra studied him, and he her. Then she spoke.

'I have an inspiration. We will change clothes, and I will keep yours to wear at a fancy dress ball when I get the chance.'

She laughed, amused at her own notion.

'But how—' he was beginning hopefully, when she stopped him.

'Do you see that shed yonder? It has two compartments—not very roomy, but sufficient for our purpose—and one leads into the other. We will use them as our dressing-rooms. You creep along between the bushes, and please be careful not to spoil my new costume.'

He made no attempt to persuade her out of her wild scheme. He would have seized any chance of assuring his escape.

'Goodness knows what this place was built for,' said Zebra, as they met at the shed. 'For your convenience, apparently. Now, go in there and take off your outer garments. Tap at the inner door when you have them ready to pass to me.'

She entered after him, closing the door of communication.

In a couple of minutes she heard the expected tap.

'Open the door, pass your things through, and wait five minutes,' she commanded.

He did so, muttering—

'Remember, I am trusting you! If you give me up, I will sue you day after day.'

'No doubt. But I am trusting you also, though in a different way, because I like your face and because you are my countryman. Shut the door and wait till I tell you to open it.'

Five minutes served for her to divest herself of her black, gauzy dress and silk underskirt, and to don the convict's garb, which fitted her quite as well as it had fitted its late wearer.

With a little laugh of amusement, she tossed her own discarded garments at the door of communication, saying—

'Help yourself!'

Long, thin fingers, belonging to a brown sinewy arm, clutched at the dainty clothes, and the door was banged to once more.

It was fully ten minutes before another tap came at it.

'I am ready senorita.'

'Enter then.'

The laugh was mutual as they surveyed each other's altered appearance.

Had it not been for his close cropped head, the Spanish desperado would have made a very handsome woman, while Zebra's wealth of black hair was the only thing to make one doubt her being, in very truth, a daring young criminal.

'Our heads will betray us,' she said, at last. 'You must take my sailor hat, and keep it on as best you can. Hadn't you a cap?'

'I lost it coming along.'

'Then I must risk detection. Come, it is not safe to delay. Where do you want to go? Perhaps I can direct you.'

'If I tell you that, I shall place myself entirely at your mercy. I wonder if I dare? You are half English, you see.'

'How do you know that?'

'Is it not so? Are you not Zebra Beadesert, daughter of the late Lord Darkhaven? I see I am right! Well, a man ought to be able to trust his own cousin. I am Jose Calzado, and I am on my way to the house where your mother, my father's sister, lives.'

'Jose Calzado! You! I have heard of you often. Now, indeed, I am interested in your escape! Go by way of the common, keeping close to the bushes. When they come to an end, and you will see in front of you a churchyard, and above it a cottage; that is where my mother lives. Now be off, Cousin Jose.'

'And you?' he asked.

'I shall stay her until it is dark. Do not

CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTEEN.

CANCEL

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Weird Ceremonies

Held by the Chinese.

The oldest and largest and richest Oriental temple in America is in San Francisco's Chinatown. It is the outgrowth of the shrine that was established over fifty years ago, when the first Chinese came to California's new discovered gold fields. From a small beginning the institution has developed during the decades until now it is the biggest and wealthiest Chinese concern outside the imperial empire. Under the name of the Ning Yung Society it has gathered to its support more than 15,000 Chinese and has accumulated city property and a cash fund aggregating many thousand dollars. It owns real estate on Commercial street and the five story brick building and the lot it occupies on Waverly place.

Last week the society devoted five days and nights to the celebration of an important ceremonial that is observed but once in three years. For that one prayerful festival the thrifty Celestials contributed about \$6,000. The result was the attainment of the most elaborate and important season of worship ever known to a Chinese colony in a foreign country. Entire walls and hallways on the business floor of the society's building was completely covered with little red paper placards showing the names and offerings of the various contributors. In one high hall were 2,800 of these slips, each representing a 50 cent donation. Two walls of the assembly room, where they were not occupied by huge pictures and other ornate decorations, were red with some 500 of the slips. Along another wall by a stairway leading to the holy chamber, were hundreds of \$3.25 and \$20 slips.

There, where all might read, were the names of the men who had given money to the cause. And all who came looked over the array of apparently similar records to find their own or to observe those persons who had been able to give more liberally.

This special occasion was practically a triennial season of prayer for the dead. Five hired priests performed the mystic rites. One of them chanted the peculiar ritual. In a sing-song tone he uttered what his followers know must be an address and an appeal to the departed relatives of the subscribers. But none was so wise as to know the exact phraseology used. These priests compose their own prayers and grind them in verbal agony from a little handbook. At other times the head functionary would sing tiresomely while proclaiming in a mumbling monotone the long list of names of those that had paid to have their dear ones reminded of the thoughts of the living. Three times a day the peculiar whining chant of the priest would sound for nearly an hour as he stood or crouched before the smoke-scented altar and addressed the heathen gods. About 10 o'clock in the forenoon, about 2 in the afternoon and about 7 in the evening were the favored hours for nasal recital, with its accompaniment of wired Chinese music.

Every afternoon a band of eight players clashed and clattered its cymbals and beat upon its pigskin drums excitedly, and snarled with its one-string fiddles, squealing with its asthmatic clarinets.

After five days of these periods of praying and playing the great festival was concluded with a midnight burning in the street of the thousands of duplicate slips of those pasted on the inner walls. Hundreds of little fires blazed along the narrow paved thoroughfares. The sidewalks were thick with the men who come to witness this final tribute to their dead relatives back through the centuries.

The Chinese reverence their dead. Next to this national regard for the spirit of the departed kinsman is the devotion of the Chinese to his parents. These two traits, together with the custom of paying all debts before the Chinese New Year's day, suggest a little of the ancient morality still practised by the oldest state in the world. With such instinctive customs forming part of the framework of the religion of China it is not surprising that the 400,000,000 people in the unprogressive old empire are satisfied with their religion, and they generally object to the assumption of the younger civilizations that a handful of misfit preachers are destined to improve the moral tone of the followers of the tenets of wise old Confucius who taught hundreds of years before Christ was born. The Chinese religion is suited to the Chinese. Many of its elements are such as exist in all creeds. It differs chiefly in the manner of manifesting its presence.

Members pay no dues or fees to the

society. They contribute according to their means whenever there is a great ceremony. Some of them, when departing for China, make a money present to the institution. In this way the concern is maintained. Incidentally it derives an uncertain and variable auxiliary income from the sale of punks and sandalwood to tourists and other visitors who enter the joss-house and find themselves confronted on the altar with a very accidental sign suggesting the purchase of a paper of punks for 25 cents, or a little sandalwood for 50 cents. By making a larger donation they have the privilege of being continuously on the rolls of the society as among its supporters, and entitled to the regulation prayers of the priest. The punk purchasers receive but the one prayer. When that is offered no one knows. There is a strong suspicion here of acquired Western methods and a commercial instinct. Considering its size and cost this temple is seldom used for religious functions of note. The triennial festival just ended and the semi-annual celebration in honor of the idol, Quong Kong, are almost the only occasions on which the Ning Yung Society become the centre of religious interest among the 23,000 persons composing the Oriental population of Chinatown.

Not even the priests are a part of the big temple. They are hired to come and perform the rites. There are ten professional priests in Chinatown. Five of them were engaged for this recent demonstration. They were apparently assisted by seven little boys, corresponding in function to acolytes in the Roman catholic church. Each youngster was merely a figurehead attired to represent the gold button men, or certified graduates of a government school in China. While the head priest was solemnly chanting and accompanying his rhythmic delivery withappings on a little metallic plate the richly gowned boys were cowering behind him on the matting, and mature men among the close spectators laughed occasionally in the half-hearted, prefunctory way peculiar to their stoic race. Only to the busy head priest is the ceremony solemn. He sings drearily on, his brows puckered, his eyes with a far-away focus. At times the other priests get down on their knees and bow their foreheads to the matting. At other times a hardly noticed clarinetist wails a peevish accompaniment to the rappings of the busy but abstracted man, who, seated on a pigskin drum, plumps out dull sounds with a little stick and punctuates them at intervals with a clashing of cymbals.

A man comes along and relieves the drummer, who moves off to prepare the meal for the priests and the altar boys, and the tapping and cymbal slashing continues, with the muttering of the head priest. The little boys poke each other and grin and frik about in their stocking feet. But the priest never hesitates or turns until he has finished his duties before the altar.

When the inside ceremony is ended the priests and boys file down into the street and begin a pilgrimage of the stations where the spirits of the dead are publicly told that they are wanted within the temple. There are three of these little curbside shrines. Each has erected over it a flimsy pole and a crosspiece, from which is suspended a big Chinese lantern. Punks burn in a little box at the bottom of the pole. As the head priest chants the invitation to the spirits, his assistants form an irregular chorus and each clasps his hands before him and bows to the libation of tea that a menial is all the while pouring upon a tray full of rice and other eatables. Finally the crouching servant pours tea upon a flaming paper that has served as a sacrifice, and, gathering up his tray, moves on to the next station. The little procession, led by part of a noisy band, follows in a picturesque column. The head priest wears a long wine-colored silk gown; the others are attired in maroon silk. But the boys, except for their curious black caps and scarlet crowns, are nearly all in diversely colored gowns of rich silk.

Aside from the ceremony and the costumes and the chanting and the unlovely music, the temple is remarkable for itself. In it are collected bronzes and brass cases of odd shapes and elaborate finishing, mammoth ornamental things of polished pewter and shining brass all wonderfully finished; hand-embroidered silken banners and chair coverings, rows of ornamental brassy spear heads, and many other things of interest to the artist, or the collector of curios. One grand urn stands seven feet high and glistens all over until

its surfaces reflect surrounding objects in the most grotesque shapes. In this big receptacle are placed the offerings, and from the nostrils of the ugly animal on the top spouts the smoke in the uncertain way to the ceiling that is blackened with the records of hundreds and hundreds of burnt offerings.

All about are the lesser shrines with tapers burning before them, and punks in beautiful bronze bowls filled with sand. The air is laden with the perfume of sandalwood and aromatic punks. Little columns of bluish smoke twine lazily upward in cork-screw curves from the different altars, until the upper air is a stratum of hazy obscurity.

Sacred as the inmates of the building hold this realm on the third floor, they have but to pass to the story below to free themselves entirely from the effects of religious influences, and there, within constant sight of fantastic but hideous inartistic conceptions of Chinese court scenes, they go to the other extreme of Oriental character and nurse their opium pipes in the little booths fitted up for the purpose. It must be clearly understood that the Ning Yung Society and the Ning Yung Temple are not one and the same thing. The temple is a part of the society, but the opium den is not a part of the temple. Be it understood, too, that on this second floor are the rooms of the officers.

To the Chinese visitor in the temple there is more of interest in the allegorical pictures on the walls and upon the banners than there is in the real works of art in substantial metal. The pictures and the heroic figures of men and horses, made especially for the great ceremony, are ridiculous and seem like the work of another people when compared with the skilful carvings upon the bronzes that make this joss house one of the places of public interest in San Francisco.

THE STRUGGLING YOUNG AUTHOR.
Not, apparently, augmenting his Bank Account, but Gaining in Experience.

"More experience," said the struggling young author. "You may remember my telling you of the care I exercised fully to prepay the postage on the manuscripts I sent out. I always looked after the postage very carefully; but once I did send a package that, as it proved, was not fully prepaid; and in one time I heard of it in a manner that excited my admiration.

"This manuscript was returned; and contained in the envelope with it there was also a clipping from the envelope in which it had been originally sent. On that clipping was a postage due stamp, and the clipping had been so cut as to take in also a part of the address written on the envelope by the sender, that being, in this case, in my hand writing. So here, on this one scrap of paper was visible proof of underpayment on a package sent by me, the amount being set forth in the stamp. And this documentary evidence had all been collected with one sweep of the shears in less than a quarter of a minute.

"I forwarded the amount called for promptly, and thought as I did so that the manner in which the shortage had been brought to my notice, was modern and up to date in the very last degree. But that only shows how limited my knowledge of such things really was. No doubt, in its way, that method of dealing with the postage due question was altogether admirable, but I have had an experience since that shows me that, comparatively speaking, it was in reality antiquated and slow. By the old method something less than a quarter of a minute was required in disposing of the postage due business; by the new method it is disposed of in absolutely no time at all.

"I sent out, some weeks ago, a manuscript which in the ordinary course of events I expected to hear from in a week, but which I did not hear from for a month. I waited and waited. Of course I hoped (and thought) that the delay meant consideration; and that this careful consideration would not be given to the manuscript unless the article seemed worth it; and so on that delay I reared, of my own hopes, a beautiful structure, in which for a month I lived rent free; and then came the cornado.

"One morning I received, at the hands of the letter carrier, a large and imposing looking envelope, of tough brown paper with a lot of printing on the outside of it, and addressed in a very legible hand writing. The printing said that the envelope was from the post office department, office of the first assistant postmaster general, dead letter office, and finally that it was an official business. What under the canopy could it mean?

"Well I opened the tough, brown paper envelope, with all the printing on the outside of it, and looked; and what I saw made me laugh, as it makes me laugh again, when I think of it today. Inside was the manuscript that I had been waiting for so long and so hopefully, with a post-

age due stamp affixed to the envelope, while stamped upon the envelope itself was the word 'refused.' And so it had never been taken in at all, but had gone back to the post office, and in due time Uncle Sammy, good-humored, benevolent, kindly Uncle Sammy, had brought it back to me.

"You say you should think that in refusing things in this manner they might now and then shut out an angel? Well, possibly so; but I suppose they think that angels are not very thick in the unrepaid contributions of unknown contributors.

COST OF STREET LIGHTING.

Reasons Why the Expenditures of New York for This Purpose are Large.

Chicago spends \$800,000 a year in street lighting; Boston, \$650,000; Cincinnati, \$425,000; Baltimore, \$350,000; San Francisco, \$245,000; Providence, \$250,000; New Orleans, \$230,000; Cleveland, \$325,000; and Washington, a city of long distances, low houses and wide streets, \$235,000. New York will expend for street lighting in 1901 \$2,745,000 for gas and electricity. Of this total Manhattan uses \$950,000; Brooklyn, \$950,000. The Bronx, \$350,000; Queens, \$355,600; and Richmond, \$180,000.

By comparison with the expenditures of other American cities for illumination, New York's annual payment may seem to be abnormally high, but there are various reasons why the cost of public lighting should be proportionately much larger here than elsewhere. New York has a larger waterfront than any other American city. While other cities have usually one public market, New York has a dozen, and the eight included within the borough of Manhattan use on an average 5,000,000 cubic feet of gas in a year. Many other rent the premises they require for public departments, whereas New York owns most of her public buildings, and the gas bills, which in some other cases are met by private individuals, are in most cases here paid directly from the appropriation, which, while nominally for street lighting actually includes all illumination for which the city is responsible.

New York has in all nearly 60,000 lamps, gas and electric. There are 30,000 in New York and The Bronx, of which 24,286 are gas lamps, 4,638 electric, and the other naphtha lamps. Brooklyn has 11,015 gas lamps and 4,603 electric lamps. Queens borough, the most extensive division of New York to be lighted, has 3,839 gas lamps and 2,106 electric lamps. Richmond, the most progressive of the boroughs of New York in this particular, has all electric lights—no gas. Of these, 2,883 are incandescent lamps and 382 are arc light. There are, moreover, 100 oil lamps in use in Richmond borough.

The extent of the territory to be covered and the peculiar conditions existing in New York explain to a great extent the reasons for so large an appropriation for illumination, nearly 3 per cent. of the entire budget of the city, which is \$100,000 for next year. Though the most expensively lighted city in the country, the assertion is not made for New York that it is the best lighted American city.

Hindered in Prayer.

No man in the whole community was more respected than Elder Goodman. He was foremost in every good word and work and was exceedingly eloquent in exhortation. No devotional exercises were in vogue with so much life as those he led. So well was this recognized that he was always called upon for that duty. He was once attending a conference, and had passed the night at the house of a worthy brother. At family worship the next morning the elder was naturally called upon to offer prayer. This he was doing with his usual fervor, when the door sprang slightly ajar and in walked "Tabby," the family cat.

Tabby was at once a very large cat and a badly spoiled and self-willed cat: she ruled the household with a rod of iron. Among her prerogatives was a certain comfortable and capacious rocker, which she had long since pre-empted. She would never occupy any other chair, nor permit any one else in her presence to occupy this one.

Unfortunately, Elder Goodman had this chair. Tabby eyed the kneeling figure for a moment, and then with an easy bound landed firmly in the middle of his back. The elder, taken wholly by surprise, and not knowing the nature of this sudden assault, hesitated and stammered for a moment, and then deeply ashamed that anything should interfere with his duties at such a time, he went on with steady and determined accents.

Tabby, finding herself disappointed in the hope of immediate evacuation, began to reconnoitre, walking slowly and impressively up and down the good man's back, poking his whiskered nose into his neck, and sniffing with great deliberation just behind his ears.

The two boys of the family, out of the

corners of their eyes, were watching the whole tableau and biting their tongues hard to save the family reputation. But their father, with eyes properly and tightly closed, said nothing.

Elder Goodman's prayers were always full and comprehensive; to hurry or abbreviate them would have seemed sacrilege in his eyes, no matter with what hindrances he might meet, and he was determined not to resort to such a course now. But when Tabby finally settled down across his shoulders and began vigorously purring down the most susceptible part of his neck, even the good elder realized that a crisis had been reached; and, coming to an abrupt stop, he exclaimed to his startled host:—

"Brother G—, if I'm going to remain any longer at the throne of grace, I must have that cat removed."

Worth Remembering.

'It is the man at the top of the ladder who can reach things,' remarked the haughty representative of a noble family.

One Short Puff Clears the Head.—Does your head ache? Have you pains over your eyes? Is the breath offensive? These are certain symptoms of Catarrh. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder will cure most stubborn cases in a marvellously short time. If you've had Catarrh a week it's a sure cure. If it's of fifty years' standing it's just as effective. 50 cents.—57

Mr. Bacon.—I shouldn't think you'd allow any of our neighbors to abuse you in the manner I overheard some one speaking to you in the back yard, a little while ago, dear.

Mrs. Bacon.—That wasn't any of the neighbors, John; that was the cook!

Bed-ridden 15 years.—"If anybody wants a written guarantee from me personally as to my wonderful cure from rheumatism by South American Rheumatic Cure I will be the gladdest cure in the world to give it," says Mrs. John Beaumont, of Elora. "I had despaired of recovery up to the time of taking this wonderful remedy. It cured completely."—58

He—I would be willing to exchange the responsibility of riches for the bonds of love at any time.

She—unfortunately one cannot cut coupons from the bonds of love.

Like Tearing the Heart Strings.—"It is not within the conception of man to measure my great sufferings from heart disease. For years I endured almost constant cutting and tearing pains about my heart, and many a time would have welcomed death. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart has worked a veritable miracle."—Thos. Hicks, Perth, Ont.—59

'Mamma, I've found out my dog's pedigree!'

'What is it, dear?'

'Uncle Jim's hired man says he's a full-blooded mongrel.'

Where Doctors do agree!—Physicians no longer consider it catering to "quackery" in recommending in practice so meritorious a remedy for Indigestion, Dyspepsia and Nervousness as South American Nervine. They realize that it is a step in advance in medical science and a sure and permanent cure for diseases of the stomach. It will cure you.—60

The king orders you executed at sunrise for offending the queen.

'But she wanted me to elope with her, and I refused.'

'That's just it.'

Fossil Pills.—The demand is proof of their worth. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are beating out many fossil formulas at a quarter a box. They're better medicine, easier doses, and so cents a vial. A thousand ailments may arise from a disordered liver. Keep the liver right and you'll not have Sick Headache, Biliousness, Nausea, Constipation and Sallow Skin.—61

'If the fool-killer had happened on our street last night he would have had a job.'

'Eh? Why? I inferred from what you said that you were not at home last night.'

Kidney Experiment.—There's no time for experimenting when you've discovered that you are a victim of some form or another of kidney disease. Lay hold of the treatment that thousands have pinned their faith to and has cured quickly and permanently. South American Kidney Cure stands pre-eminent in the world of medicine as the kidney sufferer's true friend.—62

'This is the last straw,' sighed the Falterer.

'He pushed aside the remains of the final mint julep and speulated upon hot Scotch.'

Dr. Agnew's Ointment Cures Piles.—Itching, Bleeding and Blind Piles. Comfort in one application. It cures in three to six nights. It cures all skin diseases in young and old. A remedy beyond compare, and it never fails. 35 cents.—63

Ugly husband (snarlingly).—You married me for better or worse, didn't you? **Wife (unhesitatingly).**—Yes, but I supposed I would have some variety.

A Casket of Pearls.—Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets would prove a great solace to the disheartened dyspeptic if he would but test their potency. They're veritable gems in preventing the seating of stomach disorders, by aiding and stimulating digestion—60 of these health "pearls" in a box, and they cost 35 cents. Recommended by most eminent physicians.—64

'Here's an account of a dispute between two New Yorkers as to which is the most corrupt city in the union.'

'Well, they ought to know.'

Chat of the Boudoir.

Among the many variations in the use of fur trimming is a black satin gown with three bands of broad tail around the skirt, one at the hem, one at the knee and one midway between. They are two inches wide, and on these at intervals, all around, rosettes of black chiffon are sewn. A very short decolleté bolero of broad tail with a Louis XIII, collar and undersleeves decorates the silk bodice, fastening in front with chiffon rosette and a soft end. Flounces of fur trim some of the cloth gowns, while others in which the skirt is a series of panels are outlined on each seam with a narrow band of fur ending in a wider band around the hem. A pretty use of sable bands is shown in a long evening coat of pale biscuit-colored cloth which has sleeves and jacket effect of cloth applique on white net. Another cloth coat for travelling shows a round collar with sable border.

Alaska sable trims the velvet costume below a band of applique lace. The bodice arranged with a bolero edged with a bordering of fur, turns back in small revers of cream satin edged with gold braid, over a vest of mirror velvet. The velvet is in fine checks in two shades of brown, one of the latest novelties in dress velvets, and the skirt is finely tucked down from the waist in front. A pretty bolero is shown in another costume of gray cloth trimmed with chinchilla and lace. The buttons and aiguillettes are of silver, the waistcoat of white silk and the neck band and cravat ends of black panne.

Something very striking for a street costume is a dark red cloth skirt worn with a black broad tail Eton jacket, trimmed with stitched bands of black cloth. Black panne velvet embroidered with gold forms the vest. A pretty model illustrated is in brown cloth trimmed with bands of brown velvet stitched on. The bolero, made with two small capes, is edged with brown velvet, and the rest and undersleeves are of cream lace threaded with gold. A novel model for a fancy waist is carried out in white silk and printed white panne. The outer bolero is of silk tucked and edged around with bands set together with an openwork stitch. The inner bolero is of panne and the wide belt of silk. Another blouse has a bolero of silk made, with bands joined with hemstitching over an under bodice of lace dotted over with black velvet spots.

A very pretty theatre gown is made of gray crepe de chine trimmed with stitched bands of panne of the same color. A wide belt of the panne, a Venetian lace chemise with revers edged with fur are the special features of the bodice. This wide-draped belt, which is so popular now, is often attached to the skirt as if it were a part of it. Belts are made of lace on some of the dressy wool gowns and fastened with a handsome buckle. A pale blue cloth gown shows this sort of belt below a black panne bolero well covered with applique lace.

Velvet gowns are conspicuously in evidence among the street and calling costumes. Fancy velvet in pinhead checks of shades of the same color and stamped designs on a solid color are the latest, perhaps, but plain velvets are very much worn. Mouse color seems to be one of the favorite shades, and one very stylish gown in this color has a box plaited bodice trimmed with narrow black silk galloon. Old-fashioned fancy silk brocade is used for revers and the belt is of gold cloth. The latest velvet gowns are made with the gathered skirt trimmed with three graduated bands of sable, a deep lace collar and flowing sleeves, with cuffs of satin and large buttons at the elbow and falling over a lace undersleeve. Evidently the widest point of the fashionable sleeve is near or just at the elbow, and sleeves of a novel variety seen on a blue cloth gown are finished with two flounces of black velvet lined with blue silk, falling over undersleeves of lace over gold gauze made in three puffs.

It is reported by some foreign authority on fashions that dyeing the hair is entirely out of style, dark, natural tints being the mode once again. Change in the way of doing the hair is one of the great secrets of success in dress, providing the style is always in harmony with the shape of the head and contour of the face. There is an evident effort to lower the chignon to the nape of the neck, but this mode is not readily accepted by all women, so for the present the hair is arranged high on the head for evening dress. Many young girls adopt the low style of hair dressing, which is very pretty with the new gypsy hat. Another point in fashion-

able hair dressing is bringing the locks well down on the forehead, either parted on one side or a soft pompadour falling over the ears.

The decorations are the varying point in hair-dressing for evening, and anything between diadem diamond combs and a simple rose seems to be permissible. Diamond pins in circles, crescents and oblong shapes are worn at the back with a comb above and side combs and an ornamental bow in addition. In fact, this craze for decoration is so often overdone that the later fancy for one or two roses is a pretty relief from the barbaric tendencies of the day. The new gold roses are charming in the dark hair, and some of the colors are quite as beautiful.

Hand-painted evening gowns of mouse seline de soie are one of the fads of fashion not altogether new, but a novel phase of this sort of decoration which may appeal to the eccentric woman comes in a report from London. The painting, or a continuation of it, is done on the bare shoulders after the gown is put on, to extend the sprays on the bodice. Certainly the craze for novelty has reached its limit in this odd fancy.

Colored veils dotted with cherille in a vermilion pattern are one of the winter's fancies, and brown to match the hair, worn with a brown gown, is especially chic.

A black broadcloth gown trimmed with ermine or frogs of black and white braid is one of the strikingly novel costumes.

Violets are still the most popular flowers worn; they are tied with gold ribbon, the ends finished with violet silk tassels.

EVOLUTION OF THE FINGER PURSE.

Adaptation to the Needs of Women of a Coin Holder for Men.

'Yes,' said the artist in leather goods, looking lovingly at a finger purse he held in his hand, 'it is a beauty and \$4 is a small price for it. It's the latest thing in finger purses. Curious, isn't it, how that particular kind of purse came into favor. It wasn't an invention, you know, simply an adaptation. We have had finger purses in this shop for forty years, but we didn't call them finger purses, though. You've seen men use them a hundred times.

'That's the original of the finger purse,' he continued, taking from the show case a leather purse similar to the one he held in his hand, but smaller. 'This is what men have been using. The English form of it, from which probably we borrowed ours, is called a buckskin. The buckskin has no strap by which to hold it, though. Now, just trace the evolution of the finger purse. It was adopted in the first place from England, and in our edition of it was furnished with a strap. The man's purse, you see, has no pocket in the back, and the compartment in the inside is without a gusset, see? It is stitched close to the back. The idea was to use it only for silver. The cross strap was meant simply to hold the flap down. But one day some absent-minded woman, playing with one of these purses, slipped the strap over her forefinger, saw the convenience of it and straightway turned an accidental discovery into a fad.

'At first woman had to take men's purses as they found them. A woman can't resist the temptation of stuffing her pocket-book with all sorts of things. She puts her cards into it first, then slips in the address that her friend gives her in the street. She must have in it, too, the bill she is going to pay that morning, and where is she going to put the half dozen samples she has culled out of the stores as the result of a morning's work, if not in her pocket-book? The finger purse was not adapted to such usage, so gussets were put in to allow stretching room for the compartments. The next improvement was made this year. Manufacturers saw that a coin pocket inside, shutting with a clasp, would render the little purse much more practical, and now almost any finger purse you see has that pocket.'

Noted Napkins for Gift.

A pretty present, though one requiring busy fingers, is a set of luncheon napkins wrought diagonally across one corner, in large ragged letters, with appropriate mottoes. The not too fine plain linen needs to be half a yard square and the four sides of each may be fringed. The zigzag lettering, done with Madonna red cotton in outline stitch, is quick work. Any woman can mark them with a pencil. Some of the selected and original mottoes may consist of these: 'Mollie put the kettle on,' 'As merry as the day is long,' 'The cup that cheers but not inebriates,' 'Coffee that makes the politician wise,' 'I pray you leave not a crumb,' 'Let us eat gladly and thankfully,' 'Share with me this simple feast,' 'Bread broken in goodly company is sweet,' 'Trust soup and cheese, what rare discourse,' 'With every meal

taste thou my friendliness,' 'Bread and cheese and converse sweet,' 'When thou art here the hours are sweet,' 'A happy company and a merry, wital.' The advantage of these over ordinary presents is that they are durable and that they afford topics of conversation at the luncheon. One is placed under each plate upon the uncovered table, to serve their real object.

THE WOMEN WHO JUMP.

Effect of the Batey Daisy on the Feminine Attitude Toward Trolley Cars.

An interesting illustration of the effect of the skirt upon the woman may be seen daily at the Manhattan end of the Brooklyn bridge. It is also of some value as a proof of the theory of evolution and the adaptation of faculties to the environment.

During the rush hours of travel on the trolley cars going to Brooklyn the police establish a dead line on the side on which the cars arrive. Once a car is past this line and according to the rules of the game is in play all the passengers who want to get in it make a rush for it. The first in get seats and the others have the privilege of standing. When this game began to be played daily the women passengers followed the usual custom of women. They waited until the car stopped, then got on and stood up most of the way home. They did not like the result of this plan, but with their long skirts, if they tried to jump upon a moving car, their feet were almost certain to catch in the skirts, they stumbled and bruised themselves, and there was danger of a more serious accident.

Then came the rainy daisy, since promoted to the greater dignity of being called the pedestrian skirt. Young women found that with it there was less danger of their feet becoming entangled and that they could hop upon the moving cars along with the men without tripping. The fearlessness, during ability and skill since developed among typewriters, factory hands and other bachelor girls who earn their own living is surprising to the average spectator and not a little startling to old-fashioned people who have observed the fear manifested by woman commonly doing in the gymnasium. They rush into the fray side by side with the men, do not seem ever to make a mistake and, what is doubtless of more importance to them, get their share of the seats. When it is considered that the battle over each car is waged among from forty to eighty persons with all the intensity of shipwrecked people struggling for the place in the lifeboat the extent of the progress made by woman in being able to hold her own in such conditions will be better appreciated.

NEW FUND OF FINE TOOLS.

An Inventor for Whom They Have Facilitation—A Shillit Amateur Mechanic.

'That is a singular character,' remarked a Fulton street tool dealer as an elderly man went out of the shop. 'He is, perhaps, one of the happiest men in New York today, because his credit is good and he can once more indulge in his fad of buying new tools. He has been a regular customer of this store ever since it was opened years ago and has bought tools worth many thousands of dollars. We just now sold him a bill of more than \$600 worth of files, drills, reamers and other tools, including a set of standard gages.

'He is an ingenious inventor, but devoid of business ability. Every two or three years he gets up something valuable, and having no money at the time he finds a backer or backers, who generally reap all benefit of his ingenuity and cast him aside when they no longer need him. He goes cheerfully, because he has always something new in his mind to which he desires to give his whole time.

'In every instance where a company is formed or a backer is liberal he stocks up an elaborate tool room, buying many things which are not really needed just because he has an uncontrollable passion for fine tools. He has just purchased a micrometer caliper for \$27 when one for \$6 would answer all of his purposes. The item of taps and dies in this bill is \$35.50, drills, \$60; straight and taper reamers, \$100, lathe chucks, \$76, and two more ordered. He bought every new tool the clerk showed him. I would really be sorry for the people who have to pay the money but for the fact that I know that they will have all the best of the bargain in the end. He is on his way to Liberty street now and will perhaps buy thousands of dollars worth of lathes, milling tools, shapers, drill presses and gear cutters before night. He has excellent credentials, and nobody will hesitate about selling and delivering the machine tools. Six months from now he will be in here without money and with a longing for something new in the tool line.

'Do you have other customers of his type?'

'Yes, many of them, but not all so absorbed in the passion as he is. We find that there is a large class of men who want to possess fine tools for which they have no immediate and perhaps no prospective use. They are either amateur mechanics or men who have had an early training in

Hood's Pills

Are prepared from Nature's mild laxatives, and while gentle are reliable and efficient. They

Rouse the Liver

Cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, and Constipation. Sold everywhere, 25c. per box. Prepared by C.L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

the shop and have gone into some other business. Sometimes they are men who have grown too old to work at their trade. We used to have a peculiar customer of this letter class. He was a supernumerary jeweller and had no steady income, but used to receive irregular sums of money from a well-to-do brother in Texas. When he had money he would come in here and buy tools for which he had no earthly use. He bought them because they were new inventions and because they were bright and shapely. When he ran out of funds he took the tools up into Centre street and sold them for less than half their value to the second hand tool dealers. As soon as he got more money we would see him gazing into the show windows and evidently struggling with himself to keep from buying something he saw; invariably he came in and made a purchase. The boys sometimes tried to dissuade him from buying an expensive tool, but that always aroused his indignation and he curtly told them to mind their own business. This old man was by no means feeble-minded. In fact, he was unusually intelligent and was a great reader. All that he had of value when he died a couple of years ago was a collection of nearly two thousand books, nine fine violins and a good engine lathe.

'Another singular customer we have is the secretary of an insurance company. He is a skillful amateur mechanic and has a well-equipped shop at his home in New Jersey. He buys everything new in the tool line he thinks that he can use it. He has built dynamos, small engines, a tower clock for the village church, an electric elevator in the house for his invalid wife and a complete gasoline yacht. He is now engaged upon the machinery for an automobile. I have seen several specimens of his handiwork and it would reflect credit upon any machine shop in the land, and yet this man never spent a day in a machine shop. He picked up his craft by experience, by watching others and by reading. There was a good mechanic wasted when his father put him into an office.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Nicholson Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 780 Eighth Avenue, New York.

Turkey With Sausages.

A turkey garnished with sausage has a very festive note to say bacchanalian appearance. Three quarters of an hour before the cooking is finished lardon cut with strings of link sausage. These you must turn from time to time so that every part shall be as brown as the bird itself. The better the flavor of the sausage of course the finer the flavor of the turkey. With this you will want giblet sauce made by stewing and mincing the giblets and adding them to the gravy in the pan after the fat has been removed.

PAIN-KILLER cures all sorts of cuts, bruises, burns and strains. Taken internally it cures diarrhoea and dysentery. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis.' 25c. and 50c.

When Holly Was Forbidden.

Under the blue laws of Connecticut for a man to have a sprig of holly in his house on Christmas day was a penal offense, for which the householder was punished by a fine of a shilling and confinement in the town stocks.

APIOL & STEEL FOR LADIES' PILLS

A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Fil Cocchi, Peppermint, &c. Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B.C., or Martin's Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampten, Eng.

Use the genuine MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER

'The Universal Perfume.' For the Handkerchief, Toilet and Bath. Refuse all substitutes.

craters of their eyes, were watching the whole tableau and biting their tongues hard to save the family reputation. But their father, with eyes properly and tightly closed, saw nothing.

Elder Goodman's prayers were always all and comprehensive; to hurry or abbreviate them would have seemed sacrilege to his eyes, no matter with what hindrances he might meet, and he was determined not to resort to such a course now. When Tabby finally settled down across his shoulders and began vigorously raring down the most susceptible part of a neck, even the good elder realized that crisis had been reached; and, coming to an abrupt stop, he exclaimed to his startled host:—

'Brother G.—if I'm going to remain any longer at the throne of grace, I must have my cat removed.'

Worth Remembering.

'It is the man at the top of the ladder who can reach things,' remarked the worthy representative of a noble family.

One Short Puff Clears the Head.—Does your head ache? Have you ains over your eyes? Is the breath offensive? These are certain symptoms of Catarrh. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder will cure most stubborn cases in a marvellously short time. If you've had Catarrh week it's a sure cure. If it's of fifty years' standing it's just as effective. 50 cents.—57

Mr. Bacon—I shouldn't think you'd allow any of our neighbors to abuse you in a manner I overheard some one speaking to you in the back yard, a little while ago, dear.

Mrs. Bacon—That wasn't any of the neighbors, John; that was the cook!

Bed-ridden 15 years.

'If anybody wants a written guarantee from me personally as to my wonderful cure from rheumatism by South American Rheumatic Cure I will be the gladdest cure in the world to give it,' says Mrs. John Beaumont, of Elora. 'I had despaired of recovery up to the time of taking this wonderful remedy. It cured completely.'—58

He—I would be willing to exchange the responsibility of riches for the bonds of love at any time.

She—unfortunately one cannot cut corners from the bonds of love.

Like Tearing the Heart Strings.—'It is not within the conception of man to measure my great sufferings on heart disease. For years I endured most constant cutting and tearing pains about my heart, and many a time would have welcomed death. Dr. Agnew's Cure of the Heart has worked a veritable miracle.'—Thos. Hicks, Perth, Ont.—59

Mamma, I've found out my dog's degree!

'What is it, dear?'

Uncle Jim's hired man says he's a full-blooded mongrel.'

Where Doctors do agree!—Physicians no longer consider it catering to 'quackery' in recommending in practice a meritorious remedy for Indigestion, Dyspepsia and Nervousness as South American Nervine. They realize that it is a step advance in medical science and a sure and permanent cure for diseases of the stomach. It will cure you.—60

The king orders you executed at sunrise for offending the queen.'

But she wanted me to elope with her, I refused.'

'That's just it.'

Fossil Pills.—The demand is proof of their worth. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are eating out many fossil formulas at a quarter a box. They're better medicine, easier to use, and 10 cents a vial. A thousand ailments may arise from a disordered liver, keep the liver right and you'll not have a headache, biliousness, nausea, constipation and Sallow Skin.—61

If the fool-killer had happened on our feet last night he would have had a job. Eh? Why I inferred from what you said that you were not at home last night.

Kidney Experiment.—There's no use for experimenting when you've discovered that you are a victim of some one or another of kidney disease. Lay hold of the treatment that thousands have pinned their faith to and has cured quickly and permanently. South American Kidney Cure stands pre-eminent in the world of medicine the kidney sufferer's true friend.—62

This is the last straw,' sighed the Falser.

He pushed aside the remains of the final julep and speculated upon hot Scotch.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment Cures Itches.—Itching, Bleeding and Blind Piles. Comfort in one application. It cures in three to six nights. It cures all skin diseases in young and old. A remedy beyond compare, and it never fails. 35 cents.—63

Ugly husband (snarlingly)—You mar me for better or worse, didn't you? Wife (unhesitatingly)—Yes, but I supposed I would have some variety.

A Casket of Pearls.—Dr. Von Von's Pineapple Tablets would prove a great solace to the disheartened dyspeptic he would but test their potency. They're reliable gems in preventing the seating of much disorders, by aiding and stimulating digestion—50 of these health 'pearls' in a box, and they cost 35 cents. Recommended by most eminent physicians.—64

Here's an account of a dispute between New Yorkers as to which is the most corrupt city in the union.

Well, they ought to know.'

The Chinese Massacres

An Account of the Murders of Many Missionaries by the Boxers.

The New York Sun correspondent has obtained from an officer of the American forces taking part in the expedition against Pao-ting-fu the following account of the massacre of missionaries at that place in June last. Many stories of these massacres have been printed, but the following account is based on personal investigation, and corrects many statements hitherto put forward and accepted as facts:

Having accompanied the expedition of the allied troops against Pao-ting-fu, China, Oct. 2 to Nov. 2, 1900, it became my duty to investigate and report upon this expedition, and in particular the massacre of the American missionaries in and around Pao-ting-fu.

Knowing the interest attached by the public to events that have taken place in China during the past few months, and the desire of the relatives and friends of the deceased missionaries to obtain an accurate statement of facts, I have in the following account endeavored to collate and set forth the stories of eye-witnesses, native Christians, missionaries familiar with the situation, and, in fact, all persons who were thought to be able to throw any light whatever upon the subject. To Dr. Lowrie of the American Board Missions is due great credit for the prompt and vigorous manner in which he pushed the investigation to a speedy close. Prejudiced as he must have been from the fact that the murdered persons were his most intimate and beloved friends, he nevertheless, carefully eliminated all sensational features and told his story in a simple, straightforward manner. Deeply touched as he was when compelled to recall the details connected with the horrible crime, with a true spirit of a man of God he did not allow his feelings to lead him into crediting all the exaggerated stories current at the time.

It must be borne in mind that the events described herein happened over four months ago, and although they created great excitement at the time, the details have now, in the light of events more important to the Chinese mind, passed from the thoughts of the people. At the time, and immediately following the atrocities, they were much talked about, and many horrible stories were circulated, as is the custom of the Boxers. The facts were, therefore, jumbled and distorted until all the agonies and tortures possible to conceive were connected with these crimes. Besides, all the principal actors had fled when we arrived at Pao-ting-fu, and under the circumstances it was exceedingly difficult to find any person who from fear of being blamed himself, would acknowledge having been present, and the task was made still more difficult by the fact that most Chinese have but little regard for the truth.

The city of Pao-ting-fu, China, was considered until recent events proved otherwise to be one of the safest cities in northern China in which to pursue missionary work. It is the capital of the Province of Chili, situated on the main highway to Central China, about ninety miles south of Peking. It is connected with the latter place by a railroad of first class facilities, since destroyed by Boxers, and with Tientsin, ninety miles distant, by water, navigable for Chinese junks only. It is a city of the usual Chinese type, surrounded by a ponderous brick wall which is surmounted by a crenelated parapet, and pierced by four enormous gates, which are in turn surmounted by parapets, turrets and watch towers. Opposite each gate on the outside of the wall are situated villages, known to the Chinese as the North, South, East and West Suburbs.

In the North Suburb of the city, called Chang Chia Chang, there lived in several buildings located in one compound Presbyterian missionaries named as follows: Mr and Mrs. F. E. Simcox and three children, Dr. and Mrs. C. V. Hodge and Dr. Geo. Y. Taylor. In the South Suburb there lived in the same compound the representatives of the American Board Missions, Mr H. T. Pitkin, Miss Mary S. Merrill and Miss Annie A. Gould. Nearby there lived in another compound Mr. and Mrs. Bagnell and one child and Mr. William Cooper, English missionaries. Most of these people had been living among the Chinese for years, spoke the language fluently and had adopted Chinese customs and dress to a greater or less degree. They were doing splendid work among the sick, poor and needy in the villages surrounding Pao-ting-fu, and were on as friendly terms with the inhabitants as foreigners ever are. The Chinese, it would be understood, and especially the provincial ones, are taught to

consider all foreigners beneath their contempt. They call all Christians pigs, and as far as they dare treat them as such. The peculiar connection between Christian and pig is derived from the fact that the words are similar in the Chinese language. So it can be readily understood why friendly relations are difficult to establish, and why people living in what they consider comparative safety and protection are liable at any time to be insulted and to be compelled to submit to all manner of indignities. In fact, one gentleman, a missionary doctor, told me that he never went upon the street of Pao-ting-fu unless he was insulted, at least once, by some street loafer or hoodlum hurling vile names and epithets at him, for no reason other than he was a foreigner.

At the beginning of the recent Boxer disturbances, and after the murder of the Belgian engineers, which happened between Pao-ting-fu and Tientsin, the missionaries in the contiguous country were warned by their friends in Tientsin and elsewhere, that more serious developments were expected, and they must either leave the country or place themselves in a position to withstand a siege. No apparent heed was given to this warning beyond the purchase of a gun or two and a small quantity of ammunition. This will perhaps seem strange and unnatural at first, but when it is considered from the point of view of the missionaries living in Pao-ting-fu it is only natural. In the first place the outbreaks that took place prior to June 30 were confined to outlying regions and were simply riotous mobs with no strong hand near to control them.

It was thought at that time that the Imperial troops stationed in Pao-ting-fu would never allow any rebellious organization to be formed in their midst, and even if such a thing was accomplished, it was not believed for an instant that the soldiers of the Imperial Chinese government would not only make no attempt to suppress it, and prevent outrages and murder, but by their very presence lend countenance to the uprising and sanction the outrages committed. Having considered these points it is not strange that the missionaries in Pao-ting-fu, not only failed to leave the country, but made no attempt to consolidate and provide a common defence. In fact, it is believed that until the attack was actually made upon the first compound, no one in Pao-ting-fu appreciated the awful danger of the situation.

On the fourth day of the sixth Chinese month, June 30, between the hours of 4 and 5 p. m., the Presbyterian compound in the north suburb was attacked by Boxers and villagers led by the notorious Boxer chieftain, Chu-tu-tai, whose activity and noted prejudice against the Christians and foreigners had the previous day been recognized and rewarded by the Nieh-Tai, a very important provincial official, with the presentation of the gilded button as a mark of distinction and esteem, thus giving official sanction to the action of the Boxers.

The occupants of the compounds were made aware of the approach of the crowd by the cries for the lives of the Christians, and the usual amount of noise that would naturally attend such a mob bent on such a mission. The outer buildings of the compounds were taken without much resistance and were looted of everything valuable.

Mr. Simcox, Dr. Hodge and Dr. Taylor collecting the women and children about them, took refuge in the second story of a chapel in the rear part of the compound.

It may be well to call attention to the fact that all the buildings have since been destroyed, even the bricks and building material being carried away, so that an accurate description cannot be given. After having taken refuge in the chapel, barricading the doors and preparing for a defence, Dr. Taylor went to the second story window of the building and spoke with the mob in the court below, asking them what they wanted. They called to him and said: 'The lives of all Christians, native and foreign.' He then attempted to argue with them, asking: 'Why? What have we ever done to harm you? Have we not helped the sick, the poor and the needy, have we not gone among you, lived as you lived, suffered and died with you; have we not given up our homes, our families and our friends to teach you; why will you kill us?' These arguments he used and many more, but all to no avail. The mob infuriated by the delay renewed the attack with redoubled fury, attempting to force an entrance into the chapel. The

inmates defending themselves nobly with what arms they had, drove the Boxers out of the court and under cover killing the Chief, Chu-tu-tai, and wounding ten others. After a short delay the attack was again renewed, but was repulsed without an entrance having been effected. The Boxers then withdrew from the court and set fire to the surrounding buildings, which were soon enveloped in smoke and flames.

The doomed missionaries, so far as can be learned, made no further effort to escape, evidently resigning themselves to the fate which soon overtook them. In a few minutes the fire travelled to the chapel, which was quickly consumed, the whole party perishing in the flames, except two small children of the Simcoxes, Paul and Francis by name, aged respectively 9 and 11, who becoming terrified at the suffocating smoke and the unbearable heat, unfastened the door and rush from the burning building. They were quickly seized by the mob, their heads cut off and their bodies thrown in a well nearby. The remains were afterwards taken out and buried. The bodies of those who perished in the burning building were entirely consumed, at least no trace of them could be found. The Chinese Christians and servants to the number of about twenty living in the compound, true to their masters and benefactors to the last, perished at this time, but whether they were killed or burned to death does not appear clearly. One Chinese convert rather than face the horrors of death by fire threw himself into a well in the vain attempt to commit suicide. He was taken out, resuscitated and carried to the Boxers' headquarters in the city where a futile attempt was made by the usual Chinese method of inhuman treatment, forcing from him a confession with a view of getting evidence to substantiate the many outrageous stories current as to the Christian method of obtaining converts, of kidnapping children and cutting out their eyes and hearts to concoct medicines and portions, and as to many other ridiculous and foolish beliefs current among the ignorant Chinese. It being now quite late in the evening, the mob, apparently satisfied with its afternoon work, carried away the wounded and dispersed.

The next day being the 5th day of the sixth month, July 1, the Pitkin compound in the South Suburb was attacked, the attack commencing between 6 and 7 a. m. Despite the earliness of the hour the occupants were ready to receive it. Word of the previous afternoon's proceedings having been received during the night Mr. Pitkin prepared for a defence, buried his valuables and with them a letter of farewell. These are afterward dug up by the Boxers and carried away, hence the contents of this letter have never been learned. Mr. Pitkin with the two young ladies and the Chinese servants and converts took refuge in a building in the rear of the compound. The Boxers, profiting by their previous afternoon's experience, did not expose themselves carelessly so that while Mr. Pitkin defended himself and the two ladies under his protection most bravely, until his ammunition was exhausted, he was not able to inflict any great loss upon the Boxers. As soon as the buildings in the compound not covered by Mr. Pitkin's fire were thoroughly looted the mob in a body made a rush for the brave defenders, but what could one man with one pistol do against such a crowd? There was only one end possible. The door was battered down and the crowd rushed in. Mr. Pitkin, brave to the last, fell fighting at the door of the young ladies' room; he was immediately beheaded, his body buried in the compound, and his head carried away, it is believed, to the Official Yamen of the city as evidence of the good work of the Boxers. This could not be certainly proved, however. The young ladies were seized and dragged outside, where it was seen that Miss Gould was so overcome with fright that she was unable to walk. She was accordingly bound hand and foot, slung on a pole passing between the ankles and wrist, as pigs are carried in China, and, with Miss Merrill, her hands tied behind her and led by the hair, headed a procession into the city to the Boxers' temple, Chi-Sheng-An. Seven native Christians were killed before leaving the compound.

During all the proceedings a number of Imperial Chinese soldiers stood in and about the Pitkin compound with a full knowledge of what was being done, but taking no active part. While these poor girls were marching through the village and into the city, the streets were lined on both sides by thousands of people who clutched and tore at their clothing, struck them, spat upon them and in a thousand ways showed their approval of what was being done. Before reaching the Boxer headquarters the clothing of the two young ladies was considerably torn and deranged but it is not believed, as has been reported that a deliberate attempt was made to

parade them in a nude condition; neither is it believed that they were, while held by the Boxers made to submit to other indignities than those of being roughly handled and knocked about.

After reaching the Chi-Sheng-An Temple the ladies were put in a room together and held throughout the day. A little later Mr. and Mrs. Bagnell, their child and Mr. William Cooper, the English missionaries, were brought to where Miss Morrill and Miss Gould were held. In the afternoon a mock trial of the whole party was gone through with. No exact statement can be given of what took place at this trial, but it is safe to say that any amount of imaginary testimony was given to show that the foreigners deserved death. About 6 o'clock the same day the whole party, with the exception of Mr. Cooper, of whom no trace can be had after he entered the temple, were taken out of the building and bound together in single file, after the Chinese custom; the wrist held at the height of the chin by a stout rope, which was then passed around the neck and thence back to the wrist of the following person, and so on throughout the entire party. The little child, a girl of five or six years was not bound, but ran along clinging to her mother's dress. After all the preparations were completed the party started on the last march through the city led like condemned felons, jeered and scoffed at by the crowd that thronged the streets, out through the south gate and the wall to the southeast corner, where in the presence of an enormous assemblage they were led to the block one by one, and beheaded. The little girl escaped this fate, but was run through with a spear by a Boxer. And thus the bloody tragedy was completed.

After an investigation by the commanding general of the 'Pao-ting-fu expedition' an international court was ordered to investigate occurrences which led to the murder and outrages committed on the subjects of the several nations in the neighborhood of Pao-ting-fu. This court was composed of president general Balloud, French; members, Major Van Brizen, German; Lieut Col. Ramsey, English; Lieut Col. Sals, Italian; Mr. Jamieson, English (member of British Legation). After a careful investigation the court found the following persons guilty of complicity in the outrages and murders described and recommended follows: The Fan-Tai, lieutenant governor, or provincial treasurer, to be beheaded; the commanding officer (a colonel) of the Imperial troops at Pao-ting-fu during the massacre, to be beheaded; the Nei-tai, or provincial judge, to be degraded and deposed from office; the Tao-tai, a provincial official, to be sent to Tien-tsin for additional trial. The decision of the court was sent to Field Marshall Count von Waldersee for his approval, and in addition, as a punishment to the city for the atrocities committed within its limits, the temple of the 'Tutelary God' and the Chi-sheng-an temple were blown up. Besides this, the destruction of the gate towers, several more temples and the south east corner of the city wall were ordered. Later it was learned from Field Marshal Von Waldersee himself that he had approved of the recommendations of the court throughout, and doubtless ere this the guilty parties have paid the penalties of their crimes.

Live Agent Wanted.

Man or woman—lady preferred. We have pleasant and profitable employment for any man or woman at every post office address in Canada or United States, for an article of great merit, which sells at eight. Exclusive territory given to competent agents. Address N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

A Lost Dog.

There are many touching sights in a great city, but none much more so than to watch a lost dog. At first there is a look of startled surprise on his face when he loses the scent, quickly followed by a grim sort of humor, as though pretending his bewilderment is but a joke. He circles round and round, and his face grows thin and his eyes almost human in their anxious pleading. He starts off in one direction, sure that he has found the trail. He is baffled, and turns back. He looks in the face of all who pass, as if questioning to know his way. He thinks he recognizes his master, and is off like a flash, only to return more anxious and eager than before. He gives himself no rest, but doubles and pursues and turns back until all hope is dead in his faithful canine breast, and he starts off with a long lunge down the street. Then it is that some demonic boy or some detestable man flings a stone at him or kicks him as he flies by, and the cry is raised: 'Mad dog! Kill him!' So the great host of idlers in ambush, who wait the opportunity for mischief as bees await the blossom of the buckwheat, are turned loose upon his track and his doom is sealed. From a lost dog to a hunted and dead one is an easy transition.

FLASHES OF FUN.

'My dear, why don't you hit the nail on the head sometimes?'
'I do. Look at my thumb.'
NoSwatters—Hub! he's a liar.
McSwitters—How do you prove it?
McSwatters—He called me one.
'That youngest Miss Spedlow reminds me of a Irish curra's son.'
'Yes, she is in the very pink of condition.'
Bacon—'Samson who was noted for his strength and his long hair I be'eva?'
Egbert—'Yes; two bad they didn't have pianos in those days.'
'Where are you going, my pretty maid?'
'Out on my auto, sir,' she said.
'May I go with you, my pretty maid?'
'I have gas enough and to spare,' she said.
'I don't understand, sir, that you referred to me as a dog.'
'No, sir! You are misinformed. I consider a dog man's trust and most faithful friend.'
'I made an awful bad break last night while I was calling on Miss Sigher.'
'Your fiancée, too—how?'
'Cracked a joke about our engagement that broke it.'
Assistant Editor—I've found out at last who 'Vox Populi' is.
Editor—Who?
Assistant Editor—'Constant Reader' under a nom de plume.
Lady—I rather like having one dyspeptic at my table.
Visitor—How queer!
Landlady—Oh, no; he makes the other boarders eat—med to find fault.
'I made a dreadful mistake last night.'
'What was it?'
'I went to buy my wife a diamond ring, but the jeweller's shop had moved, and I stumbled into a church bazaar.'
'Are you going to have a Christmas tree at your house this year?'
'No; my wife decided some time ago that we must economize, and got our children to go to Sunday school regularly.'
'Why do you say that bonnet is adorable?' he demanded, irritably. 'That's not the word to use. You might as well say it is lovable and you can't love a bonnet.'
'You can't,' she replied quietly, 'but I can.'
'Is your son praising the usual sardines?' quired the visitor.
'Yes,' answered Farmer Corntossell, 'he's still purr'r'r' 'em, and I com what; in heat, without much show of ketchin' up to 'em.'
He—My dear, it is of no use for you to look at those hats, for I have only a few shillings in my pocket.
She—You might have known a few when we came out that I wanted to buy a few things.
He—I did.
Wife—I am sorry I bought one of those door mats with the word 'welcome' on it.
Hubbard—Why so?
Wife—Some stupid fellow mistook the meaning of the word and helped himself to it the first night.
Have you heard that Turnabout has changed his business again?
'No. What is it this time?'
'Live, y'?'
'Well, he can't complain of not being on a stable basis this time.'
Eustacia—Edmund, what shall we give our clergyman?
Edmund—Give our clergyman? Why, Eustacia, he gets five times the salary I do! The delectable thing to do is to hang back and see what he gives us.
Mrs. Horn—But, Maudy, I don't see why you don't want to marry Silas Blossom. He's prosperous enough. He's just put a new 'L' on his house.
Maudy—I don't keer, maw. He kin put the whole alphabet on his house, if he wants to, but this here literary life never did appeal to me.
'I see that in one of the English towns they weigh the mayors when they go into office and when they come out.'
'Say, it would be much more interesting here in Cleveland if they weighed each councilman's pocket book and bank account when he went into office and again when he came out.'
Barroughs—What's the matter, old man? You've got a far-away look in your eye; what's that for?
Marpley—Ah! My thoughts have gone back about three years, but I really don't like to tell you what I am thinking about.
Barroughs—Something you'd rather forget, eh?
Marpley—No, but I think it's something you have forgotten. It's that 'five' I loaned you in the fall of '97.

FOUL BREATH, CATARRH, HEADACHE

Are Banished by Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Powder. It Relieves in 10 Minutes.

F. A. Bottom, druggist, Cookshire, Que., says: "For 20 years I suffered from Catarrh. My breath was very offensive even to myself. I tried everything which promised me a cure. In almost all instances I had to proclaim them as good as all. I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Powder. I got relief instantly after first application. It cured me and I am free from all the effects of it."

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

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'I have gas enough and to spare,' she said.

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'I made a dreadful mistake last night. What was it?'

'You meant to buy a diamond ring, didn't you?'

'The jeweler's shop had moved, and I stumbled into a church bazar.'

'Are you going to have a Christmas tree your house this year?'

'No; my wife decided some time ago that we must economize, and got our chum to go to Sunday school regularly.'

'Why do you say that bonnet is adorable?'

'I demanded, irritably. "That's not worth a word to use. You might as well say a lovable and you can't love a bonnet."

'You can't,' she replied quietly, 'but I can't say it's not lovely.'

'Is your son pursuing the usual academic course?'

'Yes,' answered Farmer Commodore, 'he'll pursue "em, an' from what I hear, without much show of ketchin' to 'em.'

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'No. What is it this time?'

'Lives.'

'Well, he can't complain of not being on an able basis this time.'

'Justacia—Edmund, what shall we give our clergyman?'

'Edmund—Give our clergyman? Why, Justacia, he gets five times the salary I do. The delicate thing to do is to hang it and see what he gives us.'

'Mrs. Hocorn—But, Maudy, I don't see why you don't want to marry Silas Beansom. He's prosperous enough. He's got a new 'L' on his house. He kin the whole alphabet on his house, if he is, but to this here literary life never appeal to me.'

'See that in one of the English towns weigh the mayors when they go into bed and when they come out.'

'Say, it would be much more interesting in Cleveland if they weighed each man's pocket book and bank account when he went into office and again when he came out.'

'Barroughs—What's the matter, old man? You've got a far-away look in your eye; it's that for?'

'Barley—A'! My thoughts have gone about three years, but I really don't tell you what I am thinking about. Barroughs—Something you'd rather to be?'

'Barley—No, but I think it's something have forgotten. It's that "five" I had you in the fall of '97.'

FRESH BREATH, CATARRH, HEADACHE

Banished by Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. It Relieves in 10 Minutes.

A. Bottom, druggist, Cookshire, N.Y., says: "For 20 years I suffered from catarrh. My breath was very offensive to myself. I tried everything which I could find. In almost all instances I had to proclaim them no good at all. I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. I got relief instantly. The first application. It cured me and I am free from all the effects of it."

trouble about me.

'Some day I will repay you for what you have done,' he muttered. 'For now—'he took her in his arms, and kissed her passionately—that will prevent your forgetting me.'

She laughed again as she freed herself, not at all displeased with his preliminary expression of gratitude, though she said—'You are presumptuous, cousin. But go—go—go!'

'You care? You wish me to escape?'

He approached her again, daringly. 'There is no mirror here; let me look closely into your eyes once more that I may see how I appear in my disguise.'

Southern blood is soon fired.

This time Zebra returned his embrace, and gave him kiss for kiss before she pushed him from her.

'I will return later; I cannot lose you,' he murmured. 'Or will you seek me at the cottage.'

'Neither,' said she. 'It will not be safe for you to return. I shall not wait for you. As for my mother's cottage, I am forbidden to enter. She disowns me for preferring wealth and the pleasures of the English aristocracy to my old life with her.'

'Well, I shall see you again—there, or elsewhere. You cannot escape me, even if you would. Farewell for the present. I shall never forget what you have done for me.'

A moment later Zebra Beaudesert was alone in the shed, her heart beating quickly with passionate love of her handsome convict cousin.

She little thought her reckless action in helping him to escape from the punishment he had so well-earned would end tragically for herself.

CHAPTER VII.

'Here he is, taking a quiet afternoon nap, I declare, as if he was a gentleman of leisure! Up with you, Number Ninety-nine and fifty! Hallo!'

The speaker's kick made Zebra spring to her feet with a cry of pain.

She had been shaming sleep as she lay amongst the bushes, listening for the footsteps she knew must come sooner or later. Her eyes looked heavy, and tears lingered in them—tears artificially produced.

She had lain there long enough to realize the strength of her sudden love for her convict cousin, and the knowledge taught her that he must be saved at all costs.

So when she heard his pursuers approaching, she forced tears into her eyes, and simulated timidity and an outraged sense of modesty at being discovered in masculine attire by these very naturally astonished men.

Her story sounded fairly plausible, even in their ears.

'I am the Lady Zebra Beaudesert, sister to Lord Darkhaven,' she began tremblingly, when they asked for an explanation of her extraordinary attire. 'I was strolling along the common, when I was startled by seeing a man in thin dress appear above the bushes. He called to me, but I turned away and began to retrace my steps. He ran after me, and said I must help him, or he would kill me. He made me go into that shed yonder and change clothes with him, and then he hurried off in the direction of the Demon's Pool. I felt so ashamed of myself in these things that I could not walk home, so I lay down amongst the bushes to wait until it was dark.'

The men listened respectfully enough, but not entirely without suspicion.

'Would you mind going with us down to house yonder, so that his lordship may identify?' asked one.

'I certainly object to move a step in these clothes,' she replied. 'You may fetch the earl, if you like, or Mr. Beaudesert, my uncle.'

'The young lady sounds all right,' said the other man, in a undertone.

'She has a foreign accent and a foreign look,' responded the first; aloud, he said to Zebra: 'It isn't much to do—walking half a mile in those things after sharing a dressing-room with an escaped convict, even if he did happen to be a fellow countryman.'

She flushed at the implied insult, then grew flicly haughty.

'The man certainly was Spanish, and as I am half a Spaniard myself, I sympathized with him on that account. But, convict though he might have been, he behaved like a gentleman. As to the dressing room if you will take the trouble to examine yonder shed, you will understand that it was possible for me to take off my dress and assume this garb with less hesitation than I feel at the thought of walking home in it in broad daylight.'

Signing to his companion to keep guard over her, the man who had last spoken went on to the shed, and presently returned.

'What is the meaning of this?' asked a fresh voice.

Beaudesert had come on the scene by way of the path up the cliff.

He had strolled down to the beach on being left to himself, and was returning. Zebra ran to him with a cry of relief.

'What good angel sent you this way just as I wanted you so badly, Uncle Serge? Do tell these men who I am, and get them to leave me alone. I'll explain afterwards.'

Serge Beaudesert's straight brows went up considerably as he replied.

'A little explanation would not be out of the way to begin with, I am thinking; but, as these good fellows are possibly in a hurry, I may as well claim you as my niece the lady Zebra Beaudesert, sister to the Earl of Darkhaven.'

'Thank you, sir; it's all right, of course. We couldn't help seeing that the young lady is a lady.'

'Then you must have better eyesight than mine,' said Serge drily. 'To my mind she looks a disreputable young man in convict attire, with a woman's wig on by way of disguise.'

'By George! that never occurred to either of us; but you recognize her, you say, sir?'

'I do say so; but how are you to know that I am really Lord Darkhaven's uncle? Perhaps, my dear niece, if you were to let down your hair, it might prove the simplest way out of the difficulty.'

With one of her own daring laughs, Zebra complied.

Down tumbled her black hair over her shoulders and below her waist.

'That's no wig,' said the spokesman. 'I beg your pardon, my lady, for seeming to doubt; but the gentleman would have his joke at our expense, and we drink in suspicion with the very air we breathe. Come on, Moore, we are only losing time. Which way did your ladyship say?'

'He went towards the Demon's Pool; over there, you know.'

Zebra stood with her back to her mother's cottage, pointing in the opposite direction, and the wardens promptly departed.

When uncle and niece stood alone on the common, the former said musingly—'Quite sure he went that way, Zebra? The cottage would have been handier, I should have thought, for Mercedes Calzados's nephew.'

'Uncle Serge! How did you—?'

'How did I recognize him? Well, partly by his likeness to his father—whom I remember with good reason—and partly by his apparel. I confess it was the sight of your frock covering long-striding legs, evidently masculine in action, and the sight of a hat resembling the one you had gone out in, covering a very closely cropped head, that drew my attention to him. He was mounting the steps by the churchyard, and I waited at the top to let him pass me, which he appeared reluctant to do, until your mother, with whom I had been having a little chat concerning Emilio, exclaimed, in mingled fear and relief—'

'Jose! Rush boy! What folly is this?'

'The young wolf in sheep's clothing looked sly at me but made no reply. Whereupon I informed him that I recognized his borrowed plumes as being the lawful property of my niece, and demanded to know what he had done with yourself. Mercedes gave him a hint that he might venture on the truth, and so I learnt his story, also where to look for you. Truly, the Beaudeserts of this generation have much to be thankful for.'

The present Earl of Darkhaven had for grandfather a sea robber—a man on a par with a clever burglar, who is not above using violence on occasion; and for first cousin he has the burglar himself, a man convicted of robbery with violence. There is one thing, the Calzados have plenty of brains. Even as the father escaped the due of justice over a dozen years ago, so now the son has contrived to effect his release from a convict prison after only a few weeks' residence there.'

'You will let him go, Uncle Serge?'

'Yes. He will probably remain with his aunt until he sees an opportunity of joining some of his seafaring brethren, who are cruising about the coast just now, seeking whom he may devour.'

'You are very good, Uncle Serge.'

'We entered into a compact this afternoon, my dear Zebra. This is my first move in what promises to be an interesting game. Don't forget that you owe me a good turn when the time comes. Here is Mrs. Hanlan with a dust cloak, which will serve to cover your inartistic garments, and a hat to cover your very beautiful hair. You need not be afraid to trust Mrs. Hanlan; she knows Jose Calzados's story, and your share in it. It strikes me she knows everything,' said Zebra.

Mona surveyed her with an amused and appreciative smile.

'You would make a capital boy if you would part with your hair,' she said. 'Rather a novel idea for a lady's dress!'

'Precisely my own opinion,' returned Zebra, coolly. 'Thank you, Mrs. Hanlan, for coming to my rescue with wrap. I am getting awfully hungry, and I shall be glad to get back and put on something cooler; these things are too warm for anything.'

As far as Beaudesert and Mona knew the Jose Calzados incident had ended when Zebra appeared at dinner in a more than usually elaborate get-up, as though to mark the contrast between the immediate present and the immediate past in the matter of appearance.

But the cousins found opportunities of meeting, and of exchanging vows of love and fidelity, which led to an occurrence undreamed of by anyone.

Nearly a month had passed since Mona Hanlan took up her abode at Darkhaven. She was conscious of being keenly watched by the woman who lived her solitary life in the cottage above the old churchyard; though Mercedes, Countess of Darkhaven—for such she is in very truth, though she neither claimed the title, nor was it ever given to her—took care not to cross her path willingly.

Beaudesert watched her, too, every bit as keenly, and more openly.

Mona felt his constant guardianship, but neither of them made any reference to it.

No further news had come from Tony, and his young wife was preparing herself for one of two things, either of which must come as a shock.

One was that she would hear of his death; the other, that he would appear suddenly one day to claim her.

The suspense was beginning to tell on her; she was losing her pretty color, and growing thinner.

Beaudesert saw the change; but though his heart ached for her evident anxiety, he dare not trust himself to speak of it.

In return for the close watching to which she felt herself subjected to by Emilio's mother, Mona stood guard at her bedroom window night after night, on the lookout for the occasional nocturnal interview between Mercedes and her son.

The reason for their remaining at great

a mystery as at first, until the girl began to suspect that the woman's refusal to enter the castle was confined only to the day. At night she evidently condescended to visit Emilio in his own apartments.

Yet why should this be? It was indeed a mystery.

CHAPTER VII.

One night, towards the end of August, Mona thoroughly woke herself up by the length of the vigil she kept.

Emilio had admitted his mother by the way of the courtyard, that being the only means of approach to the inner grounds and to the castle itself.

An hour later Mercedes left again, the young earl accompanying her.

Mona waited five minutes—ten—a quarter of an hour, and still he did not return.

She was about to abandon her watch, thinking he might purpose passing what remained of the night at the cottage, when she caught sight of two forms coming through the arch.

A lamp shed a feeble light on the old gateway, so that, even on so dark a night as this, it was impossible for anyone to enter unperceived, should a watchful eye inside the castle happen to be watching the entrance at that moment.

Mona wondered to whom the figures might belong.

Both were men—she had been able to see so much—and neither was Lord Darkhaven, for both were too tall.

She stood awhile, pondering the possible nature of their errand, also whether it would be as well to find her way to Serge Beaudesert's room and wake him.

Second thoughts—to be soon bitterly regretted—prompted her to go down, first to the little postern door which she had long ago ascertained to be the mode of entrance into the castle used by Emilio and his mother at night.

If the careless couple had left this unfashioned anyone might get in who chanced to know of the existence and situation of the door.

Mona knew her way, by this time' all over the inhabited portions of the grand old building, and she had no fear of the darkness.

Silently but swiftly she went downstairs and through the passages which led to the gate.

But, as she approached it she stopped suddenly, for she heard voices, low and guarded, but clearly audible.

They spoke in Spanish.

Mona had accepted Emilio's eager offer to instruct her in what he persisted in calling his native tongue, and as she had a natural aptitude for acquiring languages, she was able to make out something of what was now being said.

'Too early.'

'That was clear enough; then again: "Half an hour or more."

Then something she could not make out.

She was on the point of retreating, with the intention of arousing Beaudesert, when one of the men sent the searching light of a bull's eye lantern up the passage where she stood.

An exclamation of surprise from both reached her as she turned to fly.

She was quickly overtaken, and, before she could cry out, a cloth smelling of chloroform was thrown over her head, and after one or two faint struggles, she remembered no more.

Beaudesert was the first to miss her in the morning.

She was always down early, and when he got downstairs, a few minutes later than usual, he was surprised to find her absent.

Lord Darkhaven entered the breakfast-room at her accustomed time, quickly followed by Zebra, who had been in the grounds, and appeared unlike herself.

'What a wonder for Mrs. Hanlan to be late!' observed the countess to comment on Emilio's absence; he rarely condescended to get up in time for breakfast with the rest.

'It is, indeed, a wonder!' assented Beaudesert, feeling vaguely uneasy. 'Perhaps she is not well.'

The countess immediately dispatched one of the maids to Mona's room.

The girl came back, looking rather scared.

'Mrs. Hanlan is not in her room, m'Lady; and her bed has been slept in.'

Beaudesert started to his feet, his face white to the lips.

An exclamation escaped him, heard only by Zebra.

'The young devil!'

He rushed from the room, and she followed, calling to him—'

'Uncle! Uncle Serge! It is not what you think! Emilio has done nothing.'

He wheeled round and faced her, his features set in their sternest mould, his eyes blazing.

'What then?'

Zebra's mood had wholly changed in the last two minutes.

She was now radiant and joyous.

'She has been carried off instead of myself. It has been a mistake! Jose said he should send two of his father's crew to the postern door at one o'clock this morning. I was to meet them and be carried off to sea. I was punctual in keeping the appointment, but the men did not come and I thought he had fooled me. Mr. Hanlan must have seen them somehow, and have got carried off instead.'

'But—good heavens! you don't expect me to find comfort in the thought that she is in the power of a lot of as unscrupulous villains as ever sailed the seas?'

'Jose is there, Uncle Serge; he would not hear of any harm being done her. They will probably put her ashore somewhere near. She will turn up all right, you'll see.'

'I wish I could think so.' Then a thought struck him. 'But how did those ruffians get through the courtyard?'

Zebra smiled, and cast down her black eyes.

'I am afraid Emilio is a little to blame,

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after all,' she said demurely. 'He is so careless. He spent the night at the cottage, you know—he told me he should—and he must have forgotten to lock the gates behind him.'

Something that was not a blessing came through Beaudesert's clenched teeth.

For a moment he stood irresolute, visibly chafing at his impotence, and plainly giving no thought to his niece's interrupted eloquence.

Inwardly congratulating herself on this fact, Zebra ventured on a suggestion.

'The Santa Eulalia may be still in the bay, waiting for a chance to put Mrs. Hanlan ashore.'

That was enough for Beaudesert.

He made for the stairs leading to the observatory, where an excellent telescope was kept.

A single glance sufficed to show him the all-too-familiar evil-looking vessel drifting with the tide down Channel; no smoke came from the funnel, so she was evidently awaiting somebody or something.

Beaudesert's yacht, White Witch, was in the little harbour, ready to put out to sea at any moment; there were few days in the week when Beaudesert did not cruise about for an hour or so.

Laughing softly, Zebra returned to the breakfast-room and told her grandmother that Uncle Serge had gone out to look for Mrs. Hanlan.

The countess sat with her back to the window; but Zebra saw the yacht leave the harbour.

Beaudesert had, himself, taken the helm. He steered straight for the Santa Eulalia, and rejoiced as much as he wondered, when she made no attempt to get away.

But suddenly his heart gave a throb, and then seemed to stop beating.

The possibility of Mona not being on board the Santa Eulalia had occurred to him.

What if she should be needing him on land somewhere?'

What if he were only wasting time in seeking her on the sea?'

The evident indifference of the Calzados and their crew to his approach almost decided him to return to the harbor.

But just then something happened that made him more than ever desirous of steaming ahead.

A boat, with two persons in it, put out from the schooner, and Beaudesert's heart gave another wild throb as he saw that one of these was a woman, and that she was waving her handkerchief towards the yacht.

The White Witch slowed down to allow of the boat coming alongside.

Its occupants were soon recognizable as Mona and Jose Calzados.

An eager, anxious expression mingled with the thankfulness in Beaudesert's face as his eyes met those of the woman he loved so madly and so hopelessly.

She smiled reassuringly as she called up to him—'

'Did you think I had eloped, Mr. Beaudesert? Please believe that it was a mistake.'

'I know it was,' he answered. 'It was my niece whom Senor Calzados does us the honor of wishing to carry off.'

'He means to have her too,' declared Jose, with a flash of his black eyes. 'Now Mrs. Hanlan, I will wish you good morning, with many thanks for your charming company. You will remember your promise?'

'Yes; also its proviso,' replied Mona, giving him her hand in farewell.

Raising his voice he said to Beaudesert—'

'I thought it as well to come and meet you before you got within firing distance of our little craft. Our guns are small and do not carry far, but our crew are rather given to practice without waiting for permission.'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHILDREN BOUGHT AND SOLD.
Slavery as it exists in Northern Parts of Eastern Siberia.

The Russian News of St. Petersburg publishes an account of the Siberian traffic in human beings, sent by a correspondent in Yakutsk, the most important town on the Lower Lena river. He describes the pitiful conditions in these northern districts and says they are responsible for the selling of children into slavery.

Three classes of people live there, Russian officials and merchants, Russian peasants and Yakut natives. It is the Yakuts who have the children to sell. The Russian peasants buy them and sell them at a good profit to the officials and merchants.

The Russian peasants are not living in those bleak and inhospitable regions of their own choice. They were sent into exile from their native homes in Russia, some for crimes and others for political offenses. They are scattered through the

districts of Werchojansk, Kolymsk and Yakutsk, the most northern parts of Siberia inhabited by the white race. It is winter in these districts for nine months in the year, and we have little idea of the severity of this long winter season and the misery it brings upon the poverty-stricken Russian peasants and the Yakuts.

In the district of Werchojansk is situated the pole of greatest cold in the northern hemisphere; in other words, the records of extremest cold show a little lower temperature than has ever been observed by Arctic explorers.

And yet in the brief summer season the Russians and Yakuts ripen a few vegetables and cut a little hay for the miserable cattle that are kept in that far away land. The mining industry is not important, and about the only interest that keeps white men there is the collecting of skins and furs and the trade with the natives who live nearer the Arctic ocean and exchange a good many skins for European commodities. The poor white residents and Yakuts also engage in fishing.

In the best of years they earn but a scanty subsistence; but their misery is great indeed when their meagre crops fail. Then starvation stares them in the face. At such times the Yakuts often beg from door to door in the little towns or take to robbery. At such times also the father of the family will sell his children to the Russian peasants, his nearest white neighbors, if he has any to sell. The price is a mere pittance, varying between \$2 and \$25.

The well-to-do Russians of the official or merchant class are the final purchasers of the children. They pay the middlemen who buy the children from the Yakut families about one-third more than the Yakuts receive for them. The children are purchased to be servants.

Such sales are against the law and are made secretly. When the children reach their majority they are free. They can no longer be held in restraint; nevertheless, they are slaves in their younger years.

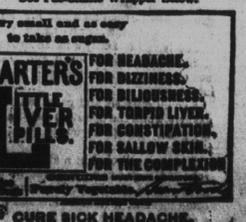
It is not to be wondered that the Yakut population hate the whites who dominate over them. They know that most of the white population are conscripts sent out of their country for their country's good; and they see in the better class of Russian's only slave-holding officials and merchants.

Get Cows? Foolish to keep them if you have? No fun in corn, but lots of pain. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor raises corns in twenty-four hours. Get a quick crop by raising it—druggists sell it.

Hinge—Have any luck at hunting? Jingo—You bet! Shot two cows and the farmer never found out who did it.

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SAVED BY A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

It was late Christmas eve when my ball dress was sent home, and Marie, my dainty fingered French maid, had finished braiding my heavy black hair and adjusted my new headdress, an exquisite diamond bandeau.

I was contemplating my reflection in the mirror with much complacency when the door opened and Mr. Gordon came in. For a moment I was half frightened at his pale face and grave air, but he said: 'I only stopped for a moment, Mrs. Gordon, to say that I shall not be able to join you at madam's tonight. Business affairs will keep me down town late.'

Before I could ask him what he thought of my dress he passed out of the room, and presently I heard the street door close. It was nothing new for me to attend parties without the escort of my husband, for somehow he was always immersed in business; neither was it new for Mr. Gordon to look grave or pale, for he had lost his fresh color these late years.

At length I was ready and was driven to the home of Mme. Stapleton. One ball is so similar to another in the world of fashion that to recount how the hours passed in madam's drawing rooms would be to tax your patience. Sufficient to say that it was long after the midnight chimes had rung I was handed from my carriage to my own door by the most distinguished gentleman of my set.

The atmosphere in the drawing room was deliciously warm in contrast with the temperature of the sharp December night without. It was pleasant to sit there with my dainty slippers tucked over the register and the waves of lustrous silk bathing the carpet and reflect that I swam on the topmost wave of the sea of fashion in the city around me, and the Christmas chimes ringing out from the church towers and the warm air stealing up from the register soothed my senses to delicious calmness.

Suddenly, while I sat thinking from the dim corners of the drawing room seemed to glide out a train of figures, each dressed in unimpassioned garments of bygone days, and yet, strange to say, each garment was recognized by me as something I had worn in these days, and in the face of each figure turned toward me I beheld my own. The figures glided around me, then seated themselves on the opposite side of the apartment, each looking at me steadily and with my own dark eyes. Gradually the figure nearest my right seemed to vest itself with the accessories of a picture, and a thin mist hid the others from sight.

A child of ten summers stood in the yard of an old brown farmhouse, with the westerling light of the sunset streaming over the building and bathing her tiny fingers in a flood of gold. I did not speak even in a whisper while the picture of my entire childhood was unrolled before me, but thoughts like these glided athwart my brain: 'Was I once that happy hearted, wild, romping child whose greatest care was to please her parents and whose greatest grief the loss of some woodland pet?'

Even while I sat gazing the scene slowly faded, and out from the dim mists that had infolded the figure nearest the child rose fair and clear the second picture before me. A slender, beautiful maiden stood in the moonlight beneath the rustic porch draped with honey suckles that climbed over the farmhouse door. It was Daisy, but a child no longer. She wore a neat but simple dress of pale pink muslin, and a single white rose plucked from the bush beside the doorstep adorned her hair. Suddenly a firm step came up the walk leading to the farmhouse. It was a young and frank faced man who joined her, and Daisy blushed and they went in and sat down together in the moonlight by the west room window. Eloquence was not necessary to love in those days, and Daisy and Charles Gordon sat long in the moonlight and talked together. Charles always thought he must leave at 9, but he is in no haste tonight. Ten, half past 10, 11 goes by, and there they stand in the moonlight. When they part, a tender kiss burns on Daisy's cheeks and a slender gold ring gleams on her finger. She and Charles are betrothed, and she goes to her chamber to sleep the first dream of a happy plighted love.

For a moment I stretch out my hands towards the maiden in the farmhouse, but the scene grows dim, the figures fade and another picture unfolds before my view. It was a bridal scene. Charles had grown more grave looking, for he was a business man now, and three years had added luster to Daisy's fuller figure. Both were trusting and beloved and saw none but clouds of gold in the long vista of their future.

I could only sit and gaze longingly and eagerly while the phantom faded away from my gaze. Another picture now rose before me. I saw myself clad in a cheerful morning robe. Charles had prospered in business, gold poured into his coffers, and with gold came fashion, with ambition and pride and a score of demons in her train. 'It whispered: 'You are young and you are beautiful.

In the great world you would be an acknowledged queen. Put your husband's wealth to use. Let not your beauty fade out in the nursery. Your child will get on well enough in the nurse's care. Live in the world and shine like a queen.'

And this was the beginning of the shadow which darkened the picture. I saw the glitter of the ball, the splendid furniture, the silver plate, the gay equipage and the stately apartments, and amid it all through the opened door of a neglected nursery I saw a pale, drugged 4-year-old child slowly dying. The end came. The tiny rosewood cradle was closed over the features of the child who died of motherly neglect. I saw a strong man bend in convulsed grief over his dead boy and then go out silently and growing grayer day by day turn to his business again. I heard frantic bursts of grief from the stricken mother's mouth and clasped my jeweled hands in anguish.

A long pause fell between, and then another, the last picture fell before me. I recognized its faithfulness at once. 'Ten years intervened between this picture and the preceding one. I had not changed save to fuller and perfected beauty. Everything was as plain as day—the magnificent furnishings of the home, with Persian carpets, costly tables, bronzes and marble statues and china and silver wares, and through these walls I moved, a cold and beautiful woman of ice.

I shrank from the portrait with dismay. But while I sat and gazed into the picture glided a pale, careworn man wearing the same expression I had often seen upon my husband's face. How changed it looked from the hopeful, manly Charles Gordon who had stood before me in the moonlight! He had been a grave and silent man ever since his boy died but there was now some fresh trouble eating away his life.

'What has brought this about?' I asked. In a moment my question was answered. Into the magic picture came a shadowy figure which pointed to the paper strewn table at which my husband sat. I gazed and beheld a revelation, and mechanically my eye ran over every paper he opened. The catalogue was fearful—a long array of bills—plate, furniture, statues, jewels, silks, a long array of which I recognized distinctly my own agency, and balancing this catalogue stood a tangled trade, empty coffers, with the word 'Fanic' written on with a pen of fire. While he sat and unfolded each paper and laid it aside I stole nearer and gazed upon the one he had just taken. It was my latest bill for my ball dress. I made a movement to snatch it from him, and the spell was broken.

'What is it, Daisy? You asleep here and dreaming?' I started and to find myself seated in the great velvet chair and my husband standing beside me. 'Did I fall asleep?' I must. But you, Charles, you have not slept!' I said, for just then I noticed that he was in his coat and full dress.

'I have been up late, looking over some papers I brought from the store. But I was just going up stairs. You should be asleep before this,' he added, half reprovingly, his eye wandering with a sort of pained look over my toilet.

'Why do you not speak to me, Charles? You are in some great trouble. Oh, Charles, I have had a dream this evening that has shown me myself in my true light. I am nothing more than nothing. I am a drag instead of a helpmeet. Speak to me, Charles, and tell me that you do not hate me.'

'Can you bear the worst, Daisy?' he asked hoarsely, lifting his eyes to mine. 'Anything, anything, my dear husband. I have been blind, but the scales have fallen now. Tell me everything. Are we ruined?'

'We are,' he whispered in a thick, unsteady tone. 'The crisis has carried me down. I have dragged away the long hours of this night trying to devise some leopole to escape, but all in vain. I do not care for myself, but for you—you Daisy,' and he groaned in bitterness of spirit.

I could not bear it without a burst of tears; he so thoughtful, I so selfish. I pressed my lips to his burning forehead and said, amid my sobs: 'No, Charles, not ruined for we have saved our love from the wreck.'

Charles looked at me steadily and a weight seemed to have been lifted off his head. His lips lost their grim expression and there was a ripple of tears in his voice.

'Daisy, you have saved me!' he said. 'Maddened by the thought of the morrow, I know not but the result might have been this—see I and he drew forth a little vial labeled 'laudanum' from his vest pocket. 'But you have saved me, darling.'

'Charles, we've both been mad!' I said with pallid lips, and striving, for his sake to subdue the terror that begirt my whole being when I realized how nigh my husband had stood to the wretched guilt of suicide. 'And God forgive for my want of sympathy in all your troubles and help me from this hour to be your faithful wife.'

And sitting there late in the night, my husband kneeling beside me and with his head upon my lap, I bent my cheek to his and the tears, baptizing our reunion, fell upon the folds of last folly—my ball dress.

Catastrophes.

Which means, do good as well as get good. This is how it operates—Pearl Lake Mill, Que., August, 1900. 'Enclosed find \$6.00, send six outfits to friends' as told lows—'A short time ago I wrote you for an outfit for Mr. Liberge, he would not now part with it for twice its value. I secured one in Montreal, having been informed of your remedy by my father—it has acted wonderfully in Nasal Catastrophes of long standing. Signed, Thos. Sissons.

Mr. Sissons says a great deal more, but when a man sends for six outfits of Catastrophes that means more than a bushel of words. Such action stands for conviction that he has discovered a remedy of superlative value. Druggists all sell

Catastrophes, ask them to show it to you, ask them to let you try it. We will send it to you for \$1.00 or a sample for 10 cents. N. C. Folsom & Co., Kingston, Ont., Hartford, Conn.

412 POUNDS OF BROKEN IDOL.

Downfall of the Lightfoot Lillies' Mascot When They Told Him to Slide.

'Well, why is it you never played baseball yourself?' asked a latter day fan of the very stout man sitting in the corner. 'You say you were the mascot for the famous Lightfoot Lillies of Jones county, and yet, with the exception of the time that they put you in to force the winning run in the thirteenth by being hit in the stomach, you never seem to have played yourself. After such successful daring you never asked to play again? I don't quite understand.'

The stout man gazed at the speaker searchingly for a few minutes, and then, apparently satisfied that the questions were asked in good faith, proceeded to unfold the one dark shadow in his otherwise sunny life.

'Have you never heard?' he began. 'Then now you shall hear, and though I think no blame should rest with me, you yourself shall judge of that. Listen. You have already referred to the contest in which I forced the winning run owing to the pitcher's inability to put the ball over the plate without striking my corporation. This, I believe was due to a law of physics which states that but one body can occupy the same space at the same time or words to that effect. But whatever the cause, I acquired a reputation for high class baseball second to none in Jones county, and at once got a regular position on the team. My figure being my stock in trade, Capt. Sluggo Burrows of the Lightfoot spared no pains in bringing me to physical perfection before the next game with the Roarers. Under a carefully selected diet of beer, butter, lard, potatoes and cod liver oil I rapidly rose from a meagre 220 pounds to the magnificent figure of 412.

'For the first eight innings of the great contest which ultimately proved my downfall, I fully sustained my enviable reputation for artistic ball playing. Three times the home rooters vied with one another in futile attempts to pay me suitable homage. I was truly more than queen. And then that fatal ninth with its brimful cup of gumless bitters. Four hundred and twelve pounds of shattered idol!

'In the last half of the ninth I reached first through my customary strategy. Later I succeeded in gaining third by a daring bit of base running while the Roarers' fielders were searching for Bull Thompson's liner on the other side of the centre field fence. Sammie Salmon and one of the Foots twins died easy deaths on infield pop-fies. There were: Ringtail Roarers, 17; Lightfoot Lillies, 16; two out. Thompson and yours truly on second and third bases respectively, and the invincible Home Run Hankins at the bat. All were breathless with suspense. The pitcher swung his arm back slowly and then, with bang! Home Run Hankins never missed his aim. I struggled bravely toward the plate, and in less time than it takes to tell it Thompson was at my back pushing violently. I doubled my efforts. A moment later Hankins himself caught up and joined in the single file struggle for home and victory. 'Twas do or die, and the people were like lunatics in their wild excitement. Spurred on by their cheers I was soon but five feet from the plate, with Thompson and Hankins still dancing at my heels. Then suddenly a voice rose clearly above the others: 'Slide, Willie, slide!' it rang out. Oh, fatal words!

At this point the fat ex-mascot was overcome by emotion and stopped short. It was some minutes before he could pull himself together sufficiently to go on with his sad story.

'Well,' he said at last, 'I slid. Diving gracefully forward, I slid a nicely calculated slide that brought my chest directly above the rubber. But the enthusiasm this occasioned among the Lillies was short-lived.

'Touch the plate, you fool, touch the plate,' Bull Thompson and Hankins yelled together.

'Now, would you believe it, sir, try as I would I couldn't. My corporation had been overstrained. Lying face down I was so high from the ground that my arms would not reach the plate.

'Rock me,' I cried. 'Rock me!' 'Rock you?' Bull Thompson roared. 'Rock you?' 'We'll rock you, stone you, egg you, and—touch that plate, d'ye hear?'

'Rock me,' I pleaded with tears in my eyes. 'You don't understand. Rock me like you would a rocking horse. Tilt me. I can't touch bottom.'

'Twas too late. While I had been explaining my predicament to these blockheads the Roarers' fielders found the ball and—er—well, we lost. Afterward I told Capt. Sluggo Burrows how it happened and begged for just one more chance. No

use. He said that any fool with my shape ought to have sense enough to slide on his back and that—but say, honest injun, now, do you think I was in any way to blame?'

Table Decoration.

For dinner table decorations as far as coloring is concerned it is best to keep to the warmer tints. Avoid the use of white by itself and keep to shades of crimson, old gold or even bronze tones, the latter especially where there is a large display of old silver. The vases may be filled with well berried holly prints and mistletoe, with Christmas roses as a sort of undergrowth to the various stands. Frosted branches and sprays are always fashionable at this season and have a very charming effect. Their beauty may be much enhanced by a judicious use of bright ribbon bows. Lamps and candles must all have their shades to match the principal coloring used in the decoration. Tall tubes look very well on a large table, especially where space is a consideration—i. e., where the table is otherwise well laden with dessert or with silver bowls of bonbons.

IF TAKEN IN TIME THE D. & L. Emulsion will surely cure the most serious affections of the lungs. That "run down" condition, the after effects of a heavy cold is quickly counteracted. Manufactured by the DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Ltd.

'Life is full of uncertainties,' said the mournful person. 'Cheer up, old man,' rejoined the jovial friend. 'You don't have to read the weather reports and the horse race news if you don't want to.'

THAT HACKING COUGH is a warning not to be lightly treated. Pjny-Bosman cures with absolute certainty all recent coughs and colds. Take it in time. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

Hubby—What are you going to get me for Christmas? Wiley—How much are you going to give me to spend?

WE CLAIM THAT THE D. & L. Menthol Plaster will cure lumbago, backache, sciatica, or neuralgic pains quicker than any other remedy. Made by DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Ltd.

BORN.

- Halifax, Dec 7, to the wife of J C Harris, a son. Newcastle, Dec 8, to the wife of John Roy, a son. Fargrave, Dec 8, to the wife of E P Elliott, a son. Parraboro, Dec 8, to the wife of K Kelly, a daughter. Halifax, Dec 11, to the wife of Arthur Chancey, a son. Newellton, Nov 14, to the wife of Fred Smith, a son. Richmond, Dec 10, to the wife of John LeBlanc, a son. Richibucto, Dec 11, to the wife of Wm. Earnest, a son. Chatham, Dec 10, to the wife of Hugh Harrison, a son. Parraboro, Dec 1, to the wife of Burton Holmes, a son. Amherst, Dec 12, to the wife of Edmund Gould, a son. Newellton, Nov 24, to the wife of Samuel Atkinson, a son. Yarmouth, Dec 5, to the wife of Berkeley Killam a son. Campbellton, Dec 6, to the wife of George Lutes, a daughter. Parraboro, Dec 7, to the wife of Holford Tucker, a daughter. Amherst, Dec 12, to the wife of Albert Bishop, a daughter. Colchester, Nov 28, to the wife of Willis Rhode, a daughter. Parraboro, Nov 19, to the wife of Wm Moore, a daughter. Amherst, Dec 7, to the wife of Chas Reynolds, a daughter. Ontario, Dec 8, to the wife of J A Matheson, a daughter. Newellton, Nov 12, to the wife of Mr Williams, a daughter. Chatham, Dec 6, to the wife of E Harry Smith, a daughter. Newellton, Nov 12, to the wife of Vincent Nicker son, a son. West River, Dec 4, to the wife of W O Creighton, a daughter. Liverpool, Nov 20, to the wife of Sylvanus Daup hazy, a son. New Ross Road, Dec 3, to the wife of Freeman Kynock, a son. Chelsea, Quebec, Dec 2, to the wife of Edward Butler, a daughter. Victoria Mines, C B Dec 6, to the wife of J P Hatchford, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Salisbury, Nov 29, James Gross to Adella Tower. Chicago, Ill, Duncan O Mackay to Blanche Miller. Vancouver, Dec 4, T Wallace to Carrie Doherty. Campbellton, Dec 5, Robert Smith and Sarah Glover. Hopewell Cape, Dec 5, Geo O Tingley, to Edith Bennett. Lunenburg, Dec 5, Albert E Wood to Mary J Harvey. Murray River, Dec 23, William J Nicoll to Mary F Kille. Halifax, Dec 22, Walter M Gouge to Mary E Keating. Yarmouth, Dec 6, Edward S Williams to Lois A Clements. Charlottetown, Dec 13, A B McLeod, to Miss Ethel B Armore. Yarmouth Dec 3rd, Mr William M Smith to Miss Sarah King. Woodstock, Dec 5, Mr William Hussey and Mrs Mary Wort. Westport, Mass, Nov 29, Albert H Melvin and Helen Marr. Head of River, Dec 5, Albert Jeffers to Eldora McAloney. East Whitman, Mass, Nov 29, John A Follansbee to Elizabeth Alcott. Murray Harbor South, Dec 5, Alex Wm Van Idersline to Sarah MacLennan. Westmoreland Co., Dec 4th, by Rev J E Tiser, Luther Jones to Edna E Stover.

DIED.

- Amherst, Dec 9, Agnes Helles, 20. Halifax, Dec 14, Alex B Henry 24. St John, Dec 17, Wm W Jordan, 61.

- St John, Dec 18, John Burns, 74. Chester, Dec 12, Edward Smith, 41. Maine, Nov 23, Daniel Chalmers, 70. Ottawa, Dec 8, Mrs George Everett. Redrsalon, Dec 1, Mr Alex Gillmore. Charlottetown, Dec 5, John King, 62. Berlin, Dec 6, Wm Sanderson, 62. Scaevastedy, N Y, Mary L Lewis, 19. Halifax, Dec 12, Richard O Barry 58. St John, west, Dec 16, John Murphy, 70. Fort Hill, Dec 7, Francis Doherty, 75. Halifax, Dec 15, Mrs John Mahar, 50. Coldstream, Dec 6, Herbert Ellis, 20. Moncton, Dec 18, Mrs Price Bryan, 31. Chatham, Nov 29, George Dickson, 85. Dartmouth, Dec 14, George W Jackson. Halifax, Dec 14, Capt James Griffin, 78. Vancouver, Dec 10, Mrs Mary Foley, 77. Chatham, Dec 13, Ronald MacLachlan, 74. Gaspareaux, Dec 10, Daniel Davidson, 33. Charlottetown, Dec 7, Annie Koughall, 55. Amherst, Dec 9, Mrs Samuel Goldberg, 40. Stanley Bridge, Dec 5, Mabel Goddard, 77. Charlottetown, Mrs Donald Maccochran, 78. Malden, Mass, Dec 2, Jeremiah Simpson, 23. Chelsea, Mass, Dec 3, Margaret Halliday, 64. Harvey, A Co, Dec 5, Mrs Gillard Smith, 70. Boston Mass, Dec 18, Mrs Arabella Housley. Stanley Bridge, Nov 28, Mrs John Mackay, 62. North Ruston, Nov 16, Mrs John Jamieson, 52. St John Dec 14, Edward Morton L Jamieson, 19. Charlottetown, Dec 9, Mrs Daniel MacDonald, 42. Fairview, Dec 19, Johanna Gertrude McGrath, 10. Plymouth, Dec 4, infant of Mr and Mrs Arch O'aei 7. Kingston, Lot 31, Dec 12, Archibald McFayden, 72. North Beaver Bank, Dec 14, Mrs William Lively, 38. New Prospect, Parraboro, Dec 3, William McBae 38. Moins River, Kent Co, Dec 3, Mrs George Stevenson, 53. Kingston, Kings Co, N S, Nov 28, Mrs Elizabeth Bruce. Wittersburg Colchester, Nov 29, Miss Charlotte Fullier, 90. Yarmouth, Dec 8, Sarah widow of the late George Churchill, 80.

My treatment will cure promptly and permanently all diseases peculiar to women such as, dyspepsia, inflammations, leucorrhoea & irritation of womb, painful suppressed and irregular menstruation and leucorrhoea. Full particulars, testimonials from grateful women and endorsements of prominent physicians sent on application. Julia C. Richard, P. O. Box 996, Montreal.

SUFFERING WOMEN. My treatment will cure promptly and permanently all diseases peculiar to women such as, dyspepsia, inflammations, leucorrhoea & irritation of womb, painful suppressed and irregular menstruation and leucorrhoea. Full particulars, testimonials from grateful women and endorsements of prominent physicians sent on application. Julia C. Richard, P. O. Box 996, Montreal.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Christmas and New Years. Holiday Excursions. Between Stations Montreal and East. One First Class Fare for Round Trip.

GENERAL PUBLIC. Going on December 21st to January 1st, 1901. Return good until Jan. 4th, 1901. SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES. On presentation of certificates, going Dec. 8th to 31st, 1900. Return good until Jan. 4th, 1901.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS. On presentation of certificates between points in Canada East of Fort Arthur, going Dec. 14th, to 20th, 1900. Return good until Jan. 4th, 1901. For rates dates and limits to points West of Montreal, see agents, or write A. J. Heath, D. F. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B. TO BOSTON AND RETURN \$10.50 via All Rail from St. John. Going Dec. 20th, to 31st, 1900. Return thirty days from starting day. A. J. HEATH, D. F. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS. School and college vacation—Local excursion tickets at single fare, Dec. 8 to 31, good for return until Jan. 31. Through tickets at single fare to Montreal, good to one and one third fare beyond Montreal, good for return until Jan. 31. Commercial Travellers' tickets at single fare, issued Dec. 14 to Dec. 20, good for return until Jan. 4. General Public—Local excursion tickets at single fare Dec. 21 to Jan. 1, good for return until Jan. 4. For through excursion tickets see posters. D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after MONDAY Nov. 26th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows— TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Express for Point du Chene, Campbellton and Halifax..... 7.50 Express for Halifax and Pictou..... 12.15 Express for Sussex..... 15.40 Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 17.00 Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney..... 22.15 A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11.05 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal, passengers transfer at Moncton. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 2.10 o'clock for Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

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TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex..... 8.50 Express from Quebec and Montreal..... 12.00 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Point du Chene..... 18.00 Express from Halifax and Campbellton..... 19.15 Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton..... 24.45 Daily, except Monday. All trains are run by Eastern Standard time Twenty-four hours notation.

D. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager. Moncton, N. B., Nov. 26, 1900. CITY OFFICE: 1 King Street. St. John, N. B.