

Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Christmas day as such, was not observed in all the churches in the city, but notwithstanding this, general attention was paid to the preparation of a special musical programme during the season of which Christmas is the centre. In the churches in which the day is directly observed, the music was of a superior order and in its rendition gave delight to every worshiper and testified to the excellent labors of organist, choirmaster and chorists alike. The selection of an anthem for rehearsal preceding Christmas is always a matter of no little concern, but the selections being made usually they are all so good and so well given that preference is only a matter of individual taste.

The programme in the Methodist churches was sung on last Sunday and in most instances will be repeated tomorrow. In the Catholic and Episcopal churches, special effort has been made, and successful, to furnish music in keeping with the spirit of rejoicing that exists throughout Christendom on the accepted anniversary of the natal day of the Saviour.

Tones and Undertones.
Madame Melba, sang Gounod's "Ave Maria" on Christmas day, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York.

Musicals will be popular and fashionable in South End Society circles in Boston after the New Year. They will be given fortnightly.

Franz Ondricek who is known as one of the greatest living violinists, will give a recital in Music Hall, Boston, on the 8th, Jan'y, next. He will be assisted by Mlle. Sezumowska, a young, charming and clever pianist. This lady was heard in Boston last season at one of the Symphony concerts.

The ninth rehearsal and concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra was given in Music Hall yesterday afternoon, Dec. 27, at 2.30 o'clock and this evening Dec. 28, at 8.00 o'clock.

The programme:
Salle Handel
Largo Mozart
Turkish March Beethoven
Symphony No. 1.

"Faust" (the opera) will shortly be given at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, and William Woolf will be seen and, beyond all doubt, will be heard also in the role of Mephisto.

Yvette Guilbert, the Parisian chanteuse, has captured New York. One who heard her says her work is wonderful she does not sing exactly, she rather chants—She is compared to Duse in her magnetic power and her pantomime. The same party remarks her articulation is wonderfully good "and advises, if one does not know French, not to ask a lady friend, to interpret the word Yvette sings." Her art is remarkable. Swell society turned out in large numbers to hear her on her opening night.

Of "Rip Van Winkle" which occupied the Castle Square theatre last week and William Wolf's work in the title role, a recent Boston paper says: "Mr. William Wolf as Rip deserves great praise. Mr. Wolf has, at times, seriously impaired the effectiveness of his portrayal of comic roles by overdoing matters, by dropping from comedy into buffoonery. Here, however, he rises to the opportunity, and gives us comedy pure and simple. Especially in the first act is his portrayal patterned after Mr. Jefferson's; this was to be expected, and a departure from it would have been more distasteful to an audience than even a poor imitation.

But Mr. Wolf's imitation is not poor. In make-up, attitudes and general atmosphere, he gives us the "Rip" of our heart, seriously, conscientiously so; not so for the sake of a borrowed lustre, but rather in emulation of a superior model. Mr. Wolf deserves much credit for all this, and for holding himself so severely in check; he plays comedy, not farce comedy for a moment. His touch is delicate, his pathos is genuine, and his gayety refined. In short, Mr. Wolf has made a hit, and a worthy one."

Miss Jennie Cores, whose voice has been heard by many in this city, recently sang at the concert of the Berkeley Temple Institute course in Boston. A notice of the concert, says of this lady "Miss Cores is an artistic singer, and her solos "L'Incontro" Ardit: "Cradle Song" Brahms; and "Nymphs and Shepherds" Parcell, were a delight."

It is now said that Calve's voice is "fuller richer, rounder and more luscious than it was, particularly in the upper tones."
Calve sang "Carmen" in Brooklyn N. Y. recently, and as the last production of the opera there was when Zelia De Lussan, a Brooklyn girl, sang the title role comparisons were made of course. One critic says "As moonlight unto sunlight, as water unto wine" was that performance to the full blooded riant, captivating Carmen of Calve."

Haydn's Imperial (No 3) Mass was sung at St. Patrick's cathedral New York at 11 o'clock on Christmas morning, and the soloists were Miss Hiko, Miss Clary, Mr. K. Ciser and Mr. Steinbach. There were

also 180 specially trained singers and a full orchestra. Seventy chorists from the orphan asylum stood on the main steps of the main chancel. There can be little doubt about the grandeur of the musical feature of the services at this church on Christmas day.

Signor Gennaro Volpe, the mandolin virtuoso, has been engaged by Mr. Hammerstein of New York, to play at the week night performances in the Music Hall during the engagement of Mlle. Yvette Guilbert. Signor Volpe has received medals from the King of Norway and Sweden, and from Prince Henry of Prussia, for his excellent work as a mandolinist.

Oscar Hammerstein has written a new opera, which he calls "Marguerite," and which is to be produced at the Olympia Music Hall about the middle of next month. The words, music, spectacular effects, costumes, and scenery are all products of Mr. Hammerstein's energetic brain, and twenty pretty chorus girls have already been engaged for its production.

A syndicate has been formed to purchase the Harlem Opera House from Oscar Hammerstein, with A. B. de Frece at its head. Mr. Hammerstein asks \$600,000 for the building, of which \$300,000 must be cash down. The \$300,000 must be raised, and now negotiations are under way regarding the payment of the other \$300,000.

The Christmas attraction at the Irving Place Theatre was "Die Fledermaus," ("The Bat.") Johann Strauss's best comic opera. "Die Fledermaus" was given with a brilliant cast, including Miss Minnie Landes as Rosalinde, Miss Carla Englaender as Adele, Miss Helen von Doenhoff as Prinz Orlofsky, Mr. Senns as Eisenstein, Mr. Paul Siegel as Alfred, Mr. Adolf Link as Prison Warden Frank, Mr. Mathew Pfeil as Dr. Falke, Mr. Haenseler as Frosch, and Mr. Emil Otto as Notary Blind.

So many persons have heard of Yvette Guilbert "the singer of songs of the grim humors of Paris life, the comedies of the pavement with their touches of irony and their tones of tragedy" that a description of her appearance may be interesting. "Her nose is not Grecian and her beauty is not in accordance with any regular rules. She is stouter than one would be led to believe from photographs, and has red hair of the latest, Parisian shade, which observers might justifiably attribute to some less natural influence than the powers which shaped her nose. She has black eyes, a large mouth and very white, regular teeth. Her hands are not small, but they are well shaped and the large fingers taper to a point." She talks English with remarkable facility and lack of accent.

Madame Albani the prima donna, is reported to be coming to appear in concert in this city. The date is said to be the 14th February. Albani, who is a Canadian by birth, is world famous and is a special favorite of our Queen Victoria. She made her debut in opera in the seventies and in 78 married Ernest Gye. She has one child—a son.

TALK OF THE THEATRE

Markos, magician and wonder worker, opened at the Opera house on Wednesday afternoon last to a large house and the same condition of audience attended his exhibition in the evening of that day. He is effectively assisted in his programme by the talent and skill of Miss Nettie Sinclair who, while seated on the stage, can identify and describe every article that may be touched by Markos as he passes through the audience. The lady when blind-folded also repeats the words of an article in a newspaper which Markos may be reading while he stands down in front. For those who never saw any thing of this kind, and in this City they must number many thousands, no more enjoyable and entertaining way of spending an evening can be found than by visiting Markos and his company at the Opera house. The time for doing this is short as the engagement closes with the performance on New Year's night.

The bill for the farewell night of Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry, at Abbey's Theatre, was an exceedingly interesting one. It showed Mr. Irving and Miss Terry in some of their best characterizations. "A Christmas Story," "Journeys End in Lovers' Meeting," "A Story of Waterloo," the third act of "King Arthur," and the church scene from "Much Ado About Nothing" were presented.

"The Merry Countess," which came to so sudden an end in New York, when produced by Marie Jansen, is to be sent on the road after all. Harry Standish is said to be the main mover in the enterprise, and the play is to be called by its original French name, "Niniche."

John Drew, the actor, recently saved Miss Maud Adams from serious injury, if not indeed from death, at Providence, R. I. The play "Christopher Jr." had just begun when the backing of the attic interior in which the play opens, gave way and fell towards them.

Mr. Drew interposed his body and saved

THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL

Words by ELSIE MARIE DUDLEY.

Allegro Moderato con espressione.

Music by MARIA STRINDBERG ELMORE.

Con anima.

1. The ship is in the port, my love, The
2. No mat-ter where I roam, my love, I
3. May hap-pi-ness be with thee, love, While

The first system of the musical score for 'The Sailor's Farewell'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Allegro Moderato con espressione' and the mood is 'Con anima'. The lyrics for the first line are: 'The ship is in the port, my love, The'.

The second system of the musical score. The lyrics continue: 'mat-ter where I roam, my love, I'. The piano accompaniment includes a 'ritard.' marking.

The third system of the musical score. The lyrics continue: 'May hap-pi-ness be with thee, love, While'. The piano accompaniment includes a 'ritard.' marking.

The fourth system of the musical score. The lyrics continue: 'I press thee to my heart, my love, To say a last good-'. The piano accompaniment includes a 'ritard.' marking.

The fifth system of the musical score. The lyrics continue: 'bye, my love! Oh, my love! To say a last good-'. The piano accompaniment includes a 'ritard.' marking.

The sixth system of the musical score. The lyrics continue: 'bye! To say a last good-'. The piano accompaniment includes a 'ritard.' marking.

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the lady. The curtain was rung down but about half an hour later the play proceeded, Mr. Drew being able to resume his part. He was applauded to the echo on his reappearance.
"Too Much Johnson" is in its sixth week at the Boston Museum.
At the Bowdoin Square theatre, Boston, there is to be a revival of the Boucicault dramas with Aubrey Boucicault, Sadie Martinot and a selected company.
W. S. Hart, who was leading man in Rhea's company here, has signed a contract to support Robert Mantell as leading man for the rest of the season. Mr. Hart has offers from two of New York's stock companies for next season.
A. M. Palmer, the theatrical manager and owner, has recently expressed his opinion that "a man who has bought a seat at a theatre has as much right to his as to applaud."
Joseph Murphy, the Irish comedian, is playing in "Kerry Gow" and "Shann Rhine" at the Columbia theatre Boston this week.
Hoyt's latest play "AC ontented woman" in which his beautiful wife (Caroline Mis-

ke'l Hoyt) takes a leading part has met with much approval. Some parts of it however require pruning there is too much talk at times. A notice of the production says "Mrs. Hoyt was delighted with baskets and bouquets of beautiful blossoms."
Augustin Daly called in "The Transit of Leo" and gave his patrons "Twelfth Night" instead. In the cast, the more prominent of whom are named will be found one name at least not strange to St. John theatre goers. Ada Rohan was Viola; Maxime Elliott, the Olivia, James Lewis, Sir Toby, George Clarke Malvolio, Herbert Gresham, Aguecheek, Percy Haswell, Maria, and Frank Worthing, the Duke.
Clara Morris is appearing in repertoire at the Tremont theatre, Boston, this week. She produced, for the first time in that city on Wednesday last her new play entitled "Raymonde."
Vance Thompson has written a new pastime for Mme. Pilar Morin, which is called "The Japanese Doll," and is to be produced for the first time Dec. 30. It tells of the adventure of a mechanical toy doll with an advanced American girl of ten years.

Nat. C. Goodwin the comedian, is at the Hollis theatre, Boston, with a play called "Ambition" and which Mr. Goodwin in a speech praised because it was an American play. Its author is Henry Guy Carleton. A critic says "I hold Mr. Goodwin has not got the American play that he has been looking for." Of Goodwin's work the critic says "the best of Mr. Goodwin's talent approaches the highest art, but the worst is pretty bad."
There is a rumor abroad to the effect that E. H. Sothern and Virginia Harned the original "Trilby," are to be married. The parties directly interested have made no statement to the public yet.
The Governor of Connecticut and his staff recently witnessed "The Heart of Maryland" from boxes at the Herald Square Theatre. One of the staff came to the theatre during the afternoon to select places. The author asked permission to see the boxes. David Belasco, who happened to be in the box office at the time, quietly tendered the treasurer his services as guide. The gentleman from Connecticut was ushered through the auditorium and into the boxes. He returned to the box office and commended his purchase. After this he slipped a quarter to Belasco.



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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 28.

WE AND OUR NEIGHBORS.

The day has gone by when demagogues and unscrupulous or ignorant writers can provoke a deep feeling of antagonism between the people of Canada and those of the United States. The day is long past when well informed people in either country believe that their neighbors across the line have all the bad qualities of mankind and that hatred toward them is a matter of duty. The era when a want of knowledge of each other led to mutual distrust has passed away and can never return. We know each other better than we did, and the more we do know each other the stronger will be the bonds of friendship. Cranks and bigots there have been and will be, on both sides of the line, but in the aggregate of the population they are few in number, and it is only in exceptional cases, as where one happens to be in an official position, that their words can have even a temporary influence. It is utter nonsense to talk of war between England and the United States, and were it a possibility, those who talk most fiercely now would probably be the last to be heard from when there was a call to arms. War talk is cheap, but it is also silly. Were it not for the common sense of the people and the greatly limited influence of bombastic talkers and writers, such attempts to stir up animosity would be worse than silly. As it is, the only argument to employ with such people is ridicule so that the public, instead of getting excited, will laugh at them and their Quixotic tilts on paper or by word of mouth.

In looking over the provincial papers of forty or fifty years ago, one observes now and then a tone of hostility to the American people very much out of line with the tone of the more influential papers at the present day. It was probably in accord with the ideas of many of the people at that time, and it is not to be wondered at. The Loyalists could not have had a very cordial feeling for the land they had left and for the nation which had achieved its independence in defiance of Britain's efforts. Little wonder then that they and their immediate descendants looked upon the Yankee as the embodiment of avarice and low cunning, and as a class of individual with whom loyal subjects wanted no dealings. An American coming to St. John was an object of suspicion in those times, and the means of communication between this province and the United States were so limited that there was little chance for the dispelling of the existing prejudice. Within the last thirty years, however, there has been a great and beneficial change in this respect. Year by year the facilities for better communication have increased, and American enterprise has continued to do much to advance the interests of the provinces. At the same time, large numbers of our people have sought their fortunes in the United States and have become so Americanized that the loudest shouters in the later Know-Nothing movement of America for the Americans are frequently found to be natives of the provinces, reared with naturalization papers. We have learned to regard each other as neighbors, and while a majority of our people hope always to remain British subjects, yet the advocacy of annexation is tolerated here, less than half a century ago, a newspaper which attempted anything of the kind would probably have had its office mobbed and certainly would not have continued to receive the financial support of the mercantile community.

The feeling of many of the more intelligent people of all classes, of recent years, has been that while a political union is not desirable, every effort should be made to have our trade and social relations, with the New England states as close and as friendly as possible. It will be remembered that the stand taken by the St. John Telegraph as the accredited organ of the liberal party in the last Dominion election was that we

should have unrestricted reciprocity with the United States, and that our dependence on the United States for increased prosperity was made the subject of many articles. While the political issue then raised was vigorously combated by the conservative press and an alleged "loyalty cry" raised, yet on both sides nothing in the nature of abuse of the Americans as a nation appeared in any of the leading party organs. The "old flag" was waved with a will, but without insulting the flag of our neighbors. Such is the spirit of the people today. The old issues raised by wars which nobody now living can remember died with the passing away of the generations immediately interested in them. The increase of railway and steamboat travel, the influx of the people of one country into the other country in growing numbers year by year, all tended to wipe away the old narrow idea of national prejudice. As regards the city of St. John, if anything had been needed to hasten the breaking down of the barrier, it would have been found when the great calamity of fire overtook the city. The first word of sympathy, the first inquiry of what could be done to aid the people, came from the United States, and it was followed by the generous donations of money and supplies, freely given and thankfully received for months later. In the face of all the relations between the provinces and the United States, no man in any representative position in this community would now find sympathy in a tirade against the Americans as a people, and the man who would attempt it would find himself more an object of censure than the people whom he berated. The only man likely to undertake such a childish task would be either one who had never been in the United States and was ignorant of its people, or one who had been there and disappointed in his personal ambitions had returned, full of envy, hatred and malice, to vent his impotent rage upon the whole nation.

There is no danger of war between England and the United States, and we of the provinces should be the last to desire to see such a calamity. Whatever might be the final result, and even though, as is most unlikely, such points as St. John should except devastation, there would be practical ruin, for a time, from a commercial point of view, and the recovery from it would not be in the lifetime of the present generation. "Give peace in our time, O Lord," is a prayer that should be on the lips of every really loyal man in this country.

A LAST LEAP YEAR.

Next Wednesday will be the first day of the last leap year of the present century, and there will not be another leap year until 1904. The year 1900, though divisible by four, will not be a leap year, because its figures are not a multiple of 400. This is the rule of the Gregorian calendar, adopted in 1582, and now in use in the greater portion of the civilized world. After 1896, therefore, there will be a stretch of eight years, during which the women will not have even a traditional right to make proposals to the men with a view to matrimonial alliance. How far the New Woman may in the meantime establish precedents can only be a matter of conjecture, but those who are not New Women, and are in danger of remaining single as old women, will do well to remember that, unless they avail themselves of their rights during the coming twelve months, it may be too late for them to do so eight years hence.

Up to the time of the adoption of the Gregorian calendar the year question had been in a condition as mixed and unsatisfactory as is now the vexed issue of local and standard time in this part of the world. The theory was that the natural or solar year should be a guide to the regulating of the civil year, but the ancient Romans got so far out of the way that they were some months ahead of the real year, and were trying to make believe it was summer when the sun and the weather and the crops proved that it was only spring. It was the same as if we had tried last week to go fishing on the 24th of May. This led to a great deal of inconvenience and must have bothered the tailors and the dudes terribly in trying to have spring styles in mid-winter and seaside costumes in the middle of March, while all classes of citizens must have got badly mixed at times. To remedy this, JULIUS CESAR with the help of a clever fellow named SOSIGENES reformed the calendar and invented the leap year, with the months nearly as they are now. The clever fellow probably did all the work, but CESAR got the credit of it, and put a leather in his cap by giving 31 days to the month of JULIUS. When the Emperor AUGUSTUS got control of the government, at a later date, he concluded that he would do as big a thing as CESAR had done, and so he gave 31 days to the month of AUGUSTUS. He also tacked on a 29th day to February in leap year. This was considered a good enough calendar for several hundred years, and the Russians still use it, though its error of allowing eleven minutes a day too much has put them so that they are now about twelve days out of line with the rest of the world.

The present calendar was established by Pope GREGORY XIII, 313 years ago, and

is so calculated as to allow for the gain over solar time by occasional omissions. This keeps the year where it ought to be. In the century year once in every 400 years, the leap year is omitted. Thus 1600 was a leap year and 2000 will be, but 1800 was not one nor will 1900 be one. This is why it is that those of us who may live for eight years more will see for the first time a year, for which the figures are divisible by four, but which is not a leap year. And this is why it behooves the maidens to be on the alert during the year of Grace 1896. It may be their last chance.

NEW YEAR RESOLVES.

The new year is a good time to begin the execution of new plans, and a very large proportion of people are in the habit of doing so. They start out anew with some idea they have had in mind for a long while, and keep up the idea for a length of time varying with the nature of the undertaking and the temperament of the individual. The young woman, and sometimes the young man, begins a diary and takes particular pains to get just the right kind of a book in which to make a daily record of thoughts and deeds. Everybody who has tried knows how long this is likely to be kept up. Sometimes it lasts for a week, sometimes a month, and in rare instances for longer periods. Much the same results follow the keeping of a personal cash account, though it generally lasts longer than a diary, for though a person may cover neglects for a while by entries on "sundries", there comes a time when neglect grows into negligence and the whole account is abandoned as a nuisance.

The praiseworthy habit of swearing-off from liquor, tobacco and the like, at the beginning of the year, is probably as popular as it ever was. The joys and jags of Christmas are over and many who have been experiencing them are in a mood to be repentant and try to do better. The swear-off at New Year's is always a great success, as long as it lasts, but it seldom goes so far as to interfere with the festivities of the Queen's Birthday.

One of the best individual resolutions for the new year, or for any other time for that matter, is to make accounts easy by paying up bills as one goes in the year to come. A man on a salary, for instance, has no excuse for going into debt, and if he has already done so his wisest plan now is to apportion so much a week, or so much a month, toward freeing himself and enjoying that comfort which one has, even on small means, in feeling clear of creditors. A person with a fixed income should know just how much he can afford to spend for this or that, and should keep within the bounds. The injunction of "owe no man anything" has a special application at the beginning of the year to all who know just how much they have to spend for personal expenses each week of their lives.

The resolution to clear up old debts and to pay as he goes in future is one of the wisest resolutions, a young man can make at this or any other season.

The war could not stand the sunshine of the season of peace and good will. The voice of the wisest and best men of England and America has been that war between the two nations is out of the question. Nobody minds what the cranks, big and little, have to say to the contrary.

One of the instances when the extremes meet is in the common grievance of the coal dealer and the ice dealer in the fact of April weather at a season when the thermometer is supposed to be dropping down to see its friend zero every day or so.

A happy new year to all readers of PROGRESS, with the hope that they and their families will also be readers when the next leap year comes around in 1904.

Only four more days in which to make up your mind about turning over that new leaf.

A Strong Company.

A notice in this week's Royal Gazette announces that application has been made for the incorporation of a company to be known as the Canada Drug Co. (Ltd.) with head offices in this city, and with a capital of \$100,000 of which over \$50,000 is paid up. In the incorporators are Wm. H. Murray, Samuel Hayward, James Kennedy, Chas. T. Nevins, James W. Russell. The company have leased the corner of King, lately occupied by the wholesale hardware firm of Burpee, Thorne & Co., and carpenters and painters are now at work putting the building in shape, as business will be under way within thirty days' time. L. A. Miles who has travelled for T. B. Barker & Sons for five years, and is one of the best men in his line on the road, is one of the three travellers engaged by the new company. An entirely new stock of drugs, medicines and druggists' sundries will be laid in. Chas. T. Nevins, the well known and popular Moncton druggist, will be the company's inside man. From opinions expressed to the Sun by leading business men, it appears clear that there is an excellent field in the lower provinces for the new enterprise, in competition with the upper province houses in that line. The young man who has so successfully promoted this important enterprise, is now also incorporating a company in the state of Vermont, in the interests of the stock holders of the Hawker Medicine Co.—Sun.

Days and Hours.

'Tis not for man to trill; life is brief, and e'en is here. Or cease the falling of a leaf, A dropping tear, We have no time to sport away the hours; All must be earned in a world like ours. Not many lives, but only one have we; One, only one. How sacred should that one life ever be— Day after day filled up with blessed toil! Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil! —Horatius Bonar.

Let Love Deepen the Song.

But season the jest with a kindly deed, And let love deepen the song. In the outer world there are hearts that bleed And hands that labor long.

Low Fares For the Holidays.

The Intercolonial Ry. is extending to its patrons the usual excursion fares from and to all points on its line. Locally, as well as through to Port Arthur, Port Huron, Detroit, Toronto, Montreal, Quebec and intermediate points, the dates of issue being from the 20th December to the 1st January

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Christmas, Christmas day, the day of gladness, Telling of the new born King, In the manger of the stable, Where the shepherds homage bring.

O the great and glorious comfort, Here vouchsafed to father earth, Love beyond our comprehension, In this blessed holy birth.

Angel hosts in exultation Loudly now their praises give, And reveal the wondrous story, God in mercy bids you live, Lives in peace, goodwill and gladness, Brethren all, in Jesus best, Men and angels join in anthem, Looking for the purchased rest.

Now the heavy cloud is scattered, Now the way is clear and bright, Lo the darkness disappearing, 'Till we see the new born light, Jesu, let us to thee repair, By faith and love, father led, And the heart and soul surrender At that lowly manger bed.

Dec. 1895. Were all my Wishes Filled. If all my wishes were fulfilled How happy I would be, My sighs would be ever stilled, And life a blissful sea. The birds would sing the sweetest songs; Life's wreath would be o'er; I'd need to guard no right or wrong, nor wish for anything more.

If all my wishes were fulfilled, Ah! What would I do then? I think, I think I would, I'd wish and wish again; For I would not know how to weep When those I loved were sad; Or how to cease or to keep The many joys I had.

A heart where sympathy is death Seems pitiful to me, A dervish at sea; By faith and love, father led, Were every trouble stilled; I'd live unloved, in loneliness, With all my wishes fled. —William Hopkins Spencer.

Over the River of Drooping Eyes. Over the River of Drooping Eyes, Is the wonderful Land of Dreams, Where lilies grow as white as snow, And the tall reeds quiver all in a row— For it's a beautiful place for girls and boys, And no last ball or broken toys.

Over the River of Drooping Eyes, In the beautiful Land of Dreams, There are horns to blow and drums to beat, Even at its present time canoes are frequently driven out to sea and lost. The natives have the custom of fishing in the day for bonito outside the reef that fringes their islands, and they often venture beyond the reef at night for flying fish. They doubtless brought this custom from their former residence.

A sudden squall from an unexpected quarter would be sufficient in a few hours to carry them out of sight of land, and all of the tales of the sea, of the suffering and death that must have occurred before these little ocean specks received their first inhabitants?

HOW LEECHES ARE CAUGHT. The Strange Creatures that Used to be in Favor with the Surgeons. The leech is a strange, unlovely creature. Fortunately it has gone out of fashion. But thirty or forty years ago, when medical men had a pleasant habit of bleeding every patient who fell into their hands, the little blood-suckers used to be in great demand. Even now the trade in leeches is considerable.

Leech fishing is not a pleasant occupation. It condemns the fisher to foggy mists, foul, muddy waters, and most fetid odors. And, worse than this, the fisher has himself to be the bait. Blood for blood is the motto of these sanguinary beasts, and nothing but a pair of plump, naked legs will tempt them from their stagnant pools.

The leech lives a semi-aquatic existence; it must have plenty of air, and plenty of water, and it likes them foul. They are caught in the spring and early summer. The men turn up their trousers and wade knee deep into the water. The sight of the legs acts like a magnet on the leeches. They make a rush for them, cling on and begin to suck. The men pick them off as fast as they can, putting them into bags which are fastened around their waists.

They do not lose any time, for the little black creatures will swallow five times their own weight in the blood of a victim in no time, and cause, as much to flow away. Toward the end of the season the leeches retire into deep water, and then their pursuers are compelled to wade up to their chests. An alternative to this plan is to take a raft out and dangle arms and legs in the water.

An expert catches many just as they are fastening on, and so saves a certain amount of blood. This is an important item. A good fisher can, if he is careful, go on for four or five hours before he gets exhausted from loss of blood. In that case he will have caught nearly 200 leeches.

It is a funny, almost uncanny, sight to see the unbelieveably looking men wading through marshes and swamps and poking streams, their arms and legs bare, dirty about among the rushes and turning the mossy pebbles over with their toes in the hopes of stirring up some colony of leeches.

Every now and then they stop and you see them raise one black, bespoken leg and pick away until the furious sucking on the other causes them to bring that up hastily for inspection, while the former takes its place as bait.—Pearson's Weekly.

Some Clever Horses. It is said that many horses learn the difference in colors. Horses show such wonderful intelligence in many ways that it seems quite probable that they do know color. Street-cars often run up such high grades that extra horses are kept at the foot of these hills to help pull the cars up. It has been discovered that these helpers, when on routes where more than one line of cars run, learn to discover the colors of the cars. The helpers for the green cars do not attempt to leave their stand when

the car coming is red or yellow, and the helpers for the yellow or red cars make no attempt to leave their place except as the cars of their own lines appear. The horses have been watched for some time and tested in many ways and prove conclusively that they know color, and that they attend to their business.

That horses should know color seems no more wonderful than that they should learn to know a voice or a footprint. I knew a gray horse who had been pelted by two members of a family. One always gave him sugar whenever he went to the barn and the other always gave an extra handful of oats. The experiment was tried many times, and it was proved every time that, without seeing either of his friends, he knew, when he heard their voices, or even their steps, which he was going to get, and prepared for it. Not only did he know what he was going to get, but he greeted each one with a different neigh.

PRESERVED IN AMBER. Simple Embalming in which the Flight of Time is Not Marked. In many museums may be seen in the most perfect state of preservation in amber fossilized remains of plants and animals. The science of Eozypus in its highest development did not succeed in discovering a method of embalming so perfect as the simple process taking place in nature. A tree exudes a gummy, resinous matter in a liquid state. An insect accidentally lights in it and is caught. The exudation continues and envelops it completely, preserving the most minute details of its structure. In the course of time the resin becomes a fossil and is known as amber. The history of fossil insects is largely indebted to the fly in amber? And to the preserving properties of amber we owe, likewise, our knowledge of some of the more minute details of ancient plant structure.

The coasts of the Baltic are, and have been from the days of the Paeonian traders, the great source of the amber of commerce. It occurs in rolled fragments, in strata known to geologists as oligocene. These are tertiary rocks of a date little more recent than those of the London basin and equivalent to the younger tertiary series of the Isle of Wight. The fragments of fossil resin were washed down by the rivers from the pine forests of the district along with sediments and vegetable debris. In them are found, most perfectly preserved remains of the period, as well as of insect life. Fragments of twigs, leaves, buds, and flowers, with sepals, petals, stamens, and pistils, still in place, occur. Fossil grains have likewise been found. A recent genus, Genizia, has been recognized by its characteristic stamens; the valves of the anthers of cinnamomum are seen in others. In one specimen the pendant catkin of a species of oak is seen as distinctly through the clear amber as if it were a fresh flower. And besides the insect and plant remains thus sealed up in amber, stray relics of higher fauna of the forest have also been met with.

Fragments of hair and feathers have been caught in the sticky resin and preserved. Among others a woodpecker and squirrel have been recognized in the Baltic amber.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Bleeding in Proportion. A. M. Cleland of Dayton, O., tells a good story of a gambler from that city who has made a large fortune out of a saloon and bar room. Last winter he was in Florida with some friends, and visited a church where a few colored people were engaged in worship. The roof leaked, and the pastor prayed most fervently that the Lord would provide a way to repair the roof. Then a collection was started, the pastor saying that special blessings would be asked for all contributions. One good brother put in a dime.

"A dime from Brudder Jones. De Lo'd bress Brudder Jones." Then a quarter was received. "Brudder Johnson a quatab. De Lo'd bress Brudder Johnson." The collection reached the gambler, who had made a big winning the night before, and, flashing his roll, put a \$30 bill in the hat.

The almost breathless collector said: "Wha's de name, sah?" "N-ver mind the name. I'm a gambler from Ohio." The pastor rolled his eyes up, and, raising his hands, said in a voice choking with emotion: "Twenty dollars—gambler from Ohio. May de good Lo'd bress and prospah de noble gambler from Ohio." The gambler says he has prospered ever since.

Mark Twain's Luck. Mark Twain's lecture tour in the antipodes is proving highly successful, but, according to the Australian papers, he had a series of setbacks at the start, which probably have afforded him some quiet chuckles since. His agents had engaged all at Honolulu in which he was to lecture while the steamer he was travelling to Australia on was in port. Eight hundred seats were sold. But when Mark Twain arrived he found he could not land at Honolulu on account of the cholera. As soon as he arrived in Australia he was laid up with a carbuncle, which kept him in his hotel for a week. When he got well, and everything seemed smooth ahead, his manager was put in quarantine at Adelaide, and kept their fourteen days. Because the steamer on which he arrived had smallpox aboard. But Mark went ahead without his manager, and let him catch up after he got out of quarantine.

She Got the Answer. Miss Antique (school teacher)—What does w-h-i-t-e spell? Class—No answer. Miss Antique—What is the color of my skin? Class (in chorus)—Yellow!

China has a war god to whom they have turned in times of time immemorial, and who has over 3,000 names.

Social and Personal.

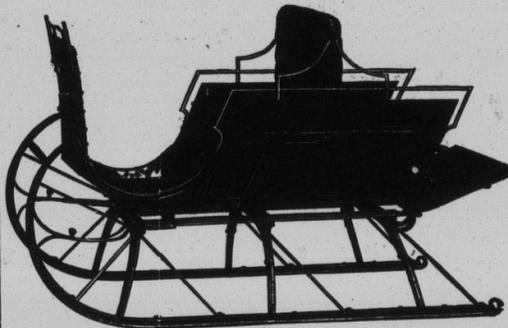
Granby Rubbers

Are out again this season in new styles and in all the new Shoe shapes, right up to date, but with all the same old "wear like iron" quality that has always characterized them because they are honestly made of pure Rubber. Be sure you get Granbys this year.

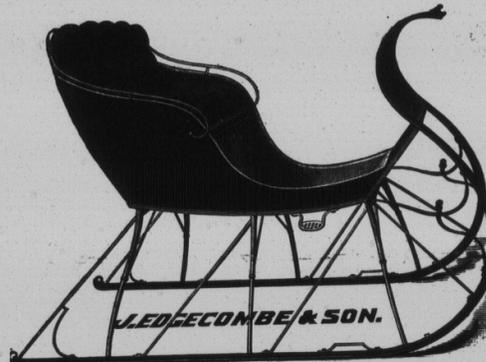
Merry Sleigh Bells

Winter has come with a rush this time.

HAVE YOU GOT A NICE SLEIGH?



If not, just look at this Family Gladstone. neatest and handsomest turnout made.



And then on this Single Sleigh. Just the thing for Comfort, and for Fast Driving. Strong and Durable.

For prices and all information apply to

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton, N. B.

Priestley's "Eudora" Cloth

"Eudora" is the name of the new black dress fabric put upon the market by the Priestley's, whose famous dress goods are a household word all over the world. It is like their much esteemed Henrietta cloth; indeed, it has all their merits, and a few things which they lack. It is made in black only, it is a perfect dust shedder; has extra weight and width; and, fitting easily and draping gracefully it gives a distinction to the wearer which all of Priestley's goods confer. This is their excellence, which sets them apart from all other goods. "Eudora" is wrapped on "The Vanished Board," and Priestley's name is stamped on every five yards so that ladies cannot be deceived.



It is hardly necessary to apologize for the small amount of social news offered to PROGRESS readers this week; there have been no parties whatever for several days; the holidays have been unusually dull, everybody spending their quiet time at home or with out of town friends. The boys at the Y.M.C.A. school had the only gay evening of the week and both they and their visitors had a very happy time. The Christmas tree and concert is an annual affair at the school, Lady Tilley and the governors help the boys spend the evening in a way that is not soon forgotten by them. Although about two hundred invitations had been issued this year not more than one hundred found it convenient to be present. Lady Tilley, Mrs. R. C. Steady, Miss Far long and a number of other ladies went out in the afternoon and when the visitors arrived everything was in readiness for a pleasant evening. The large Christmas tree in a room on the second floor was of course the centre of attraction to the boys of whom there were made happy by the gifts they got from them. After the distribution of the gifts the visitors were entertained by the boys who acquitted themselves in an excellent manner. Miss Pansy Travers who has a beautiful voice, sang "There's only one girl in this world for me" and an Irish ballad both in a very pleasing manner; her sister Miss Travers played her accompaniments. The following program was rendered in an excellent way; The Little Speaker, Herbert Melick; The Ten Year Old Soldier, Joseph Crawford; Not That Kind of a Boy, Edgar Taylor; dialogue by Miss Marie Furlong, What We May Do, Fred Treadwell; dialogue, The Christmas story, all the boys; Get ready for a Man's Work, Robt. Conacher; dialogue, True and False Friends; What God Likes in Us, Herbert Melick; music, With Glory Lit the Midnight Air.

The following ladies and gentlemen were among those present John E. Irvine, Harry Irvine, J. E. B. McCready and Miss McCready, Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley, Herb. C. Tilley, L. F. D. Tilley, Mrs. Cornwall, Mrs. Corvill, J. V. E. In, Mayor Robertson, Mr. R. J. Ritchie, Judge Forbes, Rev. Dr. Carey, Dr. Berryman, Rev. G. O. Gatis, Count and Countess De Bary, A. A. Stockton, Dr. Christie, Rev. Mr. Mash, Mrs. C. N. Skinner, Miss Skinner, Miss Marie Furlong, Mrs. G. R. Furlong, Mrs. E. R. Murray, Miss Travers, Miss Pansy Travers, Mrs. Melick, Mr. Arthur Melick and Miss Melick, Mrs. Wm. A. McKinley, Mr. A. E. McKinley, Mrs. McKim, Mrs. G. R. Pugsley, Mr. Harry R. Dunn, Mr. R. C. Skinner Jr., Mr. Art. Irvine and others.

Mrs. G. E. Pugsley entertained a family party at dinner on Christmas day; covers were laid for thirty and the table was very attractively decorated with white and chrysanthemum and ferns, the same flowers being tastefully arranged around the dining room. The dinner was quite a triumph of culinary art and was served in an excellent manner. A number of the older guests spent the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Pugsley.

The Misses Leck, Westworth street, are home from the convent of the Sacred Heart, Mount Pleasant, for the Christmas holidays.

Miss Marie Furlong is home from the convent for the holidays, and Mr. Gerard Furlong also arrived from Montreal the first of the week to spend the Christmas vacation at home.

Miss Alice Leck of Torbrook N.B., spent part of last week with city friends.

Mrs. Byers of Springfield N.S. and little Miss Susan Byers were in the city this week visiting Mr. John Byers of Westworth street who leaves Monday for Montreal to enter an hospital in that city for medical treatment; his daughter Mrs. Leck will accompany him and remain with him for a few days.

The friends of Dr. D. E. Szymanski will be sorry to hear that he is very seriously ill at his home in Calais.

Mr. A. H. McKeedy who has been connected with the Sun for three years will go to Sackville shortly to engage in newspaper work.

Mr. R. E. Armstrong of St. Andrews spent Sunday in the city, returning to his home on Thursday.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Mr. Harry H. Hopper, son of the late Dr. Hopper of this city, to Miss Alice Hobbs, daughter of Mr. George Hobbs of Upton. The ceremony will take place at the residence of the bride's parents on the afternoon of December 31st.

Mrs. E. Tippen of this city spent Sunday in Winnipeg, and next day continued her journey eastward.

Miss Dearness of Bridgetown who has been spending some time in this city has returned to her home at Bridgetown.

Miss McCallum and Miss Greany returned last week from Mt. St. Vincent Convent to spend their vacation at their homes.

Rev. E. Savage of Fredericton was visiting relatives in the city last week.

Miss Annie McCay of Fredericton is spending the holidays with Miss Josie Ritchie, St. James street.

Mrs. G. Farley who has been spending six weeks with friends in Fredericton returned home last week.

Miss Marion Clench left this week on a visit to friends in Boston.

The marriage will take place on New Year's morning, of Mrs. Steeves, widow of the late Peolia R. Steeves of Moncton, to Mr. Gross of Hillsboro.

The annual closing of the Morley Ladies College was held on Friday evening of last week. This was more of a social nature than such entertainments usually are, the guests being admitted only by tickets which were sent out as invitations by the principals. A pleasing programme was well rendered, and perhaps the one number most worthy of mention was the double piano solo, by Miss B. Kerr and Miss Lovie. At the close of the evening Rev. Dr. Bruce arose and requesting the attention of those present, on behalf of the pupils presented Miss Hayden with a handsome card receiver and Miss Morley with a silver, satin lined jewel box. Some of the invited guests were:

The Ven. Archdeacon Brigstocke, D. D., Mrs. Brigstocke, Rev. Father Davenport, Rev. G. Bruce D. D., Rev. D. Macrae, D. D., Rev. B. Mathers, Rev. W. Estoung, Sir Leonard Tilley, K. C. B., Lady Tilley, H. Tilley, Esq., Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Manchester, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Pugsley, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Morton Smith, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Fisher, Mr. S. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Hilyard, Mr. and Mrs. Smonds, Mr. and Mrs. DeForest, Mr. and Mrs. W. Rivers, Mr. and Mrs. I. Isaac, Mr. and Mrs. A. Isaac, Mr. and Mrs. Green, Mr. and Mrs. Hart, Mr. and Mrs. G. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. C. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. McCallum, Mr. and Mrs. Harding, Capt. and Mrs. Oie, Mrs. Lecker, Mrs. Fender, Mrs. Booth, Mrs. G. M. Ryan, Mrs. F. Hamilton, Mrs. Medley, Mrs. Holman, Mrs. Phasant, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bell, Dr. G. A. Hatherington, Dr. G. A. B. Addy, Mr. E. H. Pickett, Mr. I. N. Northrup, Miss Goddard, Miss Longmaid, Miss Young, Mrs. D. J. Bealy, Mr. and Mrs. Drury, Mrs. Wills, Mrs. T. Bell, Mrs. B. N. Knowlton, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Denham, Mrs. McAlpine, Mrs. J. Boston, Dr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Coughlan, Mrs. Kolitz, Mrs. G. Truman, Major and Mrs. Markham, Mrs. Bowman, Miss Windsor, Miss Forest and Bent.

THE CELEBRATED

The Original

Welcome Soap.

Try It.

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

Gem Raisin Seeder

The Only Perfect Raisin Seeder on the Market.

No Trouble whatever to Seed a Pound of Raisins in Ten Minutes by using the Gem.

An abundant variety of articles suitable for Xmas Gifts.

SHERATON & WHITTAKER.

38 King Street.

Open every night until after Christmas.

WATSON'S DEFIES COMPETITION. DUNDEE WHISKY. DAINTIEST BLEND IN THE WORLD.

One Pound Will Make 200 Cups.



Ram Lal's Pure Indian Tea

but so carefully is it manufactured and so rich in its character that one pound brewed according to the directions on the package will make enough liquor to fill two hundred tea cups.

Ram Lal's Tea is Economical. In half pound and pound lead packets. Gold Label, 50c. Lavender Label, 60c. Green Label 75c. DEARBORN & CO., Wholesale Agents, St. John, N. B.

The Most Popular Magician Ever in Canada!

MARKOS



Modern Miracles.

The Inimitable Wizard in his Startling and Incomprehensible Mysteries, assisted by

Miss Nettie Sinclair

The Young and Beautiful Mind Reader, who will introduce a series of most remarkable manifestations.

Magic, Mind Reading, Prestidigitation, Musical Melange, Merry Marionettes, Anti-Spiritualism, The Markos Trunk Mystery.

St. John Opera House,

Dec. 25 to Jan. 1, inclusive. Evenings at 8. Wednesday and Saturday Matinees at 2.30. Prices: 15, 25, 35 cents. Secure Reserved Seats in advance.

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hat is the color of my

Yellow!

rod to whom they have time immemorial, and names

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS AND PERSONAL

HALIFAX NOTES.

The week before Christmas, although one of the busiest of the year, is by no means the gayest, and there have been but few social happenings during the past ten days, owing, probably to the fact that people have been too busy preparing their Christmas purchases to give evening or dinner parties.

On Monday of last week Mrs. Montgomery-Moore held a sale at Bellevue house, in aid of the church of England bazaar, at which all the articles remaining from the recent sale were disposed of.

The military concert given at Argyle hall on Tuesday evening was the one event of the week. Songs were rendered by Colonel Anstruther, R. A., Mr. Everett, R. A., and Sergt. Major Robinson, and their excellence was the song by Miss O'Brien, and the violin solo by Miss G. Tremaine.

Mrs. Racer and Mrs. MacMahan gave a small dance on Friday evening. The guests were nearly all young folks and it was a most successful function in every way, every one enjoying themselves to the utmost.

Mrs. Kent gave a tea on Tuesday in honor of her sister, Miss Tinsley who will be her guest for the winter.

Mrs. F. Jones entertained a large number of children at a party and dinner on Wednesday afternoon. It is unnecessary to say that all enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

On Friday evening the annual closing of the Halifax was held at Orpheus hall. The building was filled to overflowing with friends and relatives of the pupils. The pupils were promoted on the platform and a select programme was admirably carried out.

After the conclusion of the programme came the presentation of the prizes, by Governor Daly, after which speeches were made by Governor Daly, Superintendent McKay, Mr. Leonowens and Superintendent McKay. The singing of the national anthem brought an enjoyable evening to a close.

Very many of the music loving people of Halifax, were at the Conservatory of music on Thursday evening. The Conservatory was a testimonial concert tendered Mr. C. H. Porter, by the faculty of the conservatory, assisted by Miss Irene Payzant.

The programme consisted wholly of compositions by Mr. Porter, and certainly was a treat to all present. Miss Florence Lewis was never heard with greater pleasure than in her song "Gleanings", while Mr. J. J. Racer received even more than usual applause.

The programme was intended as a souvenir, the leaves being enclosed in tulle covers, sealed with wax. After the concert Mr. Porter entertained the members of the college staff to supper at the Halifax Hotel.

A reception was given by Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Street, on Thursday evening of last week in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage. The guests were received by Mr. and Mrs. Street, and during the evening light refreshments were served, followed by an elaborate supper about midnight. Many handsome presents were received principally in silver. Music was furnished by American orchestra.

Mrs. and Mrs. Arthur Roberts spent this week in the city the guests of Capt. and Mrs. Hunter. Mr. A. Fraser who recently made a trip to Belfast, Ireland, returned this week bringing with him a bride. Mrs. Fraser was formerly Miss Hyland.

WINDSOR.

Progress is for sale in Windsor at Knowles book store and by W. J. Dakin.

Dec. 24.—Mrs. Wm. O'Brien spent a day or two in Halifax this week. Miss Alice Wiggins has returned from visiting friends at St. John.

Miss George Morris and Miss Maizie Curry were in Halifax over Sunday. Mr. R. Faulkner of Dalhousie college, Halifax is spending his Christmas holidays in town with his sister Mrs. Carver.

Mrs. C. de Wolfe Smith and Miss Dorothy Smith were in Halifax a day last week. Miss Kathleen Black is home from Mt. Allison ladies college Sackville, N. B., for the holidays.

Miss Sadie Locke, who has been visiting her sister Mrs. Clarence H. Dimock, returned to Lockport on Wednesday.

Mr. E. B. Bate of the Commercial Bank of Windsor, Truro is in town for a few days. Miss Nora Shand of Acadia Seminary, Wolfville is spending the Christmas holidays at home.

Mr. D. B. Smith's many friends are glad to see him in town after an absence of ten years. Several of the musical ladies and gentlemen of the town are busily engaged in preparing for a parlor concert to be given in the interests of the chorale society at the residence of Mr. W. H. Rosch, a vocalist, on Thursday evening.

Miss Machin lady principal of the Church school for girls is spending her Christmas holidays in New York.

Mrs. Jameson and Miss Bertie Locke are spending Christmas with their mother in Halifax. Mr. Clarence Morris is home from McGill college Montreal for the holidays.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Withycombe and two children of Weymouth N. S., are spending a week or so with Mrs. Withycombe's mother, Mrs. H. W. Dimock.

Mr. W. Dincock of Acadia college Wolfville is spending the holidays at home. Mr. H. M. Bradford head master of the Collegiate school is spending the Christmas vacation in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Armstrong and little daughter of Truro, are spending Christmas in town, with Mrs. Armstrong's mother, Mrs. H. Dimock. Mr. E. H. Holmes of the I. C. R. (vice Moncton N. B.), was in town on Tuesday.

Miss Annie Campbell of Acadia Villa school Horton made a short visit to Mrs. Aubrey Blanchard on her way home for the Christmas holidays.

Mr. Khader of King's college is spending the few weeks vacation in Truro. Dr. E. B. Black of Truro is home for a few days. Miss Evelyn Kerstead of Wolfville is visiting in town the sister of the Misses Kerstead in town with her sister Mrs. J. J. Anslow.

Mr. David Bolton of New Glasgow arrived home Saturday.

Rigby Cloth. Keeps out the wet, but doesn't keep out the air. Simple, isn't it? Any Cloth may be Rigby proofed without changing its appearance or feeling.

Snow Sleights and Pungs is ready for sale at particularly low prices. Call and see us for all information. Price & Shaw. Sleight Builders, 222 to 228 Main Street, St. John, N. B.

The Harry Webb Co., Ltd. By special appointment Caterers to His Excellency The Governor-General. Christmas Cakes of finest quality, covered with almond icing and handsomely decorated, shipped by express to all parts of the Dominion. Five pounds and upwards 60c per pound. 65, 66 and 47 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Master Fred Beckwith is also home from Horton Landing. Mr. Arch. Healy who is teaching school in Peggwash, arrived at the home of his mother on Saturday, and will remain until after Christmas. Miss Belle Reading, teacher of the school in Upper Grandville, left for her home in Kentville on Friday.

Progress is for sale in Sydney by John McKinnon and J. McKinnon. Dec. 24.—Miss McLaren of Halifax is visiting Mrs. H. B. McLaren. Mrs. Calder of Mira is spending Christmas with her sister, the Misses Brookman. Mrs. E. T. Mosely entertained a few friends on Friday last, among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. F. I. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. McDonald, Mrs. Calder, Miss Rigby, Miss Hearn, Misses McDonald, Dr. McLean.

Progress is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore at the Central Bookstore and by Jones Bookstore. Dec. 23.—The usual number of Moncton people are spending Christmas out of town, but as quite the usual number of absentees have gathered around their family hearthstones here, the average population remains much the same.

Mrs. McGilvray entertained a few friends on Friday, Miss Eliza Stirling, Miss Quinan, Mr. L. X. McDonald and A. Forbes were in town on Saturday. Miss McDonald of Glace Bay was in town on Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Young and family are spending Christmas in Glace Bay. CUNNINGHAM.

Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. Loane & Co. Dec. 23.—The marriage of Miss Georgie Good of Woodstock and Mr. G. Brewer of Brighton Mass., was solemnized in the Methodist church at Jacksonville by Rev. T. L. Williams, assisted by Rev. H. C. Rice on Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The bride looked lovely in a dress of white satin, covered with pearls and diamonds.

Mr. Stanley Neales of Boston is spending the vacation at home. Mr. Edward Jordan of Prince Edward Island, formerly of Upper Grandville is spending the holidays with his parents. Leslie Farn arrived home on Monday last from his trip to Halifax.

Progress is for sale in St. George at the store of T. O'Brien. Dec. 21.—It is with deep regret I write this week of the death of Mr. Robert Hilbard, son of the late Hon. Frank Hilbard after a short illness at the residence of his sister in Mich. Mr. and Mrs. James Emery accompanied the remains home. The funeral took place from the residence of his mother on Tuesday afternoon.

What She Said. Mrs. E. Peck, 25 1/2th street, New York City visited last year, and had the good fortune to pick up something which not only satisfied, but surprised her. "I thought the best of bottles of Nerrelle while in Canada and treated my neighbors to some of it and all think it the best medicine I internal or external I can have ever used."

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What She Said. Mrs. E. Peck, 25 1/2th street, New York City visited last year, and had the good fortune to pick up something which not only satisfied, but surprised her. "I thought the best of bottles of Nerrelle while in Canada and treated my neighbors to some of it and all think it the best medicine I internal or external I can have ever used."

"A Constant Dropping Wears away a Stone." That is the reason why we are constantly reminding you of that delightful article, Buckwheat Flour. (Self-Raising.) IT PAYS. We believe by calling your attention to it often enough we can convince you that to use a little better Flour at a little higher price.

SILVERWARE OF THE HIGHEST GRADE. THE QUESTION "WILL IT WEAR?" NEED NEVER BE ASKED IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE TRADE MARK OF 1847 ROGERS BROS. THESE GOODS HAVE STOOD THE TEST FOR HALF A CENTURY.

STAINED GLASS Memorials Interiors Decorations Castle & Son, 30 University St., Montreal.

UP ALL NIGHT. With that COUGH, if you do not want to repeat the experience, buy a bottle of the OLD STANDARD REMEDY Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum.

Modern Science wins many victories. None more glorious than those over dreadful diseases. CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE has won many, over long triumphant coughs, and other Bronchial and Throat troubles.

LADIES. We greet you. Do your trading where an established reputation warrants continued confidence. Ferguson & Page, Jewellers, Etc., 53 King St.

Allan's Drug Store. (They will see the finest display of CIGAR and CIGARRETTES in the city just received from London.) ARRIVING DAILY: Beautiful Gift Perfumes, Atomizers, Dressing Cases, Typical Mirrors, Etc.

35 King Street. The most prompt pleasant and perfect cure for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, Quinsy, Pain in the Chest and all Throat, Bronchial and Lung Diseases.

3 DAYS SURE. Send your name and address and we will show you how to make your day's work and each day's work count in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the position fully; remember you can have a clear profit on every day's work.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS! Everybody can afford to eat Oysters at the following prices: F. R. L. & Co. per quart. BUCQUOISE at 40 cts per quart. NORTH SHORE at 40 cts per quart.

Sticky Fly Paper, Insect Powder Fly Pads, 5 and 10c. A Package at CROCKETT'S, Cor. Princess and Sydney Streets.

KEEFE, LADIES' TAILOR AND COSTUMER. Having started my business in St. John with the full purpose of giving the ladies of the city and vicinity a full opportunity of securing work, fit and dressy, fully at the New York standard, and finding that in some cases my prices (which were much less than half the price charged in New York), appeared too high for the city, I therefore have determined to still further reduce my prices, to meet the popular demand, and keep up the excellence of my work and exclusive styles, etc. Terms strictly cash.

CONSUMPTION. ASK YOUR DRUGGISTS FOR IT. RAMSDELL'S CURE FOR DANDRUFF. For removing dandruff from the scalp or restoring gray or faded hair to its original color I challenge the world to produce its equal.

and invite you to come in and look over one of the most complete stocks of Holiday Novelties and finest quality Jewelry ever exhibited in this city. Ferguson & Page, Jewellers, Etc., 53 King St.

INS ANE REL. IS FOUND FOR HEARTY FLAUNT K. SOUR ST. IT CURS. FORMS OF INDIGESTION. FRE. MAKE. R. D. C. O.

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A Treasury of Information

SUNLIGHT ALMANAC 1896
GIVEN FREE TO USERS OF SUNLIGHT SOAP

HOW TO OBTAIN A COPY
Commanding November, 1895, and until the books are all given, purchasers of packages of Sunlight Soap, will receive one of these copies of SUNLIGHT ALMANAC FREE.

The book contains complete Calendar matter, Biography, Language of Flowers, Poetical Games and Amusements, Receipts, Dreams and their significance, Fertility, etc.

Buy early
N. D. HOOPER, St. John, N. B., Agent for New Brunswick.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Programme is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Taylor, at the bookstores of R. S. Dagwood, St. B. Wall and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais, and C. F. Treva's.

Dec. 25.—Christmas day and although no snow, yet the "frothy sunshine" makes the day a beautiful one. There was service this morning in both episcopal churches at eleven o'clock and early communion in the Christ church at eight o'clock. The churches are trimmed prettily with evergreen Christmas emblems, and mottoes. The congregation were large, and the singing and sermons excellent, and appropriate to the season. The cry of "Merry Christmas" has been heard all over our town, but in spite of it, I have heard of numerous elegant Christmas gifts, and our stores show almost empty shelves especially the stores where pretty fancy articles are sold. There are a number of dinner parties today and everyone is happy and gay. The poor have all been well looked after, and it truly can be said that today St. Stephen and Calais are enjoying a "Merry Christmas."

Miss Jessie Henry who has been attending the Normal school in Fredericton is home for the holidays.

Mr. Walter Gillman who is a student at the Boston dental college has arrived home.

Miss Mary Stewart has gone to St. Andrews to day with her friend Mrs. Campbell.

The news of the birth of a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Fredrick Hutchinson at their home in Chicago was received here this week. Mrs. Hutchinson was formerly Miss Beattie Sands and has many friends here who will be pleased to hear of her happiness.

Miss Ellen McLeod of Philadelphia is the guest of her cousin Miss Eliza McLeod.

The new curling rink will be opened tonight for skating and much pleasure is anticipated by the young society people who enjoy skating. It has been arranged by the rink directors to allow the ice to be used two nights every week for skating purposes, a decision which is hailed with delight by the skaters on both sides of the river.

Captain and Mrs. T. J. Smith are entertaining a party of friends at dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Marks have a family dinner party today, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter W. Inches are also entertaining their relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Hill have for their guests at dinner Mr. and Mrs. W. B. King, Dr. and Mrs. Swan and Charles E. Hayden.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Smith are spending today in St. John with Mrs. Sands relatives.

Mr. Godfrey Newham of the Davenport school, St. John, is home for the holiday season.

Mr. John Stevens arrived from Edmundston on Friday to spend Christmas with his father, Judge Stevens.

The marriage of Miss Margaret Todd to Mr. Fredric P. MacNicol has been announced to take place on New Years day. The wedding is to be exceedingly quiet owing to the recent death of Hon. Archibald MacNicol, father of the groom.

Miss Annie King has arrived from St. John. Rev. and Mrs. George Mills of Belfast Maine are spending this week with Dr. and Mrs. Vose.

Mrs. Jessie Moore and Miss Rebecca Moore, arrived from Boston on Thursday and are guests of Mrs. Harry Ferguson.

Mr. Verne Whitman principal of the High school, Calais, will spend the holidays at his home in Norway, Maine.

Rev. A. J. Padevor will entertain a house party of young people during the holidays. Besides his sons who will be at home from Colby and Rochester New York, there will be his nieces the Misses Kean of Saginaw, Michigan, and the Misses Pepper and Hillyer of Bangor.

Miss Roberts Marchie who is a pupil at Mount Allison is home for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Beard arrived on Saturday from Belmont, Mass., and will entertain a month visiting Mrs. Beard's parents Captain and Mrs. T. J. Smith.

Mr. George A. Curran has arrived home from a pleasant trip in Portland, Maine.

Rev. J. T. Bryan has recovered from his illness and was able to hold service in Trinity church on Sunday.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1895

AROUND THE WOODPILE.

ONE OF THE FEATURES OF A NEW ENGLAND WINTER.

Well Drawn Tea Picture of Country Life in the Forest Regions—How Essential for the Generous Wood Fire is Procured and Stored for Use.

There is a prosperous and hospitable look in a great woodpile at a farmhouse door. Logs with the moss of a hundred years on them, breathing the odors of the woods, have come to warm the inmates and all in comers. The white smoke of these chimneys is spicy with the smell of seasoned hard wood, and has a savor of roasts and stews that makes one hungry. If you take the back track on a trail of pithy sayings, it is sure to lead you to a squally old fellow with his starved heap of pine roots and half-decayed wood. Thrown down carelessly beside it is a dull axe, wielded as need requires with spiteful awkwardness by a slatternly woman, or laboriously upheaved and let fall with unwholesome stroke by a small boy.

The Yankees who possess happy memories of the great open fires of old time are growing few, but Whittier has embalmed for all time, in Snow-Bound, their comfort and cheer and picturesque quaintness. When the trees of the virgin forest cast their shadows on the newly risen roof there was no forecasting provision for winter. The nearest green tree was cut, and hauled, full length to the door, and with it the nearest dry one was cut to match the span of the wide fireplace; and when these were gone, another raid was made upon the woods; and so from head to mouth the fire was fed. It was not uncommon to draw the huge logs on to the hearth with a horse, and sometimes a yoke of oxen were so employed. Think of a door wide enough for this; half of the side of a house to barricade against the savage Indians and savage cold! It was the next remove from a camp fire. There was further likeness to it in the tales that were told beside it, of hunting and pioneer hardships, of wild beasts and Indian forays, while the eager listeners drew to a closer circle on the hearth, and the awed children cast covert, scared glances at the crouching and leaping shadows that thronged on the walls, and the great samplings of the bubbling and seething in its trammel, and the forgotten Johnny-cake scorched on its tilted board.

As conveniently near to the shed as possible, the pile of sled-length wood is stretching itself slowly, a huge vertebrate, every day or two gaining in length; a joint of various woods with, great trunks at the bottom, then smaller ones, gradually growing less to the topping out of saplings and branches. Here is a sugar-maple, three feet through at the butt, with the scars of many tapplings showing on its rough bark. The oldest of them may have been made by the Indians. Who knows what was their method of tapping? Here is the mark of the gouge with which early settlers drew the blood of the tree; a fashion learned, likely enough, from the aboriginal sugar-makers, whose narrowest stone gouges were as passable tools for this purpose as any they had for another. These more distinct marks show where the sugar of later years made its wounds. The old tree has distilled its sweets for two races and many generations of men, first into the bark buckets of Waubanakis, then into the ruder troughs of Yankee pioneers, then into the more convenient wide-bottomed wooden sap-tub; and at last, when the march of improvement has spoiled the wilderness of the woods with trim-built sugar houses and patent evaporators, the sap drips with resounding metallic tinkle into a tin of shining tin. Now the old maple has come to perform its last office, of warming and cooking the food for a generation that was unborn when it was yet a lusty tree.

Beside it lies a great wild cherry-tree that somehow escaped the cabinet maker when there was one in every town and cherry wood was in fashion. Its fruits mollified the harshness of the New England rum of many an old-time raising and hunking. Next is a yellow birch with a shaggy mane of rustling bark along its whole length, like a twelve-foot piece of the sea serpent drifted ashore and hauled inland; then a white birch, no longer white, but gray with a coating of moss, and black with belts of old peelings, made for the patching canoes and roofing of shanties.

With these lies a black birch, whose once smooth bark has scaled and furrowed, and robbed of all its tenderness and most of its pungent, aromatic flavor. Some of it yet lingers in the younger top-most twigs which the hired man brings home to the little folks, who fall to gnawing them like a colony of beavers. By it is an elm, whose hollow trunk was the home of raccoons when it stood on its buttressed stump in the swamp. Near by is a beech, its smooth bark wrinkled where branches bent away from it, and blotched with spots of white and patches of black and gray lichen. It is marked with innumerable fine scratches,

the track of the generations of squirrels that have made it their highway; and among these, the wider apart and parallel nail-marks of a raccoon, and also the drilling of woodpeckers. Here, too, are traces of man's visitation, for distorted with the growth of years are initials, and a heart and dart that symbolized the tender passion of some one of the past who wandered, love-sick, in the shadow of the wood. How long ago did death's inevitable dart pierce his heart? Here he wrote a little of his life's history, and now his name and that of his mistress are so completely forgotten one cannot guess them by their first letters inscribed in the yesterday of the forest's years.

Above these logs, rolled up on skids or sled stakes, are smaller yet goodly bodies of white ash, full of oars for the water and rails for the land; and of black ash, as full of barrel hoops and basket splints, the ridged and hoary bark abagged with patches of dark moss; and a pine too knotty for sawing, with old turpentine boxes gashing its lower part, the dry resin in them half overgrown, but odorous still; and oaks that have borne their last acorns; and a shredded hickory that will never furnish another nut for boy or squirrel, but now, and only this once, flail handles, swings, and ox bows, and helves for axes to hew down its brethren, and wood to warm its destroyers, and smoke and fry ham for them; and a basswood that will give the wild bees no more blossoms in July, hollow-hearted and unfit for sleigh or toboggan, wood straight ritted and so white that a chip of it will hardly show on the snow, but as unprofitable food for fires as the poplars beside it, which, in the yellow-green of youth or the furrowed gray of age, have shivered their last.

Still higher in the woodpile are white birches, yet in the smooth skin of their prime, that is fit to be fashioned into drinking-cups and berry-baskets, or to furnish a page for my lady's album. Here are hardwoods, some with grain winding like the grooves of a rifle. This is the timber the Indians made bows of, and which now serves the same purpose for the young savages whom we have always with us. There are sinewy blue beeches, slowly grown up from ox-goads and the "beech seals" of Ethan Allen's Green Mountain Boys, to the girl of a man's thigh, a size at which they mostly stop growing. A smaller trunk, like yet unlike them, sets folks to guessing what kind of wood it is. He will hit the mark who fires at random the names "shadblow," berry," or "am-lanchier." If the axe had been merciful, in early May its branches would have been as white with blossoms as if the last April snow still clung to them. Tossed and a-top of all is a jumbled thatch of small stuff,—saplings, improprietly cut, short-lived striped maple, and dogwood, the slender topmost lengths of great trees once the perches of hawks and crows, and such large branches as were not too crooked to lie still on the sled.

The snow-flies, harbingers and attendants of thaws, are making the snow in the woods gray with their restless myriads, when the sled makes its last trip across the slushy fields that are fast turning from white to dun under the March winds and shower and sunshine.

The completed woodpile basks in the growing warmth, as responsive to the touch of spring as if every trunk yet upheld its branches in the forest. The buds swell on every chance-spared twig, and sap starts from the severed ducts. From the pine drip slowly lengthening stalactites of amber, from the hickory thick beads of honeydew, and from the maples a flow of sweet that calls the bees from their hives across the melting drifts. Their busy hum makes an island of summer sound in the midst of the silent ebbing tide of winter.

As the days grow warmer, the woodpile invites idlers as well as busy bees and woodcutters. The big logs are comfortable seats to lounge on while whittling a pine chip, and breathing the mingled odors of the many woods freshly cut and the indescribable woody smell brought home in the bark and moss, and listening to the hum of the bees and harrier music of the saws and axes, the sharp, quick swish of the whip-saw the longer drawn and deeper ring of the cross-cut, and the regular beat of the axe, —fiddle, bass-viol, and drum, each with its own tune, but all somehow in tune.

If the man comes who made the round of the barns in the fall and early winter, with his threshing-machine, having exchanged it for a sawing machine, he makes short work of our woodpile. A day or two of stumbling cluster of the horses in their treadmill, and the buzzing and screeching of the whirling saw, gnaws it into a heap of blocks.

Our lounging-places and the children's wooden playground have gone, and all the picturesqueness and woodiness have disappeared as completely as when splitting has made only frewood of the pile. It will give warmth and comfort from the stove, but in that black sepulchre all its beauty is swallowed out of sight forever. If it can go to a generous disposal, it is beautified again in the glowing and fading umbrae that paint, summer and winter, the white of the leaping flames, the old song of the wind in the branches.—Rowland E. Robinson, in Atlantic Monthly.

CRANKS AS INVENTORS.

QUEER IDEAS REVEALED IN THE U. S. PATENT OFFICE.

Inventions in the Art of War Are Likely to Come to the Front Now—An Ohio Man's Contraption—Odd Notions that Have Proved Valuable.

Every event of importance brings down upon the examiners at the Patent Office's myriad of impossible inventions which their wild-eyed originators believe to be the greatest things in the world, writes a Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Sun. It is therefore expected at the Patent Office that the possibility of a war with England will cause all the idle dreamers in the inventing line to send new devices for killing men and sinking ships. There will be, if the war talk is continued, guns, ammunition war balloons, unsinkable ships, new kinds of armor, armed flying machines, and other similar devices, ninety-five per cent. of which will be absolutely worthless in the eyes of the examiners and will be rejected on the ground. In the United States such discrimination is shown that the business of inventing has reached the dignity of a profession, in which many men are earning more than mere livelihood.

Upon the model makers devote the worry and bother of the visits of these inventors, and upon the examiners of the Patent Office the responsibility of selection in certain classes of inventions, for a patent to be granted a working model must be furnished, and this rule, in the case of the perpetual-motion fiasco and his ilk, saves the examiner a great deal of work and needless bother. In the case of ordinary freak inventions the matter is not so simple. For some inventions that were once thought to be senseless have, after the expiration of the patents, come into use and are of extreme value. There are other cases where the insanity of the idea of the inventor is too apparent. A man not long ago invented a plough with a cannon attachment. If the farmer was attacked in the field at a distance from his home he could turn on the battery and disorganize the attacking party. Another man came to the Patent Office with what he considered to be the discovery of the century. This was nothing less than a new method of tempering iron. He was quite sure that as soon as the patent was granted he would have no difficulty in disposing of it to the great iron and steel makers of the world, and that guns and armor of a superior quality could be furnished in a short space of time through his idea. The tempering solution he proposed was Jamestown weed, one ounce; apples, one ounce; turpentine, two ounces; water, one gallon. The ingredients were to be cooked, and the iron dipped into the mixture.

Perhaps one of the most amusing patents ever granted was issued on the claim of an Ohio man in 1883. He evidently had not lived a great length of time on a farm, for his invention of a new corn planter, while original to an extreme degree, could hardly be put into use. The picture accompanying the patent is a work of art. It represents an old horse driven by a stout man who holds the lines nonchalantly in one hand, an expression of much pleasure on his face, while at his side trudges a small hairy dog of the yellow variety. To the horse's forelegs, just above the fetlocks, are attached two small boxes to contain the feed. Ropes are fastened to catches in the sides of these boxes and lead through pulleys attached to a small saddle over the horse's shoulder and back to the horse's hind legs. As the horse moved forward each step of the hind leg opened the seed boxes, and corn was sifted down into the holes made by the front hoofs. The verbiage of the claim on this patent is as original as is the drawing:

1. I claim the combination substantially set forth with the cheap old horse A, to the forelegs of which are attached the boxes BB that are to be filled with corn.

2. I claim the pulleys CC in combination with the strings DD substantially as shown in the drawing.

3. I claim the guide E is small iron shaft shaped like a rowlock, fastened above the horse's tail, through which the lines pass for the purpose set forth, and the stoker H to prevent the lowering of the tail.

4. I claim the fat driver F to prevent the said cheap horse from going too fast.

5. I claim the fat dog G merely as company for the driver.

6. I claim the worms (not shown) in combination with the crows KK substantially as shown in the drawing for the purpose set forth [a purpose not set forth].

A man who was afraid of being buried alive claimed a patent for a coffin of peculiar shape. The coffin was connected with the air above by an opening containing a small spiral staircase. If the supposed dead person concluded to resurrect himself he could seize handles above his head and haul himself up, ascending the circular staircase at his convenience. If he was not strong enough to lift himself, a bell cord was situated near his hand by means of which help could be summoned from the neighboring office of the cemetery.

At first glance the idea of attracting noxious insects to imitation flowers where they could be killed by poisoned honey might seem absurd. Yet it is said that this

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Manchester Robertson & Allison, St.

scheme, a patent for which has been issued, works very well. A man out in California patented a scheme for killing destructive insects on fruit trees a number of years ago. He surrounded the tree with a balloon-like affair, and then injected a gas noxious to the insects but harmless to the tree. People laughed at him and he was considered a crank. Two years ago, when the patent expired, people began to see what a good idea it was, and now the method is in extensive use in California. It will be seen, therefore, that patent examiners are obliged to be both careful and discriminating in judging the merits and demerits of an application.

A man not long ago invented a balloon attached to a trolley wire. This balloon was presumably for purposes of long-distance investigations by telescope in time of war. Underneath the trolley wire was a motor which operated two large wooden propellers sending the car along and pulling the balloon. Another man invented a "steam nigger" operated by an electric motor in the regions of the pit of the stomach. The invention's use is not set forth. S. S. Applegate invented an arrangement for waking himself up early in the morning. A series of corks dangled above the place his head ought to be in the bed, and, actuated by clockwork, made life a burden for the weary sleeper until in self-defence he was obliged to get up. Another invention of the same kind was a contrivance for dumping the hired girl out of bed at 5 a. m. This, too, was actuated by clockwork. It was not considered to be so polite or gentle a method as that of Mr. Applegate's. There was another invention intended to save the weary Benedict a few hours of slumber in the morning for a mechanism placed under the kitchen fire was supposed to light it at any hour desired. There is a very funny model at the Patent Office of a cat made of sheet iron operated by clockwork. It is intended to be placed on the roof of a house, woodshed, or back wall in neighborhoods where the night is made hideous by nervous Thomases and Marias. At any touch of warlike demonstration on the part of its curious neighbors the clockwork sets the claws going all at once at a tremendous rate and there is a temporary rest for the weary. At the Patent Office there are models of Mark Twain's scrap book, the pages of which are already mutilated, and Lincoln's device for getting vessels off shoal places. This consists of bags of inflatable rubber which as occasion requires are blown up and the vessels raised.

There are innumerable inventions to prevent accidents by collision on railroads. One of these patented recently consists of a very elaborate device by means of which one train runs over the top of the other, both presumably continuing on their way uninterrupted by the chance encounter. There is another English invention having much the same idea. The application is different, however, for the front of the engines are built wedge-shaped with the wedge inclining more to one side than the other, by which means at the impact one train goes to one side of the track and the other train to the other side. Both trains are derailed, but the force of the collision is reduced and the loss of life brought to a minimum. Besides these inventions, there are modes of changing the shape of the features, modes of operating every conceivable thing on earth by windmills, modes of soaring through space, and travelling through fire and water without the least discomfort, modes of making steel and iron by simpler processes than have ever been dreamed of which uniformly do not work, and hundreds and even thousands of plans which have resulted in nothing but bother to anybody who has had anything to do with them. Certain methods have been patented for locating gold and silver by means of divining rods. Even methods of making gold are found. Here is an English recipe for manufacturing gold:

"Cut whole wheat straws into little square snips the width of a straw and mix"

this with a quart measure of the grains. Measure out half a two-quart saucepan and set it aside. Fill the saucepan three-quarters full of water and set it to boil over the fire. Pour in the mixture and let it boil two and a quarter hours, adding water at intervals. Then strain of the liquor in thin layers in soup plates, and allow the same to rest thirty-eight hours at a temperature of 46° Fahrenheit. Then slowly bake them dry and find the gold adhering to the plates."

But of all the vast army of cranks who besiege the model makers and the examiners of the Patent Office, the perpetual motion fiend is the most troublesome of all. It is he who goes into the model maker's shop with a wild look in his eye, and, after peering cautiously about and swearing the model man to secrecy, brings out his senseless contrivance and sets it triumphantly on the work bench. He is the man above all men whom the model maker dreads most. Fortunately a recent order in regard to perpetual motion inventions requires a working model to be shown to examiner before a patent can be issued in this class of inventions, and it greatly simplifies the task of the examiner. He listens to the enthusiasm of his visitor, and then quietly asks for the model. Of course this does not work, and when the inventor excuses the lack of continuous action on some ground, he is told to bring it in again when it is fixed. He leaves the room protesting that it is all right. Sometimes he returns and sometimes he doesn't. When he doesn't the examiner is pleased: when he does the same proceeding is gone through with again.

Many inventors have come near—very near—the solution of the problem, but have not quite reached it. There was one crank who walked here all the way from Georgia. His perpetual motion machine consisted of a tall framework of uprights. In this framework was swung back and forth the trunk of a large tree. When the butt end of the tree was swung from one side to the other it struck a spring which was set loose and pushed the tree back to the other side. There another spring was set loose, and the action was supposed to be kept up forever, but it wasn't. Another man had a scheme which was more expensive and elaborate. He had a steam engine, a dynamo, a heat generator and water. The office of the steam engine was to run the dynamo, that of the dynamo to operate the heater; the steam was to be generated from the water, and the steam would run the steam engine. Another man had a propeller in the bow of a vessel. The propeller shaft extended aft to a point opposite the paddle wheels, where the power developed by the propeller was communicated to them. He said that the forward motion of the vessel turning the propeller would develop enough speed to turn ten paddle wheels of similar size. Another man had a tipping board on a pivot, upon which a little car ran up and down. When the little car reached one end it released a spring and the tipping board was pushed up so that the car was back again. This was accomplished, or proposed to be accomplished, by one spring winding another up while it ran down itself. One of the most ingenious perhaps of these perhaps, of these perpetual affairs is the invention of G. H. Furman. It consisted of an inner and outer wheel. The edges of the cog in the inner wheel and they were supposed to fall on the outer wheel with such force as to send it around until the shot caught in its curve and fell into the inner wheel.

Dance Alphabet.

A dance alphabet has recently been invented by a Russian professor, who has devoted fifty-two years of his life to teaching dancing in the Russian Imperial College. His invention consists of minute figures which represent every conceivable position the human legs can assume.

Frank Posttre.

"I wonder if he really loves me?" she asked. Again she read his letter: "It must be so. I can make no sense of it."

WATERPROOF GLOVES, Latest English Shapes.

HANGING TO A

Instructions for Women to Stand in a Str

Always face the sides of the front or rear. When lean slightly in direction going. When the car is lean toward the rear. Pls far apart as you comfortably a car turns a corner incline ward inside curve of the r possible grasp the strap on car over this inside curve, the strain to a minimum. of this particular rule is th frantic clutches and involur affection which the stander stow upon those seated.

The philosophy of such lows: You lean toward the starting car, so the does not acquire th simultaneously with speak, not be left b car restores the b posture. You l the car stops t momentum ac car was in t you lean t act the throw mair wa. left b. purpos railless even if th. then safe. I should adv is better adap

II.

A couple of yo. their way along i through the rain an dressed man going looked back ratherly them. "Well, what's that snapped out one of the stranger to hear then "Pardon me," he plei his hat; "I had no intent but I was just wondering girl it was that came dow day with a hole in her now. Thanks, Good Francisco Post.

No Rever.ible Ar

"If you would like see fine," said the art dealer. Turner I shall be h "A picture that's pair good enough for me, Boudelle, the wealthy c ing the presuming trad glance, 'et it's well do

Econom.

is a great Revenue.

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SOME NOBLE DIAMONDS.

ONES WHICH HAVE BEEN VALUED AT MILLIONS EACH.

Strange Histories of Some of the Famous Stones—How They Have Been Saved in Times of Danger—The Largest Diamond in the United States.

Most of the great diamonds of the world have about them an atmosphere of romantic tradition, writes F. G. Knug. Objects of such rarity and value have attracted the avarice and ambition of Eastern rulers through centuries, and it has been truly said that almost every one of the great diamonds now the pride of royal treasuries, or of rare collections in Europe, has a history full of strife, contest, rivalry, and war. It is only their enormous money value, and the pride of possession which have made them objects of the most violent contention, but also the superstitious investing them with all manner of fancied powers, which they are wont to confer on their possessor.

celebrated traveller, Tavernier, East in 1670 and there saw many most remarkable to the famous Aurang-throne of the Mogul the subsequent history obscure. In 1739 the Nadir Shah, overran carried back with him ter estimated at seven dollars, among which these jewels. After his as were dispersed, and it ble to trace them. The s of Europe are in many his scattered plunder of

diamond ever known until one described by Tavernier the Great Mogul. Its as 787 1/2 carats, but by t of a Venetian lapidary Jehan, from whom his herited it, the stone had tting to 280 cars, a ds. For this bi-lary was fined his arly lost his head. it to have been tina River, in to have been one of the shahbarata. eared; Nadir u, the rest

glish base izs and ul. Each termined by plane. The 3/4 carats. It ace below, and of a pigeon's egg. a been brought to, and was sube-Armenian merchant the Empress Catherine e price was 450,000 and a title of nobility. oh-i-noor has the most iputed history of any diamonds. It belonged ceased Dhuleep Sing, ore, and was the greatest gdom. When England the Punjab, in 1848, the bild and was partly per-compelled to accept a Queen and transfer to r. Shortly before his visited England to re-that, he said, had been t was exhibited as one ms at the first World's Palace, at London, in the second largest dia-pe—186 carats—but, being egular, was recut as a brilliant, d to 102 1/2 carats, with a loss ts and but little gain in beauty. ame Koh-i-noor, or "mountain of

was first used by Nadir Shah, on ng the Great Mogul diamond. Another di-mond of the same name, the Persian Koh-i-noor, is one of the great diamonds belonging to the Shah of Persia, who wears them on his left hand and right foot. These are irregularly cut, like all Indian gems, but their history and details are not known. Several other large diamonds were seen and described by Tavernier in the course of his Indian travels, but they are not definitely identified now.

The Regent, or Pitt, diamond, weighing 136 1/2 carats, was long the pride of the Crown jewels of France, and until within the past decade the finest large diamond known. It was bought by the Duke of Orleans, then Regent of France, of Pitt, Governor of Fort St. George. Its original weight was 410 carats. According to a pamphlet which Pitt published, to clear himself from the report of having stolen the stone. He purchased it in Golconda of a Hindoo merchant. Pope's famous lines: "Asleep and waked as the Indian lay, An honest factor stole the gem away."

allude to this story. This diamond was stolen from the Garde Meuble in 1792, but was restored in a mysterious manner. Its cutting, which occupied two years, cost \$17,500. Napoleon wore it in the pomel of his sword. It is now in the Galerie d'Apollon in the Louvre, with the two Maxirin diamonds not sold at the French crown jewel sale. One extraordinary diamond has been yielded by the Borneo mines; this is the Matiam, of 317 carats. It was found in 1760, and belongs to the Rajah of Mattam Borneo. The Dutch Governor of Batavia offered for it two men-of-war fully equipped and £50,000 (\$250,000); but the Rajah replied that the fortunes of his family depended upon its retention. Among other notable or historic diamonds may be mentioned the following: The Shah, 86 carats, of peculiar oblong form and great purity. It is one of the Russian crown jewels, having been presented by the Shah of Persia to the Czar Alexander I. The Nassuck, 78 1/2 carats, is a triangular stone with triangular facets. It was among the spoils taken by the Marquis of Hastings in the conquest of the East India Company, and has passed by sale through various hands to its present owner, the Duke of Westminster, who paid £7,200 (\$36,000) for it at auction. A diamond of 76 1/2 carats, belonging to a Dresden of London, is a Brazilian stone, cut in drop shape, and of great purity and fire.

The Sancy is a notable historic stone of 53 1/2 carats. It first belonged to the Duke of Burgundy, and was bought by the King of Portugal in 1479, and later from him by the Baron de Sancy, who sent it as a present to his sovereign, Henry III. The servant who bore it was attacked by robbers, and swallowed the diamond, which was found in his body after his death. Its next possessor was James II. of England, who sold it to Louis XIV. for £25,000 (\$125,000). It disappeared during the French revolution, but after many peregrinations was sold to Prince Paul Demidoff of Russia. The Eugenie diamond is a beautiful brilliant of 51 carats purchased by Napoleon III. for the Empress Eugenie. The Pigot diamond, of 44 1/2 carats, was brought from India by Lord Pigot, and finally passed to Ali Pasha of Egypt for £20,000 (\$100,000). When Ali was mortally wounded he ordered that the diamond be crushed and his favorite wife strangled. The diamond was crushed, but his wife Vasilika, was spared. The Polar Star, 40 1/2 carats, a remarkable pure and lustrous stone, is like the Shah and the great Orloff, one of the crown jewels of Russia. The Cumberland, 32 carats, was bought by the city of London and presented to the Duke of Cumberland. It was afterwards claimed by the kingdom of Hanover, and restored by Queen Victoria. The supposed enormous diamond sent from Brazil to the King of Portugal in 1745 has never been seen by any one who was allowed to examine it or near enough to it to give an accurate idea as to what it really is. An illustration has come to my hand from the London Magazine of December, 1746, gives its form as egg-shaped, its weight 1,680 carats, and its value £224,000,000 (\$1,120,000,000). The form represented proves conclusively that it is not a diamond, but a rolled pebble of white topaz or rock crystal, as the diamond, from its extreme hardness, never occurs in a rolled form. Of colored diamonds the most remarkable are the following: The hope diamond, 44 1/2 carats, of a brilliant sapphire blue, one of the most beautiful stones in existence, was in the collection of the late Mr. Hope of Amsterdam, who valued it at £32,000 (\$160,000), and has lately been sold to an English millionaire, Mr. Joseph Tinker, for £160,000 (\$800,000). The sale was cancelled because the purchaser said that he was drunk. The stone is doubtless the same as a blue diamond described by Tavernier, which was afterward sold to the French crown, and disappeared after the robbery of the French crown jewels from the Garde Meuble, in 1793. The Green Diamond of Dresden, now in the celebrated Green Vaults of that city, is a pear-shaped stone of 38 carats. It was purchased by Augustus the Strong, and is a remarkably beautiful green diamond. The Florentine diamond, often called the yellow, but really sherry colored, is the largest colored stone, and belongs to the Austrian crown. It weighs 133 carats, and is valued at 1,000,000 florins (\$640,000). Its history is mysterious; it was found on the battlefield of Granson, by a soldier, who sold it for 1 florin. It finally came to the Duke of Milan, then to Pope Julius II., and by him was presented to the Emperor of Austria. The finest yellow diamond known, and the largest stone in this country, is the Tiffany diamond of 125 1/2 carats. It is a flawless double brilliant of a rich orange yellow, and is valued at \$100,000. It is an African stone, belonging to Tiffany & Co. of New York, and has never been offered for sale. The Star of the South is a Brazilian stone of pale yellow, and nearly the same size, 135.56 carats. Its original weight was just about double. It has considerable fire and ranks among the finest stones known; it now belongs to the Maharajah of Baroda. The Red Russian diamond is small (10 carats), but remarkable for its brilliant red color. It was purchased by the Emperor Paul I. for \$75,000 (100,000 rubles) and letters of nobility. A diamond weighing 457 1/2 carats was brought from the Cape in 1854. It has been cut into a brilliant of 180 carats, the largest in the world, and is valued at \$200,000 (\$1,000,000). The finding of this stone is involved in mystery; it was evidently, surreptitiously taken from one of the mines. The name "Victoria" was given to it, in honor of the Queen, and from 1858 to 1893 it was the finest brilliant known. It is also called the "Imperial."

World Weary. Lea—Highy is the most utterly base fellow I ever met. Does not believe in men, woman or the world. Fernie—Let's see; he's pretty near twenty now, isn't he?

BRITONS WITH LUGGAGE.

THEIR STYLES Imitated by Some Americans.

Articles Carried on a Journey in England Which Are Rarely seen on this side of the Water—Some of the Things Which Are Odd Sights in America.

As the travelling Briton is known in this country by his luggage, so the American woman was once hated in Europe because of her Saratoga trunk, says the N. Y. Sun. The world has escaped the general adoption of the Saratoga trunk, but a worse thing seems possible, as British luggage threatens to become international. Even now you may buy in this town all the impediments with which the travelling Briton cumber himself and bedevils the rest of mankind. A Broadway trunkmaker has for some years past undertaken to fix the threads of these things upon his fellow countrymen and women, and many travelling Americans, especially the wealthy and fashionable, are to be recognized by the multiplicity of British impedimenta that they carry to and fro in their frequent journeyings between the Old World and the New. More curious still, those clever and imitative Japanese have begun to produce British luggage identical with the original in the minutest details, even down to hand-sewed straps on leather trunks, portmanteaus, and the like; but, drolly enough, the whole outfit is merely a paper counterfeit of the real thing.

American imitators of things British, lacking the fine humor of the Japanese, have made no substitution of light material for heavy, but have taken on the full burden of ponderous British hat boxes, portmanteaus, rugs, bags, holdalls, and even bathtubs. It was a travelling American who gave to the world an account of a refreshing scene on board a Mediterranean steamer bound to Tangier, or some such Mohammedan port of North Africa. A British passenger with his bathtub had nearly pestered the life out of a meek, coffee-colored Mohammedan, who accepted the Briton's curses without a sign of reproach; but when, in the course of getting the luggage ashore the precious bathtub fell overboard and sank like lead, the harmless follower of the Prophet was seen to pause in his work and dance gleefully upon the deck, exclaiming in triumph: "O! Mr. Goddam, Mr. Goddam!" It is since that incident that travelled Americans, in their aping of British ways, have accepted even the burden of the bathtub.

A study of baggage at a steamship wharf or even at a large railway station in New York is an instructive lesson as to the cosmopolitan character of the city. There is one article of British luggage that seldom survives more than one journey within the limits of the United States, and sometimes gets no further inland than the New York hotel at which the traveller makes his first stop. This article is the little trunk or box of Japanese tin, much used by travellers in Great Britain. The flimsy trifle hardly survives the first encounter with the American baggage handler, and after the first journey of 600 miles in this country is battered out of all resemblances to its original rectangular self. It is an article of luggage not suitable to the exigencies of American travel. A pathetic feature of the baggage at the railway stations that are doorways to the West is the immigrant's luggage. Sometimes it is a mattress, from the steerage, wrapped about the few belongings of the new-made American. Again, it is the corded box of the Irish, English, or Scotch immigrant. It will be recalled how important a preliminary to Charlotte Bronte's journeyings out into the great world from her Yorkshire home was the cording of her box. The corded box is as rare among the luggage of an American traveller as the old hair trunk, though both are occasionally seen. The seaman's locker, and strong against accidents, figures in the luggage of steamship wharves. One knows instinctively its contents of old clothes, photographs, curios, tobacco, and long-treasured letters from home, and the array of pictures from the illustrated papers pasted on the inside of the lid.

The elaborate dressing cases that some Americans and all well-to-do Englishmen used to travel with are going out of fashion. It is almost a necessity that the traveller, with this pretty piece of luggage take along a valet, for the thing weighs like so much lead, and is too precious to be trusted to the tender mercies of the baggage department. The travelling desk also has nearly disappeared, though some ingenious trunk makers now produce trunks that open so as to form desks. The luncheon hamper that used to accompany every traveller across this continent in the days before dining cars came into use, has almost entirely disappeared. The California millionaire of yore, the early transcontinental travel carried enormous and richly laden hampers, and dispensed often a princely hospitality to their fellow travellers. The dinner hour on board a transcontinental train was a picturesque incident of travel in those days. The travelling Briton in Europe still, sometimes, carries his luncheon hamper, and it is often one of the nuisances of European travel. Some of the English theatrical companies have become so used to travelling in America that they have adopted our methods with baggage. They accept with grace the great American trunk, dispense with the hatbox, and bathtub, the rugs, shawls, and the rest, and calmly see their belongings carted off by a stranger, to be left behind as evidence only a bit of brass bearing a few letters and numbers. It is a great triumph for American methods that these should have come about, for the travelling Briton clings to his luggage as to a magna carta, and the bill of rights. He stows it all about him in the compartments of his own railway coach, and keeps a jealous eye up on every individual scrap of his queer belongings. His things are under the seat and over his head. He fights with his neighbors for the last inch of space, and grows at the least encroachment from any other man's luggage, and as night comes on opens up and lights his personal travelling lamp and huddles himself in the latest issue of the London Times. The exigencies of transatlantic travel have taught some things to those travellers not rich enough to buy great chunks of hold space. The single requirement that no trunk above 3 feet long by one foot 9 inches wide and 1 foot 3 inches deep shall be carried in the ordinary steamship has done a vast deal toward emancipating the ordinary traveller from the thraldom of impedimenta.

There are some bits of European luggage seldom seen in this country. The metal case for the triangular cocked hat of a General officer in the British army and the sword cases of other officers are rarely seen on American railways, because British officers do not travel in this country with military accoutrements, and our own little army cut only a small figure in the great mass of travel. The respectable spanned despatch boxes of Ambassadors and their messengers, constantly seen in Continental Europe, are almost unknown by sight to the American travelling public, and are as strange as those British official envelopes conspicuously labelled, "On her Majesty's service."

Desperate Itchings of the Skin Alleviated by Chase's Ointment—The Recognized Skin Specific. It is only a few months since Dr. Chase's Ointment was brought prominently before the public, principally by its cures of stubborn and long standing cases of Itching Piles that had defied all other treatments. To-day it is recognized from ocean to ocean as an infallible cure for Itching Piles, Eczematous Eruptions and all Itching of the Skin. Its cures have rendered its sales largely in excess of all other preparations for such ailments combined. People use Dr. Chase's Ointment with confidence, because in every community someone has been benefited like Mr. Simpson. Berlin, who, under date of Feb. 8, '95, writes that for a number of years he has been troubled with Itching Piles; they caused intense suffering, and although dozens of advertised remedies were used, none of them did any good although some of them had long and thorough trials. Here are his own words quoted from his letter: "Last fall I got a bottle of Chase's Ointment from Mr. Landreth's drug store Berlin. I applied according to directions and soon found it was what I wanted. Only used part of one box when I was well as ever in my life. Once in a while since I have felt slight symptoms of its return, but one application of the Ointment and all is right again."

Such expressions as this from those who use Chase's account for its popularity. Price 60 Cents. Oldest Tree in England. A chestnut tree at Turworth, the residence of the Earl of Duce, near Bristol, is probably the oldest tree in England. It is 1,000 years old at least, and measures fifty feet in circumference until it branches into three limbs, one of them over ten feet in diameter. Dread Kidney Disease Quickly Removed. To every bunch the many words of praise written of South American Kidney Cure would consume large newspaper space. But take at random a few: Adam Soper, Burk's Falls, Ont.: "One bottle of South American Kidney Cure convinced me of its great worth." Michael McMullen, Chesley, Ont.: "I procured one bottle of South American Kidney Cure, and taking it according to directions got immediate relief." D. J. Locke, Sherbrooke, Que.: "I spent over \$100 for treatment, but never received marked relief until I began the use of South American Kidney Cure." Rev. James Murdoch, St. John, N. B.: "I have received one hundred dollars worth of good from one bottle of South American Kidney Cure."

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Sunday Reading.

HE WAS A GENTLEMAN.

How Dick Akeley Got An Idea and Took It In A Principle In His Life.

It was a cold stormy night when two ladies stood in the throng upon the platform of the Lake street elevated road in Chicago, waiting for the train to come along. One of them happened to drop her muff; the wind caught it, and would have blown it away, but a boy who was standing near ran after it, caught it and restored it to her. The young lady thanked him, and smiled at him so sweetly that Dick—his name was Dick Akeley—thought she was just the prettiest lady he had ever seen in all his life. She had bright, dark eyes, and her cheeks were just the color of the soft pink feather on her hat; and when she smiled it seemed to Dick just like a flash of sunshine.

The train came rushing along; the people crowded and pushed and jostled each other in their hurry to get into the car first and get the best seats; and they crowded and pushed and jostled the ladies too, so they were obliged to stand back and wait until the men had all gone in.

Ordinarily, Dick would have rushed and pushed with the best of them; but after that smile and that "Thank you," he couldn't think of pushing the young lady or her mother out of his way; and some new instinct of politeness made him stand back and wait until the ladies had passed in. They noticed it, and the younger one flashed at him another smile which almost took his breath away; for Dick was not used to being smiled at by pretty ladies in such fashion.

At Ashland avenue the ladies got out. It was Dick's stopping place also, and as they went down the stairs the older one said:

"How disagreeable all this pushing and crowding is!"

"Yes," replied the younger; "that boy who picked up my muff and then stood one side till we passed in, seemed to be the only gentleman among them all. He was a real little gentleman."

Now it happened that Dick was walking right behind them although they did not know it, and heard every word they said. It was a minute or two before he realized that "that boy" they were speaking of was himself; but when he did take it in he was so bewildered that he stopped short, and his cheeks burned in the darkness, and he whispered over and over to himself: "She said I was a gentleman! She said—I was—a gentleman!"

Now, Dick's idea of a gentleman was somewhat vague. If anybody had asked him what a gentleman was he would probably have replied that he was a man who wore nice clothes, and smoked cigars, and rode in a carriage, and had plenty of money to spend—things which he had never dreamed of aspiring to. He stopped under a street lamp and looked at his shabby clothes and grimy hands. Surely they were not like a gentleman's. Beyond his head he began to wonder what he had done to merit the title. He had picked up the lady's muff and stood one side and not pushed her and her mother when they got on and off the car. He wondered if being a gentleman didn't mean being good to women. Then he remembered vaguely how he had seen men lift their hats when they met their lady acquaintances. He remembered seeing them help ladies carefully in and out of carriages, and assist them in going over rough places, and—yes, he was sure that being a gentleman meant "being good to women."

By the time he had settled this matter to his satisfaction he had arrived at home, and a poor home it was. He was the oldest of five children, and his pale, overworked mother was always tired and sometimes irritable. His brothers and sisters were noisy and quarrelsome, and generally Dick was only too ready to do his full share of the noise and quarrelling.

He was very sober all through supper, but he was very happy too. After supper his mother tried to clear the table, carrying the fretting baby upon one arm, and working with her other hand as well as she could. All at once this thought came to Dick: "A gentleman is good to women."

His mother is a woman, and if I am a gentleman I must be good to her." He knew very well that the best way to be good to her would be to take care of the fretting baby. He was tired; he had been running errands all day; but his mother looked tired too. And almost for the first time in his life he unselfishly put aside his own pleasure for the sake of someone else, and coaxed the crying baby to come to him, and played with her and sang to her until she finally fell asleep in his arms. He felt very happy when his mother, as she took the baby after her work was done, said: "You have helped me so much, Dick."

The next day was very cold, and Dick's clothes were old and thin, and he had a good many errands to do. "She said I was a gentleman." And the thought of it seemed to keep him warm.

"Now that his eyes were opened it was wonderful how many things Dick saw that day that he would ordinarily have passed

by without a thought. A shabbily dressed woman, with a big bundle in her arms, was going along the icy sidewalk. She slipped and would have fallen; but a finely dressed man in fur-trimmed overcoat and dog-skin gloves, who was passing along caught her and held her up. He asked her where she was going, hailed a street car, put her on it, and paid her fare to the conductor, while Dick looked on with admiring eyes, saying to himself "He's a gentleman."

In the afternoon as Dick was going up an elevator, two men in it were talking about another man. One of them said: "Oh, Smith is no gentleman! He cheated Brown in that bargain."

Here was another! Now Dick had the name among the other boys of being very sharp at a bargain. He had, in fact, cheated whenever he could, and had felt a little proud of it, too. He thought it was smart; but—a gentleman, did not cheat, would the pretty lady have called him a gentleman, he wondered, if she had known he ever cheated? His face got very red as he thought about it. He pondered over it after he went to bed that night. If he really was a gentleman—and she said he was—he must never cheat again, no, not so much as a penny's worth; and he solemnly resolved he never would.

The very next morning as he was going to his work on the crowded street car the conductor missed him when he was taking the fares. Generally Dick would have chuckled with glee at the thought of that extra five cents; but it happened that a man sitting next him was also passed by. He was a workman, dressed in rough clothes, and with a dinner pail in his hand. When he got off the car he handed his ticket to the conductor and said: "You missed me when you took up the fares."

"That's a gentleman!" said Dick to himself. "He wouldn't even cheat a conductor. I'll be one too."

So, though it was something of a wrench to do it, when he got off the car he handed his ticket to the conductor, and said the very same words: "You missed me when you took up the fares."

That conductor opened his eyes pretty wide at the sight of two such honest people in one morning. For a minute, it must be confessed, Dick thought regretfully of the peanuts he could have bought with the extra five cents; but he sturdily declared, "I'd rather be a gentleman than have a peck of peanuts."

The days went on. It seemed to Dick that he had never heard so much about gentlemen, or seen so many gentlemen—and ungentlemanly—things done in all his life before as he had in those few days. But that was because he had never thought so much about the matter before, and because his eyes and ears and mind were all open and intent upon it.

Dick went to mission Sunday-school; that is, he went when he felt like it. His teacher was a nice young lady, and she liked her, but he liked what he called fun it was better; and many a time Miss May had gone home with a heavy and discouraged heart, feeling as if all her efforts to do any good were in vain.

The next Sunday Dick took his place in the class, and during the first prayer he was just reaching his arm around to pinch Jim Mayhem when he thought, "I'm a gentleman. I don't believe a gentleman would plague Miss May like that." He knew well enough how it grieved his teacher when the boys "acted up" in the class, and he immediately straightened himself, withdrew his hand and reverently bowed his head and covered his eyes. All through the lesson time he was attentive and respectful, and the other boys were so astonished at him—for he was usually the leader in mischief—that they forgot to try any of their mean little tricks, and the consequence was that they all became interested in the lesson, which was the feeding of the multitude with the boy's five barley loaves and two fishes. Dick wondered if that boy wasn't a gentleman, to give up his lunch when he was hungry himself, and didn't know that he should have anything to eat all day. Some of the boys called him a dude, but little he cared for that.

Miss May was delighted to notice the improvement in his looks and his manners and his attention. He was at Sunday-school every Sunday; he even learned the golden texts out of the little book she gave him, and he often seemed to take an interest in the truths of the lesson.

One day the lesson was the story of Christ blessing little children, when the disciples wanted to "send the mothers away and he would not let them. Dick listened intently, and by-and-by he suddenly asked: "Miss May, wasn't Jesus Christ's gentleman?"

Miss May was startled at the question, but without showing her surprise, she simply answered: "Yes, Dick, he was the most perfect gentleman that ever lived."

Then she went on to tell the boys more about that word "gentleman," how it was made up of two words, "gentle" and "man,"

and that the word meant just that, a "gentle man"—not a rude, rough, coarse, swearing man, but a man who, while he was strong and brave, was also kind and tender, and was thoughtful of other people and always trying to help them and to do them good, especially those that were smaller and weaker than themselves. That was a gentleman—a gentle man—a Christian man.

This gave Dick something to ponder over for many a day. Little by little he took in the truth that Miss May tried to teach him. He began to think less about being a gentleman and more about being a Christian. And when a revival began not long after in the little mission chapel, one of the first to give his heart to the Savior was Dick; and Miss May was overjoyed when, one communion day, four out of her six boys, stood up and confessed Christ together and united with His Church.

As for the pretty lady who dropped her muff that stormy night, Dick has never seen her since, though he has looked for her anxiously; but she has never known how her sweet smile and appreciative words set in motion the forces which finally transformed the poor, forlorn errand boy into that highest type of boyhood and young manhood—a Christian gentleman.—The Independent.

WHAT IS RELIGION.

Sermon on This Topic by Rev. F. O. McCortney of Rockland Mass.

Texts: "Lo, I am come, to do thy will, O God."—Heb. x., 7.

"But I am in the midst of you, as he that serveth."—Luke xxii., 27.

"Becoming obedient until death, yea the death of the cross."—Phil. ii., 8.

To attempt to tell what religion is, in a few words, is a large contract. Theologians and philosophers, ministers, and religious writers have spoken and written for ages on the subject, so that it is very hard for one to realize the fact that, while religion is an important thing, it is after all a very simple thing—so simple that, if we once caught the meaning of its simplicity, we would be disappointed, for there is more or less of a desire in all of us to put certain things in the place of genuine religion.

Now, let us start right. I want you to understand, once for all, that religion does not consist in making long prayers or short ones, nor in believing in a definite creed, nor in taking part in or witnessing long and mysterious ceremonies; it is not belonging to a church nor does it consist in attending church or religious meetings, nor does it mean the observance of certain rites, or the reading of religious books or the Bible. I have spoken of what religion is not, in order to clear away a lot of untrue ideas which we may have on this subject. Understand me: I am not saying that the things I have mentioned are not all right and important in their place, and they may be a help to religion, yet they in themselves, taken in a lump, do not constitute religion. For a man may do all of these things and yet be very far from being a good man or a religious man.

Let us boil the thing down and get at the essence. Religion is made up of three principles; 1, obedience; 2, service, and 3, sacrifice.

1. Obedience. You at once ask, Obedience to what? I answer: Obedience in thought, word, and deed to the highest right you have in you. There is in most every man a conception of highest duty.

Now, if you should today make the deep resolve that, as far as you knew it, you would do your full duty in everything, in every part of life, I say that you would be on the right track. A man should be anxious to find out the highest right, and then have the courage to do it, no matter what the consequence may be. To keep the soul open to every good influence, to hold the mind ready for any truth, this is the correct attitude of mind and heart.

For, if we only knew it, these visions of duty and this knowledge of right are the very voice of God whispering to us, and the spirit of God attempting to lead us to a realization of all that is good and true and beautiful. Jesus, when he lived, had this great desire to do the thing which he knew to be right. In the epistle of the Hebrews he is represented, as saying, "Lo, I am come, to do thy will. O God." God wills that we should want to find out the truth, and then go and put it into practice. That takes in the whole matter.

2. Service. Religion does not consist alone in the experiences of God in the thought of feelings.

More than God and the soul are concerned in religion. Loving God is a part of religion, and an important part, but the way to show one's love for God is to give one's self completely to the service of our fellow men.

Our personal life and destiny are bound up with the race. Life consists in being related to others. A man should not emphasize too much his relations to his family or business associates. He is related to the community, to the commonwealth, to the nation, and to the world. The highest gift which can be offered is one's life to the service of humanity. If you were to ask me, along what line service were most needed today, I would say, along the line of solving the great problems which confront this nation. We are on the eve of great changes of some kind. Political action must settle, rightly or wrongly, great industrial and social problems. If justice triumphs, if the principle of brotherhood is introduced into our economic system, if the liberties which were won by our forefathers shall be preserved, it will be only because you, with others, shall immediately give your heart and devote much of your time and

energy to the solution of these great questions.

This, then, is today the line along which you can give your highest service to your nation and to your race. The destiny of millions of your fellow men who are now in poverty and ignorance and darkness depends on the way in which these problems are solved. This service is more than being a good husband or wife or son or daughter. These are high duties without question. To be honest in the conduct of business, to be true as an employe to your work, is a part of duty and of service, but I wish to emphasize the necessity of taking a larger view of what service consists of. I want you as an individual to begin in a new sense to bear the burdens of the nations and the world. And on this altar of service may you give all that you are or possess.

3. Sacrifice. I have spoken of obedience and sacrifice as being two of the underlying principles of religion. There is this third principle of sacrifice. A man should be willing to follow the truth into action at whatever cost. A man's family, reputation, fortune, and life should be put upon the altar as a sacrifice, if following truth and right demands it.

So with service. I do not ask that a man should sacrifice himself unnecessarily but if necessary, any sacrifice should be made in the service of humanity. There is very little service which does not involve sacrifice; there should be no sacrifice which does not result in service. There should be a willingness on the part of every man to sacrifice all in obedience and service.

Some one may say right here that I have not mentioned love as being the chief thing in religion. And yet I have been preaching love all the time in everything that I have said. My love fellow men is dependent upon the extent to which I am willing to serve them. A willingness to sacrifice in service is the highest possible expression of love.

We are sometimes deeply moved at the recital of the need of our fellows. We feel tears coming to our eyes, and our throats choke up a little. That is the right kind of a feeling, but the test of its genuineness is this: Does this emotion express itself in service to our kind, even that service which counts life as naught in comparison to the true well-being of our fellow men. Religion is action, having service as its chief purpose and sacrifice as its method. And this is love.

And so with love to God. I believe that a man may feel the presence of the Infinite in his heart and life, in the universe, and in his fellows. But my love to God can express itself how? By obedience to all the truth that he reveals to me, by service to his children, my brothers; by obedience and service if needs be, by the sacrifice of all.

If you should today give body and mind and heart and will to this obedience, to this service, to this sacrifice, you would know then in actual experience what religion is in its essence. And no one can realize what religion is unless he puts into practice these three principles.

Devote your life to obedience, service, sacrifice, and through it there will breathe the spirit of a great helpfulness, and from your life there will flow love and light and life for your fellow men.

VALUE OF THE APOCRYPHA.

The Books are Inspired and Should Have Attentive Study.

By most protestants, perhaps by all except a numerically weak minority of students, in which but few preachers, other than those of the Anglican and American protestant episcopal churches, are to be found, the Apocrypha is regarded as a collection of fables. There are protestants who go so far as to regard the doctrines of the Roman and Greek churches as sinful in that they recognize the Apocryphal books as equally inspired with those recognized by the protestants as canonical. Indeed, the word "Apocryphal" has drifted through ordinary conversation into a synonym of "spurious." Its true meaning, however, is "secret" or "hidden" and in this sense it was applied to the books under notice, because they were not read opening in the Jewish temple, but in the privacy of the home. They were accepted as religious but not sanctioned as inspired by the rabbis.

It is an interesting question, though we have not space to discuss it, as to the relative values of the authorities that pronounce for and against the inspiration of Apocryphal books. The Jewish canon, accepted by protestantism, was not made up until A. D. 92, at which time more than 500 years had passed since Malachi, the last of the canonical writers, had laid down his pen; and there is not even a pretense of a divine inspiration directing the councils of those who then decided what was and what was not to be regarded as canonical out of the mass of Hebrew religious literature. Except in point of time, we fail to see an advantage that the council of rabbin had in A. D. 92 over the council of Trent in 1546. Yet the one denies, the other affirms, the inspiration of the books commonly called Apocryphal.

Yet the value of the books is so unquestionable that the universities of Oxford and Cambridge have united in the issue of a new and copiously annotated edition of them. Whether they be inspired in the larger or the lesser sense of the word, they are inspired. Their inspiration may be inferior, as that of the De Imitatione Christi, or it may be superior, as that of the Gospel of St. John, or, perhaps, as that of the Pauline epistles, but inspired in some degree they surely are. Their value lies in their manifestation of the growth and trend of religious thought during the long years that passed between the day in which Malachi prophesied, "Unto you that fear my name shall the sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings," and the glad news that the Jewish scribes proclaimed, "For as the day dawns, and the light of the day is near, the Lord is with you, and he will give you light."

Whether they be inspired in the major or in the minor degree, the Apocryphal books are part of the history, nay of the nature, of the divine evolution of creed and practice that has culminated in Christianity. Their publication in this period of critical examination of the foundation of religious belief will be welcomed by all students, and should be availed of even by the general reader.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

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then come and offer it. As you came this morning you came with someone last week back from the church, brother, and set the mat the instruction put into No matter what the anywhere cherishes the done him some wrong, I to endeavor to correct About.

Present use for

It would probably do are continually piling up keeping it nearly all for what John Wesley's long, useful life. He for you who are he' you give all you ca do what I will with Here lies your mista. own. It cannot be, unless of heaven and earth. Who addition to your fortune? Do a that God entrusted you with t for His work? "But I must pr my children." Certainly. But he making them rich? Then you bably ruin them. "What shall I do, Lord, speak to their hearts, else I spea vain. Leave them enough to live on, i in idleness, but honest industry. And can you have a great behind more than enough to bury you? What does it signa whether you leave £10,000 or 10,000 boots and shoes? Haste! haste! Spend all wha have before you go to the better world.— Pathway of Holiness.

Instant in Prayer.

Being "instant in prayer" was beautifully explained by Stone-wall Jackson one day, when his sense of its meaning was required. "I can give you," he said, "my idea of it by illustration, if you will allow it, and will not think I am setting myself up as a model for others." On assurance being given that there would be no misunderstanding, he went on to say: "I have seen the habit in my mind that I never raise a glass of water to my lips without a momentary asking of God's blessing. I never take a letter from the post without a brief sending of my thought heavenward. I never change my classes in the school-room without a brief petition for the scholars who come to this." "I think I scarcely can say that I do; the habit has become so fixed almost as breathing."

In Charity with All Men. Let us suppose that you have wronged someone, and so you are estranged from someone, or that someone thinks you have wronged him. Perhaps you think he is mistaken when he thinks you have wronged him. It may be that you were provoked beyond endurance; it may be that the wrong done was on his own part, that he was the aggressor, that all the pride that is in you rises up and says, "When he comes and confesses his fault, then I will go and confess mine, but I cannot take the first step." What are you to do when someone else thinks you have wronged him? If therefore thou art offering thy gift at the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first, be reconciled to thy brother, and



CHAPTER VIII. Sighing, dying, languishing toward one man, as flowers at daybreak lean toward the sun, an audience, composed mainly of women, sat in one of the big drawing rooms of a house in Lancaster Gate and drank in the notes of his voice as he sang one of his own songs, which was of love, as indeed most of his songs were.

The man really was a thoroughly good fellow, a splendid son, a staunch friend and a born musician, but the crowd of women, not of the first order, who prostrated themselves before him had begot in her a profound contempt for the whole sex, that showed in every line of his face as his arrogant and with that knack of rolling upward which made most men long to kick him, wandered over the silly, flatterer, adoring crowd spread out before him.

"It makes one's blood boil! Look at that girl. Her very hairpins are falling out!" said Lesley in a fierce aside to Roger Yelverton, whose black coat was the only one in the row of chairs where they sat. "Such a man what he is! Yet there's something warm, human, magnetic about him."

She spoke slowly, studying the singer very intently. "And if he got his hair cut and didn't roll up his eyes!" She paused, then said, looking really tragic, "After all, I do believe there is a class of women who like being—kicked!"

"My dear!" said Lady Appuldurcombe, who, on her other side, had caught the words and looked alarmed, for Lesley had burst out in the wrong direction seemed to be inevitable. "They're very rummy," said Yelverton, shaking his smooth, fair head. "Something in a man catches their fancy, or their fancy, or taste, or what you will, you can't stop 'em! But a man goes just out somehow that he doesn't mind being adored, like this fellow, just as another man, without saying a word, refuses, like Romy, now, for example. Where would he be if, with all his fame, he—er—er—"

"Encouraged us?" said Lesley dryly. "But Romy is not a lovable person. He has not large"—she extended her hands in a sweep—"all entrancing, grand ways. He does not roll his eyes or make a point of saying, 'I love you,' instead of 'How do you do?' She stopped to laugh. "He is one your concentrated, deadly relentless, Brand's essence sort of person, is Romy!"

"All the better for the woman he married," said Roger manfully, for he carried a very sore heart about with him in those days, only occasionally healed over by such a happy position as he found himself in just now. "When a man like that does fall in love!" "Ah, when?" said Lesley gravely. "That will be when a cap and pigskin have vanished off the face of the earth—not before! A little less than his horse and dearer than his dog, you know!"

in the country," said Lady Appuldurcombe in an absent-minded way, for she was asking herself, "Was this another of Miss Lesley's tricks?" And, if so, was she getting Cynthia out of the way because she wanted Romy for herself? And Romy? She knew that he had very decided views of what a young English maiden, strictly brought up, should be, and into the face of every one of his prejudices, great and small, deliberately flew.

CHAPTER IX. Two young people, both victims to primitive habits of early rising (now discontinued), quite independently discovered that four weeks summer morning beamed on them abroad to rejoice in its crystal freshness; but, a woman being always quicker at following out her ideas than a man, it happened that Lesley got to Lady Appuldurcombe's front door first and unbarred it and stepped forth about 20 seconds before Romy appeared on the scene.

He blamed Charville, or Charville's young gentleman, for the unfastened door until, to his surprise, he saw Lesley's tall figure marching ahead of him and at that moment turning, with a businesslike air, in at Stanhope Gate. He hesitated and almost turned back. Where was she going? What had she now in her mind? A tryst? A prank to play? But, as he remembered the quivering scowl in her face when she had repeated that accusation of his of "slipping off" with Yelverton.

If he had thought so, he would have gone the other way, for he was not Lesley's keeper, and, if she did not look back and see him, was not the park free to all? She was more plainly dressed than usual, he thought, and certainly her brown holland gown had all the merit (and coarseness) of extreme simplicity; so had her coarse straw hat, with its white ribbon bow. It was the way that hat and holland gown were carried that satisfied Romy's fastidious taste as he walked at ease behind them.

It was one of his standing quarrels with the human race that he did not know how to walk and would never learn, while there is scarcely an animal that does not know how to use its limbs gracefully and well. Lesley threw up her head, now and then, to sniff the air, her elastic step indicating boundless content within, and the few poor people they met looked at her wistfully, as at some young goddess of youth and health, and to one she gave a bright morning greeting, to another money. Presently she turned out of the but lately opened gates and stood, hesitating, in Piccadilly.

"Convent Garden, miss!" said the burly policeman addressed. "Straight down through Piccadilly and Leicester square, turn to your right, then to your left, and there you are." When she had smiled and thanked him, Bobby stood looking after her, and he, too, smiled. Even his hideous dress and office could not quite cut him off from many feelings, and he was aware that, quite early in the day, he had got a most especial treat and intelligently enjoyed it. He thought, for Romy was extremely well known, but the look of pleasure diminished on his face, and as a man he felt resentful, for he did not consider Romy good enough for the young lady.

"They're rum us, these aristocrats," he soliloquized as he watched her disappearance in the distance. "Convent Garden, and singlet they might lie snug in the morning! And I will say that blue eyes and black hair, with a color like a rose, is my fancy, and a walk so as she'd go over cobblestones as if they were satin!" he added, thinking that if that were his sweetheart he would not tail behind, but step out brisk beside her.

And then he thought of his fat, sandy haired old woman at home and sighed. Half way down Piccadilly, Lesley's shoeing came untied, and as she stooped to tie it, resting her foot on a step, Romy stepped forward and doorstep the task for her. She started very slightly, and, looking down on him as he knelt with a face full of delicious mirth and mischief, said: "Don't be alarmed! Naught is here in danger."

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IRA CORNWALL

over tasks that you or I would do with out finching, if we had got to do them. "That is where our training comes in," cried Lesley. "The head helps the hands, but those poor wretches, who sink painfully along from birth to burial, they can be taught by our trying to make their lives happier. Oh, Romy, at the Savoy the other night, after dinner, I stood on the balcony, and saw the dark figures far below on the embankment, and the black river beyond, and I thought of what might be, if only the people who have too much money would help those who have too little!"

"And what would you do?" said Romy as they crossed the deserted square, under the clear, pure morning sky. "I would light up the embankment brilliantly from end to end. Think of that beautiful background of trees and picturesque houses, the most beautiful site in Europe for a people's playground! I would have a cafe chautauq at intervals under those trees, with seats where people could rest and listen, and there should be stalls and books, and every woman should have her beer, and every man should have his coffee, and the poorest of all should be there, and the children who were big enough should come too!"

"The weather?" said Romy concisely. "But it does not rain right through the summer. I would draw the men out of the public houses, the poor, tired women out of all their stifling dens, and they should all have a few hours of peace in the open air, with such music as pleased them, and they would go home refreshed to sleep, not to wrangle and fight, as they do now. I would do the same with Hyde park, and any other green space that was meant just as a green space for the enjoyment of the poor as the rich!"

Romy shook his head. "It would never answer," he said. "Oh, why not?" cried Lesley passionately. "Were all the pleasures in the world, even pure air, made solely for the rich? I think it is immoral—it is horrible!—that one man may own 20,000,000 of money and another has to commit a crime to keep the life in his miserable body! And if I were wealthy, I'd be a miserably poor man. It's the spendthrifts who are the real friends of the poor. Some of their money filters through to the very lowest classes, and even if he does ruin himself, he has done more good than the man who never touches the bulk of his money, but hands it on to his son, and generation after generation that money is simply accumulating and does not help to save one soul alive!"

"Lesley!" said Romy, stopping short to look at her. "And you call yourself a Conservative?" "I call myself a woman," said Lesley. "Oh! how could one be happy to have millions that one never touched?"

St. JOHN, N. B.
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How to Make a Squeak. "I have heard," said Mr. Goslington, "that years ago some people used to like squeaky shoes; that the squeak was considered an indication of newness; and that manufacturers sometimes put in squeak leather, a piece of thin leather placed between the inner and outer soles. Then again I have heard that people who didn't like the squeak, drove tacks through the soles to stop the squeak, or wet them. In these days people don't like squeaky shoes; but if any body should want his shoes to squeak, I think I can tell him how to make them; warm them. I took my slippers off the other day and placed them on the steam radiator; when I put them on again they were warm, they squeaked beautifully."

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Expert's view. "When I was in India," said the man who had traveled, "the native thieves stole the sheets from under me while I slept and I never knew it." "Yes, and when I was in the Northwest during the boom," said the man who will never admit that American can be outdone, "I had to sleep in a room where there were our real estate agents, and one of them stole a porous plaster from my back without awakening me."—Indianapolis Journal.



They had both stopped in the middle of Leicester square.

POOR COPY

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