

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE CRIME OF PERJURY

SHALL THE RECENT OFFENCES GO UNREBUKED.

The Sullivan trial a notable one in more respects than one—The Large Amount of Evidence Taken—Little Maggie Dutcher's Future Welfare.

Now that the celebrated Sullivan murder trial is over, and the newsboys no longer read the ear with their shouts of—"All about the try-all" morning and evening; people are beginning to concern themselves with some of the chief actors in that truly remarkable trial, and to ask whether it is possible that the unblushing perjury of the witnesses for the defence, will be allowed to go unpunished. The crime of perjury is especially mentioned in the statute book; and a heavy punishment is supposed to await those who are guilty of it. It is scarcely likely such a law would have been framed if it was not intended to be enforced, and the law-abiding people of Westmorland County no doubt feel that if such shameless false swearing is allowed to pass unnoticed, the effect on the community at large will be immeasurably injurious. There are certain classes of people in this world who are only deterred from evil doing by the fear of punishment, and once such people get an idea that the law is powerless, they are not slow to take advantage of it. Hitherto even the lowest classes have had a certain respect for their oath because they felt sure that swift retribution in the shape of imprisonment, would follow their detection in any attempt at defeating the ends of justice by false swearing. But if the witnesses who openly committed perjury at the Sullivan trial are allowed to escape, what assurance is there that their example will not be followed at the next important trial which may take place in New Brunswick, or elsewhere, and in the course of time perjury may become so common that an oath will have no sacredness left, and false swearing become a common practice among the classes mentioned.

John Sullivan has been found guilty by a jury of his countrymen who decided upon their verdict after a careful consideration of the evidence, and who were not only free from prejudice, but so impressed with the solemnity of their position, and the responsibility resting on their shoulders that strong men as they were, it was impossible for some of them to restrain their tears when the dreaded moment for announcing their verdict arrived.

The trial was a notable one in the annals of New Brunswick courts, not only for the admirable manner in which it was conducted, and the remarkable absence of the legal squabbles, bickering between opposing counsel so common in criminal cases, but also for the immense amount of testimony taken, and the short time occupied in disposing of the case. The prisoner had the advantage of singularly able counsel, and he was accorded the privilege of testifying in his own behalf. Even his most ardent sympathizers must admit that he was given a fair trial and every possible opportunity of proving his innocence. But the defence failed utterly, through their determination to prove an alibi by book or crook, and the shameful perjury of their witnesses who hid that end in view, and who seemed prepared to swear to anything and everything in order to attain their object.

But in spite of the desperate efforts which are being made by Mr. R. B. Smith, who has so ably defended the prisoner, to obtain a new trial, it is more than likely that Sullivan will in due time pay the penalty of his crime, and it seems the refinement of cruelty to buoy the condemned man up with hopes of escaping his doom, instead of allowing him to prepare for the worst, and compose his mind to meet the end which is so rapidly approaching. As far as he is concerned the demands of justice have been satisfied, and sorrow for the sad fate he has brought upon himself, is the only sentiment concerning him remaining in the minds of humane people. But with the perjured witnesses it is different; their offence demands that an example should be made in order to intimidate others who might otherwise find false swearing a convenient and lucrative way of evading a difficulty, and doing a friend a service at the same time.

Another point which suggests itself to the practical mind is the position in which the crown witnesses are placed! What assurance have these people, that they will be safe from the misguided vengeance of those who were proved to have threatened them before the trial?

It is not a pleasant question to ask but it is an eminently practical one, and will suggest itself to the crown witnesses themselves. It may be doing an injustice to the Sullivan sympathizers, but it seems reasonable that if they could threaten at one time, they might be capable of trying to avenge themselves at another.

Since the excitement of the trial has abated the public interest seems to centre upon Maggie Dutcher, and many speculations are indulged in as to what will become of the orphan child. As far as Maggie Dutcher's welfare is concerned it would almost seem as if the tragedy which has had such an effect upon her life was one of the most fortunate things that ever happened her. It has removed her from surroundings which could never have been other than to her disadvantage and it is likely to result in obtaining her a much better education, and a higher social position than she would have been likely to attain had the tragedy never taken place.

In the first place her identification of John Sullivan as the man who struck her mother and brother, has secured the three hundred dollars reward offered by government for the discovery of the murderer, and this alone will be quite a comfortable little nest egg towards her education. It has been reported that she is to be a sort of government ward, and be educated at government expense; but this sounds very improbable, as the child can have no possible claim on the government beyond the mere fact of having been a valuable witness for the crown. But it is certain that the little girl has made many influential friends, and very probable that her future is assured. Solicitor General White is deeply interested in her, and will doubtless prove a valuable friend, and Mr. F. H. Risteen, court stenographer has expressed a wish to adopt her. But the brothers are not willing to part from their little sister, nor are they willing to have her brought up in any religion but their own, the roman catholic. So it is probable that Maggie will be placed in the convent of the Sacred Heart at Memramook, to be educated by the sisters. But first she is to be taken to Boston, where she will undergo the operation of trephining, in order that the bruised and broken bone which is in danger of decaying, may be removed from her skull and a silver plate substituted.

The child will remain under the care of Mr. Crossdale until the spring, when she will probably be transferred to the convent, if no change takes place in the plans of her guardians.

HE HAD CHANGED HIS OPINION.

And Felt That the Country was Safe Even Under Grit Rule.

Many interesting stories have been told of the experience of those who have been recently enquiring into charges of official partizanship which have been preferred against government servants in several portions of the province. In nearly all the cases the charges were based upon incidents of the most trivial nature but, which were deemed sufficient evidence for office seekers to commence operations on. The work of the commissioners was not confined to any particular section of the province; no office holder knew when he would be placed on the rack, so to speak and for a time considerable anxiety was felt among government employees.

A large number of them evidently scented danger ahead however for after the election they became very careful in their behaviour; a remarkable change was also noticed in their political views as well, for those who had been loudest in their denunciations of the liberal party before election were numbered among its most ardent supporters after that party assumed the reins of power. There were things however that could not be undone. Several holders of government situations had spoken or written their opinions on political matters before election which could not be recalled, and this matter was gathered up and made use of by the commissioners whenever practicable. A certain station agent on the I. C. R. was among the most pronounced in his belief that should the liberals get into power Canada would have a very gloomy outlook and he even went so far as to write to a friend, that should Laurier and his colleagues get the upper hand, the country would go to the d—l.

In some unaccountable manner the latter fell into the hands of Hon. A. G. Blair, minister of railways and canals and a few weeks ago the station agent was surprised

by a visit from that august personage. Mr. Blair as is well known is not given to extreme verbosity and after a few general remarks plunged at once into the subject of his visit. He produced the letter and after reading it asked the writer if before election he had entertained the idea that a change of government would be disastrous.

The station agent with more honesty than is usually found in government officials replied that he did. "And do you still think so?" said Mr. Blair. This time however the station master was prepared and with every appearance of good faith and sincerity he replied. "Oh, no sir I have completely changed my opinion." At this a grim smile gradually became visible on the minister's countenance and

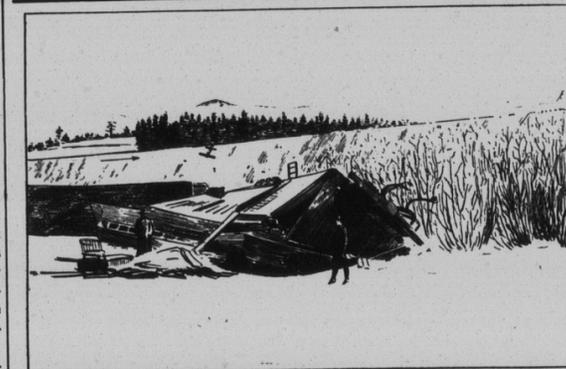
IT WAS A BIG FAILURE

POOR ABASALOM GOUGH FINDS HE HAS BEEN CHEATED.

He Thought His Gay Bride Would not Live Long but She is Lively as Ever and Now Abasalom Wants Some Reparation for the Way He Has Been Treated.

It is a question with Abasalom Gough whether he is going to win or lose by his marriage. He makes no bones of telling those he meets that his wedded life is the result of a direct bargain.

Thursday he was to see a lawyer, who has an office on Princess street, and wanted to know if a certain will could be so changed that he would not have to wait till his wife's death to secure the money. His story as he tells it is about as fol-



THE POSTAL CAR WRECK, IN WHICH MR. ARTHUR EDGECOMBE WAS KILLED.

low: He worked on the farm for Mrs. Jim Barker, till Barker died and then the woman desired him to stay on and look after it.—"Gough is 28 and Mrs. Barker 63.

After a year Gough decided he would leave the place, and then, so he says, Mrs. Barker who was suffering from tumor told him it he would stay, she had't long to live, and she would at her death leave him the place and what little money there was.

"She looked so much like dying," he said, "that I made up my mind it was a good speculation so I decided to stay on. But her brothers were always poking around and I concluded if I was to stand a chance I would have to have some stronger claims on her. I was going to get a written contract when someone said it would be cheaper and safer to marry her, and marry her I did.

"I sent for Jim, that's my brother, and

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WITH MURDEROUS INTENT.

A Halifax Man Makes an Attempt to Kill a Fellow Citizen.

HALIFAX, Feb. 4.—The murderous assault of "Joe" Handley on Edgar Kaulback, a teacher in Whiston & Fragee's commercial college, when the teacher was beheaded by an axe in the hands of the son of the janitor, is the sensation of the week. The desperado who came within an ace of killing his man is putting in the plea of insanity, but such excuses as that are too thin in the case of a cunning and ferocious devil like Handley. The lash, or life imprisonment or the rope, is the kind of medicine to bring such people to their senses. After splitting Mr. Kaulback's head open with

an axe the fellow took to the roof of the college building and kept the police and public at bay with two revolvers, at least the police and some others say he had revolvers. Some of the spectators say they saw no pistols in Handley's hands, but that it was his fists which kept the blue-coats at a distance. Then when the officers draw off for a consultation the would-be murderer got off the roof and back into the house where he changed his clothing and so disguised himself that he was able to come out at the front door and mingle with the crowd. Some sharp-eyed citizen saw him though, and raised the hue and cry, so that Sergeant Lohan pounced upon him and grasped him like a vice round the arms. The desperado was then securely locked up. It was at first believed that Kaulback would die, but the skillful treatment of Dr. McKay and the promptness of Dr. Gow will probably save the young man's life.



THE TRAIN AS IT APPEARED AFTER THE ACCIDENT AT PALMER'S POND.

This fall early we brought her down the Kenebecasis. She had all her wedding clothes in a travelling bag and we went to a minister's house on Carleton street and got married.

"A few weeks after we got her home the tumor got very painful and we decided she would have to undergo an operation. Her folks urged her not to make a will but I was bound she wouldn't undergo any operation till the will was signed in my favor, so when she was able to move we came here to town, got the will written and sealed, and I felt pretty safe then. Honestly I didn't think she would live a week.

she had undergone an operation, the tumor was removed and she looks good enough now to last twenty years."

"Well, what are you going to do about it," asked the lawyer.

"What I want," said Gough is to get the will changed so I can handle the property and the money. I've been overreached; for when I married her I was sure the tumor would kill her."

"I cannot do anything about it unless she comes here and deeds the property over to you, that is the only way I see out of the difficulty," said the limb of the law.

"I'll bring her," said Gough, "I'll bring her; I'm not going to be cheated out of my rights that way. She just about told me she was dying before I married her and now she goes and tries to cheat me. I never knew anyone to come out of an operation as easily as she did and I won't stand it. I'll go and get her, and we'll fix this, thing up in some other way," and he bolted out of the office.

"That's one of the most peculiar cases I ever saw," said the lawyer, "I never knew a man so badly sold as he is and if she don't die soon and leave him the property I think he will be a subject for some public institution."

TRIED TO EVADE HIS HOTEL BILL.

A Pretentious Guest Runs up a Good Sum and Attempts to Shirk It.

A short time ago a gentleman arrived in the city from the States and registered at a King street hotel as "B. B. Cameron Syracuse, N. Y." He was of good appearance and as he wore good clothes and several diamonds he was treated with all possible courtesy by the attaches of the house.

He remained in the hotel about ten days and during that time did not enquire as to the amount of his board bill. The best in the house was none too good for him and he managed to obtain many little extras. His bill was rendered after a week's time but he took no notice of it and as he had every appearance of a prosperous business man the hotel proprietor did not broach the subject of settlement.

After he had enjoyed the hospitality of the house for a time he decided to return to the States but did not acquaint the clerk with this intention, as he proposed leaving an unpaid hotel bill behind.

The clerk who is a particularly sharp business man and who is thoroughly alive to his employer's business got a hint of the guests idea on the evening before his intended flight and also learned the particular way in which he was to travel.

Next morning "Mr. Cameron" was up betimes and wended his way to the wharf of the Yarmouth S. S. Co. without formally taking leave of the hotel man or his shrewd clerk.

An unpleasant surprise was in store for him however for on arriving at the steamer's wharf he found the wary clerk waiting for time accompanied by a constable. The clerk at once greeted him with a pleasant "Hullo, up early this morning."

"Yes" was the reply "I came down to see some friends off."

"Is it necessary to bring your baggage with you when you wish to say goodbye to some friends?" At this the fleeing boarder was completely nonplussed and stammered out some sort of excuse. The clerk followed up his advantage however and turned Mr. Cameron over to the tender mercies of the constable.

As he had no money with which to pay up, the clerk took his gold watch, a diamond ring and two shirt studs as security informing Mr. Cameron as he did so that he would return them when the bill was paid. Then he left the wharf and Mr. Cameron proceeded to Yarmouth. A few days ago the clerk received the necessary amount to square the bill and the watch and jewelry were at once returned.

Promotion of Mr. Robert Ross.

The promotion of Mr. Robert Ross to be depot master at St. John will give much satisfaction to his friends and the public generally. The duties of station master and freight agent have been too much for Mr. W. G. Robertson and the minister of railways has relieved him to a great extent by promoting Mr. Ross who will now assume the work of Mr. Robertson in the station house. The freight department will gain by this for it will claim Mr. Robertson's entire attention and he will be in a position to give the business public that consideration that the importance of the department calls for. Mr. Ross has been a long time in the station house and the public long ago appreciated his unflinching courtesy. His promotion comes as the reward of hard work and unwearied attention to the duties of his office and the wants of the public.

HIS SPEECH RESTORED.

THE MEASURES ADOPTED PROVED MOST EFFECUAL.

In Restoring the Shamming Soldier to a Healthy Condition—His Wife's Visits Were the Signal for a Sick Spell—How the Whipping Acted.

One day in the spring of 1864 a Confederate hospital in Atlanta received a patient from a local conscript camp. The officer who accompanied the invalid told the hospital authorities that the conscript had given the commander of the camp a good deal of trouble. He has refused to drill, pleading illness, and had remained in bed most of the time. Gentle methods, such as prodding with a bayonet or occasional kicks and cuffs administered by his disgusted superiors, had failed to restore the fellow's health or revive his dormant patriotism.

'It is our opinion at the camp,' said the officer, 'that the rascal is shamming.'

'Why do you think so?' asked the hospital surgeon.

'Well, we cannot see that anything is the matter with him. He has complained of rheumatism and paralysis, but we have noticed that he is always worse after a visit from his wife. When the old lady stays away for a few days he improves, but when she comes to see him he has a spell and complains of some new affliction.'

'An interesting case,' remarked the surgeon. 'I will watch your man closely, especially when his wife is with him.'

'She will be here soon,' said the other.

'She lives on a farm a few miles out, and about once a week she visits her husband and brings him a lot of good things to eat.'

'How is his appetite?' asked the surgeon.

'First class,' was the answer. 'We have told him time and again that a sick man could not eat such enormous quantities of food, but he paid no attention to us, and went on gormandizing. He is shamming beyond a doubt, but we decided to turn him over to you.'

The surgeon was an eccentric old man, gentle as a woman at times and a relentless despot at others. He had no patience with a shirk or a fraud, and the conscript who pretended to be sick had to be an expert in that line to deceive the keen-eyed physician, who studied his face and watched every movement.

The sick man improved rapidly until one of the patients told him that he was almost well enough to be sent back to the camp. Then he went to bed and sent for his wife. When the old woman arrived the surgeon made up his mind the moment he saw her that she was a schemer and just the kind of wife to boss her husband. He disguised his suspicions, however, and was gracious and sympathetic.

After the visitor left the conscript sent for the surgeon and gave him a description of some new symptoms. An examination showed that there was no foundation for his long-winded yarn, and he was told to prepare to return to the camp the next day. No. 76, as he was designated, fell back on his pillow and gave himself up to a spell of hard thinking. The attendants let him alone, and the other soldiers contemptuously ignored him.

The next morning the surgeon came to the bedside of No. 76.

'Get up and dress,' he said sternly.

'You are to go to camp at 10 o'clock.'

The conscript made a number of frantic gestures. He pointed to his mouth and ears and then made a sign to indicate his desire for a pencil. He was furnished with a pencil and a sheet of paper, and he wrote the following scrawl.

'Dear Sur: I me beddit an' bedumed. The prally sir done hit.'

The surgeon gave him a rough shake. 'You must get up,' he said; 'you are no more deaf and dumb than I am, and you have not a symptom of paralysis.'

No. 76 apparently could not hear a word and he could not be induced to rise. The hospital authorities held a brief consultation and decided upon their course. The man was left reclining on his couch. Breakfast and dinner were denied him, and in the afternoon his wife came in response to a message from the hospital.

'We are not going to stand this nonsense,' the surgeon said; 'your husband is trying to shirk his army duty, and there is nothing the matter with him. Go and talk to him, and make him understand that he will be severely punished if he does not brace up and be a man.'

The old woman darted a venomous glance at the speaker, and was left alone with her husband for a time. At the end of a half hour she sought the surgeon with tears in her eyes, and showed him several sheets of closely written paper. She protested that her husband was not shamming, but was really deaf and dumb.

'I suppose, then,' said the surgeon, 'that he will have to be tried by court-martial and shot.'

The woman was proof against this. She only wept and seemed to be ready for the worst.

'It's mighty hard to lose him that way,' she blubbered, 'but I could stand it better if he could only hear my voice and speak to me just once before he dies.'

This pathetic touch failed to move the despot of the hospital. He smiled grimly and whispered something to two attendants. The men seized No. 76, and, despite his struggles, marched him into the back yard.

'What are you going to do?' asked the woman anxiously.

'I am going to cure him,' replied the surgeon. 'I have a remedy which seldom fails in some cases. I can restore your husband's hearing and speech in less than an hour.'

The surgeon walked into the back yard, closely followed by the woman. They found No. 76 stripped to the waist, and tied to a post with his hands fastened behind him. One of the attendants stood waiting with a rawhide whip.

The prisoner and his wife exchanged glances, and their faces wore a look of determination. Obeying the surgeon's order, the uplifted rawhide fell, leaving a red mark on the victim's back, but the man did not whimper or groan. Whack went the whip again, and then several blows followed in rapid succession. No. 76 turned red with rage and white with terror and pain, but he remained mute. It was not so with his wife. The old woman screamed, and, falling on her knees, begged for mercy.

'You are killing him!' she shrieked.

'If this does not finish him,' said an officer, 'he will be shot tomorrow.'

Whack, whack went the cruel whip, and the wretched wife almost fainted.

'Speak out, Bill!' she yelled. 'Speak and save your life! These devils will murder you!'

'Do you mean it, Polly?' asked the unfortunate at the whipping post.

'Yes, I do. Speak out,' was the answer.

'Hold up!' cried the conscript. 'I'll give in. I'll go to camp.'

He was untied, and, after his back had been attended to, he was allowed to kiss his wife good-by. Then he was marched off to the camp of instruction.

Whether No. 76 became a hero or a deserter history does not say.

THE DOOR TO GOOD HEALTH

Is Through the Kidneys—Like a Well Planned Sanitary System They Keep the Body Human Healthy—Interesting Story From Quebec.

The kidneys have very appropriately been described as the sanitary system of the human body. Let them become inoperating and disease will quickly follow, and unless the obstructions are removed, death will be the result. Mr. D. J. Locke, of Sherbrooke, P. Q., suffered for years from complicated kidney trouble, and spent over \$100 in efforts to secure relief; but no relief came until he used South American Kidney Cure. His statement is that four bottles completely cured him, and to-day he is in the enjoyment of sound health. In the most distressing cases this remedy gives relief in six hours.

POINTS ABOUT GOLF BALLS.

Some Little Hints About Their Preservation That May Aid the Novice.

Until the use of gutta percha, golf balls were made of leathers and wool, with a cover of kid or leather, much like a racquet ball. Americans who visit Scotland often bring one of the old balls back as a curiosity. The ordinary gutta percha ball is red or black, with a thick outer coating of white paint, but there are some that are white clear through. The pure gutta percha is often adulterated with rubber and other mixtures, each maker having his own process. The idea is to reduce the cost without impairing the elasticity and hardness. The ordinary retail price is \$3.50 to \$4.50 a dozen. The difficulty of obtaining the pure gum of a uniform quality is a cause of trouble to the makers, for the players quickly detect any flaw in a brand of balls, and at once transfer their allegiance to the output of another manufacturer. Without the best gum, no maker can keep the output at a steady grade of excellence. No matter what price is paid, it is claimed, the only test of a gum that is worth anything is the work on the links.

All that the average amateurs care for is to get their money's worth of fun out of a box of balls. When purchased each ball is wrapped in tissue paper, but it is sometimes worth looking them over to see if any of the paint has cracked off. As a general rule, the older the ball the better. If a stock of balls is laid in early in the season, they should be kept in a cool place. In the match at Ardsley, on Aug. 8 between Park and Dunn, the balls were carried on ice so that they would not soften in the intense heat, and a fresh ball was taken on every tee. The balls, while apparently hard to the touch, if kept in a warm place, will flatten from the impact with the driver and be easily cut by the iron clubs. There are some devoted golfers who keep the balls in the household refrigerator, and

never play with one that has not been on 'cold storage' for at least six months. One of the expensive features of the game is the cost of the balls. The beginner cuts the balls badly with the toupied strokes, and he also apt to lose many outright by wild drives or by putting them into ponds and other inaccessible places. On this account it is well to begin with made-over balls, which are also used by many experts on practice rounds. The remade balls are sold at \$2.25 a dozen, or, when a dozen of damaged balls is given in exchange for \$1.25. The process of remoulding is simple and may be done by a golfer personally with little trouble. The old balls are allowed to simmer in hot water until soft and free from paint. Each ball is next pressed into shape in a mould, which is shaped like a wooden lemon squeezer, and is used in the same way. When cool the rim that marks the union of the upper and lower half of the mould is trimmed smooth with a knife. Three successive coats of white paint are next put on, and the ball is laid aside for a few days to harden and dry. No hard and fast rule can be made regarding the service a good player may obtain from a brand new and perfect ball. It is surely a matter of luck. One day a golfer will play a ball throughout a thirty-six hole match with hardly a perceptible scratch on the paint, and on the very next time out, in the first nine holes, he will lose a couple of balls by wild drives, and out two more almost into quarters by topped iron plays or by blows from the niblick in trying to get out of a stony lie. Balls which have lost their gloss by use, but are not so cut up that they will not run true on the putting green, may be freshened up for new service by a coat of paint without the trouble of remoulding. The golf ball cleaners, which may be carried in the pocket and used to remove mud and earth stains after each hole is played, will aid in prolonging the life of a ball. Usually a golfer carries a spare ball in his pocket, besides having an extra supply in the receptacle on the club bag, which is carried by the boy. Unless the caddie is known to be a trusty lad, it is well to count the balls in his presence before committing the stock to his care, or else to tell him how many he will be held accountable for at the end of the play. The greenkeepers, as a rule, know but little about the boys they allow to serve as caddies, and as there is always a market for balls, they have a number of tricks to work off to acquire them from the novice. In most cases the caddie regards the act of taking a ball as a joke, but it is a costly one to the novice who does not keep his eyes open. It is well to convince the lad from the start that he has a vigilant hand to deal with.

Men who make their mark generally come from the country. Those country boys have little money, but lots of brains and 'sand.' If you are one, come here and let me help you. Send for 'Road to Success' to help you, free. Snell's College, Truro N. S.

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CITY OF MONCTON, N. B., Jan. 15th, 1897.

S. KERR, Esq. DEAR SIR,— I am pleased to add my testimony, with that of many others, concerning the efficiency and thoroughness.

Mr. M. Lodge, accountant W. and L. Dept., City of Moncton, and Mr. L. G. B. Lawson, my assistant (old students of yours), are both in this office. They have spoken to me on different occasions in the highest terms of the training received at your college, and their work certainly adds weight to their testimony.

(Signed) J. C. PATTERSON, City Clerk, City of Moncton.

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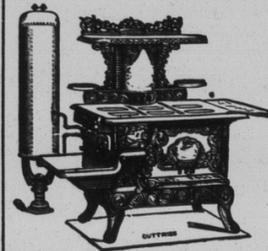
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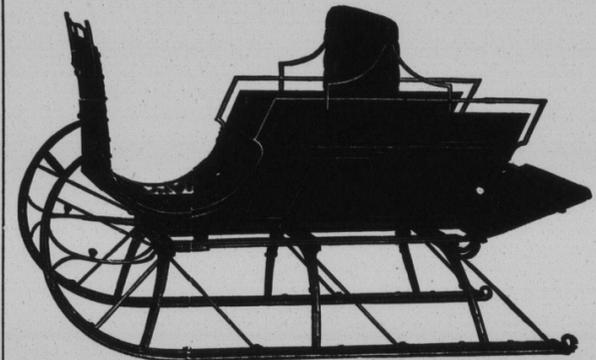
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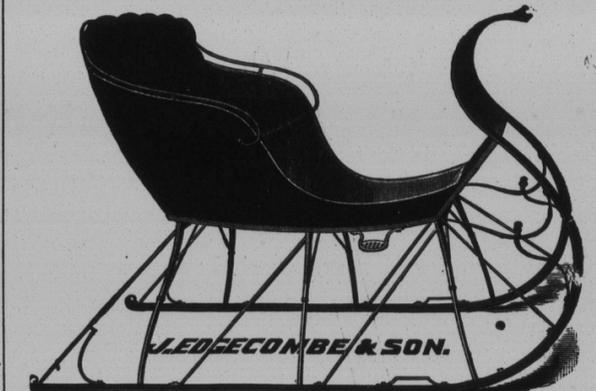
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**Music and
The Drama**

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Lovers of instrumental music particularly in the form of band music, are anticipating much delight in the forthcoming visit to this city of the Chicago Maria Band, as it is called, and the name by which it is known at least throughout North America. A good deal has been said in the United States press from time to time during past years, testifying to the excellence of this organization and there is probably little exaggeration in the praise bestowed. Of that however the musical portion of this community will have opportunity of judging later on.

Much enjoyment was had at St. John (Stones) church last Tuesday and Wednesday evenings in the musical and other selections provided for the entertainment of those present. The consensus of opinion is that nothing more successful or of more intrinsic merit had previously been given there.

The concert given at Trinity Church school room last week was quite the artistic success anticipated.

The weather was very unfavorable on the first occasion and the concert was repeated in consequence. The local talent employed in furnishing the programme is undoubtedly among some of our best and the unusual feature of a "shanty" by a number of sailors, lent a variety to the entertainment that was very pleasing.

The concerts were for the benefit of the Seamen's Mission.

Tones and Undertones.

The Damroch opera season opened at the Boston Theatre last Monday evening. Of the 12 performances to be given 11 will be in German and one in Italian. In this latter the regular company will be augmented by leading artists of the Metropolitan Opera Company from New York. The leading tenor is Herr Ernst Krauss, age 30 years and more than six feet in height.

Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker will be leading soprano soloist at the production of "Elijah" by the Handel and Haydn society of Boston in Music Hall Boston tomorrow evening. Miss Grace Damien "the Great English alto" Evan Williams, tenor of New York, and Frangon Davies, basses take care of their respective parts. It will be the fiftieth anniversary.

Madame Calve will sing in several concerts at the close of the Abbey, Schoeffe and Grau season.

The voice of a cantatrice such as Patti, Melba or Eames has been recently analyzed from a mathematical standpoint and the results are rather surprising. In the human voice there are said to be but nine perfect tones yet there are actually no less than 17,692,186,344,516 sounds. There are produced by fourteen direct muscles which give about 16,898 different sounds and thirty indirect muscles which produce 78,741,833 sounds.

It is now more definitely stated that Rosenthal has so far recovered as to be able to play again about the 1st March next.

There is to be what is designated a May Festival of Music at Ann Arbor, Michigan, and Madame Calve will be the star.

At the next Worcester Mass., festival the works that will be given are; Gounod's "Redemption," Parker's "Hora Novissima," Goring Thomas' posthumous cantata, "The Swan and The Skylark," choral selections from Wagner's operas; Saint Saens' "Samson and Delilah." Mr. Carl Zerrahn will be the conductor.

Sardon has consented that Umberto Giordano may turn "Fedora" into an opera, the text of which is to be written by Alberto Collanti.

Mille. Szumowiska's recital in Stewert Hall, Boston, last week was largely patronized the stalls and boxes being filled by the musical elite of the city.

"Lohengrin" is the opera being by the Castle Square Opera Company in Boston, this week. As it is only to be given for a single week the demand for seats has been unusually large.

Miss Madge Lesing, one of the ladies of the "Jack and the Beanstalk" company, is a great favorite with the audiences and since she has adopted blue tights that color is more popular with Harvard students than it ever was before. They exhibit it frequently at the theatre although it is their rival's emblem.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

It is reported that a very large spectacular production will be put on at the Opera House here, towards the end of the current month. The production is called "Parade".

Viviana Jarbeau will assume the title role in a new burlesque entitled "Little Miss Chicago" which will be produced on 22nd. inst. at the Gaiety theatre in the "windy city."

John Marlowe Taber it is said has decided to drop the "Taber" part of her name hereafter and return to the use of her stage name, plain Julia Marlowe. The "Taber" part does not draw.

Another dramatic debutante—Miss Violette Hardy—made her first professional appearance in "A Celebrated Case" during the recent production of that play in the Bowdoin square theatre, Boston.

"Liberty Hall" H. Cavton's piece recently met with success when produced in Johannesburg, South Africa.

Adelaide Ristori, the famous tragedienne celebrated her 71st birthday anniversary on Friday of last week.

"My Friend from India" will be produced in London, Eng. later on, but its name will then be changed to "Mr Tweedles."

Madame Sarah Bernhardt's version of the play entitled "Lorenzaccio" by De Musset, is to be put into English by Herman Merivale, who has been commissioned for that purpose. The work will be produced at the St. James Theatre, London, in the near future.

"A Proper Impropriety" is the title of a new comedy by Augustus Thomas author of "Alabama." It will shortly be presented by Frederic Bryton and Grace Fikins at Keith's theatre, Boston.

The play "Goblin Castle," which is one of those included in the repertoire of Georgia Cayvan was written by Miss Elizabeth Bialand. The authoress will be recalled by many readers as the young lady who made a fast trip around the world some few years ago.

It was expected that the play "The first gentleman of Europe" by Mrs Francis Hodgson Burnett would create a sensation when produced at the Lyceum theatre, New York last Monday evening. In that play Mr Charles Walcott and Mrs Thomas Whiffen made their first appearance for the season at the theatre. The play is said to be founded on an episode in the life of the last of the "Four Georges" when he was the gay and profligate Prince of Wales about 1785 and the costumes are of the period of "The school for scandal."

The attempt to do business at the Lyceum theatre, London, without either Henry Irving or Ellen Terry, after a two weeks trial, was abandoned and the theatre was closed.

The production of a new five act play by Pinero at the St James (London) theatre, is considered an event of the season. The piece was written for George Alexander and both Julia Neilson and Fay Davis have good parts in it. The play will attempt to prove "that romance is not the exclusive possession of the costume play, nor strong human interests the monopoly of the problem play."

Richard Mansfield's season in Boston begins on 15th inst at the Tremont theatre. His repertoire will include Beau Brummel, "Castle Sombas," "Prince Karl," "A Parisian Romance," "Dr Jeekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Richard III" and "The Merchant of Venice."

Miss Georgia Cayvan's engagement at the Tremont theatre closes this evening. She was always an especial favourite of the Boston people who affect the theatre and her season had been financially as well as artistically successful. She began her last week with the comedy "Mary Pennington, Spinster," written by W. R. Walker. The play is "a sharp satire upon that type of woman which seems to doubt the necessity of men as factors in the progress of the world." This play was given for the four first nights of this week.

The Ethel Tucker company is playing in Salem, Mass. this week. Their engagement there is said to cover a period of nine weeks. This is pretty strong evidence of the popularity of this clever actress.

JEALOUS RIVALS

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A Possibility.

"The little mermaids and merboys never have any snow under the ocean, do they, mamma?" asked Johnny.

"No, dear."

"I suppose instead of snowballs fights they have fishball fights, eh?" said Johnnie.

GASTOR OIL GLAD SHOES.

A Commanding Suburbanite's Invention for Waterproofing His Footgear.

It was still snowing and the sidewalks were covered ankle deep with snow when two commuters met on their way from the ferry.

"Whew!" said one. "This is a corker, isn't it? Let's go in and have something to drink."

They went into a place that was handy, and while the bartender was preparing their portions the genial heat of the place was melting down the snow they had brought in with them. Glancing down at companion's feet, one of them evinced surprise and exclaimed:

"My! I should think you would catch your death of cold with such thin shoes on and no overboots."

"Oh, no!" said the other. "I have worn these same shoes right along through all the snow, slush and mud of the past two months, and haven't had my feet wet even, except the first time I got caught in a rain with them on, and the most curious part of that is that the soles are made of some sort of stuff that in its natural state absorbs water like a sponge."

"That first time I got caught in the wet with those shoes on gave me a remarkable experience. I had worn the shoes only a couple of days, and as they came from a reputable dealer I supposed they were of good quality and would withstand at least a little water. My first surprise was caused by the fact that I had not walked a block in the rain before I felt that the water had soaked right up through the soles, and that the bottoms of my feet were as wet as if I had been barefooted. Then I found another peculiarity develop, and this was a source of great danger to me. The soles grew so soft and flexible as wet parchment, and the heels of the shoes and the soles also felt as if they were greased. My feet went slipping and sliding from under me, and I had to walk with more care over the plain wet pavement than would have been necessary on smooth ice. I had to keep every muscle of my legs tense and never let my centre of gravity get beyond my heels or toes or I should have fallen. I had about a dozen blocks to walk, and at the end I was all tired out by the tension."

"The next day I examined these soles. They looked like leather, but were so soft and of such weak material that I could gouge pieces out of them with my thumbnail. I felt so much interested in them that I went down into the Swamp about the Brooklyn Bridge to find out what they were. The dealers told me they were leather, but of a kind that is generally discarded for soles or any other important purpose. They were cut from the belly or neck of the hides, and the dealers assured me that I was not mistaken about their ability to absorb water or to slide. Then I determined to experiment with them and see if I couldn't make good water-proof and non-slipable soles of them, and I have succeeded. I made a mixture of real beeswax—not paraffine—and castor oil, half and half, melted it, and put it on the soles hot and dried it in over the stove until the soles would absorb no more of it. I treated the others with castor oil alone. I can walk through slush all day now and the soles won't even get wet to the touch, and they are wearing as well as the best oak-tanned leather, and a little touch of castor oil on the uppers now and then keeps them waterproof also. I have since met quite a number of people who have been swindled with these kind of sponge-soled shoes and recommended them to try my remedy."—N. Y. Sun

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THE ABSURDITY OF WAR.

Bleed! Lingers That God is on the Side of Him who Does Most Injury.

War is the last remnant of man's mode of deciding disputes in the animal or savage state. As soon as he started on the road to civilization he set up judges or courts to settle controversies. Before that, when two men differed about anything, they tore or mutilated each other's bodies, and it was tacitly agreed that the man who was most mutilated, if not killed, should give way. But he abode by the decisions of courts very reluctantly. The hardest battle of the reformers of the race was to get him to submit to the judges. He always preferred in his heart some kind of mutilation of his adversary's body, and in order to give a certain dignity to this mode of settling quarrels he got up the theory that God presided over it, and always gave the victory to the man who was in the right: In England this notion lasted in the "trial by battle," or "wager of battle," almost down to our time. It was held that the Deity was on the side of the man who gave most cuts and stabs.

When the wager of battle as a settlement of disputes of any kind became too absurd, the turbulent classes were driven into starting the duel. They felt that there must be some mode reserved of getting at an adversary's body with some weapon. So they established the rule that all offenses against what they called their "honor"—that is, their sense of personal dignity—must be avenged by cutting, stabbing or shooting, and that each man must decide when his "honor" was injured, and when cutting, stabbing or shooting was necessary. This was a very cunning arrangement for if it were left to other people to say when your "honor" was injured, you might never, or very rarely, get a chance to cut or stab or shoot at all, because they might say your honor [was not injured. But there was even a better device than this; for it was arranged that the man who you said had injured your honor could not deny it or apologize with out disgrace. He was held bound, no matter how trifling the injury, to give you a chance to cut or stab him, and to do his best to cut or stab him, and to do his best to cut or stab you. In what manner this mended your honor was never explained. To all outward appearance, after the theory of the interest of the Deity in the matter had died out, your honor remained after the fight exactly what it was before the fight. The cutting and stabbing had neither proved nor disproved anything; it had simply gratified an animal instinct of the primeval time. Duelling, however, has disappeared here and in England. It flourishes still, in the old barbarous, absurd form, on the continent.

Disputes between nations, for obvious reasons, have not come so rapidly under human methods of decision as disputes between individuals. Nations have never agreed to have judges and arguments a individuals have. The result is that there mode of deciding differences of opinion has always remained the old animal one of doing as much material injury as possible to the other side; and there still lingers the belief that God is on the side of the one which does most injury; that he counts up the number of killed and wounded, and decides that the one which has most killed and wounded is in the wrong. During war he is prayed to see that the number of killed and wounded on the other side may be the larger, and after what is called a "victory"—that is the killing and wounding of a larger number of your enemies than they have managed to kill and wound on your side—people hurry to church and sing hymns of thanks. This belief is very strong still in our day, and the enemy's dead are counted joyfully. The human plan of deciding differences of opinion by judges, proofs, and argumentative persuasion, as distinguished, from the animal or feline plan of deciding by the tearing and rending of bodies, has in fact not made much progress, though it has begun to receive attention. "The Absurdity of War," by E. L. Godkin, in the Century.

A Real Fight With a Grizzly.

The people of the State of Washington, who still have the grizzly bear with them, manage so well to keep out of hand-to-hand struggles with that formidable animal that contests are seldom heard of except in fiction. But now and then some unwary settler comes in contact with the grizzly, with terrible results.

The Wallawalla Statesman records such an experience on the part of Mr. John Doud, of Promised Land, in Wallawalla County. Mr. Doud was hunting in Wallaw-

pa Canon, when he ventured to fire his only shot at a large grizzly, and was immediately pursued by the animal, one of whose legs had been broken by the shot.

The hunter ran, but not so fast as the bear, notwithstanding the animal's crippled condition. Mr. Doud relied, however, on the bear's broken leg to make the limb of a small pine-tree a safe refuge for him, and crouched himself on this with some confidence. The bear stood up on his hind legs beneath the little tree, and just at that moment the branch broke, precipitating Mr. Doud into the bear's extended paw.

Then came a rough-and-tumble fight, in which the chances seemed to be altogether on the side of the bear. But a human being is a formidable antagonist after all. Mr. Doud succeeded in getting hold of his knife, and with a few happily directed blows killed the bear.

But it is possible his knife-blows came too late. The hunter was so badly injured that he could not move. He lay upon the ground by the bear's side until a searching party found him next day, badly torn and very far gone. Nevertheless, at the moment of the Wallawalla paper's publication hopes were entertained of his recovery.

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EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEB. 6

HONORING HIS MEMORY.

One hundred years ago there was born in Vienna to a parish schoolmaster and his wife—an ex-cook—a son whose memory is hailed all over the world as that of the Prince of Song. Of SCHUBERT, RUBENSTIEN once said: "SCHUBERT created the emotional song which comes from the heart and penetrates to the heart—gave the musical poem to the poetic one; the melody that declares the words. He created a form of art in which very much that is beautiful has been done after him but in which he still stands unrivalled." A worthy tribute indeed; and high praise enough to voice the centenary sentiment.

Vienna whose true aspect has been so musically pictured by the four great composers, HADYN, MOZART, BETHOVEN, and SCHUBERT, will this year pay such tardy posthumous honor to her one and only native great genius as last year she paid to her great adopted son MOZART. MOZART the prince of melody was buried in her paper's field in a grave now unknown, without a note of music. SCHUBERT died in poverty and comparative neglect, being described by one contemporary as having resembled "a tumpy Vienna cabman."

This week in Vienna several concerts were held at which only SCHUBERT's works were performed. A medal was coined for the anniversary. The houses where he was born, where he lived and where he died and his beautiful monument were decorated and, every possible honor done to the memory of the man who was almost ignored during his life time, by his countrymen.

In the case of drowning of husband and wife it has generally been held that the woman being weaker died first; but an insurance case is pending in New York where the distribution of \$20,000 depends upon whether the husband or the wife was the first to succumb to the flames in which both perished. The question is said to be a new one and much interest, therefore, attaches to the settlement.

The pomp and ceremony which accompanied the "Opening of the House" at Fredericton has departed in a great degree, and today but a few people outside of the capital city take much interest in the event. The abolition of the second chamber and much of the officialdom that surrounded it has reduced the profit to the Fredericton people and lessened the interest of the session to them.

Mr. HOWELLS states that only thirty years ago popular ignorance classed Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES "with those who were once rudely called infidels," and that the Atlantic Monthly lost many subscribers because of the publication of Dr. HOLMES' story, "The Guardian Angel." HOWELLS says that "now the tone of the story would not be thought even mildly agnostic."

Out in Omaha a rubber baptismal suit was recently stolen from a local church and the ingenuity of the police is being taxed to recover it. It is just a little puzzling to conceive what legitimate use a plain everyday thief could make of such a commodity, and of course it is out of the question that the garment has been borrowed by a rival congregation.

A coal mine in Ohio ignited during a strike twelve years ago, and was afterwards abandoned. It is still burning. It has been discovered that unless the fire is extinguished it will reach other mines and will let many houses over the affected area drop into the fiery hole, the roof of which has been nearly burned away.

The opening of the local legislature took place on Thursday, with the formalities attendant upon such an occasion. Com-

plimentary reference was made in the governor's speech to the late Lieut. Governor FRASER, but though the Speech was unusually long no legislation of any consequence was outlined.

The people of Oakash are to build a monument to the Indian chief from whom their town derived its cacophonous name. Western pride is easily kindled. Some towns with such a name would feel more inclined to burn an effigy than build a monument.

Cable despatches say that Mrs. LANGTRY is making her third attempt to obtain a divorce. This appears to be about the only available way to keep before the public the knowledge that such a person as Mrs. LANGTRY is still in existence.

It was a Canadian woman who pinned a note on her door telling the groceryman where to find the key. A burglar happened along first and took everything except the kitchen stove and the family cat.

The Duke of Richmond gets a pension of \$95,000, which has been a perpetuity since the time of CHARLES II. Some one of the Dukes relatives must have carried a rabbit foot.

The toughest woman in the world is a resident of Japan. During a recent illness she was attended by 423 physicians, male and female, and lived.

The eldest woman in Vienna died recently at the age of 113. She ate and drank what she pleased, and was an inveterate smoker.

The theatre has fewer friends than any other old hat.

WRONG IN HIS ESTIMATION.

Sir Richard Thought That Only 40,000 had Been Spent on the Wharves.

When Sir Richard Cartwright was here a few days since he visited Sand Point on the improvements there. Casually he remarked that a very good showing had been made for \$40,000. It is not known whether some one had told him that only forty thousand dollars had been spent there, or whether he considered that about the value of the wharves. But he was very far astray in his estimate. The wreck, or collapse, or landslide cost \$50,000 the arbitration cost \$20,000, delegations to Ottawa \$1000, cost of bringing dredge here and repairs, \$2,000, pulling piles and driving others \$3,000, diver's pay and rock blasting, say when completed \$1,000. Then the cost of filling sheds and other works will bring the bill well up to \$100,000. Either Sir Richard is far astray or the city has paid dearly for the wharves.

There does not appear to be any active demand that Mayor Robertson should run for another term. He has held the position for some time, has the credit and discredit of the Sand Point wharves and the people are becoming afraid that he may put a bill through the legislature, after the manner of the market law, continuing him in the seat for years. The people have no grudge against him as they have had with other mayors; they only desire to put in another man for fear Mr. Robertson might consider he had a patent right if he got another year.

There is no disguising the fact that the public do not like the advisory board—they consider it a machine pure and simple and not in the best interest of the public. Those who will recall the report of Mayor Robertson's address before the maritime board of trade at Halifax at its first meeting will remember that he said the opponents of Halifax were an inner circle of the St. John board of trade. He thought there were wheels within wheels at the board of trade, as the public consider the advisory board a wheel within a wheel in the aldermanic board.

While some would like to see Mayor Robertson continue for another term there are a majority of the citizens who decide otherwise.

A Despot's Grandmother.

The custom which permits English parents to arrange marriages for their children used to be observed in a manner that would have provoked rebellion in an American household. The following story is told of a relative by Lady Langford, the original of Lady Kew in Thackeray's Newcomes:

Lady Langford had only once seen her cousin, Lord Langford when he came to visit her grandmother, and the next day the old lady told her she was to marry him. "Very well, grandamma, but when?" "I never in my life heard such an impertinent question," said the grandmother. "What business is it of yours when you are to marry him? You will marry him when I tell you. However, whenever you hear me order six horses to the carriage, you may know that you are going to be married." And so it was.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Chloe's Ring. A precious diamond sparkling there, In Chloe's ring it sits; And hidden in its ray of light, A word she can't forget, Her woman's faith, her best dear she, Upon life's altar lay; Wherein for those whose hearts are true There's sunshine all the way. Still in the summer's golden prime, The budding spring time past; As love's red rose its soul reveals, In fragrance to the last, So be thy years like some sweet clime Where roses ever stay; To tell thee in their breathing leaves, There's sunshine all the way. In such fond scenes from these afar, From old time friends apart; Should sorrow sweep the chords within, Thy faithful human heart; Shall love's enchanting dream from thee, Run into shadow's gray; In troubled grief remember still, There's sunshine all the way. The vanished voice, absent all, Will linger round us long, When golden twilight brings them near, In some remembered hour, O'er longens of hand and sea they come, To seek us where we stray; As still to shiver words than this, There's sunshine all the way. In Chloe's ring, sleep happy love, The beautiful in life,— Keep pace with darker days that bring, The winds of wintry strife, When comes the cross of anguish keen, In sorrow's dark array; Still sees the soul inside the gloom, There's sunshine all the way. In Chloe's ring I leave a charm, Neopenthe when the night; Shall spread her wings o'er some sweet day And darken all its light, Should then the comfort prayed for there, Make semblance of delay; Soon comes dear heart the morning dawn, The sunshine all the way. HYacinth Window. Jan. 1897. The Day That is Done. The rosy red sunlight is streaming, Adown the wide fields of the west; The lake in the hollow is gleaming, With purple and gold on its breast; And the music of heaven on its breast; And in darkness greasy dressed, The forest looks down, as if dreaming, From its wine fluted hill in the west. Long shadows lie dark in the hollow, And point to the night as it comes; Day dies, and the stars that follow Breathe faint with their falling perfume, As they walk from the woods and the gloom, With the faint and the falling perfume, That arise from the shades of the hollow To meet the calm night as it comes. And the rays of the past rise before me; I think of my life that is sped, Of the shadowy night that comes o'er me, The pall of my day that is dead, Of my day that lies silent and dead; And the joys of the morning tide fled, Like odors of roses come o'er me, Of roses long withered and dead. —Daniel J. Donahoe. Cuba—A Dream and a Prayer. I closed my eyes and I dreamed a dream, I saw a King on haughty throne, I saw his eagle eyes on his bold; One hand waved high with many a gleam A sword for a sceptre, all of gold. And round about lay tawny forms, Cowed and crouching at his feet; Fetters upon the limbs so fleet; Lions were by, at their heads were storms, And they dreamed of liberty wide and sweet. I opened my eyes to a scene; the same Fettered lay, as my strange dream showed; Suffered and strove 'neath lash and goad; And spirits of iron and souls of flame, Fought on Tyranny's weary road. We all have the love of liberty, And one and all should breathe this prayer; "Strengthen their arms in Thy clemency; Lead to their hearts Thy safety; And though through blood and fire and care, Let them stand forth, unconquered free!" Be True. Thou must be true thyself, If thou the truth would'st teach The soul must flow, if thou Another's soul would'st reach; It needs the overflow of heart To give the lips full speech. Think true, and thy thoughts Shall the world's famine feed; Live true, and each word of thine Shall be a fruitful seed. Live true, and thy life shall be A great and noble deed. —H. Bonar. SHE RULED THE NURSERY. One Place Where the Kaiser Was Subordinate. An amusing little story is told in a contemporary which shows that the German Emperor is not all powerful in his own house. However autocratic he may be in dealing with the German Army or the German parliament, he is compelled to bend before the will of his wife in domestic matters. Mr. Bigelow, the gentleman who tells the story, knows the Emperor very well, and presented to him, a short time ago, a little cruising canoe of American build. The Emperor was delighted with it, and made Mr. Bigelow sail it up and down in front of the palace gardens at Potsdam. "All my boys," said he, "shall be canoeists," a remark which greatly pleased Mr. Bigelow, who is a canoeing enthusiast. But the opinion of the Emperor had yet to be learnt. She spoke to Mr. Bigelow about the canoe, and he expatiated upon the delights of shooting down a swift stream between threatening rocks and through foaming rapids. The Emperor failed to appreciate the delights. "Oh, no!" she said; "that is too dangerous, I shall never allow my children in a canoe." "But," said Mr. Bigelow, "the Emperor has already given his consent." "That may be," replied the Emperor, sending a smile in her husband's direction, "He may be the Emperor of Germany, but I am the Emperor of the nursery."

THEY WANT TO CLOSE THE DOCKS.

As St. John is the Winter Port they are no use in Halifax.

HALIFAX, Feb. 4.—The city council took a keen advantage of Ald. Hamilton's absence in England to knock out his pet scheme for the abolition of the city treasuryship. Ald. O'Donnell, who previously had been in favor of the "reform" has not had much in common recently with Ald. Hamilton, and he went over to the enemy. The alderman's own vote was, of course not cast, so that the necessary majority of one was secured against re-trenchment in this direction.

Ald. Mitchell is down on the peanut vendors in the city, and he is agitating the city council to make the police department suppress these business men on a small scale. This action caused some rather humorous and even harsh criticism of the popular junior alderman for ward 3. "Pe-nut politics" is the term that is used. Live and let live, alderman!

The city and Dominion governments have bonused the Halifax graving dock to an extent almost, if not quite sufficient to build it yet the directors come before the council asking for further exemption from taxation for the period of freedom had expired, much feeling was manifested on this matter and the aldermen were chary how they approached it. A special committee reported in favor of a tax of about \$600, a merely nominal one. The aldermen wished to stand well with the people, who are opposed to the influential directors who, of course, want all they can get. So they compromised with a tax equivalent to \$1,000 a year. Were the dock taxed according to its costs the city should receive \$3,000 a year at least. The dry dock, said to say, is a failure as a financial speculation. St. John, as the real winter port has the steamship traffic and pretty much all that Halifax has for the dock are the derelicts that strike the port. One of the aldermen, when the subject of exemption was up for discussion jocularly proposed that the docks be closed and transformed into a skating rink, while another favored the idea of using it as a public bath.

In connection with derelicts, or rather steamers coming in for supplies, there was an interesting episode in the harbor some days ago. William Roche, M. P. P., is the richest man in Halifax, but he is none the less anxious to obtain the agency of every storage steamer that enters the port. Pickford and Black are just as desirous, and the consequence is that there are many races to get aboard first when such steamers appear. On the arrival of the steamer "Adria," William Roche sent a tug boat to board his agent, for he was engaged himself in the house of assembly. Pickford and Black had a row boat, manned by three oarsmen with the redoubtable "Joe" Bennett in the stern. Row boat and tug reached the steamer together and the haste was so great that the tug crashed into the squid and cut her in two; life buoys were thrown out and there was no life, lost but Mr Bennett had a close call, owing his life to one of the oarsmen who caught him ere he went down a third time. Roche got the steamer and he would have done so anyway for it turned out that she was one of the Hamburg-American boats for which line he is the regular agent. The charitable way of looking at this affair is that it was "purely accidental." Mr. Bennett in 20 years experience never before had such an adventure, and William Roche, who personally or by representatives is equal to the smartest of them in getting to a steamer, night or day, has never before had a mishap.

THE POLITICS OF AN EMPRESS.

William II's Wife and the Influence She is Supposed to Exert.

A book published four weeks ago in Germany says that the present German Emperor takes a hand occasionally in Cabinet politics. When Chancellor von Caprivi resigned in 1892, the author asserts with authority, she wrote him a note beseeching him to remain in office. She spoke of the great weight of care on the Emperor's shoulders, of his agitation and worry over the existing Cabinet crisis, and his retirement to Hubertusstock to consider state affairs and recuperate. Caprivi at once consented to remain in office. The last time he resigned he received a letter from the Empress and he went. The Empress did not urge Bismarck to retain his office when he resigned at the young Emperor's request, says the author. Apparently she was glad to see him go, as for months before he resigned he had been persona non grata to the Princess of Schleswig-Holstein.

Not only was the Empress eager to see Bismarck go, but she was much averse to seeing him return merely for a day as the unofficial friend and guest of her husband. She worked as persistently to hold back the Emperor from the formal reconciliation



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tion as Herbert Bismarck worked to hold back his father, and it is said to be more gratified than some more sagacious persons at court with the latest outburst of ill-feeling between the Old Castle and Friedrichshagen.

At first the Empress was an enthusiastic friend of the new Chancellor, Prince Hohenlohe, but afterward her fondness abated, although this is not mentioned by the writer of the book already referred to. Just why she has had a change of heart regarding this Bavarian statesman is not known, but the reason given occasionally in Berlin is his creed. He is a Catholic, and Count Mirbach, the chief man of her court establishment, is credited with increasing her religious prejudices. At all events he exercises a strong influence over her in church matters and in return lends himself to her many religious plans, such, for instance, as the building of some thirty new churches in Berlin at an expense of about \$6,000,000. As a Tory and an Agriar and a bimetalist Mirbach has gone with his own into the political camp opposed to the Chancellor, who refused to encourage the fantastic Agriar demands for a government grain monopoly, bimetalism by international agreement, and so on. It is not likely that Mirbach has any determining influence over the Empress's likes and dislikes, but it is certain that whatever influence he possesses does not go into the scales on Hohenlohe's side. Probably he has been but one of the court cliques that has moved heaven and earth to overthrow every fair minded statesman in power since the Emperor ascended the throne, and to place at the helm some stubborn, refractory, narrow, and bigoted Tory of the style of Botho von Eulenburg. In fact, this head of the house of champion Tory orillnessers is regarded with special favor by the Empress; hence, it is said, the reiterated reports of his coming return to the Strasse whenever there is trouble in the cabinet.

How far the Emperor is influenced by the Empress's prejudices is one of those court questions that always wait fifty years or more to be answered. She certainly does not dominate his policy as the Empress Frederick dominated her husband's. The present Emperor saw too many dire results of pettiocot rule in his father's family to dig a similar pit for himself or allow anybody else to dig it for him. At the same time she probably gets more satisfaction for her pains than the Empress Augusta got. That sentimental helpmate of the old Emperor was so open in her advocacy of French diplomacy, so gushing in her attentions to the French Ambassador, so ungracious to Bismarck, and so friendly to every candidate for the Iron Chancellor's shoes, that her husband could not adopt no middle course, but boldly ignored her prejudices in every matter of state policy.

In a way, the present Empress is better calculated to gain an occasional point with the present Emperor than a woman of the Empress Frederick's or the Empress Augusta's nature would be. She is strong and sensible, she never gushes as did the old Emperor's wife, and she has no sympathy with anybody who doubts that Germany's is the honor, the power and the glory of all latter-day civilization. Nor is she strong-minded and stiff-necked, as is Empress Frederick. She would not be openly maternal and degrade her husband in her attentions to the French Ambassador, so ungracious to Bismarck, and so friendly to every candidate for the Iron Chancellor's shoes, that her husband could not adopt no middle course, but boldly ignored her prejudices in every matter of state policy.

Competent Criticism.

Men are not supposed to know much about the fashions, unless they are professionally interested in them, but there are cases when their judgment may not be altogether impertinent. A lady meeting another, said to her: "And how does your husband like your new dress?" "I don't know yet." "Why, hasn't he seen it?" "Yes, but he hasn't seen the bill!"

Lots of Them Were Made.

What? New resolutions at the New Year, it is not too late to make one now. Change your laundry and take advantage of what we give you free. Ungar's Laundry & Dye Works. Telephone 58.



Among the most enjoyable of the past week's entertainments was the one-act play at the school room on Saturday afternoon, upon which occasion Mrs. Chan. J. Carter was the hostess.

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Lady Tilley left Thursday for Fredericton on a visit to Mrs. Fraser, wife of the late Lieut. Governor.

Mr. Thomas Keating of Halifax was here for a day or two this week. Mr. George Reardon of the same city is also here for a day or two.

Mr. J. Malcombe of New York is on a brief visit to the city.

Mr. J. W. Miller of Millerton, N. B., is visiting St. John.

The Camera club's entertainment on Thursday evening was so much of a success that it has been decided to repeat it at the Opera house this afternoon.

Mr. E. H. Colpitts, of Boston who was injured in the recent train wreck at Dorchester, has sufficiently recovered to be able to resume his journey as far as this city where he arrived on Thursday. After a few days here he will proceed to Boston.

Miss Tillie Harrington of Quebec is on a visit to Carleton relatives.

Rev. J. F. Hally of Nova Scotia is spending the week with most able relatives.

Mrs. E. W. Elliot returns today from a visit to friends in Salisbury.

A number of delightful parties have taken place this week one of the most enjoyable of which was on Thursday evening. The party which included many jolly and musical young people had a delightful drive and supper at a prominent resort and later on a charming little dance. It was well into Friday morning when they returned to the city.

Miss R. B. Colwell and children have returned from a visit to Mrs. Colwell's mother, Mrs. Davidson of Annapolis.

Mr. Howard McCully of Annapolis was here for a day or two the last of the week. Mr. E. S. Davidson of the same place has been in the city lately visiting his parents.

Mr. H. H. Phillips of Boston has been visiting St. John.

Mr. J. Dunn of Toronto paid a brief visit to St. John lately.

Mr. A. B. Bradford of Eastport spent Tuesday in the city.

A very pleasing entertainment was given in St. John's church on Tuesday, by the Senior Girls' Senior Association. It was one of the best concerts given by local amateurs for a long time and in order to please the large number who were not able to gain admission on Tuesday evening it was repeated on Wednesday. The programme was as follows:

- I. Fan drill—Misses Nina Golding, N. Fowler, C. Fowler, A. Anderson, G. Shewan, Ethel Allison, L. Price, A. Perkins, Bell Dole, Alice Addison, M. McKean and Ada Howe.
Reading—The Rev. John deSoyers.
II. Triumphant of the May Pole.
Piano solo—Miss Sarah Manning.
III. Tablan—The Grand Song of Many Nations.
1. The Norwegian—Miss Maud Golding.
2. The Italian—Miss Laura Weimore.
Song—Mr. Robert Seely.
3. The North German—Miss Eva Smith.
Reading—Mr. McGinley.
4. The Spanish—Miss Edith Anderson.
Song—Miss Grace Manning.
5. The French—Misses G. Shewan and Grace Hamilton.
Violin solo—Miss Frances Hamilton.
6. The English—Miss C. Fowler.
7. The Irish—Miss Alice Anderson.
8. The North American, Indian—Miss Edith Anderson.
Grand Tablan.
God Save the Queen.
Mrs. Palmer went to New York this week to join her husband, Judge Palmer.

Miss Carey, daughter of Rev. Dr. Carey returned Tuesday from a visit to Ottawa and Boston.

Mr. A. E. Robinson of Havelock N. B. was in the city this week.

Mr. Charles U. Handford returned the first of the week from New York. His friends regret the intelligence that his health is not materially improved. The concert in Trinity church school room on Tuesday evening was a pleasing success both in the general excellence of the programme and in point of attendance. After the following numbers had been rendered refreshments were served: Piano solo, Miss Holden; song, Rev. Mr. Estough; reading, Mr. Richardson; piano solo, Miss Ella Payne; song, Mr. Richardson, etc.

Mr. E. P. Tupperman returned Tuesday from Montreal.

Mr. George Hadow of Bostigoche was in the city for a short time this week.

Mr. Dugga Smith was called here from Woodstock on Tuesday by the death of Mr. Richard Buh, whose remains were taken to Woodstock for interment on Wednesday.

Mr. John T. Miller spent last week at his home in Hochelaga.

Miss Nevin is spending a few days with her sister Mrs. J. W. Fortin at the latter's home in Montreal.

The Sunday school room of the Waterloo F. C. baptist church was the scene of an enjoyable concert on Tuesday evening when the following excellent programme was rendered: Chorus, Mrs. Waplen's class; prayer, Rev. Mr. Clarke; reading, Mr. McGinley; solo, Miss Lemon; address, Mr. Maxwell; duet, Mr. and Mrs. H. Smith; reading, Miss Floyd; solo, Miss Irvine; reading, Mrs. Stephens; solo, Miss Maggie Day; reading, Miss Codner; reading, Miss Nye; solo, Miss Day; reading, John Salmon; solo, Harry Ward; piano solo, Miss Tolson; reading, Miss Gregory; selection, Miss Wilmont and Miss Williams.

Mr. A. B. McLellan, wife of the Lieut. Governor went to Fredericton this week to remain until the end of the season.

Miss Funder is visiting Moncton a guest of Miss Alice Bippay.

A city correspondent sends the following account of a recent wedding in Barbury, which will be of interest to the friends of the interested parties. On Wednesday evening January 29th Mr. Robert B. Graham of Newton Mass. and Miss Katie Belyea of St. John were united in marriage in St. John's episcopal church, Barbury by the rector Rev. Robert Codman in the presence of a large number of friends and relatives. The bride who was attended by her twin sister, Miss Bessie Belyea, was attired in a very becoming travelling costume of electric blue broadcloth, trimmed with maroon, and carried a bouquet of white roses. She was given away by her father who went to Barbury for the occasion. The groom was supported by Mr. A. Murray Wolcott of Belmont, Me., and the ushers were Mr. Geo. M. Sparr, and Mr. Wilson Armstrong of Newton Centre. Among many elegant presents was a handsome upright piano the gift of the groom to the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Graham are absent on a wedding trip after which they will take up their residence on Clematis street, Winchester, Mass.

Mr. John S. Gorton was called to Montreal this week by the serious illness of his son Mr. John S. Gorton who has been attending McGill college.

Mr. W. E. Skilton of St. Martin was in the city for a short time this week.

Mr. J. W. Hoyt of McAdam has been visiting St. John during the week.

Hon. C. H. Lablache was here for a short time Tuesday on his way to Fredericton.

Mrs. Anderson and Miss Anderson of Eastport spent part of this week in St. John.

On Wednesday evening last Mr. Sydney Francis gave a delightful party to a number of friends. The party drove to the club house at McCormack's lake where an elaborate supper was served and the rest of the evening very pleasantly spent. Among those who attended were: Dr. and Mrs. Bonnell, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Francis, Miss O. J. Bonnell, Miss Bessie Allingham, Miss Lulu Estey, Miss Ethel Estey, Miss Ella Francis, Miss Maud Golding, Miss Gros, Miss Jordan, Miss Jenni Peters, Mr. Sydney Francis, Mr. Gilbert Jordan, Mr. Fred Taylor, Mr. Vincent White, Mr. Willie Golding, Mr. Alfred Estey, Mr. Ernest Smith, Mr. Gros, Mr. Frank Estey, Mr. Ernest Everett and Mr. F. MacKay.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kearney of Florenceville were here with friends for a short time this week. They were on their wedding trip.

Mr. F. W. G. Brook left Wednesday afternoon for New York en route to Europe.

Mrs. and Miss McCarthy left yesterday for Ottawa having been called there by the serious illness of Mr. John McCarthy.

Mr. Frank B. Street of Montreal and Mr. E. W. Brooks of Kingston, Ontario spent a few days here this week.

Mr. Alex Corbett left Wednesday on a short visit to Montreal.

Mr. E. P. Eastman of Pictouville was in the city for a day or two this week.

The marriage of Capt. Charles Barnes and Miss Laura Moore took place in Brussels street church at four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, Rev. Dr. Carey performing the ceremony in the presence of many friends of the contracting parties. The bride who was given away by Mr. John McGinley, wore a blue cloth travelling suit with fur trimmings. Before the ceremony the wedding march was played and the choir sang the usual appropriate hymns. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Barnes received the congratulations of their friends. They left on the Pacific express for Bangus, Mass., where they will spend their honeymoon and later on will return to this city to take up their residence on Hazen street. Among the many presents received by the bride was some solid silver with her initials, from Mr. W. Frank Hatheway, a handsome rosewood secretary with bevelled mirror from the employees of Mr. Hatheway's establishment, and a solid silver salver from the Senior Mission band of Brussels street church.

Mr. W. J. Fraser is confined to his residence on King street east, with severe illness.

Mr. F. W. Sumner, M. P. of Moncton was here Wednesday en route to Fredericton.

Miss Nellie Campbell of Portland, Me., is in the city on a brief visit to relatives.

Mrs. Tacoma Robb of Moncton arrived last week to spend the rest of the winter in the city.

Miss Lee returned from Sackville on Monday after spending a few weeks very pleasantly with her sister, Mrs. Arthur Atkinson.

Mr. Jack Holden has been in Fredericton recently a guest at "The Knoll," the charming residence of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Allen.

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Advertisement for 'WELCOME SOAP'. Features an illustration of a hand holding a bar of soap. Text includes 'Bicycles Free', 'SAVE YOUR WELCOME SOAP WRAPPERS', and 'WE WILL GIVE FOUR BICYCLES—two for Nova Scotia and two for New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island...'. The ad is from WELCOME SOAP CO., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Advertisement for 'QUICKCURE' toothache relief. Features an illustration of a person in pain holding their head. Text includes 'That Aching Tooth', 'No matter from what it is caused, yields promptly to one application of "Quickcure."', and 'The Quickcure Company Ltd. Quebec, Can.'

Advertisement for 'Cravenette' wet weather goods. Features an illustration of a woman in a long coat. Text includes 'A Woman's Sacrifice...', 'In wet weather she sacrifices comfort for appearance in a garment that soaks—gets heavy—loses shape, or she wears what keeps her dry but spoils her looks.', and 'Cravenette The Wet Weather Dry Goods.'

Advertisement for 'Pelee Island Wine Co's Wines'. Text includes 'USE ONLY Pelee Island Wine Co's Wines. THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.' and 'E. G. SOOVL, Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces'.

Large advertisement for 'Guaranteed Progress' featuring an illustration of a woman in a long dress sitting at a desk. Text includes 'Guaranteed Progress' and 'The Progress of the World'.

Active boys or agents are wanted in Campbellton, New Brunswick, and St. Andrews to sell Progress. Apply at once to the publisher.

Agents Wanted. Active boys or agents are wanted in Campbellton, New Brunswick, and St. Andrews to sell Progress. Apply at once to the publisher.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTEENTH EIGHTY PAGES.



RALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale: adiff by the newshon and at the following news stands and centres.

- C. S. DeBERTAS, Brunswick street
MORON & CO., 111 Hollis street
CLIFFORD STUBBS, 111 Hollis street
LANE & CORNELL, George street
FOWLER'S DRESS STORES, Opp. I. C. R. Depot
CANADA NEWS CO., Railway Depot
J. G. KLINE, Göttingen street
H. SILVER, Dartmouth N. 4
J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth N. 8

The masquerade carnival this week was a great success as the ice was in perfect condition and the costumes artistic and brilliant. The grand march was a pretty sight and one of the features of the evening. The skaters gaily dressed and wearing masks went through a series of intricate movements to the music of the Royal Berks and F. L. F. bands. Afterwards the ice was given up to the ice dancers of which there were about 100. Following are the names of skaters and costumes worn:

- Ladies:
Miss Miller, Sheperdes.
Miss G. M. Kaye, Scotch Lassie.
Miss M. McKensie, Nancy Lee.
Miss Beattie Moss, Dancing Girl.
Miss Crawford, Witch.
Miss Taylor, Doll.
Miss Mabel Fyfe, Newspaper.
Miss Corbin, Spanish Lady.
Miss McVibray, Music.
Miss J. McVibray, Summer.
Miss Douglas, Serenade.
Miss Beattie A. Reid, Silver Straw.
Miss A. Taylor, Fancy dress.
Miss M. Bentley, Gals Day.
Miss Siskaman, Highland Lassie.
Miss Chisholm, Fattierre.
Miss Heberington, Pink Witch.
Miss Kaye, French.
Miss Kaye, Carmel.
Miss Turnbull, She the Italian girl.
Miss M. Anderson, Mascotte.
Miss Jollie, Gypsy.
Miss Ethel Hall, Spanish Gypsy.
Miss Wier, Spanish Dancer.
Miss M. Kent, Red Witch.
Miss Hall, Spanish Lady.
Miss Fowler, French Peasant.
Miss Carney, Holly.
Miss Weatherly, Calls Lily.
Miss F. Creed, The.
Miss Shand, Lady Betty.
Miss J. Wood, L. L. B.
Miss M. Wood, Jack Tar.
Miss G. Mcintosh, Winter.
Miss C. Hayes, Order of the Bath.
Gentlemen:
W. W. MacIntyre, Puchhnello.
C. F. Tremaine, Spanish Prince.
E. G. East, Irish Knight.
W. McKensie, Highland Chief.
R. F. MacIntyre, Uncle Sam.
J. T. Murphy, Brigadier Gerald.
J. R. Harris, Courtier.
W. H. Strachan, Chinaman.
A. N. Reynolds, Pirate.
Sidney Fyfe, Gentleman 17th Century.
A. E. Dauphine, Mexican.
E. Mowbray, Gentleman 18th Century.
H. B. Simpson, Fritts and Flowers.
Stewart Wetmore, Air Pinnkett.
E. F. Keele, Louis X.IX.
W. H. Weatherly, Jester.
W. L. Siskaman, Paddy.
J. E. Wood, Cavalier Charles I.
C. F. Fullerton, Turkish Costume.
H. F. Burton, Pate.
J. A. Ferguson, Mexican.
H. F. Adams, British Sailor.
A. E. Williams, Courtier 16th Century.
W. H. Tapper, Courtier 17th Century.
L. T. Fordy, Courtier 18th Century.
George Allen, George III.
A. W. Smith, Turkish Officer.
E. E. Havill, Turkish Officer.
W. Parker, Western Sheriff.
D. Turnbull, Rosalind.
G. F. Harris, Corsair.
W. H. Summers, Torsador.
A. K. Jollie, King George III.
H. S. Ryan, Torsador.
H. Flowers, Mexican.
C. E. Johnston, Courtier.
H. Johnston, Highlander.
G. Anderson, Willie of the Yacht.
G. W. Summers, Peasant.
J. C. Bauld, Courtier time of Henry II.
R. B. Bauld, Turkish D. nave.

The chief dissipation of last week was a series of small teas of which there were two or three a day. Mrs. Montgomery Moore was at home as usual on Monday afternoon, and on Wednesday Mrs. Charles Archibald gave a large tea at her pretty home on Inglis street. On Thursday there were two small teas, one given by Mrs. Cameron and one by Mrs. Slatyer. Mrs. Weatherbee also had a tea, so that in spite of the storm it was a very gay afternoon. The dinners have been chiefly masculine with the exception of one party given on Tuesday evening. On Thursday the first seasonal dinner was given at Government house and during the week the City club and the officers of the Halifax Garrison Artillery gave dinners at farewells to Mr. Stewart and Mr. Grierson who left this week for Montreal. Invitations are out for a dance to be given by a few of the officers of the R. A. It is to be quite small but another is to follow next week, to the delight of dancing people. Mr. and Mrs. Castens are at present guests of the latter parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Fraucklyn, at Enscote. A great many teas, luncheons and dinners have been given during the week for Mrs. Castens, who as Miss Fraucklyn had very many friends here. The Hockey craze continues unabated and will till the trophy is won. The usual hockey practice of the ladies club did not take place on Monday morning; but it is said the ladies are improving very fast. The rehearsals of Rip Van Winkle are going on splendidly and every one is working hard for its success. The dresses are to be pretty and the stage settings really charming. Captain Dugus is a clever and palstanking stage manager and no doubt under his able management all will go smoothly and well. The ladies poude minstrels are rehearsing well and the success of their entertainment is pretty well assured. Their costumes will be different from last time. There are a great many people away from Halifax at present. Mrs. Andrews who has not been at all well left last week for Ashville, where she will spend the rest of the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Geoff Morrow are spending some weeks in New York and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Archibald left this week for Montreal, where Mr. and Mrs. James Morrow are also spending a short time. Colonel Kingscoe R. A., left last week for West Indian ton, and it is said Colonel North will shortly go to England.

KEEP THE SKIN SOFT AND WHITE WITH BABY'S OWN SOAP...

BEST INGREDIENTS MAKE IT GOOD.

BE SURE AND GET THE GENUINE

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.

French P D Corsets

Award of 10 Gold Medals and Diplomes d'Honneur.



The Celebrated P. D. CORSETS are absolutely without rival, and occupy the first position in the Corset trade throughout the world. Every pair of P. D. Corsets are tailor cut, and are made of the very finest materials only, and are known the world over for their grace, comfort and durability.

Obtainable from all leading dry goods stores in every variety of shape and style. Wholesale only. KOENIG & STUFFMANN, Victoria Square, Montreal.

IF YOU HAVE any regard for the command that Nature makes for healthful bread, you will ask your grocer for "Obelisk Flour." Light, white and nutritious, it is the flour of confidence. Judge it by the bread it makes. Your grocer sells it.

THE TILSON CO., LTD., Tilsonburg, Ont.

CROCKETT'S Catarrh Cure.

A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc. Prepared by THOMAS A CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney



His Own Free Will.

Dear Sirs,—I cannot speak too strongly of the excellence of MINARD'S LINIMENT. It is the remedy in my household for burns, sprains, etc., and we would not be without it.

JOHN A. MACDONALD, Publisher Arnprior Chronicle.



"Strongest and Best"—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S. & E., Editor of "Health." PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA.

OVER 100 MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM. Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the firm.

TRURO.

[Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, and D. H. Smith & Co.]

Feb. 3.—The dance at Mrs. Duncan McDonald's last Thursday night, in honor of Miss May McDonald who has but recently returned from a prolonged stay in Boston and vicinity, was one of the very nicest and most enjoyable evenings of the season. Two large rooms were utilized for dancing, affording ample space and beside the supper room there were charmingly arranged sitting-rooms. That everyone enjoyed themselves thoroughly was attested on all sides. The ladies were all in gala attire. Among those present were the following: Miss Lawrence, Miss Snook, Miss Tabor, Frederick, Misses Bligh, Misses Thomas, Misses Stanfield, Misses Bishop, Misses Butcher, Misses Graham, Miss Bigelow, Miss McLeod, Miss Hockley, Miss M. Smith, Miss Mrs. Murray, Miss C. Longhead, Miss MacLean, Misses F. S. Yerton, C. R. Coleman, E. Snook, W. Lawrence, F. L. Murray, W. Crowe, A. V. Smith, G. Crowe, W. A. Fitch, H. C. C. Yull, E. R. Stewart, W. MacKenzie, F. Cullen, J. Stanfield, W. Smith, L. Harding, F. Longhead, F. Cullen.

Miss C. Chisholm who has been visiting her sister Mrs. A. H. Learmont for over a year, left yesterday for Montreal en route to her home in Fort Lynton, N. Y.

Mrs. Martin Dickie gave a large whist party on Monday evening entertaining eleven tables. A very elaborate supper was served at twelve. A beautiful blooming as the ladies' first prize was won by Mrs. John Stirling; Messrs. E. C. Blair and W. E. Campbell, played off for gentlemen's first, the result a victory for the former gentlemen, those present were—Mr. and Mrs. Moorman, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Cummings, Dr. and Mrs. Atkinson, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Crowe, Mr. and Mrs. George Campbell, (Wainwright) Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Blair, Mr. and Mrs. Bowers, Mr. and Mrs. R. Craig, Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Layton, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Black, Mr. and Mrs. John Stirling, Mr. and Mrs. H. Lovitt Mrs. F. A. Lawrence, Mrs. W. S. Muir, Mrs. Vernon, Miss Frances Yull, Miss Otis Smith, Messrs. D. H. Muir, L. Yull, Taylor.

Mrs. John Stirling gave a party for whist, last Friday evening, in honor of Mr. T. W. Bower, who leaves this week for Ontario. The following were among Mrs. Stirling's guests: Mrs. Learmont, Mrs. Robertson of Montreal, Mrs. S. L. Walker, Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Vernon, Miss Jones, Miss MacLean, Miss Fitch, Miss Hockley, Misses Thomas, Messrs. S. L. Walker, F. S. Yerton, T. W. Bower, E. Vernon, E. R. Stewart, H. McDonald, G. Henderson, H. C. Yull, W. A. Fitch.

Mr. J. J. Snook arrived home from his trip to Upper Canadian and American cities last week. Miss Snook remained in Boston where she is visiting friends.

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NEW GLASGOW.

[Progress is for sale in New Glasgow by A. O. Ertchard and H. H. Henderson.]

Feb. 3.—Mrs. James F. MacLean entertained lady friends with five o'clock tea Thursday afternoon, and the same evening gave a very enjoyable dancing party, for her sister Miss Annie Hyndman. Those present were, Mrs. Fulton Conrod, Mrs. J. Underwood, Mrs. Christie, Sydney, Misses Minnie and Ella Gray, Daisy Bell, M. McCall, Jet McCall, Bessie MacDougall, Bessie Conrod, J. McKenzie, Lily Falconer, Laura McNeil, Louise Kirk, Ina McKay, E. Brown, E. Bowman, F. Bailey, M. Robertson, Messrs. Fitzpatrick, Simpson, Gillies, Patterson, Rowlie, Howe, McLeod, Basil Bell, Wall Jackson, J. Cameron, Chas. Underwood, Charlie Gray, D. Solon, A. D. Grant, F. Conrod, Dr. John MacKay, Dr. H. H. McKay.

Miss Louise Kirk of Antigonish who has been visiting Miss Laura McNeil the past week has returned home.

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Mrs. A. C. Thompson of Baddeck C. B. is the guest of Mrs. George MacDougall.

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The engagement of one of our enterprising young merchants to a young lady quite prominent in musical circles is announced.

Mrs. T. Graham Fraser gave a few of her friends an "old maid's drive" and oyster supper on Monday evening.

Hon. Mr. Blair, Minister of Railways was in town on Saturday the guest of Hon. D. D. Fraser.

PARRSBOBO.

[Progress is for sale at Parrsboro book store.

Feb. 2.—A pleasant social event last week was a progressive euchre party given by Mrs. Townshend on Thursday evening. The prizes exceedingly pretty were won by Miss Woodworth and Mr. Gullid, Mrs. Robert Aikman and Mr. Rudderham, Mrs. Berryman and Mr. E. R. Reid.

Rev. and Mrs. Charles Wilson of Springhill spent Wednesday night with Mrs. Gibbons at the rectory.

Rev. Dr. Amburn returned on Wednesday from the deanery meeting at Amherst.

The literary club spent a profitable evening at Mr. Charles McCave's on Monday.

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OPENING

New York Shirt Waists 1897 STYLES.

We are just opening a very beautiful line of these goods, made by the very best makers, and guarantee them SECOND to NONE ever shown in St. John.

Different Styles and Prices.

ALSO New Linen Collars and Cuffs,

To wear with Shirt Waists and for ordinary wear.

THE PARISIAN 165 Union St.

A COMFORTABLE COMPANION

World Pocket Stove.

BURNS TWO HOURS.

The newest convenient thing ever invented

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Physicians' prescriptions receive every attention. Telephone 529.

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Ferguson & Page Watches,

Always keep a full line of

Diamonds, Jewelry,

Solid Silver and Silver-Plated Goods, Clocks, Bronzes, Opera Glasses, Spectacles, Eye Glasses, Canes, Umbrellas.

It will pay you to see our goods before making your purchase.

Will give you a good bargain in Gold or Silver Watches.

Do not forget the place

41 KING STREET.

Pigs' Feet and Lamb's Tongues.

RECEIVED THIS DAY.

10 Kegs Pigs Feet,

5 " Lamb's Tongues.

At 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Procession is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Trainor, and at the bookstores of G. S. Wall, T. E. Achilles and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. F. Treese's.]

Feb. 3.—Mrs. Charles Vanstone received visitors yesterday afternoon and evening, and will also hold her usual reception this afternoon.

Owing to the severity of the snow storm on Thursday evening but few of the ladies of the Outing Club were able to respond to Mrs. John E. Algar's invitation to enjoy drive whilst at her residence much to their great disappointment and also of their hosts—Mrs. Algar most generously intends to appoint another evening at an early date for the entertainment of the club.

A birthday club has been organized by a number of the Calais high school girls. The young ladies who are now members are, Misses Flora Hilde, Edith Johnson, Marion Curran, Carrie Murdoch, Sarah Todd, Beria Whidden, Margaret Mitchell, and Alma Eston. Much pleasure is anticipated by the club especially in the spring and summer season.

Mrs. W. J. D. Thomas who had the misfortune to sprain her ankle, is recovering but not yet able to attend to social duties.

Miss Mary Newton is the guest of her friend Mrs. Henry S. Marchie.

Mr. Willard B. King's friends will be glad to hear he is much better from his illness of the past two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Todd and Mrs. Frederic Pike MacNicol invited a party of relatives and friends to enjoy a musical evening with them at their residence on Thursday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Eaton gave a most charming drive whilst party on Saturday evening. After the game of whist and the prizes had been presented to the fortunate winners dancing and music ruled the hour. The party was given for the pleasure of Dr. and Mrs. Franklin Eaton and Miss Helen Parks who are Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Eaton's guests. The ladies and gentlemen who enjoyed this delightful party were, Mr. and Mrs. Hazen Grimmer, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Porter Woods, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Lord, Miss Alice Graham, Miss Charlotte Young, Miss Kate Washburn, Miss Edith Skinner, Messrs. Harry Graham, Gorham King, George Down's, Will Mitchell, and Harry Fetlick.

Miss Edith King gave a very bright tea yesterday afternoon at the residence of her sister Mrs. J. F. Duren in honor of the engagement of her friend Miss Lillie Eaton to Mr. Yates Barnard.

The "Etude" under the leadership of Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock was most pleasantly enjoyed on Thursday afternoon in Elder Memorial hall. The musical selections by Miss Connie Chipman, and Miss Helen Byder received many compliments.

A novel entertainment known as "Olla Podrida," is being arranged by Miss Blanche Hudson for the benefit of the Union church in Calais. Miss Hudson intends training a dozen or more young ladies in the Hellenic dance and classical living pictures as given by her in Boston, and the public are anticipating much pleasure from the beautiful and instructive features of the "Olla Podrida."

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Newton have gone to Boston for a short visit. Mr. Newton will visit Washington, D. C. before he returns to St. Croix.

Mrs. Clara Wetmore invited a large party of friends to join her in a snow shoe tramp last evening. After the tramp which was a long and merry one, the snow shoes returned to her home to enjoy supper. The evening was so mild that the tramp was thoroughly enjoyed and it is hoped it will be repeated at an early date.

A number of ladies and gentlemen on Tuesday evening went on a sleigh drive to the Old Ridge, to the home of Mrs. Elmar Maxwell. Supper and a snow shoe tramp were enjoyed on their arrival.

Dr. and Mrs. Franklin Eaton and their daughter Irene, left today for Florida where they will spend the next three months.

Trinity workers met at the home of Mrs. W. F. Todd on Thursday, owing to the great storm but few of the members were present.

Miss Mabel Algar entertained the T. J. G. club. The game of "steepie chase" was the game chosen for the evening's amusement and was greatly enjoyed by the young ladies of the club. Miss Berta Todd and Miss Ethel Sullivan were the winners of the first prize and Miss Berdie Todd and Miss Grace Delmstadt were presented with the booby prizes.

The Current News club were entertained last evening, (Tuesday) by Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Lawson. The Harmony club enjoyed a most delightful evening on Monday at the home of one of the members.

Mrs. Fredrie Walte entertained the Park society at tea on Saturday last; this week the society are the guests of another member.

Mr. C. H. Clerke and Mr. Howard Murdoch left today for Rosland Point Columbia where they will spend a month visiting points of interest in that locality.

Mrs. Annie Melick left today for her home in Boston after a pleasant visit of a month with her sister Mrs. C. H. Clerke.

Rev. Wm. Dollard visited Eastport for a few days last week.

Miss Ethel Foster of St. Andrews is the guest of Mrs. John Black at "Westwold."

Miss Josephine Haman has been spending the past week in New York city.

Melville, the young son of Dr. and Mrs. Deacon, who has been so very ill with typhoid fever, is much better at the time of writing and his parents have hope of his recovery.

The Montreal Star of January twenty-sixth says that "Mr. F. Stanchillo, general manager of the British Empire Mutual Life Insurance Co., and Mrs. Stanchillo, who have returned from a delightful holiday in England and Scotland, were among the arrivals by the Vancouver via Halifax, after an absence of three months." Mr. and Mrs. Stanchillo have many friends here who will read this with pleasure.

Miss Victoria Vroom is spending a few days in Milltown with her friend, Mrs. Irving Todd.

Through the invitation of Miss Jessie Douglas of Moore's Mills a number of young people drove to

Moore's Mill last evening to enjoy a snow shoeing and dance at the residence of Hon. William Douglas

Mrs. Archibald MacNicol, and the Misses MacNicol last Wednesday for New York city. Mrs. MacNicol will visit her son Dr. George Pope, MacNicol in Wyandotte, Kansas, before returning to Calais.

Mrs. Kate Halliday of Gorham, Maine is visiting relatives in Calais.

The many friends of Mrs. Andrew de Wolfe are rejoiced to learn she is recovering from her long and severe illness.

Rev. Ranall Smith returned to St. George on Saturday after several days visit in town a guest of Rev. O. S. Newnham.

It will be most pleasing to the friends of Miss Louie Taylor to hear of her success on stage. At a recent concert after playing a violin solo, she was encored three times and after playing "Home Sweet Home," the applause and enthusiasm was so great that a flag was unfurled in the hall in her honor. The "Jeffersonian Democrat" says, "The immense audience seemed to go wild; and the opera house rang again and again with the sound of their cheers and it was at least five minutes before order was restored."

MONCTON.

Procession is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore, by W. G. Stanfield and at M. B. Jones Bookstore.

Feb. 3.—A number of our young people have organized a social club somewhat upon the lines of the defunct bread and butter club, which died a natural and peaceful death some months ago, after an existence of a few weeks. The Phoenix which has risen from the ashes of its predecessor, is to take the form of a skating club, the members, who number about twenty four, to meet at Victoria rink every Wednesday evening, skate until ten o'clock, and then repair to the home of one of its members and spend the remainder of the evening in partaking of a light supper, dancing, music or any other form of amusement which may suggest itself. The chief organizers of the club, were Miss Georgia Cole, Miss Jamie Harris, Misses Cushing and Miss Trissey Hanington. Mrs. C. F. Hanington entertains the members this evening with a little dance.

N. B.—The club is understood to be very exclusive.

So great is the interest taken in the glorious game of curling, by ladies as well as gentlemen that the curling rink is rapidly becoming one of the fashionable resorts, and the ladies continue as enthusiastic over the different matches as they have been so far. The curlers will be obliged to buy a new dressing room, since the apartment bearing that name at present, is in reality a reception room where the lady friends of the members gather to do them homage, and rejoice over their victories. Last Wednesday the Moncton club defeated the Amherst curlers by a score of 80 to 52, and yesterday the match between Sackville and Moncton resulted, after a hard struggle in a tie. The match was watched by numbers of ladies, and was so close that the finish was most exciting.

Mrs. E. C. Hanington and son, who have been visiting friends in Fredericton for the past month, returned home last week.

Mr. J. M. Lyons, general passenger agent of the I. C. R. left town on Friday, for Buffalo N. Y. to attend the meeting of general passenger agents of the United States and Canada, now being held in that city.

Mrs. Mary Norfolk, of Springfield Mass., accompanied by her son Master Jack Norfolk is the guest of her sister Mrs. C. H. Eaton of Botsford street with whom she intends spending the remainder of the winter.

Miss Nevins of St. John, is visiting her sister Mrs. J. W. Wortman of Weldon street.

Miss Mary Cooke who has been spending the past month visiting relatives at Dorchester, returned home on Thursday.

Mr. David Watson of Montreal, accompanied by his bride, formerly Miss Mabel Norfolk spent Saturday and Sunday in town the guests of Mrs. Watson's aunt, Mrs. Derrier. Mr. and Mrs. Watson crossed to Charlottetown on Monday.

The many friends of Mr. Alexander Donald, who has been so seriously ill for the past six weeks, will be glad to hear that he is able to be out again.

Miss Knapp of Dorchester is visiting her sister Mrs. R. B. Smith of Botsford street.

Mrs. Thomas Robb left town on Friday to spend the remainder of the winter with relatives in St. John.

Mrs. L. A. Borden gave a large and most enjoyable whilst party last Friday evening at her handsome residence on Botsford street. The guests were chiefly married people, but a sprinkling of the single element was added. It was unanimously voted the party of the season. Those who were so fortunate as to be numbered amongst the guests.

It will be very bad news to the majority of Moncton people to hear that Mr. J. S. Benedict, who has been American Consul at Moncton for the past nine years, is to be removed to Campbellton in the near future. Mr. and Mrs. Benedict have made hosts of friends during their residence here, and their departure will be a social calamity. Not only has the consul been deservedly popular amongst the business men of our city, but he has always taken a deep interest in church affairs, and all matters concerning the welfare of the city besides being ever ready to help along any enterprise whether in the direction of sporting affairs, musical and dramatic entertainments or social amusements. While Mrs. Benedict whose musical gifts are of a very high order, and is always foremost in all good works and ready to help with heart, hand and voice in every charitable and social entertainment, will leave a sadly vacant place in the social world of Moncton, when she departs from our city.

The many friends of Mrs. Alexander McBean will hear with deep regret of her departure from Moncton. Mrs. McBean was for many years a resident of this city, but who has lately made her home in the United States, has been paying a long visit to her Canadian relatives, who hoped that she might be induced to remain here permanently, but the claims of her children were too strong to be resisted, and Mrs. McBean left home on Friday for Depew, New York, where she will make her home with her daughter, Mrs. D. E. Russell, of that place, and where she will be followed by the best wishes of her Moncton friends, who will look forward to seeing her again before very long.

Mrs. George W. Daniel's numerous friends will be glad to hear that she is convalescent after her recent severe illness though still unable to leave the house.

Moncton people will hear with very deep regret of the illness of Rev. E. S. W. Penitroth at his home in Brimfield, Minnesota. Mr. Penitroth was rector of St. George's church here, for some years and left many warm friends in this city when he left some years ago to accept the rectorship of Christ church Winnipeg.

Mrs. Thomas Evans left town last week for Val-d'Isle, Georgia, called by the serious illness of her sister Miss Ethel Harper who went south last autumn, hoping to benefit her health.

Miss Fender of St. John is the guest of her friend Miss Alice Rippey of Church street.

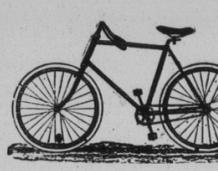
The funeral of the late Mrs. Alexander Willis

1897 CYCLES

BUILT SPECIALLY FOR HIGH CLASS TRADE, and SPECIAL GRADE in every detail, is the world's standard Cycle, the

King of Scorchers

And its mate the **QUEEN OF SCORCHERS**, built by the CENTAUR CYCLE Co., of England.




This Cycle has more improvements (not changes) of merit and importance than all others, amongst which are its Patent Oil Bath, Bearings, Locked Adjustments, Patent Reversible Seat Pillar, the neatest and most effective adjustable Handlebars, correct Chain Alignment, Narrow Tread, with absolute Rigidity, Double Rear Crown.

Its most important feature for 1897 is a New Registered Tubing in front and rear forks; 25 per ct. stronger against front strains, and 200 per ct. stronger against steering and side strains than other front forks, and 47 per ct. stronger than D tubing.

Get our Catalogue, showing test certificate and other special features.

Also wholesale agents for the A. G. Crawford SPEED KING and QUEEN, the best \$75 and \$65 Cycles. AGENTS WANTED.

E. C. HILL & CO., 101 Yonge Street, Toronto.

THE GREAT TWINS

AND



K.D.C. Pills

Relieve and Cure
The Great Twin Ills

INDIGESTION AND CONSTIPATION.

Write for samples, testimonials and guarantee.

K. D. C. COMPANY, Limited,
New Glasgow, Nova Scotia. —and— 127 State St., Boston, Mass.

took place on Thursday afternoon or late residence on Highfield street. The day was most unpleasant, a violent snow storm raging, but in spite of the weather a large number gathered to pay the last tributes of respect to the deceased lady. The services both at the house and grave were of a very impressive character, and were conducted by Rev. J. M. Robinson pastor of St. John's presbyterian church, of which Mrs. Willis had been a devoted and consistent member. The pall bearers were Messrs. James Sayre, David White, P. Hopper, Alexander Girvan, James McKenzie and Alexander Ford.

Mr. J. H. Crowe of Bridgetown, N. S., has been in town for the past few days, called by the serious illness of his mother Mrs. J. Crowe of this city.

IVAN.

RICHIBUCTO.

[Procession is for sale in Richibucto by Theodore P. Graham.]

Feb. 3.—Mr. John T. Miller after spending last week at his home, returned to St. John on Saturday.

Rev. A. S. Morton who has been supplying the presbyterian pulpits in the vicinity for the past two weeks, returned to Nova Scotia on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ferguson of Newcastle are spending this week in town visiting at Mr. J. Ferguson's.

Mr. Miller we are glad to know is recovering from her tedious illness of the past month.

Mrs. Robert Pinney is slowly improving after her serious illness.

Word was received on Friday evening last of the death of Mr. Geo. McMillan a native of this town his death having occurred at South Africa whither he had gone last summer. The news of his death was quite a sudden shock to his relatives here as well as to his wife and family residing at present in Truro, N. S. The cause of his death was typhoid fever. Besides his wife and three children he leaves an aged mother, two brothers and a sister. Miss Janie McMillan left on Saturday for Truro, N. S.

Rev. Wm. Lawson delivered his postponed lecture on Tuesday evening to an appreciative audience.

Mr. Smith Scott left on Saturday for Moncton where in future he will reside, he will be much missed among his friends.

AUBURN.

HAVERLOCK.

Feb. 2.—Capt. Fowles left last week for New York.

Mrs. Fred Seely spent Wednesday in Pettitodiac.

Mr. H. A. Keith made a trip to Sussex last Thursday.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. MacNeill returned to their home in Hampton Thursday.

Mrs. W. H. Fowles spent last Wednesday in Pettitodiac the guest of Mrs. Webster.

Mrs. H. A. Keith entertained a few friends Wednesday evening.

Mr. A. H. Robinson was in Moncton one day last week. Miss Belle Wilnot who has been visiting her sister Mrs. Taylor returned to Salsbury last week. Mrs. A. H. Robinson has returned from a her visit to Sussex and Hammond.

The remains of Miss Elva Corey were brought home from Boston for burial last week.

Mr. Sheppard of Moncton was here last week.

Miss Sophia Keith who has been visiting her sister Mrs. W. L. Corey, has returned to Boston.

Saturday evening Mrs. C. F. Alward gave a very pleasant birthday party for her brothers Ira and Dan Keith. Those present were Misses Ina Keith, Mary Price, Nellie and Ethel Keith, Alice Stuart, Mamie Keith, Emma Price and Bernice Keith Messrs. Ross Keith, Bart Taylor, Fred Keith, Walter Alward and Rainsford Keith.

Miss Lottie Price has gone to Moncton to visit friends for a short time.

CARLE.

THINGS OF VALUE.

Holloway's Corn Cure is the medicine to remove all kinds of corns and warts, and only costs the small sum of twenty-five cents.

Sugar was first cultivated in Madeira in 1420. The sugar cane grows from 6 to 20 feet high.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator does not require the help of any purgative medicine to complete the cure. Give it a trial and be convinced.

Glucose is the sugar produced from grape juice

Myrcose is a sugar produced from the ergot of rye.

Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most dreaded disease Dyspepsia, and at times went out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Farnie's Valuable Pills. I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me. I would not be without them for any money."

Quercite is a kind of sugar found in acorns.

Mannite is that variety of sugar found in manna.

The Horse—noblest of the brute creation—who suffering from a cut, abrasion, or sore, derives as much benefit as its master in a like predicament, from the healing, soothing action of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL. Lameness, swelling of the neck, stiffness of the joints, throat and lungs, are relieved by it.

The first sugar mill was erected in Louisiana in 1758.

Maple sugar was first made in New England in 1752.

Bickie's Anti Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, distention of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved. While in recent cases it may be said never to fail it is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

Galactose is that kind of sugar which exists in milk.

"Butter scotch" and "barber pole" can always be sold.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Men who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickie's Anti Consumptive Syrup, before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

Chemically considered sugar is a "hexatomic alcohol."

WONDERFUL.

Piles Cured in 3 to 6 Nights—Itching, Burning, Skin Diseases Relieved in one day.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure all cases of itching piles in from three to six nights. One application brings comfort. For blind and bleeding piles it is peerless. Also cures tetter, salt rheum, eczema, barber's itch and all eruptions of the skin. Relieves in a day. 35 cents.

Inexperience.

She—I notice that it is the single men who are the most anxious to go to war.

He—Yes; they don't know what war is.—Indianapolis Journal.

Depended on Where it Came From.

"Don't you think there should be music in every home?"

"By all means; what I object to is music next door."—Chicago Record.

The beard, mustache and eyebrows may be made a desirable and uniform brown or black by an occasional application of Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

HENRY L. MCGOWAN Painter
JOHN T. MCGOWAN Letterer

Ceiling Decorating

A SPECIALTY.

Also, Store and Office Work.

Please order early and avoid the Spring rush.

Send a card to 175 Princes St. or telephone 697.

H. L. MCGOWAN.

Millinery, Dress Making.



—AT—
Mrs J. J. McDonald's
ESTABLISHMENT
MONCTON, N. B.

Will be found the latest Parisian styles and new dress models.
Dressmaking done in all up to date fashions.
Each department under the highest classed supervision and all work guaranteed. Write for particulars and prices.

WINES.

Arriving ex "Escalona"

"The Nicest" in quarter cask and Octives.

For sale low.

THOS. L. BOURKE
WATER STREET.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Bill will be introduced at the next session of the Legislature of the Province of New Brunswick to incorporate "The British North America Mining Investment Corporation, Limited" for the purpose of acquiring by purchase or otherwise mineral lands, leases, licenses and rights over mineral lands in the Dominion of Canada and in Newfoundland and for the purpose of acquiring by purchase or otherwise stock, bonds or other securities for money issued or made by any mining or mineral development company or companies doing business in the Dominion of Canada or in Newfoundland, and to sell any or all of the same, or at any time to exchange the same for other lands, leases, licenses, rights, stock, bonds or other securities.

Dated the 15th day of January A. D. 1897.
JOHN MONTGOMERY,
Solicitor for Applicants.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

A very pleasant driving party went to Oromocto last evening.

Mr. Frank Risteen returned home from Dorchester on Friday accompanied by Mrs. Risteen and Miss Maggie Ditcher who is a bright attractive child. It has been rumored that Mr. and Mrs. Risteen have offered to adopt the little girl and with this end in view have bought the child with her name to Frederick on a visit.

The funeral of the late Mr. Arthur Clarence Edgewood took place on Thursday afternoon from the home of the Edgewoods and was a very long procession. The services at the home and at the grave were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Ten Dale, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Fayton. The interment was made in the family vault of the rural cemetery Inspector King, Assmt. Inspector Whitaker, Chief Clerk Ryan, S. E. Jack and S. K. Maxwell of the postal department came up from St. John to attend the funeral. The post office flag hung at half mast from the time of the accident till after the funeral. The floral offerings were very beautiful and quite filled a baroque. They consisted of a casket composed of roses, carnations, asparagus etc., and contained the word, "Papa," from the little son. Broke: column of carnations, lilies, primroses, midsomhatter fern, smilax and roses from William J. Alfred G. and Norman A. brothers of deceased; Willow of roses, hyacinth, carnations and smilax, Mrs. F. B. and Mrs. Albert W. Edgewood; Anchor of ivy leaves, cream roses and ferns, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Esly; Cross of ivy leaves, lilies of the valley and roses from the associates of the deceased in the post office department; Wreath of roses and hyacinths from employees of Mr. F. B. Edgewood; Bouquet of white roses, Mr. John Edgewood, St. John; Wreath of roses lily of the valley and ferns, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Golding; Cresset of pink roses and hyacinths from Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Flaxey of St. John; anchor of pink roses, carnations and orchids Mr. and Mrs. John A. Morrison; white flowers, Miss Gertrude Coulthard; wreath, Dr. and Mrs. Bayard Fisher; bouquet of pink and white roses, Mrs. W. Starkie, St. John; cresset of calla lilies and hyacinth, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hall, Maryville; wreath white roses and ivy leaves Mr. Bedford Phillips; bouquet of white roses, Mr. and Mrs. George Fleming, St. John; plow, Mr. and Mrs. E. LeRoy Willis, St. John; cresset Mrs. Wm. Cooper, and Mrs. J. W. MacCreedy. Among those who came up from St. John to attend the funeral of the late Mr. Edgewood were Mrs. Logan, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Golding, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Flaxey, and Mr. and Mrs. Phillips.

WOODSTOCK.

[Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. Loane & Co.]

Feb. 3.—Mr. and Mrs. Creighton, Dr. S. B. and Mrs. Manzer and Mr. and Mrs. R. Everett Smith appeared out on Sunday at St. Luke's church, and on Monday, Woodstock ladies had the rare pleasure of calling on three brides.

Mrs. Manzer received on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at the residence of Mrs. D. B. Manzer and was assisted in the reception of her guests by Miss Wolhaupter. Mrs. Manzer wore her wedding dress of ivory white duchesse satin, with train with trimmings of pearl passementerie, pearl and diamond ornaments. Mrs. B. B. Manzer presided in the tea room, which was beautifully decorated. The color scheme in red and white being happily carried out. Festoons of cardinal satin ribbon reached from the chandeliers to the table, which was gaily decorated with red carnations and other flowers and laden with fruit, bon-bons, cakes and various dainty confections. A very large number of ladies attended the reception. Mrs. James Creighton received on the same days. She was assisted in the reception of her many friends by Mrs. Creighton and Miss Munro who dispensed coffee, tea and cake. Mrs. Creighton wore a dress of pale blue and gold shot silk beautifully trimmed with blue velvet and cream lace.

Mrs. M. Everett Smith received at the residence of her sister Mrs. W. Bayard Belyea. Mrs. Smith wore a dress of pale green oriental silk with trimmings of jeweled passementerie and cream chiffon. She was assisted by her sister Mrs. Belyea.

On the same evening, about forty of the friends of the Misses Watts gave them a surprise party at the residence of their father Mr. James Watts and a very pleasant evening was spent. The amusements were varied the first being "A prize art contest." Each lady and gentleman was furnished with a card and pencil. On the side of the card were forty numbers, on the other side one number and the name of a bird or animal which you were expected to portray. Each in turn beginning at number one sketched on a black board with chalk a representation of the idea conveyed to them by the name. All guessed and put down opposite the number the name of the animal they took it to be. The first prize was given to the person who guessed correctly the highest number and the booby was given to the party having the fewest correct answers. Mr. A. D. Holyoke received a very pretty inkstand as first prize. Some wonderful sketches were made. Other amusements followed. Refreshments were served about eleven o'clock. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. James Watt, Mrs. Bailey, Miss Josephine Watts, Miss Isabel Watts, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Taylor, Dr. Ernest and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Holyoke, Mrs. Poole, Miss Wolhaupter, Miss S. Williams, Miss Ella Smith, Miss M. F. Duncan, Miss VanWart, Miss Helen F. Jordan, Miss Appleby, Miss Jennie Hall, St. John, Miss Huntley, Miss Tompkins, Miss Barker, Miss Hendry, Miss Nellie McGivern, Miss Mary Connell, Miss May Clarke, Messrs. G. H. Barrer, C. Neill, F. H. V. G. Howard, G. Smith, G. Fripp, L. Law, F. H. V. G. Westmore, F. Mair, H. Connell.

It was with genuine sorrow that the many friends of Mrs. William Balmain heard of her death which occurred on Friday after an illness of some months. Mrs. Balmain was a member of the Methodist church and took a lively interest in its various societies. Mrs. Balmain leaves a sorrowing husband and three little children to mourn the loss of a devoted wife and mother. Her funeral which took place on Monday was very largely attended. Many beautiful floral tributes testified to the esteem in which she was held.

Mr. Dupps Smith left for St. John Tuesday, called thither by the death of Mr. Richard Bull whose remains will be brought to Woodstock for interment Wednesday.

Rev. Dean Partridge of Fredericton spent part of last week in Woodstock the guest of Rev. Benson Bellis and Mrs. Bellis.

Rev. Scovill Neales of Andover Bay. A Mainman of New Denmark, and Rev. J. L. Fessenden of Centreville spent part of last week in Woodstock attending the deacons meeting.

Mr. Wendell P. Jones who recently passed so successful an examination for attorney has entered into law partnership with Major D. McLeod Vince one of Woodstock's foremost lawyers. The new firm is known as Vince and Jones.

Miss Mabel Phillips is visiting friends in Harland and vicinity.

Captains and Mrs. Duncan entertained a few friends very pleasantly on Thursday evening last. Refreshments were served about eleven o'clock. Miss Edith Jordan is spending a few days at Harland the guest of Mrs. Humphrey Taylor.

Mr. C. L. Smith M. P. F. and M. S. Smith left for Fredericton on Wednesday.

WINDSOR.

[Progress is for sale in Windsor at the store of F. W. Dakin.]

Feb. 3.—The monotonous dullness which has prevailed in social circles here was last week pleasantly relieved by two parties. The first on Friday evening was given by Mrs. Wm. O'Brien, duplicate whist being the amusement provided. Among those invited were, Rev. Father Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland, Dr. and Mrs. Moody, Mr. and Mrs. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Lawson, Dr. and Mrs. Ryan, Mrs. W. Curry, Miss O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Paulin, Mrs. Hurley, Miss Maynard, Miss Machin, Miss Ashworth, Mr. and Mrs. Bradford, Mr. and Mrs. Christie, Dr. Haley, Mr. George Paulin, and Mr. Sangster.

Mr. Bert Leckie was in town last week. Mr. Percy Blanchard of Baddeck has been in Windsor for a day or two the guest of his father Mr. W. H. Blanchard.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Dimock left on Monday morning for a trip to Montreal.

Mrs. Sutherland is visiting friends in Halifax. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Blanchard are receiving congratulations on the addition of a daughter to their family.

Mrs. Russell left on Wednesday for a visit of several months to Toronto and other parts of Ontario.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Booth of Sydney were the guests of Mrs. C. F. Shaw last week.

Mrs. Amor and little daughter are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Harvey Albert St. On Saturday evening Miss Machin entertained a number of her friends at "Edgell" cards were the amusement of the evening. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Dimock, Mr. and Mrs. Lawson, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Russell, Dr. and Mrs. Ryan, Mr. Rutherford, Mrs. Kinnear, Misses Leckie, the Misses Mammas and Mrs. Pamtis.

Messrs Crossley and Hunter are holding a series of Evangelistic services in the Methodist church which are very largely attended and much interest is displayed.

SYDNEY.

Feb. 2.—The wedding of Miss Ida Ingraham and Mr. Wilbert McCarty Vought of North Sydney took place at the residence of the bride's mother on Wednesday the 27th of January at 5:30 o'clock.

The bride looked charming in a dress of pearl satin with orange blossoms and chilton trimmings. The bridesmaids Miss Maud Ingraham and little Miss Rutledge looked particularly well in dresses of silk green silk crepon. Master Rutledge assisted in the happy event by acting as page. Miss Ingraham is one of our most popular young ladies and will be very much missed by her large circle of friends. She was the recipient of numerous and valuable presents.

Notwithstanding the dullness of the season Sydney has been rather gay.

Mrs. (Capt.) Moran recently entertained a number of young people and Mrs. E. F. Morely also gave a pleasant dance.

The first carnival of the season took place last Thursday the costumes were pretty and the ice was in good condition, much credit is due to those who decorated the rink for the occasion. The Sydney cornet band rendered very effective music during the evening. Generally speaking the carnival was a great success I think that our citizens should encourage the band by sending in donations to assist in adding to their collection of music.

SALISBURY.

Feb. 3.—Miss Laura Crandall returned home Dorchester last week.

Mr. B. A. Titus was in Moncton on Saturday. Miss Bessie Holstead of Moncton returned to her home last week.

Captain Carter returned from Dorchester last Thursday.

Mrs. G. A. Dodge and little daughter of Moncton spent a few weeks with friends here on Saturday.

Miss Belle Wilmut's friends are glad to see her home again after her visit at Havestock.

Miss Aggie Wilmut is visiting friends in Moncton.

Mr. Oulton of Amherst was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Allan Horseman over Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Young, evangelist, is spending a few days among friends.

Mr. A. DeForest and Mr. Hutchinson of St. John were in town on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. deForest of Truro visited friends here on Tuesday.

ST. GEORGE.

Feb. 3.—Miss Bella Armstrong entertained about thirty five guests at her pleasant home on Wednesday evening; drive whist was the amusement.

Miss Mame McGee and Mr. Frank Phillips carried off the honors, Miss Brown and Mr. George Craig the booby prize.

The friends of Father Savery are sorry to hear he is confined to his residence through illness.

Mr. Rupert Prat of St. John was here today going north.

Mrs. Allen of Dalhousie Junction is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. A. Dunn.

Councillor Alex. Murray is in town today.

Miss Lucy Chrysal is visiting Newcastle and Millerton.

Mr. Hugh McLean of Chipman is in Harcourt today.

Mrs. Allen of Dalhousie Junction is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. A. Dunn.

Councillor Alex. Murray is in town today.

Miss Lucy Chrysal is visiting Newcastle and Millerton.

Mrs. Edwin Russell and Miss Russell are in St. Andrews this week.

Mrs. Andrew Baldwin gave a tea party at her home on Tuesday evening. Among those present were Rev. E. E. Smith, Miss Smith, Rev. Henry Leves, Mrs. Leves, Mrs. W. W. Shaw, Mrs. Craig, Mr. E. H. Davis and Mrs. Davis.

Mr. James O'Brien M. P. F. leaves this week for Fredericton.

The ladies of W. M. A. society intend holding a public missionary meeting in the Baptist church on Tuesday evening.

[Progress is for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.]

Feb. 4.—Mrs. Borden wife of Hon. Dr. Borden who was injured in the wreck arrived in Dorchester on evening and is staying at Mrs. George Chandler's. Mr. Harold Borden who has been staying with his father ever since the accident returned to Mount Allison yesterday.

Miss Nellie Gallagher daughter of Mr. Gallagher of the Windsor was a passenger on the wrecked train, but fortunately escaped without any severe injuries.

Miss Fanning, vocal teacher at Mount Allison ladies college was in town Sunday.

Maggie Dutcher who created such a sensation during her stay here went to Fredericton last week with Miss Crossdale to visit Mrs. Risteen.

Mrs. George M. Sweeney and children of Moncton spent a day in Dorchester recently.

Mr. Charles Smith Hickson son of Mr. William of Dorchester was married at Niagara Falls last week to Miss Symmes of that place. Mr. and Mrs. Hickman will reside in Dorchester and they have the best wishes of their numerous friends.

Feb. 3.—Senator Adams of Newcastle was in town one day last week on route to New York.

Mr. Jack Baldwin of Barnswell was in town Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert returned home on Friday after a short visit to Chatham.

The whist club met at Miss Dwyers on Tuesday.

Mr. R. A. Lawlor of Chatham was in town Tuesday.

Miss S. E. Benson who has been visiting friends here returned to her home on Wednesday.

Mr. W. F. Napier left on Monday for Campbellton much to the regret of his friends in Bathurst.

Mr. Lee Young of Carleton is the guest of Mrs. Dancan.

Miss Louise Ferguson is spending a few weeks with friends in Carleton.

The match between the curlers of Campbellton and Bathurst resulted in a defeat for the latter. The boys thoroughly enjoyed their visit and speak very highly of the way in which they were treated while there.

Feb. 2.—Rev. Mr. Thompson of Bathurst occupied the pulpit in the Presbyterian church on Sunday exchanging with Rev. Mr. Vaus who went to Bathurst last week.

Miss Doherty and Miss Gladys Irving have returned from their visit to friends in Folly Village, N. S.

Miss Johnson spent a day at home last week.

Mr. A. McKay of St. John is in town today.

Mr. S. Girvan of Kingston visited friends here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Irving visited friends in Richibucto on Thursday.

Mr. Raimie of St. John was here on Saturday.

Miss M. Sutton a graduate of South Foreham, Mass, who spent, has been called home by the illness of her father.

Mr. Percy Wry is I regret to say very ill.

Mrs. Gifford is visiting her daughter Mrs. J. D. Irving.

ESTABLISHED 1818 "Sound quality, thoroughly matured and free from deleterious ingredients." Watson's Dundee Whisky THE DAINTIEST BLEND IN THE WORLD CHARD JACKSON & Co. Agents, Montreal

"The Ideal Tonic." CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE Tones up the System, Restores the Appetite. No other Quinine Wine is just as good.

HOW BABIES SHOULD SLEEP.

Not Upon the Back, but Preferably on the Stomach.

Sound, restful sleep, both by night and by day, says a writer in Harper's Bazaar, is more easily induced if from the first the child be taught to lie on its stomach and face. The only necessary precaution against suffocation is the provision of a smooth, flat, somewhat hard hair mattress without a pillow. The advantages of this position are many. Some one has said that half the diseases of infancy result from keeping the stomach too cold, and the other half from overheating the spine. By adopting the position suggested as the uniform one during the hours of sleep, the stomach and abdomen are kept so warm as to prevent colic and stomachache, and materially to aid the digestive process, while the spine and back of the head are no longer overheated by the increased temperature of the sleeping child. It may be a coincidence merely, but it is at least a significant one, that all the children the writer has known to rest downward have been unusually sound sleepers, and have enjoyed more than average good health.

It is surprising to see how early a child will discriminate and show preference for the face position, and how readily it accommodates itself to this attitude. A child from eight to ten weeks old will readily have learned to turn its head from side to side to obtain the relief of a change of position.

A young baby on its back is as helpless as a turtle in the same position; its one possible motion is the throwing out of legs and arms, and each such movement uncovers the child and exposes it to draughts. Placed on its face, a babe two or three months old will not only rest itself by frequent changes of the position of all portions of the body, but since it is powerless to reverse itself, it cannot get uncovered or lapse into any unwholesome cramped position. It is quite otherwise when the infant is lying flat on its back. This position not only invites indigestion, but it also causes bad dreams and night frights, and promotes the dangerous habit of mouth-breathing.

The loveliness of the women of ancient Greece has been famed in song and story through all succeeding ages, yet the secret of their beauty seemed till recently to have been buried with them. From Ovid we learn that they employed Oeasypus as an emollient. This was a crude fat from sheep's wool, used as a safeguard against wrinkles, and as a stimulant to the growth of the hair. During the more degenerate days of the Roman Empire this natural product was gradually supplanted by more harmful preparations, such as pigments, powders and dangerous cosmetics. It was not until the present century, when a distinguished chemist produced a purified fat from sheeps' wool under the name of "Toilet Lanoline," that the fair sex was again able to utilize the favourite unguent of the beautiful women of ancient Greece.

"Toilet Lanoline" is certainly a delightful cosmetic, and beautifies and softens the skin in a surprising way; being similar to the natural fat of the human skin it forms an effective soothing and protective application.

Simple Fact Elaborated Upon by the Government Organ. The Sultan of Turkey goes to church every Friday. That is a simple way of stating a simple fact. The following is the way it is recorded by the Ikdam, the Turkish government organ, which is revised by the 'Shadow of God on Earth' before it goes to press: The sun lighting up the firmament of the Caliph and of the sovereign power, the Caliph most divine, the head of all believers, yesterday, a day full of bliss, attended the mosque of the Sultan, with holy light, which bears his august name, and which is one only of his lustrous and renowned works: in the elevated desire, which pleases God, to render the homage due to him. Our august master, who is himself the source of immeasurable goodness, who wears the crown of charity, and who was seated in a wonderful carriage, which was a model of honor and of dignity, followed

parallel, and hallowed by the shadow cast upon it by his Majesty—arrived at the said mosque dazzling with holy light, and there acquitted his debt of homage, gaining by this means renewed holiness and bliss, which are added to his rare qualities, and then returned again with everything most majestic to his palace, which is unique on this earth.

The cries of Long live my "Padiashah"—prayers worthy of him—may God prolong his life eternally—rise toward the heavens, uttered by the imperial army to which victory is already promised—and by his faithful subjects during this passage of our august master.

About fifty foreigners who had come with introductions from their Ambassadors, admired from the apartment in the palace prepared for them the magnificent spectacle. His Majesty condescended to send certain of them who were worthy of such his greetings and drowned them in a sea of compliments.

AWFUL HEART DISEASE. Death Charmed Away Under the Spell of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart—More Wonderful Than a Fairy Tale is the Story of Mrs. Readhouse, of Wilkesboro, Ont.

Where disease has effected the heart the remedy to be applied must be speedy in its effects, or all may be lost. Mrs. Readhouse of Wilkesboro, Ont. says: "Cold sweat would stand out in great beads upon my face, because of the intense suffering from heart disease. I often felt that the death struggle was at hand. No medicine gave me help until I used Dr. Agnew's cure for the Heart. In thirty minutes the severe pain was removed, and after taking little more than one bottle the trouble had vanished. I know nothing of it to-day."

Obedient To The Call The editor of Thierfreund relates the following story, drawn from his personal experience of the high training of military horses. In the year 1872, during a skirmish with the Sioux Indians, the Third Cavalry Regiment had formed an encampment in a valley on the southern border of Dakota.

At nightfall the horses were tethered to the ground by a long line. Toward day-break a violent storm of rain and hail burst over the valley. The unsheltered animals, terrified at the violence of the storm, broke loose, and tore away in a wild stampede up the steep sides of the valley, their fear driving them right into the territory of the enemy.

Without horses the soldiers would be at the mercy of the enemy, yet it was impossible, in the half-darkness, to go after them into an unknown region probably full of Indians. Everything seemed lost, when the captain, as a last resource, ordered the stable call to be sounded. In a few minutes every horse had returned to the encampment, and the men were saved.

Wore Greased Gloves Seven Years. John Siron, mason, Aultsville, Ont., had Salt Rheum so severe that for seven years he wore greased gloves. He writes: "I used a quart of a box of Chase's Ointment. It cured me. No trace of Salt Rheum now." Chase's Ointment cures every irritant disease of the skin, allays itching instantly, and is a sterling remedy for piles. Avoid imitations. 60c. per box.

parallel, and hallowed by the shadow cast upon it by his Majesty—arrived at the said mosque dazzling with holy light, and there acquitted his debt of homage, gaining by this means renewed holiness and bliss, which are added to his rare qualities, and then returned again with everything most majestic to his palace, which is unique on this earth.

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AWFUL HEART DISEASE. Death Charmed Away Under the Spell of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart—More Wonderful Than a Fairy Tale is the Story of Mrs. Readhouse, of Wilkesboro, Ont.

Where disease has effected the heart the remedy to be applied must be speedy in its effects, or all may be lost. Mrs. Readhouse of Wilkesboro, Ont. says: "Cold sweat would stand out in great beads upon my face, because of the intense suffering from heart disease. I often felt that the death struggle was at hand. No medicine gave me help until I used Dr. Agnew's cure for the Heart. In thirty minutes the severe pain was removed, and after taking little more than one bottle the trouble had vanished. I know nothing of it to-day."

Obedient To The Call The editor of Thierfreund relates the following story, drawn from his personal experience of the high training of military horses. In the year 1872, during a skirmish with the Sioux Indians, the Third Cavalry Regiment had formed an encampment in a valley on the southern border of Dakota.

At nightfall the horses were tethered to the ground by a long line. Toward day-break a violent storm of rain and hail burst over the valley. The unsheltered animals, terrified at the violence of the storm, broke loose, and tore away in a wild stampede up the steep sides of the valley, their fear driving them right into the territory of the enemy.

Without horses the soldiers would be at the mercy of the enemy, yet it was impossible, in the half-darkness, to go after them into an unknown region probably full of Indians. Everything seemed lost, when the captain, as a last resource, ordered the stable call to be sounded. In a few minutes every horse had returned to the encampment, and the men were saved.

Wore Greased Gloves Seven Years. John Siron, mason, Aultsville, Ont., had Salt Rheum so severe that for seven years he wore greased gloves. He writes: "I used a quart of a box of Chase's Ointment. It cured me. No trace of Salt Rheum now." Chase's Ointment cures every irritant disease of the skin, allays itching instantly, and is a sterling remedy for piles. Avoid imitations. 60c. per box.

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Makes life misery to thousands of people. It manifests itself in many different ways, like goitre, swellings, running sores, boils, salt rheum and pimples and other eruptions. Scarcely a man is wholly free from it, in some form. It clings tenaciously until the last vestige of scrofulous poison is eradicated by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1897.

SOME SUITABLE GIFTS.

THEY ARE GIVEN IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE BRIDE'S STATUTE.

A List of Gifts at a Country Wedding—Some Women who do not Spend all Their Money on a Trousseau—A Contrast Between now and Half a Century ago.

A short time ago I read an account of a wedding which interested me exceedingly! It was not exactly a society wedding, and it took place in the rural districts of New Brunswick, but the bride had evidently made a study of the descriptions of fashionable weddings and resolved that this should not go undescrbed, so after a minute description of the ceremony, her own, and the guests' dresses, and the wedding feast there came an exhaustive list of the presents. Doubtless they would have called up a smile to the face of the fashionable bride who is obliged to engage a policeman to guard the treasures lavished upon her by her friends; but they looked quite imposing in print, and were quite as useful to the little country bride as the elegant array of bridal spoil could possibly be to her city contemporary.

I remember that the rural bride's gifts included such articles as—"flat irons" from an aunt; "rocking chair" from an uncle; "quilt" from another aunt, "rolling; pin and tray" from a cousin; "a complete set of washing tubs and board from another relative, several more quilts, a pair of feather pillows, a sofa cushion, and if I remember aright either a cow or a calf, from the bride's mother. The usual number of butter knives, pickle dishes "half a dozen silver spoons" etc., were sandwiched inbetween, but it was the homelier gifts that attracted my attention, and after a moment's amusement at the sight of such articles arrayed in print, and so carefully described, I thought "why not?" If the original object of wedding presents was supposed to be the helping of two young people to set up housekeeping, why should not the gifts of their friends and relatives take as useful and practical a form as possible? Where the bride's parents are wealthy, and the groom is well-to-do, it is different, and the dear five hundred intimate friends who are bidden to the wedding are quite right in lavishing as many expensive and useless offerings on the bride, as they like. Cut glass puff boxes and scent bottles with wrought silver tops, and silver backed nail, tooth and hair brushes are quite in her line, and sure to please her. But for the girl in strictly middle class variety whose father has a hard struggle to clothe, educate, provide outfits for three or four daughters, and who is contentedly marrying the man of her heart, a young clerk whose salary is considerably under a thousand a year, what could be more acceptable than a set of wedding presents which would really help her in the important matter of getting a home ready? For instance—in the days of our mother's no girl ever dreamed of being married without providing herself amply with house linen. Long before her own personal belongings were purchased the sheets, table cloths, towels pillow cases were selected, hemmed, laundered and stored away, then, as I heard one of these brides of twenty-five years ago say, "Whatever was left over, of your trousseau money was put upon your own back, and sometimes that was not much." It was quite a heavy tax for the bride's family when they were not well off, because no one ever thought of letting a girl go to her new home with less than a dozen of everything, and house linen cost a good deal more than it does now; so a wedding in the family often meant rigid economy for the remaining members long after the event was a thing of the past. Things are greatly changed and simplified now, and the bride of today is not only quite satisfied with half, instead of a whole, dozen, but it is no longer considered obligatory on her to bring her husband a stock of house linen, and many girls never consider such a thing for a moment, in planning their outfit. Every girl looks forward to being remembered by her friends whether her marriage is a quiet one or not, and her wedding presents are considered a sufficient contribution towards housekeeping.

Of course this is merely a shifting of the burden from the bride to the bridegroom's shoulders and sometimes he can ill afford to assume it. The furnishing of even the smallest house is a serious matter and an expensive one, and few young men save much money now-a-days, so if the bride's friends should happen to make her

a present of enough house linen to begin with it would be a great help.

Suppose instead of squandering their pocket money on silver bon bon dishes and spoons, which are useless in the extreme to people who have little money to waste on bon-bons, the bride's girl friends were to assemble, talk the matter over and each decide to provide some necessary piece of house linen.

"I intended giving Pollie half a dozen solid coffee spoons," says one girl, after the scheme has been unfolded to her, "but perhaps two nice tablecloths would be just as useful, now you suggest it and they would cost the same. "Why yes" says another, "I think it is a lovely idea, for I heard Pollie say they would have to furnish so plainly, as Jim had never saved much. Let me go with you when you choose the tablecloths and I will get a dozen napkins to match. I was so worried because I could get Pollie anything as handsome as the rest of you, but [the napkins] will be just the thing! Another girl is eager to promise a dozen towels, embroidered with the future bride's initials, a fourth takes rapid mental stock of her finances and decides that a good white counterpane will be quite within her means. Another will provide two pairs of sheets hemstitched, initialled, and still another promises a five o'clock tea cloth and half a dozen tea doylies. In fact, by the time the meeting breaks up Pollie is sure of a very respectable amount of linen to begin housekeeping with, and the girls have arranged to meet again when it is all made up and laundered. Pack the different gifts in one good-sized box, and send it to the bride shortly before her marriage, as an offering from her girl friends.

Let no one imagine that such gifts are either poor, or small. The girl who gives her friend one dozen of towels, or two pairs of sheets, is giving her a very substantial present, because a good quality of house linen always costs a good price, and though less showy than silver, is far more sensitive than silver.

When the girl who has very little money to spend in presents, need not despair of being able to give her friend a useful present, for a set of cup towels, dusters, and holders, though they cost little would be a most acceptable present for any young wife and one which would be a source of far more real satisfaction to her than the handsomest piece of silver. I remember once hearing an old lady, whose son had recently been married say—"John's wife had everything that heart could wish for, in her trousseau, more dresses than she can ever wear, lots of everything for her house, enough silver to last her all her life, and the most elegant presents, but not one dish cloth, cup towel, duster or holder and before they could go to housekeeping, I had to set to work and make her enough to start with."

So take this hint girls, try to make the gifts you offer your friends who are on the brink of matrimony, as useful as possible, instead of merely showy and rest assured that even the duster and cup towels will be thoroughly appreciated, and the motive regarded far more closely than the value of the present. There are usually plenty of people to give a bride handsome presents, but it is only the few who love her, that take the trouble to really study her wants, and spend time and thought, as well as money, in the hope of giving her pleasure. Even the washboard that country bride received had something sacred about it, if it was given with a loving wish to please her, and the quilt deserved to be handed down in her family as an heirloom if each of the many stitches required to finish it, was set in with a loving thought.

WHEN SINGERS SHOULD SING.

How this Question is Decided by an English Authority.

Among the questions which vocalists have to settle for themselves, says the London Family Doctor, is that of eating. Some of the greatest singers of the world cannot sing for hours after they have eaten while others must eat almost the last thing before attempting even a concert selection. If the digestion of a vocalist be normal, it is best to eat about two hours before singing.

The body should rest for three-quarters of an hour after eating, and if possible, no

FOUNTAIN SYRINGES—2 quart, in wood box, with 4 pipes (including vaginal injector) \$1.00. Postpaid to any part of Canada \$1.10. C. K. Snow, Druggist, St. John, N. B.

FOR FEBRUARY ONLY.

MEN'S CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

THIS is our first CLEARING-UP SALE in this Department, and we intend to make it a great success. We have therefore REDUCED a lot of goods especially for this sale to prices that will make EVERYTHING OFFERED A DECIDED BARGAIN.

All broken lines in Suits, Coats, Vests, Trousers, Ulsters, Overcoats, Waterproof Coats, and Office Coats will be included in this sale.

Boys' and Youths' Clothing Department.

For this sale we intend offering the GREATEST VALUE WE HAVE EVER SHOWN in Boys' Separate Pants, Sailor Suits (long and short pants), Boys' Two and Three Piece Suits, Boys' Reckers and Ulsters, Boys' Spring Reckers, Youths' Suits with Long Pants. All odds and ends and broken lines will be sold at Greatly Reduced Prices, and many lines of New Goods will be offered Special Prices for FEBRUARY ONLY.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

faculty should be used arduously during that time. Reading interferes with digestion, and any mental exertion delays the process just so much longer. The animal which eats a good dinner and then lies down teaches a very good lesson, especially to vocalists. The food should be slowly digested and allowed to replenish every exhausted part of the system. Then the voice is prepared to do good work. The stomach should be empty when great vocal effort is to be made, but it should not be in the weak state that follows want of food.

Patti uses so little breath that it seems as if she needed none at all, and this is the way every voice should be used. The facility with which she uses art spares her body any strain, and she exhausts about one-third of the amount of vital force when she sings that most vocalists are conscious of when they sing. She steps from the stage into the green-room capable of going through the scenes again, while others are too prostrated to speak. The voice should be the last organ to show declining power, and, rightly used, ought to be beautiful at 60 years of age. Little food, and only that of the simplest and most nutritious kind, should be the rule by which singers should live.

THE ADMIRAL'S PLAYERS.

A Scene in Coventry During The Days Of Good Queen Bess.

The ancient city of Coventry stands upon a little hill, with old St Michael's steeple and the spire of Holy Trinity Church rising above it against the sky; and, as the masterplayer and the boy came climbing upward from the south, walls, towers, chimneys and red-tiled roofs were turned to gold by the glow of the setting sun.

To Nick it seemed as if a halo overhung the town—a ruddy glory and a wonder bright, for here the Grey Friars of the great monastery had played their holy mysteries and miracle-plays for over a hundred years; here the trade-guilds had held their pageants when the friar's day was done; here were all the wonders that old men told by winter fires.

People were coming and going through the gates like bees about a hive; and in the distance Nick could hear the sound of many voices, the rush of feet, wheels and hoofs, and the shrill pipe of music. Here and there were little knots of country folks making holiday—a father and mother with a group of rosy children; a lad and his lass, spruce in new finery, and gay with bits of ribbon—merry groups that were ever changing. Gay banners flapped on tall ash staves. The suburb fields were filled with booths and tents and stalls and butts for archery. The very air seemed eager with the eve of holiday.

But what to Nick was breathless wonder was to Carew only a twice-told tale; so he pushed through the crowded thoroughfares, amid a throng that made Nick's head spin round, and came quickly to the Blue Bear Inn.

The court was crowded to the gates with horses, travellers, and serving-men; and here and there and everywhere rushed the busy innkeeper, with a linen napkin fluttering on his arm, his cap half off, and in his hot hand a pewter flagon, from which the brown ale dripped in spatters on his fat legs as he flew.

"They're here," said Carew, looking shrewdly about; "for there is Gregory Goole, my groom, and Stephen Magell, the tire-man. In with thee, Nicholas."

He put Nick before him with a little air of patronage, and pushed him into the room.

It was a large low chamber, with heavy beams overhead, hung with leather jackets

and pewter tankards. Around the walls stood rough tables, at which a medley of guests sat eating, drinking, dicing, playing at cards, and talking loudly, all at once while the tapster and the cook's knave sped wildly about.

At a great table in the midst of the riot sat the Lord High Admiral's players—a score or more loud-swashing gallants, richly clad in ruffs and bands, embroidered shirts, Italian doublets slashed and laced, Venetian hose, gay velvet caps with jeweled bands, and every man a poniard or a rapier at his hip. Nick felt very much like a little brown sparrow in a flock of gaudy Indian birds.

The board was loaded down with meat and drink; and some of the players were eating with forks, a new trick from the London court, which Nick had never seen before. But all the diners looked up when Carew's face was recognized, and welcomed him with a deafening shout.

He waved his hand for silence. "Thanks for these kind plaudits, gentle friends," said he, with a mocking air, "I have returned."

"Yes, we see that ye have, Gaston," they all shouted, and laughed again. "Ay," said he, thrusting his hand into his pouch, "ye fled, and left me to be spoiled by the spoiler, but ye see I have left the spoiler spoiled."

Lifting his hand triumphantly, he shook in their faces the golden chain that the burgesses of Stratford had given him, and the laying his hand upon Nick's shoulder, bowed to them all, and to him with courtly grace and said: "Be known, be known all! Gentlemen, my Lord Admiral's players, Master Nicholas Skylark, the sweetest singer in all the kingdom of England!"

Nick's cheeks flushed hotly, and his eyes fell; for they all stared curiously, first at him, and then at Carew standing behind him, and several grinned mockingly and winked in a knowing way. He stole a look at Carew; but the master-player's face was frank and quite unmoved, so that Nick felt reassured—"Master Skylark," by John Bennett, in St. Nicholas.

PRETTY LONESOME WORK.

That of the Lighthouse Keepers Along the Florida Keys.

More ship's bones lie upon the outer reef girdling the keys of South Florida than perhaps upon any other shoals, excepting Hatteras, in this country. Capt. Thomas S. Eells, agent of the Lloyds in this city, has a record of shipwrecks on the coast of Florida for many years, and the aggregate of losses foots up surprisingly high in the millions of dollars.

The strait of Florida has long been an ocean highway for steamers and sailing ships bound from foreign and domestic ports to New Orleans, Central, and South America. In fact, the outlet of the great Gulf of Mexico, surrounded by rich

and fertile countries, has been this narrow strait between the keys and Cuba, through which the Gulf Stream passes. Consequently, it is not surprising that in this narrow strait, the cauldron, where the West Indian hurricanes generate, with its concealed reefs of cruel coral, thousands of vessels have ended their careers, and more than thousands of men have lost their lives. Few sailors pass through the strait now without being reminded of the brave men and the brave ships whose skeletons whiten the sands beneath the surface of the limpid-green waters, and some of them, as they watch the storm scud fly across the moon and listen to the moan of the reef buoy mingling with the creaking of the spars of the ship, perhaps have good ground to believe that this place is haunted by demons of the deep and the souls of dead comrades.

It is no wonder that the inhabitants of the keys, the "Conchs," have grown rich in wrecking. In these latter days, however, there are fewer wrecks in the strait than there were some years ago, for Uncle Sam has marked the contour of the dangerous hidden reef with a fine system of light-houses, each with a light of separate and distinct character, so that the mariner may know how to shape his course in the blackest and stormiest of nights.

The job of lighthouse keeper is about the loneliest way of making a living in the catalogue of occupations. The mental strain has proven so great in several instances that the keeper grew melancholy to such an extent that he ended it by blowing out his brains. The system is now so arranged that the sudden darkening of an important reef lamp by a suicide's bullet is not probable, for two keepers are stationed in each light for company's sake as well as to guard against sickness.

These two keepers of the key lights for two months on a stretch seldom see any faces except their own and converse with nobody except each other. The light-houses are, on an average, twenty miles from land, and ships pass from ten to twenty miles away. The light-houses are built of four great iron pillars, founded deep in the coral and towering toward each other. Platforms of steel bind the pillars together; sleeping and storage rooms are constructed and the lamp crews all. The place is not perilous, but in a storm must be what the colored folks call "lonesome" to an uncanny degree.

Most of the keepers have developed into omnivorous readers. Some of them, however, have pursued a steady purpose and one we have in mind prepared himself for admittance to the bar, and has since become one of Key West's most eminent lawyers. He has a dramatic manner of expression, and learned it, so 'tis said, by "noratin' to the winds and the waves, and his single companion.—Florida Times Union.

Pill Clothes.

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The good pill has a good coat. The pill coat serves two purposes; it protects the pill, and disguises it to the sensitive palate. Some coats are too heavy; they won't dissolve, and the pills they cover pass through the system, harmless as a bread pellet. Other coats are too light, and permit the speedy deterioration of the pill. After 30 years exposure, Ayer's Sugar Coated Pills have been found as effective as if just fresh from the laboratory. It's a good pill, with a good coat. Ask your druggist for

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Agents Wanted.

TWO WIVES.

"It's grown chilly, hasn't it?"

"Oh, yes," said Agnes Lawton, with a nervous laugh. She was huddling in her deeper street gear before the peacock of crackling flame on her friend's hearth. "It's blown horribly chilly, Marion—for me!"

"Another quarrel, I suppose, with your husband?"

"A quarrel this time that ends everything. I'm going to my mother in Boston."

"Don't, my dear."

Marion Kingsland spoke thus in tones tranquil and low. She was swaying herself softly in a rocking chair, and she had folded her arms in a leisurely way. She was a large, blond woman—not handsome, but with a beautiful figure and a face full of sweet gravity.

"Oh, you've always said that," replied young Mrs. Lawton, frowning at the fire. "But now I mean to disobey your counsel."

"Very well, Agnes; as you please. Remember I've always said one thing. Your husband loves you devotedly."

"Ah, that's the very point, Marion! He loves me, but not devotedly. He"—and here Mrs. Lawton lowered her face and drew out the next words in a dogged, dragging undertone—"he is not faithful."

The oscillations of Mrs. Kingsland's rocking chair quickened the least little bit. "What husband is it?"

"Yours."

"Oh, Trent—yes! I wasn't thinking of him." She colored, biting her lips. "What is the present trouble, Agnes? Tell me."

"It's very simple. I found a note in Fred's—I mean Mr. Lawton's—overcoat pocket."

"My dear Agnes, what were you doing there?"

"Doing there?"

"You were spying—jealously spying," said Marion, with her usual calm. "Admit it."

"You're crueler than usual, Marion. I was a fool to come here. Mamma will sympathize, however. I shall take the 3 o'clock train for Boston."

"Was the note very dreadful?"

"O, it told its own story. And, as you're aware, this is not the first time"—

"That you've gone through your husband's pockets? I know. And the signature?"

"Initials."

"I see. And a very violent quarrel followed?"

"The most violent we have ever had. And the last we shall ever have."

Marion Kingsland stopped rocking. "Agnes," she said, breaking a pause, "I don't know a husband, who in public is more respectful, more attentive, more positively gallant to his wife than yours."

"In public?" bridled the other. "What does that mean?"

"It means a great deal more than many a wife gets—many a wife of our acquaintance whom I've heard you openly pity in my hearing. Now, answer me frankly. Might not that letter which you found and read have implied a flirtation, a passing sentiment, rather than the very lurid and scandalous interpretation you put upon it. I say, might it not? Think for a moment before you answer."

Agnes tossed her head, decked in a tiny bonnet of tangled pancies.

"Well, perhaps," she presently conceded, with distinct reluctance.

"Perhaps," repeated Marion. "Now that is at least an admission. It puts Frederick in a more pardonable light. But it does not excuse you from being most rashly indiscreet."

"Oh," fumed Agnes, "I do so detest that kind of philosophy!"

"We women can cultivate none that is sounder."

"We women, Marion? How would you feel, pray, if your Trent—"

"Never mind your Trent, dear. Let us talk generalities for a few minutes. There's hardly a household that hasn't its Bluebeard's chamber."

"Except yours. And so you can afford—"

"Generalities, please, Agnes, just for a little while. There are Fatimas who do pry, and there are Fatimas who don't. The latter have by far the best time of it—that is, when their Bluebeards treat them kindly and courteously. Discretion is a wonderful safeguard to conjugal contentment. The moral obligation with men should be as strong as it is with women. I freely grant you that. But society does not grant it, and in the lives of our great-great-grandchildren it will not practically employ any such system of ethics unless I miserably err. It is a system talked about, written about, and, if at some day it will be actively exploited, on that day everybody who now lives will lie as I firmly believe, in graves whose deepest cut headstones have grown undecipherable blurs. The new woman may dream her dreams and even realize a few of them. But, after all, it is still a man's world, and a man's world for many centuries it must remain. Fatima will reap nothing by her curiosity except unhappiness. So many of them live and die in blissful ignorance. And it is so much better that they should. Men are men, and the leopard does not change his spots. Why not let well alone? A wife can tend and water her jealousy and her suspicions precisely as if they were two different specimens of fern in a favorite jardiniere. Of course marital neglect, ill treatment, rudeness, are all autre chose. But I have often taken a thoughtful survey, Agnes, of my own social surroundings. They are very much the same as yours, my dear. We often meet at the same teas, dinners, dances. We know the same set—the smart set, I suppose one would call it—and most of our men friends are married, like ourselves. And I've repeatedly asked myself, judging as much by what they don't say as by what they do say, if a vast amount of family torment may not be avoided by the simple process of Fatima refraining from interference with Bluebeard's key bunch."

Here Agnes sprang from her seat by the

fire and looked tearfully, impetuously, round the tasteful sitting room of her friend.

"Oh, Marion," she cried, "you tell me you are talking generalities, but to me they are the most piercing personalities. And why? Because I'm not only jealous of him—I'm jealous of you! From your serene heights of perfect married happiness the wife of a man who worships you, as all the world knows, who is a model of every virtue under the sun, and who probably never looks at a woman without thinking how far she falls below you, her ideal, it is easy enough to preach discretion and circumspection. You're a Fatima with a Bluebeard who doesn't know the meaning of a locked door." Here Agnes laughed in a sort of hysterical way and pointed to a near chair. "That's one of his overcoats, now." While speaking she slipped across the room and lifted a mass of dark broadcloth, holding it aloft.

"Why, yes," said Marion, raising her quiet brows in surprise. "He came back this morning after leaving for down town and ordered a thicker one of Strayne because of the changed weather. Strayne must have left it there. He's a good servant enough but he has careless moods."

Agnes, with another odd laugh, thrust her hand into one of the pockets. "You've no fear of finding anything, you irritatingly happy Marion. You are—"

Suddenly she paused. She had drawn forth a lilac tinted envelope which he had been raggledly torn open at one of its sides.

"A woman's hand, Marion," she exclaimed, "or I've never seen one! And the date of arrival four days back. It smells of violets too. Well really!"

"Agnes!"

Marion went forward and took the note from her friend's grasp with uncharacteristic speed. She was pale already, but she grew paler as she scanned the superscription and then raised the envelope to her nostrils.

She loved her husband intensely and knew that he returned her love. Not the slightest incident of her life had she ever kept concealed from him, and she had always felt confident that on his own side there was a like abrogation of confidence and candor. It stabbed her to the soul as she thought now that no forgetfulness had prevented him from telling her of this note. They led fashionable lives, but they led them together. For all that they might sometimes pass hours apart, their constant intimacy and comradeship were beyond dispute.

For a few seconds she stood perfectly still, holding the letter. Then she went to the overcoat which Agnes had just replaced upon the chair and slipped the letter back into one of its side pockets.

She was a woman who had always been held to possess no common share of self-command. She justified this belief now.

"Bluebeard's chamber," she said, with a smile, but it was a smile quite dim and joyless. And then she raised one finger and put it against her lips in a gesture that not only symbolized silence, but enjoined it.

Agnes watched her in astonishment. She knew that there was never any pose about her friend; that what Marion seriously did and said were done and said from a sincerity at daggers drawn with sham.

"And you'll never even ask him where it's from?" Agnes exclaimed.

"Never."

"But you suspect?"

"No matter what I suspect."

"And you'll never let him know you saw it and didn't open it?"

"Never."

"But this thing, Marion, will come between you and him. It may ruin your future happiness."

"That can't be helped. If it's what I think it is (her placid voice broke a little here), then letting him know would do more harm than good."

"But perhaps it's the merest trifle, after all," said Agnes, she herself now generously turning consoler despite her own sorrows, "some request for financial advice or a loan of money from some woman whom we both know."

"Perhaps," returned Marion musingly. And then it passed through her mind: "He would have told me if it had been that. He tells me everything—or so tall now I've believed."

"Ah, good morning, Agnes," a voice suddenly said in the hall open doorway. "Having a gossiping powwow with my wife, eh? You didn't expect to see me here at this hour, did you? You thought I was too much of a poor, hardworking Wall street drudge, didn't you? And you were quite right. I am."

"Trent," faltered Marion.

She had instantly seen that her husband was a trifle paler than usual, and that some inward agitation, which she struggled to hide, controlled him. His eyes, wandering quickly yet covertly about the room, lit on the overcoat.

"Ah," he said, "it's here." And then he caught the garment up and thrust a hand into one of its pockets. Meanwhile he was talking with nervous speed and now addressed his wife without looking at her.

"And then this gentleman, a little flushed after his late pallor, said a few words of genial farewell to Agnes, made a few buoyant waves of the hand toward his wife and gracefully disappeared."

The two women looked at one another in silence.

"Marion," at length said Agnes in a voice vibrant with feeling, "the came back to get that letter. And he was very concerned about it, was he not?"

"Very."

Agnes hastened to her friend's side.

"Marion, do you mean that you'll never say a word to him even now?"

"No. I shall never say a word to him even now."

Agnes looked steadily at the floor as if in deep meditation. Then she caught one of Marion's hands in both her own.

"But you will suffer."

"Yes, I shall—suffer."

"And give no sign?"

"And give no sign."

Agnes stooped and kissed the hand she was holding. After a slight interval she said somewhat brokenly, "Marion, I—I don't think I'll take the 3 o'clock train to Boston after all."—Edgar Fawcett in Collier's Weekly.

A RADICAL CHANGE.

A Hamilton Lady Undergoes an Experience and Relates the History of a Severe Trial.

Mrs. James Graham, 280 James street north, Hamilton, wife of the well-known grocer at that address, relates the following circumstances. Mr. and Mrs. Graham have resided in Hamilton for the past fourteen years, and are very well and favorably known.

Mrs. Graham says: "During the six months prior to taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I had a serious trouble arising from wrong action of the heart and nerves. One of the symptoms was that I could not lie on my left side, for if I did so my heart throbbed so violently as to give me great pain. The smallest noise or the slightest exertion would start my heart palpitating terribly. It was impossible for me to go up a short flight of stairs without stopping to rest and regain my breath. I was excessively nervous, and my limbs would tremble as if with ague. My hands and feet were unnaturally cold, and I suffered from sharp pains in the back of my head. The slamming of a door would nearly set me wild. Frequently I would wake up frightened, and I then was unable to get to sleep again. I lost flesh, and became very weak and despondent. I felt miserable in mind and body."

"For six months I have been constantly taking medicine, trusting that it would help me, and for a time was under the care of a physician, but all the efforts I made towards a cure were of no avail. My physician finally told my husband: 'You know there is no cure for heart disease,' which made me more despondent than ever."

"Six weeks ago I was induced to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and from that time my restoration to health dates. I have taken four boxes, which I bought at John A. Barr's drug store, corner James and Merrick streets. These pills are the only medicine that had done me any good, or given me relief. I am happy to say that they proved that the doctor was mistaken in saying that heart disease could not be cured. Since I commenced taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I have been daily getting better. I can now go upstairs without trouble, and attend to my daily duties without the slightest distress. I have gained in flesh, in health and in strength. My blood is healthy and circulates freely. Lying on my left side causes me no inconvenience or pain, and I enjoy health and restful sleep. My nerves are strong and vigorous, and there has been such a radical change for the better in my condition that I can say these wonderful pills have practically made a complete cure. 'I can recommend them without the slightest hesitation to all sufferers from similar complaints. (Signed) Mrs. Jas. Graham, Hamilton, Ont.'"

PUMPING WATER BY DOG-POWER.

Gyp Operates the Motor and is Said to be Fond of the Work.

The San Francisco Call says that there is a dog-motor on a Swiss ranch not very far from San Francisco. It has been in use for two years, and is found to be economical and in every way satisfactory. It is built on the same plan as the exercise runs which are often attached to squirrel-cages. In short, it is a barrel, which rotates as the dog inside of it runs. The powow thus generated is communicated to a pump.

For more than a year this motor had been operated by a dog named Gyp, and she really likes the work, and knows more about pumping water than half the men in the state. When Gyp was first put into the machine she knew just what she had to do, and she started in at a great rate. She ran so fast that she would have fallen from exhaustion had she not been lifted out. But as she has grown older at the business she has learned better.

But she likes the work as much as when she started. At first she did not know when to stop. She pumped and pumped, until the tank ran over all the time. In a few weeks, though, she was taught that all she was expected to do was to keep the tank full, and now she doesn't do any more.

When Gyp is taken to the motor in the morning, she first looks into the trough to see how much it lacks of being full. She then works accordingly, and when she thinks she has done enough, she runs out and takes a look at the trough. If it is full she lies down and rests, and if there are still a few inches remaining she starts again, and does not stop until the trough is running over.

All the water that Gyp pumps is for cattle to drink. It flows directly from the well into the drinking-trough, so that they can get it without trouble. Gyp knows as soon as she sees a band of steers mak-



ACROSS ON BLONDIN'S BACK.

A Remarkable Feat that was Performed by an Acrobat.

Mr. Harry Colcord, who was carried across Niagara Falls on Blondin's back on a tight rope in 1870, has lately been recalling the experience, and his talk is reported in the Buffalo Express. He met Blondin in Boston in 1858., but it was not till early in 1869 that Blondin broached his plan of taking him across Niagara. At first Colcord took the matter as a joke, but it was soon plain that Blondin was in earnest. The rope was two thousand feet long and three inches in diameter. Nearly five months were spent in getting it made and put into position, with guy-ropes and every arrangement for safety.

Blondin had instructed me to put my weight on his shoulders only with my arms, and clasp his body with my legs. I could not put my weight on his legs, as that would encumber his movements.

In July, 1860, everything being ready, I took my place on Blondin's back, and we started to cross the rope.

We began the passage from the Canadian side, as I had to bear my weight on Blondin's shoulders, and could only use arms to support myself, frequent rests were necessary. I told Blondin when I wanted to rest, and then dropped down on the rope with one foot, and waited till my arms were relieved, when I would spring up again, using my arms to lift and hold myself in place.

There was a great crowd present, but I did not see it at first. From my place on Blondin's back I could look out to the American side and see below us the stunted pines, thrusting their sharp points up from the edge of the foaming, roaring waters, ready to split us in two if we fell. I remember that I was anxious to get over, and I recall, too, that the great rope before us swung alarmingly. We afterward ascertained that it had been swinging forty feet at the centre.

Below us, two hundred and fifty feet, roared the river, and over it we swung from side to side. Still moving on steadily, Blondin never trembled. When he had gone about ten feet on the middle span, some one on the American side pulled the outer guy-line. We afterward found out that it was done intentionally.

Blondin stopped, and his pole went from side to side in a vain effort to secure his balance. At one time his pole was up and down on the right side, at another up and down on the left, and I recall now with wonder that I was only curious to know whether he would succeed in gaining control of himself or not.

Failing to get his balance, he started to run across the horrible span, and in safety reached the point where the guy-rope came from the American shore. Then to steady himself Blondin put his foot on the guy-rope and tried to stop; but the guy snapped, and with a dash of speed he ran swiftly twenty-five or thirty feet farther, and said, "Descelez vous."

The perspiration now stood out on his neck and shoulders in great beads, and we and we balanced ourselves on the swaying rope. Presently he said, "Allons," and I raised myself to his shoulders and we went on safely and without further accident toward the shore.

It was not, however, until we landed that I appreciated what we had done. Then it occurred to me that the man who pulled the guy-line must have been one of those who had bet that the feat could never be accomplished, and my indignation mastered all other feelings.

You see, many thousands of dollars were bet upon the ability of Blondin to carry a man over, and human cupidity stops at no sacrifice.

Then came the congratulations and praises, so that in my foolish boyish elation I soon forgot everything else.

I shall never forget the wonderful tableau which the hundred thousand people presented as they stood gazing up at us as we approached the shore. Thousands of them turned their faces away or half-turning, cast anxious glances over their shoulders at us as we drew near the bank. Then the crowd became very much excited surged toward us, and Blondin stopped fearing they would push each other over the bank.

When the crowd was still again Blondin started once more, and with a quick run we soon came to the end of the rope, and sprang to the ground—Cheer after cheer went up, and I was seized in the arms of a man who lifted me high in the air, saying, "Thank God, this terrible feat is over!"

I crossed again, twice, the last time under the patronage of the Prince of Wales. He congratulated us, and gave us each a purse of one hundred dollars. I would not make the same journey now for all the wealth in the world.

ing for the trough what they are after, and she starts pumping so as to keep them from emptying it. Her idea seems to be to keep the trough full. In fact, she is unable to rest unless she knows it is in that condition.

Gyp has to work hard. Each stroke of the pump brings up about a quart of water and she has to make about six jumps to do it; but when she feels like working nothing stops her, and the pumps make at least ten strokes a minute, or perhaps five hundred gallons of water in ten hours.

Gyp is the only dog on the ranch that has ever liked the work. Others have been tried, but it is always necessary to lock them in to keep them from jumping the job. Even Gyp's brothers always had business elsewhere whenever they thought there was any pumping to do.

There was one, to be sure, that was a good worker in his own way. He used to get so mad at being put in the motor that he seemed trying to wear it out for spite. He would run and run until the axle fairly smoked, but as soon as he saw that he couldn't do the machine any harm, he curled up in the bottom and went to sleep.

IT WAS THE WICKED "POLLY"

Patrick Thought It Was The Voice of His Rival and Got Killed Up.

An amusing scene occurred in a quiet up-town street. A young Irishman who is courting a rosy-cheeked servant in one of the houses in the thoroughfare called about his usual time in the evening. Just as he opened the iron gate leading into the basement yard he heard a voice say, "Hullo, Pat!"

"Hullo, yourself," replied Pat.

"Hullo, Pat!" said the strange voice again.

Pat gazed all around him, but could see nobody, and once again he heard the voice say, "Hullo, Pat!"

"Is that all you can say, 'Hullo, Pat!' Where the devil are you, anyhow?" answered Pat.

"Pat you're a fool," said the voice.

"Begorra, you're a liar, whoever ye be," shouted Pat, as he looked blindly around for his insulter.

"Pat, you fool," again uttered the voice.

"I'm no fool, whoever ye are," called out Pat, wild with anger, "an' if ye'll show yourself I'll prove it to ye."

"Foolish Pat!" came the reply, accompanied by a hoarse chuckle.

Pat was furious, and thoughts of his rival, McCarthy, immediately came in his mind.

"Show yourself, McCarthy, only show yourself, McCarthy, an' I'll punch in the face of ye, I will! I will!" he shouted as he danced up and down.

By this time Pat's coat and waist-coat lay on the ground, and he had his sleeves rolled up to his elbows and was tearing around like a hen on a hot griddle. There's no telling what would have happened, as it was nearly time for the policeman on the beat to pass that way, when the basement door opened and Pat's sweetheart came out. On seeing Pat she uttered a little scream and exclaimed: "Are you crazy, Pat? An' what has come into you the night?" Put your clothes on, man."

"You spalpeen, Pat! Foolish Pat! Ho ho! ha ha!" Go home, Pat," said the mysterious voice out of the darkness.

"Do ye hear the blackguard? Oh, if I can lay my hands on him!" foamed Pat, as he continued the war dance.

"Ah, you mustn't mind that, Pat," said his sweetheart. "You're a donkey, surely, to be minding the talk of that crazy bird upstairs. Why, it's only one of the young men's parrots which they brought home with them from over the sea. It's an ill-natured bird, and do swear dreadfully. Mistress won't have it in the house, so the boys hang up the cage out of the window of their room upstairs."

"You're a great gawk, Pat to be minding the likes of a poor, simple-minded bird like that."

Pat became slowly appeased, and, as he put on his coat, he said: "I don't mind what a burid says, Molly, but begorra, I thought it was that sneak McCarthy hiding furthest ther stoop."—New York Tribune.

"French paste," out of which artificial diamonds are made, is a mixture of best glass and oxide of lead.

Sunday Reading.

WORKER'S EXPERIENCE

Next to the late Charles H. Spurgeon, the man who during the last thirty years has gathered the largest congregation in London, is the Rev. Archibald Brown, pastor of the East London Tabernacle. He was the intimate friend of Spurgeon, and widely favored as Spurgeon's successor but he resolutely declined to be a candidate. As Mr. Brown is one of the most remarkable ministers in England and his long experience throws much light on the vital matter of city evangelization, I wish to tell the readers of the Evangelist something about him.

The Rev. Archibald Brown is now fifty-two years old, and he began to preach at eighteen. In 1866 he went into the East End of London—the end in which London's poverty is located—and took charge of a small baptist church of three hundred members. He threw himself, heart and soul, into the work, and so entirely has he devoted himself that he says that he has not even seen Regent street and the fashionable 'West End' of London for several years! His little church grew rapidly, and they soon erected the East London Tabernacle which has sittings for 2,700 auditors and is always crowded. During his thirty years pastorate, Mr. Brown has baptized about six thousand converts, and the actual present membership of the church is 2,900. Among these is quite a large number of converted Jews, and the Hebrews swarm in that region. None but a man of cast-iron constitution could have endured what Mr. Brown has gone through during his thirty years of herculean and heroic labors. At nine o'clock every morning he has been in the habit of meeting his missionaries, and going over with them the cases of destitution and suffering, and laying out plans for the day. At ten o'clock he plunged into his books, for he has always been—like his friend Spurgeon, a hard student; before lunch he took a peep into the 'Boys' or 'Girls' Home' connected with his church. His afternoons are usually devoted to preaching, either among the poor of East London, or out in the rural districts; his rest has been to hold about nine services in every week! He has traveled widely over the kingdom, confining himself to the humbler and poorer congregations. Friday evening he has always devoted to blocking out the briefs of his Sabbath discourses, and he has never used manuscripts.

At the end of thirty years of such perpetual and prodigious labors, Mr. Brown has resigned his pastoral charge. His reasons, as given by himself, are these: He says: "I have been conscious of growing physical weakness. Family troubles have fallen upon me with peculiar heaviness; my dear wife's illness lasted four years; and since her death two years ago I have felt that my work was pressing too hard on me. A great dread of going beyond the thirty years has for some time past hung over me; mine has been a long pastorate; and no one can accuse me of running away from my work. If I were in a financial position of some years ago there is nothing that I should like better than to give the whole of my time to preaching about the country without fee or reward, and so helping the poorer brethren." It is probable that Mr. Brown may seek some recreation by visiting China, and may return home by way of San Francisco and the United States. There are thousands of people in this country who would rejoice to greet and to listen to this devoted servant of God; but as he has never written any popular novels it is not likely that he could pick up thirty thousand dollars by two months of popular lectures. His self-denying toils have not been among those who 'wear soft raiment, and dwell in kings' houses.'

On one much discussed question of the best way to reach 'the masses,' Mr. Brown's testimony is of great value. He has gathered his church-membership mainly from the laboring classes and from self-supporting trades people. He says, 'If I were to gather the sweepings of Bow Common to our Tabernacle on Sundays I should simply lose a large number of the other members. There is a great deal of ignorant talk about the best way to reach the very poor. We have to deal with facts as they are, and experience has shown me that the very poor are much happier in their own Mission halls than in regular churches.' This is a very decisive answer to the idle talk of those in this country who insist that the ragged residents of the slums can be coaxed into fine churches for regular worship. As I have always contended, they would not come into such churches,

if they could, Mr. Brown has consolidated into a strong and active church the self-supporting class, and they in turn have done mission-work among the fasting population, and the squalid classes around them.

The question was addressed to Mr. Brown by an interviewer who called on him, 'Do you find that the respectable artisans of the East End sympathize with Christianity?'

'I think,' said Mr. Brown, 'that all classes in London are less religious than they were. Among the working classes what is known as the social gospel has done as much as anything. I hate the expression social gospel. Sometimes I think it must have been invented by the devil. What we want in the pulpit is close and careful study of the Bible. During a morning sermon I never hesitate to make fifteen or twenty references to passages of Scripture. My congregation are all provided with Bibles, and whenever a verse is mentioned they refer to it in the volume. It is an amazing thing to me that any man or woman should come to the house of God unprovided with a Bible. I fear that ministers are themselves in a measure to blame for the falling off in this habit.'

Many other things might be mentioned in regard to the thirty years of solid work wrought by this noble man on wise and legitimate lines, without the slightest admixture of sensational clap-trap. It is no wonder that Mr. Spurgeon found in Archibald Brown his most intimate ministerial friend and model co-worker in winning souls to Jesus Christ.—Evangelist.

Her Opportunity.

There are Home mission fields for every person who desires to be actively employed in doing good. One of these is in christian homes in which young women are employed to do housework. It is one of the discreditable features of our modern christianity that such girls are so little influenced by the christian families in which they live.

A lady who had acquired a wide influence by her strength of character, sympathy, and moral sense, came from the country to the city to spend the winter in a quiet boarding house.

She was a graduate of Mt. Holyoke in the days of Mary Lyon, and had formed habits of benevolent christian activity which could not be abandoned with ease of conscience. Her city home was restful, among people of scholarly tastes and in the midst of rich churches, in which but little was offered for a stranger to do.

A young woman came into the house to serve as table girl. The lady was late at the table one evening, and so was left alone with this girl. She noticed a shade of sadness in her face, and said, Mary, have you friends in the city?

No, not one. My father and mother are dead. My sisters are married, but poor, and I have come to the States to make my way alone. I have friends in the old church at home. The pastor there was kind to me.

Were you a member of that church?

Yes; and I have my letter from it. I would like to show it to you.

The girl produced the letter.

I am a member of a church of the same denomination, said the lady. So we are sisters.

Sisters? At that word the thought of her mission came to the good woman.

Mary, she said, after a moment's silence, what is your evening out?

Friday; but I have nowhere to go.

I go to church on that evening. I would like company. Will you go with me?

It would make me happy, all the week, if you would only let me, said the girl.

The other members of the quiet household were somewhat surprised on the next Friday night to hear the lady say, Mary and I are going to the meeting tonight.

But the friendly relations did not end here. The lady loaned Mary her books, and selected for her a course of useful reading. Occasionally she gave her a ticket to a concert or a lecture, and obtained consent from the landlady that the girl might attend them. More than this, she gave her personal regard with her favors, and the girl came to love her as she loved her mother.

The lady fell seriously ill. The girl was true and faithful to her as her own daughter could have been.

When the lady recovered, she felt that she owed for the tender service done in the sick room more than she could ever repay.

There was a missionary training school in the church to which they went, and the lady sent the girl there. She is now in the foreign field working faithfully as a missionary.—Youth's Companion.

In Penetrating Power.

No remedy in the world equals Nervine—nerve pain cure. Neuralgia and rheumatism are relieved almost instantly, and the minor aches and pains are cured by a single application. Nervine—nerve pain cure—is sure to cure.

The Value of Character.

Goodness is greatness. The best people are the noblest people. God counts quality. The light that shines from a thoroughly good life more than eclipses the light of the sun. We are not strong by what we do, but by what we are. The inner graces constitute the worth and beauty of the soul. They are to the man what harmony is to music—what form and color is to art. The individual who has conquered himself is more worthy of admiration than he who, by his armies, has placed nations under his feet. Even genius is nothing beside goodness. True, this is not the world's estimate. The world regards men by their wealth, their social position, the number of their friends, and by their influence upon others. Those who live in palaces, dress in broad-cloth and satin, ride in luxurious equipages have culture and refinement, are possessed of distinguished talent, attract by their wit, charm by their eloquence, astonish by their learning—these are the great of the earth before whom we bow down. But the judgment of the world is by no means always the judgment of God. Only true manhood counts with him. Men may have houses, and lands and mental gifts, and reputation, and pleasures, and all that, and yet be men of whom Emerson speaks when he says the hand can pass through them.

That character is the essential thing is suggested by the estimates which men put upon it. We are the men whom we involuntarily place at the head of the race? Is it those who have the most wealth and reputation? No; it is those whose characters are such that they conquer where they stand. Open the pages of literature and notice who are the ideal characters. The great authors are always punishing the bad and rewarding the righteous. Dante is only a sample of all when he places evil men in perdition and good men in paradise. How Shakespeare puts moral qualities to the front! The same is true of Scott, and Thackeray, and Dickens, and George Eliot, and, indeed, of all the world's great thinkers and writers. Righteousness is the chiefest and noblest possession.

See here, young people! Not all can gain high position, or great wealth, or social influence, or wide reputation. But all—all may have that which is better than position, and wealth, and social influence, and reputation—all may possess a pure heart and a clean life. An upright, unselfish life spent amid poverty and obscurity is a larger life than that lived by a king or queen who knows not God and righteousness.—Epworth Herald.

Two Mites.

The mite, referred to in Scripture when the woman cast in two mites and was commended by Christ, is a coin valued at about one-eighth of a cent, so that two mites equal about one-quarter of a cent in value.

That was a small sum, but was a very large gift. It was one hundred per cent of the woman's capital; it was 'all her living.' She, therefore, had given more than they all who had given of their abundance. Had she contributed but one mite that would have been a large offering for her, that would have been half of her all.

Some people speak strenuously about tithing. Certainly tithing is better than zero-ing, doing nothing. But our Lord calls for all. He commends the gifts of all.

All must be consecrated to him; all must be given to him; and then he leaves to the enlightened Christian conscience to decide the lesser matters of how it shall be appropriated, among what interests it must be expended. All need not go into one place, into one box or in one treasury.

The disciple, who gives, has want. The Master loves him; the Master cares for him; the Master would have his needs supplied, his needs of body, mind and soul, for these are the Master's. Home has needs. He who neglects his home is worse than an infidel, said an apostle. The Master cherishes the home; he sanctioned marriage, he blessed children, he hallowed the home with his presence. He loves the home; he would have it cared for. The church is the Master's. He founded the church; he gave his life to redeem the church the living church, unto God; the church must be cared for, and the church in all its interests, as wide as the interests

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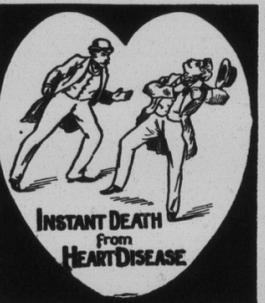


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which the Master himself has in the welfare of the world. And all the needy and the poor the Master cared for; they are his.

So when a man gives his all he need not place it in one receptacle. Under the Master's direction, he becomes but a steward of all he has; he casts in all his living; but casts it, not into the Jewish treasury, nor into any treasury of arbitrary, final and absolute despotism over him, he casts it into the lap of Jesus to be hallowed, sanctified, and to be used as the Spirit of Jesus may direct.



HEART DISEASE KILLS.
Relief in 30 Minutes.

The most pronounced symptoms of heart disease are palpitation, or fluttering of the heart, shortness of breath, weak or irregular pulse, smothering spells, swelling of feet or ankles, nightmare, spells of hunger or exhaustion. The brain may be congested, causing headaches, dizziness or vertigo. In short, whenever the heart flutters, or tires out easily aches or palpitates, it is diseased and treatment is imperative. Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure has saved thousands of lives. It absolutely never fails to give perfect relief in 30 minutes, and to cure radically.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

Two New Methods of Making Them Flowers of Bread.

Two very effective methods have recently been discovered for making artificial flowers. One is the use of bakers' bread, the other is by using the inner path of the fan palm of Japan.

'Bread' flowers are made in England only, the factory being in the West end of London, where something like 100 expert hands are employed. The process is still a secret; and, as the flowers are so natural in appearance as to deceive the eyes of an expert, it is considered very valuable. For not only do these flowers look exactly like the real article when freshly made but as the bread grows stale the flowers assume a slightly withered appearance which is almost identical with that of a flower beginning to fade. Artificial flowers, as a rule, can at once be detected by the unnaturally bright and fresh appearance they present after being in the ball room for several hours, but the fading powers of the bread flowers practically insure them against detection. It is believed that for corage wear, for the garniture of evening and fancy gowns as well as for house decorations these bread flowers will become very popular. They are at present excessively expensive.

The only factory for the making of artificial flowers from the pith of Japanese fan palm is quite a small affair on East Bleeker street. Their process is also a secret, and belongs exclusively to Mr. Sejolon, the proprietor of the factory and shop. When asked about his flowers Mr. Sejolon said:

'We expect to open a factory in London or Paris next fall. My experiments are such as to make me sure of success. We only make flowers to fill orders at present. These roses,' showing specimens of La

France and Marshal Neils, 'are nine and seven dollars per dozen. These chrysanthemums and carnations of course are cheaper. As our process is secret, of course I can tell you nothing about that, only that we get the material from which we manufacture the fabric for the making of the flowers from Japan. It is the pith of the ordinary fan palm. We employ only a few people, and our coloring matter and methods are shown only to them.'

These flowers of palm pith possess to a great degree the characteristics of the bread flowers, the outer petals showing the marks of being handled just exactly like a natural flower, though, of course, to a limited degree, since they can be worn numbers of times without ever becoming really faded in appearance.

HELPLESS ON THE SHOALS.

A great steamship feeling her way in a fog, ran upon a low mud bank and stuck fast, about twenty miles from her port. She had on board a valuable cargo and nearly three hundred passengers, most of whom were almost within sight of their homes. The tugs came and tried vainly to pull her into deep water. The officers were as able navigators as there had ever been. But she was helpless, and it was dead low water. Only one thing could be done—to wait. A few hours later the Captain said to his passengers, 'The tide is rising; we shall be off presently.' Sixty minutes more and the ship floated. It was now noon. At two o'clock sharp the impatient voyagers stepped ashore. They might have been delayed longer save for the one fact which the captain had announced in four words.

Perhaps this simple and not uncommon incident may contain a lesson for you and me. Suppose we draw a little comparison, and see. The man who learns nothing from things at his elbow will only waste his time going to college.

Mr. William Jordan is grocer and postmaster at Bright Waltham, Wantage, Berks where everybody knows him and believes in him. On December 7th 1893 he wrote a letter to a friend and by consent of both parties we print a part of it.

'In the autumn of 1890,' he says, 'I had an attack of influenza. The effects of it lingered with me. I had no heart for anything. I was tired, languid, and weary. My appetite fell away, and what I did eat gave me a sense of tightness and fullness at the chest; my bowels were very costive, and I suffered much from sick headache. Sharp pains often caught me between my shoulders, and my breathing was very bad. I kept on with my work, but on account of my weakness, the task was doubly hard. For about four months I was like this, when one day the thought came to me to try a medicine that so many of my customers bought of me and spoke so highly of. I carried out this idea, and after I had taken one bottle of it I noticed this first of all—My appetite was better. I could eat; I relished my food; I got stronger. I took another bottle, and was as well as ever. That is three years ago and I haven't had a touch of illness since. (Signed) William Jordan.'

One more letter—short and right straight to the point. Mr. William R. Saunders writes it. He is a news agent, and lives at Old Town, Wotton-under-Edge Gloucestershire. His letter is dated November 7th, 1893, just one month to a day earlier than Mr. Jordan's. That merely happens so, the two gentlemen having no knowledge of each other.

'In the spring of 1891,' said Mr. Saunders, 'I found myself all out of sorts all unexpectedly. I couldn't fancy what had come over me. I was low, weak, and tired. I could eat hardly anything, and what I did eat gave me so much pain and distress that I came to dread sitting down to a meal. There were pains in my chest, sides, and back, between the shoulder-blades. Then I got so weak that my work was a sort of drag on my hands; and even when walking I was so short of breath I had to stop and rest here and there. I took medicines the doctor gave me and pills, &c., that my friends recommended; but it was no use they didn't help me. And all the time month after month, I was getting weaker and weaker. At last I got a bottle of medicine from Bristol that was right. That one bottle had this effect at first. My appetite came back, and when I got through with the second bottle I was completely cured. (Signed) William R. Saunders.'

Now for the lesson. You see what it is, of course, but let's have it in words. When the ship was fast on the shoal only one thing helped her—the rising tide. When these two men were fast on the shoal of illness only one thing helped them—the rising appetite. With eating and digestion came strength and health, for the trouble was that universal destroyer and deceiver, indigestion and dyspepsia.

The tide rose to the pull of the moon. The languid appetite is aroused by the medicine finally resorted to by both our correspondents—Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.

Kitchen Emergencies...



Wanted in 5 minutes
A cup of Beef Tea.
Something to give strength to the Soup.
Some rich Gravy for Meat.
The housewife is at her wits end unless supplied with

Johnston's Fluid Beef 16 oz. Bottle \$1.00

Notches on The Stick

Appreciative readers can have become familiar with such books as "Fleurs De-Lys," and the "Romance of Sir Richard" but to admire the best of what they can find there; and yet this third volume, ("The Snowflake, and other Poems," by Arthur Weir, Montreal; John Lovell & Son, 1897,) is better than the first and second,—or so it seems to us. Mr. Weir shows he has not yet reached maturity, or his mark of power; but that he has a higher ideal of the poet's art before him, yet to be wrought out. Dignity and strength, united with severe simplicity, distinguish some of these poems,—"Entering Port," for example, and "Timor Mortis Conturbat Me," and "The Dedicatory Ode," on Sir John A. Macdonald, read at the unveiling of the monument at Ottawa; while others, like the initial poem, are elaborately, and delicately beautiful. He is direct and natural in his most effective utterances, and some of his brief lyrics are very sweet and touching. Therefore we prefer them to his more ambitious pieces, because more evidently begotten of strong poetic feeling, they make to the heart an irresistible appeal; yet this is not said in disparagement of such excellent work as can be found in "The Snowflake," "The Masque of the Year," and "The Muse and the Pen." The first mentioned is a series of poetic pictures,—the form of verse being that of Shelley's "Cloud," and the imagery not unlike that in Bryant's "Sella," and worthy of comparison with that coldly sparkling work of its poet's later years. This poem, which lends itself to illustration so readily, made its first appearance in Christmas number of the Montreal "Star," accompanied by the work artist and engraver. "The Masque of the Year" had a similar adventure, in the pages of another Canadian Journal, at the holiday season. George Murray, of Montreal, in a recent review of this book, describes "The Masque,"—"It opens with a prologue from old Time, who is seated in the midst of a bevy of maidens, each of whom represents a month, and describes briefly her own peculiar character and office. "The New Year subsequently enters and speaks his speech, being followed by a chorus of the Months." We give one stanza; descriptive of March:

'I am the mouth of earnest and yearning,
Of will and untamable hatred and love.
I glide through the grove,
Calline on summer, so slow in returning,
I seek for the fruit, bud, leaf, blossom and all.
When they heed not my call,
The winds I unleash, which, like hounds on the scent,
Give voice round the farmsteads, and course o'er the moors,
With a hundred detours,
Till they leap on the forests, whose branches are rent.
I heap up the snowdrifts, bind firmer the streams,
And defy the sun's beams.
My heart throbs with hate, and all tenderness spinning,
With winter again I span heaven's blue arch.
I am passionate March.

We do not know that we can agree with the poet in this ascription of malignancy to the bluff old fellow, but, at any rate the lines have vigor.

On the first appearance of "Entering Port" we thought it the noblest of the tributes to the lamented Sir John Thompson, and our impression is confirmed as we re-peruse it in this volume. It opens appropriately with the entrance of the funeral ship at the harbor of Halifax:

Hark, to the solemn gun and tolling bell!
What ship is this, dark as night or death,
Is entering port upon the silent swell,
While an expectant nation holds its breath?

From many a threatening port the cannon gape,
Above her deck the flag of Britain flies;
Like some sad dream she comes, her sombre shape
Crushing the waves that in her pathway rise.

One of the Sea Queen's ocean wall is she,
Grim guardian of her honor; yet that prow
Ne'er upon nobler errand cleft the sea,
Nor guarded Britain's honor more than now.

The following stanza we think especially fine and true:

As Truth led that strong soul wher'er it would
Onward through strife to honor without stain,
So is he brought through Ocean's solitude,
With but the billows for his funeral train.

We consider Mr. Weir equally happy in his memorial poem on the first great Canadian Premier:

Here, in the solemn shadow of these walls,
Wherein his voice long held the land in sway;
Here, where the cadence of the distant falls
Seems a lament for grandeur passed away,
We, who have reaped where he had sown now bring

To him this thanksgiving,
This tribute to the unforgotten great,
That, for all time, men may reverse his name,
And children learn the secret of true fame,
True greatness emulate.

The "Dedicatory Ballad," written for the unveiling of the monument erected by the citizens of Montreal to Paul Chomedey de Maisonneuve, is also so excellent we would like to reproduce it, but, being unable to give it entire, will not mar it by fragmentary quotation. We have marked

the closing stanzas of the poem entitled "Wild Flowers":

Oh, had I in Arcadia dwelt
I would have watched for every gleam
Of shadow, as some misty veil
Cleave the clear crystal of the stream;
I would have followed in pursuit
Of nymphs whose' thro' tangled brakes,
And heard with joy the song's flute,
Whose melody soft echo makes.
And so, from earliest days of spring,
When the first daffodil shows his head,
Till autumn, when the breezes sing
Broadcast the dying leaves and dead,
Through seasons summer's golden hours
I roam the vast Canadian woods,
Seeking the wild Canadian flowers,
True nymphs of sylvan solitude.

More than a year ago the requirements of health caused him to visit southern California, and the impressions made upon his mind by the scenes of that sunny land are, in part, recorded in "Sonnets in California," "The Pool of Sant Oline" and "Winter in the South." Of the sonnets we select "Spring in the South."

Through the quaint southern winter without snow,
Without an icy blast or chilling air,
When the broad meads are all in bloom,
The Ishmael cactus and the sage brush grow,
The golden orange bends the lithe branch low,
The sun flowers through the by-ways everywhere,
Palms wave, birds sing. The earth lies free of care,
Bask in its skies one golden, cloudless glow.
Then come the rains, and in their cottage bring
Streams to the canyons, and to ranch and glen
Wild flowers and orange blossoms, wherein rides
The bee on golden zephyrs. Swiftly then,
Like wind-blown fire up the Sierra sides
A blaze of poppies runs, and it is spring.

Here are two or three stanzas of "The Pool of Sant Oline":

Ere yet the Spanish cavalier
For this new world set sail,
Ere yet the padres came anear
San Gabriel's sunny vale,
Ere yet the thirst for gold drew men
Across the western hills,
I rippled down this rocky glen,
The happiest of rills.

The shadows of the spreading oak
O'er lay upon my breast;
O'er through the brown madroñas broke
The bear upon his quest.
Past starry yuccas to my brink,
At many a crimson dawn,
The mountain lion came to drink,
And o'er a timid fawn.

The golden moments came and went
Of many a sunny year,
And still I rippled on, content
And solitary here.

Mr. Weir is Canadian born, but Scotland is the country of his forefathers; therefore it is not strange that he turns with tender longing to the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood."

Miles upon miles of ocean
Twixt Scotland roll and me:
Its hills and dales I have not seen,
And scarce expect to see.
The homestead of my fathers
The keen ploughshare has torn,
And where the hearth once welcomed all
Waves now the golden corn.

O Canada, my country,
My love for thee is deep!
Yet I fain would see the old church-yard
Where my forefathers sleep.
And so, I fly, ever fondly,
My heart in secret yearns,
That its songs may find a welcome
In the bonnie land of Burns.

Upon the Scottish heather
I opened not my eyes,
I cannot speak the sweet Scotch tongue,
Remote my pathway lies;
But Scotland, mother Scotland,
Though late us twain may part,
I claim my heritage of thee,
For I have the Scottish heart.

We had marked for citation, an old favorite first seen in the pages of "The Dominion Illustrated Monthly," entitled "En Route," "The Tide," one of the finest short pieces in the book. "My Comrade" "Succor the Children," "Flowers and Fears" "A Little Maid," "Rosina Vokes," "To An Infant," "To A Picture," "The Kindergarten," "Gold Tresses," and "Hamilton's Mill." The last named poem wakens in us a responsive chord, and we will reproduce it for our readers;

Brightly the sun that summer day
Upon the charming scene was shining,
And warm the thrifty village lay,
Amid its silent fields reclining.
The river like a silver thread,
Wound round the busy shimmering hill,
Till, plunging o'er the dam, it fled
In eddies down to Hamilton's Mill.

Along the pathway, through the grove,
Beneath the shady trees, we hurried;
The birds were twittering above,
While in and out the squirrels scurried.
We took the narrow road which wound
Through clearings that were smoking still;
And soon our merry chat was drowned
Amid the noise at Hamilton's Mill.

We stood within the sunlit room
And watched the busy bobbin turning;
Taen gathered round a jangling loom,
The flying shuttle's secret learning.
Across the mossy flame we crept,
Whose leaky sides their burden spill,
And stood beside the pool, where slept
The giant power of Hamilton's Mill.

Beside the ceaseless loom of fate
We stand and watch what life is weaving;
The warp is spun of love and hate,
The wool of merriment and grieving.
But far beyond earth's noise and dust,
There rules the one Stupendous Will,
The power in which His creatures trust,
As in the mill-pond Hamilton's Mill.

Mr. Weir is a resident of Montreal, and his poetry is one of the side issues of his life. Yet he holds the impulse and vocation of the muse reverently, and by sincere and conscientious work merits the esteem of his literary brothers and the favor and patronage of the public.

PASTOR FELIX.

HOW NOT TO CARRY THEM.

Various Ways in Which Cane or Umbrella May Become Sources of Danger.
"Any man who feels himself impelled to carry a cane or umbrella not in actual use in any manner except in an approximately vertical position by his side," said Mr. Gimby, "should at once hire a hall and go there and lock himself in alone, where he will not endanger the lives of his fellow mortals and where the damage done by him will be confined to the breaking of such windows as he may stick the end of his umbrella through in his sudden turnings as he pursues his walk."

And yet, reprehensible as is the practice of carrying a cane or umbrella through the streets in any other than a vertical position, there are in this as in other crimes degrees of reprehensibility. The least dangerous of the wrong ways of carrying a cane is over the shoulder, with the point up, at an angle of about 45°. The man carrying a cane in that manner turning suddenly in a crowd is not likely to do much damage beyond knocking off a few hats.

A more objectional way of carrying a cane is horizontally under the arm, with the ends sticking out front and back. It is possible for a man carrying a cane in this manner to jab two people at once, or a considerable amount of ill-feeling and perhaps hurt somebody.

The man who carries through the streets a cane or an umbrella run through the straps of a valise with the ends sticking out is a dangerous being, for people cannot see this umbrella till they are very near to it. They might not know of its presence at all unless they should run over it, or the carrier should turn when they were close upon him.

But the most dangerous of all the careless or thoughtless cane or umbrella carriers is the man who carries a cane or an umbrella horizontally under his arm while going up a stairway; as for example, up the stairs leading to an elevated station. The point of an umbrella so carried is about on a level with the eyes of anybody following close and it is a source of great danger. There is but one thing for the follower to do if he happily he shall discover the umbrella in time, and that is to give the man carrying it lots of room.

BEAUTY AND HEALTH TO FAIR WOMEN.

Miss Annie Patterson, of Sackville, N. B., Once the Victim of Nervousness and General Debility, Takes on the Health of Early Years.

Some remedies are nothing more than a temporary stimulant, and the reaction aggravates the disease. Where the system has become run down, and nervous debility in its worst forms have shown themselves, South American Nervine will cure. It strikes at the nerve centers and builds up the system by removing the real cause of trouble. Miss Annie Patterson, of Sackville, N. B., a lady well known in the Maritime Provinces, suffered terribly from indigestion and nervousness, and her case seemed incurable. She accepted South American Nervine without hope that it was any different to other remedies, but her words are, "I had taken only one bottle when my system began to take on the health of earlier years, and after taking three bottles I was completely cured."

HOW DICKENS WROTE.

The Novelist was Systematic and Methodical in His Work.

Stephen Fiske presents a most interesting picture of Dickens, his family and of "Gad's Hill," where he was a frequent and welcome guest, in the September Ladies' Home Journal. Of Dickens' method of work Mr. Fiske says: "During my visits Dickens was not at work upon a novel, but he shut himself in Fechter's chalet from 11 a. m. to 3 p. m. almost every day. This was another part of his methodical system. If he felt in the mood he would write an 'Uncommercial Traveller' article; if not, he would answer letters, read 'All the Year Round' proofs, jot down ideas, fill up the time with some sort of literary labor. This, he told me, was his self-discipline. The one room in the chalet was sparsely furnished, and had windows on all sides commanding quiet, pleasant views of fields and plantations. He seldom talked of his books, but one rainy day he showed me the bound manuscript of one of them, and told me his method of planning a story. Having selected a subject he would write down the name of the hero and surround it with queries: 'Shall he be rich? Parents or guardians? Deprived of his property? An early love?' and so on with the other characters as they occurred to him. He always used blue ink, and so did Yates and Halliday, and the other writers of what was then 'the Dickens school.' They all called him 'Chief,' and he liked the title."

EASY VICTIMS.

A Large Percentage of Members in the Commons Suffer From Catarrh—The Hope of Fifty Found in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder—They Tell Their Own Story of Successful Recovery Through this Remedy.

Mr. W. H. Bennett, Member of East Simcoe, and, forty-nine others of the House of Commons, have, over their own signatures, told of the good effects of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. What the remedy has done for these Parliamentarians it is doing for thousands of others in public and private life the Dominion over. With cold in the head it gives immediate relief inside of half an hour, and a little perseverance quickly rids the head of all trouble. It is easy and pleasant to use and produces no hurtful after effects.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Cures Every Form of Inflammation.
It was originated in 1820, by the late Dr. A. Johnson, an old fashioned, noble hearted Family Physician, to cure all ailments that are the result of irritation and inflammation; such as chilblains, colic, cramps, cholera-morbus, diphtheria and all forms of sore throat, carache, fractures, gout, headache, influenza, la grippe, lame back, side, neck, muscle, muscular soreness, nervous headache, pimples, pain anywhere, rheumatism, stings, sprains, stiff joints, toothache, tonsillitis, wind colic and whooping cough. The great vital and muscle nerveine.

Parsons' Pills

Best Liver Pill Made.
Positively cure Biliousness and Sick Headache, liver and bowel complaints. They expel all impurities from the blood. Delicate women find relief from using them. Price 25c; five \$1. Sold every where.

I have used your Johnson's Anodyne Liniment for more than fifty years in my family. Have used it for colds, coughs, sore throat, stings, cramps, sore stomach, rheumatism, lameness, colic, toothache, neuralgia, etc., and found it always good in every way. THOMAS CRUZAND, South Robinson, Maine. Our Book "Treatment for Diseases" Mailed Free. All Druggists. L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.



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Art Amateur,	4 00	5 00	Horsman,	3 00	3 75
Art Interchange,	4 00	4 90	Journal of Education,	2 50	3 75
Art Journal,	6 00	6 25	Judge,	5 00	5 75
Atheum,	4 00	5 00	Judge's Library,	1 00	2 25
Babyhood,	1 00	2 40	Ladies' Home Journal,	1 00	2 50
Babyland,	50	1 95	Life,	5 00	6 00
Beacon, (Boston)	2 50	3 40	Lippincott's Mag.,	5 00	6 35
Blackwoods Edin'g Mag. (E),	8 00	8 50	Little's Living Age,	6 00	7 25
Blackwoods Edin'g Mag. (A),	3 00	4 35	Little Folks, (Eng.)	2 00	3 25
Bookbinder,	1 00	2 40	" (Am.)	1 50	2 75
Book News,	50	2 00	Little Men and Women,	1 00	2 35
Boys Own Paper, (Eng.)	2 25	2 25	Live Stock Journal,	1 00	2 30
British American,	1 00	2 40	Longman's Mag.,	2 00	3 25
Cassell's Family Mag.,	1 50	2 75	McClure's Mag.,	1 00	2 50
Century Mag.,	4 00	5 10	Milliner's Guide,	2 00	3 00
Chambers Journal,	2 00	3 40	Munsey's Magazine,	1 00	2 25
Chatterbox,	50	2 30	New England Mag.,	1 00	4 00
Chautauquan,	2 00	3 40	New York Weekly,	3 00	3 75
Christian Witness,	1 50	2 80	Noble Magazine,	50	2 00
Churchman,	3 50	4 90	North Am. Review,	5 00	6 75
Church Union,	1 00	2 15	Our Little Ones and the Nursery,	1 00	2 40
Clipper, (Sport)	4 00	5 00	Pall Mall Mag.,	4 00	4 60
Cosmopolitan Mag.,	1 00	2 00	Peterson's Mag.,	1 00	2 30
Delineator,	1 00	2 50	Popular Science Monthly,	5 00	6 25
Demorest's Family Mag.,	2 00	3 15	Public Opinion,	2 50	3 65
Detroit Free Press,	1 00	2 25	Puck,	5 00	5 75
Donahoe's Mag.,	2 00	3 50	Puck's Library,	1 25	2 45
Dramatic Mirror,	4 00	4 85	Quarterly Review, (Eng.)	6 50	7 00
Dressmaker and Milliner,	1 00	2 50	" " (Am.)	4 00	5 15
Electric Mag.,	5 00	5 75	Scotsman,	2 50	3 75
Education,	3 00	4 00	Scottish American,	3 00	4 00
Educational Review,	5 00	4 15	Season,	3 50	4 65
Family Herald and Star,	1 00	2 25	Strand Magazine,	2 50	3 80
Family Story Paper,	3 00	3 90	Sun, (N. Y. Sunday)	2 00	3 40
Fashions,	50	2 00	Sunday School Times,	1 50	2 50
Field, (London)	10 00	10 25	Sunny Hour,	1 00	2 40
Freight Companion,	3 00	3 90	Truth,	5 00	5 50
Fortnightly Review, (E)	7 50	7 75	Turf, Field and Farm,	4 00	5 15
" " (Am.)	4 50	4 75	Witness, Montreal, daily,	3 00	3 80
Forest and Stream,	4 25	4 75	" " weekly,	1 00	2 10
Forum,	3 00	4 25	World, (N. Y. Sunday)	2 50	3 80
Frank Leslie's Ill. News,	4 00	4 85	Young Ladies' Journal,	4 00	4 75
Frank Leslie's Pop. r Monthly,	3 00	3 90	Youths' Companion,	1 75	2 50

Woman and Her Work

It seems very much like forcing the season to talk about spring dresses in the very earliest days of February and when winter seems to have only just settled fairly down to his work; but all the same the fashion oracles assure us that the tailor made costume for the early spring has not only been under discussion, but had every detail of its construction decided upon fully a month ago.

Let it not be imagined that by braiding, the simple application of some easily manipulated braid, in either straight lines, or some conventional design is meant; the braiding of this season is most elaborate and consists largely of silk cords, an infinite variety of which have been lately introduced and the patterns into which they are worked are almost too numerous for description.

A lovely new cloth which is seen in the new spring gowns is called "bishop's violet" and is a shade of bluish purple, which is charming on a brunette with plenty of color, or a very clear skinned blonde. Such a dress richly braided surpasses in elegance anything past. Some of the combinations in these handsome costumes are rather startling, but fashion says they are perfectly correct, so of course they must be.

This panel decoration is seen on many of the new skirts, and where neither panel nor large pattern is used, what is called a "rose and dart" design ornaments the bottom of the skirt.

There are two new and very elegant braids shown for the purpose of skirt trimming, one is a broad satin finished band which looks just like a wide piping of satin when sewn on, and the other is a rough silk and wool braid known as porcupine souchette. While of the subject of skirts perhaps it is as well to say to those who are contemplating a new spring gown, that though the skirts look narrower on account of all the fullness being massed at the back there is really very little difference in the width from those of last summer, as the spring styles are slightly wider than the autumn models were.

With these suits, which will consist of a coat the skirts of which will come well down over the hips, and a plain or moderately braided skirt, will be worn silk, shirt-waists sometimes in bright plaids, or self colors, and sometimes in either black or cream, as the wearer's taste may dictate.

The newest coats are all double breasted and buttoned invisibly, while all the new tailor basques are draped in some fashion. A tight plain basque means last year's dress, and if it is to look up-to-date, it must have some drapery added. A very popular style is a double box-plait drapery falling loosely from the neck, to just below the bust, and as it tends to decrease the apparent size of the waist, disguise a thin figure and render stoutness less apparent. There is much to be said in its favor.

One noteworthy feature of the early spring, as well as the late winter fashions, is the decline of the once all powerful rever; it is still seen but greatly diminished in size and no longer decorated with buttons, or overlaid with lace, and embroidery. Another is the total disappearance of the white linen dickey or collar, except where an entire white shirt waist is worn, the tailor made girl shows no line of white, to relieve her dark gown. Instead she has her high dark cloth neck band brightened by a quilting of geranium colored satin, or a straight and narrow turnover band of some bright lined satin, or silk. The sleeves of these dresses are set into the armhole with three boxplaits at the top, and the wrists are finished in one of three ways—with a flaring drop cuff reaching down to the knuckles, a short bell cuff turning back from the hand, or else with braided lines. Buttons are used with a spring hand which is in marked contrast with the prodigal use made of them last summer, and when they are employed, they are as inconspicuous as possible.

Amongst the newest materials for spring use are many old favorites come back under slightly different guise. The blue and black mohair serges face cloth, and camel's hair, are shown in very new shades, pine-green, and pheasant brown being the very latest. For travelling suits quite a number of real tartans in sombre colors, such as the Black-Watch—or Forty Second. Start, Fife, and Gordon. These are made up with linings of the brightest fancy plaid silks, and are doubtless very stylish if somewhat startling.

INCIDENTS IN A MEMORABLE LIFE

Rosa Bonheur's Memoirs and Personal Reminiscences.

Rosa Bonheur has just published her autobiography in Paris. It appears that before she took to painting, she was apprenticed to a dressmaker. Then she began coloring kaleidoscopic views. Her first picture was a bunch of cherries. Later on she made copies in the Louvre where her strange costumes and independent airs won for her the nickname of 'The Little Hussar.'

The 'Little Hussar' grew rapidly. In 1853 Rosa Bonheur exhibited the 'Horse Fair,' which was bought by M. Gambard for 40,000 francs. It was exhibited in the United States, and brought in 300,000 francs.

'In 1858,' she says, 'I bought the property of By in the heart of the forest of Fontainebleau, where I still live to-day. I gave 50,000 francs for it, and built a big studio. The Emperor gave me permission to hunt in the forest around my own park. I lived there happily, receiving the visits of a few intimate friends, and working as well as I could. In 1865 I was busy one afternoon with my pictures. I had upon my easel the 'Stags in the Long Rober,' when I heard the cracking of a postillion's whip and the rolling of a carriage. My little maid, Olive, rushed into the apartment in a state of excitement.

'Mademoiselle! Mademoiselle!' she exclaimed, 'Her Majesty, the Empress!' 'I just had time enough to put a petticoat over my trousers and to take off my long blue blouse and replace it with a velvet jacket.

'I have here,' said the Empress, a little jewel which I bring to you on the part of the Emperor. He authorizes me to announce to you your enrollment in the Legion of Honor.'

'The Empress kissed the new knight and pinned the cross upon the black velvet jacket. A few days afterward I received an invitation to dine at the imperial court in Fontainebleau. On the appointed day they sent a gala carriage for me. I went to the wrong door when I arrived, and came near losing my way, when M. Mocquard came to my relief by giving me his arm. I was seated beside the Emperor, and during the entire repast he spoke to me about the intelligence of animals. Then the Empress brought me out upon the lake.

'At Fontainebleau I live like a peasant. get up early and go to bed late. Every morning at an early hour I make a tour of the garden with my dog, and after that take a drive in my pony cart in the forest of Fontainebleau. At 9 o'clock I am seated before my easel, and I work till half-past 11. Then I breakfast very simply, smoke a cigarette, and glance over the newspapers. I take my brushes again at 1 o'clock, and at 5 o'clock I make another excursion. I love to see the setting sun behind the great trees of the forest. My dinner is as modest

Handy to Have

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as my breakfast. I finish the day by reading. I prefer the books on travel, hunting, and history. Before commencing a picture I study my subject thoroughly, preparing myself for it by an attentive and careful observation of nature. I seek the kind of sky and land suitable to my idea, and I never make a feature without studying it. My only guide is the desire to reach truth and simplicity as closely as possible. Study and work never tire me. They are today as they have been during all my life, my greatest happiness; because assiduous work is the only thing that will bring one near the solution of the problem, which is perhaps insoluble, of everchanging nature. It is a problem which, more than any other elevates the mind by filling it with thoughts of justice, goodness, and charity.'

An American Girl.

He—What do you call a real typical American girl? She—One who prefers an heir in the castle to a castle in the air.

Manly Sarcastic.

'Papa, what is a 'bicycle built for two?' 'Your mother's my child. She rides it and I have to take care of it.'

A LEGACY OF DISEASE.

VETERANS OF THE WAR REPAID IN SUFFERING AND DISEASE.

For Over Twenty Years Mr. John Sherman Sought Release from the Tortures of Inflammatory Rheumatism.

From the Prescott Journal.

There is no man in the township of Edwardsburg who is better known than Mr. John Sherman. He is one of the many Canadians who at the outbreak of the American rebellion, joined the army of the North, and to the exposures and hardships which he endured during that trying and perilous time, does he owe to long years of suffering which he has since undergone. A few years ago when he was so crippled with rheumatism that it was impossible for him to walk, and having heard that a cure had been effected, determined to investigate this matter for himself. When the reporter called at Mr. Sherman's home he found him in the yard handling an axe and chopping wood like a young man, and he found him also quite willing to relate his trying experience. 'I have suffered with rheumatism for twenty years,' said Mr. Sherman, 'and I have doctored with four different doctors and yet I kept getting worse and worse. I was bent double with the pain in my back and both legs were so drawn up that I was unable to straighten them, and for four months when I wanted to move about I had to do so on my hands and knees. I tried many medicines but got no benefit and I had given up all hope of being able to walk again. One of my sons tried to persuade me to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but I refused to take any more medicine. At last one day my son brought home three boxes of the pills, and after they had been in the house for over two weeks, I at last consented to take them, but not because I thought they would do me any good. Before they were gone, however, I could feel that my back was getting stronger and I could straighten up. It required no further persuasion on getting to take the pills, and from that time on I began to get better, until now with the aid of a light cane, I can walk all over the farm, get in and out of a buggy, and do most of the chores round the house and barn. I feel twenty years younger, and I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the most wonderful medicine for rheumatism in the whole world. I began only to please my son and it was a most agreeable surprise to me when I found my legs limber, and my back gaining new strength. I can cheerfully recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to the suffering rheumatics of the world.

An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.



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Pimples, Freckles, Blisters, Blackheads, Redness,

And all other Skin Eruptions, vanish by the use of

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.....And FOULD'S.....

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ONE BOX OF Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers, if used in conjunction with Fould's Arsenic Soap, will restore the face to the smoothest and fairest Maidenly Loveliness. Used by the cream of society harmless and not deleterious to the most tender skin.

BEWARE OF WORTHLESS COUNTERFEITS. Wafers by mail 60c. and \$1 per box; six arsenic boxes, \$5, soap, 50c. Address all mail orders to H. B. FOULD, Sole Proprietor, 144 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS IN CANADA. THE CANADIAN DRUG CO., Wholesale Agents.

What are you wearing On your feet this weather?

There is style in footwear as there is in hats. Each year the Granby Rubbers and Overshoes are modelled to fit all the fashionable shapes of boots. They are thin so as to prevent clumsy appearance and feeling and to make them so necessitates the use of the finest quality of rubber. While Granby Rubbers and Overshoes are up to date in Style, Fit and Finish, they retain their old enduring quality.

Granby Rubbers wear like iron.

THE WORLD'S GREAT PORTS.

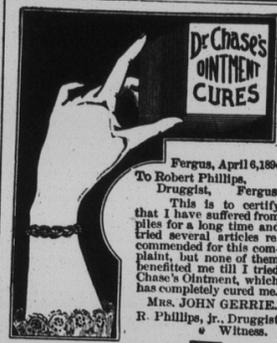
Some European Cities Are Going Ahead While New York is Standing Still.

Some German merchants, bankers, and imperial officials have found great encouragement in the fact established by figures that while during the last ten years the commerce of the city of Liverpool has increased forty per cent., the tonnage of vessels arriving at or departing from the German port of Hamburg has increased seventy per cent. in the same period. The geographical position of Liverpool is highly favorable to shipping, and the docks of Liverpool, it is well known, have at large expense made the harbor a most desirable one in the facilities which it gives to vessels of all dimensions. But recently Liverpool has had to contend with the serious industrial and mercantile rivalry of the city of Manchester, and the business of Manchester has been greatly promoted by the Manchester canal. The German Government, in the construction of the new Baltic canal, has discriminated in favor of Hamburg, which has increased its shipping business very largely of late years at the expense of the other North German port of Bremen. At the close of the Franco-Prussian war the tonnage of vessels arriving in and departing from Hamburg was 2,000,000, and of Bremen in the same year 800,000. Since then the commerce of Bremen has increased about 75 per cent, and that of Hamburg 300 per cent.

Notwithstanding these great gains the city of London still retains its remarkable distinction of being the greatest port in the world for sea-going vessels, New York following not very far behind, but showing comparatively little increase. The number of ships, steel, steam or sail, which leave the port of New York in a year is about 2,000, and more than two-thirds of the total number of such vessels are registered under foreign flags. New York has gained of late years in respect of the amount of trade done with European ports, but there has been no corresponding increase in the volume of business done with domestic ports, and moreover the city of New York has had to meet very strong competition from Baltimore and New Orleans, a considerable portion of the shipments of Western grain having been diverted to these ports and away from New York. The business of the port of London is very largely of a local character, London being a mart of consumption and interchange of articles arriving from other parts of England.

The four cities of London, New York, Liverpool, and Hamburg stand at the head of the ports of the world, but there are others at which a very large mercantile business is done—some keep up with the larger number failing to decrease, but a ratio of growth in mercantile business. Antwerp in Belgium stands fifth among the commercial ports of the world and very near it, with a volume of tonnage nearly as high is Marseilles, in France, the chief port of the Mediterranean. Harve, in France, does a considerable business,

chiefly with foreign countries, in the shipping line, and Stettin, in Germany, a large business, chiefly coastwise. The development of the railroad and canal systems of each port has much to do with its growth in commercial business, and it is a fact usually to be observed that a city which is the terminus of a canal retains longer and better its shipping trade than a railroad terminus. At least this is observable in the United States.



Fergus, April 6, 1894 To Robert Phillips, Druggist, Fergus. This is to certify that I have suffered from piles for a long time and tried several articles recommended for this complaint, but none of them benefited me till I tried Chase's Ointment, which has completely cured me. Mrs. JOHN GERBIE, R. Phillips, Jr., Druggist & Witness.

"My six-year-old daughter, Bella, was afflicted with eczema for 24 months, the principal seat of every remedy I saw advertised, bought innumerable medical specialists in skin diseases, but without result. Finally, a week ago, I purchased a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and the first application showed the curative effect of the Remedy. We have used only one-sixth of the box, but the change is very marked; the eruption has all disappeared, and I can confidently say my child is cured." (Signed) MAXWELL JOHNSTON, 125 Anne St., Toronto.

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Has for a Fifth of a Century Cured all forms of . . .

KIDNEY and LIVER DISEASES.

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is but advanced Kidney Disease. Either is Dangerous. Both can be Cured if treated in time with Warner's Safe Cure.

Accept no substitute. Write for free treatment blank to-day. Warner's Safe Cure Co., Rochester, N. Y.

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Economical and Durable. . . . Holds the Bucket Safely and Securely.

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The only food that will build up a weak constitution gradually but surely is

Martin's Cardinal Food

a simple, scientific and highly nutritive preparation for infants, delicate children and invalids.

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will be found to be of great benefit to delicate females who are suffering from General Debility, Anaemia, and all diseases of their sex. It improves the digestion, purifies the blood, repairs the waste that is continually going on, and completely removes that weary, languid and worn out feeling.

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LOSE CALL FOR JACK TAR.

Just as the Shark was About to Grab Him a Swordfish got the Shark.

'Speaking of wonderfully adventures, said the retired sea captain, 'I doubt if anything ever was more wonderful than the one I'm going to tell you. It happened a good many years ago, but that doesn't alter its excellence nor interfere with its truth. I was first mate on the Lovely Lou of Bangor, and we had been on our way to South America for about four weeks. The wind had left the ship during the last day of this period, and we were dipping our peak to a lolling swell that seemed to come from nowhere and return to the same place without making a ripple on the blue surface of the ocean. The sails were all set and their shadows fell clear upon the glassy surface, but when the sun fell the water was as clear as crystal. We were well within the tropics then, and several big sharks had been seen playing about the vessel. Suddenly there came a splash, and the cook ran to where I was standing on the poop deck, crying that one of the sailors had tumbled overboard. The Lou had no way, and I laughed at the idea of him drowning, telling the cook to throw him a rope, walking to the rail as I did so. The sailor was swimming about the quarter enjoying his bath when I suddenly saw an ominous black fin make its appearance a hundred yards or so from the ship. I yelled for the rope, and as I yelled I saw the fin move towards the sailor, cutting the water like a knife. I knew that unless the man was taken out quickly he would be devoured, and rushed to the cabin grating to get a line. Seizing a piece of rope I hastened to the rail just in time to see the form of an immense shark turn on its side to seize the sailor. As he did so there was an instant's glimpse of a long brown body, and then the water was slashed into a sea of yeasty foam, the shark seemingly being in trouble. I threw the line, and in a moment the sailor was aboard, scared out of his wits, but safe and sound. The thrashing in the water still continuing, we proceeded to investigate, and directly we were able to see that the shark had been pinned by a large swordfish, the sword running through the jaws of the shark in such a manner as to prevent the fish from opening them. Whether the shark's antagonist had deliberately attacked the shark we know not, but its timely and unexpected appearance saved the sailor's life beyond a doubt, as another instant would have sent the teeth of the shark into the body of the man. We managed to release the sword from the shark and killed the latter, letting the other go free. It was a narrow squeak, I tell you.'

A PERSUASIVE TALKER.

Jim's Ability in that line could not be surpassed.

The crowd had been talking of eloquent speakers, and Ingersoll, Bourke Cockran, Depew, Talmage and other notable orators had in turn been championed by their respective admirers. The old cattle man had listened to it all, and when the talk flagged a little he asked if anybody present had ever heard of Jim Duncan. Nobody had.

'I never heard any of the fellows you mentioned,' said the old cattle man, 'but I wouldn't be afraid to back Jim against any of 'em fer persuadin' ways. Jim Duncan was a talker. I'll tell you what he did one time just as a specimen. There was a fellow named Bob Harris moved to Alliance—that was the name of the town—and he had a young wife, and seemed to be pretty well fixed. One day Harris was killed up town in a row. Some five or six of us got together and tried to figure it out who was to break the news to his wife. Squire Irvin, our justice of the peace, was the oldest one among us, and we wanted him to go, but he said he'd rather face a grizzly bear than to take such news as that to a woman. Finally we pitched on Jim Duncan to go and tell her, he bein' so handy with his tongue, and Jim said he was willin' to do his best. He kind of run his fingers through his red hair hitched up his cavat and went into Mrs. Harris' house while the rest of us waited at the corner. In about fifteen minutes Jim came to the door and called Squire Irvin in. We 'lowed the widow must be cuttin' up real sharp. In ten minutes more Jim came out to us.

'How'd she stand it, Jim?' we asked.

'I guess it's pretty well smoothed over,' says Jim, 'and Mrs. Duncan and me would like all of you to come in and have some refreshments.'

'Jim Duncan shore had a persuadin' tongue.'

Waiting for Expert Information.

One of the stories at the expense of Boston's extreme respect for the opinion of its critics is amusing.

A lady who has been at a great concert one evening was asked the next day:

'Did you enjoy the music last evening?'

'I really don't know. I got up too late this morning to see the Advertiser, and the Transcript hasn't come yet.'

His Own Free Will.

Dear Sirs.—I cannot speak too strongly of the excellence of MILDARD'S LINIMENT. It is the remedy in my household for burns, sprains, etc., and we would not be without it.

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Is especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine.

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You will save time and patience if you

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EASY TO USE.

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One Package equal to two of any other make.

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Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Golden Specific. It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. IT NEVER FAILS. Mothers and Wives, you can save the victims.

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IN A MOONSHINERS' CAVERN.

What the Revenue Officers Found a Mile Under the Ground.

The Louisville (Ky.) Evening Post describes a moonshiners cave in the following manner. It was recently invaded by a posse of police who furnished the paper with an account of the intricacies of the cavern. Entering the hole in the side of the mountain, they traversed a distance of 600 feet and came to a narrow defile which they were compelled to pass in single file, and which led them into a spacious apartment. At the further side of the chamber was an opening that led downward to a depth of thirty feet, the bottom of which they reached by means of a pole placed there for that purpose by those who utilized the cave for their unlawful purposes. Reaching the bottom, the passage led them straight forward for a quarter of a mile, where they were again compelled to go down fifty feet on a crude ladder; thence there was a gradual descent for nearly half a mile, and then the way led upward for fully 600 feet, which was easily ascended by means of steps cut in the dirt. From the top of these steps a straight and level passage led them for fully 200 feet, and from there on, for about the same distance, the way again led down a gradual incline. Then for 600 or 700 yards a level and smooth path led to another chamber, where the officers found a clear spring of sparkling water, and within a few feet thereof was a trough filled with water, and within a few feet of the trough was found a moonshine still in a furnace of the finest masonry. The capacity of this still was 100 gallons, each full of new mash and ready for operation, and leaning against the wall here were found four Winchester rifles.

The distillery apparatus was destroyed and the firearms confiscated. Proceeding 100 yards further another, still of the same capacity was found, and nearly three Winchester rifles were also taken.

Between these two stills, in an out-of-the-way corner of the chamber, was found a box containing the bones of two skeletons, while the bones of another lay by the side of the box. The officers also found evidence that the place is frequented by a gang of counterfeiters. It is the opinion of the revenue men that these bones are the remains of some Government officers who had met instant death at the hands of the outlaws, or of members of their gang who had betrayed them, or who they feared would give their secrets away, and, acting on the theory that dead men tell no tales, had murdered them, or that they might be the bones of those who had met death in battles with the officers.

There were many side passages leading devious ways, and the officers believe that if they had continued through the cave they would have found another opening that led to the outer world. They were disposed to explore more of this cavern, but their guide, John Mullins, a fearless mountaineer, warned them that if they valued their lives they should get out of the vicinity, as the news of which would go head-cast the next day. Capt. Wilson says imagination cannot picture the wonders of the place, and that if any one who will visit the cave finds it different from his description, they can draw on him for their expenses.

BRAZILIAN MESSIAH.

Strange Sect That has Sprung up in Bahia—Story of its Leader.

Brazil is having trouble with a Messiah who has appeared in the State of Bahia, attended by a band of three thousand fanatic adherents, armed with Winchester rifles and proclaiming a holy war for the re-establishment of religion and of the monarchy. He asserts that he is Christ, wears long hair and a blue tunic, and keeps near him twelve disciples whom he calls his apostles. He indulges in ecstatic visions, during which he declares that he receives his inspiration from God. The man's name is Antonio Conselheiro. He comes from the town of Aracaty, in the province of Ceara, where he had a good deal of property and lived comfortably till a terrible domestic tragedy befell him. His mother and his wife were unable to agree, and, in order to put an end to their constant squabbles, he had decided to move out of town with his wife. His mother then told him that the reason for her hatred of her daughter-in-law was that she was betraying him and that she would prove the truth of her statement to him. He gave out that he was going off on a journey, hid in ambush, and at nightfall saw a man in the darkness approaching his house. Conselheiro crept up to him and stretched him out dead with one blow of his knife. Then he examined the body to find out who his rival was, and to his horror discovered that he had slain his mother. To insure the success of her infamous plot against her daughter-in-law she had put on men's clothes and acted the part of a fictitious lover.

Conselheiro, out of his mind with despair and horror at his act, fled, and was

not heard from again until his exploits in Bahia became known. His remorse had driven him into mysticism and fanaticism, and he found it easy to gather around him superstitious peasants who believed in his revelations, and were ready to obey him blindly, and to give up their lives for the holy cause. The region where they have collected is in the mountains on the borders of the desert interior. At first they were left alone, but after they had established their authority in a number of villages, troops were sent against them by the Government. A battle was fought in which Conselheiro lost 150 men killed, but the Government losses were equally large. Recently, according to Le Figaro, the fanatics were threatening the town of Joazeiro, on the San Francisco River, and troops were hurrying there from Alagoas, on the coast. Conselheiro, however, holds a very strong position, his men being entrenched in the passes of unexplored mountains, with a broad stretch of unknown and desolate country behind them.

A Bodyguard of Tarpon.

A Sportsmen's Review writer tells how he landed a large tarpon on the Gulf of Mexico:

'We came to our anchorage, and in half hour had a strike. The sulky brute would not jump, but when ironed would just show his head and blow and then dive down into deep water again. Exhausted by a previous fight with a tarpon, I could not fight him so hard, and it was fifty minutes before he gave up.

'He jumped only twice; but a remarkable incident happened during the struggle. While the tarpon I had on was slugging, he seemed to create intense excitement among all the others in the bay. They were leaping and cavorting around the captive and the boat as if they intended a rescue. At one time, when we were being towed at a great rate down the channel, twelve or fifteen of them formed in almost a perfect line of war behind us, following and leaping into the air as they came.'

'We are leading the grand march, Dave,' the guide said, and I think from the remarkable way in which the fish acted we must have captured the head of the family.'

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25c FOR THE **TEETH**

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HAYMAN'S Balsam For Hound

[For Influenza, Cough, Cold, etc.]

SAFE FOR CHILDREN

'Never knows it to fail to give relief.'—Mr. Eli Boush, Penn Cottage, Lambton.

'Find it invaluable for bad coughs and colds.'—Mrs. Eason, London Road, Shearston.

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THE DUFFERIN.

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

L. LEROI WILLIS, Proprietor.

BELMONT HOTEL,

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Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate.

T. SIMS, Prop.

QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDERICTON N. B.

J. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Fine sample room in connection. First class every Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

JACKIE'S ESCAPE.

Some persons said Jackie Ransom was the worst boy in the world, and some said he was the best, but not a person said he was handsome. Jackie had an enormous mouth, a turned-up nose, a sunburned, freckled face, and a tangled heap of sandy, curly hair. But his big mouth had a wonderfully good-natured smile, and his blue eyes looked so honestly into people's faces that they always felt that the boy was a truth-teller.

Jackie's age was fourteen, and his capacity for getting into trouble was surprising. Few days passed without adding some exciting incident to his history, until something happened in school that surpassed all his former misadventures.

Carytown, Jackie's home, was in a remote part of northwestern Arkansas, far from the railroad, but there was an excellent school there, and the citizens proudly averred that they were fully up with the times. There had even been some talk of building an ice-factory, but many people opposed to it as being 'agin' natur'. 'How ice can be frez in hot weather is mo'n I can see, an' I don't believe it can be did,' was one citizen's invariable reply to all arguments.

Be that as it may, Carytown was proud of the new schoolhouse. It was built of bright red brick, while the interior walls and ceiling were sky blue, which the school board had considered good for the eyes. The school-room itself was large and very clean; the boys and girls were seated on opposite sides of a wide aisle; huge placards all around the room announced that 'Pupils Must Not Deface The Walls.'

The old schoolhouse had been much cozier, and Jackie Ransom often said that he hated and d'pised them blue walls and what he was back where a feller could have some fun.' Here everything was wide, clean and bare, and a great ugly stove took the place of the dear old fireplace. There was really nothing to do but just to study, and the boys felt all the time that they were being cheated. They stood a little in awe of the newness of everything, and the place was surprisingly neat after nearly a whole session had passed by.

Almost all the pupils liked Mr. Walters, the teacher. One of them said once, 'Teacher never whips a feller unless he needs it, an' somehow he always knows when a feller is telling the truth,' and 'teacher's' unusual skill in these little matters made the young people respect as well as like him.

Yet, early in the session, Mr. Walters had been forced to expel one of the boys. This had caused much excitement at the time, and possibly had considerably influenced the boys in maintaining good conduct since. The teacher was not much older than some of his pupils, but there was not a boy in school that would have dared to trifle with him.

It was very quiet in school that day. Teacher was 'working a sum, for one of the old pupils, and every scholar seemed intent upon his lesson. Indeed, the silence would have been almost oppressive had it not been for the fops of a frog which little Tommy Boggs had tied to the leg of his desk with a long string, and whose frantic efforts to escape filled Tommy's breast with delight mingled with terror, lest 'teacher's' eye should stray that way. Sometimes he placed it on his desk, keeping an eye on the prize.

Jackie Ransom, lest he should seize the frog, was quiet on the girl's side, it was never anything but quiet over there; now and then a note or a piece of chewing gum changed hands, or some girl whispered to some other girl, with a great pretence of studying all the more.

Ned Sanders was hard at work, but then he always studied; Billy Sims and Jack Hunter, who sat together, seemed to have a very funny lesson, for they were looking straight at their books and giggling with all their might. Even Fatty James appeared to be studying, and Fatty was the laziest boy in the school.

Jackie Ransom sat in the rear of the room with his chair tipped back against the sill of the open window. He may have been studying, too, for his book was open, but from the way he glanced from time to time toward Tommy Boggs's frog it is to be feared that he had designs upon that unfortunate batrachian.

The teacher was working away in the stillness at the example, when whizz! went something, and crash! against the wall behind his head. A bottle of ink had dashed into a thousand pieces against the wall, making an enormous blot upon its spotless blue surface, and splattering the ink for several feet in every direction. In little rivulets it trickled down on the floor. Mr. Walters had his share, too, for it sprinkled his face liberally, and dotted his collar and shirt front.

The boys and girls sat for a moment in awed surprise, while the teacher rose slowly to his feet, trying, as he did so, to wipe the ink from his face. Thus he made a great black smudge on his nose and another on his chin, but his eyes blazed so that he did not look at all funny. The children had never seen him angry, not even when he expelled Joe Wheeler, and he looked so white and furious that it frightened them.

'Who threw that ink-bottle?' he asked, controlling his voice as well as he could. The room was as still as death.

'Who threw that ink-bottle?' demanded the teacher again, looking about over the silent schoolroom. He was just on the point of asking the question for the third time, when a hand went up. It belonged to Fatty James, and Fatty rose promptly in his seat. 'Jackie Ransom done it; I seen him,' he said, and sat down.

It was a rule in school that no one was allowed 'to tell on' any one else, but the teacher was so angry and excited that he overlooked both that and Fatty's errors of speech. As for Jackie, his big mouth flew wide open, and he sprang to his feet before Mr. Walters had time to speak.

'It's a lie!' he shouted, shaking his fist at Fatty.

'Come here, sir!' thundered the teacher,

and Jackie dared not disobey. He walked slowly up in front of the angry man, brave enough outwardly, but inwardly much disturbed.

'Ransom, did you throw that ink-bottle?' 'No, sir,' said Jackie, stoutly. 'I never threw it at all, and nobody saw me throw it, 'cause I didn't do it.'

'James, did you see Ransom throw that?' 'Yes, sir,' replied Fatty. 'I was gittin' my arithmetic, and I jes' happened to look up, an' Jackie sorter reached over on his desk, and did his hand jes' so,'—and Fatty made a sudden jerk with his chubby hand by way of illustration,—'an' he threw that ink-bottle plumb across the room.'

'Teacher,' said Jackie, solemnly, 'I never threw that bottle. I did jerk my hand, but I was doin' somethin' else. I didn't throw any ink-bottle. I—' and he stopped confusedly, for he was just on the point of exposing Tommy Boggs and his frog. Besides, 'teacher' looked so angry that he seemed fully capable of whipping Tommy, even for so small a thing.

'Well, sir, go on,' said Mr. Walters, angrily.

'That's all, sir,' said Jackie. 'They aint no more to tell.'

'Does any one else in the school know anything about this matter?'

'Please, sir,' said a fearful, frightened little voice at the back of the room, 'I know Jackie never throwed it, 'cause he—' 'cause me and him—' 'cause—' 'boohoo—I know he never throwed it—' 'boohoo—' and little Tommy Boggs broke down in a loud wail, too much frightened to do Jackie's cause any material good.

No one else had anything to say, except that Jackie said that his ink-bottle had not been on his desk that day, that he had put it in the window the day before. This gave the teacher an idea, and turning around he picked up some of the broken pieces of glass. The piece with the label on it was whole and unsmudged, and his eyes fell upon the words, 'John Ransom, his ink.'

'Ransom,' he said, 'I am surprised at this; you have been mischievous in school and have given me trouble, but I have never thought that you would tell a lie. I am sorry now to believe that you have done an outrageous thing and are lying to avoid the consequences.'

Poor Jackie! His throat ached, and something got into his eyes, and for a moment he could not speak. As soon as he could get that horrid lump out of his throat, he stood up a little straighter and raised his eyes to Mr. Walters's face.

'Teacher,' he said solemnly, 'that was my ink-bottle; it's got my name on it, but I did not throw it. I vow an' I declare an' cross my heart an' hope I may drop dead if I'm telling a lie!'

The children stared at him in horror, and some of them expected to see Jackie fall dead.

Mr. Walters went to his desk, opened it and slowly drew out a long switch. It looked like a hickory stick, and Jackie was not acquainted with its virtues. He looked at the boy for a moment, holding the switch threateningly in his hand.

'Go to your seat,' he said, suddenly, 'and stay here after school is out. Get to your lessons now, children, and not a word of anything else.'

School closed for the day, the children went slowly home, and Jackie was left alone with his teacher. He rather expected that Mr. Walters would whip him at once, but the teacher came and sat down by him instead, and talked to him kindly, urging him to tell the truth and confess the whole matter. Tears came into Jackie's eyes and ran down on his cheeks this time, but he only shook his head and said he did not do it, until Mr. Walters began to lose patience again.

'Well, Ransom,' he said, sternly, 'I will give you one more trial. To-day is Tuesday; I will say nothing more to you of this until Friday. Then, if you are willing to tell the truth about it, repair the damage you have done, and take your whipping like a man, you may remain in school. If you persist in the denial, I will punish you in the presence of the whole school, and expel you for outrageous conduct and lying.'

So saying, Mr. Walters walked abruptly out of the schoolhouse, the ink still dripping from his face and a heavy frown on his brow.

The next three days proved the most exciting the school had ever known. The children took sides for and against Jackie, and exceeding bitterness ensued. Fights were frequently indulged in at recess, and little Jennie Walker and Annie King pulled each other's hair every time they had a chance. But Jackie cared not a little for friends or enemies just then. His spirit was plunged in gloom, and the only ray of comfort he enjoyed was a fierce fight with Fatty James, in which he came off victor, and left Fatty with weeping eyes and bleeding nose. But this was only a momentary relief, and the boy was miserable indeed.

The fact is that Jackie had been on his good behavior for the past two weeks, and this trouble with his teacher came at a particularly unfortunate time. His father, Mr. Ransom, had gone to Little Rock on business, and just before he went away he called Jackie to him and told him that his mother and the younger children were left entirely in his care, adding gravely:

'I'm going to trust you to be a man, my son, to take good care of everything, and not to cut up in school while I'm away.'

The boy had promised, and right manfully had he kept his word. He had cut the wood, minded the baby, helped Jane with her lessons, and tried, oh, so hard, to be good in school! He had even refrained from putting a bent pin in Ned Saunders's chair when he had the very best opportunity, and no one was looking. His father would be home Friday evening, only to know that Jackie, whom he had trusted, had been expelled from school.

No wonder the day's heart was heavy. Sometimes he felt almost tempted to say that he had done it, and thus avoid the worst. There seemed, indeed, no way of escape from punishment and dire disgrace.

The days went by very slowly to the boy and all too quickly, too, for Friday was

approaching, and his situation was not improving in the least. Of course, his mother and the children had heard all about it, and Jacie told his mother he did not do it, but she believed every word he said, bless her heart, and gave him all the comfort she could. Still, that did not alter the state of things at school, and it seemed to Jackie that a boy was never before in so desperate a strait.

Friday morning came, and all the boys and girls were promptly in their seats, for the teacher's proposition to Jackie was known to the whole school, and they were anxious to be present when the all-important moment came.

Jackie was not quite so prompt, but he got there in time for roll-call, looking unusually sober and sad.

The hours passed slowly, it seemed to all the children; recess came and went, and it was nearly time for school to adjourn when Mr. Walters closed his book, and bade the children pay attention. He explained to them what he had said to Jackie—though every boy and girl in the school knew all about it before—and told the boy to come up before his desk.

Jackie went; his curly hair was wonderfully smooth and shiny, and perhaps he looked a trifle pale, but that may have been because his face was unusually clean. He stood there, very straight and firm, his honest blue eyes looking into the teacher's face; no tears nor faltering this time, nor protestation of innocence; only a manly, solitary little figure, bearing with what courage he might the hardest trial his childish heart had ever known.

His mother's words sounded in his ears and helped him. 'Tell the truth my son, and the truth, no matter what happens; and Jackie resolved that he would tell the truth, cost what it might.'

'Ransom, did you throw that bottle of ink?' asked the teacher, slowly.

'No, sir,' replied the boy, 'I did not throw it, and I do not know anything about it.'

'Children,' said the teacher, rising to his feet, 'you have heard the whole matter; John Ransom was seen by another boy to throw a bottle of ink across the room; his name was on the bottle; I did not see him throw it, but it came so directly from where he was sitting that I would have thought he did it without any evidence. You have heard him persistently deny all this, which is far worse even than the act of throwing the ink bottle. There is only one thing I can do; I must—'

Here the door was thrown violently open, and an excited woman burst in, dragging by the arm a sheepish-looking lad of twelve or fourteen years. It was Mrs. Wheeler and her son Joe, the boy who had been expelled from school early in the session. She did not pause a moment, but strode up in front of Mr. Walters's desk, still holding the unwilling Joe firmly in her grasp.

'Mr. Walters,' she began, breathlessly, 'I know this boy'll be the death of me yet, and here he's been knowing nothing about it till Naindy, that's my oldest girl, jes' this minute told me what he'd done, and that it was laid onto Jackie Ransom.'

Here Mrs. Wheeler paused a moment for breath, and giving Joe a shake, she commanded: 'Now, Joe Wheeler, you jes' pitch in an' tell Mr. Walters what you done and how you done it.'

After much coaxing and mad threats from his mother, Joe managed to tell a stammering, disconnected story of how he was strolling around the schoolhouse on Tuesday morning; how he happened to look in at the window-sill, and yielding to a sudden impulse, how he flung it at the teacher's head.

'It come mighty nigh hittin' Jackie,' he explained, 'it went so close over his shoulder.'

He had remained under the window just long enough to hear Jackie accused of it, then went home, partly frightened, partly elated by what he had done. He kept the secret for a time, and only that morning had taken some of the other children into his confidence, with the result that his older sister heard of it, and went at once to their mother.

This was the story they learned from Joe, with much quaking and trembling on the part of that young man. When he had finished it, his mother strode out with him with as little ceremony as she had come in. She was a tall woman, and her lank calico gown and sunbonnet made her seem taller still.

It was easy enough to understand it now. Joe Wheeler had thrown the bottle over Jackie's shoulder just as the latter had made a grab at Tommy Boggs's frog. Fatty James had noticed the sudden movement, then seeing the bottle fly from that vicinity, had thought that Jackie threw it. He had an old grudge against the boy, and this was his first chance to settle it.

The room was silent for a moment after Joe and his mother had gone; Jackie had not received permission to take his seat, so he still stood in front of the desk, looking expectantly at Mr. Walters. At last the teacher spoke.

'Ransom,' he said, 'Ransom, my boy, I have wronged you cruelly. The evidence was against you, but I am afraid I did not treat you fairly. I ask your pardon, my boy, I wish I could make amends for the needless trouble and humiliation I have caused you.'

Jackie could scarcely believe his ears. Here was 'teacher,' a great, grown man, who wore a white shirt every day, and who knew more than anyone else in town, actually begging his pardon before the whole school! It fairly took his breath, and not until the teacher said again, 'I beg your pardon, Ransom,' did he find his voice.

'Why, course, teacher,' said Jackie, pleasantly, 'course you couldn't help thinkin' it was me. It must 'a' looked right smart like I'd throwed it, comin' the way it did. But I'm awful glad it wasn't me, he added, with his old familiar smile, and Jackie, to the amazement of the whole school, held out his freckled little hand to Mr. Walters, and they gravely shook hands after which the boy went to his seat again.



Some of the children thought they saw tears in 'teacher's' eyes for just one moment but they must have been mistaken—'teacher' was a grown man, with no one to punish him, and why should he have tears in his eyes? Mr. Walters did not punish Fatty James for telling, because he himself had asked about the matter, and it was made plain that, though Fatty was a 'tell tale,' he had not intentionally told an untruth. Then, too, one of Fatty's eyes was bruised and black, and his nose was nearly twice its natural size. He and Jackie had had an understanding at recess the day before, and maybe he was punished enough. A proud and happy boy was Jackie when school was out and all the boys and girls crowded around him to talk it over. Prouder and happier still was he when he had slipped away from his mates and had run all the way home to tell of his escape. Margaret Buchanan Yeates.

But it is a mistake—a fearful mistake—that I made, and when I think what people will say when they hear about it, I just want to go away and die. It's simply awful to contemplate, Harry, and I don't see how I can live in this neighborhood and hold my head up after it. 'Well, we'll move if it's necessary,' he answered, 'but tell me what it is.' She brightened up instantly at the suggestion that they might move. 'I never thought of that,' she said. 'That will fix it all right. You see, the trouble is all about that Mrs. Brown who lives in the next block. If we can get away from her and the people that know her, I suppose I can live it down.' 'You haven't had any serious trouble with her, have you?' he inquired anxiously. 'Oh dear, no!' she answered. 'But you see, I called on her to-day.' 'Well? What happened then?' 'Nothing. She was punctiliously polite but I could easily see she was inclined to look down upon me as a woman who did not understand social customs, but nevertheless was well-meaning and was to be treated with dignified courtesy. I couldn't understand it at first, but later—'

GREATER THAN EVER. January Victories Over Disease and Death. The Grandest Record Ever Attained in One Month. Paine's Celery Compound the Acknowledged King of Medicines.

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HERE BEARFUL MISTAKE. It Causes Her Much Grief and was the Cause of a Move. Etiquette, strictly construed, is a fearful and wonderful thing, but it is hardly necessary to accept as a literal truth the following heartrending story, extracted from the Chicago Post. It will bear laughing at, however, and perhaps may suggest a lesson. The parties to the dialogue are a man and his wife. She was weeping when he entered, and they had not been married so long that he felt it unnecessary to try to comfort her. 'Why, my dear,' he said, sitting down beside her and putting his arm around her, 'what has happened?' 'Oh, I shall never get over it—never!' she cried, unheeding his query. 'Never get over what?' he asked. 'Has any one dared to insult you or say anything unkind to you?' 'No-o,' she returned through her tears; 'it isn't that. I did it myself, but—'

How Much did the Deer Weigh. Two gentlemen were out shooting and they shot a very fine deer. They were very anxious to know the weight of it, but had no means by which they could gratify their wish. However, they secured a pole and placed it across a log. One of the two who weighed two hundred and ten pounds, took up his position on the end of the pole while the other, whose weight was a hundred and fifty pounds, sat on the opposite end, and the pole balanced. They changed places, and the gentlemen, who weighed a hundred and fifty pounds placed the deer on his lap and the pole balanced again. What is the weight of the deer?

How the Major Led up to it. 'We are on the eve of a new century,' said the major. 'Yes,' said the colonel. 'In the bright morning of the times.' 'Yes,' replied colonel. 'And life has new duties for us.' 'It has said the colonel. 'And would you indorse my note for thirty days?' asked the major. 'I would not,' replied the colonel, 'and I wish you a very good-morning.'—Atlanta Constitution.

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Wholly Indifferent. 'Young man,' said the multi-millionaire angrily, 'how dare you get engaged without my knowledge—and to an actress?' 'Such a matter sir, is one in which I do not think that even a father should be absolute.' 'But you never earned a dollar in your life. Supposing I publicly renounce you?' 'All right, sir. The oftener you publicly renounce me the more you advertise my wife.'—Washington Star.

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