

PROCTOR'S MONTREAL THEATRE.

Good Things in Store for the Patrons of This Popular House.

The unlimited push and enterprise of Mr. F. F. Proctor has again been demonstrated, as on Jan. 5, he opened a new palatial play-house in Newark, New Jersey. This new theatre is one of the most beautiful and perfectly appointed temples of amusement in the United States, and by opening it, Mr. Proctor has made his circuit by all odds the largest amusement enterprise of its kind in the world.

Controlling so many theatres, it is an easy matter for Mr. Proctor to secure the very best amusement market affords, and the steady patronage enjoyed by everyone of his houses, encourages him to provide

bill of extraordinary strength and drawing power.

He has been especially careful in catering to the wishes of his patrons in Montreal and for several months past the leading stars of the European and American vaudeville stage have appeared on the boards of Mr. Proctor's beautiful theatre on Guy Street. Following a well laid out plan, Mr. Proctor has determined to give his patrons bigger value for their money than ever before, as he has established a permanent Stock Company of New York's favorite actors and actresses, who will appear in a repertoire of popular comedies of the highest class. Those who are fond of good vaudeville will also be catered to, as the usual waits between the acts will be omitted, and the very best novelties in the vaudeville line, both European and Ameri-

can, will serve to while away the time usually taken up with musical selections. The ladies of the Stock Company have been chosen, not only on account of their talent, but for their good looks and excellent taste in dress. In the various plays in which they will appear, the women of the company will show the latest Paris fashions, so that the women in the audience can get an idea of how to dress becomingly. The male members of the company have also been selected with great care, and they are all men who have made successful appearances in the best theatres in New York city.

The scenery and accessories will be on a very elaborate scale, all the necessary equipments being sent direct from Mr. Proctor's 5th Ave. Theatre, New York City.

The plays chosen for presentation by the company, are tried successes by prominent authors. They will include such sterling attractions as 'Why Smith Left Home,' 'What Happened to Jones,' 'The Mysterious Mr. Bugle,' 'The Still Alarm,' 'Bliss Jeans,' 'The Briston Burglary,' 'A Bachelor's Honeymoon,' 'Seven Twenty Eight,' and many others equally interesting and amusing.

The custom established a few months ago, of admitting ladies in the afternoon, except Saturdays and holidays, is still adhered to, and the theatre is crowded every day with an assemblage of the leading ladies of Montreal society.

There is always some feature in the bill to interest the children, and as the management is always careful of their comfort, they come in groups of a half dozen or

more, unattended, and enjoy an afternoon of innocent amusement. It is not to be wondered at that Mr. Proctor's Montreal Theatre has become such a popular resort, as everything that money can do, or ingenuity suggest has been done for the benefit of the patrons.

Word of a Mountain Climber.

'If all the mountain climbers in the world to-day were to make a combined attempt to explore the Canadian Rockies their task would not be completed within a century.'

This is the expressed opinion of Mr. Edward Whympere, the doyen of mountaineers, the man who led the way to the Alps, taught the Swiss how to climb their own peaks, who first scaled the dizzy heights of the Matterhorn, and camped in the highest altitudes of the Andes.

Short Topics of the Day.

MYSTERY OF A FAMOUS BEAUTY.

Countess de Castiglione's Love Letters—Her Last Day.

The reported arrest of Angelina Ver-gaxiola, reputedly maid to the famous Countess de Castiglione, the once reigning beauty of the Second Empire, has recalled the melancholy end of that remarkable woman.

After the decline of her beauty she could no longer bear to be seen by man or woman and lived the life of a recluse in her apartments in the house where now is the Cafe Voisin. Her meals were sent up to her by a dumbwaiter which ended in a turn table. The Countess used to fetch the plates herself and replace them when empty.

The only occupation she indulged in was reading over her old love letters, of which she had an endless store—many of them in indifferent verse. It is supposed that two of her most constant correspondents were the Emperor Napoleon III. and King Victor Emmanuel of Italy.

As soon as it was known that she was dead—some two years ago—certain officials believed to have been agents of the Italian Government, acting with the sanction of the French authorities, appeared on the premises and made a search of all the documents they could find. This makes it appear all the stranger that Angelina Ver-gaxiola should really be in possession of any of the documents which the telegram from home announces were found in her possession.

It is, however, a well-known fact that after the late Countess's things were sent to the public auction rooms it was found that masses of letters were contained in boxes and furniture which had escaped the attention of the searchers. A second investigation took place and some of the documents then found were carried away, while many more were burned.

In spite of this second search it is known that many bundles of letters and papers escaped discovery, and had been removed before the authorities had wind of the oversight committed by the first investigators. It may be that Angelina obtained possession of one of these bundles containing the letters now alleged to be from crowned heads.

But a further mystery exists as to Angelina's connection with the late Countess. No trace of her appears in the latter years of the great beauty, the only woman who were ever admitted to her in those days being her old nurse, Luise Coré, and a French maid, Emma P—. The terms on which the latter was taken into her service have been found, and are curious enough.

'It is agreed I shall stay in the rooms Madame assigns me to work in and to eat in, and that I must not enter another room unless called there by Madame, and that I must not move about the house, and above all never open a door to go in or out, and must never leave a door open.'

Madame alone may open the door to let me go out or come in. I shall daily wait in such places as I have been ordered; and I solemnly undertake never to touch anything under pretext of dusting it, never to throw anything away, and that all waste and sweepings shall be left in a paper in each room in order that Madame la Countess may examine them.

I further promise never to throw away a newspaper, or to touch either a newspaper or any other paper whatsoever.

It will be remembered that the Empress would never invite the Countess to the Tuileries, though the latter invariably obtained an invitation from another source. On one occasion she went to a fancy ball at the Tuileries in the sumptuous costume of Salambo. Thereupon the Empress sent an aide-de-camp to her with a fur cloak to wrap her up and conduct her back to her carriage.

Lonely Dog And Parrot.

Mrs. Lucille De Bow of 414 West 124th street was arrested with her friend, Mrs. Margaret Wilson, early on Monday morning on a complaint of Harry S. Faucher, an employee of Fias. Doerr & Carroll, the horse dealers, that the women had given him knock-out drops and stolen \$275 from him. He said he met the Wilson woman on a street car and she invited him to the apartments of her friend, explaining that she was just out of a convent in Chicago, and needed the advice and companionship of a good friend. In the Wilson woman's hat the police found \$275. Both women were locked up all night.

A dog and parrot which had been locked in the De Bow flat began to assert themselves on Monday night, and the other tenants did not get much sleep. The janitor went to the Harlem police court prison yesterday and tried to see Mrs. De Bow to get a key to the flat so that he could feed the dog and parrot. She sent out word that the key had been given to a friend of hers, who would see that the bird and dog were fed. Yesterday morning a man appeared at the house and turned the dog and parrot over to the janitor to be cared for. The women were held in \$2,000 bail for examination.

The Sword an Obsolete Weapon.

There is only one sword factory in the United States, a Massachusetts concern, and that one has ample capacity for supplying the domestic demand for swords. The sabre lost its efficiency as a cavalry weapon as far back as the war of the rebellion, and the increased range of rifle has made the sword equally obsolete as an implement of actual combat. It is about as dangerous now as a head-master's baton and serves much the same purpose.

Died of a Rare Disease.

Miss Josephine Glaser, 28 years old, died at her home in Guttenburg, N. J., on Monday night of a disease that puzzled the physicians who attended her. It was a gradual loss of the muscles. She became unable to walk about two years ago. Then she lost the power to lift her arms, her throat became affected and she was unable to swallow solid food. Her spinal column was affected and finally she was unable to lift her head. Last Saturday she became unable to swallow liquid food.

Quarantined by Women.

The latest capture by the Kimberly column is a Boer laager near Makwani, with great numbers of cattle, guarded wholly by women under the leadership of the wife of Commandant DeBours. One hundred and fifty of the women were acting as cowboys, and only six men were connected with the camp.

BURBONIC PLAGUE.

The Germ of the Disease was Discovered Seven Years Ago.

The plague of to day is the lineal descendant of that which was cleared away from London by the great fire. It represents one of many epidemics which history teaches us devastated Europe during past ages—pests, these, abolished by the disappearance of dirt which forms their soil and breeding place. We know the germ of the plague. It was discovered by Kitasato in 1894, and independently in the same year by Yersin, whose protective serum is used as a preventive.

The germ is somewhat shortened and rounded bacillus that flourishes at a temperature approaching that of the blood. Apparently the germ does not multiply by giving off spores, or seedlike bodies but by simple division of the parent germs into others. It is easily cured. A temperature of 212 degrees Fahrenheit destroys it quickly, and acid also act efficiently in this direction. Yersin found the plague germ living in the soil in affected places. In the earth it appears to be non-virulent, but placed in another environment, say the animal body. It speedily develops its disease producing powers. Cows, sheep, pigs, cats, and, of course, rats, are affected by it, but the dog is said to enjoy an immunity from the attention of this bacillus. Gaining access to the body, through the skin for the most part, and probably through some abrasion of wound the bacilli make for the glands, and these swell and enlarge, constituting what doctors call 'buboes,' the disease has become known as the 'burbonic plague.'

The fleas which infect the rat are also credited with a share in the diffusion of the ailment, for, charged with the microbes, may possibly inoculate man. Hence the crusade against rats which has been ordered and advised. It may be added that in one form of the plague the lungs are liable to be specially involved, and the coughed-up matter in that case is highly infectious.

Take of Drugs and Blackmail.

Asa B. Foster, the young Boston stenographer who is wanted at Meriden, Conn., for the alleged blackmailing of George E. Breckenridge of Boston, was held recently in the Jefferson Market police court on a formal complaint charging blackmail and conspiracy, presented by the City Attorney of Meriden. Appended was an affidavit in which Breckenridge set forth his version of the trouble which followed his meeting with Mrs. H. M. Pike at the Elm Tree Inn, Meriden, on Nov. 1, last year.

The first thing, Mrs. Pike is alleged in the affidavit to have done after being introduced to Breckenridge by the hotel clerk was to invite him to the theatre. He went. When they returned to the hotel after the show she blithely asked him (so sayeth deponent) to go to her room to light the gas for her. He went. Once there she ordered a bottle of cocktails, poured out for him and then told him to drink. He drank.

Then, according to the affidavit, deep unconsciousness followed, out of which Breckenridge awoke to find himself surrounded by a man who said he was H. M.

Pike, a Boston detective, young Foster, and Mrs. Pike, the latter being very lightly clad. An arrest followed, and after that Foster is alleged to have proposed out right to Breckenridge that he withdraw his charges of alienation against Julian de Cordova, the Boston glass manufacturer, in consideration of being let off himself on the present occasion. Breckenridge signed a release.

Western Range Horses.

The great objection Col. Dent had to western range horses was the way in which they were broken. They are allowed to run wild with the bunch until they are often four or five years old before they have a rope on them, it is only natural that such an animal should be nervous and wild. Here is the method of breaking: A rider goes and rounds up the bunch and chases them into the corral; here the victim is selected and from a point in the centre the rope swings his lariat. Sometimes the bronco has to be violently thrown before the saddle can be adjusted. Then the bronco buster mounts armed with girth and spurs, a contest ensuing in which the horse bucks violently to get clear of a burden it doesn't understand. Sometimes he will have to 'break the horse's heart, to conquer him, then the result will be a dead head devoid of spirit.

It was suggested that more attention be paid to the colts—that they should be handled and petted when young and made to understand that men don't mean to injure them, thus greatly minimizing the trouble of breaking when the time came to saddle them.

A Rogue's Trick.

Not long ago the wife of a Western Kansas politician asked him to lay aside politics long enough one day to dig the potatoes in the garden. He agreed to do it. After digging for a few minutes he went into the house and said he had found a coin. He washed it off, and this proved to be a silver quarter. He put it in his jeans and went back to work. Presently he went to the house again and said he had found another coin. He washed the dirt off it. It was a silver half dollar. He put it in his jeans. 'I guess I'll take a short nap. When he awoke he found that his wife had dug all the rest of the potatoes. But she found no coins. It then dawned upon her that she had been 'worked.'

Influence of Food.

'What do you think of the theory that food has a potent influence in determining character?' asked Mr. Smithfield as he put three lumps of sugar in his coffee.

'I guess it's all right,' replied Mr. Wood as he severed a portion of his beefsteak. 'It always seems a little cannibalistic to me when you order lobster.'

'Well,' retorted Mr. Smithfield good humoredly, 'I ought to have known it was dangerous to lend you money after I discovered your fondness for beefs. But seriously, if there were anything in the theory wouldn't it make a man sheepish to eat mutton?' 'It would, and prize-fighters ought to restrict themselves to a diet of soup.'

Her Walk And Handshake.

Woman changes, not only from suit to suit, but her manner as well. The feminine walk of the season has changed about absolutely, from the athletic swinging gait of the summer, with its startling manner of elevating the skirts from the ground, to a most rigid poise of the body from the hips up to the head. There is a decided droop forward from the waist, and the elbows are held well out from the sides with military stiffness—the arms, describing two curves, joining in the muff, which is held very low in front, at the full curved length of the arms, instead of the angular elbow bend, as formerly. The muff, by the way is held by the fingers, instead of incasing the hands.

Work Well Spoken of.

Mr. Turner, who was connected with the Baker Stock company and whose work in the entrance of the Opera House attracted so much attention has been doing some wonderful work in the Hotel Edward in the way of decoration. The entrance through a hall that was never attractive has been improved so that patrons stop to inquire how it could be done. The grotto work is almost beyond description and the ribbon decoration in the office has attracted the attention of all the decorators in the city. Mr. Turner's ability and the Edward's enterprise have given artistic people something to talk about.

From Their Standpoint.

The people of St. John are easy going in the matter of expense. They can pay \$10,000 for a wharf, thousands more for a privilege that they have always enjoyed—that of laying water pipes to Spruce Lake and now are asked for some more thousands—tens of them—for the purpose of supplying some mills with water. Mill men have an easy way of obtaining concessions on the ground that they employ labor. Such concerns as M. R. A., employ labor and ask no privileges.

The Friends Who Wander.

Slander is an evil thing and few can afford to indulge in it, yet in spite of this some people in St. John whose worth could be represented by a cipher delight in indulging their imagination to the injury of those who have imagined them to be their friends. To classify such an act is hardly possible—but it is impossible to classify nothing.

A Pleasant Evening.

A pleasant party gathered at the residence of Mr. James McLaughlin on Carmarthen street one evening this week to join in the festivities connected with the baptism of the second son. Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin were assisted by Miss McLaughlin and by Mrs. Delaney and her daughter. The repast was beautiful and the host and hostess were warmly congratulated.

"At Home."

The Young Men's Association of St. Peter's parish will hold an "At Home" in St. Peter's Hall on the evening of the 20th inst. A very pleasant time anticipated, as an excellent program is being arranged for the event.

CICELY'S NEW YEAR ROSES.

There was a noisy whir of a sewing-machine in Madame Levancy's large dress-making establishment. Cicely Leeds' head bobbed as she bent over the ruff she was hemming. She was the youngest seamstress in the room, and she wore her hair hanging in two long braids.

It seemed a pity such girlish shoulders should be learning to stoop, and that her eyes had to bear such a constant strain. The light was particularly bad this afternoon. Every curtain was raised to the top of its big window, but the dull December sky was as gray as a fog. Even the snow on the surrounding housetops looked gray and dirty in the smoky haze.

Now and then Cicely looked up from her work and glanced out of the window. The cold grayness of the outdoor world made her shiver. It was a world of sooty chimney-tops as she saw it, with a few chilly sparrows huddled in a disconsolate row along the eaves. It would soon be time to be going home, and the only home Cicely had now was a cheerless little back bedroom in a cheap boarding-house. She dreaded going back to it. It was at least warm in Madame Levancy's steam heated workrooms, and it was better to have the noise and confusion than the cold solitude.

Cicely's chair was one nearest the entrance to the parlor where madame received her customers, and presently some one passing through the door left it ajar. Above the hum of the machines Cicely could hear a voice that she recognized. It was that of Miss Shelby, a young society girl who was one of Madame's wealthiest customers.

'I've brought my cousin, Miss Balfour,' Cicely heard her say, 'and we want to ask such a favor of you, madame. You see my cousin stopped here yesterday on her way East, intending to remain only one night with us, but we've persuaded her to stay over to our party on New Year's eve. Her trunks have gone on, and of course she hasn't a thing in the way of an evening dress. But I told her you would come to the rescue. You are always so clever—you could get her up a simple little party gown in no time. So, on the way down, we stopped at Bailey's and she bought the material for it. Show it to madame, Rhoda. It's a perfect dress!'

Cicely heard the snapping of a string, the rustling of paper, and then madame's affected little cry of admiration. But at the next word she knew just how the little Frenchwoman was shrugging her shoulders, with clasped hands and raised eyebrows.

'But, mademoiselle, Cicely heard her protesting, 'it is impossible! If you will but step to the door one instant and observe Evair's one is busy. Evair's one work, work work to the fullest capacities. Look! All the gowns just must be complete before the New Year dawn, and only two more day!

She stepped to the door, and with a dramatic gesture pointed to the busy sewing women and the chairs and tables covered with dresses in all stages of construction.

'Only two day, and all these yet to be teenis for the same ball! Much as I desire, it is not possible!

Every one looked up as the two girls stood a moment in the doorway. Miss Shelby glanced around in a coldly indifferent way holding up her broadcloth skirt that it might escape the ravelings and scraps scattered over the floor. She was a tall brunette as elegantly dressed as any figure in madame's latest Parisian fashion-plate.

'Why can't you put somebody else off to accommodate me just this once?' she said. 'It is a matter of great importance. My cousin has already brought the material on my promise that you would make it up for her. I think you might make a little extra effort in this case, madame, when you remember that I was one of your first customers, and that I really brought you half your trade.'

The little Frenchwoman wrung her hands. 'I do remember, mademoiselle! Indeed! Indeed! But you see for yourself—no situation. What can I do?'

'Make some of the women come back at night,' answered Miss Shelby, turning back into the parlor, 'and have them take some of the work home to finish. I'm sure you might be obliging enough to favor me.'

Miss Balfour had taken no part in the conversation. She stood beside her cousin, fully as tall and handsome as she, and resembling her in both face and figure, but there was something in her expression that attracted Cicely as much as the other girl and repelled her.

Miss Shelby had not seemed to distin-

guish the sewing women from their machines, but Rhoda Balfour noticed how pallid were some of the faces, and how gray was the hair on the temples of the old woman in the corner, bending over her buttonholes. When her glance reached Cicely, the appealing little figure in the black gown, she could not help but notice the admiration that showed so plainly in the girl's face, and involuntarily she smiled in response, a bright, friendly smile.

As she turned away she did not see the sudden flush that rose to Cicely's cheeks, and did not know that her recognition had sent the blood surging warmly through the sad and discouraged heart. It had been two months since Cicely Leeds had been left alone in the strange city, and this was the first time in all those weeks that any one had smiled at her.

Sometimes it seemed to her that the loneliness would kill her if she knew it must go on indefinitely. But Marcella's promise helped her to bear it. Marcella was her older sister, the only person in the world left to her, and Marcella was teaching the village school at home. In another year the last penny of the debts their father had left when he died would be paid, and Marcella would be free to send for Cicely then, and life would not be so hard. Just now there was no other way for Cicely to live but to take the small wages madame offered, and be thankful that she was having such an opportunity to learn the dressmaker's trade. She could set up a little establishment of her own some day, when she went back to Marcella.

Cicely did not hear the final words of Miss Shelby's argument, but a few minutes later madame came back to the workroom with a bundle in her arms. There was a worried frown on her face as she unrolled it and called sharply to her forewoman.

Every seamstress in the room bent forward with an exclamation of pleasure as the piece of dress goods was unrolled. It was a soft, shimmering silk whose creamy surface was covered with rosebuds, as dainty and pink as if they had been blown across it from some June garden. Cicely caught her breath with a little gasp of delight, and thought again of the sweet face that had smiled on her. Miss Balfour would look like a rose herself in such a dress.

The next day Cicely saw the cutter at work on it, and then the forewoman distributed the various parts into different hands. Cicely wished that she could have a part in making it. She would have enjoyed putting her finest stitches into something to be worn by the beautiful girl who had smiled on her. It would be almost like doing it for a friend. But she was kept busy stitching monotonous bias folds.

Just as she was slipping on her jacket to go home that evening, the forewoman came up to her with a bundle. 'I am sorry, Cicely,' she said, 'but I shall have to ask you to take some work home with you tonight. We are so rushed with all these orders we never can get through unless every one of you work overhours. Miss Shelby's extra order is just the last straw that'll break the camel's back, I'm afraid. Try to get every bit of this hand-work done some way or other before morning.'

It was no part of the rose-pink party dress that Cicely had to work on; only more monotonous bias folds. But as she turned up the lamp in her chilly little room and began the weary stitching again, she felt that in a way it was for Miss Balfour, and she sewed on uncomplainingly.

She had intended to write to Marcella that evening in order that her sister might have the letter on New Year's day, but there would be no time now. She wrapped a shawl around her and spread a blanket over her feet, but more than once she had to stop and warm her stiff fingers over the lamp. It was long after midnight when she finished, and she crept into bed, her head still throbbing with a dull ache.

'The last day of the old year!' she said to herself, as she waded through a newly fallen snow to her work the next morning. 'O Marcella, how can I ever hold out ten months longer? Nobody in this whole city cares that I ought cold sitting up in a room without a fire, or that I feel so lonely and sad this minute that I can't keep back the tears.'

It seemed to Cicely that she had never put in such a wretched morning. The loss of sleep the night before left her languid and nervous. Her cold seemed to grow worse every moment, and madame and the forewoman were both unusually cross. She

tell ill and feverish when she took her seat again after the lunch hour.

Presently madame came in, looking sharply about her, and walking up to Cicely with the rosebud silk skirt in her hands. 'Here!' she said hurriedly. 'Put a hand on this. This dear woman who do us always have gone home ill. An' he in one hour haste, also, for the time have arrive for us las' fitting. You hear?'

Cicely took it up, pleased and smiling. After all, she was to have a part in making the beautiful rose gown that would surely give Miss Balfour such pleasure. Her quick needle flew in and out, but her thoughts flew still faster.

She had a gown like that herself once; at least it was something like that pattern, though the material was nothing but a lawn. She had worn it first on the day when she was fifteen years old, and her mother surprised her by a birthday party. And they had had tea out in the old rose-garden and had polled one another with great velvety king-roses, how cruelly it hurt! It was a very present pain that made her cry now, not the memory of that old one.

Some one had overturned a chair just behind her, and Cicely's nervousness made her jump forward with a violent start. With that sudden movement, the sharp needle she held was thrust deep into her hand and two great drops of blood spurted out. With that sudden movement, also, a silk skirt slipped from her lap, and she clutched it to save it from touching the floor. Before she was aware of anything but the sharp pain, before she saw the blood that the needle had brought to the surface, two great stains blotted the front breadth of the dainty skirt.

She gave a stifled scream and grew white and numb. Almost instantly madame saw and heard, and pounced down upon her. 'I am ruin!' she shrieked, pointing to the stains. 'Nosing will take zam out! Mademoiselle will be so angry I will lose the trade of her!'

The irate woman took Cicely by the shoulders and shook her violently, just as Miss Shelby and Miss Balfour were announced. They had come for the final fitting, expecting to take the dress home with them.

Madame, still wildly indignant, went storming in to meet them, and poor Cicely shrank back into the corner with her face hidden against the wall. Never in her life had she been so utterly friendless and alone.

Miss Balfour's disappointed exclamation over the stained dress reached the girl's ears. She heard madame's eager suggestions of possible remedies, and then Miss Shelby's cold tones:

'Now if it had been the bodice, it would not have been so bad. It could have been hidden by some of the ribbons or lace or flowers; but to have it right down the middle of the front breadth—that's too hopeless! There's nothing for it but to make over the skirt and put in a whole new breadth. There isn't time for that, I suppose, before this evening.'

Madame looked at the clock and shook her head. 'Za women air rush to za grave now, she said. 'Zy work hall ze night las' night. Zat is why zis girl say she air so nervous zat she could not help za needle stab herself.'

'I could just sit down and cry, I am so disappointed!' exclaimed Miss Balfour. 'I had set my heart on going to the party, and in that dress.'

Cicely's sobs shook her harder than ever as the words reached her, and her tears started abroad. Miss Shelby's voice broken in: 'I am surprised that you would keep such a careless assistant, madame. Of course you will expect to make the loss good to my cousin. It will ruin your trade to keep incompetent employees. It would be better to let the woman go.'

'It is a young girl which I have just take said madame, with another shrug. 'I have fed her because she was an orphan, and I take her in ze goodness of my heart. Be-hold how she repay me! Disappoint my customers, ruin my business!'

She was pointing to the stains and working herself up into a passion again, when Miss Balfour interrupted her: 'I should like to see the girl, madame. Will you please call her?'

'Certainly! Willingly, mademoiselle! Ze pleasure shall be yours for to scold za careless creature.'

Cicely heard and shivered. It had been hard enough to bear madame's angry reproaches, but to have the added burden of Miss Balfour's displeasure was more than she could endure—the displeasure of the only one who had smiled on her since she left Marcella! A moment later madame confronted her, and Rhoda could hear the girl's sobs.

'Oh, I can't go in! Indeed I can't, madame! It nearly kills me to think I have spoiled that lovely dress, and that she cannot go to-night after all. I wouldn't have

done it for the world, for it was almost like losing her for my friend. She also smiled at me—the other day!'

Rhoda looked at her cousin wonderingly. Could it be some one that she knew, who seemed to care so much about her pleasure?

Then her eyes fell on the shrinking Cicely, whom madame was pushing somewhat unceremoniously into the room. Rhoda saw the little blacked-gowned figure with tear-swollen face, and suddenly the crimson spots on her evening gown held a new significance.

It flashed through her mind that the very life blood of such girls was being sacrificed for her selfish pleasure. If she had not hurried madame so, there would have been no night-work for this poor child, no lagged-out nerves for her the next day.

Suddenly Miss Balfour crossed the room and, to her cousin's astonishment, caught Cicely's cold hands in hers.

'Look up here, you poor little thing,' she said, kindly. 'Now don't cry another tear, or grieve another bit about this. It's no matter at all. I'll just get some new stuff to replace the front of the skirt, and madame can make it over for me next week and send it East after me. I'll pay for it myself, of course, for I'll be very glad to have that silk that must be ripped out. Madama is making a silk quilt, and those rosebuds will work in beautifully. I shall put it in, blood-stains and all, to remind me that my selfish pleasure may often prove a cruel thorn to somebody else. I don't want to go through the world leaving scotches behind me.'

'Why, Rhoda!' gasped Miss Shelby; but with a proud lifting of her head Miss Balfour went on:

'I realize it is my own fault in rushing you with the work, madame, and the consequences of my own unreasonableness are not to be laid at this girl's door. Do you understand, madame? Not a cent is to come out of her wages, and you are to keep her and be good to her, if you want my good-will. I am coming back this way in the spring, and this gown is so beautifully made that I shall be glad to order my entire summer wardrobe from you.'

'Why, Rhoda Balfour!' exclaimed her cousin again, while madame bowed and smiled and bowed again. As for Cicely, she went back to the workroom almost dazed, and tingling with the remembrance of Miss Balfour's friendly tones. It was several hours later when she climbed the stairs to her little back bedroom to light her coal-oil stove and make her toast and tea. Her eyes were still swollen from crying, but she had not felt so light-hearted for weeks.

Just inside her door she stumbled over a big pasteboard box. There was a note on top, and she hurried to light her lamp. 'I know that you will be glad to hear I am going to the party, after all,' she read, 'I have found a very pretty white dress in my cousin's wardrobe that fits me well enough. As long as you have had such a thorny time on my account, it is only fair that you should share my roses; so I send them with the earnest wish that the coming year may bring you no thorn without some rose to cover it, and that it may be a very, very happy New Year indeed to you. Sincerely your friend, Rhoda Balfour.'

Cicely tore aside the paraffine paper and found six great roses, each with a leafy stem half as long as Cicely herself. She caught them up in her arms and laid her face against their velvety petals. For a moment, as she stood with closed eyes drinking in their summer fragrance, she could have almost believed she was back in the old garden.

'Marcella, dear,' she murmured, 'I can be brave now! I can hold out a little longer, for she wrote, Sincerely your friend.'

The little room was glorified in Cicely's eyes that night by the flowers she loved best. She ate her scant supper, at if she were at a festival, sent a little letter of thanks that made the tears come to Miss Balfour's handsome eyes, and afterward wrote a bright, hopeful letter to Marcella that lifted a burden from the elder sister's heart. Marcella had been half-afraid that Cicely would be growing bitter against all the world.

'Think of it, sister!' Cicely wrote. 'American Beauties are a dollar apiece, and I have six! There is a music teacher who has the room across the hall from mine. She is at home this week with a cold on her lungs, and tomorrow when I go to work I am going to loan her all my beautiful roses. It's too bad to have them wasting their sweetness on the desert air all day while I am gone. So she shall have them until I come home at night.'

Madame Levancy gave no holiday to her employes on New Year's day, but Cicely did not care. She left her roses at Miss White's door with the announcement

that they were hers for the day, but that she would have to call for them and deliver them at night. The oddness of the arrangement and the quaint way in which Cicely made it won Miss White's heart, and when she heard the girl's step in the hall that evening, she opened the door.

'Come right in!' she called, cordially. 'I can't spare the roses until after supper, so you will have to come in and eat with me. You've no idea how much I have enjoyed them!'

Cicely paused timidly on the threshold. There were the gorgeous American Beauties in a tall vase in the middle of the table, between some softly shaded candles. And there was a bright lamp on the open piano, and a glowing coal fire on the grate. The little table was spread for two, and a savory smell of oysters stole out from the chafing dish Miss White had just uncovered.

'We'll celebrate the New Year together and drink to our friendship in good strong coffee,' said Miss White, lifting the steaming pot from the hearth. 'Draw your chair right up to the table, please, while everything is hot.'

Only one who has been so cold and hungry and homesick as Cicely was can know how much that evening meant to her, or how the cheer and the warmth of it all comforted her lonely little heart. The best of it was that it was only a beginning, and there were few nights afterward, during that long winter, when the warmth and light of Miss White's room was not shared for a while, at least, with the little seamstress.

The roses lasted more than a week; then Miss White helped Cicely to gather up the petals as they fell, and together they packed them away in a little rose-jar, according to an old recipe that Miss White read out of her grandmother's time-yellowed note-book.

Then Cicely brought Miss Balfour's note. 'I want to preserve this, too,' she said, dropping it in among the dried rose-leaves. 'You told me that Rhoda means "little rose," and that line, "Sincerely your friend," was as sweet to me that day as the flowers themselves. As long as I live I shall think of her as an "American Beauty."'

She lifted the little rose-jar for one more whiff of its faint, sweet fragrance, and said slowly, as she closed it again, 'And as long as I live the thought of her will help to take the sting out of all my thorns.'

The Bear Remembered.

That beasts are sensible of kindness and remember it is proved by many interesting incidents. The following from the Home Monthly is a pleasant illustration of benefits unforgetten:

A woodsman who was fond of pets found a young cub bear in the woods, half-frozen and nearly starved, its mother having probably been killed by hunters. He took the little orphan home with him, and it soon became as playful and affectionate as a kitten. Every night he had a romp with it on the floor of his cabin, and upon his return from his day's work in the woods the cub would greet him with the uncontrollable delight that an affectionate dog displays when his master comes home.

But as the bear grew older its wild nature began to assert itself, in spite of its fondness for its benefactor, until finally one day it disappeared in the woods and did not return.

The man hunted long and carefully for his pet, searching every nook and ravine for miles about his cabin, but without success.

Two or three years afterward he was going through the woods to his work, unarmed and without even his ax, which he had left the night before at the place where he was chopping. As he was passing through a heavy growth of young evergreens an enormous female rose up before him. Behind her were two cubs, and the mother was furious at having been disturbed, and mad with fear for the safety of her young.

The chopper was utterly without means of defense, and even before he had time to realize the extremity of his position the bear was upon him. But just as she reached him a complete change came over her. Instead of attacking him she began licking his hand and rubbing affectionately against him. She was his long lost pet, and had not forgotten him.

When he had recovered from his fright rudely to go on toward his work the bear wove, too, and for more than a mile she followed him. Then, feeling, apparently, that she had done all that courtesy and her sense of gratitude required, she left him and went back to her cubs.

When a friend comes to you and says: 'Now I want you to tell me the truth, prepare to lie, or else say something disagreeable.'

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TWO WOMEN IN A STREET CAR.

One Who Wanted Sympathy and the Other Who Was Seeking a Husband.

I had a singular experience in a Madison avenue car during the busy hour yesterday, said a woman who lives in the Seventies. The car was packed.

Soon after I had secured a strap, noticed one of my sex looking at me intently. We were so close to each other that our skirts became entangled.

Finally she asked me if I would let her hold my hand. The woman's appearance, voice and manner indicated refinement. There was nothing, however, in her face to suggest that she was ill.

I am a believer in the apostolic injunction about entertain; strangers, although my experience in that respect has never developed an angel. I readily assented to the woman's request. She rested her hand in mine in a gentle way.

As soon as I recovered from my surprise I asked her if she was ill, or apprehensive of any danger. She said no. At the same time she looked at me in a pleading manner. The more I noticed her the more I was impressed with her beauty and bearing.

Just before the car reached the point where I was to transfer I told her I should have to leave and asked if I could be of service by requesting the conductor to look out for her. She thanked me and declined. As I turned to go she said to me in a very sweet way.

You must think this very odd, but I have felt so depressed all the afternoon without knowing why. It seemed as if I must have some one to rely upon or I should give up. I do not know why. I searched the faces of many whom I met, but saw nothing in any which was satisfying until I saw yours. The moment you came in the car it seemed as if you were the one for whom I had been longing.

I cannot explain it, but since you have permitted me to take your hand I became stronger and the feeling I have had is gone. How can I ever thank you? After I had left her I remembered that while I was out in the afternoon the wish came to me to do some good for somebody before I went home. You will allow me to say that the desire was not unusual. But somehow on this particular afternoon I had not met the object which appealed to me, and when I boarded the car it was with a feeling of disappointment. Then I met this woman of whom I have told you. That is the incident. Can you explain it?

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game. The nature of its construction has had much to do with making the game possible and popular. The ball is hollow and made of celluloid. It is a very lively ball, as full of bouncing qualities as a rubber ball, and moreover is so light that it will not break glass. Being comparatively harmless when it hits anything its lightness is its chief recommendation. The rules of the new table tennis say that a dining room table about nine to seven feet long and half the width is the best to play on; also that warming the battle-dress or racquets slightly before the fire will improve their elasticity. The warming course cannot be recommended for the balls since the latter are made of celluloid and heat might result in their speedy vanishment.

Two persons play the game. One is the server, the other the striker out. After the first game the server becomes the striker out and vice versa. Only underhand service is permitted and there is no second service as in lawn tennis. On the whole the rules are much the same as lawn tennis. One important exception, however, is that no volleying is allowed. There are 'dence' and 'love' and 'sets' and all that sort of thing. The London Field in an exhaustive article on ping-pong says:

More than one excellent game has failed to make any headway because its adoption would entail the abandonment of some other already firmly established favorite, but in the case of ping-pong no such sacrifice is called for. The public yearning for billiards is by no means to be gauged by the number of people playing. Given the facilities and billiards would be a widespread family game, but a billiard room in every semi-detached villa is as impossible as a private theatre. Without suggesting that ping-pong, as a game, is in the remotest manner comparable to billiards, it is, nevertheless, the fact that billiards being impossible to the ordinary household, the new game steps in to satisfy a long-felt craving for an evening amusement entailing physical exercise of an exacting nature.

Wherever human beings assemble there the ping and the pong of the vellum racket is heard; and no place is now deemed inappropriate for a ping-pong table. No longer is the question asked, 'Do you play ping-pong?' for, not being lame, halt, or blind, you do as a matter of course—perhaps merely as a self-protective measure in many cases. Eminent bridge players are delighted with the ping-pong craze, we believe, for it has relieved them of the butterfly element that affected bridge merely because it was the fashionable thing to do. These play ping-pong with much greater zest, and certainly with not less skill, because that would be impossible.

There is talk of an association to formulate universal rules for the game; also of allowing the volley. On this point the Field says:

Perhaps it is thought that by this means protracted rests will cease to be. Rest of 100 and even 200 strokes occur with cautious players, who somehow triumph over the brilliant ones, and these are decidedly monotonous to spectators; but this only goes to prove our case as to the limits of the game. The volley might be effectual, but it is certain to be fatal to the balls, unless some very different material to that employed is introduced. What the covered ball did for lawn-tennis the celluloid ball has done for ping-pong.

The Grips Got Mixed.

He is a travelling man and he got home from a long trip the day before Christmas. He came in over the Burlington and checked his handsome satchel, marked with his initials, J. M., at the station check-room. Then he went directly to his office and worked until dinner time. He lives at a suburb on the Rock Island and on his way to the train he stopped and got his satchel. After dinner he went across the street for a few minutes to a little local club.

During his absence his wife started to unpack his satchel. When he returned she led him up to the room and showed him a handsome, lace-trimmed black silk waist, which was the first thing she had found when she opened it.

Did you bring me that for Christmas? she asked with a trace of suspicion in her voice, as she pointed to the silk waist.

Where did you find that? asked the astonished man.

In your satchel.

He seized the satchel and looked at it carefully. It certainly looked exactly like his. He turned it around to find the initials. They were there—J. M. in silver script.

Well, he said, I don't know a thing about it, my dear.

About 9 o'clock that evening J. M. was called to the telephone.

Is this Mr. John Mason? came the question. I'm Mrs. Jennie Morgan and I've got your satchel. I got it at the Union

Station, where I checked mine this morning. The satchel is just like mine and I never found it out until I started to unpack this evening. It's a blessing there were some of your business cards in the grip.

Mr. Mason answered, with a great sigh of relief, that he had the other satchel and would be glad to exchange it for his own. A boy was sent out from the hotel to his suburban home, bearing at once his missing grip-sack and his wife's forgiveness.

But you will admit, John, was all she said after the boy had gone, that it was an extremely queer coincidence.

El Hased's Lost Opportunity.

Dr. Russell Cornwell tells a suggestive story of the discovery of some famous diamond mines in India. He obtained it from an Arab guide, and it is said to be historically true. Whether that is the case or not, the tale carries a lesson which makes it well worth retelling.

There lived on the banks of the Indus, long ago, a Persian named El Hased, a man of wealth. His orchards and fields yielded plentifully, and he had money at interest. His roof sheltered a beautiful wife and happy and well-beloved children. One day there came a Persian priest to El Hased's house, who, sitting by his fire, told him of the wonderful diamonds that were found in other parts of the world.

If you had one as big as your thumb you could purchase many farms such as this, he said, and if you had a bushel of them you could own the whole neighborhood.

Then El Hased felt that he was poor. He longed for diamonds, and asked the priest to tell him where he could find them.

Search for high mountains, said the priest, with a deep river running between them, over white sand. In this sand you will find diamonds.

El Hased sold his farm and went away to search for diamonds. He passed through Egypt and Palestine, and years later went over to Europe. The diamonds were never found, and one day, a broken-hearted, hungry stranger, he stood by the shore of the Bay of Barcelona. Crushed with disappointment, he looked at the big waves that came rolling in, and longed for peace. Then, in despair, he threw himself into the waters and sank.

The man who purchased El Hased's farm led his camel one day to the stream in the garden to drink. While the camel buried his nose in the water the man noticed something sparkling at his feet. He reached down and picked up a black stone with an eye of light in it that seemed to reflect all the colors of the rainbow. He took the curiosity to his house, and laid it upon a shelf and forgot it.

One day the same old priest came to visit El Hased's successor. He saw the flash of light from the shelf. Here is a diamond! Has El Hased returned? asked.

Oh no, was the answer. That is no diamond. It is a stone that I found out in the garden.

But the priest went out, and together the two men stirred up the white sand, and there came up in their hands other beautiful diamonds more valuable than the first.

This was the discovery of mines which enriched El Hased's successor and led to the founding of a great line. The Arab guide who told the story swung his cap and said, 'Had El Hased remained at home and dug in his own garden, he would have been the wealthiest man of his time and the most honored.'

His Own Excursions.

Many instances have been cited in proof of the argument that it pays to be polite, but few are more striking than the experience of an Italian telegrapher at the hands of Callimerti, the minister of posts and telegraphs, as reported in a letter from Rome.

The minister was at Genoa, and desiring to send a despatch of great importance, he went to the telegraph office and approached the wicket.

No one was there. He knocked—profound silence. He repeated his efforts, and only after a third trial a clerk appeared, who addressed him in language that was anything but complimentary. He had evidently been awakened from his afternoon nap.

The minister listened to his grumbling and then said, pleasantly:

Excuse me, but what may your name be?

X. X.

Are you a clerk or telegrapher?

Telegrapher.

Callimerti wrote out a telegraphic message and said:

Will you be so kind as to send this for me?

The telegram read: 'Ministry of Posts Rome.' The telegrapher, X. X., is transferred to Sicily. Callimerti.

As Sicily is the hospital for all public

functionaries who are to die, or in the way, and as one seldom escapes from it the clerk's feelings may be easily imagined.

AIR ENGINES FOR MINES.

Maybe They'll Replace the Electric Locomotives and the Mules as Well.

The first few months of the new year may decide the fate of the 10,000 mine mules used in the anthracite mines of this State. For some time the operators have been seeking a substitute for the not always patient animals and they believe they have found one in the compressed air locomotive.

The Philadelphia and Reading Company is now preparing to install air engines in its mines in place of the 8,000 mules now used. If the experiment proves a success the other companies will take it up and the mine mule will retire forever to the happy land of green grass, fresh air and blue sky which he now sees once in several years, if he is lucky, or perhaps oftener if he is ill or injured.

The electric motors in use at some of the mines have not shown the success expected, owing to the expense, and to the danger from the overhead trolley used. While they are still in operation at some collieries they are not in general use.

The compressed air locomotive promises to do the work in a satisfactory manner and at less expense than the mules now used. These mules are kept in stables in the mines and need constant care from the driver boys and the stable bosses, both of whom would be displaced by the engine driver. The stables take up much space.

A hospital has to be maintained on the surface and as the mules, in the impure air of the mines, are very liable to illness, and to injuries by the many accidents, their treatment is a source of constant expense. The engines are expected to do as much work as half a dozen mules and do it faster.

Making Money Too Fast to Quit.

Here is one that a young man who knows a good story when he hears it heard one railroad man tell another in a depot up the line the other day.

We picked up a new Irishman somewhere up-country and set him to work brakin' on a construction train at three cents a mile for wages. One day when him an' me was on the train she got away on one o' them mountain grades, and the first thing we knowed she was flyin' down the track at about ninety miles an hour, with nothin' n'ight but the ditch and the happy huntin' grounds when we come to the end. It wisted 'em down as hard as I could all along the tops, and then of a sudden I see Mike carwin' along towards the end of one of the cars on all four, with his face the color of milk. I thought he was gettin' ready to jump, an' I see his finish if he did.

'Mike, I says, 'for God's sake don't jump.'

'He clamps his fingers on the running board to give him a chance to turn round, and, lookin' at me contemptuous, answers:

'Jump, is it? Do yer think I'd be after jumpin' an' me makin' money as fast as I am?'

Not Quite What She Meant.

The pitfalls which the English language offers to the foreigner are many. A French woman who had undertaken housekeeping in New York thought she had a good working knowledge of the language, says Short Stories, but she soon discovered her mistake.

One day this summer she called a carpenter and planned with him to have some work done about the house in the way of putting up shelves, casing out some doors, and improving the place in other small ways. She went over the ground with him as carefully as possible to get from him an estimate of what the work would cost.

After it was done the bill submitted was considerably in excess of the sum first named. The woman endeavored to remonstrate, but succeeded only in putting her French thought into the following English: 'But you are more dear to me than when we were first engaged.'

As He Ordered.

Not long ago an anxious mother brought her daughter to see a famous London physician. The girl was suffering from what some people call 'general lowness.' There was nothing much the matter with her, but she was pale and listless, and did no care about doing anything, even eating.

The doctor, after due consultation, prescribed for her a glass of claret three times a day with her meals. The mother was somewhat deaf, but apparently heard all he said, and bore off her daughter, determined to carry out the prescription to the letter.

In two weeks she was back with the girl, who was rosy checked, smiling and the picture of health.

The doctor naturally congratulated himself on his skill, and said cordially: 'I am glad to see your daughter in so much better health.'

'Thanks to you, doctor,' explained the grateful mother. 'She has had just what you ordered. She has eaten carrots three times a day, and sometimes oftener—and once or twice she had them uncooked; and now look at her!'

Caught a Parrot Fish.

There is a curiosity in the piscatorial line at the Commercial Hotel. It is a parrot fish frozen in a cake of ice. The parrot fish is a rare species of the demersal of the deep and, perhaps, it is the first specimen brought to New Orleans in several years. The fish was caught off the coast of Honduras, and the old fisherman who brought it to the surface said that it was the first one of the kind ever seen in these waters. The parrot fish is well named. While it has not the plumage it has the coloring of the tropical bird. Its mouth is blue and its fins and tail are of yellow and greenish tints. It is, indeed, a spectacular specimen of the fishy tribe inhabiting the waters beating on Central America.

How He Fooled The Dog.

A gentleman who is fond of studying wild animals in their natural surroundings once had an opportunity of seeing for himself an example of the cunning fox which the fox has become proverbial.

As he was standing near the bank of a river one winter day, he saw a fox run out upon the ice and make straight for a hole. At the edge of the opening he stopped, turned, followed his tracks back to the bank, ran down the stream and paused to wait developments.

In a little while a dog came tearing out of the woods, with his nose close to the ice and snow. He ran along the ice with his head down, following the scent until he reached the opening. It was then too late to check his speed; he plunged into the water and was lost under the ice.

The fox, meanwhile, had waited in plain sight to watch the effect of his little trick. After the dog came into view the fox remained perfectly motionless until he saw his old enemy disappear. Then, with a look on his face which seemed to combine a good natured grin with a mild contempt, he went nonchalantly off about his business.

Too Patriotic.

Patrick had worked hard all his days, but his sons had spent his money for him and when he was too old for active work, he was offered the position of the crossing tender at a small railroad station. He looked dubious as the duties of the office were explained to him, and the various flags was clearly stated.

'In case of danger, with a train coming of course you wave the red flag,' said his friend, proceeding with his explanation. A hard old hand grasped his arm.

'Man dear, it'll never do,' said Patrick, shaking his head solemnly. 'I could never trust me to remember to wave a red flag when there was a green wave handy.'

An Awful Moment.

It happened in a little church on the east side of New York City, where the motive power for the organ comes from the strong arms of an industrious Irishman.

At a recent service the choir got into trouble, and while confusion reigned the organ suddenly stopped.

The situation was not relieved when a hoarse whisper came from behind the organ and floated out into the auditorium. It said:

'Sing like 'under! De bellers is busted.'

A Reason Worth Thinking About.

A little girl from a crowded tenement-house was delightedly talking a friend in the College Settlement about her teacher.

'She's just a perfect lady, that's what she is,' said the child.

'Huh! How do you know she's a perfect lady?' questioned her friend.

'You've known her only two days.'

'It's easy enough telling. I was the indignant answer. 'I know she's a perfect lady because she makes me feel polite all the time.'

Older Than He Thought.

The story is told of Ambassador Choate that returning from a college boat-race, he was once approached by a fresh young undergraduate, who introduced himself as the son of one of Mr. Choate's old friends.

The youth was smoking a pipe, and constantly blew great clouds of smoke into Mr. Choate's face. Observing that the ambassador was looking rather steadily at his pipe, the student said, proudly:

'A birthday present.'

'Ah,' replied the lawyer, without taking his eyes from the loud-smelling bowl, 'I should never have thought you were a old!'

PROGRESS

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ST JOHN, SA; URDAY, JAN 11

POPULATION AND ARMY, FRANCE.

The stationary or decreasing population of France has long been a subject of deepest interest to French economists; and those of other countries have instanced it as a sign of national decay and degeneracy.

By the law now shown to be incapable of enforcement, a fourth battalion of four companies was to be added to each of the 145 regiments of line infantry.

In addition to this failure of the plans for the infantry, the cavalry and artillery arms are also affected.

Significant as a stationary population is economically, it is especially important to France because of her military responsibilities as an ally of Russia and an enemy of Germany.

Three years ago, it is pointed out, the supply of trained soldiers in France was some 140,000 greater than that of Germany.

Recent figures show that about one marriage in every four marriages in France is childless.

It is urged that alcoholism is largely responsible for the existing state of affairs; that hygienic conditions account for them; and it is suggested that patriotic French people may improve matters by employing in certain positions only married men.

It is to be looked for, and a period of time that will not be measured by single years.

A 'FREE SHOW'

The financial statement issued by the directors of the Buffalo exposition shows that the great majority of the people who went to the fair were admitted free.

It seems all the stranger therefore, that reputable newspapers in this section are already giving free advertisement to another free show exhibition which is to be held in Missouri, on lines very similar to the malodorous Buffalo affair.

Science and Witchcraft.

Monsieur Santos-Dumont, after having circled the Eiffel Tower in his dirigible balloon, received the official congratulations of his native country.

On behalf of the President, cabled the Minister of the Department of Industries of Brazil, 'I congratulate you upon the brilliant trials you have made with your air ship.

Who was Bartholomew de Gusmao? That illustrious Brazilian is certainly a stranger to most of us.

Curious indeed is the contrast afforded by the careers of the two Brazilians, the two inventors, the two balloonists, Santos-Dumont of to-day, and Gusmao of the town of Santos, born in 1685.

Bartholomew de Gusmao had no such fortune. His invention was made while he was still a young man, in Portugal, where he had obtained his education for the church.

The flying-ship flew triumphantly declared his patroness; and he was promptly nick named the 'Flyer' and the 'Flying Monk.'

The brethren of his religious order procured his escape, but he died soon afterward of disappointment and a broken heart.

Startling Announcement.

Perhaps the most startling announcement of modern times is the statement that the serial rights of 'The Man from Glengarry' have been sold to the publishers of the Family Herald and Weekly Star, Montreal.

Mother (ultra English)—Yes, Robert, the King can do no wrong! Bobbie—Shucks! Then there can't be much in bein' a king!

THE WHITE KNIGHT

The silver knight's steel has caught A powder light as frost; And round and white, like milky veins, The grapevine threads are crossed.

Upon some slope that fronts the sun I think the twilight, one by one, Open to greet the rippling rain; The point April rain, that weaves Enchantment round the corrugated leaves, And calls me to come back again.

When evening settles, faintly cold, With all its bell of sunset gold, The frog's incessant shrill delight Murmurs where, beneath the mirrored sky, The starry meadow waters lie, Whirled through the brilliant night.

At dawn across the gleaming grass Spring's jubilant procession pass, Led by the music of the rain; At dusk the dew is still, The fairy fire is faint, That calls me to come back again.

In every woodside nook, I know, The violets and snowdrops glow, And rippling through the grasses go The waters of the April rain, That call me to come back again.

The silver knight's steel has caught A powder light as frost; And round and white, like milky veins, The grapevine threads are crossed.

A shrill oar wind the large-bladed fanned, Where the ice-smith wrought amain, And the final steel is bent, Are the links of his armor-chain.

No pond-side pools of the grim North King Who stalks from the black beyond Can smile, through the sweep of his broad, pure shield.

The brake's most helpless friend, The tender thing of the wood are held In a long and a peaceful spell, Though the starting blast be fierce and fast For the White Knight regards them well.

An Interrupted Fish Dinner.

An Oregon bear who wanted a fish dinner felt that his desire was in a fair way to be satisfied when he found a large sturgeon washed up on the bank of the Columbia River.

One of the eagles had flown to her nest with pieces of the fish, and the other was picking away at the remnants when the bear came tearing through the brush.

Bruin walked straight up to the feast, but the eagle was not to be scooped away. He flapped his wings, and stood on the defensive.

The howl of rage, which bruin let out then showed that he had been 'both pained and hurt.'

For ten minutes or more the bear 'stood up to the scratch,' but by that time he had scratched enough, and began to show signs of wanting to get away.

As soon as he was on all the four the eagles were upon him, and he had to get on his haunches again to use his paws effectively.

He was very anxious to get back to the cover of the brush, and the eagles were just as anxious to prevent him.

It was nearly half an hour from the time the bear came out of the brush before he was able to drag himself back under its friendly cover.

The eagles flew to a tree and smoothed their ruffled feathers, and congratulated each other on the outcome of the struggle.

You mark my words, cried the beautiful girl's mother, with the truculent pessimism peculiar to age, so sure as you take this step you will repent at leisure.

Oh, hang it! I must put up with that, answered the pretty one, pettishly. Even that would be preferable to contemplating some other woman repenting at leisure with him.

WHEN ONE EXTRACT SWEEPS

He looked very miserable and dejected, the Notary and Advocate Stilstrom, as he strode along New Street gesticulating ap- preciously.

After moving from the country and his wife had gotten their city home in perfect order, a telegram came from an aunt in Norway, saying that she was to arrive that afternoon.

Could not an other day do as well? For the Aunt's sake! It would be quite impossible to make everything clean and tidy again by time she arrived.

They all took a street car and went to 'The Plover' to dine. Stilstrom himself got off at the central to welcome the Aunt.

She looked very displeased when he told her that they were to dine out. That was not necessary! Had they nothing to eat at home? Did they not live together?

The talk about the chimney cleaning was only an excuse—why should it just be on the day that she came? She did not believe a word of it.

They were almost frantic. When should the horrid creature come? The landlord was sent for, and was as much surprised at the condition of affairs as were the tenants themselves.

She had thought as much, it was only a farce. But, good heavens, if they did not want to see, and have her there, they could say so plainly!

At all Druggists 25 cents or mailed on receipt. DORRIS' BEECH-MAN'S FARM. Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicines Co., Corner Illinois and John Streets, New York.

his Aunt's legacy and the many wages. In dark moments he saw everything in black, and was afraid that his himself should have to stand 'the coat.'

This most distressing and common malady doubtless has its origin in some unbalanced condition of the nervous system. Probably the simplest, safest and most efficient remedy is Polson's Nerviline.

Dragging Will Not Cure Catarrh. This loathsome disease is caused by germs that invade the air passages of the head, throat and lungs, and can be cured only by inhalation of medicated air.

The original manuscripts of old books and old records are exceedingly valuable and are preserved with great care, for if destroyed of course they cannot be replaced.

It is used, says the Washington Star, has removed a fear that has long existed in the minds of librarians that there was no way out of it, and that the rare old manuscripts would simply have to have their day, and then dry up and return to their original elements.

This silk is thinner than the thinnest tissue-paper, the threads being finer than spider-webs. It is pasted over the manuscript so firmly that it keeps off dust, air and yet is so transparent that it does not interfere any more with the appearance of the ordinary plate of glass.

The library of Congress is now engaged in examining and protecting all of its old manuscripts with this silk, and while it is an immense task, it will probably be completed within the next few years.

Bramble—I made a good bargain with Jones just now.

Thorne—What was it? 'I'm to let him have the exclusive use of my automobile and he's to pay for half the repairs.'

'Mister,' began the beggar, 'it's pretty hard to lose all your relations and—'

'Hard?' snorted the crusty individual. 'Why, man alive, if they're poor relations it's impossible.'

"77"

WHAT IS IT? "77" is a small bottle of pleasant pellets that fits the vest pocket, handy to carry.

WHAT IS IT FOR? "77" is for Grip, Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Catarrh Pains, and Soreness in the head and chest, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, General Prostration and Fever.

WHAT DOES IT DO? "77" breaks up Colds than hang on and do not yield to ordinary treatment.

At all Druggists 25 cents or mailed on receipt. DORRIS' BEECH-MAN'S FARM. Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicines Co., Corner Illinois and John Streets, New York.

COLDS

'What are your intentions the prospective governor?

'Liberal?' responded the prospect—'If you buy Fallman's Dakota at half rates.'

The Lady—Did anyone call out? The Maid—No, ma'am.

The Lady—That's very odd, what people think I'm home for, anyway?

Miss Trill—I love to hear the Jack Downright (wailing) They never attempt a piece of ability.

Advertisement for 'Corycell' silk, featuring an illustration of a woman and the text 'CORYCELL WARPED BEST TWIST'.

Advertisement for 'That Famous M S' tissue paper, with the text 'Washes and... Do for colors—15¢'.

Advertisement for 'No Danger' tobacco, stating 'There is no danger of heart trouble from the use of "Tobacco, if it has been properly cured.'

Advertisement for 'Tags are good up to January 1st, 1903'.

Advertisement for 'Our Better Beliefs' tissue paper, stating 'If half a dollar in circulation is than two dollars stowed away.'

Advertisement for 'Cook's Cotton Boot Compound'.

No. 1 and No. 2 are sold in St. by all responsible Druggists.

What are your... Liberal responded... If you buy Fallman tickets to Niagara Falls...

The Lady—Did anyone call while I was out? The Maid—No, ma'am. The Lady—That's very strange...

Just one thing: prejudice keeps some women from using PEARLINE. They think it is too strong...



When You Want a Real Tonic ask for ST. AGUSTINE (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. E. G. SCOVIL, Gagetown, Sept. 21, 1899.

Just a bit of silk thread! yet the Corticelli Silk Co. make 12,000 miles of it every day—nearly half-way round the globe. There are a hundred strands of "nest" or "cocoon" silk in each thread.

That Famous English Home Dye Maypole Soap! Washes and Dyes at one operation. 10c for colors—15 cents for black.

Quite a number of very pleasant teas and dances have been given this week. Many of them were given by the parents in honor of their sons and daughters who were home from the various schools and colleges.

On Wednesday evening, a very pretty wedding took place at the residence of Mrs. Stephen Fowler's Upham Street, when Miss Minnie Fowler was united in marriage to Mr. Isaiah Workman of this city.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Scott's Emulsion. Cure Sick Headache.

A Delicious Tubbing and then refreshing sleep—there is nothing better for any baby. Always use the "Albert". BABY'S OWN SOAP.

There is no danger of heart burn or heart troubles from the use of Chewing Tobacco, if it has been properly manufactured.

EFFECTIVE COMBINATION. SINGER SEWING MACHINES. Perfect Design, Best Materials, Skilled Workmanship, Unequaled Facilities.

Our Better Halves. If half a dollar in circulation is better than two dollars stowed away. Then when your better half spends 50c on a 50c price bundle.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER IS THE BEST DENTAL PRESERVATIVE. Has the Largest Sale of any Dentifrice.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound is especially used monthly by over 20,000 Ladies. Safe, efficient, ladies' best.

Hooper of Moncton are among the visitors in the city. The Neptune Rowing club have fixed the date of their carnival for Wednesday, Jan 23rd.

RAILROADS. Intercolonial Railway. On and after SUNDAY, October 26th, 1901, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Mr. Frank Curran of Bathurst is in the city. The marriage will take place at St. Peter's church on Wednesday next of Miss Annie Geary, daughter of Mr. Daniel Geary of Harrison street.

BABY'S SKIN. In all the world there is no other treatment so pure, so sweet, so safe, so speedy, for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin.

PROFESSION. "Make your money earn a steady income." \$50,000 upwards invested with us will earn from 5 to 30 per cent monthly.

Jack—What is the secret of your popularity with the ladies? Tom—I always mistake the society queens for debutantes and the debutantes for society queens.

That of the Boudoir.

To any one but the fashionable up-to-date woman the display of gaudy summer fabrics in the shops so early in January would be disconcerting indeed. But nothing in the line of prospective needs in dress can daunt the twentieth century woman.

No self-sacrifice is too great for her to endure if she can buy her July clothes before the winter has fairly begun; so the wily shop keeper spread out the new satin foulards, silk mousselines and batistes in the most alluring manner, soon after Christmas, to catch her eye when she came to exchange her presents. He knew the temptation would be irresistible, and so it is.

The patterns are attractive, the colors fascinating and the prices so low in comparison with the winter velvets and cloths, that two or three gowns can be purchased for the price of one of the heavier fabrics. But, alas! the few yards of material does not represent a tithe of the expenses which rolls up later when you pay for the making. However, this consideration is a matter so far in the future that it has no effect on the shopper's zeal.

The new satin foulards are chiefly in small patterns and well covered. Different sized polka dots and oblong spots are arranged to form a design which has a striking effect. Of course there is a great variety in the patterns, but the large distinctive patterns conspicuously outlined against a light background are in the minority in this first importation, which is encouraging as an evidence of good taste. The prevailing colors are navy blue, pastel blue and tan patterned with white, with sometimes a bit of black in the design.

Black and white foulards, or rather, white with black patterns, are very attractive, and will be very popular, as every thing in black and white is sure to be. If the display of tan shades in all the new fabrics has any significance they are to be much worn.

There is a large variety of tan and biscuit colors among the foulards, and you see them in great variety among the batistes, and Swiss muslins. A novelty in linen batiste is embroidered by machine in silk of different colors and different designs. This is especially attractive and costs \$2 a yard, double width.

Then there are pretty batistes with Persian stripes in silk, plain satin stripes in different colors, and the always pretty polka dots. These are in linen color, but there are other batistes in dainty tints of blue and pink and heliotrope.

The blue Swiss muslins embroidered with white are charming and they cost from 40 cents up to \$2.50 a yard. In the mercerized cotton mousselines, too, there is great variety in design and coloring, costing only 88 cents a yard, so there is something dainty to suit every purse.

Novelty serge is one of the new fabrics shown in a variety of plain colors, while still another also in plain delicate colors is the cotton and silk crepe at \$1.25 a yard. It comes in all the pretty light colors, and is almost as glossy as if it were all silk.

Cotton and silk grenadines add dainty variety to the list, which lengthens every year, especially in the department where apton dress goods are sold. Each succeeding year shows some new mixture of cotton and silk, cotton and linen; some new weaves, something new in finish which disguises the appearance of the cotton completely.

One Woman's Gnat.
A writer in the Medical Record sounds a wise and timely note of warning in regard to dangers of rushing young children too rapidly through their studies. He declares that our modern educational system is greatly at fault in laying too much stress upon examinations, and in developing the minds of children too often at the expense of their vitality and health.

The stress of modern education, he says has enormously taxed the brains of children by the multiplicity of studies. Children cannot assimilate the ideas in widely differing departments of knowledge at one and the same time. The effort to do so deranges in many instances the entire nervous system of the child. The so-called nervous child is not only not normal, but may be the victim of the education methods of the present day.

One of the most melancholy spectacles is a hat bedecked with gray, drooping and forlorn ostrich plumes that were once snowy white and now look quite as though life were not worth living since their curls had disappeared.

It is always best to send them to a professional cleaner when they have been reduced to this sorry plight, but for those who cannot avail themselves of his services

the following method of cleaning is recommended. Cover the hat with a paste made of pipe clay and water by rubbing them only one way. When dry shake to free them of the powder and then curl them with an ivory paper comb or the back of a silver hair.

As a good digestion is one of the secrets of preserving excellent health, mothers should be very careful about the contents of their children's lunch boxes.

Those who must eat cold food day after day soon lose their appetites unless the one who attends to the pecking of these noontime repasts has been thoughtful enough to supply variety and tempting little surprises. Fruit is one of the most important articles of diet at all times, and as long as it is procurable, which has come to be almost throughout the year, should form the principal part of the school lunch instead of the usual generous slice of cake or pie.

A woman who goes to Nome must be prepared to carry her own pack, unless she has money enough to hire somebody to do it for her, in which case it is argued that she is rich enough to stay at home. There are just two circumstances in which women in that section of the country find that they receive better treatment than men.

For instance, if a woman falls down in the mud, and when there is not ice there is nothing but mud to fall in, the men will run with one accord to pick her up. Again when the mail comes in the men line up at the post office and the string often extends 200 yards into street. These men guard these places for one another with the most jealous care, and let a woman come along and without a murmur the men fall back and give her first chance at the mail window.

Can it be possible that at last there is a shadow of hope that we may see our men folk in something approaching picturesque evening garb? The reformation of men's evening dress has so long been discussed that it has come to be as the cry of 'wolf.'

For some time past we have been resigned to what seemed the inevitable. But a ray of light has been suddenly perceived in the rumor that an attempt is to be made to introduce knee breeches of black satin and silken hose for the evening wear of gentlemen. With these they would continue to wear the present 'claw-hammer' coat stiff fronted shirt and tie, but fancy waistcoats would be encouraged. It is to be hoped that there is some truth in the rumor.

New York, as well as Europe, has men dressmakers. As a rule men milliners are more often to be found than men who have the trepidity to meddle with gowns. There is one of the men modistes in Watkins, N. Y. He is not yet 30, has been in business for nine years, and has made a reputation for himself which brings him custom from many people who live in other parts of the state and country.

All the planning for the gowns made in his establishment the young man does himself; puts on the trimming and the most delicate parts of the work; those which give style to the frock are done under his careful observation. He has several women assistants whom he has instructed.

A woman who has never but once had lobster boiled in her house because, though she did not see the operation, she knew that an unfortunate was put to death; who never thinks of poultry as chickens or turkeys, and who would as soon think of eating a baby as a rabbit because she once had bunnies for pets, dropped into a friend's the other day just before dinner was served and remained for the meal.

'I hope you like chicken, said the hostess, with some anxiety as she, with her guest, passed out into the dining-room.

'Oh, yes, I am very fond of it, answered the guest, reassuringly. 'But your chicken seems to be all dark meat,' she said a little later, as she ate a portion of what seemed to her deliciously cooked chicken.

'You see, I couldn't help it, said the hostess as they left the table, 'but that was rabbit. I wouldn't have deceived you if it had not happened just as it did, but when you drop in to dinner the last minute we must give you what we have.'

Walking in a Watch.

A promenade inside a watch that is all the while doing its ordinary duty of telling the time is a pleasure in store for visitors to the forthcoming St. Louis Exhibition. It is even stated that a small restaurant, with waiters, cooks and the ordinary paraphernalia of such an institution, is to be located inside this monster timepiece. The watch is already in course of construction. Its dimensions, as quoted by the Chicago News, are, for a timepiece, enormous, the

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Golden Duke is the name of this young set of levels, and it is a prize winner in its class as well as a beauty. The big bird was broken in by the boys of the Plimpton household, and now seems to enjoy its work. It wears a little harness and is guided by reins, which it carries in its bill. It is the master of several quills, and at the word of command, given by the small child who is driving, it will walk, run, trot, or come to a standstill. At home in the country the big rooster often pulls the cart and its occupant for half a mile or more without stopping.

Sunday Laws Are Obsolete.

The Sunday laws are obsolete, not merely in the city, but throughout the state. There is not a country in which they are strictly enforced.

The practical question is, What shall we of New York do about it?

The mayor, by implication, and the district attorney expressly, are pledged to try to procure legislation which shall, as Mr. Low has put it, recognize the cosmopolitan character of the city's population, and take down the legal barriers in the way of what so large a number of our people regard as an innocent indulgence.

We do not see that they are relieved from the obligation to do what in them lies beforehand that it will be of no use. They should do their best to bring it about that what so many refuse to regard as a 'malum in se' shall no longer be a 'malum prohibitum.'

By so doing they will take the responsibility from their own shoulders and put it where it belongs.

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Use Fry's Cocoa and be Sure of Cocoa Purity

Made in but sold

APIOL & STEEL
For Ladies' PILLS

A BILLY FOR THE FUTURE

superior Bitter Apple, Pil Cochis, Penicillin, etc.

Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.00 from
EVANS & EONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C., of Victoria Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southwark, Eng.

Use the genuine MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER

"The Universal Perfume." For the Handkerchief, Toilet and Bath. Refuse all substitutes.

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Such symptoms in general point to disease of the delicate womanly organs, and a constant drain of the vital and nervous forces. This condition cannot be overcome by sleeping powders. The diseased condition must be cured before the course of the disease are removed.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures the womanly diseases which cause nervousness and sleeping powders. The diseased condition must be cured before the course of the disease are removed.

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It is the best of tonics and invigorants, nourishing the nerves, encouraging the appetite and inducing refreshing sleep. Irregularity, weakening drains, inflammation, ulceration and female weakness are perfectly cured by "Favorite Prescription."

"My wife was sick for over eight years," writes Albert H. Butler, Esq., of Alamosa, Grand County, Tenn. "She had uterine disease and was treated by two physicians and got no relief. At last I read about Dr. Pierce's medicine and we decided to try his 'Favorite Prescription.' I sent to the drug store and got one bottle and the first dose gave ease and sleep. She had not slept any for three nights. Being sure that it would cure her I sent for five more bottles and when she had taken the sixth bottle she was cured and well."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be used with "Favorite Prescription" whenever a laxative is required.

Eugene Field's Poems A \$7.00 Book.

Given Free to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Monument Fund. Subscriptions a \$1.00 or \$1.50 will entitle the subscriber to this dainty artistic volume.

FIELD FLOWERS (cloth bound, 6 x 11) is a collection of subscription to the Eugene Field Monument Fund. The book contains a selection of Field's best and most representative works and is ready for delivery.

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

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

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

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New York Sunday Sun

Line of Life

on PEARLINE users' hands should be deep and long. PEARLINE lengthens life by removing the evils of the old way of washing: stamped bending to rub, long standing fetid steam, wetty standing on feet, over-exertion, and so on. Doctor Common Sense tells you this is best. With PEARLINE you simply wash, boil and rinse. Quick, easy, sensible, healthful, proved by millions of users.

Golden Duke is the name of this young set of levels, and it is a prize winner in its class as well as a beauty. The big bird was broken in by the boys of the Plimpton household, and now seems to enjoy its work. It wears a little harness and is guided by reins, which it carries in its bill. It is the master of several quills, and at the word of command, given by the small child who is driving, it will walk, run, trot, or come to a standstill. At home in the country the big rooster often pulls the cart and its occupant for half a mile or more without stopping.

Such symptoms in general point to disease of the delicate womanly organs, and a constant drain of the vital and nervous forces. This condition cannot be overcome by sleeping powders. The diseased condition must be cured before the course of the disease are removed.

It is the best of tonics and invigorants, nourishing the nerves, encouraging the appetite and inducing refreshing sleep. Irregularity, weakening drains, inflammation, ulceration and female weakness are perfectly cured by "Favorite Prescription."

"My wife was sick for over eight years," writes Albert H. Butler, Esq., of Alamosa, Grand County, Tenn. "She had uterine disease and was treated by two physicians and got no relief. At last I read about Dr. Pierce's medicine and we decided to try his 'Favorite Prescription.' I sent to the drug store and got one bottle and the first dose gave ease and sleep. She had not slept any for three nights. Being sure that it would cure her I sent for five more bottles and when she had taken the sixth bottle she was cured and well."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be used with "Favorite Prescription" whenever a laxative is required.

Eugene Field's Poems A \$7.00 Book.

Given Free to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Monument Fund. Subscriptions a \$1.00 or \$1.50 will entitle the subscriber to this dainty artistic volume.

FIELD FLOWERS (cloth bound, 6 x 11) is a collection of subscription to the Eugene Field Monument Fund. The book contains a selection of Field's best and most representative works and is ready for delivery.

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

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

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

BORN.

- St. John, Jan 5, to the wife of A. Lunny, Covey Hill, Dec 24, to the wife of J. W. son.
- St. John, Dec 23, to the wife of Edgar son.
- St. John, Jan 4, to the wife of Alfred son.
- St. John, Dec 23, to the wife of James son.
- Franklin, Dec 24, to the wife of Wm. son.
- Frederickton, Jan 6, to the wife of W. H. daughter.
- Waterford, Dec 23, to the wife of Hugh daughter.
- Ottawa, Jan 4, to the wife of Hector daughter.
- Marjatta, Dec 25, to the wife of Nelson daughter.
- Phoenix, B. C., Dec 23, to the wife of Phil a daughter.
- Victoria, B. C., Dec 24, to the wife of Arthur a son.
- Revelstoke, B. C., Dec 17, to the wife of Henry a son.
- Greenock, December 20, to the wife of Clin, a daughter.
- Rapid River, Nov 19, to the wife of A. M. D., a daughter.
- Point St. Charles, Jan 2nd, to the wife of M. Shell a daughter.

MARRIED.

- St. John, Jan 6, Seymour C. Marr to Julia A. Atness, Oct., Dec. 26, W. T. Jackman to Stone.
- St. John, Jan 1, Joseph Davidson to C. Logan.
- London, Ont., Gilbert Wilson Harris to Dugall.
- St. John, Dec. 31, Frederick John Saur to Agnes F. Francis.
- London, Ont., Dec. 18, Rev. R. J. Adams to Margaret S. Munroe.
- Campbellford, Ont., Jan 1, John Abraham to Maggie Jane Eleanor Poole.
- St. John, Ont., Jan 1, Stanley Richard to Fanny Maude Mary Wisher.
- Hampton, N. H., Dec. 17, Frederick Warren to Grace Blanche Fairweather.
- Hastingsville, St. John Co., Dec. 23, J. Steele to Maggie M. Kirkpatrick.

DIED.

- St. John, Jan 4th, Katie Whelan.
- St. John, Jan 1st, Daniel Conaghan.
- Colong, Ont., Darcy Boulton, aged 88.
- St. John, Jan 4th, Mrs. Isabella Stephenson.
- St. John, Jan 4th, Gabriel Crowford, aged 40.
- St. John, Jan 4th, Sarah Drummond, aged 74.
- St. John, Jan 4, Mrs. Eleanor Cross aged 70.
- St. John, Dec 28, Mrs. Mary Donovan aged 70.
- St. John, Dec 28, Mrs. Flora Cleghorn aged 80.
- Hampton, Ont., Jan 1st, Mariette Gardner.
- St. John, Dec 23, Benjamin Appleby.
- St. John, Dec 23, Mrs. Ernest Fairley.
- St. John, Dec 21, Edith beloved wife of J. M. Fairley.
- St. John, Dec 21, Mrs. Florence Deane.
- St. John, Dec 21, David Glen, 51, year of his age.
- St. John, Dec 21, Mrs. Emma Cooper, 70, year of her age.
- St. John, Dec 21, Daniel McKelvey, 60, year of his age.

FARMERS MAKE MONEY

Do not sell your poultry, turkeys, geese or ducks till you investigate this great Company, its object and the high prices to be obtained by dealing only with it—cash is better than trading—who last year made money out of your poultry—Did you?—No.—JOIN this co-operative company for the protection of farmers—get high prices as well as your share of the profits of selling in England. Join at once.

The Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited

Capital Stock, . . . \$450,000

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MANAGER—MR. WILLIAM S. GILMORE, Merchant, Hamilton, Ontario.

Three Firms Alone Intimated Their Ability and Willingness to Handle About Two Thousand Cases Per Week at Good Prices.

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GIBSON ARNOLDI, ESQ., PRESIDENT, THE CANADIAN DRESSED POULTRY COMPANY, LIMITED, 91 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO:

DEAR SIR,—I enclose you herewith \$..... in full payment for..... shares of fully paid and non-assessable stock in the Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited, which I wish allotted to me, as I wish to become a fully qualified shareholder and entitled to all the advantages of the Company, as described in the published Prospectus.

YOUR NAME,..... ADDRESS,.....

ROUPY COUGH OF CHILDREN

The tendency to croup is a foe that all parents have to fight. Croup comes in the night when the help must be right at hand if it is to be of any use. Adamson's Eucalypti Cough Tablets is a blessing to all families where there are children subject to attacks of croup or any mean cough. It has a wonderful reputation for its efficiency and it is safe for all.

Royal Perfumes!

Royal Opeponax,
Royal Daisy,
Royal Heliotrope,
Royal Violette,
Royal Greek Lilac,
Royal White Rose,
by the celebrated Perfumer, Ed. PINAUD Paris. Also, a complete line of Rogers & Gallet, Piver, Coudray and other choice Perfumers.

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W. G. Rudman Allan,

Chemist and Druggist,

87 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

Call and see my display. R.T.E.

Tel. 289. Mail orders promptly filled.

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BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING,

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WM. CLARK, Proprietor

Retail dealer in.....

CHOCOLATE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

OYSTERS always on hand. FISH and GAME in season

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

DINNER A SPECIALTY.

QUEEN HOTEL.

FREDERICTON, N. B.

A. BOWEN, Proprietor.

Victoria Hotel,

51 to 57 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Electric Passenger Elevator!

and all Modern Improvements.

D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor

Job... Printing.

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

Consult Us for Prices.

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

Progress Job Printing Department.

29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

DIVORCE IN TURKEY.

It is as easy as breathing in this Country—Any Case Sufficient.

Divorce is very easy in Turkey and does not require a Judge and jury to settle matters. All that is necessary is for the injured party to say "I divorce you" three times and the deed is done. The husband has to make the wife a proper allowance, and all is over. Two cases have occurred recently which are rather amusing.

A certain Turkish gentleman is a keen amateur gardener, and his garden contains at all seasons a brilliant show of flowers, to which he devotes most of his time, rather to the disgust of his wife who is never allowed to enter them. Last month his chrysantheums were in the height of their glory when a tremendous downpour of rain came on. This threatened to destroy the magnificent blooms, many of which were equal in size to the best results obtained in England. Seeing the danger, the gentleman called all his servants and set to work to carry the pots into the house and arrange them up both sides of the staircase. When they had finished the lady suddenly appeared and fell into violent rage, declaring that her husband thought more of his flowers than he did of her, and that he insulted her by bringing earth into the house. Nothing would appease her; she said he was defiling her house by bringing dirt in, and she would divorce him. She sent for her sister to come and be a witness of the divorce, and setting to work with her women bundled all the flowers out again. When the sister arrived, however, matters were settled up, and the divorce did not take place.

On another occasion the same lady sent her small son down to breakfast in a pink shirt and a green tie. The father was shocked at this barbarous combination, and made a remark to the English governess, who sent the child back to change his tie. But down came the lady of the house in a furious rage, saying she knew how to dress the child; that a pink shirt and a green tie were in the best of taste, and she would not remain to be insulted by his giving preference to the opinions of an English girl. Again she threatened to divorce him, but again it fell through, as the husband could not find the £600 he would have had to pay her until her wrath had cooled.

BORN.

- St. John, Jan 8, to the wife of A. Lunny, a son.
- Covey Hill, Dec 24, to the wife of J. W. Curran, a son.
- St. John, Dec 23, to the wife of Edgar Edwards, a son.
- St. John, Jan 4, to the wife of Alfred McDavid, a son.
- St. John, Dec 23, to the wife of James Mathews, a son.
- Franklin, Dec 24, to the wife of Wm. Kirkland, a son.
- Fredericton, Jan 5, to the wife of W. H. McCarty, a daughter.
- Waterford, Dec 23, to the wife of Hugh Doherty, a daughter.
- Ottawa, Jan 4, to the wife of Hector Maclean, a daughter.
- Maltais, Dec 25, to the wife of Nelson Farham, a daughter.
- Phoenix, B. C., Dec 23, to the wife of Philip Moore, a daughter.
- Victoria, B. C., Dec 24, to the wife of Arthur Timmons, a son.
- Revelstoke, B. C., Dec 17, to the wife of Tom Horn, a son.
- Sussex, December 20, to the wife of Spinglow Clark, a daughter.
- Rapid River, Nov 19, to the wife of A. L. Laing, M. D., a daughter.
- Point St. Charles, Jan 2nd, to the wife of Thomas Mitchell a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Sussex, Jan 6, Seymour C. Marr to Julia A. Hall.
- Albany, Ont., Dec 26, W. T. Jackson to Mary E. Stone.
- St. John, Jan 1, Joseph Davidson to Cecile A. Logan.
- London, Ont., Gilbert Wilson Harris to Augusta Bruce.
- St. John, Dec 31, Frederick John Saunders to Agnes F. Francis.
- London, E. W., Dec 18, Rev. E. J. Adamson to Margaret G. Minges.
- Cambridge, Ont., Jan 1, John Abraham Ivey to Maggie Jane Emswiler.
- Salem, Ont., Jan 1, Stanley Richard Fecks to Fanny Maude Mary Wisler.
- Hampden, N. B., Dec 11, Frederick Warren Titus to G. M. Blanche Fawcett.
- Hardingville, St. John Co., Dec 25, J. Leonard Steele to Maggie at Kirkpatrick.

DIED.

- St. John, Jan 6th, Katie Whelan.
- St. John, Jan 1st, Daniel Costigan.
- Quebec, Ont., Darcy Boulton, aged 88.
- St. John, Jan 6th, Mrs. Isabella Stephenson.
- St. John, Jan 6th, Sarah Drummond, aged 74.
- St. John, Jan 6th, Mrs. Elleanor Cross, aged 74.
- Quebec, Ont., Mrs. Mary Donovan, aged 84.
- St. John, Dec 26, Mrs. Flora Cleghorn, aged 46.
- Montreal, Ont., Jan 1st, Mackenzie Gardner, aged 72.
- Dundas Island, Dec 31, Benjamin Appleby, aged 82.
- Eastville Kings Co., Jan 6, Ernest Fazio, aged 72.
- St. John, Dec 31, Edith beloved wife of Mrs. H. McKenna.
- Fredericton, Jan 3, Mrs. Florence Dresser of Richmond.
- Halifax, N. S., Dec 28, David Glen, in the 51st year of his age.
- St. John, Dec 28, Mrs. Emma Cooper, formerly of New Road, St. John.
- Brookville, N. B., Jan 4th, Daniel McLaughlin, recently of this city.

The bishop of Massachusetts recently blessed Sec. Long.

"Say, won't that raise the mischief among the Schley partisans?"

Under No. More.—There are thousands who live miserable lives because dyspepsia, the neuralgias and shadows existence with the cloud of depression. One way to dispel the vapors that beset the victims of this disorder is to order them a course of Farnese's Vegetable Pills which are among the best vegetable pills known being easy to take and the most efficacious in their action. A trial of them will prove this.

Oh, for such a winter as
Our fathers oft have told—
The good, the dear old fashioned kind
That wasn't half as cold.

A Recognized Regulator.—To bring the digestive organs into symmetrical working is the aim of physicians when they find a patient suffering from stomachic irregularities, and for this purpose they can prescribe nothing better than Farnese's Vegetable Pills, which will be found a pleasant medicine of surprising virtue in bringing the refractory organs into subjection and restoring them to normal action, in which condition only can they perform their duties properly.

The Boy—Here's a poem on cold weather.
The Editor—All right, put it in the stove; every little helps in these days of high priced fuel.

Cholera morbus, cramps and kindred complaints annually make their appearance at the same time as the hot weather, green fruit, cucumbers, melons etc., and many persons are debarred from eating these tempting fruits, but they need not abstain if they have Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial and take a few drops in water. It cures the cramps and cholera in a remarkable manner, and is sure to check every disturbance of the bowels.

"My dear, said Mrs. Gush, 'your mourning bonnet is just lovely.'
"Yes," replied the young widow, petulantly, 'but the fact that I have to pay for it myself robs me of all the pleasure I might have in wearing it.'

A Good Medicine requires little advertising. Dr. Thomas' Eucalypti Oil gained the good name it now enjoys, not through elaborate advertising but on its great merits as a remedy for bodily pain, and ailments of the respiratory organs. It has carried its fame with it wherever it has gone and is prized at the antipodes as well as at home does small effect sure.

"Instead of improving with age," says the Manxman Philosopher, "Some wine turns to vinegar. It is also that way with some people."

Just as Good
Perhaps I don't you run the risk, though but always by the well tested and sure pop corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sure, safe, and painless. Putnam's removes corns painlessly in twenty four hours. If your druggist does not sell it, send 25 cents to N. C. Putnam & Co., Kingston, Ont., and they will send it to you post paid to any address in Canada or U. S.

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Expeller; safe, sure and effectual. Try it and mark the improvement in your child.
If itching boils and abscess come on, Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

Mama—"I wonder what made Johnny sick?"
Papa—"where has he been?"
Mama—"From the appearance of his clothes he has been playing on the ash heap."
Papa—"Ah! then I guess he found those Christmas cigars you gave me."

Irate Editor—I am going to tell the people just exactly what kind of man you are!
Equally Irate Statesman—If you do, I'll sue you for libel!

Little Elmer—Papa, what is it that makes a statesman great?
Professor Broadhead—Death, my son.
"De trusts," said Uncle Eph'm, "to the marshmosses. Hit takes an expert to tell which is de wholesome an' which is de poison."

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE DUFFERIN

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

Have you heard the new order at army and navy headquarters?
"No, what is it?"
"It may offend attempts to exercise the freedom of speech shot him on the spot."
Hoax—"What do you think of this scheme for getting sugar from beets?"
Joan—"It's no more than fair. Just think of all the beets that get 'sugar' from us."

BRANDIES!

Landing ex "Ocrean."
100 Cts. V. Holland XXX
100 " " Double A Co.
100 " " Merit, France.
10 " Octaves "
For sale low in bond for duty paid.
Quarts or Pints

THOS. L. BOURKE

WATER STREET.
George Washington, said the father impressively; couldn't tell a lie. He couldn't! returned the boy scornfully. Hah! he didn't have much of an imagination, did he?

Many a woman regrets the waste hour by the day with pinching the muscles of the back, the neck, the shoulders, the head.

Such symptoms in general point to disease of the delicate womanly organs, and a constant drain of the vital and nervous forces. This condition cannot be overcome by dressing powders. The diseased condition must be cured before the consequences of disease are removed.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures the womanly diseases which cause nervousness and sleeplessness, the best of tonics and invigorating the nerves, enappetite and inducing irregularity, weakness, inflammation, ulceration and all are perfectly cured by prescription.

For over eight years," writes Dr. Altamont, Grapely Co., "I have used and treated with your medicine and we do not get one bottle and the first sleep. She had not slept any thing sure that it would cure her more bottles and when she took the bottle she was sound and pleasant. Pellets should be written Prescription" when is required.

Given Free

To each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Monument or a Souvenir Fund. Subscriptions at \$1.00 will entitle donor to this dainty artistic volume.

FIELD FLOWERS (cloth bound, \$2.11) as a certificate of subscription to fund. Book contains a selection of Field's best and most representative works and a noble contribution of the artist, this book could not be manufactured for less than \$7.00. It is divided equally between the late Eugene Field or the building of a monument to the beloved poet of Illinois.

FIELD MONUMENT JUVENILE FUND, Chicago. 180 Monroe St., Chicago.

Write to send postage, enclose

and Opinions OF

the Sun

ALONE

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By Mail, \$6 a year Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year

Best Sunday Newspaper in the world.

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Line of Life

on PEARLINE users' hands should and long. PEARLINE life by removing the old way of washing—tending to rub, long soiled steam, weary on feet, over-exertion, illness. Doctor Common tells you this is bad. PEARLINE you simply and rinses. Quick, reliable, healthful. Millions of users.

CURES WEAK MEN FREE

Send Name and Address To-day---You Can Have It Free and be Strong and Vigorous for Life.

INSURES LOVE AND A HAPPY HOME.



L. W. KNAPP, M. D.

See any man may quickly cure himself of all ailments of sexual weakness, lost vitality, night losses, varicocele, etc., and enlarge small weak organs to full size and vigor. Simply send your name and address to Dr. L. W. Knapp, 2009 Hull Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and he will gladly send the free receipt with all directions so that any man may easily cure himself at home. This is established by a most generous offer and the following facts taken from his daily mail show what men think of his generosity.

It has completely traced me up. I am just as vigorous as when a boy and you cannot realize how happy I am. "Dear Sir:—Your method worked beautifully. Results were exactly what I needed. Strength and vigor have completely returned and enlargement is entirely satisfactory." "Dear Sir:—Yours was received and I had no trouble in making use of the receipt as directed and can truthfully say it is a boon to weak men. I am greatly improved in size, strength and vigor." All correspondence is strictly confidential, mailed in plain, sealed envelope. The receipt is free for the asking and he wants every man to have it.

JOHN NOBLE, LTD.

BROOK ST., MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

Largest Costumiers & Mantlemen in the World.

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

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

Model 256. Made in John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Coat, consisting of Blue Blouse Bodice with tily trimmed Black and White, Plain \$2.56 complete, only \$2.66; carriage, 55c. extra. Skirt alone, \$1.35; carriage, 45c. extra.

Model 1492. Made in Heavy Frieze Cloth Tailor-made, Double-breasted Coat, and full wide carefully finished Skirt, in Black or Navy Blue only; Price complete \$4.10; Carriage 55c.

JOHN NOBLE KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS.

Thoroughly well made, in Strong Serge, with saddle top, long full sleeves, and pockets. Lengths in front, and Prices:

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| 34 to 37 inches | 40c. 61 cents. |
| 30 to 33 inches | 75c. 85 cents. |
| Postage 22 cents. | |
| 36 to 39 inches | 97c. \$1.10 |
| 40 to 45 inches | \$1.22 \$1.34 |
| Postage 45 cents. | |

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

JOHN NOBLE, LTD.

BROOK ST. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

DISAPPEARANCE OF EARL ROSS

It was assumed for the earl's confidential adviser, Baron Enidoff, a month ago that he had not a quicker control of his features, for a laugh at the wrong moment lost him his high position of £12,000 a year.

While the royal suit was at Compiagne, soon after the arrival, the earl was tired and a little irritable by the effects of his long journey. While going through the big library, which was part of the great apartments prepared for him, he slipped on a wolkakin mat that lay on the highly polished floor, made a wild attempt to save himself and clutched at one of his attendants.

He nearly brought himself and his stand-by to the ground, but he just managed to avoid a fall. The spectacle was rather ludicrous, especially in such a stately personage, and when the rather irritated monarch turned round he found his favorite Enidoff indulging in a grin of amusement which he could not suppress.

The earl, who detests levity on state occasions, spoke very sharply to the culprit, who next day was dismissed from his post and relegated to an assistant secretaryship, with plenty of hard work to do, and wherein he never sees the earl at all. Although wealthy and of the oldest nobility the baron dared not refuse the minor service. His former stipend was £12,000 a year.

But the Kaiser, on the whole, is the most dangerous person to laugh at, or be fore, and more than one person has "done for" himself in this way. So did the unfortunate Gough Milbanke find it—the clever but bluff Scottish colonial administrator. It was he who used to command the Sultan Abu Din's troops and manage the Arabian finances.

The Kaiser took him up four years ago as a guest, with a view to making use of him in the new "expansion" policy of the German empire, and had decided to give him a fine position in the east to guard German interests in China, at a princely remuneration, of course. The Kaiser sees to these things himself, and anybody who becomes one of his right hand men is pretty well set up for life.

At one of the audiences given him at Potsdam, Milbanke was giving the emperor the benefit of his experience and receiving his orders when the Kaiser made a rather absurd suggestion as to eastern diplomacy, proposing to win the confidence of the Japanese and Kurile islanders with presents.

Milbanke, bursting into a guffaw asked the kaiser if he thought the Japanese were Kongo niggers, who could be bought over with a few glass beads and a flintlock gun. The kaiser froze at once, wished Milbanke good night and never re-opened relations with him.

The moral is, when you are chatting with a king don't forget he is a king and dig him in the ribs.

LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS

As South American Kidney Cure laughs at disease. It's the seemingly impossible doer to disease that it looks that makes its cures almost incredible. But for every cure there is a proof if you care to investigate. It is a liquid kidney specific and it never fails. Makes and helps men fit and well.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.,

I will dog your footsteps! I missed the Heavy Villain, while the footlights trembled at his tread. Ha, ha! gurgled the unhappy Heroine; you forget that you are too heavy to do a dog trot? Foiled again, the Heavy Villain lit another cigarette and left the scene, R. U. E. muttering to himself,

CANADIAN PACIFIC

THE SHORT LINE TO Montreal

Ottawa, Toronto, Chicago, St. Paul, Vancouver, etc.

TOURIST SLEEPER LEAVES EVERY THURSDAY From Montreal for Vancouver, et

For rates, Time Tables, and other information, call on nearest Agent or write

A. J. HEATH, D. P. A., C. P. R. St. John, N. B.

Dyspepsia

That means a great deal more than pain in the stomach, else it might be easily cured. It means that that organ lacks vigor and tone and is too weak properly to perform its functions.

It means, too, that much that is eaten is wasted and the system generally undernourished.

W. A. Nugent, Belleville, Ont., had dyspepsia for years; so did H. Budan, San Luis Obispo, Cal. Mrs. C. A. Warner, Central City, Neb., was so afflicted with it she could scarcely keep anything on her stomach and became very weak and poor.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

permanently cured these sufferers, according to their own voluntary statements, as it has cured others. Take it.

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

Mr. Grogan—What a power of funerals they do be havin at the church these days. Shure, its sharted me thinking.

Miss Casey—Thinkin av what? Mr. Grogan—That whin it come toime for my funeral would you be the widdy?

THE PASTOR'S PITY

—A prominent pastor of a Durham, Ont., church writes: "I suffered intensely from Inflammatory Rheumatism. Just one bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure healed me. I pity those who suffer so much and do not know how near they are to a cure. I feel like proclaiming it from the house tops."—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

Tut, tut, said the dentist, that nerve does not reach up so far as you say. It is not a foot long at all. That's all in your mind.

Um-m-m! groaned the writhing man; 'it surely feels as if it were nearly all there.

COULDN'T ESTIMATE ITS VALUE

—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart never fails. It relieves in 30 minutes, it cures. It is a beacon-light to lead you back to health. W. H. Musselman, of G. A. R., Weissport, Pa., says: "Two bottles of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart entirely cured me of palpitation and smothering spells. Its value cannot be estimated."—Sold by A. Chipman Smith.

England is going to withdraw 20 bat teries of rifle-d guns from S. Africa.

Why? The smooth Boers are too much for them.

DISCOURAGED STOMACHS

—Could you wonder at the delicate organs of digestion refusing to be helped and comforted when day after day they are literally 'drowned out' by strong tonics, bitters and hurtful nostrums. Common sense came into Medical Science when it evolved the tasty tablet dose and discovered a God send to humanity in Dr. Von Stan's pineapple tablets formula. 35 cents.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith.

SOUTH AMERICAN NERVEINE

makes the whole system radiant in perfect health, it accelerates circulation, enriches the blood, penetrates to the very centre of nerve force, builds tissue, makes and keeps people well. This wonderful remedy has had a charmed experience and has done its greatest work in cases that the medical fraternity had pronounced hopeless.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

PILES—ITCHING, BLIND AND BLEEDING—CURED

in three to six nights. Dr. Agnew's Ointment is peerless in curing. One application gives instant relief. It cures all itching and irritating skin diseases, Chafing, Eczema, etc. 35 cents. Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.,

Mrs. Pepprey (reading)—The bride was attired in a simple gown of ivory satin, trimmed with orange blossoms. Senator De Pans wore a white flower in his buttonhole.

Mr Pepprey—Goodness! Suppose he had forgotten the flower, and had worn that buttonhole plain.

GOT A CONSTANT HEADACHE?

Ten chances to one of secret of your sufferer hags that "white man's burden," Catarrh. Here's a sentence from one man's evidence for Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder—"One application gave me instant relief, cleared the nasal passages and stopped the pain in my head. It's a quick, safe and sure treatment, and it never fails to cure. 50 cents.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

Do you think that literature is likely to assume a higher standard? Inquired the serious thinker.

I do," answered the man with long hair and black rimmed glasses. "In fact, as I am now at work on my masterpiece I feel almost justified in giving a personal guarantee to that effect.

40 GEMS, 10 CENTS

—Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills cure all troubles arising from torpor of the liver. Easy and quick, banish Sick Headache, purify the blood and eradicate all impurities from the system. The demand is big. The Pills are little, easy to take, pleasant results, no pain. 40 in a vial, 10 cents.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

You have lots of fun coasting, don't you?

You bet. I've already got both ears roost an' one foot frost-bit.

SURPRISE SOAP

YOUR BEST FRIEND

On wash day and every other day is

SURPRISE SOAP

It will give the best service; it always uniform in quality, always satisfactory.

You cannot do better than have Surprise Soap always in your house.

SURPRISE is a pure hand Soap.

Cake Basket Times

seem to be again drawing. People possessing old family keep sales are having them re-finished and re-plated, and many new ones are being purchased. The new designs we show are the best and most sensible shapes made by the Meriden Britannia Co. If your old baskets or other silverware wants fixing up, let us send it to the Meriden Company for repairs. The result will surprise you. Our stock of the genuine "Rogers" is

"1847 Rogers Bros."

Knives, Forks, Spoons, etc., is worth examining.

Wood's Phosphatine

The Great English Remedy. Sold and recommended by all druggists in Canada. Only reliable medicine discovered. It guarantees guaranteed to cure all forms of Sexual Weakness, all effects of abuse or excess, Mental Worry, Excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants. Mailed on receipt of price, one package \$1.50, six, \$8. One will please, six will cure. Pamphlets free to any address. The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont.

Wood's Phosphatine is sold in St. John, by all responsible Druggists.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

WE WISH THE READERS OF PROGRESS EVERY HAPPINESS AND PROSPERITY

C. P. R. W. A. G. MACKAY St. John.

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PRIME DOMESTIC BEEF, POULTRY ALL KINDS, MOOSE AND ONTARIO HAMS, LARD AND SUET.

THOS DEAN. City Market

67th Street

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine. Beware of the cheaply made imitations that do not cure and may harm.

Unbranded Made, recommended by the Medical Faculty, 17 Waterloo Street.

This has been a... St. John. Many... important have transp... which has been the... police court, where... is well known to our... Jack recently laid... the members of the... Jardine building on... The matter was bro... court last Saturday... the magistrate ha... clubs were trum... crowded court room... mens being members... clubs showed up in... rooms of the police, wh... ing out Judge Ritch... magistrate indignantly... ion of the police, said... such an order, and... the effect he had don... falsehood. The magis... Chief Clark or Serg... defense, and after... er, who it appears... construction on Mr... the police had done... incident. The Globe... take care of himself... so, while it goes wit... next time the police... the magistrate they w... copy of what is requ... are trumps at the pol...

It is a well-known... that our Hebrew friend... park, so it can never... elang expression—the... That they are fond o... was amply proven i... following incident wit... by Scott E. Morrill w... his utmost endeavor... number of members of... gation the sum of... said to have been t... fellow Israelite. Th... money, told a story... number of Jews had... met in Corbett's hall... claimed to have sec... the Grand Lodge... under the authority... enabled to initiate... lodge.

On Thursday night... admission appeared... undergo all sorts of... of them had his boot... blindfolded, pairs of... on his bare feet, cau... severe cold. On Su... who applied to Mr. I... had gone to the lodg... after being blindfold... in many ways. He... around the room for... When the initiation... liquor was sold, and... After leaving the hal... covered that thirty... had in his possession... Monday morning he... officers of the society... returned to him at on... done, he went to... returning to his plac... that the money had b...

The members of St... had their troubles ti... recently. The matter... recently when the ol... and a new one chosen... Some of the bret... choise and entertain... We repeat a few—... R. H. McIntyre ge... destined that affairs... continued in the ann... of trustees would be... would report each ye... the servants of the p... and in future the... placed where it prop... the people.

Charles Morrison... that the functions of...