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VOL. XI, NO. 559.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## IN A LAND OF FREEDOM.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE ARRIVAL OF RUSSIAN EXILES.

Monday at Sand Point and some of the details connected therewith. What the Spirit of the Times has to say about the arrival of the Doukhobors.

The all absorbing topic of the week was the arrival of the Doukhobors, the band of immigrants who will settle in the Northwest, and find in Canada that freedom of thought and action which was denied them in their native Russia. Everybody has read a good deal about them, their customs, habits and form of religious worship, and naturally, everybody wanted to know just what they looked like. Those who were particularly interested one way or another to know the truth of the matter, followed the general excitement which prevailed. To be sure Halifax got a whole lot ahead of St. John in being the first to welcome the new settlers upon their arrival in Canada, but that didn't lessen the interest here and bright and early Monday morning hundreds of citizens started out with Sand Point as an objective spot.

The arrival of two other ships during the early hours of the morning gave rise to the rumor that the Huron with her strange passengers had slipped into port, and with out waiting to learn the truth of the matter hundreds hastened to the West Side only to return in disgust from their wild goose chase. It made things pretty lively for the ferry people though, and it was decidedly the ticket sellers busy day. The Huron was due here at one o'clock but it was much later when word went forth that she had been signalled from the island.

The approach to the wharves was guarded by police officers who had instructions to admit only those who could show a pass. They admitted the bearers of passes and a few more people. That's neither here nor there though for as only fifty of the little white cards bearing the legend "Admit one gentleman" had been issued there was room for everybody, including members of the Women's Council. The interest of those on the inside was not any deeper than that of the multitude which lined the wharves and shores, every eye turned seaward for the first glimpse of the Huron, and the Doukhobors. There was much leveling of glasses and many false alarms before Mr. A. J. Heath, assistant passenger agent of the C. P. R. excited envy and admiration by discovering the masts of the ship just over the "beacon." Of course every one else saw them right away, or thought they did which amounted to the same thing, but by and by when the masts were found to belong to an ordinary every day schooner Mr. Heath rapidly lost caste.

The Huron did come though, after awhile; the long voyage from Russia was over and the Doukhobors had reached their promised land. As the big ship came slowly to her place the scene was a most impressive one. Her deck was thronged with a strange people, and the curious glances of those on shore were answered by just as curious, eager and expectant looks from the people on the ship.

For the most part those who came to watch the arrival of the immigrants were actuated only by idle curiosity—a desire to see what they were like. The majority did not trouble themselves whether the new people would make desirable settlers for the great west, or how they were equipped for the new life upon which they were entering. Those were of course secondary considerations. There was more than mere passing interest in the eyes which the Doukhobors sent back. It was a solemn experience for them, this landing in a strange country with no knowledge of its language, its people and customs, and the close observer could read various emotions and thoughts depicted in the intent, earnest faces turned shoreward. What they saw evidently satisfied them for soon caps were doffed and smiling greetings waved back in response to the welcomes from the shore. People thought instinctively of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers and everybody who knew a line of the beautiful poem with which a great poet has commemorated the event quoted it.

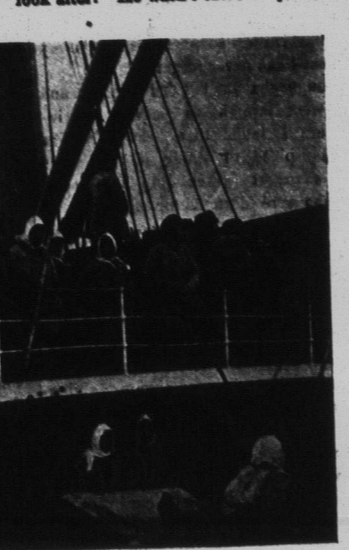
A few moments later there was borne to the ears of the waiting hundreds on shore a wondrous melody, rising and falling on the winter air, with a plaintiveness that was most impressive. The chanting of the psalms of praise ended, the Doukhobors

were engaged in prayer, after which Mr. Ellington of Philadelphia, one of the Quakers who came from the city of brotherly love to meet the immigrants, said a few words of welcome which an interpreter repeated in their own tongue to those for whom they were intended.

Everybody pressed nearer to get a good look, and the travellers evidently appreciated the kindly interest they excited. Even the little children doffed their caps and bowed profoundly. When the gangway was put down the excitement began in earnest. The first persons to board the ship were the reporters from the daily papers, who from the Mephisto like were here, there and

everywhere, and had waited impatiently all day for their turn to come. They buttoned Prince Hilkeff and Sulerjitzky, before these gentlemen had time to look around, and one or two enterprising members of the profession even tackled a battle scarred old veteran, who was a conspicuous figure because of his majestic appearance, his flowing silvery hair and the dignified manner in which he stood "with his martial cloak around him" watching the busy scene that was being enacted. He didn't pay any attention to the newspaper men's advances, but when a man with a kodak came along and turned it straight on him, his hero of the Crimea took the shortest cut to safety, and the lower deck.

Mayor Sears didn't appear until late in the afternoon, but Alderman McArthur was there resplendent in a tall silk hat, and his efforts to atone for the Mayor's absence were no doubt appreciated by the Doukhobors. He went around scattering smiles, he worked as hard as a paid laborer, taking no rest or sleep until his charges were all comfortably settled in the cars that carried them to their western homes.



ARRIVAL OF THE DOUKHOBORS.

Mrs. Women and Children as They Appeared on the Deck of the Huron When Moored at Sand Point.

Another interesting figure, and tireless worker, was a Russian nobleman by the name of Leopold Sulerjitzky. There may be a letter or two out of place in this name, but pronounce it as its spelt here and you'll be all right. At 40 at Mr. White of the Department of the Interior, called it Sulerjitzky and nobly ventured to dispute his word. This blue blooded Russian was the object of a great deal of interest as he vibrated constantly between the sheds and the ship, but he seemed to be wholly unconscious of the fact that he was being pointed out as the special friend of Count Tolstoi, and the man who wouldn't be a soldier. He is a small rather delicate looking man but he has lots of energy, and worked systematically. A blast from a little whistle he was called

intervention of friends that finally managed it for her.

A whole army of immigration officers and interpreters from Montreal and other points were on hand to look after the well being of the strangers, and they, and Prince Hilkeff, with whose history everybody who reads the papers is familiar, were the busiest men on the west side for awhile. The ladies were especially attentive to the prince and while he was charmed to acknowledge the kindly greetings and good wishes extended to him, and was most courteous to every one, he never for an instant lost sight of the fact that he had the interests of over two thousand people to look after. He wasn't there to pose, and



A SCENE ON THE LAKE HURON.

Showing a Group of Doukhobors Intently Regarding the Preparations for Their Landing at Sand Point.

and five other Doukhobors, among the little Doukhobors, reckless, that as the west side of John Callaghan McCarty would put it, "grand to be seen."

Christ Clark was there too, minus his military cap, and appeared duly impressed with the importance of the occasion. He and his men had the crowd on the outside well in hand and kept order in an admirable manner, though one of the officers on duty is said exposed himself to danger by refusing to admit a well known society lady who had no pass to show and who evidently thought her name would secure for her the privilege of admittance; but it didn't. It was only the

There were other celebrities on board the Huron including a lady doctor, refused looking and very unassuming, who had some trouble in getting out of Russia, but might have excited even the phlegmatic

## HALF A LOAF WELCOME.

THE LOTTERY TICKET SYNDICATE GET THEIR MONEY.

Or at least that portion of the fifteen thousand that remained after all the expenses of the "lottery"—John Mackay has regained his freedom.

The story of the famous Honduras Lottery ticket is ended. Mr Mackay is out of jail and the value of the lucky bit of paper has been paid. The courts did not settle the matter after all, but Mr Mackay came to the conclusion that he had been long enough from the society in which he had been accustomed to circulate and it seems that he opened negotiations for a settlement of the business.

It is said that he owned up to exchanging the ticket in Mr. Bonnell's place of business and that after he did so he gave a certain firm in this city a lien on the same for something like \$5,000. This was supposed to secure them for an amount already due them but it was in reality for another purpose which will be explained later.

Having secured himself as he thought for this amount anyway, Mackay went to Boston and gave the ticket to the Market National bank for collection, receiving a receipt for the same. This receipt was sent to Merritt Bros. & Co. of this city in whose employ Mackay had been as security for some money advanced to him and also as security for the \$5,000 spoken of above which was to be part of his stock in the Fochow Tea Company which was about to be organized.

But as has been stated in previous articles the facts of the case were wired to New Orleans by the syndicate here and payment was stopped. Then proceedings were begun in Boston and Mackay was lodged in jail, the court holding that as soon as the lottery was drawn the ticket became a draft and was a negotiable piece of paper.

There were several lawyers in the case, Mr. W. B. Wallace acting for the Bonnell syndicate here and Mr. Sweeney in Boston. Then Merritt Bros., retained Mr. A. P. Barnhill here and another lawyer to look after their interest in Boston. Besides that Mr. Mackay had a lawyer and it is to be presumed that the bank and the people interested in the lottery business had somebody to watch their end of the case.

Mackay however was obdurate and would not give in for months. He wanted the whole \$15,000 or nothing and his chances of success seemed to be pretty fair at one time. In this connection an interesting anecdote of mistaken identity is told. It appears that Mackay must have been expecting a visit from Mr. Barnhill one day when Mr. Wallace went to see him he greeted him heartily as Mr. Barnhill and began to talk rapidly about the case. Before Mr. Wallace could comprehend the mistake that had been made Mr. Mackay had made several interesting statements but they were not made use of. It would seem that Mackay did not know either Mr. Wallace or Mr. Barnhill!

A few days ago, however, everybody in the business came to the conclusion that it was best to settle the matter. So the receipt went forward from Messrs Merritt Bros. The lawyers in Boston and from St. John got together and the money was paid over. It was stated that Mackay signed off his claims for one dollar but another statement is to the effect that he got \$2,000. The expenses in connection with the whole business must have amounted to considerable for while the original share of four persons in the syndicate would have been \$3,000 each and two others \$1,500, less the expenses of collection, it is stated that the amount received by the four was \$14,433 each and the two others half of that amount. Another statement is that the large amounts received were \$2,100 each. Either amount is a comfortable return for the capital invested.

The Fochow Tea company however will probably not be formed. The time may not be as opportune now as it was then and more than that the gentlemen what were ready to go into it then may have changed their minds.

Mr. Mackay's better half—to whom he swore he was married—has been trying to please the audiences in Austin & Stone's of late.

Took it as a Matter of Course.

The first emigrant train containing the Doukhobors that went over the Canadian Pacific railway had an experience that might have excited even the phlegmatic

Russians. The engine ran off the track right near Brownville and all of the cars followed their leader. Their are a lot of tracks leading into the big yard and it was a sight the different routes these cars took. One car couldn't find a track to get on and took to tearing up the sleepers, another paid particular attention to the switches and placed them in a useless condition. Others kept the track or were only partially off. The jolting and the confusion and the noise must have been something terrible to the emigrants who perhaps never were on a train before that day. But they were cooler than the trainmen. Not a complaint was heard from them. The cars were placed in such a manner that the "straggling" crew could not get an engine to the rear of the emigrant train to haul the cars on again and so one had to go from McAdams, a distance of 100 miles or more. When that arrived the track was cleared in short order. But during all these hours the Russian peasants took things as easy as they are reported to have done on board the Huron. Perhaps they thought it was part of the programme.

## HOW THEY BURY THEIR DEAD.

The First Funeral Service of a Doukhobor in Canada.

The burial service held over the young Doukhobor girl who died in the hospital Wednesday was as touching as it was simple. No persons were present except those friends of the deceased who remained behind to attend her and the other sick on board the Huron but after the body had been placed in the coffin two ladies representing the Women's Council, Mrs. Thos. Walker and Miss Murray went into the room with some beautiful flowers.

As this is the first funeral of a Doukhobor in Canada some interest was naturally attached to their custom of burying their dead. Much care was taken in the preparation of the body for burial. The clothes worn were all of colored material handsomely figured and cap, of maroon shade completed a grave costume that was rather unique compared with that of this country.

Before the body was placed in the coffin an old woman, the grandmother of the deceased, advanced to the head of the slab on which she lay while one of the older Doukhobor men stood at the foot. Then for a few moments the woman chanted what was apparently a psalm in a low voice. This was followed by a short and solemn address from the man. After which the two of them placed the corpse in the coffin. Then Mrs. Walker and Miss Murray and some others went into the room and another short service was held by the Doukhobors and the interpreter before the coffin was closed.

The hospital authorities intended that the young girl should be buried in the ground assigned for that purpose but by request of Miss Murray she was interred in Dr. Botford's lot. The service at the grave was as simple and affecting as it was in the hospital.

## The Salvage Corps Demand.

It seems that the firm of No. 3 and the Salvage corps do not always agree. At least that is what some aldermen said at the council meeting when the letter of the corps was read asking for separate rooms or a new building or something which they thought they were entitled to. The tone of the letter did not please Ald. Christie and his remarks were slightly caustic. He went back to the time when they asked for their present rooms which the council granted, with the idea that they would be satisfied; but if the report about the dissatisfaction of the corps and its differences with the firm were correct why the sooner there was a change the better. But the change he favored was not new rooms or a new building.

## Well Known to the Trade.

Mr. J. H. Cranston of printing press fame is in the city representing Messrs R. Hos & Co., the well known press manufacturers. Nearly ten years ago Mr. Cranston was in St. John and sold Progress its first press. Now he is here again and it may be he will set up a press for a Prince William street firm before he returns. Mr. Cranston's friends had customers always have a cordial greeting for him. He is a gentleman whom it is a pleasure to know and to deal with. While here he will be at the Dufferin Hotel.

## Taken by W. H. Kelly.

The photographs of the Doukhobors larding engraved for Progress to day were taken by W. H. Kelly and their excellence speaks for the ability of the amateur photographer, who was fortunate indeed in being able to secure such timely and interesting views.

(CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.)

**ABOUT A NEW OIL CRAZE.**

**SUDDEN FORTUNE TO MANY POOR VIRGINIA FARMERS.**

The Greater Part of the Development Has Been on Land That was Almost Worthless—Streams of Great Wealth—Eccentricities of Oil and Gas.

West Virginia is passing through an oil craze, writes a New York Sun correspondent from Parkersburg. A stranger at one of the hotels anywhere hereabouts will hear nine men out of ten talking about the climax and anti-climax, salt sand and Berea grit, pressure and leases, 45-degree line and royalties and a thousand and one other things which are more or less meaningless to him. What he does understand all relates to oil. Some men and women are growing rich, while others are losing everything in the rush for oil.

Nature, in this instance, has been most charitable, as the greater part of the developments thus far has been on land so poor that the owners were put to it to make a living. Rough and rocky hills and soilless creek bottoms, almost worthless for farms, produce nine-tenths of the oil in West Virginia, and hundreds of poor farmers who a few months ago found it difficult to raise the commonest kind of food and pay for the cheapest of clothing are today monthly depositors in the banks of this city. Royalties and rentals are being paid in sums ranging from a few dollars up to thousands every month to farmers clad in rusty buttoned and ragged clothing. Drake farm was rented six months ago for \$2,500. The man who leased the place lost confidence in the territory before any development was made, and offered it to an oil land speculator for \$40. His offer was refused by the speculator but was taken by another. A few days ago the lease sold for \$20,000. A year ago a farmer living near this city was head over heels in debt and was at last compelled to move to a farm owned by his mother, fourteen miles north in order to make a livelihood. He leased the land for oil purposes a few months ago and in less than sixty days three paying wells were struck on the place. They were all good wells and the royalties amounted to almost an independent fortune.

The farmer paid his debts and put some money into a bank and was about to start back when he received the intelligence that another well—a gusher this time—had been struck on his farm. The last well in considered the best shallow, salt sand well in West Virginia and is reported to be flowing 100 barrels an hour. In a law office here there is a notary public, who seldom had a dollar to spare. The lawyer received several months ago, in return for legal advice, a twenty acre lease of a farm twelve miles away. As a reward to the notary for little acts of kindness the attorney gave him a fourth interest. Last Tuesday a well was struck on the lease, and it is now quoted as a twenty-barrel-an-hour well.

Oil scouts are travelling all over this region hunting for desirable properties. The scout keeps tab on all the wells, producing or dry, for miles around. He thereby secures a knowledge through which his employers, some wealthy firm or corporation are enabled to get the best paying territory or to buy out good producing wells. Nearly every large oil company has in its employ a number of scouts. Following the scout comes the leasing of lands. His business is to select what is considered valuable territory for prospecting and to secure leases, binding himself to sink or begin a certain number of wells in a certain number of days and to pay a certain monthly rental. These leases are all plotted and offered for sale to the speculator or prospector. Sometimes it occurs that a lease is refused as valueless and is given up when, perhaps within sixty days' development in its vicinity brings it within the production boundary, and there is a rush for its possession. One prospector may offer a \$100 for it, and in less than twenty-four hours another may increase the bid to \$1,000 or even 5,000, with a royalty of one-eighth for one fourth of the oil.

All these things add to the excitement of the pursuit, which is not, however, confined to the search for oil. Natural gas, which some years ago was allowed to go to waste as useless, is now as eagerly sought. Good gas wells are in many localities much more valuable even than good oil wells. One gas well may produce enough gas to run a whole pool or section of oil wells, while others are sold to the big gas companies, and the product is piped to different towns. The city of Parkersburg is at instance. Natural gas is used in nearly every house and factory in the town, and it is much cleaner and cheaper than coal.

Oil men often say there is no telling what a well may do. It may go on from day to day, year to year, producing oil

or gas with as much regularity as the swinging of a pendulum or it may break loose in a minute and make trouble for everything in its vicinity. When the Big Moses well was struck it flowed as all self-respecting wells should, filling the tanks with oil day after day, until one unfortunate afternoon something broke loose. Then gas, sand, salt water and other things lying 2,000 feet below began to come to the surface. The owner tried to plug the orifice, but Big Moses wouldn't have it. Every plug inserted was blown out, and a great column of gas shot up into the air. The owner finally had an immense casing made which weighed several tons. This casing was placed over the mouth of Big Moses after a great deal of trouble, and the proprietors turned away with a sigh of relief, satisfied that at last they had secured control of the terror. A few days later they found that the pressure had opened a new outlet, and the well was again pouring out gravel, sand and all sorts of rubbish. Not only was this the case, but the forces which had been confined had cracked the earth for long distances around and gas in great jets was bursting through.

Before a stop could be put to its caprice the gas caught fire, and the fire spread through the woods. The well was ruined. For a wonder no one was injured in this case. There are many instances, however, in which lives have been destroyed by igniting gas, notably that of a well on Whiskey Run. This well, situated in a natural amphitheatre, surrounded by hills, filled the little valley full of gas one morning. The gas caught fire from a pumping well and did great damage. Among other things, a boarding house was burned and four lives were lost.

There is another well ten miles above this city which has a remarkable feature. It flows once a day and produces salt water and oil. At 11 45 the well begins to rumble, and a minute or two later a great column of water and oil rushes forth, spreading over the top of the derrick and fall in a shower on the ground. The rush continues for something like half an hour, when it ceases entirely, to reappear twenty four hours later.

A well is sometimes sunk to its required depth, found to be as dry as the proverbial bone, and is plugged, only to burst forth unexpectedly and cover the surrounding land with oil. On the other hand, a good producer will sometimes quit in a second and refuse ever after to respond to either pump or dynamite, all of which goes to show that eccentricities of an oil well are past finding out.

**Tax on Hearths and Windows.**  
Among the most curious of the taxes which have from time to time been imposed are those upon windows. The former tax was first enforced in 1662, and was at the rate of two shillings upon every

hearth or chimney. This was an obnoxious tax, and William III, immediately on his accession to the throne, obtained some popularity by sending a message to parliament desiring that the imposition should be taken off. (March 1, 1689.) and his Majesty's last but not least Commons complied with their sovereign's request. The window tax, of which our fathers and grandfathers still talk, was not repealed until 1851.

**STORY OF A FALL.**

Experiences of a Man Who Was Thrown From a Scaffold.  
'Many years ago I was at work putting up the large gilded cross which is on top of the spire of the Epiphany episcopal church. We had almost gotten the cross in its position when it creaked over and fell to the ground. It was very heavy, and in its fall it brought down part of the scaffold on which we were working, giving me a pitch into the air from a distance of about thirty five feet. Fortunately for me, my fall was broken by a part of the scaffold, and I landed in the grass plot. I don't suppose I was over three seconds in reaching the ground, but during that time I went through a great deal in the way of imagination, much of which was so photographed in my mind that I can never forget it.'

'I thought that the fall had killed me and that I went straight to heaven. Arriving there I found that heaven was a very easy place to enter if you were on the right track. As I saw it, those who were destined for heaven were conducted thither on a kind of a railroad track, which worked somewhat like the cash carrying systems in use in the large stores. There was no noise or confusion as on the steam railroads, but everything worked very quietly. A short time before the arrival of the car word reached those who were in charge of admissions, giving the name of the party. Instantly the record of the party was looked up. Though the examination was very rapidly made, there was no undue rush or apparent haste about it. A glance at the record told the story. All the good things were on one side and the bad things were on the other side of the book. If the good things predominated the switches were so arranged that the newcomer was switched into the big gates. If the record showed more bad than good, the car was allowed to go right on without stopping. Where it went to I did not ask, though I imagined having been a church-going man all my life.

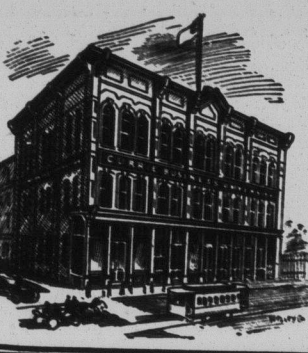
'In several cases that came along while I was there the record was about equally divided, and without making any determination, the car was switched off to a kind of purgatory where a more detailed examination was made. I recognized several in

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this purgatory place, one of whom told me he had been there for several months awaiting a decision. He said that for the time those who were in the purgatory were as nicely treated as though they had been allowed to enter heaven, though the suspense was somewhat annoying. I ran across an old friend, a plasterer, who had died about twenty years before. When he was on earth he lived a few doors from me, in the locality known as Swampoodle, in the northeastern section of the city. He said that he had a delightful time in heaven, but that he was somewhat lonely, as so far he had not met many of his intimate earthly acquaintances, though he had been told they were there. I asked him about some old mutual friends, and was pained to hear that they had not reached heaven. 'The fact is,' my friend told me, 'there has not been one admission here from Swampoodle for nineteen years.'

**A Welcome Announcement.**  
The public will be interested in knowing that the publishers of the popular weekly paper, the Family Herald and Weekly Star, of Montreal, have arranged for a further supply of their famous premium picture, 'Thin Red Line.' All who become subscribers during January and February can depend on getting a copy, also renewal subscribers. We believe the publishers of the Family Herald and Weekly Star intend the 'Thin Red Line' to be the first of a series of these famous pictures and Canadians who secure a copy this year will be fortunate, as they will be able to get the entire set. In a few weeks the entire edition of 'Thin Red Line' will be disposed of and no more can be had at any figure. This is a hint for those who have not yet secured it. It is given free with a year's subscription (one dollar) to that great paper, the Family Herald and Weekly Star Montreal.

**Particular Habits of Note.**  
'Despite assertions to the contrary,' said an old fisherman the other day, 'an eel is the cleanest fish that swims. Some persons have an idea that eels feed upon the bodies of persons who have been drowned and upon other refuse. Such is not the case, however. I have watched them in all kinds of water. They are more particular about their food than trout. It's only the nicest sort of bait that will bring an eel to a hook unless he happens to be very hungry.'

**Coming and Going.**  
'They say Miss Eastly has married a coming man.'  
'Yes; but it is the general supposition that she'd never have got him if she hadn't gone after him with all her might.'

What is the use of talking?' asked the married man incautiously.  
As his wife indulged in twenty minutes' animated discussion of this question, and then resumed the thread of her remarks, he perceived that he had made a mistake.

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**S. KERR & SON.**

Music and The Drama

Monday and Tuesday will be memorable as having been the dates, when the musical public, were privileged to enjoy a visit from the Rodpath Grand Concert Co. Indications point to crowded houses, and it is difficult to say, what feature of the programme is most appreciated. The three quartettes which will be sung the first night, are of a character which cannot fail to please, particularly the grand selection from Figliote. A feature which has not been often referred to is the violin playing of Mr. Rosenbecker; this gentleman is one of the most prominent violinists in America, and his advent here, cannot fail to delight every admirer of the king of musical instruments. The pianist Mr. Frey, is an exceedingly handsome man, and takes high rank as an accompanist. Buckley, Clary, Rieger and Baresford will be heard in solos, calculated to show them to the best possible advantage. Clary and Baresford, Buckley and Rieger, in their several duets, will present a strong attraction. And to crown all will be the much anticipated. In a Persian Garden which concludes the second nights programme. This music has delighted all who have heard it, and no doubt will prove a fitting climax to the finest festival of music that has ever been presented to the St. John public.

Arrangements have been begun for a benefit in New York for the widow of Diego De Vivo, the operatic manager.

Christine Nilsson recently visited her native village. She first went to the little home of her father, called Snuggs, and bade all the neighborhood to a grand entertainment. Cottless, another village, was her next destination, and there she put up at the inn where forty-five years ago she had sung, a barefooted child, for pennies from the passers-by.

The new operas for the next Covent Garden season include: 'The Princess D'Auvergne,' by Professor Jan Blok, of the Antwerp Conservatory, and 'A Prisoner of War,' Goldmark's new opera just produced.

Constance Tippitts, a modish Boston belle, has written a comic opera called 'Strawberry Leaves,' and had it performed in that city for charity.

The gathering of intimate friends and music critics on the anniversary of the birthday of Mme. Cosima Wagner heard some experts from Siegfried Wagner's opera, 'Der Baerenhaeuter,' shortly to be produced at Munich. The prelude, the introduction to the third act and the 'Devil's Waltz' were given. Opinions appear to have been unanimous as to the power and brilliancy of the scoring, and as to the original character of this first work.

'San Lin,' an opera on the subject of the Chinese play, 'The Cat and the Chub,' the libretto of which is by Mr. Henry Blau and the music by Mr. Victor Hollander, the conductor of the Coronet Theatre, will be performed for the first time at the Stadt Theatre, Breslau, in the course of the month.

Hermann Sudermann is to go to Berlin to superintend the production of his new play, 'The Three Heron's Feathers.'

Henry B. Smith and Reginald DeKoven's new opera, The Three Dragoons had its first presentation in Montreal the first of the week.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Mr. Will Richard who will be very well remembered here writes Progress a chatty letter in which he talks of a proposed visit to the provinces in the spring with two well known stars and two of New York's latest and most successful plays. Mr. Richards is now a member of the New York Lyceum Stock Company.

The Paul Caseneuve Company closes

SORE HANDS CURED BY CUTICURA

My sore hands commenced with a burning on my fingers. When I rubbed them you could see little white pimples, and I felt like twisting them out of their sockets. I had high fever and cold chills. My hands peeled like an onion, the finger nails got loose, the water run out, and there the burning fire was. My hands swelled up worse than a head, the water ran through the bandage on to the floor. I went to a doctor for a year. I got CUTICURA. The sores and CUTICURA SOLE. The nails hardened up, peeled off, and my hands are now cured.



Portrait of Patti Taken Shortly After Her First Marriage to the Marquis de Caux

today a three weeks engagement at the opera house which though not a success financially has certainly been so from other standpoints. Excellent performances with the most careful attention to detail have been the rule and one can't but regret the fact that the company was not more generously patronized. The production of Faust at popular prices was an innovation and those who witnessed it displayed a remarkable unanimity of opinion regarding its merits. Monday evening was the company's first performance of the piece and there were necessarily many little weaknesses, but as a whole it was excellent, and compared more than favourably with any previously seen here. Miss Ida May Park was an ideal Marguerite who carried her audience with her through every scene of sorrow and suffering, which she made very real indeed. Mr. Davis as Faust and Mr. De Grasse as Valentine gave excellent interpretation of the roles. The last mentioned gentleman, Mr. De Grasse, is entitled to special mention as the artist who painted the scenery for the production. It was magnificently done and the hearty appreciation of the audience must have been most gratifying to the clever artist. In facial expression, general make up, and all around wickedness Mr. Paul Caseneuve was just as good—or bad perhaps would be better—a Mephisto as could be desired, and that is saying a good deal. The balance of the cast was excellent, Miss Le Gros making an especially good Dame Martha. Applause throughout the evening was frequent and hearty, and several certain calls were given the principals. The engagement closes this evening and it is a matter for regret that more of our people did not take advantage of the excellent opportunity offered of seeing standard plays staged in a superior manner and by superior people, at popular prices.

A London theatre is to have a "smoking room for ladies." London has its first vaudeville theatre on the continuous plan.

Coquelin makes no curtain speeches Irving is to visit America next season. Felix Haney, of the "Way Down East" Company, is to star in "The Pathfinder," a play by Jerome H. Eddy.

The separation between Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell is only temporary.

Louise Hepler will be seen in the Australian production of "The Bell of New York."

An anti-Semite theatre has been founded in Vienna. No plays by Jews will be admitted, and the dramas given will paint the Jews in black. The municipal council of Vienna has given a plot of ground and a large subvention to the theatre. Frederick Solomon is the stage manager of the New York Casino.

After an experience of three weeks Kate Claxton gave up the management of the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, last Saturday night, \$1500 out of pocket and with a strained nervous system.

Laurance Irving is said to be imitative of his father, Henry Irving, in playing the chief part in "The Crystal Globe," a new London melodrama of the howling type. The character is a mesmerist, so demonstratively weird and figuring in scenes so very sensational that the reviewers poke fun at it. However, the younger Irving is described as a clever actor.

Ada R-han returns this week to "The Taming of the Shrew."

Wednesday evening will be celebrated with souvenirs as the seventh anniversary of the opening of the Empire Theatre, New York.

When Daniel and Charles Frohman jointly produce the new three-act comedy, 'At the White Horse Tavern,' on February 6, at Wallack's Theatre, they will present a cast including Joseph Holland, Leo Dietrichstein, Harry Harwood, Felix Morley, Frederick Bond, Dora Davidson, Amelia Bingham, Miriam Nesbitt, Fanny Decker, Elizabeth Wainwright, Nellie Butler, Brittainart Griffin, Mrs. Eva Vincent, Ella Aberl, Anna Singleton and Sadie Lauer. There are altogether 28 speaking parts in the comedy, and the action of the play takes place in the Austrian Tyrol.

James A. Herne's new play, 'The Rev Griffin Davenport,' has more than forty characters in the cast, including one pair of twins, a lone baby, a crazy girl and some miscellaneous children.

The burlesque of 'Catherine' has made a hit at Weber & Field's, New York.

Julie Mackey will star in 'The Little Bandit.'

The 'Tegenseer' Bavarian peasant actors appeared last week at the New York Germania in a dialect play by Hans Neuner, entitled 'Almenrauschwed Edelweiss.'

Otis Harlan will star in George R. Sims' new play, 'My Innocent Boy.'

Beebohm Tree is to preside at the British Actors' Fund banquet on Tuesday of this week. John Hare will preside at the Playgoers' Club dinner on January 29.

George Pleydell Bancroft's "What Will the World say?" is to be produced at Terry's Theatre, London, on Thursday evening of this week. The 'Lucky Star,' is the new piece at the Savoy.

Arthur Roberts in his new "Muskeeters" skit, written by Adrian Ross, imitates Beebohm Tree, as he did in the "Trilby" Burlesque, introduced into "Gentleman Joe."

When Hope's "Rupert of Hentzau" is produced in New York next spring, one of its interesting features will be the appearance of Jobyna Howland in the role of princess Flavia. Miss Howland was the model for the Princess in Charles Dana Gibson's illustration of Hope's novel.

Charles Frohman evidently intends to have an unusually strong company for Maud Adams' support in the revival of Romeo and Juliet early in May. The

engagement of William Faversham and J. K. Hackett to play Romeo and Mercutio respectively, were announced a fortnight ago. William H. Thompson has been selected to play Friar Lawrence.

The gowns worn by Elita Proctor Otis in "Sporting Life" startled some of the New York critics. Alan Dale remarked in the Journal: 'I don't think I exaggerate when I say that nothing like Miss Otis' series of dresses has been seen in this city. Every time she came on in a new gown you said, 'Oh-h-h,' as though you were looking at fireworks. She was explosively radiant. Fortunately she was strangled in Act III, and death ended her struggle with the dressmaker. If she had been obliged to appear in Act IV bankruptcy must surely have set in. She was strangled in a white and silver gown of purest ray. Miss Otis, however, was not a slave to her clothes. She couldn't have died more realistically if she had worn a print gown with bone buttons down the front.'

Klaw & Erlanger have secured from The Century Company the dramatic rights to "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp," a story which was published a short time ago in St. Nicholas. It will be put on the stage in the form of an extravaganza, with a book by George H. Broadhurst and music by John Philip Sousa.

Margaret Fealy-Cavalle her daughter, Maud Fealy, well known in Denver drawing-rooms and amateur theatricals, have joined the Daly Company.

Mrs. Kendal has a new play by Messrs. Hendrie and Wood, the authors of "The Elder Miss Blossom."

Annie Hughes is about to try in London a new three-act play called "Matches," in which she will have the part of a street wail who succeeds to rank and wealth. There is an important "coaster" part.

Hoyt's new comedy 'A Dog in the Manger,' will be produced in Washington on January 30.

Blanche Walsh is to star in a new play, under the direction of Klaw and Erlanger.

Beebohm Tree thinks of giving a review at the end of this season, to mark the end of the century, to string on a central dramatic thread a series of tableaux illustrating the march of civilization for 100 years. The costumes will probably change with the decade.

Sarah Bernhardt is to open Le Theatre des Nations with 'La Tosca.'

It is said that Nat Goodwin is thinking of going to England in the spring, if Charles Frohman's theatre can be procured. If he goes he will give "The Cowboy and the Lady," by Clyde Eitch, as the English like American roles, but would not care for the plot of Nathan Hale, in which the British are villains.

"Wolfe Tons," a new play, has scored a hit in Dublin.

Annie Myers recently played Cupid in an extravaganza produced at "Frisco."

Mary Anderson is spending 'the winter more sociably than usual in London.

Sarah Bernhardt's latest exploit of publicity is to build a villa as close as possible to the crater of Vesuvius.

A meeting of the creditors of Thomas Q. Seabrooke, the actor was held in New York last week. The schedules showed liabilities of \$39,075, and assets, one scarf pin. Mr. Seabrooke was examined, and testified that of late he has been employed at a salary of \$400 a week.

Martin Harvey, one of the foremost of the younger actors, has taken a short lease of the London Lyceum, in order to produce a dramatization of "A Tale of Two Cities," by R. v. Freeman Wills, Harvey will take the part of Carton, and Robert Tabor will play Dufarge.

A new London manager has appeared in Norman Forbes, a brother of Forbes Robertson. He has leased the Adelphi to present a melodrama company, headed by W. H. Vernon, Genevieve Ward and Kate Borke.

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, at 10 to 11 Chancery Street, St. John, N. B. by the Progress Printing and Publishing Company, Limited.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN N.B. SATURDAY, JAN. 28th

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

REVIVING A MYSTERY.

There are few who do not remember the famous trial of LIZZIE BORDEN for the murder of her parents at Fall River. The interest in the case was world wide and the circumstances surrounding the crime were such as to warrant it.

It is not a strange thing that in spite of the acquittal of LIZZIE BORDEN there should be many people who think her guilty and who shun her and her sister on that account.

In 1892 a noted funeral was held in this town of Fall River. In the coffin were the remains of father and stepmother, backed to pieces with an axe. The solemnity of that fearful day still hangs like a pall over all belonging to the unfortunate BORDEN family.

Mr. ANDREW J. BORDEN, the father of LIZZIE, was numbered among the wealthy and influential men of the city. Besides owning valuable farms and real estate in town, he was president of the Union Savings Bank, a director of the Merchants' Manufacturing Company, of a safe deposit company, of the Troy Cotton and Woolen Manufacturing and other money making enterprises, besides a large and prosperous undertaking concern in Fall River.

LIVING IN MONTREAL.

A correspondent who wrote and asked about the cost of living in Montreal, was given an answer which is interesting inasmuch as the same conditions seem to exist here. The cost of living in Montreal, as elsewhere, varies according to the station in life, and it is therefore impossible to fix on any sum as the average. Seven dollars a week, however, is a very small sum for two to live on, and it would require the most rigid economy and considerable courage and self denial to get along on such a small income.

The St. John Street Railway Co. Have had the upholstery in all the street cars cleaned by the great carpet renovating process of UNGAR'S LAUNDRY, Dyeing and carpet cleaning works.

possible, but it would be merely existence and nothing more. The unskilled labourer in Montreal gets a dollar a day, and as he is unable to save money on such wages you can imagine that living on this sum would be anything but comfortable.

The stories of small pox and cholera scourges that we sometimes listen to now as existing in days gone by appear to us very dreadful but we doubt very much if their effects upon the human family have been nearly so serious as the grippé epidemic. This is one of the serious ills of the present day. Its wide spread prevalence and the suffering it causes appear beyond the reach of medical science.

Many persons will regret that young EGAN ever disturbed the meetings of LEWIS KING, for on account of it, some matters were brought into the police court that had far better have remained outside its precincts. Any speaker who departs from the limits of moderation and makes statements that are calculated to offend any portion of the community is not likely to be encouraged any length of time, but it seems to us that the investigation of the disturbance of his meeting might well have been conducted in a different manner.

The features of Scribners Magazine for February are such as to interest all who like to read the best things that are written. The second series of Roosevelt's papers on the Rough Riders in Cuba promises to be as interesting as the first instalment. He writes in a terse, vigorous and personal way and his descriptions will not only appeal to all the Rough Riders and their friends but to every patriotic American.

The New Brunswick Magazine for February is out in good time and the contents are such as appeal to those interested in provincial history. A new and interesting contributor appears in the person of Dr. I. Allen Jackson who writes of a section of the North End as it was half a century ago. A series of papers is promised on militia matters by Colonel Munsell who has been connected with this branch of service for over thirty years. The magazine is for sale at all bookstores for 15 cents.

A Good Topic. A unique reminder that Fifteen year old Four Crown Scotch Whiskey is the best to drink comes in the shape of a stone spongy cup from E. G. Stovill, the wholesale tea and wine merchant, 62 Union St. Four Crown Scotch is very effective as a tonic for invalids, and incidentally it might be said that it is a pleasant beverage for anyone.

They Come in Bait Hooks. Messrs E. L. MacDonald, Alms, A. Co.; L. N. Schofield, Stewart, K. Co.; M. Gibbon, Collins, K. Co.; Geo. S. Robinson, Cambridge, Q. Co.; A. W. Currie, Eel River Crossing, N. D.; B. B. Jordan, Simonds; Wm. Duplasis, Westfield, also fifteen young men and women from the city, have entered the Currie Business University during the past month.

The New Man. He has a brand-new overcoat, a brand-new suit as well; A new hat is on his head, He looks extremely well.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired, Duval, 17 Water Street.

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Lily Ready for Skating. When Lily takes her skating shoes, And to the door of the ice, Though the people shiver on the stairs, Love's leap the brighter burns.

Lily's Loosen. I lean'd upon a slender reed, And dream'd it strong as oak, But in my hour of direst need, Dearest my weight it broke.

The Master of the House. He cannot walk, he cannot speak, Not thing he knows of books or men; And his strength to hold a pen.

Wister's Nerve so Weak. The winter's nerve so weak, But his sweet thought of my dearie Can make the winter blossom as the spring;

Indoors at Night. Keen and cold is the wintry blast, As the aleat and snow go driving past; There's a rattle in the old trees creaked and bent,

His Idle Dream. He went into a store to buy a hat; The pretty maiden at the counter there He saw, and he saw how she looked at him.

The New Man. He has a brand-new overcoat, a brand-new suit as well; A new hat is on his head, He looks extremely well.

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

COMMON COUNCIL COMMENTS.

The Mayor Will Have to Pay. That little bill of Mayor Sears for \$22.85 for entertaining Lord Herschel at the Union club which the treasury board refused to pass was the cause of some sharp remarks at the council Tuesday.

That Visionary Salary Committee. Those civic officials who want an increase of salary must be tired hearing of that "salary committee."

Alta, Millidge and Pardy Win. The persistence of Alderman Millidge in regard to those arbitrators, accounts was rewarded this week when the council voted that they should go to a judge to be taxed.

Hard Rocks for Taxes. All Millidge has often laid it down as a matter of law that there can be no relief extended by the appeals committee to taxation on real estate.

"Bug Brigade" or "Army Worms." Dr. Frink gets \$120 a year for looking after the health of the city horses, examining those about to be purchased etc.

After the Chief Again. The chief of police, in answer to a letter from the common clerk repeated that little piece of fiction that special officer Lee had been made a regular to the Mayor Gilson's place and his letter brought forth the ire of Alderman Christie again.

A Useful Calendar. From Baird & Peters the well known wholesale merchants, comes a very handsome calendar. The large lettering makes it very convenient. It was executed by the Maritime Litho. Co., of this city and is a credit to them.

IN A LAND OF FREEDOM.

she has cast in her lot with the Donkhorsts and they are very much attached to her. The six or seven hundred little folks of the party were all remarkably good looking and very affectionate in their manner towards one another.

On Monday night the sheds presented a curious sight, and when the weary people lay down for a brief rest while waiting their turn to go on board the cars the scene resembled that of a great sheep fold.

Everybody is familiar through the newspapers with the history of the Donkhorsts, and there is a general opinion that they will make very desirable settlers. They are moral and peace loving and are physically well suited to endure the hardships which must naturally fall to their lot, for a time at least.

The Comedian: 'There is no doubt, my boy, that 'hunger is the best sauce.'

'I never refuse advice, however humble the source.' 'Do you always act on it?' 'No; I pass it on to the next person I meet.'

'Paw,' asked this little boy, 'did you say in your speech that you expected the map of the world to be changed soon?' 'I think I did,' said the orator.

'A point,' explained the man in the restaurant, 'is something so small that it can't really be seen.'

'I say, Maud,' said Mamie, 'did you see Mrs. Jinkles new vase?' 'Yes; isn't it perfectly horrid?' 'I don't know yet. I haven't found out whether it is modern and perfectly horrid, or antique and perfectly lovely.'

'How did this happen?' asked the surgeon, as he dressed the wound in the cheek and applied soothing poultice to the damaged eye.

'Hum! It's the first time I've heard of a woman hitting anything she aimed at,' muttered the surgeon.



ON ADDITIONAL CREDIT NEWS, SEE PAGES AND FRONT PAGE.



THE HURRYING FEET OF WOMEN

At the new-born infant's cry, tells the story of woman's sympathy for her sister-woman. If women would only spread the medical gospel, that a woman is unfitted for wifehood and motherhood as long as she suffers from weakness or disease of the distinctly womanly organism, there would be less necessity for the sisterly sympathy that a woman receives when she is in the throes of child-bearing.

A woman who is thoroughly strong and healthy in a womanly way has to suffer comparatively little pain and sickness when she becomes a mother. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription acts directly on the delicate and important organs that bear the burdens of maternity and gives them health, strength and elasticity. It allays inflammation, local irritation and soothes pain. It banishes the discomforts of the first-half period and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It insures the new-mother's health. Over 90,000 women have testified to its marvelous merits and many of them have permitted their experiences, names, addresses and photographs to be printed in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, so that other women may learn of this wonderful medicine. Good medicine dealers sell it.

"I am now real well," writes Mrs. Lillie Hibbard of Merrill, Lincoln Co., Wis. "I have been doing my own housework, including washing and ironing, and hardly ever feel the pain in my side unless I have had a cold. I have used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, one of 'Golden Medical Discoveries' and two bottles of 'Pleasant Pellets.' I have been taking your medicine for over two months. This is the first time I have been well enough to do my work for over three years. Your medicine is what helped me."

Send 31 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of mailing and customs only, for a paper-covered copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. Cloth binding, 50 stamps. Address: Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. It is the most popular medical work in the English language; it contains a thousand and eight pages, and over three hundred illustrations. It is a great storehouse of valuable information—a veritable medical library in one volume.

and Mrs. Wigton, Backville. She is expected to return this week.

It is rumored that two more engagements are soon to be announced.

Sir Charles Tupper, paid a short visit on his way to Ottawa, Lady Tupper, and Miss Tupper came on from Halifax on Wednesday and were joined here by Sir Charles, when they continued their journey.

Mrs. George, of Newton Centre, Mass. is in town at present, summoned here on account of her mother Mrs. Moses Lowe's illness, who is now some better.

Mr. Jeffrey Main, who has been home on a visit to his parents Mr. W. D. Main of the Customs Department and Mrs. Main, after several years absence, left last week, on his return to Sandus, B. O. Miss Shimoga, returned to her home in Sandus, Mich. on Monday, announcing the death of her aunt, Mrs. Lemoin, left last Thursday for that place and will remain the rest of the winter. She may reside there permanently.

It is exceedingly dull in social circles just now, the skating rink is a great attraction for both old, young and middle aged. It is said "that there are several inelegant flirtations going on presumed" caused by the inspiring music, and very delightful skating. Crowds of people will attend the Hockey match between the Neptune of St. John and our own team resulting in a victory for the home team on Saturday night last.

The Ladies Shakespearean Club, and the Ladies Whist Club, meet every Monday and Tuesday evening alternately at their homes, and the younger members of society also indulge in the mild disposition of evening in whist, once a seasonally.

Miss Helen Dunlap, who has been spending a year in Montreal with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Parker is now a guest of her brother Mr. T. Dunlap and Mrs. Dunlap, Victoria St. for a few weeks, and then she intends to go to Truro to visit her niece the Misses Ross.

Mr. M. W. Robertson of the Experimental Farm Nappan, gave a large and brilliant party on Wednesday evening last. About one hundred invitations had been issued. Among those invited in town were Miss Florence Hewson, and Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Smith.

The Mayor of Parrsboro and Mrs. Harrison spent a few days in town guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Roscoe, corner Baywick and Spruce streets.

Miss Knight has been here from St. John visiting her sister at Mr. Peter McSweeney's, Church street.

Miss Maxwell of Mount Allison Sackville, was visiting her friend Miss Hewson on Saturday at her parents' residence Dr. and Mrs. Hewson, Maple Terrace.

Miss Bliss of Westmorland spent Sunday in town. Mr. David Robb left by the C. P. R. on Monday on a business trip to New York. He was accompanied by his mother-in-law Mrs. Nathan Tupper, who has been summoned to see her son Dr. Osborne Tupper, who is quite ill in that city.

Supplementary Foster of Springhill and Mrs. Foster spent Sunday in town guests of the latter's parents Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Fife Havelock street.

John Bent in his 60th year died at his home in Salem about seven miles from town on Sunday night after many weeks of failing health ending in paralysis. His remains were interred in the Highland cemetery on Tuesday. His wife who survives him is a sister of Hon. T. B. Black and J. L. Black, Sackville, and half sister of Rev. S. McC. Black St. John. The deceased leaves two sisters Mrs. Moses Lowe, and Mrs. Nathan Tupper and two brothers William at Salem and Dr. Charles Bent Truro. Two sons are in the United States. Dr. G. Bent of Truro was over to his brother's funeral on Tuesday.

The concert postponed from last Thursday evening came off on Monday evening, when an excellent programme was given. The music rendered by the orchestra was most worth the price of admission. Miss Purley who is destined to be a "star" sang charmingly, and the other performers were in good voice unfortunately it was but slimly attended owing to many counter attractions.

The beautiful Cantata "Joseph and his brethren" is under consideration, with Prof. Sterne, as instructor it is sure to be a success, for we have the talent, as was evidenced by the last musical gem. Just before the public nearly three years ago the Cantata "David" which was received by a crowded house on evenings in succession.

The vacancy in the Bank of Montreal caused by promotion of Oswald Wyde to a Branch of the same in Lindsay Ont has been filled by Guy Arasud a former pupil of St. Andrew's School, Annapolis, Mr. Besford Head Master.

The young people of the Baptist congregation, entered the B. Y. P.'s of Sackville in their vestry on Tuesday evening.

A musical treat is in store for us, The De Vere sisters, presumes tonight in the Y. M. C. A. Hall.

HALIFAX NOTES.

Programmes for sale in Halifax by the newspapers and at the following news stands and centres.

MORSE & CO., Barrington street. CLARKE & CO., Cor. George & Granville Sts. J. B. FINEART, Railway Depot. J. W. ALLEN, Brunswick street. Queen's Bookstore, 100 Hollis St. Mrs. DeFoy, 181 Brunswick St.

Col. Kingscott shortly leaves Halifax. Society has not seen much of this gentleman lately, owing to the death of his wife.

Mrs. Clarkson had a small afternoon tea on Tuesday, given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Huddleston and Miss Keith.

Mrs. A. E. Jones had a small dinner on Friday evening in honor of her cousin, the Hon. Armine Herring. Mr. Sangster of Windsor has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jones for the last few days. This has really been a children's year as regards parties, and the "old folk" enjoy them as much as the young.

Children's parties have reached such an extreme now that it is really difficult to keep up with them. It appears one child seems to require four times as much as one adult would. Twenty years ago things were very different.

The old-fashioned Christmas party, with its country dances and happy, sticky lit faces, seems to have died out and now, pleasant as they are, a children's dance is as much of a strain on a hostess' nerves and purse as a ball might be.

The officers of the Canadian Artillery give a large ball on the 27, at the Halifax hotel. These gentlemen are very well known as excellent hosts, and the invited guests are looking forward eagerly to the event.

Mrs. Frank Roberts, Tobin street, has invitations out for the same evening.

Mrs. O'Brien gives a children's dance on the 28th inst. also.

Another one of the brilliant weddings by which Halifax society will shortly lose one of its most charming daughters, and by which a popular military officer will gain an estimable partner for life, took place at St. Luke's cathedral Tuesday afternoon. The church was crowded some time before the ceremony which began at 2 P. M.

The groom was Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Wilkinson, commanding the Royal engineers on this station, and the bride Miss Adele Jean West, daughter of the late A. W. West.

The chancel and altar of the church had been handsomely decorated with flowers and plants by a number of the brides young lady friends, the decorations being very tastefully arranged.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. P. Crawford rector, assisted by Rev. W. H. Ballock chaplain to the forces.

Capt. Ferguson, A. D. C., acted as best man, while the bridesmaids were Miss Harvey, (maid of honor), Miss Ina West and Miss Ethel Blair.

Messrs. W. Harvey, Geo. Franchly, C. Blayter, and H. Stairs acted as ushers.

The bride wore a beautiful dress of white satin, which was trimmed with white fox and orange blossoms. Her veil was caught up with a magnificent gold and diamond star, the gift of the groom. Her bouquet which came from New York, was of lilies of the valley.

The bridesmaids wore white figured silk dresses, with white chiffon fichu, and violets and velvet hats, and each of the ladies had sprays of violets at the neck. Their bouquets were of white carnations.

After the ceremony the groom and bride drove to the residence of the bride's mother, 95 South Park street, where a reception was held, the guests numbering about one hundred and fifty. The function at the house was in the drawing room, the residence being decorated with flowers. Lieut. and Mrs. Wilkinson received under a large floral bell, hung from an arch, both bell and arch being of Roman hyacinths and carnations.

The table was all in white and the decorations included white satin ribbons suspended from the ceiling.

Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. Wilkinson left on the five o'clock train on a wedding trip to Washington, Baltimore and Richmond, returning via New York Toronto and Montreal. The bride's travelling dress was heliotrope cloth, with seal skin sacque and velvet hat to match.

The lieutenant-colonel and his bride were the recipients of a great many wedding gifts from friends in Halifax and also a number from English friends which will not be brought here, but will await Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. Wilkinson's arrival in England.

The groom's gift to the bride was a large diamond star and to the bridesmaids turquoise diamond and pearl pins. Among the gifts received was a large piece of plate from the R. E. officers' mess engraved: "Presented to Lieut. Colonel Wilkinson, on his marriage, by the officers of the R. E. in Halifax, N. S., 1899," also a handsome clock from the R. E. officers' mess, a Queen Anne silver tea service and a check from Mrs. A. W. West, a fine Irish lace tea cloth from Mrs. Montgomery Moore, a set of ribbon dishes from Hon. Alabes Colborne, and cheques, from Colonel Arthur Wilkinson, Miss Mary Wilkinson and Mrs. Carter, all of England.

For sheltering the wedding party across the wide sidewalk in front of Mrs. West's residence the Royal Engineers after receiving permission from the mayor, erected a porchway from the doorway of the house half way to the curbing and extended a canopy to the curb. The interior was decorated with flags and carpeted, and the temporary apartment heated with stoves, all for the convenience of the guests, and those wishing could leave their wraps there when they were entering, until they came out to take their carriages.

On returning to Halifax Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. Wilkinson will take up their residence at 37 Park street. It is understood they will go to England about a year and a half hence.

AMHERST.

Programmes for sale in Amherst by W. P. Smith & Co.

JAN. 25.—Miss Helen Parker left on Saturday to spend a month with her uncle and aunt Mr. and Mrs. Frank Parker, in Halifax.

Miss May Harford has been visiting Rev. Cecil

PARADES.

Programmes for sale in Parrsboro and at the following news stands and centres.

JAN. 24.—The banquet hall held at Hotel Alpha on Friday evening was an unqualified success, glossy floor and music lovely gown, a dainty supper and thoughtful attention from the young men who were the hosts all contributing to the cold of the affair. The dining hall festooned with evergreen and flags was used for dancing; the supper table being held in the office and room adjoining which connect by 50' stair cases. The party little dance programme consisted of twenty dances. Mrs. Guilford, Mrs. M. G. Atkinson and Mrs. Robert Atkinson were the chaperones.

Mrs. Guilford, looked extremely well in black silk, décolleté with butterfly trimmings.

Mrs. Atkinson, wore heliotrope silk with white lace and pink ornaments.

Mrs. Atkinson, wore heliotrope silk with white lace and pink ornaments.

Mrs. Cull Parsons, white tulle mullin over white silk with pink carnations.

Mrs. C. K. Eville, black silk skirt green silk blouse with transparent sleeves.

Mrs. J. S. Henderson, black velvet, trimmings and chiffon and flowers.

Mrs. Berryman, green crepe, velvet ribbon and cream lace trimmings.

Mrs. E. Gillespie, black silk pink roses.

Mrs. Clarence Langille, white silk, trimmings of white lace and silver passementerie.

Mrs. W. Gavin, black lace over pink silk.

Mrs. Jean Smith, heliotrope silk.

Mrs. McMurray, peacock blue velvet, silver passementerie decorations.

Mrs. Hatfield, pink cashmere.

Mrs. Woodworth, black grenadine over pale blue.

Mrs. Mattie Woodworth, black and yellow gown yellow flowers.

Mrs. Isabel Atkinson, white tulle with white chiffon and gold garniture.

Mrs. Isabel Smith black and green silk and lace.

Mrs. Nellie Gillespie, pale green chiffon over pale pink satin.

Mrs. Alice Gillespie, white silk delaine with garniture of lace and mullin.

Mrs. Joe Gillespie, white mullin.

Mrs. Kate McNamara, cream mullin with cream roses.

Mrs. Upham, pink was velvelling, white flowers.

Mrs. O'Mullin, heliotrope mullin and ribbon.

Besides the committee who were Messrs E. H. McMurray, Hugh Gillespie, George Upham, and B. S. Gove, there were among the gentlemen Messrs. M. Guilford, C. K. Eville, J. S. Henderson, N. H. Upham, A. W. Foster, J. D. Nichol, C. Langille, W. Gavin, E. Gillespie, W. Gillespie, F. Monahan, E. Atkinson, W. Mahoney Stanley Jenks.

Mrs. Eville entertained a party at progressive euchre on Thursday evening; six tables' The prizes fell to Miss Upham, Mrs. Guilford, Miss Joe Gillespie, Mr. S. Jenks, Mr. E. Atkinson and Dr. Johnson.

Prof. T. F. Horrigan, M. A. of St. Francis Xavier delivered the third lecture of the winter course subject—"The poetry of Moore and Goldsmith." The eloquent speaker held the delighted attention of the large audience for an hour and a half.

Prof. Horrigan was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. McGillivray.

The Literary Society had a very interesting evening at Dr. Rand's on Monday.

Miss McMurray of Moncton and Miss Shaw Halifax are visiting the Misses Gillespie.

Mr. and Mrs. Bliss Thompson have returned from a sleigh drive to Northport and other places in New Brunswick.

An impromptu dance at Mrs. Atkinson's last evening was greatly enjoyed.

Mrs. C. R. Smith, Amherst made a brief visit to her sister Mrs. Henderson last week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Dickie are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Dickie.

Mrs. Duncan McDonald and the Misses McDonald entertained eight tables of what last night. Miss High was the fortunate winner of the latter prize, a handsome box of stationery. The gentlemen fell to Mr. E. Vernon.

MONCTON.

Programmes for sale in Moncton at Health Trenchard's music shop, L. R. Jones bookstore, S. Malouin's, and at Canadian Railway News Co. Depot.

JAN. 24.—The principal event in social circles last week was the At Home given by Mrs. C. W. Robinson on Friday afternoon from 4 to 6 o'clock at her handsome residence Alma street. The spacious rooms were beautifully decorated with cut flowers and potted plants. Mrs. Robinson was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. W. B. Hillman; the guests numbered over one hundred and were most pleasantly entertained. Delicious refreshments were served in the large dining room which was artistically decorated in pink and presented a most pleasing effect. The women who were seated in pink and white were Mrs. C. A. Murray, Mrs. G. T. Farley, Mrs. R. A. Borden, Mrs. Addy, Mrs. G. T. Smith, the Misses Taylor, Parloe, Cole and Gummer. Barbara's orchestra furnished delightful music throughout the afternoon.

Among the guests were:—

- Mrs. L. W. Sumner, Mrs. J. H. Abbott, Mrs. H. C. Hurlingham, Mrs. W. Walden, Mrs. E. B. Chandler, Mrs. C. A. Murray, Mrs. F. F. Reid, Mrs. J. M. Lyons, Mrs. W. H. Price, Mrs. J. S. Rayworth, Mrs. L. Somers, Mrs. A. H. Jones, Mrs. E. A. Harris, Mrs. H. Atkinson, Mrs. C. T. Farley, Mrs. A. L. Wright, Mrs. H. G. Mann, Mrs. J. Prince, Mrs. L. W. Blaney, Mrs. E. Clarke, Mrs. E. Bostford, Mrs. R. Simpson, Mrs. J. S. Martin.

ANAGANOS.

JAN. 24.—Mrs. George Davidson has been dangerously ill with a gripe. I hear that she is slightly better today and it is to be hoped the improvement may continue. Doctors Barrett of Sussex and Fleming of Peticodiac are in attendance.

Miss Annie Macgregor of Apobiqui spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Duncan McNamee.

Miss Agnes and Mr. Harry Morton of Peticodiac were visiting friends on Apple Hill Sunday.

Mrs. Emma Davidson, Miss Bertha, and Mr. Humphrey Davidson are confined to their home on Apple Hill with severe colds.

Messrs. Jarvis and S. E. Wilson of St. John spent a day or so of last week in town.

Mrs. G. A. Kincaid and Miss Mand: Kin ear are spending a month in Parrsboro visiting relatives.

Mrs. W. O. Seider has returned from Sussex where she was spending a week or so with her friend Mrs. Joseph Lamb.

Mr. and Mrs. Hanson of Peticodiac were in town Sunday the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Davidson.

Mr. Edgar H. Davidson who has been a student of telegraphy in the I. C. R. office for the past two years accepted a position on the C. P. R. recently and is now located at Fairville on night duty.

Mr. Almon A. Jones, student at Depot is very ill with grip at the home of his parents Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Jones.

Mr. Bliss A. Kalsh of The Queen Ins. Co. is visiting at present his parents in Corn Hill.

Miss Edna Floyd was visiting relatives in Peticodiac last week.

Miss Florence I. Black, of the Narrows Queen's Co., has charge of the school here for the present term.

Miss Margaret S. Cox of Chipman is in charge of the school at Anaganos Ridge while Miss Rebecca Baird of Chipman has the Sussex Portage school.

Mrs. Lester Stockton is able to be out again after her severe cold of several weeks duration.

THE HORSE CAN'T

tell his desires or he would request the application of Tuttle's Elixir

to his poor lame joints and cords. This Elixir locates lameness, when applied, by remaining moist on the part affected; the rest dries out. \$1.00 REWARD IF NOT CURED of Colic, all kinds of Colic, Cuts, Splints, Contracted and Knotted Cords, and Shoe Blisters. Used and endorsed by Adams Express Co.

\$5,000 Reward to the person who can prove one of these testimonials bogus.

Dr. A. A. Tuttle, St. John, N. B. Oct. 8th, 1897. Dear Sir:—I have much pleasure in recommending your Horse Elixir to all interested in horses. I have used it for several years and have found it to be all it is represented. I have used it on my running horses and also on my trotting stallion "Special Blend," with the desired effect. It is undoubtedly a first-class article.

I remain yours respectfully, E. LE ROI WILHELM, Prop. Hotel DuRoi.

PUDDINGTON & MERRITT, 55 Charlotte Street Agents for Canada.

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

The "Ecclesiastical" Method; also "Synthe System," for beginning. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK

A LARGE STOCK OF Turkeys, Geese, Chickens and Ducks. THOS. DEAN, City Market.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899

Governor Roosevelt's "THE RUSSIAN COSEK" (translated serial), and all his other war writings.

ROBERT LEWIS STEPHENSON'S LETTERS (not before published) edited by GEORGE CATHER.

RICHARD HARDING DAVES: Stories and special article.

RUDYARD KIPLING—HENRY VAN DYKE—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE and many others: Short stories.

GEORGE W. CABLE'S NEW SERIAL story of New Orleans, "The Emancipator"—Illustrated by HOTTEN.

SENAIOR HOAR'S Reminiscences—Illustrated.

MRS. JOHN DREW'S Stage Reminiscences—Illustrated.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS'S new collection of stories, "The Chronicles of Aunt Mervyn Ann."

Q'S SHORT SERIAL, "A Ship of Stars"

ROBERT GRANT'S Search—Light Lectures—Common-sense essays.

SIDNEY LANIER'S Musical Impressions.

C. D. GIBSON'S The Seven Ages of American Women—and other notable Art Portraits by other artists.

THE FULL ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS, INCLUDING DESCRIPTIONS OF THE ABOVE, SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS. THE MAGAZINE IS \$3.00 A YEAR; 25c. A NUMBER. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153 - 157 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

R. F. J. PARKIN, 107 1/2 Union Street.

has a full line of Dunn's Hams and Bacons, and Canned Bacons, Pure Keg Lard, Bologna and Pork Sausages. Back Pork, Brine Mess Pork and Clear Pork. Wholesale and retail. Drop a post card for price list or telephone 1037.

CONSUMPTION CURED

In many cases this disease is arrested and in ALL the healing, soothing properties of Puttner's Emulsion, give great relief and comfort to the sufferers.

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

News and Opinions

—OF— NATIONAL IMPORTANCE THE SUN ALONE CONTAINS BOTH.

Daily, by mail, \$6 a year Daily and Sunday - \$8 a year

The Sunday Sun

is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world. Price 5c. a copy. By mail, \$3 a year. Address THE SUN, New York.

BASS & CO'S ALE LANDING. 15 BBLs., EACH 36 GALS. FOR SALE LOW. THOS. L. BOURKE

Baby...

KNOWS A GOOD THING WHEN HE SEES IT.



BABY'S OWN SOAP

MADE BY THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL.

SACKVILLE.

[Programs for sale in Sackville by W. J. Coombs.]

JAN. 15.—With the fog came good roads and bright moonlight nights everyone who has anything at all in the shape of a horse, saving and so on...

Friday afternoon there was a pleasant little driving party got up by Mrs. J. F. Allison across the marsh to Point de Bute, where they were entertained by Mrs. Allison.

Sunday evening was celebrated by the band at the skating rink. It was a Mt. Allison evening the young ladies of the college being present...

The grippe microbes are still walking about on their hind legs and pawing the air with exuberant glee. While the prevailing complaint does not seem to be of a bad type there are fresh cases daily.

Mrs. Charles Cahill has returned having been in Springfield during the last illness of her mother, Mrs. Powers.

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The Standard Dessert. Without doubt it is Junket, made with Hansen's Junket Tablets. Wives and mothers have long since recognized the fact that in it are combined the delicious and the nutritious.

Hansen's Junket Tablets are sold in packets containing ten tablets, for 10 cents. Druggists and grocers keep them. A booklet containing 33 celebrated recipes accompanies.

AGENTS IN CANADA. EVANS & SONS, Limited Montreal and Toronto.

Miss Josephine Smith, Moncton, was the guest of Miss Mandy for a day this week.

Mr. Charles With, who travels for the Lumber company of Preston, England, has been here for a few days after being in seven different towns in two weeks.

Miss May Bradford, Amherst, has been visiting at the country this week.

Mr. W. B. Dixon has returned, guest of business, preventing him from taking his contemplated southern trip.

Miss Nellie Ouster, Point de Bute, was in town Tuesday for the holidays.

Miss Ethel Cahill is visiting her sister in St. John.

The Misses McConnell and Miss Edith Gibson from up the river St. John, arrived at the ladies college as students, Monday.

The much looked forward to Senior's Address is ready to take place and will be held on Feb. 17.

Rev. Mr. Duff delivered a most interesting lecture at a meeting in the Methodist church, giving an account of a trip in England.

The prize of the Methodist church were sold last week, every third row being reserved for values which is certainly giving the pilgrim and stranger a Benjamin's portion.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS. [Programs for sale in St. Stephen and Calais at the book store of G. S. Wall & Co.]

JAN. 15.—A very delightful progressive winter party was given by Mrs. J. M. Murelle and Miss Dobby Hanson last evening at Mrs. Murelle's pretty home on March street.

Miss Mabel Clarke and Mr. Horace Trimble and the booby prize awarded to Mr. Lewis Mills.

Mr. Frank Todd spent a day in Fredericton last week.

Collector Graham, Messrs Allison, I. Todd and W. F. Todd, have been confined to their respective residences during this week with grip and have been quite ill.

Mrs. I. E. Nickerson is spending this winter in Boston with her aunt Mrs. Palms H. Glover.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McVey are visiting St. John this week.

The town election for assessors and council men is taking place today.

Mrs. C. H. Clarke made a brief visit to Fredericton on Friday last.

Mrs. Hubbard's guests have returned to their home in Bangor.

Mrs. C. M. Gove who has been spending a few days here has returned to St. Andrews.

Miss Josephine McVey has returned from a pleasant visit to St. John where she was the guest of Mrs. James W. Gregory.

Mrs. Charles W. King, has gone to Cambridge, Mass. to visit her daughter Mrs. George Gibbs.

JAN. 16.—Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Williston gave a charming little party on Thursday evening in honor of Miss Gjerds.

Mr. George Watt and Miss Frances Watt of Chatham, were in town on Saturday.

Miss Lena Doran entertained a number of her young lady friends last Friday.

Among the many strangers who visited Newcastle last Monday were Dr. Joe Benson and Miss Sophie Benson of Chatham, and Miss Lou Howard of St. John.

Mr. E. Runney is suffering from a very severe attack of Grippe.

The music in Junior Church on Sunday evening was unusually good.

Jan. 15.—There has been quite a stir in society, checks have been the last fortnight.

The first event was a winter party given by the Misses Harper.

Among the guests were Mrs. M. and Mrs. Albert J. Webster, Mrs. Curlye, Miss Keith, Miss Webster, Mrs. Gordon, Mr. Leonard Webster, Quebec, Mr. Sprague, Sackville, and Mr. Williams, Moncton.

On Tuesday evening a number of young people were entertained by Miss Sadie Avard at a progressive game party.

On Wednesday afternoon a large and fashionable "at home" was given by Mrs. Albert J. Webster at her residence, Main street.

On Saturday Mrs. Dr. Murray entertained a number of lady friends in town.

On Wednesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Ross gave a party to a large number of their friends.

On Friday evening the prettiest carnival of the season. The costumes were well suited and extremely pretty.

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HABIT BECOMES SECOND NATURE



WINSOON. In Sealed Packages Only. A clear, brown, pure, mild, bland and pleasantly sweetish, with an agreeable stringency.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Richards, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Richards, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Belyea, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Postman.

Mr. and Mrs. McLeod entertained a few friends at tea on Monday evening.

Mr. Wm. Richards is visiting friends in St. John. Mr. Medley Richards has returned from Maine where he has spent the last two months.

Mr. C. C. Richards who has been spending the winter in St. John is now visiting for a short time among his friends here.

Captain and Mrs. A. L. Postman went to St. John on Monday, Capt. Postman on route to Hampton to attend the session of the municipal council.

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A Good Hard Rub

is all that is required to peel the silver plate off some knives, forks and spoon—you don't want that kind.

Buy table ware with this mark;

It stands 15 or 20 years of rub and only shines the brighter for it.

Sole manufacturers SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO. Wallingford, Conn., U. S. A. and Montreal, Canada.

THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests.

Victoria Hotel, 51 to 57 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

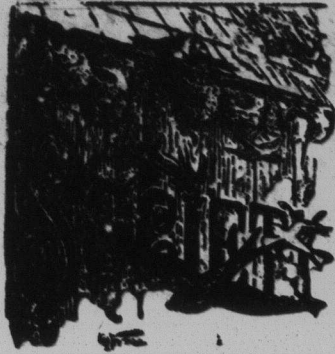
CAFE ROYAL. BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B.

Prince Edward Island OYSTERS. RECEIVED THIS DAY at 11h. At 19 and 23 King Square, J. D. TURNER.

Is it Good Enough. If any reader of "Progress" thinks his Printing is not attractive or forcible as it might be, we invite him to write to us about it.

PROGRESS PRINT. What we do, we do well!

Vertical text on the left edge of the page, including "R'S NE 99", "LTS (the water)", "Y VAN WHITE", "SERIAL S. B. B.", "new con- sicles of", "rtars", "ght Len", "mpres", "Age of stable", "PROS- CRIP- SENT", "EAR: RLES 157", "RK.", "RKIN,", "Dunn's", "and Keg Pork", "ork, and", "olesale a post", "rele-", "ION", "this dis- and in", "ng, sooth- of", "mulson.", "relief and", "sufferers.", "NER'S.", "best.", "inions", "TANCE", "UN", "TH.", "\$6 a year", "\$8 a year", "Sun", "paper in the", "\$9 a year.", "York.", "SALE", "GOALS.", "URKE



Head and Limbs

All Covered With Eruptions—Could Not Work, the Suffering Was So Great—Hood's Was Cured.

"I was all run down with complaints peculiar to my sex, and I broke out in sores on my body, head, limbs and hands, and my hair all came out. I was under the doctor's treatment a long time without benefit. They called my trouble eczema. Finally I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after I had used three or four bottles I found I was improving. I kept on until I had taken several more bottles and the sores and itching have disappeared and my hair has grown out."

Mrs. J. G. BROWN, Brantford, Ontario. "I was all run down and had no appetite. I had a tired feeling all the time. I was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I did so and it benefited me so much that I would not be without it."

Mrs. G. I. BURNETT, Central Norton, N. B. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

COFFEE MAKING.

Many Tricks, Perhaps, but Is Yours Really Good?

It is easy for a kitchen to be cumbered with too many utensils, which take up room and serve no useful purpose. An embarrassment of kitchen supplies is almost as bad as a scarcity. Manufacturers are continually introducing cooking utensils which flatter the housekeeper into the belief that it is not her own blundering or the stupidity of her cook, but the want of the proper tools, that has made her coffee flavorless, her pastry a failure, or her syllabub a liquid.

She goes forth and purchases a new 'coffee pot,' when the best coffee that ever was brewed can be made in an old-fashioned stoneware pipkin, costing less than 10 cents for the two-quart size. No pot of tin or agateware, or even of solid silver, is as good for this purpose as this simple dish of baked clay, a material which has been in use for kitchen utensils since the days when the Israelites made brick for their Egyptian task-masters.

When you serve the coffee it can be strained into a heated coffee pot of an esthetic stoneware or porcelain as you please. Such a dish would be too frail to boil in. Do not trust a coffee pot of metal of any kind. The black coating on the inside of metal coffee pots that has been used a few times shows that the metal has united with the acids of the coffee more or less and affected the liquid made. The best of coffee is only made from the first quality of coffee bean. The bean should not be browned over twenty-four hours before it is used and it should be browned just before using. The coffee may be easily spoiled, even if these conditions are fulfilled, by boiling it in metal. Coffee made in a pot that contains on the inside the successive deposits of many days' brewing has a rank flavor.

When coffee is dripped in French fashion, it should always be made in heated stoneware. An ordinary cheap pitcher will do to make it in, but it is easy to find picturesque German coffee biggins that are not expensive, made of brown or of blue and white stoneware. Let the housekeeper remember that it does not require anything but the cheapest and simplest pot to make the best coffee that ever was made, but it requires care in selecting the coffee and in boiling the water.—New York Tribune.

A NEW BUSINESS.

What a Society Woman Will do to Make a Fortune.

The entrance of 'society women' into business is always recorded with an enthusiasm which is not invariably continued. Of all the branches of business in which they have from time to time embarked no society woman ever undertook anything more remarkable than the line which the latest recruit has announced that she is prepared to take up. 'I'm going to show people,' she says, 'how to furnish their homes in an original and artistic manner. I'm going to show 'my lady' how to wear her gown properly, and I am going to direct bachelors how to furnish their apartments properly.' No pleasanter prospect was ever outlined by any woman who set out to earn a living, and those patient women who baked pies and sent them to exchanges, or embroidered dollies, or went into making hats or dresses, must realize what a failure they have already made of their opportunities when there are women who are anxious to have their money spent for them, to be told just how to wear their gowns, and who are glad to pay for the privilege. Such women may exist, but in the ordinary course of life it has been found that women are willing to trust to their own taste when they spend their money, and are generally satisfied as to their own abilities to wear their clothes at least in the way which they consider proper. But there may be a clientele that

will not disappoint the expectations of the latest woman to step from society to business—so agreeable, pleasant and remunerative a business as spending other people's money and being paid for it. The resources of the business woman who comes from society are indeed remarkable.—New York Sun.

AMERICAN HUMOR.

Specimens of the Article as Denominated by the English.

Mark Twain's recent cablegram to the effect that the report concerning him is all a lie that he has not paid his debts recalls the playfulness of Artemus Ward and the famous list of Mr. Whistler. 'N. B.' the former used to put on his program, 'Mr. Ward will pay no bills of his own contracting.' Nor, for that matter, would Mr. Whistler. A few years ago the latter's creditors had a meeting and submitted a proposition. Mr. Whistler refused to consider. The creditors held a second meeting and submitted a proposition. The result was the same 'But, Mr. Whistler,' the spokesman expostulated, 'we are merely trying to get you out of your difficulties.' 'My difficulties,' he cried in great astonishment, 'my difficulties, did I understand you to say? Why, gentlemen, these are not my difficulties; they are yours.'

Now, that is a very fine specimen of what the English call American humor. It would be lovely if there were more like it. But as a commodity it is getting scarce. Apart from Mark Twain, there is none to whom you can turn for it now. Artemus Ward is forgotten. Petroleum Vesuvius Naby belonged to prehistoric times. Bill Nye has departed. Even Josh Billing is dead. And more is the pity, too. Billings was not only a humorist, he was a sage. No one who was not both could have said, 'Flattery is like Kolono water; few are smelt of, it is lowered,' or, by the same token, put the true and ludicrous in a shape as concrete as this:

He who by farm's world get rich Must die, and plant, and he, and sick; Work hard all day, sleep hard all night, Save every cent, and not get time.

Woman Married With Honors for a General.

A very queer telegraphic correspondence was carried on recently between the capitals of Saxony, Bohemia and Russia. Somebody or other in Dresden had a maiden aunt who was taken sick and died in a hospital at Prague while on her way to Vienna. The nephew was notified and he telegraphed to the Prague hospital authorities to send the body to Dresden for entombment in the family vault. When the coffin on its arrival was opened it was found to contain not the body of the aunt, but that of a uniformed and bed-ridden Russian General. Immediately the nephew wired to Prague: 'No dead aunt, but Russian General. Where dead aunt?' From Prague came the reply: 'If dead aunt not arrived, then Peters burg.' The next telegram went to the railway authorities at St. Petersburg and read: 'What do with dead Russian General? Where is dead aunt?'

"77"

Is Dr. Humphreys' Specific for Coughs, Colds, Influenza and

GRIP

In the Factory As a Preventative.

In a factory employing over one hundred hands, the management obliged each employee to take "77" as a preventive during the epidemic, with the result that not a single one was absent on account of the Grip, while many establishments were crippled by absence of employees.

At druggists or sent prepaid: 25c. 50c. and \$1.00. DR. HUMPHREYS' BOOK SENT FREE. Humphreys' Med. Co., Cor. William & John Sts., New York. Be sure to get

HUMPHREYS'

HAVE YOU EVER USED B 14498 THE GREAT ANTI-DYSEPTIC

DOSE—A teaspoonful in half a wine-glassful of water before breakfast and dinner, and at bedtime. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents a bottle.

Prepared only by W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, Chemist and Druggist. 35 King Street. Telephone 239. If you suffer from Dyspepsia try a bottle and be convinced.

SURPRISE SOAP. MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY. A pure hard Soap Last long—lathers freely. 5 cents a cake.

And from St. Petersburg was received the characteristic reply: 'Bury General in all silence, Aunt just buried here with highest military honors.'

Partial Paralysis.

A SEVERE COLD BRINGS A WIFE AND MOTHER LOW.

Partial Paralysis Accompanied by Fainting Fits Followed—Doctors Fail to Bring Relief—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restore Health.

Brookholm, a suburb of Owen Sound, is fairly vibrating with interest in the wonderful cures effected in that place by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A newspaper man of Toronto, spending some time in the vicinity, was directed to a house on the hill overlooking Owen Sound's beautiful bay, and was told that there he would learn something about a cure effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The hill was climbed and it is to Mr. J. F. Goodfellow, the genial owner and occupant of that pleasant home, that he is indebted for the following facts:—'My wife owes her good measure of health today to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills,' said Mr. Goodfellow. 'On the 12th of July, 1895, Mrs. Goodfellow went on an excursion to Collingwood by boat and came home with a severe cold, which developed into a partial or slight attack of paralysis in the left side and limb. In addition at times she would be seized with a dizziness which often resulted in sudden and severe falls. The paralysis made her unable to lift any weight with her left hand. She called in medical aid and for some months followed the advice and took the medicines prescribed. But it was only money wasted as she did not get any better. As Mrs. Goodfellow has three children and her husband to care for it was a deep trouble to the family for her to be so afflicted. For eight months these dizzy spells and the paralysis continued. Then some friend asked her to try a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. To please the friend she consented to purchase a few boxes. When these had been taken she felt decidedly better. The fainting spells came less frequent, her strength returned to her side and arm and she was delighted with the result. After taking about six boxes, and feeling quite well again, she discontinued the use of the pills for a time, but later felt some of the old symptoms returning. She again procured a supply and recommenced their use, and was overjoyed to find that these valuable little pellets again gave relief. She continued taking them until she felt that she must certainly be over the effects of the trouble when she again ceased to take the pills. That is over a year and a half ago, and only once or twice since has she had any slight symptoms of the old trouble, and then a few doses of the pills would give full relief. Mrs. Goodfellow is decidedly of the opinion that she owes her present health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and is most enthusiastic in her recommendation of them to her friends and acquaintances.'

A Story of the Sea.

On a recent North-German Lloyd steamer there were a large number of generals, colonels and majors amongst the passengers, says M. A. P. The purser, therefore, at the outset of the voyage, arranged the staterooms in accordance with the various ranks which he found indicated in the passenger list. The ship was so crowded that he had to put two in a berth, and amongst others a certain Colonel Jenkins and a Major Humphreys were thus parted off. The Col. remained in the card room till very late on the first night out, and when he went to his cabin he was horrified to find a woman asleep. He rushed on deck, protesting indignantly to the purser. The latter replied: 'You have made a mistake, Colonel. Here's my list; I rounded you with a Major Humphreys.' 'But I tell you there's a woman there!' replied irate Colonel. So they both went to the cabin and knocked. A feminine voice replied: 'Who's there?' 'Madam, you are in the wrong room,' said the purser. 'Oh, no, I think not,' rejoined the lady. 'But this berth is reserved for Colonel Jenkins and Major Humphreys!' explained the purser. Then the silvery voice replied: 'I am Major Humphreys—of the Salvation Army.'

WALCOTT'S PAIN PAINT.

The king of all medicines. Guaranteed to cure Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dizziness, Sciatica, Liver Complaint, Kidney Disease, Nervous Affections, Catarrh and all Diseases of the Blood. Guaranteed to stop any pain in five minutes. PAIN PAINT is made purely of Roots, Herbs and Barks. Is just being introduced into Canada and is sure to prove a boon to suffering humanity. A trial will convince. Sample sent on receipt of 10c. Agents wanted everywhere to sell this wonderful remedy. 1,000,000 to \$7.50 per day is guaranteed. Address

HERB REMEDY CO., Wentworth, N. S.

Estate Sale.

On Wednesday, the eight day of February next, at twelve o'clock noon, at Chubb's Corner in the City of Saint John in the County of Saint John, there will be offered for sale at public auction the Leasehold Property belonging to the estate of the late William McNell, deceased, as mentioned in the Petition of Isaac McNeil in said County, at present occupied by Mr. Harry J. Keirnes. For particulars apply to the undersigned Administrators or Geo. H. Y. Ewins, of Prince Street. Dated this ninth day of January, A. D. 1899. ELIZABETH WILCOTT, Administratrix, Estate of William McNell. GEO. W. GIBSON, Auctioneer.

(Continued From First Page.)

evening with music and dancing after which the baskets were opened and a dainty supper was enjoyed, the party breaking up at a reasonable hour. The opening of the new Y. M. C. A. hall has been the all absorbing topic for the past few days. The hall was formally opened last evening, when the dedicatory exercises were held in the large audience room and was completely filled. The room being tastefully decorated with flags and bunting. President Weddall occupied the chair and made the opening address after the scripture reading by Rev. J. D. Freeman and prayer by Rev. F. C. Hestrop. Miss Butler, St. John's talented alto, sang, Fred. DeWing sang a solo with telling effect, Miss Annie Phinney gave a reading which was heartily received, Mr. Martin Lemont also gave a solo. This evening the ladies are giving a high tea in the ball room and the entertainment in the Opera house will be much enjoyed. The principal speaker for this evening will be the Rev. Secretary J. Gordon of Maine, Miss Butler, St. John's talented alto, who will also assist, Mr. Nichols and Mr. Almy. Festivities will lead their musical genius. To the ladies' committee is due much credit for their indefatigable efforts to make the opening days the phenomenal success they have been.

Attorney General White and Hon. Mr. La Bliche, Commissioner of Agriculture are guests at the Queen. CHURCH.

BATHURST.

JAN. 25.—Mr. and Mrs. Rivo of Carquet spent a few days in town last week.

The ladies of St. George's church held a very successful bean supper last Tuesday. In spite of the bad weather a large number were present.

Mrs. Southwood spent a few days in Newcastle last week.

Price Webber and company are holding performances in the Masonic hall this week.

Miss Inez Sutherland is visiting friends in Newcastle.

Mr. Harry Bishop's many friends in town are glad to see him home again.

Epitaph of Love in Art.

A century since, in the North of Europe, stood an old cathedral, upon one of the arches of which was a sculptured face of wondrous beauty. It was long hidden until one day the sun's light, striking through a slanted window, revealed its matchless features. And ever after, year after year, upon the days when for a brief hour it was thus illuminated, crowds came and waited eagerly to catch but a glimpse of that face. It had a strange history. When the Cathedral was being built an old man, broken with the weight of years and cares, came and besought the architect to let him work upon it. Out of pity for his age, but fearful lest his failing sight and trembling touch might mar some fair design, the master set him to work in the shadows of the vaulted roof.

One day they found the old man asleep in death, the tools of his craft laid in order beside him, the cunning of his right hand gone, his face upturned to this marvelous face which he had wrought there—the face of one whom he had loved and let in his early manhood. And when the artists and sculptors and workmen from all parts of the cathedral came and looked upon that face they said: 'This is the grandest work of art; love wrought this!'—Humanitarian.

Mollified.

He kissed her boldly on Market street, opposite the Phelan building.

'Sir!' she shrieked, 'you are an utter stranger to me. What means this familiarity?'

'Miss,' he replied, bowing low, 'though we never met before, you must excuse me. I bet my friend that I would kiss the prettiest girl I saw on the block.'

A soft, forgiving smile replaced her wrathful glance.

'You are forgiven this time,' she said, sweetly, 'but please don't let it occur again.'—San Francisco News Letter.



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—BY— EXPERT OPTICIANS.

The best \$1 glasses in the world.

Everything at cut prices.

Open evenings till 9 o'clock.

BOSTON OPTICAL CO.,

25 King St. St. John, N. B. Next to Manchester, Robertson & Allison's.



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

LATEST OF CAPT. KIDD.

PROOF POSITIVE THAT HE WAS A MOST UNFORTUNATE PIRATE.

His Home in Wall Street, New York City, and his Respectable Friends—He Came to his end May 12, 1701. When he was Hanged in England.

At the last meeting of the New York Historical society William S. Pelletreau read a paper on the subject of where Captain Kidd lived and who his neighbors were, says the New York Sun.

The captain, according to Mr. Pelletreau, had very respectable neighbors some of the best people of the city of New York living close to him in Wall street and its vicinity. In fact, Mr. Pelletreau was rather pained to note that among modern New Yorkers some of the very respectable people of older days of the city are not so well remembered as the pirate captain who dwelt among them.

As an instance, he cited an experience at the time the statue of Recorder John Watts was put up in Trinity churchyard. Of five young fellows who stood looking on, all of whom presumably had had the benefits of a common school education in the city, three, when asked who John Watts was, answered, 'You've got me.' One said he was the hymn writer, and another that he invented the steam engine. 'Any one of these would have been able to tell who Captain Kidd was,' said Mr. Pelletreau.

The incident may have suggested itself through the connection of the name of General De Puyster, who erected the statue, with the history of Captain Kidd's New York residence.

Colonel Abraham De Puyster was the most important neighbor the pirate captain had, Mr. Pelletreau said. Captain Kidd lived at what is now 56 Wall street, and although nearly all the lots of that neighborhood have undergone changes in the last two centuries, the lot remains as it was laid out at the time Kidd lived on it. It seemed a bit curious, with all the stories of Kidd's wealth in mind, to hear the speaker say that Captain William Kidd never bought a lot, never built a house and never owned one. Kidd came into his Wall street house by marriage. After the need for the wall which gave Wall street its name had disappeared the property on the north side of the street was bought in part for speculation.

In 1689 George Brown, maltster, sold a lot there to William Cox for \$800. Cox was drowned in August of that year off Staten Island, and in 1691 his widow married Captain Kidd. Mr. Pelletreau said that the only person who seems to have said a good word for Captain Kidd that has come down to us was a brother-in-law, Samuel Bradley, who praised him in a will which he made in 1693.

Bradley, however, outlived Kidd. Cox had left his property in such shape that his wife inherited the Wall street house. She did not, Mr. Pelletreau said, from the evidence that is attainable, lose any social standing by marrying Kidd. Colonel De Puyster owned the property all along William street, near Wall, and the grounds were known as De Puyster's gardens. The lands remained in the De Puyster family many years. There were plenty of neighbors on the east along Pearl street. The Kidds held property in the neighborhood of 27 Pine street, and some authorities say that it was the captain's intention to build on these lots, but on July 3, 1695, he and his wife sold them to Capt. Thomas Clarke, who, in February, 1695, sold them at a good profit. In 1695, the Kidds sold some land to Robert Livingston, who built two houses on it. He lived until 1728.

Another important neighbor of Kidd was James Graham an alderman, who one night was stabbed with a sword by Captain James Baxter. Many witnesses were examined, but they proved as blind as the proverbial bat. They all knew that the alderman had been stabbed and that the captain had something to say to him privately, but none saw the thrust. Dierck Vaeder Cliff the proprietor of the well known house of entertainment on the northern side of Maiden Lane, near Gold Street, was one of the blind witnesses. The gentleman had been drinking wine and cider at his place.

Kidd came to his end on May 22, 1701, when he was hanged in England. His wife soon afterward married again and outlived her third husband. Mr. Pelletreau said that Capt. Kidd, as he walked about the city in three-cornered hat and fine



A TYPICAL EGYPTIAN BEAUTY.

blue coat, doubtless presented a very respectable and dignified appearance.

Mr. Pelletreau, asked whether he was justly or unjustly condemned, said that if he was innocent the question was pertinent.

'How did he accumulate all his property?' 'The truth was,' he continued, 'that in England at that time the laws were barbarous and the administration of them more so. If a man was charged with felony there was little chance for him to escape. There were no courts of appeal, and it he was tried and condemned one day of a week the following Friday saw him hanged.'

Mr. Pelletreau suggested that among all the memorial tablets which were being put up, one might appropriately be erected on the site of Captain Kidd's Wall street house with an inscription saying that there had lived the pirate, Captain Kidd, who broke God's laws as he sailed, and who had he kept them, would have been happier but less famous.

An elderly member of the society said that he remembered as a boy having seen people searching for Captain Kidd's treasure up the North river, although it was a fact that after Kidd recruited his pirate crew here he never in his life came nearer to the city again than Oyster bay. There were lots of reputable people in New York in those days, this member said, who were making money by collusion with other pirates. Kidd, he said, was one of the most unfortunate of pirates.

USE OF SNUFF INCREASING.

Sale of Fancy Boxes & Women Indulges the Usage of a New Fad.

'Fads are curious things,' said a well-known jeweller. For the last two years it has been cigarette holders, lamps, cases and all the necessaries for the smoking room or corner. Some of these trappings run as high as \$350 for a cigarette holder for a popular actress. This year the fad has switched around to snuff. Early in the season we began to have demands for

handsome snuff boxes and we utilized a number of bonbonniere boxes, but the demand became so strong that in a short time we were rushed, turning out new designs, and those copied from old masters, all in miniature, and mainly for hanging on the chateaux. Some of these cost \$350 and had fine American enamel work on them, typical of gold, bowing, hunting, &c. These were sold by the score. What the purchasers did with them I do not know, but they were snuff boxes pure and simple although the purchasers asked for chocolate boxes and everything but snuff boxes.'

Visiting a store where a large trade is done in cigarette specialties for women, the reporter asked it much snuff was being brought by women, and the answer was.

'Yes, a very great deal, and the habit is of recent date. It appears to have been brought about by the number of influenza cases during the last spring and fall. We have many women customers, and, as you see, there are jars of snuff, jars of each jar of cigarette tobaccos and cigarettes all displayed on the counter. Women come in, smell of each and ask about the snuff, generally declaring they would assess their heads off if they tried it, but eventually buying a little to have a joke on some friend. This joke turned out in several cases to be substituting of this snuff for some innocuous chemical snuff carried by some. Our snuff is mainly made in America, although we have imported snuff ranging as high as \$50 per pound. Oh, that is no expensive when snuffs are composed. There are two firms in Lisbon, Portugal, to dry which charge \$200 a pound for every pound they send out. The bulk of it goes to China for the mandarins, and the house has been supplying those people for the last 200 years. That snuff is ten years old. Most of our American snuff is ten years old before it reaches the consumer, and some of the

snuff made by that Portuguese firm is more than one hundred years old.

'We sell American snuffs as high as a dollar a pound, but we prepare them ourselves from the regular product; especially for women's use. There is no trade secret about it. We take a certain proportion of very fine unscented snuff made in New Jersey by one of the oldest houses, blend it with a non-irritating vehicle, and add a certain combination of Cypre, white rose, ylang-ylang and musk, which is very difficult to imitate unless the exact proportions are known. This is further disguised by putting it into earthen ware jars, sealing tight and baking in a hot oven for a certain time then allowing to cool for several days,

opening and repowdering. This produces a delicious perfume which while scarcely a snuff, as is generally understood, titillates slightly the delicate organs of the nose, leaving nothing but agreeable surroundings and no smell of snuff. Most of this business is transacted by mail or by maid. Few women buy it direct themselves as yet. 'Although one sees comparatively few individuals taking snuff these days, there is a steady increase in production, and the last year's total production, according to the Government figures showed a total of 15,225,135 pounds an increase of 4,956,496 pounds over the preceding year, and of that increase 1,130,655 pounds appears in the record of New Jersey, and this notwithstanding the combination of the Pennsylvania and Southern firms with a capitalization of \$15,000,000. American snuffs have long been used among certain women, but principally for chewing purposes, but now we may expect to see regular snuffing come into vogue.

A well known physician said: 'There is little doubt as to the fact that women are taking more snuff. I frequently find traces of it in the nostrils. It is probably due to the grip as much as anything. To allay the excessive irritation of the membrane, and especially the disagreeable chorix, all kinds of powders have been prescribed, medical snuffs I suppose one may call them, given with the view of allaying inflammation. There is absolutely no harm in snuffing if the substances are all as innocuous as pure tobacco; the delicate nerves get slightly hardened, the sternutatory spasms called sneezing disappear, but that is all. A clever woman can handle her snuff box infinitely more takingly than she can a cigarette.'

Desserts in Variety.

Of pastries or desserts, there is a great variety, the majority of Porto Rico's many fruits adapting themselves to the making of sweetmeats. The favorite kind is that of the guayaba, or guava. This is a round yellow fruit, a little larger than the plum and red within. It is eaten raw or in preserves, and from it is also prepared the famous brown guava paste and the dark red guava jelly. Coconut is prepared in many ways, chiefly with eggs milk or brandy. The sweet and bitter orange and the paradoxical sweet lemon are often used for preserves, as are also the red orange and the yellow grosella, fruits of the form and size of cherries. Canned peaches and peaches are known, and would be much more popular were it not for the prices, which have been kept high by the import duties. Ice cream is not often used, because of the lack of ice. Candy of native fruit is sold everywhere, but it is generally quite crude. In the larger towns finer candy is to be had imported from France and Spain. Here again high import duties have been the cause of a lack of popularity. The Porto Ricans, as a rule, are quite fond of sweets, as is proved by the wholesale consumption of orange, cocorut, and guava candy, and one of the first and last sounds heard by the visitor to Porto Rico is the cry of little boys who have such sweets for sale; 'Dulce de coco-o-o Dulce de guay-aba-a-a!' -New York Times.

Believing Her.

'George!' She looked up into his eyes questioningly. 'George,' she said, 'it isn't for my money that you love me, is it?' He stroked the head resting there against his manly breast and made reply: 'No, darling, no. Why, little one, I would love you if it—if you had ten times as much money.' 'Oh, George!' And she sighed as if relieved of a great weight.

ADVICE TO MINISTERS.

Given by a Minister.

Preachers who practise it will preach better.

No class of people is so liable to throat trouble as the great class who make up the Gospel ministry. The strain put upon the vocal organs by constant exercise; the sudden change from a heated building to the cool air when the vocal organs are in a state of complete relaxation; the fact that a minister feels impelled to use his voice when actors and lecturers would take the needed rest; these are among the reasons why "Clergymen's sore throat" is known as a special disease. The Rev. E. M. Brawley, D. D., District Secretary of the American Baptist Publication Society, writes from Petersburg, Va., the account of an experience of his own which is profitable reading to those afflicted with bronchial or other throat troubles. The substance of the letter is as follows:

PETERSBURG, VA. J. C. AYER CO.

DEAR SIR: Three months ago I took a violent cold which resulted in an attack of acute bronchitis. I put myself under medical treatment, and at the end of two months was no better. I found it very

difficult to preach, and concluded to try Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. The first bottle gave me great relief; the second, which I am now taking, has relieved me almost entirely of all unpleasant symptoms. To ministers suffering from throat troubles, I recommend Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, as a safe and reliable remedy.

'Prevention is better than cure.' A bottle of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral kept in the house, will effectually prevent the rooting of a cold and its consequent development into some dangerous malady. This remedy has no equal in Bronchial troubles. The most stubborn cases have yielded to its use. It is equally effective for Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and every disease that attacks the throat or lungs. Anyone who is sick is invited to write to the Doctor who is at the head of the staff of our newly organized Free Medical Advice department. The best medical advice, on all diseases, without reference to their curability by Dr. Ayer's medicines. Address, J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

# TO THE BITTER DREGS.

By the Author of "Cast up by the Sea," "The Fog Woman," "The Scurf of White Towers," etc.

Continued.  
Fairfield was a pretty little place, a low white house, with a wide verandah running round it, up which clambered wisteria, roses and honeysuckle.

The front door stood wide open. In the middle of the hall a Persian cat sat cleaning itself.

It rose, with a purr of pleasure, as Shirley entered, and followed her into the dining room, where lunch was just commenced.

"Late, as usual," Mrs. Loraine said, rather fretfully.

Adversity had made her inclined to be irritable.

"Only five minutes," Shirley said, with a glance at the clock. "One may be forgiven such a small sin."

"Madge and I caught sight of you," Lucy informed her with a knowing look. "We had not the heart to disturb you."

Shirley blushed, as she helped herself to salad.

"It was awfully good of you," she returned.

"Lady Metherell is going to Ilfracombe," Mrs. Loraine said; "and Gilbert Metherell starts to-morrow to join some yachting friends."

"I suppose he will," Shirley agreed.

"Not many girls would refuse the prospective master of Metherell Court."

Mrs. Loraine spoke with an aggrieved air.

She had hoped that Shirley would accept what was so patiently offered her; but months had gone by and nothing had come of it, and she now believed that the girl had lost her chance of making a really good match.

It was annoying—she could not help feeling vexed about it—and, though she had never spoken openly on the subject to Shirley, she could not resist the temptation of talking at her, whenever the opportunity occurred.

"There are heaps of mercenary people in the world," Shirley remarked, "and I hope it will afford you some satisfaction to tell I am one of them."

"What do you mean?" Madge asked, surprised at her young sister's tone. You surely have not—you don't—

But Shirley cut short all further questioning.

"I have done the deed!" she declared, tragically. "I am going to give Lady Metherell the extreme satisfaction of becoming my mother-in-law."

"Shirley!"

Three pairs of eyes were fixed on her; three voices pronounced her name in three different keys.

"I am making quite a sensation!" she said, her eyes full of fun.

"Are you joking?" Lucy inquired.

She could not believe Shirley had accepted a man she cared absolutely nothing for.

"No, I am horribly serious," Shirley replied; "only, you make me laugh."

"You are engaged to Gilbert Metherell!" Madge said.

"I am prepared to swear it," Shirley declared. "I wish you would behave properly, and say how glad you are. Perhaps the sight of the ring will cheer you."

"If it is really a fact," Mrs. Loraine said, her eyes filling with tears, "I can only say that this is the first happy moment I have experienced since the beginning of our sad trials."

Shirley jumped up, and kissed her.

"The trials are over," she said, lovingly. "You must not think of them any more. We are all going to be as happy as sand-boys. Gilbert is coming this afternoon, and I have promised him cake for tea. We will give him one of Madge's efforts, and do the thing handsomely."

"There is not one to give," Madge said.

"Those cakes were not appreciated, so I gave them away."

"How foolish!" her sister cried, returning to her seat.

"I am sure Shirley seems very happy," Mrs. Loraine said to Madge, as they sat in the garden, after lunch.

Madge was sitting with her slender white hands clasped in her lap.

"I think she is perfectly so," she replied, serenely.

Mrs. Loraine stroked the Persian cat she was nursing.

"I did not quite like," she began, hesitatingly, "what she said about being mercenary. You don't think—"

Madge laughed, in her pretty soft way.

"I think," she said, "if we paid attention to all the nonsense Shirley talks, we should have enough to do. On this occasion she has entirely pleased herself; neither you nor I have attempted to persuade her."

"That is true," Mrs. Loraine said, with a sigh of relief.

"But you will some day," Lucy expostulated, "and then it will be too late, and you will be wretched."

Shirley laughed.

"What a dreadful person you are! Seriously, though, I am quite safe. I have met the only man I could fall in love with. He would have nothing to say to me. He was very poor and had been a most undesirable attachment. I have got over it, and am quite contented with my lot. So there—what more can I say?"

"You are sacrificing yourself for your mother and sister," Lucy continued, paying no heed to what she said. "You don't care enough about money to do it for yourself; but Madge wants Bushmead, and your mother pines for the luxury she has been accustomed to, and you think that, by marrying young Metherell, you will be able to gratify their desires."

"Dear me, I sound quite unselfish!" Shirley, you are never serious. You make me angry. Your people are very sweet and charming, but cold—cold as ice. You are not like that; you have a heart, and you are horribly impulsive, and it is you are mad enough to marry Gilbert Metherell, you will be wretched."

"Oh, how you pile up the agony!" "I am not going to pile it up any more. I have said what I think. I did not expect you to listen."

"But I have listened," Shirley insisted. "I thought it beautiful, dear, but rather harrowing. Get your bike, and let us go for a spin."

She ran downstairs.

Lucy followed, more slowly.

Just as they were taking their bicycles out, a carriage drew up before the gate, and Lady Metherell alighted.

"My dear Shirley," she said, graciously embracing her, "Gilbert has told me the welcome news. Sir Martin and I are well pleased. I am going to take you home with me until tomorrow. So run and put your things together, while I talk to your mamma."

Mrs. Loraine was crossing the lawn to speak to her visitor.

Lady Metherell turned to meet her, while Shirley vainly endeavoured to think of some excuse.

She did not want to go to the Court. The thought of spending hours alone with the Metherells was anything but enticing, especially under existing circumstances.

Still, there was no help for it. Whatever she said would be overruled, she knew, so she returned to her room, and, with Lucy's help, packed a dinner-tray, and a few other things into a portmanteau, then drove off, seated in state beside Lady Metherell, who was about the only person on earth she stood in awe of.

On this particular afternoon her ladyship was affability itself, and was chattering away in quite a genial manner, when the pleasant flow of conversation was suddenly cut short.

A traction-engine, lumbering along the road, frightened the horses.

They reared and plunged, every touch of the whip seeming but to add to their terror.

A man ran up to hold their heads, but was to late.

The frantic animals dashed forward, and raced headlong down the hill.

"They are bolting!" Lady Metherell exclaimed, under her breath.

"Sit still, Shirley; don't be afraid."

The girl said nothing.

She had turned very white, but showed no other sign of fear.

Hedges, trees, fields appeared to flash by, as the horses tore along on their mad career.

"I really feel all right now," she declared. "I am only terribly anxious about Lady Metherell."

"A wonder she was not killed," Mrs. Kemp said, with upraised hands. "My gentleman tells me one of the horses will have to be shot, and 't'other won't be good for much."

"Poor things!" the girl said, adding: "I did not know you had let your rooms yet."

"I let them yesterday, miss," the woman answered, flicking away a speck of dust with the corner of her apron. "A artist gentleman, miss, and very nice he seems, too. He was down here a month or so back. I don't know as you ever saw him—a tall, proud-looking gentleman, and that nice and pleasant in his ways. Dear me, that's the doctor's voice."

She hurried away.

A few moments later the medical man came down.

Shirley sprang up to meet him.

"Her ladyship is regaining consciousness," he said; "but must be kept perfectly quiet. Mrs. Kemp, who knows something of nursing, will remain with her for the present, while I make arrangements with Sir Martin. She will have to remain here for some days. Now, my dear child, you had better rest till I return, and then I will drive you home."

He had gone before she had made up her mind how to act.

She stood for some moments watching the bees hovering about the flowers in the garden.

An old wicker chair was standing on the small grass-plot—a pipe lay upon it.

They were on the level now, now down-hill again.

There passed through Shirley's mind the recollection of what lay at the bottom of that hill—a sharp bend, with a broken stone wall on one side, and an ugly ditch on the other.

Lady Metherell drew her breath sharply through her teeth, and placed one hand over Shirley's.

She closed her eyes, and waited.

In a couple of minutes it was all over—the horses were down, the carriage a wreck, and the occupants flung out on the roadside.

A young man, coming from the opposite direction, was just in time to see the catastrophe, and hastened to render what assistance he could.

The coachman was already scrambling to his feet.

The blood was dripping down his face; his clothes were torn and covered with dust; but, just then, he gave no thought to his own injuries.

One horse, he could see, was badly hurt; the other lay panting, exhausted.

Lady Metherell was lying in a huddled-up position by the wall.

She was quite motionless.

A horrible fear seized him that she was dead.

The young man who had just come up was already kneeling beside her.

The coachman walked unsteadily towards them.

"She is unconscious," the young fellow said, looking up. "We had better take her to that cottage, and get a doctor. Is the other lady hurt?"

He rose as he spoke, and went to Shirley, who was sitting up, looking very bewildered and pale; but, as he advanced, a wave of crimson swept over her face.

"Can I do anything for you?" he asked, lifting his cap. "It is rather a bad accident. I fear you must be hurt."

"I don't know whether I am or not," she answered, trying not to give way to a strong inclination which had come upon her to burst into tears. "I was dreadfully frightened, and feel bruised all over, but I think that is all."

He had helped her to stand, and still stood supporting her, for she was trembling from head to foot.

She looked for Lady Metherell.

A little group of people had gathered round the spot where she lay.

"My friend," she exclaimed, in sudden alarm, "she is hurt. Oh! why did you not tell me?"

"She is stunned," he exclaimed. "I trust it is nothing more serious. We are going to take her to the cottage over there, and get a doctor at once."

Shirley waited to hear no more, but hastened to where Lady Metherell was still lying with closed eyes and ashen face.

An improvised stretcher was brought, and she was carried to the small house, standing but a few yards from where the accident had occurred.

Shirley sat beside the bed, gently chafing the nerveless hands, while waiting for the doctor.

Mr. Kemp, the woman to whom the house belonged, stood looking on, now and again making remarks, in a low, hoarse undertone, as if afraid of disturbing the quiet unconscious figure.

"The doctor be long time, he do," she said, peeping from the little window, draped with spotless dimity. "Some us should ha' gone to Sir Martin. Dear heart, what distress he will be in! Ah, thank the Lord here he come! It's the doctor miss. I'll bring him up."

A gig had driven up to the cottage.

Shirley heard the doctor come in, speak a few words to Mrs. Kemp, then quickly mount the stairs and enter the room.

"My dear child," he said, patting Shirley's shoulder, "this has been a nasty experience for you. Go down stairs while I attend to her ladyship."

While talking, he had quietly put her outside the door, which he closed in her face.

Mrs. Kemp was waiting for her in the tiny hall.

"Come in here, please, miss," she said, ushering the girl into a bright, pretty little sitting-room. "My gentleman has put the place at your disposal; and he said you was to drink this directly you came down. Now just drink it off, miss, do; it'll work you a world of good."

Shirley took a few sips of the brandy-and-water, then sat down by the open window.

"I really feel all right now," she declared. "I am only terribly anxious about Lady Metherell."

"A wonder she was not killed," Mrs. Kemp said, with upraised hands. "My gentleman tells me one of the horses will have to be shot, and 't'other won't be good for much."

"Poor things!" the girl said, adding: "I did not know you had let your rooms yet."

"I let them yesterday, miss," the woman answered, flicking away a speck of dust with the corner of her apron. "A artist gentleman, miss, and very nice he seems, too. He was down here a month or so back. I don't know as you ever saw him—a tall, proud-looking gentleman, and that nice and pleasant in his ways. Dear me, that's the doctor's voice."

She hurried away.

A few moments later the medical man came down.

Shirley sprang up to meet him.

"Her ladyship is regaining consciousness," he said; "but must be kept perfectly quiet. Mrs. Kemp, who knows something of nursing, will remain with her for the present, while I make arrangements with Sir Martin. She will have to remain here for some days. Now, my dear child, you had better rest till I return, and then I will drive you home."

He had gone before she had made up her mind how to act.

She stood for some moments watching the bees hovering about the flowers in the garden.

An old wicker chair was standing on the small grass-plot—a pipe lay upon it.

She turned and surveyed the room. She knew it well—she had often been there before; but now it possessed a new interest for her.

She noticed that the old glaringly-colored prints had gone from the walls.

A few water-colours adorned them now. Some shelves, which had formerly contained an array of china and glass ornaments, were now crowded with books.

A pipe-rack and some photographs were on the mantel-piece.

She went and looked at them.

They were mostly of men or dogs; but one—the only one in a frame—was the photo of a girl.

Something like a pain went through Shirley's heart, as she held it in her hand and looked at it.

It was a delicately-voiced profile.

She was long while scanning the little picture, then at last she returned it to its place.

"So," she thought, "that was the girl he cared for, and thought of, and worked for."

She let the room, and went into the kitchen.

She did not want to meet him.

She was sorry—very sorry—that he had come back to Coddington.

After while the doctor returned with Sir Martin and Gilbert Metherell.

The latter catching sight of Shirley, came into the kitchen.

He was looking rather scared.

"I say," he began, speaking in a husky voice, "this is a nice job, isn't it? We heard you were all smashed up, and were just rushing off when Dr. Lewis arrived. He seems to think the matter is in rather a bad way. Aren't you hurt at all?"

"A few bruises," Shirley said, turning back her sleeve. "But nothing much."

He tried to take hold of her arm, but she drew away.

"Halloa!" he exclaimed, sharply, "what's up?"

"Nothing," she said, quietly, "except that I don't care to be pulled about after what I've just gone through."

"Oh, that's all right enough!" he said, in his careless off-hand way. "Only, you are looking so demoralized serious. I thought there might be something else. I had better take you home now."

"Don't you want to hear how your mother is?"

She had often been struck by the extreme callousness of young Metherell towards his parents.

She noticed it more than ever that afternoon.

"I shall hear from the dad. My waiting here can do no good. I hate illness and all that sort of thing. Come along!"

"I prefer to wait. For all we know, Lady Metherell may be dying."

"I say, don't talk in that awful way," he cried. "It makes one feel bad. I honestly thought you were both done for. It gave me a bit of a turn, I can tell you."

Shirley did not speak.

She was drumming her fingers on the table, and listening—someone had just come into the cottage.

That someone, whoever it was, went into the sitting-room, then came down the passage to the kitchen.

Shirley felt a throbbing in her ears; she looked up—the artist was standing in the doorway, regarding her, his cap in his hand.

"I hope you are feeling better," he said.

"Thanks," Metherell returned, in his most swaggering way. "Miss Loraine is getting over the shock. I shall take her home directly she is sufficiently recovered."

"I am only waiting," Shirley said, feeling at that moment that she positively hated Gilbert, to hear some news of Lady Metherell. "I must thank you so much for allowing me to use your room."

"Oh! are these your rooms?" Gilbert said. "I am sure it is very good of you to put them at our disposal. I fear her ladyship will be laid up here for some days."

"Indeed? I am sorry to hear it is as serious as that," the other replied, not at all put out or overcome by Metherell's lofty manner.

There followed a short silence, which the artist broke by asking Shirley if he could get her some tea.

She declined the offer.

She was anxious to get away from him at once.

She felt that he was thinking them both a couple of cads.

She thought of how she had out him on the eplenade, and of Metherell's insolent manner.

Her cheeks were hot with the shame she felt.

"We will intrude upon you no longer," she said. "We have already put you to great inconvenience. Thank you so much for your kindness."

She made a timid gesture, as if about to hold out her hand.

He did not appear to perceive it, but, bowing with easy grace, expressed his pleasure at having been able to render them some slight service.

Shirley was very ill.

No bones were broken, but it was impossible for her to be moved from Sea View Cottage just at present.

A hospital nurse had come to take care of the invalid, the doctor called daily, and everything for her comfort was sent from the Court.

She was not in any danger—it was merely a matter of time—and Gilbert, on hearing this, went off on his yachting expedition, much to Shirley's relief.

Every morning, someone went from Fairfield to inquire after Lady Metherell; but, it was suggested that Shirley should be the one to go, she invariably made some excuse.

She was busy, or too tired, or had an engagement—anything, so long as she could escape from going to the cottage.

A week went by.

Then a message came from Lady Metherell, to the effect that she would like to see Shirley that afternoon.

It was impossible for her to refuse; and so, dressing herself with extra care, she mounted her bicycle and rode down to Sea View.

Every window stood wide open, the curtains swaying in the soft south breeze. The garden lay steeped in sunshine. Bees and butterflies hovered in the balmy air.

Shirley put her bicycle against the porch, and tapped gently on the door.

The nurse came from the kitchen, and conducted her upstairs.

She found Lady Metherell lying in bed propped up with pillows.

She was looking old and worn. Shirley was surprised to find how old she really looked.

"It is good of you to come," she said, in her quiet emotionless way. "I am growing rather weary of lying here. It is the first time I have ever been ill."

Shirley sat with her for an hour or more; then the nurse appeared with tea, and the intimation that when Miss Loraine had refreshed with a cup, the invalid would have to rest.

Now it so happened that, as Shirley descended the stairs, the artist appeared at the gate, so they met in the porch.

He lifted his cap and said "Good-afternoon."

Then he stood on one side for her to pass.

She glanced up at him.

He was not even looking at her.

And it was then, at that precise moment that she determined to make him notice her.

"You have not yet commenced that picture which you told me you would call 'M-mories,' she said, not moving from the doorway. 'Have you given up the idea?'"

"No; but I am waiting for the autumn. I want a dreary autumn evening."

"And what are you doing now?"

"Nothing much—a few small escapades."

He was so patiently waiting for her to go, that she could not resist a mischievous smile as she said—

"I should like to see some of your paintings. Have you time to show them to me?"

"There is little to show," he said gravely and unsmilingly. "But if you care to see what there is—"

"Thanks, I should like to," she replied, stepping forward into the hall, so that he might open the door of his rooms.

He drew forward a chair for her, and set an easel before it, then, opening a portfolio, he began placing the sketches upon the easel.

Shirley was delighted with them. They were bits of Nature.

The sunshine was real—the clouds looked full of rain.

One forgot it was only paint and paper, and then, remembering, marvelled at the talent of the artist.

"It is simply wonderful!" Shirley cried, enthusiastically. "I can see those waves roll in. Oh! here is Sir Martin—may he look at them?"

Sir Martin had just ridden over from Metherell Court.

On hearing Shirley's voice, he glanced into the room as he passed; then, catching sight of her, he paused.

"You here, Shirley?"

"Yes, Sir Martin—do come in. I want to introduce you to an artist, though I do not know his name."

The baronet bowed to the young man with a slight amused smile.

"I think," he said, pleasantly, "that I owe you a debt of thanks for your kindness to my wife and Miss Loraine. Each time I have come to the house you have been absent, or I should have expressed my gratitude to you ere this."

"I assure you there is no cause for thanks," the young fellow answered. "I chanced to be on the spot; but there was very little for me to do."

The clear eyes frankly and calm met Sir Martin's.

They reminded him of other eyes—eyes long since closed in death.

There was something, too, about the handsome, refined face—the way the head was held—the very smile which, brought to his remembrance another face so vividly that, for an instant, the room seemed to spin round him and he walked to the window, scarce knowing what he did.

Sunday Reading

Serena Corda. Sing, O soul, his grace and glory Who redeemed thee from the fall...

EMERGENCIES.

It is important for every boy and every girl to have presence of mind. Perhaps you think you have. Many of us think we have, too. But, after all, it is not what you and I think we would do if our house should take fire...

The other day I heard a story of unusual presence of mind. It was told me by one who had himself received it from an officer of one of the great railroads that cross the Alleghany Mountains.

'There,' said the officer to my informant, as both were going about a great central station, where cars and locomotives were made, repaired and kept, 'there is the very man. It wants any favor of the road, he has only to ask for it. The rest of us come and go; but he stays, and may stay, service or no service till death removes him. The road is grateful to him, and will always hold him in honor.'

Many years have elapsed since the incident happened; many more since the telling of the tale to my friend. The details and the coloring vary somewhat as they pass from mouth to mouth. No doubt, when you have finished the story, you will say, 'Why that was the very thing I would have done myself.' But would you have done it? Here is the story:

Puff, puff, puff! It was hard work; for the grade was steep and the train long and heavy. The engine panted as its strength were falling. And no wonder! For miles and miles up the slopes of the Alleghany Mountains it had been tugging its precious burden, and there were many miles more before it it should reach the summit and tarry awhile to regain its strength.

The changing scenes kept the passengers in a tremor of half joyful, half anxious excitement.

'How beautiful that wooded slope!' 'Shall we ever get to the top of the ridge?'

'Ah, here we go through a tunnel!' 'That great boulder looks as if the slightest jar would bring it down upon us!'

'On, here comes some trestle work! How frail it looks! And what a dizzy height! If it should break under us—oh!'

Just then a quick, sharp whistle was heard. To those that understood it, it said imperatively, 'Down brakes, and be quick about it, too!' Instantly the brakemen were straining at their posts as if every life were threatened. Indeed, it was their duty on these hard, treacherous grades to stand by the brakes and use them at a moment's warning. People thrust their heads out of the car windows, and some hurried to the platforms, and there was a deal of nervous questioning. What was the matter? Had an accident happened? Was there any danger? No one seemed to know. Not even the brakemen were informed.

Far up the road the engineer had caught a glimpse of an awful peril. It was a train of runaway freight cars. For a moment it

was in plain sight dashing around a curve. Then it was lost in the woods. No engine accompanied it; there was no brakeman visible; there was no sign of life anywhere about it. Nowhere on the grade at that time was a down train due. The cars were without control; there was no doubt about it, and there was nothing to check their descent. Already they were running furiously, and every second their speed was increasing. A collision seemed inevitable.

What should the engineer do? To stop the train would not mend the situation. To reverse the engine and go the other way—there was hardly time for that. Besides, it would only postpone the result, and make it more dreadful because of the increased headway of the runaway cars.

The engineer considered the situation on every side. After plan rose before him; plan after plan was dropped. But it was all done with that wonderful speed which the mind shows when under the stress of a swiftly nearing danger. In that brief time the engineer lived hours. Suddenly there was a ray of hope, a possible plan of safety. Down brakes! he whistled. This was the signal to which we have already called attention.

'Free the engine from the train!' he shouted to the fireman. The engine was uncoupled, and the train was left lagging behind. 'Now jump for your life!' There was no time for parley. The fireman leaped, fell and scrambled to his feet again. Then the engineer put on full steam. Freed from its burden of coaches the locomotive responded at once.

'Now fight the battle for us!' exclaimed the engineer as he sprang from the steps. His quick eye had chosen a favorable spot on which to alight. Though thrown headlong with some force, he was on his feet promptly enough to see his train roll by at a lessening speed, under the full control of the faithful brakemen.

That something serious had happened or was about to occur began to be clear to the passengers. One or two had seen the fireman jump, two or three the engineer; and larger numbers from the car windows had caught snatches of men that, soiled and bruised and dazed, were trying to rise to their feet by the side of the track. All was excitement and tumult. Some began to leap from the cars.

Up the track, meanwhile, went the iron monster to meet the foe alone. Down the track, into full sight, came the wild freight cars with a speed so great that they almost rose from the rail as they rounded the curves. Nearer and nearer, the speed of each increasing. Then they flew at each other in mighty, tiger-like rage, as if there were blood to be shed and nerves to be torn asunder.

The crash shook the hills. A great roaring cloud of steam burst into the air while another of dust and debris boiled up and mingled confusedly with it. Then the shattered ends of cars shot out here and there from the smoke, and a grinding, crackling mass rose up, quivering in the air for a moment, reeled, and then went crashing down the embankment into the ravine below. When the steam and dust cleared away, there were deep, ugly furrows in the roadbed, and the splintered ties, and the bent and broken rails, and the nameless fragments of an utter wreck, to mark the scene of the fierce encounter.

The gallant engine was a hopeless ruin; but it had done noble service. It had fought a battle in which hundreds of lives and untold interests were at stake, and it had won it.

With tears of joy and gratitude they blessed the engineer whose quick wit and daring plan and instant execution saved them from a fate that at one moment it seemed beyond human power to avert. And to the poor locomotive that lay dismembered and useless on the rocks below there went out a kind and tender feeling, as it, in giving its life to save others, it had shown something akin to the love and bravery and sacrifice of a noble human being.

Blind Bartimeus.

As our Lord on a certain occasion was journeying to the city of Jericho, he came in contact with a poor blind man who sat by the wayside to receive alms of the

people. The rustling tramp of the approaching crowd caught the quick ear of the sightless mendicant, and when he understood that Jesus of Nazareth was drawing near, he cried out, 'Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me!'

He was blind, and lived in a perpetual midnight. Beauty surrounded him, but he saw nothing but the impenetrable environment of gloom. The sun shone fair above him; but while he felt its glowing kisses upon his cheek, and its warm beam resting on his head, his eye beheld no radiance, and he looked not on the smiling of its glorious face. Nature arrayed in beams of beauty lay outspread before him; but the only robe he saw was the sable pall of night—a night upon whose eternal shade no dancing moonbeams played, and whose deep darkness no twinkling firmament transixed.

Who has not seen a blind man in our streets groping his way alone, or led, it may be, by a child, or even by a dog? He hears the hum of traffic and the shout of men, but he sees no shape through the grim cloud which veils him. He passes by the statue, and the carved cathedral, but they are lost on him, for he sees nothing but a waste of gloom. How blighted and a wretched world a lot! Prisoned within a cloistered world of his own, touching and handling the objects he can never see, hearing the voices of the lips he can never look upon, grateful for friendly aid, although he never saw a smile, or looked upon the face of wife or child. All the glory that is about him is lost upon the poor blind man, whose rayless eyes revolve within their spheres like suns eclipsed.

Who does not breathe a sigh of pity for the blind? And yet there is a deeper blindness by far than his. The sinner and the Christian stand side by side. The outspread landscape lies before them both; both bend their eyes upon it; but one looks into vacancy, while the other looks upon a scene that fills him with delight. The sinner cries, 'Let us away' from this, for I stumble amid this darkness. Yonder are the lights of the city and the palaces of pleasure. Thither let us bend our steps! Darkness! What do you mean? Can you not see the bright resplendent glory before you? No; but I see the city where men are dancing and feasting, and I would be with them.

O better stay and look upon the Christian's vision, for he sees a prospect glorious indeed. He sees a city paved with gold, and with bright domes and buildings flushed with an effluence brighter than the noonday sun. He sees fair troops of shining ones gathered about the city gates, whose crown and circlets coruscate the self-same radiance; the portals are of pearl, and the robes of those who through them are of spotless white. The city is surrounded by a goodly land, whose hills are crowned with light, and whose valleys flow with milk and honey. Its river is clear as crystal, and the banks are fringed with the foliage of the tree of life, whose laden branches bend with the weight of twelve manner of fruit; a choir of seraph minstrels sit beneath its shade singing hallelujahs of eternal praise. High up above the loftiest minaret of the city towers a rainbow girdled throne, and on its seat there sits the Lamb of God, and about it a multitude no man can number, while the harpers harping on their harps take up the volume of the song which angels sing—'Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, forever!'

This is a beatific vision of the saints of God. But the poor purblind sinner sees it not. He is so dazed with the glare of the haunts of men, and with the grating music of their revels, that he cares not for the seats or songs of angels. He cannot see them; and if he did there would be no beauty in them that he should desire them. And why? Because he is morally blind, and has not felt his way to Christ, the source and center of all light, to have his eyelids touched and the curtain drawn away that hides the brightness of the day.

The eye's light is one of heaven's kind. Let gifts to man! but it were better far to never to see a single work of the great

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Creator's power—never to gaze upon the light of day, upon the beauty and glory of the flowers, or upon the face of man—better to have the vision black as the blackest darkness of night, than have the eye of faith eclipsed, or the vision of the spirit dimmed. Let it be our prayer that we may have faith to realize the wondrous verities of redeeming love, as we feel in anxious helplessness around us, if haply we may touch the hem of Jesus' garment, crying, 'Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.' Then shall we feel the curtain of our gloom gently drawn aside, and as the scales are falling from our eyes, and the first dawning of a spiritual day comes gleaming on the sense, we too, like Bartimeus, shall pursue our way with renewed strength and hops, giving glory to the Son of David. Jesus of Nazareth is in the way. He is passing by just now. O call upon him before he is out of sight or out of hearing. 'Have mercy on me, thou son of David!'

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Will's English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Will's English Pills are used.

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RENTS IN ELECTRIC MOTORS.

Remunerative Experiment Conducted by City of Bradford, England.

One obstacle to the more rapid adoption of electric power, especially in the case of small users everywhere, is undoubtedly the want of capital to purchase the necessary motor; but where the power to purchase exists the buyer often has little or no experience with electrical matters to guide him in his purchase, and if his means are limited he will naturally be tempted to venture on a cheap line with probably unsatisfactory results. A solution of these difficulties, which has been applied with excellent results at Bradford, England, is the purchase of good reliable motors, and offering them for hire by the owners of the electricity supply undertakings, who, in this instance, are the municipality itself. According to figures prepared by Alfred H. Gibbings, the city electrical engineer of Bradford, they have found there that a rental charge of 10 per cent upon the initial cost of each motor was amply sufficient to yield acceptable returns, the charge being made up of 3 per cent for interest, 3 per cent for sinking fund, and 4 per cent for depreciation and contingent expenses.

The Bradford corporation inaugurated their scheme of hiring—in which, by the way, are lamps also included on similar terms—in November, 1896, and up to October of this year had supplied ninety-eight motors to consumers. The increase in electricity supplied for motive power in 1896, with only two months of the hire system in force, over that supplied in 1895, was a little over 19,000 Board of Trade units; in 1897 the increased sale over 1896 was 52,000 units, and for 1898 the increase over 1897 will probably be nearly 68,000 units, representing a more than 50 per cent increase. These figures show very strikingly to what extent the facilities offered by the Bradford corporation are appreciated. Hitherto the supply has been confined to

small power uses, such as for cranes, hoists fans, pumping and similar purposes. More recently, however, applications for motor service have come from a large spinning and weaving firm, several foundries where blowers are to be driven, a sawmill requiring about twenty horse power, and an engineering shop requiring about fifty horse power, all of which indicates growing and gratifying confidence in electric power.

KICKED HIS PHYSICIAN.

'Never Leave His Bed Alive,' Said the Doctor—South American Rheumatic Cure Does the Miracles.

Mr. Granville Haight, of Sparta, Ont., says his father, who is a very old man, was very low from an attack of rheumatism. His physician assured the family he would never leave his bed alive. A friend took a bottle of South American Cure to him. A few days later upon receiving a visit from the doctor, he ran across the room, and playfully administered a hearty kick. He is now up and as well as ever.

The Spectre is Ouy.

'Every now and again ghosts crop up in out-of-the-way country places,' remarked a reporter on a provincial paper. 'On such occasions we often get sent down to investigate. Needless to say, we never succeed in laying the spectre, for whilst we are on the spot it never seems to have an inclination to walk. What is the trick about these baffling visitors from another world? As far as I have been able to discover, some country person, going home down a dark lane late at night, sees, through a gap in the hedge, a white horse or pale colored cow in a field, and imagines it a ghost. Flight is rapid, and, with the wind whistling in their ears, the fugitives hear all manner of weird sounds. In the village they tell the tale. It gives an idea for a bit of fun to those fond of mischief. They procure a sheet, and the ghost is soon seen by others. But when taken so lightly in hand, and invited to a conference, the spectre is ever absent.'

Milkmaid Taught this Professor.

Rev. Dr. Upson says that he was once rusticated with Dr. Timothy Dwight, who had just resigned the presidency of Yale, when they borrowed a horse from a farmer on condition they unharmed him when through their drive. They filled the contract except as to the collar, which they could not get off. Mr. Dwight said: 'It must have been put on when he was a colt, and the way his head's grown since it's impossible to remove it. Just then a passing milkmaid told them to turn the collar round if they wanted it off. 'My dear brother,' said Dwight, 'either of us thinks he knows ten times as much as that woman and yet we didn't know enough to turn the collar.'—Pittsburg Dispatch.

'What can equal the warmth of a true woman's love?' asked the dearest girl. 'Her temper,' replied the savage bachelor.

Energy Easily Earned.



Wasted energy must be made up or the body will weaken and perhaps perish.

For a long time prior to taking Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills my nerve system was greatly deranged and I was terribly nervous, so much so that in my business (Linesman of the Kingston Electric Light Co.) my extreme nervousness naturally made the following of my business extremely hazardous. Before taking Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills my kidneys had been affected for some time. I had constant soreness and stiffness across my loins and the small of my back. My appetite was variable and very poor. I also suffered greatly with constant headaches. I am glad to be able to inform you that Dr. Ward's Pills completely cured me of all the above ailments and made me a well man. I have found no medicine like Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills, although I have tried many different kinds. They acted quickly and effectually on my nerve system, making my nerves strong and removing all indications of nervousness. These valuable pills also removed all kidney and back trouble and restored to me a healthy vigorous appetite. I have had no headache since five months ago and feel justified in saying that they are a wonderful remedy. They not only removed nervousness, but gave me healthy kidneys, removed all soreness and stiffness from my back and loins, cured me of headache and gave me a good appetite, consequently I am highly pleased. I know of no medicine that equals Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills for nervousness, chronic headache, sore kidneys and back and loss of appetite. Yours truly, John McCutcheon, 55 Princess St., Kingston, Ont. All good druggists sell them. If they won't, we will supply you by mail on receipt of price, 50c. per box, or 3 boxes for \$2.00. The Doctor Ward Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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### Notches on The Stick

A study of some of the writings of Charles Heavyside, has led us to reflect anew upon the possible fate of a man of genius. Not always is his name made illustrious, nor is he often rewarded in the proportion of his merit; but it is sometimes his to toil in poverty and obscurity, to suffer many things,—not the least of these the extinction of his hopes,—to create in the mould of beauty forms which might seem to be imperishable, but which nevertheless soon fall into neglect and appear destined to that common oblivion which engulfs some things only a little earlier than the others. Yet we cannot but express a feeling of surprise that the dramas and sonnets of Heavyside are not more widely known, and that his slender flower of renown has not been more carefully fostered since his untimely death. In poetic quality, if not in dramatic skill and spirit, he appears to us worthy of rank with Ford, Webster, D. K. and others of the secondary masters of the Elizabethan era, whose powerful verse he seems, not vainly, to have emulated. And yet the encyclopaedists—those annunciators of poetic and literary consequences—appear to be ignorant of him, as they are silent about him, despite the fact of his acknowledgment by some of the first literateurs and poets of his time. Hawthorne, then consul at Liverpool, heralded his "Saul," on its appearance in 1857, in the "North British Review," in which he was pronounced the greatest dramatist since Shakespeare, and expressed surprise that the work should not have been more widely circulated, seeing that it is "indubitably one of the most remarkable English poems ever written out of England." Yet how many of the book-loving people of Canada really know him, or even the few incidents recorded of his life? William D. Lighthall, in his introduction to his "Songs of the Great Dominion," says: "A man apart he remained. His work is in no sense distinctively Canadian. Canadians do not read him; but claim him as perhaps their greatest, most original writer, if they could weigh him aright and appreciate him; and he will always command awe, and refuse to be forgotten." Yet the "Britannica" overlooks him; and of him in the thirty volumes of the Warner Library, where the writings of several Canadians yet living are displayed, there is not even a brief mention. In Canada, where his books were first published—it published by not an extravagant term to use respecting them—they will soon be out of print, and have, so far as we know, never been republished since his death. Is it not time for justice to be done his memory, by the publication of his collected works with a proper introduction.

Some of the best parts of "Saul" are given in the Canadian appendix to Stedman's "Victorian Anthology"; and in "Canadian Sonnets," edited by William Sharp, in the "Canterbury Poets" series, are some of his best examples in that kind. Of him Sharp says: "This very unequal, but at his best truly noteworthy poet was a Canadian, and distinctly the most original writer whom the Dominion has produced. His sonnets (generally irregular, and sometimes consisting merely of seven rhymed couplets) are mainly comprised in the volume called 'Jephthah's Daughter.' Heavyside is best known, both in Canada and Great Britain by his tragedy 'Saul.'"

The few facts of his life that we have been able to glean are briefly these: He was born at Liverpool, England, (or, as we find it recorded in another place) in Yorkshire, in 1816. He was at one time a carpenter, at another a wood-engraver, and finally an overworked journalist at Montreal, where he died in 1869. Yet without advantages of scholarship or literary association, in poverty and obscurity he produced works which are the delight and wonder of those who study them. The first to be given to the public was "Saul," a drama in three parts, in 1857, which procured him what repute he ever enjoyed. Several editions of the work were issued, at his own expense, or that of his friends, during the author's life-time. Mr. Lighthall says: "It became the fashion among tourists to Montreal to buy a copy of 'Saul.'" In 1855 appeared his "Jephthah's Daughter," with the "Sonnets" and his "Ode to Shakespeare." "Count Filippo" was issued in 1860; and the last and one of the most curious of his works, "The Advocate," which appears to have been transformed from a drama to a novel, in 1865. No one of his works except in a literary sense, can be called successful.

The only one of these works that the present writer possesses in its complete form, is the original and, as we suppose only edition of "Count Filippo: a Drama, in Five Acts, by the Author of 'Saul,' and

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Is often a warning that the liver is torpid or inactive. More serious troubles may follow. For a prompt, efficient cure of Headache and all liver troubles, take

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While they rouse the liver, restore full, regular action of the bowels, they do not gripe or pain, do not irritate or inflame the internal organs, but have a positive tonic effect. 25c. at all druggists or by mail of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

printed for the author; for sale by the Bookseller, Montreal, 1860. We found it at a books'ore in Toronto where second-hand and rare books are extensively sold. (Britnell's.) and it is classed among our literary treasures. It not so perfect in its conception or so sublime in tone and expression, nor so fine a work of art, as "Saul," it is rich in splendid passages, and embodies an interesting narrative. The subject and its mode of treatment, though chaste and refined in the verbiage remove some what from the sphere of conventional favor. The love of the sexes is a delicate subject to handle in these days. Count Filippo, an Italian noble, is wedded to a beautiful woman, from whom he is absent during most of the period through which the drama extends. The marriage is unequal, by reason of the absence of love on the part of Volina, the wife, and the disparity of age—Filippo being ten years senior by some thirty years. In the sequel she kills her parents, particularly her father, for her unhappy condition. While he is at the Court of Arno on business (it is so prompted by a pre-figurate courtier, Galliano, who has ruined the peace of several homes, a liaison begins between Filippo's wife and Hylas, the youthful son of Trewrobia, Duke of Perz. The husband, hearing of his wife's desertion from virtue, returns and accuses himself of the dreadful fact by obtaining her confession in the Cathedral under the guise of a father-confessor. The partners in guilt are disposed of in the conventional merciful way of the time:

"With crucifix and pike the cloistered aisle,  
Instead of sitting sceptred on a throne,  
We will be like to the sackcloth, too,  
Who should have done the purple."

Of course the play is intended, so far as the author had a definite ethical object, to show the criminality of a forced and loveless marriage.

Heavyside is described as small in person, of sallow or "yellow" complexion, and of a withdrawn abstracted air. Though we are under the impression of having somewhere seen a portrait of him, our most distinct image and characterization we have derived from the commemorative lines of George Martin, who was his admirer, and who befriended him:

"So ebullient, modest, reticent,  
With heart in meditation bent,  
He walked our streets—and no one knew  
That something of celestial hue  
Had passed a'one; a tall, stern man  
Was seen, no more; the fire that ran  
Electric through his veins, and wrought  
Sublimity of soul and thought  
And died into song, no eye  
Beheld...."

The poetry of Alexander Smith, which belongs to the period of youth, charms us still, with all the consent of a maturer taste and reason. There is in the effusive rhapsody of "The Life Drama," a vividness and splendor, a liveliness of color, an eager intensity of expression, we have not utterly learned to renounce. For boldness of metaphor, and sounding swing of metre, some greater poetry might seem to grow pale. So the old boys, when they wish to grow young again, will revert to the

Whose blood leaped madly when the trumpet brayed

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But we do guarantee immediate relief. Cures promptly. Is equally good for children and adults.

Honest 25c. bottles.

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To judge how the wind is blowing,  
When a bird is seen on a bushy tree;  
It is in the sunset I was sitting fast  
Raged by his mighty force,"—  
"Suggesting a scene in the 'Morte D'Arthur.' Perhaps out of the dimness of an memory will come practicing  
"Is it to stand to the belly splashed with blood.  
Or if the dreamer has been used to a land of dykes and meadows of the sea, he will see or fancy he sees, how—  
"The marriage was burning on the marsh,  
Like a thing dips in an act."  
The description of the winter rain, in "The Life Drama," often comes up, when we are abroad:

"It was in winter, when the rain  
Coursed down in slanting lines,  
And wind, that grand old harper, moode  
His thousand harps of plumes."  
And, when the thunderstorm is on, we recall the image that figures the genesis of a poem, in the ballad of "The Lady Blanche":

"He passed away;—a fire some leapt  
From cloud of his despair,  
A lightning like a bright wild beast  
Leaps from the thunder lair."  
Smith and Bailey and Massey, the poets of youth, and generous enthusiasm, have yet a secure place in our heart and memory.

The "New Brunswick Magazine" for January maintains its repute for excellence. The papers on the Acadians, who were fugitives from the English at the time of deportation, by P. P. Gauvreau, and that on "The Fire of Thirty Seven," at St. John, N. B., by W. K. Reynolds, are of especial interest. The papers by R. Y. mood and Hanny, continuation of former themes, are equally worthy of note.

"Acta Victoriana" appears to us as the pink of University magazines,—with the choicest of literature, of letters, and illustration, that may be found in Canada. Prof. Roberts, William Wilfrid Campbell, Duncan Campbell Scott, John Rade, Dr. Theodore H. Rand, Mrs. Bluet, with others, are among the contributors. It indicates the love and patronage of true literature in Canada, when Victoria University gives so beautiful a thing.

Miss Annie Campbell Huestis, of Halifax, contributes to the "Acta Victoriana," [holiday number] a brisk and breezy lyric of the winds, which she entitles "Spirits of the Air." We have found the same exuberant wit, and passion of the out-door world in other writings of the same author. We give the first and last stanzas:

Unfasten the door and let me go,—  
The beautiful world is mine;  
I hate the roof that floor below;  
Unfasten the door and let me go.  
There's a leap and a thrill outside,  
For the spirits of air they are everywhere,  
And they blow me a merry call,  
Why should I linger? What do I care?  
For door and window and wall?  
Of what is the charm of a fire-lit room,  
When the beautiful world is mine?  
The life will out in its sweet and wild  
As the son of a bird or the heart of a child,  
And how can I stay inside?  
For the Spirits of Air, they are everywhere,  
And they blow me a merry call,  
And follow I must, for what I care  
For door and window and wall!

After a longer silence than usual we have word of Dr. Benjamin F. Daggett,—a letter full of genial discourse, with bits of verse that show him still a favorite of the muses. In a recent number of the Independent appeared a quatrain from his pen, which he had entitled "A Christmas Thought," but which the editor christened from the first line, "O Holly Sprays." It runs as follows:

O Holly sprays that keep the winter green!  
O holly sprays that made his mocking crown!  
Try coral from the glossy leaves between,  
Tis crimson drops of blood that trickled down!

He says: "You ask what I have been reading and writing of late: Well, I have been reading some of Lowell, with the intention of writing a lecture on him. Then I have read Thoreau's 'Main Woods' 'Abbot's Days Out of Doors; Mabel Osgood Wriph's 'Friendship of Nature,'—and various other things. I have not lately done much writing, though I have written more through the year '98 than in any previous year. . . Have you seen Prof. Huestis' 'Brandywine'? If not, you ought to: It is a poem in blank verse, descriptive of the river, and illustrated with seven or eight sketches of scenery." Prof. Leggett recently delivered a lecture on "Longfellow," before the Philosophical society of West Chester, Penn., which was fully reported, with appreciative editorial comments in the local press.

Walk of the wind that doth and we,  
Is the gleaming sun where the land lies near.  
Lo: they have wandered far and free,  
And the birds of the desert;  
God only marked their devious flight,  
God only killed them day and night.

Sailor's mile, when the gulls come in,  
And the shallow stage the he l-buoy's dim,  
Look to thy ship and the sea is hard by,  
There's a gale in the heart of the golden sky.

The ladies of the Dominion are winning their laurels—We herald, M. Machar, Hensley, Bluet, Harrison, Miss Roberts, and others. Long may they wear them!

PASTOR FRANK:

**GREAT OUL'S STORAGE PLANTS.**  
The Largest in the World to be Built in the Argentine Republic.

The great refrigerating and cold storage plants of this country, the largest in the world, promise before long to be eclipsed by those of the Argentine Republic. The Sasinina plant at Buenos Ayres is only one of several and \$4,000,000 has already been expended upon it. It has a capacity for slaughtering 3,000 sheep daily, with a proportionate number of cattle. One of the cold storage rooms holds 60,000 frozen carcasses of mutton at one time. These are transported to Europe in refrigerated steamers. Although there is a voyage of 7,000 miles across the equator, the original cost of each sheep is so small that the price of the meat in Europe is not greater than that of that brought from the United States and Canada. In 1897, 2,500,000 frozen sheep were exported from the Argentine. If to these be added those sent from Australia and America it will be seen how dependent in Europe upon foreign meat products. This business was begun only in 1883, when 11,000 frozen sheep were sent from the Argentine. It is estimated that the Argentine now has a total of 105,000,000 sheep, twice the number of the United States. This great flock by no means represents the future capacity of the country, for 591,000 square miles, or a territory ten times the size of the State of New York, is available for sheep pasturage. As yet it may be said to be deserted, compared with the number of animals that will support in the future. It will be capable of supplying the civilized world with all the mutton its inhabitants can consume. Before the establishment of refrigerating plants in and the exportation of mutton from the Argentine, sheep that could not be utilized for their wool and tallow were driven off the rocks into the sea or were used for fuel until laws were passed making it a crime to drive living sheep into the fires of the brick kilns.

**"500 ACRES FOR MY HEALTH."**  
Files Were Supplying the Life From Him—Dr. Agnew's Ointment Cured.

Mr. M. Beemer, of Kootman, Mich., says: "For seven years I had suffered from itching and protruding piles. I tried all kinds of cures, but got no relief until I used Dr. Agnew's Ointment. One application did more for me than any remedy I had ever tried. I have been such a sufferer that I would willingly give my 500 acres of land rather than have a return of my suffering from those tormenting things." 35 cents. Use Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills for liver ills. 20 cents.

Who is the Mistletoe Grows.  
The modern mistletoe, as we know it today, in its present highly evolved and degenerate state a confirmed parasite, is no longer an enigma. It is a woody shrub, with yellow-green leaves, which specially affects the boughs of apple trees, limes, and poplars. The people who got their ideas vaguely and second-hand from books have a notion that the mistletoe's favorite haunt is the oak. This is a complete mistake, as it was the rarity of the mistletoe on oaks that gave one, when found there, its peculiar sanctity in the eyes of the Druids. In the purely wild condition mistletoe grows mostly on poplars alone. In civilized and cultivated soils it extends its growth wherever it gets a chance, to apple orchards and pear trees. And this is the manner of the generation of mistletoe. This young seedling sprouts on a branch of its involuntary host, where seeds have been carried by the birds. Instead of rooting themselves, however, like mere groundling plants, they fasten by a sort of suck-like fashion to the tissues of the tree on which they feed, and absorb sap from the veins of their victim.

French and English at sea.  
A belief which, if not extraordinary, is entirely erroneous, appears to be generally held that a war with France, if it were unfortunately to come, would be of short duration. Various persons with more or less authority have put the period in which we are to knock out our ancient enemy and whilom ally into a pocket hat at from seven days to seven weeks, a very few acknowledging that it might run into as many months. We know of nothing to justify such optimism, but very much to lead us to a directly opposite opinion; and we conceive it perfectly possible to be of this opinion and yet to make no question of the ultimate result of such a lamentable conflict. We feel that to attempt to draw any analogy from the results of recent naval wars would be only to mislead ourselves. There is no comparison at all be-

between the relative strength of France and this country and that of China and Japan or Spain and the United States. If the British public imagines that French naval officers will prove themselves to be as deficient in strategical and tactical skill as the officers of China and Spain have demonstrated themselves to be, it is pressing itself for a rude awakening.—Tib-Bis.

### New Strength

FOR THE OLD, WORN AND FEIBLE

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills.

HALIFAX FORTIFIED.  
Its People Are Fortunately Doubly Protected.

Great Britain Defends Them Against Foreign Foes—Dodd's Kidney Pills Keep the Host of Kidney Diseases Away—An Impregnable Defence.

HALIFAX, N. S., Jan. 23.—The War Department of Great Britain is fortifying this city, and when the work has been completed, our defenses will be impregnable.

The people of Halifax will then be doubly fortunate, as they will be safe from the attacks of human enemies, as they now are against the ravages of Kidney Disease.

Some years ago Dodd's Kidney Pills were brought within the reach of our citizens. Since then no form of Kidney Disease has been able to exist here. Dodd's Kidney Pills have proved to be an impregnable defence against these ailments.

Those who have been attacked by Kidney Disease in any form, have invariably recovered by using Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mr. J. H. Ireland, one of these victims was so "far through" that his friends gave up all hope of his ever getting better. A report was circulated and published in the press of the province, to the effect that he was dead.

He did not die, though. Fortunately he began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, when all other remedies had failed, and his recovery began on the day he began to use them. It continued until every trace of the disease had been rooted out of his system, for all time.

The days of doubt regarding the efficacy of Dodd's Kidney Pills, have long gone, never to return. No sensible person would attempt to deny that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only medicine on earth that will cure any and every case of Kidney Disease they are used for. They have proved that beyond dispute.

Dodd's Kidney Pills can be bought at all drug stores for fifty cents a box. They are worth \$5 a box.

A Studied Proposal.  
A young lady was acting temporarily as hostess and her time was much occupied. One of her admirers, a nervous and absent lover, perceived that this would be the case and to facilitate matters he, determined to bring affairs to a point, brought with him a memorandum.

"I afterwards," says the object of his ill-starred devotion, "found it on the floor where he had dropped it in his agitation. It read thus:—  
"Mention rise in salary. Mention loneliness. Mention pleasure in her society. Mention prospects from Uncle Jim. Never loved before. Propose."

A Happy New Year Indeed  
To those who believed there was no cure for catarrh and to whom the constant use of ointments, snuffs and washes was a weariness to the flesh. A delightful and sure cure has been found. No need for feid breath and broken voice. Send for a free sample outfit; and be convinced. The name of this sure cure is Catarrh-zone. Catarrh-zone penetrates to the diseased parts in the form of a pine-scented gas. Write at once to N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Like an Egg.  
A shrewd old lady cautioned her married daughter against worrying her husband too much, and concluded by saying—  
"My child a man is like an egg. Kept in hot water a little while, he may boil soft; but keep him there too long, and he hardens."

Stranger (at the door): "I am trying to find a lady whose married name I have forgotten, but I know she lives in this neighborhood. She is a woman easily described, and perhaps you know her—a singularly beautiful creature, with pink and white complexion, sea-shell ears, lovely eyes, and hair such as a goddess might covet."  
Servant: "Really, sir, I don't know—"  
Voice (from head of stairs): "Jane, tell the gentleman I'll be down in a minute."

### KNIVES, FORKS & SPOONS

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1847. ROGERS BROS.  
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THE LARGEST  
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BOPE LADDER RESEARCHERS.

A Sort of Cave Exploration That Requires a Good Deal of Muscle.

Under the inspiration of E. A. Martel, who is now the most famous of cave explorers, the lovers of this sort of research are developing great enthusiasm for diving into the depths of the earth.

Not a few of the French caves show no external evidence of their existence save a hole in the level surface of the ground, often so small that a man could not possibly fall through it, and frequently so well concealed in the undergrowth that it has never been discovered until quite recently.

There are two ways of making this gloomy trip and one of them requires not only nerve, but an unusual amount of physical strength. In this case the explorer depends almost wholly upon himself in making both the descent and the ascent.

His torch is fastened to his headgear and cannot easily be displaced. Two or three trusty comrades remain at the surface to attend to the orders they may receive from the explorer.

The fact is now well understood that as a distinct current the Gulf Stream disappears south of Newfoundland. The best school geographers nowadays do not say that the climate of northwest Europe is rendered mild by the Gulf Stream as such.

The other method of making the descent is far easier for the explorer. He is seated at the end of the rope, which is slowly lowered by his comrades.

The successful cave explorer nowadays is usually able to retrace his steps in the dark recesses which he is exploring and it very seldom occurs that one of them is not able to return without a blunder.

Obesity Objected to. 'As a sign of the times,' says a physician. 'I am sure I can never remember so many people in middle age seeking to reduce their weight.'

start on a course of dumb-bells? or 'Am I too old to learn to ride a bicycle? I am getting so stout.'

Deadly Narcotics Drag a Lady to the Depths of Despair.

Death Longed for as a Release from Suffering.

Paine's Celery Compound Rescues the Victim and Builds Her Up Physically and Mentally.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.

Gentlemen:—I am happy to tell you that I have completely recovered my health through the use of Paine's Celery Compound. For some years past my nerves and system were almost wrecked by narcotics used to alleviate pain.

Sincerely and gratefully, MRS. LOUISA WARNER, Montgomery, N. W. T.

THE GULF STREAM. Abandoned the Idea That it Reaches Europe as a Distinct Current.

The best school geographers nowadays do not say that the climate of northwest Europe is rendered mild by the Gulf Stream as such. They admit the Gulf Stream as one of the most powerful influences contributing to the mild winter climate of that region.

The best maps also no longer show the Gulf Stream as extending clear across the ocean. They show the current as flowing north as far as the neighborhood of Newfoundland, and beyond this region they depict a movement toward Europe of oceanic waters to which they have applied the name of Gulf Stream Drift.

The fact is now well understood that as a distinct current the Gulf Stream disappears south of Newfoundland. The best school geographers nowadays do not say that the climate of northwest Europe is rendered mild by the Gulf Stream as such.

enormous river in the ocean, far greater than all other ocean currents, rushes northward from the Straits of Florida, with a depth of 2,000 feet, a width of forty miles and a velocity of three to over five miles an hour.

There is, however, a constant set of warm surface waters toward the European coast. The prevailing west winds carry them toward Europe, and their total influence is to modify the winter climate of that region.

Many sailors do not realize the strength of the Gulf Stream current. Mr. John E. Pillsbury, who spent much time several years ago investigating the Gulf Stream for our Government, wrote that one day, his vessel was anchored in the stream, observing the current, when a sailing vessel was sighted ahead, drifting to the northward.

'I could not help it the water bring me here.'

LESS LIKE STOVEPIPE.

Kidney Irregularities Developed into Dropsy—South American Kidney Cure Cured Him.

South American Cure is doing every day for hundreds what it did for this steamship man out in Lisbon County. Through exposure while sailing he contracted kidney disease and in a short while dropsy developed, so that his legs swelled as large as stovepipes.

Quite Innocent.

'You ought to have seen Mr. Marshall when he called on Dolly the other night,' remarked Johnnie Conklin enthusiastically to his sister's young man, who was taking tea with the family.

'Johnnie,' gasped his sister, her face assuming the color of a boiled lobster. 'Well, so he did,' persisted Johnnie. 'He had his arm—'

'John,' screamed his mother, frantically as she made a reach for his ear and upset the contents of the teapot in the company's lap.

'Why,' whined the now badly frightened boy, 'I was—'

'You boy,' roared his father, 'get out!' And Johnnie got out, crying as he went, 'I was only going to say he had his arm in his coat sleeve and Dolly knows he did, too.'

FLASHES OF FUN.

She: 'I will never marry a man whose future has not at least five ciphers in it.' He (triumphantly): 'Oh Darling! Mine is all ciphers!'

The Groom (very wealthy): 'Why did you marry an ordinary chap like me?' The Bride: 'I haven't the slightest idea. Mama managed the whole affair.'

Amicus: 'Who is the most prolific newspaper writer in London?' Editor: 'Well, it is about even between 'Old Subscriber' and Pro Bono Publico.'

'I always look out for number one,' said the selfish man; 'don't you?' 'Well, hardly,' said the person addressed, who happened to be a widow; 'I am looking out for number two.'

She: 'I don't believe you think half so much of me as Tom Binsley does. He tells me he could die for me.' He: 'That's nothing. I love you well enough to live with you.'

Nothing bothers a modest but hungry old hen so much as when she has made a hearty breakfast of an old shoe-lace and finds the unfortunate shoe still at the end of it.

The Carpenter's assistant: 'What was that new plumber sacked for?' The Plumber's Assistant: 'He was sent to do half an hour's work in a private house and finished the job in half a day.'

Willy: 'I say, auntie, what did Uncle Bob marry you for?' Aunt: 'Why, for love, of course!' Willy (meditatively): 'H'm! Love will make a man do almost anything, won't it, auntie?'

The Young Man: 'Gracie, what is it your father sees in me to object to, darling?'

The Young Woman (wiping away a tear): 'He doesn't see anything in you, Algermon, that's why he objects.'

Neighbor: 'And you expect to support my daughter on £2 a week?'

Clarkets: 'Yes sir.' Neighbor: 'Well, go ahead; my heart rejoices, but my pocket consents. She costs me £10.'

Smithers: 'Halloa, Tompkins, haven't seen you for months. But what are you carrying that jumping jack and rattle home for?'

Tompkins (whose first infant occasions him no little embarrassment): 'F-for-a young friend of mine.'

McCorkie: 'You can say what you please about flying machines, but one of them saved my life once.'

McCorkie: 'How?'

McCorkie: 'I had arranged to go in one on its trial trip, but something got wrong with it, and it never started.'

Lady (to servant): 'Well, Mary, is your sister married yet?'

Mary: 'No, mum.'

Lady: 'How's that? I thought she was to have been married last week.'

Mary: 'Yes, mum, so she was; but her young man, instead of buying the furniture, bought a bicycle.'

Little Boy: 'What's all these women here for?'

Little Girl: 'They've been upstairs to see the baby.'

Little Boy: 'Babies is plent 'nough.'

Little Girl: 'Yes, but this is a new one, an' I expect they wants to see the latest fashions.'

A Bad Blunder.—Visitor (in gaol, to prisoner): 'What are you here for?'

Prisoner: 'For stealing.'

Visitor: 'What did you steal?'

Prisoner: 'I stole a girl's affections.'

Visitor: 'Well, that is no refraction of the law.'

Prisoner: 'H—m, I carried 'em off with her father's horse and cart.'

It was Scythe's wedding-day, and he was teasing his boy brother-in-law. 'Well, Johnny,' he said, 'I'm going to take you sister away, and have her all to myself, and you won't see her any more.'

'No, really—are you?' said the boy, curiously.

'Yes, I am. What do you think of it?'

'Nothing. I fancy I can stand it if you can.'

The house surgeon of a London hospital was attending to the injuries of a poor woman whose arm had been severely bitten. As he was dressing the wound, he said:—

'I cannot make out what sort of a creature bit you. This is too small for a horse's bite and too large for a dog's.'

'Oh, sir,' replied the patient, 'it wasn't an animal; it was another lady.'

Mistress (to nurse-girl): 'I hear that you are seen quite often speaking to the policemen in the park. I cannot allow that.'

Artful Maid: 'I can't help it, ma'am. All the policemen in the park admire the baby so much—they will stop the param-bulator to speak to him. They all say that he is the handsomest baby that comes into the park.'

The maid was forgiven.

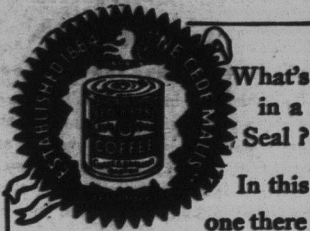
D: a fat dumb beggar (at unexpectedly receiving sixpence): 'Oh, thankie, sir.'

Benevolent Passer: 'Eh? What does this mean, sir? You can talk.'

Beggar (in confusion): 'Y-e-s, sir. Ye see, sir, I'm only mindin' this corner for th' poor deaf and dumb man wot belongs here.'

Benevolent Passer (quickly): 'Where is he?'

Beggar (in worse confusion): 'He's gone to th' park t' hear the music.'

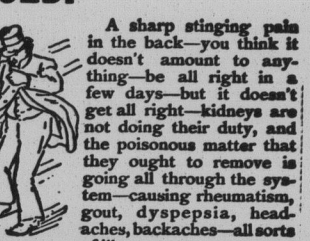


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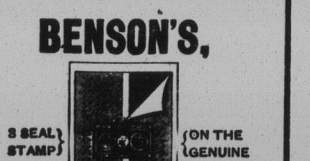


DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

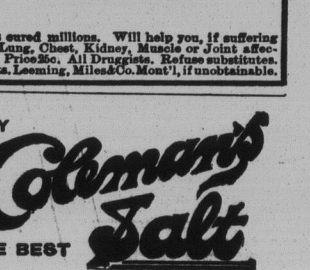
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Continued from Youth Page... and he saw what it was—a leafy lane, with the sea beyond, the sunlight struggling through the trees, and in the corner, a sign, written in brown paint—Vivian West.

“What do you think of it?” Shirley asked, as proudly as if she had done it herself. “But Sir Martin made no reply. She looked at him in surprise. His face had grown ashen blue. The picture had slipped from his fingers as if he had not the power to hold it. “You are a taint—ill!” the artist exclaimed, in concern. He put out his arms to support the tottering form; but the baronet, striking from him sank upon a chair and, striking from him sank upon a chair and, striking from him sank upon a chair...

“I shall be well directly,” he gasped. “A spin—my heart.” The artist poured out some spirits; but Sir Martin’s hand shook so that he could scarcely raise the glass to his lips. Shirley studied it for him. She was frightened. She had never before seen him like this. He tried to smile at his distressed face. The blood began to come back to his lips and cheeks, and after a few moments, he managed to stand up. “I have been subject to these attacks lately,” he said, striving to treat the matter lightly. “No doubt the heat has something to do with it—that and old age. I do not think I will wait to see her ladyship this afternoon.”

The artist tried to persuade him to stay a while longer and rest; Shirley begged him to do so, but he courteously, though steadily, refused. He would go home and doctor himself, he said. He was seated on his horse, when he turned to the artist, who was standing bare-headed, at the gate. “I do not yet know your name.” The young man looked up with a pleasant smile. “It is Vivian West,” he said. “Good afternoon.”

“Vivian West?” thought Shirley, as she sped over the even roads to Fairfield. “Could any name have suited him better? The same name throbbed in Sir Martin’s ears, as he rode back to Metherell Court. Vivian West—her child—his son! Had the boy any notion of who he was? Had he come there to force him to acknowledge him?”

Then the remembrance of the frank, quiet gaze, dispelled the fear. But what strange irony of Fate had brought him almost to his very gates? He felt that powers beyond his feeble strength were gathering together to crush him—that his sins were finding him out. For years he had kept his skeleton locked from sight; but now it was thrusting out its bony hands, and forcing wide the door.

As he passed slowly up the avenue, there came to him the recollection of that day, so long ago, when he had come to Metherell Court in answer to his uncle’s summons. It had been the turning-point in his life. He saw himself as he was then—a young man in the flush of life and strength, with all before him.

He was now the end of all things now, burdened with guilt and misery, his soul black with sin, his hands stained with blood. There was no place for him on earth—no place for him in Heaven. He went into his study, and, bowing his head upon his arms, wept for the first time since he had been a little child, while Vivian West, all unconscious of the tragedy in which he played a part, walked alone on the quiet seashore, dreaming his dreams to the music of the waves, and drinking in, with a delight only an artist can feel, the beauty of the summer’s evening.

The sun had set in a cloudy mist lying low in the west; but the rosy tints had not yet faded from the sky and the wide waste of water reflecting the glow. Some fishing-smacks were heading for the open sea. The men’s voices, and the creaking of ropes, came distinctly to his ears. Now and again Vivian paused to pick a pebble from the sand, and fling it across the shining water, or turned to look the way he had come, whistling softly to himself the while.

He was very contented that evening, though, had he been asked, he could not have told why he was so. Success seemed as far away as ever, his pockets were empty as of old, and all the little worries and crosses of his life were still there. Yet it was as if a veil had been drawn

across them, hiding, for the time, their ugliness. After a while he left the beach for the path which ran along the edge of the marshes. He would take a look at the gate which had suggested the picture he intended to call ‘Memories.’ A few yards brought him in sight of it. A girl was leaning upon it, in just the same attitude he had intended for his picture. Her head was turned away. There was a grace and ease about the figure which pleased him. He drew out his book and sketched it. As he rapidly finished the drawing, she turned and came towards him. It was Shirley Lorraine.

Perhaps he had already known it, for he did not seem surprised, merely slipping the book into his pocket and lifting his cap as she wished him good evening. “It was such a lovely evening, that I came further than I intended,” she said. “I was resting.” “It is rather a lonely walk for you to choose,” he replied. “I should have thought the explanation would have suited you better.” “Why? Do you think I am one of those who only care to look at people and shops?” “I do not know you well enough to venture an opinion about your tastes,” he said, coolly.

“He is hateful,” Shirley thought. “Any other man would have made some pleasant reply.” She wondered why he disliked her so, and then, on the impulse of the moment, she lifted her eyes to his, and asked him why it was? He looked taken aback at first—he had not thought of her putting such a question; then he said: “You are mistaken. I do not know what has made you imagine such a thing.” “Your manner,” she explained, growing very red. “You make me feel always that you do not like me.” “I apologize if I have behaved rudely in any way. I am not used to ladies’ society. She thought of the portrait on his mantelpiece, and, stooping, plucked a little yellow flower, and pulled it to pieces. “You know the old story of the fox and the grapes?” she could think of nothing to say. The silence became awful.

Then she took a step from him. “I must be going home now, so, good evening.” “It is growing dark. May I walk with you part of the way, if you are nervous?” “Thank you, no; I will not trouble you.” “It would be no trouble, since I am going in the same direction.” She gave a little vexed laugh. “Otherwise, you would not have offered?” “It is impossible to say,” he gravely returned. Again she lifted her eyes to his. “I have never met with anyone like you before,” she said. “That is very probable,” he answered. “Do you pride yourself on being disagreeable, or are you so only to me?” “You know the old story of the fox and the grapes?” he said, quietly. “Oh, yes!” she cried; “and I always had the greatest contempt for that fox.” He shrugged his shoulders. “If a thing is out of your reach, is it not better to persuade yourself that you do not really want it—that it is not worth the having?”

She shook her head. “It is better to make up your mind to have it.” He laughed a little bitterly. “Your lines have been cast in pleasant places,” he said. “You have not learnt the meaning of the word Detest.” “Have you?” “I have learnt there are some things I can never win, and some things I had better not try to win. Your friendship is one.” “But why?” “They are walking along, side by side, over the short coarse grass. The stars were beginning to glimmer in the sky. “Why?” he repeated. “It is easily explained. Your world and mine are wide apart. It would be madness to attempt to stretch across. You are surrounded with friends; I have none. You have been reared in luxury and refinement; I have fought my way inch by inch. The only one who was good to me and who took an interest in me, is dead.” “And your parents?” she said, softly. “They, too, are dead. I do not remember them. I do not even possess a single thing to remind me of them. I am about the most lonely mortal on the face of the earth.”

She stretched out her hand to him. “If that is really so,” she said, “will you not forget all that nonsense about being so far apart, and let me be your friend? If I might watch you paint, and talk to you sometimes, I should be so pleased.” “You will soon grow tired of it,” he said, half sadly. She gave a happy little laugh. “We shall see,” she said. Afterwards, when their lives and their hopes seemed brighted forever, they often recalled that evening when, for the first time, they walked together, each gathering a strange new thrilling gladness from the other’s society.

To the girl it seemed like a sweet dream, in which the past and the future appeared of no account. The starlit sky, the ceaseless murmur of the restless ocean, the scented air, all seemed to add to the enchantment of that hour. Alas! how soon it was over! They stood for a minute or so by the garden gate of Fairfield. Silent bats were skimming through the air, the tall white lilies gave forth their fragrant perfume, the lights of the house gleamed through curtained windows and the strains of music came to them. “Madge was singing; sweet and clear, her voice rose and fell. They waited until the end of the song, then their hands met, and they parted. “Good-night!” “Good-night!”

It was all they said. A look into each other’s eyes, and she had passed through the white gate and he was walking down the road. Shirley was actually open and frank about all things; but, somehow, that evening she could not bring herself to speak of her meeting with Vivian West. She shrank from the questions and remarks which would follow the announcement. Fortunately, her mother was so full of some news which had arrived by the evening’s post that she quite forgot to ask her daughter where she had been. “Oh, Shirley,” she exclaimed, as the girl, having removed her hat, came into the drawing room, “who do you think is engaged? An enemy of yours, and to such a nice fellow, too. He was so agreeable at Gilbert’s coming-of-age ball—took me down to supper, and was so attentive. I am sure that, but for him I should have been left to starve.” Madge was unconcernedly turning some music over.

Lucy was reading; but, as Shirley glanced at her, she noticed that the book was upside down, and that the hand which held it was trembling. In an instant she knew who it was; but before she could utter his name, Mrs. Lorraine had done so. “You remember—Mr. Ridley. I always liked him so much, and quite thought him one of Lucy’s admirers. And to think he should admire that plain girl—Miss Ware?” “Eva Ware?” Shirley exclaimed, in tones of disgust and surprise. “You don’t mean it—who told you?” “She has written. The letter was meant for you, but, being addressed to Miss Lorraine, and not to Miss Shirley Lorraine, Madge naturally opened it. Here it is.” Shirley seized the pink envelope, and hastily withdrew its contents. “My dear Shirley,”—the letter began—“Just a line to tell you that I am engaged to Harold Ridley. His people are coming to Coddington for a change, and I am to stay with them, so we shall meet again. Of course it is not a very brilliant match, but his people are well off, and he has expectations.” “I hear you and Bertie Metherell have really made up your minds at last, and so send you my congratulations. Am having an awfully gay time here. Am going to a big ball tonight—wish you could see my gown, it’s simply ravishing.”

“Yours very sincerely, EVA WARE.” “Little beast!” Shirley cried, crushing the letter into a ball. “I wonder how she got hold of him. He isn’t in love with her, that is very certain.” Madge ran her fingers over the piano keys. “He is not marrying her for money, so I suppose it must be for love,” she said. “Do you think?” Shirley cried, indignantly, “that he could care for her? She is mean, selfish, ugly.” “My dear child,” Mrs. Lorraine laughed, “do not be so uncharitable. I thought her decidedly stylish, though I did not particularly like her; but, evidently, she has found someone to appreciate her.” “Nonsense!” the ‘dear child’ returned. “Come into the garden, Lucy, and let me abuse her to my heart’s content. But, once in the garden, neither spoke for some time; then, at last, Shirley said—“Well, what do you think of it?” Lucy gave a little cough, as if she found it rather difficult to get her voice. “He has pleased himself, I suppose,” she observed. “You won’t care, will you?” “I am not going to break my heart for him.” “He is not worth it. He is a flirt, and I am very glad he has been caught.”

“It is rather galling, though,” Lucy said, to find her friends Eva Ware, with nothing, to Lucy, but with much. “I don’t believe he does prefer her,” Shirley protested. “I always felt certain that he cared for you at one time. Perhaps there is some dreadful misunderstanding.” “What misunderstanding could there be?” the other interrupted. “Do not let us talk of him any more. I want to forget I was ever fool enough to care for a man who never gave me a serious thought. I tingle all over when I think of it. I would rather marry Captain Dorrien, than that Harold Ridley should know the truth.” “He never can know it,” Shirley said, “unless you or I tell him. But, Lucy, when are you going to tell Captain Dorrien that you have changed your mind?” Lucy paused to sniff at a drooping pink rose. “I have done so,” she said. “I wrote this afternoon, while you were out. I felt I could keep it up no longer. I sent him back his presents. You can’t think what a relief it is. Though, had Eva’s letter come earlier, I don’t suppose I should have written.” “I am very glad you have,” Shirley returned. “For, next to Eva Ware, I dislike Captain Dorrien. They would have made a very nice couple.” “I only wish I had never met any of them,” Lucy said, wearily. “They have spoiled this summer for me.” “There are heaps more for you to look forward to,” Shirley remarked, hopefully. “Perhaps, next summer you will meet the real, right man.” “Perhaps,” Lucy echoed.

But in her heart she knew, that never again could she care for any man as she had cared for Harold Ridley. CHAPTER X. It was that same evening, about that same time, that a hired fly wound slowly up the avenue to Metherell Court. A solitary figure alighted from the shabby vehicle, and lifted the heavy knocker of the great front door. It was opened immediately, and a flood of light streamed out into the night, showing plainly the small girlish figure standing on the broad steps.

“Sir Martin,” she said, with a slightly fawning smile, “I wish to see him.” “Sir Martin is engaged, miss,” the butler promptly replied. “If that is the case, I will await his leisure,” she said, stepping into the hall. “You cannot see him to-night,” the man answered her. “Sir Martin is at home to no one.” She was perfectly self-possessed, and quietly determined to have her own way. “My business with him is of great importance.” “If you will call in the morning, miss, no doubt you will be able to see Sir Martin,” the butler informed her. “I will see him now,” she replied. “Then—take this, and tell your master I have travelled a long distance to speak with him.” The butler handed the card she had given him to another flunkey, and carried it off.

Sir Martin was sitting alone in his study, working out a scheme for pushing Vivian West on in the world. Now that he had found his son, he meant to do all that he possibly could for him. He would make all the reparation that lay in his power for the wrong he had done. He would begin to-morrow, and in the work find some relief from the grief that gnawed at his heart. A tap at the door disturbed him. He had given orders that he would see no one and called out, irritably—“Come in! What is it that you want?” The footman entered, and solemnly presented the card.

“The lady is in the hall, sir. She desires you to know that she has come a long distance.” With a frown of displeasure Sir Martin picked up the slip of pasteboard. As he read the name upon it, an exclamation of horror broke from his lips. Hastily recovering himself, he bade the servant show the visitor into the morning-room. Then he sat, with the card clutched in his fingers, staring before him. A sense of hopeless despair, took possession of his soul. After a while he lifted the card, and read again the neatly printed name upon it—“Mademoiselle Cora Rozier.” Who was she? Where had she come from, and why had she come? He held his hands to his throbbing head. Was there never to be any peace for him—never any rest? He rose, and, striving to appear calm and collected, crossed the hall to the morning-room, and opened the door. It required all his nerve then, to keep out-wardly composed, for, standing by the table facing him, was a girl the exact image of Dola Koski—Dola as she had known her years ago; Dola as she was that night when she had come to tempt him. The same flashing dark eyes, the same rich coloring, the same quick, impulsive manner.

“When you saw my name,” she began, without any preface, “you understood my business was urgent. You have advertised for the relatives of Madame Rozier. I come in answer. What does it mean?” “It means a very great deal,” he said, gravely. “Will you not be seated?” She sat on the arm of a chair, her dark eyes fixed on his face. He could not meet them, but shaded his with his hand. “I should like, first of all, to know,” he continued, “what Madame Rozier was to you?” “My mother.” He started—that Dola might have had children had never entered his head. “You surprise me,” he said. “Are you the only daughter?” She nodded. “But where is ma petite mere?” she asked. He knew not in what words he broke it to her. She did not cry, but listened, dry eyed, to the ghastly story. “And that is all?” she said, when he had finished. “You were never able to discover the assassin?” “We could find no clue.” “It was done here, in this house, and you say that someone must have been suspected.” “There was no one on whom we could throw the least suspicion,” he replied. All through, he had sat with his elbow resting on the table, and his hand shading his eyes.

His voice was very low, but quite distinct. “Ma foi—but it is incredible! Do you BILIOUS “Last summer I was troubled with Sick Headache and Biliousness, and could not sleep at night. I tried several doctors but to no effect, and got completely discouraged. At last I saw an advertisement telling about Burdock Blood Bitters. My husband induced me to try it, and to-day I am using the third bottle, and can truly say it has done me a wonderful amount of good. I feel better than I have for years, and am confident I owe my restored health to B. B. B.” MRS. EDWARD BECK, Riverside, N.B. B.B.B. is the best remedy for Biliousness, Constipation, Sick Headaches, Coated Tongue, Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Scrofula, Blood Humors, and all Diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels.

“What is it?” she cried. “Who is there?” Martin Metherell crouched low. An armchair stood between him and the bed. To be Continued.

think one person would stab another for no reason? “We think robbery was intended.” “But?” she cried. “If so, why did not they take something? They were not disturbed—you say nothing was known of it until late in the day.” “That is so. We had one of the first detectives in England to investigate the case. He could make nothing of it. It is all shrouded in mystery.” “And why?” she questioned, excitedly. “Your detective had to judge from what he saw. He knew nothing of her life, nothing of the enemies she might have, who would profit by her death. Now I do know. I hold certain papers which may prove valuable clues. With their help I may be able to trace the guilty man. My mother took copies of them to England to show to a person whom they concerned; the real letters she left in a sealed packet with me. If I never return,” she said, “you will be able to make use of these.” “Never return?” I said; “why speak so?” She laughed—you know her way, monsieur. “I am going into the lion’s mouth,” she replied.

“I hear no more of her—I wait—I grow anxious. Then, one day, I look in an English paper; it was some weeks old. I see your advertisement. I start at once. It was to this house my mother came.” Desperation lent him courage. For the first time he met her gaze. “You are mistaken, mademoiselle. She came to Coddington. We met by chance. I had a party of friends at the house. Madame Rozier was asked to join them. If I can help you in any way to trace your mother’s murderer, I will do so.” “But—yes, you can help me, if you will allow me to remain here for a time.” He had not thought of this. For an instant he hesitated, then said—“I am afraid that is not possible. Lady Metherell has met with an accident, and is away from home at present.” “Must that prevent the granting of so slight a request?” she asked. “The house is large—enormous. I beg for only one little room. I will not trouble you. You offer me help—this is not the help I ask.” “But in what way can it benefit you?” She shrugged her shoulders. “I cannot tell yet. Monsieur surely agrees?”

He was fearful lest in his reluctance she should read some sign of guilt, and, stretching out his hand, pressed an electric button. “You shall have your wish,” he said. “A suite of rooms shall be placed at your disposal at once.” When the servant came in, he gave the necessary orders. She did not thank him, but thoughtfully regarded him. “These papers,” he said, bringing a silence which was becoming unendurable; “have you any idea of their contents?” “No, I was keeping them for my mother. I shall open them to-morrow. Or, rather, I think it will be wiser to place them in the hands of a solicitor.” “It would be the better plan,” he said. “But he felt as if an icy hand were clutching at his heart. Another silence followed. The dark eyes continued their watch. It became unbearable, and, making some almost incoherent excuse about having business to attend to, he left her. ‘Till late into the night he sat huddled up in his chair, trying to face the danger which threatened him. There seemed absolutely no loophole of escape from utter destruction. Heaven alone knew what papers Cora Rozier might have in her possession; there was no telling what evidence there might be against him. He saw himself tried and condemned; he pictured the dreary prison-cell, and the last hour of his life. The disgrace and horror of it drained the blood from his face. He would not live to meet such a doom. He leant forward, and, pulling open a drawer in a bureau, took out a revolver. “Better—far better—he thought, to end all, that night, than pass through the days which must follow. Life was not so sweet that he need fear the losing of it. He loaded the weapon, and placed it beside him. It had come to this at last. Hours passed, but he did not move; he was a natural coward, and shrank from this last action. Still, it had to be done. “The wages of sin,” he said, aloud, “is death.” He laid his hand upon the revolver—had even lifted it to his head—when a new thought entered his distracted brain. He would steal the papers! If he failed, if the worst came to the worst, then he would slip into the room where he had spent so many unhappy hours, and end his wretched life. While these thoughts went flashing through his mind, he removed his shoes, and noiselessly opening the door, crept out. The great house lay in profound silence, in which every creak of the stairs sounded startlingly loud. With bated breath, and starting eyes, he made his way to the apartment where Cora Rozier lay sleeping. The grey light of early morn was peeping through the drawn blinds; things were visible but not distinct yet he dared not strike a light. He stood for a few seconds listening to her quiet, regular breathing; then he knelt before an open trunk, and felt amongst the contents. After some minutes of vain search, he lifted the tray, and cautiously lowered it to the ground. As he did so, something fell with a sharp sound, and rolled across the floor. The girl sprang up in bed. “What is it?” she cried. “Who is there?” Martin Metherell crouched low. An armchair stood between him and the bed. To be Continued.

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Running the Avalanche.

In Byron Kelly's hunting party, that lingered usually late in the wooded region above Lake Tahoe, was Ross Kelly, Byron Kelly's son, a lad of fifteen, who went badly astray one forenoon in trying to cut across the hills and reach camp, after a long hunt.

There are many private families in Washington who spend more money on their tables, but few who live better. The daily expense of the President's private table does not average quite \$25. This is of course, exclusive of special or state dinners, but it includes the entertainment of over 300 guests a year, invariably there are one or more guests to luncheon and dinner.

The active part of the domestic duties falls upon the housekeeper. Her health will not permit Mrs. McKinley to assume the active management of such a laborious household. Yet she is not idle a moment during the day. The quantity of mail she receives is enormous, and she opens and personally answers nearly all of it.

Frederick, Jan. 19, to the wife of Oswald Crockett, a son.

MARRIED.

Colchester, Jan. 4, by Rev. E. W. Smith, J. A. Harrison, to E. A. Tupper.

DIED.

Essex, Jan. 21, James Carr 69.

Upper Lake, Sophia widow of the late Michael Hogan.

Upper Falmouth, Dec. 24, Ann, widow of the late James Lockhart 87.

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BORN.

Truro, Jan. 12, to the wife of Lewis Cooke, a son.