

PROGRESS.

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FOR LIFE OR LIBERTY.

MANSLAUGHTER ON MURDER IS THE CASE OF WALSH.

The Attorney General visits at Moncton. The Jury chosen and the Trial on This Week—Will the Extra Juries be Paid for their Time.

John Walsh is on his trial for the murder of John Meahan.

The crime is fresh in the minds of the readers of all newspapers and the facts and main features of the case were brought out at the Coroner's inquest and the preliminary examination.

Walsh is represented by Scott E. Morrill and the Crown has the new attorney general, Hon. Mr. White to present the case to the jury. This is the first case of



JOHN WALSH, Charged With Meahan's Murder.

note that Mr. White has engaged in since his appointment as attorney general and he presented the facts in his usual calm and forcible way.

Probably by the time *Progress* reaches its readers the jury will have given their verdict. The trial began Thursday and the crown was not slow in presenting their witnesses. A noteworthy feature of the address of the attorney general was his inclination to point out that all the crown would attempt to prove was manslaughter. While he did not direct them so in plain terms he spoke as if the evidence would not warrant a conviction for murder.

It is some time since there has been a trial of this sort in this city and the interest was keen. The spectators were there in force and listened to the evidence with the greatest attention. Perhaps there was more attention paid to the selection of the



JOHN MEAHAN, The Murdered Man.

jury which has been waiting ten long days to find out who would be so unfortunate as to be sworn in. Some of them were not long in suspense because the crown and the defence exercised their rights of challenging to the utmost. But others in spite of excuses found that they must devote some time to the service of their country as jurymen. One man urged that he was acquainted with the family of the prisoner, and might be inclined to favor him, but the judge could not see it in that light and the jurymen were sworn. After a while the twelve men were chosen and sworn in. In connection with the jury the fact may be mentioned that an additional panel of forty citizens was summoned by the sheriff presumably on the strength of the Walsh trial but all of them appeared the first day and the murder case was postponed for ten days, and the forty additional talesmen

were not required to show up until Thursday of this week. It is an interesting question that some of them are asking if they will not be paid for the days the court is in session. The judge will no doubt decide that in the briefest fashion, but if there should be anything in the contention what a pretty bill the county would have to pay.

The evidence of Rooney—the man who was with Walsh and Meahan—was the same as at the inquest. He told the story of the spree, and Walsh chasing him away with stones and then he knew nothing afterwards. The physicians testified that the wound was probably made by a rock or some missile and that it caused death. Then Patrick Quinlan the dead man's brother in law was not allowed to tell what Meahan had told him in the hospital. Capt. Jenkins told of the ground and its nature and was the last witness up to the time of writing. Friday morning the jury with the counsel and the prisoner and officers went to view the scene of the crime.

FOR BETTER STREETS.

A Question which the City Fathers Must Soon Face.

A question that the civic fathers will soon have to grapple with is that of the city streets, and especially those on which the block pavements were laid, namely Main, Mill, Dock and Prince William. There has been a question in dispute as to who should bear the burden of the repairs of some of the streets through which the street railway runs, the city or the railway company. As a result of negotiations, however, it is likely that the railway will assume the responsibility and will give the city a certain sum annually, for a period of years, to keep the streets in repair. This mode of settling the difficulty will be similar to the settlement of the dispute about keeping the streets clear of snow for which the city receives \$3,500 annually. Probably they will get \$4,000 yearly for keeping the streets in repair.

Now the question arises what style of work is to be done on Prince William and Main Street. It cannot be said that the block pavement has proved satisfactory and it is also time that engineers as a body disapprove of this kind of street. It lasts only about five years and though it costs only about \$2,000 a yard the frequent renewals necessary make it very expensive; moreover, it soon becomes rough and uneven. The block pavings received a most sweeping condemnation from Mr. Campbell, road commissioner for Ontario, who was here at the time of the exhibition in a report which he had presented to the city council. Mr. Campbell was not backward in expressing his opinions in emphatic language about the city streets saying that there was not a well laid street in the city. As the report was made on the strength merely of an off hand request by the Mayor, Mr. Campbell's strictures of the city public works officials might seem rather gratuitous and unprofessional. Be that as it may, he is thoroughly acquainted with his subject and his views should carry weight.

If cedar blocks are to be relaid there should be at least a concrete foundation placed beneath. The present foundation of boards is not stable enough and having settled in places there are depressions in many spots in the streets.

Now is a good time to go into the whole question and decide what kind of streets are the most economical and lasting granite blocks, cedar blocks, brick pavements, asphalt or macadam, and what are the most suitable for certain classes of streets. Some definite system should be laid down to govern future work, of such unquestioned excellence, and so backed by figures and the tests of other places as to commend itself to future boards of public works and thus overcome the argument that the frequent changes in the civic board militates against the permanency of any policy.

Embarrassing for the Governor.

Mr. Ansbach, the magician, is a most pleasant man and makes himself agreeable with every one he meets. He carries his conjuring plant around viz., his nimble fingers, and his great sang froid with him. produces playing cards and various other articles from the pockets of clergymen and pillars of the churches. On Tuesday he accompanied His Honor the Lieutenant Governor to Fredericton and gave him a pleasant exhibition of his art on the train,

abstracting a pack of cards from the pocket of the representative of the throne and doing other interesting tricks. He went into a lawyer's office the other day and handed his card to the lawyer's clerk. When the latter reached for it it wasn't there. This was repeated a couple of times and then the lawyer's clerk got up banged the door of the safe gave the lawyer a couple of twists and then turning to Mr. Ansbach said in his most serious voice, "Now I am ready to talk business."

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

The Ingh-wal Club Guide Meets With a Strange Adventure.

One of the most thrilling experiences of the year was that of Nelson Spinney the story of whom was told in an evening paper the other night by Dr. Matthew MacFarland, of Fairville, who showed that he could handle the pen with as great facility as the lancet.

Spinney is guide and game warden of the Ingh-wal Club, of Boston, who have a game preserves near Musquash. On the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day while closing the gate of the dam at Eagle Lake he was struck in the leg by the windlass sustaining a severe fracture.

The question arose how he was to reach a place of succour. He determined to try and reach the club house three miles away over a rough portage to Lochalva and along the rocky shore. One nightfall he went along by hopping on one leg with the aid of a staff. Then there being neither moon nor stars it became too dark for this and he decided to go ahead by going backwards; sitting down on the ground with his back to his goal he lifted himself off the ground by his hands and pushed himself along with his sound foot. Thus there was the least strain on the injured limb from which he was suffering agonizing pain. And so inch by inch through the long night, that seemed like an eternity, he crept along over roots and stumps, bogs and marshes, through water, ice, slush and mud, over hillocks and hollows, over rocks and boulders, his courage sustained only by the companionship and sympathy of his faithful dog.

It was two o'clock Friday morning before he reached the club house. Lighting a fire, getting some food, removing the clothes that were torn to shreds by the rocks and briars, he clambered into bed to wait for succour or death, all day Friday, through a wild and stormy night and through the most of Saturday he lay alone in the deserted camp and the apparently deserted woods, wondering if help would ever come to relieve his sufferings. But it came at last. Some men camping in the woods decided to go into Musquash and went to the club house to get a boat from Spinney to cross Lochalva. Their arrival was a welcome sight to the unfortunate man and soon by boat and wagon he was carried to Musquash and at two o'clock Sunday morning 60 hours after the accident he was receiving medical attendance.

From the dam to the club house was three miles and he was thirteen hours making the journey. But then his advance was measured by inches and there are nearly 200,000 inches in three miles so it is wonderful how he got over the ground in that time or how he had the courage and the superhuman endurance, handicapped as he was by his throbbing limb, to do it at all.

HIS SHARP PRACTICE.

A Halifax Physician and His Questionable Philanthropy.

HALIFAX, Dec. 2.—It is said that a certain North End physician is engaged in a bold speculation. One Murray, an exhibition building contractor abandoned his job last autumn having a crowd of poor laboring men with \$2,500 wages unpaid. These people are now feeling the pinch of poverty. They need the money very much and should receive it dollar for dollar. They are almost certain to do this if they can wait till the legislature meets and authorize the payment of the claims. The story goes that this physician, believing that the legislature will make good to the laborers their loss is taking assignments of the claims, paying therefor 20 cents on the dollar. It does look like rather sharp practice, and is, indeed, he is a philanthropist, and is advancing the 20 cents now with the intention of making good the whole amount to them when the money is forthcoming. Only such an intention would be any justification for his conduct. If that is what he is doing he is a good man, otherwise he is not far removed from a sharper.

FUN AT THE BANQUET.

MR. EMMERSON IS SERIOUS; MR. BLAIR JOUJALE.

Hon. Mr. Hill was facetious and not very complimentary. The Dinner was Good and the Fun was Contagious and Lasted Until Three O'clock.

At least no one will be found to assert that the banquet on Thursday night was non-political. It was a gathering of the extremists of the party, the office holders, the ward heelers, the government contractors and the seekers for favor. They were all of one unquestioned complexion and the fact was exemplified by the eulogiums which were exchanged. In fact Mr. Hill of St. Stephen, described the occasion as a mutual admiration society. The praise was fulsome and bountiful, and every one got his share and several got it in many courses.

The material part of the banquet was excellent and though the banquet hall of the Royal is not as spacious as the assembly rooms this was offset by the fact that the service of waiters was better than that at the Blair banquet.

The speakers of the evening were Mr. Emmerson and Mr. Blair. The new premier gave a most interesting speech outlining the future policy of the government in relation to the farmer. The force of his harangue was somewhat lost from the fact that he read it and had to keep his eyes on his paper instead of directing their magnetism at the audience. Probably he wanted to make sure of his words and fall into no pitfalls.

Mr. Blair devoted himself chiefly to protesting against his constituents taking up all his time during the sessions by constantly buttonholing him and calling him from his chair in the house into the lobbies and anterooms. Probably he had vividly fresh in his memory the siege which he had endured from place hunters at his private car at the depot that very day.

There were of course numerous amusing incidents and sallies of wit and outbursts of mirth and applause. Attorney General White referred to the rumors of conflict between Mr. Emmerson and Mr. Tweedie and he said, judging from the reports circulated one would have expected to see Mr. Emmerson come forth with a patch on his eye or Mr. Tweedie with his face badly disfigured. Whereat Mr. Tweedie called out, "He can't do it," a sally that brought down the house.

The polished Mr. Hill of St. Stephen, told a good story. About a hundred years ago Father Murphy, of Ireland, engaged in a controversy with an Anglican Bishop, in regard to purgatory. In one letter the bishop declaimed against the horrors of purgatory, to which Father Murphy replied that he might go further and fare worse. So Mr. Hill likened the present provincial government, perhaps not to purgatory, but to the story, and they might go further and fare worse.

Ald. McGoldrick talked in his usual amusing vein. He said that he held a position that many would like to get, though he had to attend many board meetings at the city hall, and got only \$100 a year and spent that on his way home from the city hall. He said that he represented a constituency bigger than Albert and Westmorland put together and he implied that he might some time measure swords on the field of provincial strife.

There were speeches of all sorts and descriptions and they lasted pretty nearly "all through the night," the revellers not dispersing before three o'clock Friday morning.

THEY SILENTLY STEAL AWAY.

Vernice and Professor Vincario have Pulled Stakes and Departed.

The reign of Dr. Vincario and Vernice the Wise is over. They are only two V's but they seemed to have the power of attracting many other V's and they made some hundreds of dollars here and in Fredericton. Their departure was probably hastened by what claimed to be an expose of the Fredericton Gleaner's. The said paper the other night devoted a couple of columns to the East Indian in which they declared him to be a first-class fair and stated that his method was to unroll with his deft fingers the bits of paper on which his clients wrote their questions and with a rapid glance of his brilliant eyes take it in, consuming but an instant in the operation unnoticed by his interviewer. Then in his Hindu tongue he would convey the question to the fair oracle and she would with all her woman's

tact and lengthy experience manufacture an answer. This is a question which the writer, not having interviewed the soothsayers, will not attempt to discuss.

There is another phase of their visit which, however, may be dealt with. It appears that when the two perps left Fredericton for the United States the first of the week they left some creditors behind. A young St. John man who looked after their advertising, distribution of hand bills, etc., was stuck \$60 wages for services rendered. There are probably other creditors and the business office may have prompted the story in the Gleaner.

Dr. Vincario is very fond of wine and thinks nothing of cracking numerous bottles of fizz every week. He invited a gentleman to have a glass of wine with him a day or two before he left. He had occasion to go out and in his absence the other man, who did not care for wine, got the bar-keeper to put the wine under the bar. When Vincario returned he said that he had drunk his wine. "No you don't," said the professor, "bring it out from under the bar." Whether that was mind reading or simple native ingenuity is an interesting question, though it was probably the latter.

MR. CASSIDY'S KLONDYKE.

Says There is Gold at Silver Falls and Also on Canterbury Street.

Out at Silver Falls they are busy putting up a pumping station to increase the city water supply. There is a big derrick there and a couple of men stand there day in and day out turning the crank of the big machine. Why they should do this menial unremunerative work when there is a regular Klondyke under their feet is somewhat unaccountable, or at least this, no doubt, is what Mr. Builder and Contractor Cassidy thinks. He says there is lots of gold there and he has been a frequent visitor to the falls during the last two or three months, prospecting, digging, and knocking off pieces of rock which he brings into town to show his friends what wealth is contained therein. Some cavillers say it is only iron pyrites, but then Mr. Cassidy has been in Nevada and is a practical miner and he says that there is every indication of gold about the miniature Niagara. In fact he thought it was so much like Nevada that he stuck up a claim board on the city's land just alongside the big derrick setting forth in nicely printed and thoroughly legal language the bona fides and particulars of his claim and signed in his own name. He also drove stakes at the corners of his claim. It was, however, suggested to him that this was not the way to proceed here. The method was to get a prospecting license if desired. Mr. Cassidy remarked that he had intended to apply to Hon. Mr. Dunn for a prospecting license but the surveyor general was out of town. Then it was suggested to him that very probably Mr. Dunn did not carry around mining and prospecting licenses in his pocket and that it would be better to apply to his department at Fredericton for the document. Mr. Cassidy has not gotten rich yet out of his gold strike but he hopes to. He was out there this week and collected some more gold bearing pieces of rock. Mr. Cassidy is an observing man and claims also to have located gold on Canterbury street, more than what has flowed into the newspaper offices here. But in future, when you drink your daily ration of water from Little River, on which Silver Falls is situated look out and preserve the specks of the precious metal floating therein. It will be a good spec.

AFTER DINNER PLEASANTNESS.

Two Halifax Gentlemen and Their After-Dinner Speeches.

HALIFAX, Dec. 2.—Everybody pronounced the dinner of St. Andrew's Society on Tuesday night to have been one of the best in recollection of the oldest dinner-giver in Halifax. The feature of the night was Professor Howard Murray's post-prandial speech and his sarcastic and ironical attack on attorney general Longley. It was unparalleled. The attorney general's reply in which he explained that Professor Murray's malignity was due to the fact that he (the attorney general) had publicly denounced the study of the classics a waste of time and energy was such that both parties could well call the encounter a draw. Professor Murray occupies the chair of the classics at Dalhousie.

The other special feature of the dinner was the creation of Humphrey Mellick one of our rising baristers.

Atlantic Ry.
Prince Rupert.
Trains
Edward,
Railway.
St. John.
Dian Pacific Ry.
Short Line
Ottawa,
St. John.
Steamship Co.
Boston

AMONG THE SOCIETIES

A SECTION OF THE MASONIC ORDER IN ST. JOHN.

Men who were the founders of Free-Masonry in this city—what Progress it has made—some interesting facts and figures about the Order.

The two previous articles dealt with Craft Masonry and the Scottish Rite. The natural sequence would have been, however, to have dealt with the Royal Arch after Craft Masonry and so we will hasten to take it up here.

Royal Arch Masonry.

Royal Arch Masonry as consecutive history dates from Jan. 19th, 1805, when Carleton Chapter was constituted at the lodge room of Saint John's lodge in Cody's Tavern on the south-east corner of Prince William and King streets, where the Bank of Montreal now stands. Thomas Wetmore was the first high priest, David Waterbury, King, Hugh Johnston, scribe; Chapman Judson, royal arch captain; John Paul, first grand master; Richard Lawrence, second grand master; Jeremiah Pecker, third grand master; Richard Bonaall, Zerobabel and treasurer, and Robert Laidley, Tyler.

The chapter worked under the authority of Saint John's lodge until 1815, Union lodge until 1822 and the grand royal arch chapter of Scotland until 1877 when the grand royal arch chapter of New Brunswick was erected by delegates from seven out of the nine chapters in the province. One of the other two, Mount Lebanon, of Chatham, remained without until this year, only within the last few weeks receiving a warrant from the grand chapter of New Brunswick. M. E. Camp B. Lester Peters was the first grand high priest. Carleton Chapter is the second oldest Masonic body in the province, its senior being Saint John's lodge and it possesses its records complete from the date of its organization.

There appears to have been a chapter antecedent to Carleton chapter probably called Hiram Royal Arch Chapter, but little or nothing is known about it except that it existed about 1790.

Hibernia Chapter was constituted in 1858 under warrant of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Ireland. In 1864 the name was changed to New Brunswick Chapter and in 1868 they surrendered their warrant and obtained a substitute from the Grand Chapter of Canada.

Union Royal Arch Chapter was constituted at Carleton in 1860 under authority of the Supreme Royal Arch Chapter of Scotland until they united in the creation of the Grand Chapter of New Brunswick.

Order of High Priesthood.

The grand council of High Priests was formed in this city in the year 1864 under an authorization of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Ireland to the late M. E. Comp. John Willis, Past Principal Z, who was the first president of the council. From 1868 to 1892 it was dormant but in the latter year it was re-established under the designation of the Grand Council of the Order of High Priesthood of the Province of New Brunswick. Its resuscitation was chiefly due to the exertions of M. E. Comp. Robert Marshall who was chosen president of the council.

Royal and Select Masters.

Our last article on the Masonic bodies dealt with the inception of the Cryptic Rite in this city just thirty years ago, through the efforts of Mr. Robert Marshall, and of the main facts in the history of the Scottish Rite.

The first of the Cryptic Rites established was that of Royal and Select Masters. In 1867 three councils were organized, the premier councils in Canada, Saint John Council, No. 1, on August 12th, under charter granted by the grand council of Royal and Select Masters within the State of Maine, dated May 8th, 1867; New Brunswick Council, No. 2, constituted August 12th, 1867, and Carleton Council, No. 3.

On August 14th of the same year representatives of these three councils met at Masonic Hall for the purpose of forming a Grand Council. The grand council met until 1872 and granted charters to six additional councils at Halifax, Toronto, Orillia, Galt, Moncton and Branford. For twenty years after this, however, there is a gap in the history of the rite. In 1892 the grand council was reorganized and rehabilitated and new charters were granted to Saint John and New Brunswick the old ones having been destroyed in the fire of 1877. The following have been the most illustrious Grand Mas-

ters of the Grand Council of New Brunswick:

- Robert Marshall, 1867-68.
- Joseph C. Hatheway, 1869-70.
- David B. Muoro, 1871-72.
- John V. Ellis, 1892-4.
- William B. Wallace, 1895-7.

Knights Templars.

We now come to the military branches of the order. The first established here was the Carleton Council of Knights of the Sword, Knights of the East, and Knights of the East and West, or Babylonian Pass—commonly called Knights of the Red Cross. This was constituted in the Masonic Hall, Nov. 25th, 1867, under a working dispensation granted by M. E. Comp. George, Arnott, Walker Arnott, Grand Principal Z of the Supreme Grand Royal Arch chapter of Scotland. The principal officers of a council are styled the King, the senior General and the junior General.

Saint John encampment, No. 48, religious and military order of the Temple and Holy Sepulchre of Scotland was organized on the authority of a charter from the chapter general dated Oct. 4, 1856. The petitioners for the charter were Alexander Balloch, Charles E. Raymond, Wm. F. Bunting and Robert Stubbs. By their charter they were empowered to confer the degrees of knights of Malta, with the preceding step [known by the name of the Mediterranean Pass or Knight of St. Paul; also the knight of the Red Cross of Constantine; and likewise of the priestly order of the Temple. The encampment includes on its registry many of the leading masons of the province and exhibits an admirable esprit de corps. Recently it transferred its allegiance from the grand priory of Scotland to that of the Sovereign Great Priory of Canada and is now known as St. John encampment, Knights Templar and Knights of Malta, No. 3 A.

Union DeMolay Preceptory, No 11, K. T. and Knights of Malta under the register of the sovereign great priory of Canada was originally owing allegiance to the great priory of the royal exalted religious and military order of Masonic Knights Templars of England and Wales and the dependencies of the British crown from whom it received its charter, No. 104 on the roll, May 21st, 1869. The present charter was dated at Barrie Ont., July 8, 1884 and signed by Wm. J. B. MacLeod Moore, supreme grand master, and Daniel Spry, grand chancellor.

The oldest military encampment in the province however is Hibernian Encampment, No. 318 K. T., constituted at St. Andrews April 5, 1840, under warrant from the supreme grand encampment of Ireland.

Royal Order of Scotland.

One of the most recherche and select of all the orders is the Royal Order of Scotland which is represented in this city by the provincial grand lodge of the Maritime provinces. Only one body or chapter of this order can exist in any one country, state or province and it consists of two degrees—the Royal Order of Herodim and Chapter of the Rosy Cross, technically termed "The High and Honorable Orders of Herodim and the Rosy Cross: The order was originally instituted by Robert Bruce on the field of Bannockburn in 1314 and the King of Scotland (when that country had a king) was the hereditary grand master. This grand lodge formally held jurisdiction over New Brunswick alone, according to its patent of Jan. 4, 1860. The following have been the provincial grand masters:

- Robert Stubbs, 1860-63.
- Robert W. Crookshank, 1864-69.
- B. Lester Peters, 1870-1891.
- T. Nisbet Robertson, 1892-94.
- J. V. Ellis, 1895-97.

Knights of Rome.

St. John and New Brunswick has the distinction of having the premier conclave in North America of the Masonic and Military order of the Red Cross of Rome and Constantine, the invincible order of the K. H. S. and the Holy order of St. John. This very exclusive and knightly order was introduced into America in 1869 by Mr. Robt. Marshall who was granted a warrant by Lord Kenlis, Grand Sovereign of the Grand Imperial Council of England, to constitute McLeod Moore conclave, No. 13. Mr. Marshall was the first Sovereign of the conclave and was also by patent issued the same year appointed intendand general of New Brunswick. Since this date the order has spread considerably over the United States and Canada due mainly to a fine piece of finesse of Mr. Marshall's whereby through the New York and other press he made it known how steps could be taken to establish the order and to whom application should be made. He refused the first position in the order on this continent, that of Chief Intendant General for Canada and the United States, in favor of Col. W. J. B. McLeod Moore because he felt that some one more prominent should be appointed but his services could not go unrewarded and so last year

he was created a Grand Cross of the order a distinguished honor which can be conferred on only 80 individuals in any one country. Up to 1896 he had been Intendant General for this province but on his elevation to the higher dignity, Mr. John A. Watson rose from the honor of Sovereign of the conclave to that of Intendant General.

Like several others of the Masonic bodies the fire of 1877 proved a great stumbling block. The warrant and other property was lost and for some years the conclave became inactive. Its foster father Mr. Robt. Marshall, however, in 1892 breathed into it new life, the warrant was renewed and a new staff of officers elected, Mr. Marshall being the First Sovereign and the late Robt. W. Crookshank, First Viceroy.

To capitulate, the following are the dates of the inception of the various branches of the ancient and honorable rite of Masonry in existence in this city.

Craft Masonry.

- 1802—St. John's Lodge, No. 2.
- 1828—Albion Lodge, No. 1.
- 1827—Hibernia Lodge, No. 3.
- 1846—Carleton Union Lodge, No. 8.
- 1846—Union Lodge of Portland, No. 10.
- 1856—New Brunswick Lodge, No. 22.
- 1867—Grand Lodge of New Brunswick.

Royal Arch Masonry.

- 1805—Carleton Chapter.
- 1858—New Brunswick Chapter.
- 1860—Union Chapter.
- 1864—Grand Council of High Priesthood.
- 1867—Grand Chapter of New Brunswick.

Knights Templars.

- 1846—St. John Encampment, Knights of the Temple, No. 48.
- 1867—Carleton Council, Knights of the Red Cross.
- 1869—Union DeMolay Preceptory, No. 3, A.

Royal Order of Scotland.

- 1860—Provincial Grand Lodge.
- 1867—Saint John Council, No. 1.
- 1867—New Brunswick Council, No. 2.
- 1867—Carleton Council, No. 3.
- 1867—Grand Council.

Knights of Rome.

- 1860—McLeod Moore, Conclave.
- Scottish Rite.
- 1870—Saint John Lodge of Perfection.
- 1870—Harrington Chapter Sovereign Princes Rose Croix.
- 1870—New Brunswick Sovereign Consistory.

"If."

If wishing could bring it back to me,
If wishing could bring it back to me,
The heavy sentence that flew away
To mar the joy of another's day;
If wishing could bring it back!

If working could bring them back to me,
If working could bring them back to me,
The snail-horn I dreamt away,
That made all toil another's day;
If working could bring them back!

—Sel.

New York Sunday Fisherman.

It is estimated that more than 75,000 fisherman go out of New York every Sunday, and that they spend on an average of \$2 each on the sport.

A farm has been defined as a tract of land surrounded by a barbed wire fence.

Earning Money.

To capacity to get good positions and earn money depends on training. If you want to better your conditions, want employment come here or you can learn by mail. Lesson free.

Snell's Business College, Truro, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

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

WANTED \$5 PER HUNDRED (Or 6 Cents each) allowed for collecting your neighbors' names and addresses. Blank books holding 500 names and full instructions 10 cents. H. Smith's Directory, E. 302 Broadview, Toronto Ont.

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

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

WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our waterproof Cold Water Paint. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOPF, 40 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

RESIDENCE at Bethesda for sale or to rent for the summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the Titus property about one and a half miles from Bethesda Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Falls. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenety, Barrister-at-Law, Fugatey Building. 24-2-47

We Have Secured the Use

Of the system of business practice used in Eckard's Business College, New York. S. B. Eckard is unquestionably the ablest business college man in America, and is an acknowledged authority on educational and business subjects. His system is the latest and best, and is entirely free from the absurdities of other systems now in use. We have been using this system for several weeks, and teachers and students are delighted with it.

Now is the time to enter. Business and Short-hand Catalogues to any address. S. KERR & SON

PURE TEA

Sold in lead packets to keep their fragrance.

That is, Tea leaves, scientifically prepared, from early pickings, off well cultivated plants—is a wholesome, invigorating drink. Few people, however nervous, are otherwise than pleasantly affected by drinking properly prepared

Tetley's TEAS

FROM ANCIENT INDIA TO SWEET CEYLON.

Hot Water Kettles

For Table Use.

The finest assortment of these goods ever shown in the City. With Stand and Spirit Lamps, also Kettles separately. The Kettles are solid brass, handsomely finished. The stands we can supply in either "brass or wrought iron." The Kettles separately range in price from 75 cents to \$3. The Kettles and spirit lamps complete from \$1.90 upwards.

Illustrated circulars mailed on application.

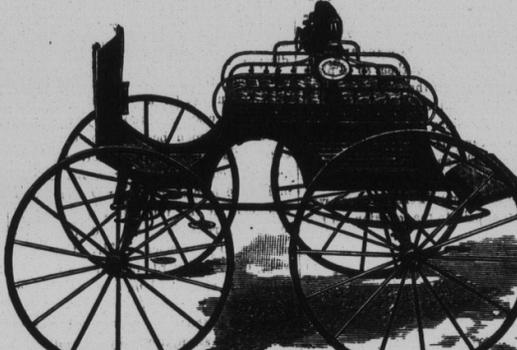


EMERSON & FISHER.

P. S. Another lot of English Carvers just in. The latest patterns. The best quality of steel. Prices low for first-class goods.

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Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The much anticipated first appearance of H. Evan Williams, the great American tenor, materialized at the Opera House on Wednesday evening last, and in the presence of a very large and fashionable audience. What a great occasion it was!

Another feature of the evening which was only of lesser interest, was the re-entry as it were, upon the concert stage of Mrs. Fred G. Spencer. To this lady this occasion was as trying as a first appearance could ordinarily be not only because she has been suffering from a severe cold for the past ten days, but because she was appearing for the first time as a soprano, having been previously and most favorably known as an alto.

The other features of the evening were violin solos by Mr. Bowden who is improving much; readings by Miss Ina Brown and an instrumental trio by Messrs Rowden, Ewing, viols, and Miss Godard.

Miss Godard's skill as an accompanist is so well known and appreciated that nothing can be said to add to her already well acquired distinction.

Another concert, with an almost entire change of bill and by the same talent was given on Thursday evening.

Tones and Under-tones.

Mlle. Toronto a young Canadian singer a pupil of Marchesi will sing in the United States under the chaperonage of Madame Melba, who is a particular friend of the young singer.

Madame Melba will sing mostly in Philadelphia this season. She will be seen as "Violetta" and "Marguerite" during the first week of the opera season and later in "The Barber of Seville." Madame Melba and her sister Miss Mitchell arrived in the United States last week.

It is said that Van Dyck has resigned from the Imperial opera in Vienna. His indispositions, became too frequent to suit the officials.

Victor Maurel will tour Europe with a French opera company to sing "Falstaff" and "Otello" principally.

Mlle. Bonley, a blind girl, has captured the first prize for fuge and counterpoint at the Paris Conservatory this year.

The 600th performance of "Der Kreis-chutz" will soon be celebrated at the Berlin opera house.

Sir Arthur Sullivan is said to be composing a new comic opera the book of which is in the hands of A. W. Pinero and Comyns Carr.

In the Boston theatre on tomorrow evening (5th Dec.) the "Redemption" will be

gives with a chorus of four hundred voices selected from all the choirs of Boston. A choral by Weber 'In constant order works the Lord' will also be rendered, and for the first time in that city.

M. Mahler recently produced at the Vienna Opera house "The Magic Flute" in the old version as given in the theatre under the direction of Mozart himself. M. Mahler is also preparing a revival of "Fidelio."

Madame Seibrich the prima donna singing in Massey Hall, Toronto, on the 2nd. December, instant. She was assisted by other artists and an orchestra from the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. This occasion was one of great delight to the music loving Torontonians.

The Flak Jubilee singers gave a concert last Monday evening in Bond street church Toronto

Amanda Fabris who sang prima donna roles with the National Opera company in the United States, and the Carl Rosa Opera company in England is now playing the title role in "The Circus Girl" at the Boston Museum.

Bernhardt Walther who is remembered in St. John as a violinist took part in the programme as the opening of the new buildings of the Conservatory of Music, Toronto, on Monday evening of last week. A choir of conservatory students opened the programme by singing "God Save the Queen."

Sousa's new opera "The Bride Elect" will be presented at the Boston theatre on the third of January next. This opera requires a military band as well as a large chorus.

Pol Plancon the eminent basso arrived in New York last week and will remain in America until the spring. Gerardy the cellist came over with him.

"Adelaide" will be produced for the first time in English at the first of Mr. Bagby's musical mornings at the Waldorf on the 6 Dec. David Bisplam will appear as "Beethoven" on that occasion.

The celebrated Apollo club of Boston gave the first of its series of four concerts in Music Hall on Wednesday evening. The next concerts will be given on January 26, March 28 and May 4. The soloists will be Pol Plancon, basso; David Bisplam, baritone; Antoniette Trebelli soprano, and H. Evan Williams tenor. As usual Mr. B. J. Lang will be conductor.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

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clock whose mechanism represents, every fifteen minutes, all the activities of a miniature railway station. The telegraph operator sends a despatch, the doors of the station open, the station master and his assistants appear on the steps, the clerks open the windows and distribute the tickets; several travellers rush toward the train that comes in at full speed. In short, until the train has gone the usual stir of such stations is exactly reproduced.

As the train leaves each automaton returns to its place, and for a quarter of an hour everything is peaceful. The clock's dimensions are not known, but it is said to have had six years' labor expended upon it.

Another remarkable clock is that made by Villingen, the clockmaker of the Black Forest, Germany. It shows the seconds, minutes, quarter hours, hours days, weeks months, seasons, years and leap years to the last second of the year 9999, besides a host of other astronomical, geographical and historical facts.

There is a celebrated clock at Berne in Switzerland. The approach of the hour is announced by the crowing of a cock. At the same time may be seen at the very top of the tower a man clad in a coat of mail striking the hours with his sword on a large bell. As the hours are striking a troupe of bears make their appearance and

WHO IS HAPPY?

The healthy mother of a healthy child has a happiness all her own. Her's is a joy that cannot be told. It is peculiar to motherhood. The responsibility for the soft little, sweet little, dependant creature



as much a part of herself as her own heart—brings a pleasure that may be equaled in Heaven, but never on earth. The greatest thing that can be done in this world is to bear and rear healthy, happy children. Many women do not do it—do not reach the full measure of beautiful, perfect womanhood because of the neglect of the health of the organs distinctly feminine.

Every woman may be perfectly healthy if she chooses. She need not submit to the humiliating examinations and local treatment of physicians. She need have no trouble and slight expense. Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription will cure any disease or disorder peculiar to women. It is the invention of a regularly graduated, skilled, expert, successful specialist. It has been sold for over 30 years, and has a greater sale than all similar medicines combined. It regulates every feminine function—makes a woman better able to bear children—better able to take care of her children. It greatly lessens the pain and danger of parturition. No honest druggist will offer you a substitute—look out for the one who does.

"My illness was caused by lack of medical attention during child-birth, and lasted for a period of three years, during which my suffering was almost indescribable," writes Mrs. Edith Petty, of Texanna, Cherokee Nation, Indian Territory. "My constitution was strong and health good up to that time. Owing to injuries received, rupture, internal displacement, etc., I became a physical wreck. I think it was a constant state of pain that brought about a nervous collapse, and it would be impossible for me to tell you the degree of torture I underwent from the time that set in. I became so nervous I feared insanity. The nervous disorder seemed to affect my heart. The slightest shock would bring on a spell of palpitation which would last for two hours and over; this would be succeeded by a smothering spell which was suffocating in the extreme. I became so reduced in strength and the nervous trouble so far advanced that I could take no solid food. When I could eat (no matter how little) I would get so nervous it seemed that I must die. In such matters worse I was seized with an almost insane fear of death. My tortures were awful in the extreme. I at length consulted the highest medical authority in the Creek Nation. An examination was made. The doctor informed me that recovery was impossible without the aid of a surgical operation, the rupture and displacements must be reduced; that no amount of medicine would effect a cure. Four months later, this doctor with the assistance of three others performed the operation. For twelve days I was kept under the influence of the strongest opiates. At the end of

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 4.

TO PROGRESS' PATRONS.

PROGRESS is published this week by The Progress Publishing Company (Ltd.) Important changes in the form and make-up of PROGRESS are in contemplation, to take effect about the beginning of the New Year, which the publishers feel confident will be more acceptable to its thousands of readers, as well as its many valuable advertising patrons.

The steady increase in PROGRESS circulation during the past few weeks has been most gratifying to its owners, and it will be their aim to conduct the paper in the future upon such lines as will warrant a still more generous demand for it at the hands of the public.

PROGRESS will continue at all times to speak out fearlessly and candidly where the public interests demand it, and when fraud or wrong-doing should be exposed it will not be slow in presenting facts to its readers.

It will be PROGRESS' aim and desire to be clean, safe, reliable and wide-awake journal—up-to-date and original in everything, and in so being, the publishers feel confident of its hearty reception for many years to come.

Next week the safety board have an important subject to discuss that of increasing the police force. At present there are on the force 43 or 44 men but a number of these are old men who do duty at the police stations, mayor's office, ferry boat, etc., so that the number doing duty is really only 38. There was a time during the regime of Chief MARSHALL when the staff on active service numbered 45 or 46 but ideas of economy have been steadily reducing the number and a regulation of the T. R. A., council led to further reductions by providing that vacancies should not be filled until the force had fallen to 34. The number dropped to this and then it was found that the city was not sufficiently provided with police protection so four specials were appointed. Chairman of Safety McGOLDRICK considers that 38 is not too many and perhaps too few. Sand Point requires a man now and the residents of Mount Pleasant and of Mecklenburg and neighboring streets and frequently asking for policemen. The city should be thoroughly covered by the police, each man having his own beat and being required to remain there and not to stand on a corner with one or perhaps two of his brother policemen talking.

It is quite astonishing how many games were originally invented and practised by people we are accustomed to think of as savages. Our own Canadian game of lacrosse originated among the North American Indians. WALLACE tells how in Borneo one wet day he thought to amuse his Dyak boys by showing them Cat's Cradle, but he found that they not only knew it but knew more intricate figures than he. The Maoris of New Zealand actually have a sort of pictorial history in Cat's Cradle figures of twisted fiber. The Sandwich Islanders play a kind of draughts. The South Sea peoples nearly all are adepts at kite flying. Polo comes from Persia and is played magnificently by wild-hill tribes from Northern India.

A French sculptor has invented an ingenious way of producing snow statues that will not melt. He noticed that in ice-making machines the pipes containing the liquified gases were covered with snows and applied the same principles to copper statues made hollow and filled with freezing fluid. The moisture from the atmosphere forms on the metal in a few moments as a coating of snow, and is prevented from thawing by the freezing mixture, many exquisite effects can be obtained in

this way and for the decoration of a ball-room on a midsummer night the snow statuary must be ideal.

In order that wide-spread measures may be taken to prevent the recurrence of the terrible disaster at the charity bazaar in Paris, it is proposed to hold an international Congress of experts in that city, together with an exhibition of fire extinguishing apparatus etc., the scientific discussions being accompanied by practical illustrations. Makers of fire-engines are invited to send exhibits, and architects, engineers, inventors and others are asked to forward plans or designs for safeguarding theatres, concert rooms and other public buildings.

The National Congress of German Journalists and Writers met recently in convention at Leipzig, and formulated a protest against the methods of punishing editors which existing statutes prescribe. They are put on a par with thieves and murderers, and kept in chains in dungeons and are fed on the same food as common criminals. It is no wonder that they petition the Reichstag to abate the vigor of these ordinances, though what will come of their protest remains to be seen.

Newspapers will soon be used in the Kansas city schools as text books. At the regular meeting of a local school board the superintendent of schools recently instructed the principals to keep up an interest in current events and to encourage the reading of good newspapers. He remarked that he would introduce a system whereby newspapers would be used as text books a little later and that he was getting the teachers prepared for it.

Germany and Spain are now connected by a submarine cable 1250 miles long, the ends of which are at Emden and Vigo. It is the first link in a series of lines to be extended to Brazil and to the United States by way of the Azores.

A learned scientist says that the whole human body is full of microbes, and that a person is healthy as long as his microbes are in good condition. The question now is, what can a fellow take that will always be good for his microbes?

According to the latest Colonial budget, every dollar worth of Colonial trade costs Germany 75 cents, and every Colonial settler costs the empire \$1,000 a year. At that rate a great Colonial empire will be a costly thing.

The discrepancy of express charges is often as pronounced as the incongruities of the system of civic taxation, and that is saying a good deal. The other day a gentleman got a small box brought by a local express firm from one of the wharves to one of the main streets of the city, a distance of some seven or eight blocks and he was charged 25 cents express charges. As he could have got the box and one or two others beside and himself brought up in state in a coach for only five cents more and as the said box had only by steamer a distance of some 4000 miles for rather 60 cents, he felt that the charge was rather excessive.

The correct missing word in the Welcomes Soap contest for November was "Thorough" and the successful contestants were Miss Nase of Westfield, Miss Black of Salmon River, N. B. and Mrs. R. Heans of 152 Charlotte street, St. John. The contest for December will be carried on under the same conditions as previous ones, and the prizes are 1st, \$12.00; 2nd, \$7.00, and 3rd, \$3.00. All others sending in guesses will receive a handsome premium engraving of their own selection. The words already used are ideal, bright, wise, thorough and, no repetitions are allowed.

The printers art has boundless opportunities for amusing errors of various descriptions, and perhaps the funniest that has been noticed for some time occurred this week when one of the evening papers kept persistently insisting night after night, that one of the solos at the Evans Williams concerts would be 'Waffer Angles.' At first glance it was generally supposed to be a foreign language; but it wasn't. It was the old familiar 'Waff Her Angles' masquerading under a typographical error.

All open front shirts done by hand with the New York finish. It is picturesque—Try it. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and Dye Works. Phone 68.

With careful attention, the ugliest beard and mustache can be made tidy, and of even color, by the use of Buckingham's Dye for the whiskers.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Coming Night. The dark night will overtake me soon, It is his will I know; That soon and certain mornning In silence I must go. Down the still vale where shadows creep To lay me down in trustful sleep. O Father till I pass that way, Keep me as best my heart can stay. I do not importune Thee Lord, Ere yet the curtain's drawn; For more than these brief words afford, After the night the dawn. Thither O Father guide my feet; Where life in Thee may be complete, And still no more than this I pray Keep me as best my heart can stay. Thy hand has led me all along, Across the barren plain; At night or at even-song, In comfort or in pain. All the rough road my faith to test, Make Thou each night my place of rest; And lest forgetful I should stray, Keep me as best my heart can stay. The dark night may o'take me when, They are not dead, my eyes are closed; Rise then my soul's last loud amen, The joy outlives the tear. My faith shall see the harbor light, The jeweled portal just in sight. And that my strength be as my day, Keep me as best my heart can stay. Why should I hope for greater bliss, If others far ahead,— O! my vast record had but this, Simply their daily bread. In wildest storms how sweet to find, They are not dead, my eyes are closed; When perfect love dark fears ally, Keep me as best my heart can stay. I pray for peace when storms are o'er, Committing to Thy care; My heart to touch the heavenly shore, And I Thy mansion share. The gloom night falls but sought I see, Toadden those who trust in Thee. And with Thy saints in bright array Keep me as best my heart can stay. OYRAUS GOLD.

The Wall's Thanksgiving. Why up in the lot, with cadence soft, The silver chains were strung, And through the glare of the Autumn air, Thanksgiving hymns were sung; O'er chains that brought the flames The sacred songs of good old times Back to the wailing's wakened ear, And old church music near, That may be hark'ning many a year.

And cackles faced and stolid-faced Drove up to the church's portal; And men once more passed through the door To thank the King immortal, And hear the man that decked the day, And look at the altar's new display, For such is ever the human way.

Now out in the street, with bell-clad feet, And garments shabbily clinging, A child there stood in a dreamy mood, And harked at the church-bells' ringing, With his hand pressed against her breast, As if the harmony gave her rest; As if each note, as it softly rose Out of its swarming brass and pew, Was a morsel of food to her hungry soul.

But when like a band from unseen land That with the world revolves, The organ hurled to the outside world A hundred silver notes, Into the eyes of the child there came A torch as lit by a sudden flame; And through her memory's window to flow, Something she still must come to know, And yet had forgotten long ago.

And none the less for her ragged dress She sped to the door—unhearing; And through the men, her soul intent On the strains of music hearing; Her great set eyes beaded with dew, She passed along with the others through, And seated herself in a velvet pew!

The serion gazed with an eye amazed, Upon this odd intrusion; And his handiwork seen and placid mien He scanned with contentment; Out of the door he quickly led The little maid; and bravely said, 'There are churches enough for you instead.'

But still the song of the organ drowned The noise of her heart's complaining; Now with echoes choirs of the human voice, And a queen soprano singing, But climbed to the gallery's utmost stair, And with her clasping eyes on fire With new ambition and old desire, She gazed at the organ and the choir.

The chief of the song, with baton long, Was numbering each bright measure, But looking around the child he found, And scowled his dark displeasure; His eyes and his lip and his baton dropped; And well that the music had not stopped! He never had known a guess like that; There came from his mouth a hissing "skat!"— She skurried away like a frightened rat.

And out on the street once more her feet On the flinty curb were falling, And still from within the delicious din Of music's voice was calling, And still for a place to hear in search, She walked the length of the palace church, And finding an open vestry door, Crept into the stately house once more, And started this region to explore.

UNREASONABLE HOURS.

Moncton is Unique in the Length of its Working Day.

MONCTON Dec. 1.—If there is any one thing in which Moncton stands in need of radical reform it is the hour at which its working people begin the labors of the day! The fault lies largely with the government, as the hours prescribed for the men working in the railway shops have set the time for other working men, until the unearthly hour of six in the morning has become the generally accepted time for going to work. In summer this is not so bad although it gives the men a working day of ten hours which is much too long, but in winter it is a simply barbarous hour for anyone to turn out of his warm bed, and face the bitter cold of a Canadian winter's morning. The first whistle sounds at five o'clock which seems just the darkest and stillest hour of the night, and it is then that the wife of the working man bestirs herself and begins the labors of her long weary day. She lights the kitchen fire, stirs up the hall stove and by the time the porridge is on, and the kettle boiling, she calls her husband letting him sleep till the last moment, and by half past five they are seated at the breakfast table. The meal is always a hurried one, for even if they live in town fifteen minutes is none too long to allow for the walk to the shops, and if a workman arrives five minutes after the six o'clock whistle has blown he loses a whole hour.

The men who live a little out of town, or at Sunny Brae must get up at least half an hour earlier, and that means half past four hours of work by lamplight before the day has fairly begun. Naturally these people are thoroughly tired out before the end of the day and by eight o'clock, when the evening is just beginning for most people, they are only fit for their beds, their waking hours being nearly all spent in work, and their time too fully occupied to leave them much time or inclination for either amusement, or mental improvement. A man or woman who is ever pursued by the consciousness of having to get up at five o'clock in the morning, and haunted by the dread of oversleeping, is not likely to feel inclined for attending concerts or lectures, or joining a reading club; his whole attention is concentrated on obtaining as much sleep as possible, and getting up betimes; and after his ten hours of steady work he does not feel much like taking exercise, so even the link and the gymnasium fail to attract him except on Saturday night, and by and by he becomes indifferent to all forms of amusement, and is content to be a mere machine; dividing his time between working and sleeping. This is not a matter of so much importance to the mere laboring man who has always been accustomed to such a life, and asks no better. Perhaps he can neither read nor write, cares nothing for music, and is quite satisfied to hang around the street corners, or in the corner grocery, smoking his pipe and gossiping with his friends for an hour or two after tea, and then tumble contentedly into bed.

But the Moncton railway shops are full of intelligent artisans who have received a good education in the public schools, many of whom are graduates of the high school, and endowed with the required tastes and instincts of advanced civilization; and such a man is compelled to live the same narrow life that content his humbler brethren, conform to the same barbarous hours and be content with the same intellectually starved existence. He may be a fireman, or occupy a more advanced position, but of course it stands to reason that he must begin work at the same time as the men he is in charge of and knock off when they do. His family must breakfast at the outlandish hour of half-past five at latest, unless they wish to get into the habit of dispensing with his society altogether, and letting him take the first meal of the day in solitude. And they must "dine" in the middle of the forenoon at eleven at least some of them must, for the children must have another dinner served for them when they come home from school at twelve, making the household arrangements complicated and nearly doubling the work. If as it frequently happens the mother thinks it best to let the children sleep as long as possible in the morning when they are going to school, the father and children do not meet until tea time, for the men in the shops have barely an hour for dinner, most of the housewives fixing their dinner hour at a quarter past eleven sharp, and at eighteen minutes to twelve exactly, the warning whistle which announces that it is time to return, blows while the second one at five to twelve collects all the stragglers, and the last, at twelve, must see them beginning work.

Now if the eight hour system which was so largely exploited just before the last general election, were to be adopted, all this would be changed, and the working



people of Moncton be enabled to live reasonably comfortable lives. Once the government decided to call eight hours a full day's work, and the government whistles blew at eight, twelve and five, instead of six, eleven and five, the other manufacturers would soon fall into line, and employers of labor generally would realize that the man who worked steadily, for eight hours gave his employers the very best that was in him, and did really better work, as well as more of it than the other who had dragged wearily through fatigue to do full justice to the task he had in hand. In a short time all classes of working men would get into the habit of beginning their day at a rational hour and the change would be beneficial to all concerned.

Under the present regime the working hours are the cause of incalculable inconvenience to the class of people whose occupations enable them to take life a little more easily. For example if you are having papering, painting or carpentering, done in your house you must be up and doing in time to receive the workmen when they arrive, the fires must be made and the water boiling in case they want to make paste or require hot water for washing walls and ceilings. You may not be in the habit of leaving your downy couch before half past seven, but that is a matter of utter indifference to the workman, who selfishly declines to lose two hours time in the morning and begin work at eight o'clock merely to suit your convenience, they rudely hint that if you cannot be ready for them then, and of course you are only too ready to capitulate, as painters and paper hangers, not to mention carpenters, are pearls of great price in Moncton, and must be tenderly handled lest they fly away and are seen no more.

Therefore the entire family are aroused before daybreak and turned out of their rooms in order to let the workmen in; breakfast is a hurried and uncomfortable meal, and everyone begins the day unpleasantly, and with a distinct sense of injury.

This is only one instance of the many disadvantages attending the ten hour system, and the sooner the Minister of Railways directs some of his superfluous energy towards reform in this respect, the better it will be for everyone.

Mr. Cameron's Sale. Charles K. Cameron's millinery store presents a very busy scene these days, the result of an announcement made in PROGRESS last Saturday of a great sale of head-wear which was inaugurated a week ago. This firm has ever made a special effort to produce work that was in every particular quite equal to that of the large wholesale places, and has been most successful in every particular, as the rush at their store in the millinery season evidences. The sale announced last week still continues and so does the activity of those who know what a genuine bargain is and are anxious to avail themselves of a rare opportunity to secure one. Mr. Cameron is offering trimmed and untrimmed hats, bonnets, toques and turbans in an almost endless variety of styles and shades, also a lot of walking hats, sailor hats and tams at greatly reduced prices, as he is anxious to clear out the entire stock. His store on King street is open every night and customers are always sure of the most courteous service from an obliging staff of attendants. Those who are anxious to get an elegant and stylish thing in millinery should not fail to call at Camerons.

Overnight. Necessity is the mother of invention and the hungry Frenchman told about in a biography recently published in England illustrates the old adage anew. He was in an English restaurant and wanted eggs for breakfast, but had forgotten the English word. So he got around the difficulty in the following way: 'Vaiter, vat is dat valking in de yard?' 'A cock, sir.' 'Ah! And vat you call de cock's wife?' 'The hen, sir.' 'And vat you call de childrens of de cock and his wife?' 'Children, sir.' 'But vat you call de shicken before dey are shicken?' 'Eggs, sir.' 'Bring me two.'



The concerts of last Wednesday and Thursday were the greatest of the past week, and in fact for many weeks, both from a social and musical standpoint. The prominence in the musical world of the vocalists who took part, the large and fashionable audience present upon both occasions, and the great enthusiasm displayed, all combined to give it an éclat that has seldom attended any event of a similar nature in this city. Much had been written regarding the wonderful tenor, Evans Williams and much was expected of him, and it is a wonderful tribute to his ability, that not only did he come fully up to popular expectation, but succeeded in arousing a degree of enthusiasm that has never been equaled in St. John. At the close of his first solo, The Holy City, Mr. Williams was called several times, and when he finally decided to respond in the way that best pleased the audience, the wild hurrahs that went up from hundreds of throats was sufficient evidence that he had scored a great triumph. It was an ovation that has never before been accorded any artist in this city. His every appearance was the signal for prolonged applause, and after each number he was recalled many times. Mr. Williams' reception here means the addition of other bright laurels to those he has already won.

An interesting feature of the concert was the appearance of Mrs. Fred G. Spencer after quite a lengthy absence from the concert stage. When last heard here Mrs. Spencer's voice was a rich, pure alto—now it is a soprano of great power and beauty, and, though her ten days before the concert she had been suffering from a severe cold—in fact at that time it was feared that she would not be able to sing at all—her magnificent voice was never heard to better advantage and her friends are delighted with her brilliant success of Wednesday evening. If a little nervousness was noticeable at first, it was only very natural under the circumstances; her program, vocal list, lady or gentleman, appearing on the same program as so celebrated a singer as Evans Williams would, of course, to a certain extent hold the trying position; but Mrs. Spencer came through the ordeal successfully and scored a triumph. Miss Godard was as ever in an ideal accompanist, though on the first evening the piano was not just what it should have been. This matter however, was remedied on Thursday evening when Miss Godard used her own piano. Miss Eva Brown gave two recitations, the first of which was a trifling long. It is always a pleasure to hear Mr. Bowden and his skilful manipulation of the bow on both evenings was a source of real delight to the large audience. In the Williams concert St. John has had a wonderful musical treat and to Mr. Fred Spencer is due the thanks of all lovers of music. It is pleasing to know that his energy and enterprise have been well rewarded, and that the experience of the past week has but strengthened the confidence reposed in him by a music loving people with whom he has never once broken faith by exploiting any talent except the very best.

The Deffenin hotel was on a fine Thursday afternoon when Mrs. Willis extended its hospitality to about one hundred and sixty of her lady friends. The homelike parlors of the hotel were artistically decorated for the occasion and looked particularly bright when the guests in all the splendor of new and elegant winter gowns had assembled. The hostess who was gowned in black satin, with chiffon bodice trimmed with pink and jet, was assisted in receiving by Miss Smith of Windsor who had on a lovely bodice of turquoise silk and black satin skirt. Mrs. G. F. Baird, Mrs. W. J. Robertson, and Miss Annie King were also valuable assistants of the charming hostess in looking after her guests, among whom were the following:

- Mrs. R. McIntyre, Mrs. E. Dinlay, Misses McCormick, Mrs. T. Adams, Mrs. J. Kerr, Miss Willis, Misses Adams, Mrs. G. H. Willis, Mrs. John Moore, Mrs. A. Branscombe, Mrs. E. L. Philip, Mrs. Henry Austin, Misses Laugan, Misses Tapley, Mrs. L. B. Wilson, Mrs. W. K. Millson, Miss Gregory, Mrs. L. Mortimer, Mrs. (Dr.) Dame, Misses Walker, Miss Sadler, Miss L. Pritchard, Miss Green, Mrs. Sailer, Miss Duval, Mrs. Miles, Misses McLaughlin, Misses Nixon, Mrs. N. Burditt, Mrs. Horace King, Miss King, Kingsville, Mrs. S. DeForest, Mrs. J. A. Adams, Mrs. H. DeForest, Misses Pugsley, Miss Jones, Mrs. D. P. Chisholm, Mrs. De Wolf Spurr, Mrs. L. B. Thompson, Mrs. George Babbitt, Mrs. W. Rennie, Mrs. (Dr.) Addy, Mrs. Wetmore Mellett, Mrs. Barclay Boyd, Mrs. R. Belyes, Mrs. H. B. Cooper, Mrs. F. Harding, Mrs. J. Harding, Mrs. Susan Robertson, Miss Robertson, Misses Dunn, Mrs. F. Peters, Mrs. Jas. Manchester, Miss Bernard, Miss Hattie Thomas, Mrs. Blair, Mrs. Danson, Mrs. F. Godwin, Mrs. Jas. Bond, Mrs. W. B. Logan, Mrs. B. Thomson, Mrs. E. Jones, Mrs. (Connal) Myers, Mrs. A. N. Shaw, Mrs. Wardon, Mrs. Byron Taylor, Mrs. D. Tapley, Mrs. R. B. McAnally, Mrs. B. J. Ritchie, Mrs. H. Gregory, Miss A. Gregory, Mrs. Best, Mrs. (Dr.) Walker, Mrs. W. C. Whitaker, Mrs. F. Whitaker, Miss Bowditch, Miss Barrett, Mrs. Alex. Paterson, Mrs. D. J. McLaughlin, Mrs. D. J. McLaughlin, Jr., Mrs. J. Ferguson, Mrs. Frank Skinner, Mrs. S. McAvity, Miss King, Mrs. De B. Carrille, Mrs. C. DeForest, Miss Smith, Mrs. G. Pugsley, Mrs. T. R. Jones, Mrs. Hatch, Mrs. Morten Smith, Mrs. R. B. Emmerson, Mrs. J. McCaffrey, Mrs. D. C. Clinch, Mrs. (Dr.) McFarland, Miss Addy, Mrs. J. F. Fraser, Mrs. S. Hayward, Mrs. B. W. Hamilton, Mrs. Herbert Flood, Mrs. C. Harding, Mrs. C. Harding, Mrs. C. A. Robertson, Mrs. (Dr.) J. L. Morrison, Mrs. Fred Temple, Mrs. G. Peters, Mrs. E. Eaton, Mrs. H. DeForest, Miss Blanche Thomas, Mrs. Hoob, Mrs. T. Godwin, Miss Geo. Fleming, Mrs. G. F. Guston, Mrs. Geo. Cushing, Miss Kate Turner.

Mr. Collinson's tea on Saturday afternoon was attended by quite a large number of ladies and gentlemen. His rooms were beautifully decorated with palms and potted plants. The tea was chaperoned by Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Charis Harrison and among the guests were the Misses Robertson, Misses Fairweather, Miss Furlong, Miss Anglin, Miss Falconbridge, Misses Snowball, Miss Travers, Mrs. Markham, Miss Forbes, Miss Anglin, Miss Grace McMillan and Miss Vroom, Messrs. E. Vroom, Dr. Walker, Dr. H. Travers, Jack Ford, R. Markham and E. Turnbull.

Invitations are out for a reception by the Camera club on Monday evening. There was quite a gathering of little ones at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Eslington, Golding street, on Monday last, to celebrate the tenth birthday of their daughter Florence B. At 4 o'clock the children commenced their fun, and from that hour till 10 p.m. they enjoyed themselves with games and other childish amusements. At 6 o'clock they sat down to a table well laden with the things which are most delectable to childish appetites. Miss Florrie received many handsome remembrances from her little friends. Among the youthful guests were—Misses May Ellick, Gertrude Smith, Hazel Merritt, Ada Merritt, Florence Watson, Nana Watson, Annie Stammers, Gladys Stammers, Pearl Smith, Hazel Smith, Rabie Elderkin, Constance Climo, Gladys Climo, Lulu Olive, Mamie Vincent, Lillie Vincent, Amy Parlee, Mary Faries, Florence Roberts, Maud Roberts, Victoria Machum, Marion Foster, Grace Smith, Clive Compton, Joseph Ellick, Wynne Raymond, Florence Eastington, Susan Hammond, Ethel Hammond, Messrs Kenneth Golding, Dexter Bell, Abbott White, Albert Hoar, Charles Salmon, Guy and Roy Wright, Harry Machum, Frank Compton, and Bert Ellick.

A quiet little gathering, interesting to St. John friends of the parties mentioned took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel Drew, Springfield, last Tuesday evening, upon which occasion they celebrated the 11th anniversary of their marriage. A large number of friends were present and many beautiful gifts testify to the esteem in which Mr. and Mrs. Drew are held; speeches, games, recitations music and refreshments made the evening pass very pleasantly until eleven when the party dispersed with many good wishes for the continued happiness of the host and hostess.

Miss Mitchell is spending a couple of weeks with friends in Springfield N. S. Miss May Powers of Princess street is entertaining Miss Annie Bowser of Chatham this week. Mrs. Marie Harrison went to Bridgetown, the first of the week. Mrs. W. R. Tennant was at home at 12 Golding street on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

Mr. W. H. Currie of Windsor has recently been paying a visit to his mother Mrs. Currie of Main street. Messrs J. T. Halliday and A. L. Robbins of Truro, N. S. spent a short time in the city the first of the week. Miss Flossie and Gerlie Reid have returned from a visit to their uncle in Augusta, Me. Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Wetmore of Halifax were in the city for a day or two this week. Mrs. James Withart and Mrs. Ingram of St. Martins spent part of this week in St. John. Mr. C. Scott Farnham who has been visiting her parents here for some time returned this week to Yarmouth.

Conductor John Berry of Moncton was in the city Tuesday. Capt. J. E. Dickinson has returned from Portland Me., whether he was called by the serious illness of a member of his family, who is now much better. Mr. John Ostry of Ottawa spent a day or two here lately. Mr. E. H. Bottrell who had been visiting city friends, returned to Montreal on Tuesday. Rev. Bernard Burton and Mrs. Burton of Canterbury station spent a part of this week in the city. Mr. J. McAllister, M. P. F. for Westchester, was here for a few days early in the week. Miss Gertrude Gray has returned to Fredericton after spending several weeks here with Mrs. Owen Campbell.

Mrs. A. S. Murray came from the Capital to spend Thanksgiving day with her parents. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Branscombe spent the holiday with Fredericton friends. Mr. Will Robbins of Springfield N. S., was here Tuesday evening en route from Portland Maine, where he had been visiting relatives for the past six weeks. On Monday afternoon Mrs. Victor Gowland entertained a party of little folks from three to seven o'clock at her home on Germain street. The little ones were kept well amused and went home delighted with the four hours of fun in which they had indulged. Among those present were Misses Dorothy Tins, Miss Nora Carter, Miss Marguerite Tins, Miss Mary Carter, Miss Florence Tins and Masters Theo and Willie Tins. Hon. Wm. Pugsley and Mr. A. George Blair, jr. went to New York on professional business last Saturday.

Mr. E. A. Sanders of Halifax spent a short time in the city this week. Mr. E. S. Stevens of Boston has been staying here for a day or two this week. Miss May Wilson of Meriden N. H. was in the city for a part of this week. Mr. and Mrs. Porter who were united in marriage at Woodstock early in the week, have been spending their honeymoon in the city. Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Farlan of Summerside paid a short visit to the city this week. Miss Nora Gannocham of St. John is this week a guest of Mrs. James Deroo of Halifax. Mr. J. M. Robinson of Montreal was in the city the middle of the week. Mr. Donald Fraser and Master Fraser came down from Fredericton for a short time this week. Mrs. A. S. Jones of Main street has returned from New York where she had been visiting her son Dr. LeB. Jones.

Mr. Jacob Binney of Yarmouth spent a short time in the city this week. Miss Ethel Bourne of Woodstock is spending a few weeks in the city. Mr. and Mrs. W. Robertson spent part of last week in Woodstock. Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Belyes were here from Woodstock for a few days this week. Mrs. C. B. Foster is in Truro spending a few days with relatives. Mr. N. C. Ross of Boston is spending a little while in the city. Mrs. John Connolly of St. Croix, is the guest of Miss O'Neill, Main street.

Miss Emma Matthews has returned from a lengthy visit to friends in New York. Lady Tilley returned Wednesday from the capital; she was accompanied by Miss Helen Randolph, who will be her guest for a little while. Mrs. P. Brennan and child went to St. Stephen this week and will remain with Mrs. Brennan's parents for the next month. Miss Kitty Connolly, who spent several weeks very enjoyably with her sister returned to St. Stephen the same day. Mr. and Mrs. James S. Neil of Fredericton were in the city for a little while this week.

Mr. W. A. Ferguson came down from Newmarket for a day or two the last of the week. Miss Ida Warwick came from Mt. Allison, Ladies college for the holiday last week. Dr. R. M. Mullin of St. Mary's was in the city on Wednesday. Mr. E. T. Freeman of Halifax was a visitor to the city this week. Mr. and Mrs. Baines of Springfield N. B., are spending a short time in the city. Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Bourne of St. Stephen spent a part of this week in the city. Miss Bowman and Miss Alice Scott of Halifax were here for a day or two this week. Mr. John R. Weir of Quebec was one of the city's recent visitors. Mr. Olof V. Hagro of Halifax made a short stay in the city this week. Lt. Governor McLellan was here for a day or two this week. Miss Mabel Marchie has returned to St. Stephen after a very pleasant stay with friends here. Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Irvine and Miss Irvine of Sussex spent part of last week here. A quiet wedding took place at No. 9 Carleton street Thursday morning when Mr. Harold C. Maclean and Miss Ada C. Norton were united in marriage by Rev. Dr. Bruce. The bride was becomingly attired in a blue gray broadcloth travelling suit, with hat to match and carried a large bouquet. The bride received many beautiful and costly presents; the groom's present to the bride was a seal skin Hat. The happy couple left on the early train for Halifax, followed by the good wishes of their many friends. Mr. and Mrs. Maclean will reside in this city.

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WELCOME SOAP Monthly Missing Word Contest.

THE Correct missing word for November was "THOROUGH" and the winners were Miss Anne Louise Neas, West Hill Beach, N. B. First Prize, \$15.00 Cash. Miss Rebecca M. Black, Great Salmons River, St. John Co., N. S. Second Prize, 7.00. Mrs. E. Neas, 184 Charlotte Street, City. Third Prize, 3.00. "All Housekeepers should use Welcome Soap." Be sure and try a guess this month. The same seasons will be held in December, but the missing word will be changed. \$25.00 Cash prizes for the Correct Word. CONDITIONS—The name and address must be written plainly with all guesses at the missing word sent in. Each guess must be accompanied by 21 "Welcome Soap" Wrappers (otherwise they will not be considered). At the end of each month the guesses will be submitted to a disinterested, responsible and representative Committee, who will decide, awarding prizes as follows: A FIRST PRIZE OF \$15.00 in CASH. A SECOND " " 7.00 " " A THIRD " " 3.00 " " TOTAL, \$25.00 CASH. All others sending in guesses as above will receive one of our handsome Premium Engravings of their own selection. This sentence with correct missing word and result will be published promptly at the end of each month. WELCOME SOAP CO., St. John, N.B. N. B. Words already used are—Ideal, Bright, Wise, and Thorough—Do not repeat.

Fry's Cocoa

is pure—absolutely so. It is concentrated—hence its great strength follows naturally. The flavor is rich and delicate. It is a luxury in so far as its high quality is concerned, but best grocers sell it at a moderate price.

AN IRON

Trestle Bridge is just being completed by us for the Quebec Street Railway. Do you want a Bridge, some Girders, Iron Pillars, Spiral Stairs, a Wrought Iron Tank, Hoist or an Elevator? Write us for prices on anything special. Best equipped shops in Canada. Established over 30 years. CARRIER, LAINE & CO., LEVIS, P. Q. 145 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

RUBBERS & OVERSHOES

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Robb-Armstrong Automatic Engines

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

Jeaffersons - Farnham Arctic Expedition, April 7th, 1897.

For sale by E. G. SCOVIL, 62 Union Street.

AMHERST SOCIETY MEET. SEE FORWARD PAGE.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax by the newboys and at the following news stands and outlets.

- C. S. DePuy... Brunswick street...
Mason & Co... Barrington street...
L. A. & Co... George street...
F. W. & Co... Opp. I. C. E. Depot...
CANADA NEWS CO... G. C. Street...
J. W. Allen... Dartmouth St. S. E.
Queen Beckett... 106 Hollis St.

Mrs. Abbott's dance at her pretty house on the Arm was quite the largest and most exciting event of last week in society. As small dances go, it was quite a large affair, and, being capitally done, was very pleasant.

Some very pretty gowns were worn and people as a rule looked well. The supper table was unusually pretty in its decorations, and the flowers all over the house charmingly arranged.

The outdoor skating enthusiasts spent a most disappointing week, several skating parties having been arranged on which the snow and the unexpected thaw of Thanksgiving day had a most disastrous effect.

Even more than the usual number of Halifax people seem to be going to England for the winter. Major and Mrs. Comma have given up their home and Mrs. Comma has gone to England almost immediately, followed at a later date by Major Comma.

Miss Lawson, who has always since her first appearance in society been one of the most really popular of Halifax young ladies, leaves this month for Kingston, where she will make her home with her grandmother, Mrs. Lawson, who was years ago one of the best known of Halifax hostesses.

Lady Poore who was much liked during her short residence in Halifax, is already being known for her clever magazine stories which written her first book, which was at once accepted by a London publisher. The novel is entitled "My Sister Barbara" and will appear at once.

The Badminton club is progressing slowly but surely, and is to meet at the drill shed from four to six on two afternoons a week. This is to be a feature, of course, and tea members will be admitted. Of course skating people will be less enthusiastic about it than non-skaters, but it will be a good way of passing stormy afternoons and will be a means of bringing people together.

Among the passengers recently on the Parisian were Mr. Buller-Smith, whose husband arrived some time ago with the Leinster regiment, and Mrs. Bridson, who has come out for the winter months.

The Ethel and Lillian Tucker company will play here during the holiday season. They come, s/he, didly recommended by the press of the different cities in which they have appeared so far this season, St. John being especially enthusiastic over their good work. A feature of the performances is the Duffin trio who delight the audiences with their beautiful singing, little Ethel Duffin, it is claimed will deserve her sobriquet of the baby Fatti, so wonderful is her work in this line. The plays announced all call for beautiful costumes and elaborate stage effects, and there is no doubt but that the engagement will be most successful.

PARRBORO.

[Progress is for sale at Parrboro Book Store.] Dec.—St. George's Sunday school teachers held a "mysterious tea" in the school house on the evening of Thanksgiving Day. It was well patronized and the proceeds will be used to replenish the library and to furnish a Christmas tree. The menu cards were exceedingly amusing, and so were the mock art gallery and chamber of horrors arranged by Mr. Harry Woodworth and his sisters, which provided an immense amount of fun for the "People taken in for five cents."

Mrs. Boss Smith was pretty gowned on her reception days Monday and Tuesday of last week, looking extremely well. Mrs. F. Leachy and little daughter arrived home on Thursday from a visit to friends in Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Claude Evans are receiving congratulations on the birth of a little daughter. Mr. C. B. Smith of Amherst, who has been spending a few days with her parents, returned home yesterday. Mrs. Henderson of Macon is the guest of Mrs. Eatten Henderson.

Miss Jones of Truro's visiting Mrs. A. J. Cooper. Dr. McKensie has returned from Montreal. At the residence of her daughter Mrs. Sherman Galt, Mrs. Hatfield was married today to Mr. Harvey, Miss Blanche Mosher was bridesmaid while the groom was attended by Mr. Charles Brown. The ceremony was performed by Rev. James Sharp, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey left in the Hiawatha for Hamptonport their return home. Mrs. Gulliver gave a children's party on Friday. Miss Theo's birthday. Mrs. E. T. Smith entertained a party of young people on an evening recently the amusement being progressive games. Miss Helen Fraser is visiting friends at Springhill. Dr. Johnston returned yesterday from Cheverie. Miss Clara Kirkpatrick is spending a short time in Londonderry. Miss Lizzie Alkman is the guest of Mrs. Alloway at Springhill. The Literary Club met last evening at Dr. Magee's. Nova Scotia writers were discussed.

TRURO.

[Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, Messrs. D. E. Smith & Co.] Dec. 1.—Mrs. C. B. Foster is here from St. John spending a few days with home friends. Miss Jones of the W. U. Telegraph office leaves on Monday next to visit home friends. The impromptu dance gotten up last Friday for that evening proved a great success. The decorations in the ball room were still all up and the floor even in better condition than it had been for the larger functions of the preceding Tuesday. The chaperones were, Mrs. A. J. Campbell, Mrs. E. W. Crowe, Mrs. E. A. Lovell. Among those enjoying this very pleasant evening were: Dr. and Mrs. Atkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Gouley, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Taylor, Mrs. Fred Prince, Misses Leckie, Miss McKay, Miss Seaman, Wallace, Miss Archibald, Moncton, Misses Bigelow, Miss Nora Blanchard, Miss Paula, Windsor, Misses Bligh, Miss Jessie Crowe, Miss Dawson, Ficton, Miss Helen, Miss Snook, Miss MacLean, Miss M. Crowe, Miss M. McDonald, Miss Shattford, Halifax, Messrs. N. P. McKay, O. A. Hornby, W. A. Fitch, J. Standfield, G. E. Williams, F. L. Murray, W. McKensie, F. W. Outten, W. Lawrence, P. Webster, C. B. Coleman, F. C. J. Swinson, F. Cotton, Visard, A. F. Garvey, H. C. Yellie, R. G. E. Leckie, F. Snook, G. A. Hall, E. Vernon.

Miss Josephine Murray, F. P. Falmouth, Hais Co. is spending a week or so with her brother Mr. F. L. Murray of the Halifax bank. Miss Murray while in town is a guest at the "Prince of Wales." Miss Seaman who was a guest of her friends at "Elmhurst", while in town, has returned home, to Wallace. Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Moorman, "Arlington Place", entertained nine tables of what last Monday evening in honor of their guest, Miss Fenton, from New Glasgow; the evening was a very pleasant and most successful one, a very elaborate and appealing supper, being served at twelve. Mrs. Moorman's guests included the following, Mr. and Mrs. M. Dickie, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. A. Campbell, Dr. and Mrs. Atkinson, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Crowe, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Philip, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Wilson, Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. E. G. Gouley, Misses Standfield, Wetmore, May and Kitty Batchard, M. Bigelow, M. Crowe, Bent, Messrs. W. K. Vincent, G. A. Hall, F. L. Murray, A. V. Smith, D. Vernon, H. Bigelow, D. H. Muir. Mrs. Vernon won the Ladies First prize, and Dr. Muir the gentlemen's.

AMHERST.

[Progress is for sale at Amherst by W. F. Smith & Co.] Dec. 1.—The usual social quietude which generally precedes the Christmas festivities has settled upon Amherst in right earnest and unless one draws from the past or reaches into the future there is nothing very brilliant to note. Dancing seems almost obsolete and the pleasant functions that were of so frequent occurrence a few years ago seem to have been ruled out to a great extent and "clubs" have become the order of the day, at least as far as the present season is concerned. There are eight of these organizations great and small, with another slowly developing, and all bid fair to furnish many pleasant evenings to the various patrons. I regret to note the departure of Mrs. Logwood and family who left town on Tuesday for their future home in Guelph. Mr. Logwood will leave on Saturday having been appointed manager of the Bank of Montreal of that place; during their



The man may be able to whip the horse, but he is not talking chances, and is not going to disdain the assistance of helpers with hot iron. The same is true of a wise man who is having a tussle with ill-health. He may have the natural inherent resisting power that will enable him to conquer disease without the assistance of medicine, but he is not willing to take the chances and will not disdain the help of the right remedy. When a man feels out-of-sorts, when his head is aching, dull and heavy, his body laxy, his nerves jerky, his sleep broken, his appetite finicky, his skin sallow, his breath foul and his mouth bad-tasting, he is having a struggle with ill-health. If he is wise he will take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It gives edge to the appetite and makes the digestion perfect. It invigorates the liver, it makes rich, red, pure blood. It puts vim into every organ and fiber of the body. It drives out all impurities and disease germs. It imparts the glow of health to the skin and the vigor of youth to the muscles. It tones the nerves and gives refreshing sleep. It builds firm flesh, but does not raise the weight above Nature's normal. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. All medicine stores sell it. An honest dealer will not suggest a worthless substitute for the sake of a little extra profit.

The most valuable book for both men and women is Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. A splendidly illustrated, large volume, with over three hundred engravings and colored plates. A copy, paper-covered, will be sent to anyone sending 25 cents in one-cent stamps, to pay the cost of mailing and customs only, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. Cloth-bound, 50 cents.

stay in town they have made many friends who wish that the "Progress" that he had ordered otherwise. Mr. E. W. Taylor who takes Mr. Lockwood's place in the Bank in Amherst arrived this week accompanied by Mrs. Taylor. Mr. and Mrs. George Smith are furnishing their new residence on Havelock street and will have one of the prettiest homes imaginable when completed. Hon. T. B. Black went to Halifax on Monday. Mr. A. D. Rose went to St. John on Thursday to meet Mrs. Rose and children on their way home from a visit to friends in Cambridge. Miss Clara Harris has returned from visiting relatives in Halifax. On Friday Mr. E. Hiden received a telegram announcing the death of his brother-in-law Dr. Fleming of Brandon Manitoba. Mrs. D. T. Chapman went to Halifax on Thursday to visit friends. Among the pleasant things in store for our next week is a grand concert which is announced for Monday evening in the Academy of Music, Madame Marie Harrison assisted by Miss Webster Eliza Norman and the Misses Webb teachers of Mount Allison, and the Glee club of Seckville will be the performers, and without doubt it will be something of high merit and fully worth hearing.

DOVERSTOWN.

[Progress is for sale in Doverstow by G. M. Fairweather.] Dec. 1.—A very quiet but none the less interesting event took place here last Wednesday evening when Mr. James Friel and Miss Maude Wetmore eldest daughter of Mrs. T. Medley Wetmore were married in St. Edward's church. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Fisher Cornsler. The bride was attended by her sister Miss Nellie Wetmore, Mr. Roy McGrath supported the groom. The bride wore a lovely gown of mauve and white striped silk trimmed with chiffon and ribbon. Miss Wetmore was dressed in a dainty and becoming gown of white dotted muslin. Every effort was made to keep the marriage a secret but the hour leaked out as such things will and at six o'clock there was an expectant crowd gathered outside St. Edward's church. The doors were kept locked for about half an hour, a few people went away without seeing anything of the ceremony, but the more curious waited and were rewarded by being allowed to go inside after a time. After the ceremony the happy couple went to the home of the bride's mother where a sumptuous supper was served. Only the family and intimate friends of the bride were asked to the home. The bride received many elegant presents.

Quite a number of visitors honored our little town at Thanksgiving. Among the strangers in town were Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Allison, Master Beverley and little Miss Gretchen Allison of Seckville, who were the guests of Mrs. George W. Chandler at Maplehurst. Miss Faulkner and Miss Gibson and Messrs. Smith and Hale of Mount Allison were the guests of Mrs. Johanna King for Thanksgiving day.

Messrs. Farnes and Hector Landry who are attending St. Joseph's college spent the holiday in town with their parents, Judge and Mrs. Landry. Messrs. Charles Foster of Seckville, and Kenneth Foster of Moncton were also in town spending the holiday with their mother Mrs. James Foster. Messrs. J. B. Paysant and A. L. McLeod spent the holiday in Amherst. Mr. Walter Buck of Truro was in town last Tuesday attending the sale of the household effects of her mother the late Mrs. Joseph Peck. Mr. R. P. Foster of the Merchant's Bank of Halifax spent a few days in St. John, last week. Miss Dibblee has gone to Boston, for a several weeks' visit.

The Rev. Cecil Wiggins rector of Seckville was in town on Thanksgiving Day and preached an eloquent sermon at the morning service in Trinity church. Miss Constance Chandler, has been making a few days' visit to her sister Mrs. B. W. Hewson in Moncton. Mrs. Cooke, of Pictou, is visiting her daughter Mrs. John B. Foster. On Thursday evening last the sad news reached here of the death of Mr. S. B. Park formerly agent of the merchants Bank of Halifax in this place. Mr. Park engaged himself to all with whom he came in contact by his universal kindness and thoroughly upright business principles. Two years ago he left here because of his delicate health. His many friends here offer their warmest sympathy to his bereaved family.

WOODSTOCK.

[Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. J. Lorne & Co.] Dec. 1.—The supper and sale held by the young ladies' association of St. Luke's church on Thanksgiving day was eminently successful. The young ladies were very materially aided by the married ladies of the congregation. The decorations of the numerous tables were in yellow presenting a very festive appearance. The young ladies wore caps and gowns of yellow. A flower table at which chrysanthemums, carnations and roses were rapidly sold, a fancy table laden with many dainty and artistic creations, and a refreshment table were the attractions of the upper room. Those taking part at the various tea tables and other departments were: Mrs. Neale, Mrs. Bellis, Mrs. G. F. Smith, Mrs. Ingraham, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Angerton, Mrs. Glendon, Mrs. Tapley, Mrs. Bourne, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Wm. Connell, Miss Clark, Miss Smith, Miss Dibblee, Miss Hilda Bourne, Miss Vira Connell, Miss Maud Wright, Miss Maud Dibblee, Miss G. Connell, Miss M. Stewart, Miss T. Angerton, Miss N. Gables, Miss F. Smith, Miss F. Phillips, Miss Jenner and others.

The concert given by the band in the Opera house on Wednesday evening was a very enjoyable entertainment. A good programme was carried out. Several numbers played by the band were highly appreciated by the young people who danced there, as well as by the more sedate portion of the audience who listened to the inspiring airs. Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Wetmore spent Thanksgiving in Woodstock returning to Truro on Monday morning. Mrs. Wetmore's many friends were charmed to welcome her again. Mrs. B. Jones and Miss Bonah returned from Fredericton on Wednesday. Mrs. Jones left for Boston and Providence on Monday for a short visit. Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart returned from a few weeks' visit to Boston on Saturday. Miss Ethel Bourne is spending a few weeks in St. John.

Miss Maud Henderson spent Thanksgiving Day in St. Stephen. Rev. James Whitehead and Mrs. Whitehead are spending a few weeks at Hampton. Mrs. E. S. Kirkpatrick and Miss Carter of St. John spent last week in Fredericton the guest of Mrs. Kirkpatrick's mother. Mr. Clarence Kirkpatrick who spent several months in Houlton returned to Woodstock this week to assist his brother Dr. E. S. Kirkpatrick in his office. Mr. and Mrs. W. Robertson of St. John spent part of last week in Woodstock.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Delys spent part of last week in St. John. Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Oughton of Hartland spent Thanksgiving Day in Woodstock. Mr. and Mrs. George Belmont entertained a number of friends at a Christmas party on Friday night, their baby receiving the name of Douglas Hunt. Mrs. Elmer of Fredericton, Mrs. Belmont's mother is spending some weeks in Woodstock as the guest of her daughter. Mrs. Charles Dibblee spent Thanksgiving Day at Fort Fairfield Me. Mrs. Frank B. Carvell and little daughter Mildred spent part of last week at Fort Fairfield. Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Hyle returned from Fredericton last week, accompanied by Miss Maud Atherton, Mrs. Hyle's sister who will make her home with them for the present. ELAINE.

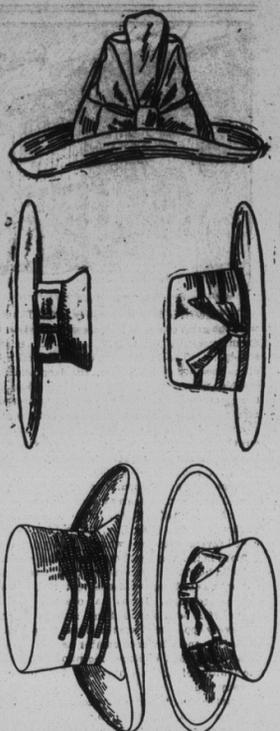
SECKVILLE.

[Progress is for sale in Seckville by W. J. Goodwin.] Dec. 1.—Thanksgiving day was not observed to any great extent the exceedingly unpleasant weather making most people inclined to stick closely to their own firesides. There were a few quiet family dinner parties; a number took advantage of the low railway fares and visit neighboring towns and a few visitors came here. Not as many students as usual went home this year from the institutions but with the aid of sundry boxes of good things kept holiday in the school. Mrs. Archibald spent several days at the hospitable mansion of Sheriff McQueen, Point de Bute. Miss Cook was the guest of Mrs. Robert Borden, Moncton lately. Miss Thomas, Miss Ogden and Miss McLeod visited also in Moncton at Mr. Clifford Robinson's. Miss Williams and Miss Cleave were the guests of Mrs. Wesley Fawcett Upper Seckville. Mr. Walton Miles of Moncton spent Thursday in Seckville. Miss Ida Warwick of St. John went home for the holiday from the Ladies' college. A small but very agreeable tea was given by Mrs. E. Powell on Wednesday from four to six, in honor of Miss Palmer the guest of Mrs. Wood. Tea was served in the large drawing room on little tables each with a very dainty centre piece. It was strictly a ladies affair but Mr. Powell arrived in time to say a few words, pleasant and witty with each group of ladies, before the hour of departure. The guests were: Mrs. Wood, Miss Palmer, Mrs. Hutton, Mrs. Wootton, Mrs. Calkin, Mrs. Borden, Miss McLeod, Miss Johnston, Mrs. Charles Ford, Mrs. Deas, Miss Stewart, Miss Annie Treisman. On Friday afternoon an At Home was given by Mrs. Brockan, the guests being chiefly the teachers of the Ladies College and the university young men. Among the other visitors were Miss Stewart and Miss Annie Treisman, Mr. Sprague and Mr. Charles of the Academy, Professor Tweedie, Mr. Charles Stewart and Mr. Will Harrison. Tea was served on the usual small tables in the dining room and Miss Winifred Brockan and Miss Edna Austin, noices of the hostesses, assisted the waiters in looking after the creature comforts of the guests. Mr. and Mrs. John McDonald and child expect to leave Seckville this week and make their home in Hopewell, Pictou County. Mr. McDonald has been for some years the very efficient owner in the tailoring establishment of George C. Ford, but has decided to go into the business on his own account in Hopewell where a good opening has offered. Mr. and Mrs. McDonald will be missed by a large circle of friends, many of whom have been giving them farewell entertainments, among which was a very enjoyable dance given by Mrs. Montrose, Main street. Mr. W. H. Chasterton Smith, who has had the position of type-writer in the office of Powell, Bennett and Harrison, leaves this week for her home in Ottawa. The vacancy will probably be filled by Miss Grace Towse, who held the position previously to her finding employment in Boston. Everyone will be glad to welcome Miss Towse back to her native town but many regrets have been expressed at Mrs. Smith's departure. Mr. Herbert Wetmore, while with her father Mr. Freeman, who died was spoken of last week, received a telephone message from Liverpool stating that her husband was seriously ill, so much so that she was obliged to return home before her father's funeral.

On Saturday evening one of the receptions which are given every four weeks took place at the Ladies college. This was rather a special occasion as the University students were all invited to tea. The evening was spent in conversation for which topics on small programme cards were furnished, but it was by no means obligatory to stick to the text, some preferring instead sticking to the same partner all the evening. In spite of the rain a number were present from the village, among them were Messrs. Fraser, Mowbray, C. Fawcett, and Dr. Sprague. The Rev. Joseph Sellars, who was to have filled the pulpit of the Methodist church on Sunday last was prevented from doing so by the bad weather and our roads which between here and Point de Bute were anything but desirable. The roads were also accountable for the non appearance of Rev. Mr. Steele of Amherst in the Baptist church at the evening service. In consequence of driving some distance over the frozen huddles, Mr. Steele was suffering from a lame back so instead of the usual evening service a meeting of the young peoples christian union was held in which all took part; the subject under discussion being missionary work among the negroes. Judge Emmerson presided and made a short but effective speech. There was a large congregation present. In St. Paul's church the rector announced that in future the weekly prayers which have been held from time immemorial on Friday evening would take place instead on Wednesday. The change which seems a wise one has been made chiefly because on Friday evening so many concerts and entertainments take place, which all and particularly the young people wish to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Allison drove across the marsh on Sunday afternoon to call on Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Minier in Point de Bute. Mrs. Elsie Harper and Miss Agnes Prescott of Bala Vere were the guests of Mrs. Frederick Harris on Sunday. Mr. Alfred Oulton from Dorchester was also in town the same day. Mr. Charles Stewart of Stewart and Co., is in St. John this week presumably looking after Christmas goods.

CONSUMPTION CURED. An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by a East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Weakness, Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Assured by this medicine and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this medicine, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with name, name of this paper, Mr. A. MERRILL, 250, Broadway, New York, N. Y.



Black and all Colors sent to any address express paid on receipt of price. 75cts. each.

THE PARISIAN

LIFE LASTS LONGER. If Puttner's Emulsion be taken regularly by Consumptives and all weak and ailing people.

Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

PURSES.

We have just received a nice stock of English Purse, Card Cases, Cigarette Cases, etc. ALSO—Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Solid Silver and Silver Plated Goods, Eye Glasses and Spectacles. See our stock at

FERGUSON & PAGE 41 KING STREET.

Stock Still Complete

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

A. R. CAMPBELL, 64 Germain Street.

Orange and Apple CIDER

On Draught at 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

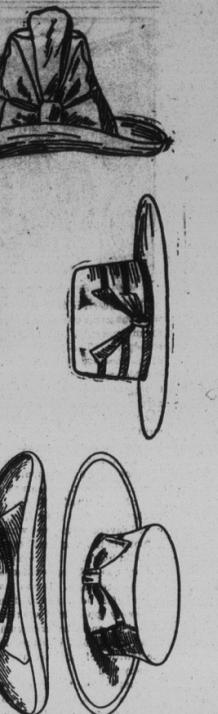
Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock

TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

The "Lecotholizy" Method! also "Syntholizy" for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK

POULTRY, SUGAR CURED HAM and BACON.....

THOMAS DEAN, City Market.



and all Colors sent to express paid on price. 75cts. each.

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Putner's Emulsion taken regularly by Consumptives and all weak and ailing people. Original and best.

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just received a nice stock of Purse, Card Cases, Cigarettes, etc. Also Watches, Clocks, Solid Silver Plated Goods, Eye Spectacles.

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Still Complete of cloth is well assorted in Overcoatings, and Trouserings for late Fall wear. As the season is well customers would do well to orders early.

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ght at 19 and 23 square.

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R CURED HAM. AS DEAN, Market.

ST. STEPHEN AND GALEYS.

Dec. 1.—The Thanksgiving Supper given by the ladies of the Methodist church was a most pleasant affair and unusually successful in every way. A number of the prominent gentlemen of the church were called into service as waiters on this occasion. They were assisted in most conscientious manner as best waiter with staff in hand and an apron of colonial blue, was a scottish figure and performed his duties manfully. Mr. Everett Murchie, also looked most picturesque and received many compliments on his appearance. The supper was a most delicious one, and was well patronized. The amount of money realized was nearly dollars.

The Travellers club which has been so popular in Cahala during the past three winters, held a meeting at the residence of Mrs. John Clarke Taylor on Monday afternoon. Mrs. Frederic B. Hartford entertains the T. U. S. club this week. Miss Cole of Richboro, recently spent a day in town.

A confirmation service was held in Trinity church on Sunday evening; his Lordship Bishop Kingston confirmed fourteen candidates. The church was filled with a large and attentive congregation and the service throughout was most interesting. Rev. Frederic Robertson the rector presented the candidates for confirmation.

During their stay in town B. J. King and Mrs. Kingston were guests at the Windsor. Mrs. Albion Eaton has returned from a pleasant visit in Worcester Mass., she was accompanied by her sister Mrs. G. C. Whitney who will remain in Cahala for several weeks.

Mrs. W. Trott King accompanied by her daughter Miss Edith King left last week for St. Johnsbury Vermont where they will visit for several weeks. The many friends of Miss Beale Magee in St. Stephen are pleased to hear she has finished her studies at the Episcopal hospital Philadelphia and has graduated with honors as a trained nurse. Miss Magee visited her old home in St. Andrews last week, and has since gone to Montreal where she will spend the winter with relatives.

Miss Frances Lowell has returned from a pleasant visit in Fredericton. Mr. and Mrs. Edwin B. Todd have returned from Boston where they spent a fortnight enjoying the pleasures of the opera and theatrical season. General and Mrs. B. B. Murray were in Cahala last week for a few hours visit as they returned from Augusta on route to their home in Fenwick.

Mr. J. E. Simpson is visiting Toronto this week, he also intends to spend a few days in New York and Boston before he returns. Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Hitchcock of the City of Mexico, arrived here on Tuesday and will spend the month with Mrs. Hitchcock's mother Mrs. David Brown. They have been travelling through California and the Western states for several months and have come here to spend Christmas with relatives when they return to Mexico. Mrs. Brown will probably accompany them.

Mr. H. W. Jagger of Woodstock has been spending a few days in town. Mrs. C. M. Gove of St. Andrews is the guest of her daughter Mrs. Helen Strimmer. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Malone gave a pleasant party on Thursday evening last at their residence to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding day. They were the recipients of a number of beautiful silver gifts as souvenirs of the occasion.

The evening was a musical one with many of songs to entertain the younger guests. At midnight supper was served and the parties departed to their homes, leaving their host and hostess with congratulations and wishes to all assemble again in twenty-five years to help them celebrate their golden wedding.

Wadsworth Harris the talented young actor, so well known on the St. Croix is now in Chicago with Madame Modjeska's company and is playing Shakespearean roles. Mr. Harris appears as Banquo. Mr. Wilnot Brown is again in town and registered at the Windsor. Hon. George A. Curran has gone to Boston on professional business.

Mrs. Wilfred Eaton has gone to St. Martin's to visit her sister Mrs. S. V. Skilleen. Miss Flora Cook is in Fredericton spending a few days with her friend Mrs. Frederic E. Edgecomb. Mrs. G. H. Raymond who is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Gove in St. Andrews, came up from the shore town during the past week for a brief visit with her sister Mrs. Helen Strimmer.

Miss Isabel Murchie has returned from a pleasant visit in St. John. Rev. E. S. and Mrs. Sloggart left on Thursday afternoon for their home in Oxton. Collector Graham visited Fredericton on Thursday last.

Mr. L. D. Lamond leaves at an early date for Boston where he will practice his profession of law. Messrs. Harry T. Graham and Harry T. Fox took spent Thanksgiving in St. John. Mr. and Mrs. Edgar W. Thompson have returned from their wedding tour and are guests at the Windsor Hotel where they will receive their friends.

Mr. Frank Eldred Powles of Boston has been the guest for several days of Mr. and Mrs. John Clarke Taylor. Mr. Henry F. Todd has returned from a visit in New York city. Mr. Albert Brown of Woodstock has been the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Lawson during the past week but left on Monday for his home. Mr. James O'Brien M. P. of St. George was in town on Monday. Miss Maude Henderson of Woodstock is visiting her friend Miss Nettie Thompson.

MONROE.

Dec. 1.—A very pleasant break in the monotony of last week was the progressive euchre party given on Wednesday evening by Mrs. J. E. Bruce of Bonaventure street. The guests numbered about twenty-five, and Mr. and Mrs. Bruce are perfect hosts. It goes without saying that the evening was most enjoyably spent.

Mrs. E. A. Price of Bonaventure street gave a delightful drive party last evening to about twenty-five of her friends. The guests were all young people, and after a couple of hours spent at the tables, dancing became the order of the evening. A delicious supper was served about midnight, and shortly after the smallest hour had elapsed the guests dispersed. Amongst those present were—The Misses Cooke, Miss Bruce, Miss Nicholson, Miss McLane, the Misses Florie and Gretta Peters, Miss Archibald, Miss Winnie William's Miss Dunsby, Miss Zelia Huntington, Miss Jean Thomson of Newcastle, Miss McKean and Miss Holstead, Messrs. S. W. Palmer, A. E. Williams, John McKean, J. McD. Cooke, Leslie, E. A. Harris, H. A. Williams, R. H. Simonds, F. H. Blair, R. W. Simpson, A. C. Steed, Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. David Watson of Montreal spent Thanksgiving day in town with friends, leaving on Friday evening for several weeks with their friends. Mrs. J. DeWalt Cowie of San Mateo California, is spending a few weeks in town the guest of her sister Mrs. J. M. Lyons of Highfield street. Mrs. Cowie is accompanied by her youngest son Mr. Beverly King.

Mrs. J. S. Benedict who came down from Campbellton to assist the choir at the re-opening services in St. George's church on Sunday last was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. F. J. White of Bedford street during her stay in town. Mr. and Mrs. George O. Spencer are being warmly congratulated upon the advent of a sturdy boy in their household.

Mrs. McKonagie of Sussex spent Thanksgiving day in town the guest of Mrs. J. M. Lyons of Highfield street. Miss Archibald returned on Thursday from Truro whether she had gone to attend the annual ball given by the Bachelors and Benedicts of that enterprising town. Dr. and Mrs. L. Somers returned on Saturday from a six weeks holiday trip through the principal cities of the United States, having visited New York, Boston, Pennsylvania, Niagara Falls, and other points of interest, spending a most delightful vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Reilly spent the holidays with friends in Chatham. Mr. John McKean of Watford Maine, is spending a few days in town the guest of his mother, Mrs. S. McKean of "Ravenwood". Miss J. M. T. of Mount Allison Ladies college spent a few days in town last week the guest of the Misses Wilson of King street.

The many friends of Mr. A. C. Stead of Montreal who has been granted three months' sick leave, after his recent severe illness, are welcoming him back to Montreal, very warmly. Mr. Stead is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Bruce of Bonaventure street. Miss Benedict, and Miss Cooke of Mount Allison Ladies college, spent some days in town last week, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Borden of Bedford street.

Rev. J. Eastburne and Mr. Brown received a pleasant surprise last week when a number of the congregation of St. Paul's church gathered at the rectory and presented them with a number of substantial gifts. The presents were pleasantly spent in social intercourse, and after refreshments had been partaken of, the gathering closed with prayer and the singing of a hymn.

Mr. W. G. Stanfield of the Central bookstore spent Thanksgiving at his home in Tyrro. Miss Beatrice Sutton and Miss Agnes Hogan students at the Sacred Heart convent, St. Joseph's spent a few days in town last week with their parents. The Ladies of St. George's Church Guild have in preparation a mysterious tea, which takes place in the basement of the church on Tuesday next. The proceeds will be in aid of the building fund, and many are the speculations as to what the mystery consists of, and how it is to be unravelled.

The many friends of Mrs. J. W. Y. Smith will be sorry to hear that she is suffering from an attack of slow fever. I am glad to say that it is a mild form of the disease, and that the invalid is likely to suffer more from weakness and the odium of confinement, than from serious illness. Mrs. W. F. George of Sackville is spending a few days in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Palmer of Church street.

About sixty members of Pearl Robeek H. O. O. F. had a few friends outside the order, met at the residence of Mrs. A. Miles on Lutes street on Monday evening and presented her with a purse containing a substantial sum of money and several other gifts both valuable and useful. The evening was most pleasantly spent, and after supper had been disposed of, the guests dispersed to their several homes.

St. George's church which has been closed for the past four months undergoes extensive improvements and repairs, was formally re-opened for service on Sunday last. The rector preached eloquent sermons, and the building was crowded to the doors at both services. A very attractive feature of the morning service was Mrs. J. S. Benedict's beautiful rendering of Hosanna in Exodus by St. Martin with violin obligato by Miss Benedict. The music was all of a very high order, the evening service being fully choral, Mr. Harry Talge sang Sullivan's Lost Chord with great expression. The congregation of St. Georges are to be congratulated upon their enterprise in so greatly improve, and enlarging the church with the limited means at their command. The church property being too small to admit of their building a new Sunday School house, they have met the difficulty by raising the church, and building a spacious basement which will afford them ample room for all their needs. The church itself has been lengthened sixteen feet, and the congregation now rejoice in a commodious and thoroughly comfortable building.

IVAN. Mrs. J. L. Saunders.....Marguerite Otto Mr. J. F. Ryan.....Adrian Kain Mr. Bert Todd.....Hans Otto Dr. F. E. Moore.....Harold Hunting Dr. E. A. Holland.....John Peden Jr. Mr. Leo D. Lamonde.....John Peden Jr. Mr. Hilary St. Aubyn.....Henry Miss Daisy Hanson.....Jennie Merryweather Miss Lillian Taylor.....Miss Wolfe Miss Jenni Moore.....Miss Heston

Miss Florence Sullivan sang a solo very sweetly between the second and third act receiving an encore. Mr. Lamonde recited "How Saviour Won" between the third and fourth act. There was no orchestra which made the performance less and dull as lack of music always does. The play however was a pretty one, and met with amusing in parts.

FEDEBRIOTON. (Progress is for sale in Fredericton by Messrs. W. T. M. Fussy and J. H. Hawthorne.) Dec. 1.—There has been so little to chronicle in social circles during the past few weeks that even the mildest form of amusement is hailed with avidity.

COLD FEET

Cause much sickness. You can have them warm and comfortable by using Foot Eim. 25 cents at druggists or sent by mail. Brown & Jont, Bowmanville, Ont.

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Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces.

FOR SALE WHOLESALE BY

McINTYRE & TOWNSEND,

12 and 14 Water St. 3 Union St.

THE ABANDON THAT WE FORMERLY GAVE TO OUR MOST IMPORTANT SOCIAL FUNCTIONS.

Dr. and Mrs. Coulthard gave a small luncheon on Thanksgiving Day in honor of Madame Marie Hargreaves who was the guest of Hon. F. F. and Mrs. Thompson during her stay in the city. Mrs. Harrison and Mr. Mayes spent Thanksgiving evening with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lemont.

Miss Gertrude Gregory returned home this evening from a visit of several weeks with her friend Mrs. Owen Campbell at St. John. Mrs. Hume is visiting her daughter Mrs. George Balsam in Woodstock. Lieut Governor McLellan and Premier Emmerson are in the city. Dr. and Mrs. Torrens entertained a few friends on Friday evening.

Dr. Henderson of Toronto has been spending a few days with Dr. Inch. Mrs. J. W. Bridges and little son leave tomorrow for Port Hope, Ont. where they will visit Mrs. Baldwin parents, Mr. and Mrs. Metcalfe and will be absent until the next year. Mrs. A. S. Murray spent Thanksgiving Day with her parents at St. John.

Dr. Henderson of Toronto has been spending a few days with Mrs. E. Byron Winslow. Major Bartlett of Prince Edward Island is spending a few days among his friends here. Miss Laura B. Wood returned to Boston on Saturday. Miss Teasdale entertained a small party of friends on Monday evening.

Miss Mary Estabrook of Grand Falls has been spending a few days with Mrs. E. Byron Winslow. Major Bartlett of Prince Edward Island is spending a few days among his friends here. Miss Laura B. Wood returned to Boston on Saturday. Miss Teasdale entertained a small party of friends on Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Hedley Bridges had their infant son baptised in St. Paul's church on Thanksgiving day; the little gentleman received the name of George Frederick Gregory. Mr. George Fries of Halifax is in the city. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Branscombe of St. John spent Thanksgiving with friends here.

Facta Briefly Given. Telephones were invented in 1861. A square mile contains 640 acres. Telescopes were invented in 1590. Envelopes were first used 1839. Iron horse shoes were made in 481. A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds. A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds. The first steel pen was made in 1830. Light moves 192,000 miles per second. Watches were first constructed in 1476. The Chinese invented paper in 170 B. C. The first Atlantic cable was operated in 1858.

The first lucifer match was made in 1829. Gold was discovered in California in 1848. Sound moves at the rate of 743 miles an hour. The first steamer crossed the Atlantic in 1819. The pianoforte was invented in Italy about 1710. All a man has to do is to look sad, and he will have female sympathy to burn. If a busy and bothered man laughs at a joke, it is the supremest test that it is a good one.

Over 400 mining-companies were licensed to mine gold in the Rossland region, British Columbia, last year. The funny men of the newspapers are making good use of the bicycle craze. One of them says that a pedestrian's rights are funeral rites, and another makes a goodly define a pedestrian as "a teller that gets run over by a bicycle."

D. N. Richardson, of Davenport, has made a handsome present to the State of Iowa. For 57 months he has been secretary of the Iowa Soldiers' Monument Association, drawing \$75 per month for his services. Mr. Richardson has given the total amount, \$4,375, as his contribution to the monument fund.

THINGS OF VALUE.

A man who asked the price of rooms at a certain famous New York hotel learned that the lowest rate on that side was \$4.50 per day and the highest \$ 90 per day. For \$20 per day it was possible to get a small apartment near the sky; for \$100 a day the hotel would provide a suite of rooms such as only millionaires and princes have at home.

There never was and never will be, a universal remedy, in one remedy, for all ills to which the flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill, in turn, would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound individualized state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the frail est systems are led into convalescence and strength, those with whom a chronic state of morbid depression and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, dispose to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being accumulated, cures through the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making actively a progressive result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased sustenance—improved appetite, Nordorval's Quinine Wine, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the standard of scientific excellence, this is the most perfect of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

The horse railway system of the city of Dublin, Ireland, is about to be surveyed by the electric trolley system, and, after a careful survey of English, German and French methods, it has been decided to adopt the American system. The cost of the electrical equipment lines, it is estimated will be from \$1,200,000 to \$1,600,000.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bleck's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to be cured. The price of the medicine is \$1.00 per bottle.

Miss Frances E. Willard, president of the W. C. T. U., announces that she will contribute \$3000 of her own money to start the fund of \$800,000 which the temperance women need to hold control of the Temperance property.

Mrs. Celeste Coon, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Paralee's Pills according to directions under the head of 'Dyspepsia or Indigestion.' One box entirely cured me. I can now eat anything I choose, without distressing me in the least. These pills do not cause pain or cramping, and should be used when a cathartic is required."

Two New York men have invented a snow plow that the draft appliances of which is at the rear, so that the horses will not pack the snow down before the scraper blades.

Sleeplessness is due to nervous excitement. The delicacy continued, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain, worry, and suffer from loss of sleep. It is the great restorer of the worried brain and to get sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Paralee's Vegetable Pills, gelatin coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

The two New York sportsmen who went into the Maine woods wearing cats and caps of deerkin didn't realize that they were practically committing suicide, neither were told so by the guides.

They Never Fail!—Mr. S. M. Boughner, Langton, writes: "For about two years I was troubled with Inward Piles, but by using Paralee's Pills I was completely cured, and although four years have elapsed since then they have not returned. Paralee's Pills are anti-bilious and a specific for the cure of Liver and Kidney Complaints, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headache, Piles, etc., and will regulate the secretions and remove all bilious matter. Sixteen complaints will be filed against the trust will of the late Senator Fair of California. There is talk of using acetylene gas, one of the latest high illuminants, for lighting harbor buoys. Cannot be used—Mr. D. Steinbach, Zurich, writes: "I have used Dr. Thomas' Emulsi-oil in my family for a number of years, and I can assure you that it cannot be beat for cure of croup, fretful cries and sprains. My little boy has had attacks of croup several times, and one dose of Dr. Thomas' Emulsi-oil was sufficient for a perfect cure. I take great pleasure in recommending it as a family medicine, and I would not be without a bottle in my house."

It is estimated that the Manchester Ship Canal has saved the cotton trade \$160,000 a year. Anecdote of Dana. Once, when the late Editor Dana was on a visit to Atlanta he made the rounds of the 'Constitution' office. In one of the editorial rooms he had to wade through a sea of discarded exchanges. Some apology was made for the littered condition of the room. "I like to see it," he said, looking down on the scattered exchanges, "for it looks like business, and it means that work has been done. Keep it up, boys, keep it up!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Too Many Found.

Young Wife (tenderly)—What's the matter, my dear? Don't you like pound cake? Husband (hesitatingly)—Y-e-s, love; but I don't care for ten pound cake.—New York Weekly.

HOTELS.

THE DUFFERIN.

This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the Hotel, 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. R. LABOY WILLIS, Proprietor.

BELMONT HOTEL

ST. JOHN, N. B. Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate. J. SIMM, Prop.

QUEEN HOTEL

FREDERICTON, N. B. J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Literary Stable. Coaches at train and boat.

My Christmas Stock

HAS ARRIVED, COMPRISING: Beautiful Perfumes, in new and delicious odors. Triplicate Mirrors, in unique design. Dressing Cases in Leather, new patterns. An Elegant Array of Ebony, Military, Hair Cloth and Hat Brushes. Atomizers. Cut Glass in Bique and Pretty Tins. And an endless variety of useful gifts especially designed for the Christmas season. All marked at the lowest prices. Call and see my handsome display.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN,

Chemist and Druggist. 35 King St. St. John, N. B. Telephone 229.

CHOICE SCOTCH WHISKEY

LANDING 25 Cases.....Old Mull L'quoors. 50 ".....Usher's Special Reserve, 100 ".....Scotchish Bard. Wholesale.

THOS. L. BOURKE

WATER STREET. T. O'LEARY, RETAIL DEALER IN..... Choice Wines and Liquors and Ales and Cigars, 16 DUKE STREET

LADIES EVERYWHERE.....

Admire the NEW COSTUME FABRICS for '97, made by the..... Oxford Mfg. Co., Oxford, N. S.



(COVERED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. White, \$10.00.
Miss Edna Irvine, St. John; gold lined bon bon spoon.
Mr. Harry Irvine, valise straps.
Mr. and Mrs. Hiram White, St. John; silver salt and pepper stand.
Mr. and Mrs. E. A. White, one dozen silver forks.
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Davis, half dozen silver spoons.
Eos. A. S. and Mrs. White, silver cake basket.
Mrs. John Gunter, gold lined berry spoon.
Mrs. W. H. White, fancy outline quilt.
Miss Edith Kierstead, Spring field; picture of St. Cecilia.
Dr. W. W. and Mrs. White, St. John; royal worster vases.
Mrs. Thompson, Boston; two pretty handkerchiefs.
Mrs. Bert Black, two pictures.
Mr. and Mrs. C. Leonard, worster vase.
Mr. John Leonard, worster vase.
Mr. Oscar White, handsome candelabra.
Miss Ella Price, foot stool.
Miss Dora Simont, pretty quilt.
Mr. John Cowan, silver card receiver, gold lined.
Mr. and Mrs. John E. Irvine, St. John; pretty willow chair.
Mr. Jas. E. White, St. John; two pieces statuary.
Miss Gerlie McDonald, fancy handkerchief case.
Mr. E. Fidgeon and family, St. John; silver tray.
Mr. Weeden Nobles, St. John; pretty comb and brush tray.
Miss Bertie Worden, handsome mats.
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Armstrong, complete works of Shakespeare.
Mr. and Mrs. W. B. McKay, silver card receiver.
Miss Minnie and Fred Simpson, St. John; jewel case.
Mr. Caleb Kierstead, toast rack.
Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Davis, silver fruit dish.
Master Roy Davis, silver napkin ring.
Dr. and Mrs. White, silver thimble and souvenir spoon.
Miss Hatfield, jewel basket.
Mr. Walter Mills, oak writing desk.
Rev. G. J. C. White and Mrs. White, \$5.00.

DID HE CUT THE PIPE?

The Case of the Defective Plumber's Pipe to be Investigated.

HALIFAX, Dec. 2.—There is to be a lively time at the board of health meeting tomorrow (Friday) afternoon, to investigate the matter attended to by PROGRESS last week, that of the city father who is charged with having used a knife on a lead pipe in a house that was being inspected by Engineer Doane. The inference is that the knife was used so that it might be shown that the plumbers work was defective, as alleged. Dr. Hawkins may be entirely innocent of this charge. Doubtless he is, and it is highly probable that he did no such thing. The doctor is understood to say that it was only a little "manicure instrument" that was lightly used, and not a big ugly knife, if indeed any instrument at all was used in the way charged. Engineer Doane makes no personal charge, but stands back to see who will fit the cap. Dr. Hawkins has no love for the city engineer. [This is sure, independently of the truth or falseness of the charge respecting the knife on the plumber's pipe. The doctor has hitherto given no quarter to this hard-working official. When this is the case it is customary for the other side to reciprocate as to absence of "quarter." So therefore, in this case we may confidently expect to see no quarter granted or asked on either side.]

One word more. Dr. Hawkins has said something about Mr. Doane having inform-

Sales Talk

With Hood's Sarsaparilla, "Sales Talk," and show that this medicine has enjoyed public confidence and patronage to a greater extent than accorded any other proprietary medicine. This is simply because it possesses greater merit and produces greater cures than any other. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story. All advertisements of Hood's Sarsaparilla, like Hood's Sarsaparilla itself, are honest. We have never deceived the public, and this with its superlative medicinal merit, is why the people have abiding confidence in it, and buy

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Almost to the exclusion of all others. Try it. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

ed a certain paper, meaning PROGRESS regarding the little sensation over the plumbing and the knife. Nothing is farther from the fact. The city engineer never breathed a word of the affair to PROGRESS. The information came from another source altogether. It was the talk of the street in certain sets. It is pleasing to know that PROGRESS' suggestion that an investigation be held was acted upon, and that thereby we may learn the facts, whether there is any truth or not in the rather interesting story.

There are by the way one or two members on the board of health who are by no means an ornament to it, nor indeed to anybody with which they may be connected. As for the board of health they succeed in making it more of a circus or comedy company than a solemn body entrusted with the health interests of a city like Halifax. When will our people learn wisdom and cease giving positions of trust to such men?

AWAKENED AT LAST.

The Winter Port Success Succeeds in awakening the Sleepy Natives.

HALIFAX, Dec. 2.—The people of this city for once are thoroughly awakened on an important trade question. They frequently wake up over a boat race, while amateur operatic performances are almost sure to rouse our citizens to a high pitch of excited wakefulness. As showing how great is the power of amusements over Halifax people it is sufficient to mention the meeting convened to boom the tourist business of Nova Scotia. Fifty of the leading business men of the city gathered and talked over the question for two hours. Of course there is money in the coming of the tourists but Dr. Farrell could not help saying that so given up to pleasure and so little impressed with the seriousness of trade matters were Halifax people that he believed it was only a question or a horse race that could draw such a crowd. But nevertheless Halifax is stirred on this trade question. They have come to the opinion that they are in danger of losing even the semblance of being a winter port. It is only the shadow of the reality that Halifax now has. Seldom is it that our Board of Trade and City Council act as promptly as they did on the occasion of the sending of the delegation to Ottawa last week. One day a telegram came that the rates at Halifax and St. John were to be equal, at that Halifax wanted. The second day a telegram came from the same source—S. J. Wallace—that the rates had not been arranged but were in the hands of Mr. Harris for his consideration. At an hour's notice, a meeting was called, delegates were appointed to go to Ottawa and the following morning Mayor Stephen, B. Russell, M. P., and three other citizens were on their way to the federal capital to take the government by the throat, as it were. They duly had the interview, and it may be stated just here that it is an equal rate is not given to the two cities, some members of the delegation at least, will not be slow in trying to take the government in the vulnerable place alluded to.

Shipping men of Halifax are not in despair. They believe that with an identical rate with St. John they are bound sooner or later to get a good share of the export trade of Canada. It costs from \$1,200 to \$1,300 less to send a steamer from Liverpool to St. John, so those who ought to know say. With this advantage it is hard to see why Halifax should not receive a share of what is going. We shall see.

All the delegates except W. A. Black returned home early Thursday morning. They had nothing to say of their mission except that it was well timed, and that they were not sorry they went to the capital.

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CHESTNUTTING WITH RACCOONS.

A man who makes a Good Living out of this Work.

Though the raccoon has many admirers, it must be owned that he is seldom truly appreciated, until he has been baked. Ruben White, of Ringoes, New Jersey, prefers the living coon, especially in the autumn. A correspondent of the Philadelphia Times says that White has tamed six coons and trained them to gather chestnuts.

When White sets out in the morning on a chestnutting trip the coons follow him like a pack of dogs, and when a tree is reached White sets a basket with low sides on the ground, and snapping his fingers and waving his hands in different directions, sets the coons to work.

The animals spread out and range over every inch of the ground, pawing over the leaves and sniffing like dogs on the scent of prey. When a coon runs across a nut he snaps it up with his lips and stows it away inside his mouth like a chipmunk. The animal has a capacity for carrying about a pint of chestnuts in his mouth, and when the limit is reached he trots to the basket and drops them into it.

The hunt is kept up until the ground has

been thoroughly searched. In the meantime White is pelting the tree with clubs, and when chubbing falls, the coons are sent up to shake the tree. At an order to "go up" the animals traverse every limb, going to the tops of the small branches and shaking them vigorously. When they have gone over the tree there are not nuts enough left on it to fill a quart cup.

White says that when the season for chestnuts is good he can gather four bushels a day with his six coons, and when the market is ordinarily good that means between ten and twelve dollars. He calculates that each coon is worth to him about sixty dollars a year.

SAVED BY THE GIRAFFE.

The Simple Little Thing that Restored Prosperity to the Circus.

"A man never can tell when his luck is going to strike him, or in what shape it is going to strike him," said the circus man. "Here we'd been going along through the country to poor business for a week, not making money enough to buy hay for the animals, when one day something happened that filled the whole countryside with talk about us and brought more people to the show than we had room for, and it was the simplest little no-account thing, you ever heard of, which just shows, too, how generously the people respond if you happen to catch their fancy."

There was a small boy up a tree alongside his father's house on a country road after a bird's nest. He crept out further and further on the branch that the nest was on, which extended well over the house. You've often seen such trees, no doubt. Just as he was reaching out for the nest, when he'd finally got within reach, his grip slipped and away he went, not on the roof or down on the ground, but, by snaking down the kitchen chimney, exactly over which he happened to be at the time he lost his hold. There was a rattling of soot on the pipe of the stove in the kitchen below that told the farmer's wife and the hired girl that there was something the matter in the chimney and the meaning that came from there presently told them what it was. And the farmer himself was away in a distant field, and there didn't seem to be a ladder in the country.

At the time when the small boy was creeping further and further out on the limb of the tree there was coming along the road, bound for the town where it was going to show next, a circus. That was our circus, and it so happened that the head of the column reached the farm house just as the farmer's wife and hired girl rushed out into the road. The old man was riding at the head of the column, as he always did. He rode up instantly, of course, to the front of the house and asked the lady what was the matter, and she told him as well as she could in her excitement.

"Our old man was a man that knew an opportunity when he saw it, which is a great gift."

"Madam," he said, in his most polite manner, "give yourself no further uneasiness. We'll get the youngster out without the slightest injury," and wheeling his horse, he says to me:

"Bill, bring up the giraffe."

"That was when we had the great eighteen-foot giraffe, and on the road the giraffe cage was always about the middle of the column. We hurried back and got the giraffe out and up to the front as soon as we could, and along side the extension that the kitchen was in. There wasn't the slightest danger to the boy. It was the middle of summer, and they were burning wood in the stove, and the middle of the morning, and the fire was out, but of course the boy's situation seemed dreadful all the same."

"Well, we got the giraffe alongside the house and the old man talked to him and I'm blessed if he didn't seem to understand and he crook'd his long neck over the top of the chimney and dipped down into it, and in a minute he raises his head again out of the chimney, lifting the boy with him, his teeth gripping in the boy's coat collar."

"That's all there was to it. But just as the giraffe was lifting the boy clear of the top of the chimney, the boy's father was coming tearing across the home lot. There was some of the neighbors gathered around by this time, and there was the circus man standing around, and the cages halted along the road, and when the big giraffe bent his long neck and placed the rescued youngster in his mother's arms, the old man who was sitting on his horse in front, took up his hat, so that, simple as it all was, it made quite a little fable after all."

"When we showed that afternoon the tent wouldn't hold the people, and it was the same at night. It seems that the boy was a handsome and clever boy, that everybody like, and so the rescue was all the more popular. Of course, the old man sent the whole family tickets, and he got 'em to let the little chap ride around the ring on the giraffe's back. Did that get 'em? Haumph! It was a month before the people in that part of the country stopped telling about how the giraffe rescued the boy from the chimney." B.T.E.

IN BLOCKS OF THIRTY.

Boatloads of For eigners Make Their Entry Into the New World.

One of the most curious sights which the city has to offer is the scene which takes place almost daily at the barge office dock when the boatloads of immigrants from all parts of the world make their entry into this country. It is not, strictly speaking, the first time that they have set foot upon American soil, for they have been landed an hour or so previously at the pier of the steamship on which they came over, and, after picking out their several pieces of baggage there, have been re-embarked, with all their worldly goods, upon the barge office boat which is waiting to receive them. But their arrival at the battery marks their formal entrance into the United States, and it is not until after they have successfully passed the careful inquiries of the registry office that they can be sure that the new land they have chosen is willing to adopt them.

As the barge office boat draws up to her dock there is usually great animation to be observed on her deck. The passengers are standing about in little groups, either talking earnestly, with the abundance of gestures characteristic of foreigners, or else gazing silently toward the new city as if fascinated by its appearance. Every man, woman and child manifests a desire to go ashore immediately, and it were not for the wholesome respect which they entertain for the blue uniforms of the officials there would probably be something like a stampede upon the gang-plank. To facilitate the work of the registry clerks, the immigrants are divided off while on the boat into groups of thirty and intervals are allowed between the landing of the different groups, so that there may be no crowding. The only way in which the groups can be preserved intact is by enclosing them apart with ropes, and the appearance of the deck thus divided into pens is amusing.

On the forward end of the boat are huge piles of the larger pieces of baggage, too heavy and unwieldy for the immigrants to carry in their arms. Judging from the poverty expressed in the costumes of the people, one would not expect them to bring many possessions with them, but the fact remains that there are bundles, baskets, boxes and budgets of all descriptions, in addition to the trunks and chests which must be moved by the expressman.

The most picturesque arrivals are the Italian and Polish women, with their resplendent shawls and the gayly decorated handkerchiefs which cover their heads in lieu of hats. Their gowns are always short enough to satisfy the most advanced dress reformer, and the most popular style of foot covering seems to be high-knee boots of stout leather, precisely like those worn by the men. The women march ashore with the heavy, clumping tread which the boots compel, frequently carrying huge bundles upon their heads and smaller ones in their arms. Sometimes, however, it is a baby which takes the place of the second bundle, and there may be two or three toddlers clinging to their mother's skirts.

The father of the family is not idle, either; his arms are full of what are presumably more family treasures in boxes and bags. The wrappings of the bundles are remarkable for their diversity. Besides his brown sack, there are brilliant pink callios and multi-colored plaids, corresponding in kind to the cloths of the owners. Not even the children are from bur-n bearing. Nearly every one that can walk has something to look after, and many of them are seen to be hugging fast little wicker or wooden chairs, evidently their own private property. Sometimes a band of Hollanders are conspicuous among their poorer neighbors by reason of their clattering wooden shoes and general air of better health and prosperity. New York Tribune.

YELLOW FEVER.

A Germ Has Been Discovered and a Vaccine Elaborated.

The disease which has this year brought so much distress to the people of the South is one that has baffled physicians and investigators for exactly three and a half centuries. The first authentic account we have of an epidemic of yellow fever is one that occurred in Barbados in 1647, and the following year we first hear of it at Havana. It is in Havana that most of the epidemics suffered in this country have originated.

There are now three parts of the world where the disease is always present, the West Indies, Brazil, and the west coast of Africa, but we do not know that it was taken to Rio de Janeiro from New Orleans or Havana about fifty years ago, but whether it came in the first place from the west coast of Africa, or was carried there

Coleman's SALT
CELEBRATED DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD AND FARM
PROMPT SHIPMENT GUARANTEED
CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION
CLINTON, ONT.

from the West Indies in slaves, returning for fresh cargoes cannot now be determined.

Yellow fever is a contagious disease which a var invades regions outside of its permanent homes in any other way than through infected persons or things.

Many physicians who have studied the disease in Havana and elsewhere believe that it is spread from the sick to the well through the agency of mosquitoes or other winged insects. It is not improbable that this is one way in which the virus is carried, for the hypothesis would account for the appearances of yellow fever in places quite shut off from all apparent means of infection.

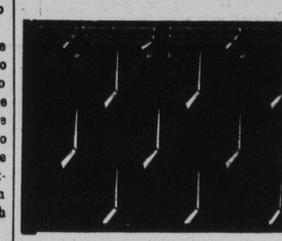
For example, the disease appeared this year in Baton Rouge in spite of the most rigid quarantines against the outside world. It is possible, of course, that some one may have invaded the quarantine guards, but it is more probable that mosquitoes or flies carried the germs in their bodies.

It has long been believed that yellow fever, like other contagious or infectious diseases, is due to the presence of a special microbe, but no one could find it until a few months ago, when it was discovered by Doctor Sanarelli, an Italian physician in Montevideo.

Not only has he found the germs of yellow fever, but it is said that he has also elaborated a vaccine which will protect as surely against this disease as vaccination protects against smallpox. Should this prove true it would be of incalculable benefit to all tropical America, for the chief obstacle to the development of this vast and lovely portion of the earth is the yellow fever, which repels the energetic Anglo-Saxon.

When a man freely admits that his wife is not stubborn he can afford to stop praying.

EASTLAKE STEEL SHINGLES!



SHOWS ONE SHINGLE.

These Shingles have been on the Canadian Market twelve years, and have never failed to give satisfaction. They are absolutely FIRE, LIGHTNING and STORM PROOF, besides being very ornamental and easily applied.

Write for Catalogue to W. A. McLachlan 21 Dock St., St. John, N. B., or the METALLIC ROOFING CO. (Limited) Sole Makers, 1371 King St., W. Toronto. Have you seen our steel brick.

DISEASES INCURABLE

OTHERWISE

During seventy years NY-AS-SAN has never failed in any case.

Wanted--The address of every sufferer in America

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

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MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
DINNER A SPECIALTY.

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WM. CLARK, Proprietor.

Retail dealer in.....
CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

CROCKETT'S....

CATARRH CURE!

A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds, in Head, etc., Prepared by

THOMAS A CROCKETT,
162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1897.

HYPNOTIZED BY SNAKES.

DR. BRAYMAN'S ESCAPE IN AN AMAZON FOREST.

But for the Quickness and Bravery of His Native Guide He Would Have Lost His Life—Hypnotism an Instinctive Force—A Scheme of Murder Frustrated.

'What in modern days we have called hypnotism is a thing which, under one name or another, or unnamed, has existed as long as animate life in the world.' said Dr. A. G. Brayman, who has devoted considerable study to hypnotism both as an abstract science and in its bearing on medical practice.

'In lower forms of animal nature we find manifestations of this power in the charming of birds and animals by snakes. The thing that led me first to study this subject was when in boyhood I saw a frog fascinated by a snake. The snake, which was about three feet in length, of a non-venomous species, lay coiled by the roadside, its head resting upon its coils, the forked tongue darting from the mouth while its eyes were fixed on the frog, which sat motionless gazing on the snake a foot away.

'Ten years later, on the Amazon River, I had a startling evidence of the hypnotizing power of the snake family. In my occupation of collecting bird skins for mounting I was threading a forest path, carrying in hand a gun loaded with very fine bird shot, while my Indian guard followed, carrying a heavier gun charged with buckshot, to use in case we should come upon a deer or a jaguar.

'I heard my guide about from behind me. The snake's head drew back with an angry hiss as the Indian crowded past me, raising his gun to his shoulder as he did so, and with the loud crack, crack! of the two barrels he seized me with both arms and rushed me back away from the place. Then I saw the snake, which had dropped from the tree, writhing and twisting in the path—an immense fellow, twenty-eight feet long and of girth in proportion. Its head was shattered by the two charges of buckshot, but the convulsions of the body were enough to show the reptile's enormous strength and give an idea of how I should have fared if once it had thrown its coils around me.

The two episodes just related were in my own experience. A third case, illustrating the human power of hypnotizing, with an unselfish purpose, occurred with a friend of mine, named Jerome Parker, who at the time was residing as a sheep ranchman in the Argentine Republic.

STUMBLER ON A FORTUNE.

Gambler Jim Warren of Idaho Played it All Alone.

An old prospector tells a story of the first days of mining in Idaho which sounds like a romance, but which he vouches for as being strictly true, and which agrees with the story frequently told by the late Judge Craig of Douglas county, who was one of the party that staked off the first claims in Idaho.

'During the first part of the day there were tricks and games by horsemen and other performances in skill to amuse the crowd. At last the gaucho referred to, dismounting from his horse and taking his position in front of Parker, began a performance with his lasso. He had two musicians as accompanists and to the strains of a weird air played in slow time on a guitar and an Indian drum, he made the rope writhe and roll on the ground before him in endless coils like a thing alive, then swung it above his head in loops and spirals his feet at the same keeping step with the music.

'The thing that particularly interested me in this episode, as a hypnotist, was the carefully planned and well-executed method which the gaucho took to fix the attention of his intended victim, and the friends about him, upon the performance with the rope, leaving himself free to carry out his design of murder without hindrance—and he would have succeeded had it not been for the unforeseen accident of the wagon blocking the way.

'The honesty of the miners in those pioneer days was illustrated by an incident which occurred during this stampede from Florence. In the crowd of 600 that followed the eight men sent to Florence after provisions was a man nicknamed 'Boston', of a thirsty turn, who bought two barrels of whiskey and a wagon hauled by a pair of mules, his knowledge of the average prospector leading him to the conclusion that the crowd, limited to water as a beverage, would soon begin to suffer from the pangs of thirst.

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STUMBLER ON A FORTUNE.

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'The struggle for life, which is so keen at this end of the century, some people resort to strange expedients to get bread and cheese or to increase a pittance to a comfortable income. Inspector Livingstone, who was formerly in charge of the police at the Law Courts, tells a tragic story of a poor and brilliant barrister who fought a long and grim battle with fate, and was beaten in the end.

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A Cougher's Coffers

may not be so full as he wishes, but if he is wise he will neglect his coffers awhile and attend to that cough. A slight cough is somewhat like the small pebble on the mountain side. It appears utterly insignificant, until a mouse, perhaps, starts it rolling, and the pebble begets an avalanche that buries a town.

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contagious disease regions outside of its any other way than mosquitos or other not improbable that the virus is carried would account for low fever in places apparent means of disease appeared this in spite of the meet the outside world. quarantine guards, in their bodies. believed that yellow infectious presence of a special could find it until a it was discovered. an Italian physician found the germs of said that he has also which will protect as disease as vaccination alpop. Should this of inoculable bene- mericoria, for the chief element of this vast the earth is the yel- the energetic Anglo- admits that his wife afford to stop pray- SINGLES! SHINGLE. on the Canadian Market ever failed to give satis- FIRE, LIGHTNING and being very ornamental. A. McLachlan 81 FING CO (Limited) ling St., W. Toronto. CASES RABLE RING twenty ars AS-SAN les never led in y case. The address of ferer in America me Co. Truro, N. S. r who you write." FISH and GAME in season ALL HOURS. SPECIALTY. ROYAL REAL BUILDING, St. John, N. B. CLARK, Proprietor. and LIQUORS. TT'S... RH CURE! ve cure for Colds in Prepar. ROCKETT, St. Cor. Sydney

The Stroll-away Snobs.

A sunbeam blithe, in the early day,
Laid its finger and smooched away
To find the dark. But all in vain
It nestled at bedtime back again.
Drooping and tired and wearily, it cried:
'Father, I've hunted far and wide;
On earth I may a gloomy spot;
Whenever I reached it, lo! 't was not.

Oh, I have hunted everywhere;
By meadows sweet, by waters fair,
I asked the breeze, I hailed the lark,
But father, I could not find the dark!
And the father kissed his child, and said:
'Of course you couldn't, young sleepy-head
'Way, 't is the truth as every one knows—
There is no dark where a snob-man goes!'

We must treasure our snobisms each little one,
And think of the words of the father Ben,
When care on the home its darkness throws,
'There is no dark where a snob-man goes.'

—Agnes Lee.

The Widow's Thanksgiving Dinner.

Mrs. Thomson laid down her crochet work and glanced nervously across the table at Marie Trask, her maid and distant cousin.

'Marie, I am going to give a dinner party Thanksgiving.'

'What?'

At that single word, clear-cut and aggressive, the courage of the mistress visibly waned.

'Don't you think it would be nice, Marie, for us to ask some of our relatives to eat dinner with us that day—your ma and Tillie, you know, and Flora's folks?'

No sound broke the stillness for the space of two minutes save the ticking of the clock on the mantel, and the crackling of the open wood fire. Evidently Marie was considering the matter.

She was a tall, buxom girl of twenty with a round, freckled face, blue eyes and an abundance of curly red hair. For four years she had been an inmate of the Thomson home, and had come to look upon her cousin and all her belongings, especially those that pertained to the kitchen, as under the command of Miss Marie Trask.

'Yes,' she said, nodding her head, 'we'll do it. I do get so awfully tired cookin' for just us two. We'll get 'em up a right good meal,' and Marie pushed back the cuffs of her red calico dress, as if about to begin operations at once.

Mrs. Thomson flushed with pleasure. She was a little woman whose dark face was still untouched by time. A rose-pink dyed her cheeks, her brown eyes were limpid, and the grey hair brushed back from her brow made a quaint frame for the expressive countenance.

'I'm real glad you approve, Marie, though, of course, it needn't have made any great difference,' she added, hastily, for she was always asserting her independence in a half-hearted way that deceived no one.

Maria chuckled wisely. 'No, course it needn't, but—' and she paused significantly. The next moment she went on in a more gracious tone, 'Howsoever, 'bout the party. Sixteen is all that can set down to the table when it's stretched, without crowdin'. There's you and me, ma and sister Tillie and her man Tim, and little Tim. That's six. Then I s'pose you'll want Flora Campbell and her family, though I don't know what you see in her, mo' nor your other relations. There's five of the Campbell's, five and six, 'leven. Who else?'

'Uncle Leander and Cousin Cyrilla.'

'Course. Thirteen. S'pose Ben Burton and his stylish wife would come clear from Lawton if we should ask 'em?'

'I think so. At least we will try. That is fifteen, and I don't know of anyone else, do you?' and the flash deepened on the cheek of the widow, while she steadily avoided meeting Marie's eye.

'Well I guess I do. You don't mean to tell me Cousin Sary Thomson, that you'd be mean enough to give a Thanksgiving dinner and not ask Dave Merchant, and him your third cousin, and a miserable old bachelor at that?'

'I, I—do you really think we ought to ask David?'

'Well, I should say so. You write your invites to them as lives off, and I'll see 'bout the folks here. Oas thing, Sary, one turkey won't be 'nough.'

'We will have two turkeys and four chickens. We shall want two chicken pies.'

'Course, and some kind of cold meat. Might have pickled tongue.'

'And a veal loaf. We will have that, for I remember Da—, oh, ah, what was it Marie?'

'Why, I believe you air gittin' frustrated over this, and Marie eyed her companion suspiciously. 'You needn't. I'll tend to things. Have veal loaf if you want it, though I don't set no great store by it. It's lucky we made them fruit cakes last month; they'll just be prime. I'll make that new chocolate cake I learned of Mary Long. That'll be cake 'nough, won't it, with doughnuts and crullers?'

'I will make a pound cake after mother's old recipe,' Mrs. Thomson said dreamily. 'We always had one for Thanksgiving when we were young.'

'Dreadful old-fashioned,' Marie retorted sniffing contemptuously, 'but I don't care.

Then there must be mince pies and pumpkin pie and cranberry tarts. Oh, we'll have a good dinner. Well, I guess I'll go to bed now, so's to get up early in the mornin' and begin things. You'll want to write your letters, I s'pose.'

'Yes, I think so,' was the absent reply.

Maria lit another lamp and retired into her own room, leaving the mistress of the farmhouse alone. She manifested no desire to set about letter-writing, however, but leaned back in her comfortable rocker, and, as her eyes rested on the mass of glowing embers in the grate, her mind went back to the days of her youth, when she had plighted her troth to this same David Merchant.

That was twenty-five years ago. How happy they had been! But, in a few months they had quarreled over a trifle and David went west. For two years she had waited, hoping for a word or sign, but hoping in vain. Then she married James Thomson.

She sighed as she remembered the years that followed. There had been no unkindness from the man whose name she bore. Still there had been a narrowness about their life that had almost strangled her, and at times her heart had cried out for congenial companionship. Ten years ago James Thomson had died. Sarah had remained on in the old home alone, save for hired help.

A few months ago David Merchant had returned to that community—a wealthy man. He had never married. The home of his ancestors had passed into his hands, and he was rebuilding and improving the house.

The years had not greatly changed him. He was erect, and the Western sun had bronzed his once fair face. His head was silvered, although the heavy mustache was of the same golden brown hue that Sarah remembered so well.

She rose suddenly. What had started her on such a train of musing? It was too late for letter writing now, the old clock was striking ten. She hurriedly prepared for bed. As she entered her own room, she lifted high the lamp and gazed long at the picture of James Thomson, which she dutifully kept hanging over her bureau. She shuddered a little; in the keen gray eyes there was surely a mocking light.

'I, most wish I hadn't decided to give the dinner,' she thought. 'Maybe David won't come, anyhow.'

No scruples troubled Marie, however. She was up early the next morning, and entered gaily upon the preparations for the coming feast. The letters were written and despatched. Marie reported the acceptance of each the verbal invitations.

A few days later, Mrs. Thomson was returning to her home after calling upon a sick neighbour. The early dusk of the short November days was fast gathering around her, and she quickened her steps. As she turned a corner she came face to face with a man. She was startled, but on a glance at the broad-shouldered, compact form and her fears fled.

'Did I frighten you, Sarah?' David Merchant asked, turning and falling into a step with her. Then without waiting for a reply, he went on hurriedly. 'It was so kind of you to ask me to meet those of my blood and yours at your table. At first, Sarah, I thought I must decline.'

'But Marie said you were coming,' she said wistfully, stealing a look at the strong face that the shadows were fast hiding.

'Yes, I'll come. You see, Sarah, it was something like this. When I first knew that you were married to James Thomson, I hated him, and I fear I have cherished a bit of that old feeling all these years. At all events, Marie's words called up something strangely like it. I thought I could never eat a Thanksgiving dinner in his house, his and yours. Then I remembered how the years had changed us both, and felt that I was a villain, not to let bygones be bygones and begin again as cousins.'

She made no reply, and they walked on in silence until they reached the gate of the Thomson farm. Mr. Merchant opened this for his companion, saying as she passed through:

'You understand, don't you, Sarah?'

'Oh, yes, I understand perfectly well,' she said in a voice hoarse with pain. Before he could speak again, she had passed for the walk.

David Merchant stared blankly after her. Not until he had heard the door open and shut did he turn and retraced his steps down the road. He drew a long breath and shook his head. 'I was an old fool,' he murmured, 'to think it could make any difference. Don't know but I might just as well have stayed in Nevada.'

Mrs. Thomson found Marie chopping mince-meat and singing hymns. The girl stopped both proceedings long enough to ask:

'Wouldn't make mor'n a dozen pies, would you?'

'Oh, I don't care,' was the teasy reply. 'I almost wish I had never heard of Thanksgiving.'

'Lands sakes! What ails you?' and Marie held the chopping knife suspended in both hands. 'You air clean tuckered out, runnin' round lookin' after sick folks. You better go to bed early to night, and I'll steep you some honest.'

Mrs. Thomson passed on into her own room without another word. She laid off her neat black hood and shawl, tied a gingham apron around her waist, and smoothed her hair, all the time keeping her back turned to the picture of her dead husband. Somehow she felt that she could not meet that direct gaze just then.

The preparations for Thanksgiving went on apace. Acceptances came from the Burtons and the Campbells. Uncle Leander had not replied, but Marie declared there was no danger of his missing a chance to get a good meal for nothing. As these guests must come by train, they would remain all night. So Marie and her mistress labored on, and the pantry shelves groaned under the weight of delicacies.

It was not until the Monday morning before Thanksgiving that the first cloud appeared upon the sky of Mrs. Sarah. Two letters came; one from cousin Cyrilla, saying that her father was too ill to attempt the short journey, the other from Ben Burton. He wrote that since accepting his cousin's invitation his wife and himself had been bitten to a dinner given by an uncle of Mrs. Burton's.

'And as he is a man of wealth and position,' the letter ran, 'one whose friendship will be of real value to me, you will readily understand that I must withdraw the acceptance previously sent you.'

'Glad to hear it,' Marie exclaimed crisply, when Mrs. Thomson had finished reading the letter aloud. 'If that's all Ben Burton cares for us, let him spend his Thanksgiving with his wife's rich relations. We can leave one leaf out of the table, that's all.'

By Tuesday evening the house was in perfect order. The massive family silver had been duly polished and the rose-wreathed china that had been Sarah's mother's as well as the quaint old blue delft of the Thomsons, had been taken down and washed. Marie departed at an early hour that same evening for choir practice, leaving Mrs. Thomson to spend the time alone fully two hours after her usual time.

It was eleven when Marie returned. She lingered a moment at the door before entering, and Mrs. Thomson heard the heavy tones of a man's voice.

'Cousin Sary, I've got somethin' to say,' Marie began as soon as she opened the door. 'It's somethin' surprisin' so you better be prepared.'

Mrs. Thomson looked up questioningly. The girl sat down, unbuttoned and took back her jacket, took off her hat, and holding it in her hand, went on in a slow, hesitating way that was utterly at variance with her usual abrupt manner of speaking.

'That's Tom Kester waitin' out there, and he is goin' back Friday. Him and me's been engaged to be married 'bout 'bout two years, but Tom had had luck 'bout work, and so we waited. Now he's got a good place, and I'm going to marry him Friday mornin' and start back with him on the noon train, that's all.'

Marie was right. Her news was surprising, so much so that her cousin sat staring at her in speechless astonishment.

'Yes, that's all, the prospective bride repeated, evidently displeased at the quiet manner in which her information had been received. 'I went home and told ma and Tillie, then I thought I'd have to let you know that I'd quit. I'm goin' back home now, 'cause ma and I air goin' to town right early in the mornin'. Two days hasn't long to buy your weddin' clothes and have 'em made, but we'll have to do the best we can.'

'Why, Marie, I can't get along without you,' Mrs. Thomson cried. 'There's our Thanksgiving dinner and—'

'Oh, yes, that makes me think. Ma and Tillie's folks can't come, 'cause we'll have to work every minute. There won't be any one but the Campbells and Dave Merchant. You can get along. You wouldn't have me give up Tom and all our happiness together for your Thanksgiving dinner, would you?'

'No, no, dear child,' and Mrs. Thomson's resentment vanished before the unusual softness of the other's voice. 'I am glad, so glad that woman's dearest joy has come to you—that of loving and being loved.'

She forgot her own disappointment, and bustled about, aiding Marie in her preparations for departure. The clock struck twelve before the girl was ready. Even Marie was a little affected at the leaving-taking, and she shed a few tears when, in addition to her wages, Mrs. Thomson pressed into her hand a shining eagle.

'For a wedding gift, Marie,' she said. Then she went back to her lonely fire-side, and mused over the disastrous fate that seemed to attend upon her plans.

'I do hope Flora's folks will get here before David comes,' she thought. 'It would be so embarrassing, especially after what he said the other night. The train does not reach the village until half-past ten. Well, all I can do is to tell Will to drive fast.



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Now I must go to bed, for I will have plenty to do to-morrow.

Thanksgiving morning dawned, clear and sunny. The bare branches of the trees that surrounded the Thomson farmhouse were outlined in a delicate silvery tracery against the brilliant sky, while their russet foliage lay heaped along the drive.

Within Mrs. Thomson was moving briskly about. By the time she began to look for the return of the team she had sent to meet the Campbells, all was in readiness. The chicken pies were in the warming closet of the stove, potatoes, cabbage and squash were ready for the kettles and the two great turkeys were browning in the oven which they had shared with a huge Indian pudding, golden-hearted and spicy. Pies, cakes, platters of cold meat, pickles—all were waiting, while the long table in the dining-room was gay in snowy damask, china, silver and glass.

have been a marvel in this respect, as he was in others. He told Max Muller that, as a young man, two hours' sleep was all he wanted, 'but as I grow older I need four. When I was your age,' he said to Muller, 'I simply lay down on the sofa, turned down my lamp, and after two hours sleep I was as fresh as ever. It is a mistake to think that we want seven or eight hours of sleep.' Humboldt died at the ripe old age of 81.

D-O-D-D-S

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Sunday Reading.

It is not meant that every one should see God's wondrous miracles in night and day. Sunshine and shower, cloud, star-ry canopy, As spreads our globe its never-ending way?

WHAT TOM LEARNED IN CAMP.

Yes, Tom's a good boy in all but just one thing. 'What's that?'

'He's terrible cruel to animals. He spears the cat and hectors the chickens, and what's worse, he's killin' off all the squirrels and birds around here. His father gave him a little rifle 'fore he come up this summer. I ain't a bit afraid of his hurtin' any of us, 'cause he handles it like a sharpshooter; but he's death to all the poor little dumb creatures. I've talked to him, but it don't do no good.'

This was the answer given to Mr. Seaver to my queries about a boy of fourteen, called 'Tom,' whom I had found under the charge of himself and Mrs. Seaver on my arrival at Camp Winslow. We sat on the big rock which formed the piazza chatting long into the night, as old friends will, while the stars glittered above us and the night winds whispered in the surrounding forest, and Tom lay in his bunk and dreamed of bigger game than any he had yet killed. I am fond of boys and I determined, if Tom was agreeable, to make him my companion on my mountain rambles and see if I could not reduce a little his bump of animal destructiveness.

The next morning I rigged my tackle for fishing and, seeing Tom loitering about watching me in the wistful way boys have, I asked him if he did not want to go too. He jumped at the chance quicker than a trout at a fly, and began at once, as if he had adopted me as his best friend, to tell me all he knew about fishing, hunting, himself, his home, any, everything he had ever seen, heard or done. I could not resist this boyish confidence and we forthwith became fast friends. He helped me dig the bait, asking questions about worms fish and myself, so fast that between the worms and the questions I hardly knew whether I was worm, fish or man.

When all was in readiness we set off together across the field, upon whose hither edge nestled the little camp house, making for an opening on the farther side from which a path led down to the brook. As we brushed through the grass the grasshoppers sped away on their mimic flight in all directions. With a fisherman's instinct for bait I dropped suddenly in the grass and clutching one of them into my fist imprisoned him in my box with the worms. Tom stopped short in the middle of the description he was giving of how a man on the other side of the brook shot a bear, and when he saw what I was doing began a scrambling pursuit of the largest grasshopper he could see. So intent was he upon this one grasshopper Goliath that I thought he would follow him to the end of the field, but at length he came back with flushed and triumphant face, bearing his trophy between determined fingers and, after he had shown him to me, proceeded to jam him into his box with a kind of fierce delight. I thought of what Mr. Seaver had told me the night before and my conscience smote me lest I had been giving Tom a lesson of the opposite kind from that which I had intended.

While I was thinking of this, Tom had repeated twice the question what we wanted them for anyway—bait? I answered 'Yes,' and after we had walked along a little way I said: 'Tom, do you hear those grasshoppers bumping and scratching inside our bait-boxes, trying to get out?' 'Yes, sir. I hear 'em. What of it?' 'Well, Tom, they're trying to get some air. It's a mean dark hole in there. I'm going to let mine out.' And I opened the cover and let them go. 'I ain't goin' to let mine go,' said Tom. 'I had too much work to catch the old dunder.'

'But, Tom,' said I, 'how would you like to be cooped up in such a place where you couldn't see nor breathe?'

'I ain't a grasshopper, was all that Tom could think of to reply to this question. We trudged along for a while in silence Tom was evidently thinking. I talked about something else, not too interesting to take his mind wholly from the grasshopper. Finally as we approached the brook Tom stopped and said, in a rather reluctant tone, 'I guess I'll let mine go too but I hate to, he's such an awful big fellow.'

He took the lid from his bait-box and watched the liberated Goliath of his tribe

as he made on a mighty leap for liberty. 'So far so good,' said I to myself. But when it came to putting the squirming worm on the hook Tom's logic came near spoiling the grasshopper lesson entirely. He wanted to know why it wasn't just as bad to treat worms that way as grasshoppers. I told him that worms were not so highly organized as grasshoppers and did not have so much feeling; to be sure, we didn't like to treat even a worm that way, and next time we would try throwing a fly.

Another objection of inconsistency came from Tom when he saw the first trout gasping and struggling in my hand, but when I took out my knife and cut through his backbone, explaining that it was to stop his suffering, Tom was persuaded that I meant to spare as much pain as possible; and as we wended our way back to camp with our trophies, I was satisfied that Tom would not be quite so hard on 'dumb creatures' after this.

Nevertheless it takes more than one lesson to teach a boy kindness, just as it takes more than one swallow to make a number. The subject of the next lesson was hedge-hogs.

Tom and I had determined to climb 'The Crouching Lion,' the guardian peak that looked so grand and inviting in its changing lights and shadows from our little camp. Tom was in his most friendly mood that morning, especially when I offered to carry his coat as he pulled and struggled bravely up the sharp incline.

'It's funny, ain't it,' said he, 'that I never knew there was such a person as you till a few days ago? Ain't there lots of people in the world that we don't know?'

What is pleasanter than the companionship of a genuine boy on a mountain climb! How he enjoys the woods with all their sights and sounds; how he revels in a draught of the crystal brook that tinkles across the trail; how he relishes the piece of clear spruce gum that you scrape for him from the tree; how grateful he is when you sit down for a moment's rest on the moss-covered log, and how blithely he starts forward when he has regained his spent breath; how delighted he is when through the low spruces and birches the first glimpse of the summit is caught, so gloriously near! But a still greater pleasure was in store for Tom. Just before we emerged from the woods a monster hedge-hog started up from the path, waddled clumsily forward and, turning on the path at the sound of our loud pursuit, ran into a little clump of stunted spruces, where, as if to make himself conspicuous, he climbed a tree and crouched helplessly but grimly on the lowest branch. Tom was wild with excitement. He groaned for his rifle, thrust his hands into his pockets, and drawing forth a handful of cartridges stared at them as if he would devise some method of firing a cartridge without a gun. Then he turned to me and with eager voice asked if we couldn't kill him with a stick.

'Yes,' I answered, 'I suppose we could but what's the use?' Tom was staggered. 'Why, to carry him home,' he answered, after a moment's pause.

'We could never carry that great heavy fellow home,' I replied. 'And it we got him there, of what use would he be?' 'Cook him!' said Tom. 'I've heard of people's eatin' 'em.'

'Would you eat him?' said I. 'Ugh! I dunno as I would,' said Tom. 'Well, then, Tom,' said I, 'let's just take a good look at him, so we can tell them about him at camp, and let the poor fellow live. He enjoys life and does no harm, away up here.'

Tom looked rather downcast for a few moments. Then he crouched near the spiny old fellow, and, after making a long examination of him, was ready to go in.

Those who think that a boy does not appreciate the beautiful in nature make a great mistake. When we reached the summit and the whole magnificence of the panorama burst upon our view Tom was visibly impressed.

'This makes the tears come into my eyes. But oh, that hedge-hog!' he added settling back upon the boy's standard of the sublime, 'that was the thing!'

That night poor tired Tom, after having repeated his account of the hedge-hog seven times, with many embellishments and exclamations, was rudely awakened from his slumber by the sharp report of a rifle. He was too sleepy to get up and learn what it meant, but the next morning when he came down he found a hedge-hog lying dead outside the back door.

'I had to shoot him,' Mr. Seaver explained. 'He was making such a racket gawin' on the outside stairs.'

'But Mr. Darrow wouldn't let me kill that big fellow yesterday,' objected Tom, 'Said I, coming up, 'this fellow was disturbing the peace, and since Mr. Seaver could not arrest him, all he could do was to kill him.'

Tom gave his consent. Here ended the second lesson.

But Tom was not fit to rank as a friend of Cowper's yet. I was greatly dismayed to come upon him a few days later in the woods, not far from camp, carrying his rifle in one hand and in the other a half-dozen mutilated song-birds with limp necks and bedraggled feathers. He was in the company of a little Ishmaelite who lived in the clearing below. My indignation was hot, but I kept myself in control and coolly asked him what he was going to do with those poor birds.

'Oh,' said Tom, assuming a confident tone, but looking a little shame-faced, 'I'm going to give the wings to your little girl. See how pretty they are.' And he held them up.

'Well,' said I, 'I'll go with you.' We found Maria playing dolls on the big rock. Tom went up to her saying, 'See, Maria! I'm going to give you these pretty birds' wings for your dolls' hats.'

Maria glanced at the birds and a look of pity stole over her pretty face. Then she looked up at Tom and said:

'You're a naughty boy, Tom, to kill the little birds! I don't want their wings. Blow in their beaks and make them alive again!'

Tom turned away crest fallen. 'Look here, Tom,' said I, 'you see that hawk up there screaming and sailing around, trying to get a chance to swoop down and carry off one of Mr. Seaver's chickens? Now if you can get near enough to bring him down with your rifle you'll use it to some purpose.'

After that the small birds were unmolested, while Tom devoted himself assiduously to the hen-hawk. Every time its harsh scream was heard, even if he were just laying fork to apple pie he would seize his rifle, steal out and scan the sky, returning after an ineffectual shot disheartened but determined. The hawk screamed just as I was bidding a reluctant farewell to my fellow-campers to return from the cool and quiet wilderness to the hot and noisy city. I had waited to shake hands with Tom last of all, as my best friend, but when I turned to where he stood he had gone. Was I less to him than the hawk? I drove away quite spirited, for I had come to have a warm affection. Had we not built bonfires together and felled trees, and fished and climbed and explored? But as the train came rolling into the station I was surprised and comforted to see Tom rushing up, red and breathless. He had to run two miles to the station to see me off.

A week later I had a letter from Mr. Seaver acknowledging the receipt of money order for my board-bill and adding: 'Tom has shot the hawk. He feels mighty proud of it, and is going to send you one of the wings. He won't even point his rifle at a small bird or a squirrel now, and I shouldn't wonder if some time he became president of the society with the long name.'

AN INCH OF SPACE.

It was Utilized for the Good of Those who Saw it.

A busy woman who was once a Normal-school student used to say that the best thing she got out of her Normal-school course was the idea conveyed in the guarded inch of space at the top of the black-board every morning. The rest of the board was given over to chalk-dust or figures, and puzzling, headachy problems

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of all sorts. But always high above them all, in its little clear fenced space, glowed some great thought to refresh the weary toiler. Morning by morning the good gray-haired principal came to place it there, or look to see if it had been forgotten. It never once failed to greet the eye, and eyes were trained to look for it.

The 'inch of space' was a training in spirituality. The greater part of every life must be given over to 'chalk-dust' or what that stands for. Lives seem to have no margins nowadays. But, given a resolute will, there can always be spared an inch of space to fitly frame one noble thought for the day's living. What are great thoughts good for? Just to live by! That is the best use and the best honor. Put it where you can see it, and let it filter down into your daily work and worry. Glance at it often till it sings itself in and out of your mind at every happening. Learn it by heart. Take it into your heart. Make it yours. Some day, when you pick up some book that all the world knows, you will come across that old line or stanza and it will be really yours, 'with old associations crusted round.'

But all this is on the supposition that you use it, get the good of it, all day long. It must be not only yours, but 'yours to serve, in the sweet old-fashioned phrase that used to close friendly letters. It is of small use to learn Holmes' inspiring line, 'Build these more stately mansions, O my soul,' and then live all day in a low, tumble-down hovel of spiteful thoughts or envious desires. There is not much use in saying with Adelaide Proctor:

'No star is ever lost we once have seen. We always may be what we might have been.' and then going right on in exactly the same track as we did yesterday. Let us write the words high on our daily black-board—write them and use them.

Choose Carefully. I beg of you to choose carefully your path. The farmer is careful in the choice of seed. He does not want bad seed or inferior seed, because he knows that such will give a poor crop. He looks for the best seed he can buy. If you choose to sow to the flesh, you will have a corrupted harvest. If you commit a sinful deed, it may land you in a dishonored grave.

Choice is a solemn thing. You can make this moment a turning point in your life. Once during the conquest of Peru, Pizarro's followers threatened to desert him. They gathered on the shore to embark for home. Drawing his sword, he traced a line with it in the sand from east to west. Then turning toward the south, he said: 'Friends and comrades, on that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, and death; on this side, ease and pleasure. There lies Peru with all its riches; here, Panama and its poverty. Choose each man as becomes a brave Castilian. For my part, I go south.'

So saying, he stepped across the line, and one after another his comrades followed him, and the destiny of South America was decided. Napoleon was once offered a position as officer in the Turkish artillery. He declined it; but had he chosen to accept it, the history of Europe would have been different.—Moody.

Calling for You. God's work needs you. Christ did not go about calling for men to selfishly come and be saved, but he called for disciples to come and be saviors. The whole spirit of his teaching was that he had come to set up the kingdom of God upon earth, and that he wanted men to assist in doing this. I sometimes think that, in one sense, about all that will be saved of a man will be what he invests in the establishment of the eternal kingdom upon earth.—B. Fay Mills.

There are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion, no orations equal to those of the prophets, and no politics like those which the Scriptures teach.—John Milton.

Dr. Chase Gares Backache. Kidney trouble generally begins with a single pain in the back, and in time develops into Bright's Disease. People troubled with stricture, impediments, stoppage of water, or a frequent desire to urinate at night, will find Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills a blessing. Read the wonderful cures in another column. One Pill is a dose, and if taken every other night will positively cure kidney trouble.

Reassuring. A professor at Stanford University, who was one of a party who undertook to penetrate into the depths of a Tuolumne mine for scientific purposes, relates a startling incident. It may be taken as showing that when one is in a perilous position, it is best not to be too inquisitive.

During my ascent, in the ordinary manner, by means of a bucket, and with a miner as a fellow-passenger, I perceived, as I thought, unmistakable symptoms of a weak place in the rock.

'Do you often change your ropes, my good man?' I inquired, when about halfway from the bottom of the three months' 'We change them every three months,' was the reassuring reply of the man in the bucket, 'and we change this one tomorrow if we get up safe today, sir.'

The Dark Reeper's Harvest.

Between childhood and adult life is the interesting intermediate period of youth, full of hope and bright ambitions. How we, who are past that seemingly sunny strip of sea, look back to it sometimes with inexpressible self-reproach and regret! Yet we deceive ourselves. Youth is not the happy time for the majority of us that our deluded fancies afterwards depict it. It is a region crammed with perils, both to character and to life. It is a sort of channel strewn with rocks and liable to sudden fogs and gales. It illustrates the wastefulness and, I had almost said, the recklessness of Nature. She throws away her raw and half-formed material as though it cost nothing. Read the vital statistics published by the Life Assurance offices and see what a gauntlet the average human being must run to reach, in health and safety, the age of thirty. Up to that point is the Dark Reeper's harvest time. It is the young cheeks that turn pallid with the loss of red blood, and the young forms that waste with those consuming ills which cut short hopeful careers and carve so many pathetic epitaphs on the cold marble. How thankful, then, should we be for any agent or remedy which has power, to any considerable extent, to prevent or counteract the complaints which attack the young, and preserve them for lives of vigor and usefulness.

Take a single case out of the multitude brought to our notice by means of voluntary statements from the pens of those concerned. 'In the spring of 1892,' writes a grateful mother, 'my daughter Annie, then aged seventeen years, fell into a low, weakly way. She was easily tired and exhausted and had no life or energy. She was very pale, her lips and ears being white as chalk; almost as if she had no blood left in her body. She had no appetite, and was always sick after eating. Even after having taken the simplest meal she experienced great pain in the stomach, and was swollen around the waist. She obtained very little sleep, and would often lie awake nearly all night. Gradually she wasted away like one in a decline, and was so weak it was difficult for her to get about. It was painful to see her, she was so thin and emaciated, scarcely more than skin and bone.

'For nearly four years she continued like this, and all who saw her never thought she would get better. I had two doctors attending her, who did everything they could, but their medicines appeared to be powerless. One of the doctors said, 'Mrs. White be good to your daughter, for she has not long to stay in this world.'

'In March of last year (1896), when my poor girl was dropping into the grave day by day, I read in a small book that had been left at the house, of a case like my daughter's having been cured by Mother Seigel's Syrup. I had no faith in my doctor's good, but concluded she should try it. I therefore procured a bottle, and after she had used it a few days she began to recover. First her appetite improved, and the food caused no sickness or pain. She then began to gain strength, and every day we could see an improvement.

'Briefly, she continued with this medicine, and by and by she was strong and healthy as ever she was in her life. Her color returned, and she is now strong and well. Friends and neighbours wondered at the remarkable cure, and asked what had wrought the change. I tell that Mother Seigel's Syrup saved my daughter's life. I am anxious that other sufferers should know the facts, and give you permission to publish my statement, and refer inquirers to me. (Signed) Ann White, 60, Ballgrove Street, Glasgow, June 30th 1897.'

This case is well known, and Mrs. White's statement is corroborated by neighbours and friends. The ailment with which the young lady was afflicted was dyspepsia, with its natural results. Through want of nourishment her blood became thin and poor and her flesh fell away. Although her illness had some resemblance to consumption, the outcome proved that there was as yet no trouble with her lungs. The digestive disorder (dangerous in itself) was speedily righted by Mother Seigel's Syrup, and health reasserted its happy sway. Thousands of young people die of dyspepsia and its complications who are mistakenly treated for other complaints. Let parents remember this lesson, and save their sons and daughters.

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Notches on The Stick

Marty being gone, Jean snatched from him, and with the scourge of society at his back, the unhappy bard meditates flight from his native country. He craves the remembrance of his companions at Tarbolton,—

"Dear brethren of the mystic tea,"— when he shall be afar. He goes over the moors at evening, singing his farewell song to Caledonia,—in musical memory "Pursuing past unhappy loves."

Already a tossing world of waters is in his eye, and the doom of that "fatal deadly shore,"—which, please Heaven, he shall never see! Fancy Robert Burns, the Poet of Freedom, a slave driver at the Line! If Moore's soul was vexed by the lazy Bermudian solitude, what uneasy soul will fret itself away from Jamaica, should the poet ever live to reach that island! Let such a business, in such a climate, be delegated to Mr. McShose; and Burns will be better off riding over Ayryshire hills and Galway moors, "searching and wives' barrels." His heart at least, will be at home. We kiss again the hand of Fate—dealer of so many untoward things—and bless the propriety of that combination of circumstances which saved him from so palpable an absurdity.

But how near he came to taking the step He went so far as to engage his passage in the steerage of a vessel soon to leave the Clyde. But before he can do this he must be "maester of nine guineas." And where shall he find "nine guineas?" Poetry is sometimes a golden lode, but not always. Burns, however, has written real poems, and he happens to have friends who apprehend this, and who will subscribe liberally; so "Wee Johnnie" of Kilmarnock is engaged to print six hundred precious copies, that with the product thereof Scotland's greatest poet may be able to go and bury himself! In a most wretched frame of mind and amid the most distracting circumstances, the poet reads his proofs and superintends the publication. At last the work is complete, and the poems are out. That book became the step-ladder to fame! Coila was there at the poet's shoulder. (vide "The Vision,") admonished him to ascend:

"And wear thou this! Ah! solemn said,
And bound the Holly round my head;
The polish'd leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought, she said
In light away."

Drummond—Dunbar—Rassay—Ferguson,—you have done your best; but never book of yours was like this one, done at Kilmarnock! Like fire among whin bushes or dried heather on the moors, so spread the flame his genius had enkindled. His was at once a song of such repute that the laird and lady in their castle, the minister in his manse, the philosopher and literateur on the hills, the servant-girl in the kitchen,—all, and all classes,—seized eagerly on that wonderful book, thankful to get it for three shillings, and to pore upon it forgetful of else, by the hour. Burns now has fame,—he has also money. But subsequently "Wee Johnnie" refused to refuse to renew the edition without the gold in his flat first,—so doubtful did he seem of the poet's success, after all,—and finally got the following bit for his pains: (Alas! John Wilson, "douce honest man!")

"Ere I see thee Johnnie"
Who'er thou art, O reader, know
That Death has murder'd Johnny!
An' here his body lies fu' low—
Ere I see thee Johnnie!

What next? Of course he shall hear from good and worthy Dr. Blacklock! Of course "old Coila's hills and dales" reclaim him; while mounted on a steed furnished at his hand, and en route for Edinburgh, his is a triumphal progress all the way!

We might dwell on his astonishing career in that city, but Jean does not figure there. She is in humiliation and obscurity. Meanwhile, her lover for a time seems to cast a lustre on the street as he walks, and the young Jeffreys of the time are gazing after him. He sits with the magnates and drains their wine, while they beam upon the prodigy; and when he opens his lips in speech or song they behold their own Scotland, as Mirza beheld the valley of Bagdat when enchanted by the present genius. Alas! when he was gone they were some pursuers of the next butterfly whim, and some only drinkers and diners and kneaders of life's common clay, just the same! Then, the glamor gone, the gold became dim,—his fine eyes and bold bright speech no longer a novelty,—he may retreat a social step or two, and finally subside to the pothouse; the more, since, in their view, he seems to have for that station some affinity. And what is our station in life? Is it not that

where unto we were born, or into which we are cast—sometimes with little seeming respect to our fitness therefor? But as to the pothouse, which caught the shimmer of his matchless verse, would that open door to death could have been closed to him, and that the rich and great had beguiled him away from the place where his self-control was finally broken down. He was bowing with the weary burden of a youth that had wrenched his nerves and stooped his shoulders; and what heavy weights, alas! each successive year should lay there! We sorrow to think how his life was preyed upon and frittered away. Are our brethren of the fish set so to waste us? Is it true, as the wise Goethe said, that we must be either sledge or anvil? Is there no middle ground of security for the weak, the gentle, or the non-committal nature,—though Burns was not wholly of these? Must creation be abolished, indeed, before that part of it that preys upon other can be done away? It is a disheartening question, if we wait for the answer.

Clarinda, the new "mistress of the soul" over whom he languished in Edinburgh,—another of his half-ideal and wholly mistaken loves,—cannot detain us. Whatever may be said of the real depth and sincerity of that attachment on the poet's part, (the devotion of poor Agnes cannot be doubted,) it occasioned that singular self-revelation of the weakness and strength of Burns, read nowhere so clearly as in the "Sylvander" letters; yea, and moreover, some of the sweetest, saddest songs in any language. But it was an episode, and soon over. Burns destined to immortality and the tomb; Agnes with her voluptuous beauty, to wear into wrinkled age, and to make the tearful record of the sixth December, 1831,— "This day I never can forget. Parted with Robert Burns in the year 1791, never more to meet in this world. Oh, may we meet in Heaven!" Amen! love there may be no wrong.

Think you that must have been a proud, if not a glad day, when the young man,—who had carried duchesses off their feet by the strokes of his eloquent lips, and turned their heads with his unalloyed brilliancy,—set his face away from the city, where he had gathered and worn his ripest laurels, toward that cottage of the west where those who loved him first still struggled with their poverty. Not proud—er will he be to greet them all, than will be that fond, and forgiving mother,—on whose knee sits that little daughter of his whose coming had been with shadow—to see her boy again, with the smiles of Edinburgh yet reflected from his face. God bless that mother's memory! Untroubled be her rest at Bilton churchyard in the vale of Tyne, who sung the music into her poet's soul, and who should now be sleeping by the side of William Burnes, near the auld Kirk at Alloway. But Burns, with his five hundred pounds sterling from publisher Creech, may come home to Mossiel, help to lift Gilbert's burdens, and give cheer to all about him;—for what a change to his worldly affairs and prospects the past few months have brought!

The same stroke of fortune that brought him competence and fame, put him in popular favor at home, blotted out all wrongs, and restored to him his Jean,—whom all the while he loved, and whom he now married in right good earnest. Armour is now complacent and interposes no barrier. So much does he seem to be in the trucking subservient humor that Burns in disgust holds coldly aloof for a time, but love and his generosity brings the poet round at length. And quite human and natural it was, doubtless, as Stoddard regards it for, Armour now to open his door to give Burns his hand, and to encourage Jean to act her pleasure. We are not unwilling to see Damos placated by some borrowed regard for the singing shepherds and the course of true love, so coldly checked, running free and smooth again. Wrath cannot burn forever even in a stone.

You think of Scott's Emulsion as only for those who have consumption or who have inherited a tendency to it. Almost its greatest use is for those whose condition is so impaired as not to be able to get the good they should out of their ordinary food. In nearly every case with these, Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil brings back appetite, stimulates digestion, restores color and plumpness, and controls the diseases of thinness. Book about it, free, 50 cts. and \$1.00, at all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

massen's bosom; and, after all, is not the Burns of old, erring, penitent and impetuous, a scandal to the country-side, stealing kisses and making mock marriages one sort of person, and the Burns of to-day, triumphant, balanced, independent and replenished, quite another? Certainly. At least, nine out of every ten persons will think so, when they come to the question of marrying and giving in marriage.

Tennyson wrote of Wellington: "Whatever record leap to life he never shall be shamed." This is true of himself. His Biography, put forth by the son of the poet, more ennoble the man. It shows his life in its more secret parts, and discovers the processes of genius, labor and experience, by which his poems were evolved. They who have blamed him hitherto, may take notice that though raised to a peerage, he was not greedy of such honor, and for a time he resisted it.

Among recent books from the press of Houghton Mifflin and Co., are the "Life and Letters of Harriet Beecher Stowe, Edited by Annie Fields"; "The Story of Christ," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; a reprint of "Evangeline, A Tale of Acadia," by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, with illustrations by Violet Oakley and Jessie Wilcox Smith; and the "Complete Works of Robert Burns, Cambridge Edition."

The Philadelphia Ledger properly remarks upon the course of Mark Twain in his recent book, "Following The Equator." To make fun of "The Vicar of Wakefield" is not a passport to the favor of lovers of good—may, the best—literature. "Not long ago he held Fenimore Cooper up to ridicule," says the Ledger, in somewhat the same way. This sort of thing is not calculated to increase the sympathy and affection for Mark Twain which his recent financial misfortunes so generally aroused."

Justin McCarthy has in preparation a work of undoubted interest. "The Story of Gladstone's Life," involves so much of our age's history, and so many of its celebrated men, that, told as Mr. McCarthy must tell it, a ready public cannot be wanting. Macmillans are to be the publishers.

Admirers of Robert Louis Stevenson in America are invited to unite with those in Britain for the erection of a suitable memorial to that gifted Scotchman at Edinburgh. The promoters of the scheme are headed by Lord Roseberry, Sidney Colvin, George Meredith and J. M. Barrie. Charles Fairchild, at No. 88 Union Sq. New York, the chairman at the American committee, will receive and forward subscriptions.

FORTUNE HID IN A COIN.

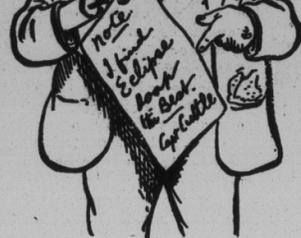
If you Have a Franc Piece cut it Open; it may Contain Wealth. If you happen to have in your possession the particular French coin known as five-franc piece you may, unwittingly, be a millionaire. Such at least is the belief shared by hundreds of credulous Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, many of whom spend most of their spare time destroying quantities of five-franc pieces in the hope of realizing a fortune.

Dr. Marco Leonardo Nardoz, the well-known numismatist, and one of the recognized authorities on coin lore, speaking of this curious condition of affairs, said: "It is quite true that half of France still believe in the existence of great wealth hidden in five-franc pieces, although many numismatists hold that the fortune in question was long ago discovered and appropriated by one of the Rothschild family."

The story of the strange five-franc fortune legend may be briefly told. A five-franc piece, to begin with, is a silver coin, and is worth about \$1. Napoleon 1, was very anxious to make the coin a popular one, and with this end in view he caused it to be circulated everywhere throughout France that he had inserted in one of the silver pieces before it left the mint a bank note or order for 1,000,000 of these same five francs—i. e., for \$1,000,000. Whether he really did this or not I cannot say for certain, but the weight of evidence would seem to show that it was done. In the manuscript memoirs of the Duc de Feltier Napoleon's Minister of War, it is expressly stated that the Emperor enclosed a note on the Bank of France, duly signed by the governors of that institution, in a split five franc piece; that the halves were then welded together, partially reminted, and thrown in a heap of similar coins, which the Emperor mixed with his own hands. These coins Napoleon took with him in a bag when he went to Boulogne, and distributed lavishly en route, even dropping some of them out of his carriage windows. In this way it was impossible to keep track of the lucky coin.

The news of this odd lottery spread far and wide, and the five-franc piece leaped into immediate favor. From that day to

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this mutilation of the coin has been common in France, Switzerland, Belgium and elsewhere. Every year the Bank of France is requested to make good scores of pieces split in a vain search for the five-million-franc bank note.

There are many stories dealing with reputed finds of the fortune. Indeed, when a man becomes suddenly rich in France, it is common to hear people whisper: "Tiens! * * * He must have found Napoleon's famous coin! Some assert that the Emperor kept the coin himself, but this hardly agrees with Napoleon's character. Still it is a current theory that some of the money which enabled Napoleon III. to reach the imperial throne was found in the ucky silver piece, which his mother, Queen Hortense, had wheeled out of her brother-in-law. It was also common talk that Gen Boulanger had acquired the famous coin, until the discovery that his money supplies came from the Duchess d'Uzes set that belief at rest.

The most likely explanation as to why the five-franc piece fails to turn up is that Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, a French member of the great Jewish banking house secured it. This account states that Baron de Rothschild, having investigated the tradition and found sufficient proof of its truth, deliberately set to work to locate the \$1,000,000 note. He quietly bought in and collected every five-franc piece he could get, and his agents were notified to preserve and forward to Paris every five franc piece which reached them in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America. In his office the Baron kept three trusty men hard at work bisecting the coins. Some say that he had invented a plan for welding them together again, so far as to defy detection; others maintain that he melted down the silver and sold it to the Government en bloc. The work was colossal; but in the end the Baron's system is said to have conquered. He found the note for 5,000,000 francs, having spent nearly a million to obtain it. The order was duly presented at the Bank of France, and, says the tradition, cashed by that institution.

Plausible as the narration may seem, the great mass of Frenchmen refuse to credit it and go on, year after year, splitting open their five-franc pieces to look for Napoleon's note. It is certainly a tantalizing thought that somewhere in the world a check for \$1,000,000 is knocking about, hidden in an ordinary silver coin worth barely \$1. By possessing and opening that coin the man worth just five francs may in a moment become a millionaire.

THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

Clogging of the Salt Rocks Causes a Loss of Saline Strength.

The Great Salt Lake is two feet lower to day than ever before known in the history of Utah, and according to competent observers it is rapidly changing its chief characteristic and turning into an inland sea of fresh water. Every fall the lake is several feet lower than in the spring, but this year the waters have subsided to such an extent that many of the bathing pavilions and bathhouses are left high and dry upon the beach. It has always been believed by experts that the lake had an underground outlet, but no explorer has yet been fortunate enough to discover any. It is supposed, however, that outlets exist, and that during the last six months they have gained noticeably upon the springs which supply the lake.

On the northern slopes of the lake's shores and down the western border are numberless springs which have always run pure brine into the inland sea. These springs evidently came through immense rocks of salt in the earth, and by washing through them they make the spring water intensely briny by the time it reaches the surface. There have been signs of a change in these springs in recent years. Several times they have ceased to flow as rapidly as usual, and the water they poured up appeared fresher. They have now become partly choked up either with rocks or salt and they no longer give the same supply

of salt water as they did years ago. In several other places—notably on East-Anelope, within fifteen feet of the brimming lake basin—there are many fresh water springs that gush up at all seasons of the year and pour into the lake. These fresh water springs have become "larger" and more powerful since the salt water springs became clogged up, and it is supposed the underground reservoir of water, diverted from its usual course, is now seeking an adequate outlet through the springs where no salt rocks exist.

If this theory is correct, the Great Salt Lake will gradually turn to fresh water, and the surface will continue to fall until the winter and spring freshets from the mountains fill it again. This additional water will add no salt to the great sea, but make it fresher than ever. It has been well known for many years that the Great Salt Lake is fresher in the early spring than in the summer; and the phenomenon is probably caused by the addition of great quantities of water from the snows and streams of the mountains. Those engaged in manufacturing salt on the lake say that it takes six gallons of water to make one gallon of salt in the summer and fall, but that in early spring it often takes seven and even eight gallons to make the same quantity.

There are three large streams emptying into the Great Salt Lake—the Bear, Weber, and Jordan Rivers—but they make no appreciable difference in the saltness of the lake, except early in the spring, when they carry the melting snows of the mountains down to the lake. So long as the underground springs of salt continued to pour their brine into the lake it required an immense volume of fresh water to neutralize them.

The Great Salt Lake is seventy miles long and fifty miles across in its widest part, and it has an area of 2,000 square miles. Another peculiar change that has taken place in the lake is the gradual upheaval of the bottom. In recent years its greatest depth has not exceeded forty feet, while the average depth is only from twelve to twenty. Fifty years ago the bottom could not be sounded in places, and lines 100 feet long failed to strike bottom.

Files Cured in 3 to 6 nights—Itching, Burning Skin Diseases Relieved in One Day.

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

Had Honors Enough. Captain of Foot-ball Team (as he is borne off the field in triumph)—"Dear me! If my good old mother could see me now it would break her heart."

Half-back—"Why?" Captain—"She has always prophesied that I would some day be President of the United States; but, if she could see me now, she would realize that I could never really care for that office."—Puck.

A Country Without Pets. How much the boys and girls of Japan must miss! They have no pets, not a tabby cat, nor a dog, nor a pink-eyed rabbit, nor a lambkin. In fact, Japan is almost wholly without tame animals. The inhabitants of Japan neither eat beef nor drink milk, and consequently the cow is of no use in their domestic economy.

At a small seaside English resort a spirited and generous townsman has presented a number of free seats for the promenade, each adorned with an iron label stating that "Mr. Jones, of this town, presented these seats for the public use."

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

Captain Cuttle's Do the same with ipse Soap value in laundry try it.

Eclipse wrappers, or with coupon and we a popular novel. A very bar of "Eclipse." TAYLOR & CO., Toronto, Ont.

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KS & SPOONS STAMPED BERS BROS. ARE Guaranteed BRITANNIA CO. MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD

Woman and Her Work

"The patient husband waited until his wife had told him all about it, and then sat down and wrote these impressions:

"A most delightful, unique, and inexpensive divan can be readily made by following the directions and pattern given in almost any household magazine. First get your pattern, and then ask your grocer to hand over an empty barrel. For this there should be no charge; but that depends somewhat upon your financial standing with him. Next engage a carpenter who never had a rational idea and desires to make a few dollars. He is to saw and otherwise maltreat that barrel in just the manner shown by the nice dotted lines on your pattern. It is immaterial what his thoughts are upon the subject.

"When the barrel corresponds in shape with the pattern the next thing is to hide it from the cruel gaze of the world until it is decorated. Now buy twenty-five cents' worth of excelsior, to be used as a filling. Every chair that pretends to be comfortable must have some sort of filling or it is a barefaced swindle. Now tack your excelsior in anywhere between the covering and the barrel, or what is left of it. Never mind about placing it in smoothly; it will always be lumpy anyway, no matter how you fix it. Besides, you need never sit on it yourself. It is considered good form in the very best circles to resign the seat of honor to your guests, no matter who they are. For the covering obtain a few yards of cretonne at 15 cents a yard and some neat binding stuff to match.

"Now is the time to join the excelsior in wherever it will go and tack your binding neatly all round with any tacks you may have in the house. Do not buy the tacks. Some people err just at this juncture. If you propose to buy everything, you might as well drop the whole thing where it is, because you are losing sight of the fact that the object is to keep down the cost as much as possible. Every economical household has a fine collection of pointless and otherwise crippled tacks. They will be found in an old half-cracked saucepan carefully laid away on a top shelf somewhere, and they will do every bit as well as new ones. Should you be fastidious, however, and wish to lend some tone or character to your handiwork, you may indulge in the extravagance of a few cents' worth of brass headed tacks; but I again warn you about increasing the expense, and that you cannot then carry out your original intention of driving the tacks home with a flat iron.

"An ordinary tack will stand any abuse, but the brass resents any unnecessary aggressiveness. In order to allow a brass-headed tack to retain its pristine beauty and decorative effects it must be driven with a hammer only and some judgement. Cynics may observe that this means a man, but that is silly divergences from the present subject and leads to trouble. As we said, if you attempt to force it in with a flat-iron you can only hit the head once in a while, and the rest of the hour will be spent in making entirely unnecessary dents in the head. These really serve no good purpose, but merely give the head somewhat of an irregular repute effect, which while very desirable on a brass coal box, does not appeal to our artistic eye when executed on such a limited area. When all through, you have a nice, cosy and inexpensive seat that has well repaid you and the carpenter. Bearing in mind that the barrel was given you only a mere trifle more than you could buy a comfortable one for; but you must not forget that you had the pleasure of making it all yourself, and nothing will remain of that well-spent day but pleasant reminiscences as soon as your new thumb nails grow. When showing the seat to admiring friends, please remember that details are boring and forget the carpenter."

I do not quote the above because it strikes me as being especially witty, I have

THE LIQUOR HABIT—ALCOHOLISM.

I guarantee to every victim of the liquor habit, no matter how bad the case, that when my new vegetable medicine is taken as directed, all desire for liquor is removed within three days, and a permanent cure effected in three weeks, failing which I will make no charge. The medicine is taken privately, and without interfering with business duties. Immediate results—normal appetite, sleep and clear brain, and health improved in every way. Indisputable testimony sent sealed: I invite strict investigation.

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

read many articles that I thought funny, but few which were more true to nature. The extraordinary manner in which a woman who is sensible on all other points will waste time and money in the manufacture of some perfectly useless article, has always been a mystery to me. It is all very well for the man who cannot afford to buy an easy chair but is clever with the hammer and saw, to manufacture one for his wife out of a barrel, and if she is clever enough to make a cushion for it, and then drape the whole with cheap cretonne and transform it into a respectable and almost comfortable piece of furniture, she is entitled to the utmost credit and the efforts of the worthy couple to beautify their home, are not only praiseworthy, but really touching.

But when the woman whose circumstances are sufficiently easy to enable her to spend a few dollars on a fancy of her own once in a while, elects to squander money on some hideous, and utterly useless make shift which will always be an eyesore to everyone but herself, instead of expending for a less amount on a decent piece of furniture, then I think it is time she was held up to public ridicule, and laughed out of such nonsense, if she cannot be reasoned out of it. I once knew a woman to take an old fashioned double washstand of common stained wood out of the lumber room, get a carpenter to saw the requisite number of inches off the legs, and cover up the holes for the basins, with a new top, and then lay out enough money in scarlet cloth to cover it, and silks to work a drapery for it, to have purchased a new and handsome drawing room table. Worse than that she spent the leisure hours of nearly a whole winter in working that blessed drapery, or lambrequin, as she called it, and when it was finished it was nothing but a monstrosity, too long for its width, and almost impossible to place to advantage in any room. But its owner had made it out of nothing—or considered that she had which was just the same—and it was amongst her dearest possessions, far more highly prized than any of her handsome furniture, and she never wearied of displaying it proudly to her friends.

Some women have a positive mania for collecting all the unsightly old bottles and jugs they can find, or beg from their friends, and spending enough money in gold paint, or enough valuable time and good oil colors in covering them up, to buy something really useful. It makes me fairly ill, to think of the really excellent designs in flowers, and landscape that I have seen wasted on an old vinegar jug, or gin bottle, not to mention the quarts of good gold paint which have been applied to the same purpose, and when all was done, the very gin bottle itself seemed ashamed of its appearance, and looked as if it were trying to hide behind the huge bow of ribbon which adorned its neck. I really think the women's columns of some of the weekly papers are largely responsible for this particular form of tastelessness and extravagance; they publish glowing but utterly impracticable accounts of the way in which a beautiful cabinet, or luxurious divan out of an old tea chest a little shellac, and a few yards of art sateen, with enough gold headed tacks to hold them together. The corner cabinet which is really a commodious ward-robe, the comfortable three-corded lounging chair which is made of an old packing case in which a shelf has been inserted to form the seat, and the couch which is really composed of a long deep box in which the skirts of dresses can be conveniently stored, and which any carpenter will make for a trifle, if you are not an adept at home carpentering yourself." All have their places in these "Woman's Corner's" and they all look so seductive in the outs which accompany the directions for making them, and are in reality so perfectly impossible to carry out successfully without extensive help from that carpenter who is touched upon so lightly, in the "directions for making" but who is such an essential—and expensive element in the scheme. Not long ago I made a few inquiries into the practical working out of these alluring little schemes for furnishing a house, or fitting up a drawing room on nothing, and the result was far from encouraging.

I interviewed a carpenter as to the probable cost of a corner cabinet with all the requisite conveniences in the shape of hooks and shelves, and found it he made it of decent wood at all, and put the requisite amount of work upon it he could not undertake his part of the job under six dollars without losing on it. As for the expensive couch and wardrobe combined, I found that the box alone, provided with the necessary springs and castors, and ready for the amateur upholsterer to begin her deadly work upon cost three dollars and a half, and very little it was too, for the amount of work. After that the mattress had to be purchased and the material for covering. I asked the upholsterer how much would be required for an



Every Woman

should have among her assortment of footwear a pair of good heavy solid laced boots for fall and winter wear. We have a number of these lines now in stock at \$1.75, and \$2.00 per pair.—They are warm and comfortable for this time of year.—Worth while trying a pair.

Waterbury & Rising

61 King St. 212 Union St.

ordinary sized couch, and he said that for a reasonably full frill all around a good sized bolster and a buttoned seat, he would not like to undertake it himself under six yards of fifty inch goods, the single width materials such as sateen and creton did not cut to advantage there was so much waste, and besides that they faded and soiled and did not wear well enough to make the buttoning which added so much to the appearance, worth while. Six yards of tapestry at least a dollar a yard brought the inexpensive couch up to just nine fifty, and the chances were that an inexperienced worker would ruin the whole thing, so I asked the upholsterer what he would undertake to do the whole thing for, if I provided the covering. Six dollars would be a fair price he said, and as I had once had quite a handsome sofa filled with springs and covered with plush, made to order or eleven dollars, I considered there was a good deal to be said against the practice of building furniture at home out of nothing, and a good deal more to be said in favor of buying it from the regular dealers.

Not one woman in a hundred has any more idea of carpentering than a man has of hem-stitching, and if some of the writers in women's columns would bear this well known fact in mind when they are giving directions for the manufacture of furniture, and also remember the price a good carpenter charges for his time, they would avoid misleading their readers, and making themselves ridiculous at the same time.

No woman who really studies the becoming in dress will ever allow her bodice to be "pouched" all around, as its effect is sure to be disastrous to her figure, and besides that it is not really fashionable. The very smartest basques have the goods laid in perfectly plain in the back, and gathers are no longer seen at the waist line, the front being allowed to fall full but without an exaggerated droop.

The golf cape formerly the most sober of garments has blossomed out in to unexpectedly gay designs, and is now the smartest garment to be seen in show windows with its fringes and plaid trimmings. The very most swell of these show dazzling combinations of colors both inside and out, their fronts having long straight revers turning back over the chest, and held in place by rows of big pearl buttons the revers being heavily fringed. Over the shoulders of all these new capes falls a long pointed hood of bright fringed plaid, and the softly rolling collar is finished with fringe. These are the real Scotch capes made from Highlanders' gaudy fringed plaids. So great is the mania for these cross barred colors, and woolen fringe that even the rough weather coats are decorated with them, and the fashion affords excellent opportunities for the re-modelling of good winter coats left over from a season or two back and rather out of style now. Such coats may be transformed into the very height of the fashion, by the judicious addition of plaid in a harmonizing color. For example a coat of heavy dark blue Vienna cloth with the sleeves of three years ago and the length so unfashionable last winter needs little alteration to make it resemble the latest models for '97. And when a fringed hood of red, green, and yellow plaid hangs from the shoulders, and pocket flaps, cuffs and collar are faced with the same plaid, it possesses a style and distinction it never had before, even when it was new.

Many thrifty and ingenious dames who cannot afford new golf capes point with pride to the transformation brought by merely turning their last year's capes inside out, thus displaying their bright linings, and then buying enough of the new fringed plaid cloth to make new hoods, gaining all the effect of the newest wraps at a very trifling outlay. Very necessary is the mother of invention, and a very clever mother at that! The gumpie bodice seems to be gaining



The Patent Felt Mattress, \$15.00

is equal to the best \$40.00 Hair Mattress in cleanliness, durability and comfort. The best homes and thousands of institutions in the United States have adopted the felt mattress in preference to hair on account of its being more sanitary, verminproof, more durable as it never loses its shape, packs, or gets lumpy, and cheaper.

References: The Merchants' Bank of Halifax or any wholesale Dry Goods House in Canada.

THE ALASKA FEATHER & DOWN COMPANY, Limited, 290 Guy St., Montreal, Que.

in favor steadily, numbers of the new costumes showing this style, which affords an excellent opportunity of making a plain costume dressy, and a handsome one very elegant indeed. In the new black cloths which are so glossy and fine, and at the same time so light in weight that they are deservedly popular, this bodice is a great favorite. It is exceedingly swell when the skirt is decorated with innumerable bands of satin, and the blouse bodice cut low over a gumpie and sleeves of jeweled cream lace. A pretty way of finishing these bodices around the low neck is a cord covered with gathered velvet, turquoise being a favorite color; a little frill of the same velvet stands up from the collar band at the back. Carise, yellow, and green velvet are all effectually used with the black. When the plain coat and skirt costume is desired, the trimming is either braid, or fur, or a blouse of bright colored silk, or a vest of velvet with white satin revers, brightens it up.

Yoke and vest effects in embroidery on satin silk and chiffon, tuckered velvet, silk, and various kinds of lace, are quite as popular as they were last season, and these with the high flaring collars cut in squares or points with a soft frill of chiffon edged with lace falling between, and over the edges of the squares, are distinctive features of the new gowns. These gowns are generally very light in effect, as well as weight, the close sleeves and clinging skirts giving the fashionable woman of the hour, a very diminished appearance. One of the prettiest and most effective of the newest trimmings is plain gold braid in different widths, which is seen on many of the

Had to Stop and Rest Because of Heart Trouble.

Mrs. Eliza Cook, 169 Palmerston Ave., Toronto, says: "Seven years ago I had the grip, followed by inflammation of the lungs. I have been afflicted ever since with heart trouble. To walk anyway



fast would make me gasp for breath, and many a time I have had to stop on the street to rest and regain my breath. I had had smothering spells at night, and my nerves were much unstrung. Anything annoying or worrying me produced extreme weakness, and would set my heart beating so fast that I thought I was dying. Sometimes I would become so nervous as to tremble like a leaf. I began taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills early last February, and have been getting better ever since. My nerves are much stronger. I can walk without difficulty, and the palpitation, fluttering of the heart, shortness of breath and nervousness trouble me no more. I gladly recommend these pills as the best medicine I know of for heart and nerve troubles on account of the great good they have done in my case."

A CLEAR COMPLEXION

The Outward Sign of Inward Health. Lovely Faces, Beautiful Necks, White Arms and Hands

DR. CAMPBELL'S Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers

FOULD'S MEDICATED ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP

Will give You All These.

If you are annoyed with Pimples, Blackheads, Freckles, Blisters, Moth, Fresh Wounds, Eczema or any blemish on the skin, get a box of DR. CAMPBELL'S WAVERS and a cake of FOULD'S MEDICATED ARSENIC SOAP, the only genuine beautifiers in the world.

Wafers by mail 50c, and 1 per box. Six large boxes \$5. Fould's Arsenic Soap, 5 1/2 Address all mail orders to H. B. FOULD, Sole Proprietor, 144 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

Sold by all druggists in St. Johns. The Canadian Drug Co., Wholesale Agents

cloth bodices. The half-inch width is used for the collar, three rows being sufficient. A wider one forms the belt, and is finished with two loops at one side.

The elaborate wide spreading revers which we used to think so lovely, are the exception rather than the rule this season, the revers of the hour being much smaller and less stiffly interlined. It is made of two materials often, the one overlapping the other, and is really more effective than the larger one, besides keeping its shape much better, as it is out of the way of the shoulder, and does not get crushed. A black cloth gown with a vest of white lace has small triple revers the innermost one of turquoise blue velvet, and the others of white moire silk edged respectively with silver braid and chinchilla fur.

The violet is back again in favor, if it can ever be said to have gone out of it and the regulation corsage bouquet is once more a bunch of exquisite, and expensive violets.

The choice of white for the wedding dress is really a modern fashion. The bridal color differs in many countries today, and has differed in various centuries. In many Eastern countries the brides are dressed in pink, and the Greeks and Romans wore yellow or saffron, probably derived from Hymen's flaming torch. During the Middle Ages and the Renaissance the bride wore crimson, and most of the queens of France, England, Germany and Italy wore this color, a custom which still survives in Brittany, where the brides are gay in crimson brocade. No less a person than Mary Queen of Scots, changed the color of the bridal dress. When she was married to Francis II, of France, in 1553, she appeared before the doors of Notre Dame in a white brocade with a train of light blue Persian velvet, six yards long. This was regarded as a most singular innovation. It was not till the end of the 17th century that pure white became the popular and correct bridal attire.

ASTRA.

ORIGIN OF NAMES.

A Dispute as to what constitutes a True American Name.

Just what constitutes an American name is probably a matter of argument, says the Telegram. It is certain that many of the greatest names in Ireland, to take a familiar example, are not Irish at all, nor even Celtic, but purely Norman, like Fitzgerald or Saxon, like Desmond. It would be popularly stated that all of the Presidents of the United States have had American names in the sense that all of their family names represent lines of descent old in the country; for certainly they had little else in common.

Washington is an English territorial name, being with the exception of Lincoln and Garfield, the only one of its kind in the list. Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, Johnson, Harrison, are all true derivations from Christian names, meaning, respectively, the son of Adam, of Geoffrey, of Mathew, of John, and of Harry, which last is not a nickname in English, but the true form of the word, Henry being later and a purely slavish following of the French spelling of the word. Polk is an abbreviation of Pollock or Pollok, itself from Paul, and the 'l' in it used to be sounded, though it is now dropped for the sake of euphony. Pierce follows the same analogy, coming from Peter, the French Pierre—'Piers Ploughman.'

Tyler, Taylor and Cleveland are from occupations. Hayes is from an old English word, 'hay,' meaning simply a hedge, and denoting in the first instance one who dwelt near a notable feature of that kind in the rural landscape. Fillmore seems to be a nickname fastened to a bibulous ancestor. Buchanan is Scotch, and the first syllable to be sounded with a short, not a long 'u.' McKinley is also Celtic. Van Buren is Dutch. Lincoln derives the latter syllable of the name from the Latin 'colonia' indicating that in ancient times the Romans held a colony in that particular locality, while the field in Garfield's name has the significance in Danish of a camp or fort, the 'gar' meaning a weapon, as in the Christian name Edgar, and the whole standing for a battle ground. Grant is simply the old Norman-French grand, and means great, properly enough.

These distinguished patronymics are not cited because of their oddity, but because Saxon, French, Danish, Dutch and Scotch alike, they are what are understood by 'American' names. Citizens of the great republic can hardly hope to produce a name like Fesherstonhaugh and spell it 'Fres stanhay,' or to spell Jarvis 'Jervaulz,' or Walsingham 'Walsingham,' but their efforts are not to be despised when Crowninshield in Massachusetts spells 'Crunhile,' Beall in Virginia 'Bell,' and Tallaferrero in Kentucky is plain 'tullifer.'

Dumoreque, too, manages to get clipped to 'dimeric,' and then to appear as another name entirely, Dimmyer. Moultrie, and Bowie be it, both with the 'u,' long, as it is in Houston in spite of the spelling. Olmstead as unsted, Compton as comton, are other New England corruptions. Devereux is devero, Homans has the 's' short, Reay is the same as Ray; Deely is deedy, an excellent name for a lawyer; Denio is accentuated on the 'i,' which is long; Rouse is pronounced as if roose.—Round Table.

THEY DRINK GASOLINE.

An Evil Which has become Prevalent Among Cincinnati Boys.

To that large and influential class of people that find solace in and are habitual users of morphine, cocaine, opium and other drugs of this nature, can now be added what has been termed gasoline 'fends.' The authorities of Cincinnati have just made the discovery that gasoline is being used extensively for soothing purposes, and that its victims can already be numbered by scores.

The worst feature of the evil is that the slaves to gasoline are mere youths. Their mode of using it is to saturate a mud ball with the liquid, then holding it in the palms of their hands and inhaling the gaseous fumes of the oil. In each case it produces a stage of lethargy and utter stupidity akin to intoxication, which lasts as a rule, according to the physical condition of the user, from one to three hours.

and making it a punishable offence to use it in any form as a narcotic, says the Chicago Dispatch.

Members of the Women's Christian Temperance union realize that this is another form of wickedness of the present generation that they will soon be called upon to fight. The youthful gasoline fends have been found lying in vacant lots, alleys and other places, wholly unconscious, and in all of the instances it was impossible to revive them until the effects of the oil had passed away.

There appears to be no record anywhere of gasoline being utilized in such a manner, and the authorities are at a loss to know how the boys learned that the oil would produce the effect described above.

A number of chemists and scientists who were interviewed on the subject admitted that while they had known cases where gasoline inhaled would cause unconsciousness, yet they never heard of similar cases to those that have been unearthed here.

WOULD NOT CONSENT To Be Operated On at the Hospital.

The Lady Uses Paine's Celery Compound and Is Cured.

Mrs. Saunders of Bascondale, a suburb of Toronto, lay in the hospital suffering from a trouble quite common with many of her sex. At a critical time in her sickness the doctors deemed an operation necessary. Mrs. Saunders wisely refused to submit to the decision of the medical staff, and decided to try the virtues of Paine's Celery Compound.

After being blessed with a complete cure, Mrs. Saunders wrote as follows: "It is with much pleasure that I testify to the value of your wonderful Paine's Celery Compound. I was a great sufferer from severe attacks of neuralgia in the left ovary. At times the attacks were so acute that I thought I would lose my reason."

"Several doctors treated me, and I was a patient in St. Joseph's hospital, Hamilton. I obtained no relief from medical treatment. The doctors said that unless I had the ovary taken away I could not be cured."

"Instead of submitting to the operation I used Paine's Celery Compound, and I am thankful your valuable medicine cured me. I feel like a new woman, and I would like all sufferers to know just what this great medicine has done for me."

None to Match. "Have you any neckties?" inquired a dandified young man, addressing the proprietor of the Cedarby 'corner store.' Then, turning to his companion, he said, with a slight blush, "I have a tad for getting neckties as souvenirs of every place I visit. It's my own idea, you know."

"What color do you want, young man?" inquired the proprietor, surveying his customer through a pair of iron-bowed spectacles.

"Oh—ah—I'm very fond of having them to match the color of my eyes," said the young man, languidly, opening his small orbs to their widest extent.

"Haven't got any neckties that'll do, then," said the proprietor, shaking his head decidedly. "I've got plain blue ones, real pale blue, but none with pink edges."

Well Dressed Children Where Diamond Dyes Are Used. Mothers who wish to save money, and who are economical in home management are not obliged to buy clothing for their children as frequently as some mothers do. This saving of money is due to the fact that the economical mothers are regular users of the wonderful Diamond Dyes that always make old things look as good as new.

The Diamond Dyes show such a variety of standard colors that mothers can now dye any of the fashionable colors and shades seen in the autumn dress goods. At the very small cost of ten cents an old dress can be made stylish looking and serviceable for a long time.

If mothers would have success with home dyeing they must use the Diamond Dyes at all times. All imitations and mixture of soap and coloring matter should be avoided with care, as they are ruinous to good materials. Diamond Dyes are the best in the world; they are pure, strong, brilliant and last forever.

Electricity Photographed. Lord Armstrong, of England, has succeeded in accomplishing something that scientists have tried in vain to do for years—that is to photograph an electric spark. It was done by placing a camera and a powerful electric machine in a darkened room. There was a plate in the camera covered with a light, fine powder, which, when the spark was discharged would be driven about by the electric streams and the electricity would thus give the luminosity which would enable it to be caught in the act of setting the dust in motion. The photographs taken by Lord Armstrong prove that there is really no such thing as electric fluid. Electricity is a vortex movement, like the smoke rings which the smoker blows from his mouth. That is, electricity moves round and round the circumference of a ring, being sucked in by one face of the ring and shot out by the other. One of the photographs taken by Lord Armstrong shows the electric current when two opposite discharging poles are brought near one another. This shows a marked difference between the current at the positive and negative points.

BE AFRAID. Have fear of pimple that won't heal or go away. It may be a cancer-spot. Our Vegetable Cancer Cure is fully explained in our pamphlet. Sent for 6c. (stamps.) STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.

ment, like the smoke rings which the smoker blows from his mouth. That is, electricity moves round and round the circumference of a ring, being sucked in by one face of the ring and shot out by the other. One of the photographs taken by Lord Armstrong shows the electric current when two opposite discharging poles are brought near one another. This shows a marked difference between the current at the positive and negative points.

An Omitted Chapter.

'Plato,' said Diogenes one day, 'have you such a thing as a monkey-wrench?'

'Yes,' replied the philosopher, 'I got one with my bicycle kit.'

'Just the thing,' continued Diogenes; 'I would like to borrow it for a short time.'

'After a while Plato said to himself: 'I wonder what that old crank wanted to do with my monkey wrench? I believe I'll hunt him up and see.'

And presently Diogenes was found up back of the Temple of Cybele, working like a blacksmith.

'Here,' exclaimed Plato, 'what are you trying to do, anyhow?'

'I'm putting a cyclometer on my tub,' said Diogenes; and after that the Athenian ceased to linger upon the crossings when they saw him coming.—Chicago News.

Liver Ills

Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work easily and thoroughly. Best after dinner pills. 25 cents. All druggists.

Prepared by C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pill to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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WHAT HE MADE.

It was not a Question of Mathematics but of Allment.

The study of medicine is a serious business, and therefore such humorous incidents as attend upon it are all the more appreciated. Harper's Magazine describes an amusing scene at a clinic of nervous diseases in a certain medical college of Chicago. Professor B., an irritable man, was conducting the clinic, and the exercises were nearly concluded when an assistant brought in the word of a peculiarly interesting patient who had just arrived. The attendant was eager to have the new case exhibited.

'Well, be quick about it,' said the doctor, who proceeded to emphasize some previous remarks concerning the influence of occupation upon nervous conditions, which point he proposed to illustrate in the case to be presented.

The patient, an awkward Swede, having been hustled into a chair, was now confronted by Professor B., with the admonition to be brief and accurate in his replies as time was limited.

'Now, sir, what do you do?' he began. 'Aw am not vera well.'

'No! I say, what do you do?'

'Oh yes. Aw verk.'

'Yes, I know; but what kind of work?'

'Oh, eet es hard verk.'

'Yes; but do you shovel' (illustrating with gesture), 'or drive a car, or work at a machine, or do—'

'Oh, yas. Aw verk at a masheen.'

'Ah! What kind of machine?'

'Oh, eet es a big masheen.'

By this time the students were grinning broadly and whispering plesanties all of which caused the professor to redden and break into a volley at the poor Swede.

'Now look here, sir, I want no more of this! You answer the questions I ask you, or go home. What do you make on this machine?'

A ray of intelligence lit up the face of the Swede, and with a confident smile, he said, 'Oh, now Aw understan' yo'. Yo' want to know vat Aw mak' on the masheen. Eesn't et?'

'Yes, sir; that is it. What do you make?'

'Aw mak' seventeen cents an hour,' and he and the class were dismissed.

Where Labor Arbitration Works.

Compulsory arbitration, if such a term can be used, has uniformly been decreed in the United States in labor disputes but during the short time the arbitration law has been in operation in New Zealand it appears to have worked well. Under the act in question the colony is divided into districts. A board of conciliation, composed of an equal number of workmen and employers, can be constituted in any district (and over this is a special central tribunal which possesses appellate functions and whose decision is final. The arbitration court is presided over by a judge of the supreme court of New Zealand and he is assisted by two assessors similar to the practice in our own admiralty court. One of these assessors is chosen by the employers, the other by the workmen. The trades unions have power to sue and are liable to be themselves sued, not only the union funds being attachable, but the individual members are responsible to the extent of \$50 each should the common fund fail to cover the liabilities. The penalty of the nonobservance of the award is limited to \$2500. No strike or lockout has occurred since the act has been in operation.—Iron and Industries.

A Long way Round.

Necessity is the mother of invention, and the hungry Frenchman, told about in a biography recently published in England, illustrates the old adage anew.

He was in an English restaurant, and wanted eggs for breakfast, but had forgotten the English word. So he got around the difficulty in the following way:

'Vaiterre, vat is dat valking de yard?'

'A cock, sir.'

'Ah! And vat you call de cock's wife?'

'The hen, sir.'

'And vat you call de shildrens of the cock and his wife?'

'Chickens, sir.'

'But vat you call de shicken before dey are shicken?'

'Eggs, sir.'

'Bring me two.'

Two Points of View.

Old Mr. McGinnis is anxious that his son, Hostetter, should marry a rich girl, so he said to him one day:

'Hostetter, why don't you propose to Miss Bondclipper? She's got lots of money.'

'Yes, but she limps with one leg and squints with one eye.'

'Don't be a pessimist. Be an optimist. Say she has one leg she doesn't limp with and one eye that doesn't squint.'

Presence of Mind. Mrs. F. (petulantly)—'You never kiss me now.'

Mr. F.—'The idea of a woman of your age wanting to be kissed. One would think you were a girl of eighteen.'

Mrs. F. (suspiciously)—'What do you know about girls of eighteen?'

Mr. F.—'Why, my dear, weren't you eighteen once yourself?—N. Y. Ledger.



Clear as a crystal and delightful in its invigorating and aromatic odor is the coffee that comes to you in pound and two-pound tin cans from the famous tea and coffee importers,

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of Boston, its purity and its strength being guaranteed by their seal. Its supreme merit has been proved and is acknowledged by thousands of the most fastidious coffee consumers throughout the land. Grocers everywhere sell it.

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Blood Bitters has the most natural action on the stomach, liver, bowels and blood of any medicine known, hence its effects are prompt and lasting. It cures, without fail, all such diseases as Dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness, Bad

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ABERRY TEETH... CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO

Thy Mother. When thy heart with joy overflowing... Give thy strength to serve thy brother... Hast thou borne a secret sorrow... Take to those a sorrowing brother... Share with him thy bread of blessing...

JERRY'S CHOICE.

'Now, see here, Jerry,' exclaimed Farmer Johnson to his man of all work, 'ye needn't git uneasy 'cause old Podgers has offered ye a dollar a month more'n I'm payin' ye. I reckon I've got about as much money as I kin afford to pay ye about as much as Podgers kin or mebbe a little more. 'Ye'r a first-class worker, Jerry, I'll admit that, an' I don't want ye to be gettin' dissatisfied or thinkin' of diggin' out, so I'll make a bargain with ye right now before we go any further. If ye stick to me an' work as well as ye've bin workin' right along for the next two years, I'll pay ye the same as Podgers offered ye, an' at the end of the two years I'll give ye the best critter on the place. Yes, s'pose, Jerry, ye kin take yer pick of any critter on the hull place, from a sheep up to a horse, or even a gi raffe or elephant, if I happen to have one of 'em on hand when it comes time to take yer choice. 'What d'ye say to that Jerry? Is it a bargain?' 'I'll do it,' answered Jerry Brant, quietly, 'and there's my hand to bind the bargain.' 'That's the way to talk; that's just what I wanted to hear,' exclaimed Farmer Johnson, grasping Jerry's extended palm and giving it a hearty shake. 'Now that business is settled satisfactory to all hands an' we kin pitch into the work with clear consciences.' No further mention was made of the bargain between Jerry and his employer until they were seated at the dinner table, later in the day, and then Mr. Johnson with a merry twinkle in his eyes, glanced across the table at his better fraction and said: 'Well, mother, I had to discharge Jerry an' hire him over agin today.' 'You seem to be in very good humor about it, so I judge the difference couldn't have been very serious,' commented Mrs. Johnson, who used to be a schoolmarm before she married, and therefore did not handle the United States dialect with the off-hand familiarity of her husband. 'Serious? Ye kin bet it is!' ejaculated Mr. Johnson. 'Why, I've got to pay him \$1 a month more'n I did before an' at the end of two years, if he stays right along, he's to have his pick out of the critters on the place to take along with him and keep for his own. I expect he'll take a horse, but I can't help it. I wasn't goin' to let old Podgers hire him away from me, an' then goin' round chuckin' over it behind my back for the next six months.' 'Mr. Podgers made an attempt to hire him, did he?' 'Yes, an' a purty nerry attempt at that. Offered him \$1 more a month, but I settled the matter in a hurry by pilin' the best critter on the place on top of that. But if he stays the hull two years I reckon he'll earn it—eh, Jerry?' Jerry blushed, and answered that he would do his best. 'Didn't you exempt my ponie papa? I really can't think of allowing Mr. Brant to run off with that, even if he does earn it!' exclaimed Farmer Johnson's pretty 18-year-old daughter, May, with a sidelong glance of admiration at Jerry's broad shoulders and manly features. 'Oh, Jerry wouldn't be mean enough to take the pony, I guess,' interposed her father. 'No,' said Jerry, 'I don't want the pony—unless the rider goes with it,' he added, sotto voce. 'Eh, what's that?' demanded Mr. Johnson. 'Unless what? I didn't ketch the tail end of that remark exactly.' Jerry's face turned crimson, and he was about to repeat his remark, when the quick-witted young lady came to the rescue. 'Mr. Brant—she always called him by that title, because she considered it more becoming and dignified than Jerry—Mr. Brant says he doesn't want the pony unless the bridle goes with it, I believe,' she explained ingenuously. 'Huh! I reckon a halter is all he'll get with her if he takes that pony. There wasn't anything in the wrin' about throwin' in a bridle,' said Farmer Johnson. 'You needn't worry, father. I think Mr. Brant will be generous enough to spare me my pony,' said May, reassuringly. 'Yes, you may keep your pony,' agreed Jerry, with an undignified glance of admiration at the pretty face opposite him. May's eyes fell before his, but not until they had flashed back a look that caused his heart to beat high with hope. The fact of the matter was that stalwart, good-looking Jerry had long admired his employer's handsome and accomplished daughter, but today was the first time he had dared to let her know it, either by look or speech. After that, however, their acquaintance rapidly ripened, and a few weeks later Jerry surprised Mr. Johnson by asking for the hand of his daughter in marriage. Mr. Johnson was engaged in the pastoral occupation of milking a cow at the moment this question was sprung upon him, and he nearly fell off the stool in astonishment. 'Want to marry my darter, May?' he gasped. 'I guess not, young man! Not if the court knows itself. I've bin educatin' her for mavin' higher than mavin' her father's hired man.' 'Oh, if that is the only objection, it can't

met his; then she rose, with a smile, placed her hand confidently in his, and together they faced her father. 'This is my first and only choice,' exclaimed Jerry, with a ring of mingled pride and triumph in his tones. 'But ye can't do that—'taint in the agreement, I said critter, not wimmen folk; an' I hain't got time allow no such—' 'Just a moment, if you please, Mr. Johnson,' interrupted Jerry Brant, drawing himself erect, with proudly flashing eyes, and still retaining May's hand. 'Haven't I heard you allude to the women as queer critters plaguery critters and I don't know how many other kinds of critters, during the past two years and upwards that I have been with you?' 'Yes, I s'pose ye have,' acknowledged Mr. Johnson, 'but—' 'All right, sir,' interposed Jerry, briskly. 'You promised me the best critter on the place, and this is the one I want—and the only one.' Farmer Johnson young couple before him in a half-indulgent sort of way for a moment; and then the latter feeling got the better of the struggle and he quickly remarked: 'Was, a bargain is a bargain, an' I s'pose I'll hafter keep my word; but I say, young man, an' Mr. Johnson's eyes twinkled mischievously, 'don't ye think ye sorter missed yer vocation, not bein' a lawyer instead of a farmer?'—Chicago Record.

Daisy Proposals. Proposals of marriage have no doubt been occasionally made in the language of flowers. The practice has never been common, because, in the first place, the language in question is in a somewhat unfixed condition, its vocabulary containing much that is still in dispute among the learned; and secondly, because the recipients of the offer might very reasonably object to its uncommitting and essentially revocable character. An inventive genius has now copied nature and invented a proposal charm, 'a six-petalled marguerite in pure white enamel and gold,' ingeniously overlaid upon another daisy in such a way that by pressing upon a tiny spring concealed in the calyx the flower becomes a twelve-petalled one. Upon each of the alternate petals thus newly disclosed is inscribed a word, and read together they form a declaration of passion: and devoted love. It is thought by the inventor of this graceful little trinket that it may be of great assistance to a shy gentleman, who might, it is suggested, send it to a lady by registered post, and if after-ard he saw her wearing it, he could then ask her whether she had pressed the spring.

REST YOUR STOMACH. By Letting Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Do Their Work. Give your stomach a rest! You don't need to quit eating in order to do this. You may eat any food you desire if you only take one or two of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets digest the food while your stomach rests and gains strength and health. After two or three weeks of this treatment, you can go on eating heartily of any kind of food you wish, and take no medicine. Your stomach will have regained its natural health and strength. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, without the least assistance from the stomach, will positively digest the food you eat. They do this every time. Therefore, while you are using Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, your stomach is enjoying a holiday, resting and storing up health and vigor imparted to it by the Tablets. Dyspepsia simply can't exist when Dodd's Dyspepsia tablets are used. This has been proved by actual experience thousands of times, and new proofs are being made every day. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, each box containing a double treatment, can be procured of all druggists, or will be sent on receipt of the price 50 cents a box, by the Dodd's Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

men who make nests. The Lower Tribes of Africa Live in Regularly Built Nests. It seems funny to read of men who actually make nests like the birds. Yet such men actually exist both in Africa and Australia. The bushmen of the latter country, who are among the lowest orders of men, do not know enough to build even the simplest huts, so they gather grass and twigs, exactly as a big bird would do, and carry them to a thicket in the jungle and make for themselves comfortable nest homes. Here whole families curl up together like so many little puppies and sleep very snugly. As the bushes grow up around the nest they often come together overhead and form a kind of natural shelter but further than this the bushman has no protection from the rain. There are hundreds of these nests in the 'bush' as they are called in Australia, but the bushman, although very ignorant, never fails to find his own home again, nor mistakes some other nest for it. And if he is taken away blindfolded for miles and allowed to go he will start straight for home as unerringly as a cat that has been carried from her old home in a bag. Indeed the bushmen possess this homing instinct to a remarkable degree and in this respect they are far ahead of civilized man with all his intellect and reasoning power.

Poor Tommy. Ev'n so sacred a thing as maternal affection may sometimes prove a smile. 'Why, Mrs. Jamesby!' exclaimed a neighbor, across the back-yard fence. 'Do you heat your own carpets?' 'Yes,' replied Mrs. Jamesby. 'I don't mind it. It's good exercise.' 'I should think you'd have Tommy do it.' 'Poor Tommy! rejoined the good woman, resuming her exercise. 'He belongs [whack!] to a gymnastic class down-town, and [whack!] he's so tired when he comes home in the afternoon [whack!] that I haven't the heart to ask him [whack!] to take hold of any work like this [whack!]'. TORTURED AND HELPLESS. Rheumatism has Hordes of Victims, and is no Respector of Persons—South American Rheumatic Cure Relieves his Cruel Grip and Heals the Wounds he Inflicts—Relief in Six Hours. Geo. W. Platt, Manager 'World's' Newspaper Agency, Toronto, says: 'I am at a loss for words to express my feelings of sincere gratitude and thankfulness for what South American Rheumatic Cure has done for me. As a result of exposure I was taken with a severe attack of Rheumatic fever which affected both my knees. I suffered pain almost beyond human endurance. Having heard of marvellous cures by South American Rheumatic Cure, I gave it a trial. After taking three doses the pain entirely left me, and in three days I left my bed. Now every trace of rheumatism has disappeared.'

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HEATS AND BREAD AS FOOD. Increase in Cattle is Relatively Greater Than Wheat. In view of the opinion that the production of cereals has outgrown the consuming power of population, and that consequently excess of supply over demand has brought about low prices, is the subject of a memorandum by Sir Robert Giffen, the great English statistician. An approximate comparison of the growth of population of the total area under cereal crops and of cattle, sheep and swine in the last twenty years, shows that while population has increased 26 per cent., the area under wheat has increased only 19 per cent., more than half of which increase was in North America. The increase of wheat area in Europe was only about 4 1/2 per cent., chiefly in Russia, while in the United Kingdom, where the production per acre was highest, there was a decrease of area under wheat of about 45 per cent. In the total area under barley there was an increase of only 5 per cent, chiefly in new countries where as yet the production per acre is low. On the other hand, there was an increase of 87 per cent. in cattle and 26 per cent. in swine, but only 18 per cent. in sheep.

Female Desperado. Cora Hubbard, the Pin-ville (Ark) bank robber, is 25, and was born in Ohio. She inherits from her father a slight admixture of Indian blood. She is fairly well educated, and her favorite book in childhood was the 'Life of the James Boys.' Cora doesn't drink, but is an inveterate smoker and swears like a trooper. Her chief complaint against her captors is that they didn't allow her to put on her best togs, but carried her off in a Mother Hubbard.

Richmond, Va. Some of the oldest trees in the world are to be found in Great Britain. The tree called William the Conqueror's Oak, in Windsor Park, is supposed to be 1200 years old. The famous Bentley and Winfarthing oaks are at least two centuries older.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine cures All Throat and Lung Troubles Teaspoonful Doses PRICE 25 CENTS

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