

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENT

"INTO HIS GATES WITH THANKSGIVING."

Lord of the Harvest all our golden grain,
Thy life on all the earth and in the sea;
And all that cometh by warm sun and rain,
Lift up their hearts in thankfulness to Thee.
The little flower that scents the vernal vale,
The towering pines along the seacoast rim;
Great waves uplifted in the stormy gale,
Give thanks to Thee in love's eternal hymn.

For sunny rifts when clouds around us spread,
For calm between the anxious cares of life;
Sweet hope between the living and the dead,
For some bright spots in every scene of strife.
Our hearts of love to Thee lift up their best,
Our glad thanksgiving that we sow and reap;
The green fields of the lands Thine own have blest,
That bud and blossom while we rest in sleep.

Between our sorrows wondrous roses grow,
Sweet mercy flowers in immortal bloom;
That when we tread the wine-press of His love,
We shrink not in the darkness and the gloom.
For oil and wine of gladness freely poured,
We thank Thee ever O Thou God of all;
That there the evil in us long deplored,
Was freely pardoned at our midnight call.

We thank Thee for the happy homes that stand,
In peace o'er all our fertile vales and hills;
In Canada the noble freeman's land,
Her surging rivers and her singing rills.
We thank Thee that we nothing lack from Thee,
Thy guidance all along our days we need;
And may all nations in our honor see,
Our highest glory is a noble deed.

Not fame or battle's glory Lord we seek,
But still the right to guard our own we hold;
We thank Thee for the past whose voices speak,
Of Britain's valor through long ages told.
Kingdoms and Thrones the mighty of the earth,
'Tis Thine to see their grandeur fade away;
Prove Thou, O God, to all the world our worth,
Stored up in Thee until the Judgement Day.

Murray Hill, New York.

CYPRUS GOLDE.

TO TRAVEL TRAVEL
A Proposition From Ontario to the
Fredericton Association.

The Fredericton Tourist Association secretary has received a letter from D. F. Burke, manager of the New Ontario Colonization Association. The members of the Association compose the Canadian Press Association which

visited Fredericton last season. The letter states that the New Ontario has for its object the advertising of Canada as a tourist resort, and to that end delegations will wait on the federal government and the Ontario legislature impressing upon those bodies the importance of voting money for advertising purposes. The East Atlantic service, depar-

canals, business and tourist buildings for the booming of Canadian business centre of London, England, more railways in new sections of Canada will also be advocated. The Fredericton Tourist Association is invited to be represented at a conference to be held in Ottawa on the 10th of March next for the purpose of discussing these things and the Maritime Province at large are invited to join with Ontario in urging the provincial legislatures to encourage in every way possible the bringing of tourist travel to Canada. It is felt that with a fast Atlantic service direct, and the country well advertised in London, the tourist trade of Canada would be worth \$50,000 annually in a few years. There is no doubt that all the large railway companies and leading hotels would unite in a movement of this sort.

Khaki dyed tents are the rule in the army now. No more white tents will be purchased. White is too conspicuous. The poetry of the service, in peace and in war, has made much of the snowy canvas homes of the men; but war is not carried on with even the incidental purpose of furnishing material to the birds.

STILL RAGES.

Small Pox is by no means stamped out yet.

Small pox still rages and the end is not yet. The weather has not been cold and if the disease has kept gaining ground in the past, it may be asked what about the future. It is well known that small pox spreads more in the coldest weather and since this is so, no wonder that people have become alarmed.

There are many strange things transpiring. Perhaps the best measures are being taken to stamp out the disease, but it is questionable if the best plan has been adopted, then all that can be said is that it is not a bit too good. More active measures are required. Let someone wake up.

At Thursday's conference between the board of health and the municipal council committee a report was presented from the special committee that inspected the proposed hospital buildings. They looked over the DeMill property, Lancaster, the Morland house Howe's lake, and the Reformatory, and reported on the condition of each, and of its adaptability for the work of the board, both for quarantining the sick and for curing for convalescents. A letter was read from the St. John Ice Company protesting against the board using the Morland farm, as the company has an interest in the ice on the lake. The board decided to continue its negotiations.

There is talk of sending out of the epidemic hospital some patients who are now convalescent, but whose homes are still in quarantine. They would go home and finish out their period of quarantine there, and it would be possible to send new cases to the hospital.

Trinity Church societies.

At the meeting Thursday evening of the Young Women's Guild of Trinity church the following officers were elected: Mrs. Gillis, president; Miss C. Patton, vice president; Miss J. C. Robertson, secretary treasurer. Those comprising the council of eight are: Misses A. Scammell, L. Langan, M. Patton, M. Muro, Simpson Hayes, Bruce and Jordan.

The election last evening of officers of Trinity Church Boy's Association resulted as follows: Warden, Rev. W. W. Craig; vice warden, Bert Coup; secretary, Bert Church; treasurer, R. Wright.

Minister Of Railways Here.

Hon. A. G. Blair, minister of railways and canals, with his private secretary, J. L. Payne came down from Fredericton Thursday. He is here to confer with the officials of the I. C. R. regarding matters connected with government road. The following men prominent in connection with the railway are in the city stopping at the Royal: D. Pottinger, E. G. Russel and E. T. Finn. Mr Blair will probably remain till the first of next week.

The Intercolonial Railway.

The Hamilton Times contains the following: Every dollar spent on the Intercolonial Railway is a dollar added to Canada's public revenue, for as the guidebooks say, this is 'your own road.' It may never become a grain carrier but it is sure to be a favorite tourist route, not only for Canadians, but for the citizens of the United States. Young men may go west to make money, but they will always find the east a good place to spend it.



THANKSGIVING MORNING.



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OLONIAL RAILWAY.

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sale of Unclaimed Goods at the St. John Station on FRIDAY, the 19th, commencing at 10 o'clock. can be seen at the Railway

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B., 11th Sept., 1901.

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ROSE MEAT

-AND-

ENISON.

AN. City Market.

A Night's Adventure.

IN TWO INSTALLMENT—PART I.

CHAPTER I.

A wintry sun shone cheerily, and a touch of frost was in the air, on the day when dear old Dick and I rode out for the last time together.

We trotted briskly through the straggling village of Pirkholes, but, once out in the open, our horses fell into a walk, and we discussed where we should go.

"I really ought to go over and see Pierce, at the Lye Farm," Dick observed dubiously, "but it's rather too far to take you. I must leave it to another day."

"Nonsense! I said a very 'Never put off till tomorrow' motto, and I mean to do it; and to make a model landlord of you. I should like the ride immensely, especially if Mrs. Pierce will give us some of her delicious cakes and tea when you have done your business with her husband."

"So the process of reforming me is to begin at once, is it? Said poor, easy going Dick."

"All right, Elrid, do what you like with me, I'm willing to become whatever you care to make me."

"That was the worst of Dick—yielding, easy, and good-natured. I could always do what I liked with him."

"I have forgiven me it sometimes grew tired of the privilege."

We had been on a good three weeks, and I had stipulated for a full year's grace before becoming Mrs. Pierce and the mistress of Avonsmere, who a shabby roots and grey, ivy-covered tower could just be seen in the distance, through the frosty air.

It was a place any girl might be forgiven for looking at with longing eyes, and mine had taken in its old world beauty with a keen appreciation, that summer day two years ago, when, fresh from the sun-baked plains of India, I caught my first glimpse of its sweet lawns and shady woods.

"I believe it is the place you care for—not me at all," Dick had grumbled one day lately when, sitting on my new privilege, I had ransacked the house from garret to cellar, and declared myself in love with every stick and stone of it; and I had only smiled by way of answer—it was not good to flatter Dick too much.

But his somewhat pleased enough with me, and all the world his bright January day, and I was quite inclined to agree with my friends in saying that Elrid had been very good to me indeed.

Certainly it was no slight honour to the penniless daughter of the late Major Aubrey to be wooed by the handsome owner of one of the best estates in all Somersetshire—wood so to speak, over the heads of Lady Elinor's plump twin daughters and the Hon. Mary Grey.

It was four years since Dick had become master of Avonsmere at the death of his Uncle Ralph, but it had been his home from his early orphaned boyhood.

There had been a second orphan who had found shelter in the family home, the son of yet another brother, whose marriage with a poor and pretty Italian singer Elrid had never forgiven.

Only vague reports of this boy's sudden coming and still more sudden departure had ever reached me, and riding through the quiet, deserted lanes this afternoon, I felt a strong desire to hear more.

"Dick, I wish you would tell me about your cousin," I said abruptly, after a silence. "Mark, I mean; I have never rightly heard his story yet."

"Haven't you?" asked Dick. "There is not much to tell, unluckily; I wish I knew a little more about him myself. I was ten years old when Mark was brought here, unexpected by anyone, on a stormy night in March. He was a handsome, dark-skinned little beggar of five, who spoke the queerest mixture of English and Italian, and had the airs of a miniature grand duke."

"A nurse who brought him gave Uncle Ralph a letter from a lawyer in Rome, saying both the boy's parents were dead, and his father had said he was to be sent to Avonsmere, in the hope that the old man would benefit him."

"At first he swore he would do nothing of the kind. He had quite enough with one penniless boy to plague him, etc., etc., etc., but, of course, he cooled down, and the boy remained. And a nice little thing I did each other, those two!"

"The square was not exactly an angel to live with—as I daresay you've heard, Elrid—and the boy was a fiery, hot-headed little beggar, who could not bear the least restraint, and was as proud as Lucifer."

"I got on with him all right, and I believe he was fonder of me than of anyone; but the square and he were too much alike ever to agree, even after Mark grew old enough to go to school and was only at home for the holidays. Of course, it galled the boy to feel he was dependent on a man who was constantly reminding him of it."

"At last I was sent to Oxford. The first year, I spent the long vacation in Scotland with a chum, and I believe that if I had been here things might have been different."

"Mark came home from Rugby, and, it appears, his account of himself did not satisfy Uncle Ralph. There were several story scenes between them, and a final row royal one night that, I suppose, drove Mark to desperation."

"When the household awoke, the next morning, they found that he had gone. The square would turn up before long, but he did not. I was sent for, and we did all we could to find him, but never managed to trace him further than London."

"And how old was he then, Dick?" I asked.

"Not quite fifteen," was the answer. "And it seems impossible that a youngster like that could get clean off and elude the detectives—for we set them to work when all else failed—but he did."

"But you surely have heard something of him since?"

"Dick shook his head, and for a brief moment his sunny face was clouded. 'We have heard nothing from that day to this, though of course, all our efforts were renewed at uncle's death, for, you see in the event of my dying without heirs, Avonsmere would go to Mark.'

The cloud passed from Dick's face and his smile seemed to say that he would not give much for his cousin's chances of the estate that moment.

"Poor old Mark! I wish he would come back, though," he sighed. "I wish he would let me have the chance of doing something for him; I would give a good deal only to know that he's alive and well."

The horses had fallen into a lazy walk during Dick's story, but we touched them up now for the afternoon was waning, and we were still some distance from the Lye Farm.

The old, low-ceilinged farm kitchen was very cosy and inviting, with the red flaming on the dark oak beams and the rows of bright pewter dishes, and we found it very pleasant to sit and chat with Farmer Pierce and his wife over her famous cakes and tea.

The result was that it was later than we had intended when we at last bade them good bye, and started at a brisk pace home wards.

"We must ride now," remarked Dick, "I can't escape a riding from your lady mother. We had better go by the near cut across the fields, Elrid—that is, if you feel up to taking a fence or two on the way?"

"I know Lady's cut as well as my own," I said, "and I would not let you risk it."

It was Dick's favourite mare that I was riding, and I knew her good qualities well. Of course Lady is all right, but that about your Sabib? I asked, with a dubious glance at the big, fearless-looking horse that Dick was riding only for the third time.

"Oh! there is no harm in Sabib," Dick replied. "He is a bit nervous, nothing more. I tried him at the hurdles yesterday, and he took them in splendid style."

The moon had risen broad and full, and the day was barely dead; but even in the dark I should have had no fear, for Dick had known each step of the way from boyhood.

The first two fences were managed so well that they only gave us a taste for more. Then we came to our last obstacle—a stone wall, leading into the only field that lay between us and the high road.

"That is a good place," Dick said, pointing with his whip to where the wall was broken down to an easier height. "You take it first, Elrid; I will follow."

Lady jumped coolly and indifferently, as if undisturbed by a small stir; but she and I gave a start of surprise as we landed in the field, and something large and heavy moved close beside us.

I turned to look, and saw that an old white horse, that had lain peacefully down in the shelter of the wall, had been disturbed by our intrusion, and was slowly and clumsily getting up.

I tried to call out to warn Dick, but was just too late—the big, ghastly-white head loomed up over the wall just as Sabib was taking his spring from the other side.

Sabib gave a snort, and swerved violently with fright.

In another minute he stood cowed and quivering at the far end of the field, and Dick—poor Dick!—lay white and still at my feet.

His cheery laugh seemed still to hover in the quiet air, but one glance at the set, calm face told me he was dead.

A month later Doctor Widestay began to be operative in his commands of change of air and scene as the best means of bringing back my lost strength and spirits.

Just then my mother's Hungarian cousins, the Countesses Maria and Anna Kipust, were paying us one of their periodical visits, and it was soon decided that I should return with them and spend a month at Hugelstiel.

The prospect was not alluring, for the ladies were old and fasciul, and lived a life of conventional monotony in a grey old schloss that stood ten miles from a town, and so far from other houses as to be almost out of visiting distance.

However, it did not matter much where I went just then, so on a raw and bleak March morning I was bedded in the gabled room of lost Avonsmere in the gray distance and realized that we were fairly on our way to Dower, en route for Hungary.

In a week we had arrived at Eriesch, where my cousins decided to remain a few days, paying visits and settling several matters of business.

One of these was to fetch from their bank two cases of silver that had been placed there during their visit to England.

"I never leave my best silver in the house during my absence," explained Countess Maria. "Hugelstiel is so remote and lonely, and servants are so careless."

"Then I suppose the things are very valuable?" I remarked through the nose of the shabby little open cab that was rattling us along the pebbly road to the bank.

"Some of it, not all of course," my cousin answered; "but there is a set of Apostle spoons, and a few very old family relics that I would not lose for anything else I possess."

"You make me very curious to see them," I said; "I have such an affection for old silver."

So that afternoon the countess unpacked and displayed her treasures in her room at our hotel, after which they were carefully returned to their wrappings, locked in their cases, and given into the landlord's safe keeping until we should leave for home.

The Hotel Kuhn was one of the best in Eriesch; the proprietor was well known to my cousins, and had had charge of their valuables many times before.

Countess Maria was wont to speak of him as "that excellent Kuhn," and to exempt him from the long list of hotel keepers whom she summoned up as cheats and extortionists, so that when he came to her two mornings after with repair on his pleasant face, and the astounding news that her silver had been stolen, she, at first, refused to believe him.

"I don't understand," she said blankly; "you must be dreaming."

"I wish I were," he said; "but I am not, and it is true."

The countess fixed him rigidly through her spectacles for quite a minute, then she slowly collected on to a sofa and gasped. Anna, the mild and querulous, was already in tears, and wavering between hysterics and a fainting fit as the best means of expressing her feelings.

I persuaded her to forego both and listen to the story that Herr Kuhn was telling in a voice that shook with agitation.

"It must have happened last evening, before I went to bed," he began, "for I took some money out of the strong box in my room in the afternoon, and your things were safe enough then, as I was careful to assure myself before I locked the box up again with my own hands."

"And who has had the key since then?" asked Maria sharply.

Herr Kuhn made a gesture of bewilderment.

"One but myself, countess," he said solemnly. "It is the greatest mystery. The key is here, as you see, on my watch-guard, and has never left my person, excepting while I slept when it was under my pillow. I sleep so lightly that I am positive no one came into my room, and yet this morning, on going to the safe, I find the door still locked, but your silver gone!"

"And was nothing else taken?" I asked presently, partly to break a painful silence.

"There was nothing else of value there just then," he answered, "except a matter of twelve pounds in gold, which I have scarcely thought of. I would have given all I had rather than the countess should have lost her silver—and from my keeping, too!"

"Consternation seemed to have struck us speechless, until practical Countess Maria routed us to a sense of our short comings by commenting why we all stood gaping there while no one so much as dreamed of informing the police?"

"It has been done, countess," Herr Kuhn assured her. "I saw to it myself, even before coming to you, and by this time the detectives should be at work. May they work well and successfully!" he added piously, on her behalf.

Our departure was put off, and we stayed on at the Hotel Kuhn, to be in closer touch with the detective who had been sent from Vienna, and hoping every day for some news of the lost treasures.

But none came, and Countess Anna was growing really ill with worry and nervousness when Herr Kuhn met us one morning with the ray of hope in his face, and the news that the detectives had a clue as to the whereabouts of the missing treasure.

Then Countess Maria, in a moment of softness born of rising hope, yielded to her sister's pleading, and consented to go home.

"I suppose we really can do nothing here any more," she remarked, "so we may as well start this evening."

My cousin Anna had a timid objection still to passing another sleepless night at the Hotel Kuhn, so she agreed without demur, and her sister went out to make arrangements for our departure.

She came back presently to tell us that she had with great difficulty secured a sleeping car for our long night journey.

"It is one of those that have just three berths," she explained, "the third one being drawn across the end of the compartment, you know, so that it will suit us perfectly. I think I was most fortunate to get it."

The night fell black and starless, and a keen and knife-like wind pierced from end to end of the half deserted station when we found ourselves on the platform at nine o'clock.

When our luggage was disposed of and our final arrangements were made, we had still ten minutes to wait before the train would start, and I was in no hurry to take my place in the rather stuffy compartment where my cousins were already encoached.

I had a youthful prejudice against sleeping cars in general, and my hurried inspection of this one had done nothing to remove it.

Countess Anna began to insist that I should get in and allow the door to be shut, and I was preparing to obey, when a white-haired, handsome old lady swept past me down the platform, talking loudly and plainly in a great state of annoyance,

with the station master at her side apologizing most profusely.

"I declare, it is the Baroness Von Ems!" exclaimed Countess Maria. "And what a temper she is in! What can be the matter with her? Help me out, Elrid, and I will go and see."

The baroness turned as she heard our voice, and began at once to tell her grievance.

"It is most provoking!" she exclaimed. "I was told I should have no difficulty in getting a berth tonight as there were several sleeping cars on this train, and now I find that every one is taken. My journey is most important, and cannot be done comfortably."

My cousins were murmuring polite condolences, but I broke in eagerly with an offer of my berth.

"I don't care to lie down in the least," I assured them truthfully. "I shall find a seat in a compartment near to this, and be quite happy. Please to take my place."

I was met by a trio of remonstrance, indignation from my cousins, polite and feeble from the baroness; but I talked them down, and my plan was agreed to.

The great objection to it was that I should be obliged to get out and change about two o'clock in the morning at Neaven, as the ordinary carriages on this train went no farther than that.

I assured my cousins that I did not mind the prospect in the least, but Countess Maria was only half satisfied.

"Be sure you come and speak to us at Neaven," she said fustily for the third time, "that we may know you are right; and remember you will only have five minutes to change in, so get out directly the train stops. You can sleep peacefully till then, as there is no stoppage before."

I nodded my thanks as I ran off to my own carriage, and two minutes later, the train started.

I was quite alone in my compartment, and it was not long before I gave up reading the dim, unsteady light, and my eyes grew heavy.

My last few nights had been almost sleepless from excitement, caused by the mysterious theft, and from the disturbing visits of Cousin Anna, who was wont to burst into my room at untimely hours, and in a great state of terror and distress, to ask if I had not heard strange noises, and if I did not think it best to call the servants?

The result was that I was quite tired out and lay back now in my comfortable cushioned corner, and slept soundly and without a dream.

CHAPTER II.

A sharp jerk and a sudden lull in the train's noisy rattling only partially roused me.

My eyes, that were still heavy with sleep were closing again unconsciously, when I began to realize dimly that we had stopped that we must have arrived at Neaven, and that it behooved me to get out quickly and change carriages.

I sprang up in the midst of a yawn, feeling half asleep, and I was dismayed and almost stupefied when I wrenched open the door and stumbled out.

From the step my foot gripped in vain for the platform, but, as I had already experienced, this was nothing unusual in these small country stations, so without more hesitation I jumped boldly out into the black night.

This same blackness where I had expected the lights of the station to be, struck with an unpleasant shock on my sleep senses, as I looked hastily round and saw that the only glimmer in all the thick darkness came from the train itself.

I walked a few steps forward, cautiously and peered round in the gloom, feeling oddly crousy and bewildered.

Then a sudden sound behind me caused me to start round, with my heart in my mouth.

The noise was the grating of wheels—the train was going on.

I sprang forward as I saw this, with a wordless cry of fright—too late!

My carriage had been the last on the train, and was already many yards away when a moment I refused to realize what had happened, and half thought that I was dreaming; but hope died a dismal death when the yellow lights fainter and more remote, and finally disappeared altogether swallowed up in the yawning blackness of a tunnel.

What was I to do?

To walk on until I reached the nearest station, and take the first train on from there, of course, the simplest answer to my mental query; but in the dismal darkness, and on rough and unknown ground, the prospect was not cheering.

The best way, I decided, was to keep as near beside the rails as my fear of trains would allow, to be sure of not missing the way, but not so very far ahead I loomed the black cavern of the tunnel.

Needless to say, I did not dream of facing its sooty horrors, and to avoid it I climbed the high, steep embankment and started to walk along the top hoping that the tunnel might be a short one and that I should be able to follow the line again at the other end.

The ground was rocky and uneven, but I stumbled bravely on, looking out carefully for the rails, which should be dimly visible against the sky.

I listened intently, but there was no sound of trains to tell me in which direction the line lay, and in all the wide, black night I seemed to be the only thing alive.

Tired and discouraged, I half resolved to wrap my cloak around me and sit down where I was to wait for daylight; but I repeated of my weakness, took my courage in both hands, and started on again, blindly this time, and on the mere chance of fortune leading me to some wayside cottage or the looked for station.

I could not see the face of my watch,

but I felt that I must have been stumbling over rough, open ground for quite two hours before I was suddenly stopped by something I had not noticed in the darkness.

It was a wooden railing, that had struck me sharply and bruised my hands with the contract; but its touch was very welcome, and I climbed over the low bars quickly with new courage at the thought that I was nearing some dwelling.

Across a small field I plodded hopefully only to find myself stopped by a thorny hedge; but following this for a short distance I came upon a gate, which latch yielded to my finger, and I went through.

I soon guessed that I had trespassed into a garden or shrubbery, for the trees were rustling around me, the wet leaves of shrubs and bushes brushed me daintly as I passed.

Then through the darkness loomed a mass of more solid blackness, that I felt must be a house.

A little cry of joy arose to my lips, but died away in silence, strangled by the reflection that it must be long past midnight that I knew but very little German, and that it would require some courage to wake up the inmates, and ask them my improbable sounding story, and ask them for shelter at such an hour.

Half doubting my courage to do it, I went up to the house, and began to walk round it, to see if by chance some friendly light was even yet burning in any of the windows.

All were dark and tightly closed, and I had walked around three sides of the square building before I came to an entrance.

Then out of the gloom and darkness shone a long, slender streak of yellow light and I breathed again more hopefully.

I went closer, and found that the light came from a crack in the panel of an outside shutter.

I suppose a strict sense of honor would have demanded that I should go away without yielding to my healthy and feminine curiosity, or at least, that I should have made my presence known at once; and yet in the light of after events, I have never been able to reproach myself for doing just the contrary, and almost frightened my nose against the cold shutter to see what was inside.

The crack was not a very wide one, but I was able to see that the light came from a single candle, that stood on the table and shed a rather dim, uncertain radiance around the room, that seemed to me to be a kind of a storeroom or pantry.

There were shelves and cupboards in the walls, and a plain, uncovered table where a man stood leaning over to examine something closely by the candle light.

His back was turned towards me, but I could see that he was young and dark, long of limb, and broad of shoulder, and that he was wearing a loose, rough shooting jacket, not like any I had seen before.

I had got so far in my inspection when the man suddenly moved to one side, and my attention went from him to some bright objects on the table, that had been hidden from me before.

There was quite a dozen small articles, white and shining, that I soon decided to be silver.

A thrill of remembrance shot through me at the sight, and tingling with excitement, I strained my eyes to see more clearly.

Then I noticed, for the first time, on the far side of the table, two dark leather cases, one empty and lying open, on its side, the other closed and facing me, and showing, even at that distance, two large letters in gilt on the side.

The letters, I was sure, were M. K. and it was my cousin Maria's long lost silver.

Unconsciously, my hand went to my mouth to smother the cry that all but broke from me at the sight, and with thrice keen interest I looked to see what the man was like, and what he would do next.

I still could not see his face, for he stood with his back towards me, tying from a big bunch of keys in his hand, to find one to fit the lock of a large cupboard in the wall.

At last he found it, unlocked the door and took it wide.

Then taking a couple of small tools from his pocket, he loosened a panel in the back of the cupboard and drew it.

Evidently the recess behind was a safe hiding-place, for, after examining it carefully the man came back to the table, collected the scattered silver, and put it roughly into the empty case, but that I trust it and its fall into the recess he had prepared, and I put the panel back neatly and securely.

Finally he locked the cupboard, and kept the keys in his pocket.

Then he stood and stared at the candle for some moments; a fit of what I probably hoped might be remorse, but which was probably only abstraction, for a presently took up the light from the table, snuffed it after him, and disappeared.

I drew a long breath as the curtain came down on this first act in the little drama, and I found myself once more alone with the black night and my own chaotic thoughts.

All idea of asking for shelter here, of course, had fled, and the only thing that seemed at all clear to my astonished senses was that I must soon as possible, and make my discovery known to the police.

I turned quickly from the house, and endeavored to retrace the way I had come, but I had not gone more than a dozen yards in the darkness when my forehead struck violently against some hard, cold object in the path.

There was a moment of sharp pain, and the black night turned to red, and the sea seemed thundering in my ears; then came a blank, and nothingness.

Continued on Page Three.

Music The

TALK OF

Mr. J. M. Bar Street, producer of the day, with Maudie the heroine, do things, from the p and here is the as the course of smooth, the herc wars and does years. When he discovers that faded her beauty, appointment to re who has remained fections, is exco coldness, and to b his allegiance she rful deportment and advantage of a m once more under th tions. She learn "no matter what had "naturally remain Mummy and the H recently by Mr. C not only an extrao an extraordinary of comedy and melo has the following or story as its basis:— who in solitary digi that might have app Lucullus, notices an the handle of his heedless of a snow without. He pitied by some impulse, vites him to share in of dumb show he ac musician is seeking horns, and that the count, who is even th guests, and who has tentative to his wife.

of the organ grinder, defeating the design causing him to make the scene. Truly, a The London Times r marks that the play is series of theatrical please only the num for the sake of ex operation of Colonel Princess Adolph de eting titled singer who two years ago, and the Paris music hall, in London. She will Hall

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Rosa Oltzka is to s tomorrow night at the by Angela Anderson. gaged by the Wagne German in Paris next s who will take part a Marie Brema, Antoin Van Dyck and Ernest Geraldine Ferrar, the who was engaged for the House in Berlin, has man press, met with the that Alma Powell econ artists in the company. the obstacles possibl remains to be seen if like will be compelled to resign The Pittsburg O. chest Herbert is to give a serie ring the present season orchestra may also go where symphonic music heard.

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Mr. Franko sent to Eur even there no arrangement for orchestra was in exist necessary to transcribe the score in the Lenox Library

Music and The Drama

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Mr. J. M. Barrie's new play Quality Street, produced in New York last Monday, with Maude Adams in the role of the heroine, does not promise great things, from the published description that has reached here. Of course the hero and heroine love each other, and as the course of true love never did run smooth, the hero is called away to the wars and does not return for nine years. When he meets the lady again he discovers that time has somewhat faded her beauty, and he allows his disappointment to reveal itself. The heroine, who has remained constant to her old affections, is exceedingly pained by his coldness, and to bring the lover back to his allegiance she re-arranges her old youth ful deportment and vivacity, and, taking advantage of a masquerade, brings him once more under the spell of her fascinations. She learns then from him that "no matter what he had done," his heart had "always remained true to her," and naturally everything ends happily.

Isaac Healderson's new play 'The Mummy and the Humming Bird, produced recently by Mr. Charles Wyndham has not only an extraordinary title, but is also an extraordinary concoction of artificial comedy and melodrama. The plot, I read has the following original and improbable story as its basis:—A Peer of the realm, who in solitary dignity is enjoying a dinner that might have appealed to the taste of a Lucullus, notices an organ grinder turning the handle of his instrument apparently heedless of a snowstorm that is raging without. He pities the man, and, prompted by some impulse, calls him in and invites him to share in the feast. By means of dumb show he ascertains that the seedy musician is seeking the betrayer of his home, and that the seducer is a certain count, who is even then one of the Peer's guests, and who has been suspiciously attentive to his wife. Enlisting the services of the organ grinder, the Peer succeeds in defeating the designs of the Count, and in causing him to make a hasty retreat from the scene. Truly, a ridiculous drama, and The London Times rather sarcastically remarks that the play is nothing more than a series of theatrical artifices, which will please only the numerous playgoers who for the sake of excitement suspend the operation of common sense.

Princess Adolphe de Wrede, the interesting titled singer who was in the country two years ago, and has been singing in the Paris music halls, is shortly to appear in London. She will sing at Queen's Hall.

Mme. Patti, widow of the well known Italian 'cellist, did not long survive her husband. She died the other day in England. Her father was Thomas Welsh, the basso who was discovered by Richard Sheridan and brought to London. He was also famous in his day as the best known of English teachers.

Rosa Ojizka is to sing in London tomorrow night at the concert to be given by Angela Anderson. She has been engaged for the Wagner performances in German in Paris next spring. The others who will take part are Felia Litvinne, Marie Brema, Antop Van Rooy, Ernest Van Dyck and Ernestine Schumann Heink.

Geraldine Ferrar, the American soprano who was engaged for the Royal Opera House in Berlin, has according to the German press, met with the same difficulties that Alma Powell encountered from the artists in the company. They have put all the obstacles possible in her way and it remains to be seen if like Mrs. Powell, she will be compelled to resign.

The Pittsburg Orchestra under Victor Herbert is to give a series of concerts during the present season in Chicago. The orchestra may also go to Pacific Coast, where symphonic music is not frequently heard.

Sam Franko does not find it so easy to arrange his programmes of music as the amateur might think. One number that he selected for his present season of concerts illustrates the difficulties with which the conductor has to contend.

He wanted to play for the first time in this country the overture to a version of "Edipo a Colono," by Antonio Maria Gaspare Sacchini. This opera, produced first in 1786 was regarded as his masterpiece. It was sung as late as 1844, but the music could not be obtained in this country.

Mr. Franko sent to Europe for it and even there no arrangement of the overture for orchestra was in existence. So it was necessary to transcribe the music from the score in the Lenox Library.

Mme. Nordica began her recital tour in Scranton on Thursday night and will go as far West as San Francisco on her journey before returning to sing.

An amusing writer in a French paper gives some details about Mr. Constant Coquelin's popularity among the English, and his life while in London. At the hotel he generally patronizes M. Coquelin can at any moment find a suite of rooms ready for him. Other occupants have to go out in order to make room for the French actor, who, when he arrives, is addressed by the landlord as follows:—Eight o'clock, first breakfast; second at noon, with a whiskey and soda; and we dine out—all right! When M. Coquelin goes through the London streets everybody turns round to look at him. Oh I say, it is Coquelin! is the phrase frequently heard. Rejane and even Sarah Bernhardt are comparatively forgotten in London when Coquelin is about. In a great house the host, who had been addressing the two actresses mentioned in French, wished to speak to M. Coquelin, but the latter said:—Sir, we are in England. Hurrah for the English language! And the actor showed his complete mastery of the tongue that Shakespear spoke.

'A play of absorbing interest' is the description given of 'Human Hearts.' It was first produced six or seven years ago and frequent repetitions only seem to have enhanced its value as a drawing attraction. The story is a simple one of love and devotion to duty, dealing with the life of one Tom Logan, who is a blacksmith in a small village in the Arkansas Hills. Through the machinations of a scheming villain he is unjustly accused of a horrible crime, is convicted, and sentenced to serve a term of years in State prison. Of course in the end it is discovered that he is innocent and all his wrongs are righted. It is promised that a more than ordinarily capable company has been engaged for its presentation at the Toronto Opera House next week.

CHAPTER III

The crisp crackling of a wool fire, the resinous scent of burning pine cones, and a delicious sense of warmth and comfort were the first things I grew conscious of, and for a time I was too lazily content to do more than revel in them, unquestioning until the blurred, disjointed pictures in my brain slowly pieced themselves together and I grew clear, then, in full remembrance of what had gone before, I roused myself and looked about me.

A big, old-fashioned bedstead was my resting place, and the opening in its faded hangings showed me that the sunlight singled with the fire glow on the wide open hearth.

My dress had been removed, and I was wrapped in a soft-wadded dressing gown that had a very old world air and a scent of lavender about its faded silk.

I tried to get up and draw the curtains wider, but the movement caused a racing pain in my head, that made me lie down again another moment a dark, broad-faced woman, in servant's dress, stood beside me, nodding and smiling as she handed me a cup of something hot and fragrant and bade me drink it.

Mechanically I did so and returned the cup but before I could ask one of the questions that were on my tongue, the woman had gone out of the room and shut the door.

The wine had put new life into me, and I got up from the bed and looked about the room.

It was large, and rather severely furnished in old, sombre-looking oak, but was well kept and cosy, and had an undeniably air of being occupied by a lady.

The door opened on my meditations, and the servant came back with someone, whom I guessed to be her mistress.

She was a small, slight woman of sixty, dainty and pretty as an old miniature in her long, plain dress of flowered silk, with snowy lace at wrists and collar, with soft, white curls that framed the sweetest old face I had ever seen—and the saddest.

She came up to me with both hands out, and a greeting whose sincerity I felt though I understood but little of what she said.

I spoke to her in English, but she shook her head, smiling, and I put my ear

to the door to catch the German words. I was glad to find that she understood me, and in a few moments I had got all the information that I was to have.

The servant had found me early in the morning, lying unconscious near the old sun-dial in the garden—which she showed me from the window, and which must have been the thing I had struck against in the darkness—and together they had carried me up to this room.

They had feared that a doctor would be necessary, but hoped now that he would not be needed.

I shook my head decidedly, my thoughts full of the awkward fact that I was a guest in the very house I had mentally designated a den of thieves.

And yet, looking again at my kind little hostess, it is hard not to believe that what I had seen a few hours ago had been nothing more than an ugly dream.

One thing I decided at once—she knew nothing whatever of what had taken place in that lower room, and I, of course, made no mention of it in my explanation of how I came to be there.

Mrs. Dassel, as she announced herself, only partly understood my story, but persistently insisted that I should lie down and rest.

I tried to explain that I must start for the nearest town at once, if only to send a reassuring telegram to my cousins.

The old lady put up her hands with a helpless, worried look, and showed me that she was miles away—too far to walk, even if I were well, that no conveyance could be got just yet, and that her boy would be here in a few hours—her boy, who spoke English and would do everything I wished.

The delay was more irksome that she could know, but gratitude bade me put a good face upon it, and I really felt too weak and shaken to start on a long walk just then.

My thanks were cut short by the servant appearing with a tray, and my hostess sat by me whilst I made a hearty breakfast; then, with sweet, womanly hand, tucked me once more into the big old bed, and bade me go to sleep.

I was still tired from my night's wandering, and not even wonder at the contradictions in this strange house could prevent me from sleeping soundly for several hours.

Mrs. Dassel was in the room when I awoke, and handed me my dress, that had been carefully dried and brushed.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c. CATARRH CURE... 25c. He sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

'My boy is at home now.' I understood her to say, and if you are rested enough I will take you to him. The day had turned out wet after the morning's sun, and it was already growing dusk, but I could see a new light in the sweet old face as she led me to the dining room and introduced her son to me, with pride and adoration of him in every look and tone.

He welcomed me in English so devoid of accent, that it was hard not to think him a compatriot. I said something of the sort, and he laughed lightly.

'I was in England for some years when I was quite young,' he said. 'Madame Dassel tells me she has only partly understood your story. Will you tell it to us again?'

I repeated my narrative, but with any references to what my spying had revealed, and he translated my words to his mother, who presently got on with smiling excuse and went out of the room.

'Madame Dassel has household affairs to attend to, and her son, and asks you to excuse her while you explain to me just what you wish me to do for you.'

'You are both very good to me, I beg; and then stop!' she said, debating busily in my mind whether I should not take this opportunity of telling him of my discovery.

Unconsciously I looked at him more closely to see whether there was anything in him to encourage me to speak.

There was no resemblance to his mother in that tall, muscular form, weather bronzed face, and keen dark eyes, and yet the result of my examination was an instant feeling of trust and friendship.

'If I know no more than Madame Dassel of what took place last night, I can doled 'and it is only just to tell him.'

In winter time I love to hear The new day break and then— To pull the covers still more near And go to sleep again.



BAKING POWDER

and wholesome

no complaints to make, all appears that Great Britain is doing her enemies in orthodox fashion.

English Liberals are making a desperate effort to rejuvenate themselves. They evidently secured a pull, with the press correspondents, who are over all about disensions in the land and the energy and unanimity of opinion.

Coal is to be shipped to Norway. It is another commodity in which we are competing with Uncle Sam. The German tariff bill as passed by the Reichstag. Few changes are made, some of which effect American interests. All the essential features of the tariff schedules have been retained.

Thursday night cleaned out the lumber Co.'s yard at Surgeon Street, which contained many thousands of lumber belonging to the Milwaukee Co., and a large quantity of ship property of the Pankratz Co. The lumber yard was valued at \$40,000, covered by insurance.

Robert H. Hall was placed on the retired list of the army Friday by the War Department on account of age. The retirement of Gen. Hill, Pres. Taft will have an opportunity to promote officers of the army to the grade of Major General. The other vacancy was filled by the recent retirement of Major General C. M. Smith.

Article on the war in South Africa. The Times said Thursday: 'The war back as last May were guilty of destroying whole herds of Kaffirs in their own commandos. The authorities at the time, for some time past, prohibited any men from such outrages.'

Bulletin issued by the Bureau in Washington Thursday. The number of the matured produce of the New Hampshire increased 38 per cent in the decade from 1890 to 1900. The cost of the latter year was \$118,669,308. The cost of the former year was \$66,348,594. The average paid were \$27,629.47 and the average wage earners. The average number of establishments in the state was 6,691 and the capital employed was \$110,929,661.

Officials of the Burlington R.R. said Friday night that since the first of the week their night trains leaving Lincoln, have gone out with a guard and a full complement of men. This precaution is taken following the discovery of 26 sticks of dynamite, together with a number of masks hidden under the seats of the train. On Friday night three men attempted to board the train, but they were arrested. On Monday the same three men were arrested and an effort was made to break them but they disappeared. They have been kept on the bridge dynamite was stored, but no one is able to claim it.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound. It is successfully used monthly by over 1,000,000 ladies. Safe, effective. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. No other, as all mixtures, pills and powders are dangerous. Price, No. 1, \$1 per bottle, 10 degrees stronger, \$3 per bottle. See the receipt of price and two-cent trial. The Cook Company Windsor, Ont. Sold and recommended by all druggists in Canada.

Two are sold in St. John's by the Progressive Druggists.

ALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER THE BEST DENTAL PRESERVATIVE. The Largest Sale of any Dentifrice. Sold by Chemists, Stores, &c. ALVERT & Co., Manchester, Eng.



SOCIAL

J. A. Edwards of Fredericton who has been confined to his room for several weeks with grippe, is able to be out again. Mrs. F. M. Wall received her friends on Wednesday and Thursday of this week at her home, 11 Dorchester street. Herbert J. Olive has returned from a trip to Restigouche county. Miss DeBury and Miss Mullin, Paradise Row, arrived from the States Tuesday, after a pleasant trip of several weeks' duration. Rev. James Ross and Rev. James Burgess of Carleton left for Halifax on Presbyterian denominational business. L. A. Belyea of the Mutual Life Assurance Co. left this morning by the Prince Rupert.

Miss Mabel C. S. Dunn, of No. 13 end, who has been ill the past week from vaccination, will soon be out again. Miss Mina Smith of Lyon street has returned to the city after spending two months in St. John, visiting her sister, Mrs. A. W. E. Hancock. Mr. and Mrs. Harry F. Waugh are at present visiting at Frazier in British Columbia and have not yet returned to Douglas, York Co., though they will arrive home on the 23rd inst. Henry Chestnut, who has been on a three month's trip to Europe, arrived in St. John Friday by the Furness line steamer Evangeline, and reached Fredericton by the evening train. J. W. Moore, claims agent of the C.P.R., left for Greenville Tuesday, and Wednesday. L. B. Lavigne returned from Nova Scotia Wednesday.

Miss Ella Macaulay of Princess street has left on a month's visit to Mrs. Clifton Wark, Montreal. Miss T. Leslie of Moncton is in the city. Mrs. J. H. Russell and Miss Macaulay have left for Montreal. Mrs. Ashworth left last evening for the upper provinces. Capt. Blomfield Douglas, R.N.R. is in the city. It is believed that he has been quite ill in improving. A. R. Dysdale of the John Ritchie Company, Quebec, is in the city on business. Mrs. Bertie Hogan has returned from a three month's visit to Calceco. J. G. St. John, of St. Stephen, was in the city this week. Louis DeForest, who has been seriously ill, is now able to sit up. F. R. Butcher returned Wednesday evening from Dorchester. Easton E. Kicks, who has been in charge of the Salvation Home, St. James street, for the past three years, left yesterday evening for O.A.W.A. Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Fallon of Laro, are guests at the Royal. Mrs. Shuffield, of St. John is visiting her sister, Miss Thompson, of Halifax. John Willett of this city is in Halifax Wednesday.

C. H. Clark of St. Stephen is in the city. F. W. Daniels has gone to New York. Premier Tupper was at the Royal this week. Miss M. H. Berrie who went to the Pan American and thence to Toronto, will extend her visit to Dr. Howitt's family until after Christmas. N. H. Marchie of Carleton is ill with typhoid fever. Hon. Wm. Pugsley and C. N. Skinner were in New Glasgow Monday. W. J. Shannon, of Amherst, is in the city. Dr. A. A. Stockton and R. H. McAlpin have gone to Ottawa to arrange the appeal of the L.L.K. expropriation case. Dr. Wilson has returned from a business trip to Hampton, N. B. George Calkins went to St. Stephen Monday evening. Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Ross have returned from a visit to New York, Philadelphia and other American cities and Montreal. Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Lawlor, of Chatham, returned home Monday evening. A. P. Tupper, of Montreal, who has been visiting in the city for a couple of weeks, left for home Monday evening. Mr. & Mrs. W. C. Little left for Boston Monday evening. G. H. Flood left on a business trip to New York Monday night. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Tupper left for Montreal and Boston Monday evening. J. M. Stevens, of Edmundston, is in the city. Dr. B. Carville left Monday evening for New York.

W. H. Crocker, of Millville, is in the city. C. S. Everett left for St. Stephen Monday night. Miss E. L. M. of Moncton is a guest at the Royal. Fred Anderson, of Digby, is in the city. E. C. Siebert, of Halifax, is in the city, having returned from Montreal Monday. Herbert J. Olive, has returned from the North Shore. Rev. James Ross and Rev. James Burgess, of W. at Ena, left for Halifax yesterday on Presbyterian business.

Where They Missed It. How strange it is that Alexander the Great was never called Fighting Aleck, or Julius Caesar Strappy Julius, or George Washington, Gory George or Napoleon Battle Nip.

That Famous English Home Dye Maypole soap washes and Dyes at one operation. 20 c for 1/2 lb - 15 c for 1 lb. Sold everywhere.

business.

M. M. Mullin has returned, from visiting the United States. E. D. N. Sears and Guy Johnston returned from New York yesterday. A. I. Todd, of St. St. phase, is in the city. W. P. Sizer, of Sydney, is at the Royal. Conn. F. M. Cecher is in the city. Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Turbill and family left yesterday for Glen Springs, N.Y. They will spend the winter in Bermuda. Miss DeBury returned yesterday from a visit to the United States. George G. Gilbert and Miss Gilbert have returned from a visit to the United States. F. B. Carvel, of Woodstock, is in the city. Wm. Bair, of the Robert Radford Company, is in the city and will attend to the water business of the Dominion line. W. F. Whithead, M.P.P. was in the city Tuesday. J. A. Sinclair left this week for Boston. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Pierson, of Cambridge, are guests at the Dufferin. Mrs. F. M. Wall received her friends at her home 11 Dorchester street, this week. Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Morrison, of Fredericton, were in the city Tuesday. L. A. Belyea, representing the Mutual Life Insurance Co. of Canada in this city, leaves this morning via Prince Rupert on a trip to Nova Scotia. Miss Viola Starkey has returned from a visit to Philadelphia.

L. E. Simpson and wife of Tanton, Mass., are a late Victoria on route to Burnsville where Mr. Simpson's father died yesterday. Hugh Johnson a hotelman of Sidney is at the Victoria. Mrs. W. S. Fielding and Miss Fielding wife and daughter of the finance minister left for their home in Halifax on the Atlantic express. The Chapman of Halifax, J. B. Ives and W. Owen of Montreal are at the N.W. Victoria. Harold Guerdar Sears left by the Boston express last night for Minneapolis where a good position awaits him. Mr. Sears was given a send off by his young associates who greatly regret his departure. Mrs. Albert Gordin received her friends at her home, Union Point on Tuesday and Wednesday, at 191 and 20th. Cambridge, Mass. Times; The Misses Mary and Annie Molloy, of Winsor street, returned Saturday from St. John, N. B., where they were the guests of relatives for the past six weeks. Woodstock Sentinel. Mrs. F. A. Phillips, Bristol, is very much improved in health. Rev. B. H. N. Bies was confined to the house on Sunday. Mr. H. Ervin of the Telegraph staff is ill at his home, Carleton. Miss Eva Dykema, of Wickham, is visiting friends in this city. Mr. L. R. Ross, I. C. R. station master, and Mrs. Ross have returned from a fifteen days' trip to Montreal, Toronto, Washington, New York and other large cities. They had a delightful time, particularly in New York City, where Mr. Ross has relatives. Mr. F. R. Butcher left for Dorchester today.

Centenarians: English Quakeress. Mrs. Elizabeth Hanbury, one of the recognized ministers of the S. Society of Friends died yesterday at the very remarkable age of 108 years and 114 days. The death took place near Wellington, Somerset. It is always difficult to verify the ages of reputed centenarians. Mrs. Hanbury's is an exceptional case, for the date of her birth is recorded in the admirable register kept by the Quakers in the parish of All Hallows, London Wall, where she was born on June 9, 1793. Mrs. Hanbury was a Miss Sanderson, and some of the same stock as the Bishop Sanderson of the time of Charles I and Charles II. Her father, a Coins tea merchant in London, joined the Society of Friends. Her husband was Mr. Cornelius Hanbury led an active philanthropic life. For years she visited the convict ships for women before they left the Thames and helped to ameliorate the conditions to those unhappy persons. The women convicts in those days were sent to the antipodes under the sole charge of men. Drink was abundant, and there was no employment. Mrs. Hanbury was one of those who helped to bring about reforms. She also took part in the anti-slavery movement. This remarkable woman was able to read and write till the age of 100. Speaking of her own long life, she wondered why she lived so long. 'The prospect is so bright,' she would say 'it is sometimes difficult to a patient.'

What He Thought About It. She-I am sorry I married you. He-You ought to be. You out some nice girl out of a mighty good husband. What's the Trouble? -Is it Sick Headache? Is it Blisters? Is it Sluggish Liver? Is your skin yellow? Do you feel more dead than alive? Your system needs toning - Your Liver isn't doing its work - Don't resort to strong drugs - Dr. Agnew's Little Pills, 10 cents for 40 doses, will work wonders for you. Sold by A. Chipman & Co.

The Object of Attention. 'I see that your wife takes great interest in casual training.' 'Yes,' answered Mr. Meekton gently, 'and I'm the man.'

What Makes You Dependent? -Has the stomach gone wrong? Have the nerve centres grown tired and listless? Are you threatened with nervous prostration? South American Nervine is nature, corrector, makes the stomach right, gives a world of new force, keeps the circulation perfect. A regular constitution builder for rundown people. One lady says: 'I owe my life to it.' Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

Johny-Papa, can I go to the circus this afternoon? Papa-No, my son. A good boy would not want to go to a circus. Johny-Then, papa, don't you think I ought to go while I am bad enough to enjoy it. The Pall of Rheumatic Pains-When a sufferer finds permanent relief in such a meritorious medicine as South American Nervine Cure, how glad he is to tell it. C. W. Mayhew, of Thamesville, Ont., couldn't walk or feed himself for months - four years ago three bottles of this great remedy cured him - not a pain since - isn't that encouragement for rheumatic sufferers? Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co. Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes. -Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Swooning Spells, Pain in Left Side, and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces. Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

Don't hand out money for things that are not 'the best.' Many washing-powders that seem to work well are unfit to use. 'PEARLINE' costs only a trifle more than the poor and dangerous. The absolute safety of PEARLINE has been thoroughly tested and proved. Make sure nothing is used to save work at expense of your clothes. 65¢ Pearlina - Safe and Saving.

Eighty Years Old - Cataract Fifty Years. D. Agnew's Cataract Powder cures him. Want any stronger evidence of the power of this wonderful remedy over this universal disease? Want the truth of the case confirmed? Writes George Lewis, Shamokin, Pa. He says: 'I look upon my cure as a miracle. It relieves in ten minutes. Sold by A. Chipman & Co. Cassidy - Ain't ye working? Casey - N; ye are out on a strike. What for? How do O' know? Sure, O'm not the walking delegate.

A Sour Stomach and a Sour Temper travel hand in hand and are the precursors of mental and physical wreck. Nine hundred and ninety-nine times in a thousand food ferment (indigestion) is the cause. Dr. Von Sann's Pineapple Tablets keep the stomach sweet and aids digestion keep the nervous centres well balanced, they're nature's pancreas pleasant and harmless. 35 cents. Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

What, you here again? exclaimed the woman at the back door, when Werry Willie presented himself. I thought you were dead! O' no, replied Werry, touching his hat: I didn't eat that piece of pie you gave me the last time I was here. Have You a Skin Disease? Better Salt Rheum, Scaled Head, Ringworm, Eczema, Itch, Barber's Itch, Ulcers, Blotches, Carbuncle, Impetigo, Liver Spots, Prurigo, Poriasis, or other eruptions of the skin - what Dr. A. A. S. Ointment has done for others it can do for you. Cure you. O.S. application gives relief. 35 cents. Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co. News and Herald.

Towne - Jack Gering has a new fall suit that's as good as it can be. Browne - How do you know? Towne - I overheard it on the avenue yesterday. Dropsy is one Positive Sign of Kidney Disease - Have you any of these unmistakable signs? Puffiness under the eyes? Swollen limbs? Smothering feeling? Change of the character of the urine? Exhaustion after least exertion? If you have these symptoms drop your head and you shouldn't delay an hour in putting yourself under the great South American Kidney Cure. Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

What He Thought About It. She-I am sorry I married you. He-You ought to be. You out some nice girl out of a mighty good husband. What's the Trouble? -Is it Sick Headache? Is it Blisters? Is it Sluggish Liver? Is your skin yellow? Do you feel more dead than alive? Your system needs toning - Your Liver isn't doing its work - Don't resort to strong drugs - Dr. Agnew's Little Pills, 10 cents for 40 doses, will work wonders for you. Sold by A. Chipman & Co.

The Object of Attention. 'I see that your wife takes great interest in casual training.' 'Yes,' answered Mr. Meekton gently, 'and I'm the man.'

What Makes You Dependent? -Has the stomach gone wrong? Have the nerve centres grown tired and listless? Are you threatened with nervous prostration? South American Nervine is nature, corrector, makes the stomach right, gives a world of new force, keeps the circulation perfect. A regular constitution builder for rundown people. One lady says: 'I owe my life to it.' Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

Johny-Papa, can I go to the circus this afternoon? Papa-No, my son. A good boy would not want to go to a circus. Johny-Then, papa, don't you think I ought to go while I am bad enough to enjoy it. The Pall of Rheumatic Pains-When a sufferer finds permanent relief in such a meritorious medicine as South American Nervine Cure, how glad he is to tell it. C. W. Mayhew, of Thamesville, Ont., couldn't walk or feed himself for months - four years ago three bottles of this great remedy cured him - not a pain since - isn't that encouragement for rheumatic sufferers? Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co. Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes. -Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Swooning Spells, Pain in Left Side, and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces. Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

When You Want a Real Tonic ask for ST. AGUSTINE (Registered Brand) of Pelee Win. G. E. TOWN Sept. 21, 1891. E. G. SCOVIL, - Having used both we think the St. Augustine referable to Vin Mariani as a tonic. JOHN C. CLOVES. E. C. SCOVIL, Proprietor, 182 Union Street

NEW EDITION Webster's International Dictionary New Plates Throughout 25,000 New Words Phrases and Definitions Prepared under the direct supervision of W. T. HARRIS, Ph.D., LL.D., United States Commissioner of Education, assisted by a large corps of competent specialists and editors. Rich Bindings 2364 Pages 5000 Illustrations. We also publish Webster's Collegiate Dictionary with Glossary of Scottish Words and Phrases. "First class in quality, second class in size." Specimen pages, etc. of both books sent on application. G. & C. Merriam Co. Publishers Springfield, Mass.

Intercolonial Railway THANKSGIVING DAY, NOV 28 Will sell Round Trip Tickets for FIRST CLASS ONE WAY FARE (made to end in 0 or 5) Going Nov. 27 & 28 Returning until Dec. 2, 1901. To all stations on the system and to points Detroit, Port Huron, Sault Ste. Marie and east. Also to points on Prince Edward Island and Dominion Atlantic Railways.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Dr. Wood. See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below. Very small and so easy to take as sugar. FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR BILLOWING BELLY, FOR THE COMPLEXION. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Dr. Wood. See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below. Very small and so easy to take as sugar. FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR BILLOWING BELLY, FOR THE COMPLEXION. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after SUNDAY October 20th, 1901, trains will run daily (and on special occasions) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Express for Halifax and Campbellton, 7:00 a.m.; Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Lunenburg, 8:00 a.m.; Express for Moncton, 12:00 p.m.; Express for Quebec and Montreal, 12:30 p.m.; Express for Montreal, 1:00 p.m.; Express for Montreal, 1:30 p.m. All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours in station. D. POTTINGER, General Manager, N. B., October 16, 1901. GEO. CARVILLE, P. A.

Corticelli SPOOL SILK. Corticelli Silk has absolute merit. Every spool has honest value - no light-weight, short-measure goods. Corticelli Silk sews smoothly - no knots, no weak places. Corticelli is as good silk as can be made. Subscribe for 'Corticelli Home Needlework Magazine,' 35c a year. No lady should be without it - Sample copies 10 cents. Address: CORTICELLI SILK Co., St. John, Que. Intercolonial Railway. \$10 MONTREAL AND RETURN \$10 Round Trip Tickets issued at St. John, Campbellton and intermediate stations on October 10, 11 and 12, good for return until October 27, and on October 21, 22 and 23, good for return until November 7. Proportionate rates from points east of Montreal. JOHN M. LYON, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Montreal, N. B., October 8, 1901.

Teamster's Story.

SUFFERED GREATLY FROM ASTHMA AND KIDNEY TROUBLES.

Spent Some Time in a Hospital and Almost Impoverished Himself by Buying Medicines Without Result—Again Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Care After Other Medicines Fail.

From the Recorder, Halifax, N. S.

Mr. William Cochrane, a well known teamster, who lives near the Halifax Polo Grounds, is one of those who willingly bear testimony to the curative powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A reporter of the Acadian Recorder who had heard of Mr. Cochrane's sufferings and subsequent cure, called at his home, when he gave an account of his experience substantially as follows:—He had for many years been a constant sufferer from asthma, accompanied by an aggravated form of kidney trouble. The latter trouble caused severe pains in the back and loins, and at times his sufferings were very acute. He said he had almost impoverished himself in buying medicines of all kinds, but to no purpose; the trouble continued and seemed to grow worse as the years passed. Mrs Cochrane said that she had frequently seen her husband choke up and fall to the floor as though dead, and he would have to be worked with and rolled around before he would revive. A few years ago he spent ten days in the Victoria General Hospital. The doctors then thought that the pains in the back were due to over exertion in his business as a teamster, but gave him no material help. After leaving the hospital, he used bottles and bottles of medicine, but failed to find a cure. A neighbor of his, Mr. Lowe, whose wife had been made a well woman after years of sickness, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, advised him to try them. He used a couple of boxes without apparent result, and felt somewhat discouraged, but Mr. Lowe advised him to continue the use of the pills, and before the third box was finished, he began to improve. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been a Godsend to me,' said Mr. Cochrane; they are the only medicine I have taken which seemed to do me any good. I had one prescription from a doctor which cost me \$1.75 a bottle, which like many other medicines I took, was just so much money wasted. I have used eight or ten boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and can say that before I began their use life was an intolerable burden. I have reason to be thankful that I followed the friendly advice that urged me to use this medicine.

Most diseases have their origin in poor blood or weak nerves, and it is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make rich, red blood and strengthen the nerves that they have met with such success in curing kidney trouble, rheumatism, paralysis, St. Vitus dance, anaemia, nervous prostration and kindred troubles. See that the full name 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People,' is on the wrapper around each box. If in doubt, send direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville Ont., and the pills will be mailed post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

An Eagle's Nest.

Those who seek to rob birds' nests sometimes repent of their deed, especially if the bird happens to be an eagle as far as those on the California coast. These birds are seldom shot, and consequently they have increased in numbers; but the eggs are in demand by collectors, and a few adventurous spirits make a business of trying to secure them. Mr. C. F. Holder tells in the New York 'Commercial Advertiser' of an adventure where two egg-hunters had a trying experience, and the eagles came off victorious.

The nest was on a rocky pinnacle, perhaps one hundred feet in height, completely separated from the shore. In storms the waves rose, a splendid mass of foam to the very summit. The base was covered with kelp, and the waves would rise eight or ten feet, then as suddenly drop away, leaving jagged points upon which a boat would be hung until overwhelmed by the next wave.

One quiet day the men approached. They rowed about the rock for ten minutes, then, the sea being level, rushed at it. With all their care, however, the boat was dashed on a ledge, and they found themselves prisoners on the rock with nothing to eat—the provisions having been lost overboard and the bottom of the boat crushed in.

They rescued a rope and a can of water and being still determined to try for the eggs, they turned their attention to the nest, allying their uneasiness by the thought that some passing yacht would take them off.

The rock, however, proved slippery

from long accumulation guano, and the men found it impossible to climb nearer than forty feet from the nest.

One of the adventurers decided to attempt that last forty feet after the fashion adopted by South Pacific natives in climbing trees. A long rope, doubled with a stone attached to the double end, was hurled over the rock so that it fell on the other side, thus encircling it. Then the egg hunter began climbing barefooted, not going up, but gradually circling the pillar and hitching the rope upward.

In the circuit of the rock he had gained ten or twelve feet, and the footing was growing better. The second brought him twenty five feet up. He was reaching down to raise the rope when he heard a cry from his companion, and then came a sharp whistling sound, a rush, and something filled the air in front of him striking in force blows and throwing him from his feet, so that he hung for a second by the rope, faint and bewildered.

It was the mother eagle, that had plunged down upon him from a great height. She was driven off for a time by the man below, who bit her squarely on the breast with a stone.

The hunter, still undaunted, proceeded to climb, this time with his knife between his teeth. When he was within five feet of the top the former experience was repeated.

A short, sharp fight ensued. The bird fell away, but immediately returned. The man struck at it with his knife, missed it, and then, while one of its claws was fastened in his clothing, lost his balance and fell against the rope. The rope broke and bird and man went plunging into the sea.

The fact that the bird's talon had caught in his clothing saved the hunter's life, for the eagle, as soon as it struck the water began to try to fly, and actually helped the man out of the kelp bed into which he had fallen. Then by its struggles it freed itself, and the hunter swam to the rock.

All thought of securing the eggs was now abandoned. The boat proved to be damaged beyond repair, and the men spent a miserable night in a crevice of the rock, the sea rising all around them. Late on the following day they were rescued by a passing boat.

Emperor William's Beard.

Berlin newspapers have been making good copy out of a semi-serious agitation, recently inaugurated in Germany by women against the moustache and beard habit, which has sprung into existence since the Kaiser set the example by allowing his beard to grow. These women rebel against men wearing such adornments, and declare they are relics of barbarism. The Kaiser's barber was interviewed on the subject, and unhesitatingly declared that as long as the ruler of Germany continued to set this fashion all the women in Germany could not induce the best of the men to go clean shaven. He added that the beardless face had come to stand for cab-drivers and butlers.

A Great Fox Hunt.

An amusing incident is being told about two hunters on this section who recently purchased a foxhound. The animal had all the good points that a dog should have and perhaps a few others. However, the money changed hands and the dog forth with took up his residence on Crown Hill.

One fine day the owner thought the time ripe for a fox hunt. The men took the hunting traps together with the dog and started for the woods and pastures. They had no more than reached the ground, when the dog came across an old scent. He gave tongue and started out. The hunters followed after a short distance and then stopped, resolving that they would wait until the fox doubled.

Several times they heard the dog and the shadows of the afternoon fell and still the dog did not appear. The darkness came on and the hunters were obliged to go home. After they had eaten supper they commenced to worry about the dog, as he had not appeared.

The morning came and still the dog had not returned. In the afternoon the men started out again and found that the dog was still running the old scent. They called him off and considered that they have a very valuable hunting animal.

Odd Number Unlucky. During a course of lectures on Scotland and the Scots an Oxford professor delivered a feeling tribute to the intrepidity and endurance of the sons of the north.

These hardy men, remarked the professor, think nothing of swimming across the Tay three times, before breakfast.

The respectful silence, which followed this announcement, was broken by a loud guffaw from the middle of the room.

Sir, said the professor, angrily, addressing the culprit, perhaps you will explain what you mean by this outburst?

FALLING HAIR



Save Your Hair with Shampoos of Cuticura SOAP.

And light dressings of CUTICURA Ointment, purest of emollient skin cures. This treatment at once stops falling hair, removes crusts, scales, and dandruff, soothes irritated, itching surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, supplies the roots with energy and nourishment, and makes the hair grow upon a sweet, wholesome, healthy scalp.

MILLIONS OF WOMEN Use CUTICURA SOAP assisted by Cuticura Ointment, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, itching, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing the face, for relieving, and for curing itching, rashes, and inflammations, in the form of lotions for annoying irritations and chafings, or too free or offensive perspiration. In the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, especially mothers, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery.

Complete Treatment for Every Humour. Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA OINTMENT, to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET of these great skin curatives is often sufficient to cure the severest humours when all else fails. Sold by all druggists. British Depot: 27-28, Chancery Lane, London. TORONTO DEPOT: 250, COLEMAN ST., BOSTON.

I was just thinking, sir, said the old Scotch chaps would find the wrong side for their clothes.

Little Household Hint.

The coffee should be served very hot and with hot milk.

The plates should be properly heated and placed before the carver.

A meal should never be announced until everything is in readiness.

The dining room should be in perfect order before breakfast is served.

The table should always be so kept as to be ready for a guest with a moment's notice.

A cotton flannel 'silence cloth' not only makes the tablecloth look infinitely handsomer, but preserves the varnished surface from stains from hot dishes.

The butter should be kept in the refrigerator until the last minutes in summer, but kept where it will be soft enough to spread easily in winter.

A Point of Order.

A windy M. P. in the midst of a tedious speech, stopped to imbibe a glass of water. I rise to a point of order, said Sheridan. What is it? said the speaker.

I think, said Sheridan, it is out of order for a windmill to go by water.

Good Advice.

Amusing was the reply a friend of mine lately received in answer to an enquiry on etiquette. He wrote asking if it would be improper for him to support a young lady if she was seized with a fainting fit, even if he hadn't been introduced. The reply was:—

'Proper, young man? Certainly! Proper by all means.'

She shares with her husband, Though he seems to take it ill; She has a bird's wing on her hat And lets him save the bill.

Country Uncle—Now, what is the use of teaching girls all these new fangled studies? What good is this astronomy your study? City Niece—Why, uncle, it's a delightful subject to talk about on moonlight evenings. We point out Venus, and then the young man says something pretty, and then— See that ring?

How do you keep your treasurer honest? All his money is marked, and if a dollar of it gets into circulation we know it and promptly jump on his bondmen.

'It's time, Charles, that we thought of getting Hilda married; she is 18.

'Oh, let her wait till the right sort of man comes along.

'What nonsense! I waited for the right sort of man.

He—Ethel, what can it mean? Last night I dreamed that I proposed to you.

She—I should say it meant that you were more sensible asleep than awake.

'Mr. Johnson, you play classical music?' 'No, sah; I don't play in no class; I play solos.'

After a man has proposed several times to a girl in vein, sometimes its a good scheme to stop and let her have to the proposing.

Paul Brick—A woman never knows when to stop talking.

Phil Oaster—Yes, she knows, but she won't stop.

What made you tell the janitor the temperature was just right, said Mrs Wiley.

'Because I know the janitor's disposition answered her husband. 'If we make him believe we are thoroughly comfortable he will hustle around and make things different.'

Noise in the woodshed—Hoo rah, hoo rah! Bim bah, bim bah—

Mother—Willie, what are you making so much noise for? You're not playing football.

Willie—Now, I'm not playin' football, but I just sold the griddle iron to the rag man for 8 cents.

'I don't see how he can expect to succeed as an author. Why, he can't write common sense.'

'He don't have to. All his stories are in dialect.'

Use Fry's Cocoa and be Sure of Cocoa Purity.

Made in England but sold everywhere.

APIOL & STEEL

FOR LADIES' PILLS

A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES

Superseding Bitter Apple, Pil Cochis, Fenofonyl, &c.

Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from

EYANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada, Victoria, B.C. or

Warth Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton Eng.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

For Sale at all Druggists.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water

USE THE GENUINE...

"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"

For the Handkerchief, Toilet and Bath.

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES!

Dyspepsia AND Liver Disease CURED BY DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

'I was weak, nervous and dizzy, with a fainting sensation when walking,' writes Jesse Childress, Esq., of Samuel, Sullivan Co., Tenn. 'Could not walk any distance; always felt bad after eating; felt as though something was sticking in my throat, always uneasiness in stomach. Doctored with three physicians but they did not relieve me. I grew worse and used ready to give up and then some one told me that Dr. Pierce's medicine was good, so I began taking his 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I have taken seven bottles of that now and am as stout as ever, and enjoying health as much as ever before. I worked all summer and this winter as much as any one. My case was liver disease and nervous dyspepsia of which your medicine has cured me. In September 1898 my weight was about 65 pounds, now it is 95. Please accept my sincere thanks.'

Eugene Field's Poem Book. A \$7.00 Book.

Given Free to each person interested in our work. Make me a \$1.00 donation to the 'Eugene Field Memorial Fund' and receive this book free. The book is a collection of the world's greatest poetry, and is a valuable addition to every library. It is published by the Eugene Field Memorial Fund, 180 Monroe St., Chicago.

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OF National Importance.

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CONTAINS BOTH:

Daily, by mail, \$6 a year

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Line of Life

on PEARLINE

users' hands should

be deep and long. PEARLINE

lengthens life by removing the

evils of the old way of washing:

cramped bending to rub, long

breathing fetid steam, weary

standing on feet, over-exertion,

exhaustion. Doctor Common

Sense tells you this is bad.

With PEARLINE you simply

soak, boil and rinse. Quick,

easy, sensible, healthful—

proved by millions of users. 639

Life often... All babies... babies, if... discomfor... yet how m... to be thro... night for... when a litt... move all th... and baby h... and cross... of the nu... lives a mis... source of... mother, ne... constipation... of teeth, e... not, if you... fare, give it... medicines, a... without rem... What is ne... compound... which reach... ailments o... well and... this is the... who have... it. Mrs. W... Brockville... Own Tablets... and know of... that can eq... teething ab... ish, and I c... gave her the... when other... baby was tr... tablets alwa... above all th... excellent in... great deal... with pain, a... her many ti... matter how... the tablets, a... and I had n... might I can... by I am sure... again.' Bab... administered... be given suff... If your drugg... 25 cents to... Co., Brockvi... sent you by m... Moncton, Nov... Antigonish, Nov... MA... Woodlawn, Nov... Lunenburg, Nov... Amherst, Nov... Little Bras d'Or... River John, Oct... Dartmouth, Nov... Margosa, C.B., I... Ross... Roxbury, Mass., N... wart... Eagle Head, Que... Conard... Marsaree, C.B., I... Pallip... Dorchester, Mass... Morrison... Woodlawn Nov 1... Donovan... Dorchester, Mass... Ferguson... Fort Hood, C.B., I... O'Haudier... Country Harbor, B... Bessie Webb... Roxbury, Mass., N... Christina Clark... St. John, Nov 18... etis Rupert... Athol, Nov 3 Sam... Beaufort, Nov 6, D... Sydney, Nov 12, H... Pictou, Nov 3, Min... Bear Point, Nov 7... Halifax, Nov 10, J... Halifax, Nov 17, A... Sanford, Oct 31, H... Halifax, Nov 15, M... Truro, Nov 16, F... Canoe, Nov 24, Geo... Gavelton, Nov 4, A... Antigonish, Nov 11... Springhill, Nov 9, W... Newport, Nov 15, G... Brookfield, Nov 10... Springhill, Nov 16... Weldon, Nov 6, D... Chagnoy Point, No... Weyford, Nov 2, D... Sydney Mines, Nov 1... Getting... 'Oh' gasped the... fell back, clutchi... mitting the telegra... Her fashionable... crying... 'What is it? I... with an accident? ... 'No-no, she mean... in-law. I am a gra...



Dyspepsia AND Liver Disease CURED BY DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

... nervous and dizzy, with a sensation when walking, writes...

Given Free to each person interested in our crib...

and Opinions OF Importance. The Sun... \$6 a year...

Sunday Sun Sunday Newspaper of the world...

Line of Life on PEARLINE... Pearlina...

CAREWORN MOTHERS.

Life often Made a Burden Through Nursing a Cross and Fretful Baby.

All babies should be good natured; well babies, if there is no outward reason for discomfort...

FARMERS MAKE MONEY

Do not sell your poultry, turkeys, geese or ducks till you investigate this great Company...

The Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited

Capital Stock, \$450,000

HEAD OFFICE: HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

PRESIDENT—MR. GIBSON ARNOLDI, Barrister-at-Law, Toronto, Ontario. MANAGER—MR. WILLIAM S. GILMORE, Merchant, Hamilton, Ontario.

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

APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

GIBSON ARNOLDI, ESQ., PRESIDENT, THE CANADIAN DRESSED POULTRY COMPANY, LIMITED, 9 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose you herewith in full payment for shares of fully paid and non-assessable stock in the Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited...

YOUR NAME, ADDRESS

THINGS OF VALUE EASING THE CHEST

It is the cold on the chest that drives people and makes them sick and sore. The cough that accompanies the chest cold is racking...

You will have to be identified before I can cash that check said the bank cashier to the man who was unfamiliar with the precautions of banks.

Ob, well, go ahead, then, answered the man with the check in disgust. 'I don't reckon it hurts any more than being vaccinated does it?'

We have no hesitation in saying that Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera and all summer complaints, sea sickness, etc.

Fitlosses Burden Life. The bilious man is never so comfortable as he is when his ailments render him morose and gloomy. The complaint is not so dangerous as it is disreputable...

Mrs. Nereite—Really now, for Mrs. Nooritch that's quite a plain bonnet. I especially admire that modest little rosette of green ribbons.

Mrs. Sharpe—They're not green ribbons my dear, merely a modest little bunch of ten dollar bills.

Useful At All Times.—In winter or in summer Parrelle's Vegetable Pills will cope with and overcome any irregularities of the digestive organs...

Speakers' Sore Throat. Public speakers and singers know how useless and sickening are cough mixtures, sprays, lozenges, etc., for irritable or sore throat...

Warts are Unightly That is the reason no one is clamoring for a few more warts make them fashionable and a remedy to grow warts would quickly be made a financial success.

Getting on in Years. 'Oh' gasped the beautiful woman as she fell back, clutching at her heart and permitting the telegram to flutter to the floor.

YOU MAY NEED Pain Killer at any time in case of accident. Cures cuts, bruises and sprains, as well as all bowel complaints. Avoid substitutes, there's only one Pain Killer, Perry Davis' 25c. and 50c.

Royal Perfumes!

Royal Opopanax, Royal Daisy, Royal Heliotrope, Royal Violet, Royal White Rose, Royal Greek Lilac, Royal White Rose.

W. G. Rudman Allan, Chemist and Druggist, 87 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B. Call and see my display. Tel. 239. Mail orders promptly filled.

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BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

QUEEN HOTEL

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

Victoria Hotel

81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Electric Passenger Elevator

and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

Pain in the Back

makes life miserable. Can it be cured? Yes, in one night. Polson's Nerviline gives a complete knockout to pain in the back...

If your children moan and are restless during sleep coupled when awake with a loss of appetite, pale countenance, picking of the nose, etc., you may depend upon it that the primary cause of the trouble is worms.

Job... Printing. Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, or Envelopes running short? Do you consider that you could effect a saving in this part of your business? Why not secure quotations your work before placing an order? Consult Us for Prices. Progress Job Printing Department. 29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. BRANDIES! Landing of "Corean." THE DUFFERIN. THOS. L. BOURKE WATER STREET. 'Her husband is very handsome, don't you think so?'

CURES WEAK MEN FREE.

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

INSURES LOVE AND A HAPPY HOME.



DR. W. KNAPP, M. D.

How can you man any quality cure himself... I have completely cured me up. I am just as vigorous as when a boy and you cannot realize how happy I am.

JOHN NOBLE

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

From all parts of the Globe ladies do their "shopping by post" with this huge dress and drapery enterprise, it being found that after payment of any postage or duties, the goods supplied could be nearly equalled elsewhere, both as regards price and quality, and now that the firm is so firmly rooted in the public favour and its patrons so numerous, it can afford to give, and does give, even better value than ever.

Model 256. Made in John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Coat, consisting of Velvet reverse, jet and White, Plain \$2.56 with one box pocket. Price complete, only \$2.56; carriage 65c extra. Skirt alone \$1.56, carriage, 45c extra.

Model 1492. Made in Heavy Herring Cloth Tailor-made, Double-breasted Coat, and full wide carefully finished Skirt, in Black or Navy Blue only; Price complete Costume \$4.10; Carriage 85c.

JOHN NOBLE KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS. Thoroughly well made, in Strong Serge, with saddle top, long full sleeves, and pockets. Lengths in front, and Prices: 22 27 inches 49c-81 cents; 30 33 inches 78c-88 cents; 36 39 inches 97c-1.10; 42 45 inches \$1.22-1.34; Postage 45 cents.

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

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

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

JOHN NOBLE, LTD.

BROOK ST. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

Don't Have That Dirty Towel
Around any more. We have just received 100 new oak toilet cases handsomely finished. We supply an oak toilet case, soap, comb brush, towels, and change soap and towels weekly or daily. 2 roller towels each Monday. 50c per month 3 " " " " 75c " " " 1 " " " " morning 1.00 " " " Have us put one in your store or fill it at once. Ungar's Laundry Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning work.

More rest, money.
'Tolstol', he said, 'tells us he knows from his own experience that women are inferior to men.'
'There I, she replied. 'That proves it.'
'Proves what?'
'The first time I ever saw that man's picture I said he must have had a slouchy mother or she'd have taught him to make a better appearance.'

Chat of the Boudoir.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Black velvet is taking a prominent part in fashionable dressing, and women are wondering why it didn't happen before, since the results are so good. Black velvet slippers are not only becoming, but so very comfortable. They are almost devoid of ornament.

A charming pair have only a small silver crown to relieve their sombre richness. They look exactly as if they might have been worn by some fair belle of France during the reign of the pleasure-loving Louis. Decidedly out of the ordinary are the slippers of black satin with very high black satin covered Louis XV. heels and a butterfly tongue with a large gilt buckle studded with amethysts.

The handy and charming silk muff linings introduced last year are once more to the fore. Intended to slip through muffs either as a renovation or a quick transformation to harmonize with each costume they are very tasteful. In no case is omitted the fluffy frill, often embroidered, and nestling may be in a flower, over which droops the deep lace flounce annexed to all dress muffs, whether in fur or any rich material.

There are a few new and quaint color schemes, such as a brilliant lobster red and a faint rose pink in combination. With pure white evening toilettes one sees wrinkled velvet or satin bel's of tan or pale brown, sometimes mingled with dull autumnal green or s'fion. A slight touch of bright gold sometimes relieves the somberness of dark costumes of cloth or velvet, intermixed with silver embroidery.

A few threads of gold, silver or steel are often used in order to heighten the effect of the embroideries on dark blues and crimson. These effects are however springily employed this season, although the Cz's visit to Paris has brought gold and silver back again for the small accessories of dress.

To preserve flowers: In several waters thoroughly wash some fine, clean sand and dry it in the sun. In a box of suitable size spread sufficient of it to fill the space of the vase to be preserved. Place the flowers while they are fresh, but not yet opened, and stand them in the sand so that they do not prevent their touching each other. Now, with a sieve, gently sift in more sand, meanwhile arranging in place every leaflet and petal. Continue until the topmost leaves are covered, and set away in a dry place for ten days or two weeks. Then gently tip the box, allowing the sand to sift out, and the flowers will remain colored and intact like so many beautiful mummies.

A medical journal tells how a saucerful of shaved ice may be kept in a sick room through a day and night if need be, even with a fire in the room. Put the saucer holding the ice in a soup plate and cover it with another; then place the soup plate on a bed arranged on a good heavy pillow, and cover it with another pillow, pressing the pillows so that the plates are completely imbedded in them. The paragraph adds that one of the best ice shavers is an old jackplane set deep. It should be turned bottom upward, and the ice moved backward and forward over the cutter.

From the small leg of mutton a dish of mock terrapin can be made. A thick brown sauce, seasoned with salt, paprika, or a dash of cayenne, the diced meat added with two tablespoonfuls of sherry or Madeira and simmered gently for 10 minutes. At the last moment a few quartered hard boiled eggs are laid in and, when taken from the fire two tablespoonfuls more of wine should be stirred in. It should be served on a platter garnished with parsley, quartered hard boiled eggs and slices of lemon.

To make good pastry all the ingredients should be very cold and should be mixed with a knife rather than with the hands. This is also the case in mixing mayonnaise dressing, which is a failure if all the ingredients as well as the fork and bowl are not icy cold, but they may be mixed with little trouble when all the conditions are as they should be.

The parlor is rapidly becoming obsolete, says an interior decorator. This is particularly true of suburban houses, and applies also to city houses that have been remodelled to conform to the new order of things. The reception hall seems to be a necessity, and opening on this is the library, living room, or whatever you choose to call it. Some people call it a music room, but, whatever the name, it takes the place of the old fashioned parlor. It's a good thing, too.

'I suppose we all recall the days of our youth, when the parlor was something to be spoken of in whispers and regarded

Catarrh

Is a constitutional disease.

It originates in a scrofulous condition of the blood and depends on that condition.

It often causes headache and dizziness, impairs the taste, smell and hearing, affects the vocal organs and disturbs the stomach.

It afflicted Mrs. Hiram Shires, Batchellerville, N. Y., twenty consecutive years, depriving her of the sense of smell, made her breathing difficult, and greatly affected her general health.

She testifies that after she had taken many other medicines for it without lasting effect it was radically and permanently cured, her sense of smell restored, and her general health greatly improved, by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

This great medicine has wrought the most wonderful cures of catarrh, according to testimonials voluntarily given. Try it.

with awe. It was a large, darkened room, containing stiff, sparse furniture, that always had to be arranged just so. It was sacred to company and even on the rare occasions when the sunlight was admitted it smelled strange and musty. I am glad to see that sensible people no longer have parlors.

Too Many Complications.

A lawyer received a new client the other day—a big man named Frazier, who wanted to sue to recover £500 advanced on a note and not repaid.

Who is the debtor? asked the lawyer. Oh, she's a relation of mine.

How nearly related? Very nearly.

But, my dear sir, persisted the lawyer, you must be more explicit.

Well, she may be my mother in law. May be? Then you are likely to marry her daughter.

'I've already married the daughter.' 'Oh, then, of course, the defendant is your mother-in-law?'

'I guess you better hear the whole story,' said the man named Frazier.

He heaved a weary sigh and then went on.

'You see a year ago we lived together—my son Bill and I. Across the way lived the Widow Foster and her daughter Mary. Well, sir, I married Mary because she was good looking. My son Bill married the widow because she had heaps of money. Now, perhaps you can tell me whether the old lady is my mother-in-law or my daughter in law.'

But the lawyer couldn't—at least, not just then. The problem had struck him all in a heap. He looked wild eyed and his brain was reeling.

'Perhaps, when you've settled that question you will undertake my suit. Frazier sided. The old lady borrowed the money fair and square, and she can pay it back, but she won't, and I've got to sue.

'I don't think I'll take your case faltered the lawyer. 'The case—er—er presents too many complications.

'By the way, said Frazier, disappointedly, so be took up his hat and prepared to go, since the double wedding a child has been born to each couple. Can you tell me what relation the children are to each other?'

But the lawyer couldn't.

The Cause.

Manager—Well, have you the programme all fixed for next Monday's concert? Assistant—The programme's all right, but there's another row among the artists.

Manager—What are they quarrelling about now? About whose turn it is to be to ill to appear.

"77" PREVENTS AND BREAKS UP COLDS

From N. Y. Sun.

A new form of Grip Epidemic.

Within the last week the physicians of this city have made the discovery that Grip is accompanied by pains in the muscles, particularly in the arms and shoulders, which suggest the twinges of rheumatism. Vague sensations in the chest of a very uncomfortable description induce a 'gone' and torpid frame of mind. There is a sharp cough, but the most distressing features of ordinary Grip are lacking.

The prompt use of Dr. Humphreys' Specific SEVENTY SEVEN ('77') will break up the worst attack of Grip and Colds.

At all Drugists 25 cents, or mailed on receipt of price. Dr. Crown's Book Mailer Free. Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.; Corner William and John Streets, New York.



YOUR BEST FRIEND

On wash day and every other day is SURPRISE SOAP

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

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

SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.

"Silver Plate that Wears."



Wood's Phosphodine

The Great English Remedy. Sold and recommended by all druggists in Canada. Only reliable medicine discovered. Six 25-cent packages guaranteed to cure all forms of Sexual Weakness, all effects of abuse or excess, Mental Worry, Excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants. Mailed on receipt of price, one package \$1.00, 50c. One will please, six will cure. Pamphlets free to any address. The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Tourist Sleepers Travel in Comfort

Tourist Sleepers leave Montreal every Thursday at 9.30 a. m. through

without change to VANCOUVER, B. C.

Carrying passengers for all points en route.

For rates to all points in the CAN. NORTH WEST, BRITISH COLUMBIA and PACIFIC COAST points, and to

CALIFORNIA, Via British Columbia or via Chicago, and also to all other United States points, write to

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

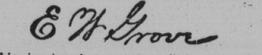
INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

Sale of Unclaimed Goods

There will be a sale of Unclaimed Goods at the Freight Shed at St. John Station on FRIDAY, the 1st November, 1901, commencing at 10 o'clock. Catalogues can be seen at the Railway Stations.

D. FOTTINGER, General Manager, Moncton, N. B., 11th Sept., 1901.

WANTED—A Large Wholesale House intends to establish a branch office in New Brunswick and desires Manager for same. Salary \$150 per month and extra profit. Applicant must furnish good references and have \$1500 to \$2000 cash. Address Superintendent, P. O. Box 1151, Philadelphia Pa.



This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

MOOSE MEAT

—AND— VENISON.

THOS DEAN. City Market.

TOPIC

Stories of Interest

An Ottawa despatch with the despatch of a number of men and munitions of sending experienced men serve upon the education of the established school system, will Canada give Mother Country in the South Africa problem.

of the Normal School has just been called. Minto, by the imperial act, him the position of principal School at Pretoria. Post in this institution are a same cable to two women.

The British government vowing to settle upon a plan for the Orange River Transvaal, which will be Dutch in those States British subjects. Consist of opinion has been held educational system advised there. Two systems were both strongly advocated the English language was official language of the other by which both E were to be officially recognized.

It has finally been decided language system shall followed in the new E South Africa, and that Dutch shall be taught in there. As Canada is the only in which a similar E. B. Sergeant with a Provisional South Africa inquire into the operation School system of the I view to the establishment tem in the Transvaal and er Colony.

Before returning to So Sergeant secured the services of Canadian school teacher.

The Small Pox Str Gardiner Fawcett, eight son of Wm Fawcett, 247 died at the epidemic hospital.

The child developed the when he was removed hospital. Two of his sisters and eighteen years, also pox and are at the epidemic child was buried yesterday.

Outside of this admission of the dread pox situation is practicing the number of cases, for the rapid extermination is influenza. Brighter. It days since any new case reported.

Dr. Moutts reported Fawcett is almost completely health; Miss Lord, of by any means as sick as Leonard and two Hamilton house on Marsh Road are be out and Miss Ebel Refinery house on Marsh gether well.

From the epidemic of checking word that Mrs. able to go to her home street and City Road, tomorrow. She is a total Three other hospital patients ready to be allowed the of whom is Mrs Robert who was a cancer patient Public Hospital, where small pox. Mr Taylor is yet, and there are several doctor said none of them ill.

Those having to do small pox cases are joyful sick on are all on recovery.

It was a week that case was sent from the the Epidemic hospital.

Several recovered patients and ten in number, were