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PRICE FIVE CENTS

FROST OR SUSPENSION

WHAT IS THE REASON ISSUED BY THE CHIEF OF POLICE.

Three Officers Suspended For Leaving Their Beat To Warm Their Hands—Officer Campbell Gets a Rest For Removing the Snow From the Chief's Sidewalk.

Five policemen suspended at one time! So one of the daily papers said this week and the report is confirmed by those officers who know what they are talking about.

Officer Greer was suspended for two days for being under the influence of liquor.

Officer Boyle was suspended for two days for going into a store to warm his hands during the cold snap.

Officer Corbett was suspended for a like period for a similar offence.

So was Officer Olive.

Officer Campbell was suspended for one day for being off his beat and strolling about the sidewalk of the chief of police.

All of which has created a considerable sensation in police circles.

And no wonder. The last few days, or two weeks rather, has been a severe time upon the guardians of the peace. They have done the best they could but it was under trying circumstances. The business man and taxpayer who left his office at noon or at dusk when the mercury was hurrying down as fast as possible to 12, 14 and 16 below zero did not have much time to stop and see whether the man with the blue coat and brass buttons was on duty or not. Though he had on the warmest clothing he could get and had only a short distance to go he had no time to do anything but rush to the warmth of his fireside and keep up the temperature in his residence. He's hands were parched in his pockets or upon his ears while on the street and to keep from freezing was, for the time being, his main object in life.

But the policeman was on the street just the same. The fact that the weather was more severe than it has been for years made no difference in the reality that his duty was laid out for him and that he had to do. So, with measured tread he walked the street, beating his hands together to keep out the cold, stamping his feet and trying generally to keep up his spirits and his temperature though the mercury was falling fast.

Old age however makes the blood sluggish and prevents the same action and execution that the man would have been capable of years ago. So it was with Officer Boyle who has served 22 years on the police force of St. John. He was out on one of these cold spells and got very cold. There was a good fire in a butcher's shop on his beat and he went in. He was there a few minutes warming his hands and rubbing his face; holding his feet to the stove and trying generally to raise the temperature of his body.

As soon as this was done he went on his beat again and some kind friend informed him that the patrol sergeant had just passed along. The officer knew that he should report to the patrol sergeant, so he waited and when he came along, explained how and why it was that he was off from his beat. He was reported just the same and the chief deliberated upon the offence. Officer Boyle secured a rest—suspension—for two days with loss of pay.

Officer Corbett came in for the same sort of treatment. He, too, felt the pangs of cold and retired from his beat to a stove to warm himself. He was suspended for two days—with loss of pay.

Now Officer Olive is comparatively new upon the force. He is also new in citizenship. The chief said that his grandfather was mayor of the city of St. John and that the officer was on the assessment list of the city. This was in answer to the charge that he came from Boston and had been given the preference over St. John men. To those who knew that Officer Olive had been upon the assessment list for just one month, the chief's oratorical effort and indignant protest at the meeting of the safety board was amusing but still that sort of thing goes on every day in civic politics. No person said a word and perhaps the chief thought no person knew anything about the short citizenship before the appointment. Now people say that Olive is a relative of the chief's. Well, all that Progress can say, if that is true, the chief deserves credit for treating him in the same way as the other

men though such punishment is such an offence as to meet with the approbation of any newspaper or any citizen.

Officer Greer probably deserved his suspension. If he was under the influence of liquor no one will doubt that his sentence was deserved, only if it is correct that his time was only two days, people may well wonder why it is just as much a crime in police circles to go into a butcher shop and warm one's self as it is to get drunk!

Coming down now to the pet of the force, Officer Campbell, it is a sad thing to note how the policeman who got such praise only a few months ago for capturing a couple of night prowlers should have fallen into disgrace in the eyes of his chief.

And all because he was absent from his beat while clearing the sidewalk of the chief from a large accumulation of snow!

Which goes to show that it does not pay to be over zealous even in the service of one's chief.

Officer Campbell was a favorite in the eyes of the chief. He had done his duty to meet with his approbation and no doubt the chief was kindly disposed towards him. Whether that kindly disposition took the shape of an invitation or a permit to clear off the chief's sidewalk has not been made clear, but it is certain that Officer Campbell apparently considered such labor a privilege and as such appreciated it.

At any rate, when one of the recent storms piled up the snow in front of the chief's residence, that official, in the kindness of his heart intimated to one of those on the force that if he had time he might remove the "beautiful" in the morning. Now Officer Campbell overheard this kind permit and he did not relish the idea of anyone usurping the privilege. But how was he to manage to get ahead of this new man when he was on the Lower Cove beat? Clearly the only way was to leave his beat for an hour or two, so he snatched a shovel and had the sidewalk clear when the chief looked out of his window in the morning. And that was what he did. He left his beat on the Lower Cove and went to work.

Of course there is the length of time he was gone. Some say an hour, some say two hours, but it was long enough for the patrol sergeant to walk around and find him absent. Perhaps he was surprised that such a model officer as this should leave his beat for an instant and he made very careful inquiry. But he failed to find him. The chief on another beat knew where he was though and they say that they did—though this may be a joke—in spite of the fact that he had his long police coat tucked up in order to make him look like an ordinary man rushing along. He was reported however and suspended for one day, as noted above.

A comparison of the penalties would go to show that it is just as great an offence to leave one's beat to shovel snow as it is to go into a shop and warm one's hands when the mercury is below zero.

No event has occurred in police circles for some time that has caused so much talk among the men and provoked so much comment from citizens. There is a regulation that an officer must not leave his beat and all will agree such a regulation is very necessary but surely some latitude must be allowed a man who is in danger of freezing who steps into a store for a few minutes to warm himself.

Campbell, no doubt, deserved his suspension, only under the circumstances if he had got ten days instead of one the public would have been better pleased. It is all very well and proper for any policeman to try and please the chief in the discharge of his duties but it is no part of his duty to remove the snow from the chief's sidewalk. No officer who had a proper respect for himself or his position would do it and it would be well for the chief to discourage any such attempt at servility.

There is much truth in the line "The policeman's lot is not a happy one." He is out in all weathers, at all times. His duty is never done. He is always on call and his lot may be made bearable or unbearable by the attitude of his superior officers. The chief needs no advice from Progress but this paper would say to give the men a chance, show them that they are trusted and they will do better work, make them respect themselves, and they will respect their superiors, but do not ask them to shovel the snow from your sidewalk.

They had a tedious wait. The big snow storm knocked the interest out of most everything, but those who saw the Canada Winter Port Hooker

team, waiting for eighteen ours for a train and then travelling all day to meet the fast Crescents in Halifax that night felt much regret that they could not have started under more favorable auspices. Even under these conditions they must have put up a good game for a score of 3 to 1 is not a bad beating by any means.

MR. McDADA'S DINNER JOKE.

His Explanation of His Wife's Absence Excited Much Applause.

A good story is told of Mr. Michael McDade, the versatile official reporter of the House of Assembly. The other night Cian MacKenzie celebrated the 139th anniversary of the birth of the Scotchmen's pride, Bobby Burns, by a public entertainment. The guests of honor were his worship the Mayor, representing the city and St. Andrew's Society, Mr. Stephen, representing the Sons of England, and Mr. McDade representing the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

During his very excellent speech his worship took occasion to apologize for the absence of Mrs. Robertson whose name had been included in the invitation to attend.

When it came to Mr. McDade's turn to respond he concluded his remarks with a similar apology. "I do not that I would have apologized," he said, "for the absence of my wife in a public manner, but his worship the mayor has made it easy to do so. It was not possible for me to be accompanied by my wife, who, I am sure, if she had been present would have enjoyed the splendid programme that up to the present has been so admirably carried out. Her absence is due to the fact that she arranged a little Burns celebration of her own as early as half past three this morning, a somewhat earlier hour than even the most enthusiastic Scotchman is known to begin the celebration of the birthday of his favorite poet. I am not going to give you details of the celebration so early arranged by my wife, but I may say to you in strictest confidence, that as a result of that celebration the McDade household will be exercised during the next few days in considering the question as to whether or not they should name the latest arrival in the family Robert Burns McDade."

Needless to say the audience were much interested when he began and it deepened as the speaker progressed, and when he reached the climax he was interrupted by a spontaneous outburst of applause that lasted for several minutes.

SHE ORDERED WITHOUT WORDS.

A Curiosity in a Windsor Hotel That is unexplained.

Commercial men often talk about hotels. And it is only natural for them to live in them nearly all the time. Some of the knights of the grip sack do not see home for months and he is the great critic of hotels. But apart from criticisms of men there are funny things about certain hotels that every traveller becomes acquainted with. And one of the most curious of all this was associated with the hotel kept by Mr. Doran of Windsor and which was swept away by the fire in that town last fall. Mr. Doran's hotel was what was known as the "dollar-and-a-half house" and was the best in town. The dining room was connected with the kitchen by a dumb waiter and the guests were served by a lady who was related to the proprietor. There was nothing curious about that, but what was strange was that no guest ever heard her give an order to the kitchen and yet she was within a few feet of them near the dumb waiter. Notwithstanding this the orders came correctly at all times. Again and again have the guests tried to puzzle the waitress by asking for something not on the bill of fare but in vain. If what was asked for was in the house it was produced. And there was nothing mysterious about her movements. She would move perhaps two or three yards away to the dumb waiter and even to those listening acutely say nothing. And yet in a few moments the order was served.

Travellers say that it is a mystery that they have tried in vain to fathom and they wonder whether in the big new house Mr. Doran is building the same thing will be possible. This story was told recently in a company of commercial men and all agreed to its truth. Incidentally all of them gave Mr. Doran great credit for his enterprise pluck and energy in having his new hotel so near completion.

Here is a chance for some one to exercise their ingenuity to find out how the orders are given.

THE MAYOR'S NICE MOVE

HE MAY BE ALDERMAN THOUGH NOT A MAYOR.

Opposition Talked of to Dr. Christie—The Library Building Scheme and Facts that May Account for Recent Opposition to all the Library Projects.

Mayor George Robertson will not offer again for the chief magistracy of the city but it is not at all likely, in spite of that fact, that St. John will lose his valuable services.

Progress is told that he will be a candidate as alderman-at-large and that D. J. Purdy will be his running mate.

There may not be any precedent for such a move as the mayor proposes but certainly there is nothing to prevent him from stepping from the mayor's chair to an aldermanic seat.

There are two aldermen-at-large now and one of them may have to make way for the mayor. Whether Mr. McArthur or Mr. Purdy would care to do so without a contest remains to be seen, or whether they would have to do so in the event of a contest is another element that enters into the question. Then again ex-alderman P. McCarthy proposes, so Progress is told, to again offer his services as alderman-at-large. He has much strength and could be counted upon to make much division in the ranks of voters.

Mr. Edward Sears is coming for mayor. So is Alderman Daniel. Both of these gentlemen are confident of success and both of them have lots of friends. But a name to conjure with is that of Mr. W. S. Fisher the recent president of the board of trade—a successful and enterprising merchant—a man of energy—capital address and devoted in every respect to the interests of the city. Mr. Fisher might not be able to accept a nomination; he might not have the time for the duties of his office but St. John would be honored and fortunate if he became her mayor. The necessity for good men is strong at this particular crisis in the city's history and while the citizens would be pleased indeed to retain the services of its present mayor in any form at the board such a combination of Mr. Fisher and himself would be in the interests of the community.

It is rumored that John Babington Macaulay Esq. will not run again.

But Alderman McMalkin has an opponent in the person of Capt. Keast. Who is Captain Keast?

Dr. Christie will likely have determined opposition. Several names have been mentioned but evidently the right man has not been found as yet. The alderman's doctor is a determined man and he does not brook opposition cheerfully. He made no friends by his remarks in regard to the library commission and the appointment of his brother to fill one of the vacancies caused by the resignation of Messrs. Ruel and Manchester has caused much unfavorable comment. Then, too, there is a disagreeable rumor that all this was done with a purpose and that the future home of the Free Public Library is the Oddfellows hall. Now the Oddfellows hall is owned by the Oddfellows Hall company and Dr. Christie is an important stockholder in the concern, which, by the way, is not in as flourishing condition as it might be since the removal of the grammar school and the consequent loss of revenue from that source. The company would no doubt be much pleased to get rid of the huge building by selling it to the city as a free public library building. Could such an idea as that have had anything to do with the opposition to the generous project of Messrs. Ruel and Manchester that came from Dr. Christie and his supporters? That is a question it would be hard to answer but the facts are curiously coincident—to say the least.

The public will not take kindly to such a scheme as this and it will require much effort on the part of Dr. Christie and his supporters to bring it about. Then there is the possibility that the doctor will not be at the aldermanic board next year. Mr. Ruel's friends will not vote for him—that is sure. Neither will Mr. Manchester's, and the ardent young men who honor these gentlemen might take it into their heads to organize such an opposition to the warlike doctor as would make it very uncomfortable for him.

Report has it that Mr. George C. Lawrence will oppose Alderman Hama in

King's ward. There are other names mentioned too.

But the elections are some time off and there will be much shiftings and speculation before voting day comes.

WHAT THE STORM COST.

A Regular Army was Employed to Clear up After it was Over.

The remark is often repeated that St. John winters are changing, that we don't have the good old time storms that we used to have. If the persons making the observation were to stop and consider for awhile they would come to the conclusion that they were wrong, and that old Boreas is as frequent in his visits here as ever, too frequent in fact for many people.

The city has just passed through two regular old time snow storms and if they were counted up it would be found that there is a record of several big storms every winter. People thought, for instance, that the recent ones were regular tail-twisters, but there were a couple in January, 1894, that set a pace which the late ones could not keep up with; according to Mr. Hutchinson of the weather observatory 12 inches of snow fell on the 12th of January, 1894, and on the 30th, 12½ inches fell, nine and a half inches fell in last week's storm, and 8½ in this week's.

This week for the first time in the history of the new and improved street railway system the cars were off the route for a whole day. The two big storms coming within a week of one another gave them a bigger contract than they could handle despite their thorough equipment of facilities for handling storms.

A regular army of men and teams was employed to clear the tracks, and cart the snow away, three big electric sweepers that look as imposing as snow ploughs and two or three ploughs and scrapers.

The railway has to sweep the track clear and the city by their contract with the railway has to remove from the street the piled up snow and prevent it from falling back on the track. For this the city gets from the railway \$3,500. Last year the city came out with a little too good after they had balanced up their account but this year they will be considerably out of pocket. Their biggest item last year was \$500. Last week's storm cost them \$500; while this week's cost them \$1,600 which makes a very big gouge in the \$3,500.

They had 400 teamsters and shovellers employed at a dollar a day for a couple of days this week with 25 double teams and 60 single teams. Beside the \$1600 there is \$550 cost to the city credited to scavenger account for removing snow from the squares and streets through which the railway does not run.

The street railway company had a gang of 200 employed attacking the ramparts of snow, and, counting what they paid their own men, what they pay the city and the loss of a day's receipts the cost to them of the storm amounted into the thousands.

But this is only a song to what the storm cost the C. P. R., I. C. R., Maine Central and other railroads, and railroad managers would no doubt be glad if there was no such thing as old time storms.

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

Mr. Hanington's Paragraph About Park Sunday Selling Too Strong.

There was one matter, in connection with the Horticultural meeting which did not appear in the reports. It had been stricken out but one of the reporters saw it through a transparency and so it reaches print. It related to the matter of Sunday selling at the park. It will be remembered that in September and October last Mr. Torrey who secured from the park attractions committee the right to sell refreshments in the Tea House kindly donated to the association by Mr. Joseph Allison, sold refreshments there on Sunday claiming the right to do so by his lease which specified that he could sell refreshments on Sunday.

Mr. A. H. Hanington chairman of the committee, and Mr. Joseph Allison, were enjoying trips to the Pacific slope at the time and Mr. G. S. Fisher was acting chairman. When Mr. Hanington returned he objected strongly to the action and ordered Mr. Torrey to close up his refreshment saloon. Mr. Torrey did not do so and as the season was about closed nothing was done.

When the board of directors met last week to receive reports from the different committees there was in Mr. Hanington's report a paragraph advertising on this matter and uttering no uncertain opinion on the action of the committee, in his absence. His language was forcible and the board of directors evidently thought it was too forcible, for they decided to have the clause stricken out. They did not want the matter to come up at the annual public meeting but preferred that it should come up again at a later meeting.

A MILLIONAIRE'S FEAT.

How The Founder of Monte Carlo Gambled Once and Once Only.

Mons. Blanc, the founder of the Casino at Monte Carlo, which really means Monte Carlo itself, was very eccentric. If he had ever been young there is no record of the fact, for he is always described as a little old gentleman, clad in a long coat, and walking with the aid of a yellow cane, without which he was never seen during his waking hours. Though enormously wealthy, says the London Mail, he was excessively thrifty in trifling matters, and would haggle like an old clothes man to save a franc on articles for his personal use, though he thought nothing of expending hundreds of thousands of francs in beautifying the Casino and the miniature city. He was never known to play at the tables, excepting on one occasion, and then it was a somewhat costly experience.

While on a visit to the Wiesbaden Casino with Mme. Blanc, he was in the habit of accompanying her on a morning stroll each day. During one of these walks madame complained of the heat of the sun, and requested her husband to buy her a parasol. Accordingly the two entered the shop, where madame selected a very pretty article, worth eighty francs—about \$16—which M. Blanc, with a scowl and a muttered grumble, paid.

When the Casino opened at noon great was the astonishment of the croupiers and the visitors to see M. Blanc place two louis on the red at one of the trente et quarante tables. The attendants hastened to get him a chair, but this he declined, saying he was only going to remain a few minutes. When the cards were dealt he won, and taking up his winnings, left the original stake of the table. For a second time he won, and had now got back the price of the umbrella. But not content, he ventured another two louis, which this time he lost. Some what annoyed at this, the founder of the place doubled the stake and won, thus getting back the cost of the umbrella again. Determined, however, to regain his two louis, he staked them again, only to see them raked in by the bank. Thus he kept on winning and losing, but never able to recover the two louis, till at last he found himself twenty-five louis out, all the gold his pocket-book contained. A thousand franc note he had was quickly changed and swallowed up. Then becoming exasperated, he cashed his check for a large sum, and, sitting down, commenced the battle in earnest. Hour after hour passed but M. Blanc, his eyes fixed on the treacherous pasteboards, never budged from his post. He kept on planking down heavy stakes until the last deal was declared, when, calmly rising, he seized his yellow cane and made his way through the gaping onlookers into the open air.

On reaching home he found Mme. Blanc playing 'patience' with a pack of cards, the offending parasol being on the table. 'Madame,' said the old gentleman, 'do you know what that thing has cost me?' 'Mais oui, mon ami. It cost you eighty francs.' 'Madame,' rejoined he, 'you are mistaken. I have just paid the bill—91,000 francs.' Madame's sunshade had cost no less than \$18,000.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

An American tribute to a New Brunswick Journalist.

"Tis a sad and bitter experience to see one's idols shattered; to behold one's heroes dwindle down into the merest commonplace everyday mortals; to watch the X-ray of impartial criticism expose the inner worthlessness of characters we have admired and loved. And so this extract from the editorial pages of a Canadian journal grieves us sorely: 'The next generation, brought up wholly outside the range of the personal influence of Newman and his friends, will wonder why such a fuss was made over his union with the church of Rome, to which he was no acquisition as he was no loss to the church of England.' Well, it will be a wrench to reconstruct our judgment of Newman on lines so diametrically opposed to the decision of the world at large during the past half century; but we trust we are not unduly pettinacious in maintaining even our most cherished opinions; and when the sometime historian of Acadia, and actual editor of the St. John N. B. Telegraph, informs us that the men's minds of Europe and America have been at fault for fifty years in their estimate of the English Cardinal—why that settles it! We forthwith hurl Newman down from the pedestal he has for decades occupied in our private shrine; and are prepared to believe if Mr. Hannay desires it, that the cardinal was unmercifully drubbed by 'muscular christianity' Kingley; that he couldn't write decent English prose; and 'Lead Kindly Light,' about which the world continues to make more or less ridiculous 'fuss' is the veriest doggerel that ever masqueraded as poetry. When intellectual giants deliver their well considered judgments, it behooves ordinary

J. K. McCULLOUGH, Champion Amateur Skater.



There is a new champion in some line of sport every year. Old men must give way to their younger rivals and new skates or bicycles or boats or improved training bring new men to the front. A new champion hockey team never heard of before—the Crescents of Halifax—have won the laurels from the St. John men this week and next week a new champion amateur skater, J. K. McCullough is billed to give an exhibition of speed, fancy and trick skating at the Victoria rink. St. John has had its share of champions in the skating line and should not complain if new and better men appear upon the scene at times. When Mr. Cormick was in his prime he was in the van; then Breen took his place, but both have had to give way to better men. McCullough who appears next Tuesday evening at the Victoria is described as a wonder, the best in the western world. PROGRESS presents a good portrait of him as he appears in skating costume.

mortals to waste no time in giving their adherence thereto; and we doff our helmet to the giant of Canadian journalism."—Ave Maria.

ABOUT CAMPHOR.

How the Odeiferous Drug is Obtained from the Trees

Notwithstanding the comparatively narrow limits of its natural environment, the camphor tree grows well in cultivation under widely different conditions. It has become abundantly naturalized in Madagascar. It flourishes in Buenos Ayres. It thrives in Egypt, in the Canary Islands, in south eastern France and in the San Joaquin Valley in California, where the summers are hot and dry. Large trees, at least 200 years old, are growing in the temple courts at Tokio, where they are subject to a winter of severity to eighty nights of frost, with an occasional minimum temperature as low as 12 degrees to 16 degrees F. The conditions for really successful cultivation appear to be a minimum winter temperature not below twenty degrees F, fifty inches or more of rain during the warm growing season, and abundance of plant food, rich in nitrogen. In the native forests in Formosa, Fukien and Japan camphor is distilled almost exclusively from the wood of the trunks, roots and larger branches.

The work is performed by hand labor, and the methods employed seem rather crude. The camphor trees are felled, and the trunks, larger limbs and sometimes the roots are cut into chips, which are placed in a wooden tub about forty inches high and twenty inches in diameter at the base, tapering toward the top like an old fashioned churn. The tub has a tight fitting cover, which may be removed to put in the chips. A bamboo tube extended from near the top of the tube into the condenser. This consists of two wooden tubs of different sizes, the larger one right side up kept about two-thirds full of water from a continuous stream which runs out of a hole in one side. The smaller one is inverted with its edges below the water, forming an air tight chamber. This air chamber is kept cool by the water falling on the top and running down over the sides. The upper part of the air chamber is sometimes filled with clean rice straw, on which the camphor crystallizes, while the oil drips down and collects on the surface of the water. In some cases the camphor and oil are allowed to collect together on the surface of the water, and are afterwards separated by filtration through rice straw or by pressure. About twelve hours are required for distilling, a tubful by this method. Then the chips are removed and dried for use in the furnace, and a new charge is put in. At the same time the camphor and oil are removed from the condenser. By this method twenty to forty pounds of chips are required for one pound of crude camphor.

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FOR SALE A nice young Parrot, good talker and whistler. Also Fox Terrier pup, 5 months old, nicely marked. Please apply to PROGRESS.

WANTED By an Old Established House—High Grade Man or Woman, good Church standing, willing to leave our business then to act as Manager and State Correspondent here. Salary \$900. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope to A. T. Elder, Manager, 278 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

STAMPS COLLECTIONS and old stamps bought for cash. Start size of lot. For particulars address Fox 388 St. John, N. B.

FOR SALE A VALUABLE PROPERTY each town in the growing town of Berwick, N. S., known as "Brown's Block" and contains three stores all rented, also two tenements which can be easily converted into a Hotel. Orchard and stable in rear. Berwick is a noted health resort and is one of the most growing and prosperous towns in Nova Scotia. There is an excellent opportunity here for a Hotel. Terms \$400 down remainder on mortgage. Would exchange for good farming property. Apply to H. K. Jefferson or W. V. Brown, Berwick, Nova Scotia.

WANTED Old established wholesale House wants one or two honest and industrious representatives for this section. Can pay a hustler about \$12.00 a week to start with. DRAWING 29, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED Young men and women to help in the Armenian cause. Good pay. Will send copy of my little book, "Your Place in Life," free, to any who write. Rev. T. B. Lincoln, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our waterproof Cold Water Paint. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOPF, 49 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

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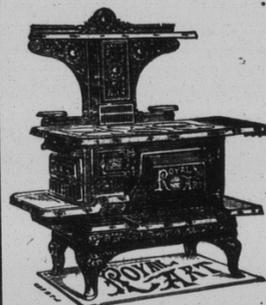
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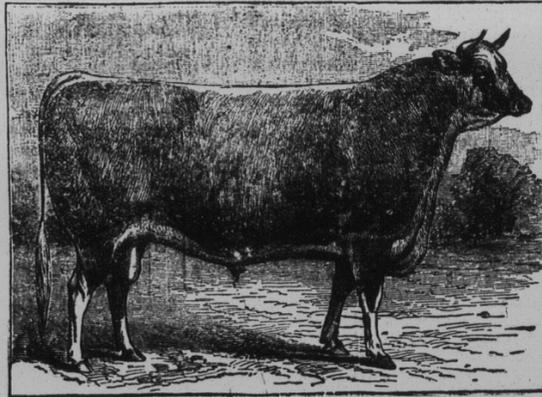
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**Music and
The Drama**

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

I note the appearance of Miss Frances Travers at a recent recital given by the pupils of Katherine Evans von Klenner of New York. Miss Travers had the last number on the programme a "Chanson Lorraine" by Holmes and of her work in it the Musical Courier says: "Miss Travers who closed the programme sings with a great deal of polish and refinement and uses a pure soprano voice with a rich lower and medium register artistically."

Lovers of good music will bear with pleasure a confirmation of the rumor that upon the 14th and 15th of March, Mary Louise Clary the famous contralto, and Evans Williams, America's greatest tenor will be heard in this city. The combination is the strongest by far that has ever been announced to take place here, and the name of Mr. Fred G. Spencer in a managerial capacity is an added guarantee that the great event will be all that popular expectation anticipates. There is nothing definite yet decided upon regarding the programme, the main fact that the two great singers will appear together, being sufficient to absorb all attention just now.

Tones and Undertones.

Walter Damrosch is giving a series of Tuesday afternoon Wagnerian lectures at the Astoria in New York.

Marie Engle, the beautiful young American, scored a hit in Madrid in the production of Mancinelli's "Hero and Leander."

Mme. Emma Eames has declined the leading part in Saent-Saens' "Henry VIII," which will be produced at Covent Garden next season.

The Princess of Wales is not only very musical, but she is also the composer of several songs for the sither, which she has had printed for the benefit of her friends.

D'Albert will make an American tour next year.

Paderewski recently celebrated his thirty-seventh birthday. He is the wealthiest pianist.

The latest musical fad in London is orchestral concerts. They cannot get enough of them, and to secure variety conductors are imported from all parts of Europe. The Athenaeum remarks in a recent issue that "the high-class concerts continue unabated and performances which twenty years ago would have commanded columns must now be dismissed in a few lines. Not many years ago the public were quite indifferent as to new composers, performers and conductors."

Weber's "Freischutz" had its 600th performance in Berlin on December 18. The Emperor wanted the occasion to be a gala night, so the opera was preceded by the "Euryanthe" overture, together with speeches and poems.

It was recently mentioned in this column that Siegfried Wagner, the son of Germany's greatest operatic composer, had for some time been working upon an opera. It is now known that the name of the new opera will be "Der Baerenhaeuter" (The Bear Skinner). The story underlying the libretto takes place during the first half of the seventeenth century, or the period commonly known as the Thirty Years War.

The well-known baritone Lassalle, who has lived in quiet retirement for almost two years, but has returned to the operatic stage has just cancelled his Berlin engagement, where he was to appear in several of his best parts for the highest salary ever paid a male singer in the German capital. In the meantime he has made arrangements to appear for smaller amounts in several small provincial towns.

The Boston Journal states on reliable authority that the successor to Carl Zerkahn as conductor of the Handel and Haydn society is likely to be Mr. Auguste Rotoli.

Mme. Clementine de Vere Sapio is to sing in London this spring.

Maurice Grau will begin the Covent Garden season on May 9. The people new to London that he will have include Mme. Gadski, and probably Mme. Heglon, and Mlle. Acks of Paris, and Campanari and Von Rooy, baritones. Jean de Reszke is expected to sing Siegmund and Calve Ophelia. The company will include Van Dyke, Dippel, Placon Renaud, Pringis and Reichmann, Brems and Dames. Mme. Eames has refused the part of Catherine of Aragon in Saint-Saens' "Henry VIII," and, if it is given, that part must be assigned to some other soprano. Anna Boleyn will fall to Mme. Heglon, Renaud will sing the title role. Other novelties under

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has been for sixty years the popular medicine for colds, coughs, and all diseases of the throat and lungs. It cures Asthma and Bronchitis, and soothes the irritated tissues that a refreshing sleep invariably follows its use. No mother fears an attack of Croup or Whooping Cough for her children, with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house. It is a specific for that modern malady, La Grippe. It prevents Pneumonia, and has frequently cured severe cases of lung trouble marked by all the symptoms of Consumption. It is

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"Some years ago Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured me of the asthma after the best medical skill had failed to give me relief." F. S. HASSLER, Editor *Argus*, Table Rock, Neb.

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consideration are Massenet's "Sapho," Mancinelli's "Hero and Leander," and Spinelli's "A Porto Basso," a lurid story of Neapolitan life.

Phillip Hale lectured in Cleveland Ohio recently on "Modern Russian Music."

Stockholm has a female tenor whose voice is loudly praised by the local journals. She is Mme. Corto Geisler and is engaged in the Royal theatre.

The present season of opera in New York has not been a very great success from an artistic standpoint. The Musical Courier says, Mr. Damrosch has attempted more than he can accomplish. The six weeks of rehearsing in Philadelphia has produced a certain celebrity in the performances, but of finish, of the composers' idea and of a thousand and one essentials there is no trace. The Philadelphia critics were equally severe in their remarks. This is a poor reputation to precede Messrs. Damrosch and Ellis to Boston, where they open a season of grand opera the 31st of this month. Of Madame Marie Baras the Courier says: "Baras has temperament, she has a personality and she knows what she is about. Her upper tones were forced but that was the outcome of the nervous strain, for her voice is a beautiful organ, well placed and sonorous. Her acting has plasticity and in her favor is her supple rhythmic figure. We look for much from this young American woman." Another name of interest to Canadians is that of Mlle. Toronto a portage of Melba; of which the same journal re-

marks "She proved to be a good Siebel in "Faust" and good to look upon."

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Ray Rockman, the young California girl who went abroad as a protegee of Sarah Bernhardt, has won the unanimous praise of the London critics by her excellent impersonation of Eudoxia in Peter the Great, at the London Lyceum.

Reginald De Koven who has been ill with gastric fever, at Aiken, S. C., was reported last week to be convalescent.

Mr. and Mrs. John Webster (Nellie McHenry) contemplate a professional visit to the Klondike in March, and expect to give the first regular dramatic performance seen in the land of gold.

Saymour Hicks is becoming tired of English burlesque and proposes to appear before long in an English adaptation of the successful French farce, "Jalousie."

Jules Lemaitre, quoting Edmond Hostand, says that Bernhardt is the Queen of Attitude and the Princess of Gesture.

It is announced that Henrik Ibsen is writing a play called "The Rat Children," that will be completed in the spring.

Adelaide Ristori is to have control of the theatrical department of the exposition to be held in Munich next year. She will send to the exhibit the rare collection of autographs which she possesses in addition to her costumes and jewels. Autographs articles written by the elder Dumars, Cavour and other noted men are in the collection.

The investigations of the committee in Paris which was preparing a monument for Frederic Lemaitre, the famous dramatic artist, resulted in the singular discovery that he was not born in Paris, and that his name was not Frederic. His birthplace was Havre, where his father was an architect, and his home was Antoine Louis Prosper Le Maitre.

A gag which threatens to become epidemic runs like this: "Did you hear that Sousa the bandmaster was drowned the other day?" "No; how did it happen?" "He was playing 'On the Banks of Wabash' and fell in!"

The Ethel Tucker Co., have been playing the New Jersey towns recently and the Elizabeth N. J., correspondence to the N. J. Dramatic Clipper says of the recent engagement at the Star Theatre in that city:

"The Ethel Tucker Co., in repertory, came 17-22. This company opened with a good house, but did not give satisfaction and it was expected that the local management would cancel, but the strength and quality of the company was improved, and during the week the attendance grew, as did Miss Tucker in dramatic ability, until at the close of the engagement she became a prime favorite, as did her entire company, several of whom were ill. The numerous specialties were excellent and the company includes Louise Muller, Carrie Southwood, Mrs. H. St. Martin, Little Lottie Blackhurst, John Webber, A. H. Kraus, Harry Wineman and Cooke and Schrage."

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Green's company were both in Pittston Pa., last Sunday and the managers and members of the two combinations spent the day together very pleasantly.

Joseph Girard who has played in St. John upon different occasions is with the Coon Hollow Co. this season, and is winning numerous friends by his careful work.

Julie Opp was brought over by Mr. Frohman, it is understood, as a possible substitute for Miss Mannerling in case she should wed or go starring. Imagine the manager's horror when soon after Miss Opp's arrival it came out that she had married Robert Lorraine before leaving London!

Minnie Darpee has been engaged for the ingenue role in the London production of The Heart of Maryland next summer. Thomas W. Keene will play a New York engagement during the week of Feb. 21.

The Sawtelle company has been playing in Lynn, Mass., this week to fair business only.

Mora, whose sudden and severe illness caused the closing of her company at Burlington, Vt., Jan. 13, was taken to her home in Brighton, Mass., Jan. 18, where she is now slowly recovering. She expects to resume her tour Feb. 7.

Harry Markham who is starring in his own play "The Ladder of Fame" is meeting with excellent success.

The Earl of Rosalyn, the first English peer to adopt stage work as a profession, appeared in Arthur W. Pinero's new four act comedietta, "Trelawny of the Walls," when it was originally acted at the Court Theatre, London, Eng., Jan. 20.

The latest theatrical novelty in Paris is a piece at the Nouveates, called "Mme. Jalouette," in which a mother-in-law, contrary to the usual plan, is in mortal terror of her son-in-law, she having contracted a second marriage without his knowledge or approval.

In a circus at Christiania there is a clown who is disguised to look like Ibsen. The newspapers have protested vigorously against this irreverence, but the public is said to enjoy it highly.

William Archer and Miss Diana White have completed a translation from the Danish, of Dr. George Brandes critical study of Shakespeare. Dr. Brandes is frequently regarded as the most important dramatic critic of the day.

Pinero is now 42 years old. He was a lawyer and a actor before he became a dramatist. He is a hard worker, rewriting a great deal. It is said that he was ten months writing "The Princess and the Butterfly."

"77"

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEB. 5, 1899.

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LEGISLATORS PAST AND PRESENT.

New Brunswick legislature will meet at the provincial Acropolis next week for solemn deliberation on matters of moment, relative to the internal affairs of our imperium in imperio. They will consider questions abstract and concrete and the orators of the assembly have no doubt been furbering up all their epithets and expletives to hurl at one another in heated debate over the issues which involve the separation on party lines.

Since they last met there have been three vacancies in the house, Mr. A. E. KILLAM, accepted an appointment under the dominion government as bridge inspector and his seat has been filled by Mr. C. W. ROBINSON, of Moncton. Premier MITCHELL has passed to the great beyond and Mr. J. D. CHIPMAN will uphold the interests of Charlotte County in his stead. This year too the genial bon hommie and witty repartee of Mr. SIVEWRIGHT of Gloucester, will be missed and his seat will be vacant until the session is half through when his successor will be elected.

A gentleman who has been connected with the house in an official capacity for the last dozen years called the attention of PROGRESS to the fact that there are now in the house only three of the men who occupied seats in 1886. Speaker BURCHILL and minister of Agriculture LABILLOIS are the veterans of the house having been sent to Fredericton at the general election of 1882, Dr. STOCKTON, the champion of the opposition, was sent up in 1883 in place of the late Mr. ELDER.

Two others, however, had been familiar with legislative duties before 1886, though not members in that year. These are the Honorable Provincial Secretary, Mr. TWEEDIE and the polished exponent of higher political ethics, Mr. HILL of St. Stephen.

Of the government of 1888 not one now remains in the house. Mr. BLAIR, the leader, has been promoted; Mr. ELDER, Mr. MITCHELL, Mr. THOS. F. GILLESPIE, D. VAIL and Mr. G. S. TURNER have joined a greater majority than the one with which they were identified fifteen years ago. Mr. RITCHIE is police magistrate of St. John and Mr. RYAN and Mr. HARRISON have retired from public life.

Of the assembly of 1886 Dr. ALBERT, the Hon. MICHAEL ADAMS, JOHN V. ELLIS and GEO. T. BAIRD have graduated to the commons and the Senate at Ottawa. E. McLEOD, D. L. HANINGTON and S. L. WETMORE are in enjoyment of seats upon the woolstack, J. S. LEIGHTON, Geo. F. HIBBARD, Wm. WRIGHT, PHINEMORE E. MORTON, Wm. PUGSLEY, G. H. FLEWELLING, R. J. RITCHIE and Wm. QUINTON, have been presented with office in the gift of the government and Mr. Wm. WILSON has strong expectations in the same direction. Wm. A. PARK and A. E. KILLAM are on the civil list of the Dominion government.

Eight of the then legislators have crossed the bar, JOHN McADAM, Speaker LYNOTT, Hon. JAS. MITCHELL, FRANCIS J. McMANUS, THOS. F. GILLESPIE, ALBERT PALMER, Hon. DAVID McLELLAN and JOHN A. HUMPHREY.

Messrs. GEORGE W. WHITE, P. G. RYAN, OLIVER J. LE BLANC, MATTHIAS NADEAU, THOS. HETHERINGTON, Wm. MURRAY, Wm. E. SERLY, ARTHUR GLASTER, DR. CHAS. A. BLACK and GEORGE J. COTTER have retired from the arena of legislative declaiming and lobbying, to secluded private life.

A YEAR OF SHIPBUILDING.

The retrospective glance which Engineering casts over the work of 1897 in turning out new warships from British yards is instructive. There were forty-five such ships, with an aggregate of 96,786 tons and 531,050 indicated horse power,

and a value, when completed, of over \$35,000,000. Save for the great drawback of trouble among the engineers the product would be greater, and nearer that of the famous year 1892, when the total output was 161,596 tons. Of the forty-five vessels, nineteen, with nearly one-third of the total tonnage and more than one-third of the total horse power, were for foreign governments, chiefly Spain, Japan, China, and the South American republics. The shipbuilding of the current decade is, indeed, remarkable, since during the eight years ending with last December there were built for the British Navy alone 199 vessels, aggregating 690,523 tons.

Among the vessels launched during last year much interest has attached to the Canopus, a battleship of 12,950 tons, which is a draught allowing it to go through the Suez Canal, so differing from the Magnificent class. She also differs from that class in having Belleville boilers and thinner but specially hardened armor. There were also launched several 11,000 ton cruisers of the D'adom class, with improved Belleville boilers, the Vindictive of the Arrogant class, and several of the Pelorus class, besides many 30 knot torpedo boat destroyers.

The speed trials of the year include those of the big 14,900 tons battleships Jupiter, 18 1/4 knots; Mars, 17.7; Hannibal, 17.6; Caesar, 18.7. Another noteworthy trial was that of the big cruiser Terrible, which under natural draught alone developed 25,648 indicated horse power and reached 22.41 knots.

Mr. JOHN BRANCH of New Castle, Ind., sends to the Indianapolis Sentinel his protest against the extravagance of Americans in the matter of eating or overeating. He avers that for five cents enough can be bought to sustain the body for one day. If that is the case, Mr. BRANCH himself must be numbered among the overeaters. 'We have nearly overcome,' he writes, 'our habit of eating to please the taste, and now, while we are doing hard manual labor each day and considerable mental work each night, our food costs less than \$1 a week.' Not a high price for board, but, according to BRANCH's own standard, his bill ought to be thirty-five cents a week. Even that sum will be regarded as excessive by some ascetics. The late Dr. DIO LEWIS lived a week—or was it a month?—on beans and vinegar. Our remembrance is that this fare cost him about seven cents. Probably he ate too much vinegar.

Not long ago there was a collision on the Danish state railroad near Copenhagen in which forty persons were killed and seventy wounded. The railroad at once admitted that it was to blame, and instead of fighting claims for damages, has appointed a committee to settle with the claimants what will be fair compensation, so as to avoid having the claims brought into court.

A notice displayed in a Brisbane shop window throws some light on the mixed character of the unemployed in Queens' and it runs thus: Wanted some men for a township, accustomed to horses, who are not afraid of hard work. Good wages. No doctors, journalists, clerks, sons of English noblemen, or larrigins need apply.

The New York Sun is proscribed in Cuba by special order from the press censor its circulations is forbidden in all the Spanish cities and towns of the island.

A Boom for the Institute.

The directors of the Opera House have made an innovation this year and hereafter they will not rent the house to anyone whether a local attraction or foreign company. They will have to share their fortunes whether good or ill with the Opera House management and play on shares. By so doing they hope to make more money, but whether they will drive many to the Institute has yet to be determined. The St. John B. & A. club are going to put on a minstrel show and it is said that as a result of the innovation they will stage their show at the Mechanics' Institute.

Cheap Rates for Driving Parties.

Talk about cheap driving! Why any company of people can have a big sleigh and four horses now for the evening for the small sum of four dollars. That is what Mr. John F. Driscoll of the Marsh Bridge offers, and his sleighs and equipment are ready for the inspection of all who wish to look at them. Mr. Driscoll is ready to make dates and arrangements with any who wish his services.

What a Wonderful Difference

In my linen line since I have been sending my laundry to you remarked a gentleman to us the other day, any wonder will notice this if the patrons; us. Ungar's Laundry & Dye works.

For prevention of baldness, and to renew and thicken the growth of the hair, use Hall's Vegetable Sulfur Hair Renewer. Physicians endorse and recommend it.

VERBS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Some Day. In "some day" town is a dark cross road, Where sad hearts say "good bye;" A cross for many a life time load, The burden of many a sigh. Many a long and last embrace, And the words that are hard to say, In the ghostly sorrow that haunts the place, We will meet again "some day." And there the friends of other years, Sweet memories recall; Of scenes of joy and times of tears, Where changes come to all. Many a voice that once was glad, And forever is far away; Comes back but in the tender tones are sad "I will my love some day." In "one day town," is one bright spot, Where beautiful roses grow; Over the blue "forget-me-not," And the winds are sweet and low. There are the domes of beauteous gold, Where only the echoes stay; Of promises ever as ages old, I will dear heart, "some day." In some day town are waiting still, Lovers of times gone by; Parting sadly as lovers will, Still to remembrance sigh. Light of the sun may long since be; Where primrose pathways stray; Ever together in silence led, Happy will be "some day." There's a beautiful walk where flowers, Tea try and asphodel; And the lotus note's the balmy hours, And the cirrus weaves a spell. There I will greet you with true love, And ever for you will pray; Peace be yours from the throne above, Till we meet again "some day." In some day town by the troubled sea, Out of the solemn deep; Sweep in the surges of yet to be, With sorrows that cannot sleep. The flying side steals up the shore, Tossing its warning spray; Over the sands to ever more, Bearing us hence "some day." Under the Arcadia, Feb. 1898.

CYPRUS GOLDS.

An Interrupted Thesis.

'The reader,' the professor wrote, 'I think can see the significance of this conclusion, which is obviously this:—'

A man of erudition, (he had met the missing link!) He swung an abacus until steeped in scientific ink. He was discussing a thesis which he felt to be sublime For a worthy publication on a topic of this time. When softly by behind him crept a sweet and dainty miss. Who dutifully placed upon his cheek a most coquettish kiss. 'It's your cousin Isabella,' said the maiden, with a smile; 'I thought I'd just drop in, you know, and visit you a while.'

The quill dropped from the savant's grasp; he raised his timid eyes. 'Your salvation,' he confessed, 'quite took me by surprise.' But soon she put him at his ease; and when she rose to go. He said that down the street with her he'd walk a block or so.

The weeks went by. Dust sifted in the sage professor's den; It lay upon his desk and soiled the whiteness of his pen; It swept a look to Darwin's bust, raised high upon a shelf, As of a worldly-minded man, who knew how 't was himself.

At last the wise professor came, one melancholy day. He saw a look his thesis up and brushed the dust away. 'The reader,' the professor wrote, 'I think can see the significance of this conclusion—There are microbes in a kiss.'

This Planet Good Enough.

It's better to be living on this planet called the "world" Than any wanderer that through space is regularly hurled; Because we are not sure about most other shining stars; Excepting what we know about our neighbor planet—Mars.

The sun is far too hot a place for any one to dwell. The moon is much too cold, and has no atmosphere, as well; And some revolve so swiftly that we couldn't stand the "breeze" Which blows two-fifty miles an hour with the greatest ease.

The force of gravity's so great on some that, though you're light, 'I will draw you down quite swiftly, till you've passed right out of sight. On others it's so weak that if you jump into the air You may not ever descend to light on 'anywhere.'

Now some have colored moons and things that flash around by night, If you lived there you'd grow quite ermine from the fright. And some are made of gas which is not pleasant to inhale. While some of them, like comets have a most amazing tail.

It's better to be living on the planet called the "earth," For though it's of an trying, you get your money's worth. You're fairly sure to stay upon the globe, and not be blown By gentle zephyrs from the arctic to the torrid zone!

Sunset in February.

All the wide west is golden in its glory, The bare brown trees are sanctified in light. The south wind has been here, and told her story, Ev'ning of the springtime near and bright. The winter hills are sweet with hops to night.

I heard her coming, over plain and river, Her feet were fair above the icy slope. Now at her voice the brown birds thrill and quiver, Waiting the sunshine which shall bid them open, And at her feet the white birds whisper "Hope." —Mabel Marie.

True Courage.

What courage men will sometimes show In things of mighty weight! And how they flinch when some light blow Falls from the hand of Fate!

In stocks he looted. He seemed not vexed To find his assets low. He lost his collar-button next And made the six turn blue.

A Serious Problem.

'I see the California wine merchants have 86,000,006 gallons of wine on hand, that they can't dispose of.' 'What's the matter? Won't the Frenchmen who sell to our importers take any more?'

WILL BE A CANDIDATE.

JOHN HAMILTON REID AFTER THE CHIEF MAGISTRACY.

Something About the Old Showman who has Attracted so much Attention at the Capital of late—His Fight Against the Corporation—His Domestic Surroundings.

FREDERICTON, Feb. 2.—Probably no private citizen has been more talked about or has his name often in the public print of the town or province, during the past twelve months than our own esteemed John Hamilton Reid, showman, prize winner, claim fighter, and would-be chief magistrate of the city of Fredericton. In the early sixties, when this city was recognized as the exhibition centre of the province, the crafty John H. filled an important place in the public eye, and was something of a power in the land. He stood proudly at the head of the old York county agricultural society an organization now almost defunct and was the chief promoter of several exhibitions which old residents affirm were among the most successful affairs of the kind ever held in New Brunswick. It was John H. who conceived and carried through to a successful issue a scheme for the erection in this city of the mammoth and costly exhibition palace which in its day probably had no superior among the public buildings of the province from the standpoint of architectural skill and eminence. This wonderful structure, though wiped out in 1868, is likely to exist in the memory of our citizens, particularly the present generation, for many years to come, on account of a certain contribution of \$5,000 or thereabouts which the mayor, aldermen and commonalty of the city of Fredericton lately made towards its cost. It was John H. who first located the claim and believing he had a good thing he pushed it for all it was worth, with gratifying results to himself. The original claim was for the modest sum of \$4900, being \$1500, the amount of a donation alleged to have been promised by the city and 31 years interest with the aid of the legislature and by hard struggling on the part of Mr. Reid and his associates it was made to pan out \$5,000, a record not equaled outside of the Klondike regions. Of this amount John H. grabbed in \$2,250, and the balance went for costs.

This windfall has evidently not satisfied the veteran showman who claims that the city still owes him a huge debt of gratitude, for valuable services rendered long years ago, and while he does not think that said debt can ever be paid in full, yet he thinks that the citizens have it in their power to liquidate a portion of it by electing him to the office of Chief Magistrate. For fear that a careless public might overlook the matter he has taken the precaution to nominate himself, and accordingly announces that he will positively be a candidate for the magistracy in the election to be held on the 14th of March next.

The announcement of Mr. Reid's candidature is considered by many persons to be the richest joke of the season, and then again there are others who think that it might in some accountable manner develop into a joke no; altogether unlike the one which he last perpetrated upon the city. John H. is known to be a man possessed of bull-dog courage and determination, and he has a very good reputation for carrying out his undertakings, and climbing over difficulties, which happen to block his path for the moment. As a legislative lobbyist he is unrivalled; in this regard it is whispered by not a few electors that in case of defeat at the polls, he might once more call the legislature to his assistance, and seek to overcome the will of the people. John H. has in the past proved himself to be a man of resources, and may yet have many surprises in store for his fellow citizens.

Mr. Reid's main object in aspiring to the magistracy, is that he might be in a position to follow up another long standing claim. The unfortunate person in this case happens to be Her Majesty the Queen of England. It appears John H. at one time had the contract for supplying a regiment of her soldiers while they were stationed in this city, and something went wrong. He lost money on his contract, so he says, and claims that the war office authorities are in duty bound to make good the loss with interest. As Mayor of Fredericton, he expects to visit England during the coming summer, to press his claim. He will first pay his official respects to the lord mayor of London, and will remain in his company long enough to study the pattern of his official robe, so that he can have one made like it, or perhaps purchase one that has been cast off by His Lordship, and then he will proceed to Marlborough house to call on Wales. In the sixties, when Wales visited Fredericton, John H. mounted on a spirited charger, and clad in a uniform of variegated hues, was among the first to greet his



Royal Highness as he stepped upon the wharf, and extend to him the freedom of the city. He will remind the hair apparent of that incident, and will afterwards, of course, secure his cooperation in pushing the office claim. Upon receipt of the check, which he anticipates no difficulty in getting, Mr. Reid will make extensive purchases of thorough-bred stock and return in triumph to his native city. Such is a brief of a portion of the career which this veteran aspirant for the magistracy has mapped out for himself.

The only drawback to Mr. Reid's candidature, and a serious drawback it would seem, is the prospect of the city being deprived of the presence of a myriads in case he is returned at the head of the poll.

In other words the candidate has lived all his life in bachelorhood, and there seems to be no likelihood at this late date of his emerging from that said to be blissful state. Besides being an eccentric old bachelor, he exists somewhat after the style of a hermit. He owns a lot and building centrally located on Queen street. The lowest flat is rented to a confectioner and overhead Mr. Reid regales in blissful old bachelorhood. A visit to the interior of his domicile is apt to convince a skeptical person that it is not good for man to be alone. He dispensed with the services of a housekeeper many years ago, and has since given his household affairs his personal attention, and no doubt it elected mayor he will be prepared to give the citizens some valuable information on domestic economy. His only companions are a number of rabbits, hares, ducks, geese, horses, a cat or two, some new fangled fowls, and guinea-hens, a red pig and an English shire stallion known as King of Tramps. His live stock receives every attention and care, and as regularly as the autumn season rolls round, the fowls and animals are bundled off to some exposition, usually in the state of Maine, and invariably give a good account of themselves. Mr. Reid visited the Halifax exhibition last fall, and in addition to shaking hands with the Premier of Canada, carried off \$1,000 of the prize money.

Under the circumstances Mr. Reid facilities for entertaining distinguished visitors to the city, are not perhaps what they should, but no doubt should the people entrust him with their confidence he will overcome this difficulty as he has other and more in-formable ones.

Mr. Reid has not yet forgotten the debt of gratitude he owes the legislature for the favorable consideration given his famous bill, and it is his intention to entertain the M. P. P.'s to dinner during the approaching session.

Should he be successful in his civic campaign, his election will be the entering wedge of a new and remarkable era in the history of our fair city.

Calendars Worth Noting.

PROGRESS has received from the Pope Manufacturing Co. of Hartford, Conn. one of their very useful desk calendars. This calendar has been issued for a number of years by that enterprising bicycle firm, to its patrons, and is looked for as a yearly as an invaluable business diary and memorandum pad.

From the well known boot and shoe firm of Moncton, Messrs. L. Higgins & Co., comes a handsome wall calendar. It is beautifully tinted, and a faithful representation of the bore or tidal wave at Moncton is produced.

A Pessimistic View.

"Did you hear about poor old Fowler?" asked Mr. Cynical Oldbatch. "No; what about him?" "He has joined the great silent army," responded Oldbatch, shaking his head. "Great heavens! Is he dead?" "Worse; he is married."

Another Labour Union.

Diggs—I see by the paper this morning there was a 'tie-up' on one of the Western trunk lines yesterday. Biggs—That so? What was the cause? Diggs—Oh, a silly couple thought it would be romantic to get married in a parlor car.

A bill-posting combination has been turned into a limited liability corporation in London with a capital of \$12,250,000. It holds out as an inducement to buy shares in a number of contracts it has for bill posting at the rate of a penny a sheet per week.



Among the functions of the past week, which has been filled with gay doings of one kind and another, was the party given by Miss Alice Grant, who provided a most charming hostess and who looked exceedingly well in a pale pink dress...

Miss Lily Adams' party referred to last week was wonderfully enjoyable, so much so indeed that it was quite 3 o'clock before the young folks could make up their minds to leave Mrs. Harrison's residence...

Mrs. Wheeler also gave a drive tomorrow afternoon for the friends of her two young sons, when the usual programme will be carried out. Mrs. Carter's reception on Thursday afternoon was a very large affair, and very successful...

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wood Germain street was a scene of social pleasure on Tuesday evening, upon which occasion they entertained a party of friends, most of the invited guests bringing the storm of that evening in order to be present...

Dr. and Mrs. Bonnell, Dr. and Mrs. Price, Miss Hopper, Miss E. Hall, Miss E. Mott, Miss Q. Estabrook, Miss N. Cranda 1, Miss E. Godard, Miss J. Elliott, Mr. Hopper, Mr. E. Colwell, Mr. W. Nobles, Mr. E. M. Hill, Mr. L. Courser, Dr. and Mrs. Mott, Mr. and Mrs. D. Hunt, Miss E. Hopper, Miss A. Courser, Miss M. Estabrook, Miss C. Peters, Miss G. Smith, Miss F. Everitt, Mr. Clifton Brown, Mr. F. Telfs, Mr. F. Wortman, Mr. W. Waters, Mr. Brown.

It has been announced that the Bicycle Athletic club were contemplating giving a dance before the Lenten season begins but nothing definite has been announced yet. They have not figured as hosts in this capacity for a couple of years and as their previous functions have proved most successful and enjoyable...

Rev. Mr. Long who has been quite ill is very much improved. Mr. D. R. Jack is expected home this week from his European trip much benefited in health.

Miss Jennie Lyon of Kingston, Kings county, is a guest in the family of Mr. James Balyas.

The snow showing party given during the past week by Miss Lizzie Barker was one of the most enjoyable functions of the kind and was participated in by one of the jolliest parties that have so far this season indulged in the exhilarating pastime.

The party left the residence of Mr. A. Bowen and after quite a long tramp returned to the same home, which had been fully prepared to enjoy the excellent supper that proved doubly acceptable after an hour or two spent in the open air.

The rest of the evening was spent in dancing and music. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Frank White, Miss Eva Troop, Miss Dole, Miss Louisa Barker, Miss Vaughan, Miss Milton, Miss Kate Wilson, Miss Travers, Miss Mott, Miss Dickson, Miss Taylor, Mr. E. Taylor, Mr. E. Dole, Mr. H. Vaughan, Mr. A. Malch, Mr. H. Knight, Mr. A. Clark, Mr. George Price and Mr. George Troop. Mr. Frank W. Day left the first of the week on...

route to the Klondike. Dr. Bell of Bristol Co., N. H., is also among the exiles to the land of gold.

Among the many sleigh drives of this week perhaps none was more pleasant than the one which left the residence of Mr. Gunn on Union street Wednesday evening and after taking in the city drove out as far as the Clairmont house. Upon their return the party were served with refreshments at Mr. Gunn's residence after which the rest of the evening was spent in music and games. The guests included the following ladies and gentlemen:

Miss Mabel Cowan, Miss Fannie Bonnell, Miss Sadie Lawson, Miss Bertha Wetmore, Miss Eva McNichol, Miss Jessie Craig, Miss Mammie Craig, Miss Laura Mauro, Miss E. White, Miss E. H. Golding, Miss Ethel Hawker, Miss Ethel Corey, Miss Maggie Taylor, Miss E. La Scallon, Miss Ernest Morehouse, Mr. Fred Cowan, Mr. William Gunn, Mr. Thomas E. Hater, Mr. Byard Stillwell, Mr. Lewis Munroe, Mr. Christopher Splane, Mr. Jack Splane, Mr. Frank Gossney, Mr. Allan Crawford, Mr. William Hopper, Mr. Edith Colwell, Mr. Clarence Cowan, Mr. Stanley Gunn, Mr. Frank Bonnell.

Mr. Harry Youngblood. Miss Nellie Patchell of Ellsford Bay gave a delightful sleigh party to a number of her friends recently, among whom were the following: Miss Mattie Case, Miss Mabel McManis, Miss Jennie Haslet, Miss Annie Barton, Miss Mabel Brockton, Miss Katie Munroe, Miss MacDonald, Miss Maud McClelland, Miss Bessie Hammond, Miss Eva Lilly, Miss Bessie Waring, Miss Lillian Colman, Miss Nag's, Misses Givan, Messrs. Geo. Wetmore, H. Case, Fred Barton, W. Knight, L. Mendenhall, F. Wetmore, D. McKinney, Jas. Munroe, Fred Breen, C. Canard, H. Conner, H. Murphy, E. Wetmore, W. Waring.

A pleasant party was given by Miss Bertie Collins last Friday at her home on Charlotte street when a delightful evening was spent by the guests in dancing and games. A delicious supper was served at the close of the evening.

Miss Almon of New York spent a short time in the city this week. Mr. F. E. Black of Backsville was among the city visitors.

Miss Gertrude Moore of Boston spent a little while in the city recently.

Mr. John Stewart of Woodstock was here for a day the first of the week. Mrs. Woods widow of the Hon. Francis Woods of Wilsford left Monday for Los Angeles, California.

Mr. and Mrs. James Martello of Truro have been staying in the city. The boys of the St. George club of Centenary church enjoyed a very pleasant drive on Monday evening, the two sleighs Arc Light and New Victoria being required to accommodate the boys and their guests. The party left Centenary church about 7.30 o'clock and after a drive around town went out to the residence of Mr. Ernest H. Turnbull on the Hill (Legville road), where they arrived about nine o'clock.

The evening was delightfully spent in games, conversation and vocal and instrumental music. Miss Truman, and Messrs. McCarthy and Harry Perkins and other members of the club contributing to the enjoyment of the evening by solos and duets. A hot supper was served about midnight and the party started on the return to the city about 1.30 a.m., arriving home just as the snow was beginning to fall. Among those who enjoyed the jolly outing were Miss Fannie Brown, Miss Ethel Frazier, Miss Nellie Thorne, Miss F. Annie Baird, Miss Ella Hay, Miss Jennie Truman, Miss Ollie Golding, Miss Jessie Niles, Miss Bird Seely, Miss Edith Kerr, Miss Helen Foster, Miss Vincent, Miss May Sandall, Miss Lulu Crabbe, Mr. Harold Lyman, Mr. Max McCarty, Mr. Will McCarty, Mr. Ned Sears, Mr. Arthur Irvine, Mr. Walter Godard, Mr. Eliard Carier, Mr. Harry Perkins, Mr. Charles Turner, Mr. Garfield Sippell, Mr. Guy Smith, Mr. Shap Baker, Mr. Fred Bowman, Mr. Edwin Blackie, Mr. Walter Golding, Mr. Will Warwick, Mr. Percy Howard, Mr. Guy Johnson.

Leut. Colonel Tucker left Wednesday afternoon for Ottawa to attend the opening of Parliament. Col. Donville leaves for the capital on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Snook of Truro spent a portion of their honeymoon in the city. Miss Hayes of Bridge street left this week for Texas where she will spend some time with friends.

Mr. D. A. McLaren of Boston was in the city this week to meet Mrs. McLaren who has been visiting friends in the province, and who joined her husband here en route to Boston.

Mr. J. H. Willets of New York was in St. John for a day or two during the week. Miss J. Knapp of Dorchester and Miss H. Tufts of Boston spent a short time here this week.

Rev. O. B. Newham went to St. Stephen on Wednesday but expects to return today and officiate in St. Andrew's parish tomorrow.

Mr. John A. Adams of Toronto spent a day or two in St. John this week. Among the gentlemen who went to the provincial capital during the week were Messrs. J. H. McAvity, Charles A. Everitt, Alex. Macaulay, R. B. Emerson, and W. W. Hubbard.

The picture sale and tea in the Carleton Methodist church on Wednesday afternoon was a great success, and it is pleasing to know that a sufficient sum was realized to pay off the indebtedness which the entertainment was got up to meet. The entertainment was very pleasant and all who were present enjoyed themselves immensely.

Mr. F. E. Colman of Kincaid was in the city for a day or two the middle of the week. Mr. W. H. McRobert of Truro, was among the strangers in town during the week.

Colonel James Donville was warmly greeted upon his return from the west this week, by his numerous friends in the city. Miss Gertrude Fenety of Fredericton is at present staying with her aunt Mrs. M. V. Paddock. Senator Dever left this week for Ottawa to attend parliament.

Mr. J. H. Kimball, superintendent of the C. P. stock exchange, Montreal was in the city for a few days recently. Mrs. E. W. Willett of Germain street who has been in Salisbury and Elgin for the past three or four weeks, enjoying a rest and change with relatives returned to the city a few days ago very much improved by her visit.

Miss Nellie Irvine of Garden street entertained a party of young folks very pleasantly last Friday evening. Miss Victoria Connor left the first of the week for a visit to friends in Bangor.

Dr. and Mrs. W. W. White have had in addition to the family circle, the tiny stranger arriving last week. Mrs. Victor Gowland leaves today for a two weeks visit to friends in Moncton.

Mr. G. Wetmore Merritt and Mrs. S. B. de Forest have returned from their trip to Boston, having enjoyed themselves very much, despite the little unpleasantness over their seal trip at the beginning of the trip.

Miss Fannie Morris of Orono Me., is on a visit to friends in the West End. Mr. Fred G. Spencer who was confined to his r...

absence by a severe cold for a few days the beginning of the week is able to be around again. Mr. Spencer has another scheme on hand and though somewhat greater than any he has yet attempted, those who know his indomitable energy and zeal, have no doubt he will carry it to a successful issue.

Miss Maud Buckley filled the interesting role of hostess on Tuesday evening to a number of her young friends whom she pleasantly entertained at a bright little party where games and other amusements were in order, and an excellent supper was served at midnight. Among the guests were Miss Mary Kelly, Miss Florence DeLaney, Miss Stella McMahon, Miss Gertrude McManis, Miss Alice Mahoney, Miss Ella Stanton, Miss Ernie Kierwan, Miss Bertha Maxwell, Miss Florence Bradley, Miss Emma Robson, Mr. Leo Bradley, Mr. Charles Sheehan, Mr. W. H. McMahon, Mr. Will Kierwan, Mr. Tom McKerry, Mr. Jack McDade, Mr. Neil Driscoll, Mr. John Kierwan and Mr. Will Kelly. Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Kinross are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a son and heir.

FREDERICTON. (Proceedings for sale in Fredericton by Messrs. W. T. H. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorne.) Feb. 3.—The second ball under the auspices of the Fredericton Assembly club, was held at Windsor Hall last evening, and was perfect in all its arrangements, being thought by many even more enjoyable than the first. The beautiful costumes of the ladies, the fine music of O'Connell's orchestra and the kind courtesy of the gentlemen all tended to make it a most charming function. A programme of seventeen dances with an intermission for supper, was all too short for the merry dancers. The chaperons for last evening were Mrs. G. N. Babbitt and Mrs. E. Byron Winslow who received the guests in the western parlor. The large dining hall and the gentlemen's room of the hotel being reserved for the dancers. The orchestra being stationed in the large entrance hall.

The toilets worn by many of the ladies were new and all looked exceptionally well, among them were: Mrs. G. N. Babbitt, black silk gressed over green silk, with green silk trimmings and ostrich feather trimmings. Mrs. E. B. Winslow, golden brocade silk with jewel trimmings. Mrs. J. W. Bridges, white brocade silk, with chiffon and jewel trimmings. Mrs. Elyard, black satin with corsage of spangled chiffon. Mrs. Forester, Toronto, white satin with jewel trimmings and white chiffon. Mrs. J. Taylor, organia muslin and pink chiffon. Mrs. Barry, pale blue silk with jewel trimmings. Mrs. F. L. Cooper, yellow silk with white chiffon and hand bouquet of roses and carnations. Mrs. W. Fisher, pink silk and pearl trimmings. Mrs. P. Dever, black silk with white duchesse lace.

Mrs. W. C. Crockett, black velvet and lace and corsage bouquet of natural flowers. Mrs. H. V. Bridges, pale green silk with over dress of white lace. Miss Randolph, white satin, with pink chiffon and pink roses. Mrs. Graham, Halifax, white chiffon over pink moire. Mrs. Merritt, green silk with green chiffon. Miss Ethel East, yellow brocade silk with duchesse lace. Miss Annie Tibbitt, brocade silver and black with corsage of black chiffon over silver grey, silk natural flowers. Miss G. Winslow, white silk, with chiffon trimmings and natural flowers. Miss Perley, Andover, cream cashmere and valencienne lace. Miss Partridge, cream silk and chiffon. Miss L. Batley, lavender silk and jewel trimmings. Miss Carrie Wimalow, white silk and white chiffon and flowers. Miss Powry, red lamé with white swansdown. Miss Purdy, Amherst, white net over pink silk. Miss Elyard, white brocade silk and chiffon, natural flowers. Miss Burrows, white silk and lace trimmings. Miss Sterling, yellow silk over dress of white lace. Miss Mabel Shelton, white tulle over pink silk, with pink chiffon and black velvet. Miss Lillian Beckwith, black chiffon and natural flowers. Miss Wiley, pink cashmere with white lace. Miss Penney, white silk and lace. Miss Woodbridge, white brocade silk and chiffon trimmings with moire sash and natural flowers. Miss Ouzman, pale blue cashmere with white lace and pink roses. Miss Jeannette Beverly, white silk and white lace. Miss Bona Johnston, white muslin and valencienne lace. Miss Carrie Babbitt, Dresden silk with green silk trimmings. Miss Stella Sherman, white dotted muslin and white lace, natural flowers.

Capt. and Mrs. Forrester who have been spending the past two weeks here the guests of Postmaster and Mrs. Elyard, leave for their home in Toronto on Friday. Mrs. J. W. Bridges wife of Dr. Bridges and little son have returned from visiting Mrs. Bridges former home in Port Hope, Ont. Miss Graham of Halifax is visiting Miss Randolph at Frogmore. Mrs. Brad Winslow has issued invitations for a five o'clock tea for tomorrow afternoon from four to six in honor of her guest Miss Perley of Andover. Miss Purdy of Amherst is visiting her aunt Mrs. Stophard at Elmford. Mr. Splaney of Montreal is here having come to fill a position in the Bank of B. N. A. Mr. Hedley V. Edgecombe leaves on Friday for Boston where he will take a special course in art. He will be absent about two months. Senator and Mrs. Temple left on Monday for Ottawa.

Mr. Wm. B. Bone of Montreal is in town. On Thursday evening, Postmaster and Mrs. Elyard entertained a large party of their friends at drive-whist, thirteen tables, Mrs. George Bliss was the fortunate winner of the ladies prize, a very pretty Chinese jubilee plate, and Mr. D. F. George carried off with an exceptionally high score the gentlemen prize 'whist counters' just before midnight a sumptuous supper was served and the happy gathering broke up soon after.

The marriage of Miss Winifred Grace Godkin, daughter of the late Charles M. Godkin, of this city, and niece of Mrs. Harry Beckwith, to Mr. Fred Le Roy Nelson, which was celebrated at Waltham Mass., on Tuesday of last week, was a pleasant surprise to many of her Fredericton friends who all extend congratulations, with best wishes for a long and happy married life.

Miss Teasdale has returned from visiting friends at Amherst. The Rev. J. L. Batey of Amherst is visiting the Rev. Mr. Teasdale at the Methodist parsonage. Mr. A. R. Snowball of Chatham is among the visitors to the capital this week. Miss Maud McKee entertained about fifty of her friends at a party on Friday evening.

(CONTINUED ON BUSINESS PAGE.)

WELCOME SOAP Monthly Missing Word Contest. THE Correct missing word for January was "INTELLIGENT" and the winners were: Miss Bertha Kinsey, Bridgetown, Annapolis Co., N. S. First Prize, \$10.00 Cash, John R. Pacey, East Earlown, Colchester Co., N. S. Second Prize, 1.00 " Miss Annie Pashy, Yarmouth, N. S. Third Prize, 5.00 " ALL INTELLIGENT HOUSEKEEPERS Should Use WELCOME SOAP. BUY WELCOME SOAP and Save the Wrappers. WATCH! OUR ADVERTISEMENT FOR Great Premium Offer Now being prepared and which will be announced very shortly. This will be the greatest premium for users of Welcome Soap ever offered to the public. WELCOME SOAP CO. St. John, N. B.

Economy begins at home —so does economy. Fry's Concentrated Cocoa is the Economic Cocoa, and is so known because its absolute purity and concentrated strength saves money in the expenses of the household. It dissolves easily, quickly, thus—it saves time and trouble. "Economy" best expresses one of its many virtues. Progressive grocers sell it.

The St. John Millinery College 85 Germain Street, SAINT JOHN, N. B. Offers a thorough, Practical, Scientific and Complete course of High grade work. LADIES DESIRING TO LEARN THE ART OF MILLINERY for a personal accomplishment or as a means of livelihood, will do well to call on, or address, for full particulars. Write for circular. THE ST. JOHN MILLINERY COLLEGE.

The Patent Felt Mattress, \$15.00 is equal to the best \$40.00 Hair Mattress in cleanliness, durability and comfort. THE ALASKA FEATHER & DOWN COMPANY, Limited, 200 Guy St., Montreal, Que. Samples at Mr. W. A. Cookson's St. John.

Robb-Armstrong Automatic Engines Interchangeable Parts, Large Bearings, Simplest and Best Governor. ROBB ENGINEERING CO., LTD., - - AMHERST.

When You Order... PEBBLE ISLAND WINES BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND. E. G. SCOVIL, Agent Pelee Wine Co. GASTROV, July 24, 1897. Dear Sir—My wife had been afflicted with nervous prostration for several years, using every kind of medicine recommended, but obtaining no relief until I procured a bottle of your PEBBLE WINE, which I am delighted to say has had the desired effect. It is the greatest tonic of the age. I think to much can be said in its praise, and no house should be without it. We have recommended it to several suffering from Leucophaea and Debility with like good results. I am yours gratefully, JOHN C. CLOWES. Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It. E. G. SCOVIL, 162 Union Street.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES



HALIFAX NOTES.

PROGRESS is for sale in Halifax by the newsboys and at the following news stands and centres.

- C. S. DEPRETTAS, Brunswick street
MORSE & CO., Barrington street
CLIFFORD SMITH, 111 Hollis street
LANE & CO., George street
POWER & DEWEY, Opp. I. C. R. Depot
CAMERON NEWS CO., Railway Depot
G. J. ELDER, 101 Hollis street
H. SILVER, Dartmouth N. S.
J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth N. S.
QUEEN BOOKSTORE, 109 Hollis St.

The good sleighing has triumphed over the very cold weather, and there were drives and dinners every night last week, most of them to Bedford. There is some talk of reviving the old afternoon drives, with no hosts, but everyone meeting at some central place and driving to a convenient stopping place for tea. They were very cheerful and sensible affairs and a boon beyond words to young men and maidens, who are usually not allowed (the latter, be it understood), to join the evening drives. The upsets of the week were many, but fortunately there has been no harm done, Colonel and Mrs. Anstruther-Duncan were among the victims, with others too numerous to mention.

A very pleasant snow-shoeing party took place on Thursday afternoon, with a long tramp in the park and tea at a well known and hospitable house in the south end.

Some of the people's new snow-shoeing came to grief very thoroughly, and one man was displaced with his shoes early in the afternoon and went on with the party without them. Luckily, the snow was hard.

Mrs. Montgomery-Moore leaves at an early date for England, where she will spend the remainder of the winter. The Misses Colbourne will accompany her, and the pleasant weekly afternoons at Bellevue will be much missed.

The rehearsals for the tableaux are going on with energy, and the costumes are to be things of beauty. Everyone providing his or her own, great pains are being taken. It is a new departure to enlist children in so late an entertainment, and it is to be hoped for their sakes, that the pictures in which they appear may be shown early in the programme. It is rather a strain by the way to have to construct two fancy costumes, one for the carnival and one for the tableaux, but several people are accomplishing it.

Colonel Glancy and the officers of the Leinster regiment gave a skating party and at home Saturday afternoon at Wellington barracks, which was to have taken place last Saturday but was postponed.

The artificial rink near the tennis courts behind the barracks was in excellent order for skating after which there was tea served indoors and dancing in the messroom.

It was quite a new departure in entertaining at least on a large scale though last year there were some very small skating teas given at the R. A. Park rink.

Every one, likely and unlikely, good skaters and otherwise, seems to be getting ready for the carnival on Feb. seventh. There will be some old costumes worn, but very few, and some of the new ones are most elaborate. I hear that one of the prettiest of all is being made of crinkled paper, of course over a solid foundation; the bodice and skirt will be nearly covered with roses, and a charming hat, also of paper will wear. Two ladies are going in domino, exactly alike; their identity will be concealed (which is probably what they desire) as they are precisely the same height and both very good skaters. The costume already goes with smoothness and the figures are very elaborate and graceful. Captain Kent has been indefatigable in directing the practices, in spite of his sprained ankle, which has obliged him to appear at the rink on crutches. There are whispers

The best thing with which a mother can crown her daughter is a common sense knowledge of the distinctively feminine physiology. Every woman should thoroughly understand her own nature. Every woman should understand the supreme importance of keeping herself well and strong in a womanly way. Nearly all of the pains and aches, nearly all the weakness and sickness and suffering of women is due to disorders or disease of the organs distinctly feminine.

A woman who suffers in this way is unfitted for wifehood and motherhood. Maternity is a menace of death. Thousands of women suffer in this way because their innate modesty will not permit them to submit to the disgusting examinations and local treatment insisted upon by the average physician. These ordeals are unnecessary. Dr. R. V. Pierce, an eminent and skillful specialist, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the 'Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. has discovered a wonderful remedy with which women may treat and speedily cure themselves in the privacy of their own homes. This medicine is known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs concerned. It makes them well and strong. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and rests the tortured nerves. Taken during the critical period, it banishes the usual discomforts and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. Thousands of women who were once weak, sickly, nervous, fretful invalids, are now happy, healthy wives, because of this medicine. It is sold by all good medicine dealers and no honest dealer will advise a substitute.

"When I commenced using Dr. Pierce's medicine some three years ago," writes Mrs. Ella J. Fox, care of W. C. Fox, of Eldorado, Saline Co., Ills. "I was the picture of death. I had no heart to take anything. Weight was 125. My husband had been to see five different doctors about my trouble (female weakness). I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's medicine, also wrote to him for advice. I took four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and one vial of his 'Pleasant Pills,' and am now a well woman."

of a supper to be given after the carnival, but it is to be small, and not by any means a general entertainment, so that most people will arrange small slipper parties for themselves.

One of the general's late A. D. C's, Major Apsey Smith, will shortly visit Halifax with his wife, Miss Kinnear, of Halifax. It is stated that they will be guests of the general.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Elliott are to pay Halifax a visit. They are well known in society circles here. Mrs. Elliott was Miss Ethel Watson, a relative of the late Admiral Watson.

There was a large number of society people at the north and Exhibition rink last evening to see the hockey game, including Deputy Surgeon General Oliver, Miss Daisy Oliver, Captain and Mrs. Colbourne, Geoffrey and Mrs. Morrow, and a party of thirty from the Leinster regiment, including officers and their wives.

A musicale was given at the Industrial school, Wednesday evening by the Misses Wood, Captain J. Taylor Wood and others, which was very much enjoyed.

During last week there was a tea at the residence of Mrs. Dr. Tobin. A dinner was also given at the residence of Senator Power, at which were General Montgomery-Moore, Archbishop O'Brien and Rev. Father Daly.

Archbishop O'Brien was entertained at dinner at Mount St. Vincent on Tuesday.

Another enjoyable dinner was given Thursday evening at Thorndale. The guests included Colonel and Mrs. Anstruther-Duncan, Miss Daisy and Captain and Mrs. Colbourne.

There was a cab party Monday evening at the residence of Colonel Clerk which proved to be one of the pleasantest events of the week. There were no ladies present.

A pleasant dinner was given at the residence of Senator McKean during the week, and cards are out for a similar function this evening.

Mrs. Harris, Spring Garden road has issued invitations for a tea for this (Thursday) evening, a legal dinner is to be given at Government House this evening.

TRURO.

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

Feb. 1.—Miss Bessie Smith who has been visiting friends here, returned home to Dartmouth last Saturday.

The Quatrille club had another very pleasant evening last Thursday: Mrs. H. A. Lovett and Mrs. Fred Prince were the chaperones. Among those present were Mrs. A. D. Wetmore in a very becoming gown of yellow silk with dunces of very handsome white lace. Another very becoming and effective toilette was worn by Mrs. Fred Fuller composed of black velvet with short bouffant sleeves of maize colored silk. Mrs. Will Blenkinsop wore a charming gown of lovely pink moire silk, with soft baby waist and chiffon trimmings. Mrs. D. B. Cummings was in a lovely gown of yellow silk with much jet trimmings. Mrs. Cummings' young visitor, Miss Chipman from Boston, wore a pretty gown of pink silk. Miss Eva Murray wore a lovely and most becoming toilet of white silk, arranged about the bodice with pearl pendants and chiffon.

Among others present were Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Patterson, Mrs. Robt. Dickie, Canard, Mrs. E. W. Crowe, Mrs. J. J. Taylor, Mrs. H. B. McLaughlin, Miss Jean Thompson, Miss Marie Smith, Miss Bessie Smith, Misses Bigelow, Miss Snook, Miss Hensley, Miss Thomas, Miss McLean, Miss McDonald, Miss Frances Somerville, Miss Shand, Mrs. B. H. Blanchard, Miss Barnstead, Mr. and Mrs. McMullin, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gourley, Mrs. A. McCullough, Miss Hockin, Miss Nelson, Miss Crowe, Miss Yorston, Messrs C. A. Armstrong, G. H. Williams, W. Crowe, L. Crowe, G. Crowe, W. Laurence, F. Snook, E. Vernon, P. Webster, Stanfield, J. Ross, E. Hanson, W. Blenkinsop, A. V. Smith, V. Jamieson, Dickenson, F. Cotton, W. Yorston, N. P. McKay.

Senator McKay leaves the latter part of the week for Ottawa.

About the same time, Mrs. McKay and Miss McKay leave for a visit of some weeks' duration, with friends in Boston.

Mrs. H. C. Blair gave a very pleasant evening last Friday to a number of the Misses Ina and George's friends; a short snow shoe tramp to Mc Clare's mill, and round home by the "Holland" was thoroughly enjoyed, despite the extreme cold on the return of the party to the house, a very appetizing lunch was partaken of, and then dancing was enjoyed for a couple of hours. Among the young people who enjoyed Mrs. Blair's hospitality were: Miss Eva Murray, Misses Snook, Misses M. McKenzie, G. Donkin, Lula Archibald Rae Smith, Jennie Fleming, Leta Craig, Gerlie McLeod, Tudie Cummings, Mabel Murray, Annie McCurdy Messrs. D. McCurdy, G. Snook, J. Hay, H. Murray, A. Crowe, E. Donkin, W. Butchart, F. Dickie, K. McKenzie. Mrs. David Blair's "at home," last Wednesday afternoon was one of the largest and most successful functions of the kind given here for some time. Mrs. Blair's rooms are so roomy, and admirably disposed, for entertaining a crowd that no discomfort was experienced by the very large number present. The hostess was assisted in dispensing her specialties by her mother, Mrs. Armand, Mrs. Henry Blair, Mrs. A. C. Patterson, and Miss Eva Murray.

Mrs. Rankine, Woodstock, is the guest of Mrs. Moorman, "Arlington Place."

Mrs. N. S. Casson, who has been visiting her relatives at the "Lisman" returned home to Moncton today.

Mrs. E. P. Wetmore has returned from a visit with home friends in Woodstock and St. John, N. B.

Miss Sterna, Yarmouth, is visiting her friend Miss Robbins.

There were a great number of snow-shoe tramps, during the past week; the park and its charming environments affording ample and interesting ground for all.

The Misses McNaughton entertained a small party after a tramp last Wednesday night. Among those present were, Dr. and Mrs. Black, Miss Shand, Miss McKay, Miss Thompson, Messrs. W. P. McKay, G. H. Williams, J. D. Ross.

Mrs. D. B. Cummings gave a large dance on Monday evening in honor of her guest Miss Chipman, and for a number of Miss Gertrude's friends. Those present were: Misses E. Robbins, K. Butchart, Rae Smith, E. Murray, L. Moorman, Mabel Murray, G. Gladwin, Jean Crowe, J. Blanchard, G. Donkin, B. Turner, Jessie Snook, M. McKenzie, L. Craig, A. Gladwin, J. Fleming, G. McIntosh, Spencer, Nellie Stanfield, Lula Archibald, Maud Shafner, Misses Ita and George Blair, Misses Mamie and Minnie Snook, Misses Fowler, Misses Bavidge, Messrs. A. V. Smith, W. Crowe, L. Crowe, W. Butchart, A. Crowe, F. L. Cotton, G. McCallum, H. Murray, D. A. McCurdy, C. Harris, H. Donkin, Sutherland, J. Hay, W. Reanne, Lewis Harding, G. Harding, T. Fletcher, B. D. Smith, J. McRoberts, D. Cummings, W. Lawrence, C. Dickie, F. Dickie, Bert Smith, F. Turner, C. Thomas. Mrs. Cummings' hospitality are too well known to require much complimentary remarks, and Monday evening's entertainment was but a successful repetition of many charming predecessors.

Our newest bride Mrs. John Connor is receiving her friends this week assisted by Mrs. C. K. Cutler. The bride is wearing a very pretty and becoming toilette of maize colored silk crepon, with ch'ise trimmings. Pae.

PARSBORO.

[Progress is for sale at Parsboro Book Store.]

Feb. 1.—The first carnival of the season or for two seasons came off very successfully in the new Aberdeen rink last Wednesday evening. Parsboro band being at present in a rather disorganized state the Springhill band had to be engaged. A special train conveyed the band and nearly one hundred and fifty people besides from Springhill returning after the carnival. There were many beautiful costumes. Miss Hattie Pettis representing "England's Queen" was awarded the ladies prize and Master Tom Day "A young Prince" the gentlemen's prize. The promenade was crowded and as many skaters as could get about comfortably were on the ice.

Township was discussed by the Literary club at Mr. Rand's on Monday evening.

The whist club spent a pleasant evening at Mrs. Upham's on Tuesday.

Rev. R. Johnston returned on Friday from the deanery meeting at Westville.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Copp have been visiting friends at Amherst and Anzac.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Reid are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

Mrs. Cecil Parsons attended the ball at Springhill, Mr. J. M. Townshend, Q. C. spent Sunday before last with Dr. and Mrs. Townshend.

Mrs. Woodworth gave a progressive euchre party on Thursday evening. The prizes a dainty cup and saucer and a beautiful ash tray fell to Miss Upham and Dr. Smith's.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Timmerman returned yesterday from their bridal trip.

Mr. J. A. Johnson of Halifax was in town last week also Mr. Fred A. Upham of Truro.

The whist club meets this evening at Mrs. D. Gillespie's.

Two entertainments of a public character are in preparation a cantata by the baptists, and a play "Among the Breakers" by some of the members of St. Bridget's church. The latter will not be given before Easter week.

SACKVILLE.

[Progress is for sale in Sackville by W. J. Goodwin.]

Feb. 2.—Curling matches occupy a good deal of attention at present. Wednesday last witnessed a fierce conflict between Amherst and Sackville. Sackville beat by one. A large number watched the match through to the freezing end with unflagging interest. A few of the ladies were invited to the supper which always winds up these contests, and a pleasant half hour was spent, but as time, trains and electric lights wait for no man, this part of the programme had to be cut out rather short after a speech or two and a cup of coffee to "our next merry meeting."

A similar excitement prevailed Saturday when the Halifax curlers played before an equally large audience. The result of this match being a tie, the Sackville club is feeling at peace with all the world and at the same time hungrier for another fight with the warring stones.

Taking advantage of the deep snow last week Mrs. Borden gave a snow shoe party, the first of the season. The tramp over the hills and fields by the light of a young moon was most enjoyable, the evening being just cold enough to be pleasant.

On account of the curler's match the whist players did not get in their regular meet last week, this agreeable event being postponed for a few days when they will be entertained by Mrs. Charles Pickard.

Friday evening a delightful dance was given by Mrs. Fulton McDougall. The rooms which open into each other were brightly lighted and potted plants and prettily arranged bouquets added much to the festive appearance. The guests present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Allison, Mr. and Mrs. F. Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Fawcett, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Murray, Dr. and Mrs. Calkin, Mr. and Mrs. C. Pickard, Mrs. Rainnie, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Lane, Mrs. McCully, Miss Black, Miss Ethel Ogden, Miss Black, Miss Estabrooks, Miss Emmerson, Miss Willis, Miss S. Copp, Miss Wood, Miss Keith, Miss Cogswell, Messrs F. Black, W. Black, Snowball, Tait, H. Wood, Fraser, Mowbray, Henderson, L. Harrison, Teed, A. Copp, Chandler, A. Smith.

The men were in full evening dress and the ladies looked charming.

Mrs. Fawcett wore pink silk.

Mrs. Ryan, green figured silk with white lace.

Mrs. Murray, black satin, yellow silk bodice.

Mrs. Calkin, very pretty evening dress of golden brown silk with white lace on the bodice.

Mrs. Foster, black silk, decorations of yellow silk.

Mrs. Allison, black, with pink silk bodice.

Mrs. Lane, dress of crushed strawberry color with white silk sash.

Mrs. McCully, a very quaint and striking costume of jetted black net with red silk bodice.

Mrs. Pickard, black satin with heliotrope decorations.

Miss Wood, an extremely dainty gown of pearl gray silk with grey chiffon and natural pink flowers.

Miss Black, pale pink silk with old rose velvet trimmings.

Miss Black, a very becoming costume of pale blue crepon with shoes, gloves and fan of the same shade.

Miss Ogden, muslin of old rose and white with ribbon sash.

Mr. Estabrooks, white and yellow.

Miss Copp, black velvet with yellow decorations. There were other pretty dresses but the crowd prevented me seeing all to advantage. Dancing was kept up with great spirit both before and after supper which was served early. It was also early before the guests could tear themselves away from the festive scene, somewhere about two in the morning.

The same evening Mrs. Wells on Weldon street gave a small tea party.

A further festivity which was much enjoyed by many was the carnival. A number went to the rink

BUY Coleman's Salt THE BEST

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



Vapo-Cresolene For Whooping Cough, Croup, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh. Items from physicians' statements in our Descriptive Booklet. Send for it.

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Seems to be the most fitting phrase to apply to the New York RIBBONS now on display here. We can safely say that at no other time has the critical RIBBON BUYER ever been asked to see a more attractive assortment. Attractive in Superb Finish, Startling and Beautiful Color Blendings, and that indefinable charm that comes from Highest Grade Pure Silk Quality.

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FOUR-IN-HAND-TIES,
...AND...
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DEAR SIR—I have used your Elixir on one of the worst spavins I ever saw on a horse, and it entirely cured the lameness. I also used it for rheumatism in my family, with just as good a result, and will cheerfully recommend it to any one in want of a liniment. O. B. GOVE

Tuttle's Family Elixir cures Rheumatism, Sprains, Bruises, Pains, etc. Samples of either Elixir free for three 2-cent stamps for postage. Fifty cents buys either Elixir of any druggist, or it will be sent direct on receipt of price. Particulars free.

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CONSUMPTION CURED

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 sufferers.

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Tongues and Sounds

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Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock. TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

Stock Still Complete

Our stock of cloth is well assorted in all the leading cloths in Overcoatings, Suitings and Trouserings for late Fall and Winter wear. As the season is well advanced, customers would do well to leave their orders early.

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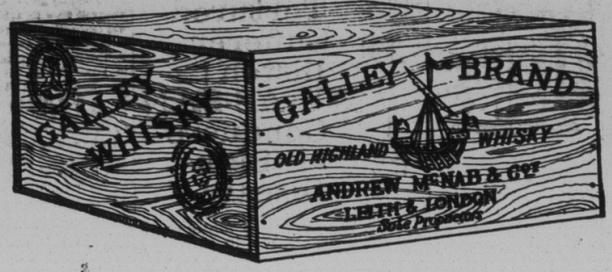
ST. DENIS AND CALAIS.

Phonograph for sale in St. Denis at the book store of G. H. Wall, C. E. Foster & J. Thomas & Co. 25 Front St. E. Toronto.

DORCHESTER.

Phonograph for sale in Dorchester by G. H. Fairweather.

A CASE OF IMPORTANCE



DIRECT FROM SCOTLAND WILLIAM McINTYRE, St. John, N. B. Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces.

FOR SALE WHOLESALE BY WILLIAM McINTYRE JOHN O'REGAN, 12 and 14 Water St 1 " 3 Union St.

Mr. and Mrs. James Murray, gave a very jolly snow shoe party on Thursday evening of last week.

Miss Josephine Moore left on Friday for Ottawa, where she will make a long visit with her friend Mrs. John Hodgins.

Invitations have been issued to a grand reception and ball in honor of the opening of the new St. Croix Exchange to take place tomorrow evening.

Several young ladies went to St. Andrews on Thursday last to attend a dancing party given by Mrs. G. Durall Grimmer.

The Freshman's class of the Calais High School, chaperoned by their teachers, Miss Hoxie and Miss Vickery, went on a sleigh ride to the "Stone House" on Friday evening.

Mr. Edwin B. Todd gave a very pleasant party on Friday evening to some lady friends.

Miss Julia Hill and a party of young companions enjoyed a jolly afternoon at Upton Lodge on Saturday.

Feb. 2.—The rink has been repaired and put in good order, better than it has been for years, and well attended.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Osmen entertained a few friends Saturday evening. Among those present were Rev. T. J. Allen, Mrs. Allen, Rev. W. Camp and Mrs. Camp, Mr. and Mrs. Christian Stevens, Mr. Richard Stevens and Mrs. Archie Stevens.

Miss Mary Peck's many friends are glad to see her home again.

Mr. Geo. H. Irving is in Moncton visiting her mother, Mrs. Humphrey.

Feb. 2.—Miss Davidson of Apple Hill entertained a few of her friends to tea on Friday evening of last week.

Mr. George Davidson is visiting her sister Mrs. Claude Price in Moncton.

Mr. and Mrs. Davidson's on Thursday last.

THINGS OF VALUE.

Little Clarence—Pa, is there really "honor among thieves?" Mr. Calhoun—No, my son; thieves are just as bad as other people.

Regon Tatters—Say, minister, gimme a dime, Jiggins—I suppose you want to get drunk with it? Regon Tatters—What! With a whole dime! No; I want to buy a cigar in wheat and sh p it up to the Klondike.

Doctors pronounce it very efficacious: Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine—The Cough Cure.

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from vicid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest.

Professor of Astronomy—How many of the planets can be seen with the naked eye? Dear Little Girl—I don't know, sir. We have no naked eyes in Boston.

Mr. T. J. Humes, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I have been afflicted for some time with Kidney and Liver Complaints, and had Parmelee's Pills the best medicine for these diseases. Those Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required. They are Gelatine Coated, and rolled in the Flour of Licorice to preserve their purity, and give them a pleasant, agreeable taste.

Cholly Litwate—You girls are all so practical, docherknow. Now, for instance, I present me you usually go walking with an object, don't you, Miss Koste? Miss Koste—Sometimes, but—er—really you will have to excuse me this morning.

GANG SAWS, Portable or Stationary, for large or small mills. Special double Edger. We have equipped with Machinery some of the best Mills in Canada. Write us for reference and prices. CARRIER, LAINE & CO., LEVIS, P. Q. 12 and 14 Water St 1 " 3 Union St.

CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE CURES OBSTINATE COUGHS. DOCTORS RECOMMEND IT HIGHLY. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.

til they were afraid to look behind them into the shadowy corners of the large, dimly lighted old kitchen where they sat. This was very gratifying to Amasa, who was a good story-teller, and delighted to play upon the nervous terrors of his young companions. The Wesley boys lingered till late, dreading their lonely walk home. Finally they rose to go.

"That was Amasa Mellen! He's trying to scare us. Let's go back and find him." John demurred at first, but soon yielded, and the brothers turned back.

"That was Amasa Mellen! He's trying to scare us. Let's go back and find him." John demurred at first, but soon yielded, and the brothers turned back.

LADIES EVERYWHERE... Admire the NEW COSTUME FABRICS for '97, made by the... Oxford Mfg. Co., Oxford, N. S. Poultry. THOMAS DEAN, City Market.

In The Rubber World. Years of experience, skilled labor, and best materials have placed the name "GOODRICH" at the top. In the construction the GOODRICH RES FLEX SINGLE TUBE has all these points in its makeup, and combined with Rigid Inspection assure purchasers of a safe investment. Remember there are No tires just as good. Our Catalogue P. explains why. Dealers Quoted. AMERICAN TIRE CO., Limited, 164-166 King St. West, Toronto.

"NO KIND OF A GHOST." Amasa found the Joke was turned Against Him by the Boys. Our sympathies are never enlisted in behalf of the practical joker when events take an unexpected twist, and his victims turn against him. A case in point occurred a few years ago on the out skirts of a village in Western Maine. Joe and John Wesley were spending a November evening with the Mellen boys. The four were translating from 'Caesar's Commentaries.' While thus engaged, Amasa Mellen an elder brother, at home, from college on a vacation, came in and began to tell ghost stories of the hair-raising sort. The younger boys listened un-

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

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When Someone is Sick The first thought is to procure the advice of a skillful physician. When the Prescription is written it is also a matter of greatest importance that it should be skillfully dispensed. My PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT is always in the hands of most competent dispensers, my stock of pure Drugs and Chemicals most complete. Every care is taken to procure the very best of everything. Such matters as these are worthy of serious consideration, and it is a great satisfaction to know that Prescriptions when dispensed at ALLAN'S PHARMACY receive all this attention. Call 239 when your physician leaves the Prescription and I will send for it and return it CORRECTLY DISPENSED.



(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

young friends at a dancing party at her home on Thursday evening.

The musical and literary portion of our city are looking forward with bright anticipation to the concert and literary entertainment to be given in the Opera house on Monday evening, Feb. 7th, when a great treat is in store.

Mrs. F. M. Macdonald of the firm of the Misses Young, left on Tuesday for Portland, Maine, where she sails today on the Steamship Labrador, for London, England. Mrs. Macdonald will visit Paris and other continental cities before her return in March. Her many friends wish for her a pleasant journey and a safe return.

Mayor Clark of St. Stephen, is among the visitors in town this week.

Mrs. Thos. Bullock of St. John is here visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Each Chesnut. Miss Tina Burgess of Wolfville, Nova Scotia, who has been spending the past month here the guest of her friend, Miss Bona Johnston at "Red Top," returned home last week.

Mr. D. Jordan, Q. C. was in the city this week. Mr. J. Fred Richards is visiting friends in Boston.

Mr. Arthur Symill of Montreal spent Sunday among Fredericton friends.

Mrs. J. Douglas Hasen has returned home after a pleasant visit of two weeks at her old home here.

Mrs. Wm. Logan is here visiting her daughter Mrs. A. W. Edgcombe.

What promises to be the musical treat of the season is the concert to be given in the church hall on Thursday evening February 10th. The concert is being arranged by Mr. Bristowe, and is in aid of the repairs to be made in the church hall, Rev. Father Davesport and Mr. Chas. Coster of St. John are among the performers, so with such a trio of musical gentlemen at the head it cannot fail of success.

The "buds" are to hold their first assembly in the Masonic hall on Tuesday evening February 5th. The lady chaperons are Mrs. F. S. Hilliard, Mrs. T. C. Allen, and Mrs. McLearn. Mr. H. B. Spook and bride of T. C. are visiting the Capital.

Dr. and Mrs. Coulthard entertained the "Up-to-date" whist club on Monday evening.

Mrs. A. S. Murray, had a tea party, on Thursday at which she entertained the friends of her sister Miss Lavelle and in the evening, drive whist.

After a delightful visit of over four weeks, spent in Truro and Halifax, with her friend, Mrs. A. D. Wetmore, Miss Edith Elliyard, has returned home. Mrs. R. J. Lemont and Miss Lemont of Southwest Harbor Me., are visiting relatives in the city. The friends of Rev. Canon Roberts are pleased to learn that he is enjoying good health and having a happy time in Florida.

The sad news of the very sudden death of Mrs. J. Dorothy Harrison at Edmundston, N. W. T. near Miss Jessie Logan, daughter of Mrs. Thos. Lotan and sister of Miss Beaulieu Logan of this city, which was received here on Friday last was a terrible shock to her many friends. Mrs. Harrison, as Miss Logan was a great favorite among her hosts of girl friends and when she left here a happy bride, three years ago, many were the happy wishes expressed for her. Dr. Harrison is a son of Chancellor Harrison at the university and it is understood he is now on the way home with the remains; he is also bringing with him a two children, the eldest a boy of eighteen months, the second, a little daughter, one week. He is accompanied by the children's nurse, (clicker).

MONCTON.

PROGRESS is for sale in Moncton at Hattie Tweedie's, Bookstore, and at M. B. Jones Bookstore.

Feb. 2.—Mrs. O. J. McCully gave a large and most enjoyable whist party on Friday evening, at her residence on Alma street. The guests numbered about forty and were, with one or two exceptions all married people. Both Dr. and Mrs. McCully are admirable hosts, so it goes without saying that the guests enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

Mr. E. W. Jarvis, and infant son, of Toronto who have been spending a short time with Mrs. Jarvis, mother, Mrs. J. L. Harris of Queen street, returned home last week.

Rev. E. Bertram Hooper who has been visiting friends in Campbellton, for the past two weeks, returned home last week.

Mrs. McMurray of St. John is spending a few days in town, the guest of her daughter, Mrs. M. B. Jones of Church street.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lea had with very deep regret on Thursday morning of the

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Is the best, in fact—the One True Blood Purifier. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills Do not purge, pain or gripe. All druggists sell.

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Tortured Sufferer Listen! NY-AS-SAN Conquers all Skin Disease.

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The Nyassan Medicine Co. Truro, N. S. "Mention this paper when you write."

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THE many advantages of their use as a modern substitute for wood and plaster, lies in the fact that they are light in weight, will not crack nor drop off, contain no danger of falling plaster; are unquestionably durable, having fire-proof, are highly artistic, do not harbor vermin or germs of disease, and possess splendid acoustic properties, in addition to many other points of excellence over any other form of interior decoration.

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PRESERVE YOUR TEETH

and teach the children to do so by using CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER and CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE.

They Have the Largest Sale of Dentifrices. Avoid imitations, which are numerous and unreliable. F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.

death of their little son Paul, a bright boy of six years, who succumbed after a long illness to the exhaustion following an attack of measles which had terminated in congestion of the lungs, and finally in a slight attack of diphtheria. The poor little had struggled through all these ailments, but had not sufficient strength to rally, and passed quietly away on Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. Lea lost another son only three months ago, and they will have the sympathy of the entire community in their sad affliction. The funeral took place on Saturday afternoon from the parents residence, Mountain Road, the services being conducted by Rev. W. W. Lodge assisted by Revs. J. F. Teed, and John Prince. The casket was covered with beautiful floral tributes, amongst which were a handsome wreath from the choir of Central Methodist Church, a star from the sabbath school, and a crescent from Miss Lea's pupils.

The death occurred very suddenly on Friday morning of Mrs. Wortman, widow of the late stipendiary magistrate who died about six months ago. Mrs. Wortman who was eighty three years of age, had resided with her daughter, Mrs. G. O. Dunham, since the death of her husband, and appeared to be in the best of health when she awoke on Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. Lea lost another son only three months ago, and they will have the sympathy of the entire community in their sad affliction. The funeral took place on Saturday afternoon from the parents residence, Mountain Road, the services being conducted by Rev. W. W. Lodge assisted by Revs. J. F. Teed, and John Prince. The casket was covered with beautiful floral tributes, amongst which were a handsome wreath from the choir of Central Methodist Church, a star from the sabbath school, and a crescent from Miss Lea's pupils.

The evening concluded with the farce "A Box of Monkeys" in which Miss Johnston and Miss Trizie Hanington of Moncton and Miss Maude Hanington Mr. R. P. Foster and Mr. Lionel Hanington of Dorchester took part. To say that the actors were worthy of a better play is to express it with extreme mildness, as they did their utmost to put the requisite amount of snap into a rather heavy piece of comedy. The Moncton amateur orchestra led by Prof. Wats aided greatly to the enjoyment of the evening by their selections.

It is a matter greatly to be regretted that amateurs will make the mistake of drawing their entertainments out to such an unreasonable length, that the audience are too weary to appreciate the entertainment long before it is half over. It was half past eleven before the welcome strains of "God Save the Queen" sounded on Monday night and people were thoroughly tired out and inclined to be decidedly cross.

THAT IS WHAT COLONEL DONVILLE SAYS OF HIS EXPEDITION. The gallant Colonel Donville has returned to the effects east from the camp fires and sentinel outposts of the wild and woolly extreme north-west.

The other day he dashed into PROGRESS office like a breath of cold invigorating Klondike air, and greeted the scribes assembled with his characteristic and unfeigned warmth and informality. He also grasped the extended hands with a touch that favored of genuine Jubilee manners and wore the impress of much association last summer with English and Continental lions in the salons and banquet halls of Eu-

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known to Moncton audiences as an eloquent, provided nearly all the comedy of the piece, as Mrs. Mold, the shrewish wife of the bibulous and ill-favored Mold. Mrs. Faver was imitable both in her make up, and acting and was golden opinions by her clever impersonation. Dr. Murray in the trying role of the drunken Mold retained the warm place he has always held in the hearts of Moncton play goers, and gave a definition which was realistic withal being at all events even. He was especially fine in the scene where "the warm tar" and Mold asserts his marital authority. Mr. Robertson as the hero Fred Grantly who is in love with Felicia did excellent work, looking and acting his part to perfection. Mr. A. E. Wilkinson, who's reputation as an actor is more than local, fully sustained that reputation by his artistic rendition of the part of Dan Murgatroyd, the money lender, though his make up was scarcely so good as usual, the extraordinary dishevelled condition in which the money lender wore his hair being more appropriate for the football field than the counting room. Of Mr. W. C. Faver in the title role, as Sir Simon Stampie who was not such a fool as he looked, it can only be said that Mr Faver has never appeared to such advantage before a Moncton audience, his interpretation of the part being by far his best piece of acting. Mr. Faver has long been a favorite with Moncton audiences but on this occasion he exceeded himself rendering the by no means easy role with an appreciation of the finer points of the comic dramatic truly noble character which was really masterly. Between acts two and three Mrs. Alice Wetmore delighted the audience with a charming love song, and on being rapturously encored she kindly responded with a sparkling little chaussonnet, "A la Bolere." Miss Wetmore possesses a beautiful soprano voice of great compass and already shows the result of her short sojourn in Boston where she is pursuing her vocal studies.

The extraordinary, and persistent coldness of the audience, and their obstinate determination not to applaud if they could possibly help it may possibly have been due to the extreme chilliness of the atmosphere which seemed to have penetrated their blood and made it sluggish. Number after number was rendered in the most spirited manner by Prof Wats' Orchestra, without the slightest recognition, even Chevaliers songs, failing to elicit any sign of approval, and the efforts of the actors only calling forth very languid recognition. It was not until Miss Wetmore's appearance that the house aroused itself, but she was given a very decided skin. The Young Women's Guild of St. George's Church under whose auspices the entertainment was given are to be congratulated upon the success of their entertainment.

The concert given in the Opera House on Monday evening for the benefit of the Orange Band, under the management of Prof. W. E. Wats, was one of the most successful which has been given in the city for some time, the opera house being crowded with a most appreciative audience. The opening numbers on the programme were given by the Moncton Amateur orchestra under the leadership of Prof. Wats, followed by a tenor solo, "By the Fountain" by Mr. J. H. Wetmore. Mr. Wetmore was in fine voice, and so well received that he was obliged to respond to an imperative encore. Miss Minnie Hunter rendered a piano solo, Godard's Third Mazurka in fine style, and was deservedly encored. Miss Alice Wetmore's "Lullaby," "Chausson processional" was received with a storm of applause, and she was obliged to respond to an enthusiastic recall giving for her second number, a most exquisite "Lullaby," which she rendered with extreme delicacy and tenderness, the flexibility of her fine voice showing to great advantage.

Mr. Tom Stenhouse always a favorite sang "The Sentinel" with such effect that he was given a double encore, responding with "The Pirate King." Miss Frances Maud Hanington of Dorchester who has recently returned from Boston where she is prosecuting her musical studies came before Moncton audience for the first time in the role of a soloist, and she astonished her hearers with the beauty and volume of her magnificent contralto voice in Tito Mater's aria "Patria," being enthusiastically recalled. Miss Hanington possesses an unusually imposing stage presence, and will no doubt be heard of in the future as a leading singer. In fact it is seldom that two such talented vocalists as Miss Wetmore, and Miss Hanington appear on the stage at one time. Mr. and Miss Wetmore closed the music part of the programme with a beautiful duet "Evermore," which was so well received that they were obliged to return, and give the audience more. One of the most enjoyable numbers on the programme was Mrs. W. C. Faver's rendering "Old Ace" which was given in her best style. Mrs. Faver is always sure of a warm reception, and one of her great charms is the fact that unless some old favorite is especially requested, her audience is always sure of something absolutely fresh, as she never allows her selections to become hackneyed. This lady is at her very best in the portrayal of child character, and on Monday evening she brought down the house with her encore, "The Goblins" if it were not for her "receiving a double encore.

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rope, which even the effects of his western experiences could not obliterate. The genial Colonel of Husaw, member of parliament and mining promoter is mercurial in temperament and it would have taken an active man to follow him in the west as he dashed about here and there determining the lay of the land, ferretting out the secrets of the rival companies, locating mineral deposits, superintending the building of steamers, organizing expeditions, exchanging hospitalities with the "boys" and holding up his end of the argument in the true hospitalier's style, now in Vancouver, then in Seattle, then far off in Skagway and the other boom towns of the Golden land, climbing big boulders on the White Pass and meeting with new experiences and encountering novel incidents at every turn.

The distinguished Colonel is an excellent raconteur and he told a good story while he was in. It is a very expensive luxury to keep hens in the Klondike as it costs a small fortune to provide food for them. One ingenious miner, however, solved the difficulty and in doing so killed two birds with one stone. He had half a dozen hens and when he went out to dig in his claim he attached the hens to his legs with cords. The country is, as everyone knows, full of large luscious mosquitoes and the hens paid their own board by feeding on the mosquitoes which alighted on the miner. The Colonel vouched for the story which of course establishes its veracity.

Going to the Klondike is a good deal like going to Paris in the colonel's estimation. You have got to have lots of money, lots of health and you don't want to stay too long, otherwise the Klondike will be too much for you. In this connection it is proper to observe that the colonel is an ardent prohibitionist with reference to the Klondike, and on the floor of the house he will declaim against the granting to Sir Charles Tupper of the right which he obtained of importing a large amount of heather dew and other luxuries of the sort into the land of gold. He believes that the country should prevent any going in, as it will be the ruination of the miners. He will absolutely allow none in his expedition. Going to the north pole, the Colonel says, is a snap compared with going to the Klondike. A London newspaper correspondent went with Peary's relief expedition to the Arctic seas and had quite an easy thing. He came out to the portals

of the Yukon and started out over the trail with an Indian guide or two. But climbing over boulders, mounting perpendicular precipices and descending boiling torrents with a pack on your back is quite different from skimming along the ice floes of the Arctic circle on a dog sledge, and he got adrift some way and a party had to be sent out to hunt him up, and when the Colonel came east they had not found him.

"James Domville" will be the name inscribed on the bow of a fine new steamer being built for his company at Vancouver and it will run from St. Michaels to Dawson City next summer. The name of one of New Brunswick's many mining exploiters will therefore be preserved in the land where his hopes now chiefly rest.

Not to be Erased. "Foiled!" hissed the burglar, and turned and fled away into the night. For he had evaded the improved burglar alarm only to discover that there was an old-fashioned rocking chair in the front parlor.

Another Cancer Cured.

The following letter is from a patient having cancer of the breast.

"Aug. 7, 1896. 'Gentlemen: About a year ago I discovered three lumps in my left breast. I suffered great pain from them. I bore this for a month, when I consulted a cancer specialist; he pronounced them cancer growths and said that I would have to have them cut out. I had my mind almost made up to have it done, when by chance I heard of your 'Vitalis Remedies,' so I determined to try them. I had not taken the medicine six months when to my delight the lumps and pain were all gone and today I am like another woman. I never felt so well in my life. Sincerely yours, MRS. R. H. OLIVER, 283 Sherbourne St. Toronto Ont.

Consultation at office or by mail free. This company will give or mail free to any one interested a 130-page book that contains much valuable information about the workings of this home remedy. Address Mason Medicine Co. Dept. S. J. P. 577 Sherbourne st., Toronto.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1896.

AMONG THE SOCIETIES.

THE DIFFERENT ORGANIZATIONS AND WHEN FOUNDED.

They comprise one eighth of the population of the city—Some with an Insurance Scheme Connected with Them—The C. M. B. A., and What It Has Done.

There are about seventeen fraternal societies represented in this city. They consist of about a hundred lodges, courts, encampments, divisions, temples and the like with all their mystic paraphernalia, their assemblies, their social functions, their missionary work, their benevolent enterprise and all the various currents through which their combined industry and zeal flows.

These figures give an idea of the hold the secret and fraternal societies have upon the public of St. John and the important influence they must exert upon the city's life in all its phases. They provide the means of promoting citizenship by the brotherly sentiments that they teach and they also in their little courts and little legislatures teach the common man the duties and responsibilities of citizenship and interests him in the larger sphere of legislative duties.

St. John has done considerable pioneer work in the promotion of fraternal activity. St. John is the home of the Masonic order and every branch of this ancient and historic organization is represented here. McLeod Moore Conclave of the Knights of Rome is the premier conclave on this continent, and St. John also saw the birth of the order of Royal and Select masters in Canada.

St. John was the first place outside of Great Britain where the first civil Orange lodge was established, and the first place outside of the United States where the Knights of Pythias, Sons of Temperance and Temple of Honor broke soil was St. John.

The following table will prove of interest to readers, giving the dates of the establishment of the various orders here, the number of branches in the city and their membership. The figure for the Orange body is only approximate. There are nine lodges in the city and Fairville with an average membership of 2,100, but 'once an Orangeman always an Orangeman' and there are a large number of Orangemen in the city who are not now members of the lodges.

Table with columns: DATE, ORDER, NO. OF BRANCHES, MEMBERSHIP. Lists various organizations like Masonic, Orange, Sons of Temperance, etc.

This organization known more generally by its short title of C. M. B. A., was organized in July, 1876, the grand council being established four years later. It was transplanted into Canada from the United States in 1880 and has grown from 220 members in the Dominion in that year to 14,000 the present membership.

The introduction into the Maritime Provinces was the work of Mr. T. P. Tansy of Montreal, who was the grand deputy for the Maritime Provinces and the first branch organized by him was at Bathurst, N. B., April '90 and in a few days after at North Sydney and Halifax. He then visited St. John and organized on May 6th, a branch at Carleton, No. 133, and next evening another in the city proper, No. 134. There are now more than half a hundred branches in the Maritime Provinces. Besides the two above named there is another branch in St. John, the one at Fairville, No. 184, and the three together make a membership of about 825, the St. John Branch setting the pace with 190.

The following sums have been paid to families of deceased members in St. John, Carleton and Fairville since its organization here.

Table with columns: NAME, AMOUNT. Lists names like Hugh O'Connor, John Mullin, Joseph Stanton, Patrick Kerrigan.

D. B. Mullaney, 1,000; Cornelius Collins, 1,000; T. L. McSorley, 2,000; D. C. Quinlan, 2,000; Jas. E. Fitzgerald, 2,000; Jeremiah Kane, 2,000. And three others whose names were not available, making in all about \$20,000.

Officers of the Grand Council or Branches of this association do not receive any remuneration except the Grand Recorder and his assistant who between them receive \$2,400 per annum. Organizers and Grand Deputies receive merely actual expenses hence it is that the rate of insurance is kept so low in order to reach the working classes and assist them to protect their families. This organization is not a secret society as understood having no signs or password. They merely issue a travelling card to members going away from home on business or pleasure.

It counts among its members all over the Dominion the principal leading Roman Catholic bishops, priests and laymen of every walk in life and aims at uniting all the members of that church into one body irrespective of nationality for their interests, social and religious. It is necessary to be a practical Catholic between the ages of 18 and 50 and to be sound and a good insurance risk in order to become a member. The local branches are governed by laws made in convention by the grand council officers and delegates. During the space of time between conventions the association is managed by the grand president, Grand Recorder and an executive of five called grand trustees. Mr. P. J. O'Keefe of this city is the only member for the Maritime Provinces and Mr. John L. Carleton the only member of the committee on laws and supervision both having been returned for second terms at last convention. It now numbers nearly 300 branches from Calgary to P. E. Island.

The reserve fund is now increasing very rapidly and amounts to about \$70,000 being made up of 5 per cent on all assessments issued. For the full period of its existence the assessments have never increased being an average of 16 for the whole time. The growth has been more than the most sanguine anticipated. St. John was chosen as the site for the biennial session of the Grand Council in 1894.

THE TRADE IN BIRDS FEATHERS.

Some Facts Connected With the Destruction of the Feathered Tribes.

A correspondent writes PROGRESS the following interesting letter that which appeals to all who are interested in the preservation and protection of the harmless and defenceless birds of the wildwood: 'There has been recently much correspondence published in the London Times, newspaper, on a subject that claims our attention here in Canada as well, viz: the Trade in Birds Feathers to supply the demands of fashion. This subject is not a novel one; over 12 years ago, letters appeared in The Times protesting against the wicked waste of bird life. The Society for the Protection of Birds is trying its utmost to do good, but unavailingly, if one judges by the ladies' hats and bonnets, on which are seen wings, tufts, and whole birds of various kinds. With your kind permission, I would like to make an appeal to the readers of PROGRESS, on behalf of the wild birds. First, of course nothing has been said against the wearing of ostrich feathers, and feathers of domestic and game birds. These birds are protected, and in no danger of extermination. Fashion and female vanity have combined, and demand specimens of even the rarest and most beautiful birds, to add lustre and a heightened value to ladies' headgear. In all cities and towns, birds appear indispensable to the completion of a lady's toilet. Look around in the streets, in churches, in all meetings and judge for yourself. Many ladies have but a faint idea of the amount of destruction it causes.

I can do no better than quote the words of Mr. Hudson, a well known ornithologist; his letters are convincing, as they are full of hard facts. The following paragraphs are taken from his letters to the Times. Thursday, Dec. 14th, was a purple day at the Commercial sale rooms in the city, where feathers for the decoration of our women formed the attraction, and besides some hundreds of white opeyres, an incredible number of bird skins of brilliant plumage, collected from all quarters of the world, were disposed of. Birds of modest plumage were also there, and it was surprising to see huge cases filled with lites and other small species from Japan;

a proof that the once artistic and bird loving people of that distant, beautiful country, are anxious to be up to date and western in all things even to the extermination of their little feathered fellow creatures.

Conspicuous even among the most splendid species, were the birds of paradise, some 1,700 specimens.

Other kinds, pheasants, jays, trogons, king fishes, orioles, innumerable humming birds and many more need not be spoken of in detail—I will only mention the parrots, for there were many—70,000 to 80,000 specimens, mostly from India.'

After giving the statistics, Mr. Hudson further writes: 'The wearing of feathers taken from birds, slaughtered for the sake of them, is in no sense a necessity. It does not minister in any way to the comfort or welfare of man, woman or child. A large proportion of the birds, whose feathers women wear, are slain only for their sake. If the demand were extinguished, the slaughter would cease and the birds would live their own lives, subject only to the appointed laws of their own being. These laws are a part of nature's economy and man's title to interfere with them can only be justified by an appeal to the higher law of his own welfare and not by the less worthy motives of feminine vanity or masculine greed. If we bear this principle in mind, we shall find no difficulty in determining whether or not a good woman can be justified at the bar of conscience and humanity in wearing the feathers of birds, slaughtered only for fashion's sake. The fashionable woman cannot even be persuaded not to wear "opeyres," as they are called, that is, the nuptial ornament of the egret, or white heron, which can only be obtained during the breeding season, when the birds congregate in flocks, and is actually obtained by the slaughter of thousands of parent birds at a time when their young are still unable to fly.'

There is but little to add after such an authority, still allow me to say, that a portion of those feathers imported to London, are exported by her, in a dressed or mounted shape, to other countries, the wings, aigrettes, etc., seen in the stores and milliner's show rooms here in St. John have mostly been purchased from London wholesale houses and therefore it may be one colony is helping another colony in the destruction of birds. The bird hunter has not visited Canada yet, I believe, [but there will be a future for him here too, in a few years, if the wholesale destruction continues. Let no such prediction come true and let us depend upon the ladies throughout the Dominion to help individually, simply by not wearing the feathers specified, and substituting the many artistic, novel ideas, that every season appear.

A BLACK BIRD IN PRISON.

A Pathetic Incident of Michael Davitt's Life in an English Prison.

In the reminiscences of his prison life, Michael Davitt, who was a political prisoner in England for years, describes with pathetic affection a little pet which shared his cell during part of his term. 'I was permitted to Portland Prison on February 3, 1881,' he says. 'Shortly afterward, through the kindness of the governor, a young blackbird came into my possession. For some months I relieved the tedium of my solitude by efforts to win the confidence of my companion, with the happiest results. He would stand upon my breast as I lay in bed in the morning, and awaken me from sleep. He would perch upon the edge of my plate and share my porridge. His familiarity was such that upon showing him a small piece of slate-pencil, and then placing it in my waistcoat, he would immediately abstract it. He would perch upon the edge of my plate as it was adjusted between my knees, and watching the course of the pencil as I wrote would make the most amusing efforts to peck the marks from the slate. He would fetch and carry as faithfully as any well-trained dog.

'Toward evening he would resort to his perch the post of the iron bedstead, and there remain silent and still, till the dawning of another day, when his chirrup would again be heard, like the voice of nature, before the herald of civilization, the clang of the prison bell at five o'clock.'

To his dear little companion Davitt dedicated the volume he wrote after his release. The dedication ran as follows: 'To the memory of the little confiding friend whose playful moods and loving familiarity helped to cheer the solitude of a convict cell.'

'To my pet blackbird, 'Joe,' these prison jottings are affectionately dedicated.'

AN INEXPERIENCED HUNTER.

The Officers Didn't Have Much Show When "Bill" was Around.

Buffalo Bill tells a pleasant tale of jumping on his favorite horse, "Brigham," and riding out of camp at the alarm of a herd of buffalo. It was at a time when he and his comrades were short of meat, and consequently longing for Buffalo steak.

He says: While I was riding toward the buffaloes, I saw five horsemen from the fort who were evidently going out for a chase. They proved to be newly arrived officers, a captain and his lieutenants. 'Hello my friend!' sang out the captain, 'I see you are after the same game that we are.'

'Yes, sir,' said I. They scanned my cheap outfit very closely, and as my horse looked like a work-horse, and had on only a blind bridle, they evidently considered me a green hand at hunting.

'Do you expect to catch those buffaloes on that Gothic steed?' laughed the captain. 'I hope so, by pushing hard enough on the reins,' was my reply.

'You'll never catch them in the world, my fine fellow,' said he. 'It takes a fast horse to do that.'

'Does it?' asked I, as if I didn't know. 'Yes, but come along with us, for we are going to kill them more for pleasure than anything else. All we want are the tongues and a piece of tenderloin, and you may have all that is left.'

'Much obliged to you, captain,' said I. 'I'll follow you.' There were eleven buffaloes in the herd and they were not more than a mile ahead. I saw they were making toward the creek for water, and I started up that way to head them off, while the officers came up in the rear, and gave chase. The animals came rushing past me, not a hundred yards distant, with the officers three hundred yards in the rear. I pulled the blind bridle on my horse, and he, a trained hunter, knew exactly what to do. He started at the top of his speed and brought me alongside the rear buffalo. I raised my gun, fired, and killed the animal at the first shot. My horse then carried me alongside the next one, and I dropped him at the next fire. Thus I killed the eleven buffaloes with twelve shots, and as the last animal dropped, my horse stopped. Remember I had been riding him without bridle, reins or saddle; but I jumped to the ground, knowing he would not leave me. The astonished officers were just riding up.

'Now, gentlemen,' said I, 'allow me to present you with all the tongues and tenderloins you want.'

'Well,' said the captain, 'I never saw the like before. Who under the sun are you, anyhow?'

'My name is Cody.' 'That horse of yours has running points?' 'Yes, sir; he has not only the points, but he knows how to use them.'

'So I noticed!'

SHOOTING WITH ONE HAND.

He has Only one arm but he Uses his gun With Unerring Skill.

The New York Times prints a readable account of a one-armed marksman, General McLeer, of Brooklyn. He lost his arm at the second battle of Bull Run, and almost at the same moment received a serious wound in one of his legs. Of his skill with the rifle the Times says:

The general has twenty-three marksman's badges, which in twenty-three years

he has won at Creedmoor. Many amusing stories are told of his work at ranges. Last summer he strode up unnoticed behind a treading private, who was in a rage because he had missed the target. In a tone of command, General McLeer said:

'Load that gun, my man, and let me see it.'

The private did as he was told, and handed the gun to the one-armed figure beside him. Grasping the gun firmly by the trigger-guard, General McLeer raised it lightly to his shoulder and blazed away. A blue signal waved, showing a bull's-eye.

'There, my good fellow,' observed General McLeer, in a quizzical tone, 'that seems to be a pretty good gun. Don't swear at it, but practise a little more.'

He afterward explained that that was one of the luckiest shots he had ever made. 'The gun went off accidentally,' he said to a brother officer, 'and actually hit the centre.'

The general makes light of his feats, and often lays a good score to accident. He uses the regulation fifty-caliber rifle, weighing between eight and nine pounds. On a pinch he can load his own gun, but this is generally done for him at the targets. He shoots offhand entirely, at distances of one hundred, two hundred and three hundred yards. His quick way of shooting astonishes even his friends. He grasps the piece close to the trigger-guard, raises the stock to his shoulder, and in much less time than it takes an ordinary marksman to make up his mind just where the centre of the target is located he has sighted the barrel and fired. Strangely enough, he will never shoot at a longer distance than three hundred yards, because as he explains, 'I am not in that class. It takes a two-armed man to do that, and, moreover, he must have two sound legs, which I have not.' General McLeer is a close observer of the fine points of shooting, such as how to set the wind gages and graduated sights, and the importance of weather conditions, and many a discouraged militiaman has had occasion to thank him for timely hints and encouragement.

Chance For A Bargain.

Small boy (rushing in)—'Oh mamma! I know where I can buy a double ripper old awl cheap. Won't you give me some money?'

Mamma (doubtfully)—'How cheap?'

'Well I don't know; I haven't asked, but I guess I can get it for 'most nothing, 'cause Mrs. Nobbs hasn't any use for it any more.'

'Mrs. Nobbs?'

'Yes, Johnny Nobbs had it you know.' 'But where is Johnny?'

'Why in ridin' down-hill on it just now, he struck a post an' killed himself.'

Corrected.

Gowling—'Not a warrud about it, Muldowney, but it didn't get home at all last night.'

Muldowney—'That raises a question av veracity, Gowling, for the Mrs. Gowling says that ye war at home.'

Gowling—'Did yez ever hear the loike av that, an' me in the joog all night?'

Muldowney—'Precisely; for, as yer woiife do be sayin', there's no place there yerail is more at home.'

Unreasonable.

'I saw A. D. Blank this morning,' said the secretary, 'and he said that under no circumstances would he lead his vote to our scheme.'

'What's the matter with you, anyway?' replied the president of the corporation. 'The idea of your expecting an alderman to lend his vote. Go out and hunt him up and give him the combination of the safe.'

Advertisement for Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Includes the text 'Dr. Ayer's' in large letters, followed by a detailed description of the medicine's benefits for blood poisoning, ulcers, and other ailments. Ends with 'Get Ayer's Sarsaparilla.'

A New Mexican Episode.

The sun shone hotly on Anita ranch, which lay like a small excrescence on the dun-colored earth.

The wind, always defiant, blew bravely across the sagebrush, carrying with him the remonstrant breath of the sun.

The sloping roof gave shelter from the sun's rays, and the wide-open doors through the long hall caught every whiff of the erratic wind as he, still warring with the sun, blew here and there.

A low hammock occupied the most shaded spot, and in it swung a girl. Her face was dark and small and her little head was covered with a thick, short crop of black curls.

"Well, Jack, when did Harry say he'd come up from Santa Fe? With that lass over at Ortega's, and Slawson, the manager, gone, you'll be left quite alone, won't you?"

"Oh, yes; but only for two night. My brother is coming back on Saturday; there's no one to bother."

The girl put one toe to the floor and swung forward, showing the 'gun' which graced the carved Mexican belt. This belt held together the corset and white duck blouse; a scarlet silk scarf was knotted around the brown throat, and a large, heavily buckled sombrero lay on the floor beside her.

"The sun seems to be standing still out there. You should have visited your cousin earlier, Captain Charteris. I'm afraid you'll take back lurid accounts of his adopted land."

The Captain replied with the deep, mellow voice of his country:

"Well, really, Miss Delaney, the country is lovely; but Frank seems to find the people all right."

"The people!—a pleasant mockery in the shrill American voice. 'That must mean us, for we are really the only people about here. Well, Harry, is a nice boy, but Slawson and Augusta Victoria can't be called social ornaments. Then there's myself; but I—Now, Captain Charteris, rising in the hammock and swinging forward directly in front of him, 'will you tell me if I am different from English girls—very much worse, I mean? Now please tell; I want to know truly and honestly.'"

"Oh, really, Miss Delaney, girls are about all alike, you know, only English girls are more kept in the back-ground, and that sort of thing."

"But, Captain Charteris, if an English girl lost her father and mother when she was only three, and had had to live out her life with her brother, because he wouldn't live anywhere else, and she wasn't—well, wasn't real dead-y strong kerrel, would she have been very different from me?"

There was an appealing earnestness in the high voice and a breathless interest in the dark eyes. Charteris looked at her with cool admiration, replying that he would answer her question at another time. She sank back half-dissatisfied and hummed a song.

When the sun showed the first symptoms of descending the men mounted their horses and rode away. Farrington turned in the saddle and called to the girl, 'We'll stop with the mail on our way home.'

How different was the old adobe hours later, when the sun had given place to its fair rival, the moon. The hot grayness had all gone, and the parched, unlovely earth looked cool and soft in the clear light.

The sage-brush and cactus plants were temporarily given a tint of silvery green, and the wind, fickle fellow, seemed conquered by the gentle moon, for hand in hand they searched every nook and corner, blessing all living things as they went. The portal seemed another spot, as it lay in a flood of milky rays; the chairs, the table, the dusty hammock—all seemed freshly covered with shining satin. The girl was in the same position, but the corsetry gown had given place to a white one, and the scarlet kerchief had paled to rose. The rebellious hair had been smoothed until it lay in dusky rings about the face which the moonlight had whitened, and the tender rays turned to pink the two scarlet spots—were they of expectation?—which burned beneath the glowing eyes. The sombrero's place on the floor was taken by a mandolin, which slipped from the folds of its owner as she started from her lazy swinging in the hammock, her accustomed ear having heard the pressure of horse's hoofs against the hard ground along, long before the riders could be seen. Listening more intently she soon knew there was but one horse, one rider. The expectancy was ended when Capt. Charteris slid from

his horse, tied it at the gate, and walked toward the house, idly swinging the leather mail bag as he came. Once under the portal, he threw his hat on the floor and sank into a low chair beside the girl.

"Poor Frank went on to catch the train for Santa Fe. Your brother wrote and urged it. Bah! it's a nasty ride from Ortega's!"

"The man broke the silence. 'Sing something—something Spanish.' Jack played a soft chord on the mandolin and sang a tender serenade. As she finished he leaned over her and said gently:

"You shall have the answer to the question of this afternoon now. How can I compare you to other women, you who are so strangely different so intoxicatingly charming?" He leaned nearer and took, unrebuked, the tanned fingers in his own. "You are the result of this strange life and climate, and I—oh, you know how I feel! You have shown your power over me since you first raised those eyes to my face; and when I hear you sing, then—then you know you hold me, soul and body, as no woman ever did before. You know it, don't you, Jack?"

Unclosing her eyes as from a dream of bliss, she laid her hand lovingly upon his shoulder.

"You don't understand me, Captain Charteris. I suppose I am not like other girls, and it takes a long, long time to understand me."

hall, her eye fell on the forgotten mail bag; for occupation she unstrapped it.

There were no letters for the Anita ranch, but several for Farrington, and a London newspaper which had been opened and reread. She aimlessly unfolded it, glancing over it uncomprehendingly until a penciled paragraph attracted her eye. This read: 'The marriage arranged last winter between Captain Harcourt Dene Clifford Charteris and Lady Evelyn Maud Barksworth will be consummated on June 20 at St. George's Hanover Square. This marriage will be an exceedingly important social event, owing to the proximity of both bride and groom, the former being the second daughter of the Earl of Alwyn and the latter the prospective heir of his uncle, Lord Walford, of Walford House, Surrey. Captain Charteris will shortly return from the American Southwest, where his long stay has completely restored his health. The paper was still firmly grasped in her stiffening fingers. She did not change her position; the brown face turned a sallow shade, and the eyes had a glowing fierceness. She neither cried nor spoke, but mechanically retold the paper and replaced it in the bag.

Night came again; the moon came back to the old porch, and with the wind played a sweet duo in the accustomed way. But there was no appreciative grace in the heart of the small creature who sat here. With wind burned face and raging heart she looked out over the broad stretch of



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oh, dear, oh!—they had already started.

Without a word Jack rushed, hatless, for the corral. Her own little broncho Lorita, was soon girthed, and they were off over the mesa. The startled horse fairly maddened as the heavy end of the quirt struck her tender flanks with repeated blows. Her gentle mistress seemed turned

sweetheart, do my will just this once—this once! And he obeyed.

Through the rear door of the house they went. With her hand locked in his, they rushed toward the cannon, Jack guiding the rebellious Englishman. At length she stopped. "I can go no further," and pulling the red kerchief from her neck she held it to her lips.

"What shall I do with you, Harcourt? They will kill you!"

He took the hand at her side. "Twas red with blood."

"Jose Gonzales, is that you?"

"Si Senorita."

The girl advanced to where the three horsemen had reined and talked earnestly in Spanish. The voices were first high and fierce, then low and pleading, finally soft and consenting, as they slowly turned and rode away. She walked back to Charteris.

"Come!" she said. How differently from an hour before! She said no more, but started forward. Charteris followed.

"Jack," he called—"dear little Jack," you have saved my life and I am a coward."

"Don't speak to me," she replied, bitterly. "Saddle me a horse. I'll wait for it inside."

Two horses were soon tied at the gate, and he entered the room where Jack stood, not as she had so short a time before, panting, glowing, reckless, the embodiment of love and bravery, but instead, a pallid, sombre-eyed woman, whose strange quiet was a terror to the man before her.

"They have given you your life," she said, "because I promised them that in the early morning you would go. I told them this; they believe me; you must go."

"Yes, I will go; but you—you who have risked your precious life—have brought on this fearful thing," pointing to the blood-stained hand. "What shall I do for you?"

"I am past help," she replied. "God is good; he has sent this—not enough, the stream in the canon will be a roaring torrent in May."

She started toward the gate, he swiftly following.

"Jack, Jack, let me go with you!"

"No; but you can go across the range," pointing southward, "and shoot Lorita—I couldn't do that" covering her eyes with her trembling fingers.

She moaned; he followed, and they rode slowly toward the trail.

"Jack," he whispered tenderly, "why have you given me my life and forced it to bitterness like this?"

She rode on and laid her hand on the horn of his saddle.

"Do not dare to follow me. Shoot Lorita quickly and kindly. With her will die your memory of these days. I have read the London Times, and I loved you."

When Harry Delaney returned to the Anita ranch the weeping Augusta Victoria met him in the portal. A rude emblem of black swang from the door knob and inside the house the little mistress lay still and silent, at rest forever. "The old trouble" and the new one had ended all.

The London Times announced that on June 20 at St. George's Hanover Square were married Captain Harcourt Dene Clifford Charteris and Lady Evelyn Maud Barksworth.



AN EARLY CHURCH-GOER.

Charteris hid a smile with his hand. The pleading voice was in his ears, the red mouth near him, the eyes stinging, unconscious love in his face, and the moonlight, the wind, the echoes of the song roused his slow senses, and putting his arm around her he whispered in his melting voice:

"Jack, do you love me?"

There was no shyness in her rapt face, as she drew nearer and murmured:

"Oh yes; yes, I do love you, and I was afraid you would never understand."

The smile grew broader on the Englishman's face as he ardently kissed her, and the mistaken moon incautiously threw a glamor of tenderness into the steely eyes, while the vibrating little creature, with her head on his heart, accepted the moon's soft blandishments, and worshipped on.

The intense stillness of the summer night seemed to ask for music, and Jack drew the mandolin toward her, playing slowly that sweetest Spanish air "Media Noche." While her fingers were on the strings, Charteris, after whispering "Carissima, querida chiquita" in her willing ear and again kissing her, strolled to the gate and mounted his horse. She sat still, a bright bit of color in the vivid moonlight; and as he rode away, waving his hat as he went, she played with all the strength in her quick hands, sending after him a flood of melody which sounded in his ears long after the agile broncho had borne him from view.

She slept to dream over the last act of her life, and awoke to redream it as she wandered restlessly about the house or swung in the hammock. Harry and Farrington would not return for two days.

Sorely Harcourt, she whispered the name blushing to herself, "would come again." Seeking shelter from the heat in the long

prairies where only last night all had seemed a vision of beauty. Suddenly she leaned back her head and called, sharply, "Augusta Victoria!"

A sick little Missouri girl, the domestic pivot of the ranch, appeared in response.

"Well, Miss Jack?"

The black head lowered, and the tan heel struck the floor several times before the question came:

"What was Jose up here for this afternoon, and why did he slink away around the corral, or, quickly lifting her head and looking into Augusta Victoria's eyes, 'is he still here?"

"No, he ain't here now; but you know Jose and me are keepin' company; so why shouldn't he be here?"

"No reason; only he seemed to act queer and I am sure I heard him mention—mention Captain Charteris's name."

"Well, yes, he might 'av,' uneasily shifting her lank weight from one flat foot to the other.

Jack arose, went over to Augusta Victoria, and grasped her firmly by the shoulder.

"You know I have never trusted Jose, and now I know there is something wrong. Tell me—tell me, or I—well, you know what I can do."

"Oh, dear Miss Jack, save him!—save Jose! I save us all."

Hurriedly, disconnectedly, she told the trembling little woman before her the story. Charteris had had a quarrel with Mexicans on the lower Pecos; that in saving his own life he had shot his assailant; that the dead man was a cousin to Jose, who, with his brothers were all left to right the wrong. That they were to meet at Ortega's, and were going to Farrington's ranch, where Charteris was alone; that the settlement would be short, and that—

into a demon, as mile after mile they flew—not by the trail, but over the range where quicksands lurked, and the prairie dogs' holes were trips to the galloping horse's feet. On they went, the mare goaded to frenzy by the shrill voice and raining blow. The Farrington ranch lights were in sight, and Jack her heart a triptammer in her side gave a final shout to speed Lorita on but a treacherous hole caught one of the horse's slender legs, breaking it and throwing the little broncho in agony of pain to the ground, where her rider lay, un hurt. Without a glance at her dearly loved horse, Jack sprang to her feet and rushed like a coyote over the ground.

The altitude exhausted her feeble lungs, and when she stumbled across the doorway of Farrington's ranch speech had almost left her. The curtain was up, and Charteris sat by the table, under a swinging lamp, writing. With one swift movement she pulled down the treacherous shade, threw herself upon his breast and stretched out her arms protectively around him, as, listening to every labored breath, she gasped:

"Come with me—there is no time to talk."

Seeing determined negation in his face, she continued:

"There is not a moment to lose. Jose Gonzales and his brothers are behind me. They are fierce with pulque and revenge. Come, come!"

"Never! I'll face the cowardly Mexicans!"

"Harcourt,"—a deep wail of despairing passion in her voice—"I love you, dearest, with all the life God has given me and I beg of you, for the sake of your hope and mine in Heaven to listen to me." Her shielding arms were around him, and fifty kisses were pressed on his lips. "Harcourt,

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Sunday Reading.

The Clouds of God. The city is full of labor, And strong are its strife and care, The fever-heat of the city...

WHY HE REFUSED.

The following is taken from a recent issue of the Evangelical Churchman and will be interesting for PROGRESS' readers from a clerical as well as layman's standpoint: Gentlemen:—I am in receipt of your favor of the 19th inst. calling me to become the pastor of the Open Door Church...

am told, displeased a few of the wealthy members of the parish. I do not see why a matter of conscience should displease wealthy politicians, but still, as a matter of fact, I have always voted as I thought best, and my present people have never objected. I should wish to continue in the same way if I should come to you, and that, you see, would work mischief at once.

I hope you will soon find such a man as you all want. If I find such a one, I will cheerfully recommend him to you, but for myself I most respectfully decline. Sincerely, D. CLERK. A GOOD SAMARITAN IN JAIL. He Made the Debtors in the Prison Happy for His Presence.

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prison. It was Colonel Swan, for whom, in his failing health, the doctor had demanded that privilege. He had accepted it gratefully; but, as if admonished from within, he said to the doctor, 'My proper air is the air of the prison; this breath of liberty will kill me.'

wrote, miraculous composition by those inspired men, and its marvellous preservation from all the accidents of time and chance, bespeak nothing less than the hand of God.

NEWS OF VICTORY.

James Thompson Cured of Diabetes by Dodd's Kidney Pills. Dodd's Kidney Pills Have Many Startling Cures to their Credit in Bruce County—No Medicine Made Can Approach Them.



ten more if my people continue to be as forbearing and considerate as heretofore. It occurs to me that perhaps I may not have expressed this letter in the usual terms of such documents. I have asked a neighbor to read it over and criticize it for me, and he has. He says I have been too frank. That I have told too much truth; that it would have been better to have simply said that I had changed my mind, or that the doctor thinks I had better remain in this locality for my health; or that my present church would give me up, and that I ought to end the letter smoothly by saying grace, mercy and peace.

Men of the latter class used to let their services to others for a gratuity, and were among the regular suitors for Colonel Swan's inexhaustible bounty. They were known in the prison as 'cottoncaps.' One of these, hearing that the American had lost his cotton cap, went to beg the place. The colonel knew all about the man, a poor wretch, with a large family, stranded there for lack of a few hundred francs. He asked a salary of six francs a month. 'That will suit me very well,' said the colonel; and opening a little chest, he added, 'Here is five francs' pay in advance.' It was the precise amount of the man's debt, and a fair instance of the colonel's benefactions.

"catholicity" that system of doctrine held by all parts of the Christian church, and by "charity" that a christian ought to be considerate, appreciative and social, even to those good men whose religious views do not harmonize with his own.

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Had the statesman and host in mind those agape (love-feasts of the first church of Corinth, where men of different shades of opinion 'broke bread' together to symbolize that they were one in devotion to the Master? Did he think of that saying of the Lord to Peter, that intolerant apostle, 'And do thou, when thou hast turned again, establish thy brethren' [Revised Version]? And did he believe, taking the suggestion from the great English judge, the codifier of admiralty law, Lord Stowell, that 'a dinner lubricates business and the grooves which lead to unity?'

Children's Nerves.

Liable to be Deranged by Close Confinement and Over Study. The continual grind of our schools is hard on child growth, shatters the nervous system and undermines the health. When



the headaches, twitchings, feelings of tiredness, sleeplessness and restlessness begin to manifest themselves give the children Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Mothers consider they have no equal for building up a child's health. Mrs. Darrow, 137 Arthur Street, Ottawa, Ont., says that her little girl got so bad with heart palpitation, nervousness and headache she had to take her from school and send for the doctor. His treatment did not do her much good so she tried Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. The result has been marvellous; the headaches have vanished, the nervousness disappeared, the palpitation has gone, and the little girl is now in splendid condition. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills sold by druggists at 50c. a box, or 5 for \$1.00. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

Notches on The Stick

"The Covenanter, The Cavalier, and The Puritan," by Oliver Perry Temple, One of the Equity Judges of Tennessee; 260 pp. Cloth: The Robert Clarke Co. Cincinnati, O., 1887. This work, written for the avowed purpose of magnifying the influence of the Covenanters as a factor in the New World civilization, is the work of a mind judicial in habit and constitution, if sometimes tinged with the generous enthusiasm of a partial special pleader. The Covenanter has never, indeed, been widely exploited by the historian or the patriotic orator, as has the Puritan; and it is time to hear what, from various sources, may be summoned up in his favor. Judge Temple abounds in citation from the widest range of historical authorship; but when he condescends to his own proper style we are not disappointed; for it is clear, direct, nervous, and, best of all, charged with the sincerity of a truthful mind dealing with a subject held for a long time in consideration.

The author, we think, does no injustice to Cavalier and Puritan in contrasting them with the Covenanter. Many of the most partial champions of New England have been summoned to show her greatness, and the heroism of her founders. Her position in relation to civil liberty, to a liberal education to literature and the arts, is one to inspire a generous enthusiasm at home, and a magnanimous recognition abroad. But her diffusive beams must not be allowed to obscure the pellucid light of many a morning star scattered along the border of our civil horizon, and contributing virtue to the day which now begins to visit all the nations.

Judge Temple opens his work by outlining the history of that remarkable people in their own land. It is an episode to the lover of liberty full of special inspiration, and shows the greatness of a people determined to be free above all the state and splendor of kings. A people who threw off with such startling unanimity and decision the double yoke of prelate and monarchy, and maintained the cause of the spiritual and intellectual man, with such constancy and efficiency, and under such prolonged stress of suffering manifest in their blood and brain, the energy of light and the endurance of iron, a vigor which shows what may be possible to the race, and marks the moral majesty of man. Knox was, indeed, the man of the hour, who trembled not at the anger of monarchs and the might of thrones; but at his back stood a resolved and purposeful constituency, as there must always be when any far extending reform is to be effected. After a struggle of nearly thirty years, the triumph of protestantism in Scotland was complete and the dominance of Rome disappeared from her borders, and the Kirk became the chief religious power to mould the mind and evolve the destiny of a nation.

The author points out, the probable fact that in this movement was the birth, and in this church the nesting-place, of modern Democracy. English dissent, and the prosperity of the Independents of Britain, depended in no small degree upon the decisive triumph of the Covenanter. The Vatican stood for supreme authority in matters spiritual, and temporal as well; the Episcopacy stood for the divine right of Kings to govern, though they governed tyrannously; the Kirk renounced both, and led the way to Republican victories in England. "The Kirk," says Lecky, "was by its constitution essentially republican;" and the confession of Charles I, shows that he understood the fact, when he asks for "any precedent where presbyterian government and regal power were together without perpetual rebellions. It cannot be otherwise, for the ground of their

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doctrine is antimonarchical." To be free was in the genius of that people and the faith they held. "The Scottish Commons," Froude declares, "are the sons of their religion; they are so because that religion taught them the equality of man."

There is given a rapid yet distinct view of the Covenanters in their struggle with the cruel, perfidious Stuarts. In that crisis the dwellers of the hills stood for their imperilled liberties; wasted by fire and sword hunted and driven, outlawed scorned and scorned, through all those dreadful years, they surrendered nothing that was contained in or implied by their sacred Covenant. That scene in the old Grayfriars churchyard at Edinburgh is worthy of painter and poet. There the leaders of the people met to renew the old "National League and Covenant." It was at day-break, as if to symbolize the dawning of a new era. In that old burying ground it seemed as if a glorious resurrection had taken place; for that historic church and the God's acre about it were thronged with ministers and nobles and an earnest intelligent peasantry. Prayer precedes the reading of the Covenant, and then the clear, resolute voice of Johnston is heard: "We promise and swear, by the great name of the Lord our God, to continue in the profession and obedience of the said religion; and that we shall defend the same, and resist all their contrary errors and eruptions, according to the vocation, and to the utmost of that power which God has put in our hands, all the days of our life." Recall this scene, together with that which witnessed the signing of that later charter, the Declaration of Independence, for the two are interrelated. No idle boasts were these, but to these avowals these fathers pledged their lives and their fortunes. They crowded around the now venerable instrument, and put their hand and name to it,—the Earl of Sutherland having led the way. Then, that document laid on a flat grave stone, the people gave it their eager endorsement, and couriers were sent wide throughout the country to procure signatures from the cotters dwelling by hill and dale.

In his second chapter Judge Temple proceeds to exhibit the Covenanter as a factor in the American Revolution; and, from the evidence given, his action and influence here conform to the traditions concerning him in the old country. Mr. Bancroft himself has admitted that "the first voice publicly raised in America to dissolve all connection with Great Britain came not from the Puritans of New England, nor the Dutch of New York, nor the Planters of Virginia, but from the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians." It is very reasonable that, if that people were in this country at all, and were in considerable numbers throughout the body politic, they must exercise a positive if not a decisive influence. A people who in a land where tyrannical forces had long pre-empted the ground and borne sway had found these evils intolerable and thrown them off, would not be likely to sit tamely by and suffer State or Church to over ride them on their virgin soil. And in harmony with such supposition are the facts. The Covenanters were in this country, and were widely dispersed. Their entry was not dramatic and imposing as that of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, nor did they found a State and dictate laws in the impressive manner of that people. They entered quietly, at different ports, and at different periods, in larger and smaller companies, and took their unobtrusive places and parts in the Commonwealth.

They were not distinguished among the wealthy or trading classes, but as farmers, artisans, teachers, and ministers, they did a work that made the country more invigorated, and strengthened still further the foundations of freedom. When they began to come the seacoasts and frontier towns were preoccupied, and they pressed into the West and South; yet wherever they went sprang into being the church and the school-house. When the land therefore, was all one, and the hope of successful resistance to tyranny was like a fire in the wilderness that people were the most assiduous and energetic in bringing fresh fuel and fanning it into life. No class in all the land were more more wholly and unswervingly patriotic in the most extreme sense of the term. "On June 4, 1774, the Covenanters of Hanover County, Pennsylvania, denounced in a public meeting the action of Great Britain as iniquitous and oppressive, and declared that in the event of that Government attempting to force unjust laws by the strength of arms our cause we leave to Heaven and our rifles." The movements of the Covenanter "Sons of Liberty," the action of the Presbyterian synod at Philadelphia, May, 1776, are well known matters of history, as is Jefferson's document and Patrick Henry's speech,—for in the veins of all these men pulsed the heroic martyr-blood of Scotland. It was said that in the whole country was

scarcely to be found a single Scotch Presbyterian who was at that time a Royalist; and the inference is that without the aid the Covenanter people gave, the States would hardly have ventured to fling at the feet of royalty the gage of hazardous war.

The author devotes two chapters to a consideration of "The Covenanter and the Cavalier," and two others to "The Covenanter and the Puritan," of which we should attempt a synopsis did space and time permit. We shall therefore give from these some sentences from Judge Temple in which the distinguishing characteristics of the Covenanters are set forth. "In courage, persistency, fortitude, firmness, natural capacity, purity of life, and in high moral and religious principle, no people ever surpassed them. Their industry and thrift were proverbial. In love of liberty, and in quickness to discern and resist every approach of oppression and wrong, an experience of centuries had made them the foremost people in the world. Their long and bitter trials in struggling for freedom of conscience had given them the true idea of religious toleration, as it exists to-day in every State of the Union, and as it is fixed in the constitution of every commonwealth. They required for themselves the fullest liberty in religious matters, and both in Ireland and in the colonies generously conceded the same to all other sects. They did not demand that their church should be made the church, but that it should be equal with others. They did not seek to impose restrictions on other religions, nor to gain peculiar privileges for their own. Though their fathers, at an early day, in Scotland, had persecuted men for opinion's sake, a century and a half of suffering, of trial, of development, had lifted them up to an elevation of larger vision and of more charitable thought. And except for the voice, the influence and the votes of the Covenanters in Virginia, it may be safely affirmed that Mr. Jefferson and his associates could not have removed the deeply-rooted and strongly-entrenched Cavalier restrictions on a free religion in that State."

Of course, it cannot be pretended, (since man is everywhere human, and therefore subject to error) that the Puritan is not entitled to that great repute and glory long claimed for him; or that the Covenanter never overstepped that dubious boundary that separates a virtue from a fault. It cannot be maintained successfully that he always kept that high level of character and prominent influence that has been set forth to his credit in these pages. In the south particularly, he suffered, as all people did, from the presence of the evil and blighting system of negro slavery, humane and benevolent as he was apt to be when a master. Isolated in frontier and mountainous districts, removed from communities of his race, and from any system of public schools, it is not singular if he might be found somewhat declined from his former stage of mental intelligence and vigor, while still often retaining the warm and generous and tolerant disposition that has ever characterized his race. Still no people, as a whole, can justly be subjected to less reproach; they have contributed of their strength to build up all the States; they have given the lustre of great names to the bead roll of the country; they have entered into the life of many of the religious denominations; they have been a modifying, and usually a supporting and ennobling influence everywhere,—in religion, in jurisprudence, in statesmanship, in literature. Among the names that give lustre to the annals of America, those of Henry Randolph, Jefferson, Clay, Madison Witherspoon, Jackson, Robertson, Boone, Kenton, Campbell, McDowell and many others, do not shine below those

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ARE THE BEST IN THE MARKET."

All Dealers ...

... keep them.

STANDARD NEVER LOWERED.

of other races that have become illustrious on new world soil.

We can most cordially commend Judge Temple's book to the readers of PROGRESS, for its fulness of information, and the excellent manner in which that is communicated. PASTOR FELIX.

"Made Me a New Woman."

The Life of Mrs McLaster of Toronto, is Saved.

A Case that Proved Too Difficult for the Physicians Yields to the Wondrous Virtues of Paine's Celery Compound.

A Signal Victory for the King of Medicines.

Pains Banished, Eyesight Quite Restored, and a New Life Begun

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.

GENTLEMEN:—Ten years ago I was attacked with neuralgia, and though treated by six doctors, the disease grew worse and nearly drove me insane. I was for one summer an out-door patient at the hospital here, but only got temporary relief.

I was sleepless for nights, my digestion was bad, and I would feel a pain in my stomach every time I ate anything. Day after day I suffered the most intense agony, and I often wonder I didn't go crazy. I took endless medicines given me by medical men, and getting worse, I became utterly disheartened.

One day my deliverance came. A lady who had suffered just as I had, told me that Paine's Celery Compound had cured her. I used the Compound as a last resort, and it simply made a new woman of me. The pain vanished; my eyesight, which was impaired, returned; and I felt myself growing well, and I never felt happier in my life. I am now well and strong, and all my health and happiness are due to Paine's Celery Compound. I will always gratefully remember the medicine that cured me, and will speak a good word for it.

MRS. THOS. MCMASTER

46 Cumberland St. Toronto.

A Qualified Misfortune.

To illustrate the readiness of some unscrupulous people to turn even their calamities to a dishonest advantage, the story is told that a certain small farmer complained to a relative that his cow was sick.

"And you have to buy milk?" asked the relative.

"Land, yes!"

"How much do you have to pay?"

"Mis' Tewkesbury lets us have some of hers for five cents a quart."

"Well, what do you do with your milk while the cow's sick?"

"Oh, we sell it to the city milkman."

"Get five cents a quart from him?"

"Sakes, no! He gives six!"

Pile Terrors Sweep Away.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment stands at the head as reliever, healer, and sure cure for Piles in all forms. One application will give comfort in a few minutes, and three to six days application according to directions will cure chronic cases. It relieves all itching and burning skin diseases in a day. 35 cents.

A Sensible Heir.

A pretty little story is told of a young clerk in a dry-goods shop who has recently come into possession of a large fortune through the favor of an old gentleman distantly related to him. The young fellow listened with amazement to the news imparted to him by his employer and the old gentleman's executor one afternoon.

"I suppose I must not expect your services as clerk any longer," said the dry-goods merchant with a smile. "I shall be sorry to lose you."

"Oh, I shall stay my month out of course sir," said the boy, promptly. "I shouldn't want to break my word just because I've had some money left me."

The two older men exchanged glances. The money referred to was nearly three hundred thousand dollars.

"Well," said the lawyer, stroking his mouth to conceal his expression, "I should like an hour of your time between ten and four to-morrow, my young friend, as it will be necessary for you to read and sign some papers."

"Yes, sir," said the clerk; "I always take my lunch at a quarter before twelve; I'll take that hour for you instead to-morrow. If I eat a good breakfast, I can get along all right till six o'clock."

The two men again exchanged glances, but neither said a word to spoil the boy's unconsciousness that he was taking his good fortune in an unusual way.

"Well," said the lawyer, when the door had closed on the modest heir to thousands "all I can say is, if that boy ever uses his money to anybody's disadvantage, I miss my guess! And the years that have elapsed since then has gone to prove the truth of his words."

The Test of Good Nature.

Fuddy—There is one thing that can be said of Mercer; he lives up to the golden rule.

Duddy—In what manner, pray?

Fuddy—When he tells Groper a good story Groper never laughs at it; but when a few days later Groper tells the same story to Mercer, Mercer laughs as though he would split.

KNIVES FORKS & SPOONS STAMPED 1847. ROGERS BROS. ARE GENUINE AND GUARANTEED by the MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD

Woman and Her Work

All the members of our sex are credited with a fondness for tea, but it is usually partaken of in the form of a beverage, and we are usually spoken of as slaves to the "cup which cheers yet not inebriates."

Here is a decidedly novel method of securing offers of marriage girls, if you happen to have only a few scraps hanging from your belt, and pine to make a better showing before your more fortunate neighbors.

THE LIQUOR HABIT—ALCOHOLISM.

I guarantee to every victim of the liquor habit, no matter how bad the case, that when my new vegetable medicine is taken as directed, all desire for liquor is removed within three days, and a permanent cure effected in three weeks, failing which I will make no charge.

A. Hutton Dixon, No. 40 Park Avenue, Montreal, Que.

ECZEMA

Most Torturing, Disfiguring, Humiliating. Of itching, burning, bleeding, scaly skin and scalp humors is instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a single application of CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure, and a full dose of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of blood purifiers and humor cures.

Cuticura

REMOVES speedily, permanently, and economically cure, when all else fails. PIMPLY FACES. Prepared and Bottled by CUTICURA SOAP.

to write to three of their friends asking them to do likewise.

At first the answers came with discouraging slowness, but as the letters became more widely circulated her mail grew heavier and heavier, until at the present time she is receiving over a hundred letters a day, and the fund for her college course has reached nearly five hundred dollars.

Another generous, whole hearted soul also from Ohio, suggests that the town in which he lives would offer her excellent facilities in the college line, and as an extra inducement to lure her thither he offers her the glittering bait of a home with his mother and himself.

It would seem as if the supply and demand balance was not properly regulated in the State of Ohio, or else that the men of that State preferred foreign articles to home manufacture, because two more Ohio men have sought to transplant Miss Leech to their part of the country.

Thus it will be seen that Miss Rosa Leech is under no further necessity of teaching, and that she need not even go to college unless she likes, but can settle down to a life of luxury and ease whenever she feels so inclined.

It would seem as if common sense occasionally had her way even in the frivolous world of fashion, since three of the famous Paris dressmakers, no less lordly beings than Worth, Pingot Doucet, have met with an ignominious failure in their effort to introduce a new skirt.

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation.

One French fashion which shows every indication of being adopted in New York especially by very small, and very stout, women, and that is the train for evening costumes. Of course it is only natural that the short and dumpy sisters should for the train lends dignity to everyone; but it is a nuisance for dancing and men will condemn it universally.

After a short eclipse the black and white costume has emerged from its retirement with its charms renewed and a promise of greater popularity than ever. All manner of striking and pretty schemes are being carried out in this combination.

A pretty illustration of this style is a skirt of white poplin with patterns in black lace tacked on. The bodices of white chiffon, accordin plaited, and a little bolero made of two frills of black lace helps to carry out the black and white scheme.

A pretty model for a silk blouse is of chrysanthemum red china silk, with a frill of itself below the waist, around the neck, and at the wrists, edged with narrow cream colored imitation Mechlin lace.

Ties and girdles of this kind are very much worn, and are really the distinguishing marks of a costume now-a-days. They

SYRUP OF FIGS



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

What Do You Think of it? A dollar and a half book for only 50 cents. We are offering as an inducement to new subscribers, the book, Life and Times of Hon. Joseph Howe, by G. E. Fenety, together with a year's subscription to PROGRESS for \$2.50.

A Fair and Beautiful Complexion. Pimples, Freckles, Blisters, Blackheads, Redness. And all other Skin Eruptions, vanish by the use of Dr. Campbell's SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS and FOUOLD'S MEDICATED ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP.

are really not expensive, and it is such little accessories in dress, which really make the woman. The bouquet of velvet flowers, sometimes a tuft of red, or white rose, a knot of pansies, or perhaps a bit of holly or mistletoe, takes the place of a more expensive chataine, and the ribbon streamers and cravats are made of odds and ends of satin, moire, or velvet ribbon, which could scarcely be used for anything else.

KISSING THE HOLY BIBLE.

It is generally assumed that 'kissing the book' is, or at any rate was until recently, a necessary part of the legal ceremony of oath taking. This assumption is, however, probably not justified.

When the practice of kissing the book began is, says the Law Journal, undetermined. It has been stated that this form was first prescribed as part of the ceremony of taking the oaths of allegiance and supremacy. It is interesting and may be significant to note that Shakespeare only once alludes to the practice of kissing the book, and on that occasion turns it into ridicule.

raised his right hand. The jury doubting what credit they ought to give to his oath, the matter was referred to the chief justice, who ruled that Dr. Owen had taken as good an oath as any other witness.

A DISGUSTED ADMIRAL.

The Admiral became disgusted and steered his course for Russia. An anecdote told by Harpers Round Table, illustrates the enterprise of Yankee skippers years ago, when New Bedford whalers were found at the far north and also at the far south.

A squadron sent out by Russia to explore the South Seas, and reach the pole if possible, had attained a degree of latitude which the admiral proudly told himself had never been reached before by white men or other human beings.

Had Misunderstanding.

"It was all I could do to keep from laying violent hands on him," said the keeper of the high-class cafe, as the pale young man departed. The idea of his calling this place a beanery!

NOT Good to Eat



But applied to the chest in Colds, Bronchitis, Pleurisy and Pneumonia, and to painful spots in Rheumatism, Sciatica, Backache, Kidney Troubles, etc. BENSOPE'S PLASTER instantly relieves and cures quicker than any other external remedy. All Druggists. Price 5 cents. Loomis, Miles & Co., Montreal, Sole Agents for Canada.

UNION OF SENTIMENT.

"Three Cheers for Home," Made the Opposing Soldiers Good Friends.

Stories of individual friendship between the soldiers of our two armies during the Civil War are among the commonplaces of history.

A short time after the Battle of Fredericksburg the men on both sides were perfectly friendly though so lately they had been arrayed against each other with all the ferocity of wolves.

Still it was impossible to choke out our friendliness. Sometimes a Confederate might be heard calling, "Say, old Yank! how you getting on?"

"All right, old Johnnie," would come the answer. "What's the news?"

"Say, old Yank! send me a newspaper and some coffee!"

"All right, old Johnnie. I'm going off duty now. See you again to-morrow. Good-by."

It was here, in the spring of '63, that a beautiful incident happened. The two armies were encamped on either side of the Rappahannock, and as twilight fell, the Union bands began to play "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "Rally Round the Flag."

Suddenly a single soldier in one of the bands was inspired to begin a sweeter, more tender air, and as he slowly played it, all the instruments on the Union side joined in, until a great and mighty chorus swelled up along the line of both armies.

When the music ceased, there came a challenge from the boys in gray: "Three cheers for home!" And as they went resounding toward the skies from both sides of the river, something washed off the stains of powder from many a soldier's cheek.

FUN ENOUGH.

He Knew a Game That Could Beat Chess and Golf Hollow.

If you would enjoy your work, go about it as if it were a game you were set upon winning. According to the Detroit Free Press, a certain old farmer learned this secret—which is not a new one—while watching two "city fellows" playing chess.

"Excuse me," he said, "but the object of both of you is to get them wooden objects from where they are over to where they ain't?"

"That partly expresses it," replied one of the players.

"And you have to be continually on the lookout for surprises and difficulties?"

"Constantly."

"And if you ain't mighty keener, you're goin' to lose some on 'em?"

"Yes."

"An' then there's that other game that you dress up old fur, an' play with long sticks an' a little ball?"

"You mean golf."

"I think prob'ly that's what I mean. Is that game amusin'?"

"It's quite interesting, and the exercise is very beneficial."

"Well, I reckon it's a mighty good joke on me."

"To what do you refer?"

"The way I've been havin' fun without knowin' anything about it. If you gentlemen want to really enjoy yourselves, you come over an' git me, to let you drive pigs. You'll git all the walkin' you want, an' the way you have to watch for surprises, an' figger so's not to lose 'em, would tickle you most to death."

A Queen's Milkmaid.

The Queen of the Belgians and Princesses Clementine, while driving in a pony cart one day last summer, had a charming rural adventure, which the London Post describes: They stopped at a farmhouse to buy a glass of milk. Nobody but an old, paralyzed woman was in the house, and she replied that no milk was left in the jug, and that she was unable to milk a cow.

"Never mind," said the queen; "if you will allow me, I will go to the pasture. Just tell me where the jugs are."

"But my dear lady, you are from the town, and you will never be able to milk a cow," objected the old woman. She was mistaken, however, for a little later her majesty returned, with a half-filled jug. Meantime, Princess Clementine had laid on the table three bowls, a loaf and the needed knives and plates. The old farmer's wife was served by the princess, who it appears, greatly enjoyed the adventure.

Practical.

The great Marchesi, like other famous singers, was the recipient of valuable gifts from an admiring public. Many of these were of a perishable nature, and some



"Every one to her taste

—as the old woman said when she kissed the cow." If you'd rather do your washing and cleaning in a slow, laborious way, spending your time and strength in useless, tiresome, ruinous rubbing, it's nobody's business but yours. You are the one that will suffer by it.

But if you want the easiest, quickest, most economical way of washing and cleaning—then you'll have to use Pearline. There's nothing else, among things absolutely safe to wash with, that can be compared to it.

Millions NOW USE Pearline

were rich and rare; one only bore the character of absolute practicality.

During a concert tour in Switzerland, there was one concert in which the prima donna was especially brilliant. She sang a varied programme; a song from Handel, an Italian air, some German songs; and not only through their greatness, but the diversity of her gifts, roused her audience to a tremendous pitch of enthusiasm.

"You delighted me so very much at your last concert," said she, "that today I should like to express my admiration for you in person. Flowers, however, fade. I therefore beg to offer you a lasting and practical souvenir which will keep me in your memory."

With these words, she unwrapped a silver soup ladle, presented it and disappeared.

Great Changes Are Slow

If the weather in England should suddenly change from the warmth of the middle of July to the cold of the middle of January, and the change remain permanent, it is scarcely necessary to say we should be surprised and alarmed.

But it will never happen. Natural processes are always slow in exact proportion to their importance. From the little leaf that rustles to the ground, to the day when all the deciduous trees stand naked in the wintry blast, we see and mark every step of the road, and are not, therefore, taken unawares.

So it is with those important changes in the structure or the functions of the human body which lead to permanent disability or to death. Being ignorant of the steps in these changes, as well as of the radical causes of them, the most of us are apt to misjudge their meaning; and also likely to be hopeful in the wrong place, and frightened in the wrong place. Perhaps, it were better to say, as a practical, working truth, that the time to be frightened and the time to be hopeful are the same time. I will show you my idea more clearly after you have read the following short account of an illness, written by the woman who suffered from it:—

"At Easter, 1895," she says, "I caught a severe cold, which made me feel low and weak. I lost my appetite, and what little food I ate gave me great pain at the chest and around the heart. I had also a stabbing pain at the left side, which made it difficult to breathe.

"Both my legs from the knees to the soles of my feet were swollen and puffed out, until I feared the skin would break. I was in agony night and day; and so great was the gnawing pain in the stomach that I often cried out because of it.

"I could not bear to put my foot to the ground, and for nine weeks I sat propped in an armchair, unable to go to bed.

"Month after month I lingered in this condition, and finally grew so feeble I never thought to get better. I had a doctor attending me who said my ailment was dropsy, and that my kidneys were diseased. But his medicines failed to relieve me.

"One day in August (1895), whilst I sat by the fire, I took up Lloyd's Newspaper, and read about Mother Seigel's Syrup. I sent to Mr. Jones, the chemist at Merion, for this medicine and after taking it found myself much better. All the swelling and pain gradually left me, and by continuing to use the Syrup I soon got about, and felt well.

"Since that time I have kept in the best of health. Three of my family have also benefited by this medicine. You can make what use you like of this statement. (Signed) (Mrs.) Caroline Jones, 20, Bath Road, Mitcham, Surrey, January 7th, 1897."

Now, we shall be at some at the point I desire to call your attention to by means of a quotation from a high medical authority, who says:—"The actual and visible dropsy of the legs is commonly preceded—often by months or years—by dyspepsia and derangement of the liver."

There you have the important fact in twenty-five words. The cold Mrs. Jones caught at Easter, 1895 was but an incident. It may or may not have hurried along the crisis. Her disease was dyspepsia, acting, as it does, upon the organs of secretion, and in the end causing dropsy—a jamming back of the water in the tissues. Had the trouble continued until the vital organs were congested, she might have died suddenly. Gradual death by dropsy is, however, the more common result.

The practical teaching of this, and similar cases, is this:—Use Mother Seigel's Syrup when the first signs of dyspepsia appear, and stop the mischief before it has time to become dangerous.

INFLUENCE OF A BOOK.

One Life Upon which a Good Book had a Great Influence.

Pope's line, "Just as the twig is bent the tree inclined," has caused much apprehension to nervous parents, who have sometimes mistaken a boy's slight curvature for a permanent inclination. Perhaps their anxiety may be soothed by reading about the early life of Joseph Henry, the first secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and a scholar whose contributions to electrical science enabled Professor Morse to invent the modern telegraph.

When Joseph was nine years old his father died, and he was forced to go to work in a country store. His employer, a good-hearted man allowed him his afternoons to attend school; but the boy showed little inclination for learning and no fondness for books.

For two or three years there was nothing to distinguish him from any "country boy"; but one day, in chasing a rabbit, he crawled through the broken foundation wall of the village church, and attracted by a glimmer of light made his way up into the vestibule of the building, where the village library was kept. Young Henry took down a volume, which happened to be Brooke's "Fool of quality," a novel with a moral purpose, and became interested in the story.

"That was the first book I ever opened voluntarily," said he telling the incident after he had become famous. He returned again and again by the underground passage to the library, and regaled himself upon the fiction therein.

When about fourteen years of age young Henry left the country store and went back to his mother's house in Albany, where he found temporary employment with a silver smith. He developed a great fondness for the theatre; obtained entrance behind the scenes, and learned the methods of producing stage effects. He joined the "Rostrum," an amateur theatrical society, and distinguished himself by his ingenuity in stage management. The failure of his employer gave him to write a comedy and to dramatize a serious story.

Doubtless his mother looked with apprehension on her son's inclination toward the theatre and play-writing; but it was temporary. The bent of his mind was disclosed to himself when he took up during a slight illness, a book entitled, "Lectures on Experimental Philosophy, Astronomy and Chemistry," intended chiefly for the use of the use of Young Persons, by G. Gregory. The volume led him to the road in which he walked for sixteen years. After his death it was found in his library, with following inscription written upon its fly-leaf:

"This book, although, by no means a profound work, has under Providence, exerted a remarkable influence upon my life. It accidentally fell into my hands when I was about sixteen years old, and was the first work I had ever read with attention. It opened to me a new world of thought and enjoyment; invested things before almost unnoticed with the highest interest; fixed my mind on the study of nature, and caused me to resolve at the time of reading that I would immediately commence to devote my life to the acquisition of knowledge."

The boy at once resigned from the "Rostrum," and ceased writing plays. He attended a night school at first, then he entered the Albany Academy, where he paid for his own tuition by teaching a "district school." Subsequently, while serving as assistant in the academy, he was made its professor of mathematics, became interested in electro-magnetism, and developed the principles which, when applied to Morse's telegraph, made it effective at a distance. His subsequent brilliant career as a professor in Princeton College and secretary of the Smithsonian Institution illustrates the tremendous influence of one good book.

LEARNED A LESSON.

Miss Fidelia had the Cat and the Hotel People were Paid for it.

A man who stopped at a crowded hotel in a city where a national political convention was in session stepped up to the clerk's desk on the morning of his departure to settle.

"Aw, how much is it, me good fellow?" he asked the clerk.

"Thirty-six dollars," replied that functionary, after a glance at his accounts.

"How do you make that out?"

"Four dollars a day for three of you, You have been here three days. Three times twelve are thirty-six."

"But, me good fellow, there are only two of us—my wife and myself."

"You registered as 'Mr. and Mrs. Up-Smith and Fidelia.'"

"Aw, me good fellow, 'Fidelia' is my wife's lapdog. You can't charge for a lapdog, you know."

"All I know is that we put an extra cot in your room for Miss Fidelia," rejoined the inexorable clerk, "and every cot in the house has got to bring in money this week. Thirty-six dollars, sir."

And Mr. Up-Smith had to pay it.

A Clear, Smooth Skin.

Eruptions, rashes of all descriptions, and the varied forms of skin diseases are essentially the result of impure blood.

The wonderful cures wrought by Burdock Blood Bitters in such diseases as Eczema, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Shingles, Erysipelas, etc., are on account of its marvellous blood purifying and blood enriching qualities.



It makes the skin clear by making the blood pure.

No better beautifier than B.B.B.

Mrs. R. E. Lees, Fenelon Falls, Ont., says: "I feel thankful to say that through the use of B.B.B. I am strong and healthy to-day. I was troubled with eczema, which broke out all over my body in a scarlet rash and then turned to large sores, some as large as a 25 cent piece. I tried two doctors and they did me little good. At last I got Burdock Blood Bitters and took four bottles which entirely cured me and I cannot say too much in its praise. It has made my skin clear and smooth."



The Only Desirable Substitute for Whalebone Obtainable.



To introduce Dr. Weston's Improved Pink Iron Tonic Pills for making blood, for pale people, female weakness, liver and kidney disease, nervousness, general debility, etc., we give away a 10c. gold-dialed watch. Ladies or gentle, nice, FREE engraved, reliable time-keeper, warranted 5 years. The Pills are 50c. per box, \$2.50 for 6 boxes. Send this amount and you receive 6 boxes and the watch, or write for particulars. This is a genuine offer. THE DR. WESTON PILL CO., 200 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.



She is sure of its merits and knows that the can bearing the seal of the famous coffee and tea importers,

Chase & Sanborn, contains the purest, best, and most delicious coffee that expert buyers can procure.

She also knows that this coffee comes to her in all its original freshness and strength, because leading grocers sell

Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Java and Mocha, in one and two pound cans.

Advertisement for Dr. Harvey's Red Pine Cures. Text: A RECORD OF MANY YEARS IT NEVER FAILS. HAVE YOU A COUGH? A dose will relieve it. HAVE YOU A COLD? A few doses will remove it. TRY IT ALSO FOR Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis. DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE CURES. ONLY 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE. As good for children as for adults. "THE ESSENCE OF THE VIRGINIA PINE" THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., MONTREAL (4).

Advertisement for Teaberry Teeth. Text: TEABERRY FOR THE TEETH. PLEASANT TO USE - HARMLESS. ARRESTS DECAY - AT ALL DRUGGISTS - 25 CENTS A BOX. ZOPESA-CHEMICAL COY - TORONTO.

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BOUGHT AND SOLD.

'Can it be possible? The words were spoken in an undertone, with a quick gasp for breath, and then the lady stood very still, looking down on the disordered drawers and the letters that lay on the top. Little bundles of muslin and dimity, alternating with knots of faded ribbon and old lace, were scattered all around, for their owner had been searching among them for an old embroidery pattern; and so she had come so idly upon the packet of old letters she had stowed away there two years before.

The letters were written by Mrs. Fleming's old schoolmate, Amy Norris, and the soft girl's handwriting spoke to her heart a whisper faint and tender from the olden time.

Dear Amy! She had been married three years before and her station in life was far below that of Mrs. Fleming's; but the ladies eyes grew dim, as she unfastened the ribbon which, for two years, had held together those half dozen epistles.

Amy's sweet face seemed leaning up close to hers once more, and she saw the old brick house, with their sloping roofs, where they had lived in the days that would never come back again.

But as the packet fell from the loosened ribbon, it disclosed two other letters, and these called forth the exclamation, and brought the sudden pain to Mrs. Fleming's face.

She thought those letters were all tumbled to ashes long ago—that she had burned them on that terrible night when she hurried away all the past. But now she saw how it was in her haste and anguish she had mistaken the letters, and burned two of Amy's instead.

There was no one of all Mrs. Fleming's admirers to see her as she stood by the open drawer, her little fingers moving caressingly over those two letters; and it seemed almost a pity, for hardly a year had she looked more beautiful.

There was so much to be said in her attitude, so much mournful pathos in her young face; and yet it was not that the world should read the story that until that hour had been written and rolled up and laid away in her own heart.

She had not seen his writing for two years; and yet how natural it looked! The bold, graceful capitals, the free, running hand, all had a language for her!

She knew, too, by the post mark which letters there were, and when they were written—the first, so tender and loving before he learned that she was about to be married to another—the last, wild and reproachful, afterward!

How she had loved that man! How the past came back to tell her of it! The old red brick house—how it loomed up in the distant perspective, amid the cool summer nights, when she sat under the old portico all grown over with sweet briar, and he sat here too!

But dearest and brightest and dearest of all stood up, in that world of old memories, the new home which they were to have.

It was to be a little white cottage, with green window-blinds and a small garden in front. How she had dreamed about it—and of the flower border running up to the steps!

What a happy loving wife she expected to be in that dear little cottage, home—going every morning through a road of dell for a household duties, for Harry could only afford to keep one domestic.

And in the late afternoon, when the table was all laid, with its snowy cloth, when she would put on a white muslin dress (Harry liked white muslin), and a few rosebuds in her curls, and she would go out and wait for him at the garden gate.

How his handsome face would light up as he came round the corner and caught a glimpse of her, and a moment later his strong arm would be around her waist, and his low, deep, 'My darling Laura!' would be the sweetest sound earth held for her.

And, as that quiet domestic picture came up to confront her, the proud elegant Mrs. Fleming bowed her head on her hands and sobbed like a child.

Then she laid her fingers on the letters with a nervous, timid glance around the room, for the lady's heart whispered that she had no right to read them; and it was better to lay them in the grate yonder, where the fire was leaping up to fold them in its long, red arms.

'Thee can't be any harm in reading them over,' she whispered, for her conscience needed a narcotic; 'it is so long ago, and we shall never meet again.'

So Mrs. Fleming opened the letters and read them. I cannot tell how they wrung her heart, particularly the last one, with its wild frantic reproaches, and the love and the suffering so apparent through all.

'I was not so much to blame as you thought me, Harry,' she murmured as she laid the letter in her lap. 'Our property was all melting away, and they told me that you had grown cold and worldly, and I thought I must, too. If the letter had only come the week before, I should not have been what I am now.'

And then she looked around that elegant chamber, and thought what she was now—a wife, bought and sold and paid for, in gold and lands and earthly grandeur. How the thought burned and festered in her proud soul as she sat there!

'A wife, loved by her husband as he loved his horses, his dogs, and his houses; loved, but only because her beauty and her grace were the crowning glory, the chiefest ornament, of that magnificent home which was his, and his delight.'

The lady looked around her luxurious chamber that morning with a sinking heart. The marble wash stands, the damask curtains, the handsome carpets, looking like a world of Damascus roses, scattered over a bed of snow, were worthy the wife of a millionaire.

And yet the mistress of all this wealth,

sitting in her chamber, murmured to herself, 'I wish he had never found me in the old red brick house where I was so happy! I wish I stood this very morning in the kitchen of the little cottage we were to have, and that, in a plain cotton dress, I was preparing your dinner, my Harry!'

'Please, ma'am,' and the entrance of her maid was a harsh interruption to the lady's monologue; 'Mr. Fleming has just sent you the new drab and pink satin for the party next Tuesday night.'

'Ah me! those old letters! If she had never read them! That party!—if she had never gone to it!'

'You have not forgotten me, Laura! I read it in your blue eyes to night.'

Harry Atwood's voice has lost none of its own depth, as he leaned down his handsome head to Mrs. Fleming's as they stood together in an alcove of the conservatory.

Most of the company had left, for it was late, and they felt quite secure from observation. Mr. Fleming's was not a jealous husband, and he was quite content that others should admire his wife so that he possessed her.

It was understood that Mr. Atwood and Mrs. Fleming were old friends, so they had nothing to fear from a prolonged tete-

'You may come, Harry,' she said.

That walk in the dim moonlight upon Mr. Fleming's beautiful grounds was followed by many another, for the first steps in the forbidden way are unusually pleasant ones.

Poor Mrs. Fleming! She must not be wrong; and then she loved Harry, although she tried to conceal this from him; but when he talked of the past, in those low, tender tones of his, her tears would come; she could not help it.

One evening—it must have been more than a week after their first meeting—Harry told Mrs. Fleming that his heart was much engaged; that the old love still lived there—a sweet but morbid memory.

'Oh Harry! don't do it! You forget; I am his wife!' murmured the young creature, as she bowed her pale face on her hands.

Then the lady drew her arm around her waist, just as she had done in the days that were gone, and said, 'You belong to me fit as Laura! Our souls were married before you ever took that false oath at the altar!'

He whispered to her of a flight to some skies—a home fairer than the one they had dreamed of in their youth—of a life

Like the colors of the rainbow, various in hue are the imitators of MONSOON Indo-Ceylon Tea It has no equal. All grocers keep it. Lead packets. Black and Mixed.

Mr. Fleming's grounds. The next day his wife was gone!

What an electric thrill it sent through the fashionable world—for her beauty and her rank had made Mrs. Fleming its popular idol.

She knew little of the cause and scorn that were heaped on her head in the quiet of that Italian home to which she was borne by the man who loved her only too well.

The dog jumped at the horse, seized in his powerful jaws the nearest rein close by the bit, and by main strength held the animal's head down. The young lady stepped up to the post, deliberately looked over her letters, and slipped them into the box one by one, while the horse was striving with all his might to release himself. Then she stepped back and said, 'That'll do, Don!' and resumed her promenade.

The St. Bernard released the rein, cleverly dodged a blow from the horse's forefoot, avoided a bite aimed at his back, gave a farewell bark at his discomfited antagonist, and lumbered on after his mistress.

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Outwitting the Laird.

The people of two Scotch villages, in going back and forth, had long been accustomed to cross the extensive grounds of Lord So-and-So, especially when the family was absent. The short cut saved a full mile, and naturally the villagers used it as often as possible, till at last they came to feel that they had a right of way. Even when the owner was at home some of the bolder spirits would "run the blockade," knowing all the while that the lordship discovered them they would be bidden to "go back the way they had come." One day a farmer, wheeling his barrow along the forbidden path, caught sight of the lord some distance in advance. Instantly the farmer turned his barrow about and sat down upon it, as it resting. On came the laird, and presently he turned the corner. The farmer sat with his back toward the nobleman.

"Come, now," said the angry laird, none of this trespassing. Wheel about and go back by the way you have come."

The farmer wheeled about and went on—in the way he was going.



HIS GRANDFATHER'S WATCH

a tete. They had suddenly, unexpectedly, met at the party, and the heart of either was so changed.

Harry Atwood had become a successful lawyer now, and the world honored him. He had forgiven Laura long ago, for he had heard she was more "sinned against than sinning."

'Harry—Mr. Atwood, I mean—I am very glad to meet you and glad you looking so well.'

The lady's voice was courteous and calm; but her fingers trembled as they played with the carved points of her ivory fan.

'Call me Harry, Laura, for the sake of old times,' said he, and he looked up to me once, and say you have not forgotten them. Oh, Laura, I have thought how the bright star of this evening's festival once rose over my heart, and then went down forever. We cannot stay here much longer. Will you not grant me an interview to-morrow night—a private one—in your own house?'

'I cannot, Harry,' she replied; 'do not ask me. I am the wife of another now.'

'And what harm could there be in our walking together for half an hour in your garden?' said Harry. 'Your husband would not object to this, for I have watched the man narrowly tonight, and know him well. You could not refuse so simple a request to the veriest acquaintance. We have had many walks together, Laura, down by the old mill and past the meadow pond. Will you refuse me one now?'

He looked down on the fair face, and he saw that tears were on it, and he knew what the answer would be before it was given.

that should be one long poem of love. That time she fled from him with a wild shriek of fear and horror.

They did not meet again for many nights. It during that time she had only remembered the prayer of her childhood, "Lead us not into temptation!" But she was so young; and then that affliction was the one blossom her life had cherished in the midst of its sterile grandeur.

One night she was standing on the steps of her mansion, for she had just taken leave of some guests, when Harry Atwood suddenly sprang before her.

I do not know what was said by either party, but there were frantic gestures and wild appeals on one side, and a little later Mrs. Fleming was walking among her garden shadows with Harry Atwood.

This was repeated for several evenings, until one midnight a closed carriage rolled hastily away from the private entrance of

The world said Mrs. Fleming was happy there, but it was false. No woman can ever be happy who makes money a remuneration and love a crime.

But, dear me, how I used to smile when everybody made a parenthesis of pity in their exclamations on Mrs. Fleming—"Her poor husband and parents! My heart aches for them." And, sitting very quiet and listening, I thought, always, "Well, the one thought and the others sold her; and so they have had their reward."

USEFUL DOG.

A Little Comedy in which a Dog Plays a Leading Part.

A Boston street scene is described by the Herald. The participants were a young woman, a horse, and a St. Bernard dog. The dog, as will be seen, had the leading part.

The young woman, with a handful of letters, approached a letter-box post, to which her horse had, very improperly, hitched a horse. As the woman stepped forward, the horse put his ears down and snapped at her.

Speaking to him was of no avail, and for a minute the woman looked annoyed. Then she looked round, put a silver whistle to her lips, and blew a shrill blast. A moment later a big, shaggy, buff and white St. Bernard came lumbering along, with many demonstrations of good nature. She pointed to the horse.

'Hold him, Don,' she said.

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