

PROGRESS.

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Hounding Mayor Sears.

According to the opinion of some of the aldermen the mayor of St. John was in a bad way to create consternation in the British Empire because he sent a message of peace and good will to Canada's High Commissioner on New Year's day.

"May New Year's blessings rest upon her Majesty, bringing peace with honor," were the words of this thoughtful and loyal utterance.

And yet the effect of a red rag on a bull was nothing compared to the disturbance this message raised in the minds of Aldermen Millidge and Christie. The former was the first to get excited and he broke out in the shape of a resolution that represented the Mayor as hoping that Great Britain might make peace with honor. He sprung it upon the board of works and then the fun began. The Common clerk was directed to see the mayor and request him to call special meeting of the council the next day at high noon in order that the loyal aldermen of the city of St. John might repudiate the idea that they would encourage the thought of peace with honor.

The mayor said it was not convenient to call the meeting at that hour but he would do so at an early date. This would not do and the deputy mayor was approached with a requisition to call a meeting.

Now the law says that when the mayor refuses or neglects to call a meeting when presented with a requisition the deputy mayor can do so. He was not presented with a requisition but this is what happened and Wednesday morning at twelve o'clock the most of the city fathers gathered to deliberate how the false impression they considered the mayor's telegram would have could be removed.

Everybody anticipated a warm time and they were not disappointed. Ald. Millidge moved his resolution and those who held the telegram the mayor had sent in their hands saw at once where the attempt at misrepresentation came in. He supported it in a speech that was about as intelligible as his speeches usually are only that he had more grotesque gestures than ordinary.

Alderman Christie was the second and the first man to begin the battle was Ald. Colwell. He did not mince words and Christie and Millidge winced so under the ridicule he heaped upon them that they broke out in interruptions. He characterized the meeting "as a tempest in a teapot," a most ridiculous exhibition, and the most silly affair he had ever heard of in his life. In his opinion the mayor had the prerogative to send such a despatch and he could not and should not be blamed for it.

Ald. Christie—The mayor had no authority to send such a despatch and I am astonished at Ald. Colwell appearing here as his champion.

Ald. Colwell—I entirely repudiate such an accusation and regard the personal remarks of Ald. Christie as disgraceful and used for some political purpose best known to himself.

Ald. Christie—(rising in some excitement)—I want Ald. Colwell to understand that his course is of no consequence to me and that I have no idea it will detract from the honor and reputation of Ald. Millidge or myself. If I were as young as Ald. Colwell it is not in New Brunswick I would be but in the Transvaal with a musket on my shoulder. If after partaking of the New Year's hospitality of the mayor he comes here to champion him—

Ald. Colwell—I rise to a point of order. Ald. Christie has accused me of coming here as a champion the mayor and in insinuating that I am disloyal—

Ald. Robinson—No, he didn't.

Ald. Colwell—I'd like to ask the reporter.

Ald. Robinson—You have no right to ask the reporter.

Order of order, order.

Ald. Christie—Ald. Colwell ought to have a skin as thick as a rhinoceros if he comes here to attack me and Ald. Millidge.

Ald. Seaton—I take issue with Ald. Colwell—(Ald. Colwell, interrupting, You would do that naturally) and I am in sympathy with the resolution as proposed. Though old to take up arms, I have served and will serve again if it is necessary. Peace without honor is a disgrace.

At this point Ald. Allen burst out laughing

and left the room.

Ald. Seaton, (getting angry)—Ald. Allen may laugh but I mean every word I say.

Ald. Allen (returning)—Mr. Deputy Mayor, I beg Ald. Seaton's pardon but I do not think he meant every word he said. He said "Peace without honor." I think he meant "Peace with honor."

Ald. Seaton said he did.

At this point the door of the committee room opened and his worship Mayor Sears strode in with his overcoat on holding between his thumb and finger a postal card such as had been sent to the aldermen notifying them of the meeting and in a voice trembling with anger he addressed the Common clerk.

"Might I ask, Mr. Common Clerk, by what authority this was sent to me?"

The Common Clerk—By the authority of the deputy mayor.

The Mayor—Then I warn you that this is no council meeting under the law. Of all the cowardly acts that this council has been guilty of toward me—

Ald. Robin-on and Christie, interrupting with exclamations.

The Mayor—I want nothing to do with you, I am mayor and I am speaking. You have not complied with the act and I warn you that your acts are illegal as this is no council meeting and you are liable for anything that may result.

Ald. Christie—We will take the responsibility.

The Mayor—(turning to Ald. Christie)—And as for you Ald, Christie let me tell you that the people are waiting for you. They have several times given you your warning and your time will surely come.

The Deputy Mayor—Will you wait, your worship, until I can explain.

The Mayor—"I will wait for nothing"; and walks out of the room.

The deputy mayor then inquired of the common clerk what had taken place at the interview he had with the mayor and Mr. Wardroper replied "The mayor declined to call the meeting."

Ald. Colwell—The mayor declares that he did not decline to call the meeting.

The Deputy Mayor—Mr. Colwell—Ald. Colwell—Mr. Alderman Colwell, if you please.

Ald. Allen spoke for a few minutes in a quiet strain pointing out the difference in the resolution which said that the mayor hoped that Great Britain might make peace while the telegram expressed the wish that the year might bring peace. He did not think the mayor disloyal or that there was a citizen who could call him disloyal and to emphasize that his worship's heart was in the right place and his intention all right, he read the telegram that he sent at the same time to Captain Weeks the words of which were, "Success to Ours."

Ald. Christie who had been out for a few moments returned at this point and accused Ald. Allen of being the mouthpiece of the mayor. If his worship had an apology to make they were willing to accept it.

Ald. Allen—I object strongly to being misrepresented by Ald. Christie. I am not the mayor's apologist. I have not even seen him to wish New Year's greetings. I am pointing out the difference in the wording of the resolution and the telegram.

The remarks of Ald. McGoldrick were made in a calmer vein than any of the aldermen. He expressed the belief that all of the council were truly loyal, all willing to do what they could to assist the motherland in the great conflict. And the mayor in his opinion was a loyal as any of them. He had met him that morning and his worship had distinctly stated that no requisition had been presented to him.

The Deputy Mayor—Mr. Common Clerk, take that down please.

Ald. McGoldrick—I am simply stating what the mayor told me. I do not come here as his mouthpiece or apologist but I do want to say that I have no belief in and no sympathy with this talk of disloyalty that we have heard something of during a short time past. I think we are all loyal, all entirely in agreement with the council in its action when the first contingent was made up. There is not a man present who would not do all he could in the present war and

be proud to stand behind the mother country.

So far as this phrase goes there may be some diplomatic meaning connected with it that I cannot understand but I do not believe the mayor meant anything other than a most loyal citizen could mean and it as he has said, the requisition was not presented to him through the calling of this meeting is a pretty high handed piece of business.

The Deputy Mayor—It that is the case this meeting is totally illegal.

Ald. Christie—He said he would not call the meeting at the time specified.

Ald. Colwell—Did not the mayor say he would call it at an early date? I want Ald. Christie to understand that if he has said has not changed my feelings. This meeting is simply a demonstration of a

Burchill's New Year's Box.

Officer Thomas Burchill received a New Year's box which was as unexpected as it was disagreeable. Those who remember the McKelvey investigation—and who does not?—will remember the farcical way it ended and the reason for it.

Burchill was probably the innocent cause of the sudden termination to the affair and the explanation which Chief Clerk made to Mr. McKelvey and which was accepted by that gentleman. This was how it happened. Some days after the departure of the contingent Mrs. Earle met Burchill on the street and began to

complain of the way she was used at the station. The officer told her about the McKelvey affair and the investigation that was to be held in the rear future and upon this information she saw McKelvey who added her to the list of witnesses for his case.

It was after this that Capt. Jenkins went to Mrs. Earle and endeavored to persuade her not to give evidence and, she said coupled the advice with something in the nature of threats.

When Mr. Pogueley got Capt. Jenkins on the stand at the investigation all of this came out, but not before it had transpired that Burchill had the conversation noted above with Mrs. Earle. Burchill was also summoned, and then and there Mr. Pogueley spoke of the peril of the officers who gave evidence against the chief. This was pooh poohed at the time but note what has happened.

When PROGRESS heard that Burchill had been transferred to the North End, a representative of this paper began to make enquiries as to the cause. Burchill was not seen and has not been seen since the McKelvey investigation, but he has many friends on the force who have noted what has been going on and they say that since the McKelvey investigation neither the chief or Capt. Jenkins has spoken to him but have bided their time when the public might forget the cause of their offence to make it as unpleasant as possible for him. This has been done at last and Burchill removed from the district he lives in and sent over to the North End.

The men who live in the North End do not mind serving there but it means a good deal to a man who has his home and his family in the South End to be sent to the North End. From other sources PROGRESS learns that the chief does not agree with the idea of the people that Burchill is one of the best men on the force but, after all, the people and not the chief of police have the real and final power over the force.

Speculating in Tickets.

One often hears of the moves of speculators in opera house tickets in the United States but such things are but little known in St. John. Still the success of the Christmas performances in the Opera house, the demand for tickets and the lack of even standing room encouraged a number of young men to buy up the tickets early in the day and then peddle them out at an advance. This was the reason one heard on the opera steps that the "tickets were all sold" but that a few could be had from the speaker. Jack Wild stood there with about a hundred in his fist and the price of 85 cent seats were 50 cents, and of the 50 cent seats 75 cents. Perhaps this will be a lesson for the people to buy in advance but still the speculation custom is not one for the opera house to encourage.

An Enjoyable Reception.

There were many pleasant receptions on New Year's day but none of them were more successful than that the Empire club gave to a few of the friends of the members. Their rooms, which are in the Stockton building on Prince William street, are comfortably fitted up and the arrangement for the entertainment of the guests were such that they enjoyed them, selves thoroughly for two or three hours. An orchestra furnished music and there were good songs and recitations. Light refreshments were served and when the guests departed many congratulations were extended to the members of the Empire upon their quiet recreation home and the success of their New Year's reception.

Mr. Watson's Sudden Death.

The death of Mr. E. N. Watson, a master in the Robbsey school was a surprise to all who knew him. He used to come to the city every Friday or Saturday and remain until Monday at a city hotel. He was a fine looking young man, tall, splendidly formed and an athlete. While seeming to enjoy good health he must have been suffering for some time from the malady from which he died for it was a common thing for him to drink two pitchers of ice water during a night. His sudden illness and death was the more regrettable as he was away from home and the news went to his people during the festive season.



HON. LORNE E. BAKER,

President of the Yarmouth Steamship Company, Who Died This Week on the Train Between New York and Boston.

tempest in a teapot. The mayor may make mistakes but he is loyal. There is no necessity for this resolution which is perfectly ridiculous.

Ald. White made a pacific, regretful speech, agreeing with both parties and suggesting a compromise by placing the exact words of the mayor's telegram in the resolution. It almost seemed as if the position of the mayor and the council was becoming similar to that of Charles the first and his parliament. There was no doubt the mayor had some rights and he thought one of them was to send such a telegram which was certainly thoughtful. He gave the mayor credit for the highest motives but perhaps he was not happy in the choice of his words.

Then he moved his resolution agreed to by Ald. Millidge and some mention was made of cabling it home.

Ald. Allen—Cable it home! No, no. Ald. Christie—That's the intention.

Ald. Colwell—Is it as bad as that?

Then as one alderman looked at the other, somewhat in consternation, Ald. Allen remarked that if such a cable was sent it would remind the people strongly of a small paragraph that sometimes appears in the papers that John Smith of Black street was not the John Smith fined yesterday for drunkenness.

Ald. Keast attacked the mayor as disloyal and while he repeated that he did not come here to parade his loyalty he made a speech that might fairly be construed that way.

Ald. Maxwell—The resolution is all right. I do not think the mayor understood the meaning of the phrase "Peace with honor."

Ald. Millidge—The message does not reflect upon the mayor but rather on the extent of his understanding.

The deputy mayor before putting the resolution said he had simply done what he considered was his duty. Then the resolution passed, nobody voting nay and two or three saying yea.

In an interview the next day the mayor told of his conversations with the common clerk. According to his plain statement no requisition was served upon him and under this fact the meeting of Wednesday was entirely illegal and the cable sent to Lord Strathcona was not the expression of the council at all. How the bill of eighteen or twenty dollars for that cable can be paid will probably be thrashed out.

Around town there was the keenest indignation at the attempt to humiliate the mayor and the action of Alderman Christie and Millidge will not likely soon be forgotten.

AMELIA'S HELIX FLAOR FOUND A U. She had a strong Retort for Liquor Sold Without a License.

Amelia Francis keeps on Sheffield street. Her place is well known to the public and the inspector of liquor licenses has also heard tell that once in a while there is a drop of something takin' in 'Meel's place.

Last Saturday night she went to Tom Burns in company with another "lady" and it was reported had brought her supply. Now the inspector lives down in that quarter of the town and he heard about this.

So about half past eight he went to Sheffield street and asked Officers Amos and Rankine to go along with him. They did so and when they went in the Francis place there was a lot of trouble in Amelia's eye. She had an idea what they were after but she put on a bold front and told them to go ahead and search for she "didn't tell nothing."

A nice believing young man might have taken Amelia's word but Inspector Jones has grown even more skeptical than he was when in journalism and he set about to prove or disprove the words of the proprietress. She was left in charge of officer Rankine and after the lower rooms had been searched Amos and the inspector went to a little room at the head of the stairs.

Nothing could be seen, the room was a sort of pantry and over the window that gave light to it was a shelf about three feet long and eight inches wide. On this were some bottles of preserves.

"There doesn't seem to be anything here, Amos," said the inspector.

"No, sir, there does not seem to be anything," returned the officers. And yet both kept looking. All at once the inspector said: "Isn't that a crack there," pointing behind the bottles of preserves.

Amos looked, pushed against the wall and the slide flew back and ten bottles of liquor were taken out. While this was being done, Amelia came up to the door which had been closed and the fastening turned and inquired, "What yer doin' in dere."

"We will be out in a minute" said the inspector.

"Let me in" said she, "I surely have a right in dere."

Just then two bottles clinked and the sound was like a spur to Amelia. Down stairs she went and out the door and Rankine after her. She did not escape but was brought back and the case was as clear against her that the magistrate fined her.

STRAITS OF LADYSMITH.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.)

In this passage there is a picture of the stern old Gen. Koch: 'When noon arrived I went to F. C. Pienaar and reminded him of his promise of permits. He shrugged his shoulders, told me to had no further authority, and I turned me to Gen. Koch, who had arrived about 10 p. m. the previous evening. Choosing a favorable moment, therefore, I got the general alone. His bearing was very polite, and, for a man of his advanced age and venerable appearance, wonderfully firm; but a single glance at his cold expressionless eyes enabled me to anticipate his answer. He apparently did not speak English with ease and called up one who I was afterwards informed was his son, Judge Koch, and very deliberately told him to inform me as follows: 'You will stay here at least another two days, until the arrival of another commando, when a council will be held, and a decision taken as to what to do with you. If you remain here you will be protected; but if any of you are found on the veldt you will be shot indiscriminately. We mean absolute business this time.' Evidently we are fixed for a time.

A couple of hours after this I was sent for by Gen. Koch. Could I, he asked, find a sail (local for tarpaulin) as a wagon of ammunition had broken down in a spruit some two miles distant, and the night promised to be wet. I promised, seeing in the commission an opportunity to see what was afoot, and knowing moreover, that his own men could have got a sail any how if I had declined to find one. An escort was found me, and I went first to the station, where I knew a spare tarpaulin had lain. It was gone; but in looking for it, I found a case of dynamite, which had evidently been brought from the colliery magazine, distant about half a mile. A tremendous hammering was going on in the office, and on entering I found an officer using a hammer, and apparently opening up or nailing down the floor. I at once connected the case of explosives with the hammering, and suspected that the building was being mined. Before there was time to see what was being done I was peremptorily ordered outside, and when I replied that Gen. Koch had sent me for a sail I was told 'Go back and tell Gen Koch I don't know him.'

But the officers maintained discipline of a sort, as witnesses the following story of a duck. 'The afternoon dragged wearily on, and several of our party had a turn at cooking, none of the attempts seeming particularly satisfactory. Knives and forks crockers, etc., were rapidly disappearing, and our usual eating habits were following suit. Those who did not care to snatch a piece of half cooked mutton from the top of the kitchener and eat it Kafir fashion stood at good chance of going hungry. By chance however, I had a dinner of roast duck that night. Passing a couple of officers at the table, one of them asked me to join them and passed me what he called a 'duck with a history' to help myself before he and his brother officer began. The duck, according to his tale, had belonged to the proprietor of the hotel, and one of the rough burghers, seeing it, had cut off its head with his jack knife, and was making off with his prize when he stumbled into the arms of a field cornet, who demanded particulars of the way in which the duck came into his possession. No satisfactory explanation being forthcoming, he was deprived of his duck and sentenced to ride then to fifteen lashes in lieu thereof. The duck was taken inside and cooked for the officers, and together with a plentiful supply of potatoes, proved an appetizing dish.

'We then left the station premises, and went to one of the colliery sidings, where a train of military stores was being looted. My mission, and my escort together enabled me to go down the entire train, and watch the proceedings without interference. In one wagon dozens of new military saddles were found and this enabled the Boers to make use of the numerous horses they had captured on their way down. Another truck contained whiskey, which was destroyed as soon as found, the leader thinking it inadvisable to allow whiskey to get among their followers by the case. Further along the train we found meal, flour, bread, clothing, officers' baggage, bandmen's uniforms and instruments, what was useful was, of course, immediately annexed, and other goods were thrown out of the trucks and picked up by the scores of Indians and natives who were enjoying the spectacle. Some queer results were seen as the Boers found the officers' baggage and the bandman's uniforms. One of the roughest managed to squeeze his feet into a pair of patent leather topboots and exchanged his coarse jacket for a scarlet bandmaster's tunic. He attired he walked off with cartons in one hand and a boot tree in the other, no

doubt bent on ascertaining what the latter was used for. Another sat for some time making vigorous attempts to blow a note on a big trombone which was minus a mouthpiece; and, when he found it unworkable he threw it down and trampled the shape out of it. Among other finds the Boers got a number of polo sticks, tennis rackets, chess boards, folding chairs (each bearing some officer's name), and many similar things and these were the cause of much unfavorable comment on the part of the Boer officers, who failed to see the need of them. However, the folding chairs, at least, were useful, although it did not seem to be quite in the fitness of things to see Gen. Koch or Field Cornet Potgieter sit at ease in a chair which bore in large letters on its back, 'Capt—R. I. F., or 'Lieut—R. I. F.'

The Boers, too, seem to be able to sing songs other than hymns and psalms, for on the second night they had a smoking concert. 'As our stay seemed likely to prove a long one, and the hours dragged wearily on, a smoking concert was mooted, whether by our men or by the Boers, I cannot say, but whoever gets the credit of the initiative, it was duly arranged, and Field Cornet Pienaar was ready and willing to take the chair. Duty at 8 p. m., he appeared, and at once had some choice whiskey and cigars placed on the table, and he filled up and handed round to Briton and Boer impartially. The whiskey was consigned to some of our British officers at Dundee, and Pienaar jocularly admired their choice of whiskey, and, indeed, as the night advanced, he quite warmed up to the officers, who, as he put it, were not so bad as he thought, as evidenced by their good taste. Poor Pienaar had a right royal time and probably never had a jollier night in his life. It was his last on earth, for ere another sun had set he was stretched dead on the battlefield within a mile of the scene I have just mentioned, after, from all accounts, fighting like a Trojan.

'The smoking concert proceeded merrily, despite the extraordinary circumstances under which it was held. It was opened by a comic song, rendered by a refugee from Newcastle, whose musical abilities proved of great service. He and I then rendered the old duet, 'All's Well,' and on being encored responded with the 'Army and Navy' duet. A Transvaal burgher sang an Irish song, as only an Irishman can. He told us afterwards that this way his eighth campaign, but he did not know then that it was his last. Next day he was dead. A German sergeant then sat down to the piano. Sir Joseph Barnby's glee, 'Sweet and Low,' was sung to his accompaniment, and when I say that it was a success vocally and instrumentally and add that we all had to trust to memory it goes to show how wide is the popularity the little composition enjoys. The Boer sergeant then played a series of national anthems, including 'God Save the Queen' and the Transvaal Volkslied. They were all played with great taste, and I certainly never expect to hear our national anthem played or sung again under such apparently impossible conditions. While we English prisoners sang our national anthem, the Dutch present joined in, but as they sang in the taal I could not

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make out what they were singing, but they were well acquainted with the air and sang it freely. 'God Bless the Prince of Wales' was also played by the Germans, both English and Dutch singing in their respective tongues. Whether the Dutch version had any relation to ours I cannot say, but the tune was evidently familiar.'

Word from "Our Boys".

The following letter has been received from J. Benson Pascoe, one of the St John members of the Canadian contingent, and shows that the citizen soldiers were carrying a light heart and ready for the hard work before them in Africa. The letter reads as follows:—

'Well to begin with I am enjoying the best of health and spirits, and have all the way. One poor fellow from Ottawa died the fourth day out and was solemnly committed to the deep. A great number were sea sick, but not I. We have had a splendid trip, I have seen the sea as calm as a mill pond at mid ocean. We will arrive at Cape Town on Tuesday or Wednesday. Have not passed many ships, about ten. Have seen a few whales and sharks and lots of flying fish. We passed the Cape de Verde Islands on Sunday, two weeks ago today, and oh! you could not imagine, neither could I begin to explain the beautiful scenery. They are huge hills or mountains, green from top to bottom, except on the perpendicular face of the rock. If I ever see you again I will try and tell you about them. The cook had a big plate of canned corn yesterday, and while he was eating it, Will Swatridge swiped it out of his hand and ran, the cook fell head over heels down stairs chasing him, but failed to catch him. Just as I was dozing off to sleep last night the string of my hammock broke and down I went on a lot of dishes on a table under me. But there has been others, and I have had the pleasure of laughing at them. I did not hurt myself, so I will allow you to laugh at me. We had shooting a few days ago and I made first class. I have been a mess orderly most of the time, my duties are to wait on a table, wash the

dishes and keep clean around the table. There are two orderlies and ten men at each table. We have full sway of the ship and get clear of all other duties, such as fatigue, watch and guard, which are much more disagreeable. They have to swab the decks and other dirty work. With the exception of about 100 they are all a nice lot of fellows. Some splendid singers, and we have lots of it. Our camp gave a concert Friday night on the quarter deck, and the colonel was very much pleased with it. We have boxing exhibitions occasionally and I take an active part. I will write again when I get time and I will have something of interest to tell you. The next week or two will be a case of hustle, time is very precious. A number of fellows are to be sent home because they are not strong enough and some for different offences.

Sincerely yours, J. BENSON PASCOE

'Men Drank, Block Signals Seber.'

The introduction of block signals on railroads running fast express trains has lessened the danger and also created a feeling of safety in the minds of those who are compelled to travel to any extent.

The pilot on the engine of the postal express, when it reached New London, bore the signs of an accident in which some track walker had lost his life. The engineer knew nothing of it, nor could he tell when the supposed accident happened.

None of the operators could shed any light on the mystery, but, strange to say, the operator in the tower just east of the Westerley station failed to respond. Repeatedly he was called up, but to no purpose.

An investigation showed that he was lying on the floor, dead drunk. From the appearance of things, it looked to those present at the station as if the man had set out deliberately to celebrate. All the signals were set at safety, and there was no reason why the towerman should have been disturbed.

Grnel Kindness.

John Ruskin, at seventy five, had as keen a sense of taste as most men have at twenty, and greatly enjoyed new flavors.

'My palate,' he once said, 'serves me now so well, because when I was a child I was given only the plainest food. When I was a boy, too, I had but one or two toys and no amusements. Hence the keen delight which I take now in every little pleasure.'

Monsieur Renan explained to a friend his habitual cheerfulness in the same way. 'When I was young,' he said, 'my life was simple and bare. I had few amusements. I kept all my illusions; hence little things, which an indulged child in a luxurious home would scarcely notice, now give me an old man—real happiness.' Here is the hint of a truth worth the attention of American parents. If they have wealth, or even a moderate income, their fond effort usually is to give to their boys or girls all the pleasures in miniature which belong to middle age. Children are early made familiar with the ideas of fashionable clothes and jewelry. They have their

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formal luncheons and dinner parties, and even balls, in which there are the state and ceremony, and sometimes the dishes, which are to be found in the entertainments of adults. They are overladen with costly toys, for which they care little. The disappointed father and mother wonder why the child is bored by new pleasures. They do not see that they are robbing him in youth of the relief and keen sense of enjoyment which was meant to give happiness and zest to his whole life. Still more cruel kindness is that of parents of moderate means, who accustom their children to a life of luxury, living to the full limit of their incomes, and when they die leave them unprepared to struggle with the world.

Heroes of Peace.

When the storm howls on a winter night and from the shelter of a comfortable home one hears the snow or sleet driven against the window pane, it is natural, at least for those who live near the sea, to think of the perils to which sailors are exposed. With this thought may well be blended some recognition of the brave men who are waiting to give succor to vessels in need. From nearly two hundred stations on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, and from seventy more on the Great Lakes and the Pacific, the crews of the life saving service patrol the coast on such nights, keeping a sharp lookout for vessels in distress. It rarely happens when a ship goes ashore anywhere along the extended American seaboard that the life-savers are not at hand to give aid. Few know their names, and their daring deeds are seldom mentioned in the newspapers; but they are as ready to risk their lives as if their names were to be gazetted for bravery. In 1898, the serious work of the crews began early with the great blizzard which swept the Atlantic coast late in November. Nearly two thirds of all the recorded loss of life on the coast for the year occurred in that single storm. Altogether, the crews saved nearly four thousand persons who were on board of vessels which had met with some disaster; and they saved also more than six million dollars' worth of property. There is little danger that the heroes of war will be denied the glory which their courage merits, but these heroes of peace, who risk and sometimes lose their lives to save others, deserve recognition also.



THE PROMPTER.

MUSIC... ESTELLE... ANTONIO... ALICE... FRANK... IGNACE... GERVILLE... FRYAN... CHEVALIER... GEMME... THE MUSIC... written in... Puccini usually... In the morning... shooting when... He lives on... del Lago, who... die if it were... penetrate with... the blinds at... Puccini loves... more. He m... moves from... without his p... peasant and d... in the open s... his own favor... open air life... of mind and... VIII, Manon... Tesca, which... set triumph... in January, a... its first perfor...

Music and The Drama

TONES AND UNDERSTONES.

Estelle Lieblich has been permanently engaged by the Dresden Opera Co. in Germany.

Antonio de Navarro, Mary Anderson's husband spent Christmas with his father in New York.

Alto Holbrook has closed with Wang and is now playing the Queen in A Black Sheep.

Frank Damrosch is going to give a series of six symphony concerts at Carnegie hall, beginning this month.

Ignace Paderewski gave another piano recital in New York on Dec. 16, and was repeatedly recalled with great enthusiasm.

Anton Van Rony arrived from Europe Dec. 30, to join the Maurice Grau Opera company.

Frances Seville arrived in America from Bremen a week or two ago to begin a concert tour under the management of Victor Thrane.

Gerville Rescho made her debut in Gluck's Orpheus, at the Opera Comique, Paris, on Dec. 20, singing the leading role with pronounced success.

Franz Himmer, one of the first Wagnerian singers to visit America, died on Dec. 18th, at Hildesheim, Germany.

Chevalier Anton de Kontski died in St. Petersburg last month, aged eighty-two years; as piano virtuoso, teacher and composer he had been world famous for many years. His best known composition was "Le Reveillon Lige," and he wrote several operas. He had given piano recitals in almost every civilized section of the globe.

Professor J. W. Glover died in Dublin on Dec. 19th, at the age of eighty nine years. As a music composer he had attained international fame and had been for many years organist of the cathedral of Dublin. He was grandfather to Marie Glover.

Rumors are again afloat in highest musical circles in Rome that Verdi is writing a new opera.

Colantini is writing a new libretto on Adriano Lecouvreur which is to be set to music.

Gemma Bellincioni noted as the best soprano on the lyric stage is giving up the lyric for the dramatic stage. She is said to be a magnificent actress and should have a great future.

Walter Damrosch and Emil Paur are arranging for a concert of unusual dimensions and interest to be given Feb. 6, in aid of the Dewey arch fund.

The music of Tosca took Puccini fourteen months to write and it was completed on October 16, the first scene being written in one night of August 1898.

Puccini usually writes by night; in fact, the whole of Tosca was written by night. In the morning Puccini always goes out shooting when the weather allows. After dinner he sleeps, and at night he works. He lives on an estate of his own at Torre del Lago, which would be an earthly paradise if it were not for the mosquitoes that penetrate within the house, notwithstanding the blinds at every window. Much as Puccini loves music, he loves shooting more. He may be without music when he moves from his home, but he is never without his gun. He lives the life of a peasant and dresses like one. He is always in the open air—on hills, by the sea, or by his own favorite lake. It is this free and open air life that gives him so much energy of mind and body, and to that he owes his Villi, Manon, Bohemia, and his coming Tosca, which is expected to be the greatest triumph of all. Tosca is to be given in January, and Sardou will be present at its first performance.

Another excellent reason no doubt for the management's quick withdrawal from the field is found in the depression theatricals have suffered since the outbreak of the war in Africa. Those theatres that before had undoubted success are now playing to haggardly receipts.

The extraordinary loss of officers in the British army has plunged great families into mourning. Furthermore, while the war tragedy is being enacted abroad the music drama at home necessarily sinks into insignificance.

The noted German comedian, Herr

audiences to the Opera house, and with the reputation which the Valentine Stock Company has won, it is needless to say that nothing but satisfaction was experienced either in connection with the matinee performance of Little Lord Fauntleroy, or the evening bill of The Private Secretary. The Crust of Society was played later in the week with a particularly strong cast. The company closes its second week today with The Private Secretary. The most careful, conscientious work has characterized all that the Valentine Stock Company has done in the past two weeks, and smooth, clever productions of the best plays are giving much pleasure to those who attend the performances. Now that the holiday rush has somewhat subsided, there doubtless will be an increase in the patronage extended to the company.

The Fisk Jubilee Singers will give a sacred concert in the Opera house tomorrow evening at 8.30 o'clock, and with the record they possess here should draw largely. As a rule their selections are largely sacred but upon Sunday evening will be exclusively so. The programme is of an exceptionally high order, and though the phrase "a veritable treat may be expected" is slightly ragged from use, it will certainly apply to the coming Sunday concert.

Nance O'Neill and her company will sail from San Francisco for Honolulu and Australia on Jan. 10. They will return to America in September.

Last Tuesday night, Mrs. Kendal fainted at the end of the second act of The Elder Miss Blossom, in the knickerbocker theatre, New York. The audience applauded for they thought it was all in the play. Mrs. Kendal was able to resume her work in the next act.

Ysobel Haakins will originate a prominent role in Henry V. Esmond's new play, When We Were Twenty-one, to be produced by Nat C. Goodwin & Maxine Elliott during their present New York engagement.

Sir Henry Irving was dined recently by a players club in Philadelphia. The good Sir knight spoke eloquently of the cordial feeling existing between America and England.

Algeria Barrios, widow of the late President Barrios of Guatemala, has, it is announced, signed a contract with Arthur Rahau to appear in several of the roles of Ada Rahau's repertoire.

May Cargill, who was a very promising member of the late Augustin Daly's company, and who made successful appearances in The Great Ruby and other plays, is engaged to be married to Frederick Rook, a New Yorker of great wealth and high social position. Miss Cargill began her stage career at a continuous house and played under the name of Yvette Guilbert, giving imitations of Yvette Guilbert.

Sir Henry Irving will play three weeks in Chicago, beginning February 12.

Edgar Selwyn's new romantic war drama, A Rough Riders Romance, will be given its initial performance in Milwaukee next March.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Litt are the proud possessors of a son, the first arrival in the family.

Mrs. Langtry and her company sail from Liverpool for America today, Jan. 6th.

Clare McDowell, a niece of Melbourne McDowell, has been engaged to play a small part in My Lady's Lord.

A new and original comedy by Edgar Selwyn has been accepted by a New York manager.

The decision of the Liebler Company to withdraw The Children of the Ghetto after one week at the London Adelphi was the sensible thing to do under the circumstances. The experiment having proved unsuccessful, the speedy retirement of the play was a good business move. The London criticisms of Zangwill's play were on the whole favorable. There was a general commendation of the realistic naturalness with which the life and customs of the Ghetto were reproduced, and the acting of Wilton Lackaye, Robert Edeson, and the principal members of the cast was praised without stint, nevertheless it is evident the drama was not to the taste of the British public.

Another excellent reason no doubt for the management's quick withdrawal from the field is found in the depression theatricals have suffered since the outbreak of the war in Africa. Those theatres that before had undoubted success are now playing to haggardly receipts.

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The noted German comedian, Herr

Great Bargains

Millinery

Our entire stock of Trimmed Hats, Toques and Bonnets at greatly reduced prices.

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King Street.

Felix Schweighofer, arrived in New York last week and will play a three weeks engagement at the Irving Place Theatre. Herr Schweighofer has never before appeared in America although he is widely known on the other side and is accounted the foremost comedian on the German stage.

William Courtleigh, who is now obtaining considerable fame is a native of Guelph, Ont., having been born in that city in 1867.

H. A. Du Souchet has written a new play called The Arizona Kicker.

A man fainted at the New York Garrick theatre the other night so much impressed was he with a hypodermic injection episode in Sherlock Holmes.

The trial of Julia Morrison, actress, for murder of Frank Leyden, began at Memphis on Thursday of this week.

Lord Byron, a romantic drama, based upon the life of the poet, will be presented for the first time by James Young and his company at Norfolk, Va., Jan. 19.

It is said that Julia Marlowe, will present Barbara Freitohie in London after the close of her next season in America.

Felix Morris and Dore Davidson have adopted a comedy drama by Dumas, under the title of A Royal Intrigue. They are at work upon another adaptation from the French.

Ethel Tucker, who was so popular here some seasons ago, is now a member of Hoyts Comedy Company at Abilene, Texas.

Walter Jones and Norma Whalley are going to Australia under the management of Dunne and Ryley.

Florence Crosby has sued B. P. Cheney for \$50,000 damages, alleging that she was excluded from the Broadway theatre on Nov. 18, when Julia Arthur was playing, More Than Queen.

A company of Filipino players, in charge of an English manager, said to be on the way to the Paris Exposition, reached San Francisco last week where they are reported to have been turned out of the hotels.

Charles E. Blaney has in course of preparation a new melodrama entitled, across The Pacific, that will be produced in New York, early in February, and Mr. Blaney has also in hand a new play by Charles A. Taylor called, My Queen of The Highway, the precise date for the production of which has not been decided.

Margaret Anglin has left Henry Miller, and has been succeeded in The Only Way, by Charity Finney. Miss Anglin is now with Wm. Faversham, understudying Jessie Millward.

Pompous—Do you mean to say that you are a veteran of the Spanish war? Street Car Conductor—Yes. Pompous—What are you working here for, then? S. C. C.—Well, none but the brave deserve the fairs.

'Do you think your new production is in for a long run?' asked the friend. 'It is impossible to state at this early day,' answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. 'The members of our company are still in doubt as to whether they are in for a long run or a long walk.'

'My husband never brags about the pumpkin pies his mother used to make.' 'Why not?' 'His father ran a bakery.'

Briggs—I went around the links this morning in only 4 damns. Griggs—It could do as well as that, I would join the Y. M. C. A.

SPECIALTIES

Ladies' and Gentleman.

We can supply any specialties and novelties in Rubber & Metal Goods at lowest cash prices. If you require any article whatever which is not to be found in the regular stores, write us and we will supply you promptly, all correspondence confidential. Send in stamps for catalogue. The Continental Rubber Co., P. O. Box 1145, Montreal.

A FIGHT WITH BEES.

An Old Jungle Traveller, Who Fled From a Swarm of Bees.

Mr. Hugh Clifford gives in Blackwood's Magazine a realistic account of a fight with bees. It was in the interior of the state of Penang, in the Malay Peninsula, and took place some nine years ago. Mr. Clifford was an old jungle traveller, but on this particular journey he met with a new experience.

The man who was leading the way stopped suddenly, and pointed to something ahead. They were standing by a narrow creek with steep banks, and on the opposite bank, about half a dozen yards distant, was a patch of black and yellow peculiarly blended. It had a strange, furry appearance, with a sort of greasiness shimmering.

Suddenly the patch rose like a cheap black and yellow railway rug tossed upward by the wind. A humming sound accompanied its flight, and a second later it had precipitated itself upon the travellers, a furious fight of revenged bees. The men turned and fled. Mr. Clifford says:

'I broke headlong through my frightened followers, tore out of the little belt of jungle, and sprinted across a patch of short grass. For a moment I believed that I had given the enemy the slip, and I turned to watch my people, who, with burdens thrown down, came tumbling out of cover, beating the air and screaming lustily.

'The next moment I was again in flight. I pulled my large felt hat from my head and thrashed around with it. Still the bees came on, settling upon my flannel shirt and my coarse jungle trousers, and stinging my face and hands mercilessly.

'I was panting for breath, sweating at every pore, and beginning to feel some thing akin to real fear, when I saw the glistening waters of Rengai River. I shouted to my howling men, 'Take to the water,' and plunged in.

'My Malays came helter skelter, and with us came the army of bees, stinging as if for life. I was thoroughly winded when I took to the water, and it was impossible to dive for more than a few seconds. When I came to the surface they were there still, and I was driven back more than once with panting, sobbing breath. My lungs were bursting, and my heart leaping like a wild thing. The possibility of having to choose between death by drowning and death by stinging seemed not remote.

'Then I heard my boatmen call 'Throw a bough for them to land on.' I swam to the shore, broke off a bough, and threw it on the surface of the stream, my men doing the same. Then I dived again. When I came up, no more bees attacked me, and I saw half a dozen branches floating down the stream covered with a struggling mass of insects.

With hands like boxing gloves, and heads like inflated footballs, the party limped across to the village. Half an hour later one of the number came in—uninjured. He had seen the bees coming, and had sat down to await the result. They covered him from head to foot, but as he offered no opposition, they did not sting him.

'I felt,' says Mr. Clifford, 'uncommonly foolish as he told of his proceeding. It was anything but agreeable to think that we had had our run, our fight, our suffocation under water, and the pains we were enduring, all for nothing—that we might have avoided them all by simply sitting still.'

Brave in Death. Among the terrible scenes of death during the Reign of Terror in France, few are more striking than the picture of Danton in the presence of the guillotine. A recent historian describes the closing moments of his life: The noise of the carts and the people, the confusion caused by the arrival of the procession had aroused the utmost excitement of those already waiting in the large square. The two narrow posts of the guillotine and the terrible knife were threatening high above the turbulent multitude. When the carts arrived near the scaffold, Danton could no longer suppress his emotion and burst into tears.

'Oh my beloved wife!' he sobbed. 'I shall never see you again!' Almost immediately, however, he collected himself, and raising his head proudly, exclaimed in the same loud voice which had so often resounded in the streets of Paris: 'Come, come, Danton, no weakness!' As his comrade, Herault de Sechelles, rose to mount the steps of the guillotine, he approached Danton to embrace him, but the executioner intervened to prevent this. Danton flared up. 'Wretch!' he cried, 'you are thus more cruel than death itself!' But you will not hinder our heads from meeting presently in the basket.'

Danton ascended the scaffold last of all, and looked down upon 'the exulting mob, his eyes glaring defiance and scorn. Then turning to the executioner, he said in a tone of command: 'Show my head to the people! It is well worth while. They do not see its like every day.'

And the executioner obeyed this last order. The lions head of Danton was shown from the four sides of the scaffold to the people.

'What makes it go?' asked one of the curious bystanders. 'Money,' replied the owner of the automobile, who had become tired of answering that question. 'Same as a mare.'

'The article butter,' observed the Sarcastic Boarder, 'is of many species. In a final fight however— He evaded the landlady's gaze. 'I would back this against any of the horned variety.'

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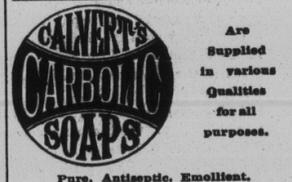
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I Wish to All

A VERY HAPPY ... New Year.

Thanking my friends for the liberal patronage bestowed since moving to Charlotte St., and hoping by careful, prompt and courteous attention to my customers to merit a continuance of your esteemed patronage. I am, Faithfully yours,

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, Chemist and Druggist, 87 Charlotte Street.



Ask your dealer to obtain full particulars for you. F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.

EVERY WEAK MAN

SHOULD send for a Descriptive Treatise on the Modern and Successful Treatment of Nervous Diseases and Physical Weakness in Men, including Premature Exhaustion and Loss of Vital Energy, with other allied affections by local absorption (i.e., without stomach medicine). Revised and in progress with the most advanced researches in the subject, together with numerous recent testimonials showing successful cures. Write at once and grasp this opportunity of being quickly restored to perfect health. Sent in a plain sealed envelope, free of charge.—E. ROBERTSON, 25 & 26, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, E.C.4. Established over 30 years.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Letters Testamentary of the Est. of George E. Fenety, late of the city of Fredericton in the County of York, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned Executors and Executrix named in his will. All persons having claims against the Estate are requested to file the same with W. T. H. Fenety at Fredericton, forthwith, duly proved by affidavit as by law required; and all persons indebted to the Estate are requested to make immediate payment to either W. T. H. Fenety at Fredericton, or T. S. Sharpe at St. John. Dated at the City of Fredericton this 26th day of October, 1899.

W. T. H. FENETY, GEORGINA C. FENETY, FREDERICK S. SHARPE, Executors and Executrix.

H. G. FENETY, Solicitor.

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

The "Lachetinsky" Method; also "Synthe System" for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mrs. J. T. WHITLOCK.

News and Opinions

OF National Importance.

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ITCHING Burning Scaly HUMORS Instantly Relieved by One Application of CUTICURA

Small text at the bottom of the Cuticura advertisement.

Daughter, Wife and Mother

is Mrs. Richard's latest book entitled "Woman in Health and Disease." The world-wide fame of its author the motherly advice it contains, the warnings against the host of dangers which beset the path of a woman's life, and the cure of common ailments of women and the beauty of its composition and text illustrations all tend to make this book of the greatest value to every woman in the land. A copy of this book will be sent to any woman who will send her name and address with 10c (silver or stamps) to cover cost of mailing. Write to-day to the edition is limited.

MRS. J. G. RICHARD, P. O. BOX 996, MONTREAL.

FARREROBO.

Proceedings for sale in the Farrero Book Club. The organ of the club in St. George's church on Monday evening, was presided over by Mr. Charles Hill, and was very successful. It was given for the benefit of the Canadian contingent on the part of Mrs. MacKenzie, Mrs. Maud Corbett, Mrs. Gulland, and Mrs. T. C. Chisholm, who were much enjoyed. The full chorus anthems "I've Love Me" and the "Reverend" were particularly fine. The latter was a quartet sung by Misses Hill, Gulland, and Chisholm. As the storm kept many at home who would have been present, the result is to be repeated Sunday evening.

Dr. and Mrs. Hayes and their children spent Christmas at Amherst.

Miss Alice Gillespie is on a visit to friends in Amherst and Miss Josephine Gillespie is at Amherst.

Miss Clarence Fullerton gave a children's party on Thursday evening.

Mr. Rex Vickers and Mr. Elliot Tucker are at home from Dalhousie for the holidays.

Mr. Cecil Townsend left on Wednesday to return to McGill.

Miss Ray Gillespie is visiting her sister at Amherst.

Mr. J. S. Reid, Avonport, is the guest of Rev. and Mrs. S. H. McQuarrie.

Mr. Quintin and Mr. Lawson have returned from a visit to friends in Kings' county.

Rev. and Mrs. Wm. Ryan were guests of Dr. and Mrs. Johnson at Christmas. Dr. and Mrs. Burgess of Clervie were also guests of Dr. and Mrs. Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. McDowell and little son spent Christmas with Mr. McDowell's parents at Springhill.

Mrs. Cooke entertained a party of forty young people on Tuesday evening. Each guest was requested to represent in character a title of a book. Some of them were very cleverly done and the evening terminated a rich amusement.

Mr. Harry Corbett came from St. John to spend Christmas.

Miss Mable Kearney has gone to Wolfville where she will be a pupil at Acadia Seminary after the holidays.

Miss Emily Spencer is visiting friends in the Annapolis Valley.

Dr. McArthur has returned from Backville, N. B.

Mr. and Mrs. Timmerman, Springfield, and Mrs. Lee of Nappanee, Ont. were guests at Christmas of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Timmerman.

Miss Nancy Ryan went to St. John on Wednesday.

Mr. Connally spent Christmas at his home in Amherst.

ITCHING SKIN.

In any Form, Whether Eczema, Salt Rheum or Piles Is Relieved at once and Permanently Cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

One of the strongest endorsements any remedy can have is its adoption by the medical profession as the standard treatment for the ills for which it is recommended. Such is the position of Dr. Chase's Ointment today. DOCTORS USE IT. Before the introduction of Dr. Chase's Ointment doctors admitted that they could not cure Eczema and Salt Rheum, and usually resorted to the surgical operation for piles. Now they use Dr. Chase's Ointment and know of no such thing as failure. Of course they don't usually tell their patients what they are using, but they give the treatment in the original package; but nevertheless they continually order it from these offices for use in their practice and recognize it as the only absolute cure for piles and itching skin diseases. DOCTORS ENDORSE IT. Canadian doctors are no less enthusiastic than their American brethren in the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but on account of the strict laws of the Dominion, do not care to have their names mentioned in public print. If you are in doubt regarding the wonderful virtues of Dr. Chase's Ointment ask your family physician. He knows its record in the past and will endorse it as the strongest remedy.

Dr. C. M. Hartman, New York, writes: "No physician now refuses to acknowledge the claims of such a remedy as Dr. Chase's Ointment which proves its virtues by curing where other means have failed." "We know that Dr. Chase's Ointment meets all the requisitions of the highest standard of worth, and that it is held in high esteem wherever used, and consequently we endorse it to every reader." Dr. Chase's Ointment is guaranteed to cure any case of piles. 60 cents a box at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Lissed and Turpentine for throat and lung troubles, Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, Etc. 25 cts. at all dealers.

DIGBY.

Jan. 4.—Mr. J. F. Saunders is on the sick list this week.

Rev. A. M. Hill is in Halifax this week. He will return on Saturday.

Mr. Felius of Bridgetown is the guest of his daughter, Mrs. E. G. Mansour.

Miss Anne James, of Bridgetown is the guest of Mrs. McCormick, Queen Street.

Master Harrison Thomas is quite seriously ill, being threatened with pneumonia.

Mr. E. B. Cousins, who has been visiting at Shelburne, returned home on Tuesday.

Mr. Arthur McKay of Boston is the guest of his sister, Mrs. E. Burnham, Monast street.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Fansworth are the guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Dakin.

Mr. and Mrs. John Welch left yesterday for Orange, Mass., where they will spend the winter.

Mr. Watson Fenwick of New Brunswick is the guest of his mother, Mrs. Taos. Fenwick, Carleton street.

Mrs. Fred Dillon was a passenger to Digby on Wednesday from Boston, and is a guest at the Cherrytree House.

Mr. F. R. Saunders was a passenger to Lunenburg on Saturday to visit his home during the holiday season.

Mrs. Moore of Wolfville, and Miss Haliburton Annapolis, are the guests of Mrs. Aubrey Brown of the Myrtle House.

Mrs. S. C. Northrop of Somerville, Mass., sister of the late Capt. Cowan, arrived here on Wednesday to attend her brother's funeral.

Miss Milla Robicheau of Meteghan spent Christmas at Digby with her friend, Mrs. J. T. M. Brice.

Mr. Wm. Condon, of Granville Ferry, who spent Xmas with his brother, Mr. David Condon, Light-house road, has returned home.

Miss Evelyn Ellis, who attends the Halifax School for the Blind, is spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Ellis, Shore Road.

Egbert F. Morse, principal of the Triverton school, passed through Digby Saturday last en route for his home at Paradise, Annapolis county.

Mr. Archie Cornwall, who has been visiting his father at Sea-Wall, Digby Neck, returned to the United States on Wednesday's boat from Yarmouth.

Messrs. Harry and Alex Vies, spent Christmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Vies, Warwick Street. The former left for New York on Wednesday and the latter for St. John.

MONCTON.

Jan. 4.—Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McLeod of Truro were in the city this week and received the season's greetings from many friends.

Miss Grace Houston has gone to Montreal to consult the specialist, Dr. Baller. Her father accompanied her.

Miss Edith Warren, of Fairville, St. John, is visiting Miss Maggie Rodd, Weldon street.

Mr. R. A. Steeves was at home to her friends on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons.

Mrs. M. O'Brien of Rogersville is spending a few days in this city, being the guest of Mrs. Buckley, Main street, West.

The friends of Mr. B. B. Peters are glad to hear of his appointment at Providence, R. I. He has been employed in the freight office of the I. C. R. here.

Mr. R. Chestnut who has been in the Klondike but was formerly with the B & M here has been visiting his friends in Moncton.

Miss Edith Holstead is home from Boston, Mr. W. H. Chapman, barrister, of Dorchester, was in town yesterday.

Miss Alice Rising, of St. John, is in this city visiting relatives.

Mrs. Alex. Long (nee Miss Miller) of Sussex, is in the city visiting friends and relatives.

Prof. F. J. Steeves and wife, who have been visiting in the city the past few days, leaves this afternoon for Hillsboro.

Mr. C. W. Peters went to Chatham yesterday where he will remain for a few days. Mr. E. W. Jarvis, accountant in the bank of Montreal.

Mr. C. L. Hamilton, barrister, of Dorchester, passed through the city on the C. P. R. yesterday en route to Foston and New York on a holiday trip.

FREDERICTON.

Proceedings for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenwick and J. E. Hawthorne.

Jan. 5.—Quite the event of the week was the At Home given at R. D. Top on Friday afternoon by Mrs. L. W. Johnston, when she formally introduced into society her youngest daughter, Miss Margaret Helen Johnston, who looked winsome and sweet as she stood with her mother receiving their guests as they were ushered into the drawing room.

Miss Johnston was gowned in a handsome dress of white corded silk with the palest shade of pale blue green through it and had a corsage bouquet of pink and white carnations. Tea was served in the library and was presided over by Mrs. A. C. T. Tibbitts and Miss Sadie Wiley, who had the assistance of Miss Annie Tibbitts, Miss Daisy Winslow, Miss Queenie Edgecombe, Miss Fannie Palmer, Miss Ethel East and Miss Nan Thompson in serving the guests.

Mrs. Chas. East has issued invitations for a large party for Thursday evening at Murray's hall, as a coming out party for her son, Mr. John T. East.

Miss Wark has returned from a pleasant visit of several weeks spent in Boston.

Mrs. J. J. Fraser entertained a few friends at a tea at Farraline Place, on Saturday afternoon.

Dr. Fischer returned to New York at the end of the week after enjoying the Xmas holidays with his relatives here. While in the city, the genial doctor looked exceedingly happy, as he accepted the hearty congratulations of his many friends upon his recently announced engagement to an English lady at present residing in New York.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Mr. Geo. J. Blair, eldest son of the minister of railways, to Miss Margaret Holden of St. John, on Jan. 10th. Mr. Blair has many warm friends in this his native town, who tender congratulations.

Another pleasant bit of gossip, is the announcement of the management of a very popular young lady residing in a pretty villa at the east end of the city, and a gentleman at present living in Minneapolis. Weddings in June are always popular.

Another spicy little bit of news not yet made public, was whirled about at a recent tea, when one of the young debutantes sported a handsome solitary diamond ring and looked as modest as her sweet name implies "when she'd over it."

Mr. and Mrs. Julius L. Inches have lately been congratulated upon attaining their "golden wedding" fiftieth anniversary of their wedding day and their friends wish them yet many happy returns.

Numerous Fredericton friends heard with pleasure of the recent marriage of Miss Jennie East, in her far western home to Mr. Frank Sewell, J. P. The ceremony was performed at the home of her sister Mrs. P. L. Christie of Sackton, B. C., and the bride was given in marriage by her brother-in-law Mr. Christie, a former graduate of the U. M. B. The newly wedded couple left on a tour to Mossland and other Kootenay points.

An interesting event will take place at Boston on Monday next when Mr. T. J. Gallagher, the popular traveller of the Standard Oil Co., will wed Miss Mildred Adams, daughter of the late Senator Adams of Newcastle, a lady well known here.

Mr. Norman Woodridge is home from Harvard to spend his holidays.

Ladysmith cannot be worn out

and so also silver-plated knives, forks and spoons bearing this trade mark, W. ROGERS & CO. resist rough handling and can hardly be worn out, if properly cared for. This trade mark on a plated spoon, fork or knife, is a guarantee of its quality. All dealers can supply you.

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO. Wellington, Conn. and Montreal, Canada. A. J. WAINBURY, Mgr for Canada.

What Cured Your Cough?

ADAMSON'S BALSAM! No cough can stay after being treated with it. It simply soothes it out of existence. There is nothing harsh or imperative about

ADAMSON'S BOTANIC BALSAM

It heals the sore parts, tones up the irritated air passages and strengthens the bronchial tubes - thus stopping the sources of the cough. AT ALL DRUGGISTS, 25c.

THE DIAMOND Collection of Songs

Over 600 songs and everyone a gem—words and music. This book is a veritable treasury of the world's popular songs. The finest collection of songs ever bound between the covers of one book—N. Y. World. The book has 216 pages printed on good paper has beautiful covers. Publishers price \$1.00. We will send one Volume complete for only 50c for short time only. Address N. B. SUPPLY CO., NEWCASTLE, N. B.

Good Paper AND Good Ink

are important factors in the production of good printing. When there is added to these a most complete plant and skillful workmen, the result is sure to be satisfactory. We use these combinations in our business. Let us submit prices on your next job. Progress Job Printing Department, St. John, N. B.

New York Millionaires.

Only a few people reading advertisements of bankers and brokers, saying that money could be made through speculation, realize that the richest men in America have commanded life in a humble way and have made their fortune through stock exchange speculations. Men like Jay Gould who worked as a dry goods clerk in a small town at \$10.00 a week up to his twentieth year, and commenced to operate with his small savings of \$200.00 in Wall Street, and at his death 70 millions of dollars; Russell Sage who worked as a grocery boy at \$4.00 a week, and whose present wealth is estimated at 100 millions of dollars is still operating the market, although 80 years of age, and so are thousands of others who are enjoying all the luxuries life can offer, which is due to their success in speculations. To the shrewd speculator the same opportunities are open to-day as to others in the past. The smallest lot which can be bought and sold is 10 shares on \$2.00 margin, making \$20.00. Anybody interested as to how speculations are conducted can get information and market letter free of charge upon application by letter to GEORGE SKALLER & CO., BANKERS & BROKERS, CORNER BROADWAY AND FIFTH STS., 60 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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Victoria Hotel,

51 to 57 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

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. LABOI WILLS, Proprietor.

CAFE ROYAL

BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS. OYSTERS, FISH and GAME always on hand. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

Queen Hotel,

Hollis Street, HALIFAX, N. S.

JAMES P. FAIRBANKS, Proprietor. QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

The sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Conducted at tables and boats.

LITERATURE AND WHISKEY.

Facellar Complaints Made by a Canadian Writer.

A singular complaint comes from a Canadian author. Mr. Arthur Barr, writing in the Canadian Magazine, expresses his belief that Canada ought to be the Scotland of America.

This is a serious charge. But does it not involve rather sweeping conclusions? May not a country produce whiskey and literature simultaneously?

Mr. Barr compares Canada with Scotland. Is not the production of whiskey another parallel?

No one can deny that Scotch whiskey has a reputation co-extensive with the world. Has this reputation been obtained at the expense of literature?

Indeed, the Scottish poets of the last century were quite too fond of it. Tannahill and Ferguson were devoted to the joys of the bottle, and died young in consequence.

Burns was an expert in whiskey before he became an exciseman. The verses of these men celebrate in glowing terms the charms of the flowing bowl.

Even in later literature whiskey vies with heather as an attraction. Wm. Black was a most respectable gentleman. But in his novels pipes and whiskey are always brought out.

There must be some more recent reason. It is unnecessary to attempt to discover what it is. Canada may not support authors, but it certainly produces them.

People do not often make the mistake of giving too much. A certain lady who not long ago entered a Glasgow church was an exception to the rule.



A Pleasing Bundle.

No matter how particular you may be, a bundle of our laundry work is sure to please you.

American Laundry, 98, 100, 102 Charlotte St. GODSOE BROS., Proprietors.

"The Least Hair Casts a Shadow."

A single drop of poison blood will, unless checked in time, make the whole impure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great leader in blood purifiers.

It casts no shadow, but brings sunshine and health into every household. Running Sore—My mother was troubled with rheumatism in her knees for a number of years.

Rheumatism—I was badly afflicted with sciatic rheumatism. Consulted doctors without relief.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints. Hood's Pills cure liver bile; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Among the stories told of Charles Lever, the witty novelist, is one which concerns the days when he was British consul at Trieste.

Mr. Crockett is as everyone knows a highly moral writer. But even Mr. Crockett is not guiltless of allusions to the national drink.

People do not often make the mistake of giving too much. A certain lady who not long ago entered a Glasgow church was an exception to the rule.

for leave from Trieste. "No-o, my lord," stammered the novelist, disconcerted for a second, but no more than that: "no, my lord; I thought it would be more respectful to your lordship for me to come and ask for it in person."

FIGHTER AND PREACHER.

When Bob Fitzsimmons arrived in Chicago fresh from his victory over Jim Corbett in Carson City, 1897, he stayed at the Auditorium hotel, and there met the late D. L. Moody for the first and last time.

Moody is holding services, and he's all right," responded one of the party. "I would like to meet that chap, as I have heard a lot about him," said Fitzsimmons.

A few moments later the prize fighter and his friends were walking down through the corridor of the hotel when Mr. Moody came hurrying in from Michigan as on his way to the service.

"That's the big preacher," said one of the party. Mr. Moody halted for a moment on hearing this remark and smiled in a pleasant manner.

"Mr. Fitzsimmons, how are you, sir?" said the evangelist. "I hope we shall see you at the meeting. We are having rousing good times. Come in, gentlemen, I believe you would enjoy it."

"Well, he ain't half bad, is he?" remarked the Cornishman. "Let's call his bluff and go in."

"What a wonderful man he would be if he would bend his efforts toward fighting for the Lord instead of fighting his fellow-



to which all housewives aspire can be secured most surely, most easily, and most economically by the use of "SURPRISE" Soap.

Lady (to dog fancier)—What kind of dogs have you to sale? Dog Fancier—Scotch terriers, Chinese pugs, French poodles and English setters.

"Then you cannot be the sunshine of my life?" asked the young man, with the insistence of one under a fixed idea.

"How I hate pugs," he said. "Sir!" she replied coldly. "I refer to dogs, not noses," he made haste to assert, after a quick glance at her.

Brooklyn Bridge. No lifeless thing of iron and stone but contents as her children are, Nature accepts us for her own, Kin to the cataract and the star.

The Reason Why. I choose with care and had my pick In wig of silk and I may stick, An' if I cover sides, got The very smiles of the lot.

Old Man—Why don't you marry? Young One—Do you think a man could procure all the necessities of life on \$1800 a year?

Mrs. Bibbits—So you have named your girl twin Henrietta? Mrs. Thibbits—Yes, but I changed it a little.

Willie—Did yer have a good Christmas Tommy—it was not as good as last year. Gee! I was sick for 3 days after that.—Philadelphia Press.

Two women shop the livelong day— The joyous hours speed fast away; All fights they cross, they dwell on, And mixed their bloodies on the car.



COME ALONG.

A Froot of That Name. Yarmouthians are certainly a very honest people. On Saturday a gentleman went into a barber shop in town and thoughtlessly laid a package of bills, amounting to \$500, on the table while preparing for a shave.

Contractor George McArthur went on a trip yesterday to Philadelphia, Montreal and other large western cities. He has had a prosperous year and now proposes to enjoy himself for a time.

In making your New Year a happy one call us up and we'll call around for your bundle and you will be satisfied.

I suppose that the Roberts' investigating committee will want to hold off their decision until next summer.

Said Mrs. Gadabout, who had come to spend the day, to little Edith: "Are you glad to see me again, Edith?"

Old Man—Why don't you marry? Young One—Do you think a man could procure all the necessities of life on \$1800 a year?

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CANADIAN PACIFIC

Travel in Comfort - ON THE - Pacific Express.

On above train every Thursday, from MONTREAL and runs to SEATTLE, without change.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1900.

The Straits of Ladysmith.

A letter from the London Times' correspondent in Ladysmith gives some idea of the difficulties of the siege.

The situation in which Sir George White found himself was this: He found at his disposal to defend Ladysmith a force of 9,000 men, 36 field guns and a naval contingent with two heavy position guns. Of foodstuffs and small-arm ammunition he possessed a supply which would not, under ordinary circumstances, become exhausted in three months. But the artillery were not so well placed. The supply of shells worked out to a little over 200 rounds per gun for the field batteries, and, even with the naval guns, it was evident that expenditure would have to be made with a sparing hand. Ladysmith does not lend itself readily to defence. Roughly, the town lies in the bend of a horseshoe. But the hills which make this formation are disconnected, and the ranges and spurs straggle over a large area. Not only are they uneven, but their continuations stretch away in every direction, and form positions which in the majority of cases actually command the town. With the force at his disposal it was, of course, absolutely impossible to hold every hill, and, even contracting his front so as to hold the majority of strategic points, Sir George White found his 9,000 men, of which only 5,000 odd were infantry, holding a line of posts extending over eleven miles. Against this the enemy have brought at least 20,000 men, this being the very lowest average at which the estimate can be placed, there being reason to believe the combined force under Joubert, now occupying Natal, to be between 25,000 and 30,000 men.

But this is not all; the experience of the last three weeks has shown the enemy to be not only numerically superior, but also possessed of arms which outrange anything that we can bring against them. If it had not been for the timely arrival of the naval guns it is impossible to conjecture what the consequences would have been. Take, for instance, the most important arm—the artillery. We have thirty-six guns of the best-manned artillery in the world, but at the very outside, however well served our guns may be, they have not an effective range above 4,500 yards. Against this the Boers have brought into the field, guns fitted with the latest telescopic sights, and having a range of 6,000 to 8,000 yards. However devotedly our gunners may manoeuvre their weapons, they cannot detect an enemy in action against them whom they cannot see. This of the field artillery; and while I write a 6-inch position gun is shelling the town and defences from about 8,000 yards. If the naval guns had not arrived, if the Boers had cut the communication three days earlier, we should have been powerless to reply. As it is we have been forced to take most of their bombardment sitting. With regard to the infantry arm, the discrepancy is not so great. But the Mauser rifle with which the Boers are armed is the better weapon, and has a greater range. With a good pair of glasses and a Mauser it is possible to make tolerable practice at 3,000 yards. No British infantry is trained to these ranges. Our men know nothing of glasses; yet the farmer-soldier, our enemy, would not think of taking the field unless one man in four possessed powerful binoculars.

Thus, at first sight, the task set Sir George White and his little force seemed insuperable. But there are saving contingencies, the first being the dialike which the Boer has ever shown to take the offensive. He will defend a position stoutly, but until he is absolutely certain of a success of a forward move he is loath to undertake it. Moreover, the South African Republic has been served badly by its agents, for if their ammunition had been as serviceable as their guns our casualties would have been three times as heavy as they have been. Their sharpshooters are poor. On Monday, when the Forty-second Field Battery moved up to within 3,000 yards of the enemy's position, well-fused shrapnel burst in front of the battery time after time. If these missiles had been from our own arsenal it would have been impossible for the men to have faced them and worked their guns. As it was, though they lost seventy, they were able to make the

enemy's position untenable. Since the bombardment shells have been picked up filled with extraneous matter, proving the duplicity of the contractors who supplied the material. After the first bombardment small though it was, the civilian inhabitants became thoroughly unnerved. They appealed to Sir George White, who asked Joubert to allow trains of wounded and non-combatants to go south unmolested. Joubert refused, but offered them a camp in a place of safety in the plain of M'bulwana. The Times' correspondent says:

'On the receipt of this news the mayor convened a meeting of residents at the town hall. It was a strange crowd which attended. Every demonstration of South African white man was represented. The church sent a heavy contingent; half a score of women with blanched faces swelled the gathering. Respectable merchants, casual loafers, trembling natives of India all jostled each other to hear the words of

neutral flag, yet there were quite a number who remained. These people spent the three days of armistice in discovering situations which promised to secure them against shell fire. The Klip River, which encircles the town with many bends, commended itself to most, and by Sunday night its shelving banks presented a pathetic, yet almost amusing spectacle. Every civilian adult, white and black, capable of wielding pick or shovel had bent his back in honest toil, and the gravel cliffs of the streamlet will remain a lasting testimony to what man can do when moved by a sense of physical danger. The majority of delvers were able to secure some mining talent to aid them in their work. Others with longer purses enlisted the services of soldiers, who brought the rudiments of military fortification to bear upon their labors. Others, imbued only with the instinct of self-preservation, burrowed shafts perpendicular to the bank, so that the cliff face bore the appearance of a nesting

doctor, in his most kindly and considerate manner. 'Good! And now, my lad, I shall send you down to the convalescent camp at Green Point, where you will get more freedom and fresher air.' 'Oh, no, sir, don't do that, please. I don't care for them convalescing homes. I want to get back to the front to join my chums and give them 'ere Boers fits for saving me in this 'ere way.' 'Astonishing to Sir William MacCormac was the nature of a case that occurred in the surgical wards. A private had been shot through the leg. The Mauser bullet entered his right leg about one third down from the knee cap, bored a singularly well defined round hole through the tibia (leg bone), and emerged at the back (thickest part) of the thigh. The doctor is able to define its direction by inserting and removing a drainage tube. No shattering of this bone has occurred, and little inflammation and suppuration followed on so dangerous a gunshot puncture.'

One of the wounded at Wynberg is a typical example. The Mauser bullet entering at the lower part of the abdomen,



Marines and Bluejackets on a British Warship.

wisdom which dropped from the lips of his worship, the mayor. Never before have I seen a crowd into the hearts of which terror seemed so firmly struck—terror bred of modern explosives. The most piteous face in the throng was that of a Maritzburg barrister, who had visited Ladysmith with the view of seeing the war as one attends a picnic. A bursting shell unnerved him, and to complete his misery the enemy cut communication. The mayor opened the meeting; men roused to a patriotic fervour hurled heroics to the crowd. The only dignified speaker was Archdeacon Barker, who closed his address with the prayer, 'that if he was to die he would die under the Union Jack in preference to the white flag.' The crowd applauded; some suggested the national anthem. It was sung in chorus over and over again. Not a man would flinch from his post, the townfolk of Ladysmith were of one mind. The meeting closed with a bar of 'Rule Britannia,' and then every one dispersed to pack his bag and to accept Boer magnanimity. Thus it was resolved, and on the following morning Col. Ward arranged for a camp at Intombi, about four miles south of the town on the railway. Trains were run down to a convenient point, hospital tents were pitched and during Sunday and Monday the majority of wounded were transferred from the town. Men with families carried their homes out in wagons, and, I regret to say it, dozens of men accompanied these caravans who might have borne arms in defence of the town.

Although a number of the residents of Ladysmith sought the protection of the

horns of mammoth sand martins. On every hand were gabions, sandbags and sangars. But the greatest defence of all was that of the Imperial Light Horse. The majority of these men are Johannesburg miners, and they at once began to undermine their camp with shafts and galleries. Commandeering every colored man that ventured near their camp they cut ten shafts in the river cliff, and, working night and day for forty-eight hours, constructed an underground gallery capable of holding half the garrison. The sequel to their industry was amusing, for as soon as the last barrowful of earth had been thrown to the surface, down came a staff officer, and the regiment was sent to support the Manchester Regiment on the most exposed crest line of the defences. But there was a pathetic side to all this labor. The poor women and children were terrified out of their lives. Exposed to the most erratic climate in the world, old dames, young mothers, and delicate women left their homes to grub out an existence in damp holes and dirty subterranean passages; conscious of the din of arms above them, their anxiety for the safety of fathers, brothers, sons, and husbands was intensified by the lying reports which reached and circulated even in the level of the river bed. Such is the history of a beleaguered town.'

The following particulars of a visit to the Wynberg hospital were written from Cape Town under date Nov. 29:

'After seeing the wounds of the patient is nearly all caused by gunshot, the outlook is struck by the clean, well-defined, small, circular entrance and exit the Mauser bullet

evidently taking its course in a backward and upward and oblique direction, must have cut its way just below, and between the bifurcation of the large descending artery (the great artery), then perforating the soft parts, pierced the bone and made its exit through the skin in the centre of the right buttock. No important vessels seem to have been wounded, and the man is now convalescent. Another extraordinary case is that of a private who was shot completely through the head, the Mauser bullet entering the cranium on one side and emerging on the other. Not only is he living, but his wounds have healed without a check—a slightly restricted jaw movement, due to muscular paralysis, alone retarding his discharge. In this instance the bullet entered just in front of the left ear, escaping the temporal artery, took a forward and somewhat downward course along the floor of the skull, pierced the right maxillary (cheek) bone, and emerged below the eye on that side. There results some facial disfigurement, but he sees, eats and sleeps well. One may consider him a lucky fellow in having exchanged the experience of cranial perforation by an old Brown Bess for that of a Mauser bullet.

'Another private had been shot through his right foot and left arm; all the four wounds of entrance and exit, clean cut by the same kind of bullet, were healed. He was standing to attention at the foot of his bed when the doctor approached him and, carefully surveying, inquired of him how he was.

'Quite well. Nothing wrong with me now, sir,' replied he. Then remarked his

The railway telegraph operator at Elandslagte, who was for some time a prisoner in the hands of the Boers, till the battle of Elandslagte set him free, writes an interesting account of his experience as a captive. Field Cornet Pienaar was in charge of the Boer troop that took possession of the station, and as Atkinson, the operator, in question, refused to stop a train which was just able to get off before the Boers could hold it up, Pienaar threatened to have him shot. But after he had handed over his keys and cash, for which he received a receipt, "Pienaar," he writes, "addressed me in the following terms, much to the surprise of the one or two Englishmen present: 'I'm very sorry old man, [that I said to you what I did when I first came. I said too much. You can understand my feelings. Seeing the train escape, was had enough, because you could have stopped it, and did not. As I rode up I saw one of my poor men fall, wounded by a shot from the train, and it made my blood boil. I spoke in the heat of passion. However, it is all over now. Here's my hand. We will have a drink.'"

"As the evening approached more Boers rode in, so that by sunset six hundred or seven hundred of them were in the vicinity. That night about twenty of us were herded in a small ten by ten sitting room under armed guards, and our discomfort was added to by a constant stream of Boers coming in and out of the room in half dozens just to amuse themselves at our expense. Fortunately the bar was under the control of the Field Cornet, and the inevitable drunkenness was thus to a certain extent limited. One or two of the rougher youths amused themselves by pointing carbines at us, and, although checked by their leaders, there was always a doubt whether one of the crowd might not try his Mauser first and be punished after the mischief was over. Altogether that night was a miserable experience, and few slept in the heated atmosphere of that small room reeking as it did of stale tobacco and gin, guarded at its only exit, and consequently disturbed by fresh arrivals anxious to gaze at the prisoners.

Other portions of this letter incidentally throw a vivid light on the kind of men the Boer commandos are made up of. The following passage shows how quickly they get to work when their scouts bring news: 'This morning, Oct. 20, Commandant Ben Viljoen and his men arrived early and took up a strong position among the stony kopjes a mile to the east of Elandslagte. About 9 a. m. the scouts brought in word of an English force approaching. In a remarkably short time hundreds of Boers were in the saddle, and directed first by a rather melancholy performance on a bugle, and subsequently by numerous whistles, such as are used by English police, were off in small parties of tens or twenties in the direction of Ladysmith. After a couple of hours' anxious wait for results, the Boers returned, having had no engagement, so we concluded the Boer scouts had come into touch with some reconnoitring force which had returned to camp after ascertaining their locale.'

(CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO.)

Just Like Marjorie.

IN TWO INSTALLMENTS.

CHAPTER IV. A NIGHT DRIVE.

Nothing happened that night to put Marjorie's promise to the proof; but it was in her mind when she went to her room, and for a long time knelt by the open window.

Everyone else had gone to bed, and the house was quite still.

Marjorie was scarcely conscious of the late hour, till the chime of the church clock recalled her.

She rose, and turned from the window.

Immediately she heard a faint sound somewhere, apparently from downstairs, and went to her door, wondering who could be stirring.

The servant's room was near her own, and she listened, thinking they were moving about.

All, however, was silent.

Marjorie opened her door and stole downstairs.

She heard nothing.

She went to the back, where the kitchen lay.

As far as she noticed, doors and windows were fastened; but there was some-thing moving about.

She crept cautiously forward.

She had no particular desire to protect her aunt's property, but she followed up the scent from the natural human instinct.

Suddenly, in the darkness, she felt herself seized, and a hand put over her mouth.

She tried to wrench herself free, but her strength was as nothing against the powerful grip dragging her forward.

"Hold your tongue, and I won't hurt you," a man's voice said, in a whisper and the hand was removed from her mouth.

"It's your own fault. Who set you to come spying here?"

"Let me go," said Marjorie, "whoever you are, I can't harm you—I can't see you clearly."

There was no answer to this.

She strove to cry out, but the man's hand was over her mouth again in an instant, and stifled the faintest sound.

He half carried her across to the kitchen, near which she had been when seized, and she felt the night air blowing on her from some open window.

She could guess which it was—the window in the passage leading to the plate pantry.

The next minute she was half lifted, and pushed through the window; but the man never let go his hold of her.

He, too, got through the window, and she was hurried on across the garden to the lane at the back.

Here stood a trap and pony, guarded by a boy.

Marjorie knew she might shriek her loudest here without awakening anyone in the house.

Her terror was deepened by the impression she had that her captor was the man who, in different guise, had twice accosted her.

He took his hand from her mouth again. "You'd better not cry out," he said, threateningly—the voice sounded disguised.

"You won't get home this night, young marjorie!" In an aside to the boy, which Marjorie could not hear, he added: "I had to leave some of the booty behind because of her—she came on me suddenly; but I've got the most."

He swung into the trap a sack, which had been fastened over his shoulder, and the boy pushed it under the seat.

The man, who still held Marjorie, then lifted her into the vehicle, and followed her.

Then the boy got in, and the pony was whipped up to a swift gallop.

Marjorie took note of the way and, struggling out of her terror and bewilderment, began to cast about in her mind for some plan of escape.

She was not going to weigh her aunt's plate against her life or safety; but the first word she would have uttered was met by her captor with—

"Look here, young lady, I'm not nice. I'll do you no harm if you keep quiet, but if you don't—"

Marjorie, too proud to shriek, simply closed her lips.

What was this ruffian going to do with her?

Who was he, accosting her—she felt sure now it was the same man—first as a laborer who did not look like one—then as a gentleman, whose gentility was doubtful?

Mr. Faulkner had been suspicious of him.

If she had not been so foolish as to go downstairs to-night—but it was no use looking back; she must keep herself together, for who knew what courage she might need?

Miles from home, while it was still dark, the trap stopped.

Marjorie could see, almost hidden by trees, a sombre-looking hut; before she had time even to conjecture what this stoppage meant, the man jumped down and bade her follow.

The girl had no choice but to obey—indeed, he almost dragged her from the trap.

"I'm not going to hurt you," he said, "other time, don't you come spying. All I do is to shut you up in the hut till we clear off. And when somebody comes to release you, hold your tongue, if you're wise, about what you've seen."

Marjorie made no remonstrance; she was safer alone than with this unscrupulous couple, and she hoped that she would be able to effect her escape from the hut.

She was thrust inside, and the door was

securely fastened with ropes and the chain hanging to it. Then she heard the trap drive rapidly away.

CHAPTER V. ACCOMPLICE, OR VICTIM.

"Have you heard the news sir?" said Desmond Faulkner's housekeeper, coming excitedly into the dining room, the next morning. "It's all over the place."

"What news?" asked Faulkner. "You are getting as bad a gossip as these country people Wilson. I suppose a hayrick is on fire?"

"It's about Mrs. Gascoyne, sir. There's been a burglary, and all the silver is gone, and Miss Herbert too."

"Miss Herbert?" said Faulkner, starting up. "Gone! Rabbish! What are you talking about?"

"They say she let the burglars in, sir," said Wilson rather taken aback by her master's sudden vehemence, but so full of her news that she was obliged to pour it out. "And now she can't be found. The police are there, and the village is by this time full of it."

"The deuce!" said Faulkner, to himself. He strode into the hall, and caught up the felt hat hanging there.

Mrs. Wilson followed him.

"Are you going to the village, sir?" she asked.

"Of course I am—to find out whether this is all gossip or fact," and, without wasting more words he left the house.

A sharp walk brought him before long to the Gascoynes' house.

He was disgusted to see round it a crowd of gaping villagers; his heart sank.

This looked very little like mere gossip, Jane, who admitted him, seem scared, and forgot to show him to her mistress, for whom he asked.

He found his way himself to the dining room, where the Gascoynes were assembled, all talking together. They rushed to him the moment he appeared.

"Oh, Mr. Faulkner, such a misfortune!" Faulkner hardly knew who addressed him.

He thought only of Marjorie, and his eyes left the faces before him and went round the room.

"I heard something," he said; "and Marjorie—Miss Herbert—"

"Somebody got into the house last night," said Mrs. Gascoyne, "and nearly all our plate has been taken. The police inspect it has just gone."

"But the child?" said Faulkner, impatiently; "is it true she is missing?"

"I'm afraid," said the elder girl, dryly, "Marjorie could tell us a good deal about the matter. No one can find her and Jane heard her go down stairs last night."

"You don't mean to say," said Faulkner, indignantly, "that you suspect her?"

"I don't know. Why not?" said Mrs. Gascoyne. "No one out of her own home knows Marjorie as we do. She must have let the burglars in. Even the inspector thinks so."

"It's impossible—absurd!" Faulkner was too roused, both by his alarm for Marjorie and his anger against her accusers, to mince his words.

He listened to Mrs. Gascoyne's explanations with unceasing impatience.

It seemed that the first alarm had come from Jane, who found the door of the plate pantry open and the passage window unfastened when she came down in the morning.

Most of the plate had vanished, and the police could find no trace of the thief.

The window was a casement, and fastened with a bolt, but no glass had been broken, so the theory was that someone had been assisting from inside.

The servants had been questioned and the whole house examined; no ground for suspecting the domestics was found, nor anything to lead to Marjorie's discovery.

She had been heard to go downstairs; her absence was almost proof of her guilty complicity.

"She may have seen the burglars, and been taken away by them, or—"

Faulkner had shuddered at his own words, and could not finish them.

What might not have happened to the child?

"Why should she go down at all?" said Mrs. Gascoyne. "She was always wandering about. Who knows what acquaintance she may have picked up—what mischief got into?"

Faulkner curbed the bitter retort that rose to his lips; he had no time to waste in fighting wordy battles, and he did not want to set the Gascoynes more against Marjorie.

He could not help recalling the man she had twice encountered.

He reiterated his profound belief that

the girl had met with foul play, and asked questions to elicit clues about her.

There were no clues, and the Gascoynes looked especially, made reluctant answers.

Faulkner left them, and went off to the police.

He found them impressed with a belief in Marjorie's guilt.

They had no idea where the burglars had gone or who they were.

Faulkner, at the risk of aggravating the appearance of the girl's complicity, told the inspector about the man she had met.

"He was evidently the same person," said Faulkner. "I think it very likely his intention was to get information from her about the house, its habits, and so on; but she declined to converse with him."

"That looks as if the man knew something about the neighborhood," observed the inspector.

Faulkner said he was going to wire to Scotland Yard, and he should spare no expense to find Miss Herbert.

He gave no explanation of his interest in her, merely remarking that her relations seemed more concerned about their plate than about her.

The village went against Marjorie.

Her mysterious disappearance gave food for a thousand conjectures, and excited everyone to the highest pitch.

The fact, which could not be concealed, that Mr. Faulkner was moving heaven and earth to find her, intensified the excitement.

Faulkner himself searched for Marjorie, but, as things were, there was scarcely a clue from which to work.

Everything had been done at dead of night, and the escape had been made through a country at all times lonely and sparsely inhabited.

Though he walked miles, and explored every place he could get at in the time, Faulkner was baffled.

Not a trace could be found of the girl whose name was in everyone's mouth.

The London detective, who arrived in the middle of the day, failed no better, even though at Faulkner's request, Mrs. Gascoyne gave him every facility.

She was herself rather frightened at the exclamation Marjorie's absence made, though at the same time, pleased that there was now less likelihood of D. smond Faulkner seriously thinking of her.

True, he was doing his utmost to find her, but it did not show that he would care to marry her.

In her heart, Mrs. Gascoyne was not convinced of Marjorie's guilt, though she insisted on it to others.

Later that day Faulkner took his horse, as being able to cover a greater distance than he himself could do on foot.

He did not return till the evening was falling, once more utterly baffled.

The detective had gone to a village some miles off to follow up some information, which might or might not prove reliable.

Nothing had been discovered by the local police, as Faulkner ascertained on his way home.

He rode listlessly—less tired in body than weary of heart.

He was no nearer success than hours ago, and it seemed that nothing more could be done to-night.

He had just dismounted, when the gardener's boy came running up, holding out a slip of paper.

"Please, sir, this has got your name on it," he said. "I found it by the orchard gate as I was going home."

Faulkner took the slip of paper.

On it was his name, well written and correctly spelled.

"Do you know who left it?" he said.

"No, sir; it was lying by the bushes near the gate. Shall I take the horse, sir?"

"Wait a minute."

It was too dark to read outside.

Faulkner stepped into the lighted hall.

The only information the paper contained was, "The woods near Hendon Heath."

The man's breath came fast and thick, his sight grew dimmed.

Was this a clue, or a lure, or some heartless hoax?

He went out again into the garden.

"Where is Hendon Heath?" he asked the boy.

The latter didn't know—he could find out.

"I can find out myself," said Faulkner. "Give me the horse, and you can go home. But, look here—" he dropped some silver into the boy's hand—"not a word about this to anyone."

"No, sir, I won't."

The boy ran off again through the orchard.

Faulkner took his horse to the stable, and himself rubbed him down and gave him food.

The gardener, who was also groom, had gone home, and Faulkner, ignorant of the distance he would have to go, thought it best to freshen up the horse, who was a bit tired.

He put in his saddle a small flask of wine and some biscuits, and once more started on his quest.

Hendon Heath! was it north, south, east or west?

He had not been long enough here to know all the country; he fancied even Marjorie did not know of this place—at any rate, he had never heard her mention it.

The police would have told him, but he

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did not want them to get hold of Marjorie before he did, if it was possible to avoid it; besides, the village was a good way off, and Hendon Heath might be the opposite direction.

By dint of perseverance he got put in the way for his destination, but no more; the rest he must work out by aid of his wits and the sign-posts.

He had to go so slowly, owing to his ignorance of the country and the darkness, that over and over again he thought he must be in the wrong road.

At last he came to a patch of common land, the wild sort that is often the outskirts of a heath or cleared woodland.

It was now nearly eleven o'clock. Faulkner dismounted, as he had already done frequently, to follow some path too full of pitfalls for riding, or too covered with brambles.

He walked on for some few minutes; then he came upon a wide, unbroken level, across which he could just distinguish a line of white that must be a road, and something dark, cutting off the sky line, that must be a belt of trees.

"The woods near Hendon Heath," his mysterious message ran.

He stood still for a second, surveying, and trying to steady his throbbing pulse.

Yes, undoubtedly this was Hendon Heath.

"It's the only heath hereabouts," one man had told him.

And there was the wood right across the dim expanse.

How lonely it was! how deadly silent!

Faulkner struck into the pathway, and headed for the woods. When he reached them he fastened his horse's bridle to a tree.

He could not miss the tree, for he took special note of the spot and its bearings; besides, he had only to call and the horse would answer to his name.

He plunged into the wood.

He called Marjorie's name, but without answer.

What a wild search it seemed!

That message was some hours, he feared, or to get him away, so as to prevent his assistance to the police.

But still, if he waited tonight, he should remain in this place till daylight.

If Marjorie were here, there must be a building of some sort which held her, and in the light he was more likely to find it.

But suppose it were really near him, and she were faint, or ill, or injured, and could not answer to his call?

When this maddening fear had gripped him for the hundredth time, he suddenly stopped and listened, with the blood surging through all his veins.

Some sound—a cry—he knew not what; it was so faint and seemingly far off that he could not recognize it.

He shouted back, but there was no answer.

As well as he could, for the night was so dark, and the way difficult and unknown, he went in the direction of the sound.

Again he paused and called, "Marjorie!" and there came an answer this time—a cry of joy in Marjorie's voice.

Faulkner crushed aside branches and underwood, desperately forcing his way through, till suddenly he faced the black walls of a hut.

Beyond it he fancied he saw a road, looking like a faint white streak in the surrounding darkness.

"Marjorie!" he called, again pausing to listen, holding his breath for the answer.

"I am here!" her voice said, sobbingly.

"Oh! is it you?"

He went round to find the door, and when he had found it, shook it violently but it would not yield.

To cut the rope did not take long; the chain was more difficult to manage, and Faulkner's patience was not in the ascendant.

He bade the girl stand away from the door.

"I'm going to drive it in," he said, through his teeth—he was so maddened at the resistance.

But the door, which had resisted Marjorie's efforts for hours, was not likely to give way at once, even to a man's strength.

Still, it was only a matter of time, and as—further search showed Faulkner—there was no better place of attack, he devoted his attention to this one.

Finally, he sent the door driving in splinters into the hut.

The next moment he had Marjorie in his arms.

"My darling—my own darling!" he cried, while the girl clung to him in a

frantic joy that showed the measure of her terror.

She was too excited and too glad to shrink from him, or to take particular note of anything he might say.

When he put her a little from him she made no movement away; she leant against him, still trembling and unweary.

"How long have you been here?" said Faulkner. "These devils who took you away, where are they?"

"I don't know—there was only one and a boy—they left me here last night," said Marjorie faintly. "No one has been near me."

"Thank God for that! You couldn't escape!"

"I tried, but it was useless. Oh!" said she girl, passionately, "how shall I ever thank you for rescuing me!"

"Hush! Never try. My little Marjorie, do you think I could rest a moment after I heard you were missing? I fancied a thousand things; but let that pass now. You are here—in my arms—safe!"

Then it was that the blood rushed into the girl's face, and she drew herself impulsively away.

Faulkner made no attempt to check her.

"Come, we will get back," he said. "My horse is not far off. You must have food and wine before we start. You have had nothing!"

"No—nothing."

"Did you think I should come for you, Marjorie?"

He had taken her hand to lead her out. She said, in a low voice—

"I thought you might. What do they say at home?"

"I'll tell you presently. But you are coming to my home for to-night."

"How did you find this place?" said Marjorie, as they left the hut. "I did not know of it."

"You shall learn when we get home," said Faulkner.

He led the way to the spot where he had left his horse; but, before starting, he made the girl take some of the food and wine he had brought with him.

Meanwhile, he arranged the saddle as comfortably as he could, for her to sit before him.

When he had mounted and lifted her on to the horse, putting his arm about her to support her, he asked—

"Is that easy, my child?"

Marjorie looked up with a smile that said, "Very."

Faulkner drew her closer.

"Lay your head down," he said. Then, as he felt the girl start, he added, softly: "You belong to me, dearest, don't you?"

She yielded silently, bewildered, but strangely happy.

Faulkner put his lips to her cheek.

"You'll be happier with me," he said, in the same soft way.

She lifted her head.

"I—yes, happier," she said, confusedly; "but I don't understand—"

"Marjorie, I've been bent on winning you since the first day I saw you. You made your way into my heart, you little desolate thing. This may not be the time to tell you, but I can't help it. Give your self to me—give me all the love you can, and all I want I will win."

"But—there is you," she said. "I mean, your happiness—I couldn't make it."

"You can love me, Marjorie. Love is happiness—yours for me, mine for you."

"Yes," she said, with a long quivering sigh.

She laid her face to his breast in a half-unconscious way, so if that was her place and her shelter, and it was right and natural she should nestle there.

Faulkner, not able to speak, pressed his lips to her cheek again.

They rode in silence for a long time—sometimes he almost thought the girl, worn out, slept; but there would be a little movement of hers, or a long breath, as if she were half oppressed, and then he knew she was awake.

"Too happy?" he whispered once; "or a little drowsy?"

"Oh no," she hesitated; then said: "It's all so strange!"

"You never dreamt I was your lover—"

(CONTINUED ON FRONTPAGE PAGE.)

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Sunday Reading

An Answered Prayer.

"O Mamma, come and see my kite!" screamed a babyish voice at the kitchen window. It was Saturday and the mother was busy with all the work that crowds in at the end of the week.

Fred was her only child and a sunbeam in the house; if he had been sick she would have left everything to wait on him, but a kite—no indeed—and quick came the hasty reply, "The idea! I've no time to waste on kites, don't you come bothering me with your foolishness."

With a crestfallen look Fred turned away, saying sorrowfully, "I've got it up so high, I wish you'd look," but she didn't, and a few such lessons taught the boy that he could not be sure of mamma's sympathy or interest in his pleasures.

A year or two went by, and Fred had grown from kites to baseball.

Rushing into the house one day, he said eagerly, "Say, mamma, come with me this afternoon and see the ball game, will you? I want you to awfully. You see you can't care much for things you don't know about, and if you see a game you'll care more about it when I play; come now, say yes." "Indeed I'll not go a step, sir. I've more important work than going to ball games," was the mother's reply. Fred went off muttering to himself, "When I ask her again she'll know it."

Is it any wonder that as the boy grew into young manhood regard and politeness were the substitutes for tender love and whole-hearted confidence.

And the mother said not long ago, "It is thankless work to bring up a boy; as soon as he gets old enough to be a comfort, he'll care more for everybody else than he does for his mother."

Where was the fault? Did it not begin away back in kite days or before?

But perhaps you say, do you think mothers ought to stop work and run at every call? Oh, no; but what if mamma had said, as her fingers flew over her work, "How nice of you to come and tell me. I can't come to see just now, for I really must finish my work, dear, but I dearly love to have you want me to see it." Or suppose she had said, "I mustn't take but a second, dear, for I've much to do, but I'll have a peep," and then had run to the door and glanced up at the kite with cherry words of appreciation? Would it not have been an added bond between the two?

There were once two boys in a home I know, and after a few happy years one was taken into the Shepherd's arms. The two boys and their mother had always knelt together for the bedtime prayer, and each had offered a simple petition. The first night there were only two to kneel the sobbing voice of the lonely brother uttered but one sentence, "Dear Lord, keep mother and me intimate."

Said the mother, years after, "I consecrated my life to answer that prayer."

Did she have to give up anything? Yes; receptions and calls were secondary matters when the boys friends needed entertaining.

Embroidered doilies and hand painted screens were of no account whatever beside the cultivation of intimacy with her boy, and the answering of his prayer. "Always give me the first chance to help you dear," she would say, and he did. Whatever was dear to his boyish heart found glad sympathy in her.

Perhaps mothers do not always realize how soon a boy begins to think toward manhood, and so they treat him like a child to be watched and scolded instead of helped and trusted.

This mother's boy was just as impulsive and self-willed as you often find. But she had a few rules that helped wonderfully. Shall I copy them for you?

- 1. I will pray and work to be patient.
2. I will strive to 'grow in grace and in the knowledge of God.'
3. No matter what happens, I will try to hold my temper and my tongue.
4. I will try never to scold and never to reprove or punish in anger.
5. I will listen patiently and tenderly to my boy's side of a grievance.

You will notice that these rules are to govern the mother instead of the boy, and is not that the secret of success? Mother, do you want to keep your boy? Then control yourself. Not the fashionable attempt at stoicism that says it is not 'good for...' to display emotion, but the real holding of one's self in hand.

Fashion would be the mettlesome steed. Control harness him to life and lets Christ hold the reins.

This mother's boy made many a blunder. He had his days of yawningness and times of unreasonableness, but never a time when

PNEUMONIA

leaves the lungs weak and opens the door for the germs of Consumption. Don't wait until they get in, and you begin to cough. Close the door at once by healing the inflammation.

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he was not sure that his mother was ready to listen, advise and help. There were times when his impulsiveness made him sore trouble, but the first place he turned for help was to the tender, loyal 'mother-friend,' and he was sure of comfort. Do you think it paid? When she reads in the papers the theories on 'how to get hold of the boys,' she thanks God she has never lost her hold on hers. And in the answering of the boyish prayer the mother has not only grown more and more intimate with him, but both have grown intimate with Christ.

Mother, you have no 'charge to keep' half so sacred as the heart of your boy. Are you true to your trust?

The Poppy-Rose. 'Mamma, the storm has torn the ruff of my gown, my pretty red poppy-dress has been spoiled by the rain and the wind.'

'Never mind, Sunshine—I have always called you Sunshine because you opened in a sunbeam one day. Our poppy attire cannot last very long at the best. My dress will be a faded poppy dress in a day or two and I must whither down to the ground even before the bleak autumn and chill winter come to the earth.'

'But, mamma, must I wait until next summer for a new poppy-skirt?'

'Certainly, my child, the weavers of poppy silk only spin once a year. In fact, the flower spinners have all that they can do any way. There are rose-garments, not only in June, but the season through. There are lily-fabrics, and yards and yards of pansy purple for them to weave. There are many pinks to clothe, and the larkspur and bleeding heart, bachelor-buttons and lady slippers must have their share of flower-goods.'

'Golden rod and aster cloth, dahlia-velvet, must be provided too, late in the season. In fact, the flower-spinners and weavers would have no leisure to prepare an extra poppy robe in its flower-yellow.'

'There are plenty of fine flower robes laid away under the snow of winter, rainbow-tissues bid in the seed-germs, which the flower folk do not forget, but with the aid of the dew, sun and rain fairies bring in their season out of the bosom of mother earth to adorn the world again.'

'So, child, take care of your next poppy-robe, be coy of the breeze, do not sport with it, the south wind kiss you if it will, and do not be vain of your flower robe, for a vain flower is sure to lose its brightness and come to an untimely end, even for a flower.'

'Enjoy the smile of the sunshine and the blue sky, the love of our poppy-family and the friendship of the pansy or rose or lily growing near, but let vanity have no place in your flower-heart, for flower-beauty is not for itself, but for the world.'

Words of Comfort.

Bless God for the wilderness; thank God for the long nights; be thankful that you have been in the school of poverty and have undergone the searching and testing of much discipline. Take the right view of your trials. You are nearer heaven for the grave you have dug, if you have accepted bereavements in the right spirit; you are wiser for the losses you have bravely borne you are nobler for all the sacrifices you have willingly completed. Sanctified affliction is an angel that never misses the gate of heaven.—Rev. Joseph Parker.

Short Rules for Long Comforts.

- Put self last.
Be prompt at every meal.
Take little annoyances out of the way.
When good comes to any one, rejoice.
When any one suffers, speak a word of sympathy.
Tell neither of your own faults nor those of others.
Have a place for everything, and everything in its place.
Hide your own troubles, but watch to help others out of theirs.

Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak.
Look for beauty in everything, and take cheerful view of every event.
Carefully clean the snow and mud from your feet on entering the house.
Always speak politely and kindly to servants.
When inclined to give an angry answer, press your lips together and say the alphabet.
When pained by an unkind word or deed, ask yourself, 'Have I never done an ill and desired forgiveness?'—Soldier and Servant.

RUSSIA'S SACRED SHRINE.

Wonder-Working Picture of the "Mother of God."

It is 7 o'clock in the afternoon in Moscow, June 14, Russian time (June 26 everywhere else), but Russia's sun is more than two hours high and will peep over the horizon to-morrow morning before 3 o'clock. We are standing in the broadest street of the city near the incomparable Kremlin and opposite a gigantic gateway, under which nestles a little chapel of colored marbles with blue pyramidal roof flecked with golden stars. Every passer-by faces the chapel, uncovers himself, and solemnly makes the sign of the cross several times. Even the passengers on the crowded double-decked horse cars go through this strange ceremony. Here comes a gang of dusty laborers. Every one of them stops, and bowing low toward the chapel crosses himself again and again. There are some long-haired long-gowned priests of the Russian church, very intelligent, good-looking men too, with clear complexions and kindly eyes, kneeling on the marble steps with their faces pressed against the hard pavement. Every cab driver in his padded robe, which makes him fill the front seat entirely, finds time to remove his squatty hat and touches his forehead, chest and right and left shoulders. Just over there a splendid carriage with prancing black stallions is halting, and a wealthy lady with a maid steps out to kneel before the sacred shrine. Here close to us are merchants, coming from their pretty shops in the matchless glass arcade near by. They, too, without exception, pay homage and make the sacred sign, and the poor peasants from afar, with black bread and onions in a cloth, with coarse clothing and straw shoes and stout walking stick which has helped them over a hundred versts—they, of course, are filled with rapture and prostrate themselves flat upon the pavement, kissing everything in reach in passionate adoration.

What is the meaning of all this? we ask, and as we search eagerly, but in vain in the throng for someone who looks as though he could speak a word of some other language than Russian, our eyes rest on a royal carriage which we had overlooked. It was drawn by beautiful black horses, with liveried, bareheaded attendants, who are taking from the carriage a blackened picture of the Blessed Virgin. This, then, must be the wonder-working "Mother of God, the most sacred picture in all Russia, before which the Czar prostrates himself before entering the Kremlin. We open our German Baedeker and read that picture is 25 years old, was brought from Mount Athos, and is covered with pearls and precious stones. It is taken in a royal carriage every day to the homes of the sick, where it works miracles and receives great sums of money. It has a gash in one cheek, made long ago by a Tartar sword; but millions would now gladly give their lives to save the idol from such indignity.

We enter the chapel when the picture has been set in place again, and buy a tiny candle, which we place alongside a hundred others, filling the room with a stifling odor. This, however, is real perfume compared to the orthodox forty-seven distinct smells of Moscow. We will not kneel, and we stand with a score kneeling behind us endeavoring to see the sacred ikon, so we back out into the air, feeling the scorn reflected from a half hundred faces.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF COCKTAILS.

The Bartender Says There is no Limit to the Varieties That Can Be Made.

"How many kinds of cocktails are there, do you suppose?" said the bartender. One man said six, another ten, while an Englishman hazarded a thousand, but no one paid any attention to him. Finally they all gave it up, and the bartender had the chance he had been waiting for.

"How many, then?" they asked. "I don't know," said the bartender. "I have only been in the business ten years, but there are very many. Some years ago when I was in 'Frisco, a man told me I couldn't make one dozen different cocktails. I told him I could make four times as many. Finally we make a bet. He used to come in every morning, and I guaranteed that I would make him a different cocktail every morning for forty days. If I failed I was to foot the bill, otherwise he was to pay. I got through all right. For forty days I made a different cocktail for him every morning, and finally I threw in eight more just as a flourish."

HEART STAFFS.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart—One Dose Helped in 30 Minutes—Two Bottles Cured.

Mrs. M. K. Calhoun, 29 Pacific Ave., Toronto, was troubled with heart disease for years, could not stand on a chair without growing dizzy; going up stairs, or being suddenly startled brought on palpitation, suffocation and intense pains under the shoulder blades. She tried many remedies—was treated by heart specialists without permanent relief. She procured and used Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. She got relief within 30 minutes after the first dose, and before she had taken two bottles every symptom of heart trouble had left her. Sold by E. C. Brown.

She Bought him Out.

"It's one pair for 3 cents or two pairs for 5, you know," said the shoestring fakir, and the profits are so small that but for an occasional bit of luck I'd be hard put for three meals a day. Just now, however, I'm not worrying over the next two weeks. The other day a motherly looking old lady bought two pairs of strings from me, and then asked about my sales and profits. When I gave her straight goods she said: "Young man, are you ever tempted to crime?"

"Yes'm, I am," said I.

"But you always resist the temptation?"

"I always have, but I can't promise for the future. I'm getting tired of this shoestring business."

"Do you think you might turn burglar?"

"I do, ma'am. That's what I shall go in to if I make a change."

"How soon might you become a burglar?" she asked after looking me over.



How to be Healthy In Winter.

Winter is a trying time for most people—especially so for delicate ones. Colds, la grippe and pneumonia find them easy victims. Do you catch cold easily? It shows that your system is not in a condition to resist disease. You will be fortunate if you escape pneumonia.

Nature is always fighting against disease. The right kind of medicine is the kind that helps Nature by toning up the system and enabling it to resist disease. Such a tonic is only found in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. By building up the blood and strengthening the nerves these pills reach the root of disease, restore health, and make people bright, active and strong.

Mrs. E. Duxee, Gravenhurst, Ont., writes:—"I believe that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life. When I began their use I was so weak that I was scarcely able to be out of bed, and showed every symptom of going into a decline. I was pale, emaciated, sufficed from headaches and nerve exhaustion. I used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for a couple of months, and they have completely restored me."

Sold by all dealers or post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville.

dred others, filling the room with a stifling odor. This, however, is real perfume compared to the orthodox forty-seven distinct smells of Moscow. We will not kneel, and we stand with a score kneeling behind us endeavoring to see the sacred ikon, so we back out into the air, feeling the scorn reflected from a half hundred faces.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF COCKTAILS.

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"How soon might you become a burglar?" she asked after looking me over.

'I may begin to night,' says I.

'Look here,' says she in a whisper, 'I'm mortally afraid of burglars. I'm going to California with my daughter in about two weeks, and I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will not turn burglar for a fortnight I'll give \$5.'

'It's a very small sum, ma'am, but being it's you I'll strike hard on it and keep my word.'

'And she puts with a five,' laughs the fakir, 'and hands it over, and if you hear of any burglaries within the next few days, you can be sure that I didn't have a hand in the business. I'll wait till the old lady gets on the other side of the United States.'

A DRUGGIST'S FAITH.

What's Most Called For Must Be the Best Remedy.

A druggist's testimony of the popularity of a remedy is the strongest kind of a proof that it will do what it promises. Paul Livingood, druggist, of Allentown, Pa., says: "Dr. Agnew's remedies have sold away beyond my expectations. You can quote me for saying that Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is the best seller for catarrh I have in the store. Many of our customers praise it highly." It is a great remedy and has a continental reputation. Sold by E. C. Brown.

INDIA LIKES A TIGER CROUCHING.

Its Natives Dangerously Awake to Events Now Happening in South Africa.

Private correspondence from India describes the people of all classes as following the progress of the war in South Africa with the keenest interest. One letter graphically says that 'India is watching events like a tiger crouching for a spring.' Another from the Northwest provinces, commenting on the effect of the war on the native minds, says:

'You do not realize what this war means to us. We get but scraps and belated wires. The true effect of the war is to be seen around us. The educated Hindoo and Moslem—a very small percentage say 2 per cent. of our population of 287,000,000—read of the disaster at Ladysmith. They call all the Hindoos to the temples and the Moslems to the mosques, and they are led to pray for 'the British arms recently defeated in a far off land.'

Now, the illiterate Hindoos, the poor 'fellahs,' the 'coolies,' the 'lowlanders,' know nothing but what they are told. They hear the prayers and say 'The Belattee Sahibs (British) are defeated. Is there a nation greater than Britain? And if some people can defeat them, cannot we also strive to regain our land? To countenance this sentiment you need only refer to the papers. Murders and raids are getting far more common. Our troops are hurried from station to station, just to demonstrate that we are still here, and nightly I sleep with 600 rounds of ammunition under my bed—the safest place I can find. You at home do not realize all these details.'

LANQUID WOMEN.

Take the Help that South American Nervine Offers and be Well, Strong and Happy.

Miss Lucinda Butcher, of Tecumseh, Ont., had a very severe attack of malarial fever. It left her very weak, languid, and threatened with nervous prostration. South American Nervine was recommended to her and she tried it. After taking a few doses she felt great benefit. She continued taking it until six bottles were used, when to use her own words, "I was completely restored to health. I can recommend it as a great remedy." Sold by E. C. Brown.

Bakers' Bad Backs.



We little know the toll and hardship that those who make the "Staff of Life" undergo. Long hours in superheated and poorly ventilated work-rooms is hard on the system, gives the kidneys more work than they can properly do, throws poison into the system that should be carried off by these delicate filters. Then the back gets bad—Not much use applying liniments and plasters. You must reach the kidneys to cure the back. DOAN'S Kidney Pills cure all kinds of Back Backs by restoring the kidneys to healthy action.

Mr. Walter Buchanan, who has conducted a bakery in Sarnia, Ont., for the past 15 years, says:

"For a number of years previous to taking Doan's Kidney Pills I suffered a great deal from acute pains across the small of my back, pains in the back of my head, dizziness, weary feeling and general debility. From the first few doses of Doan's Kidney Pills I commenced to improve, and I have continued until I am to-day a well man. I have not got a pain or ache about me. My head is clear; the urinary difficulties all gone; my sleep is refreshing and my health is better now than has been for years."

Canada's Loup Cervier.

Among the remaining denizens of Canadian forests most feared by man in a personal encounter none is more likely to be met than the huge cat like Lynx Canadensis or loup cervier of the French Canadians, payabo of the Montagnais Indians. Of enormous strength and agility, the Canada lynx, the largest and most ferocious of its species is a stupid brute so far as escape from danger is concerned. A loud and sudden cry from the hunter pursuing it is sufficient to arrest its course for a time long enough to permit him to fire, and sometimes several shots are obtained at the same animal in this manner. Woe to the unfortunate hunter, however, if the wounded lynx succeeds in springing upon him. Its ferocity is only equalled by its strength and agility. One of the most desperate personal encounters between a man and a loup cervier on record is that in which Peter MacKenzie, chief factor of the Hudson Bay Company, came near losing his life on an island in Mingan Bay, on the coast of Labrador.

It was in the spring of the year, shortly after the ice had parted that Mr. Mackenzie went across the bay in his canoe, more for exercise than anything else. Consequently he had no gun with him—nothing but Montagnais bow and arrow, a knife and snow shoes. Landing on the island opposite Mingan, he saw the fresh tracks of a lynx. He adjusted his snow shoes, soon found the animal and followed it closely several times round the island, without coming within bowshot of it. Toward evening he saw that it was getting very fatigued, for he got two opportunities of striking it with the heavy Montagnais arrow which is used for killing smaller game. At last he came within twenty yards. The cat turned round, rose on its hind legs, snarled and began to paw the air. Mr. Mackenzie discharged another arrow, but at the same moment his snowshoes tripped him up, and he fell headlong with his face in the snow. The cat instantly sprang upon him, tearing with one stroke the coat from his back. Mr. Mackenzie turned round at once, caught the cat by the throat by a lucky plunge with one hand, and with the other drew his knife; but as he made a lunge, they rolled over together, and he received some very severe scratches. Still holding on firmly to the throat of the animal, he avoided being bitten, although he was in danger of having his bowels torn out by the hind feet of the cat, which was making a vigorous resistance. A second lunge with the knife was fatal; the blade passed through the animal's heart, but the struggle left Mackenzie exhausted and bleeding on the snow. It was some time before he recovered, but he finally carried his booty in triumph to the post.

Some hunters have proved less fortunate in their hand-to-hand encounters with the Canada lynx than Mr. Mackenzie was. A Montagnais Indian known as Pierre was visiting a line of marine traps near the forks of the Moisie Labrador, when he met an Indian with a sledge drawn by two dogs. It was a heavy load, and as it was growing dusk, he asked permission to take the sledge into the lodge of the hunter. 'For' said he, 'I have a body there and I am afraid the dogs will eat it if it is left outside.' After the two had smoked together for sometime in silence according to the Indian manner, the visitor was induced to tell his story.

'Did you bring the body far?' asked Pierre.

'Six days up the St. Marguerite, eight days in all from here.'

'How did he die?'

The other looked at the fire and for some time said nothing. It was evident that he had a very sorrowful tale to tell or he would have spoken at once. After a long pause he said, 'He is my cousin. I promised him. It is a long journey in winter but he wished it, and he will soon be there.'

Then he told how it had happened. 'He and I,' he said, pointing to the body, but mentioning no name, 'were hunting together, when we came upon the track of a loup cervier and followed it. My cousin was first and he turned round and said to me "I'll go round that mountain if you go up the valley with the dogs and we are sure to get him." We separated. In an hour I had a gun, and then sat down and waited long. As night was coming on I thought, "I'll go and look." I could find nothing so it was getting dark I fired my gun. No sound. "Something," I said, "has happened to my cousin." I must follow his tracks as soon as it is light. After sleeping

that night on a number of spruce branches spread on the snow, I followed the tracks early in the morning, and before I got half way round the mountain I saw my cousin. He was nearly dead, and could not speak. Close to him was the loup cervier frozen stiff. My cousin had slipped into a cleft of the rock just after he had fired and wounded the lynx and when he was within twenty yards of it. One of his legs was broken. As soon as he fell the lynx sprang upon him, and tore off part of his scalp. He killed it with his knife but could not get out of the hole in the rock on account of his broken leg. Nor could he reach his gun to fire it off and let me know. There he must have remained and died alone if I had not chanced to come. I lifted him out of the crack but his fingers snapped off—they were frozen.'

The lynx plays an important part in Montagnais mythology. The heathen Indians suppose that the world was created by Atahocam, and that a dirty named Messon was hunting with dogs instead of dogs. His savage companions swam into a great lake and was lost. Messon searched for them everywhere without success, when a bird told him that he would find them in the middle of the lake. He entered the lake to bring back his lynxes, but the lake began to overtop its banks and finally deluged the world. Messon astonished a rat a crow to bring him a piece of earth from which he intended to reconstruct the land, but the crow could not find any. He made

an otter dive into the waters, but the otter was as unsuccessful as the crow. At last he sent the muskrat who brought him a little bit, from which Messon reconstructed the earth as it now is. He presented an Indian with the gift of immortality, enclosed in a little box, subject to the condition that he should not open it. As long as he kept the box closed, he was to be immortal but his curious and incredulous wife was anxious to see what the box contained. She opened it and ever since the Indians have been subject to death.

In size, a lynx is between a fox and a wolf. Its tail, which is exceedingly short, even shorter than its head, is thickly furred and tipped with black. Its paws are large and heavy, densely covered with hair and armed with strong claws. In winter it is of a silver grey on the back, paling toward the belly, which is sometimes white. It is about three feet in length. In some specimens, the dark stripe down the back would not disgrace a silver fox. In summer it wears a rusty look and the hair is short and thin. In appearance, it is very formidable. Its teeth are long and sharp, while its powerful claws and immense spring render it a dangerous opponent to any animal that it encounters. In its habits it is predatory. It is charged with attacking the young of the red deer, and hares it devours with avidity. It pursues a partridge and other birds to the tops of the loftiest trees and it even kills fish in their native element. It has no regard whatever for family ties, and interprets the privileges of paternity pretty much as Count Ugolino did, and like him devours his children to preserve for them a inheritance. In winter its flesh is by no means bad to eat and is much used by both white and Indian hunters. Its skin is worth from two to four dollars, according to the season in which the animal is killed.

The loup cervier is frequently met with by American anglers in Canada, by the edge of some fish pool, and I. H. Stearns of Montreal shot one by the banks of the Restigouche. Wallace Darand of Newark, N. J., was equally fortunate by the shores of Lac Commaire, and tells a thrilling account of his adventure. One of the most curious of the idiosyncrasies of the loup cervier is its passion for perfumes, and particularly for the odor of castoreum, which forms the basis of all the medicines used by trappers in effacing its capture. When shot in a tree, in which it frequently takes refuge when chased by dogs, the death grip of its powerful claws is so tenacious that it is sometimes necessary to fell the tree in order to obtain the body.

The Strenuous Life.
A small son, aged three, turned up the other afternoon with a black eye, and crying piteously.
'What's the matter?' asked papa.
'Somebody hit me,' answered Johnny.
'Did you hit him back?' asked the stern parent.
'No,' sobbed Johnny.
Then followed advice, which ended impressively with the words: 'Remember Johnny you are a big boy, and when anyone hits you, hit back and as hard as you can.'

Two days later came sonny, with his head high in the air and a blatant swagger.
'Well how goes it?'
'Someone hit me,' said the proud boy, 'but I hit back harder anyway.'
'Good!' said papa; 'was the little boy bigger than you were?'
'It wasn't a boy,' calmly answered John, 'it was a girl.'—Life.

PLUM PUDDINGS AND MINCE PIES often have bad effects upon the small boy who over indulges in them. Pain-Killer as a household medicine for all such ills is unequalled. Avoid substitutes. 'Here is but one Pain Killer, Perry Davis', 25c. and 50c.

Imaginary Ills.
'Do you know,' said the man in the gray ulster, 'that police statistics show a total

of nearly 20,000 persons who are reported missing every year?'
'I'd bet more than half of them are missed at all. They only think they are, responded the pessimistic man with a hand on his neck.

SIDES SORE FROM A HACKING COUGH.—Take Perry Pectoral. It cures you quickly, no matter how bad the cold. Endorsed by thousands of Canadians. Sold throughout the land. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis Pain-Killer.

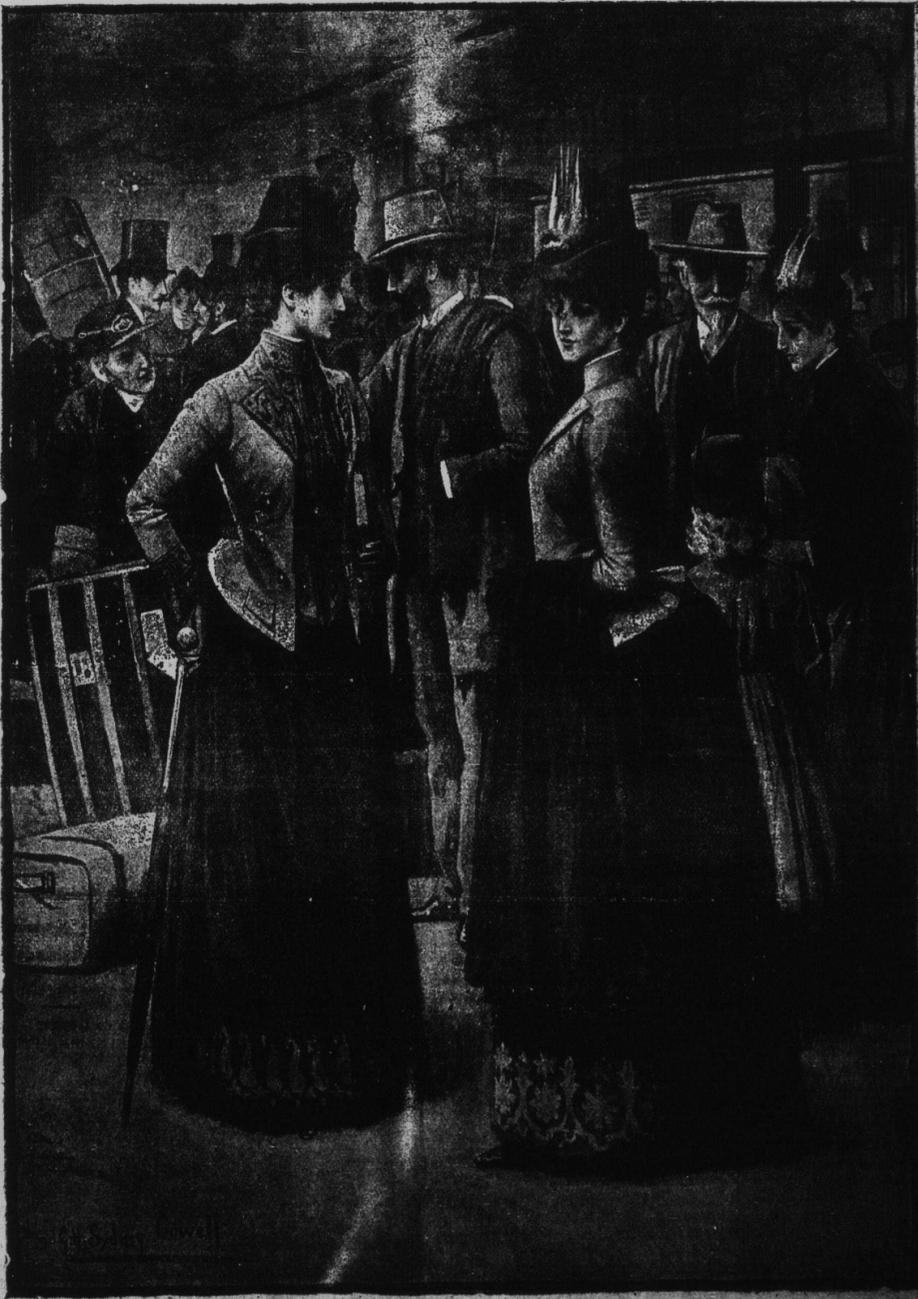
One Grateful Son.—Thin said the guide, in the grave of Adam I. With reverential awe, the wealthy merchant father on his first trip to the Orient, drew near and cast a flower on the tomb. Erring ancestor, he murmured, I should be the last man on earth to revile your memory. To your sin I owe my prosperity!

THE JAPS DID IT.—They supplied us with the mental contained in that wonderful D. & L. Menthol Plaster, which relieves instantly backache, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism and sciatica. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

Mystified.—Mamma, my birthday comes this year on Monday, doesn't it?
Yes, dear.
And last year it was on Sunday wasn't it, Yes dear.
Did it come on Saturday the year before last?
Yes dear.
Mamma, how many days in the week was I born on?

THE D. & L. EMULSION benefits most those having lung troubles with tendency to hemorrhages. A few bottles taken regularly make a wonderful improvement. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

'I believe,' said Jucker to his mate, 'that the foreigner over there has designs on you.'
'I know he has,' replied the mate, showing his arm, 'he's a tattoo artist.'



VISITORS IN LONDON.

Woman and Her Work.

Everybody who goes to Paris decently dressed and in the matrimonial season can see the most fashionable weddings as he goes to the newspapers and a map of Paris in his pocket. Remember that a fashionable French wedding is always at noon and that there are several hundred women who would rather go without their meals than miss the wedding; and finally, that the number of middle-aisle seats—the only one from which a comprehensive view of the guests can be had—can be counted on one hand without wearing out your glove. In other words, go early.

We went to a grand wedding at St. Philippe de Rouis the other day. The daughter of a count married a son of a duke. According to a French paper, there was a numerous 'assistance,' and for once the paper was right. Accuracy is not the strongest point of French journalism, but it is always safe to announce a numerous assistance when dukes and countesses attempt matrimony.

As a matter of fact there was a crush. We arrived at 11.30, and found the church open as usual. The nave of a Paris church is always inclosed by a railing, and at regular services one must pay for a chair inside this inclosure. But when people are married, even the rich and the great, they either cannot or do not take advantage of this arrangement. With the exception of the space within the altar rail, the whole church is open to the first comers—provided their clothes are presentable. The other day when we arrived there wasn't a naker or anybody connected with the wedding to be seen. The only indication of anything unusual was the floral decorations. These were very pretty, but not at all on the scale which characterizes a swell wedding in New York. Palms were banked around the altar and the chancel rail was covered with vines and flowers. That was all. At the rear of the church two groups of women in ordinary tulle—too ordinary, evidently, for them to venture within the nave—had gathered at the sides of the big door so as to be on hand when the bridal party should arrive. The seats adjoining the centre aisle were already occupied fully a third of the way to the altar.

We had the "sit-down" which merely passed for ignorance to ask where we might sit. The little old woman who manipulated the holy water brush told us, with a shrug of her shoulders, to sit where we pleased. So we shrugged our shoulders, too, and sat down in some more aisle seats. We retained enough of our politeness to take seats toward the rear of the church, but other sightseers were not so modest. An English boarding school turned loose into the nave about twenty or thirty tall, angular British maidens. French women by the dozen came in, ostensibly to say a few prayers; but they seemed unable to pray except in aisle seats, where they settled themselves comfortably after a brief season of devotion.

The invited guests did not begin to arrive till ten minutes to 12. They sailed up the aisle as if they had been invited to a luncheon. The uninvited guests had taken all the aisle seats, and the Counts and Countesses had to dispose themselves as best they might along the borders of the boarding school and the rest of the usurpers. Many of the invited guests could not find any seats at all, and were obliged to stand at the rear of the church or at the side. Not an usher was there. Ushers are not a part of the matrimonial machinery here as they are in America.

By a few minutes before 12 the church was crowded. Two gorgeous beautes, in cooked hats, long coats, knee breeches and silver buckled shoes, dazzling crepe-velvet covered with gold and silver braid

Hood's Pills

Are prepared from Nature's mild laxatives, and while gentle are reliable and efficient. They

Rouse the Liver

Cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, and Constipation. Sold everywhere, 25c. per box. Prepared by C.L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

and carrying tall wands tipped with big silver balls, stalked down to the entrance and threw open the great central doors. We beheld the bridal procession or most of it. The bride and the bridegroom were not yet there but at the head of the procession as it stood was a gold braided officer escorting a woman in a beautiful lavender velvet gown. As the doors were thrown open the gold-braided officer was disclosed in the act of combing his hair. He calmly finished running the comb through his locks, returned it to his pocket and entered.

The procession had come but a few steps into the church when it divided, the men taking one side and the women the other. Facing one another thus they formed an aisle which extended out through the portico and part way down the steps. Up this aisle came the bride on the arm of her father, followed by the bridegroom in uniform and escorting the bride's mother. The rest of the immediate family followed, all the women in velvet gowns except the two bridesmaids who were back in the middle of the procession. They wore pale blue silk gowns—not alike—hats of the same shape and carried two little bags of blue silk trimmed with lace and artificial forget-me-nots. The purpose for which the bags were carried was apparent later.

The portico and the sidewalks on both sides of the street were packed with spectators. Inside the church the beautes were having a tussle with the women who had secured, as they supposed, good places by the door. Apparently they deeply resented the idea that the procession should line up in front of them. They pushed to the front in their turn. Then the beautes took a hand. Both hands in fact, for he simply spread out his two white-gloved palms and showed. There were protestations and unpleasant remarks from both sides and while they were still 'a-pushing' and 'a-showing,' the bride arrived at the door and waited. The beautes were having the time of his life and apparently had forgotten that a bride was expected. But a one-legged man hopped out of the crowd on the portico, stumped on his crutches in front of the bride, took the enraged beautes by the arm, showed him the waiting procession and then took advantage of his act to slip into a place in the church.

The other functionary was forthwith summoned from some battle he was waging on his own side, the two glittering beautes—that is to say, beautes, headed the procession, the organ pealed forth as organs always do on similar occasions, and the wedding march began. The beautes thumped on the floor with their tall wands and the procession fell in behind the bride's party.

Everybody in the church was standing and facing toward the door. As for the English boarding school, it not only stood up, but it mounted on the cane-bottomed pews which face the chairs. At every interesting moment of the ceremony which followed the boarding school again climbed the pews. It is to be hoped that the British maidens were excused from gymnastic exercises for the rest of the day.

The bride wore no veil over her face. A beautiful veil of lace was caught up with orange blossoms on her hair and from there fell almost to the end of her train. But her face was uncovered and she smiled at the people along the aisle. She may have wondered at so many unfamiliar faces. Within the chancel rail two large, gilded chairs faced the altar. These were for the bride and bridegroom, rows of chairs at each side being for the others in the possession. The bridal chairs were flanked by two large, tall, fat candles which turned out to be not purely ornamental nor yet for religious purposes alone. It seems that these candles take the place of the modest envelope which is an important feature of weddings in America. A French woman explained the affair of the candles.

'You see,' she said, 'if the money was put into an envelope and given to the priest people might get off with giving only a small amount. That would never do. So the priests inaugurated the custom of placing a candle beside the bride and one by the bridegroom. These candles are of wax and the fee for the marriage ceremony is stuck on them. Everybody can see how much is put on. So the

vanity of the families concerned is shown and they try to make as good a showing as possible. Often they secure, even though it is hard to get them, gold pieces of 100 francs each. Sometimes there is a row of 20 franc gold pieces on each candle and then people say:

'Oa, did you see the can les!'

'There is never any rivalry, of course between the family of the bride and that of the bridegroom. The amount to be put on the candles is decided on beforehand and very often the bridegroom puts the pieces on the bride's candle for her. There was constant confusion at the wedding the other day throughout the ceremony, which lasted over an hour. First, after some prayers, everybody sat down—everybody who could—and the priest read aloud for one solid half hour out of a little book. It seemed as if he must have read it through. Meanwhile people wandered up and down the aisles hunting for any stray chair which might be vacant. There are no seats in the side aisles of the church, and here there was a constant shuffle of feet as people walked back and forth, talking to friends or hunting for a good vantage point from which to see the group at the altar. After the half hour's reading there was a mass with beautiful music and toward the close of this we found out why the bridesmaids carried their blue bags.

They took up a collection! Each bridesmaid was escorted by a young gentleman and each of these couples were preceded by a beautes. The little blue silk bags were so tiny that they did not hold much but the beautes carried the velvet bags of the church, and the little blue sacks were emptied now and then into the larger receptacle. Each bridesmaid made the tour of the church once so that two opportunities were afforded to the generously inclined. We were curious to know what the collection was for.

'For the church!' said the French woman. 'Oh, yes, indeed! And the bridesmaids are as proud as peacocks to go around for it. But oh, they are so jealous of each other! They go out into the sacristy to count the money and if one gets less than the other one, she cries. They go around twice because each one has her friends who wait for her and gives only to her, so that if possible she shall have more than the other one. And the priests don't like it if they don't get a good collection. If it is too small—eh bien! the bridesmaids must go around again.'

Before the ceremony was half over the aisles were so crowded that, with the boarding-school mounted before us, it was impossible to see what was going on at the altar. But apparently there was no serious hitch in the wedding for, at ten minutes after 1 o'clock, the procession went to the sacristy to sign the register, and the guests who had been scattered through the church fell into line and began a slow pursuit, for the purpose of offering congratulations. Outside the church a crowd waited for a glimpse of the wedding party and its 'numerous assistance.' A long string of well-appointed carriages stretched along the two sides of the street. A small crowd examined carefully the bridal equipage. That is one of the features of a swell wedding. Sometimes new carriages are bought for the entire family party and the spectators are quite as interested in the equipages as they are in the gowns.

We enjoyed the wedding of the Duke and the Duchess-to-be—exceedingly; but then, these swell weddings seemed to be arranged for the special benefit of the rank outsider. The invited guests apparently do not care to go long enough in advance to secure good seats and the consequence is that, at the ceremony, they themselves become the rank outsiders. It is a queer way of doing, but uncommonly propitious for American tourists and British maidens at school in Paris.

One Woman's Being Fashion. 'There goes a woman,' said the girl, 'who hasn't a thought on earth except dress. I know that superior man attributes this particular weakness to all women—but it's a scandal, as of course, are nine out of ten of male estimates of women.'

She condescended a refractory button on her glove before she continued: 'But that woman who passed us is, without a

ROBINSON & CLEAVER BELFAST, IRELAND. AND 164, 166 and 170 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. IRISH LINEN & DAMASK MANUFACTURERS. AND FURNISHERS TO H. M. THE QUEEN, EMPRESS FREDERICK, Members of the Royal Family, and the Courts of Europe. Household Linens From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the WORLD. Which being woven by Hand, wear longer and retain the Rich Satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct and intermediate profit is saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common-power loom goods.

APIOL & STEEL PILLS A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Fil Cocchia, Pennyroyal, &c. Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B.C., or Martin Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton, Eng. Out of an equal number of bachelors and widowers between 25 and 30 years of age, thirty widowers remarry for every thirteen bachelors who enter the bonds of hymen for the first time. For every spinster married between 30 and 65, two widows are remarried. Both facts are eloquent in favor of the comparative advantages of matrimony.

Someone has proposed a husband's union for the protection of husbands; just what they are to be protected from is not yet stated. Possibly the union is to be founded on the same lines as the school for wives, established in England. Still better are the marriage schools which are being developed in Germany on very practical lines. They are for girls and women only, and the value of such a training cannot be overestimated. Girls leave the marriage school competent to undertake the management of a house—and of a husband. The girls who have been graduated from these schools have been extra lucky in getting married, so it is said. Another society which has been organized in Denmark is the celibacy insurance society. Its object is to provide for those women who either cannot or will not provide themselves with husbands. The premiums begin at the age of 13 and end at 40, an age at which it is supposed most of the members will have abandoned all thought of marriage. Such being the case the woman receives an annuity for life. If she marries at any time she forfeits all her rights.

Old maids in the United States are outnumbered by the bachelors, although it is popularly supposed that the contrary is the case. To come to exact figures, there are 7,427,767 bachelors and 3,224,494 spinsters. This is upon the authority of a government report. Even in Massachusetts where it was thought the old maids constitute a large portion of the population they could each find a husband, and then not exhaust the stock of single men, for there are 226,085 men and only 219,355 women who have not yet entered into the bonds of matrimony. New York State has 12,000 more bachelors than spinsters. Only one state in the Union has more female celibates than male and that is California, in which there are 59,456 of the former and 29,839 of the latter. The state of Washington has perhaps the largest excess of forlorn single men—50,587 all told, the unmarried women numbering only 9,181.

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

Unwritten Law in the Best Society. For Dinners, Receptions and Five o'Clock's, the necessary, nay, the indispensable adjunct to the correct repast is Chocolat Menier.

Bunco Man's Power.

Coming down town on an elevated train yesterday morning, said one of former Dept. Byrnes' detectives, I heard two men talking about the easy way in which honest John French of Brooklyn was recently hounded out of \$5,000. These two men were very much disgusted because the old man had been pulled so easily and finally agreed that a man who could be induced to give up his money on such a raw game must be a perfect dummy or else off his head. I listened to the comments of these men with a great deal of interest because in the old days when Tom Byrnes ran the detective bureau in this town, it was my particular function to keep my eyes on the confidence men and always to know where they were and what they were doing. I have arrested the best known bunco men who ever operated in this country, each one a dozen times over, and I want to say that I never had a case where the game, when chronicled in the newspapers, didn't seem just as bald as the one by which Mr. French was roped in. It's easy enough to stand on the outside and marvel at the ease with which a fellow citizen has been duped, but let me tell you that a man who has stepped into the net, or, to be plainer, yielded to the preliminary persuasions of the bunco steerer, is about as securely caught as the fly that has ventured into the spider's web. People still marvel at the skill of the magician, but the interested know that there is nothing marvelous in what he does, that it is all very simple and easy. If I didn't know something of the dexterity of the bunco steerer, I too might marvel at the way Mr. French gave up his money, but my experience has taught me that the more astute and worldly wise the man the easier it is to make a victim of him.

I should put all of this in the past tense because bunco, or bunco, as it should be called, although I don't know why, is played but little now-a-days, and cases like that of Mr. French are rare. The old game, where a man's stock in trade was his gift of gab, has given way to gold brick sales, lake horse deals and green goods operations. A great many more of these transactions than ever got into the newspapers are carried through now-a-days, but bunco in its old form is little played. The only reason I can give for the change is that the game became too well known, through the medium of the newspapers, although it is a fact that there are no such clever men engaged in swindling today as there used to be.

The two queerest bunco steerers that ever lived were Hungry Joe and Grand Central Pete. Tom Byrnes always maintained that Joe was the cleverest of them all, but I hold that there never was the equal of Peter Lake, in the swindling line. The two men worked precisely the same game and in their careers were about equally successful, but there was this difference. Joe Lewis, or Hungry Joe, was a born thug. If he hadn't been a man of brains he'd have been a sandbagger, and even as it was it was a difficult matter for him to be even decently polite to his victim after he had stripped him. He was impetuous and although he'd start in on a victim with gentleness and consideration, he was always tugging at the chain before he was half through. I've known him to grab a man's money and then punch the man, when, with a little patience, he could just as easily have talked him out of it.

I remember well how this phase of Joe's character landed him in jail for a good term once. An English tourist named Ramsden came here and fitted up a swell hotel. Joe spotted him and introduced himself on Broadway one day as Henry F. Foot, nephew of Capt. Murphy of the Gallia, the steamer in which Ramsden had just come over. How Joe knew that Murphy the Englishman had become great was on the voyage, I don't know, but it was that they had, and Joe was on the same ship at once. Well, there are a lot of details about this case that I'll be wiser to leave to the usual methods the tourist long pause he stepped into a place on Grand street, and a card turned up winter but he was going beautifully to these.

Then he told how ready to bet them and I, in said, pointingly made Joe lose mentioning no name, he grabbed the card, when we came upon Ramsden, and overruled followed it. up a few days later and he turned round the case, so we'll go round that mountain a few years ago the valley with the dogs as in Detroit got him. We separated, Ramsden and I heard a gun, and then sat down all right, long. As night was coming on, I went and took. I could get. He said it was getting dark I fired in the air, and then. 'Something,' I said, and to my cousin. I must follow him down to his flight. After



SICK HEADACHE

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

Small Pills. Small Doses. Small Price.

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

the latter visited this country and used to dine with him at the old Hotel Brunswick almost every day. He worked him to perfection, and finally got a check for \$5,000 out of him. Somebody tipped Wilde off about his friend, however, and the author beat Joe to the bank with a stop payment order, by about two minutes. But on the whole, Joe's impetuosity inspired by greed and partially the result of a strain of brutality in him, made him in my mind a second rater, although, he was lucky, enough to make as much money as any man in his line in the old days.

But this man Lake was the wonder. He was the finished swindler if there ever was one. He was a man of polish and my! he could rope in a man who knew his game. They used to say that he could talk a bank note from a man's pocket to his own, and I verily believe he could. He was the smartest rascal I ever knew, and once when I had arrested him he almost talked me into letting him go.

Grand Central Pete talked incessantly. When he didn't have anyone to talk to he talked to himself. When he sought a victim, he would pick out his man, then make a rush at him, grab him by the hand and talk, talk. The man would never get a chance to say a word. Sooner or later Pete would say something that would interest the man, and when he'd done that he knew it. Actually, that man has talked his way into the confidence of hundreds of intelligent men whom he had never seen or heard of before. Nothing ever fazed him and he invariably got something out of his victims. He was never in a hurry and long after he had a man, and the money was in his grasp, he would toy with his victim just for amusement. I could tell you dozens of stories about Peter Lake that would amaze you, but if you happen to be one of those who were surprised at the easy way Mr. French was buncoed, one anecdote I will relate will interest you. This story is strictly true, and I could mention the names of the two business men of this city who are involved, but I won't for various reasons.

Pete had spotted a man who sat at a desk in the window of a Forty-second street building every day. One morning he decided to pluck him. He got hold of a boy who was passing.

'You are my son, Willie,' he cried, 'Come with me and call me papa. If all goes well you get \$5.'

The boy was 16 years old and a bright boy. He agreed to the terms, and taking him by the hand Pete rushed into the office occupied by the man he had seen from the street. He gave him the same game of talk and from the great mass of words hurled at him the man managed to extract the information that his visitor's son Willie was about to start back for Yale after a week's visit home, and that his father had forgotten his pocketbook and wanted to borrow \$50. Pete gave a name which he had taken at random from the building directory in the hall, and in ten minutes he had \$50 out of his victim and he was going west on Forty-second street, while Willie was going east.

When the victim recovered from the assault of words, he tumbled to the fact that he had been swindled and started after Pete. He saw him put on a Broadway car, and calling a detective, put him on the trail. Pete jumped off the car at Leonard street, rushed into a wholesale dry goods store—he knew he was being

followed—and called his way without being announced into the office of the head of the firm. Half hour later, the detective, who had lost the trail found it again, burst into the office and found Pete smoking the pipe of the head of the firm and talking business with that individual. The detective wanted to arrest him at once. He denounced him as notorious bunco steerer, but was requested to leave the office by the merchant. The detective's explanations and expostulations were in vain and he finally had to get out. He went outside, however, and lay for Pete. But that sick individual had actually induced the merchant to let him out by a rear door, and Pete got away.

When Byrnes heard of the matter he had the merchant come to headquarters and explain why he allowed the crook to escape. Well, sir, that fellow was indignant over the thing. He declared that Byrnes had no right to characterize his visitor as a crook. But before Byrnes got through with him, he felt like 20 cents. It took nearly an hour to make him see what a fool he had been, and then he saw it all at once. But what do you think of a man with such powers as those of Lake? To compare Joe Lewis with such a man is about tantamount.

THE AMERICAN HOUSEKEEPER.

Her Merits and Her Shortcomings From a Foreign Point of View.

'If you want to know why we have no first class professional housekeepers in this country,' volunteered the importer of an English specimen, 'it is because the American woman is too proud and far too independent to allow an employee to manage her home. That is also the reason why we with the best ordered, most luxurious homes in the world, suffer from criminally wasteful domestic management and the worst service of any highly civilized people. In France or England, where half as much money is spent where there is twice the work for the servants to do and a third of the conveniences here are put at their disposal, the fashionable country or city house is conducted with a noiseless regularity that fills the American visitor with nothing short of amazement. In houses where the incomes are by no means large a corps of finished servants will be found, that only millionaires over here can afford.

Just as long as the American woman is head of a modest household she is the most all around capable housekeeper in the world; she can face stiffer odds and rout them more utterly than any French or English woman living. We are the only women in the world who, when deserted at a critical moment, can cook a meal and yet sit at the head of the table, while that same meal is being served, in a fetching frock carrying on a conversation as though nothing had happened. It is a charming faculty, but when she is put at the head of a corps of twenty servants and a great country house her system fails.

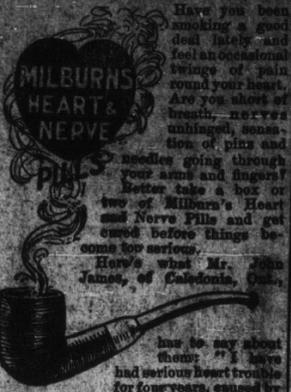
A big, fashionable household, is just like a big ship, it's got to have a captain to direct its course and an engineer to run the machinery, and in the foreign countries they realize and provide for this. In France it is usually a maitre d'hotel who shoulders the domestic burden. He has worked up in the service and his word is law to the servants. He hires and dismisses them, plans their work, sees that it is done and he guarantees to keep the men and maids well fed on a stated allowance. The mistress gives him a fixed sum every month and on this he caters for the servants table that is by no means supplied from the larder that feeds the family. Every servant is entitled to the scraps he or she leaves and has his or her own plate, knife, fork, spoon, &c., and when a meal is over these are washed and set away by their owners in their special cupboards. Scraps are an important item to the thrifty French domestic.

In England, there is a woman who does this, and in every handsome English house is built with special housekeeper's quarters a sitting room and bedroom. Some American houses are now being provided with these special two rooms.

The housekeeper is of the typical sort. She is about forty, plump, pleasing and a settled widow who entered service as a fifteen year old maid and has worked up. She is addressed by the household as Mrs. Brown, and every afternoon has tea served in her sitting room at a table by a maid. She drinks tea and eats her dinner alone, later, wearing a plain black silk gown, a muslin wreath cap and a small lawn apron. Every servant in the house, with the exception of the butler, is under her direct control, and for the good or evil that every servant does she is responsible.

She accepts my directions with a humility no decayed gentlewoman would show, and with a respectfulness so confidential that she would give me the price of a lady's maid over tea. She gets \$50 a month and an allowance for paying the servants' wages and catering to their table.

TOBACCO HEART.



Have you been smoking a good deal lately and feel an occasional twinge of pain round your heart? Are you short of breath, nervous, unsteady, sensation of pins and needles going through your arms and fingers? Better take a box or two of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and get cured before things become too serious. Here's what Mr. John James, of California, Cal., has to say about them: 'I have had serious heart trouble for four years, caused by excessive use of tobacco. At times my heart would beat very rapidly and then seem to stop beating only to commence again with unnatural rapidity. This unhealthy action of my heart caused shortness of breath, weakness and debility. I tried many medicines and spent a great deal of money but could get any help. Last November, however, I read of a man, afflicted like myself, being cured by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I went to Roper's drug store and bought a box. When I had finished taking it I was so much better I bought another box and this completed the cure. My heart has not bothered me since, and I strongly recommend all sufferers from heart and nerve trouble, caused by excessive use of tobacco, to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a fair and faithful trial.'

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

and she it is who sees that no waste goes on in my house.

With a prayer of thanksgiving and a quiet mind I can now nightly lay my head on my pillow, and I don't expect to come down with nervous prostration at the end of the season. The stern and stress of housekeeping has passed me, and no longer do I coolly count off \$200 a month to waste as most fashionable hostesses do; no longer do I hunt intelligence offices when a dozen engagements press, and no longer do I sit down to weep on coming home from a hard afternoon's calling, to hear that the cook has left in a rage, the parlor maid has smashed my best bric-a-brac and the laundress scorched a hole in my best tablecloth.

But let me tell you what lots of our rich women do. They don't mind handing their babies into the care of kindergarten, but they deeply resent sharing the command of their households with a competent woman. For my part I think every big American household where there is a great corps of servants should have one of these competent women at the head, and very soon, in consequence, we would see a marked improvement in the American maid servant, for training domestics is one of the important missions of the English housekeeper. She takes in ignorant girls and teaches them first to be competent kitchen maids and then promotes them as their value and knowledge increase and thus the generation of English maid servants, the dearest, most accomplished domestics in the world, are trained in their profession. Clever and versatile as the American woman may be when thrown on her own resources, she has no gift for educating crude talent. When she has wealth and luxury she simply solves the difficulty by paying fabulous wages, overlooking a good deal of incompetence and retiring to a hotel every now and then to recover from the battle with servants.

HACK SAWS.

And Saws of Various Other Sorts that are Used in Outing Metals.

No doubt the common idea of a saw would be of an implement used for sawing wood, and such is the chief use to which saws are put; but there are also many saws used for sawing metals. The most commonly used of these saws is what is called a hack-saw.

The hack saw is built something like a meat saw; that is, the blade is held between the bent-down ends of a frame, to one end of which is attached the handle, by which, in the ordinary way, the saw is plied; but the hack saw is smaller than the meat saw, with a far more slender frame, and a light, slender blade.

There are various styles and sizes of hack saw frames, including extension frames, in which can be used, according as the frame is adjusted, saws of different lengths; for the hack saw blade is not riveted into its frame, but adjusted there; and blades can be taken out or put in at will.

The blades are very narrow and very thin, and very fine-toothed; they are made of a steel specially hardened for the use. In the manufacture of the blades the work is set and filed by machines, with greater accuracy than that work could be done by hand, and at much less cost. Formerly many hack saw blades were imported from England, now there are very few imported

THE AMERICAN HOUSEKEEPER.

cheaper to use a new blade than to use an old one. The hack saw blade is usually made of steel, and is held between the bent-down ends of a frame, to one end of which is attached the handle, by which, in the ordinary way, the saw is plied; but the hack saw is smaller than the meat saw, with a far more slender frame, and a light, slender blade.

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A STAUNCH ALLEY.

M. B. Connick, of Middletown, N. J., is an unwavering friend of Dadd's Kidney Pills.

Cured of Bright's Disease by Dadd's Kidney Pills—Always Ready to Testify to the Merits of Other Remedies.

MIDDLETOWN, N. J., Jan. 1, 1909.—One of the firmest friends that wonderful medicine, Dadd's Kidney Pills, ever had is the physician of Prince Edward Island, M. B. Connick, the well-known specialist of this place. Mr. Connick recently wrote to the Dadd's Medicine Company, expressing his gratitude for his cure, and parts of his letter are so much to the point that with his permission we reproduce them here.

'Years of the fitful and unsteady, and was glad to hear from you. As for using my name, I have my permission to do so, for what I stated to you at first (to cure of Bright's Disease) is all right. I would not be working now only for Dadd's Kidney Pills. All the country knows my case and there have been hundreds come to see me since I had, of course, I told them the whole thing, just as it was. I told a man and a young lady in Middletown last summer and when I last saw them they were feeling much better and they kept on taking Dadd's Kidney Pills.'

'There is a man, I have now written this letter and I have not had a start in and take Dadd's Kidney Pills. It is in the same way that I have had no more of a man taking out of my head and then stopping. He must have had to make a cure and so I told him to take Dadd's Kidney Pills. I have never favor here as I suppose you have noticed by my sale.'

M. B. Connick, of Middletown, N. J., had Bright's Disease for many years. Five different doctors attended him. A few boxes of Dadd's Kidney Pills cured him completely.

Out of the Ordinary. The two old friends, I have been told before, met again after years of separation. 'By the way, Gagner told me that you remember that wild tale of the eyed little Tibbory girl, with a head that would ditch an express train, used to live somewhere in your neighborhood. I think.' 'Oh, yes, I remember her. I called Gagner.' 'Whatever became of her?' 'I am sorry to disappoint you, but I have not the slightest idea of her whereabouts now.'