

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10 1900.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

That Pro-Boer Denial.

Here is a paragraph that found insertion in one of the daily papers during the week. There is not the slightest foundation in fact for the story current on the streets for some days past that a prominent city manufacturer had punched an equally prominent St. John contractor because of the latter's pro-Boer utterances. The two gentlemen have not even seen each other for fully three weeks.

At a first glance this might be taken for a complete denial of the story that there was trouble between two business men over some expressions about the war but it is anything but that.

The story was told many days before PROGRESS printed it last Saturday and it was told with many variations. The whole truth of it is known to but a few people and they are very chary of talking about it. But many versions of the affair did leak out and when one of them appeared in print there was some haste to seize upon the slightest pretext for denial. This was found because the gentleman described as a contractor is not really a contractor but a manufacturer. It is of no use to give names at this date because even the words over which the dispute arose have been contradicted, but that it did actually take place there is no reason to doubt. The tendency to throw blame upon a newspaper that gives the news, and because it suppresses names, is called upon to bear the odium of denial is becoming very common of late. So far as PROGRESS is concerned after this the names of those who figure in these pleasant or unpleasant episodes will be given as proof in the event of a denial. The memory and example of Munchausen are very distinct with the gentlemen who sought the newspaper offices and corrected the denial. PROGRESS is informed that one of the parties to the dispute—the loyal man—had no part in the denial. He had nothing to deny.

But the curious feature of the case in this, an attempt was made to make it appear that it was a young and rising contractor who was in the fuss, and it was so stated. He was told of it and was astounded that his name should be used, especially as he was absent from the city on a trip to the states when the affair occurred.

It is said that he demanded an explanation, but that the statement was characterized as a joke. Whether he will view it in that light remains to be seen, but a friend of his told PROGRESS that he proposed to seek legal advice upon the subject.

The Pender Nail Manufacturing Company at its meeting this week voted \$250 to the Contingent Fund, an example that many of the successful manufacturing concerns might well follow.

How the Boer Flag.

Sergeant Jacob Ross, the West Side chief of police, sees the point of a joke quite readily and never fails to appreciate a good one, even if the laughs is on himself. This was the case last Tuesday morning. On Monday night he made some repairs to a flag pole on his barn, to make it secure against the prevailing high wind. He left the ladder he was using standing against the structure and went to bed. Next morning what his horror to discover the flag of the Transvaal Republic floating majestically from the pole. No time was lost, needless to say in having the emblem of the national enemy dragged to Mother Earth, but it was too late. Many early risers had seen it and now the genial police officer, whose loyalty is undoubted, is being berated good naturedly and otherwise by his friends on both sides of the harbor.

The joke is all the better when it is known that Sergt. Ross was just at that time engaged in tracking down the French laborer who said so many vile things openly about Queen Victoria at Sard Point on Saturday 8rd.

Matinee Girls Have Ideas.

As is usually the way with good looking actors, the heroes of the Stock Company now playing at the Opera House have become the idols of the matinee girls. The seven weeks test has proved too much for the more impressionable fair ones of the theatre going class, and a fondness for other than the mere play has seized hold of them.

The Valentine Company possesses one particularly fine looking young man whose stage presence and delightfully modulated

voice have created him the "far off" swarthy heart of more than a hundred girls, yes and young women both married and single. Crowded houses greet every afternoon performance and scarcely a fair attendant is without her opera glasses. Young ladies and blushing maidens, who have made it a point for a long time back to sit in particular sections of the house now crowd eagerly into the front orchestra chairs, from which point they admire their heroes at close range. Applause is showered upon the actors upon the least provocation and evidences of their popularity is shown in various other ways. In passionate love scenes in which the matinee girls participate the effect upon the sentimental audience is very apparent. Young girls cry, older ones sigh, while behind the canvas walls of the charming stage drawing room, the hero smiles and winks to other eye. When the show is over the parade of matinee girls on the streets is a feature. City boys and young men are given only mere recognition by the watchful matinee, who stand by in admiration as the actors plod their weary way back to their hotels.

His Teeth Won't Leave Him.

A young man who is the possessor of a fine set of false teeth looked upon the wine when it was ridd a short time ago and looked upon it so often that he became ill. In the severe struggle that followed he lost his teeth over the curbstone of the street. A policeman passing later found them and in due time the owner recovered them. The next week he was in Carleton one evening and the sea air must have proved too strong for him, for again he struggled with his feelings and again he was vanquished and his teeth went. His misery was such that he did not discover his loss until morning, when remembering where he was about that time, he returned to the spot and lo! his teeth were there frozen in the ice. It is quite evident that they do not intend to part with their owner.

The Bishop's Beside It.

His Lordship Bishop Sweeney has a particular aversion to undignified demonstrations and whenever such matters come within the pale of his influence he promptly rectifies what he considers the mistake. The other evening one of the city Catholic orders tendered His Lordship Bishop-elect Casey a reception, as many of the other Catholic societies had already done. Elaborate preparations were in progress for the event and the decorations were to be most profuse and very elegant. But Bishop Sweeney heard of the great activity in this direction and forbade it, as undignified and a needless drain upon the purses of the members of the society. Accordingly the decorations were removed but the arched organization was considerably dampened.

Mr. Martin's Deer Barbed.

Tom Martin came over on the Maggie Miller a few days ago and told the story of how he let the deer that he caught on

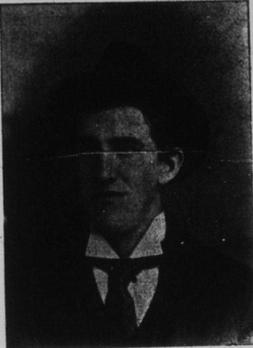


J. ALBERT PERKINS.

Son of retired Captain J. D. Perkins of Fredericton. An expert cornette, also an athlete. A 71st battalion member and now with the first contingent.

the ice last Christmas go to the woods again. Mr. Martin wanted to give the deer to the park people, but they could not accommodate the animal and Mr. Hanington advised him that it was against the law for him to keep the deer or kill it.

so he would have to let it go. Mr. Martin thought it was quite tame and a great pet of the children the deer might remain in the vicinity but as soon as it was liberated it ran "like a deer" and all the care and attention the kind hearted farmer had given to it had gone for naught.



JOHN PICKLES.

Son of Rev. Mr. Pickles, Methodist minister, and formerly of this city. Member of first contingent now in Africa.

PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

PAGE 1.—Cast your eyes about this page and you can learn as to its contents.

PAGE 2.—Ording on the "Vald"—A special communication from South Africa describing the preparation of Canada's first contingent for their first meeting with the Boers.

PAGE 3.—Prominent Men and Women of Today—Clearly written references to people who are at present in the public eye.

PAGE 4.—The New Christian Church in North End—A cut and brief reference to this new edifice.

PAGE 5.—Music and Dramatic—The happenings of the week in these worlds of amusement—Our local theatre.

PAGE 6.—Editorial and Poetry—The editorial includes references to the Police Association, St. John's Home ship month, Military enthusiasm in St. John, the feeling against Pro-Boers etc., etc.

PAGE 7.—Local Society and Personal Notes from Halifax, Fredericton, St. Stephen, Yarmouth, Truro, Sussex, Parrabro, Kentville, river parts and from all over the three Provinces.

PAGE 8.—A whole page of bright breezy bits including: An unbiased description of the manner in which the emigrants are treated at Sand Point and during the voyage.

PAGE 9.—Y. C. M. C. children at the Board of Health Office.

PAGE 10.—An amusing incident in which two young lawyers in Pugsley's building and two applying typewriters figure. Each lawyer wanted the pretty typist.

PAGE 11.—Still another St. John Boer. He is a liquor dealer this time and has been partially boycotted.

PAGE 12.—The Royal Kennebec Yacht Club has its annual meeting—An organization St. John is proud of.

PAGE 13.—The commercial traveller who would not be vaccinated at Carleton, but who was nevertheless, St. John drummer have great fun with an old masher at Albert, Albert Co., and hold a breach of promise case in mock court. The old fellow was righteously.

PAGE 14.—How the Boers train their horses to stand still in action.

PAGE 15.—A ball boy's clever scheme to "get even" for neglected grievances—Correct statement of England's army in South Africa, in criticism of Secretary Wyndham's statement General Buller and Mrs. Kruger. The deadly shills of today.

PAGE 16.—First half of a highly interesting story "Fated to marry a Soldier."

PAGE 17.—Sunday Reading—Extracts from the writings of the most eminent divines of the day and miscellaneous literature for Sabbath day perusal.

PAGE 18.—A Scene from Home Life—Written specially for PROGRESS by Mr. Fleming of Annapolis. An article with a healthy tone.

PAGE 19.—Frits of Fashion and a whole budget of timely reading for the gentler readers of PROGRESS.

PAGE 20.—Newfoundland Wrecks—A splendidly written article on the danger of the inhospitable coast about Newfoundland and an account of the recent wreck of the German ship "Halgoled."

PAGE 21.—"Within the Line"—A story of love and duty during the American War.

Police Alarm Again.

Monday afternoon was a field day at the Safety Board. The chief of police was there and the police magistrate and both of them had something to say about police affairs. Some interesting facts came out that have been held back and the result is that the Safety Board has more information now about the force than it has had for some time.

Whether it will act or not remains to be seen when the report comes in to the council. One of the first things that came up in connection with the report of the chief was the condition of the outside lock ups. One or two of them need repairing and two or three more should be burned up. Then the old question of the police alarm came up for discussion and strange to say obtained greater attention than it did when the representative of the Gamewell company was here some time ago. The system was explained at length then by PROGRESS and he saving to the city was pointed out. It is operated much the same as the fire alarm is but it gives a good deal of information to the captain in charge. The alarm boxes are scattered all over the city and as men pass them on their beats at certain times they are supposed to open the box press a certain button and the fact that he is on his beat, attending to his duty is at once signalled in the Central station. This is recorded on a tape and there is a perfect record of each day's proceedings before the chief. One advantage of this, that was pointed out at the time, is that it would do away with patrol sergeants. Now one, two or three men are constantly on the move looking after the different beats seeing that the patrolmen are attending to their duty. These alarm boxes of the gamewell system are known as silent sentinels. A policeman who is not on his beat cannot report to the central office and he must give a satisfactory explanation of his absence.

This advantage, while important is but a minor one to the abolition of the lock ups. As they are today they are filthy places—usually tumble down shanties, removed half a mile or so from the station, where prisoners can be lodged until the men report at the central station in the morning. With the police alarm system when an arrest is made the officer would touch a button in the nearest box and the hurry up wagon would be on hand in a few minutes to take the prisoner to the central station. The spectacle of an officer lugging a drunken man to the station would be avoided and the policeman would not have to leave his beat.

The expense of the outside lock-ups would be avoided, the carstaker's salary would be saved and the heating and lighting. It was calculated when the subject was up before that the city could pay the interest on the capital required to put in the alarm and actually save money! Of course there would have to be a horse and wagon (the funds for the latter, PROGRESS understands, are already provided by some ladies) and a driver, but even with these

expenses there would be a decided saving. If Director Wisely can make the same showing to day as he did when the Gamewell representative was before the council there is not much doubt that the city will soon have a police alarm system.

Under the present system only a portion of the night force is on duty at one time. One man remains in the lock up while his associates on the beat are out. This is true of at least two lock ups and probably of more. If there were no outside lock ups this could be avoided. There are many more features of this system that are interesting and valuable and if the council takes the matter up again PROGRESS will be able to give some more facts about it.

Thought Her a Mere Child.

Miss Annie Blanke, the clever ingenue actress with the Valentine Company tells a story of an encounter she once had in New York with a delegation from the Gerry Society, that philanthropic organization whose efforts are directed toward preventing small children from laboring, at least from being pressed into service as money earners. Miss Blanke was playing the part of little Lord Fauntleroy and in the childish garb of Frances Hodgson Burnett's famous little character, she looked even more diminutive than she really was. The Gerry Society people naturally took her to be a mere child and had her stopped playing, but a short interview with his tiny "lordship" behind the scenes soon convinced the surprised Gerryttes of the success of Miss Blanke as a portrayer of the part assigned to her. Instead of a babyish little Miss or Master, they knew not which, they were confronted with a bright intelligent young woman, who laughed heartily at the joke she had been the cause of inflicting.

Hill Holiday for Firemen.

The drivers of the various fire department horses are contemplating the drawing up of a petition for presentation to the Common Council asking for one afternoon off duty each week. At present their only off hours are their meal hours, and these indeed are short enough. From Monday morning to Monday morning without a respite is monotonous living, even if the labors are not very onerous, and it is thought the local authorities will treat the matter kindly if some action is taken. No civil servants command more warm feeling and encouragement from the people at large than do the fire fighters, and it is hard to see how any objection could be raised against granting them a weekly half holiday. The arrangements of the fire labor system however may not permit of such a move, just at present, yet it could undoubtedly be brought about if a willingness to do so was evinced.

Dr. Pope's Death.

Thursday evening Rev. Dr. Pope, one of the city's oldest and most revered clergymen went to his reward, after having been ill but a fortnight. No pastor in the community was held in greater love and esteem than was the white haired doctor of divinity so recently deceased. His long residence in this city brought him in close contact with people of all denominations and among them he became greatly endeared. Since the death of Rev. Mr. Daniel a few years ago, Dr. Pope had been the father of Methodist ministry in Lower Canada. He held various pastorates in different parts of the province, and was superannuated 24 years ago. Besides being an able preacher Dr. Pope was an indefatigable worker during his active service and a writer of force and elegance. Dr. Pope's death removes another familiar figure from about town, a kindly face and everybody's friend.

A Sunday Morning Race.

There has not been so much interest in racing for a long time as that which is taken this winter on the Marsh Road. On Sunday morning last there was a large gathering there to witness a match race between the horses of Messrs. Keefe and Fye of the country market. Both of them are known to have some speed but the owners had a bet of ten dollars up and, accompanied by their friends went out to settle which animal was the faster. A gentleman well known as a good driver was objected to as a guide for one of the horses and the owners started. There was a starter, judges and all the officials necessary. Fye's horse kept the lead for a considerable distance but broke and acted so badly that he did not finish the heat and the race went to Mr. Keefe.



SAMUEL JONES.

Of Fredericton, all round athletic and late of 11th battalion. Now in South Africa with first contingent.

expenses there would be a decided saving. If Director Wisely can make the same showing to day as he did when the Gamewell representative was before the council there is not much doubt that the city will soon have a police alarm system.

CANADIANS ON THE VELDT.

How Our Lads Are Being Drilled to Fight Scientifically Against the Boers.

Belmont, Cape Colony, South Africa, January 2.

(In Camp With the Royal Canadians.)

For nearly two weeks now the regiment has been guarding this important point on the lines of communication, and during the week much due progress has been made in efficiency. You must always bear in mind how young this battalion is. Tradition, custom and a sense of mutual acquaintance are mighty factors in the welding together of a military machine. The Torontonian has only to look at the various Toronto corps and see how each has its own most useful distinctive characteristics, to gain some idea of what this means. All these aids have been denied this regiment, which has sprung from the crisis-moment of a great three of Imperialism, which is composed of men who, drawn from every corner of the Dominion, cannot possibly be acquainted with one another, which stood as a unit on the parade ground only twice, once on Monday, October 30, in Quebec, once on Friday, December 1, in Cape Town, before being sent into the theatre of operations. An Imperial battalion moves to a campaign as a great family, whose officers have known one another for years, whose every rank is intimately acquainted with each other's characteristics. Our mutual acquaintances is coming to us, in ship, on the trains we so frequently board and alight from, in the camps we pitch and leave. A week is a long stage in the history of so juvenile a regiment, and we must look for the results of the week's work here.

First and foremost, I suppose, our fighting training has commenced. Col. Buchan, as I have already explained, has assumed command, and he daily has the regiment out on the veldt under the kopjes practising the formations which the dear bought experience of the front has prescribed. The Boers make a special practice of marking down the leaders of their foes, and we are told that they literally fire volleys at the officers and section commanders. Several regiments, we hear, have only five or six officers left.

This does not strike us as playing the game fairly, but we must accept things as we find them, and do the best we can to protect the leaders, whose presence means so much. The ordinary European formation, with the sergeants and officers conspicuously in rear of the firing line and in front of the supports, has been abandoned. Swords have been left at home, rifles are carried, rank marks are torn away, gay buttons are washed with yellow paint, helmets are covered.

More than that, the officers and non-coms, now get into the ranks, and the word is passed along, in lieu of the signals which make the leader so conspicuous in the dead-line of vision given to the battlefield by the devilish smokeless powder. And so our men daily skirmish up to the kopjes in long extended lines, officers and sergeants in the lines, to be distinguished only by the nearer fit of their uniforms and the coaching which they give the men. The formation adopted so far is much like what I think I have seen in some disquisitions described as the "wave" method. A succession of thinly extended lines advance upon the enemy, one line behind another, each so extended as to present the minimum target. As the objective point is reached the rear "waves" come up to join the "wave" in front, this feeding the firing line and developing its fire with gradually increasing intensity. Roughly speaking, this describes the general idea. In carrying it out various methods may be adopted. On one occasion the front and rear ranks of the companies worked separately, each furnishing a wave. On others the advance was made by alternate half companies or sections.

The formation which is most favored, and which we may count upon as being adopted, is as follows:—The rear rank supports the front rank at a distance of thirty paces. The men in each rank are at intervals of not less than five paces—remember, non-military reader that "distance" means space from front to rear, "interval" space from flank to flank. The companies in rear follow in the same formation at a distance from each other of from 80 to 100 paces. Thus a half battalion of four companies advancing on the enemy would present eight waves of thinly-scattered men. Col. Buchan has evolved the formation from what he has heard from the front, and it closely resembles the formations used by Lord Methuen's

army. The men of one regiment which has done good work without incurring too heavy a butcher's bill have told me that in their regiment—which underwent its battle training in the Tihah campaign—the interval was ten paces.

One corollary of the extension adopted is that volley firing seems likely to be abandoned, for the attack at all events. The men are too extended, and the control exercised by the officer would endanger him unduly. An officer's duties practically simmers down to giving the word for and starting each successive rush. As a matter of fact, the tactics in this portion of the theatre of war amount to a crushing cannonade, and an advance under cover of it by the infantry with fixed

numerous. The helmet-dyeing has not proved a permanent solution of the color difficulty, the rain having partially washed the coffee stains out. Most of the regiments here have their helmets covered by a species of khaki bag, the result being effective, though not especially ornamental. Puttees are a sore point. The great numbers of troops passing through Cape Town has proved a heavy drain on local resources, and khaki colored puttees cannot be had. The dark blue articles can be got, but it is pure murder to equip troops with them, as they offer a terrible mark. The officers here have them, but the men are still in their loose trousers. Wet and wearing have caused them to shrink not a little, and the effect is not beautiful. When the belated puttees do come, however, the appearance of the troops will improve immensely.

Looks, in any case, win no campaigns in this part of the world, and the Imperial battalions we meet are not remarkably spick and span.

Courtsip Sundays.

The Dutch November, like our own June, is the month of marriages, but the



MAIN STREET CHRISTIAN CHURCH—ST. JOHN'S AFB

The Main street Christian church, an illustration of which is here given, will not be ready for occupancy until late in the spring. At present the frame is completed, but as yet a great deal has to be done before the edifice is ready for worship. When finished however it will be one of the prettiest little churches in New Brunswick and will add very greatly to the general aspect of the locality in which it is situated, viz: Douglas, Avenue North End, near the corner of Main street, and on the lot of land formerly owned by Count de Bury. The congregation of Main street Christian

church is small but energetic one and intend a building their church all paid for when the last nail is driven, if it is at all possible. For several years they have been worshipping in Union Hall, under the spiritual leadership of Rev J. C. B. Appel, who is himself an indefatigable laborer. The new church is of wood and although the American architect has embellished the above scene with trees and vines, yet when the doors are thrown open in the approaching balmy days, the result of the builders' art will not differ in looks to any great extent, from the accompanying cut.

bayonets; the kopjes are practically impregnable to musketry, and it needs a combination of artillery fire and infantry steel to turn the Boers out.

In addition to the drill, a great deal of fatigue work is done by the men every day. The station is almost hourly in a better posture of defence. Military reasons forbid my telling how or where the work is being done, but done it is. The men make no complaint over this—they are learning that all sorts of duties are expected of a soldier, and they render their duty cheerfully. One thing is noticeable, that discipline is stiffening. The huddled conditions of the ship have disappeared, each company and each section can be dealt with individually, and as we get closer to the front the hand of authority tightens. "We're up against the real thing now," is a snatch of topical song occasionally heard in the lines, and it is true enough. The appearance of the regiment, it must be confessed, is frankly, disreputable. The khaki uniform, excellent in many respects, is light enough in color to show the dirt stains which are inevitable in campaigning and the dirt stains are very

good people of Holland are more business-like in these matters than Americans are, and it is the usual thing with them to compress match making in all its branches within this single month. The four Sundays of November mark the four stages of the courtsip, and each is known by its individual name, as "Review," "Decision," "Purchase," and "Possession" Sunday. On Review Sunday in every village, the whole population linger after church [while] the young people parade about, youths and maidens gazing at each other, but shyly forbearing to speak. Decision Sunday is a long step forward. After the service, each bachelor approaches the maiden of his choice with a ceremonious bow. He must be shrewd, for from his manner of responding he is to judge whether it is the part of wisdom or of danger to make further advances. If the test of Decision Sunday is safely passed, the suitor waits a week, and upon Purchase Sunday calls upon the parents of his beloved. With their approval, he may appear on Possession Sunday as a prospective bridegroom. November is chosen as the fittest month of the year because the hardest work of farming is over, and the comfortable time of gathering the harvest is the merriest season of all. Possibly, also, the Dutch lords of creation are not averse to having a wife to cook for them, and make them comfortable during the long winter.

The Whereabouts of the S.

Among the many good stories of legal lights which Sir Edward Russell has told in his recent book, "That Reminds Me," is one of a Sergeant Channell who had the English habit of hitting his h's.

One day before Mr. Justice Crewe a some-time lawyer of dry and things, a ship case was being tried, and Sergeant Channell was on one side and Sir Frederic Treasiger on the other. Every time the former mentioned the vessel he called her the Ellen; every time the other counsel mentioned her he called her the Helen. At last the judge, with quaint gravity, said: "Stop! What was the name of the ship? I have it in my notes—the Ellen and the Helen. Which is it?"

The bar grinned. Then Treasiger said, in his blandest and most fastidious manner: "Ob, my lud, the ship was christened Helen, but she lost her h in the chops of the Channell."

Men and Women of Today.

The Excellent Luck of Mayor Hart.

Mayor Thomas N. Hart, of Boston, conducted his own campaign in a masterly manner. The situation was peculiarly delicate. Normally, Boston is Democratic, but at the December elections there was a bolting wing of the Democracy that threatened at the first sign of a mistake or the utterance of an unwise sentiment to return its allegiance to the Democratic candidate. Mr. Hart therefore planned for a short campaign with few speeches. There were no mistakes, and the bolting Democracy elected Mr. Hart.

When it was "all over but the shouting," Mr. Hart, in conversation with one of the Republican leaders, said:

"This campaign reminds me of the old Southern ducky who was brought before the court for stealing chickens."

"In what way?" some one asked.

"Why, the Judge asked the old man, looking at him sharply and speaking in his sternest manner: 'Were you ever in court before for stealing chickens?'"

"No, sah," said the colored brother with a grin; "I've been mighty lucky, sah."

"And so have I," said Mr. Hart with a hearty laugh.

What Mr. Cummings Would Have Done.

Before Amos J. Cummings was a Congressman he was managing editor of the New York Sun, and President of the New York Press Club. During his many years of active journalistic work Mr. Cummings' paper was first and foremost in his mind. That is one reason why he was always at the top of the profession. He unconsciously illustrated this characteristic at a social function of the Press Club. There were several amateurs and two or three professional entertainers present. One of the latter was reciting a dramatic incident with marked force and finished elocution. Mr. Cummings sat at the head of the table deep in thought over the next day's paper.

"The murderer crept up to my bedside," whispered the elocutionist tremendously.

"He thought I was asleep. But I was awake. Oh, awake! Hours passed between each tick of the watch under my pillow. He looked into my face and raised his keen knife above my head. Just as he was about to strike I heard a low whistle and the desperado leaped from the room and disappeared out the window. Now, sir, what do you suppose I did then?" he asked in thunderous tones.

Mr. Cummings came to for a moment. "I'd have hustled down to my office and written it up for my paper," he replied in a matter-of-fact way.

Alexander MacArthur's Surprise Party.

Alexander MacArthur, author of a successful study of life in the Latin Quarter of Paris, which brought to the writer both popularity and profit, is also the pupil and biographer of Rubinstein and is a close friend of Paderewski. The author lived for two years in St. Petersburg, correspond-

ing for the London press, and taking part in some thrilling adventures, but the most singular of the writer's experiences happened in Chicago after the novel had been brought out by a publisher of that city. The book had been so successful that the publisher decided to give the author a dinner to which a dozen of the leading men of letters in the Lake city were invited. The guests had assembled when the author was announced.

Through the blue haze of smoke there appeared a handsome young woman attired in evening dress.

"We are expecting Mr. MacArthur," said the host; "Mr. Alexander MacArthur, the novelist."

"So I understood," returned the unexpected guest. "I am Alexander MacArthur."

"You?" gasped the publisher.

"Yes. Didn't you know? I am Lillian MacArthur, at your service. I have been writing over the name of Alexander even since I left my home in Dublin."

It was only the work of a minute to rearrange affairs, and the dinner was a great success.

Not According to Regulations.

Lord Roberts, the British commander in South Africa, is very popular among the rank and file, who usually refer to him as "Bobs." He began his career in 1851 as a second lieutenant in the artillery, and fought and worked his way up with remarkable success. No one better understands "Tommy Atkins." When near a barracks in India one day he was annoyed by several terriers belonging to the soldiers. The owners rushed forward, kicked the quadrupeds, and humbly apologized for their pet's misdeeds. The colonel listened and then said:

"They undoubtedly make good sentries, but I don't like the way they salute their superior officers."

A Novel Way to Dig Canals.

Prince Hohenlohe is a strong advocate of Emperor William's scheme for a great ship canal which will connect the interior of Germany with the ocean. In discussing the subject with one of the Agrarian nobles who opposes the project the latter said: "Your excellency, you will find the opposition to be a rock in the path of your canal."

The prince's eyes twinkled as he retorted, "We'll imitate the prophet Moses, smite the rock, and then the water will flow."

A Meteorological Gramme.

The Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod, Moderator of the church of Scotland, has a magnificent voice. An Englishman said to him one day, "Doctor, how do you pronounce your name?"

The doctor was somewhat taken aback, but answered with dignity and some force, "Think of a cloud, sir, a dark storm cloud."

"Thank you, doctor; but you need not use the voice of thunder to carry out the illustration."

"Now, Freddy, water, you know, will always run down hill."

"Oh, no, pa; not when it's froze."



This striking photograph represents the three-year-old son of Mrs. Jess. Potter of 394 South First Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., who says, under date of Sept. 23, 1899, regarding his cure of a disfiguring face humor: "My baby's face was covered with ringworms. We could not lay a pin between the sores on his face and neck, without success, when I heard of Cuticura. I got a box of Cuticura Soap, and a box of Cuticura Ointment. I only applied them three days, when I could see his face was better, and in four weeks he was cured. His face is as clear as a bell, and not a mark on it."

In all the world there is no treatment so pure, so sweet, so economical, so speedily effective for distressing skin and scalp humors of infants and children as CUTICURA. A warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, and a single anointing with CUTICURA OINTMENT, purest of emollient skin cures, followed when necessary by a mild dose of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, will afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep to both parent and child, and point to a speedy, permanent, and economical cure, when all else fails. Sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston. "How to Cure Baby Humors," free.

"77"

"Breaks up"

COLDS

An Open Winter.

An open Winter is not without its terrors for those who do not use Dr. Humphrey's Specific. In the East wind lurks Grip and Colic ("croken up" by "77"). In the dampness Rheumatism ("16" is the cure). Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Weak Stomach are especially prevalent in Winter (cured by "10") Humphrey's Specific, turkish a cure for each and every ailment. All drug stores sell them 25c. a bottle. We have a few copies of Dr. Humphrey's Specific Manual—Elixir de Luxe—white and gold—to send free on request; address Humphrey's Homoeopathic Medicine Co., Cor. Wall and John Sts., N. Y.

Music and The Drama

The concerts under the management of F. G. Spencer took place last Thursday and Friday evenings, and while not perhaps quite so largely attended as previous ones of a similar nature, were yet well patronized. The Rodpath concert company is a particularly strong aggregation this season and the recent concerts are regarded by many as the best which Manager Spencer has offered to the public—and he has undoubtedly offered many good things. While Mary Louise Cary seems to have lost none of her power to charm a St. John audience with that wonderful voice of hers, which remains one so much of a grand old organ, played by a master hand, she yet had to share honors with Eleonore Meredith, a soprano, who on her first appearance made a wonderful impression, and one that will take some time to obliterate. Her voice, is rich, true and pure, of wonderful compass and power and her enunciation clear and perfect. Her rendition of Gounod's Ave Maria on the second night was magnificently executed and its reception by the critical audience was a flattering assurance, if such were needed, of the pleasure it gave to those who heard it. Mr. Towne was somewhat of a disappointment, "suffering from a cold" so the papers said, though he was heard to good advantage in the quartettes. Carl Duff was a delightful surprise, his great full resonant bass making such music as is not often heard in the opera house. His various numbers were warmly received and it would be difficult to say which gave the greatest pleasure. Whatever other singers come to St. John there will always be a hearty welcome for Carl Duff. As an accompanist Miss Kober gave the most perfect satisfaction and her instrumental solos were very brilliantly executed; Miss Von Fersch, the foreign looking little violinist played with a delicacy of touch and finish that showed not only the greatest skill and careful training but a thorough comprehension and mastering of her favorite instrument. Her numbers were very enthusiastically received. The concerts were I believe successful from a financial point of view, and Mr. Spencer is doubtless encouraged to future efforts in this line.

A charming little concert was given in St. Andrews church on Tuesday evening under the auspices of the Ladies Aid society and a delightful programme rendered before a large and appreciative audience. At the cathedral tomorrow, the occasion of the consecration of Bishops Barry and Casey, Mozart's Twelfth mass will be sung. In the afternoon pontifical vespers will be given, and several solos will be rendered. Gorton's Minstrels are doing the south very successfully. Black Patti's Troubadors are having a successful tour of the west. Emma Italia will retire from the stage upon her marriage which will occur shortly. The latest song hit is "After All" which is having an immense success everywhere. Hubbard Smith, composer of many popular songs of the day, is American consul at Canton in the Philippines. Madame Gadaki was the soloist at an impromptu musicale in New York a few evenings ago at the College of Music. Emil Bruggeman received a dangerous sword wound last week in New York, during a performance of Die Freischutz. F. M. Morse, the original giant in "Jack and the Beanstalk" has left that organization. Mr. Morse is the possessor of a wonderful bass voice. Nellie Melba, according to a cable despatch from Berlin last week, is suffering with influenza and her appearance in the German capital was postponed. Announcement is made of the recent marriage of A. L. Wilbur, proprietor of the Wilbur Opera company and Maude Daniel, manager of the company. Carré and Miss's lyric drama L'Hôte was produced in Paris a few weeks ago. It is said to have a powerful and tragic story but the music does not suit the theme. Les Saltimbanques an operetta, with

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music that shows Maurice Ordonneau at his best, and a libretto that is fairly creditable to Louis Ganne has achieved success in Paris. In the cast are Paul Fugère, Jeanne Seulier and Lyse Berty. Viola Gillette, at one time with the Castle Square Opera company, has achieved much success as Allan a-Dale in Williamson and Mangrove's production of "Robin Hood" in Sydney, N. S. W., Miss Gillette went to Australia with Hoyt and McKee's company and was loaned for the "Robin Hood" engagement. She has been offered a permanent position in the Royal Comic Opera company. Rome is anxiously awaiting the first production of Puccini's La Tosca. It was when Bernhardt first played Tosca in Milan that the idea of an opera on this theme was first conceived. The authors have improved upon the original, the play in the first place being reduced to three acts and the action being more concentrated, intense and thrilling. Sardou's play has been idealized and little of it remains but the plot. It may be said to have been re-written entirely with the result that La Tosca the opera is far more interesting than La Tosca the play. Puccini was about a year writing it.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The seventh week of the Valentine Stock Company's engagement opened suspiciously with audiences that in point of numbers were only surpassed by the holiday attendance. "The Merchant of Venice" was the attraction and a strong one it proved. It was smoothly and charmingly played, and that those who witnessed it were more than pleased was demonstrated by the frequent outbursts of applause. The interpretation was particularly strong and fine, and there was no doubt that Mr. Mawson, Miss Bonstelle, Messrs. Evans and Webster had a true conception of the roles they played. Mr. Mawson's "Shylock" the grasping, relentless usurer, was a magnificent piece of work, so thrillingly realistic that even that actor's warmest admirers felt that they hated him cordially, and for once would rather bestow hisses than applause, upon the course prompted by avarice and revenge. What an ideal Portia, Miss Bonstelle was, in her sweet natural girlishness, charming naivete, and altogether fascinating personality. She was equal to every scene, and gave a most finished interpretation of one of Shakespeare's most interesting and lovable heroines. The balance of the cast called for almost the entire strength of the Company, all of whom were equal to the demands made upon them. The "Merchant of Venice" will run for the entire week. The St. John Amateur Dramatic club gave an entertainment in the Institute on Wednesday evening in aid of the Transvaal fund. The drama "Tried and True" was presented and the cast included some amateurs whose names were a guarantee of good work. Rejane is being heartily welcomed back to the French capital. George Grossmith's American tour begins in Boston next week. Katherine Rober opens an engagement in Portland Me. next week. David Belasco has written a new third act for "Naughty Anthony." Charles Bassett has been specially engaged for 'A Bunch of Keys'. Sarah Truax has added "Much Ado About Nothing" to her repertoire. Kate Rorke intends to revive 'The Squire' by Finero in London, it is said. James K. Hackett is a Canadian, having been born at Wolfe Island Ontario in 1869. The Burrill Comedy company, here last year, is playing Massachusetts this week. Emperor William of Germany has written another play which he calls "The Iron Teeth." James A. Herne in 'Sag Harbor' is playing to good business in his New England tour. Nance O'Neil and her company sailed from Vancouver for Australia on Friday of this week. Jane Harding, has gone to Marseilles and Monte Carlo to give a series of performances. Josie Lloyd is winning much praise for her work in The Span of Life, seen here in October. Stuart Robson will shortly produce Mr. Thomas' new play Oliver Goldsmith in New York. Kyrie Bellew has sailed for Egypt where he will make an extended stay for the benefit of his health. Henrik Ibsen's new play 'When the Dead Awake' was successfully produced in Germany on Jan 25. Helen Garretson has been engaged to succeed Edna May in 'The Belle of New York' when the company returns to Europe.

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Miss Garretson is said to be a society girl and will shortly make her professional debut.

"The Belle of New York" may be presented in Berlin by an American company during the summer.

Smythe and Rice, long managerial partners will dissolve partnerships at the close of the present season.

Paul Blouet (Max O'Rell) arrived in New York a few days ago from Europe to begin a lecturing tour.

Olga Nethersole has been very ill and had to cancel her New York engagement. She is suffering from tonsillitis.

Fay Davis and Julie Opp will have leading parts in George Alexander's London production of Rupert of Hentzau.

Mary Hampton has resigned from the Frayley Company in San Francisco and will return shortly to New York.

Monnet Shuly and his company have returned from their tour of the French provinces and will begin work in Paris very soon.

The creditors of the Earl of Yarmouth, whose stage name is Eric Hope, met in London last week and decided to place his estate in bankruptcy.

Rose Coghlan will play Lady Garnet, the role originated in America by Ada Rehan when The Great Ruby, was produced in New York next month.

Annie Russell may be seen next season as Lorna Doone in a dramatization of Blackmore's novel of that name, now being made by Louis N. Parker.

Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott are now playing 'When We Two Were Twenty one,' replacing 'The Cowboy and the Lady' which had a successful run.

Arthur Hughes who was here with the last production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was killed at Paxton, Ill., recently while attempting to board a moving train.

William Churchill De Mille, son of the late H. C. De Mille made his debut as a dramatist recently, when "A mixed Four some" a one act comedy drama written by

him was produced recently in New York. The young author and his brother, Cecil De Mille appeared in the cast.

Dorothy Morton during a performance of The Greek Slave at the Quebec Academy of music, rebuked a box party that had made audible comments upon her work.

Emmet Corrigan has succeeded Edward J. Morgan in the title role of Ben Hur at the N. Y., Broadway. Mr. Morgan is playing in The Ambassador at Daly's this week.

Rudolf Ardenson sailed last week for Paris where he expects to conduct a roof garden during the exposition. He will also secure novelties for presentation in New York.

William Favreham and Jessie Millward have arranged for a benefit on Feb. 9 for the sick and wounded British soldiers in Africa. Among those who will take part are Maxine Elliott, Nat Goodwin, Wm. Gillette and others.

David Warfield may become a star under David Belasco's management. Negotiations have been under way for a long time but the parties interested have not come to a definite understanding.

William Seymour who staged Maude Adams' revival of "Romeo and Juliet" last year has been engaged to stage the production of "As You Like It" in which Miss Adams will be seen next spring.

Belle Archer is to have a new play by Forbes Hoerman. The work is said to be somewhat on the style of Clyde Fitch's "The Cowboy and the Lady" but the title has not been announced yet.

Zelie Davenport who is engaged by Liebler and Company for 'The Children of The Ghetto' to replace Ellen Burg in the part of Leah, appeared in that role last week and scored an immense success.

A. M. Palmer will go to Europe in the spring to consult with several authors upon a new play for Richard Mansfield. Mr. Mansfield has approved the first scene and costume designs for his revival of Henry V.

Charles E. Evans has purchased from David Belasco a half interest in the road right to 'Naughty Anthony' and expects soon to return to the stage in the title role of his successful farce. The purchase price for the half interest is said to be \$30,000.

Agnes Sorina has conquered Paris. She gave two performances of A Doll's House to audiences that, despite the fact that most of them did not understand German, recognized her art and applauded her enthusiastically. The critics were loud in their praise of her.

Wilson Barrett has finally disposed of the charge that he plagiarized "The Sign of the Cross" from "Quo Vadis" by the authenticated statement that "Quo Vadis" was not published in Poland until March 1895, while "The Sign of the Cross" was produced in St. Louis a year earlier. The singular similarity of the story and character of the play and novel is accounted for by Mr. Barrett on the theory that both he and



Albert Howard, Prince of Wales.

Stenkiewicz sought the same sources for material in connection with the Neroean period.

Liebler and company will make an elaborate production of 'Monte Cristo' next season with James O'Neill in the title role and a carefully selected company. The production will be on an elaborate scale and of such magnitude, it is said, that it can be presented only on large stages. It is the intention to divide the season between New York and Boston.

Beautiful Gertrude Dien Magill who made a sensation when here with W. S. Harkins some time ago—and incidentally an impression on many St. John masculine hearts—has been making a success in the role of Georgetta in "The King of the Opium Ring" Recently however, she has been obliged to cancel her engagement and is undergoing treatment for laryngitis.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEB. 10

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

OUR INTEREST IN THE WAR.

Observing the intense interest and enthusiasm of so many of the people in the war that is going on in South Africa a stranger must be impressed with the loyalty toward the mother land in this Canada of ours. The success or failure of each general at the front is looked for as eagerly in St. John as anywhere in the British Empire. The fact that we have not the same facilities for getting information, that what does reach us is several hours later than London hears it does not affect us, save to make us more impatient to know what is going on at the front. Nothing is talked of so frequently and earnestly as the war movements in South Africa; the success of EULER's attempt to advance, the gallant defence of Ladysmith or the probabilities as to what those dashing generals, FRENCH and McDONALD may accomplish.

With such a feeling existing, it is but natural that men should not tolerate those who are favorable to the Boers, who lose no opportunity to argue upon their side, and claim that the war was unprovoked and unjust. These sentiments are very properly termed disloyal at this time and those who express them must bear the consequences. It is not too much to say that the merchant who openly expresses himself as a Boer sympathizer, might just as well go out of business.

There is no doubt that too much of this feeling exists in St. John. We hear of it every day. These are plenty too ready to repeat, and in many cases exaggerate, pro Boer expressions. They do harm because they create bad feeling and, exaggerated as they may be, are sure to injure the man using them in the first place. All of a may not be able to agree but when popular feeling is excited it is unwise some times to disagree with it in so pronounced a fashion as many have done of late.

THE POLICE ASSOCIATION.

Those who subscribed to the police fund will be glad to note that some business method has been associated with it at last. A meeting of the policemen has been held and trustees elected. A statement of the fund was also submitted and this must have been a source of much gratification to those present. It amounts now to between six and seven hundred dollars but \$150 has been spent, one officer receiving \$100 and another \$50. Considering the size of the fund these grants appear to be large but no doubt there were special circumstances connected with the cases. Some general scheme of aid for those sick is now proposed and this is what is needed. The pay of a policeman does not permit him the luxury of idleness, frequently when he is unfit for duty, and as the city has apparently established the rule of half pay in all such cases the necessity for sticking to their posts seems to be very urgent to many of the men who have large families.

But if regular relief is to be given to the men some plan of assessment should be prepared. A certain portion of each man's wages should be set apart for the fund, and experience would soon determine what amount this should be. If the idea of four dollars a week relief is carried out a patrolman who is getting \$1.45 a day would receive about nine dollars a week instead of ten—his regular wages. This, of course, includes the city allowance of half pay. If some such plan as this were carried out, with system and correctness the police force would have a greater attraction for

good men than it has at present. There are seven days of work in the life of a policeman. He has no Sunday to rest. He must work at night half of his time and perhaps more; he cannot escape the rigors of the storm; rain or shine he is expected to be on duty. The monotony of his task makes it even more difficult. For all this he gets \$1.45 cents a day—not an extra vagant sum by any means. Whenever age comes upon him, unless he has managed to save from this pittance, he is unfit for any task except perhaps that of janitor or watchman. If, as in some cities there was a pension fund he would have something to look forward to—a period of retirement and comfort when he arrived at a certain age. Under all these circumstances any effort to improve the lot of the policemen should be welcomed by them and approved of by the citizens.

THE BARBARA FRIETCHIE INCIDENT.

The BARBARA FRIETCHIE flag incident that has been told again and again in poetry and prose has lost its pleasing features in the light of facts at this late day. WHITTIER'S poem has been recited wherever the English language is spoken and there is no doubt that the stirring and pathetic lines have done their share of good among the young people. But now Mrs. JOHN H. ABBOTT of Maryland says that it is time the many stories were set right and the facts stated, and she writes that, "The flag owned and waved by BARBARA FRIETCHIE is a silk one, and is now in my possession, having become my property at the death of my mother, who was the niece and heir of Mrs. FRIETCHIE."

"I stood by the side of Aunt BARBARA while the troops passed her house, and while many of the soldiers shook hands with her asking her name and age. She did not present a flag to anyone that day, but the following morning, Sept. 14 as she stood at her door or window, Gen. RENO dismounted, and after taking her by the hand and asking her age, asked to be permitted to enter her house and have a short conversation with her, as she was the oldest person he had ever met. He was invited in, and by her he was handed a glass of her home made currant wine. Then he asked to bring in and introduce his son or younger brother (we do not remember which)."

During his call Gen. RENO expressed a great desire to buy her flag, which she could not grant, but gave him a cotton flag which she had at hand. I have always thought it a smaller flag than the one his son describes, but I may be in error. When, later in the day, intelligence reached our town of the death of G. N. RENO no one mourned it more than Aunt Barbara and from that time until her death, three months later, she frequently expressed deepest sympathy.

"There seems to be no end to the discussions concerning BARBARA FRIETCHIE. Articles amusing and disgusting have been written, some containing grains of truth, others entirely the product of the writer's imagination. We have carefully avoided replying to any, but in this case deem it necessary to correct the error, and there fore repeat the statement that the silk flag waved by BARBARA FRIETCHIE which occasioned the writing of the poem is now in my possession."

GIVE ST. JOHN FAIR PLAY.

If the STRATHCONA horse are sent to South Africa via Halifax the government will lose prestige in St. John. The attempt is being made to persuade us that the decision rests entirely with STRATHCONA but it is absurd to say that if the government recommended St. John as a port of departure, STRATHCONA would not accede to it.

St. John has a right to be named as the port of departure for at least one of the contingents. Quebec had her share, which was quite proper and since then Halifax has sent two steamers (and will send a third) with nearly 1200 men that formed the second contingent. Now when St. John asks for the STRATHCONA horse to be shipped from this port all manner of excuses are made, the weakest of which is that the matter rests with STRATHCONA. If the decision rested entirely with that gentleman it is not likely that he would ignore the terminous of the Canadian Pacific Railway of which he is so large a stockholder. He knows what St. John is to that road, and he cannot fail to see what an advantage it would be to this port to have the STRATHCONA horse, recruited in the west, depart from St. John.

More than that the Canadian Pacific should use all the influence it has in favor of St. John. We have not sought aid from the government to build our wharves and equip our port but have spent the money from the city treasury and the Canadian Pacific has the use of the facilities thus provided. Some recognition of this enterprise, and of the fact that St.

John is a well equipped port should come from the government, and now is the time for it. In order that no obstacle shall be in the way the Bridge company has offered to remit all tolls on the cars bearing the contingent which of course must come by the Intercolonial since armed troops cannot pass through Maine. The Mayor, the board of Trade and the citizens have made every effort to obtain the departure of the Horse from this port. At this writing the decision has not been made but the chances seem to be in favor of Halifax.

A REASONABLE REQUEST.

It is just about as absurd for the council to expect the police department to be run without some funds on hand as it would be for a merchant to expect his employees to travel and do his work without money. It is a common occurrence for an officer to be sent out of town. The interests of justice demand it and it is unfair to expect the chief or any one else to put his hand in his pocket and advance the expenses. It seems an easy matter to get over. Why should not a certain sum of money be left with the chief or Mr. HENDERSON, the clerk of the court, for use in case of emergency? The argument that the police would always be on "wild geese" hunts if the funds were handy need not apply because if the money was in Mr. HENDERSON'S hands his judgment could be depended upon. The eagerness of any officer might lead him to search for criminals in territory where perhaps he had no business but it seems to us that the suggestion we have made would prevent such errors.

According to an observant European correspondent the young Queen of Holland has passed through an arduous ordeal of late. She has been deciding upon a photograph to go upon the Dutch postage stamp. The news must be received with satisfaction therefore that Queen WILHELMINA declares herself satisfied with the latest portrait which is to adorn the coin of her majesty's kingdom. She is only a woman, after all, and merely wanted to look her prettiest on the postage stamps which the faithful Dutch must lick, or on the money which circulates in all the far corners of her realm. It must be admitted the Queen's head has a junty, saucy pose, and her young profile has far more symmetry than is seen in the dies which she insists on discarding. The artist has trimmed down the royal ear without any regard to truth; but, then, it is the privilege of portrait painters to "idealize" and see what is best in their subject. The young Queen is a pretty girl, despite some irregularities of feature, and she is no fool. Therefore, she appreciates her good points for all they are worth, and tries to gloss over the bad ones.

The "Queries and Answers" column of the New York Sun is one that usually demands respect for its correctness and brightness but the reply to the Query "What is the war between England and the Boers about" cannot be included for commendation. Here it is:

"The war in South Africa is over the question, Shall the Boers govern their country as they want to govern it, or shall alien residents who do not want to become citizens govern it? The sentence of the discussion previous to the war was due to the facts that the Transvaal is a very rich mining country, and that the alien residents are more numerous than the Transvaalers themselves."

The war in South Africa is not for territory or riches but because British and American people who had lived there for years were grossly imposed upon and not permitted the privileges of citizenship. They had taxation without representation and if the Sun remembers it was just such an unwise act that lost the American colonies to England over a century ago.

Halifax should come to St. John and get a share of our enthusiasm. It may be that we are not used to such military displays as our friends over there but we can give our Canadian volunteers a royal send off. The trigidity of the atmosphere in Halifax the day the soldiers left was, we are told, something depressing. Why, at the Victoria rink Wednesday night when a two line telegram was read of BULLER'S probable success the cheers could be heard a mile.

Small Principle in This.

It is surprising how many well-to-do people take advantage of the free vaccination, a privilege which in reality is only for the poorer classes. It's not an uncommon sight to see these days men of business and fellows earning good salaries call at the various vaccinating stations and receive their little dose of serum free.

A Nasty Night Prowler.

A man who must either have been a drunk with a "crying jag," or an out-and-out lunatic, made night, or rather early morning, extremely hideous Thursday with the most unearthly howls as he paraded Union and Brussels streets. It was about 3 o'clock in the morning that he started in

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to about and cry, the noise being heard blocks away. People jumped from their beds thinking murder was being done, and many a frosty window was hoisted to find out what was the trouble. The disturbance lasted for fully ten minutes. In the meantime no policemen were in sight although the blood curdling screams and howls of the night prowler woke up the whole locality.

Dr. J. M. Smith on Deaf.

Dr. J. M. Smith, the North End dentist has signified his intention of once again offering himself for alderman in Landdowne Ward. This is Dr. Wm Christie's strong hold, but the genial doctor of dentistry feels confident that he can unseat his opponent this year. Last election the contest was a close one, although Dr. Smith was confined to his home during the campaign.

A Pretty Calendar.

Abbey's Eff. rescent Salt calendar for 1900 is a beautiful example of the lithographer's art and represents a child in rosy health, no doubt an Abbey's Salt baby.

VERBS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Little Boy Blue to Date. Beside the fence that flanked a dense and rustling crop of corn, A farmer's boy with vicious joy performed upon a horn. The vagrant air, the fragrant airs around the field that strayed Took flight before the fragrant airs that noisome archin played.

He played with care The Maiden's Prayer, he blew God Save the Queen, and Auld Lang Syne, and Wearing of the Green, With mille-toots, and braul toots, and shrill chromatic scales, And utterly insulter toots, and agonizing walls.

The while he played, around him strayed and calmly crept the ead, Some thirty-nine assorted kind, all ankle-deep in They stamped about and tramped about that mad Made noise, as they ramped about, like school-boys eating soap;

Until at length they tried their strength upon the fence toilers, The railing cleared, and then careered, carousing through the corn, And viciously, maliciously went prancing o'er the loam. That landscape expeditiously resembled harvest-home.

"Most idle ass of all your class," the farmer cried with scorn, "Alas! my son, what have you done? The cows, Oh, brat! said he, 'Oh, drat!' said he. The cow-herd seemed to sneeze. "My friend, it's worse than that," said he, "the corn is in the cows!"

The Moral lies before our eyes; when tending kine and coo Don't spend your noons in tooting tunes upon a blasted horn, Or, scalping and assailing, and with energy immense Your cows in y take a ralling, and the farmer take offense.

—Saturday Evening Post.

The Friendly Hand.

When a man ain't got a cent, an' he's feelin' kind o' blue, An' he's a-come hangin' dark an' heavy, an' won't let the sunshine through, It's a great thing, O my brothers, for a friendly hand to lay!

It makes a man feel curious; it makes the least-drops start. An' the cow-herd of a fluster in the region of your heart. You can't look up an' meet his eyes; you don't know what to say, When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!

O the water's a curious compound, with his honey an' his gall, An' his care an' bitter crosses; but a good word aft-r all. An' a good God must have made it—just say, that's what I say When a hand rests on my shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

That Good Little Boy Next Door.

They say he's the best little boy in the town, He never does anything wrong; Though he wears an old jacket that's faded and brown, They say that he's never been known to frown, And he's as good as the day is long.

And I am sure, as for tired of play, An' I leave all my toys on the floor, They make such a noise, and they always say That my shins had better be given away To that good little boy next door.

He must be a darsfully good little boy If he's like what I've heard them say, He loves to bring in the cows at night, And thinks it's silly to play with a kite, An' would rather study than play, He makes how hard I try to do right, It's just no use say more; For it's: "Oh, don't, Teddy!" from morning till night.

And: "Teddy, I wish you were half as polite As that good little boy next door."

Why is it I hate to go after the cows, And study at school at day? Why is it I always break my toys, And can't get along without making a noise? And why do I like to play? But I'm not anxious to pick up the chips, Or sleep on the garret floor, Or rock the baby on rainy days, He makes how hard the willing ways O that good little boy next door.

I often watch for that good little boy That I hear so much about; But I never see a face at the door, Or hear his talking, and then, what's more, He never seems to come out. But I think if I knew him quite well, you see, He'd be glad to tell me, or Watched how he does it, it seems to me, That some day or other I really might be Little that good little boy next door.

"Ship me somewhere east of Boss." Was the missionary's plea, "For these heathens in Kentucky Are too violent for me!"

Handsome and Interesting. The calendar issued by the Manufacturers Life Insurance Association of which Mr. J. City Sharp is provincial manager, is one of the most useful and interesting that has come under PROGRESS' notice. It is the map of the world with the British Empire in deep red. The steamship lines, more especially the route to South Africa are of great interest. The map and calendar have been much sought after and Mr. Sharp says that he has far more applications than he can supply.

His Warning.

"Beware," said the sage of Kohack, addressing his callow nephew, "of the girl who is stud'ny' elocation. She may have the most souful sort of blue eyes, hair as yellow as scrambled eggs, a voice of liquid honey, and all this and that and so on; but all the same beware of her as you would of the deadly deadly whiff of the tropics or the equally deadly whiff of this latitude."

"A woman without the slightest train" in vocal athletics can jaw a husband sufficiently to wear the flesh off of him and break his spirit till his bump of hope becomes merely a dent. So beware of the girl who is armed with elocutionary experience.—Judge.

His Modest Yearn.

"Pardon me, madam," said the weary traveller, addressing the mother of the leather lunged boy who had been howling for the last half hour with the persistence and continuity with which the water used to come down at Ladore, in the Third Reader, and is doubtless still coming down, "but can anything be done to pacify and—er—entertain the baby? Is there—ah—anything that would please the little fellow?"

Yes, sir, was the ingenious reply. "He wants to have the train run over a cow."—Harper's Bazar.

An Easy Task.

"The society blue book," said the conscientious one, thoughtfully. "I should think it would be an irksome task to attempt to decide who goes in and who remain out. I suppose that the blue book editors take into consideration the people's family and social position and worth."

"Not at all! They have a much simpler way of deciding who belongs to society. 'May I ask what?' 'They simply ask if one is able and willing to pay the price of the book.'"

A British Reconnoissance.

"My Lord, said one of the officers in the war balloon, 'you don't observe any traps, do you?' "Traps" said his lordship, the captain, gazing around him in the circumambient air. "No; I'm sure there are no traps up here!"

They descended and reported to the general in command, who soon afterward found that the simplest, though not the most satisfactory way to discover a trap is to walk into it.—Puck.

A Warning.

Hon. Arthur Balfour—"Reveres, my dear Mr. Bull! They were 'inevitable', or 'almost inevitable'!"

John Bull—"Rabbish, Mr. Balfour! It's your business to make them impossible, or 'almost' impossible!"—Punch.

Reversed.

"What! eighty years of age, and in love?" "Yes; you know he is old enough not to know better."

A Simpler Method.

Not long ago an old lady of Boston remarked to her grandson: "Speaking of yacht-races, how long has that cup been in this country?" "Oh, since 1851, I believe he answered. "And those Englishmen coming over here after it all the time?" "Yes."

Gracious! I should think it would be cheaper for them to club together and buy a new cup!"

"What is your idea of a statesman?" "H'm; well, a statesman is a politician who gets what he wants without letting his own party know where he got it."

"What do you know about this affair?" asked the court. "Nuthin', sir, yer 'anner," replied Mike. "I'm the policeman on the beat."

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired, Dressed 17 Waterloo.

FOR ADVERTISING... SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



FEMALE MAIL.

That sounds more contradictory than it is, when attention is called to it being a description of the largest mail received by any man in the United States exclusively from women.

It is only fair to say that it is not the man that women write to, but the doctor. One of the remarkable features of this correspondence is that years after a cure has been effected, grateful women continue to write to Dr. Pierce, being thankful for health and for the kind and fatherly advice, which was blended with the physician's counsel, and which was so helpful in preserving the health when regained.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes Weak Women Strong and Sick Women Well.

The students the pappers furnished excellent music and were seated behind the bars at the bar counter at the Maritime Commercial College, where daily in business hours it is exchanged and bought and sold.

TRURO.

[Progress is for sale in Truro by D. E. Smith & Co., and at Crowe Bros.] Feb. 7.—Mrs. W. J. Ingram is visiting her relatives in New Glasgow.

There was a large dance at the residence of E. L. Thorne, Dartmouth, Tuesday evening, in honor of friends in the Canadian continent.

The concert in aid of the Dartmouth reading room to be held February 16: had a number of prominent Halifax and Dartmouth amateurs have consented to take part.

The funeral of John McKay took place at 4 o'clock Monday afternoon from his late residence, 142 Gorington St., and the remains were followed to the grave by a large concourse of people.

The disagreeable weather of Monday evening had a dampening effect on the carnival, preventing many from attending, but there were between 600 and 700 spectators, and about 70 in costumes.

There were many handsome costumes among the ladies; a neat and patriotic dress was Red, White and Blue; a costume typical of the yacht Shamrock was particularly striking.

Owing to the wet weather, Manager Clarke has decided to repeat the carnival Feb. 19. The child rest carnival takes place Feb. 14.

In the Wright Building last evening was a most enjoyable affair and successful in every way. Last year the students were thought to have excelled themselves as hosts, but this year they surpassed all previous records.

The refreshments and supper were furnished by caterer B. D. Mather, who provided all the delicacies that taste could wish for, and served everything in his usually excellent manner.

on on the 20th ult. for Boston. Messrs Charles and George Hayward accompanied them on their way to Vancouver, B. C.

Mr. Keith Watson, who has been in the employ of the Midland Railway here, left on Monday for his home in Truro.

The ladies of the W. C. T. U. held one of the most pleasant parlour meetings they have had at the home of Mrs. F. M. Fielding on Tuesday evening of last week.

The arrival at the new rink on Tuesday evening of last week was, as all expected, a grand success. A large number of our local skaters appeared in costumes and their number was augmented by a goodly contingent from Hantsport and other places.

Mr. J. D. Chambers of Wolfville spent Sunday Jan. 28-h, in town the guest of Mr. E. B. Newcombe.

Mr. Chas. E. Rockwell, Prothonotary and Clerk of the County court has been gassed at Justice of Peace.

Miss Jennie England, daughter of Rev. Mr. England, Hantsport, was the guest of Mr. E. B. Newcombe last week.

Rev. W. F. G. Smith of this town, lectured to a large audience in Oanning last Thursday evening, taking as his subject Prohibition.

Mr. William Coleman formerly Deputy Sheriff here is in town on a visit to his brother John. He has been living of late in Yarmouth County.

Miss Maggie Keylor formerly of the Advertiser staff now of the Bridgetown Monitor was in Kentville last week attending the funeral services of her mother.

The station attendant at Middleton has been closed and the proprietor Mr. R. N. Redfern has moved to this town and will open up a boarding house in the new Mulberry block.

Mr. Phiney of the Bear River who has been visiting her daughter Mrs. A. E. Dunlop returned home Monday. Mr. Phiney arrived here on Saturday and accompanied her back.

A Much Maligned Beverage. "Death in the teapot." Well cheap tea-glowed instead of steeped—caused the saying. Good tea properly drunk, are a wholesome, as well as palatable drink; but they must be good, as for instance, Tetley's Elephant Brand Indo-Ceylon Tea.

Feb. 7.—Master Farish Owen of Annapolis is visiting his aunt, Mrs. W. J. Owen, Bridgewater.

Mr. Geo. Well, who has been on a five week's trip to different parts of Massachusetts, returned home on Saturday.

J. B. Mills, M. P. and Mrs. Mills, left on Wednesday for Ottawa, going by way of Windsor Junction.

Mrs. Jos. McMullin left last week on a visit to relatives in Boston and vicinity.

Rev. H. D. DeBlois was in Digby this week attending the session of the Grand Division of Sons of Temperance.

Feb. 8.—Mr. and Mrs. H. Crookill have returned from their trip to Halifax.

Mrs. W. E. VanBlarcom has returned from her visit to Weymouth.

Mr. Loverson of Halifax, has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Louisa Bacon.

Mr. Fred Cither of Sandy Cove, was a passenger to New Glasgow on Monday.

Miss Gertrude King of Annapolis, is the guest of Capt. and Mrs. C. F. Lewis, King street.

Mr. and Mrs. G. I. Letteney were passengers to Weymouth on Tuesday, returning home on Wednesday.

Mr. Fred Bath, of Bridgetown, was a passenger to Digby on Tuesday, returning on Wednesday.

Dr. Armstrong of Bridgetown, attended the sessions of the Grand Division of the S. of T. at Digby last week.

Miss Lillian Eldridge, of Sandy Cove, who for a number of months has been employed in Mrs. Saunders millinery establishment, returned home on Tuesday.

Mr. W. F. Nichol, of Weymouth, District Deputy Grand Master of the I. O. O. F. installed the officers of Fusalia lodge at Westport this week. He has returned home.

Leut. Maynard Denton, son of Mr. W. C. Denton, of Waterford, Digby Neck, was a passenger to St. John last week, where he is attending the St. John Business College.

Feb. 8.—Mrs. George E. Corbit of Annapolis is visiting Mrs. S. Wood.

Rev. DeBlois of Annapolis was in town last week.

Miss Lillian Eldridge who has been spending a few days at her home in Sandy Cove, has returned. Jack deBartholomew of "B" squadron, Canadian Mounted Rifles who are at Halifax waiting for their transport, arrived in town on Tuesday and is

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Maypole Soap. WASHES AND DYES. Send for FREE book on home DYING to A. P. TIPPET & CO., Montreal.

ART NEEDLEWORK 25 Cents per year. A Beautifully Illustrated Magazine for Women. JANUARY QUARTER NOW READY. Published quarterly, each volume being worth more than the price of subscription to any one interested in Needlework. Latest fashions discussed and illustrated, as well as many colored plates showing exactly the stitch and shades of handsome Embroidery Work. The price of subscription will be advanced to 35 cents with April number, all subscriptions to that date being at the old rate, 25 cents per year. Send for Corticelli Home Needlework Magazine, BOX 440. ST. JOHNS, P. Q.

the guest of Capt. and Mrs. deBartholomew. He stayed for one day only to bid farewell to his friends. Miss Gertrude King of Annapolis is visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Lewis, Queen street.

Mr. Sydney Wood has returned from Annapolis. It is understood that the people of Holy Trinity church intend holding a concert in Oddfellows hall next week. It is rumored that the Patriotic concert to be held for the benefit of the Canadian Patriotic Fund will come off some time next month.

At the recent town elections held on Tuesday the 6th, George I. Letteney was elected mayor by quite a large majority. The elected councillors are Messrs. Joseph E. Tobin, Geo. H. Vye and Orbin Sproule. The other candidate for mayor was Robert G. Munroe; and for councillors, J. Fred Rice, M. L. Oliver, and Sydney Wood.

Feb. 7.—Wm. Law and H. S. LeBlanc, Esq., M. P. left for Halifax Wednesday morning to again enter upon their parliamentary duties. Capt. Z. W. Sprout, of Messrs. W. E. Grace & Co's. steamer Capas, arrived by steamer Boston on Saturday morning, spent the day in Yarmouth and returned to Boston by steamer Boston the same evening.

Mr. H. Ford, U. S. Consul left by steamer Boston on Saturday evening. Dr. G. D. Turnbull leaves by the steamer Boston on Wednesday evening en route for New York for a course of study extending over a period of two or three months. E. C. Bowers, ex-M. P. of Westport accompanied by Mrs. Bowers, left by steamer Boston on Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Bowers, of Westport, arrived on the S. S. Westport Saturday and are visiting friends in town. Mrs. O. E. Smith, who has been in ill health since Christmas left for Los Angeles, California, Saturday. She will be accompanied by her husband as far as Chicago. Mr. Wm. Law M. P. F., leaves for Halifax on Wednesday to be present at the opening of the local legislature which takes place on Thursday afternoon. Mr. H. S. LeBlanc the junior M. P. F. for Yarmouth, leaves for Halifax Wednesday.

What Cured Your Cough? ADAMSON'S BALSAM! No cough can stay after being treated with it. It simply soothes it out of existence. There is nothing harsh or imperative about ADAMSON'S BOTANIC BALSAM. It heals the sore parts, tones up the irritated air passages and strengthens the bronchial tubes—thus stopping the sources of the cough. AT ALL DRUGGISTS, 25c.

Free Cure For Men. A new remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, varicocele, night emissions, premature discharge, etc., and restores the organs to strength and vigor. Dr. L. W. Knapp, 200 Hull Building, Detroit, Mich., gladly sends free the receipt of this wonderful remedy in order that every weak man may cure himself at home.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists. FOR ARTISTS. WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc., etc.

Butouche Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Butouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER. BOURBON. ON HAND 75 Bbls. Aged Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky. THOS. L. BOURKE

Puttner's Emulsion. In many cases this disease is arrested and in ALL the healing, soothing properties of Puttner's Emulsion, give great relief and comfort to the sufferer. Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best. Good Reading Free For the Long Winter Evenings. Sample copies of 150 different leading Newspapers, Magazines, Periodicals and Comic reading from all over the country, sent by mail prepaid to any address upon receipt of 10 cents (silver or stamp) to pay part of mailing. Send to-day before too late. Address direct to NEW BRUNSWICK SUPPLY CO., Newcastle, N. B.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANO-FORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B. The "Lectrochord" Method; also "Synth System" for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mrs. J. T. WHELOCK.

EVER... about copy... crown... have... piece... subject...

Feb. 7.—Mrs. VanBlarcom visiting Mrs. McNichol. Mr. A. S. Cope, M. P., is on his way for the opening of Dominion day on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. G. I. Letteney on day or two in town this week.

Mr. Geo. McNeil, of Bar of Deeds office assisting his wife for a few weeks. Mr. Boston this autumn, who is sixteen years.

Feb. 7.—Miss Ida Young of the Journal High School. Mr. and Mrs. George P. guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fr. Miss Leavitt, of Annapolis two or three weeks with her mother.

Mr. Thos. Roy, of Malton has been spending several Mr. N. B. Burrows. Mrs. E. B. Giles, whose pneumonia was reported as being new to a large circle. Miss McCormack, of graph office here, has returned from a month's visit to her mother. Miss Grace Heath office.

ITCHING. In any Form, zema, Salt R, Is Relie and Pe ly Cu Dr. Chase. One of the strongest remedies can have medical profession ment for the ill mended. Such is Chase's Ointment to DOCTORS. Before the initi Ointment doctors s not cure Eczema usually resorted to ter piles. Now the ment and know of Of course they patients what they give the treatment but nevertheless th from these offices and recognize it is for piles and itching DOCTORS. Canadian doctor than their Americ Dr. Chase's Ointn the strict laws of t to have their nee print. If you are would: rful virtue ask your family p record in the pe: strongest term. Dr. C. M. Har "No physician lodge the claim Chase's Ointment by curing where "We know th meets all the standard of wor high esteem. quantity, we endo Dr. Chase's O ome; in case of all dealers, or E Toronto. Dr. Chase's Sy pointing to thro Chase's Catarrh dealer.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE)

of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Moncton, is visiting friends in the city.

Mrs. W. W. McLellan, of New castle, is visiting friends in the city.

Hon. A. E. Decker, during his stay in town was the guest of Dr. E. B. Chandler.

Miss Brick, head of the McSwaney Co. in the Henry department, leaves next week for her home in Ontario.

Mr. Gilbert J. LeBlanc, secretary of the Improved Order of the Eastern Star, has returned from Halifax where he was attending the 21st of the above order.

Mr. Wm. Starkey has returned from Cape Breton where he was conducting some I. O. E. work.

The ladies of the Mission Circle held an Artistic Tea in the vestry of Central Methodist church Wednesday.

Ald. Whitehead, who has been confined to his home for the week past, is now, his many friends will be glad to see, around again.

Messrs. Eugene and Mark E. ter, of Westmorland Point, left by Monday's C. P. R. en route for Kootenay, B. C., where they will reside in future.

It is understood that ex-councillor J. Francis Smith, of Great Shernogoke, has been appointed assistant weighing inspector of the I. C. R., vice Mr. Nelso, who ceased work some weeks ago.

A surprise party was held at the residence of Mr. Theo. Beckam, Humphrey's Mills, Tuesday. About thirty couples were present. A very enjoyable evening was spent in various amusements and the gathering dispersed at an early hour in the morning by singing "God Save the Queen."

WOODSTOCK.

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

Feb. 8—Mrs Fannie Palmer of Fredericton is the guest of Miss Minnie Collins.

Mrs. Charles Palmer of Fredericton is visiting her mother Mrs. L. C. Lilley.

Misses Steech and Putnam of Houlton are visiting friends here.

H. V. Dalling made a business trip to Edmundston last week.

Miss Lottie McKenzie of Fredericton is a guest of Rev. J. W. Clarke.

Dr. M. F. Mrs. Brown and Miss Prior of Centerville were in town Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Fyles, St. John, are in town.

Miss A. R. Ray of the Press left Saturday morning to visit friends in Boston.

Isabel, wife of James Carr died at their home Canterbury Station on Wednesday, January 21st. She had been ill for several years. She leaves a husband two sons and several grandchildren.

The late Mrs. Watson of Watton Settlement, E. B. McInnes, well known in Berland and vicinity and who for two years has lived in British Columbia, is expected to return home soon. Some time ago he suffered a shock of paralysis and a more recent remark announced his death, but we are now told the contrary.

PARRBORO.

[Progress is for sale at Parrboro Book store.]

Excellent ice, band music and artistic costumes in many of which the national flag was a prominent feature, combined to make the skating carnival in Cecilia rink on Monday evening a pronounced success. Two of the best costumes represented Canada and Lady Smith.

Mr. C. K. Eville, who has been very ill is rapidly improving, but has not yet been out. Mr. Raymond Smith, Windsor, is staying with Mr. and Mrs. Eville.

Miss Mary Smith returned on Tuesday from a six weeks visit to friends at Amherst and Nappan.

Mrs. A. H. Upham entertained the whist club on Monday evening. There was a full attendance and a most enjoyable meeting. The prizes fell to Miss Joe Gillespie, Dr. Holmes, Mrs. Cecil Parsons and Mr. Charles Ellicott.

Mrs. F. F. Henderson wore a most becoming gown of cream serge with satin ribbon trimmings while receiving her visitors on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Messrs Stewart Jenks and L. S. Gown were in town on election day.

Mr. Jas W. Day was elected to the mayoralty for another year. The new councillors are Dr Johnson and Mr R. J. Smith.

A Commitment Spelled.

A funny little anecdote of the poet, Whittier, was recently related, which exemplifies characteristically both his considerate kindness and the well known defect of his vision. At a picnic gathering on the banks of the Merrimac he had chanced to stray along a wooded path at some distance from the rest of the company when, coming up quietly behind two little girls in their first teens who had also



"A Clean Englishman,"

Is Du Maurier's description of one of his characters. There's no luxury like the luxury of being clean and we help you to it when we do your laundry work. It's white and clean, and smells pure and sweet when we send it home to you. Send us your next bundle—or shall we call for it. 'Phon. 214.

American Laundry, 98, 100, 102 Charlotte St. GODSOE BROS., Proprietors. Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal Dyers," Montreal.

"The Mill Cannot Grind with Water That's Past."

This is what a fagged out, tearful little woman said in telling her cares and weaknesses. Her friend encouraged by telling of a relative who had just such troubles and was cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The little woman now has tears of joy, for she took Hood's, which put her blood in prime order, and she lives on the strength of the present instead of worrying about that of the past.

Humor—"When I need a blood purifier I take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cured my humor and it is excellent as a nerve tonic." JOHN EATON, Stafford Springs, Conn.

Erysipelas Sores—"After scarlet fever a running sore was left on my nose. Took Hood's Sarsaparilla and it cured me. My brother was also relieved by it of erysipelas in his face." ELLA COURSER, Burden, N. B.



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

wandered away from the others of the party, he overheard their conversation. Fourteen is a sensitive as well as an awkward age, and one of the two, a tall, angular girl was almost crying because she had heard one of the boys say she 'looked like a guy in her new dress'. The dress was a rather bright red, made over from an elder sister's, and her own anxious suspicions that it was unbecoming were thus cruelly confirmed.

'What's this—what's this?' Mr. Whittier broke in benevolently. 'These needn't mind what a rude boy says about it. Mary. These looks very well indeed,'—Mary began to smile,—'under the trees here, and with that bough in thy hand. Why, Mary, thee looks like Oread!'

Mary blushed with pleasure and the poet with a friendly nod, emphasized his pretty compliment by repeating, 'Like an Oread, Mary dressed all in green. Does thee know what an Oread is?'

Poor Mary! She was not very sure what an Oread was but she knew only too well the color of her dreadful dress. She had forgotten that Mr. Whittier was partially color-blind, and could not distinguish between green and red.

Beecher's Fee.

The power of an orator can be largely measured by the degree of confidence which he inspires, and judged by this standard. Henry Ward Beecher must be reckoned among the greatest speakers of modern times. Men who heard him in the pulpit or talked with him out of it could not question the sincerity which showed forth in his face, his manner and his voice.

Mr. Beecher was on a lecturing tour and Major Pond, his manager was sitting beside him in the railway car. Suddenly the preacher slipped his hand on the little watch pocket of his trousers and drew forth a small envelope. For a moment he looked at it in surprise, then opened it and smiled. Presently he turned to his companion, 'Major,' said he, 'I married a great railroad magnate a few months ago, and as I was taking leave of him, he handed me an envelope, which I slipped in my pocket, unopened. That was the last I thought of it until to day. Just now I opened it and this is what I found.'

The major took the envelope. Within it were five one thousand dollar bills.

Irish Tunes and Twists.

The author of 'Irish Life and Character' says truly that one has only to mix with an Irish crowd to hear many a laughable expression, quite innocently uttered. As the Duke and Duchess of York were leaving Dublin in 1897, amid enthusiastic cheering, an old woman remarked: 'Ah! isn't it the fine reception they're gettin' goin' away?'

In 1892, Dublin University celebrated its tercentenary, and crowds of visitors were attracted to the city. Two laborers, rejoiced at the general prosperity, thus expressed their feelings.

'Well, Tim,' said one, 'thim tercentinaries does a dale for the thrade of Dub'in, and no mistake.'

'Oh, laik they do!' said the other. 'And whin, with the blessin' of God, we get home rule, sure we can have as many of thim as we please.'

An old woman, seeing a man pulling a young calf roughly along the road exclaimed: 'Oh, you bla'guard! That's no way to thrate a fellow crather.'

'Sure,' said a laborer to a young lady who was urging him to send his children to school, 'I'd do anything for such a sweet, gintlemanly lady as yourself.'

Again, the laborers on a large estate decided that it would be more convenient for them if they could be paid every week instead of every fortnight. One of their number was sent to place their proposition

before the land agent, and this was his statement:

'If you please, sir, it's me desire, and it is also ivery other man's desire, that we receive our fortnigh's pay every week.'

An exasperated sergeant, drilling a squad of recruits, called to them at last: 'Halt! just come over here, all of ye, and look at yourselves. It's a fine line ye're keepin', isn't it?'

Frying Pan Horrors.

No one who has taken the trouble to scan the average American bill of fare can fail to recognize the importance of the frying pan with us; tried: ham or bacon and eggs, fried oysters, fried potatoes, fried steaks, and so on, ad nauseam, seem to be staple articles of food, particularly in city restaurants, in which so many business and professional men get their noonday lunches.

The cause of this is probably mainly hurry. The result is the development of an abnormal, depraved appetite and a ruined digestion for a lamentably large number of people.

It is not difficult to understand why fried foods are so indigestible if we take the trouble to study the physiology of digestion. The protoids which are the chief nutritive constituents of meat, oysters, fish and eggs, in order to be digested and assimilated must be acted upon by gastric or pancreatic juices, and before this can take place the layer of fat which has covered and permeated the morsel in frying must be removed. This is accomplished by the process of emulsification, which means the expenditure of a large amount of digestive energy.

The butter applied to broiled meats is far less pernicious, for not only is butter the most easily emulsified of the fats, but it is not soaked in by gradual heating, as is the case with most fried foods.

The condition of the fried starchy foods like potatoes is very similar, for in order that the starch may be changed into assimilable grape sugar it must be acted upon by the amylasein of the pancreatic juice.

If those who teach physiology in our public and other schools understood their subject and its practical applications as they should; if there were more schools in which wholesome, economical cookery were taught as it should be; if physicians took every opportunity to impress facts of practical hygienic importance, as they should, there can be no doubt that by some sensible and well informed people the fried abominations would be avoided.

To Critics of Newspapers.

The community that would reform the news tone of its press should reform the news tone of its clubs, its parlors and its tables, for the gossip of the press is but the extension of the avenue, with the difference that it is less recklessly and more tersely and grammatically expressed.

If it is contended that there is room for reform on the side which the press turns toward society I will agree, but would suggest that the reform can be secured by a change of the side which society turns toward the press.

I regard the frequent use of the name of Jesus in discourse or conversation not necessarily related to His work as the Son of God as one of the greatest evils of the time.

Those who offend in this way profess to seek the amelioration of humanity. They claim to be the exponents of philosophy, reform and betterment.

They make the name of Jesus their constant recourse. They secure attention to themselves by asking Him as a sort of conundrum. 'What would He do?' 'What would He think?' 'What would He say?' about so and so, and the like.

And not a few of these persons are, or 'If they were to advertise their wares 'What I would do if I were God' they would be more candid and not a whit less

Queen's Rink

Conveniently situated on Charlotte Street.

An IDEAL RINK FOR A GOOD SKATE. Perpetually Good Ice.

Tuesday and Thursday Evening also Saturday Afternoon, the Artillery Band is in attendance.

Hockey Matches on Friday Nights SINGLE ADMISSION.



Surprise Soap makes a surprisingly heavy, soft lather—quickly. It makes clothes surprisingly white, clean and sweet. It gets its work done in a surprisingly short time—without scalding or boiling or rubbing or streaking or discoloration or injury to the finest fabric or the most delicate colors. And the price is surprisingly small—only 5 cents for a large long-life cake. Buy SURPRISE and take no substitute.

So far as the press of the country is concerned, I think that in the journalism of today fair reporting, clean statements and vigorous comments are the signs of the times.

Journalism was never at a high state of influence and excellence. There are fewer offenders and there are fewer stiff noses against high standards in journalism than in law, or medicine, or the ministry, or the army, or the navy.

Charity, which is the spirituality of justice, the duty of judging not, lest we be judged, requires us to assume that these vulgarizers of Jesus mean well.

Our sense of the evil they are doing, whether intentional or not, cannot be exaggerated. There can be graduates, both of colleges and seminaries, who are neither scholars or gentlemen. Some institutions are very 'loosey' in conditions and very light in 'products.'

From them come those who under the guise of what 'Jesus Would Do,' advanced their own views, a form of egotism and assurance mounting to moral malformation.

The Truth of a Proverb.

That a man who is his own lawyer has a fool for a client has often been admitted with much sorrow and expense. A new instance of the old truth has recently been reported by a contemporary.

Some years ago a Southern lawyer brought suit against the South Carolina Railroad for damages to his property. He lost the case in the superior court, but insisted upon carrying it to the supreme court, where he represented his own case. He began his argument by saying whimsically: 'May it please the court, there is an old French adage which says, 'A man who is his own lawyer bath a fool for a client.'

The next week the supreme court pronounced its decision, which was adverse to the Southerner. He was in Augusta at the time, but received the announcement of his second and final disappointment by means of a telegram sent him by a prominent judge, who was an intimate friend of his. The telegram read as follows: 'Judgment for defendant in error. French stage affirmed by supreme court.'

Halting Service.

In the 'Reminiscences' of Miss M. Betham Edwards is the story of a boy hired to do the dirtier work in the kitchen. Evidently he was not destined to rise. At least, he had no idea of making his toil his religion.

One day the farmer's wife, seeing him dawdling over his work, took up a knife and showed him how to clean it well and quickly.

'Ah, but, ma'am,' said he, 'you do it so because they're your own!'

A Republican Hat.

The story began taken from the New York Tribune, proves that when poetry is in, wit is not necessarily out: Michael Joseph Barry, the poet, was appointed a police magistrate in Dublin. An Irish-American was brought before him, charged with suspicious conduct, and

the constable, among other things swore that he was wearing a 'Republican hat.' 'Does your honor know what that means?' inquired the prisoner's lawyer of the court. 'I presume,' said Barry, 'that it means a hat without a crown.'

War News.

The war news service of the Montreal Daily Star as published in the Star gives an idea of the complete arrangements entered into by that paper at the opening of hostilities. The public are evidently appreciating it judging from the enormous increase in the Montreal Star's circulation which now reaches almost sixty thousand per day and the Weekly Star one hundred and fifty thousand per week.

All this time the great railway magnate had sat silent, listening. At last he spoke.

'Young man,' he said, 'I am not sure I understand you. Please be a little more explicit.'

'I am asking you, sir,' said the young man reddening, 'for the hand of your daughter.'

'O, is that all?' rejoined the magnate. 'Why, certainly. If she has no objections I haven't. I thought you were striking me for a pass.'

Rafferty,' said Mr. Dolan, 'did ye ever hear th' old sayin', beauty is only skin deep?'

'I did. An' a fine, true sayin' it is.' 'It's nothin' iv the kind. O'im thinkin' it's foolishness ivy toime Oi take the cover off a baked pitaty.'

Fairfax—I think our little Mabel will be a seamstress. Cole—Why so? Fairfax—Well, we noticed she was pointing. She said her temper was ruffled because there was a stitch in her side, and she wished to be tucked in her little bed.

'Do you put much dependence on figures of speech?' 'No, sir,' answered Sen. Sorghum, earnestly. 'Anybody who wants to talk figures to me in an election has got to put 'em in writing, so he can't change his mind quite so easy.'

'You know that lady who was here yesterday who smelled so strong of perfume, mamma?' 'Y-s, my boy.'

'Well, isn't she one of the ologneal dames?'

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'Maybe the Boers is givin' Ould England a dale o' trouble,' said Cassidy, 'but Oi notice there's an Irish family thet's kapin' her gossin', too.'

'Phwat's that?' asked Finnigan. 'The Powers.'

Gotham—Do they have any recreation piers in England? Charing [Cross—Well yes; they have sporting lords in parliament.

She sits beside the parlor glow, And fancies coms and fancies go. The arch is red, the blue tongue leaps, The coals fall in fantastic heaps! And she doth softly murmur names— Old Names!

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1900.

BRIGHT BREEZY BITS

Items of Interest Gathered from All Over the City and Country.

STALLED UP LIKE CATTLE... Emigrants at Sand Point are Not Treated as Humans.

A visitor to Sand Point when one of the big steamers with emigrants aboard arrives will witness a scene quite out of the ordinary in more than one respect.

It seems as though each year the temporary accommodations for these poor creatures are becoming more limited and less habitable.

The stench and squalor of the place when a hundred or so of the emigrants congregate is unbearable.

To distribute railway tickets, shuffle baggage and sort out the emigrants is not the work of an hour or so, but rather a whole day.

Delegates from this society attend every emigrant boat and converse with the newcomers as to their destination.

It is really a wonder the S. P. C. A. does not take a hand in trying to impress upon the transportation lines the need of proper and humane accommodation.

A steamer which arrived in port early in the week brought a lot of emigrants.

The Royal Kennebecensis Yacht Club has closed another successful year.

St. John is Proud of It.

The Royal Kennebecensis Yacht Club has closed another successful year, which is a source of gratification not only to the members of that organization.

It is not flattering to say the yacht club has prospered under Mr. Fairweather's presidency.

marked him as one of the buttresses of the Club. Among the other officers Secretary F. Herbert J. Ryal has also been indefatigable.

Vaccinating School Children.

It's an interesting sight to drop into any of the vaccinating stations these days, particularly in the afternoon when the school children are sent to be made proof against small pox.

Mock Breach of Promise Trial.

A pretty good story comes from Albert, Albert county, in which a party or St. John knight of the grip figure prominently.

She Was Not Pretty, But...

There is somewhat of a moral in the experience of two Pagsley building lawyers, who a few days ago advertised for typewriters and stenographers.

Another Boer Boycotted.

If the Boers of St. John continue to unmask themselves and boldly speak forth their hatred for the flag that spares their unworthy carcasses, why it would be of interest for some enterprising citizen to take a census of them and post the list about town.

The Foot and Shoe Men Kicked.

Commercial travellers as a general rule are a pretty independent lot of fellows and unlike very much to have their general routine of life interrupted as they claim they endure enough hardships without petty botherings of an additional nature.

TRAINING BOERS' HORSES.

How They are Taught to Stand Still When Their Riders Leave Them.

An Englishman now in Baltimore who spent several years among the Boers in South Africa says that the Boer force was stronger in numbers than it seemed to be, because every man in the army was mounted and detachments could move from one point to another in an incredibly short time.

as long as that rein hangs from the bit and he will not move, not even if shells are bursting around him and if the crash of artillery is but a few feet away.

THE BELL-BOYS' COURAGE.

Humanity Desires to get Even for Real and Fancied Grievances.

It is the disposition of all people and especially of Americans to 'get even.' Let anyone sustain a real or even fancied grievance and his brain at once becomes active in forming some scheme through which he can satisfy his desire for getting even.

'What are you going to do?' a bystander asked.

'I am simply going to some big hotel in a big city and live for a day,' and the boy paused to let the remark soak in.

'I will drink all the ice water I can and purr the rest in a cuspidor. Then I will ring for more ice water.

'I will insist on having the same bell-boy serve me all the time and I'll keep him chasing around until he will curse me at every step.

Have You Seen Any of It?

Manufacturing jewelers in this country who produce gold-plated goods have been requested by the directors of the United States mint to assist him in locating \$300,000,000 in gold that has disappeared from circulation during the last 20 years.

Deadly Shell of To-day.

The ordinary shell which was manufactured 80 years ago only broke into from 20 to 25 pieces when it burst.

Gen. Buller and Mrs. Kruger.

Before the present war in South Africa Gen. Buller was on terms of warm personal friendship with Mrs. Kruger.

ENGLAND'S ARMY IN SOUTH AFRICA

Indicating That Its Actual Strength Was Overstated by Mr. Wyndham.

The statement made by Mr Wyndham, the Under Secretary of State for War, in the British House of Commons that the British forces in South Africa comprised 142 000 unmounted and 37 800 mounted men, with 452 guns, of which 36 are siege and 38 are naval guns, seems susceptible of considerable modification when analyzed.

The 15 regiments of cavalry at 500 horses each, which is more than some of those in the field have, gives 7,500 effectives.

The nine batteries of horse artillery with 130 men and 80 horses each, give 1,170 men and 720 horses.

The 44 field batteries with the same complements of men and horses give 7,720 men and 3,520 horses.

The two mountain batteries with 100 men and 70 horses, or mules, each give 200 men and 140 horses or mules.

The 83 battalions of infantry, reckoning them at their full war strength, would give 83 000 men, but it is doubtful if the average effective of the whole number can be reckoned at more than 850 each.

The entire strength, then, of the regular forces would be by the above analysis 87,140 men and 11,880 horses.

The total of the colonial contingents does not come up to more than 5 000 men, with perhaps 3,000 horses, and the local Natal and Cape Colony corps, though officially put at 20,000, are from the accounts published, not much more than half that number, probably 12 000 men with say, 10 000 horses.

This would bring the fighting force up to about 105 140 men and 27 880 horses.

The rest of the men and horses of the 180,000 men and 37 800 horses of which Mr. Wyndham spoke are still in the air, the eighth division, the 10,000 yeomanry and the 15,000 volunteers and a militia being only in process of organization and a large part not even yet enrolled.

Then out of the force of regulars given there are a full squadron of cavalry, one mountain battery, and the strength of more than three effective battalions of infantry prisoners of Bloemfontein and Pretoria.

Drafts to fill up the vacancies caused by death, disablement and disease are on their way out from England or being got ready. None of the English papers as yet at hand has published a clear, tabulated statement of the various corps and organizations actually in the field in South Africa; and it is quite certain that the statement of the Under Secretary of State for War errs by overestimate rather than by underestimate.

Before the present war in South Africa Gen. Buller was on terms of warm personal friendship with Mrs. Kruger, and until a year ago they were wont to exchange cards of good wishes every Christmas, their friendship dated from 20 years ago, when Buller had a regiment of Boers under his command in the war against the Zulus.

Fated to Marry a Soldier.

IN TWO INSTALLMENTS.

CHAPTER I.

LADY MINSTEAD'S DECISION.

Not more than a mile out of Castletown stands the Grange, a two storied house, in large grounds thickly wooded; in fact, the trees rather spoil the view, in spite of several openings having been cut through them.

It had the character of being an unlucky house, and the noble family to whom it belonged certainly had not been much favored by fortune; but Sir John Minstead when he took the place, laughed at the superstition.

"I've been a lucky man," he said, rubbing his hands, "and I'll back my good against the houses' bad luck any day."

It was true that Sir John had been fortunate, for he had quadrupled the fortune and business his father had left him, had twice been elected Mayor of Castletown, and, during his second period of office, had received the honor of knighthood.

He had retired from business now, and had lately married a second time.

Never a popular man outside the walls of the city—for Castletown still boasted the remains of its ancient defences—this marriage cut away any chance he might have had of mingling in county society.

"Who was she before her marriage?" people asked, and, as usual, in such cases, there were half-a-dozen different answers forthcoming.

Lady Satiene was certain she had seen her on the Paris stage.

Her husband laughed at her. He remembered her quite well in Florence.

"In the old days," my lord remarked, probably referring to the days before he had led Lady Grislet to the altar, "she kept a boarding-house where gambling went on. A very shady place, indeed."

Others satisfied themselves by saying she was an adventuress, without troubling themselves further, but one and all pitied Lucy, Sir John's daughter by his first wife, for she had before her father's second marriage, been asked out a good deal, and even Lady Satiene had taken an interest in her, and gossip had hinted that her ladyship would not have been adverse to a marriage between her second son and the mayor's daughter.

As for Olivia, the mayor's niece, was she not an heir, whose father had been a very respectable man, a solicitor, or something of that kind?

Castletown was a garrison town. The cavalry barracks stood just outside the walls, tenanted in turn by Hussars, Lancers, and Dragoons, together with a battery of Royal Horse Artillery.

Within the walls new infantry barracks had been lately built, and they were now occupied by a battalion of Light Infantry.

So, as the officers of the different corps did not care a jot about the prejudices of the county families, there was no lack of male callers at the Grange, and the worthy ex-mayor had no difficulty in filling his dinner table.

But this did not satisfy either himself or Lucy Minstead.

The latter, indeed, was piqued almost beyond endurance when, from her place at the head of the table, she looked down the two long lines of handsome, mustached faces, the only ladies present being herself, her step-daughter, and Olivia Talbot.

She was a handsome woman, not much over thirty, and she felt that, with her taste in dress and her husband's banking account, she could cut a better figure than two thirds of the ladies in the country, who ignored her and her dinner parties.

At length, after standing more than six months of neglect and what she looked upon as insult, her patience came to an end.

"Sir John," she exclaimed, one day, at lunch, "I have made up my mind. If your friends don't care to receive me, I will show them that I have titled friends of my own. I shall write to Giulia to-morrow, asking her to pay us a long visit."

Sir John, a somewhat portly man of fifty with grey hair and a red face, nodded.

"I shall be charmed to see the marchioness again," he said. "As a beautiful woman and an old friend of yours, she is doubly welcome. Ahem!"

Olivia laughed.

"Take care, uncle," she exclaimed. "Lady Minstead will be jealous, and Lucy and I, miserable, feeling we are being outdone."

Lady Minstead frowned.

"Your flippancy, Olivia, is much to be regretted; you must learn to curb it. Remember, you are no longer a child."

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No matter what kind of foods you use, mix with SHERIDAN'S CONDITON POWDER. It will increase your profits this fall and winter. It assures perfect assimilation of the food elements needed to form eggs.

A Nestful of Eggs

May be obtained in winter if you do as many successful poultrymen do, namely, mix daily with the mash food Sheridan's Powder. Has been used and indorsed over thirty years.

If you can't get the Powder send to us. One pound 25 cts.; five lb. Large two-lb. can, \$1.50. Book free. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

going to India. This will be but a short campaign, and, when it's over, half the troop will be sent home, or, at the worst, to Gibraltar, or Malta, from where it will be easy to get leave.

"But you may be killed; and I not to see you any more!" "Oh, Dick, I did not know how much I—"

"Loved me, dear," he said, seating himself beside her, and throwing the silks back into her lap.

She nodded, and then, fairly breaking down, buried her face in her hands.

He took her in his arms, and laid her head on his shoulder, whispering words of love and comfort.

"Still she sobbed and clung to him as if her heart would break.

"Hanged if I can stand this!" he muttered, after a while. "Lucy," he went on, aloud, "will you marry me? My marriage, before we go out, I mean. You are of age, so it is only for me to get a license, we must keep it a secret till I come back, I suppose, seeing how your father and mine hate one another. But it shall be just as you like, even if we have to part at the church door."

Lucy looked up at him with a scared, frightened expression in her dark eyes.

"Oh, Dick, it is impossible!" she exclaimed. "We must wait until you come back, and then, perhaps, father—"

"My pet," he said, without allowing her to finish, "what is the good of hoping that? Our fathers quarrelled thirty years ago over a girl each wanted to marry, and who killed them both. I know mine would never consent to my marrying Sir John Minstead's daughter, and Sir John would rather turn you out of doors than see you my wife."

"He hates me coming here, it's plain enough to see that in his face; only, he can't make me an exception when all the rest of the regiment are welcome. No don't let's blind ourselves to the truth, dear. Whether now, or when I come back, we shall have to marry without the paternal benediction, so why not tie the knot now? It is not that I doubt you, my darling, but I do fear your step mother. She wants you married and out of her way, and she'll move Heaven and earth to get rid of both you and your cousin."

The girl sighed wearily.

"It's all hard, Dick," she said. "It is very difficult—though I try my best to like her and make her like me—to get on with Lady Minstead. Even father has been different lately. I think he is not well, or else something is worrying him. And now they talk of having some people down to stay—foreigners—an Italian marchesa and a French vicomte. I don't think I shall like them. But all that's nothing to your going away. Can't you exchange, Dick?"

"Exchange!" he cried, indignantly. "Why, I should deserve to be turned out of the service."

"You can't love me very much, or you would make me happy, and stay."

"You don't mean that, little woman," he said, kissing her. "You would not like the man you love to be branded as a coward. I must go, but I want you to become my wife first."

"Then no one can force you to my wife first."

"I know what pressure may be brought to bear by a woman of the world like your step mother. Say 'Yes, Lucy, and I will get the licence at once, and arrange the matter. There is so little time to spare.'"

She turned a white, frightened face to his.

"Dick," she whispered, "you have deceived me. You are ordered away directly—tomorrow, perhaps. Tell me the truth, dear. I—I am quite strong now and won't cry."

"No so bad as that," he answered, trying to speak jovially. "It's expected—the colonel's had a hint; I believe; but it may be a week yet before the order comes down. It is better to prepare you."

"A week! It is such a little time. I would almost rather—no I would not. I must see you every day, Dick."

"Every day, dear," he whispered, drawing her close. "But Lucy, you have not yet given me an answer to my question. This talk of vicomtes and marchesas coming down here makes me all the more anxious that we should be married before I leave. It's a plot of that old—I beg pardon—of Lady Minstead's, I feel confident. My darling, if you love me as I do you, you will not hesitate."

But she did, and it was long before he could wring from her a half promise.

"Come tomorrow," she said at length; it is so terrible to think of marriage without me latter knowing anything about it. Of course, I must tell Olivia."

"Why, yes," he said, half reluctantly.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.
CURES COUGHS AND COLDS.

Mrs. Alonzo E. Thurber, Freeport, N.S., says: "I had a severe attack of Grippe and a bad cough, with great difficulty in breathing. After taking two bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup I was completely cured."

LAXATIVE PILLS.

Work while you sleep without a grip or gripe, curing Sick Headache, Dyspepsia and Constipation, and make you feel better in the morning.

TIME TELLS THE STORY.

SINGER SEWING-MACHINES do Good Work DURING A LIFETIME.

There is a big difference between the cost of making a first-class sewing-machine, embodying the best of materials and workmanship, and one which is made in the cheapest manner. The buyer of the cheap machine soon pays the difference of price in the constant cost for repairs, to say nothing of its annoying inefficiency.

Results Make Reputation.

Singer Machines are the successful result of long experience and constant improvements in the endeavor to make nothing but the best sewing-machines for family use. The accomplishment of this result requires six of the largest, best-equipped factories in the world, and the best inventive talent of the age.

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A reputation based on half a century's experience, dealing directly with the women of the family all over the world, is unique, and stimulates a worthy pride. THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY aims to maintain its well-earned reputation for fair dealing during all time. It is permanent, its offices are in every city of the Dominion, and parts and supplies for its machines can always be easily obtained.

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"You must have a lady with you I suppose, and for your sake she will keep the secret, expect. You could not go with the regiment, you see, and my father's place is out of the question. If it were not, we would get married openly, and let Sir John say what he liked."

Oh, no, I could never have courage to face that! and the girl shuddered at the very thought of the life she would have to live with her father and step-mother both thoroughly incensed.

It seemed to the lovers that they had been together but a few minutes when Olivia appeared, hastening through the trees.

"I'm sorry to interrupt," she said, with a bright laugh, as she took Dick Sutton's hand. "But, as Lady Minstead has just returned, bringing uncle home with her, I thought we had better all walk back together. You know you are not a favorite with Sir John, Captain Sutton, and my lady looks on a red coat with disfavor; she said it is possible even to get tired of soldiers. Rank hereby, of course."

Then, dropping her voice, she whispered so that Lucy could not hear—

"You have told her?"

"Yes."

She glanced at Lucy's eyes, and shook her head.

"Poor dear!" she murmured. "I will never marry a soldier—never!"

CHAPTER II.

M. LE VICOMTE.

The Vicomte de Friel not only accepted Lady Minstead's invitation, but came down the very next day.

He might have been thirty, or he might have been more.

His hair and moustache were of a chestnut brown colour; whilst long dark lashes shadowed eyes of deep blue.

He and Lady Minstead met on the footing of old friends; with Sir John it was nearly the same, and even Lucy and Olivia found themselves chatting with him, quite at their ease, before he had been at the Grange four-and-twenty hours.

"He is delightful!" exclaimed Olivia, when talking him over with her cousin.

"And now you must least admit, dear, that civilians can be quite as nice as soldier; and his English—why it is as good as yours or mine."

"He does speak English very well," Lucy answered; "but he is hardly a civilian, for he has served, and besides, been a military attaché, he told me, but I forget where."

Olivia threw up her hands in mock despair.

"I am out of it," she cried. "Cut out by my dearest friend. Oh, Lucy! what will Dick say?"

"How can you talk so, Olivia?" exclaimed Lucy, her face flushing. "Why, Dick is all the world to me, and he is going away."

And the girl's anger was quenched in grief.

"Lucy darling, he will come back safely; you will be happy as the day is long," and Olivia put her arm round her cousin's waist. "But we must think of him—we are to keep the appointment at S. von's Cross. Shall we send the horses on a little way first, and then follow on foot, passing out through the side gate in the wall, or now?"

"No," replied Lucy, firmly. "In case we were seen, how should we explain sending on the horses? Let us ride out. What does it matter if we start earlier than usual?"

Olivia opened her blue eyes wide in astonishment.

"My word, Lucy!" she exclaimed, you are the lion, and I am the lamb, today; but, after all, I think you are right."

The vicomte coming up, stopped the conversation.

To Lucy, who thought that, perhaps she might meet Dick in the town—for she and her cousin were going thither—his chatter seemed interminable.

As she stood aside, adverting with the button of her glove, she thought she had never seen her cousin look so less advantageous.

All the same, Olivia lingered, and it was Lucy at last who had to beg Vicomte de Friel to excuse them, else they would be

late back from the town.

The girls had scarcely vanished down the path, when Lady Minstead appeared, descending the steps which led from the house to the garden.

Not only were the vicomte and my lady good friends, but it was he who had introduced her to her present husband, so she opened her mind to him without reserve.

"I shall succeed," she said, after he had chatted for awhile; but it will take time. Let us not talk of it any more, however; it is for me to think of paying my debt to you. You understood what I said in my letter?"

"Perfectly."

"And you have already decided?"

"I should think so. The younger one, of course. A girl with twenty thousand English pounds for her dower is not to be found every day."

"But Lucy may have more at her father's death."

The vicomte shrugged his shoulders.

"Your husband may live a long time, madam," he replied. "Besides I do not forget that you are his wife and have first claim. No, I take the young lady with the money of her own. In one little year she will be of age; but that matters not."

"But Sir John will see her money tied up; settlements you understand, vicomte."

The latter smiled.

"We might arrange; it differently, madame," he said. "It must be what you call a runaway match; with your aid I see no difficulty."

Lady Minstead's eyes glittered.

"You may rely on me," she exclaimed, "as far as I can go safely—but here is my husband."

Sir John's face looked worn, as if he had not slept.

"I just came out here to tell you my dear," he said to his wife, "that I may not be back as early as usual. I am going to see Matthew Grimes on a matter of business, so do not wait for me. Vicomte, you will excuse me, I know."

He turned and re-entered the house.

All his usual joviality of manner had vanished, as he mounted into the phaeton, which stood awaiting him at the ball door.

He called to the groom, with an oath, to get out of the way, and clenching the reins dashed recklessly down the drive.

He kept the horses going, so that they were in a lather of sweat by the time they pulled up at the door of the Holt, Mr. Grimes's residence.

A servant, who looked half groom, half gardener, answered the bell; Sir John did not wait to be shown in, but marched down a dingy passage, and so into the room of Matthew Grimes.

The latter, a thin, shrivelled up man, with heavy eye brows, which shadowed small bloodshot, grey eyes, rose from before the desk at which he was seated.

"How are you, Grimes?" inquired the knight, holding out his hand.

"The other, instead of replying directly to the question, took a pinch of snuff, and inquired if Sir John had received his letter."

"Why, yes," replied the knight; "and denounce take me if I can understand it."

"Regarding the accounts between us, Sir John, there can be no doubt. The shares we bought have fallen heavily. I advised you to sell when I did, but you persisted in holding on, and now, with one thing and another, you are in my debt to the amount of fifty thousand pounds. The security does not cover it; Sir John, and I must call on you to pay within the month, according to agreement; but we had better go through the accounts together."

The knight's face was pale.

"It is no good beating about the bush, Grimes," he said, "his voice husky from emotion. 'Your figures are about right, I know. What does a thousand or so matter when I cannot pay? Time I must have."

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Sunday Reading

How We Love Our Neighbors.

Love is the beginning and the substance of the Christian religion. There is not much practical Christianity in the man who lives on better terms with angels and seraphs than with his children, servants and neighbors, said Bescher.

SCROFULA

is indicated by little kernels in the neck. Sometimes they swell, become painful, soften, and end in a scar. Watch carefully, and just as soon as the kernels appear give Scott's Emulsion.

The swellings will grow less and less until they disappear entirely. Continue the Emulsion until the child has good solid flesh and a healthy color.

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a war against one christian nation which is fighting for its home, and in the same continent they are converting with bullets instead of bible an infidel race which would prefer to live its own religion in the Sudan.

But even in these conflicts christianity shines out gloriously above the hatreds and designs of men. Real humanity has signified the war. The wounded are treated with great consideration by both sides; the Red Cross performs its work with the cordial cooperation of the combatants, and there is a prompt abolition of those cruelties which once deepened and disgraced the battle-field.

There is one thing about Christianity which, while apparently a contradiction of its purpose, is the finest kind of a tribute to its influence. While it has not made men love one another as much as they should, it has unquestionably made them fiercer men, and the most heroic fighter in the world is the Christian.

During this century the Christian nations have done most of the fighting in the world, and the worst of it has been among themselves.

Before the war with Spain Americans looked upon the Spanish sailors and soldiers as a lot of decadent hidalgos who would flee when they heard the sound of an American gun.

Down in South Africa there was almost a similar experience. The Britons at first thought they had simply landed upon the African shores and let their bands play The Conquering Hero Comes, but it did not take long for apprehension to run through the whole British Empire at the valiant fighting of the Boer soldiers.

Indeed, Christianity has made duty so much a part of the modern christian soldier that heroism is as plentiful as gunpowder. It is when we get away from these wars and see how they have been caused by politicians and speculators that we fully appreciate the truly brave and valorous conduct of our fighters.

There is a tradition that Gregory the Great saw in a Roman market some beautiful children for sale, and upon being told that they were English pagans, replied: 'They would not be English, but angels, if they were Christians.'

universal victory, it has softened our eyes and assuaged the horrors of war. There is not universal peace at this time, but the world itself is happier than it has been since the century began.

And as Christianity is spread—even by war—it will be found a blessing to the world. Outside of its prominent moral influence it is the greatest force in politics. By it only is real liberty won.

Her Life for Her Jewels.

In a New York city not very long ago a dwelling-house, occupied by a large family took fire in a sudden and unaccountable way. It was late in the afternoon, and the ladies were upstairs dressing for dinner.

Among them was a beautiful girl who was just making her debut in society. For her the world was made up of parties and dances and dinners.

The firemen raised their ladders to the window of the room where the poor woman stood. The young lady welcomed the certainty of rescue with lively joy. She was too sure. In the moment while she waited her turn on the ladder she thought of her jewels.

The next morning, in the ruins, the firemen discovered an unrecognizable body. But clutched in one charred hand was a small metal box that somehow had escaped destruction.

How many forget that what is too dearly bought can never be enjoyed! They who sacrifice a vital value for a vanity lose both the treasure and its price.

For those who have begun to fear that the critics may destroy the Bible utterly, and who look upon these critics as mighty in numbers, the following story is quoted. The analogy is apparent.

A man with a look of business on his face came to a hotel-keeper, and asked him if he would buy two car-loads of frogs legs.

'Two car-loads?' said the man, in amazement. 'Why, I could not use them in twenty years!'

'Is that all?' asked the landlord. 'Yes; 'Christ built no church, wrote no book, left no money, and erected no monuments; yet show me ten square miles in the whole earth without Christianity, where the life of man and the purity of woman are respected, and I will give up Christianity.'

We little know the toll and hardship that those who make the "Staff of Life" undergo. Long hours in superheated and poorly ventilated work-rooms is hard on the system.

Not much use applying liniments and plasters. You must reach the Kidneys to cure all kinds of Backs by restoring the Kidneys to healthy action.

Mr. Walter Buchanan, who has conducted a bakery in Sarnia, Ont., for the past 15 years, says: 'For a number of years previous to taking Doan's Kidney Pills I suffered a great deal from some pains across the small of my back, pains in the back of my head, dizziness, weary feeling and general debility.'

the fact is that I live near a pond, and the frogs made so much noise that I thought there were millions of them. But I dragged the pond with a seine, drained it and raked it, and there were only three frogs in the whole place.'

All Men Prize Muscle and Strength.

PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND. Builds up the Weak and Broken-Down.

It Has Special Elements That Purify and Enrich the Blood.

It Quickly Expels Disease Germs From the System.

Heaven's grandest and most glorious creation is the man who is physically perfect—blessed with iron nerves, brawny muscle and fulness of strength.

To be useful to society and our country, and to become fit temples worthy of our great Creator, the weak, sick and diseased should use every endeavor to acquire health and strength.

Millions are now using Paine's Celery Compound, with mighty and happy results. High encomiums and thankful letters come from physicians, lawyers, clergymen, bankers, legislators, business men, mechanics and farmers who have been made well and strong after months and years of sickness.

A Rhinoceros At Large.

A rhinoceros that can dance is not, like a dancing bear, a familiar sight. Naturally such a rhinoceros created a sensation when, while being unloaded from a railroad car at Philadelphia, it escaped into the street.

The rhinoceros went to Market Street, the men after it, thence to Sixteenth and back to Filbert. In the short journey it passed probably a hundred people, and put them all to flight.

The beast has been with a circus and can dance and do a cake walk. At Sixteenth and Filbert Streets it heard the sound of the music, and began to dance.

English Street Car Rights.

A London magistrate has just made from the bench a statement which, if it is ever duplicated by a competent court in this country, would have interesting consequences.

These who take tickets at the starting point, he says, are entitled to seats and tickets taken at intermediate stations are subject to their being room for the holders.

If the company issues tickets in excess of the number of seats provided, the holders may bring an action for damages, wait for the next train or demand the return of their money. Persons in a carriage which is full have a legal as well as a moral right to prevent others from endeavoring to enter it and the sooner the public understands this the better, as no one has right to inconvenience passengers already in their places.

A Chamberlain Story.

Many good stories with reference to the present colonial secretary's favorite flower have been told. Here is one. Some friends had passed through Mr. Chamberlain's orchid houses at Highbury one morning when a very valuable plant was discovered broken.

'You saw it done?' Then, of course the visitors did do it? 'No, sir, the visitors didn't either,' said the man.

'Speak out man!' cried Mr. Chamberlain. 'I am resolved to discover the culprit.'

Then the gardener spoke: 'You did it yourself, please sir, for I saw you. You were walking up an' down an' rebreaching something. I heard Lord Salisbury's name sir, an' Mr. Gladstone's, an' then you struck out with your right arm sudden-like and down went the orchid.'

Kissmen Across the Border.

Many Americans gladly acknowledge their kinship with the Anglo-Saxons beyond the water, but we must remember that we are still more literally cousins of the great people of the north of us.

The life of John E. Smith, of Amass Wood Hospital, St. Thomas, was one long round of misery, he was so afflicted with rheumatism. He tried all manner of cures without much benefit.

They Were Old Friends.

A London friend of mine, says Robert Sabine, of Baltimore, in a recent letter I received from him, sent me an interesting story about the capture of the Dublin Fusiliers by the Boer forces.

CAUTION.—Beware of substitutes for Pain-Killer. There is nothing "just as good." Unequalled for cuts, sprains and bruises. Internally for all bowel disorders. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis', 25c. and 50c.

IMMENSE INCREASE in the sale of the D. & L. Menthol Plaster evidences the fact that it is useful for all rheumatic pains, lumbago and lame back, pain in the sides, etc. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., manufacturers.

Bakers' Bad Backs.



We little know the toll and hardship that those who make the "Staff of Life" undergo. Long hours in superheated and poorly ventilated work-rooms is hard on the system. Not much use applying liniments and plasters. You must reach the Kidneys to cure all kinds of Backs by restoring the Kidneys to healthy action.

A Picture of Home Life.

WRITTEN FOR PROGRESS BY J. K. FLEMING.

If you are sitting before your fire worn out by your hard days' toil, too tired to read, and, as you for the moment believe, discouraged with life, you throw yourself back, with your feet on the fender, your elbow resting upon the arm of your chair, your cheek on your palm, your eyes fixed upon the glowing coals, and, from your heart wells up a—"Why?"—A "why?" so deep, so full, so broad, so long, that it is being echoed to day from castle and hall, mansion and cottage, prison and alms house cot; wherever man is found.

What have I to live for? comes the next question, and for a moment your eyes are turned away from the glowing coals. You glance about the family sitting room, at the soft carpet, the paintings upon the walls, the book case with its small, though choice selection of volumes, the heavy curtains partly drawn across the windowed recess filled with rare plants covered with choice blooms; hanging in the midst of which is a handsome bird-cage, the occupant of which is softly whistling a good night song, an accompaniment to the piano or organ upon which your eldest daughter, a girl of sixteen, is playing softly.

But your face does not brighten nor lose its hard look of trouble and melancholy. You allow your eyes to rest for a moment upon the form of your twelve year old son, who is sitting by the table his head bent over his books, preparing his lessons for the morrow. Your eyes then wander to the form of your youngest, a little girl, who is sitting upon an ottoman at her mother's feet, prattling away to herself as she plays with her dolls. You allow them to linger there a moment, and it is with a more tender look that you at length raise them to the face of your wife, as she sits bending over a piece of work which she is embroidering for the little one at her feet. You gaze upon her as she plys her needle, looking down ever and anon with a look of love upon the child. You note the sweet look upon her face, and mentally say; "just as handsome, if not handsomer, than when I led her to the altar—alter—very appropriate word that—everything has altered since that day. She has altered—she is as beautiful as ever. But! 'tis a different kind of beauty. The face wears a sweet tender look, the eyes are filled with gentle love, yet, the temple and cheeks have a transparent look and over it all there seems to spread a mixture of sadness. You note the faint lines across her brow. The hair, drawn across her temples in soft brown waves, has a few glistening silver-threads. The hardness is gradually melting from your heart, and, when, as if drawn by the magnetism of your gaze, she suddenly raises her eyes to your face, you turn quickly, and once more fix your gaze upon the coals, for fear she will see the tear glistening upon your lashes.

But, in her quick sympathy and kindred love she has caught the look and is now taking her turn at gazing.

You can feel her tender eyes upon you, she seems to divine your thoughts, and after a few moments she rises from her chair, as if on an errand from the room, pauses as she passes your chair, laying her hand caressingly upon your head, passing her fingers through your hair, draws her palms across your brow and temples, and then passes on. You feel your heart swell, and a lump rises in your throat beneath the touch of those fingers. Not a word was spoken, not a glance exchanged, but volumes could not express the true, perfect understanding, sympathetic love expressed through those caresses, as the electrical touch of those fingers rests upon your brow, message after message is flashed from heart to heart.

Your eyes follow her as she is passing from the room, then allowing them to wander once more over the comfortably, though not luxuriously, furnished room, with a deep sigh you resume your original position, your eyes fixed upon the glowing coals. As you gaze upon them they resolve themselves into the picture of the sweet face of your young wife. You look upon these lines of sadness, those silver hairs, and once again from your heart arises, "Why?" Picture after picture rises before you, as the darling, ever-changing, tiny flames dance before your eyes. Scenes of the many struggles against hardships, disappointments, sorrows and afflictions you have passed through together during your eighteen years of married life. Your heart burns with love toward her, as you think of the depth of true love and sympathy with which she has stood by you through it all,

with Christ-like meekness, never a complaint, only words of encouragement and hope, comfort and love. As you view these pictures, you feel the warm tear drop from your eyes upon your hand.

Pictures of many happy moments, when the black shadows had rolled away and hope seemed to shine clear and bright, rise before you. But again comes the question; were they worth the price paid for them? and immediately there arises, the picture of yourself in your youth, of the happy, innocent, handsome, girlish face of her you wooed, of the dreams, the hopes, the ambitions you had for your future, and which you had confided in her trusting ear. The plans you had laid out for your children. Here you turn your eyes upon them with a sigh.

But a voice whispers; "But they are happy, they are innocent. They know nothing of the cares of life, of the struggles you have endured." But they soon will, you answer. I have shielded them thus far, and it was my dream, my one desire to be able to place them so that they should never know, nor feel, as I have done.

"But" the whisper comes, "What you desire, your dreams, are not in accordance with the will of God. He who has never suff'ered, will never know true happiness." You answer, you mean eternal happiness. But is there no real, lasting, earthly happiness?

"Yes, even in suffering there is happiness." Then, your answer, I deserve to be happy, for I have suffered! I have lived a true, honest life. Yet I have seen all my ambitions come to naught; and you surely will not tell me that those ambitions were unboly or wrong.

"Man proposes but God disposes; you may have lived a true honest life toward man, but, have you done so toward God? What about your wife? Has she not been a companion, a sharer, with you in all your disappointments, and suffering and affliction, yet, is she not happy? I do not know, you reply. She certainly never complains. Yet I feel that she suffers even more

than I, because she suffers in silence, and 'tis just this that makes my sufferings heavier to bear. I expected when I married her to shield her from any suffering—that she should never know sorrow. "And yet, you are the cause—the only cause—of all her suffering. And, instead of relieving them, honest, deep, and sincere as are your desires to do so, you are daily adding to her sorrow, and making your own suffering greater. 'Tis for you, and you alone, that she grieves. She knows of your ambitions, of your great longing to succeed in life. She knows that those longings do not arise from personal desires. She knows you would not suffer if you had only your own interests at stake. She knows of your wishes, your disappointments, toward her and her children. And in her true love and sympathy grieves for you, and you alone. You are putting those lines of care upon her brow, those silver threads in her hair, that look of sadness in her eyes. She sees you growing old before your time. She sees you losing hope and growing melancholy, sees you breaking down beneath the strain, knows that you will die and leave them to face the world alone, and she knows it is for her and her children. She has not a thought for herself. She is perfectly content and happy in the love of her husband, her children, her home, and above all, which is the reason of her content and happiness in the love of God and submission to His will.

In her trust in Him, she has no fear for the future of her children. She has taught them to love and trust Him as her parents taught her. Did not your parents teach you the same? Were you and your sisters not happy in your childhood? And yet you had not the comforts of home your children possess. Do you remember how your parents had to work and deny themselves to give you an education? Did you ever hear their complain? Did they not have their dreams, their disappointments, and sufferings greater than yours? Yet they were happy, for they trusted in God and submitted to His will. They done their best by their children, and were blessed. You have done your best and He will bless them. Your children are happy. God is giving you everything that he sees is for your good, and you are rebelling against His will. Be just, confess your error, submit yourself to His mercy, and you will be happy, and you will see the face of your wife, now traced with sadness, shine as with a Holy light.

He looked where constellations trace Strange forms. His head in grief he bent, And thought of all that vacant space Which isn't bringing any rest.

Mrs. Dix—"I don't take any stock in these faith cures brought about by the laying on of hands."
Mrs. Dix—"Well, I do. I cured my little boy of the cigarette habit in that way."

Hix—"Well, how did you come out at the races today?"
Dix—"Lost—and it served me right, too."
Hix—"How so?"
Dix—"I backed Messenger Boy to win in a running race."

"Now," said the client, taking out his pocket book, "how much are your services worth?"
"That has nothing to do with the case," answered the professional man of fine distinctions. "What you ought to have asked is merely how much I am going to charge you."

"I am a new woman," she announced.
"Rats!" he cried.
Whereat there was a flurry, and when the dust settled she was holding her skirts in her place of refuge on a chair.
He had unmasked her. She was merely the same old woman in disguise.

A young girl, not remarkably proficient on the piano, had been playing to a small company of friends. "You do beautifully," remarked an old lady, evidently intending to be complimentary. "Why, most per-

FLASHES OF FUN.

Before you wed on tea a week
Consult your lucky star;
'Tis well to look before you leap,
And then stay where you are.

"Have your poems a good circulation, Rimer?" "Oh yes. They've been round to pretty well every editor in the United Kingdom."

"I was just wondering—"
"Wondering what?"
"How much money Kentucky raises every year for foreign missions."

Confused Metaphor.—A contemporary quote from a Yorkshire paper the following: "Looking back along the trackless pathways of the future, he described the footsteps of an invisible hand."

New Patient—"Do you think you can help me, doctor?" "Doctor—" "Well, I ought to. I have had experience enough. I have been attending a man with the same disease for the last twenty years."

Mrs. Strongmind—"Why don't you go to work?" "Tramp—" "Please, mum, I made a solemn vow twenty years ago that I'd never do another stroke of work till women was paid the same wages as men."

He looked where constellations trace Strange forms. His head in grief he bent, And thought of all that vacant space Which isn't bringing any rest.

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sons who couldn't play better's you wouldn't play at all."
"I haven't lived with you for twenty five years without finding out you're a brute!" he sternly exclaimed Mrs. Rangle. "I know a million reasons why I'd hate to be you, and only one why I'd like to be you."
"What is your one reason, madam?" "I've got demanded Mr. Rangle. "Because you've got a good wife," she screamed.

A Clergyman's Advice.

THE ALMOST MIRACULOUS CURE OF JOHN McDONALD, CAPE NORTH, N. S.

For Years He Was Afflicted With Spinal Trouble and Paralysis of the Legs. Was Thwarted by the Best Specialists in Victoria General Hospital, at Halifax, Without Success.—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Have Restored Him.

Mr. John McDonald, a well known merchant at Cape North, N. S., was for many years a sufferer from spinal trouble, which eventually resulted in partial paralysis. Treatment of many kinds was resorted to, but without avail, until finally Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were used, with the result that Mr. McDonald is again enjoying almost perfect health. Mr. McDonald's story is given as follows in his own words:—

"Almost thirteen years ago I caught a bad cold which lodged in my back, producing a terrible pain. Laminata were at first resorted to, but they had no effect, and the trouble became so bad that I could hardly walk, and could not go out of doors after dark, as I would be almost certain to fall if I attempted to walk. Medical treatment did me no good. I tried six different doctors, but the result was always the same. I spent \$30 for an electric belt; but it was simply money wasted. Years went on and I was continually growing worse, until in the spring of 1895 my lower limbs would scarcely support me. In June of that year I went to the Victoria General Hospital, Halifax, where I remained for two months under the treatment of the best specialists, but when I returned home I was actually worse than when I entered the hospital. This thoroughly discouraged me, and I gave up all hope of ever getting better. I continued to grow worse until about the first of January, 1896, when I had become so bad that I could not stand alone, as my legs were like sticks under me. My only means of locomotion was crutches, and my legs dragged after me like useless pieces of timber; I could not raise them one inch from the floor. About the first of the following April, Rev. Mr. McLeod strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had tried so many things without benefit, that I did not think the pills would help me, but nevertheless decided to give them a trial. After using six boxes I could see that there was a slight improvement, and I continued using the pills until I had taken thirty boxes, and by that time new life and vigor had returned to my legs, and I have since been able to attend to my business behind the counter without the aid of crutches, or even a stick. Under God's blessing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have restored me to a new measure of health and energy. I never expected to again enjoy in this world.

My restoration has caused a great wonderment in this section, and as a result I have sold many gross of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in my store, and many of those who have bought them from me tell me they have cured them of their troubles.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act directly on the blood and nerves. They do not purge, and therefore do not weaken like other medicines. They give strength from the fit to the last used. There are many dealers who offer pink colored substitutes, because the substitute gives them a greater profit, but these should always be refused, as substitutes are either dangerous or absolutely worthless.

Convincing Evidence for Madame Ruegger. Mlle. Elsa Ruegger, the Swiss 'celloist who is touring America, was born in Lucerne. Her father is a government official. Before she was twelve years old her parents decided to send her to the Royal Academy at Brussels for a musical education. She first played in public at a charity concert when she was eleven years old. Two years later she left the academy having received many medals and prizes. She first made a tour through Switzerland and from her native land she went to Germany. In the latter country she met with great enthusiasm. After one of her performances in Berlin she was presented with a necklace and bracelet from the emperor and empress. Mlle. Ruegger in appearance somewhat resembles Eleanora Duse, the Italian actress. Like Madame Duse, she has a penchant for the mystical and occult. Her mother who travels with her, is very much exercised over these fads.

"Does she believe in them?" a caller asked.
"Oh, I don't know. I think she does."
"Do you believe in them?"
"Now you ask me a hard question. The palmists, astrologers and phrenologists my daughter and I have met are certainly wonderful people. Do you know every one of them says my daughter Elsa is a genius?"

Your Doctor's Advice—Has not always been according to his conscience because for years he's been schooled in prejudices which dub every proprietary remedy as "quackery"—today he knows better and practices better, and such worthy remedies as Dr. Von Star's Pineapple Tablets are among the constant prescriptions in his daily practice because he has proved them so potent in stomach troubles—50 in a box, 95 cents.



FRESH FLOWERS.

Frills

Dress begins conditions of the we may expect to would be no makers so it is look to their last an extent that thrown on the beautiful that is fashion. There volved suggestive unsatisfactory keep their occup

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Frills of Fashion.

Dress begins already to show many indications of the summer styles and of what we may expect to see three months hence.

It there were no variations in fashion there would be no business for the fashion makers so it is pretty certain that they will look to their laurels and interests to such an extent that there never will be anything thrown on the market so idealy perfect and beautiful that it can become a permanent fashion.

It seems to be one of woman's pet prerogatives to deplore the frequent changes in fashion from time to time, but this she affects as a sort of palliation of her frivolity, when in reality there is nothing else quite so interesting or exciting to the average woman as what is coming next in fashion.

Every revolution of the wheel is sure to bring new modifications, even though some old time fashion is revived, but as yet there is an air of uncertainty about the coming modes which later importations will no doubt remove.

As for the new skirts, we are informed that they are to be fuller, but not in the sense which adds any superfluous material around the hips.

There are many dealers who deal in these new styles, and it is well to be on the alert for the latest in these new styles, and it is well to be on the alert for the latest in these new styles.

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Headache Hood's Pills. To often a warning that the liver is torpid or inactive. More serious troubles may follow. For a prompt, efficient cure of Headache and all liver troubles, take Hood's Pills.

back and two single box-plaits at either side of a plain front breadth is another model which has the promise of popularity. Box-plaits narrow at the waist line and widening toward the hem help to give a slender appearance to the figure.

Howe'er the skirts are plaited, there is a special art in making any of them, and a dressmaker must be an expert needle woman as well as an artist to give the full measure of perfection to each model.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Certainly tea gowns have a new mission in life now that it has been suggested that one which is new and becoming is an essential tonic for a pretty convalescent. They are, indeed, beyond compare this season, and such dreams of beauty we have never had before owing greatly to the soft clinging effects in the materials.

The law of coincidence works wonders. During the blockade of Santiago, Admiral Sampson and his officers were sitting, one more than sultry day, upon the deck of the flagship New York. It was too hot for conversation, and almost for thought.

Cotton and silk grenadines are another novelty, and the French chables with satin stripes are more charming than ever.

'Ideal' is the name of a new tulle which is as strong as net and yet retains the soft film of the old material.

So beautiful are the new ribbons that all the old fancies which once seemed so faultless pale beside them. As in everything else this season the colors are as soft and shadowy as possible and in texture almost like gauze, but finely and closely woven like silk.

Among the new trimmings is a silk netting about four inches wide which has one scalloped edge finished with a narrow fringe, and midway between this and the upper edge is another row of the same fringe following the same outline.

One of the latest novelties in note paper of varying shades of blue, gray and violet, shows a narrow white edge which is very effective.

The Directorate scarf of taffeta, Indian silk, crepe de chine, and silk mousseline, is promised as one of the features of spring wraps. It is trimmed with silk fringe and draped about the shoulders like a fichu tied in a knot at the bust.

'Velours foulard' very soft and glisty in finish is one of the many novelties in materials.

The valentines of this year are an attractive array, and while the lace paper ones which used to be popular are not much seen, the mechanical processes by which separate sections were made to stand out from one another are always in vogue for valentine tokens, and any kind of a contrivance it is only to pull the ribbon attached to a 4 leaved clover, and detach from there an eloquent rhyme.

That a golf-score in a dainty red box should be a favorite valentine is significant. An appropriate sentiment is enclosed.

'Is the observance of St. Valentine's dying out? That is a question which is asked each year. Is it getting too serious? If it is, that is too bad, for it is an annual occasion for great merry-making of a simple sort.

A moment afterward the quartermaster announced the arrival of a boat from a supply ship which had just come in from New York city and added 'the boat is full of Georgia watermelons off the ice.'

Red tape was disregarded, and soon all on board, from admiral down, were having one of the most enjoyable feasts of the season.

Dollars For Doctors.

But Mrs. Douglas derived little benefit till she used B.B.B.

Proof after proof we have been furnishing how B.B.B. makes bad blood pure blood and cures cases that even the doctors failed to benefit.

Here's the case of Mrs. John Douglas, Fuller, Ont., an account of which she gives.

'I have used B.B.B. for impure blood, pimples on the face and sick headache. I tried a great many remedies and spent dollars for doctors' medicine but derived little benefit.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER BELFAST, IRELAND, AND 164, 166 and 170 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. IRISH LINEN & DAMASK MANUFACTURERS. Household Linens From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the WORLD.

APIOL & STEEL PILLS A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Fil Cocchia, Pennyroyal, &c.

Colonel Hedges, but they thought more highly than ever of the Massachusetts society that claimed as one of its members an ex-President. They had taken the Colonel for Grover Cleveland.

There are few things more absurd than the code of rules laid down for the Chinese coroner. In the first place he is bidden to make sure that he has a dead body before he begins his inquest.

The preposterous part of the code comes in with regard to the alleged signs which show the cause of death. If the deceased is supposed to have been poisoned rice is put in his mouth and then taken out and given to a chicken.

You'd be surprised if you used Magnetic Dyes to see what splendid results can be obtained, with slight effort and at a cost of ten cents.

There is a complete failure of the olive crop in southern Italy and Sicily this season, owing to the ravages of the oil fly, which appeared in unusual numbers owing to the prolonged drought of last summer and fall.

Friend—'And are you now out of danger?' 'Convalescent—'No; the doctor says he will pay me two or three more visits.'

TO THE DRAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Debility and Nerves in the flesh by Dr. Nichols' Artificial Sea Breeze, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Sea Breeze may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 700, Ninth Avenue, New York.

USE THE GENUINE MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF TOILET & BATH REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

Newfoundland's Wrecks.

The loss with all hands of the German oil-tank steamer Helgoland in St. Mary's Bay, Newfoundland, on Jan. 10 was only one of many wrecks that have occurred on this rugged, dangerous coast.

The Helgoland wreck was especially tragic however because of the circumstances surrounding it—the fact that four of her crew were visible for hours and could see and be seen by the coastfolk, who were powerless to render them assistance;

Of coast line notorious for disasters St. Mary's Bay possesses the worst repute. A rapid current supposed to be part of the Gulf Stream runs into it, a dangerous, treacherous, uncharted current varying in its force and direction with every wind that blows, and in almost every instance hurrying the incautious mariner to his doom.

Of course, to the one ship that is lost ten escape, mainly through the unconscious instrumentality of the fishing boats, which during the summer and fine weather are a few miles off the shore with their horns going if it becomes foggy and their riding lamps showing a fringe of lights right around the Avalon Peninsula, from St. John's to Placentia after nightfall.

'You're welcome, sir,' exclaimed an old fisherman to the captain of one of these ships, as he rushed hatless down the beach to greet the seamen as they came ashore, 'you're welcome! We've been waiting up for you these three nights.'

This was a frank confession of the truth. The fisherfolk knowing what was certain to happen, had been waiting for the wrecks. As they could do nothing to prevent the wrecks, they were determined to make the best of their opportunity when they found the ships on the rocks. It is a remarkable fact about these people that they think no risk too great to undertake in the endeavor to save the lives of shipwrecked mariners, and their hospitality is prodigal to the survivors of disaster who may land on their shores; but they will then turn to and loot a ship on the rocks with the dexterity and completeness only born of long experience.

Salvage from wrecks is universally recognized in Newfoundland as a means of supplementing the regular pursuits of the

"THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN!"

What more appropriate name could be applied to that most insidious and universal of diseases—Catarrh—which affects nine hundred in every thousand of our people.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder has proved itself a wonderful power in lifting the burden—a dove of peace in the battle of life.

It makes life worth living—it helps in a hurry and it cures permanently—relief in 10 to 60 minutes.

So called cures come and go and hardly a week passes but some new claimant as a cure for catarrh presents itself, only to

fail in its mission, add another disappointment to the long list of disappointments in the line of permanent cures for this most universal and distressing disease.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder has been for many years before the public as the surest, safest, most harmless, quickest and most permanent treatment for Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head, Sore Throat, Influenza, Catarrhal Deafness,

Headache and Tonsillitis. That it has proved its work thousands of times, east, west, north and south over the whole continent, is attested by the thousands of unsolicited testimonials that have been received by those who have suffered from the Catarrh malady in all its forms, and for periods of suffering, whether the limit of a few days of Influenza or Cold in the Head to the cure of stubborn and deep-seated Catarrh of the Head and Nose, covering the almost incredible period of fifty years.

Apart from the splendid evidence of the curative powers of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder received from people of all ranks and conditions of men, from the laborer in the street to the judge on the bench. The most eminent nose and throat specialists concede it the greatest cure, give it their

of cheap justice—rough and ready, but impartial.

'I went down among them,' said the Judge, in subsequently describing the affair, 'and arrested them in their own houses though they had loaded guns ready to shoot me. I tried them across their own kitchen tables and sentenced every one of them to six months' imprisonment with hard labor and we rounded up the whole gang and carried them back to St. John's, where they were incarcerated in the Colonial penitentiary and served their time to the last day, and a dead body has never been mishandled on our coast since.'

Four years ago when the Dominion Liner Mariposa was lost, all her silverware was immediately appropriated by the coast folk when they boarded her, and the Judge was again commissioned to put down lawlessness. He could not act so stringently on this occasion because customs of the country permit a large latitude in the matter of salvage. Fifty per cent is allowed to those who save property from wrecks but in this particular form of loot there was great temptation to keep it all. The Judge in his report of the proceedings said:

'I made some interesting discoveries in pursuing my investigations; among others to the leaders in Israel were the most finished wreckers along the coast.' The Methodist local preacher, a powerful exhorter at prayer meetings, he secured the largest quantity of silver knives, forks and spoons, which I dug out of all conceivable hiding places in the house. The Episcopal lay reader was no whit behindhand, having in his possession a large and varied assortment of soup tureens and chafing dishes, which the Catholic ped-

agogue lacked only opportunity to distinguish himself, he living further away and so being late in arriving, which accounts for his contribution being less valuable than that of his confreeres.'

When the cable steamer Robert Low was lost in November, 1876, the coastfolk helped themselves generously to everything in sight, but the bodies of the dead were respected. The ship struck the shore at Gull Island, within a few yards of where the Helgoland met her fate. She was out from Placentia, in the next bay, only twelve hours, and her loss was due to faulty navigation, for which her master, Capt. Tidmarsh, paid with his life. Of the thirty-three persons on board, fifteen perished after she struck, and another was drowned in landing the next morning, so that seventeen were saved. A strange circumstance about her loss is that it occurred at 4.17 a. m., her cabin chronometer having stopped the moment she struck. She ran up against the sheer cliff, and the first impact was with the starboard anchor, a fluke of which was broken off. Then her bow was punctured above the water line, but as she ground her way into the cliff her whole stem was beaten in and when she rebounded she started to sink, but her bottom was caught on a jagged rock and she hung suspended for days half full of water. Those who were lost were washed overboard by the sea in the first rush; the survivors launched a pumace and gig and lay in peril under her lee the whole night waiting for daylight before attempting to land on the rocky shore. When the coastfolk boarded her the next day the electricians' room, with its display of novel apparatus, obviously very valuable, proved intensely interesting to them. Their curiosity found vent in handling the wires and knobs until one fisherman accidentally established a connection and received a charge from a powerful electric battery which left him writhing on the floor. A companion, unaware of how the mishap occurred, but satisfied the apparatus was responsible, promptly demolished the offending machinery with a blow from his hatchet, and his example being followed by the others, property to the value of several thousands of pounds was destroyed in a few moments, the vandals contenting themselves with picking out the pieces of copper, brass and silver which formed the ornamental portions of the fixtures. Then the more familiar portions of the wreck were looted with the result that rich hauls of silverware, napery, wines, cabin stores, etc., were obtained, besides the articles of ship fittings found on every wreck that strikes the coast which are a prime consideration to a seafaring population.

When the Anglo-Saxon went ashore at Chance Cove, near Cape Race, almost fifty years ago, and 480 people were lost, the fisherfolk showed themselves in a different and much more favorable light. She struck into a cleft at the bottom of a cliff nearly 400 feet high, and down on the face of this the more daring of the residents were lowered. They battled with the surf and threw lines aboard the wreck, by means of which they got the few survivors to the beach, whence they sent them up to the hilltop in baskets fixed to the ropes, which were managed by their comrades there. The steam-

ers on board bound to the United States, and most of them perished, but their bodies were nearly all identified and identified, the valuables found thereon being forwarded to their relatives. The steamer passengers, being chiefly emigrants bound for America, could not be so easily identified, and in the little cemetery at Ferryland they were buried.

of the city for residence. But alas, neither place is proof against coughs or colds, and so Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is welcome in both localities. 25c. all Druggists.

American cabinets are seldom able to survive the excitement and destructive criticism of war-time. President Lincoln made several changes in his cabinet during the Civil War. President McKinley also has brought new men into his cabinet in consequence of the war with Spain.

British ministers are equally vulnerable during a war of real magnitude. In the Crimean War there were ministerial crises and upheavals as the result of military mismanagement. It is not likely that the Salisbury ministry can emerge from the war in South Africa without reconstruction.

There are four strong men in that ministry. Lord Salisbury, Mr. Arthur Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Goschen. They are surrounded with a group of ministers who are equal to the ordinary conditions of peace, but are not fully equipped for the supreme emergency of a great war.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and the Marquis of Lansdowne, secretary for war, are fiercely attacked in England already, and they will not find it easy to retain their cabinet seats if there are fresh reverses, or if the war is prolonged for many months.

There is another official under fire, who is not connected with the ministry. This is Lord Wolsley, commander-in-chief of the British army. He is reproached for many things for which Lord Lansdowne is more directly responsible than himself. Unless he succeeds in proving that he is not at fault, there will be a strong movement in military and political circles against him.

This is one of the fortunes of war. When there is public criticism of the conduct of military operations, some Jonah has to be thrown overboard from the ship in response to popular clamor and disappointment.

A ministry under a monarchy is not stronger in the emergency of war than a cabinet under a republic. Indeed, it is weaker if anything; for a President at Washington is independent of Congress, and can stand by Cabinet ministers or generals when they are attacked justly or unjustly; whereas a prime minister in England is the chief of a government supported by the majority in Parliament and is compelled to conciliate public opinion.

THERE IS NO UNCERTAINTY about Fry's Peppermint Cure. It cures your cough quickly. All bronchial affections give way to it. 25c. of all Druggists. Manufactured by the proprietor of Fry's Peppermint Cure.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution the fraud of the day. See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

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unqualified endorsement and show their practical faith in it by using it in their daily practice.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder goes right to the seat of the trouble. It attacks the disease, removes the cause, cleanses and heals the parts, quickly and permanently. The treatment is simple, the applications are easily made, perfectly painless, and in ten to sixty minutes after applying, relief follows. It is so wonderfully soothing, and yet so soothing, comfort comes like magic.

Mrs. Greenwood, of 204 Adelaide street west, Toronto, says, in substantiation of the claims of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder: "I am so well pleased with Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and the good results derived from it, that I hardly know how to express myself. For years I was a great sufferer from Catarrh in the Head and Throat. I tried many remedies without getting relief until I began using Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. A few applications gave me great comfort and relief. I continued using it, and now every vestige of the trouble has gone, and words fail me to express the gratitude I feel at being freed from this loathsome disease."

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart stops palpitation, smothering, shortness of breath, pains about the heart, gives relief in 30 minutes.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment—When the skin seems fairly on fire from itching skin diseases, one application will give quick and permanent relief.

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills cure liver ills; 20 cents for 40 doses. Sold by E. C. Brown.

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and you must give it? The old warrer and from his papers.

'Not a day over the time exclaimed, in rasping tones Stubbs will serve you tomorrow.'

He watched the announcement, and then said: 'Unless you agree to close, Sir John, give me, and the Grange at least up this road. You time, in case of failure of part.'

'Heaven, man! exclaimed, sinking back in his chair never make me sacrifice blood!'

'I have admired Miss years,' the other replied, 'not I win her? Fifty is a good price to pay for a and then, she saves her Surely she will listen to how matters stand?'

'But supposing she will Sir John, bitterly. 'Then shall her that from the shame of bankruptcy all the disgrace that is mine your only list hands clean enough to John? Ha! ha! tell her all and then see sacrifice herself to the old Once she is my wife, I'll Sir John; straight with from trouble.'

The knight brought down crash on the table.

'You are a cold blooded Grimes! he cried. 'Hand in making my deal. You may do your worst the last, so I give you saying, he dashed his hat stroke from the room.'

Before the gardener he had thrown open the clambered on to the front.

Old Grimes looked the window of his office. 'He will think better an apology in a week,' have him last, and Miss she will never be able his prayers. A dutiful dutiful wife, I'll be final chuckle, the old to his desk and busied the papers which threaten John, but the peace at innocent girl.

CHAPTER THE GIRL I LEFT

It was past ten when she rode out of the stable of sight of the Grange into a fast trot.

'Our luck is famous ed. 'Only Vilomde do I am sure he won't But why are you nervously. 'If Lady asks where we are, he saw us ride out.'

Olivia laughed. 'I placed my finger and he smiled, so I know. 'But you ought not. 'Have what? Vicomte man, and is the last hint I gave him. And a lesson on propriety should never find the such a romantic experience morning.'

'Don't say anything feel ashamed,' Lucy knew that it is wrong and—suppose he was poor fellow, and I will again. I can't let him that my love is a

'Well, rub your eyes look as pale as a ghost, blushing bride—and, morn, we may as well do towards restoring. Half an hour's quiet to a broken stone cross wayside turf; but, lo! men and horses clustered. Two rode out from them, and Dick Sutton a minute later.

He pressed her hand. 'Lucy, allow me to est friend, Captain 5 Royal Horse Artil Captain Sholto Dun

'And now,' he went close alongside of Lady Sholto Dundas tall a dearest, if all has got fear that something ed, or that Lady M on your riding out.'

'I should have coo the girl answered. 'my word, nothing e stopped me. But for your own good time to draw back change towards you that you may be s

'Go back! he at. 'Go back, when, as he have united us so the Why, what are you darning? It is the and, after all, somehow, and m so far that I shall of your estimable

'They had resob this, and two groo hind Olivia and he

'When I wrote t act as my b-st man gests d that h: mig to hold our horse church, and, as y two The clergy

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE.

and you must give it? The old miser and miser looked up from his papers.

'Not a day over the time, Sir John,' he exclaimed, in rasping tones. 'Stubbs and Stubbs will serve you with notice to-morrow.'

He watched the effect of this last announcement, and then added—

'Unless you agree to the redeeming clause, Sir John. Give me Miss Lucy to wife, and the Grange at your death, and I tear up this deed. You agreed to it at the time, in case of failure of payment on your part.'

'Hear'n, man! exclaimed the ex mayor, sinking back in his chair. 'You would never make me sacrifice my flesh and blood!'

'I have admired Miss Lucy for some years,' the other replied. 'Why should not I win her? Fifty thousand pounds is a good price to pay for an old man's fancy, and then she saves her father from ruin. Surely she will listen when you tell her how matters stand?'

'But supposing she will not?' answered Sir John, bitterly.

'Then tell her that it is to save you from the shame of bankruptcy. Make her see all the disgrace that lies before you. Is mine your only liability? Are your hands clean enough to go into court, Sir John? Ha! ha! tell her all I tell her all, and then see if she will not sacrifice herself to the old man who loves her!'

'Once she is my wife, I'll see you straight, Sir John; straight with the world and free from trouble.'

The knight brought down his fist with a crash on the table.

'You are a cold blooded scoundrel, Grimes!' he cried. 'Mind, I will have no hand in making my daughter miserable. You may do your worst; but I'll fight to the last, so I give you warning! and, so saying, he dashed his hat on his head and strode from the room.'

Before the gardener's groom could attend he had thrown open the front door and clambered on to the front seat of the phaeton.

Old Grimes looked after him through the window of his office.

'He will think better of it, and send me an apology in a week,' he muttered. 'I have him lost, and Miss Lucy too. Ha! ha! she will never be able to stand out against his prayers. A dutiful daughter will make a dutiful wife, I'll be bound, and, with a final chuckle, the old schemer went back to his desk and busied himself looking up the papers which threatened, not only Sir John, but the peace and happiness of an innocent girl.'

CHAPTER III.

"THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME."

It was past ten when Lucy and Olivia rode out of the stable-yard, and, once out of sight of the Grange, put their horses into a fast trot.

'Our luck is famous!' the latter exclaimed. 'Only Vilomte de Friel saw us start, and I am sure he won't say anything.'

'But why are you sure?' asked Lucy, nervously. 'If Lady Minstead or anyone asks where we are, he is certain to say he saw us ride out.'

Olivia laughed.

'I placed my finger on my lips,' she said, 'and he smiled, so I know it's all right.'

'But you ought not to have—'

'Have what? Vilomte de Friel is a gentleman, and is the last to presume on the hint I gave him. And to think of you reading a lesson on propriety my dear! Why, I should never find the courage to set out on such a romantic expedition as yours, this morning.'

'Don't say anything more to make me feel ashamed,' Lucy answered quietly. 'I know that it is wrong, but Dick wishes it, and—suppose he was killed out yonder, poor fellow, and I was never to see him again, I can't let him go without showing him that my love is as strong as his own.'

'Well, rub your cheeks, dear, for you look as pale as a ghost—not a bit like a blushing bride—and, as here is the common way, we may as well see what a gallop will do towards restoring your roses.'

Half an hour's quick ride brought them to a broken stone cross deep sunk in the wayside turf; but, long before they reached it, both girls had made out a little group of men and horses clustering round it.

'Two rode out from the others to meet them, and Dick Sutton was by Lucy's side a minute later.'

He pressed her hand, and then said— 'Lucy, allow me to introduce my greatest friend, Captain Sholto Dundas, of the Royal Horse Artillery. Miss Talbot— Captain Sholto Dundas.'

'And now,' he went on, drawing his hand close alongside of Lucy's, whilst Olivia and Sholto Dundas fell slightly behind, 'tell me dearest, if all has gone right. I began to fear that something unforeseen had happened, or that Lady Minstead had put a veto on your riding out.'

'I should have come in any case, Dick,' the girl answered. 'Once I had given you my word, nothing except death would have stopped me. But are you quite sure it is for your own good?—even now there is time to draw back. And I shall never change towards you, married or single, of that you may be sure!'

'Go back!' he answered, with a smile. 'Go back, when, within an hour, God will have united us so that no man can part us! Why, what are you thinking about, my darling? It is the dream of my life; and, after all, the time will pass somehow, and my mind will be at rest so far that I shall be sure no tricks or plots of your estimable step-mother can part us.'

They had reached the stone cross by this, and two grooms took their places behind Olivia and her companion.

'When I wrote to Sholto, asking him to act as my best man and be a witness to our marriage,' said Dick to Lucy, 'I suggested that he might bring his own groom to hold our horses whilst we went into church, and, as you see, he has brought two. The clergyman who will marry us

TOBACCO HEART.

Have you been smoking a good deal lately and feel an occasional twinge of pain round your heart. Are you short of breath, nerves unstrung, sensation of pins and needles going through your arms and fingers? Better take a box of two of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and get cured before things become too serious.

Here's what Mr. John James, of Caledonia, Ont., has to say about them: "I have had serious heart trouble for four years, caused by excessive use of tobacco. At times my heart would beat very rapidly and then seemed to stop beating only to commence again with unnatural rapidity."

"This unnatural action of my heart caused shortness of breath, weakness and debility. I tried many medicines and spent a great deal of money but could not get any help."

Last November, however, I read of a man, afflicted like myself, being cured by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I went to Roper's drug store and bought a box. When I had finished taking it I was so much better I bought another box and this completed the cure. My heart has not bothered me since, and I strongly recommend all sufferers from heart and nerve trouble, caused by excessive use of tobacco, to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a fair and faithful trial."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto.

chances, too, to be one of Sholto's numerous Scotch cousins, and, for clanship's sake, will not talk publicly of the wedding, though, of course, if questioned, he cannot deny having solemnized it. It really does seem as if Fortune smiled upon us, does it not?'

'Yes; and I am happy, Dick, in spite of a dread which I cannot get rid of—that our good fortune won't last long, and that I, at all events, shall have a lot to go through this winter. But that is nothing compared with the real fear that soon the papers will contain news of your death, or of my own.'

She looked wistfully up in his face as she spoke, and for once he glanced aside without meeting the look in her eyes.

'Shall I tell her now?' he thought. 'No; hang it! time enough when we say good-bye.'

A minute later he was himself again, trying to do all he knew to raise her spirits, and make her forget, if only for an hour, the uncertainty of the future.

The way led along shady lanes and across heathy commons, up-hill and down-dale, till at last they arrived at a little village, where they dismounted, and, leaving their horses in charge of the grooms, walked across a meadow to an old church, which, with buttressed walls and ivy-clad tower, stood on a knoll, looking down upon the humble homes below.

The church door stood open, and they passed for a moment under the porch, till an old woman came out of the darkness within, and beckoned them to enter.

'You be the gentleman who be going to be married this morning?' she whispered, as Captain Sutton, taking off his hat, led Lucy forward.

He nodded and slipped a sovereign into her hand.

At sight of the gold, the good soul brightened up.

'Fardon's awaiting,' she said, leading the way. 'I'll will follow me, I will place ye all right, just as if my man was here himself.'

From which Olivia gathered that she was the wife of the clerk, who was, doubtless, laid up with rheumatism.

Lucy was very pale, but she did not tremble, and there was a firm, steady look in her eyes, and almost a smile on her sweet lips.

Never had she looked prettier, Dick thought, as he knelt beside her.

And then, in the solemn silence and dim light, the service began—a service read over so many young hearts, joining them together, for weal and for woe, till death do them part.

In the vestry, after the ceremony was over, the bride was introduced by Captain Dundas to the clergyman who had married her, as was Olivia.

And then, after the register was signed, and a copy given to Lucy, God's 'ye's' were said, and the little party remounted and rode away.

As they neared the sunken cross, Dick's breath began to fail him.

He glanced nervously round to his comrade, who at once bent over his saddle, and whispered something in Olivia's ear.

Dick hardened his heart to the task he had before him.

'Lucy,' he said, gently, 'in a few minutes we must part, but, remember, it is only for a time. Still, it is very hard to part on our wedding day, and yet I have one more thing to say which I know will grieve you. How am I to say it?'

She looked up as if waking from a dream.

'Yes, Dick,' she answered, 'I heard you. What is it?'

He drew a long breath.

'We leave England to-morrow,' he said hoarsely. 'For God's sake don't break down, dear!'

For one single instant a veil of darkness seemed to fall before the girl's eyes, and she swayed in the saddle.

Before, however, either her husband or

Sholto Dundas could aid her, she had recovered, and sat as straight in the saddle as before.

'To-morrow! Well, Dick, I almost shall not faint. I am all right now. To-morrow, or the next day, or a week hence, it cannot make much difference. Let us ride on a little, quietly, and then say good-bye. Still happier times comes round.'

Without another word husband and wife walked their horses on in the front, whilst the others checked theirs.

'By Jove, what nerve, what pluck she has!' muttered Sholto Dundas. 'Do you think you could take it like that? Miss Talbot?' he asked, turning to his companion.

'If I loved a man as Lucy does Dick,' he pulled at his moustache and looked at her inquiringly.

'Don't you see?' the girl answered, a little contemptuously, 'that it was to spare him that she pulled herself together. I really do not believe that any man knows, or can appreciate the depth of some women's love!'

'Are you one of those women?' Sholto asked, looking admiringly into his companion's fair face.

'No!' she answered shortly.

It was early.

Eight o'clock had not long chimed out from the cathedral clock.

But the streets of Castletown leading from the barracks inside the walls to the railway station, were thickly dotted by groups of townsfolk, whilst windows were thrown up, and expectant faces looked out.

Madame Bellefleur, the fashionable milliner, had got all three of the windows of her show-room open, and though her young ladies had not arrived, two girls, one dark, the other fair, had stationed themselves at one, standing a little back.

Presently there was a move in the crowd below, and the groups withdrew from the road to the pavement on each side, all faces turned one way.

'Women are coming,' whispered the fair girl, as the distant blare of a brass band struck on the listeners' ears.

It was scarcely possible for her companion to turn pale, but she already was, and she began to tremble, and so violently that she had to grasp the curtain of the window to support herself.

Nearer and nearer drew the blare of the trumpets, the clash of cymbals, and the roll of the kettle drums.

It was the band of the Lancers playing their march out, on the first stage of their long journey.

The girls were at the window now, and looking out.

Behind the band came the colonel of Dick Sutton's battalion, on his bay horse, and then followed in column of companies, the long line of red coats, as the Light Infantry filed down the street.

The crowd cheered and shouted itself hoarse.

Women waved handkerchiefs, and wives and sweethearts marched alongside the troops.

There were pretty faces which blushed as young subalterns laughed up at them, or kissed the hilts of their swords and waved them in a last farewell.

Only a few poor women were crying silently.

Out of sight, and behind a few of those red coats, a heart beat sadly.

Dick Sutton, at the head of his company, looked up at the windows of Madam Bellefleur's establishment long before he reached them.

He knew his wife would be there! His wife!

How strangely it sounded.

And she looked down on him, and kissed her hand, and felt that her heart and soul were with Dick and the colors, and would only come back to her when he returned.

If he returned!

Women As Judges.

As Color Critics They Say Diamond Dyes Are the Best in the World.

As a rule women are by far the best judges of colors. Their vast experience in the innumerable shades and tints brought out by European professional dyers in dress fabrics, ribbons, silks, trimmings and gloves, give them a knowledge and advantage in colors that few men possess.

As color critics and judges, the women of all civilized lands have long ago made Diamond Dyes the popular home favorites for the coloring of all faded and dingy looking garments and fabrics of wool, silk or cotton.

Everywhere, intelligent and economic women, after thorough tests and trials, have found Diamond Dyes to give the richest and most lasting colors—colors that for brilliancy and durability surpass the best efforts of professional dyers.

To some ease, comfort and perfect success in home dyeing, the Diamond Dyes should be used at all times.

Working on the great reputation of Diamond Dyes, some unscrupulous people are putting up imitation dyes in packets. Such dyes are a source of danger to the dyer and the materials to be colored. See that each packet of dye purchased has the name "Diamond."

LYNCH LAW IN 1899.

One of the darkest pages in the annual summary of the American events is that which records the cases of lynching. It is even more depressing than the record of crime in general; for crime discloses the depravity of individuals, while lynching reveals whole communities swayed by passion and given over to lawlessness.

The Chicago Tribune's recapitulation shows one hundred and seven lynchings in

Seal Brand Coffee (1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.) Every bean effuses fragrant Coffee of absolute purity. It is largely imitated. Examine your purchase closely. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

1899, all but four of which were in the Southern States. Of the four Northern lynchings, three took place in Kansas and one in Pennsylvania. Eighty-four of the victims of mobs were negroes, and twenty-three whites.

Apologists for lynch law are in the habit of defending it on the ground that there are some crimes of a horrible nature, and to punish which the ordinary processes of law are too slow and uncertain; and that it is difficult in such cases to procure public testimony against the offenders.

But what weight may be given to this argument, it extenuates a small proportion only of the lynchings of 1899. But eighteen cases out of the whole number were professed to avenge crimes of that character.

There is one glimmer of light in the year's record. Long as the list of lynchings is, the total is the smallest for fifteen years.

In several instances, the lynchings were attended with ferocious cruelty; and it may be that the publicity given to these horrors is strengthening public conscience against the repetition of them.

THE DEATH BUDGE.

Is Spared to Many a Home, Because Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Never Fails to Cure Heart Disease—Relief in 30 Minutes.

The pall of death has hovered over many a diseased heart looking for the last flicker of the candle, and Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart has stepped between the sufferer back to perfect and permanent health. Thos. Petrie, of Aylmer, Que., had heart disease for five years, was unable to work. The doctors gave him up to die many a time. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gave him relief in thirty minutes, and four bottles cured him. Sold by E. C. Brown.

Four Girls!

Yankee ingenuity is proverbial, and is a trait of which New Englanders may fairly be proud. Nevertheless, there is one field of invention in which they do not shine—the invention of proper names.

This was often practised in New England in old times. It has now become a distressingly popular habit in the West. Of course, it is easy to understand how a proud parent may think no name in all history, tradition or romance quite good enough for her own particular baby; but that baby, when she grows up,—it is almost invariably a she,—will seldom thank her parents for their effort to distinguish her with something novel and original.

Yet greatly daring parents, quite recently the records show, have afflicted innocent infants with the names of Venustine and Oriette; Rovilla, Syrenola and Zules; Leoline and Hyantbe; Doricianna and Aveleura!

The poor babies! And they will not even have the satisfaction of commemorating great events, which may some day partially reconcile to their late these young ladies the Misses Deweyette-Olympia Jones, Philippina Victoria-Dewey Brown and Deweyline Manila Robinson! Indeed, the first two of this trio being of the colored race, whose taste in names is usually a little florid, may perhaps wear their honors as prudently as they were bestowed; but it would not be a rash prophet who should venture to predict that little Deweyline Manila, by the time she has been plagued through the primary school and called after in the grammar school, and laughed at through the high school, will, once she is fairly entered upon her teens, fall back on her initials, and face a cold hard world as plain Miss D. M. Robinson.

Even the latest inventions cannot do away with all the time-honored methods. A farmer of the school made this very plain the other day.

His wife wanted some tacks, and he went into the village hardware store to buy a package. The storekeeper thought he saw an opportunity.

'I'll tell you what you want,' said he. 'You want a bicycle to ride round your farm on. It'll save you time and money. They're cheap now, dirt cheap at thirty-five dollars.'

The farmer straightened his chin. 'I'd

rather put the money into a cow,' he said.

'But think,' replied the shopkeeper, jocosely, 'think how foolish you'd look riding round town on a cow.'

'Well said the farmer. 'I don't know. Perhaps I shouldn't look so much more foolish than I should milkin' a bicycle!'

WON HIS CASE.

Doctors Said He Must Die, But He Rallied Under South American Kidney Cure, and Diabetes Was Absolutely Cured.

A prominent legal light in a Canadian Western town treated and dieted for years for what the doctors diagnosed an incurable case of diabetes. He became so bad that he had to quit his practice, other complications setting in, and his sufferings were most intense. Almost as a last resort he tried South American Kidney Cure and to his own surprise, immediately began to improve. This is over a year ago. He continued taking this greatest of kidney specifics, and today he is a well man. Sold by E. C. Brown.

Mr. Armour's Account.

Late in life successful men often go back to their 'first love,' their earliest occupation and Mr. Philip D. Armour has returned to his. A correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer says that he is living on a farm near Oconomowoc, for the benefit of his health.

Any day during the autumn he could be seen directing the work of the 'hired hands,' superintending the building of corn cribs and barns, and generally showing the influence of his early training. The people of the neighborhood say he is a shrewd horse-trader, and is feeding the fattest hogs that have been seen in that section for twenty years.

Long ago, before Mr. Armour embarked on his career as a financier, he entertained the theory that the best feed for pigs was acorns. Accordingly, as soon as he took up farming again he sent out word that he would pay twenty-five cents a bushel for acorns delivered in the farmyard.

He got enough in a week to feed all the pigs around Oconomowoc, but he also got a note from the district school-teacher which read as follows:

'DEAR SIR: When you offered to pay twenty-five cents a bushel for acorns there were sixty scholars in my school. Now the regular attendance is about ten. In the interest of education I wish you would suspend your operations for a more favorable season.'

Farmer Armour saw the point, and acted accordingly.

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used. A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggists, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

W. Hawker & Son, Druggist, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.

Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 137 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

E. J. Mabony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B.

G. W. Hoben, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B.

R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B.

S. Waiters, Druggist, St. John, West N. B.

Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B.

C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B.

S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mill St., St. John, N. B.

N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B.

G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels St., St. John, N. B.

C. Fairweather, Druggist, 108 Union St., St. John, N. B.

Hastings & Feneo, Druggists, 68 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

Ellie—I had a delightful half-hour's chat with your G. B. upkins last night. S. K. Hattie—indeed! Why, everybody says he is stupid and never says anything. Ellie—Yes; but he's an excellent listener.

She—Did you have any luncheon today? He—No; it was nothing but lunch; it only cost 15 cts.

and show their using it in their

al Powder goes trouble. It attacks the cause, cleanses quickly and permanently simple, the application perfectly painless, and after applying, wonderfully cooling, comfort comes

4 Adelaide street substitution of the Catarrhal Powder with Dr. and the good that I hardly know

For years I was starved in the Head my remedies with began using Dr. A few applications and relief. I now every vestige and words fall me I feel at being a disease.

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UNCERTAINTY cures your cough affections give way ste. Manufactured Perry Davis' Pain-

