

PROGRESS.

VOL. XI., NO. 547.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5 1898.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

SHAME MEANT SUICIDE.

FAIR FRANCIS LEE OF HALIFAX ESCAPES A TROUBLED LIFE

By Death—The Cause of her Sudden Fate Being Inquired Into by the Authorities—Sighting of her Life Since she Went to Halifax from Newfoundland.

A beautiful young Newfoundland girl named Francis Lee went to the hospital in Halifax a week ago last Thursday, or rather she was taken there by a friend, and after a few hours sojourn in that institution, died. Her death was so mysterious as to call for an explanation and an inquiry. The authorities did not want to give any information, but it transpired that the young woman had come from Newfoundland about two years before, and had been in the employ of a gentleman in Bedford. She was too good looking and too giddy for her own good, and she became acquainted with a young man named Emerson, to whom it was said she was engaged to be married. Up to the time of writing no steps have been taken to implicate anybody in her death, but it appears that in a search of her effects a box of pills was discovered which, when analyzed may throw some light on the cause of her death. The affair is creating a good deal of interest in Halifax on account of the names of those who are connected with it. During the week, PROGRESS received a photograph from an unknown person in Halifax, which purports to represent Francis Lee, but verification has been impossible owing to the brief period between its receipt and the time of publication, so it is given for what it is worth. The story as told by the Echo of Halifax of her arrival in that city and subsequent life is an interesting one.

"Francis Lee came from a place called La Poile, on the south east coast of Newfoundland. Her parents were poor, but good and honest folks, and possessed the innocent traits of character common among people of that lot in life. These characteristics were transmitted to the girl, and when she left her humble home in the Ancient Colony, she carried with her the best recommendations a girl can have, good, decent and modest and industrious habits.

The captain of the steamer Harlaw knew of her parentage and of her intentions, and was able to recommend her to a family in Bedford then in need of a servant. Accordingly she soon found employment with one of the principal families of the village. As she had been recommended so she proved herself, for she was highly thought of in her new home. She seemed in every way vir-



FRANCES LEE.

The Newfoundland Domestic Who Died Suddenly in Halifax Hospital.

ginal, and found her with some friends. She has been staying in Bedford among these friends ever since, until the night when she was hastily taken to the hospital.

Nothing is known about her recent mode of life; to all outward appearances it was good. Her girl companionships were good and the young mechanic to whom she was reported engaged was a decent young fellow, by whom any serious offence would not be expected.

The girl was about 22 years of age having come here when about 20. At home a father and sister live alone; her mother is dead. To these it will be a painful story when they read or hear of the sad circumstances of her death. But it is not the first time a father's grey head has been bowed in grief because of the same old story.

Those Foolish Young Girls.

The Opinion of a Halifax Man Upon Their Conduct.

A gentleman who was in town last week gave PROGRESS some further particulars of that scrape that those two young ladies of Halifax got into, the particulars of which were given in the last issue of this paper. He said that he left Halifax before PROGRESS got there, but he was perfectly well aware of the circumstances of the case before he started for New Brunswick. Even at that time there was a great deal of sympathy for the young women, whom it was thought were rather imprudent than guilty. As PROGRESS stated they were both splendid musicians, having been educated and trained with a view to the special development of their talent in that direction. Both of them had attended conservatories of music in other cities than Halifax; both of them had seen considerable of the world outside their own town, and perhaps on this account they were more liberal in their views of what was right and fitting conduct on the part of a young lady, than if they had remained at their own hearth.

As stated last week both of them occupied prominent positions in musical circles, and one of them particularly was a favorite with all concert organizations. After her debut as a singer, she was at once taken up by musical people, encouraged, applauded and entertained. Her life was on pleasant lines, she loved amusement, enjoyment, and a good time. She was thoroughly at home at those little after concert affairs at which were stimulants of one kind and another to develop the best of good nature.

Nothing was so pleasant for her as to sing for the enjoyment and delectation of those in her company, and thus it was that she and her beautiful friend—for the other girl was the better looking—were always in great demand by those young men who liked to spend a pleasant evening without encountering prudish girls and strict propriety.

Gradually the two young women, however, began to be talked about, according to the statement of the gentlemen PROGRESS interviewed, but he with many others in Halifax did not believe that they had done more than over stepped the bounds of prudence. But jealous women and gossiping men will destroy the reputation of any man or woman after a time and thus it was that the good names of these young misses began to disappear. They were known as the "Magillicuddy girl," or the "Brown girl" though of course their own names were used instead of these PROGRESS has substituted but frivolous young men who enjoyed their company in the evening did not hesitate in the morning to bandy the names of their fair entertainers over their necessary refreshments.

A Great Demand For Progress.

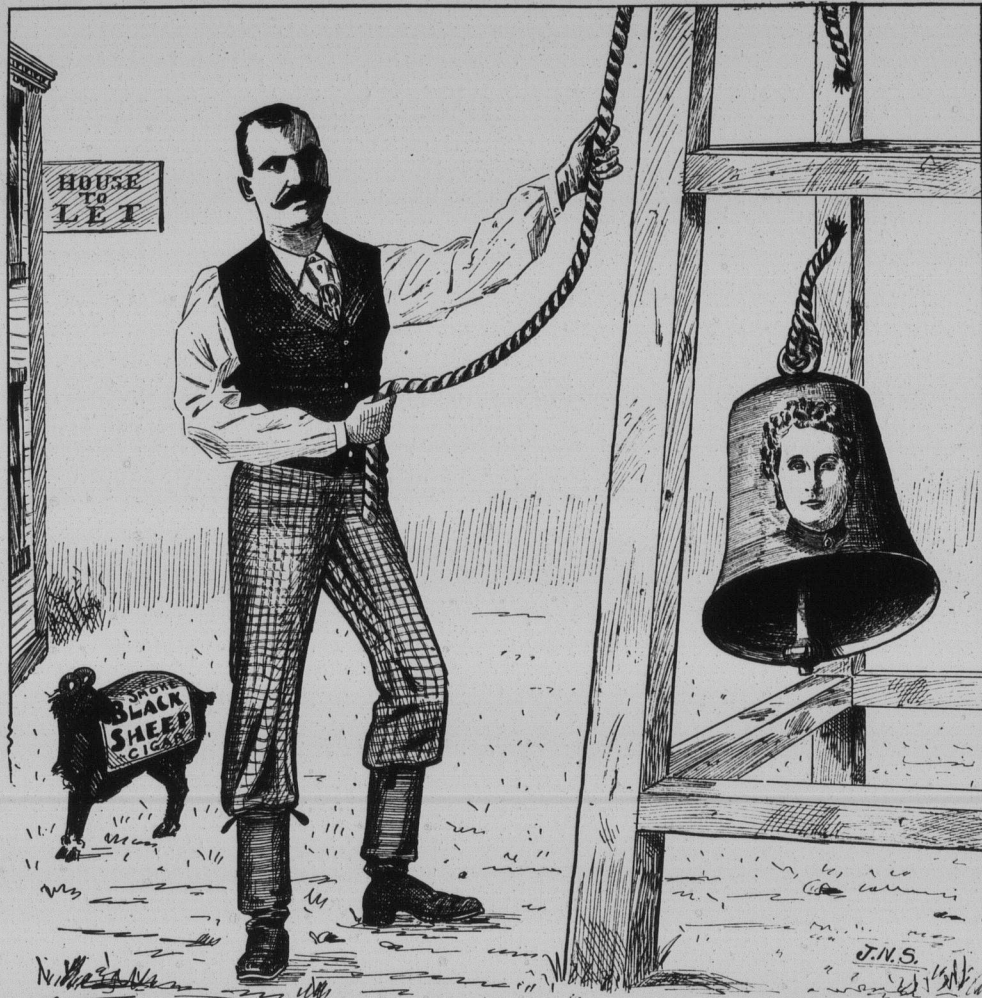
Some explanation is due a good many people who bought PROGRESS at a late hour last Saturday and only received the first eight pages. A large number of extra copies had been printed with the usual edition but the demand was such on Saturday morning that another supply was run off. Then the pages from 9-16 were broken up. But still the demand continued and it was found necessary that afternoon to print another edition but only the first eight pages were in type and of course were all that could be furnished. They were all sold in a short time and on Monday morning the orders from Halifax and other places made it necessary to print five hundred additional. So that there were really four supplies of PROGRESS last Saturday.

An Expensive Free Drink.

Three young men named Kennedy, Baxter and Brown who seem to have nothing much to do were arrested on a charge of drunkenness Tuesday night or early Wednesday morning. They were fined next morning and when asked by the magistrate where they got their liquor they said the Dufferin hotel. It turned out that they were in the Dufferin before 11 o'clock the previous evening but had no money and

Read the Mackay story on page nine.

LIBERTY BELL.



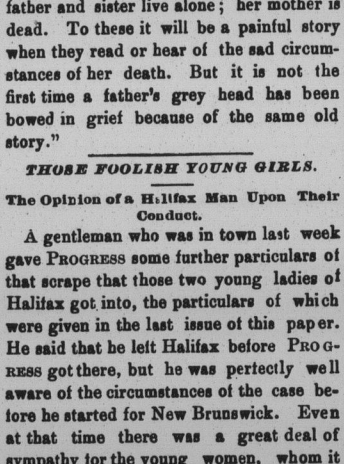
Well I'll Be Darned, She's Bruck-off Again.

were given a drink when they left. They were perfectly sober and did not get the elegant "jig" they had left in that house. But the Duff-rin had to pay \$50 just the same.

HE WAS DESERVEDLY POPULAR.

A Portrait of the Late Robert L. Smith of Macaulay Bros. & Co.

In very brief terms last week, PROGRESS recorded the death of Robert L. Smith, which occurred about the hour that this paper was going to press. He was a mem-



ROBERT LEONARD SMITH;

The Member of the Firm of Macaulay Brothers and Company who died Friday a week ago.

ber of the firm of Messrs. Macaulay Bros. & Co. and was deservedly popular with his associates in the business, and valued by them for his sterling character and good judgment. He was with the general public one of the few men whom nobody had a word to say against. There are not many persons in the community of which this can be said, and those of whom it is true stand out prominently for that reason. He was not only a good son and a good husband, but a generous and appreciative employer. The procession at his funeral on Monday will long be remembered as one of the largest that was followed by many citizens to a last resting place. PROGRESS is glad to be able to print an engraving from a good photograph of Mr. Smith, which no doubt will be welcome and acceptable to many of his friends who do not possess a picture of him.

Stuck on Her Shape.

A new Kind of Entertainment at an Afternoon Reception.

A very good story is told with considerable relish by the ladies when they make their afternoon calls now-a-days. It seems that the wife of a very erect and official looking citizen who has a fierce moustache, had a small reception one afternoon during which she began to boast of the remarkable figure or "shape" of her daughter who, though married for some time, still retains these beauties of form that attracted her proud young husband. Her mother was not content with describing the perfect contour of her daughter but suggested that if she was asked she might consent to display her perfect figure. The request seemed to be forthcoming for, soon after, to the surprise of the ladies there the young lady appeared with no more clothing on than a South Sea Island belle usually wears. Admiration of the beautiful form contended with the bewilderment of the callers at this new form of afternoon entertainment which seemed to satisfy the audience so thoroughly that the most of it departed somewhat hurriedly.

THE PAPERS RETURNED.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF SOME LEGAL DOCUMENTS

From the Office of E. H. McAlpine for a day or two—An Incident in the Proceedings of the Exchequer Court That is Worth Reading—Mr. McAlpine's Voice.

There was a curious incident in the exchequer court the other day in which a lot of people from the border town of St. Stephen figured. Jack Bonness was one of them and the Tyrrells were on the other side. On the information of Bonness they were charged with smuggling, and it seems that there were two cases against them. Mr. McAlpine and A. O. Earle appeared for the crown, and Mr. Pugsley was defending the alleged smugglers. During the progress of the first case, Mr. Pugsley insinuated in his nice way, that he would like to have the papers in the second case, but the objection was made to this that there was no reason why the papers in the other case should be used at the present time. He then hinted that the crown was not willing that all the facts should be brought out. That brought Mr. McAlpine to his feet and the remark from him, that while Mr. Pugsley had no right to get what he asked for, still, in order to show the defence that the crown had nothing to hide, and was only looking for justice, he would ask permission of His Lordship (for that is the title of an exchequer judge) to go to his office and get the documents. Permission was granted and Mr. McAlpine went to his office. When he got there, he found the door open and the young man who looks after his affairs when he is absent, was not at his desk. Still Mr. McAlpine knew where the papers were, or where they ought to be, and he opened the drawer expecting to lay his hand on them. They were not there and he waited a few moments until his clerk, Mr. Stockford, appeared. Mr. Stockford explained to him that he had been out a few minutes, but said that he did not leave the door open. He could not explain the absence of the papers, and the only conclusion Mr. McAlpine could come to was that they were stolen, and he hurriedly made his way back to the court. Some curious suspicions as to how they might have left his office flitted through his brain, and when he reached the court room he informed the judge that the documents had been stolen. It appears that when he pronounced the word "stolen", he emphasized it considerably, and, whether intentionally or not, looked very hard at the defendant's Mr. Pugsley took umbrage at this and began to expostulate in his mild way against the suspicion that Mr. McAlpine had endeavored to fasten upon his clients. In reply to him, Mr. McAlpine spoke with unusual vigor and loud enough to be heard on the Market Square. Much too loud for Mr. Pugsley and the judge. The counsel for the defendant promptly rose and called His Lordship's attention to the fact, and, according to one who was present, the reply of the judge was "Yes, I agree with you, Mr. McAlpine is speaking too loud."

That ended that part of the incident, but the strangest feature of the whole affair was, that on Monday the papers were returned to the drawer in Mr. McAlpine's office, without the knowledge either of himself or of his clerk. Now the question is, who took them, and what use was made of them?

"STUCK ON HER SHAPE."

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WOMEN TELL OF DREAMS.

TIDINGS, VISIONS, WARNING THAT CAME BY NIGHT.

Stories of Death Presentiments to That Were Realized—Instances of Telepathy—Sympathetic Visions—A Dream Which the Other Women Pronounced a Good One

They were talking of dreams. 'It is quite as impossible,' said the woman with big grey eyes, 'to pick a dream to pieces, to analyze and classify it as it would be to make a shirt waist out of a pink cloud or to explain why a cream or white chrysanthemum, planted in with a clump of red chrysanthemums changes to red. Yet there are strange enough, these presentiments, incidents of telepathy, various, dreams or what you will. Many that are weird and wonderful have come under my own observation. For instance, I know a woman who sat at her desk late one night finishing a letter to a friend. She was dressed for bed, but she added a hasty postscript. This was the postscript: 'Don't burn my letter if you love me. I have the feeling that, if my letters are burned, I myself shall some day meet with the same terrible fate. How horrible! To be burned, to be burned!'

She rose and stood before the grate. Her long hair swept into the blaze and caught, her night dress caught and she was burned to death before they could burst open the door which had been locked. They found her letter on the table.

'That I know to be true, but this is my own experience: A few years ago my mother-in-law died at my house. The nurse and I were with her. When we found there was no hope I said to the nurse, 'I wish Von Herlich were here'—Von Herlich was our rector—she was always a pious woman; it only he were here to say a prayer' and, kneeling by her bed, I watched her die, still longing for Von Herlich. The next morning Von Herlich came to the house. He was amazed to see crape on the door, and he stammered as he told me his dream of the night before. He dreamed that I stood by him and said to him, 'There is somebody dying. I wish you could be here.' My look was so troubled and my presence so vivid that he awoke. He looked at the clock. It was 12, exactly the hour that, kneeling by her side, I was wishing for him.

'These are not cheerful dreams; but happy people have few dreams and presentiments, even as they have no histories. It is only in trouble that signs and wonders present themselves, in death and sickness and worry of mind and of body. I knew of a grandmother once who lay dying. Her daughter, who lived a hundred miles away, could not be with her. She sat at home by the cradle of a very sick child. Suddenly the grandmother attempted to rise. She was assisted to a sitting posture by the nurse. She was past speaking but, raising a trembling forefinger, she pointed upward. At the same time her daughter, looking up at the corner of the room above the child's head, saw a trembling forefinger pointing straight down at the cradle. The child and the grandmother died that night at the same hour.

'Of course all of us have scores of jumbled, meaningless dreams, but a dream which leaves a lasting impression generally carries with it some warning or premonition. At least that has been the case with me. One particularly was a vivid warning. I was in Chicago at the time visiting my sister. My visit was drawing to a close, and as usual I wrote to my servant, an Irish woman by the name of Mary, to get the house in readiness for my return. That night I dreamed of Mary, I thought I saw her in a common room without a carpet. She was stretched upon a cheap iron bedstead. Her hands and arms were bandaged with white cloths and her body was covered with a comfortable. I felt that she had been hurt in some way, but my dream did not tell me how. Her hair was spread out on the pillow and her eyes were closed. She appeared to be in a sort of stupor. I would hardly believe that I dreamed this dream except that I told it the next morning at breakfast to my sister.

'The next night I started for home, arriving there on the following evening at 7 o'clock. The news awaited me. Mary, upon receipt of my letter, had gone to the house at once. She had taken up every rug, hung the portieres on the line in the back yard, and was preparing to wax the floors. In her hurry she heated the paraffine, which she was in the habit of using on the floors, over the gas burner of the kitchen stove. It was in a shallow pan. In taking the pan off, the paraffine ignited and splashed over her. The catastrophe which followed was horrible; so horrible that even now I cannot bear to think of it.

'I went to her home. There was the bare floor of my dream, the iron bedstead and Mary lying on it, her hands bandaged with

white cloths. A comfortable covered her poor charred body. Strange to say, her face and head had not been burned. Her hair lay on the pillow just as I had seen it in my dream, and her features wore a look that was almost calm, produced by the drugs that had been given her to alleviate her sufferings. The thing haunted me until I was on the verge of nervous prostration.

took her hand and they disappeared together. I called to him to wait for me, but he seemed not to listen. He did not turn his head. I sank at the foot of the stairs weeping. I woke convulsed with sobs. He was so very ill that I did not tell him of my dream, out later in the day he told me his. Just at dawn—my dream was at dawn you see—he said his mother came to him



(EDDIE CONNOLLY, THE ST. JOHN LIGHT-WEIGHT WHO FOUGHT AND WON IN YONKERS.)

tion, and, to make matters worse, my friends swarmed about me relating similar incidents until the whole world seemed on fire and filled with poor, screaming creatures fleeing from the flames. When, later, I gave up the house, I was glad. For me it was filled always with terrible visions of the burning woman.'

It appeared that the subject of presentiments was a special hobby with the gray-eyed woman.

'It is a common thing with me,' she continued, to write to a friend with whom I am in sympathy and to receive a letter from him written on the same day, often at the same hour, in which he discusses the same things I have talked of in my letter to him. In some mysterious way our minds have crossed the realm of space dividing us and communed together. Also, I have time and again dreamed of places I have never seen, visited them afterward and been reminded of my dream.

'Strange things, seemingly trivial, constantly happen to me. I have a little girl at boarding school. The other day, on my way home, I passed a shoe store, and stopped to look in the window, thinking it was about time for Sis—I call her Sis—to be sending to me for shoes. When I got home there was a letter waiting for me. It was for Sis. She said her shoes were worn to tatters, and she must have another pair. It quite startled me, though I would have been still more startled if she had written without asking me for something or other. I should have been afraid she had fallen ill.'

A fair young woman with hair of a Titian shade commonly called red began to tell her story. She was a widow. Her black gown beautifully accentuated the pearliness of her skin.

'When my husband was ill,' she said, 'I took care of him myself, sitting up with him night after night. Just about dawn on the day before he died, exhausted from the want of sleep, I dropped off to a dose. I dreamed then that I stood at the foot of a long flight of stairs. He was half way up and I was trying to follow him. I try as I would I could not; but looking up I saw a woman standing at the head of the stairs holding out her hand to him.

'He wearily mounted the remaining steps and held out her hand. She was at the head, he said, of a long flight of stairs. He climbed the stairs, took her hand and went with her somewhere, he could not tell where exactly, but it was along a road into a very beautiful country. That night he went the way of his dream.

'A dream has no business to foreshadow

death,' said a quiet little woman over in one corner who had not yet spoken. 'Death comes to us soon enough, and brings with it enough of sorrow. A dream should do some real substantial good once in a while, and I know of one that did. It revealed a secret which, through the mistaken kindness of friends, a wife is always the last to know. One night her husband, coming home very late, as was his custom, roused her from this dream. She sat up in bed, rubbed her eyes open and told it to him. She laughed as she told it.

'You can't guess what I have been dreaming,' she said. 'I thought I saw a wide stairway, a curious stairway of some sort of apartment house, and then a room furnished with a little suit of oaken furniture. There were lace curtains at the windows. Ivy curtains were traced in a pattern of ivy leaves. There was a cheval bureau in one corner with drawers up the side and a long narrow glass, and you stood in front of this glass arranging your necktie. I could see the back of your head and your face in the glass. You looked cross.'

'Her husband turned white. He must have fancied she was half a witch, for she had described the room he had just left. While she dreamed of him he stood there before the mirror thinking angrily that he must go home to her. Perhaps his thought communicating itself to her, produced the dream.

'It was not without good results. It was so vivid in fact that almost in spite of herself she found the curious wide stairway, the room with the oaken furniture and the lace curtains with their pattern of ivy leaves. Later she also found her freedom from an unworthy husband.'

'A good dream,' murmured the woman with the big grey eyes, and the others echoed, 'A good dream, a good dream!'

A Popular Verdict.

The verdict of all who have seen the new picture, 'THE THIN RED LINE,' which is given to 'Family Herald and Weekly Star' subscribers this season, is that it is far the best premium picture ever issued by that magnificent paper. 'The Family Herald and Weekly Star,' of Montreal, has certainly surpassed all previous efforts and deserves all the praise it is being accorded. Such a magnificent paper and such a beautiful picture—all for One Dollar—is an offer Canadians will not be slow to take advantage of. Renewal subscriptions, it is said, are pouring in months ahead of time, so anxious are subscribers to get an early copy of the picture. New subscribers also are joining the great army of 'Family Herald and Weekly Star' readers by the thousands. The verdict of all that the equal of these two combined for One Dollar is not to be found anywhere.

Advertisement for Tetley's Tea, featuring an elephant logo and the text 'Best of Tea Value'. It includes details about the product's quality, packaging, and where to purchase it.

Advertisement for Currie Business University, located at the intersection of Charlotte and Princess Streets in St. John, N.B. It promotes advanced business education and offers a catalogue.

Advertisement for an epileptic sufferer, Mr. Robert McGee, who has found relief through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The text describes his symptoms and the effectiveness of the medicine.

Advertisement for 'BE YOUR OWN BOSS' and 'WANTED' notices. It includes information about a bicycle for sale and a genuine fountain pen.

Advertisement for 'STAMPS' and 'RESIDENCE' opportunities. It offers a collection of stamps for sale and a residence for rent.

Advertisement for 'Our 1899 Catalogue' and 'Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, Teacher of Pianoforte'. It promotes a catalogue of goods and a piano teacher.

Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The musical event of last week was the concert held in Mechanics Institute under the Yacht Club auspices; this occasion served as a means of introducing two local singers who I believe had not appeared previously in a public concert, or at all events were not well known as vocalists. I refer to Miss Forbes and Miss Knight, neither of these ladies deserve high praise for their work however; possibly the choice of selection may in part account for this fact; the same might be said of Miss Lawlor's performance; Miss Brennan, Mr. Kelly and Mr. McSorley appeared to very good advantage in concerted work, and Mr. Sutherland's solo a rollicking sea song, was given with good expression. Dr. Daniel and Mr. Robt. Ritchie each added a song to the programme; Mr. Stratton's solo, and Harrison's orchestra were much enjoyed. Mr. Buck again gave proof of his ability as a conductor in the excellence of his chorus work.

Tones and Undertones.

The Metropolitan Opera Company were unable to give The Mascot at Brantford, Ont., the other night, two members declining to appear. Miss Winter, managing the company, explained the case to the audience, saying that a vaudeville bill would be given, but that money should be returned to all who wished. The audience remained and Miss Winter was cheered to the echo.

The Bostonians are to produce their new opera "Ulysses" four weeks hence at Buffalo. The work is by Phillips and Nirdlinger, the latter of whom is the well-known composer of ballets.

Faderewski's long-expected Polish opera which will probably be entitled "Stanislaus" is at length finished, and will be produced at the Royal Opera, Dresden.

Dr. Sanford's new light opera is on the point of completion, and is likely to be produced during the winter. Messrs. Jessop and Stephenson are the librettists.

Attalie Claire, the opera singer, is about to sue for absolute divorce from her husband, Dr. Alfred Kayne, on statutory grounds.

Sandow, the strong man, is in training to become a bass singer.

Jean De Reszke, it is said has declined to sing in Chicago this season, and rumor accords to Emma Calve a similarly disrespectful attitude toward the Windy City.

Moriz Rosenthal, the pianist, arrived in New York from Europe last week to begin his concert tour this week at Carnegie Hall.

Xaver Scharwenka sailed last week for Berlin, where he will make his residence.

Plunket Greene, the English basso, will begin an American concert tour in January.

The mother and brother of Victor Herbert arrived last week from Germany to make their home in America. Mrs. Herbert is a daughter of the late Samuel Lover.

A new ballet, called Alaska, was produced recently at the London empire. It is like all its predecessors in the same line, a very gorgeous affair.

The marriage of Leo Stern, cellist, and Suzanne Adams, the American soprano, has been announced in London.

Flo Irwin, Victor Morley, Lillian Beyer, and Bella Davis are all making tremendous hits singing "My Ann Elizer."

Hubert Wilk's Fra Diavolo, with the Dorothy Morton Opera company, was praised highly last week by the Minneapolis press.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Burglar Company gave four "performances" at the Opera House this week. Mr. William Harris the leading man acquitted himself very creditably, and won many admirers here for his clever work both as Napoleon in The Empress of France, and in the title role of The Burglar. There was also a clever child in the company, with a wonderful memory, and whose part in The Burglar was an important one. The balance of the Company was very poor indeed. The production of The Empress of France was a particularly

PIMPLES CURED BY CUTICURA SOAP

Before using CUTICURA SOAP, my face and hands were just as rough as could be and my face was all covered with pimples. I was unable to look at, but after using CUTICURA SOAP three weeks, my face was equal to velvet. Feb. 6, 1898. PAUL DUPRE, Chaler, La. I suffered with blackheads and pimples for two or three years until it became chronic. I tried everything imaginable, but it did me no good. CUTICURA SOAP cured me. Feb. 20, '98. L. V. GILLIAM, Oak P. O., Va. I was troubled for eight years with pimples on the face. I commenced using CUTICURA SOAP. In a very short time the pimples all disappeared and my skin is now in a healthy condition. JAMES FOSTER, Feb. 17, 1898. Dixmont, Allegheny Co., Pa. Sold throughout the world. Price 25c. FORTY DOLLARS AND UP. CUTICURA SOAP, Sole Proprietors, Boston. 400-402 New York and Erie Streets, N. Y. City. "New to Prevent and Cure Pimples," mailed free.

Ninety-Five Cures in One Hundred Cases. Within a period of sixty days one hundred cases of Asthma treated by Clarke's Kola Compound showed the marvelous percentage of ninety-five absolute cures—and these figures are gathered from hospital records. \$3 a bottle; three bottles for \$8. Sold by all druggists, or the Griffiths & MacPherson Co., 121 Church Street, Toronto. 21

Catarrh

GUARANTEE.—The compounders of Japanese Catarrh Cure guarantee to cure any case of Catarrh. If after purchasing at one purchase six boxes of the cure and using the whole contents of same, exactly as directed, there be failure to cure, the money paid for same will be returned by them, providing that six guarantee slips are presented together with a receipted bill from the druggist or dealer from whom purchased, and declaring that the whole six boxes have been used by the person claiming the refund, and that there has been no cure. This is a strong position for the proprietors to take, but they have absolute faith that on a fair trial it will do all that is claimed for Japanese Catarrh Cure. 121 Church Street, Toronto.

"I suffered from almost constant cold in the head, and catarrh symptoms developing. I procured a box of Japanese Catarrh Cure and the effect was instantaneous relief."—ALEX. MORAN, New Westminster, B. C. 50 cents—at all Druggists or by mail. Griffiths & MacPherson Co., Toronto.

In my burlesque, unintentionally of course, and as such was enjoyed immensely by those who witnessed it.

Charles Lee and Lillian Lewis of the original What Happened to Jones company, were married last week at San Antonio Texas.

Augustus Thomas is writing another play for Stuart Robson. The scenes will be laid in Washington, and Mr. Robson will impersonate a dashing young man whose friends nominate and elect him to Congress much against his will.

Helen Guest has been engaged to support Jessie Mae Hall in her tour through the west under the management of J. H. Wallick.

Andrew Mack is preparing a bill to consist of three one act pieces, each containing a distinct phase of Irish character.

Anthony Hope's new play, "When a Man's in Love," produced at the Court Theatre, London, Eng., Oct. 19, was cordially received.

The funeral of Edward J. Henley took place Oct. 19, at the church of the Transfiguration, The Little Church Around the Corner, and the remains were taken to Fresh Pond, L. I. for cremation. The pallbearers were Wilton Lackaye, E. Percy Weedon, William Macdonald, Dr. Clarence Rice, E. J. Morgan, and Joseph Howard. The Bostonians, of which company Mrs. Henley (Helen Bertram) is a member sang several hymns.

Jacob Litt, the owner of the "In Old Kentucky," has received a verdict against the Wabash Railroad for \$8,224.54 damages for the loss of his property, which was destroyed while in the custody of the company at Kansas City, Mo.

Under the contracts with Mr. Frohman the following members will appear early next month on the stage of the Lyceum Theatre for the reading of the parts of the new production of A. W. Pinero's play, "Rose Trelawney of the Wells": Edward Morgan, with "The Christian"; Charles Walcott and William Courtleigh, with "Sporting Life"; Joseph Wheelock Jr., with "The Conquerors"; Henry Woodriff on the Proctor circuit; Felix Morris, George C. Boniface and John Findley, in San Francisco; Elizabeth Tyree, and John Drew's company, in "The Lion"; and Katharine Florence, with the Madison Square Stock Company presenting "On and Off."

The following is what last week's Clipper has to say about two professional people who became favorably known here through their work in a theatrical company two or three seasons ago. "Mrs. J. L. Seeley (Jennie Kendrick) and little son have returned from the West, after spending fifteen weeks with relatives and friends. While there Mrs. Seeley was the guest of honor at several dinner parties, receptions, clubs, after dinner parties, etc. Mr. Seeley, who has been a member of the Castle Square Stock Co., Boston, for the past year, spent a month at his old home in Illinois, and accompanied his wife to Boston, where he will continue a member of the stock for the present season."

During the recent engagement of Philadelphia Tyron Power, one of the members of his company married Edith Crane.

Mr. Hart, who plays Sir John Oxon in "A Lady of Quality," is a larger man than Edwin Arden, and when he was murdered in rehearsal it was found that he would not go under the sofa. Therefore a new sofa has been built to accommodate his corpse.

Edward J. Morgan, who was lent to Viola Allen to create the role of John Storm in the Christian, and who will soon turn over the role to Joseph Haworth, has been assigned by Daniel Frohman to the leading male character in "Rose Trelawney." Others to be called back to the Lyceum forces are William Courtney and Charles Wolcott from "Sporting Life" and Miss Florence from "On and Off."

William Winter, Jr., son of the dean of

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New York dramatic critics, has been cast for the role of Christian in the Daily production of "Cyrano." The part was ineffectually played here by James Young, the ex-Hamlet, while young Mr. Winter was the fiercely made-up Captain of the Gascony Cadets. He is also to be the Lorenzo when the Daily revival of "The Merchant of Venice" is given.

Charles Coghlan's decision not to produce his new French Revolutionary play this season is adduced by Katherine Grey as her reason for resigning from his company as leading woman.

Edmond Rostand is at work upon a new play. It will be a drama, in verse entitled "Aiglon," founded on the history of the Duc de Reichstadt, the son of Napoleon I. and Marie Louise, who died in Austria at twenty-two years of age. This new male role is being written for Sarah Bernhardt.

Manager Carl and Theodore Rosenfeld have secured the American right of publication and production of all of Gerhart Hauptmann's plays. They are now negotiating with a prominent character actor for a local production next winter of "Hentchel the Liverman," Hauptmann's latest work, which is to be presented in Berlin shortly.

Stephen Grattan has been engaged for the Lyceum Theatre, Baltimore, Md.

"The Cuckoo" closed Oct. 15.

"The Irish Volunteers" closed Oct. 15, after one week.

Helen MacGregor has joined "The Dawn of Freedom," to play Paquita.

C. J. Campbell joined "A Stranger in New York" company Oct. 17.

Nat Goodwin's performance of "Nathan Hale," at the Studebaker Auditorium, South Bend, Ind., Oct. 1, opened his season and dedicated the house.

Winnie McCaull was married in Greensboro, N. C., recently, to Frank M. Holahan, a non-professional.

Will J. Maddern is arranging to be starred in repertory, next season, under the management of Jacob & Elwee. The tour will cover nine States in the South and West.

William M. Goff, author of "O'Dowd's Tribulations" has just finished a three act rural comedy.

Julia Authur made a gorgeous production of "Ingomar" at the Star Theatre, Buffalo N. Y., Oct. 21, and will continue it in her repertory.

Delmore and Lee are playing a successful engagement at the Alhambra, London.

Harry Pleon, who tried in vain to make the Americans think he is funny, has gone back to London.

The Burrill Comedy company drew such large audiences last week at Columbia, Pa., that they have been retained for another week, the first fortnight engagement ever played in Columbia.

The Novelty Theatre, Brooklyn, will soon be reopened with a stock company at popular prices.

Meta Brittain has been engaged by Thankeser and Hatch for their Milwaukee Stock company.

Amy Lee has resigned from the Park Theatre Stock company, Brooklyn.

Helen Byron has joined the Stock company at the Bowdoin Square Theatre, Boston.

Gerald Griffin, the effervescent comedian who was never known to use a hackneyed slang expression or to tell an old joke, will return to vaudeville for a few weeks next spring, after his tour with What Happened to Jones. He will present Silence Is Golden, by Ida and May M. Ward.

Forrester and Floyd have in preparation a new and original one-act comedy written for them by Arthur J. Lamb, which they will produce this season at the leading vaudeville houses. They have just finished successful engagements over the Keith and Proctor circuits, and opened a return engagement at the Bijou, Washington on Oct. 24.

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"77" BREAKS UP COLDS That "hang on."

LINGERING COUGHS that hang on and may end in Consumption are broken up by "77." HARD STUBBORN COLDS that lead to La Grippe are dissipated by "Seventy-seven." TENACIOUS COLDS that run into Pneumonia are stopped by "77." FREQUENT COLDS that threaten Catarrh are cured by "77"

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George Robinson has written a new sketch, call it A Family Affair, in which he George Ober, and Ollie Redpath will appear in vaudeville.

Maud Haslam, Rose Eytinge, and Clement Bainbridge are now presenting Augustus Thoms' play, That Overcoat. Miss Haslam has replaced Isabelle Evesson, who may be seen in a new sketch.

Joe O'Gorman, of Tennyson and O'Gorman, was married in London, on Oct. 10, to Jessie Elizabeth Prosser who was formerly known as "The Beautiful Jessica."

Josie Sadler, who makes a specialty of stage-serveant girls, will go into vaudeville in a sketch which will allow her to display her peculiar talent to advantage.

Carrie Rose has resigned from Henry Chantrau's company to join Daniel A. Kelly, with whom she will be featured in a repertoire of four plays.

On and off will be produced on Nov. 24, it is said, at the Vaudeville theatre, London, by an English company, including George Giddens, Seymour Hicks, Herbert Standing, Maud Hobson and Lettice Fairfax.

The Pitman comedy company is said to be pirating The Middleman in Pennsylvania.

British playgoers are being treated to a half dozen new dramatizations of the Three Musketeers. With D'Artagnan on the other side and Cyrano on this it must be admitted that the art of stage fencing is looking up a bit.

A new Henry Arthur Jones comedy, The Marcoures of Jane, will be produced on Oct. 29 at the Royal Haymarket, London.

Mrs. Daniel Sully, who has not appeared on the stage for some time, has joined her husband's company.

Frank W. Sanger's old suit against T. Henry French to recover a share of the earnings of Little Lord Fauntleroy was argued before the Court of Appeals at Albany last week. The case begun in 1889, has been in two courts before, Mr. Sanger winning in one and Mr. French in the other.

May Lambert, whose seductive wink is a feature of On and Off, is a graduate of the Stanhope-Wheatcroft Dramatic School.

A long distance speech was made last week by Randolph Hartley to a company in Denver, soon to open in his opera. The Juggler, in that city. Into a phonograph here Mr. Hartley poured his words of admonition regarding the performance of his work—and his hopes for its success. The cylinder was sent by express to the stage-manager in Denver, and three days later the Juggler company heard, marked and applauded the address which came to them from New York.

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two hundred distinguished contributors already engaged are Hon. D. Long, Secretary of the Navy, Edward Everett Hale, Henry M. Stanley, Sarah Orne Jewett, W. D. Howells, Poultney Bigelow, Herbert E. Hamblin, Hon. Carl Schurz, Rt. Hon. James Bryce, John Burroughs, Robert Barr, Thomas Nelson Page, Bret Harte, William Black, Alfred Austin, Andrew Lang and Dr. William A. Hammond. All subscribers to the 1896 volume, will receive THE COMPANION'S new Calendar, exquisitely colored, with a border of stamped gold. This paper will be given free also from the time subscription is received until January 1, 1899, then a full year to January 1, 1900. A handsome illustrated announcement and sample copies will be sent free to any addressing THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

A QUEBEC CONCERN.

The Dominion Corset Company Open up Their new Factory in Quebec.

About one hundred of the leading merchants of Quebec City were present on October 13th to see Hon. Mr. P. Garneau start the machinery in the new works of the Dominion Corset Co. on Dorchester Street.

Mr. George Amyot, the President and manager, at whose invitation the company had met, then headed an inspection of the handsome premises, and finally in his office a champagne lunch was served and after some speeches and many congratulations to Mr. Amyot on his new works, the company dispersed.

The factory is a building 40 feet by 200 and four stories high a model of cleanliness and brightness and replete with every device to facilitate good work, both in office and factory and assure the greatest comfort to the three hundred odd people who are employed in it. A Corliss engine of 80 Horse Power and a dynamo with a capacity of 800 lamps of 16 Candle power supply power and artificial light. This corset factory is the largest by far of any in Canada, yet it is taxed to its utmost to turn out the orders which the nine travelers kept all the time on the road have no trouble in securing for the 'D & A' Corsets as the product of these works are known. A box factory employing 75 hands, is also run in connection with Corset works.

This factory is a great addition to the already numerous large industrial works in the old capital and it would be hard to find in all America a corset factory so well equipped as these new works of the Dominion Corset Co.

Mr. Amyot, the proprietor must be a pretty busy man, as he is also proprietor of the 'Rock Spring Brewery' whose product has more than a local fame, and is one of the directors of the Canadian Electric Light Co. Ltd.

Between the Lines. 'Gladys' remarked her sister, 'must be having a dreadful stupid visit. If she wasn't she wouldn't have the time to write this ten-page letter telling me how much she's enjoying herself.'

The English and Chinese languages are said to be the only two among all those known that class inanimate objects as of the neuter gender.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, NOV. 5th

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

ABOUT THE EXHIBITION.

In the report of the Exhibition Association published this week, the principal item of interest is a deficit of nearly \$1,600. The expenditure and receipts are given in some detail and they convey a fair idea of how the \$23,000 was dealt out, but there are some comparisons with the Halifax exhibition that are worth noting and commenting upon. Halifax spent nearly \$2,000 more in prizes than St. John did; they spent \$2,500 more for amusements than our association did, but they only made a capital expenditure of \$500, while we disbursed over \$4,000 on that account. One item in the expenditures at the St. John exhibition may well excite remark and call for an explanation, that is the \$1,856 under the head of "miscellaneous." In Halifax the amount under the same caption was \$627. The secretary's office cost them \$1,666, while ours cost us \$1,820. We do not think that the current expenditure of our fair could be kept within much closer limits than it has been, but it does seem that over \$4,000 was too large a sum, under the circumstances to expend on buildings. We believe that the excuse and reason given by the directors of the Exhibition Association for such an outlay, is that it was a condition of the government grant that certain additional facilities in the way of buildings should be provided for the exhibit that the government proposed to make. There is no doubt that the exhibits of the province assisted very materially towards the success of the show, but we cannot but feel that they were pretty well paid for.

PROGRESS suggested some time ago, that the management of this exhibition should confer with the management of that in Halifax, and see if some arrangement could not be made that would prevent any rivalry in the future. As it is now, all or nearly all of the people of Nova Scotia who would come to St. John to see the exhibition—if there are none to be seen in the capital of their own province—wait for that in Halifax. The same is true of residents of New Brunswick. Now if there were but one exhibition in the two provinces every fall, we believe that the attendance would be such as to place the financial results beyond a doubt. There are many merchants who think that an annual exhibition is too much to attempt. No doubt there are others, and especially those interested in the entertainment and purchasing powers of the visitors, who believe to the contrary. But it appears to us, that after an experience of some years of annual exhibitions, the question is one that might be carefully investigated and determined upon.

THE COST OF A WARDROBE.

The proprietor of a department store in Baltimore figures out that any girl can dress well in that city on \$75 a year, or to be strictly accurate he puts the amount at \$61.48 the balance of the \$75 he allows for the little ornaments that a woman may think necessary to her outfit. He divides her wardrobe for the year into three parts; underwear, outside clothing for summer, and outside clothing for winter. The cost of the first for a year he estimates at \$8.30, the second at \$17.84 and the third at \$33.94. This dressing is quite possible in these days of ready made garments and the amount mentioned will amply provide for a girl of moderate means and tastes and at the same time will enable her to keep up a nice appearance all the year round. To the woman of means the sum seems ridiculously small, but small as it is there are women in fairly good circumstances who dress on less, and who may be said to dress well and sensibly too, that is in the way of serviceable working clothes. They may lack dashing

style and showiness but there are other elements in dress which might be considered more attractive.

INCIDENTS OF THE FIRE.

Where Insurance Was Placed—The Fate of Some Publications.

Some curious things happened at the McMillan fire, which, those readers of PROGRESS who did not see the daily papers will regret to learn, took place last Saturday morning, and almost totally destroyed the printing establishment of the firm of Messrs. J. & A. McMillan. Thirty thousand or forty thousand of insurance would not cover the loss and delay and inconvenience to their business, yet they only had about eight thousand on the building, and about eight thousand on all the printing plant and large stock.

There were several customers of theirs, however, who were better fixed in this respect than the firm itself. Some hundreds of copies of "The Life and Times of Sir Leonard Tilley," owned by the author, Mr. Hannay, were insured for eight hundred dollars. A few of them were saved but the rest were well sold. Dr. A. A. Stockton was fortunate in having five hundred dollars insurance on his admiralty reports. They were practically totally destroyed. The foreign directories of Messrs. MacAlpine & Co., were not insured at all. Some say they had been insured, and that the policy had run out, but whether they were or not, they were exceedingly fortunate the day before the fire in having delivered to them 200 copies of the book.

Messrs. MacMillan have the kindly sympathy of the whole community, and their many friends and customers are glad to learn that they propose to carry on their business, at any rate so far as the completion of their orders are concerned. For this purpose they have leased the premises of the Economic Printing Co., which were formerly those of Geo. W. Day.

MR. CULLEN CALLS ON PROGRESS.

And Puts his Case in a Plain Straight Forward Fashion.

Mr. Alfred Cullen of Carleton was an indignant young man Saturday when PROGRESS appeared, for his name was in it and wasn't mentioned in the most complimentary way.

His brother Fred had made himself talked about a few days before because he failed to fulfil an important engagement he had made with a young lady to get married and those who seemed to know the facts told PROGRESS that his name was Alfred. There is only a difference of two letters in the names but it made all the difference in the world to Alfred who had no thought that he was to be saddled with the transgressions of his brother. He was at PROGRESS office pretty nearly as soon as he could get there Saturday morning and he inquired for the editor in a fashion that was business in itself. The editor was out but he was in Monday when the angry Alfred appeared on the scene again and proceeded to elucidate the fact that the name of Cullen was scarce in this community and that so far as he knew he was the only Alfred Cullen in it and he did not propose to run away from a girl when he promised to marry her, neither did he choose to be quiet under the insult that had been heaped upon him.

To hear him talk would give one the idea that no member of the Cullen family would be guilty of such a coyote trick as that but when he calmed down he admitted that Fred Cullen was the culprit and that he was a brother of his.

PROGRESS has no objection whatever in righting Mr. Alfred Cullen before the public. In fact it is delighted to do so and pleased that there is one of the family at least who has no idea of leaving this fair Canada of ours and going west.

Again on Day Duty.

There was a mild sensation in police circles the other day when it was discovered that Sergeant Caples, who on account of his ill health, seemed to have been somewhat unanimously assigned to day duty, had been placed upon the night beat of King Square under his junior, Sergeant Campbell. Of course Sergeant Caples obeyed the orders of his chief, whatever he might have thought about them and so far as PROGRESS knows he said nothing about the matter. But there were some friends of his who did say something, and the result is that the sergeant is again on day duty. The general opinion seems to be that if the chief wanted to have another man for night duty on King Square, he might have assigned Sergeant Campbell as the junior sergeant to do the patrol work under Sergeant Caples. These little breaks on the part of the officer who controls the police force may not be much in themselves, but all are working up to one end, which is a demand on the part of the whole council and the people that the appointment of the chief of police should be in the hands of those who pay him his

salary. It is quite likely that if there is no explanation of the police fund in a short time, it will be made the subject of an enquiry at the council board.

THEY DISCHARGED THE MANAGER.

The Palmer Opera Company Have Many Difficulties.

HALIFAX, Nov. 2.—There has been some trouble in the Palmer Opera Company which is now playing at the Academy of Music in this city. The company came here a couple of weeks ago from Quebec where it had just concluded a six weeks engagement. There was no flourish of trumpets about its arrival; it came here in a mild way, and although a small company it has many good qualities and some splendid performers. The only thing that is weak about it is the chorus. The company to say the least was not in good financial standing when it struck this city, but it has since recouped and is now on a sound basis. Mr. Palmer was looked upon as the manager and owner of the company, but developments that have been brought out within the past few days have proven otherwise. He was the manager, that is admitted, but not the owner. The costumes and other paraphernalia are the property of the individual members of the company, and Mr. Palmer has no control over them whatever. Mr. Palmer left the city last week to visit his wife who is in Quebec, and during his absence the members of the company for reasons best known to themselves, saw fit to dispose of him and they have done so without the slightest hesitation. It is a very rare case in which the "boss" of a show is discharged, but such is the case this time. The members of the company after the performance one evening assembled together, and decided to resign in a body. This was unanimously agreed upon, and a copy of the ultimatum was ordered to be forwarded immediately to Mr. Palmer. On receipt of this communication he was very much surprised, and forwarded word immediately that he would come here and fight them, up to the present time he has not put in an appearance, and he is not likely to either. In the meantime the company has changed its name to the "Robinson Comic Opera Company," and has this week started out with its first engagement at the Academy under the new name. The company intends to go from here to Yarmouth, and then to St. John.

Teaching Business.

If any of our readers are at all skeptical as to the feasibility of teaching business in the school room exactly as business is done by the best houses in this community, the management of the Currie Business University extend to them a cordial invitation to visit their school and see the students at work. Such a visit could serve to settle the matter once for all.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

I Dream Alone of You. I had a dream alone of you, But sadly woke to find; As love is only love when true, No dream had I'd my mind For in my secret heart of hearts I found no dream would stay, But you from all the world apart; Held undisturbed sway. You gave no mystic touch or sign, A rose blew past your cheek; And left a blush of love divine You had no need to speak. I clasped you in that dawn of bliss Ere we more love could ken; And in your half-reverent kiss, I read "I love you," then. There close against your throbbing heart, Love wakened in your breast; And lingered never to depart, As your sweet lips confessed. Can you forget that time and place? No more dear heart can I; No length of years can ere efface, The heaven that then was nigh. Such love must live for ever on, Sweet memories long remain; Such rapture ne'er is wholly gone, Its rapture is sweet pain. Affection hallowed still will turn, To that fond scene, and pray: Its quenchless incense constant burn Until life's latest day. Though absence claims a fearful right, Between our souls to set, A weary winter's tedious night, Still love we can't forget. Again your faithful arms enfold, My heart in that loved spot, Where that life passion as of old, Once pledged leaves us not.

By The River.

Why do I love to dream Beside a river so? I see the ripples gleam— And see the river flow; Flow down to strange scenes, by the eastward sea, And so it is the river charmeth me. Its winding course propels My thoughts to distant lands; Its seaward current tell, Me tales of golden strands. And, ever, while its tide flows out, flows in, I from its motion deeper thinking win. So it is that I dream By rivers more and more, I see the ripples gleam— And think of some sea-shore. And think that there are lands to bloom as thick— For as to rivers do we live our life!

At Pauli.

I should think that you would hesitate about getting such an expensive present for your wife. 'Not at all. If I hesitated I shouldn't get it.'

LEFT THE CITY IN A HURRY.

A Halifax Man who did not Distinguish Between Meum and Tuum.

HALIFAX Nov 3.—This city has lost another very prominent citizen within the past five days. He has gone west to seek his fortune in fields anew, and hopes that his efforts will be attended with more success in the future than they have been in the past. He did not leave of his own free will however, as there were circumstance connected with his departure which made it really more hasty than he wished. This individual was for years a trusted employer in a large wholesale grocery store on Lower Water Street, which does an enormous business. He had the full confidence of his employer and in the majority of cases did pretty much as he pleased. This freedom no doubt was the cause of his ruin and downfall, in this community. Little by little he helped himself to the firm's money, and did it in such a way that he was bound to be found out sooner or later. On the outside he receipted bills in the name of the firm and pocketed the cash, for which he made no return to his employer. When the firm sent bills out to those creditors his piling was bound to be discovered and so they were. It was only a matter of time how long this kind of thing would be allowed to go on before a climax was reached, and at last it has come. Many had expected it long before this, as there were other shady transactions in which he was implicated irrespective of the firm with which he was employed. The head of the firm was out of the city when the doings of the dishonest clerk were discovered, and on his return he was greatly surprised at the revelations that were made to him. The clerk in the meantime had been suspended, pending an investigation into the whole matter, but the facts were only too true, and he never came back. He was quite an influential citizen, and had many friends who made a strong effort to have him restored to his former position, but all attempts proved fruitless. They even went so far as to guarantee the firm the full amount of the stolen money, which was somewhere in the vicinity of \$1000. At the present time it is not known how much he really took. There are many curious incidents in connection with this individual's downfall. A couple of years ago he had one of the firm's employees arrested for theft, and his escape from serving a term in the penitentiary was a very narrow one. At that time the party now referred to did all in his power to prosecute this unfortunate man, and he further more turned a deaf ear to the wife and family of the prisoner who fairly begged him for mercy. There was no let up for him he said, those who do wrong must suffer for their deeds. This was not the only case in which he distinguished himself as a public prosecutor. When there was some trouble over the books and accounts of the Charitable Irish society less than a year ago he was one of the foremost members to clamor for vengeance against an officer of the society whom he alleged was in financial difficulties. But what a change has come about in a short time. That member it was proven was honest in all his dealings, and is today able to hold his head up high, without the slightest stigma being cast upon his character. It is not so with his accuser however. He has "fallen by the wayside, and is beyond recall." At one time he was an officer in the Union engine company, and it is he whom many of the members blame for being the cause of the city council disposing of its services. His dealings latterly with that company were not above board, and frequently bills have been rendered to this body for which the money was given this particular party to pay many months ago. By many he was looked upon as an ideal citizen, but these who were acquainted with him did not hold him in such high estimation. Previous to the charge of government he was spoken of as being the successful applicant for the position of freight agent at North street station in the city, but through some means or other he failed to get the position. Gambling is the cause that is assigned for his downfall, as night after night he sat at the card table and their squandered money on the "game." It has been remarked that he has lost as much as \$100 at one sitting, this position was a good one, and he was in receipt of about \$1000 a year, but this sum was not nearly ample enough to keep him going at the clip that he was cutting. Through his friends influence he was not arrested, though he was obliged to leave the city for fear that something new may turn up, which would land him behind the bars.

ROYAL Baking Powder. Made from pure cream of tartar. Safeguards the food against alum. Alum baking powders are the greatest menaces to health of the present day.

JOHN DUNN'S BEST STORY.

Which is Interesting But Its Veracity Not Vouchsafed For.

The story of how R. C. John Dunn met Lord Aberdeen is an old one, but as it has never appeared in print its publication may be justified on the ground of preservation. Everybody who knows Mr. Dunn is aware of his originality. That it is yet confined to his profession is also well known.

He is an early riser and nothing pleases him more than a constitutional before breakfast. It was when returning from one of these early walks that he met Lord Aberdeen. The governor general was standing on the steps of "Carlton" house enjoying the quiet of the pleasant morning and the bracing air of St. John.

That intuition of good fellowship that sometimes prompts men to speak to each other without an introduction induced Mr. Dunn and his lordship to exchange a pleasant good morning. The genial architect was not aware of the fact that he was addressing the governor general and it is needless to say that his lordship was not acquainted with Mr. Dunn but he stepped down to the sidewalk and in a very polite fashion inquired of "R. C." if he was pretty well acquainted with the city.

"I should say so" said John, "I built the most of it."

"Ah then" said Aberdeen "perhaps you could tell me where I could get a cocktail. I am a little early for this household and I doubt" he added, with a smile "if my good friend Sir Leonard Tilley could comply with such a request."

"Yes, yes" said John "if you'll follow me for about two minutes I'll see that you're accommodated," and without further discussion the willing guide led the way along to Princess street and down Rocky Hill to the side entrance of M. A. Finn's establishment. Although the hour was early the compounder of cocktails was on hand and in less time than it takes to write it his lordship was listening to "what'll you have" from John.

A whiskey cocktail and plain whiskey were the beverages of both, and his lordship must have enjoyed his, for, remarking that it was so good that he thought he would try another, he invited John to join him. The social side of the moment became uppermost at this juncture and Lord Aberdeen thanked his good fortune and Mr. Dunn for enabling him to revive his spirits and create an appetite for breakfast.

Mr. Dunn's reply was somewhat to the effect that no thanks were necessary as he was on the road for the same purpose but his pleasure had been much increased by the company even though he had not the enjoyment of his new friend's acquaintance.

With that Aberdeen produced his card case and Mr. Dunn knew whom he had obliged.

"Pleased to meet your lordship I'm sure" said John: "permit me to give you my card" and Lord Aberdeen then knew who had obliged him. A pleasant good morning was exchanged and Mr. Dunn reflected as he walked along Prince William Street that he had had an unexpected honor.

But the whiskey tasted just the same as usual.

Ranked. Dr von Rokitsansky, of Graz, who recently died, was a son of the celebrated Viennese Professor Rokitsansky. The latter had four sons, of whom two devoted themselves to medicine, while the other two became singers; and the old man used to say, when asked what their profession were— "Zwei heuler and zwei heiler."—Two are howlers and two are healers.

Cloth From Wood. Cloth is now being successfully made from wood. Strips of fine-grained wood are boiled and crushed between rollers and the filaments, having been threaded into parallel lines, are spun into cords, from which cloth can be woven in the usual way.

Why is a pretty girl like UNGAR'S LAUNDRY? Because she always pleases the gentlemen. 28 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 58.



An unusual quiet seems to have settled upon society of late, and many of the festivities which have...

A hostess who has entertained extensively in the past and whose table decorations are at all times elegant and tasteful sends the following to Progress...

Ladies' whist is becoming quite popular in society circles and is quite an innovation here, though it has been in vogue in many places for some time.

Among the ladies who entertained friends at old-fashioned Hallow'een parties the first of the week were, Mrs. A. O. Skinner, Mrs. E. C. Tully, and Mrs. Alfred Markham.

The St. Andrews ball will take place the last of this month it is rumored. This news will be received gladly by society as it was quite understood that the idea had been given up.

Mrs. Murray MacLaren entertained a few friends on Monday afternoon. Mrs. D. B. Lawson was at home to a few of her friends last Friday evening.

Mrs. C. F. Harrison gave a most enjoyable little five o'clock tea last Tuesday afternoon as a farewell to Mrs. McLeod. She was assisted in looking after her guests by Miss Lillie Adams, Miss Gertrude Dever, Miss Lollie Harrison and Miss Nina Keator.

Miss Stephens of Montreal is the guest of the Misses Sidney-Smith, Dorchester Street. Mrs. Sherwood Skinner gave a very pleasant little luncheon on Tuesday last in honor of her mother, Mrs. Edge of London, Ont., who is at present visiting her.

Mrs. John Gillis gave a large At Home at her residence, Union street, last Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. George K. McLeod left on Tuesday for New York to join Mr. McLeod and will accompany him on a short trip to the old country.

Lady Tilly entertained a few friends to luncheon, at Carleton House one day last week in honor of Mrs. A. F. Randolph of Fredericton.

Mr. Justice Barker and Mr. W. H. Thorne returned the first of the week from a trip to the upper provinces. Misses Annie and Dollie McCullough who spent the last few months in St. John have returned to their home in Lynn, Mass.

Miss Elizabeth Sharp who has been the guest of Miss Furlong for a few weeks left the first of the week for Melrose, Mass., where she will take up the study of nursing.

Mr. George A. Schofield returned the beginning of the week from a trip to Toronto. Miss Follen and her sister Mrs. Patterson of Horsfield street left last Wednesday evening for New York and Philadelphia to visit their sister Mrs. Pepper of the last named city. Miss Follen will remain all winter but Mrs. Patterson expects to return about Christmas.

Mrs. W. J. Rutledge of Woodstock, spent a few days in the city during the week. Mr. and Mrs. G. de Ysher of Gagetown were among the city's recent visitors.

Mr. D. L. McDonald of Eastport, spent a few days here during the week. Miss Coughlan's guest Miss Costello of Poultnier, Vt. left this week for her home in that town.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Sharpe returned Monday from a visit to Boston. Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Powers are back from a very delightful visit to Montreal.

Rev. Mr. Dobson, M. A., who was here to take part in Centenary church anniversary this week, was the guest of Mr. George A. Henderson Elliott row, during his stay in the city.

Mrs. Rogers and family have taken up their residence at the New Victoria hotel for the winter. A pleasant little Hallow'een party was given by the Misses Hortense and Emma Heath at their home on Carmarthen street last Monday evening when the games sacred to that particular festival were indulged in.

ston Miss Russell, three sons: Mr. Edwin Russell, of Watertown; Mr. H. L. Russell, of Chicago; N. Y. Mr. Daniel Russell, of N. Y. and two sisters Mrs. H. Ludgate in town and Mrs. Douglas Wetmore of Truro. The funeral took place from his late residence and was largely attended the services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Lavers.

Mrs. [Dr.] Dick is visiting Mr. Daniel Gillmor's family in Montreal. Mr. Hoyt and family left this week for St. John where they will reside.

Rev. E. E. Smith is spending a part of the week in St. Stephen. Mr. Daniel Gillmor is on his way to England.

Mr. J. D. Dykeman died at his residence this (Wednesday) morning. MAZ. DORCHESTER. [Progress is for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.]

Nov. 2.—Mrs. David Chapman is having a five o'clock tea this afternoon in honor of her daughter-in-law Mrs. David Chapman of Amherst who is visiting her.

Mrs. R. W. Hewson of Moncton spent Sunday in town with her mother Mrs. George W. Chandler at Maple Hurst.

Little Miss Kathleen Hewson of Moncton was in town last week for a day. Miss E. M. Dibblee returned from Backville today.

Miss Taylor and Miss Welling of the teaching staff here were in Moncton for a few days last week attending the annual meeting of the Teachers' Institute.

Mrs. Inglis Bent of Amherst returned home last week after spending a fortnight with her sister Mrs. W. Hazen Chapman.

Rev. J. R. Campbell was in Moncton last Friday. PERSONAL. There's Wee in Squawville.

It is with humiliation and with sorrow that I state that of Squawville has been bunched in a manner she has had it played upon her in a lowdown sort of way.

By a bold, designin', mirable, hand-out chawin' All the pains o' degradation are a-rackin' of our souls.

An' we feel jes' like hi-o-tees that's a sneakin' 'round their holes, An' I guess the only reason that we didn't hang the Was because of the amazement that was paralyzin' us.

We was all in Clancy's boozery discussin' politics. An' it's many quite unholly an' disreputable tricks, When he cussed stranger entered an' chipped in with the remark That 'twas thrice-scoured whiskey caused the That 'twas thrice-scoured whiskey caused the That 'twas thrice-scoured whiskey caused the

Then he said he'd bin a-readin' how us Western cusses think It's a humorous precedin' far to fo'ce a man to How we'd pull o'f six-timers on a tenderfoot when he Would decline to flood his innards with the juice of misery?

He had feet that wasn't noted for the toughness of their soles, An' a borderman might threaten fur to shoot him full of holes, But he never could be driven by sich desperado bluff Fur to lubricate his thorax with the hell-invented stuff.

This attack upon our lickin' which we hold to be divine Run our powers of forbearance clear across the limit line, An' we raneed a dozen glasses 'long the bar in front o' him, An' we filled 'em with the nectar o' delight o'lar to the brim, Then we drawed an' told the stranger fur to drink 'em away one Or he'd bear the snappy barkin' of a retributive gun.

An' we deliberative in his efforts to obey— Tossed 'em down an' smacked his lips in an appreciative way.

Then he wiped the drippin' dampness from his lodgement on his chin An' remarked that if the barkeep'er jes' set 'em up as in He'd be happy to amuse us by remainin' on the floor, An' showin' us how gracious he could handle an encore.

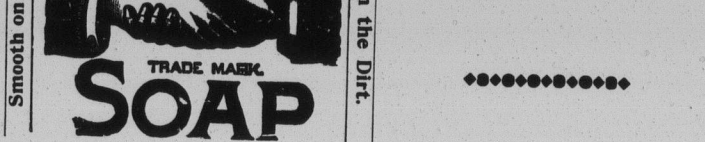
Then we tumbled in a minute; he war jes' a bum, That had worked the fower o' Squawville fur a bellyful o' drinks, An' before we could revive from the paralysis the stamp Sore oozed out of our presence an' hot-footed out o' camp.

The first day of January and the first day of October of any year fall on the same day of the week, unless it be leap year. A ton of Atlantic water yields, after evaporation 81 pounds salt; of the Pacific, 79; of the Arctic and Antarctic, 85; of the Dead Sea, 187.

There are three times as many muscles in the tail of a cat as there are in the human hands and wrists.

There's Nothing in Welcome Soap But Good Soap, Pure, Hard Soap.

There's nothing to make the linen streaky, no alkalis to injure the finest textures. The lather forms quickly and copiously, and wash day is a pleasure instead of a drudgery.



Welcome Soap Co., St. John, N. B.

"Style" in Color.

Styles change each season in colors as in dresses—seal-brown is popular now and as is the royal purple. With those English Home Dyes (Maypole Soap) you can dye to any shade you wish.

That certain "Style in Color" is easily reached with Maypole Soap Dyes. Fast, brilliant, clean, safe. No crocking or streaking.

Sold by best grocers and druggists for 10 cents (16 for black.)

Advertisement for W. H. Johnson Co., Limited, Pianos & Organs. Includes an illustration of a piano and text: 'You Want a Piano but you scarcely see your way clear to pay for it...'

Advertisement for The Famous Model Wood Cook Stove. Includes an illustration of the stove and text: 'The result of 80 years experience. Its good working is guaranteed. The Oven has a steel bottom.'

Advertisement for Pilee Island Wines. Text: 'When You Order... BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND. Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It.'

E. G. SCOVIL (Commission Merchant) 62 Union Street.

Macaroni Stamped PCodou

represents the highest quality there is or can be—in Macaroni. Delicate, white, tender—made only from Russian wheat because that is the only suitable wheat to use for macaroni.

Now and then you will find a grocer who doesn't sell it, but such is rare—PCodou is the name—you should

Look For The Name. Best grocers know it and sell it.

Now We are Ready for Business.

Showing the finest lines of confectionery ever shown in the city. All A. chocolate in fifty different brands. Fresh taffies and coconut cakes from the factory every day.

McClaskey's - 47 King St.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired, Duesal, 17 Waterloo Street.

FOR ADDITIONAL "CITY NEWS," SEE FIFTH AND SEVENTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax by the newboys and at the following news stands and centres. C. S. DeFRIES, Brunswick street...

Two very pleasant teas took place last week, and were most successful. Mrs. W. H. Troop gave a very pleasant one on Monday afternoon...

Cards are out for a ball at Wellington barracks on Wednesday and the new floor which was put down in the messroom last winter will have chance to be tested...

Captain Kent, R. E., has been ordered to Bermuda where he crosses very soon. Both he and Mrs. Kent have many old friends in Halifax...

Mrs. Black-Barnes, with her sisters the Misses Nicholson, is staying in Halifax for a short visit. Rumors of two new engagements are abroad...

Mrs. John F. Stairs gave a very large and pleasant "at home" last Thursday afternoon for her sister, Miss Bell, and Mrs. Brush...

On Friday afternoon Mrs. Farrell gave a tea for her daughter, Mrs. Brush, who leaves very shortly for England, en route to South Africa...

NEW YORK.

Oct 31.—A pleasant feature of the season just beginning is that so few of the big establishments have remained closed. The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin at 22 West Twentieth street is being cleaned and put in order...

A Lady

dislikes eating with plated knives, forks or spoons the plate of which has departed.

Buy your Wife

the kind that bears this stamp:

Wm. Rogers and you will never regret it—it will last at least a generation—a statement which has been amply verified by experience.

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



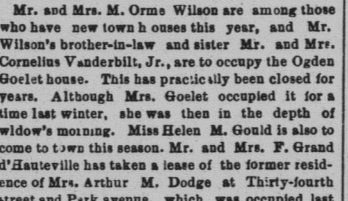
A mother is always ready to sacrifice herself for her baby. But nature does not often call for any such sacrifice. On the contrary nature calls upon every mother to carefully protect herself and in that way to protect her baby.

During the critical period when a woman is looking forward to motherhood, the best protection she can give to the tender little life which is dependent upon her own, is to fortify herself with the health-bringing "Favorite Prescription" prepared by Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., and sold by all dealers in medicines.

All the dangers of motherhood and most of its pains and discomforts are entirely banished by the use of this rare "Prescription." It gives elastic strength and true healthful vitality to the special organs and nerve-centres involved in motherhood.

This healthful condition is transmitted to the baby both by the improved quality of the mother's secreted nourishment and by the child's increased constitutional vigor. It is a perfect health protector to them both. No other medicine was ever devised by an educated, scientific, physician for the express purpose of bringing health and strength to the special feminine organs. No other preparation ever accomplished this purpose so scientifically and effectually.

A more particular description of its remarkable properties with a full account of some surprising cures of female difficulties is given in one chapter of Dr. Pierce's great thousand-page illustrated book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," which is sent free paper-bound for the mere cost of postage and mailing—51 one-cent stamps; or, cloth-bound, for 50 stamps. Address the Doctor as above.



Mr. and Mrs. M. Orme Wilson are among those who have new town houses this year, and Mr. Wilson's brother, Mr. and Mrs. M. and Mrs. Cornelia Vanderbilt, Jr., are to occupy the Ogden Goelst house. This has practically been closed for years. Although Mrs. Goelst occupied it for a time last winter, she was then in the depth of widow's mourning. Miss Helen M. Gould is also to come to town this season. Mr. and Mrs. F. Grand d'Arville has taken a lease of the former residence of Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge at Thirty-fourth street and Park avenue, which was occupied last winter by Mr. and Mrs. A. Cass Garfield.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Whitney will also be open, as the family is to come to town from Westbury, L. I., within a month. It seems now that the big establishment of Mr. and Mrs. Cornelia Vanderbilt will be one of the few notable houses to remain closed. Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt have about decided to go abroad again. They will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. McKay Twombly at their country place in Morristown.

The date just fixed for the wedding of Miss Helen Dawson Gallatin and George Kidder Davis of Wilkesbarre is Dec. 14, which falls on a Wednesday. The Rev. John Wesley Brown, rector of St. Thomas's, will perform the ceremony at 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon, and will be assisted by the Rev. Mr. Huske. The bride is a remarkably handsome young woman of the blonde type, will be attired in white brocade satin, with long court train of white velvet. She will wear a lace veil worn by her mother. Mrs. James Gallatin, at her wedding. Miss Lucille M. Stevens, the bride's most intimate friend, and a daughter of Mrs. John Rhinelanders Stevens, will be the maid of honor. There will be ten bridesmaids, including Miss Louise Gallatin, Miss Julia Delafield, Miss Marie Huntington, Miss Violetta White, Miss Helen Tracy, Miss Eleanor Patterson, Miss Adelaide Ireland, Miss Elsie Littell, and Misses Aline and Jessica Davis, sisters of the bridegroom. Thomas Darling will be best man.

The marriage of Miss Anne Lorraine Wheeler and Gilbert Robert Livingston will be an event of next Wednesday afternoon. The ceremony, which will be performed at the home of the bride's parents Mr. and Mrs. Everett P. Wheeler of 781 Park Avenue, will be attended only by the relatives of the couple. There will be a reception afterward. Early in December Mr. Livingston and his bride will start for Florida, where Mr. Livingston has his winter home.

TRURO.

Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, Messrs D. H. Smith & Co. and at Crowe Bros. Nov. 2.—Mrs. Bret Black is home from Windsor. Dr. Black's many friends here regret to hear that there is a possibility of his leaving Truro to reside in Windsor, where his father enjoys a large and lucrative practice in which he requires assistance.

Mr. Hindon is here from Picton visiting his sister Mrs. J. J. Taylor. The visiting Dalhousians who played football here last Saturday were entertained at dinner by their class-mate Mr. Will Kent at the latter's home Queen street, after the match. Mr. A. L. Cunningham, captain of the visiting team who was quite seriously injured during the game was the recipient of Mrs. Kent's hospitality until well enough to return to Truro. Mrs. D. Gunn is visiting friends in Picton this week.

Dr. McKay and Mr. A. H. Leasment have returned from their trip to Boston, New York and Montreal. There were several very pleasant Halloween parties Monday evening, one given at Mrs. J. E. Bigelow's the Misses Bigelow entertaining a few of their friends was particularly pleasant. Mrs. C. M. Blanchard gave a number of Misses Bigelow's young friends a very pleasant evening Monday. The Bachelors' ball is now talked about for the last of the month. Psa.

FREDERICTON.

Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Finley and J. H. Hawthorne. Nov. 2.—The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Waley, at Lincoln, was today the scene of a very happy event when his youngest daughter Miss Julia Waley was united in marriage to Mr. Morrel P. Nelly of Boston. The bride who is a great favorite with her large circle of acquaintances was prettily gowned in white muslin, with trimmings of white lace and carried a bouquet of white roses and ferns and was given in marriage by her father. Rev. J. D. Freeman acted as the officiating minister. There was no bridesmaid or groomsmen. The ceremony took place at one o'clock in the presence of about fifty invited guests. After the congratulations had been made, a sumptuous luncheon was served. The bride was the recipient of a large number of handsome presents, the groom's gift being a beautiful brooch. The wedding party drove to the city where Mr. and Mrs. Nelly took train for Boston their future home. Mr. Jack Waley of St. John, is in the city today, having come to be present at the wedding of his sister.

Chief Commissioner Emerson, and Surveyor General Dunn are in the city today. Mrs. Forrester, who has been visiting her sister Mrs. F. S. Hilyard returned to Toronto on Monday. Capt. Geo. W. Beverly of New York has been spending a few days, at his old home here, after an absence of nearly twenty years.

Mrs. Henry Ketchum, is at her home "Elmcroft" in the city, after spending the summer months at Tidnish, Nova Scotia. Senator Temple is here from St. Andrews, and intends with Mrs. Temple spending a couple of months in North Carolina before the opening of parliament.

Mr. F. B. Edgcombe paid a flying visit to St. John this week. Hallow e'en parties were among the festivities this week and quite a number were enjoyed. Mr. Geo. Y. Dibble entertained a large party of friends at his hospitable home on that eventful night.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack McConnell gave a large party to be some evening. The choir of the Methodist church was reinforced on Sunday evening by Mr. Edward Malby of Toronto, who gave a bass solo in fine style. Col. and Mrs. Maunsel are being warmly welcomed home again after their pleasant trip to Europe which occupied three months. They arrived in the city on Monday and are now at their home "Fern Hill."

Mrs. Andrew Phair gave an enjoyable tea party on Saturday evening for the pleasure of her guest Mrs. Adams and friend. Chief Justice Tuck and Judge Landry are in the city.

Mr. N. A. Cliff leaves tomorrow for Orlando, Florida, where he will spend the winter. Mrs. Clifton Tabor and niece Miss Crookshank returned yesterday from a pleasant visit to Boston. Miss Bell McPeake has returned to Boston where she will resume her profession as nurse to the sick. Mrs. Coombs of London, England, is visiting in the city.

After a pleasant visit among friends here, Mrs. Shaford Barker has returned to her home at Lowell Mass. Mr. Jack Alward of Toronto and Mr. Jack Robertson of Montreal are among the visitors in the city.

After spending the summer here, with her sister, Mrs. J. W. Bridges, Miss Metcalf left today for home in Port Hope, Ont. Miss Metcalf made many friends here during her stay who will regret her departure from among them.

Miss Ida Loggin has returned from a pleasant visit to Lunenburg and in company with her sister Miss Annie Louise Loggin, has after spending a few days here returned to St. John. Mrs. O'Brien of Nelson is in the city and is visiting her mother Mrs. McPeake.

On Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. J. Fred Richards celebrated their twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding day. A large number of their friends remembered the day and met at their home where a pleasant evening was spent. Many beautiful presents in china were received as souvenirs of the occasion.

Rev. Dr. McLeod is at present at Ottawa on the prohibition delegation. Mr. A. R. Tibbits has returned from a pleasant visit to New York. While in New York Mr. Tibbits was present at the marriage of Miss Pauline Dickson and was one of the gentleman ushers on the happy occasion. The bride who is well known in Fredericton, having visited her aunt Mrs. F. F. Thompson two years ago was handsomely gowned in ivory satin trimmed with duchesse lace and chenille. The bridal veil and orange blossoms worn by the bride were the same her mother had worn. The bridal bouquet was of white roses. The groom is Mr. Manning Fraser Hives Jr. of Jersey city, the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Albert Mershon of Astoria brother-in-law of the groom assisted by Rev. Dr. Goodell in the Hanson M. E. church. The bride was given in marriage by her father Dr. Lucius Dickson of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss May Snowball Dickson, sister of the bride was maid of honor and wore a gown of pink chiffon over tulle and carried a shower bouquet of pink roses. Miss Florence Clark of Philadelphia was the flower girl and preceded the bride wearing a gown of light chiffon and pink tulle with gypsy hat to match.

The groom had the support of H. B. Elliot of New Rochelle. The bride is also a niece of Mrs. Snowball of Chatham. Miss Hammond of Missoula, Mont. is the guest of Mrs. Havelock Coy, Charlotte street. Miss Carrie Thompson, who has been spending several weeks here and in St. John, left last evening for Ottawa where she will visit for a few days the Hon. A. G. and Mrs. Blair before leaving for her home in the west.

Mrs. J. R. Hagerman of Florenceville is in the city visiting her son H. H. Hagerman of the York St. school. A pleasant party of friends, including the Rev. J. D. Freeman and members of the choir of the Baptist church met on Monday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Spurdin and presented them with an address and a handsome parlor lamp as an appreciation of their services in connection with the choir and the work of the church.

On Thursday evening a delightful musical evening was spent at the Gibson parsonage when Rev. and Mrs. Turner entertained a large party of friends the programme consisted of Piano selection..... Miss May Rowley. Solo..... Miss Alma Gibson. Violin Solo..... Mrs. Lettany. Solo..... Mr. Lemont. Piano Duett..... Misses Teasdale and Gibson. Solo..... Mrs. A. McN. Shaw. Miss Teasdale piano accompanist.

After a dainty supper had been enjoyed the company joined in "Auld Lang Syne" when a very happy evening came to an end. CHUCKET. ANAGANON. Nov. 2.—Mrs. Edmund E. Stockton of Ottawa who has been visiting her mother on "Apple Hill" for the past months, returned to her home in Ontario on Friday. Mrs. Davidson was visiting in St. John last week. Mr. Edgar H. Davidson was in Moncton on Friday to undergo his final examination in telegraphy. Mr. Allan A. Jones of Pettitcodiac has been admitted as a student in telegraphy in the I. C. R. office here, with our general station agent George H. Davidson as instructor. Miss L. I. Black is visiting in Penobscot at present.

Mrs. F. S. Davidson attended the ball in Apolquo, on Monday night given by the F. E. club. Rev. M. Baker held a missionary meeting in the Methodist church on Wednesday evening and was assisted by the Rev. Hedley Balderstone a returned missionary from China who was in native costume and who exhibited numbers of cards at close of service to all who wished to inspect them. The meeting proved highly successful and especially financially the sum of fifteen dollars being raised by silver collection.

Mr. J. B. Patterson of St. John was in town on Tuesday. On Monday evening there was an old time basket social in the public hall for the benefit of the Methodist church of which the interior is badly in need of repair. A thoroughly enjoyable evening was spent and the neat sum of twenty-three dollars was realized.

Master Fred Lawrence of Pettitcodiac spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Davidson at the depot. Master Charles Dunfield is confined to his home with a severe cold. Mrs. Emma Davidson has returned from St. John after a two months visit with her daughter Mrs. Robert Colwell. Mosquito.

GREENWICH.

Nov. 2.—The funeral of the late Mrs. D. Marley took place at St. Paul's church Oak Point on Monday. Mrs. Marley has been in failing health for several years but not confined to the house until a short time ago. She was an amiable woman and much beloved by a large circle of friends. The attendance at the funeral attested to the respect in which she was held in the community. Rev. E. O. Cody preached a most touching sermon from Psalm 44th and 23. Mr. Marley and two daughters, Mrs. D. Boyle and Miss Florence Marley who survive her have the sympathy of a large circle of friends in their bereavement.

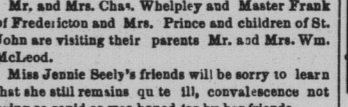
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Whelpley and Master Frank of Fredericton and Mrs. Prince and children of St. John are visiting their parents Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McLeod. Miss Jessie Seely's friends will be sorry to learn that she still remains quite ill, convalescence not being so rapid as was hoped for by her friends. Mr. C. C. Richards has recently sold his property to a Mr. Northrup. Mrs. A. L. Festman is in St. John this week.

HAVELOCK.

Nov. 1.—Mr. and Mrs. Norman MacNeil of Hampton are the guests of Mrs. John C. Price. Mr. George McKnight and bride have arrived at their home. Mr. A. H. Robinson paid a short visit to Moncton this week. Miss Winnie Keith, Miss Blanche Alward and Miss Alice Alward attended the teachers institute in Moncton the latter part of last week. Mr. and Mrs. Owen Keith gave a party on Hallow e'en. Mr. and Mrs. Keith are both noted for their hospitality consequently a most enjoyable evening was spent. Mr. C. S. Keith went to St. John to day. Miss Minnie Price spent a few days in Moncton last week. Mrs. W. W. Killam who has been quite ill is now better.

Mrs. A. H. Robinson entertained some friends at tea last evening. Miss Louise Price who has been visiting in St. John, Hampton and Sussex has returned home. Mrs. Robert Taylor was at Pettitcodiac on Monday. MAX.

THE HORSE CAN'T tell his desires or he would request the application of Tuttle's Elixir



to his poor lame joints and cords. This Elixir locates lameness, when applied, by remaining moist on the part affected; the rest dries out. \$1.00 BOTTLE IF YOU OBTAIN OF Calumet of all kinds, Colic, Curb, Splints, Contracted and Knotted Cords, and Shoe Bolls. Used and endorsed by Adams Express Co.

\$5.00 Reward to the person who can prove one of these testimonials bogus. Dr. S. A. Tuttle. St. John, N. B., Oct. 8th, 1897. Dear Sir—I have much pleasure in recommending your Horse Elixir to all interested in horses. I have used it for several years and have found it to be all it is represented. I have used it on my running horses and also on my trotting Stallion "Special Blend," with the desired effect. It is undoubtedly a first-class article.

I remain yours respectfully, E. LE ROI WILLIS, Prop. Hotel Dufrain.

PUDDINGTON & MERRITT, 55 Charlotte Street Agents for Canada.

DUNN'S MAKE OF HEADCHEESE, SAUSAGE and BOLOGNAS. The Purest and Best.

R. F. J. PARKIN, Union St. - Telephone, 1037

FREE "WALL PAPER" as an art as an industry as a necessity

G. A. Holland & Son, MONTREAL. Tremendous Assortment of Wholesale Prices.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION Has special virtue in healing diseased Lungs & restoring flesh and strength, to those reduced by wasting disease.

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

COOL BEVERAGES. Baston & Hueston Nathl. Johnston. Champlon. Clarets, Three Grades.

THOS. L. BOURKE Moose, Dear, Partridge, Dean's Sausages, Snipe. THOS. DEAN, City Market.

Prince Edward Island OYSTERS. RECEIVED THIS DAY 25 bbls. P. E. Island Oysters. Large and fat.

At 19 and 23 King Square, J. D. TURNER.



The coming generation will have fewer skin diseases, because so many mothers are using

Baby's Own Soap

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED ALBERT TOILET SOAPS

MONCTON.

[Progress is for sale in Moncton at Hattie Tweedie's Bookstore, M. B. Jones bookstore, S. Malcomson's, and at Canadian Railway News Co. Depot.

Nov. 2.—The marriage of Miss Jessie Wallace, second daughter of J. J. Wallace general freight agent of the I. C. R., to which a brief reference was made last week, took place at the bride's home at five o'clock last Wednesday afternoon, and was one of the prettiest home weddings seen in Moncton for some time. The spacious parlors were beautifully decorated for the occasion with flowers and ferns, and the fair bride looked very charming as she entered leading on the arm of her father. She wore a very handsome gown of ivory white brocaded satin trimmed with chiffon, and carried a beautiful bouquet of bridal roses and maidenhair fern. Both bride and groom were unattended. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. B. Hinson pastor of first baptist church, and at its conclusion the wedding guests, numbering about forty of the relatives and friends of two families partook of an elaborate luncheon, after which Mr. and Mrs. Rippey departed by the Maritime express on an extended wedding trip which will include Montreal, Toronto, Niagara Falls, and other points of interest in Upper Canada. The brides going away gown was a handsome suit of cadet blue broadcloth trimmed with velvet, with a large hat of blue velvet and ostrich tips. Both Mr. and Mrs. Rippey are well known in Moncton and the numerous and beautiful tokens of regard which they received, testified the high esteem in which they are held. Their numerous friends will unite in wishing them every happiness in their new life.

Another wedding took place at a slightly later hour on the same evening when Miss Isabella Scott was married at the home of her uncle Mr. Alexander Donald, on Weldon street, to Mr. R. B. Coleman of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railway, at Norwood Mass, son of Mr. A. S. Coleman of the I. C. R. The ceremony was performed at seven o'clock by Rev. J. M. Robinson pastor of St. John's presbyterian church, in the presence of a large number of friends and relatives. The bride looked very fair and sweet in a travelling suit of grey cloth with touches of grey felt and ostrich tips of the same shade. Mr. and Mrs. Coleman left immediately after the ceremony by the evening train for their future home in Norwood, where they will be followed by the good wishes of their numerous Moncton friends.

Mrs. E. G. C. Kechem who has been spending some weeks in town visiting her sister Mrs. I. W. Binney of Church street returned to her home in Fredericton last week.

Mrs. Angus McCallan of Campbellton, who has been spending a week or two in town, the guest of her sister Mrs. W. J. Weldon of Main street, left on Thursday for her former home in Westchester, N. S. to visit her parents.

Mrs. W. H. Burns of Fredericton, who has been visiting her mother Mrs. Samuel McEan of this city, returned home on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Harris returned last week from a short visit to Montreal.

Miss Ada Davidson of Halifax is spending a few days in town the guest of Miss Margaret Taylor of Main street.

Mrs. F. S. Yorston of Truro, who came up to Moncton to be present at the wedding of her friend Miss Wallace, and who has been spending a week

with Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Wallace, returned home last Thursday.

Mr. F. W. Winter left town last week for Montreal to spend a short holiday in the commercial metropolis.

One of the pleasantest events of last week was a very enjoyable little dance which was given on Friday evening by Mrs. D. I. Welch, at her pretty cottage on Alma street. The guests who were principally young people numbered about thirty, and as Mr. and Mrs. Welch are ideal hosts, the evening was delightfully spent.

Judge Landry of Dorchester, paid a short visit to Moncton last week.

The numerous friends of Mrs. Peter McSweeney will be sorry to hear that she met with a severe, and most painful, though I am happy to say not dangerous accident, at her own home on Sunday afternoon. In crossing the room she tripped in some unaccountable manner, and putting out one hand to save herself sustained a severe dislocation of the right shoulder. Doctors Myers and White were called in, and under their skilful ministrations the patient was made as comfortable as possible, and the injured limb set. Mrs. McSweeney has been most unfortunate, as it is not very long since she broke her wrist, and was laid up for a long time from the effects.

Mr. W. B. McKerzie, chief engineer of the I. C. R., went to St. John last week in connection with the Colpi in suit against the I. C. R. for injuries received at the time of the Palmer's Pond accident which is before the Exchequer Court, now sitting in St. John.

We have been revealing in another convention since the late Sunday School convention closed; at this time it was the Westmorland County teacher's institute which opened its twenty first annual meeting in Aberdeen hall on Thursday morning, the president Mr. E. L. Brittain of this city presiding. The attendance was larger than on any previous year in the history of the institute, a hundred and twenty five enrolling on the first day.

An especially interesting feature in connection with the closing meeting on Friday afternoon, was the presentation of an address of farewell, accompanied by a very beautiful opal ring to Miss Lillian Nicholson the occasion of her resignation from the staff of the Moncton schools to accept a similar position in Fredericton, her former home.

At the close of the Institute the Moncton teachers assembled in the teachers' room to bid a formal farewell to their comrades of the past six years. There were also present Rev. J. M. Robinson, Mr. David Grant chairman of the School Board, Mr. F. A. McCully secretary and superintendent of schools and two or three other favored individuals. Rev. J. M. Robinson made the presentation in a few well chosen words, on behalf of the teachers, at the same time expressing the deep regret so universally felt at Miss Nicholson's departure from Moncton; and afterwards read the following address:—"Dear Miss Nicholson: Having been associated with you for a number of years it was with sincere regret that we heard of your departure from Moncton, and we wish to assure you that many of us will long remember your good comradeship and willingness to aid in any of the work of our school. We are glad to know that your new position takes you to your old home, and most heartily congratulate you on the appointment, and hope that the success which has attended you here may follow you to Fredericton. Please accept the accompanying ring as a token of our esteem, and may it serve to remind you of many pleasant days spent in this city.

On behalf of the teachers, Miss Nicholson replied briefly but with deep feeling to the kindly sentiments expressed, and thanked her fellow-teachers most warmly for their beautiful gift. Mr. McCully said a few words expressive of the general regret with which both the School Board, and teaching staff parted with so efficient and popular a teacher, and the meeting was brought to a close.

Miss Nicholson left town on Monday to assume her new duties, a large number of friends gathering at the station to bid her farewell. It is seldom that such sincere, and universal regret is expressed over the departure of any one person, as one hears on all sides for Miss Nicholson. Her singularly bright and sunny nature and attractive personality have won hosts of friends for her, and she is followed by her new field of work by their heartfelt good wishes. Her loss in society will be irreparable, and he place will long remain unfilled.

will be greatly missed in Moncton's circles, where they have always occupied a prominent position, and that their hosts and friends will unite in wishing them all good luck and happiness in their new home.

Mrs. Sautin, of Newark, New Jersey who has been spending the summer months in Moncton visiting her aunt Mrs. William Brown of Archibald street, returned home on Monday. Miss Sautin was accompanied by her cousin Miss Grace Steadman.

Miss Annie Cooke's numerous Moncton friends are glad to welcome her home again after a three months' visit to her sister, Mrs. S. J. Plunkett at Lindsay, Ont., and to friends in Kingston. Miss Cooke returned on Monday.

Mrs. Leavitt of Cleveland, Ohio who has been spending the summer visiting friends in Halifax, Albert county and Moncton, took her departure on Monday morning for her home in Cleveland.

Mr. George A. Vye formerly of this city but now of Digby, N. S. is spending a few days in town the guest of his daughter, Mrs. A. J. Lutz of Main street.

Mr. P. S. Archibald, C. E. returned on Saturday from St. John where he has been attending the Colpi case before the Exchequer court.

Mr. W. C. Milner of Point de Bute paid a short visit to Moncton on Saturday, and was the guest of his sister, Mrs. I. W. Binney of Church street during his stay.

Mr. Frank Holstead of St. John spent Sunday in town the guest of his mother Mrs. William Elliott of Beaufort street.

Mrs. Thompson wife of Rev. Mr. Thompson, Methodist minister at Campbellton, who has been visiting friends in Moncton left town yesterday for her former home in Charlottetown where she intends spending some weeks.

The entertainment given in the basement of St. George's church last Wednesday evening, by members of St. George's Guild, was so far above the average of the ordinary church social as to merit special mention. The chief event of the evening so far as the children were concerned, was Clide's recitation in which about twenty little folks charmingly arrayed in old time costumes, took part. The leading parts were admirably taken by two very small people, little Miss Bradley as Cinderella, and Master Douglas Hooper as the Fairy Prince, the scene where the glass slipper is tried on, being most effective. The ball room scene was also worthy of the highest praise, the manner in which the young performers danced the Lancers and acquitted themselves generally, reflecting the greatest credit on Miss Hanington who trained them, and who is to be heartily congratulated upon the success of the entertainment.

The Grecian tableaux were most beautiful, Miss Borden, Miss Johnson, Miss Handolph, Miss Dove, and Miss McLeod taking part, and forming charming living pictures.

The musical part of the programme was equally deserving of praise, Mrs. Lyman kindly favoring the company with two solos, both of which were enthusiastically encored, "Appear Love at thy Window" being especially well received. This charming singer was in excellent voice, and responded kindly to the demands of the audience.

Mrs. Lyman was accompanied by Mr. F. H. Blair. The duet between Mr. Hooper and Mr. Wran, "The Brave" was also well received their voices blending harmoniously in the stirring song. Little Miss Grace Lockhart gave a charming recitation for one so young, and Davidson's Orchestra furnished excellent music throughout the entertainment. Altogether the young ladies of the Guild are to be congratulated upon their success, and also upon the fact that their home-made candy was all sold out long before the closing hour, that their oyster stew contained at least half a dozen oysters to the stew instead of the proverbial one, that their coffee was hot and strong, and last, though by no means least there was "standing room only" after the hour of opening, and the receipts exceeded their most sanguine expectations most of the audience voting the price of admittance—ten cents—ridiculously small for so good an entertainment.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book stores of G. S. Wall & Co. Atchison and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. F. Treat's.

Nov. 2.—Society has been so very quiet during the past week there has really been nothing worth writing. This week, however, there has been one or two pleasant parties that were greatly enjoyed after the brief respite.

On Thursday afternoon a party of ladies drove to Oak Point and enjoyed a delightful afternoon and supper at welcome cottage, Mrs. W. F. Todd's summer home. They did not return to town until nine o'clock to enjoy the delightful drive along the river bank in the moonlight. This will probably be the last of the autumn picnics which have been so pleasant during October.

Mrs. Wilfred L. Eto; gave a Hallow E'en party on Monday evening at her beautiful home on Main street Calais, to a number of lady friends. All sorts of games peculiar to the evening were played and a real fortune teller predicted the future of all who wished to look forward into those mysteries. A delightful and exciting evening was spent. At twelve o'clock a supper of dainties that are usually indulged in on a Hallow E'en was served, and the ladies soon left for their respective homes as the hour was waxing late.

Mrs. W. Henry Maxwell, her son Mr. Brown Maxwell, and her daughter Miss Gladys Maxwell, left yesterday afternoon for Boston and will make their future home in the vicinity of the city where her husband and eldest son are engaged in building an electric railway.

Mr. Arthur Marks, of Eureka, is spending several weeks here. Mr. Marks who is now visiting relatives in Boston will join her husband here next week.

Mrs. John F. Grant, has gone to Vancouver B. C. to spend the winter with her sister Mrs. V. E. Vaughan.

Mr. Charles E. Hayden is here for a few days visit.

Mr. Percy Gillmer has gone to Boston to visit for a few weeks before going to Toronto to pass the winter.

The young friends of Master E. ran Hill, enjoyed a jolly party at Upton Lodge on Hallow E'en it being the occasion of Master Hill's birthday.

Rev. S. B. Moore, rector of St. Anne's church Calais, has returned from his vacation. He was accompanied by Mrs. Moore, who has not resided in Calais before. The were tendered a reception one evening recently by their congregation.

Mr. E. A. Waldron general manager of the International Steam boat company was in Calais on a brief business trip during the past week.

Miss Madeline Sisson has resigned her school work to the regret of her scholars and their parents to whom she has greatly endeared herself since her residence here.

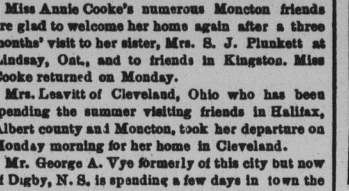
Mrs. C. E. Newton has returned from a short but pleasant visit in Bucksport, Maine, and is now the guest of her friend Mrs. W. B. King for a few days before returning to Red Beach.

Miss Ines Tibbets of Andover is the guest of Miss Ida McKennie.

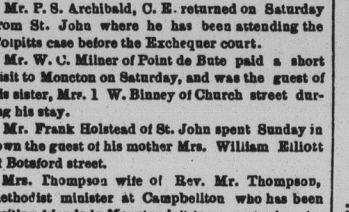
Mr. Will L. Algar who has been visiting friends in Boston and vicinity arrived home on Monday.

Direct From the Growers to Consumers.

If you are satisfied with the tea you are using then there is no reason why you should try another. Monsoon Ceylon Tea is for the taste which is not contented with anything short of the very best. Monsoon Tea costs no more than the others—and those who have tried others like Monsoon the best.



In sealed packets only—Never in bulk. By grocers, at 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c.



FREE WATCH for One Day's Work

We give this fine Watch, Chain & Charm for selling two doz. packages of Equitable Perfume at ten cents each. Send address and we forward the perfume, postpaid, and our Premium List. No money required. Sell the perfume among your friends, return money, and we send the watch, prepaid. This is a genuine American Watch, guaranteed a good timepiece. Mention this paper. Best Specialty Co. 60 Victoria St. Toronto.

Mr. W. H. Edwards who has been making his annual tour among the art rooms, and picture galleries in Boston, and New York City, is again at home at a most delightful and enjoyable visit and returns with the newest ideas of photography to improve his new almost perfect work.

Mr. Henry F. Todd has returned from a business trip to Boston.

Mr. Gilbert W. Ganong M. P. accompanied by Mrs. Ganong leaves for Boston on Friday and will be absent ten days or more.

Mrs. James L. Thompson has returned from a delightful visit in Cambridge Mass.

Mrs. C. H. Clarke is at home again after a month spent with her sister Mrs. Annie Melick at Dorchester Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Beard left today for Boston for a visit of several weeks.

Miss Made Greene of St. Andrews is the guest of her friend Miss Beria Smith.

Miss Kate Newham who has been so dangerously ill during the past week is now much better and on the road to recovery much to the relief of her parents and friends.

His Lordship Bishop Kingston arrived from St. George yesterday and registered at the Windsor. Today he consecrates the episcopal church at Beaufield. During his stay in the county district he will be entertained at Moores Mills by Mr. and Mrs. William Gillespie.

Mrs. Alexander McFavish leaves today for Boston where she will spend the winter to recruit her health.

THINGS OF VALUE.

In China houses are mounted on the right side and ships are launched sideways.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir, but the very nature of man creates beings such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient whose lack of interest in life is a disease, and by the gradual and judicious use, the frailest systems are led into coarseness and strength, by the influence which the various organs of man create being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient whose lack of interest in life is a disease, and by the gradual and judicious use, the frailest systems are led into coarseness and strength, by the influence which the various organs of man create being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient whose lack of interest in life is a disease, and by the gradual and judicious use, the frailest systems are led into coarseness and 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WAR BRINGS OUT WHAT IS BAD AND GOOD IN HUMANITY.

War brings out the best and worst of human impulses. The man who is naturally kind and unselfish finds so much opportunity to exercise his good qualities that they stand out emphasized in him, and the man himself seems to his friends transfigured, while the selfish and base man, seeking his own safety and comfort above all other things, is marked in the sight of all men as a coward. A correspondent of the Youth's Companion writes: On the steamer Seneca, returning from Siboney to Fortress Monroe with passengers and sick and wounded, there was a young volunteer soldier whose name I could give if I had a right to do so. He had been very ill and was pale, weak and emaciated. He was not yet twenty years old, and when the war broke out he was a sophomore in a great university. Leaving his beloved studies and his life of comfort and scholarly elegance, he enlisted as a private soldier.

Doubtless he was physically unfit for the hardships and privations which the American soldier, and especially the American volunteer, has had to endure in this war. A long and arduous term of service in camp or instruction, then a long and terrible journey to Cuba in a troop-ship, in which the men had little air and little food, brought on a painful malady, which led the surgeons to send the young man home on the Seneca. It was a great grief to him to be sent home, and he talked already of the time when he should be strong enough to go back to the regiment. What he needed as much as anything was something good to eat, and especially a little fruit. There was neither fruit nor anything else good to eat on the Seneca. Sent home as a soldier, the young man had only soldiers' fare, and a soldier's bunk amid the forest of rough pine bunks between decks.

Military service reduces a man so low that this youth, accustomed to the comforts of life and to delicate home attentions, sat on the deck and accepted the gift from a passing waiter of a biscuit or any other bit of food left from the captain's dinner, as the tray was carried back to the galley.

He rested sometimes in the scrap of shade along the forward deck-house, and I often talked with him there; but he was missing for hours together, and I found he was doing what he could for the sick and wounded soldiers below. He knew every case among them.

At Fortress Monroe the cases of suspicious fever on board caused our ship to be detained a day, and then sent to New York. There came a change in the fare of the passengers, for the ship took on stores of fresh meat and vegetables. We had with us an army officer, a captain, whose wife had come to Old Point Comfort to meet him, and although she was not permitted to come aboard, she managed to send to her husband a mysterious parcel.

What this parcel contained soon became apparent to some of us, for the captain was a generous man. He began to pro- oranges, bananas, and other fruits, and even fresh eggs! We had not seen an egg in Cuba, and scarcely a fresh one in Tampa.

The size of the captain's parcel did not warrant him in distributing his fruit among the whole ship's company. He was an invalid himself, and his wife doubtless thought of him as eating every particle of the fruit; and yet perhaps she knew him better.

The captain took early pity on my own lean and hungry look, and began to slip a banana now and then into my hand. As he plainly meant the fruit for me, I would begin to peel a banana; then the vision of the pale and starved young soldier would rise so before my eyes that I could not get

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the fruit to my lips, hard as I tried. I would furtively get the banana into my jacket pocket, make some excuse, and go off and find the boy.
When I found him, I would slip the banana into his hand. He would thank me, and make the same pretence of eating it that I had made with the captain. I even saw his jaws moving, but I did not see any of the banana disappearing in his mouth.

Then he would make some excuse, and go away with his hand spread suspiciously over the pocket of his brown service blouse and I knew well enough that he had gone to give the banana to some poor fellow who, he thought, needed it worse than he did.

In fact I caught him doing this very thing by watching—and I did not let him know that I had caught him, nor that I ever supposed he not eat the fruit in his presence when he gave it to me.

TESTING HEZEKIAH.

He Was Put to the Test in a Very Unique and Funny Way.
It is to be hoped that the following story printed in Harper's Bazar, is at least exaggerated. It is funny, at all events, and may be said to teach an important lesson, although not the unfeeling and selfish one which the second character in the story drew from it.

Squire Leathers had a son Hezekiah. Also he had a fine watermelon patch, of which he was very proud; but he annually lost a good many melons through the raids of tramps and other predatory persons. At last he became angry, and declared that he would protect his own interests. So he loaded his shotgun pretty near to the muzzle with bird-shot, and gave it to Hezekiah, and sent him out to stand guard one night.

The boy made some objections to going, and the squire thought he was afraid. He rebuked him roundly, told him that he was unworthy to bear the proud name of Leathers, and pushed him out into the night. Then the squire went grumbling to bed. In half an hour he got up, saying he was going out to test the boy.

'Taint necessary to make a fool of yourself, Jonas,' says his wife; 'I admit it.' 'Admit he's a coward?' says the squire. 'No; admit you're foolish,' says his wife. 'Mebby I am,' says the squire; 'but that boy's a coward. He takes after your family. I'll show you he's afraid to pull the trigger,' and the squire went outdoors and into the melon patch.

Hezekiah was in one corner behind a burdock, waiting for game. The strange figure attracted his attention through the darkness, and he gave it the left barrel. The doubting parent jumped into the

air, howled murder, and ran for the fence. Hezekiah's instructions had been to make thorough work of it, so he let the prowling object have the other barrel.

This settled the squire, and he crawled to the house and sent for the doctor, listening meanwhile to remarks appropriate to the occasion from his irate wife.

The old man was always a little lame after this, and it used to be a pathetic to hear him tell the story of the occurrence and at the end shake his head as he observed:

The Sailor's Status.

The experience of the naval reserves and the triumphs of our fleets in the late war has elevated the personnel of the enlisted men of the navy and has induced boys of good families and education to enter the service. The sailor is no longer a tough. He is a high-class machinist, and when he is discharged he has a trade he can follow with honour and profit. A few years ago a large majority of the seamen in our navy were foreigners. Now 80 per cent. of the present enlisted force are native-born Americans, and the officers of the training station at Newport say that the intelligence as well as the breeding and social position of the recruits has improved in a most remarkable manner. The present number of men in the navy is 27,000. This will probably be reduced to more than one-half, as the auxiliary cruisers and the 200 or more ships that were improvised for the service are put out of commission. Before the war began there were only 7000 sailors in the navy, not more than 60 per cent. of the number necessary to man all of the cruisers and battleships with full crews. The minimum will never be so low again. At the least 12,000 will be needed, and Uncle Sam can have the pick of the 27,000 now on the pay roll.—Chicago Record.

Do Veils Injure Eyesight?

'There is no doubt,' said an oculist, to whom the question was put, 'that ladies do their eyes a great deal of injury by wearing veils. This is particularly the case where the sight is naturally defective; and even when the eyes are thoroughly healthy, the long-continued wearing of a veil will induce a tendency to astigmatism and other disorders. Nor is the danger confined to the eyesight. There is good reason to believe that veils have a bad effect on the complexion, by catching and holding the dust, and keeping the pores of the skin closed. This, however, is a small matter in comparison with the bad effect on the eyesight, the point upon which I am best qualified to speak. No; I am afraid there is no harmless form of veil. They are all more or less injurious, and perhaps the most dangerous is the spotted veil, which has a peculiarly irritating influence on the eyes, and may even cause partial blindness where the sight is naturally weak. The only remedy for the veil, plainly, is for women to wear veils as seldom as possible, if at all. It will be all the better for their complexions, and I am sure the other sex will not object!'

No Ousting the Parson.

It was a preacher who had that fatal fluency for whom an acquaintance laid a trap. He had a way of promising to preach, and on beginning would say something like, 'I have been too busy to prepare a sermon, but if someone will kindly give me a text I'll preach from it.'

One determined to cure him. He therefore asked him to preach. The invitation was accepted. The time came, and the visitor began his usual introduction, 'Brethren, I have been so pushed for time to-day as to have been quite unable to prepare a sermon, but if some of you will give me a text I'll preach from it. Perhaps my brother here, turning to the plotter near him, 'will suggest a text.'

'Yes, brother,' came the ready response, 'your text is the last part of the ninth

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verse of first chapter, of Ezra and its words are 'nine-and-twenty knives.'

There was a pause, an ominous pause, as the preacher found his text. He read it out:—

'Nine-and-twenty knives. Just exactly nine-and-twenty; not thirty, not eight and twenty; there was no more and no less than nine-and-twenty knives.'

A pause, a long pause, then slowly again: 'Nine-and-twenty knives, and if there were nine hundred and twenty knives I could say no more.'

Dog Commits Suicide.

A dog belonging to Marcus Vanderpool of Lisle, N. Y., made a successful attempt at suicide recently. Assistant Chief of Police Ables of Binghamton with several residents were standing on the creek bridge when the dog, a large collie, ran down the bank and into the water. It was first thought he was playing, and as the water is not over four inches deep at this place, no attention was paid to him. He was seen to lie down on his side and thrust his nose under the water, where he held it. Finally his peculiar movements attracted the attention of the spectators, and they descended the bank to find that the animal had drowned himself. The dog lay with his head under the water that did not cover his body. Before the spectators reached the spot he was seen to raise his head and thrust it into the water again.

The reason for his act is not known. He was in his usual cheerful spirits when last seen about the farm, but all the spectators agree it was a deliberate suicide.—New York Sun.

No Time.

Count Leo Tolstoy some time ago was in search of a publisher. Making the journey to Moscow he entered an office, where he was unknown. The great Russian novelist was clad, as is his wont, in rough garb of a Russian peasant, and the publisher stared when his visitor pulled a roll of manuscript from his pocket, mumbling something about having it published.

'Oh!' cried the publisher impatiently, 'I can't be bothered. We have hundreds of such things in hand, and have really no time to deal with yours.'

Tolstoy rolled up his manuscript and gently observed— 'I am labouring under a delusion, perhaps, but I have been told that the public like to read what I write.'

'What you write?' repeated the publisher sceptically. 'Then pray who are you?' 'My name is Leo Tolstoy.'

The publisher was instantly on his feet, and bowing low to his distinguished visitor, declared that he would be most honoured by being entrusted with his precious manuscript.

'No, no!' said the Count, rolling up the MS., 'I must find somebody who's got more time.'

How Men Write Their Names.

'It's curious about how men sign their names,' said Mr. Nozzleby. 'One may write a letter that seems as clear and distinct as print all the way through, and then wind up by writing his name indistinctly. I suppose these results are brought about by two causes. In the first place we are helped in the body of the letter by the itself and by the context: in a familiar word a single blind letter doesn't halt us at all; and we slide right over short connecting words in the same manner. Then, as to the man's signature, I suppose that he is so familiar with it himself that it does not occur to him that it may not be to others, while the fact that in an unfamiliar signature a single blind letter may wreck the whole name so far as making it out is concerned.'

Must Protect Their Lips.

Professional bandmen who play wind instruments find it desirable to protect their lips from harm as much as possible as slight injury to them will sometimes make playing a difficult and painful process if not an absolute impossibility. Having regard to this contingency, some performers cultivate, in addition to the moustache, a slight hairsuit adornment between the lower lip and the chin, and barbers, when their services are sought for other parts of the face, are warned against moving that turf. It serves to keep the

razor away from the lips. Practical experience occasionally shows the advantage of such a course. A tramp known to the writer was prevented from playing for quite a week through a slight cut in the lower lip that was inflicted by a careless shaver.

What she Did.

'The woman next door,' said the fat man, 'owing to some mistake or other, had to fall to and do the washing herself last week. And what do you suppose my wife did? 'Went over and wore herself out helping her?' asked the lean man.

'Not she. She sent out an invitation to a bunch of her cronies, and they had a perfectly lovely game of lawn-tennis, while that poor unfortunate in the next yard was hanging out clothes.'

NOT SO STRANGE.

Why she thought her Daughter was Unjustly Treated.
The amiable quality, in a parent, of such devotion to a child that the child is believed to be worthy of all possible rewards and prizes, is not peculiar to America. A story illustrating this quality is told of the Paris Conservatory—where, in addition to other accomplishments, French boys and girls are taught to 'speak pieces' admirably.

Somehow, at a certain graduation, the authorities of this famous school had omitted to give the first prize—at the very least—to a girl who was recognized by all her relatives as a future tragedienne of prodigious genius. The consternation of the family at this omission was something terrible.

The devoted mother began by expressing her wrath to her intimate friends; then finding her emotion not assuaged by this sort of complaint, she resolved to go straight to the chairman of the committee of awards at the Conservatory. She found him at home.

'Sir,' she said, 'I wish to have two words with you.'

'Proceed, madam.'

'I am, sir, the mother of Mademoiselle X., of the class in elocution.'

'I remember the name, madam.'

'Yes, Well, sir, Leonie did not receive even honorable mention!'

'She shared this misfortune with a great many others.'

'That's possible, but perhaps the others deserved it. As for Leonie, she was unjustly treated.'

'Unjustly, madam?'

'Yes, sir. As for you, you did not listen to my daughter, for I saw you fall asleep!'

'I beg your pardon, madam; if I fell asleep, it was precisely because I did listen!'

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POLICE DEPARTMENT.

Tenders for Coats.

TENDERS will be received at the Common Clerk's office up to 12 o'clock noon of MONDAY, the 11th day of November next, from persons willing to make and furnish 17 Overcoats for the Police Department. Samples of cloth proposed to be used must accompany each tender. Work to be to satisfaction of the Director of the Department or Public Safety. By order of the Common Council. ROBERT WARELY, Director Dept. of Public Safety. St. John, N. B., 29th October, 1898.

BLOOD POISONING.

A Nurse's Experience.

There are thousands of people suffering from blood poisoning who have almost beggared themselves in buying medicines from which they have obtained no help. There are thousands of others who first of all have tried Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla and found perfect healing. One of these others, Mrs. A. F. Taylor, of Englevalle, N. B., relates the following experience: 'About two years ago, I nursed a lady who was suffering (and finally died) from blood poisoning. I must have contracted the disease from her; for shortly after her death, I had four large sores or ulcers, break out on my person. I doctored for a long time, both by external application and with various blood medicines; but, in spite of all that I could do, the sores would not heal. They were obstinate, very painful, annoying, and only getting worse all the time. At last, I purchased six bottles of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Thinking I would give it a thorough trial. Before the first bottle was taken, I noticed a decided improvement in my general health; my appetite was quickened, and I felt better and stronger than I had for some time. While using the second bottle, I noticed that the sores had begun to look healthier

and to heal. Before the six bottles had been taken, the ulcers were healed, the skin sound and natural, and my health better than it had been for years. I have been well ever since. I do not rather, have one bottle of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla than three of any other kind.'

This is but one example of the remedial value of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla in all forms of blood disease. There is no other blood medicine that cures so promptly, so surely and so thoroughly. After nearly half a century of test and trial it is the standard medicine of the world for all diseases of the blood. Sores, ulcers, boils, diseases of the skin, scrofula and every other blood disease is curable by Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The success of this remedy has caused many imitations to be put on the market. Imitation remedies work imitations cures. The universal testimony is worth three of any other kind. If you are interested in your health, more about this remedy, get Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, a story of cures told by the cured. It is sent free on request by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Write for it.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1898.

JOHN MACKAY'S CAREER.

HE STARTED IN A BANK IN FREEBURY CITY.

Was in the Tea Business in St. John and Ran Cheap Shows in Jack's Hall—His Companionship With the Fair Beatrice Hathaway, the Blonde Actress.

When Mr. Mackay was in the tea business some years ago on his own account, he had rather a palatial place on Prince William street in this city in the Walker building, one which extended from the front to the rear of the structure. Mr. Mackay kept a lot of tea and a lot of fancy goods of a curious nature in the shape of Japanese screens, fans, and other Oriental novelties, that seemed to him to be thoroughly in keeping with the trade he was in. The illustration PROGRESS gives of him today, represents him in the midst of these. It was made by Mr. Mackay's own instructions and direction, and he is seen in the foreground sitting on a stool, just in the act of tasting a certain variety of tea from one of the cups of his equipment. Those who have seen Mr. Mackay will not be long in placing him in the group. He is not full faced but the side view of him is nearly perfect. The cups and teas on the table were arranged by himself, and the gentleman in the silk hat who is standing along side of him and is tasting the tea, was an obliging customer brought there for the occasion.

The walls of the office it will be seen were covered with those same Japanese decorations PROGRESS spoke of above, and any one who used to pass along Prince William Street in those days at all frequently will recognize at one the Angora cat, that was considered Mr. Mackay's pet possession. It was a beautiful little animal yet not attractive to anyone save the owner, who, since then, seems to have taken a fancy to pets of another kind that are attractive, but not beautiful.

Like many other men, Mr. Mackay was seeking to make dollars outside of his business. He was acknowledged to be one of the best experts in tea-tasting, not only in the Dominion of Canada but in the United States as well. Where he got the art and taste is not known, but nature certainly gave him the ability not only to distinguish the certain kind of tea he was tasting, but also to discern the quality and to place an accurate price upon the sample. Originally he was a teller in the People's Bank in Fredericton, and the duties of that position certainly did not fit him for the many varied pursuits he has been engaged in since. Some time after he came to this city he got an idea into his head that a good variety company would draw big money every night of the week. His encouragement in this direction was obtained by the attendance at one or two performances in the old Institute and the result of it was that some time afterwards he hired the building known as Jack's Hall, and now occupied by the Salvation Army, and fitted it up for the performances of the aggregations he proposed to bring here. The place was small and the fitting up cost a good deal. Mackay used to stand at the door and take tickets, and most of the time Mrs. Mackay was at the window selling them. There were some hot shows there; performances that would make the hair of the salvationists stand on end, if they were only privileged to see them; actions that even the police could not tolerate, but which attracted a fair sized audience every evening. It was not a success, however, and the little money Mackay had when he went into it vanished with the artists who left for Boston and other parts of the States. The proprietor was not discouraged however, and he thought enough of the show business, and the possibilities in it, even after that to bring a bum actor, called Paddy Murphy to the city, some time afterwards, and to follow him to Bangor and a part of Maine as a sharer in the profits and losses. It was in one of these shows that he became acquainted with the buxom and somewhat luxuriant looking actress who went by the name of Beatrice Hathaway, and who became sufficient-

ly enamoured with Mr. Mackay to remain with him and share his fortunes and misfortunes. They started up house-keeping after a time down on Prince William Street. Mr. Mackay's two daughters lived with him and at one time there was a son, but consumption claimed him, and his father claimed his \$5,000 life insurance. Before this, however, he and his son were in Halifax where for a time they ran a tea store. But

spared no money in their efforts to prevent Mr. Mackay from obtaining possession of the \$15,000. They even telegraphed to Honduras at a very considerable expense; they have engaged counsel both in St. John and in Boston; they have followed Mr. Mackay to that city, and succeeded, with the aid of detectives and others, in tracking him down and arresting him. Whoever succeeds in getting the money

on or ruffles of silk edged with narrow velvet ribbon, which, in all colors, is very much used for trimming. Narrow plain and plaid ribbon ruffles are another pretty mode of trimming, three of these being the only finish around the neck of a blue cashmere gown. The ribbon is black and white and green, and the yoke is of tucked green taffeta silk. Two little caps of cashmere edged with rows of ruching

upon the very top of the crag. Because of the difficult climb Steadwell carried only a revolver. He approached within range of the bird and succeeded in breaking one of its wings at the first shot. The bird fell almost at his feet, and when he approached it it attacked him with beak and talons. He despatched it with the butt of his revolver after a brief fight, in which he received several scratches. The bird was a hen hawk of remarkable size. It measured seven feet six inches from tip to tip and its talons were nearly two inches long.—New York Sun.

SAND AND GREASE.

What They are Used for on Railroad Tracks and how They are Employed.

Every locomotive on surface steam railroads carries a sand box containing sand to be run on the track when the rails are slippery and the driving wheels don't hold. The rails may become slippery from a variety of causes. A pouring rain washes them clean and does not make them slippery, but a drizzling rain or a fog does. The rails are slippery when there is dew on them, or frost; drivers may slip on autumn leaves lying on the track, and in some regions there are occasionally encountered on the track insects in such numbers as to make the rails slippery. Drivers may slip in starting a heavy train or on grades.

Thus sand may be needed under various conditions and circumstances, and the need may arise at any moment. It is an essential part of an engineer's duties to see that his sand box is full on starting out no matter what the weather or the prospects may be. All the locomotives on the elevated railroad in this city carry sand boxes also. There are some incidental causes of slippery tracks that are not found here, but the atmospheric and other conditions are substantially the same, and sand is as necessary in operation as on surface roads. One might have travelled for years on the elevated roads and yet never have noticed the sand boxes on the engines. On locomotives on surface roads the sand box is placed on top of the drivers; on the boiler, with the pipe running down in front of the drivers; on the locomotives on the elevated road the sand boxes are attached to the under side of the running board and with the pipe running down to the track between the drivers, for the reason that the engines on the elevated are run alternately forward and backward.

Large, heavy, modern street cars operated by power, as by cable or underground trolley in this city, carry a sand box under the platform, with a pipe leading from it down to the track in front of the wheels. The sand box is opened and sand permitted to run by means of a plunger set in the platform of the car, which is operated by pressure from the foot of the gripman or motorman. The separate sand boxes thus carried are to provide sand for use in emergency, and under settled weather conditions producing slippery tracks a sand car is run over the lines.

On surface steam railroads oil is used to lubricate switch points so that they will work freely. Oil is used likewise on switch points on the elevated road and on the elevated grease is used on the sharp curves around the corners of city blocks. On the concave side of the inner rail on these curves, at but a little distance from it, and curving parallel with it is laid an additional steel rail called a check rail. This is put down for safety's sake, and it also takes the greater part of the grinding wear of the flanges of the wheels in rounding the curve. It is the check rail that is greased. The greasing reduces the liability of the wheels to mount the rail, causes less wear, and avoids the screeching noise likely to accompany the grinding of the wheels against the rails in rounding curves.

On surface railroads in the city oil is used on switch points, and grease on very short curves. On a curve with the inner rail hollowed for the wheel to run in, the outer rail being flat, the grease would be applied to the hollow rail and to that side of it that was toward the other rail, that being the side against which the wheel would naturally bear. The purpose is to reduce the wear, to facilitate the movement of the car around the curve, and to avoid the creaking that would otherwise be produced.

Settled It.

Dingley was contemplating the purchase of a country-place, and had driven his wife out to look at it.

"How do you like it?" he asked. "Oh! I'm delighted; its beauty fairly renders me speechless," she replied. "That settles it," rejoined Dingley, who had often tasted the quantity of his better half's tongue; "I'll buy it this afternoon, and we'll move there to-morrow."

Only a fool admits that he has wisdom.



Mr. Mackay had a clerk there, who if he was not a partner, should have been, because he seemed to know as much about the books and as John did himself. The end of it was a law suit; accusations of theft, counter accusations of fraud and a good deal of money for the lawyers. His household was at all times a very mixed one. At one time after his wife's death a giddy young friend of his from Carleton shared a portion of his home with his family. They did not seem to object to it any more than they did when the blond Beatrice was installed in her place. This sort of Bohemian life seemed to suit Mr. Mackay, and there did not appear to be anybody who cared enough about whatever relations he might assume to make any protest against them. He always had a job and always had money. He could sell teas for himself or for others. Time and time again he has bought lots of teas and had them sold at auction on the Market Square, and made a good margin upon them. Just before the Spanish American war broke out, his employer, a well known firm on the wharf, shipped about \$35,000 worth of teas to Eastport, and they were entered just 4 or 5 hours before the war tax of 12 cents a pound on tea was proclaimed. Mackay then started out to sell the goods and he made a lot of money for himself and for his firm. He is as sharp as a steel trap, and ready to take chances at any time, not a bad fellow to meet and know, but it seems that on this occasion he has taken one chance too many, and he has been too sharp for his own good.

PROGRESS has told the story of the Honduras lottery ticket, but it did not mention that Mr. Mackay was the man that is alleged to have secured the tickets by a neat manipulation of those he held himself and those which belonged to Mr. Bonnell and his syndicate. When he went to Boston it appears now that he placed the ticket in the hands of the cashier of the Market National bank to collect. Last Saturday he was arrested and placed in jail on the information of Mr. Bonnell, who is in Boston. At this present writing, Wednesday, he is still in confinement. The Market National bank sent the ticket to a New Orleans bank to collect, but proceedings have been taken to prevent that institution from paying the money over to Mackay, even if they are successful in obtaining it. The syndicate here has lost no time and

the face value of the ticket will be considerably decreased by the collection charges and the expense incidental to the present state of affairs. Those who know Mr. Mackay say that he will return to St. John, whether he succeeds in getting the money or not; but it is somewhat significant that the furniture in the residence that he and the fair Beatrice occupied has been packed up and sent away, presumably to the place where she is now staying. She left the city some time before Mr. Mackay obtained the ticket, and is said to be residing in Boston.

FASHIONS FOR LITTLE ONES.

Influence of Fashions for Grown-Ups felt in the Garments of Children.

The influence of surroundings in forming taste and in generating critical ideas in matters of dress are nowhere more apparent than in the children of the present day, for they are decidedly up to date in opinions as well as fashions. The changes in their styles between this and last season are not very marked yet they follow closely the general outline of the grown-up gowns. The sleeves are smaller, skirts have less fullness, and the circular flounce puts in an appearance almost as frequently as in the other departments of dress.

There is a great difference in the proportionate length of the skirt for girls under 12 and the girls in their teens, the former being worn very short and the latter much longer. The age of twelve seems to be the dividing line of distinction between the two lengths. Skirts are gored, made with plain straight breadths, or cut circular, according to the age and size.

Guimpe dresses are just as popular as ever either with plain or full waists, and the sailor blouse seems to be a staple thing. Guimpe necks are finished as usual with the frill cut plain and circular or straight and gathered like a ruffle and put on either double or single. One plain, rather narrow frill, with a wider knife plaiting of taffeta silk in some contrasting color, set in underneath, makes a very pretty effect. This does not usually extend all the way across the front and back, so it is more of a shoulder trimming. The shaped frill is often made of velvet, edged with a narrow applique lace insertion, and cut wider over the shoulders to give an epanlette effect, it is especially pretty. Silk gowns have kinkings of silk or chil-

finish the tops of the sleeves, and three rows of the trimming encircle the skirt about half way between the hem and the waist.

A pretty finish for a guimpe neck is a square collar, sailor shape back and front cut wide enough so that where it fits on to the round neck it is laid in groups of tiny tucks which extend down two inches giving a slightly full effect to the edge of the collar. White braid in narrowest width is very much used for trimming wool gowns and wide collars on cloaks and jackets.

The materials most employed for children gowns are cashmere, drap d'ete plaid work of all kinds, especially the bright colors, velveteens and corduroys. Silk of the thinner varieties, in dainty stripes and rosebud patterns, are always in order for party gowns. Novelty goods in silk and wool are also used, but the prettiest wool gowns for the smaller girls are made of cashmere. It comes in pretty colors and is fine and soft in texture. Tucked taffeta silks form some of the yokes, but the sheer white lawns tucked by hand are quite as much worn as they ever were. Some of the waists of the guimpe dresses are made with two box plaits in front two at the back and plain at the sides.

Little tots of four and five years wear the cashmere dresses this season. One pretty model has narrow pointed revers around the shoulders trimmed with white braid. From under these falls a frill of kilted sheer white linen, which gives it a more juvenile appearance than the silk frills. The belt is of white linen, too.

A blue serge gown shown in the illustration has a bright red silk vest and tiny steel buckles. The next gown is a combination of velveteen and cashmere trimmed with narrow lace insertion. Braid trims another dress with sailor blouse, while still another of brown heather shows ribbon frills on brown velvet revers. White moire ribbon threaded through straps of cloth is the trimming of a gown in dull red vicuna. The coat and skirt style of dress is very popular, and some of the little jackets are cut away in front and double-breasted.

Caught a Monster Hen Hawk.

A huge bird, which has been seen for a month or more hovering about the mountains south of Danbury, Conn., attracted the attention of hunting parties. One afternoon Perry F. Steadwell, a local shot, climbed Tom Mountain and discovered the birds retreat beneath a huge crag on the mountainside. The bird itself was perched

A DAUGHTER OF JUDAS.

By the Author of "Sir Lionel's Wife," "The Great Moreland Tragedy," Etc.

CONTINUED. CHAPTER XLII. THE CLAIRVOYANTE.

"Vi, should you like to know your future?"

"Not if it wasn't going to be pleasant," said Vi, with slowness. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise, you know."

"But shouldn't you like to have your future told you—just for fun? Everybody says that Madame Santanello is wonderfully clever. I should just love to consult her, Vi."

"I don't believe she could tell us a word about our future. You don't mean you believe in such nonsense, Kate?"

"Of course I don't. I'm not so foolish. But all the same, I should like to hear what she would say. I should think it would be great fun."

"Oh yes!" acquiesced Vi, with sparkling eyes.

"Well, then, will you go with me?"

"With you? Won't Mr. Morewood take you?"

"No; I asked him, and he refused; and that's one great reason why I want to go."

"He refused? I am surprised, Kate."

"He professes he dislikes these exhibitions, says I should hear a great deal of nonsense, and might possibly be too seriously impressed with it."

"As it that's likely!"

"The truth is, Lady Vere has been talking to him. I feel quite sure she's persuaded him not to take me."

"Lady Vere?"

"Yes. I was mentioning it the other day when I was at the Court, and she urged me very earnestly, not to go."

"But why should she?"

"Oh, I can understand why! Lillian is a darling, and I love her dearly; but she has one of those dreamy, poetic natures which incline towards the metaphysical. If a clairvoyante predicted evil for her, she would believe in it implicitly, and brood over it all her days. It wouldn't affect me at all. I should simply be amused."

"And do you really mean to go, Kate?"

"Yes, if you'll go with me. I'll tell you what I thought Vi. Your father is going to take us into the town to do some shopping, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"Well, he will leave us at Mornington's and won't come back with the carriage for ever so long. This Madame Santanello has rooms only half-a-dozen doors away. We could easily make some excuse for leaving the shop, slip to the clairvoyante, consult her, and be back at Mornington's again before your father calls with the carriage."

"Yes, we could do that."

"Then, shall we, Vi?"

"Oh, yes; I'm willing!"

And so the two light-hearted girls, in a spirit of fun and mischief, planned the visit which was destined to yield, to one at least of them, such evil fruit.

Little did Kate Lisle dream of the woe in store for her.

A neat brass plate on the door of a house in the principal street of Basingstoke informed the public that Madame Santanello, clairvoyante, might be consulted from twelve to four daily.

Two charmingly-dressed young ladies, who had just emerged from Mornington's, the draper's, stopped at the clairvoyante's and rang the bell.

An elderly female, of foreign aspect, answered it—a superior servant, evidently.

"Is Madame Santanello within?" asked Kate Lisle.

"Yes, Madame," said the woman, speaking very politely, and with a distinctly foreign accent.

"Can we see her?"

"Certainly, madame. Will you step this way?"

She showed the two girls into an elegantly furnished room, littered with foreign curios.

Here she left them, returning, in a few minutes, to say—

"Madame Santanello will see you. Which lady is it who wishes to consult her?"

"Both of us, if you please."

"Each one must go into the presence of madame alone. She never sees more than one person at a time. Which is to go first?"

"I will!" said Vi, springing up with alacrity.

Kate sat still.

Her gay spirits seemed to have deserted her.

She looked quite serious, as though a trying ordeal lay in front of her.

The servant conducted Vi along a narrow passage, then through a curtained doorway into a large room, whose windows were surrounded with thick blinds, the only light being that which was cast by a curiously-wrought copper lamp suspended from the ceiling.

This light was yellowish in colour, and lent an eerie aspect to the room.

"Madame Santanello will come to you," said the woman, and retired leaving Vi alone to contemplate the tiger-skins, with which the floor was strewn.

There was little else to look at, for the only objects of furniture the room contained were a table and a single chair.

On the table was a skull!

A thick black velvet curtain hung at the further end of the room, and while Vi stood waiting—a little nervous and fluttered for all her courage—this curtain was drawn aside, and a woman advanced, with slow, majestic step.

A tall woman, gowned in black from head to foot, excepting that a crimson veil, bordered with gold sequins in a curious

Arabesque fashion, fell from her head to below her shoulders.

She was of a tawny complexion, rich and clear, but dark; her full lips were of a vivid scarlet, her teeth white as ivory, her hair—black as jet—fell smoothly over a high, smooth brow.

The eyes were concealed by a pair of blue glasses, and she could not but long to see the glasses removed, for the rest of the face seemed to give assurance that no common soul looked from out of those eyes.

On the middle finger of one strong, shapely hand she wore a barbaric-looking ring—a bloodstone set in massive and curiously-twisted gold.

She advanced to the table, then, bowing her head, with a cold haughtiness of gesture, said—

"You desire to consult me?"

"If you please, madame."

"Vi could not keep her voice from trembling a little."

There was something truly awe-inspiring in the appearance of this tall, dark woman. She reminded the girl of an Egyptian priestess in the olden times—of a pythoness or of a sphynx—anything that was dark and enigmatical, and full of mystery.

"Sit down!" she commanded, pointing to the single chair the room contained.

Her voice was rich and full, with a slightly melancholy cadence.

Vi obeyed, almost mechanically, and the clairvoyante, bending over the table, took the girl's hand and examined it intently for a couple of minutes.

Then she poured some water into a saucer, added a few drops of liquid from a phial, and pored over it as though it had been the very Book of Fate.

And all this in perfect silence.

After that command to sit down she had not uttered a word.

She was, perhaps, three or four minutes examining the contents of the saucer, and when she raised her head she looked full at Vi, and said—

"You are engaged to be married?"

"Vi, thinking this was intended as a question, was about to answer, but the clairvoyante stopped her with an imperious wave of the hand.

"Do not interrupt me. You are engaged to be married. There have been obstacles in the way of your happiness, but they are now removed. Other obstacles will arise, but in the end you will be happy with the man you love. That is all I can tell you of your future—or your past."

"Thank you?" murmured Vi, rising as she spoke, and fumbling at her purse a little awkwardly.

For the life of her she didn't know how to offer a fee to this majestic woman; and yet, she supposed, it must be done.

But Madame Santanello stopped her with an imperious gesture.

"My servant will receive the fee," she said, speaking as a queen might have spoken of the tribute of a subject.

And then, with another cold haughty bow, she retired behind the curtain.

The foreign-looking domestic appeared the moment Vi walked towards the door.

"Madame Santanello said I was to pay you the fee," said Vi, as she walked back to the waiting room, along the narrow passage. "What is it please? I wish to pay for myself, and for my friend as well."

The millionaire's daughter was a generous little soul, and she knew Kate was not overwell supplied with pocket-money.

"The terms are half-a-guinea for each interview," said the woman, promptly.

Vi took out her purse, and handed her a guinea, adding a half-crown for herself.

By the time this was done, they had reached the waiting-room.

"Will you come, if you please? Madame Santanello is waiting for you," said

the woman to Kate, and bore off before she could exchange so much as one word with Vi.

Thus she was quite unprepared for the grim and sombre aspect of the room in which the clairvoyante exercised her art. An involuntary shiver passed through her when she was left alone there.

The yellow light had something ghost-like about it.

The skull seemed to be grinning horribly.

The black velvet curtain looked like a pall.

Her heart palpitated violently when that curtain was drawn aside, and the majestic, black-robed figure appeared, the face looking more sphynx-like than ever beneath the crimson veil.

Kate was received precisely as Vi had been; told to sit down, her hand examined the saucer of water with the few drops of liquid prepared, and all in total silence.

Very intently dip the clairvoyante look into the saucer.

For fully five minutes she never removed her eyes from it, and when she at length turned to Kate, her look was so serious as to be almost stern.

"Do you wish me to tell you the whole truth?" she demanded, abruptly.

"Certainly!" said Kate, bravely; though, if the truth must be told, she felt very far from brave at heart.

"You will not reproach me if what you hear does not answer to your wishes?"

"Of course not."

"Very well."

The clairvoyante approached a little nearer, and her dark eyes seemed to burn Kate, even through the blue glasses which screened them.

"I must ask you to have the goodness not to interrupt me," she said. "If you do, you disturb the images on my brain. In the first place, as to your past. You have had a fairly happy life, with very little of trouble and anxiety. You have recently met with a man you think you love, and are engaged to be married to him."

The clairvoyante's voice was singularly low and passionless.

She spoke almost like one in sleep.

"Oh, a lot of nonsense!" replied Kate, trying to speak lightly, and only half succeeding. "I am to have a more romantic love than you. I am to break with Morewood, and to marry a dark, slender man, who is to come to me from foreign lands."

"Well, that you'll never do!" laughed Vi.

"Madame was wrong there, at all events. I wonder what Morewood would say if he were to hear of it?"

Kate turned to her with great earnestness.

"Vi, I want you to promise me you'll never mention this to anybody—not unless I say you may. I wouldn't have John know we've been here for all the world. Some day I may tell him, but not now. Promise me you'll mention it to no one, Vi."

"Very well, I promise."

"To no one mind!" said Kate, with almost feverish eagerness.

"You may trust me, Kitty," answered Vi. "To tell the truth, I'm a little bit ashamed of our adventure now that it's really over. I'd rather no one knew of it. If Harry were ever to hear, he'd tease me to death. I know he would."

"Yes, I think she must have done so, though I don't know how, for she hasn't been in the town many days, and we so seldom go there," said Kate, more thoughtfully than ever.

The supposition suggested by Vi had occurred to her on the way home, but it did not tend to ease her mind of that painful fear which lurked within it.

Could it be that that mysterious woman knew that Morewood loved Lillian Vere?

For, it was to Lillian that Kate's thoughts had flown the moment Madame Santanello had spoken of a woman beautiful with no common beauty, pure and radiant as a morning star.

Lillian's image could not but rise involuntarily to her mind as she listened to what was so startling a description of her.

And the clairvoyante had said she was bound in the chains of wedlock, and was, moreover, Kate's friend.

Who could it be but Lillian Vere?

Kate was by no means a jealous girl—far from it; but, nevertheless, she felt unhappy as she remembered how persistently her lover had refused to reply to her queries as to where she herself was his first and only love.

A hundred little circumstances, unnoted before, rose up in her memory, and made her fancy that Lady Vere had once possessed his heart.

And if so, and his passion for his friends was quite dead, why had he not owned it to her, frankly, when she questioned him?

Could it be—she asked herself the question, though she very thoughtfully tortured herself that he still loved his friend's wife?

The clairvoyante had said he did, and that he would turn to her again.

She had declared the Fates had said it, and that they could not lie.

Two hours ago Kate would have laughed at the very idea of giving credence to such a woman's words.

But the spirit of superstition is, perhaps, not so far from any of us as we think, and, assuredly, it had cast its shadow over her mind.

"Well, but what did she say about your future?" questioned Vi.

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Lillian drank nothing but water; Kate took a single glass of wine.

"Do you know, you look particularly charming to-night, Kate," said Lady Vere. "You have the most lovely color, and your eyes are as bright as stars."

Kate glanced at herself in a mirror.

She did, indeed, look charming, in a pretty dinner dress of black lace, relieved by notes of heliotrope-colored silk.

But her color was, perhaps, too delicately brilliant, and her eyes too lustrous, for perfect health.

"I believe I have taken cold, and am a little feverish," said Kate to herself.

Turning from the mirror with a half sigh, she looked at Lady Vere, and noticed with what simplicity she was dressed now that her husband was not at home.

Her gown was of white Indian silk, without ornament.

She wore not a single jewel.

The only touch of color about her was a band of turquoise velvet, which she wore round her hair.

Rarely, perhaps, she had looked more beautiful; but it was not so she dressed when Sir Gerald was at home to look upon her beauty, and Kate noticed the difference.

"What shall we do, all the evening?" asked Lady Vere, as Kate sat toying with a magnificent bunch of purple hothouse grapes.

"I know what I should like to do—if you don't mind."

"Oh, tell me!"

"I should like to lie on a couch, and be lazy, and listen to you play and sing."

"Then you shall, Kate. I should be very ungrateful if I didn't indulge you, after you've been so good in coming to me," said Lady Vere, smiling. "I must go upstairs first, just for a couple of minutes, to make sure auntie wants for nothing; then I'll sing to you to your heart's content."

Ten minutes later she was seated at the piano-table, singing soft, sweet love-ballads, which, somehow, brought the tears to Kate's eyes, as she lay on the couch, with her face buried in the cushions.

She was feeling strangely weak and low to-night.

Her nervous system seemed all overwrought.

The tears would come, in spite of her efforts to restrain them.

An hour passed, had passed in this way, when, at the close of a song, Lillian turned to look at her friend, and saw she had risen to a sitting position on the couch, her cheeks crimson, her hand pressed to her brow.

"My dear, what is the matter?"

"Lillian, should you mind if I went to bed? I don't feel well, I—I think I have taken cold. I am dizzy—and—and—"

The rest of the sentence died away in an inarticulate murmur.

She pressed her hand to her brow again and shivered from head to foot.

In a moment Lady Vere was by her side.

"Oh, my dearest, you are ill—really ill, and I never noticed it!" she cried, in keen self-reproach. "Is it your head that aches? Let me take you to my room, and bathe it for you."

"I—I don't know," murmured Kate, in a strangely incoherent fashion. "I—I feel strange all over. Don't leave me, Lillian—don't leave me. I am frightened. I feel as if I were going to die!"

Lady Vere seized the bell rope, and pulled it violently.

But, quickly as the summons was answered by the well-trained footman, before he made his appearance Kate's head had sunk, like a leaden weight, upon her bosom, and she had swooned away in Lillian's arms.

"Send for a doctor, immediately!" commanded Lady Vere. "And let someone come to me here. Don't lose an instant!"

In a very low monotone both the housekeeper and Lady Vere's maid were in attendance.

They brought restoratives, and used their best efforts to bring Kate back to consciousness; but all in vain.

She seemed to be not so much in a faint as in a death-like stupor.

Her breathing was heavy and laboured, and every now and again, a convulsion shook her from head to foot.

Lady Vere's composure was not easily disturbed, but Kate's illness seemed to agitate her fearfully.

She had got one of the girl's hands in her own, and was chafing it.

As she did that she fixed her eyes, with a strange look of terror in them, on a tiny scratch, or puncture, not larger than a head of a pin, on Kate's wrist.

"Who is going for the doctor?" she cried almost wildly, while the look of terror deepened in her eyes.

"Jarvis is going, my lady. They are adding a horse for him now."

"Tell him to ride quick—quick!" said Lady Vere. "Don't let him lose a moment. Tell him it is a question of life or death."

"Oh, my lady, it is not so bad as that, I hope!" said the housekeeper, in a tone of respectful sympathy. "It is a very sudden seizure, and very distressing one, but the young lady will, probably, be better soon."

"Heaven grant it!" murmured Lady Vere. "Oh, it only the doctor would come! It is the suspense that is so hard to bear!"

And turning away from the unconscious Kate, she paced up and down the room uncontrollable agitation.

It was fully half an hour before the doctor arrived.

Lady Vere had bidden them fetch the one who lived nearest to the Court.

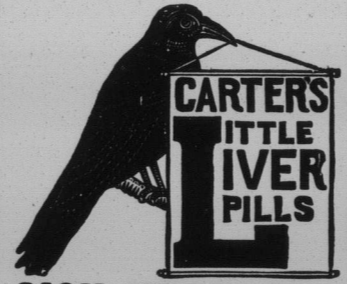
He was an elderly man, who had for years enjoyed the confidence of Sir Gerald.

A safe, old-fashioned practitioner.

But it so happened that this gentleman—Dr. Baker was his name—had gone away for a short holiday, only the day before and it was his locum tenens whom Jarvis brought back with him.

The locum tenens was a young man, tall and thin, and somewhat peculiar-looking. He was decidedly plain of feature, but had a massive brow and keen, deep-set eyes, which imparted a great deal of character to his plain-featured face.

Co. based on Fitzcarrald Page.



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution the fraud of the day.

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

CANCER

And Tumors cured to stay cured, at home; no knife, plaster or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 150-page book—free, write Dept. 11, MAJOR LEITCH, Co. 577 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Sunday Reading

Last Words. I am not brave; I am not strong In deeds of great heroic worth; I only walk the wrinkled earth. In peace with men, in strife with wrong, I bear my part as best I can Among the chafing multitudes; I love the world's calm solitudes That have been so since time began. I love—ah, God; I love the faith That blesses while it purifies, And scatters star-drifts through the skies That light the way to life and death. I love the hands that hold a trust Involate as the granite shore, That clasp keep it evermore. Till earth be earth and dust be dust. And hearts that know not any guile Of evil shaping to its mood, But cleaving Christ-like to the God, Have pardon in the afterwhile. Ah! friends of days and not of years, What gentle leaven and largesse Of kindness holds me in duress To you my spirit stoops and hears. But words are cold and I am weak In tongue or pen to say my mind; I strive, but striving I am blind, And this is all that I can speak. But out beyond this pleasant land I shall look back with eager eyes To spaces green as Paradise With memories men understand. Who walk about in strange climes, Less pilgrim than the Ishmaelite; And walk not always in the light, And feel not always the Sublime. So may it be with me, I know But only this, I value all That you have given whate'er befall I shall remember! Even so.

The Scotchman's Prayer.

I was pleased the other day with a story which an aged Scotch minister told me about an old Scotchman who, many years ago, was on his way to a meeting of the people of Gold held in a tent, or some such temporary structure.

The old pilgrim was poor and ill-clad, and partly deaf, but he trusted in the Lord, whom he served, and rejoiced in his kind providence. On his way to the meeting he fell in with another Christian brother, a younger man, bound on the same errand, and they traveled on together.

When they had nearly reached the place of meeting, it was proposed that they should turn aside behind the hedge and have a little prayer before they entered the meeting. They did so, and the old man who had learned in everything to let his requests be made known unto God, presented his case in language like the following:

'Lord, ye ken weel enough that I'm deaf and I want a seat on the first bench, if ye ken I'll have it, so that I ken hear thy Word. And ye see that my toes are sticking through my shoes, and I don't think it is much to your credit to have your children's toes sticking through their shoes, and therefore I want ye to get me a pair of new ones. And ye ken I have nae siller, and I want to stay there during the meeting, and therefore I want you to get me a place to stay.'

When the old man had finished his quaint petition, and they had started on, his younger brother gently suggested to him that he thought his prayer was rather free in its forms of expression, and hardly as a reverential as seemed proper to him in approaching the supreme Being. But the old man did not accept the imputation of irreverence.

'He's my Father,' said he, 'and I'm weel acquainted with Him, and He's weel acquainted with me, and I take great liberties with Him.'

So they went on to the meeting together. The old man stood for while in the rear of the congregation, making an ear trumpet with his hand to catch the words, words, until someone near the pulpit noticed him, and, beckening forward gave him a good seat upon the front bench.

During the prayer the old man knelt down, and after he arose a lady, who had noticed his shoes, said to him:

'Are they the best shoes you have?'

'Yes,' said he, 'but I expect my Father will give me a new pair very soon.'

'Come with me after the meeting,' said the lady, 'and I will get you a new pair.'

The service closed, and he went with her to her house.

'Shall you stay during the meeting?'

'I would, but I'm a stranger in the place, and have nae siller.'

'Well,' said she, 'you will be perfectly welcome to make your home at our house during the meeting.'

The old man thanked the Lord that he had given him all the three things he had asked for; and, while the young brother's reverence for the Lord was right and proper, he might learn that there is a reverence which reaches higher than the forms and conventionalities of human taste, and which

The Dominion Official Analyst's Statement with Regard to the Value of Abbey's Effervescent Salt.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt has received the highest endorsements from the Medical Journals and from the Physicians of Canada since its introduction here. It has sustained its European reputation.

It is a highly palatable and efficacious tonic. As a refreshing and invigorating beverage it is unequalled. Its use has prevented and cured innumerable cases of Sick Headache, Indigestion, Biliousness, Constipation, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Loss of Appetite, Flatulency, Gout, Rheumatism, Fever, and all Febrile states of the system. In Spleen Affections and as a regulator of the Liver and Kidneys, its value is unquestioned. Its use purifies the blood in a natural manner, leading to good health and a clear, bright complexion.

A Teaspoonful of Abbey's Effervescent Salt, taken every morning before Breakfast, will keep you in good health.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 60 CENTS A LARGE BOTTLE. TRIAL SIZE, 25 CENTS.

LABORATORY OF INLAND REVENUE, Office of Official Analyst, Montreal, July 28, 1898.

I, JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, do hereby certify that I have duly analyzed and tested several samples of "Abbey's Effervescent Salt," some being furnished by the manufacturers in Montreal and others purchased from retail druggists in this city. I find these to be of very uniform character and composition, and sold in packages well adapted to the preservation of the Salt. This compound contains saline bases which form "Fruit Salts" when water is added—and is then a very delightful aperient beverage, highly palatable and effective.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt contains no ingredient of an injurious or unwholesome character, and may be taken freely as a beverage.

(Signed,) JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, Ph.D., D.C.L., F.C.S., Emeritus Professor Chemistry, University Bishop's College, and Dominion Official Analyst, Montreal.

leads the believer to 'come boldly to the throne of grace' to find all-needed help in every trying hour.

The Children's Feet.

The 'Presbyterian' makes note of an English incident that is as beautiful as a 'golden text.' A poor woman, crossing one of the London parks, suddenly stopped and picked up something which she concealed in her apron. A policeman saw the act, and followed her. She was ragged, and her furtive manner convinced him that she was making off with some articles of value, such as is frequently dropped in public places. He called to her roughly:

'Here what have you got in your apron?'

His threatening, official tone frightened her, and she made no answer.

Feeling sure that she had hidden a pocket-book or a jewel, he told her to show what she was trying to carry away, or he would arrest her. Then the poor woman timidly unrolled her apron and revealed a handful of broken glass!

The policeman stared at it a moment, and muttered, 'What in the world do you want of the rubbish?'

'I just thought I'd take it out of the way of the children's feet,' she said meekly.

When we read the gentle Master's warning never to 'offend' one of His little ones,—the favorites of His Kingdom,—it is charming to know what verb in the New Testament language the word 'offend' translates. The emblem of the child's soul-history is the passing of its tender feet. Who would leave anything in their path to hinder or hurt them?

Whether she knew it or not the poor woman put a Gospel of love into her thoughtful deed. She obeyed in spirit the divine command to the ancient prophet: 'Take up the stumbling blocks out of the way of my people.'—Youth's Companion.

An Encourager.

S. R. Crockett writes of one of his characters, William Greig of Neither Larg: 'For him the morning's duty was not done till he came to put his warm, friendly hand into that of the minister for the day, and gave him thanks for every good word spoken. He was of the great Society of the

Encouragers, who make the wheels of the world go round. May power be given to their elbows.

'Many a raw lad preaching his first or second sermon had been grateful for the hand-shake and the good cheer. Many a one had carried William Greig's voice with him in a nook of his memory as William himself might carry a lamb in the nook of his plaidie.

'There was once, they say, a sad voiced, disappointed probationer, who had preached in vacancies and as 'supply' for years which ran into two figures. He was so set by a good word of William Greig's that he pulled himself together the following Sabbath day, and preached so well that he took a congregation by storm and got a call on the spot. He does not know it, but it was William Greig who got him that call.'

Your Work.

If Christ had a work to do, and He is God's idea of what man should be, then we must believe that each of us has a work to do, some sacrifice to make, some cross to endure, some soul to save. And the success of life is measured, not by the world's standards, but by the way in which we do our life-work. He is in some one's else place if He has no place of His own.

Have you found your work? I do not mean your trade or profession; I mean have you found your life work, the thing God has given you to do? I cannot tell you what it is. But I am sure everyone has something worthy to do, something to lift live above the commonplace, and dignity.

What is your work? Why brother, sister, I cannot tell you; but if you are a mother, I have some idea of what it is. Train that soul which God has committed to your care. If you fail in this you are a failure. If you are a friend be a friend worth having. If you are a citizen you have a work to do.

O let us do our work! Quickly the time is short! Why are we so slow? Why are we so inefficient? Why are we so soft-handed when this world needs toilers so much? O friend, look at your hands this morning! Have you one single blister or callous on your hands to show that

you ever once in all your life have struck one blow for God or fellowman—ever did one hour's work for immortality? If you should die to-day, what would the words 'It is finished,' mean as respects your life work? Would they mean that your opportunities are finished, or that the work God gave you to do is finished? Which?—

Obliterated Kidneys.

Refuse to Work—Foreign Matters Collected and Disease Follows—South American Kidney Cure Relieves in Six Hours.

A remedy that has the crucial tests that South American Kidney Cure has had—a remedy which has met cases of kidney disease whose victims were at death's door and has led them back to perfect health—a remedy compounded for the kidneys alone—a liquid specific—a remedy compounded for the kidneys alone—a liquid specific—a remedy that has testimony piled on testimony given unsolicited by those who have been cured—must be a remedy of wonderful merit. South American Kidney Cure heals Bright's disease, diabetes, dropsy, gravel, stone in the bladder, inflammation. It can be your life preserver.

Quite Satisfied.

A contemporary of Professor Ferrier tells this good story of the eminent writer; The Professor had just finished, after a life-long labour, his theory of philosophy, and it was being printed under the title of 'Institutes of Metaphysics.' Being full of the subject, he was fond of reading extracts from the proofs to any intimate friend who called. One day Major P—dropped in. 'Well, major,' said Ferrier, 'I have just completed the great work of my life, and if you don't object I should like to read to you a short extract from it. But, before I begin, let me say that I claim in this book to have made philosophy intelligible to the meanest understanding.'

'Very well,' replied the major, taking a chair, 'go ahead.'

Ferrier proceeded to read a passage in his slow, emphatic manner, but the major soon became fidgety, and at last burst out—'This is intelligible to the meanest understanding?'

'Do you understand it, major?'

'Yes, I think I do.'

'Then, major, I'm satisfied.'

For the Year 1898

No better resolution can be made than to resist buying any of the substitutes offered as 'just as good' as the great only sure pop corn cure—Putman's Painless Corn Extractor. It never fails to give satisfaction! Beware of poisonous flesh eating substitutes.

Birds as Sleepers.

The habits of birds in regard to sleep are unlike, some being very solicitous to be in good time, while others are awake and about all night. But among the former the sleeping-place is the true home, the dormus et penetralis. It has nothing necessarily in common with the nest, and birds, like some other animals and many human beings, often prefer complete isolation at this time. Sparrows which appear to go to roost in companies, and sometimes do so after a vast amount of talk and fuss, do not rest undisturbed against one another like starlings or chickens, but have private holes and corners to sleep in. They are

fond of sleeping in the sides of straw ricks, but each sparrow has its own little hollow among the straws, just as each flock of sleeping larks makes its own 'cubicle' on the ground.

Differents.

Skidmore:—'So Mullins has married a wife.'

Kilduff: 'That is not the way in which I understand it.'

'How do you understand it?'

'My information is that a widow has married Mullins.'

Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine the great cough remedy costs only 25 cents per bottle.

Smithers—Why don't you run for school director Abraham?

Brown—Well, you see, sir, there is the farm to look after and the work on the roads, the timber to cut, the strong party feeling, my views on the education question, my tax theory, my ideas on the money problem; and then, besides—my wife wants to run.



PUT YOUR FINGER ON YOUR PULSE.

If it is Weak or Irregular don't Hesitate to Start the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills at once.

With a strong, steady, regular pulse we may expect vigorous health.



With a weak, irregular, intermittent pulse we can tell at once the vitality is low—that Dizzy and Faint Spells, Smothering and Sinking Sensations and similar conditions are bound to ensue.

By their action in strengthening the heart, toning the nerves and enriching the blood, Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills relieve and cure all those distressing conditions just enumerated.

Mrs. B. Croft, residing on Waterloo Street, St. John, N.B., says:

'For some time past I have suffered from pallor, weakness and nervous prostration, I had palpitation and irregular beating of the heart so severe as to cause me great alarm. I was treated by physicians, but got no permanent relief.'

'I am glad to say that from Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I derived the first real benefit that I ever got from any medicine. My appetite is improved, my entire system toned up, and I can do no less than cheerfully recommend these pills to all requiring a reliable heart and nerve tonic.'

Miss Mary E. Hicks, South Bay, Ont., says: Laxative-Liver Pills cured her of Sick Headache, from which she had suffered for a year.

Advertisement for Walter Baker & Co., Limited, featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing their Pure, High Grade Coconuts and Chocolates. The text mentions that their products are made in Canada and are of high quality.

Notches on The Stick

We have in our late literary browsing come upon a lesser landmark of Canadian song, almost lost from sight, if not removed out of its place. We question if many copies of "Dreamland and Other Poems," [Charles Mair, Author of "Tecumseh, A Drama," by which he is best known.] can be found in the book-stores of the Dominion; the copy before us having come out of a collection of second-hand stock in Toronto. "Dreamland" is an appropriate descriptive word, for a sort of "summer-of-all-saints" atmosphere broods in the spirit of these rhymes, and one feels that he who wrote them is a follower and lover of nature in her serene moods. He loves the twilight world, and walks in paths that stars and fire-flies haunt:

"How dreamy-dark it is!
Men yearn for weariness, and heed their gains,
While careful housewives drown the kitchen fires—
Then slip to bed and snore away their pains
And bury for a while all low desires.
The plodding oxen, dragging creaking wains
O'er bosky roads, their ancient horns entwined,
Lick their huge joles, and think of bedded stalls,
And munching of sweet corn. The hickory swine
Huddled in routed turf, neglect the calls
And pinch of their young, and hide their dugs,
Swoll'n with laxy milk, whilst timid sheep,
Far from their winter-folds of knotty fir,
Dream of lean wolves and beatings in their sleep.

"This is the hour
When fire-flies flit about each lofty crag,
And down the valleys sail on lucid wings,
Luring their spouses to the love-decked bower
I see them glimmer where the waters lag
By winding bays, and to the willows sing;
And far away, where stands the forest dim,
Huge-built of old, their tremulous lights are seen.

High overhead they gleam like trailing stars,
Then sink adown until their emerald sheen
Dies in the darkness like an evening hymn—
Anon to float again in glorious bars
Of streaming rapture, such as man may hear
When the soul casts its length of mortal fear.
And now they make rich spangles in the grass,
Gliding the night-dew on the tender blade;
Then hover o'er the meadow-pools to gaze
On their bright forms shined in the dreamy glass.
Which earth, and air, and bounteous rain have made.

One moment and the thicket is ablaze
With twinkling lamps which swing from bough to bough;
Another, and like sylphids they descend
To cheer the brook-side where the bell flowers grow!

He does not, however, confine himself wholly to the druidic muse but cultivates subjects of more human interest. The following is full of grace and tenderness:

"Oh, where is the spring, mother dear,
And when will it come back again?
For this sad snow fills me with fear,
And I long for the soft-falling rain.
And I long for the glad green leaves,
And the sweet little birds on the wing,
And the swallows, which chirp round the eaves—
Oh, Mother, let us seek the spring."

And then the fond mother did chide,
Leaning over her sick one's brow,
For her sad swift tears could she hide,
Nor her sighs could she still, I trow.
For the drooping child still cried, "Come!
To the sweet spring me I'd let us pass,
For I long for the wild bee's hum,
And the grasshopper's chirp in the grass."

"No! The rough winds are blowing my child,
And the sad snow falls far and wide,
And the bleak woods are leafless and wild,
And sigh on the gloomy hill-side.
And all the eave-cabins are still,
And the linnet is in other haunts,
And the thrush and the lone whippoorwill—
Let us wait yet awhile for the spring."

"Oh, no, let us seek it, I pray,
While yet I have strength, mother dear,
To roam o'er the hills far away,
And find the sweet bed of the year.
For I dream of the rivulet's brink,
And I sigh at the sad thoughts they bring,
When of all the sweet blossoms I think
Which gleam far away in the spring."

But the death-fakes began to fall,
And the soft cheeks grew white as snow,
And the eye-lids closed round like a pall
On the little round eye below,
'Twas winter within and without,
For the fond little spirit took wing,
Nor could the bereaved mother doubt
That her soul was away with the spring!

There are passages in this book, as well as in "Tecumseh," that show an extraordinary sympathy with the wild creatures of the woods, and an intimate and loving eye to watch them in their haunts. Take the following from the poem entitled "August":—

"Ah, there are busy forms which, all unthought,
Find yet a relish in thy scanty store,
And, for that blooms are scarce, therefore the bee
Wades knee-deep in the purple thistle tops,
And shares their sweetness with the hungry wasp.
Therefore the butterfly comes sailing down,
And, heedless lighting on a summer's back,
Soon tucks aloft its sudden strange alarm,
Whilst bee and wasp quick scurry out of sight,
And leave their treasure to the plodding ant.
The beetle in the tree-top sits and sings
His brassy tune with increase to the end,
And one may peep and peer amongst the leaves,
And see him not though still he sits aloft,
And winds he ready burn into the noon,
How many a bee is heard in thicket dim,
Where little birds sit, passive, on the spray,
And muse mayhap on the delights of Spring;
And many a chitunk whistles out its fear,
And jerks and darts along the paneled rails,
Then stops, and watches with twinkling eyes
Where you do stand, as motionless as death;
But should you was a fnger through the air,
Or move a tip-toe o'er the crispy sod,
'Twill snudge away beneath the balsam brush,
Quick lost and safe among the reddened spray.

Biliousness

Is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrify in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache, insomnia, nervousness, and, if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, cleanse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills

Examples might be given, had we space, from the pieces entitled "Summer," "Wood Notes," "Winter," "To A Morning Cloud," and "Prologue to Tecumseh."

We have to regret the sudden death of Rev. Alden F. Chase, D. D., one of the foremost educators of Maine, and President of the Maine Conference Seminary at Readfield. Dr. Chase was a man of liberal education, of refined tastes, of positive characteristics, and an energetic and aggressive type of mind. He was at once a lover of books, of men, and nature, and a writer of excellent things in prose and verse. He was a most hospitable and companionable man; and at his own fireside it was a delight to meet with him. Many a pleasant and profitable hour have we passed in his society and that of his accomplished wife and bright young family and it is a sorrow that here we may not meet him any more. Not many months ago they were called to mourn the loss of a son, just entered upon life's work. Grief and excessive labor had undermined his health and he, who seemed so full of abounding activity and vigor, rests suddenly from all his toils. He has left an enduring mark on the institutions he has served, and on many young men and women he has benefitted, and by whom he will be long and gratefully remembered.

We recall a poem written by the poet of rustic and rural life in Central Maine, David Barker. The subject was a woman of the Penobscot tribe of Indians whose name was Molly Polassie, but was popularly known by the sweeter sobriquet of which her proper cognomen gives the suggestion. Of her the author of the "Mothers of Maine" tells us that she "was a familiar figure throughout the State for an entire century. She claimed to be 120 years old at her death. In advanced life she became very corpulent weighing nearly 300 pounds. Her tribe often camped in the vicinity of Frysburg, where Molly and the other women became famous for their baskets and cheese drawers. Molly was much sought after as a fortune-teller. She also taught children to dance, the girls delighting to be called minnane and the boys skenosis. As she became feeble with age she was an object of veneration in Bangor, where she was always known as Molasses. Gen. Samuel Veazie instructed his conductors on the Oldtown road: 'Let old Molly ride free.' Benevolent individuals did not think of passing her without depositing in her hand the piece of silver she had learned to expect, and which she thankfully received. She was urged to have her picture taken, but never could be induced to do so, having a superstition that it would be the signal for her death. The picture now owned by the Tarratine club of Bangor is that of her daughter, Sally Polassie.' Her memory will linger as that of a representative "dusky mother" of the State of Maine.

To "Moll Molasses."
You say through joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,
The Spirit Power—the Wise and Blessed Giver
Has lengthened out your life a hundred years
Upon the banks of old Penobscot river.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Cures Coughs, Colds, Lung and Bronchial Affections that other remedies won't touch.

Mr. THOS. J. SMITH, Caledonia, Ont., writes: "A year ago I had a very severe cold which settled in my lungs and in my throat, so that I could scarcely speak louder than a whisper. I tried several medicines, but got no relief until I used one and a half bottles of Norway Pine Syrup, which completely cured me."
25c. a bottle or five for \$1.00.

You say in childhood's hours you used to struggle
Around the 'Point' full many years before
A good title came to you, rhyming Budge—
A name to live in song if not in story.

You say your maiden feet once used to range
Around your cabin, which you tell me stood hard
Upon the spot where stood the old "Exchange"—
A noted tavern kept by Abram Woodard.

You say, long moons ago, your snapp found
That hasting with the pale face was a burden,
And so he left this lower hasting ground
And found a better on the banks of Jordan.

Look, Moll! your snapp's coming o'er the tide—
I see him from his flight canoe a landing—
I see him now hurrying to your side—
I see him in our very presence standing.

He says: "I'll Moll, my wigwam in the wood
For her and our papposes ready ever,
Tell Moll her snapp feel so very good
When they leave earth and paddle cross the river.

I write these rhymes, poor Moll, for you to sell—
Go, sell them quick, to any saint or sinner—
And not to save one soul from heaven or hell,
But just to buy your weary form a dinner.

We may not meet again upon life's shore,
But when my spirit o'er Jordan passes,
I'll merely look for one that's gone before,
And then I'll look for you, old "Moll Molasses."

Mr. Morris Phillips describes the Anglo-Jewish novelist and critic, Israel Zangwill after having heard him at the Lyceum Theatre in New York, his subject being "The Drama as a Fine Art." "He wore a black cloth coat of Prince Albert cut, but what would I say to an outside breast pocket in a Prince Albert coat with a corner of white mouchoir peeping out? Zangwill is awkward, uneasy, ungraceful. He will button his coat and unbutton it again, without any visible cause or reason. His hands give him a great deal of trouble; he seldom uses them for gestulation and never to lend force or meaning to his text. He thrusts a finger and thumb into his waistcoat pocket, as if he were searching for a match or a sixpence; then both hands are buried in both waistcoat pockets; when they emerge they will be both placed on his hips, or they will tug at his neck-tie etc. Zangwill, when he utters a beautiful epigram, or when he says something very funny, seems almost ashamed of it; he looks down to the floor. Zangwill's enunciation is good. His pronunciation is that of a scholarly, cultivated Englishman. Of course, some words he bites off at the end and shortens by one syllable.—such words as necessary, secretary and literary; all cultivated Englishmen do that; but for the rest there is nothing local in the author's tongue. Zangwill is shrewd; he knows what he is about. He is the best abused and the best advertised man in town."

John MacFarlane of Montreal is one of the most tasteful writers of Doric verses. Though he uses Scotchisms his lines read well if without them, for he has the true musical gifts and turns his English stanzas equally well. Here in one of his latest pieces, a deserved tribute to a celebrated modern Scottish minstrel.

Henry Scott Riddell.
Author of "Scotland Yet," "The Crook and Field," "The Wild Glen See Green," etc.
Oh! green today be Teviot's banks,
And sweet be Teviot's flowing,
With Tweed and Ettrick soft in tune
Where heatherbellies are blowing!
For him who sang in shepherd strain,
And accents strong and tender,
And Scotland's hills and heathly dells,
And Scotland's sons that 'fend her.

The sun that shines on Teviothead
The brighter for his singing,
The plover pipes a wailer plaint
Along the moorlands wisting;
And clear and still as glomming fa'
When dew's becom the mountain,
The star of his name endears,
Above the lovely fountain.

Fresh as the laverock's bill that rains
From breezy skies above it,
His lyric muse is shrined and crown'd
In simple hearts that love it;
And clear and near in strath and glen,
Where fleecy flocks are straying,
In quiet love his memory keeps,
Undimmed of Time's decaying.

—John MacFarlane.
(—John Arbory.)

Dr. Thomas Hall Pearne, in his reminiscences of ministerial life in Oregon, compares the Indian names of the Pacific coast with those of the Atlantic coast, and awards the palm to the first mentioned for euphony." The Indian words on the Pacific are far more soft and liquid than the Indian names on the Atlantic; and they are also equally significant. Onondaga; Niagara, as pronounced in the days of the Revolutionary fathers; Cataragus—Seneca words—are harsh and guttural, as contrasted with the Oregon Indian words; as, Umattilla, Multnomah, or the broad open valley; Willamette, or the long and crooked river; Yaquina, Yakimah, Coquille, Molalla, Yamhill, Spokane, Walla Walla; Waiilatpu, pronounced Wai-lat-pu." It may be correct, and some of our Indian names in Eastern America are harsh, and to a pale face almost unpronounceable; but the Micmac names of Acadia are as full of liquid syllables as are any on the Pacific coast. The reader will recall certain rhymes, familiar to many, in which some of these Indian names are

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The ONLY Skirt Binding with an Indestructible Wearing Edge, a Rich and Elegant Facing and a Natural Curve conforming perfectly to the shape of the skirt.

S. H. & M. is stamped on every yard of the genuine.
The S. H. & M. CO., 24 Front St. W., Toronto, Ont.

women; and more melodious than Mabon, Sissiboo, Pasiquid, Musquodobit, Catalone and Aspotogan, cannot be found in the wide world.

Dr. Benjamin F. Leggett writes: "We were very much grieved last Saturday by receiving a telegram announcing the death of our dear friend, Dr. George Gary Bush, with whom I tramped through Switzerland some years ago. He died at Malden, Mass. He has been poorly ever since he came North last spring; since April especially so. He was able to write me in September, but was taken very ill about October 10th, and died on the 16th. He had been a sufferer from Bright's Disease for years. It has been a real blow to us all. We cannot realize that he has gone. We were together all the while we were in Europe; and he and I took our Swiss and Italian tours together, while Mrs. L. and Fannie remained at Heidelberg. Our last letter to him his wife read for him the day before he died, and he said, 'y. s. yes,—good-by—good-by.'" Dr. Bush has done honorable work in the lines of education and authorship.

PASTOR FELIX.

A DIAMOND MINE.

Worked for the Benefit of All Economical Homes.

A diamond mine! Where? Right here in our own Canada, and worked for the benefit of all economical homes.

The variety of diamonds in this mine is inexhaustible, and the supply is practically inexhaustible. All the latest colors are represented in these diamonds; they are of the first water, and under the most severe tests they are always found reliable, true and genuine.

These diamonds are known as Diamond Dyes, celebrated all the world over for their brilliancy, purity and durability. These Diamond Dyes possess marvellous and astonishing powers. When used according to directions that accompany each one they give new life and beauty to all faded, dingy and dead-looking garments. Each of these Diamond Dyes gives a return to the user in money value of from ten to twenty times their cost.

Have you tried any of these Diamonds—Diamond Dyes? If not, then look up some old faded dress that you have laid aside, or some jacket, blouse, ribbons or hose, and give these wonderful diamonds a trial. They will surprise you with the magnificence of their work.

Now, just a word of warning if you are a novice in the work of dyeing. Beware of adulterated packages and soap grease dyes that bring only trouble, disappointment and vexation of spirit, as well as complete ruin to your materials.

The Light of the Sea.

A Dutch investigator, Beysrinck, has lately made a special study of the little organisms called photo-bacteria, to which, in a large degree, the phosphorescence of the ocean is due. He has been unable to discover that the luminosity of these singular creatures plays an important part in their

vitality. It appears to depend chiefly upon the food they are able to obtain. When they have plenty of carbon they shine brilliantly, and the ocean service glows with their mysterious light. When fed with sugar or glycerine their phosphorescent power is increased.

New Hope for the Dyspeptic.

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are the Dyspeptic's heaven of rest and cure. They contain no injurious drug or narcotic, won't hurt the most delicate and sensitive stomach, aid digestion, stop fermentation of the food, good for the blood, good for the nerves, good for the brain, make flesh increase, cure the stomach. 35 cents.

A Fatigued Footman

Recent proceedings in bankruptcy have apparently been attentively watched by at least one intelligent footman. He has quite made up his mind that it is advisable to keep clear of the service of 'guinea pigs.' In a letter to a West End registry office requesting to be put down for a vacancy, James says: 'Having been accustomed to be with nobles, I should like to get into the service of one, if possible, but not a professional company director, as a future reference from such might conduce to my detriment.' It is to be hoped that this fastidious man of pleth will be saluted.—Westminster Gazette.

You cannot dye a dark color light, but should dye light ones dark for home use. Magnetic Dyes give excellent results.

The Real Author of "Dixie."

Neill Bryant and Colonel John F. Kennedy of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad had been friends ever since their boyhood, and whenever they meet the reminiscences that are called up are replete with the flavor of the high-rolling days when Neill was a star member of the celebrated Bryant combination, so many years America's most popular minstrel. 'It makes me very tired,' said Mr. Bryant, 'to read all this stuff in the papers about Will S. Hayes being the author of "Dixie," when everybody except the most besotted ignoramus in the land knows that my old colleague, Dan Emmett, wrote, and was the first man to sing it when he was performing with Bryant's minstrels. Dan Emmett is alive yet, out in an Ohio town but the old boy has retired from the stage. It is a stupid thing to try to put the authorship of the stirring Confede, when there are scores of people living who can substantiate the statement I have made as to the real author.'—Washington Post.

Sure to Get Mended.

'It is strange that I can't get my wife to mend my clothes,' remarked Mr. Bridle, in a tone of disgust. 'I asked her to sew a button on this vest this morning, and she hasn't touched it.'

'You asked her?' said Mr. Norris, with a slight shrug of his shoulders.

'Yes. What else should I do?'

'You haven't been married very long, so perhaps you'll take a tip from me,' answered Mr. Norris, with a fatherly air. 'Never ask a woman to mend anything. That's fatal.'

'Why, what do you mean?'

'Do as I do. When I want a shirt mended, for instance, I take it in my hand and hunt up my wife. "Where's that rag-bag, Mrs. Norris? I demand in a stern voice."

'What do you want the rag-bag for?' she says, suspiciously.

'I want to throw this shirt away; it's all worn out,' I reply.

'Let me see,' she demands.

'But I put the garment behind my back. "No my dear," I answer. "There's no use in your attempting to do anything with it." Let me see it,' she reiterates.

'But it's all worn out, I tell you.'

'Now, John give me that shirt!' she says, in her most peremptory tone.

'I hand over the garment.

'Why John Norris,' she cries, with womanly triumph, 'this a perfectly good shirt. All it needs is—'

'And then she mends it.

A Frenchman applied to a local official for a passport to visit Klatterwingschen, in Switzerland.

The functionary, who was not a fellow of any geographical society, struggled in vain for a few minutes with the spelling of the place's name. Then, unwilling to confess his difficulty, he blandly asked—

Wouldn't you as lief visit some other town?

Nature makes the cures after all.

Now and then she gets into a tight place and needs helping out.

Things get started in the wrong direction.

Something is needed to check disease and start the system in the right direction toward health.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with hypophosphites can do just this.

It strengthens the nerves, feeds famished tissues, and makes rich blood.

25c. and \$1.00; all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

**Chat to . .
Boys and Girls.**

(Continued)

He stood there for many minutes, and the boat was making its way well out into the stream, when he suddenly threw up his hands and cried out, "They are adrift." And so, indeed, they were. Something had happened to the oars very likely, and the tiny craft was sweeping down to the fatal brink with the same swift pace as the current. Then from the river came several terrified cries, but before he had heard them all, the father, at mad flight, was making for Jean's boat, which lay on the bank. In a few seconds, this little craft was in the water, and tearing through it under the swift and powerful strokes of the old man's paddles.

"They have lost an oar," he murmured; "there is only one thing to be done. I have but two here; better my darlings should escape than I—I have lived the rest of my days," and then he thought, all the while rowing with the power of two ordinary men, that he never should have exposed them to such an awful danger. His terror of the falls had always been vivid and strong; but now when it comes to deciding whether he should perish in that awful abyss or they should, he contemplated his own fate with a feverish eagerness.

He was afraid of nothing now except that they should be the victims. This kept his heart strong, and his arm steady and sure. His little boat fairly leaped through the water with a loud 'swish' at every bound. Another minute and he would reach them; but the prow of his punt was now turned almost down stream. Louder grew the thunder below, swifter and swifter the terrible water raged and swirled.

"Oh, mon pere, mon pere," shouted the girl, "is it you? We have lost an oar."

"Courage, courage!" he cried, running his boat below theirs. "Take this," and he hastily put the oar in place saying, "Here—turn her head a little up stream, and row for dear life. Keep looking ahead of you—don't look this way; I am going over to the other shore."

There would seem, indeed, to be a very literal truth in this, though it was intended to deceive them. "God bless and be with you both!" he said softly.

So they rowed away with all their young strength and the arms of both were strong. As they neared the shore, not more than a quarter of a mile above the terrible plunge, Alphonse said, while a sudden paleness overspread his face "I wonder why mon pere kept down so low in crossing over?"

"Why there is no danger to him is there?" asked the sister, opening her great Normandy eyes in fright. "No one in this country is so good on the river as he. What is it Alphonse?"

"Oh, but I am afraid Julie! Don't ask me, but let me go over here. Stay here dear, till I run over to Jean's." A great terror had seized the boy's heart "oh, can it be—can it be?" he moaned, his face and lips ashen. He met Jean at the door.

"Your father has my boat—what took him away in such a hurry?"

"We lost an oar, and were drifting down stream."

Ah!" said Jean with a start, "and how then did you manage? There were only two in—"

"Then, oh my God, have mercy on my father," the poor boy cried out in a tone so full of agony as to bring tears into Jean's eyes. As for Julie, she clasped her brother's hand, and stood there mute but silently prayerful.

The picture of this stricken brother and sister was one not easily forgotten.

"Oh, be may, be all right yet," said Jean, breaking the silence; "perhaps he might be able to get across with one oar" but the "perhaps" had no ring of confidence in it, and Alphonse knew it.

The kind hearted Jean called his sister and his mother and they brought poor Julie who had fainted into the house while Jean tenderly took care of Alphonse.

But soon the mother and sister wanted to go and inquire about their father; they wanted the neighbors to be aroused—they "might be able to do something," they

thought; then they went out and stood upon the river bank crying "Father, father!" their voices echoed over the dark river, and among the pines, but the river ran heedlessly by with its low sullen roar booming away below, as if its voice were the voice of doom.

But what of our old Pierre all this time? When he gave the oar to his two children, and prayed a blessing upon them he was happy. He had at least saved them. In his earlier days, he had had much skill in the use of a single blade when propelling the Micmac or Milicote birch canoe, but what could he do with this long clumsy oar? What could he do even were the oar of paddle size? It would take now all the skill and strength of stout arms with a sturdy pair of oars to reach the shore where his prow was turned.

He might have struggled—there was about one chance in a hundred—to the other side of the river, but that would probably be the destruction of Alphonse and Julie. Seeing doom overtake their father they would be unequal to the task of getting to land themselves.

All this had passed like lightning through his mind as he gave them the oar. He plied the long blade with all his might, but while doing this his lips were moving in mute supplication, asking that God would forgive him the sins of his past life.

His boat was now on the shallowest side of the river, and the grey-green rocks on the bottom were plain; and, how swiftly they seemed to pass him up stream! Still he struggled on; still he prayed earnestly without uttering a sound. In spite of his splendid courage, the bottom of the river, which became plainer each moment, although it was after sunset, appalled him. It appeared to be hurrying faster and faster up the river, and the strong and daring pike seemed to have all he could do to hold his own beside some great rock at the river's bottom. All the fish now seemed to be moving swiftly and in some fright, up the river. And he was in his clumsy boat, with one oar, where the fishes found it dangerous to be!

Ah, if he could have but five minutes more, all might yet be well with him! He was not far from the bank; farmhouses gleamed here and there among the hills. He was not far from the Indian settlement which was farther down, and pitched right by the edge of the green tumbling river; but then he was not far from the falls.

The muffled thunder came up, and seemed to stifle his breathing, and the spray from the furious pool below sprang up a score of feet above the verge of the chasm as if showing arms deliciously glad to receive him.

Still he paddled on and on towards the little brown tents of the Indians and still his lips moved in prayer. How near he was to his village, but yet, oh how far! It was just an eternity off. The finite could not span the distance; only the infinit could. He was now not more than twenty yards from the shore, but then, too, he was not more than twenty yards from the brink of death. He gained four or five yards more, then the mist of that awful place below smote him on the face.

He dropped his bar, fell upon his knees and raised his arms. Then something whizzed about his ears and gripped him around the body; then he was moving through the water—was it one of God's own mighty angels that was dragging him away from that terrible brink? Then all grew dark about him and the world and all it had dear and fair to him was blotted out.

When he opened his eyes he was not below the falls, nor was he in that land where there are no more overwhelming floods. An old Indian woman was bending over him, offering him stimulating drinks. Beside her stood a tall, proud, young Milicote hunter with calm eyes. He was her son and Pierre's deliverer. How could the thing be? Was it all an ugly dream? How could anyone deliver him there—he in the midst of the green billows which had gathered themselves up to jump over and carry their prey with them? But it was soon made clear. The young hunter had seen all that passed between the father and his children on the river and he made up his mind. He had been once a skillful hunter in the great North-West, and no man could excel him on throwing the lasso. When Pierre raised his arms in prayer the hunter's opportunity had come; and the throw was unerring. But it took two other men to drag Pierre to the land and when they got him out of the flood he was insensible, bruised and bleeding.

(To be concluded.)

The Costliest Cough Cure is Change of Climate,

and it's a cure that's not often possible and not always sure. There's a better idea about coughs and cures: Why not fit the lungs to the climate instead of fitting the climate to the lungs? It is the power to do this that makes

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

THE BEST COUGH CURE

in the land. It is a sure cure for colds and coughs; a specific for Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough; it prevents Pneumonia, cures La Grippe; and it so strengthens the lungs and heals the torn tissues that many cases of disease marked by all the signs of Incipient Consumption have been absolutely cured by its use.

"We tried almost everything for asthma without success. At last we used your Cherry Pectoral and the relief was immediate."
S. A. ELLIS, Keene, N. H.

"When I had almost despaired of ever finding a cure for chronic bronchitis, I derived most excellent results from Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I can testify as to its efficacy."
R. G. PROCTOR, M. D., Oakland City, Ind.

"There were sixteen children in my father's family and there are seven in my own. We have never, since I can remember, been without Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and have never had a case of cold or a cough that this remedy did not cure."
HON. WM. E. MASON, Chicago, Ill.

"My wife was sick in bed for ten months and was attended by six different doctors. All of them said that she had consumption, and some of them said she could not live a month. I bought one bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It seemed to help her, so I secured one dozen bottles. Before these were all used, she was completely cured and to-day is strong and well."
J. W. EWING, Camden Point, Mo.

"For more than a year my wife suffered with lung trouble. She had a severe cough, great soreness of the chest, and experienced difficulty in breathing. A three months' treatment with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral effected a complete cure. We regarded it as remarkable, as the other remedies she had tried had failed to even give relief."
C. H. BURRIS, Marine Mills, Minn.

Best Medical Advice, all diseases. Free.
Address, Medical Dept., J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

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THE LARGEST
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THE FRILLS OF FASHION.
Three-cornered velvet toques, trimmed with a bit of fur and some jewelled ornaments, are the smart thing in headgear.
There are now shell combs which curve to fit the head, directly under the knot ar-

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Every package guaranteed.
The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first class grocers.

or forbid the flower to bloom. Spots are rampant and have broken forth everywhere. Silks, velvets, satins, cloths, flannels, chifons, even bridal veils are spotted. Not all spots are round, however; to alleviate any danger of monotony we have birdseye or oval spots and pastille spots, those last raised from the surface, sometimes in the form of tiny cones.

Strappings of black silk, with a narrow knotted braid on either edge, are one of the modish trimmings for a cloth gown; also applique designs of white cloth outlined with an embroidered stitch in silk matching the color of the gown to which they are applied.

Dressmakers give assurances all along the line that velvet gowns will command as great popularity as last year. A touch or two will bring them quite up to the mode of the moment, and those who are having new and very rich gowns made this year use velvet brightened by large embroidered dots done in contrasting shade. Some of the new costumes for street wear consist of a plain or dotted black velvet coat with a fancy vest of colored satin, possible grey or light ecoru, embroidered on the edge or all over, and combined with lace, while the skirt is of cloth matching the rest in color.

Mix a few drops of sweet oil with an equal quantity of black ink and apply the mixture to black kid gloves where the outer surface is rubbed off.

The new silk petticoat which can have any place among the new fashions must be fitted as carefully as the skirt which covers

it, made almost as long, and quite plain about the hips.

The new golf skirt is longer than the one worn last season, and is usually made of double-faced cloth with gored front and circular sides.

Red, is the new shade which has a very pinky tinge, is very much the fashion. It is something between a scarlet and a crimson, and cloth gowns in this tint, with plain stitching for trimming, are very swell.

Canada's Greatest Linctment.
Griffiths Menthol Linctment is the greatest curative discovery of the age. Penetrates muscle, membrane and tissue to the very bone, banishes pains and aches with a power impossible with any other remedy. Use it for rheumatism, neuralgia, headaches and all soreness, swelling and inflammation. All druggists, 25 cts. 32

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Directors of the Cutting Class at the Council of Arts and Manufactures of the Province of Quebec.
Pupils are taught at the Academy or by mail, in a short course, how to cut and make all kinds of women's wearing apparel. Full particulars upon application.

THE BANE OF BUSINESS MEN.

Is Dyspepsia, Which Ruins the Brightest Intellects.

Odd's Dyspepsia Tablets Remove This Curse by Sanitizing its Cause—Their Action is Speedy, Their Effect Positive and Permanent.

Dyspepsia is the blighting curse of the modern business world. Nine-tenths of the members of all the professions, too, are victims of this modern dragon.

Dyspepsia unstrings the nerves; makes a man irritable, moody, unsociable, cranky; saps the freshness, strength and vigor of manhood, and unites its victim for work.

TYPEWRITER GIRL'S PLAIN.

Some of the Woes That She and Others Like Her Have to Endure.

'I'll tell you it doesn't pay' she said taking the pencil from behind her ear and closing the machine. 'It doesn't pay. The salaries are getting lower every year.

'I tell you, it's the way they treat us women,' she continued. 'No man would ever do as much for the same pay, and I'm sure they're right when they say we've brought down salaries.

'There were some who said, that Lilly couldn't spell and was not much of a hand at the machine. But I never saw her work.

'No wonder Jim went. An excited, middle-aged lady bounced, into the local police-station the other day and accosted the inspector on duty.

For Tired and Rundown Wives and Daughters.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND GIVES THEM NEW LIFE, VIGOR AND NEEDED STRENGTH.

It Purifies the Blood and Braces the Nerves.

It Gives Bright Eyes and a Clear and Healthy Complexion.

Miss Mabel Jenness, whose wonderful system for the correct physical training of women and girls is so well known all over the North American continent, is a firm believer in the virtues of Paine's Celery Compound.

All the Difference.

A certain popular comedian, when he was very young and very unruly, belonged to a stock company managed by an old actor named P—, who wrote his own plays and made his company play them, no matter what the public did.

THE PRESIDENT'S STORY.

A Slave to Chronic Catarrh for Years—Remedies Failed—Specialists Failed—Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder (Simplest of all) Cured Him.

D. T. Sample, President of Sample's Installments Company, Washington, Pa., writes: 'For years I was afflicted with chronic catarrh. Remedies and treatment by specialists, only gave me temporary relief until I was induced to use Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

muscles have become so rudimentary as to be useless for wagging purposes. Nevertheless I have had at least two patients who like the dumb animals, could move their ears at will.

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes.

Most Successful.

A well-known bishop, as he was going about his diocese, stopped the porter of a lunatic asylum and asked how a chaplain would send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with directions for preparing and using.

The world would be 50 per cent. better if the people who mean no harm wouldn't do any.

INCALCULABLE GOOD, AN EXPRESSION OF FAITH.

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills have done me an incalculable amount of good. I think they are the best, surest and quickest acting cure for nervousness, unhealthy action of the heart, insomnia or sleeplessness, anemia or impoverished blood, loss of appetite, general debility and ill-health.

I have now taken three boxes of Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills and since taking them I have not been away from my business an hour. Before taking these pills it was a frequent occurrence for me to be away from business.

FOR THE Weak and Nervous Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT

Is unequalled as a remedy for Chafed Skin, Piles, Scalds, Cuts, Sore eyes, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Eczema, Neuralgic and Rheumatic Pains, Throat Colds, Ringworm, and Skin Affections generally.

Memorials, Interior Decorations. CASTLE & SON, 30 University St., Montreal. Write for catalogue E.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Mrs. Henpeck—Words cannot express my contempt for you!

Mr. H.—Thank goodness!

She: 'A burned child dreads the fire, it is said.'

He: 'Oh, I don't know; many widowers marry again.'

Jack: 'How beautifully red Rose's cheeks are?'

Madge: 'And she had to get ready in such a hurry too.'

'My wife is the commander-in-chief of our household,' said the thin man.

'And what are you?' asked the other.

'Me? Oh, I'm the paymaster-general.'

Dressmaker: 'So you are not satisfied with the dress, madam. I fear, then, I shall have no more of your work?'

Customer: 'No; but I'll recommend you to my friends.'

Mrs. Howe—I don't know what we are going to do. There is not a thing in the house to eat.

Uncle George—You might take orders.

'We don't hear so much about the Klondike any more.'

'No; the people who invested in those mining schemes are keeping quiet and trying to have the public forget it.'

He—What are you reading?

She—'Happiness in Married Life.'

He—What advice does it give wives?

She—I don't know I'm reading the advice to husbands.

'Geraldine is writing a book. She calls it 'How to Win a Man.'

'That would not do any good in the world. The mystery is how to hold onto him after you have won him.'

Visitor: 'Are you the wild man?'

Museum Freak: 'Yes.'

'H'm! Well, what makes you wild?'

'The idiotic questions that are being continually asked me.'

'I refuse to give you money with which to purchase a bicycle,' said the stern parent.

'You are a thorn in my flesh.'

'And you,' replied the disappointed youth, 'are a tack in my path.'

Ebel (looking in glass, tearfully): 'Time is telling on me. I can see age creeping on.'

Younger Sister (with compassion): 'Never mind, console yourself. You are not so old as you look.'

'Yes, sir,' proudly exclaimed the haughty Castilian; 'Spain is adding nobly to her history in these days.'

'That's what he did. He said he would allow no unconfounded insinuation of steel and rubber to hiss at him.'

'You heard her sing, you say. Has she much of a voice?'

'Well,' he explained, earnestly, trying not to make it too severe, 'it's just this way: Whenever I hear her sing I am grateful to my parents for not giving me a musical education.'

Wickwire—I don't exactly like the idea of calling one of the new ships of war 'The American Girl.'

Yabsley—What is the matter with it?'

Wickwire—It sounds too tame. 'The Hired Girl' would give a much better idea of destruction and desolation.

Nell—So you and Jack are really engaged, are you?'

Bess—Yes, we have decided to enter into life partnership.

Nell—And just think of it, Jack will be the silent partner. Isn't that just too lovely?'

'Did you ever climb the Alps?' asked the young woman.

'No,' answered Mrs. Cumrox, 'we meant to, but we couldn't get accommodations anywhere except on the second floor of a hotel that had no elevator. So we went right away.'

Dingley: 'Where are you going to spend your holiday?'

Bingley: 'I am not going to take any holiday this year. I'm all broken up, weak, nervous, and a general wreck. I'm in no condition to stand a holiday. I shall stay at home and rest.'

Judge: 'And what did the prisoner say when you told him that you would have him arrested?'

Complainant: He answered mechanically yet honourably.

Judge: 'Explain.'

Complainant: He hit me on the head with a hammer.'

'Are you really happy? and wouldn't you like to be a bachelor again?' asked a Newark bachelor the other day of a married friend, who had espoused a beautiful girl only a year ago.

'Happy!' echoed the benedict; 'happy! Why, of course I'm happy; would not change back again for all the world. But I say, Fred, let me give you a quiet word of advice; Don't be a blasted fool and get married. You hear me?'

A parrot owned by an Arch street physician gave signs of possessing 'almost human intelligence' the other night. A party of young folks were on the lawn and were spending an hour in guessing riddles. Finally a young lady asked: 'Why does a dog turn around twice before he lies down?'

Before anybody could answer the parrot croaked: 'Oas good turn deserves another.'

Every Berry Selected as carefully as the master builder chooses the most perfect stones for the completion of a famous piece of work.

So it is not to be wondered that the beverage made from Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee is par excellent.

And it is not strange that thousands of homes delight in the joys of a drink made from such material.

Every grocer who prides himself on handling the best class of goods sells Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee, in one and two pound cans, sealed with a seal and guarantee of perfection.

DON'T CHIDE THE CHILDREN.

Don't scold the little ones if the bed is wet in the morning. Weak kidneys need strengthening—that's all. You can't afford to risk delay. Neglect may entail a lifetime of suffering.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Strengthen the Kidneys and Bladder, then all troubles cease. Mr. John Carson, employed at M. S. Bradt & Co.'s store, Hamilton, Ont., says: 'My little boy seven years of age has been troubled with his kidneys since birth and could not hold his water. We spent hundreds of dollars doctoring and tried many different remedies, but they were of no avail. One box of Doan's Kidney Pills completely cured him.'

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

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We don't guarantee \$1000.00 to every user of our great Cough specific

Dr. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE

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

Honest 25c. bottles. HARVEY MEDICINE CO. 424 St. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL.

Continued from Tenth Page. Kate had been carried upstairs and put to bed before his arrival.

She was still unconscious and her breathing had grown more difficult. Lady Vere, a lovely picture in her soft white silk, stood beside the bed when the doctor entered the room.

Her own face was only a little less pale. She looked up eagerly at the opening of the door. "Oh, Doctor Baker!" she began, and then stopped short, surprised to see a stranger.

The tall young doctor bowed and briefly explained his position. She seemed a little disappointed at the absence of Dr. Baker, but, nevertheless, received the doctor's attentions with a sweet graciousness which could not but add to the charm of her rare loveliness.

Kindly courtesy, and consideration for the feelings of those inferior to her in rank had ever marked the demeanor of Lady Vere.

"Doctor, will she die?" she asked, giving place to him by the bedside, and looking into his face as though he were the arbiter of life or death.

"She is very ill," he said, gravely. The seizure must have been terribly sudden. Have you any idea what was the cause of it?"

"She said she thought she had taken cold, but no cold could have such an effect as this."

"Certainly not. It looks like a case of blood-poisoning!" "Poisoning!" repeated Lillian, in an accent of horror. "Oh, no, no! Surely not that?"

"I said blood-poisoning!" said Dr. Browne in an abstracted tone while Lillian sank into a chair, and covered her face with her hands, her entire attitude eloquent of woe.

He was examining his patient attentively, bending over her knitted brows, and a look of great perplexity—of wonderment almost—in his keen, deep-set eyes.

Presently, as he pushed back the fringe of her night-dress, in feeling her pulse, he gave an involuntary start.

His eye had fallen on that tiny puncture which had before been noticed by Lady Vere. The discovery of this had an extraordinary effect upon him.

He turned round to Lady Vere in strong, though suppressed, excitement. "I shall want someone to go back to the surgery for me, if you please. I must not leave the patient."

Lillian rose, and came towards him. "Doctor, can you save her?" she asked, breathlessly.

"I am not sure. I promise you I will do my best. It is as I think. I believe I can. Excuse me one moment."

He passed out of the room, and, after scribbling half a dozen words on a scrap of paper, despatched Jarvis, on horseback to the surgery with it.

"Ride for your life!" was his instruction, and then hastened back to his patient. Lillian was again standing beside the bed her face white to the lips, her beautiful eyes dilated with that strange look of terror.

Dr. Browne, pitying her anxiety, said a hopeful word or two, though, in truth, he himself entertained grave fears as to the result of this awful sudden seizure.

She caught at them eagerly. "Doctor, save her!" she panted. "Oh save her—save her if you can!"

It was some time before Dr. Browne's messenger came back, and meanwhile the doctor himself had done all that could be done, without, however, succeeding in restoring his patient to consciousness, though he worked hard and unremittingly.

Lady Vere, who could not be persuaded to leave the room for a single moment, watched his every movement with breathless suspense.

"Can you save her?" she said, again and again. "Oh! save her, if you can!"

As soon as Jarvis returned, the drug he had gone to fetch was brought upstairs. It was in the form of a powder, pinkish grey in color.

The doctor mixed it with a little water, and administered it to the patient. This latter task was only accomplished with great difficulty, so rigidly were the poor girl's lips set.

The powder given, Dr. Browne stood, with folded arms, beside the bed and watched its workings.

In a few minutes his brow relaxed, his keen professional eye had detected a slight change—a favorable change—in the patient. Still he stood in utter silence, as though scarcely daring to breathe.

Lady Vere, leaning against the rail at the foot of the bed, was equally silent. Her eyes never wandered from Kate's face.

There was no other person in the room. The minutes dragged slowly by—five, ten, fifteen—and still that utter silence reigned.

Those two watchers held their breath, both in an agony of suspense. Then a faint moan from the bed broke the stillness.

Kate's lips had parted ever so slightly, and that man had issued from them.

And then, losing all her composure, she broke into a very storm of tears. It was as though the relief was too great after the long suspense!

CHAPTER XLIV. DR. BROWNE'S OPINION.

Dr. Browne was right. The antidote he had administered was doing its work, and, in another hour or so Kate so far recovered consciousness as to be able to open her eyes, and to recognize those who stood beside her bed.

She was too weak to speak, however, and seemed much in pain. Dr. Browne remained with her throughout the night, and Lady Vere shared his watch with him.

Nothing could induce her to leave her friend. Her tenderness, her devotion, was beyond the power of words to describe.

If Kate's illness had been caused through some fault of hers, she could not have manifested greater solicitude and self-sacrificing devotion.

Early in the morning, the family at The Towers were commiserated with. Lillian, anxious that they should not be made to suffer any unnecessary anxiety, would not allow them to be sent to until Kate was out of a danger.

Vi came over at once, all anxiety and tender solicitude. Kate however, was to ill to speak to her. Her pain during the night had been agonizing.

Lillian, had watched by her with a blanched face and quivering lips, pressing her own nails into her delicate palms when a more than usually severe spasm of suffering came.

By eight or nine in the morning these pains had been effectually subdued, and the poor girl, though sadly weak and worn was comparatively at ease.

"What has been the matter with me?" she whispered, faintly, to Lillian, as the latter stood by the bedside, holding her hand.

"The doctor is not quite sure, dear. But, whatever it was, it is nearly over now. He thinks you need fear no more pain."

"I do not think I could bear much more. I should have to die!" said the poor girl, in a faint voice. "Don't leave me, Lillian."

"I won't, dear!" And, with an unutterable tenderness, she stooped and kissed the sick girl on the brow.

Dr. Browne was in an adjoining room, partaking of a hearty breakfast, when Lady Vere joined him, and said— "Are you quite sure, doctor, that she is out of danger?"

"Quite sure, Lady Vere. The poison has been ejected from the system, and all that is now needed is rest and care."

"I must thank you for your great attention, doctor, and also for your marvellous skill. I am sure it is to you alone Miss Lisle owes her life!"

"It is very good of you to say so!" replied the young doctor, bowing low, and thinking how sweetly fair she looked in her white mourning gown.

The night's watching had made her cheeks very pale, and her eyes languid; but there was so much chastened sweetness in her glance, that the languor seemed but to etherealize her beauty.

"I am glad, now, I did not send for another doctor," she said, softly. "The labor has all been yours. The honor ought to be all yours, too."

Again he bowed, a rather abstracted look upon his face this time. There was a question he longed to ask her, but he did not know whether it would be wise to do so.

"No," he decided within himself at last. "It is not likely she could cast any light upon it, and it would certainly distress her very much if I were to hint at such a thing. A still tongue is best."

Lady Vere, however, had a question to ask him. "Doctor," she said, with just a touch of hesitation, "do you mind telling me what you think has been the cause of this illness?"

"The cause?" And Dr. Browne spoke as though trying to gain time. "Yes. You spoke of blood poisoning but I didn't quite understand what you meant. Is it something she has eaten which has caused her illness?"

"I think not; but it is difficult to say," replied the doctor, cautiously. "Blood-poisoning may be brought about in that way, or it may be the effect of some accident to the flesh. A pin-prick, is at times, sufficient to cause death."

"That is it! the pin were poisoned?" "And would there not be a mark?" asked Lady Vere, stopping, as she spoke, to brush an imaginary speck of dust from her dress.

"Yes, there would a mark. As a matter of fact, I noticed, almost as soon as I came a slight scratch on the young lady's wrist. The arm is not swollen at all—there has been no local effect; but I have not the slightest doubt, in my own mind, that, through that tiny puncture, the poison was injected into Miss Lisle's blood."

Water Lady Vere would not grow, or she would have turned white then. "And what do you think had caused it?" she asked.

"That I cannot say. It looked like nothing more than a prick of a pin!" "It is terrible!" said Lady Vere, with a shudder. "Terrible! terrible! To think such a little thing would cause death!"

"Assuredly a very virulent poison had been taken into her veins," went on Dr. Browne. "But there is really no further danger to be apprehended. The young lady will progress steadily towards recovery. There has, of course been a great shock to the system; but she had an excellent constitution, and will soon regain her strength."

Lady Vere clasped her hands together, as though involuntarily; her beautiful eyes raised themselves ever so slightly. Dr. Browne felt certain she was breath-

ing a prayer of thankfulness to Heaven. Kate did progress steadily towards recovery, as Dr. Browne had predicted.

He was unremitting in his attendance, and for nurses, she had Lady Vere and Vi Muggleton, who, in their affectionate solicitude, could scarcely bear anyone else to do anything for their charge.

On the third day after her seizure, she was able to be dressed and to sit up for a little while in her room. Her lover came to see her then, and she seemed quietly pleased to see him; but was perhaps, just a shade less affectionate in her manner towards him than she had been wont to be.

We all know how prone we are to yield to depressing fancies when we are weak and ill, and, perhaps, as she lay on Madame Santanello had lingered pertinaciously in the poor girl's mind.

On that day, after Morewood had gone, Lady Vere came and sat down beside Kate with a look which seemed to say that something was disturbing her.

"Dear Lillian, how pale you are!" said Kate, stroking affectionately the fair white hand which had ministered to her wants with such tenderness during the last few days.

"You are worn out with waiting upon me. I'm afraid I've been very selfish!" "You selfish? Then no one is unselfish!" "Kate!"

"But, dearest, you do look pale and tired. Now that I am getting better I shall have to change places with you. I must be nurse and you patient."

"I shall be as well as possible now you are better Kate. Oh, my darling, if only you could dream what it meant when I thought you might be going to die!"

"You did think that?" asked Kate, gravely. "Don't hesitate to tell me now, Lillian!" "You were in great danger, dear."

"I know it. All through that dreadful night, I kept thinking to myself: 'This is death! I cannot go through much more and live!'"

Kate shivered a little, even at the recollection of all she had passed through. Her voice was low and solemn.

"I shall never forget it," she said; never! "Kate, can you at all remember hurting your hand in any way? You know Doctor Browne feels certain the poison was received through that pin-prick on your wrist. Can't you remember how it was done?"

"No; in the very least. I only know there was no mark there when I went out in the morning. I drove into town with Mr. Muggleton and Vi, and just before we started, Vi and I had a discussion as to which of our wrists was the larger. We measured them to see, and I am quite certain the scratch was not there then."

"You went into the town, you say?" exclaimed Lady Vere, with a sort of suppressed eagerness. "Is it possible you did it there? Did you remove your glove for anything?"

"Yes, I believe I did," admitted Kate, a little flush mantling her cheek as she remembered where and for what purpose she had removed it.

It was in the house of Madame Santanello and in order that the clairvoyante might examine her hand.

For one moment she was on the point of telling Lillian of this; then the recollection of what had been said by her lovers passion for another woman held her back.

"I am almost sure I didn't get that scratch at Bvingstroke," she said. "At any rate, I don't remember anything about it. More likely it was done while I was dressing in the evening."

"Perhaps so," acquiesced Lady Vere, and a look of unmistakable relief flitted over her face.

In the course of a week Kate was well again—so well that Dr. Browne had to frankly own there was no necessity for him to continue to visit her.

Everybody thought she must have scratched her wrist with a pin whose point had chanced to touch some poisonous matter; and Dr. Browne, whenever the subject was referred to in his presence seemed perfectly satisfied with this explanation of Miss Lisle's illness.

A few days later, however, Dr. Baker returned to his practice, and his young locum t-tenens went back to London, where he occupied apartments in the neighborhood of Kensington.

He was not a married man, but he did not live alone. A brother shared the apartments with him—a fragile man of five-and-thirty, who suffered from an incurable spinal complaint, which made him almost as helpless as a child.

HEARTBURN.

"In the Spring of 1897, I was attacked with Dyspepsia and Heartburn. So severe was the pain that I could not sleep or eat, and I was troubled with headache most all the time. I remained in that state for three months, and tried everything I could think of. At last one day I read in the paper about Burdock Blood Bitters, and thought I would try it. Great was my surprise on finishing the first bottle to find I could eat better, the headache left me, and before I had used the second bottle, I was completely cured. I cannot advise too strongly all sufferers from stomach troubles to try B.B.B." MRS. WM. GRATTAN, Indianapolis, N.B.

The universal testimony from all parts of Canada gives the palm of victory over all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood to

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

Dr. Browne loved this invalid brother with a great love, worked hard in order to be able to support him in comfort, and considered, rigidly perhaps, that even then he had done but little towards paying the great debt he owed him, for it was in saving the younger brother from a fearful death, that the elder had met with the accident that had left him a cripple for life.

On the evening of Dr. Browne's return to London, as the two were sitting over a cosy dinner-table, in the little Kensington parlor, Dr. Browne's said, in a very thoughtful tone— "Jem, I'd a queer case while I was away."

"Had you? What was it?" asked Jem, his pale, clever face lighting up with interest.

He, too, had been a doctor before his accident, and had hoped to make a name in the medical world.

Even now he took the keenest possible interest in all his brother's cases. "What was it?" he repeated.

"Why, it was a very queer case indeed—the queerest I ever came across. Fortunately, the patient recovered; but I've never been able to get it out of my head that foul play was intended. I haven't mentioned this suspicion, however, to a living soul but you."

"Poisoning, of course?" "Yes, but I'll begin at the beginning, and tell you all about it. I didn't say a word in my letters, because I wanted you to hear the whole thing when I came home."

"Well?" "You've heard of Sir Gerald Vere. His place isn't more than a mile or so from Doctor Baker's and, last week, a man came riding over, in hot haste, to say that a young lady was taken suddenly and seriously ill, and it was feared she would die."

"Of course I went as quickly as possible, and on the way I gathered from the man that the young lady was a visitor at the Court, and that she had seemed perfectly well until about half-an-hour before, when she had been suddenly seized with a sort of shivering-fit, and had fainted dead away. I thought it might be a case of poisoning, and took with me whatever was likely to be useful."

"Go on!" said Jem, as his brother passed.

"Well, when I got there, I found the young lady in bed, quite unconscious. There was every appearance of blood-poisoning, and every moment I feared tetanus would supervene. The suddenness of the attack puzzled me. It seemed to me that a very deadly poison must have been at work to cause it, and yet, mind you, I felt sure the poison had been injected directly into the blood."

Again Dr. Browne paused for a moment or two; then he said— "You remember the Brookstone Murder—'The Great Poisoning Case,' as it was always called?"

His brother nodded. "And you know what mysterious poisons the murderer used—Oriental drugs of great subtlety, such as we, in Europe, had never so much as heard of before?"

"Yes, yes!" said Jem, eagerly. "It was old Harland who was the principal medical man in that case, and when he knew I was meditating my treatise 'On the Nature of Some Poisons'—"

He gave you all the drugs that he'd found in Madeline Winter's room. I know that!" interrupted Jem.

"Yes, and there was one particular poison I've experimented with again and again, and the moment I saw Miss Lisle—that's the young lady who was ill—I seemed to have a sort of inspiration that she was suffering from that very poison!"

"Ah!" "Yes, I felt quite certain of it; and I'll tell you what I did. When Harland gave me the poison, he gave me the antidote also, for Madeline Winter had had both in her possession, and it luckily appeared that I'd taken it down to Hampshire with me. I sent off for it, post haste, and administered it on the bare chance of its being needed. And, sure enough it was. In a few minutes it began to work. And I give you my word of honour that I knew of nothing else I could have given which would have saved the patient's life. If it hadn't been for my having that antidote, she'd have been dead before morning."

There was silence for a minute or two. Dr. Browne broke it by saying, abruptly— "Now, what do you think of it?"

"I don't know what to think. It's very queer. The fact that the antidote worked so successfully does seem to point to the fact that the poison must have been the one you speak of. But one can't be sure. It might work as successfully in a case of ordinary blood-poisoning, and we know how fatally one may be injured sometimes by the mere point of a needle, or the wing of a fly."

"Yes; but she's another thing. Of course I looked for a scratch of some kind, and I found one, little more than a pin-prick, on the young lady's wrist. Now I don't know whether you remember, that when Madeline Winter's room was searched, there was found a very peculiar ring. Harland showed it to me. It was a heavy barbaric-looking thing, with a blood-stone in the middle. And, inside the gold, there was a curious mechanical contrivance. If a certain spot was pressed, a tiny point—spac-shap'd—came out, and, beyond there was a cavity which would hold a grain or two of poison. Now, the tiniest particle of such a poison as I've been telling you about would cause death if introduced into the blood; and the strange thing is, that the tiny wound on Miss Lisle's wrist looked for all the world as if it might have been inflicted by that fiendish ring."

"What became of the ring?" "I don't know. I should suppose it would be handed over to the murderer's relatives—if she had any. I don't quite remember."

"Was there anyone, so far as you could make out, who was likely to have any interest in the young lady's death?" "No; in a quiet way, I made all the inquiries I possibly could, and I should say

there never was a case where it would be harder to discover any possible motive for foul play.

"Miss Lisle is an orphan, of high birth, though not very well off so far as money is concerned. She usually lives with a maiden aunt, but has been making a stay at a place near Vivian Court—The Towers, old Muggleton's place. You've heard of Muggleton the millionaire?"

"Yes, of course." "Well, one of his daughters is an old schoolfriend of hers, and so she's been making a visit to them."

"I presume Miss Muggleton is quite above suspicion." "Oh, quite! The nicest little girl possible." "That's all right. But, sometimes you know, girls will do the most fiendish things especially if there's a little jealousy at the bottom."

"Well, there's no such thing in this case. I can assure you of that." "Has Miss Lisle a lover?" "Yes. A neighbour of Sir Gerald's. They are to be married soon."

"And is he above suspicion?" "Dr. Browne broke into a laugh. "Why, Jem, Morewood, of Beech Royal, as they call him, is thought about as much of as a duke."

"I don't care. One hears of strange things nowadays. Human nature is pretty much the same everywhere, I take it." "Whether it is or not, you must please acquit Mr. Morewood. He is one of the finest, noblest fellows I have ever seen my lot to meet, and is most tenderly devoted to Miss Lisle. There is not the shadow of a cloud between them."

So spoke Dr. Browne, with honest sincerity. "But, in truth, a cloud had risen between Kate and Morewood, and was deepening and darkening every day."

"Very well. So be it. Was there any person at all against whom you felt a suspicion?" "Not one. That's the strange part of it, and that's why I've never breathed a word of all this to anyone."

"Well, then, Tom, I think we must conclude that it was a case of ordinary blood-poisoning, and that it was merely by a very fortunate coincidence Madeline Winter's antidote proved so useful."

"I can't think so." "By-the-by, didn't the young lady herself know how she had hurt her wrist?" "No; she had no recollection of that at all. You see, it was such a tiny wound. There would be practically no pain. The injury might very well be inflicted without her knowledge."

"Well, I fancy you'll find my explanation of the case the right one." "I can't think so," repeated Dr. Browne. "In my own mind, I feel perfectly certain that the injury was inflicted by Madeline Winter's ring. The effects of the poison were so very remarkable. If you had seen the case, you would think as I do."

To be Continued.

A WOMAN'S NERVE.

Micro-tentus of her Bodily Ailments Can be Treated to Nerve Disorders and bad Digestion, South American Nerve Aids Digestion and Strengthens the Nerves.

Miss Annie Patterson, of Stockville, N. B., writes: "Indigestion and weak nerves were the bugbears of my life for years, I tried doctors and proprietary medicines till I completely lost heart. Being induced by a friend to try South American Nerve after taking one bottle, I was greatly relieved. Three bottles effected a complete cure. I can recommend it as a valuable remedy and believe it to be the best nerve and stomach tonic in the world."

Its Use. Maiden: "It seems to me society is useful only to people who want to get married." Matron: "You mistake, my dear. It is equally useful to people who are married and want to lorg-t it."

PACKARD'S

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Examine a shoe repeatedly dressed with an ordinary dressing and what have you? A parched up, spongy substance, one mass of assorted cracks. Chemicals have been at work there, sapping, burning, destroying. How different the effect of

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Are your limbs so tender and sensitive that you can tolerate every storm and change in the weather by the excruciating pains and aches in your muscles and joints? Aching all day long and preventing rest and sleep at night? If so, Secure prompt relief by applying a

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to the aching parts. Incomparably the best and most effective external remedy—cures where other plasters fail to even relieve. Only the genuine effective. All Druggists. Price 25c. Refuse substitutes. Loaming, Miles & Co., Montreal, Sole Agents for Canada.

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What the Express Brought.

With a roar and a rattle, the six o'clock express train rushed across the bridge that spanned the narrow river on the Derwent farm, near Concord, and Alice Derwent, the farmer's pretty, dark-eyed daughter, stood on the vine-shaded porch, looking after it with an unconscious sigh.

'Sleeping still? That is a good sign,' said her mother, coming in ready to resume her place, for the night. Alice hesitated for a moment. Never before had she acted by or for herself in any matter of moment.

Ready for Duty. J. W. Sberer, in his 'Daily Life During the Indian Mutiny,' says that when the rains fell, bringing with them fever and cholera, the horrors of the campaign were, of course, redoubled.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT. It is made to put on buildings—to stay on buildings. It is made by special machinery according to thoroughly tested formulae.

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Star Line Steamers—FOR—Fredericton. (Local Time.) Mail Steamers Victoria and David Weston leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8:30 a. m.

CHANGE OF SAILING. On and after Monday, the 26th inst., and until further notice, the Steamer Clinton will leave her wharf at Hampton Station, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 8:50 (local). Retaining will leave Indiantown same days at 8 p. m. local.

DIED. St. John, Oct. 30, John Bardsley 86. Halifax, Oct. 24, Joseph Murphy 65. Halifax, Oct. 26, Thomas C. Allen 81.

BORN. Sussex, Oct. 19, to the wife of John Andrews, a son. St. John, Oct. 23, to the wife of John Irwin, a son. Windsor, Oct. 19, to the wife of Frank Sheppard, a son.

MARRIED. Yarmouth, Oct. 25, Ralph E. Smith to Winifred Cook. Lancaster, Oct. 26, by Rev. G. A. Hartley, Harry Willis to Grace Ellis.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Tourist Sleeping Cars. For the accommodation of second-class travel to the PACIFIC COAST. Leaves Montreal from Windsor Station at 2 p. m. every Thursday for Seattle, B. C., and from Christian Jct. every Friday, at 7 p. m. for Vancouver.

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For all Kidney Diseases—They Have Cured all Cases for Which They Have Been Tried—No other Remedy Has This Record. Bridgewater, N. S., Oct. 31.—There can be no doubt in the mind of any unprejudiced man or woman that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the greatest Kidney remedy on earth.



BORN.

Sussex, Oct. 19, to the wife of John Andrews, a son. St. John, Oct. 23, to the wife of John Irwin, a son. Windsor, Oct. 19, to the wife of Frank Sheppard, a son.

MARRIED.

Yarmouth, Oct. 25, Ralph E. Smith to Winifred Cook. Lancaster, Oct. 26, by Rev. G. A. Hartley, Harry Willis to Grace Ellis.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Sussex..... 8.30. Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal..... 10.00. Express for Quebec, Montreal and Moncton..... 10.30.