

# PROGRESS.

VOL. XIII., NO. 647.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY DECEMBER 8 1900.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## EVENTS OF CITY LIFE.

Topics of Interest That are Talked About This Week—Many Timely Articles.

The people of Kings County are becoming somewhat keenly interested over the result of the recount. The decision of Judge Wedderburn that he could not consider any ballot that was not objected to when the ballots were being first counted was a surprise to many of the legal fraternity and the result of the application that will be heard this morning before Judge McLeod will be awaited with interest. The contention of the petitioner is that no ballot that was printed on paper without the water line is good, in fact that it is not a ballot at all. If this argument is held to be a good one there may be another election in Kings in a very short time.

### SHE MADE HIM WAIT.

A Young Man Who Lingered in Vain at the Opera House Entrance.

The female portion of any good opera or theatre company visiting the city, usually receives considerable attention from the masters of the town, especially if the girls are "pretty to walk with and witty to talk with," which is generally the case, and the hearts of not a few of this sort are shattered or in some way affected, upon the departure of the troop, should the flirtation last that long. A case in which the pride at least if not the heart of a devotee received a severe blow, happened one night this week. The young man who not many weeks ago started up a business on Mill street, was waiting at the stage door, as he had done a number of nights, for a leading lady in the company, who is very pretty and a general favorite both off and on the stage.

The door opened and out tripped the little lady; seeing him she smiled, then turned back saying as she did so, "just wait a minute please." He did. But the minute was rather a long one, and some tardy members of the orchestra saw a man of the company walk quietly across the stage, to the Peter street entrance, followed closely by the girl on tip-toe. While the clever little actress was being safely conveyed to her boarding place on Coburg street, the enamoured attendant tried one foot and then the other, with a timorous sensation at his heart, much to the amusement of the few spectators who were "on top" the trick. But the patience of even a rubber man will wear out, and after a solitary vigil of an hour or so, the disappointed admirer departed uttering anathemas.

### A Passenger's Joke.

Mr. Reginald Ritchie of Salmon River was one of the passengers to the old country on the steamer Megantic. The steamer did not arrive on time and her date of sailing was not known exactly. Mr. Ritchie expected that she would sail a day earlier than she did and consequently was on board in good time, went to his berth and to sleep. He had what he considered a good night's rest and in the morning came on deck and saw that the steamer was at the wharf and had no doubt whatever that she had arrived at Halifax. He asked one of the crew how long they expected to stay there, and received the reply that they would start shortly. Somewhat mystified by this he asked where they were. "Why we're at St. John, we haven't left there yet." The joke was such a good one that the passenger could not help telling it upon himself.

### He Managed to Save His Own.

A King Square livery stable keeper, whose tardiness in paying up back rentals for his premises, caused the sheriff and a posse of constables to take charge on Tuesday evening last, must have been born beneath a lucky star, as, at the time the law stepped in and took possession, the proprietor just happened to be out driving with the best horse and "outrigger" owned by him. The sheriff had come in, while the proprietor was out, and had it not been for the kindly tip given, the stable keeper might have driven to the stables and into the clutches of the law with his best "rig." As it was he got the tip, and safely stabled his horse and carriage elsewhere.

There were other horses and carriages

in the stables and these together with that happened to be there were confiscated to satisfy the claim which was one held by the Diocesan Synod. The seized horses belonged to country men

any more contests with which his wife is connected, for he finds it doesn't pay.

Removing the snow.

The first fall of snow did not prove a very profitable affair for the city of St. John. Under the present arrangement with the street railway in regard to the removal of the "beautiful" from the streets, the snow haulers were hardly prepared to be called upon so early in the season and not many of them had their apparatus in readiness. Still the banks are beginning to disappear now and the

## Mr. Sellar's Rough Words.

He Causes Much Indignation Among the Ladies and Gentlemen Who Took Part in Zephra.

Rev. George A. Sellar, who made himself so conspicuous in his evidence before the Bathurst school question enquiry some five or six years ago, by his reference to the episcopal and roman catholic faith,

generally understood that the reverend gentleman intends to modify in some degree his words either from the pulpit or through the public press.

It is to be hoped that he will, as no citizen, be he methodist or otherwise, would like to believe that the divine intended their wives or daughters were abandoned women, or their sons and brothers saloon frequenters, gamblers, etc.

One gentleman, a good methodist in every sense of the word, said to the reporter of PROGRESS that Rev. Mr. Sellar's views were rather too far drawn for even the straight-laced to tolerate.

### A COSTLY TENANT.

He Would Not Move Unless He Was Paid For Doing So.

A North End property owner had quite an expensive experience with one of his tenants a few days ago, which he will not soon forget. The landlord in question had his property damaged by fire recently and embraced this opportunity of making extensive repairs and remodelling the place, which is located in the business part of Main street. The changes could not be made however, until the up stairs tenant had moved out.

The landlord suggested to his "third floorer" that he was going to make repairs and required the flat. The occupant refused to vacate and answered that the place was good enough for him as it was. The landlord finding his tenant a stayer ordered him to leave, whereupon the tenant argued that he had taken the place for a year and always paid his rent promptly and did not propose to get out.

The tenant however did not wish to be an obstructionist in any improvement scheme and agreed with the landlord to move, providing he the landlord find him a flat on the same street, within the two blocks nearest the house in question. This proposition the property owner accepted and started out to find his tenant a flat. But the aforesaid tenant had been over the ground before and knew the landlord would fail in finding the vacant floor. Sure enough, several days later the energetic property owner returned and announced his utter failure to find a vacant house to thrust his tenant into.

"What will you take and get out," asked the landlord.

"What do you think it worth to you," responded the tenant.

"Oh about \$25" said the landlord.

"Not on your life" answered the tenant in a cool manner.

"All right, what do you think would be fair?"

"Well make it \$50 and I will go."

The \$50 was paid but the air was somewhat warped by the landlord who is now at work making his repairs.

### The Opinion of a Citizen.

A well known citizen passing by one of the bulletins of a daily newspaper a few days ago, called PROGRESS attention to the fact that there was a scheme on foot to exempt from taxation a company that proposed to locate in St. John and carry on works of considerable magnitude. He was quite indignant over it, and from his standpoint no doubt he was correct. The line of his argument was that the people who have lived in St. John for years, carried on business and helped to build up the city are forced to pay the taxes and, as he said, "right up to the handle," but that a new concern can come in, ask for exemption and get it. He said it was not fair and right, and then he commented upon the attempt of the street railway to have its valuations reduced to a ridiculous amount. His claim was that they are not only paying taxes upon a small valuation, but that they have received a very valuable franchise for which St. John gets nothing in return. This is so unlike what is done in other cities, in Halifax or Toronto for example, that this citizen could not see why any reduction or any agreement should be entered into which would favor the street railway. A great many people will agree with him and there are others who think that the services St. John has in such an excellent one that the city could afford to be generous in the matter.



LIEUT.-GENERAL LORD KITCHENER,

Who succeeds Lord Roberts as commander-in-chief of the British forces in South Africa.

who had put them up while they dispensed their wares in the market, made purchases for their winter keep etc. However the law is mighty and must be satisfied so the good country people, whose ill luck it was to put up at that particular stable, had to return home without them but may eventually get their property returned to them after the legal claim, \$180, has been settled.

### HE TOOK THE CAKE.

The Lady's Husband Was a Good Guesser and was a Winner at the Fair.

The St. Peter's Fair had this year as usual a number of special attractions, among which were several lotteries. The first prize given in one of these was that of a marvelous culinary art—a spiral candied Christmas cake. A lady of the church made the beautiful looking confection and when the guesses of its weight were examined, it was found that the devoted spouse of the maker was the man who took the cake, he having named the exact weight in pounds and ounces. Of course it was considered a strange coincidence, but nevertheless, the husband got the prize, even though another man came within a few ounces of being correct. To be sure the successful guesser had the privilege of being right on the premises where the raisins were being weighed, the currants dried, and the little bits of citron and teaspoonfuls of spices added to the toothsome mixture, and he may have used his calculating abilities as to its probable weight, whilst he was brooding over the thought of the added clause upon his grocer's bill.

This is only a probability, but it seemed to strike the next best contestant so fiercely that the judges were compelled to ask the lady for another though a smaller cake. Since, upon counting up the matter the husband has decided not to enter into

streets to become passable. The street railway pays the city of St. John \$3,500 every winter for keeping its tracks clear of snow, and one or two seasons the arrangement was a very profitable one. It is said however that last year the cost of the work far exceeded that amount.

is once more before the public, this time however, in a worse light than on the previous occasion.

While at Bathurst Mr. Sellar said he did not consider the Church of England a protestant doctrine, in as much as that they were idol worshippers.

On Sunday last the Reverend divine arraigned the patrons of the theatre in a severe manner in a sermon delivered at Exmouth Street Methodist Church.

He condemned the theatre as an institution unworthy of patronage of any right thinking Christian man or woman. He set it forth as the promoter and delineator of passions calculated to destroy the morals of any not already seared by contact with evil. Mr. Sellar went so far as to offer a gross insult to patrons of the play when he styled them degenerates; frequenters of saloons; gamblers and abandoned women. He also went so far as to quote "Zephra" its patrons and those who took part as no exception. In supporting his limited views of the stage and theatre patrons Mr. Sellar quoted many antideluvian and old time authorities who held views similar to those held by him.

That the clergyman's sermon created a furor throughout the city was readily seen especially to the ladies who acted as chaperones to the production of Zephra who were visited at their homes and even stopped on the streets by many of the little misses who helped make the production a success.

Among the chaperones were many ladies from the best families socially and otherwise of the city. Of those who took part many were methodists, in fact there were those from all persuasions in the city, all were thorough ladies and gentlemen. Fancy then how Rev. Mr. Sellar's remarks must have ruffled up some parents, to say nothing of the expressions of indignation that must have followed the words of the pastor. It is

## PROGRESS

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- PAGE 16.—A short story entitled "The Trained Beavers struck."

and, California, Oct. 18, Forrest Blanchard and Frances McArthur.

ville, West Co., Nov. 21, William Johnston and Mrs. Ella Beth Erster.

## DIED.

Nov 20, Henry Lilly, 63.  
Nov 20, Nora Cove, 27.  
Nov 11, Harry Ross, 29.  
Nov 18, Albert Clark, 69.  
Nov 18, Albert Clark, 69.  
Nov 18, Daniel Q Tully, 21.  
Nov 18, Adelaide Perry.  
Nov 6, Maggie L Douglas, 20.  
Nov 18, Caroline Kelly, 17.  
Nov 7, Masley White, 84.  
Nov 17, William Payne, 47.  
Africa, Sept 8, W C Corbett, 29.  
Nov 9, Edward Dunbrack, 28.  
Nov 14, Mrs James Kerr, 49.  
Nov 18, Minnie Troop, 14.  
Nov 19, Edward Young, 20.  
Nov 6, Nov 6, Ann McDonald.  
Nov 20, Peter Paul Scoville, 20.  
Nov 13, Andrew Maxwell, 49.  
Nov 2, Sarah Currie, 51.  
Nov 10, Elizabeth Matheson, 72.  
Nov 7, Albro Singer, 22.  
Nov 14, Leland Bunnell Perry, 2.  
Nov 10, James W Johnston, 77.  
Nov 14, George F Tunney, 55.  
Nov 6, Annie Lovell, 3 months.  
Williamston, Nov 17, Charles Shaw, 47.  
Nov 10, Elizabeth Matheson, 72.  
Nov 20, Flora Bell McNeil, 7 months.  
Nov 10, Susan, wife of J G Crowell, 66.  
Nov 6, Melinda, wife of Joseph Mason.  
Nov 15, Ellen, wife of Wm Porter, 70.  
Nov 23, Eliza, wife of Joseph Johnston, 33.  
Nov 20, Agastus Lockhart, 74.  
Nov 10, Sarah, wife of Robt McKay, 87.  
Nov 11, Charlotte Graham, 2 months.  
Nov 16, Marjory, wife of Wm Johnston.  
Nov 18, Augusta, wife of Benjamin Borden.  
Nov 24, Margaret, wife of Nicholas Brennan.  
Nov 14, Robert Daniel Mitchell, 93.  
Nov 12, infant child of Mr and Mrs Dan Ross.  
Nov 7, Mary, wife of H M Mosey, 42.  
Nov 15, infant child of Mr and Mrs Frank Lacey.  
Nov 8, Janet, wife of Donald Simpson, 43.  
Nov 23, Cynthia, widow of the late Rev a Price, 78.  
Nov 13, Northumberland Co, Nov 11, William Naughton, 64.  
Nov 17, Catherine, wife of as Island, C R, Nov 17, Catherine, wife of as McNeil, 86.  
Nov 13, Lois Ann, widow of the Henry Goodsey, 75.  
Nov 10, Mary Howatson, widow of John Johnson, 81.  
Nov 3, Elizabeth, widow of the William Thompson, 76.

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for Sussex.....16.40  
for Quebec and Montreal.....17.05  
for Pictou, Pictou and Sydney.....22.11  
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The sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10.30 o'clock for Halifax, Pictou, Pictou and Sydney.  
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from Sussex..... 8.50  
from Quebec and Montreal.....12.40  
from Pictou, Pictou and Sydney.....14.15  
from Halifax, Pictou and Point du Chene.....17.05  
from Halifax and Campbellton.....19.15  
from Halifax and Sydney.....24.45  
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## A Trip Down the Danube.

Silhouetted against the November sky it is restful and soothing to behold Buda in the evening twilight. After a tour up or down the river it is still in welcome contrast to anything seen elsewhere. You may spend weeks loitering among the precipitous mountains with their great pine forests, cataracts and deep ravines; or you may explore the Oroszlanko, Vag, Phodragy, Francesen and Letava, all great historic relics, and yet see nothing so peculiarly imposing as the sun framed heights and minarets of Buda.

Winter in the Hungarian capital opens in good dry weather, and previous to describing some of the overlooked features of a voyage hither from Vienna, I should add that though a great many only pass through on their way to other parts of Europe and Asia, the number of occasional visitors who stay for health's sake is larger than formerly.

It must have been one of the last boats of the season in which I came down the river recently from Vienna. A twilight on the Danube is beautiful, the receding hills against a purple haze and kaleidoscoped against a sky of clearest blue. Already the deep golden sunset of the Hungarian autumn is so advanced that it strews the ground. Golden avenues of pines and chestnuts are on every hand.

There are many places where one can linger on this journey. Indeed, the traveler who is well informed as to his surroundings as he steams down from one great capital to the other has many temptations. From the castles of the great to the ruins of the fallen, from the retreats of dynasties of today to those of the past he can wander for days and still leave many monastic abbeys and others unexplored in the vicinity. He will have to enter the country for some of them.

The Alsuth estate, where the Archduke Joseph frequently resides, is near the good sized town of Bicske and has a model farm worthy its name and of the best in Hungary. Count Esterhazy has a castle up near the mountains at Tata-Tovaras. And of the greatness of the fallen we are reminded in the larger city of Buda, about half way between Budapest and Vienna, by the old palace of Zichy, where the first Napoleon had to defend himself in 1800. This is on the Little Danube.

On this tributary as on the great stream itself the grain is shipped and stored in large quantities, notably here at Moson, a small town of 5,000 inhabitants; and not far from this is the Agricultural School with botanical garden, said to be the best in the whole country. Of abbeys, by the way, the Cistercians have two, both famous, within easy reach of the Danube, one romantically situated in the Bakosy forest and the other at St. Gotthard.

I had opportunity on this single voyage of studying that great variety, the peasantry and countrymen of the Danube. Starting as 6 a. m. from the Viennese suburb, which is said to be as difficult to find on foot for an English or American as Millwall might be to a Portuguese, gesticulating on Westminster Bridge, it took us half the long day to reach Pressburg. At the present turn of the seasons there is a crowd of these migrating bucolics boarding the steamers (when there are any) below and above that most interesting of cities, which is well worth the excursion it generally inspires in the breast of the river tourist. From its ruined Konigsburg and Gothic cathedral to its ancient ghetto and the Maria Teresa monument it is full of that interest which industrial competition and art culture lend to such attractions and over 50,000 inhabitants.

It was no more than I expected therefore that my fellow travellers on the Danube steambot from Vienna were of many types and complexions. Here was the toiler of the fields of the lower Danubian provinces transferring his family and baggage to a sunnier climate by the aid of his friendly Dunna. It costs him but a few krona to get hundreds of miles down stream, and he will occasionally pass through two kingdoms to his destination. But it is frequently the Magyar or the Roumanian I suspect you meet on these protracted trips, though they are remarkably discreet in their confidences. As to their intelligence it is unquestionable. And were it not that their vigorous frames roughly but warmly clad and weather-worn but handsome features denote an existence of greater value to themselves than peripatetic notemakers allow us to realize at a distance, one might be led to compassionate in them hardships that may not commonly exist among those we meet on such journeys. They are representative, and instructive in more re-

spects than your correspondent has leisure at present to refer to.

They have not escaped, as I have constantly noted during my present stay, that linguistic fever which has recently swept over a large tract of Europe, much as a thought wave. For I cannot believe that the medley many of this class betray is other than a jargon of native patois, interspersed by a little German or some other tongue (frequently English) which they have picked up by chance during their peregrinations from one clime to another.

Accommodation at the riverside towns can be procured without much difficulty; vendors of peaches and pears did a lively trade at some of these; and we stretched our hands eagerly for them over the boat side to beguile the long day between those repeats which they supply in good style on these Danube steamers. Just now these fruits are succeeded by the apples, which are fine and plentiful all up the country. In the market place of Pesth they make a rare display.

On inquiry I became impressed how essential it is to have guidance as to the location of the attractions on either side of the Danube. When leaving it or traveling by rail in these parts you should take the route via Bruck, especially for those places aforementioned. This will also assist you in getting at Sarvar, the fortress castle of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand d'Este, at Bogat the splendid park and castle of the Count Esterhazy, and D. v. v. another estate of the Count Esterhazy, with its great castle.

The other route via Marchegg, with a lesser deflection from the greater stream, will assist you to sights of equal grandeur, besides Pressburg and Galanther. And the American tourist, though you will find him everywhere in season, will no doubt admit as readily that the lack of a little guidance beforehand has greatly involved their efforts to get at these notable places without great loss of time. With the river boats and from this juncture you can easily find, for instance, To't-Megyér and the castle of Count Karolyi, situated near to the beautiful Neutra Valley, the village of Appony with the famous ruined castle of the Forgachs and the present Count Appony's castle, and Galgoes where Count Joseph Erdody has a new castle on the hill, near one of the most remarkable of ancient ruins, Hubaburg. Close to this is the imposing prison fortress of Lipotyar which has all to appearance of what it is, a penitential place, as it frowns from its great ramparts.

Holics, one of the largest estates belonging to the reigning house, provides them and their guests with good pheasant and other shooting. And at Stampfen, not far off, can be seen Count Palffy's castle with its noble demense. Several of these noblemen have fine racing and breeding studs at the places mentioned, or their other country estates. These, like the Archduke's stables, would interest the most ordinary tourists, but are worthy particular description in themselves for the lovers of such enterprise. But thoroughbred studs are even more numerous further down the river, on the other side of my headquarters.

Thus, the trip here in the autumn from Vienna is one whereof you can either miss or make a great deal. The inland scenery is in some parts enchanting, its associations romantic and historic, and in the latter sense the above mentioned are but a few of its attractions.

As we came, as it appeared in the night, suddenly upon Buda the electric and gas lit scene on both sides the river was highly impressive. It is a city hidden by a long defile of hills, and you almost get weary of the mountain girl loneliness as it emerges brightly from its gloom. It was a farseeing brain that located this good old city. Even today, with all our engines of war, it is a formidable defence.

The well known English artist, Walter Crane, has been lecturing in this country, and there is an exhibition of his pictures now open at one of the large galleries in Budapest. Besides many of his original designs it includes the 'Renaissance of Venus' and a beautiful pastoral. It is much appreciated.

To see the melon markets at their best you need but to steam down the Danube. Piled in odd corners of the squares they were until a few weeks back in full supply. They are regarded by the peasantry who appreciate good beef and mutton, nevertheless, as a sort of meat vegetable.

To judge of the market produce along this country, the winter cabbages now come in average better than I have seen and are remarkable even in size. The

fruits have been good and fairly plentiful, though considered scarce, as elsewhere, compared with some other seasons. The grapes have been fine, if not of the best samples of the country, and the vintage really good, though there is, of course, no exact criterion in these facts. The Danubian vineyards are no doubt realizing their opportunities abroad, and whether or not, there has been a glut of Hungarian and other new wines in the foreign markets they are likely to hold their own and develop their supply as a consequence. From a mere mathematical point of view it would be a great oversight if they did not. However great the demand on other new vintage I fancy their enterprise here beyond that, for the home consumption will be little more than is required.

It would be folly to conclude that this is to the prejudice of other liquors. And I have not seen better beer drinkers among moderate people, as Austrians decidedly are. There is the clear Vienna beer, finding no rival here in the good Munich ales.

All Saints' Day was honored here as usual and the river gaily decked with flags. The military turned out in good force and in grand form, the day being clear and bracing. The reviews in the capitals were well worth seeing. There are few grander sights than the Austro-Hungarian regiments when massed together. It is then their good points and their handsome uniforms most impress us. Always great marchers, they have some new leg drill recently calculated either to improve or economize their muscles.—Cor. New York Sun.

### SAW ZEPPELIN'S AIRSHIP SAIL.

How it Looked to an American who was in a Boat on Lake Constance.

Ernst H. Kronshage of Milwaukee was one of the spectators of the trip made by Count Zeppelin's flying machine Oct. 17 on Lake Constance. In an account of the experiment written by Mr. Kronshage he describes the performances of the airship as decidedly interesting.

"A few tourists decided to remain a few weeks longer in the hope of being witnesses to this epoch making experiment," says Mr. Kronshage, "and we did not stay in vain. On the 16th of October we received authoritative word in Konstanz that the ascension would positively take place, barring heavy wind, on the afternoon of the Wednesday following. On Wednesday therefore, we boarded a steamer, and proceeded out upon the lake, leaving the steam or finally at Immenstaad, eight miles from Konstanz, on the north shore, for three miles further on and about half way to the important port of Friedrichshafen, is the big nondescript structure wherein the Count and his workmen have created and housed the latest wonder of the world. It was now already past 3 o'clock and still no signs of activity were noticeable. True, there were two large steamers anchored near the balloon house, upon one of which our field glasses descried the royal pennant of Wurtemberg. But the seconds sped on into minutes, ten minutes dragged themselves into another hour and still no encouraging sign. A rumor, which we afterward ascertained to have been the truth, then made the rounds that the King had not returned from the hunt on which he had set out early that morning, and that the ascension would not take place until he returned. The Queen was on board the steamer, but not her royal consort. Most of our party were content to remain in the Wirtshaus where they were comfortably settled behind their big 'steins' of Munich beer. But the United States contingent with two others hired a rowboat and set out for the scene of action.

"We soon distinguished the general features of a balloon house, which looked for all the world like a tobacco shed, except that there was a row of eleven windows all

# "77"

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# GRIP

along the side. But later inspection proved it to be a remarkable structure—the most perfect of its kind ever devised. The building is 450 feet long, 78 broad and 66 high, and gracefully rests on ninety-five pontoons. It is anchored at one point only, so that they may turn, like a weathercock, with the wind, the rear end being pointed in order to diminish the resistance of the air. The balloon, which in its proportions conforms closely to those of the house, rests on a pontoon platform of its own, and may be easily moved in and out through the large portal in the front end. The advantages of such a shed for the experimental trials of the machine are obvious, no ground to fall on and nothing to run against; again, as the shed always points to the leeward, the inventor gains the aid of the wind in getting the balloon out of the shed with the minimum of danger and the maximum of speed.

Hardly had we taken in a few of these characteristic details of the balloon shed when we were startled by a ringing cheer from the nearby shore. Quickly glancing back to the shed, our sight was gladdened by the colors of imperial Germany slowly unfurling themselves to the breeze from the top mast flagstaff. Then we knew that our expectations were to be fulfilled and that our long watch was drawing to a close. What were our feelings when a few minutes later the white pointed peak of the aerial monster slowly began to issue from the cavernous depths of its mysterious home. Slowly, majestically, the entire length of this white and silent creature floated out on the lake and soon was towed to a spot about half a mile distant from the shed. The cables holding the balloon were quickly loosened, and the whole gigantic mass was held in position by five score or more of soldiers of the balloon division of the German army. After a few hearty handshakes with the officers in command of the float, the count, his engineer and three intimate friends took their places in the cars; the word was given, and then—

"No, the balloon did not shoot up like a sky rocket, as we see them at the county fairs; it seemed rather to hang quietly in the air for a while, like a sea bird poised for flight. Slowly, gracefully, majestically it rose; the noble figure of the Count, with his white beard blown by the breeze, standing forth in clear relief against the dull, gray sky. Like some some wizard of old he seemed, who held the elements of earth in meek submission. The speed of ascent was soon increased, and when at a height of about six hundred or seven hundred feet the propellers began to whirl, the ship fairly whizzed through the air, the wind being then at its back. Then followed the more amazing exhibition, far surpassing the most sanguine expectations. The balloon obeyed its master like a perfectly trained horse. It turned to the right, it turned to the left, with the wind and against the wind, and finally, turned rapidly around on its own axis several times. By means of the running weight the balloon then frequently changed from its horizontal position to the oblique with perfect safety. Like a trained animal it rose, as it were, on its hind legs or knelt down at a word from its trainer, always regaining the most perfect equilibrium. After this successful exhibition, the Count proceeded to the more difficult task of sailing directly against the wind—a test not only of the airship's speed but of the efficacy of its course against such odds. Here again the effort was a distinct success. The steering gear worked perfectly, and the two fast electric launches, which started directly under the balloon, were unable to keep up with it. Of course the wind was not severe but still it was brisk enough to give the propellers and rudders an adequate test.

"The air ship was now operating at a height of 1,000 feet, and at this juncture passed directly over their heads.

"But the deepening shadows along the tree lined shore began to warn us that the vesper hour was drawing near, and it we wanted to catch our steamer it was time to leave the scene of our afternoon's pleasure. As we were now nearer to Friedrichshafen than Immenstaad, we turned in this direction. We continued to watch the airship's manoeuvring till distance and darkness combined to hide it from our sight."

### Hospitality on the March.

Mrs. E. B. Custer, in Harper's Bazar, tells of the difficulties of home-making on the plains when on the march with a cavalry regiment.

Mrs. Custer was with the Seventh Cavalry that marched and camped and scouted on the route laid out for the Kansas Pacific Railroad. The food was monotonous, and those on the march over the barren country would tell tantalizing tales of the good things they had eaten in the States.

The habit of hospitality, however, was so fixed that the soldiers would merely add a

plate for the visitor, or give up their own if there were not enough.

An old officer, in crossing the plains, invited a brother officer to dine with him, not knowing that his supplies were so low. The "striker" put the only two dishes on the mess-table. The host took in the limited bill of fare at a glance, and said:

"If you don't care for rice, help yourself to the mustard."

### Sixteen to Two.

An instance of the humor which the Civil War called forth is found in a story told of old Parson Helton, a Baptist preacher of Tennessee.

He had eighteen sons, sixteen of whom were in the Union Army, and two in the Confederate. When the old minister had reached his eighty-eighth year some one who did not know about his sons' views, asked him where his sympathies lay during the war.

"My sympathies were with the Union by fourteen majority," said the old man.

Bobbs—These safe blowers out at Sabourng were beautifully disappointed.

Dobbs—Cashier ahead of them?

Bobbs—No. The depositors only use the bank to store their gold sticks in.



## Women Are Like Flowers.

Poets have been fond of likening woman to a flower. Her fairness is flowerlike. Her sweetness suggests the flower fragrance. Her very fragility finds its type again in the frail flower, which languishes when neglected, and is so easily destroyed. It is a pretty simile and almost as perfect as pretty.

If a woman would care for herself as she does for her plants she would preserve her beauty and retain her strength far beyond the period when the average woman looks old and feels older than she looks.

### THE GREAT SECRET

Of woman's preservation of her beauty lies in the intelligent care of the womanly health. So close is the relation between the health of the delicate womanly organs and the health of the whole body, that whenever the feminine functions are deranged or disturbed the consequences are felt by every nerve in the body. Severe headache, backache, pain in the side, and bearing-down pains are borne with by so many thousands of women that one who is in sound health is a rare exception. Most women would give anything to know how to be cured. The way is very plain. Follow the path made by more than a half a million women who have been perfectly cured of womanly ills and weakness.

"I believe I owe my life to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Pleasant Pellets,'" says Mrs. Maria G. Hayes, writing from Brookland, D. C. "Six years ago, after the birth of one of my children, I was left in a weak, run-down condition. My health seemed utterly gone. I suffered from nervousness, female weakness and rheumatism, and I suffered everything one could suffer from these complaints. Life was a burden. I doctored with three different physicians and got no relief. I tried several patent medicines, all with the same result. I began to get worse, and to add to the complications I suffered terribly from constipation. I chanced to see one of your advertisements and concluded to try the above remedies. I commenced to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Pleasant Pellets' and began to improve right away, and continued improving and gaining in strength. I cannot express the relief it was so great. Seven months later my little daughter was born without much trouble. I feel that I would never have been able to endure my confinement had it not been for the help I received from Dr. Pierce's medicines. My baby was a fine, healthy child, and the only one I have ever been able to nurse. She is now two years old and I have never had to take any medicine since, so I feel that your medicine has made a lasting cure with me. I owe so much in thankfulness, it would be impossible for me to express by word or pen how thankful I am to God and Dr. Pierce."

### NOTHING IS SURER

Than the effect of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong, sick women well. It regulates the periods, stops disagreeable drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It prepares the wife for motherhood, gives her vigor and physical strength, so that the birth hour is practically painless. It is the best of tonics because it contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine, nor any other narcotic. For working women in the home, store or schoolroom it is an invaluable medicine. It quiets the nerves, increases the appetite, and causes restful and refreshing sleep. Nursing mothers will find no tonic so beneficial to mother and child as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

### WHAT SHALL I DO?

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Music and The Drama

SONS AND UNDERSTONES.

Next Tuesday and Wednesday evenings will be events of more than ordinary importance in the musical circles of the city for upon these occasions will be given an opportunity of hearing Gwynn Miles, the great baritone, who paid St. John a visit a year or two ago. The programme so it is said will be a most interesting one and among the assisting talent will be Mrs. Shepard Gribey, soprano, and Mr. Leo Altman, violinist. The sale of seats began on Thursday and was most satisfactory to the promoters.

The infantry bands in the German army are now being supplied with drums made of aluminum. The sound of these drums is said to be better than that of the wooden drums.

Says the Philadelphia Press of late date: A cigar-manufacturing firm in Trenton, N. J., is attracting the attention of the local labor world by certain innovations for maintaining order among and holding the attention and increasing the efficiency of the 200 young women cigarmakers employed in the factory. A piano has been placed in the large work room, and a woman employed to play it for two hours each day. To keep the girls off the streets at noon a teacher has been hired to give free singing lessons at the factory during the noon hour.

While these may be innovations in New Jersey and elsewhere in the Northern States the scheme is not either new or original. Nearly every large cigar-factory in Cuba has its reader or musician. Cigarette factories in Spain are similarly equipped. The reader, either a man or a woman, is employed to read aloud to employees from the latest Spanish novels or from the daily newspapers. The musician fills the same role as that of the performer engaged in the New Jersey factory. The experience of the Cuban cigar-manufacturers has been that the method of chaining the mind of a worker while his or her fingers are employed is not only productive or more and better work but adds immeasurably to the good order of the factory and the good temper and cheerfulness of the operatives.

The wonder is that this system of combined amusement and instruction has not been more widely adopted. There are innumerable factories and workshops in every city in which readers or musicians could be employed. Instead of detracting from the amount of character of the work, it would lead to renewed interest on the workers and greater effort in their daily employment.

The late Sir Arthur Sullivan's fate proves once more that, in music, as in literature, it pays infinitely better to write for the public than for one's own satisfaction. Schubert who wrote solely for himself and because he couldn't help it, died worth \$12. Sullivan spent much time in traveling and at home he enjoyed all the luxuries of life and art; yet he left an estate of \$750,000 and this in spite of the fact that on two occasions he lost all his money, and that for his earlier operas, including Pinatore he received no royalties, in America where they had greater vogue than in England. But he wrote in the way the public liked and it rewarded him richly. When in the best of his scores "The Yeoman of the Guard" he wrote more for himself giving the best that was in him, the fickle public deserted him. Speaking exclusively of him the Boston Post says: Sullivan was very patriotic, and among his proudest recollections was this, that once, as a member of a small choral society, he had the honor of singing bass with Gladstone from the same copy. While admiring German, French and Italian music and musicians, he believed in England for Englishmen. On this subject he wrote to a London critic: "When I have the opportunity of engaging an orchestra, I think you will find only Englishmen on the list, and yet I always get a fine band. At the Leeds Festival I have 117 men in the orchestra, and every man is an Englishman." He was very indignant because, at the review of Colonial troops held by the Prince of Wales, in July, 1897, no British music at all was played; and he wrote an anonymous letter on the subject to the Times. He often complained that his efforts in behalf of British music and musicians met with such scant recognition and help. In a lecture, "About Music," which he delivered in 1888, he referred to the strange neglect of music in England for about two centuries, and offered this explanation: "My belief is that this was largely due to the enthusiasm with which commerce was pursued, and to the extraordinary way in which religious and political struggles, and,

later still, practical science, have absorbed our energy. We were content to buy our music, while we were making churches, steam engines, railways, cotton-mills, Constitutions, Anti-Corn Law Leagues, and canals. I fear we must admit that even at present, in the mind of a true Briton, business, society, politics, and sport, all come before art. Art is very well; we have no objection to pay for it, and to pay well. But we can only enjoy it if it interferes with none of these pet pleasures; and in consequence, it has often to suffer."

Young composers may find a useful hint in what Sullivan once said to his biographer, Arthur Lawrence: "The happy thoughts which seem to come to one only occur after hard work and steady persistence. It will always happen that one is better ready for work needing inventiveness at one time than at another. One day work is hard and another day it is easy; but if I had waited for inspiration, I am afraid I should have done nothing."

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Truss Stock company closes its engagement in this city today. While the stay of the company in this city was not so successful financially as it might have been, there was no fault to be found with the performances artistically. The organization began its work at an unfavorable time and throughout the entire engagement the weather and other elements have been against its success. Those who have witnessed the company's work from time to time have been greatly pleased with it and with the line of plays produced. St. John heartily commends the company to the good will of the people of Moncton, Amherst and Truro, in which towns they play before opening a long engagement in Halifax.

May Irwin in The Belle of Bridgeport is scoring a big success at the New York Bijou.

"Lost River" is still an object of thrilling interest to New York audiences and is drawing crowded houses nightly.

Neil Twomey, who when here with Mora, the ill starred but bright and sunny little actress, became quite a favorite in now playing in "Secret Service."

In her new London theatre Mrs. Langtry has decided that the prompter's box shall be placed upon the stage in front of the leader of the orchestra as in French theatres.

Martin Harvey is to visit America next season under the management of Klaw and Erlanger and among the pieces in his repertoire will be "The Only Way" with the star as Sydney Carton.

Besides the Roger de Caverly play which Mr. Louis Parker is contemplating there is in existence the libretto of a musical comedy on the same subject written by Mr. Richard Butler and H. Chance Newton,—the "Richard Henry" of many a Gaiety success—which may be seen shortly.

"A Maid of Leyden," a romantic drama in a prologue and three acts by Evelyn Sutherland and Percy Greenleaf Mackaye, will have its first production in New York on Monday. This will be the second in a series of new dramas of American authorship to be given by the students of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

Says the New York Post in speaking of "The Gay Lord Quex": It is evident that the success of a play does not depend much upon the sympathetic quality of any of the characters representing it. In "The Gay Lord Quex," for instance, there is not a single person for whom it is possible to feel any very lively admiration—the conduct of even the heroine is decidedly shady—but there are not seats enough in the Criterion theatre to accommodate all the spectators who wish to see the piece. Nor is the representation—apart from the share taken in it by Mr. Hare and Miss Vanbrugh—particularly brilliant. Actors of very moderate capacity are employed in more than one prominent part.

A most amusing article entitled "Vaudeville Land" in the New York Post of Dec. 1st, deals with the domestic life of variety actors of New York and among other funny things it says:

Salary is a tender point with every dweller in vaudeville land; not for base pecuniary considerations, but mainly as a matter of professional pride. Nobody ever gets less than anybody else, and as a usual thing everybody makes more than anybody else. Salaries are never less than \$100 a week for a "team," and persons who hint to the contrary are disloyal to the profession. As a matter of fact, salaries in vaudeville do take a wide range, from very high to quite low. Perhaps \$25 a week would be a liberal estimate for the average in the season, and out of this must come expenses for travelling and costume. When a vaudeville actor saves money, his first thought in the way of investment is a farm. Several own poultry

and dairy farms on the Jersey coast. One old-time vaudeville actor is partner in a good printing firm, and one woman dancer owns a large cattle ranch in California. Nearly all vaudeville performers are convinced that the only thing which stands between them and \$500 a week salary is "the Trust."

Max Beerbohm has made for Mrs. Patrick Campbell a dramatized version of his fantastic little story "The Happy Hypocrite." The hero, a rouse of the Georgian period rejoices in the name of Lord George Hells. He is said to be "proud of being horrid" and is described as resembling Caligula with a dash of Falstaff. The plot of the piece is as follows: This gentleman sees at the theatre one night a beautiful young girl called Jenny Mere, and for the first time fall genuinely in love. He immediately proposes, and is told by the lady that she will not marry anyone who has not the face of a saint. Lord George, not to be denied, purchases a beautiful mask, and meeting his innamorata in a wood, wins her affection. They wander away together, and in the end the hero's face becomes even "as the mask has been."

Richard Carvel continues to draw packed houses in New York, and the success of the play is said to be greater than that of any of those in which Mr. Drew has appeared previously as a star.

Of Leo Dietrichstein, the author, actor, and stage producer, the following may be of interest. He was born in Budapest in Hungary, and is thirty-four years of age. He began a stage career by joining an opera company in Vienna. He had a fine tenor voice and at once sang leading roles. For six years he toured Germany, originating the role of Symonovic in "Beggars Student" and other tenor parts. He believed the field was greater as a low comedian, so became one. Audiences liked him quite as well as a fun maker as in the hero roles. All this opera business seemed to him unworthy of his talents and he took up the legitimate drama. Under Adolph Sonenthal, a famed German tragedian, he played two seasons in many parts throughout Germany. He appeared at the Burg Theatre in Berlin; Haburg in Vienna and then went to Paris. Here he joined the Opera Comique and afterwards played at the Comedie Francaise. Returning to Berlin, Heinrich Conrad of the Irving Place Theatre in New York engaged him. This was in 1887. With the patrons of the German Theatre he was a favorite. His first big hit with an English speaking organization under Charles Frohman was as Zou-Zou in "Tribby." Following this came Tosman in Elizabeth Robbins' production of the Ibsen drama, "Hedda Gabler," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. The comedy "At the White Horse Tavern," enlisted his services and he scored a hit as Lieutenant Von Zaet in "Twelve Months Later," which was produced at the Madison Square Theatre. During the early years of his introduction to the English drama he collaborated with Clyde Fitch in the writing of plays. One of these was the ill fated "Gossip" for Lily Langtry. Another was "The Head of the Family," written for William H. Crane. "A Superficial Husband," was done for the Holland Brothers, and then Dietrichstein decided to go it alone. He made an adaptation of Dolly Higgins' novel "A Southern Romance," and one from the French which was successful as "Mlle. Fifi." E. H. Southern produced his "Song of the Sword" last season. One of his latest hits is the comedy "All on Account of Eliza," written for Mann and Lipman, which will be seen at the Hollis Street Theatre on Monday, Dec. 10. Four plays are now in process of making by Dietrichstein. One is a dramatization of Judge Robert Grant's satirical novel "Unleavened Bread," which Lieber & Co. are soon to produce. This firm has also another play by him for Miss Viola Allen now bearing the tentative title of "On the Heights."

Daniel Frohman has one of his plays in hand for immediate production while one is to be produced this season by E. H. Southern and Virginia Harned. Dietrichstein soon begins work on a comedy for Louis Mann and Clara Lipman for another season's use.

High-Flying Clouds.

The science of clouds has attracted many devotees within the past few years, and photography has greatly assisted in advancing it. Clouds, like stars, become far more interesting to the non-scientific observer of nature when he knows the names attached to them. While the grandest and most imposing form of cloud is the domed and pinnacled cumulus which fre-

quently accompanies thunderstorms, the most beautiful is the feathery cirrus. Cirrus clouds sometimes exist at enormous elevations. While their mean height is about 29,000 feet,—the height of Mount Everest,—they have been measured at an elevation of 49,000 feet, or more than nine miles. They move with great velocity, about ninety miles an hour on the average, and in winter sometimes more than 200 miles an hour.

TEETHING.

Children Should be Carefully Watched During this Period.

The time of the first dentition, which lasts usually from the infant's sixth or eighth month to the sixteenth, is one of the critical periods of life, yet its dangers have been greatly exaggerated. Formerly it was the custom to reter every imaginable disease affecting a baby during the eruption of its teeth to this process as the cause. Now medical belief is perhaps inclining too far the other way, and some doctors refuse to credit teething with producing any other than merely local troubles.

The process of cutting teeth is undoubtedly a normal one, and in a healthy infant is usually accomplished without any great difficulty or disturbance; but in puny and sickly children it is sometimes laborious and the cause of much distress.

Among the many affections formerly regarded as provoked by teething the most common are diarrhoea, cough and convulsions; but probably the last named is the only one caused directly by this process.

When a tooth comes through with difficulty the child's nervous system is worn upon by the local irritation, and it may become more and more irritable, until finally an explosion occurs and the child has convulsions. This is, however, a rare occurrence, and it is probable that the nervous constitution of such children is already weak, and needs only some slight irritation, whether from the teeth, the stomach, or the skin, to become convulsively excited.

The diarrhoea and the cough are no doubt both due to indigestion caused by nervous irritation.

Local disorders of teething are more common. They consist for the most part in inflammation of the gums, which are red, swollen and hot, and in the drooling of a rosy saliva.

In order to prevent inflammation the mouth should be kept perfectly clean, being washed out often with a solution of borax or boric acid, fifteen or twenty grains to the ounce. The baby's desire to bite should be gratified by providing it with a hard rubber, ivory or silver object on which to exercise its jaws.

The general health should be carefully watched. Any tendency to diarrhoea or especially to constipation should be corrected, and the child should be kept in the air as much as possible. If the nervous symptoms are threatening, sedatives are needed, and it may be necessary to lance the gums.

It should be remembered that a teething infant may have an illness quite independent of the teething process, and hence one should never neglect to call a doctor under the theory that its troubles are all due to the teething, and consequently are of little moment.

A Mysterious Tree.

Upper California is the home of a tree that has puzzled the world. It is a pine, which will grow only near the seacoast. Its growth is slow, and it does not attain to great size. The strange thing about it is that there are, to all appearance, insurmountable difficulties in the way of the perpetuation of the species. Some species of it exist in Kew Gardens, England. They have been carefully examined by competent authorities, and all admit that the tree presents a problem unlike anything elsewhere met with.

This pine produces at regular intervals the usual cones containing seeds, but

strange to say, the cones are so thoroughly protected that the seeds cannot be released. The cones are hard and tightly closed, and have strong overlapping scales.

More extraordinary still is the fact that the pine, after producing its almost invulnerable cones, keeps them hanging on its branches year after year. Unless through some peculiar accident, the seeds would apparently remain attached to the parent tree forever. Many of the cones on the trees in Kew Gardens have been there for years, as is shown by the size of the branches and the formation of the bark.

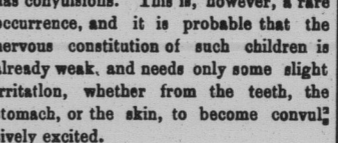
It has been found that the seed vessels which this tree so powerfully retains are so well protected that it requires a strong knife with the assistance of a heavy hammer to cut the cone into sections. No ordinary conditions of temperature can make a cone open.

The London Daily Mail prints the only explanation yet offered that seems to have any degree of plausibility. A well-known botanist, who puzzled for several months over the problem, believes that the species is perpetuated by fire. He asserts that nothing but the intense heat of a forest fire which would sweep a grove of the trees out of existence, would compel the cones to release their seeds.

It has been found that under the influence of intense heat they crack open, and the seed fall out uninjured. In any case, the seeds retain their vitality for years.

The explanation is ingenious, but it is not universally accepted, and botanists are still asking the question: "How does this pine reproduce itself?"

The number of ladies who buy Magnetic Dyes all over Canada surprises even ourselves,—of course they give splendid results.



Baby's Own Soap.

It leaves the skin wonderfully soft and fresh, and its faint fragrance is extremely pleasing.

Beware of imitations. ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.

He ran a mile, and so would many a young lady, rather than take a bath without the "Albert"

Albert Toilet Soap Co., Montreal.

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Albert Toilet Soap Co., Montreal.

Calvert's Carbolic Ointment

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 8.

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

AWAITING THE EXPLORER.

Officers of a fish commission steamship recently returned from a long cruise say that, with the exception of the Fiji and Tahiti groups, nearly every island in the South Seas is "mischarted"—located, on charts, miles distant from its true position. The fact reminds us that there are still vast tracts of the earth's surface of which geographers have no exact information.

Recent years have yielded material additions to our knowledge of the north polar region, but the expedition now preparing will readily find untrodden fields. As for the south polar region, maps of it are mainly imagined. If the unknown portion were transferred to the north polar region, it would not cover Europe, Asia and North America down to the sixty-five degrees of north latitude, including the northern half of Alaska.

Africa is not so "dark" a continent as it was fifty years ago, but north of the Congo there is territory little known, and even in the Congo State there are many wide, unexplored tracts between the watercourses. The southern part of Madagascar is unknown also.

In Asia, there is still mystery in Tibet; the eastern half of the Himalayas system is known only in incomplete outlines, and in the southern part of Arabia is a great un-surveyed territory assumed to be a desert. Australia, the island continent, has untravelled deserts, too, and the maps of the older colonies show many blanks that geographers have yet to fill.

Portions of South America—the Peruvian Andes, the peaks in Bolivia, the mountain chains in southern Venezuela and Guiana, and regions in Brazil and Northern Paraguay—are as unknown, in an exact scientific sense, as anything in Africa. Even on our own continent there is a wide field for exploration, in the far northwest and in Alaska, in Labrador, and between the great lakes and rivers of the north.

It will be a good many years yet before any young scientist, aglow with the passion for travel and discovery, will be able to complain that the world holds nothing new.

"WHAT GOD HAS WROUGHT."

The peril of the foreign refugees in Peking, their defense, their rescue, the diplomatic questions which are pending—all these things the newspapers have described and explained; but behind all this rises something mightier still.

It is this: that the day of christian martyrdom has not passed; that men and women of our own blood, bred in our little country villages and educated in our common schools, have laid down their lives not only for their faith, but for the privilege of carrying their faith to others. We read of STEPHEN stoned by the mob, of christians thrown to the lions in the Roman amphitheater, of the death of JOHN WILLIAMS in the South Sea Islands; and besides those pictures dim with age we find this other picture of supreme sacrifice in our own day, vivid with contemporaneous suffering, glowing in the light of nearness and affinity.

The deaths of many of the missionaries have been accompanied by tortures too horrible to recount, yet hardly was the news received when other devoted men and women were offering themselves as volunteers to go out in the places of those who had fallen.

Is their faith fanatical? Is it fruitless in results? Let us turn to a scene in besieged Peking for our answer, and listen to the one hundred and fifty Christian

Chinese girls who felt the strain under which their teacher was suffering, and comforted her with these words: 'We know that you are troubled about us, but we are praying and we are peaceful. If God is willing to spare us, we shall be glad; but if we must die, it will be all right.' Or let us recall that Chinese schoolboy who blistered his hands in helping to build the breastworks, and when some one pitied him, replied: 'It is not my hands but my heart that hurts. I think of these foreign soldiers coming away out here to fight for us and being killed by my own countrymen in no decent sort of warfare. It is that which makes me sad.'

These may be little things; but it is written that the young man "whose name was SAUL," and who guarded the clothes of those who stoned STEPHEN, became the great apostle to the Gentiles.

HABIT.

'My boy there hasn't a habit—not a habit of any kind,' was the remark of a proud father one day. What he meant was that his son did not use tobacco, drink whisky, or do anything of that kind. His use of the word "habit" is not uncommon, although it is incorrect.

PLUTARCH said: 'Habit is second nature.' WELLINGTON added: 'It is ten times nature.' Every person, it is often remarked, is but a bundle of habits. A great many of the physical and mental actions of our lives are purely habitual. We arise in the morning and dress mechanically, without considering which article of clothing we shall put on first, almost without any mental attention to the physical movements necessary for dressing. Our minds may be in the South Sea Islands, while our nervous system, through what we term the force of habit, attends to the dressing for us.

A learned college professor who has made a special study of "habit" says that the great thing in all education is thus to make our nervous system our ally instead of our enemy, by giving to it the care of as many details of daily life as possible. In other words, we should let habit attend to all the ordinary affairs, and so save our mental strength for other things. "There is no more miserable human being," the professor remarks, "than one in whom nothing is habitual but indecision."

Absent-mindedness is not to be desired, but it is still less desirable to compel the mind to decide each time which sock shall be put on first. The happy man between the two is to select the best way of doing the ordinary routine thing of every day life, get into the habit of doing them in that way, and then let the nervous system carry out the programme.

The Bills Were in Order.

There is always more or less doubt at election times whether the money that is handed out to some workers is actually spent or not and, two candidates in the recent contest had practical evidence of this fact not very long ago. They were in the shiretown of a neighboring county, and to pass the time engaged with four of their friends in a game of forty-fives. The stakes were light, "just enough to make it interesting," and at the end of a few games they started to settle up preparatory to taking the train. All of them had money but none of them appeared to have any small change. A bye stander, who had worked with a great deal of zeal during the election and who was known to have handled considerable funds, volunteered to change the bills and to the surprise of the candidates the money he produced were new one dollar Dominion bank bills numbered consecutively. He may have had a preference for new money, and spent his own on election day but the circumstances appeared to them to be very curious. It is said that after the 7th of November there was plenty of money placed in the savings bank and in many instances the bills were numbered consecutively.

It was unfortunate that Mr. Croker was compelled to go to England to gamble on horse races instead of staying at home and suppressing wickedness, as he desired.

You are always hearing of the 'nameless' longing in a woman's heart. If she is single, it is for a lover; and if she is married, it is for money.

A girl in Virginia died of old age at 20. But, odd as this case is, it is an improvement on the more frequent one of giddy youth at the age of 80.

A New York man of 80 has been a vegetarian for 45 years, and still death has not come to his relief.

'He made his money out of oil wells.' 'No wonder, then, he's such a bore.'

Chateau de-Sea-land, Splendid, Fortified, Situated, 17 Waterloo.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Phantom Ship. It is off the harbor of Paganah town, That twice in the run of a year A ship is seen in a burning flame, And wide from it others steer, And shrink from the sight in fear. Two seamen out of a foreign barque, Anchored within the bay; Put off one night to the ghostly craft, And after they told their tale next day, Their speech for ever then fled away.

The form of a sinner a trumpet blew, A tube from the burning str; A spectre of flame he stood in the bow, With a wild and deathlike glare, And he cried "O the dead beware!" "This is the Phantom ship of fire," Of the flame that never goes out; But is doomed to float here twice a year, In the darkness to drift about, And watch like a risen scout.

We were of all seamen a gallant crew, And we sailed out of old Bordeaux, Laden with French and with Spanish gold, Hid away in the hold below, Which was all of us heaped to stow, Sailing for Louisburg all went well, Till mutiny on the sea, Broke out with a wild unearthly yell, And we murdered them all but three; Two of my mates and me.

We launched the boat, with our blood stained gold, And we set the ship on fire; When the magazine with a mighty shock, Spread devastation dire; And destruction of all nature. Down went the hull and our laden boat, With us and our golden store, And here in the deep sea sand it lies, And twice in a year near shore, We haunt the waters for ever more. —CYRUS GOLDS.

Rocklyn, 1900.

The Test That Failed. Lenora sang high in the choir, While Roy sat in the pew below; Her clear voice thrilled with sacred fire— He listened with his heart aglow. He had not told his love as yet, But at the last he had to let His stream flow out in gushing rhyme.

The olden golden tale he told, And of her charms he wrote with ease; Her voice with Melba's he compared, And ended up with lines like these: "I love you for your voice's powers; I know it for the fact is: That I could sit for hours and hours And listen while you practice."

And she believed each word he wrote, She sang a rapture song of joy; Then sent a little loving note That to her arms soon brought fond Roy. She sang for him. Oh, how she sang! I really cannot tell on how, And then she said, without a pang, "For just an hour I'll practice now."

She did, she took him at his word Her voice soared high and sank to low; Roy really trembled while he heard Twelve pages of collegio. His head was dazed, his heart was crazed, But yet he knew just what to say, Her wondrous execution praised, And kissed her as he went away.

Alas! he could not stand the test, For him her voice's charms were o'er, Instead of church he seeks for rest, And to her house he goes no more. Young man, be careful what you write When rhyme too looses your fancy freer; Be satisfied when meals delight, Nor solve the kitchen's mysteries.

Young woman, never risk the test To take a lover at his word, When what he vows you should know best— Is undeniably absurd. George Birdseye.

When Mary does her Thinking. When Mary does her thinking 'Tis twilight and the sun Is tucked to bed 'neath curtains red And she peeps, one by one, From far-off, pearly spaces, With glad lights on their faces, Some smiling and some winking, While Mary does her thinking.

The day, with song and laughter, With happy work and play, Glides swiftly by on wings that fly— The great, glad, golden day; And like a ray of light, With not a crier or trouble, The hours to vex and vary, So light seems little Mary.

But when the sunset splendor Floods all the glowing west And sinks and fades to opal shades, A twilight dream of rest, Then to a slower motion Moves Mary,—some sweet potion Has set her brown eyes blinking, And Mary does her thinking.

Fast thoughts, mysterious, tender, Great thoughts, majestic, wise, These come and go with ebb and flow In little Mary's eyes, As close she sits by mother— By her and by no other.— Sweet is the business thinking, The while she does her thinking.

If I could spend a twilight Beneath the Mary's curls, And closely heed and clearly read The thoughts of little girl,— The gladness and the beauty, The sweetness and the duty, The rhyme, and rhyme, and reason,— Oh, what a happy search.

But only just my fingers Glean beneath her hair,— A mass of golden wealth untold,— And see-ly in a there, The clinging ribbons under; And so I sit and wonder, While the stars are twinkling 'n'king, And Mary does her thinking. Ida Whipple Benham.

Lullaby, 1900. Sleep, baby, sleep! As the shadows creep, Father is off on the hills away, Chasin' the soil ball on his way; Soon he'll come home and bring to thee A trophy fine for his babe to see, So sleep, baby, sleep!

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. ABSOLUTELY PURE. Makes the food more delicious and wholesome. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

AUNT SALLY'S SILK DRESS.

She Gave the Minister a Few Points on the Benefits of Black Silk. A writer in the Christian Observer tells of two women who, in the early part of this century, lived in Virginia. They were noted for their common sense, and many of their sprightly sayings are quoted and enjoyed to this day. They were both Methodist, and their house was a place of resort for the clergy of that denomination. Of one of the women, known as Aunt Sally, the following story is told.

She had a black silk dress which she was accustomed to slip on when she attended church. It seems that once, while conference was being held near her house, a Methodist minister, who had enjoyed her hospitality and was saying good by, ventured to remonstrate against her use of costly apparel.

"Well, Aunt Sally," said he, "you have been very kind to me and my wife during our stay at your house, and we appreciate your kindness. We shall never forget it. But, my dear sister, before parting with you I must say that it has troubled my wife and myself very much to see you a devotee to the fashion of the world. I notice with pain that you wear your silk dress every day to church, contrary to the rules of our order, and I hope that hereafter you will refrain from such a display of worldly-mindedness. I also hope you will pardon me for calling your attention to it."

"My dear brother," said Aunt Sally, "I did not know that my plain black silk was troubling anybody. It hangs up there behind the door, and as it needs no washing, it is always ready to slip on when company comes or when I go to church, and I find it very handy.

"But, my dear brother, since you have been plain with me, I must be plain with you. Since you and your wife have been staying here, I and my cook have some days had to stay at home and be absent from church because we were doing up the white dresses of your wife that she might look well at the conference. Pardon me for explaining, and when you and your wife come this way, call again."

A Rattlesnake Trap.

Rattlesnakes were the most dangerous wild animals with which the early settlers of New Jersey had to contend. They were very numerous, and their bite, if not treated properly at once, was generally fatal. In "Stories from American History" F. R. Stockton cites an incident which gives an idea of the abundance of rattlers in the new colony.

In a quarry, from which the workmen were engaged in getting out stone for the foundations of Princeton College, a wide crack in the rocks was discovered, which led downward to a large cavity; and in this cave were found about twenty bushels of rattlesnake bones.

There was no reason to believe that this was a snake cemetery, to which the creatures retired when they supposed they were approaching the end of their days; but it was, without doubt, a great rattlesnake trap.

The winding, narrow passage leading to it must have been very attractive to a snake seeking retired quarters in which to take its long winter nap. Although the cave at the bottom of the great crack was easy enough to get into, it was so arranged that it was difficult, if not impossible, for a snake to get out of it, especially in the spring, when these creatures are very thin and weak, having been nourished all winter by their own fat.

Thus year after year the rattlesnakes must have gone down into that cavity, without knowing that they could never get out again.

Respectfulness and Self-Respect.

"The cabman and conductor would be kind to you, but they would not be respectful," quotes Mr. Howells in his recent reminiscences of James Russell Lowell, in mentioning the little ways in which Mr. Lowell, on his return from the "comfortably padded environment" of London, found America less comfortable than the country he had left.

No doubt, kindness in deed is more than respectfulness in word. Nevertheless, Mr. Lowell was not the only American who, returning from England, has missed the smoothness, ease and pleasantness in the conduct of the small affairs of life with which English respectfulness has much to do. At its best, it is the good manners of

the uneducated; at its worst, it degenerates into servility.

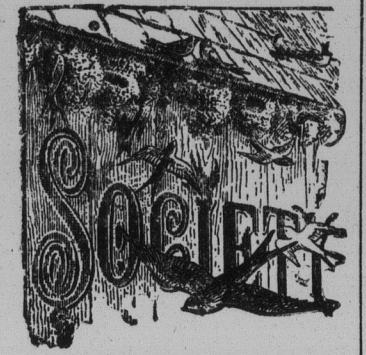
One of the many unexpected discussions arising from the South African war touches this matter in its military aspect. The ready deference of the uneducated English private toward his officers, has induced in some of the officers an attitude of kindly but arrogant personal superiority. But the colonial soldiers, although obedient and well-drilled, and although they fully accept their officers' right to command them, regard the right as professional only. They do not consider that it implies a superior manhood.

They will not endure bullying or swaggering or slanging, and they resent superciliousness. They are, in short, like our American soldiers, respectful and self-respectful; and the reluctant authorities have found that instead of greater independence impairing their usefulness, their greater initiative has made them more valuable than the machine like, home trained Tommy Atkins.

As a result, there is a growing opinion that England's semipaternal, semicontemptuous attitude, which has cheerily tickled them the world over as "absent-minded beggars," plucky but irresponsible, is neither wise nor fair. Tommy himself accepted it, but it was not good for him; now his spirited colonial cousins repudiate it entirely, and England agrees that they are right.

The Bright Side of Things. 'He declares absolutely that he will look only on 'the bright side of things,' and his mother and sister declare that they have never seen him low-spirited or in a bad temper.'

BAKING POWDER... pure and wholesome



So far this season society folks seem willing to content themselves with small excursions and what parties, with an occasional tea or "A Home".

Practically the only ball of the season, excepting of course the Governor's reception, that is given by the Neptune Rowing Club in the early fall. It was the last held in the old Institute assembly rooms, which for years have been the scenes of so many delightful functions.

Dame rumor has it, however, that a strong effort will be put forth by a number of prominent young men of the city, to have some sort of a suitable hall erected, the need of which is being felt most keenly. If they succeed in doing so they will be sure of the everlasting gratitude of the young ladies of St. John.

Much interest is felt in the grand concert to be given at the Opera House on the 11th and 12th of this month.

Those who had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Gwilym Miles during his last appearance in St. John are enthusiastic in their praise of this great baritone. He will be supported by Mrs. Shepard Gribby and Mr. Leo Altman. This lady and gentleman are new to St. John theatregoers but come well recommended, and lovers of music are promised a grand treat.

The managing committee of the Neptune Rowing club will hold an "at home" in their club rooms on Charlotte street, this afternoon, from 4 to 6. The affair promises to be as successful as all their former functions have been.

Mr. Hymen (of London, Ontario) entertained a party of ladies and gentlemen at a dinner at the Royal Hotel on Friday last. The floral decorations were beautiful, and the dinner excellent. Those who partook of Mr. Hymen's hospitality were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Coster, Mr. and Mrs. Shevwood Skinner, Mr. and Mrs. George Jones and Miss Dever.

Mr. Isaac Burpee's tea on Tuesday was the occasion of bringing together a large number of the friends of the family, and was in every respect a great success. Mrs. George McLeod and Miss Burpee assisted their mother in receiving her callers.

The Tea's given by Mrs. Malcolm MacKay and Mrs. F. J. Hardine, respectively, amply repaid the ladies who were brave enough to venture out in the stormy weather of Wednesday last. While it detained many friends from paying their respects to the hostesses, those who were present had a most enjoyable time, and greatly admired the prettily decorated tables. Miss Daubar of Quebec, guest of Mrs. MacKay, received with her.

Mr. Kirkwood's many friends were pleased to see him in the city last week, and glad to see him so far recovered from his recent illness. Mrs. W. H. Clarke is home from a very pleasant visit to Fredericton.

A most successful tea and sale was given during the week by the Hialwa missionary circle in Centenary church class rooms. Some very pretty fancy work was offered for sale and readily disposed of. The tea and coffee rooms were well patronized and a good sum realized from the candy and ice cream booths. The ladies who assisted in the good work were: Mrs. George F. Calkin, Mrs. F. S. Rogers, Mrs. Murray, Mrs. George Jenkins, Mrs. A. C. A. Sator, Mrs. J. H. Baird, Mrs. Frank E. Craibe, Mrs. A. Kewline, Mrs. H. McCavour, Mrs. W. C. Smith, Miss Laura MacLaughlin, Miss Jennie Blaine, Miss Mary McCarthy, Miss Nellie MacMichael, Miss Ellen Fairall, Miss Edna Austin, Miss Evelyn Stockton, Miss Nellie Ervine, Miss May Sandall, Miss Lulu Craibe, Miss Gertrude Reid, Miss Ella Hay, Miss Price, Miss Gertrude Shrewsbury, Miss Jennie Trueman, Miss Maggie Vincent, Miss Annie Henderson, Miss Ruth Fairall, Miss Fannie Henderson, Miss Beattie Hurbes, Miss Pauline Baird, Miss Laura Sator, Miss Minnie Allen, Miss Fenwick, Miss Jarvis, Miss Mabel Barbour, Miss Beattie Harrison, Miss Julia Towne, Miss Aate Turner, Miss Carrie Busto, Miss Murray, Miss Baird, Miss Mand Fairall, Miss Mott, Miss Reid, Miss Dunlop, Miss Reid, Miss Humphrey, Miss Stealy, Miss Jarvis, Miss Sandall and Miss Allen.

An event of interest to St. John people was the marriage of Miss Ada Ring and Mr. Ralph W. E. Hanna, which took place at St. James' church, North Cambridge, Mass., on Nov. 17th. Miss Ring is a St. John young lady, who with her parents removed to Cambridge some three or four years ago. She speedily became as popular among society folk in her new home as she had been in her native city. Her many friends in St. John wish her much happiness.

The residence of Mr. G. T. Black, Main Street.

North End, was the scene of a very pretty and interesting event on Wednesday afternoon when his daughter Miss Alice Mand was united in marriage with Mr. Frank Finlay of Westfield. Rev. Alex. White of the Main Street Baptist church officiated in the presence of a number of relatives and friends. The bride was attired in a cloth travelling suit and was unattended.

After the ceremony a dainty luncheon was served and Mr. and Mrs. Finlay left by the C.P.R. train on their honeymoon, which will be spent in Boston and other cities in Massachusetts. Upon their return they will reside in Westfield.

The bride is a very popular young lady of the North End and will be much missed for her good work in connection with the Main Street Baptist church of which she was a valuable and energetic member. The great number of presents received testified in some extent to the esteem in which Mr. and Mrs. Finlay are held by their numerous friends in the North End and throughout the city.

The young ladies who assisted at the high tea and sale given in St. Peter's Hall on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings of last week, were in turn entertained on Monday evening by the Rector of St. Peter's church. Supper was served them in the hall and a choice musical programme carried out. A very pleasant evening was spent.

Miss E. Henderson of the central telephone office, has received an appointment as night chief in the Courtland street circuit, the principal telephone centre of New York. She leaves here almost immediately to take up her position. Her many friends will regret her departure but are glad to hear of her promotion in her chosen work.

Mr. James Reynolds, who accompanied by Miss Susie Reynolds, has been paying a visit to his daughter Mrs. Millett at Buffalo, returned home this week. Mr. Reynolds and Miss Reynolds spent a very pleasant vacation, taking in some of the principal American cities on their return.

Mr. and Mrs. John Morrison of Fredericton, spent part of the week in the city.

Miss Kittie Cummins, who has been spending some time here with her sister Mrs. P. Brennan, has returned to her home in St. Stephen.

Mrs. I. H. Norrhap received her bridal calls at her home No. 211 Charlotte street on Thursday and Friday of this week. Many young friends took advantage of the occasion to express their good wishes to the young bride.

Among the St. John people registered at the High Commissioner's office, London, during the month of November were, Miss Mary Almon Robertson and Miss S. D. Robertson, of Boston, who have been touring the British Isles for the past few months.

Miss Cate of this city who has been paying a visit to her friend, Miss Robinson at Newcastle is now in Fredericton, where she will remain for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Moran are home from their European tour.

Miss Francis Sted has returned from a some what extended trip to New York and Victoria.

Miss Maggie Harrington and Mr. Michael Harrington came home from Boston last week to attend the funeral of their sister, Mr. Harrington at the Hub on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Smith and their daughter Miss Vera of St. Martin's are spending a few days in town.

Miss Ella Macanby of this city is the guest of Mrs. E. E. Brayley, Dufferin street, Montreal.

Mr. W. C. Crockett of Fredericton, spent a few days in the city this week and while here was a guest at the Dufferin.

Many friends of Miss Geraldine Sears are pleased to hear that she has completely recovered from her recent illness.

Miss Mary Van Buren of Carleton, Maine, arrives in the city this week and will visit her uncle Prof. W. C. Bowdler, Sydney Street. Miss Van Buren intends remaining some weeks.

Mrs. W. H. De Veber of Woodstock, daughter of Rev. Mr. Mathers of this city is seriously ill with pneumonia.

Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Burns of Bathurst are in town and intend remaining over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Hayward came home from New York, Thursday. They have been in England for the past three months and were much pleased with their trip. They will remain in St. John during the winter months.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur V. Branscombe are spending a short vacation in Montreal.

Dr. F. F. Quigley paid a farewell visit to Newcastle last week. The doctor leaves about the middle of December for France where he will remain for a year, proceeding from there to Rome to spend another year. We understand that Mr. Quigley will not again return to St. John, his intention being to take up the practice of his profession in Montreal on his return to America.

Misses Julia Reid and Florie Robertson held an exhibit of art work at No. 43 Duke street this week. A great many friends called and examined the pretty work submitted for inspection. The young ladies were quite successful in disposing of their wares.

Mr. Walker Craibe of Orange street who has been very ill with appendicitis is much improved and his friends think he will soon be able to be around again.

Mrs. Thomas Mortimore left on Monday of this week for London, Ont., where she will visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Baker Ferguson of Sydney, C. B., spent a few days here this week guests at the Dufferin hotel.

Miss Scovill, daughter of Mr. J. M. Scovill who has been ill with appendicitis is reported as improving.

Mr. E. L. Brown the popular traveller for the W. H. Hayward Co. is to be married at Arichat, C. B., on December 16th to Miss Jean Fricot daughter of Mr. D. T. Fricot of that place. Mr. Brown belongs to this city but travelled mostly

through Nova Scotia and Cape Breton. Mr. Brown and his bride will reside in Sydney, C. B.

A pleasant surprise party was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hatfield, Brook street on Wednesday evening. A large number of young people were present and the evening passed pleasantly in dancing, singing and games. Light refreshments were served and the company broke up about midnight.

A Young Men's association is being worked up in connection with the Brussels street Baptist church. Pastor Waring is uniting in his efforts toward bringing the young men together, and there is very little doubt but that in a short time the association will be a well working condition. The association will be for the young men of the community, not for Baptists alone.

On Tuesday evening Mrs. J. R. Stone gave a very enjoyable whist party at her hospitable home, German street. The gathering was in honor of Miss Wickwire of Canning, N. S., and a large number of young people were present.

Mrs. Kelle Jones has issued cards for an at home next Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Hugh McLean gave a very pleasant dinner party at her home last evening.

There will be a wedding in North End in a few weeks. A well known young grocer doing business near the car sheds and a young lady who is now living at a home which was only this week robbed of its daughter, by hymen.

Miss Penford, head milliner in Brook & Paterson was quite ill for a few days at the Park hotel.

A very pleasant surprise party was held at the home of Mrs. A. Plumber, Westworth St. in honor of her daughter Alice. Miss Plumber leaves next week for Denver, Col., where she intends remaining for a year or so, with her uncle.

The ladies of Waterloo St. Baptist church, are preparing for their annual Turkey Supper, to be held on Tuesday evening of next week.

Mrs. N. E. Riley of City Road, returned last week from an extended visit in Nova Scotia.

Mr. Charles Short, the Garden St. Pharmacist, left on Monday for a short trip to Boston and New York.

Mr. and Mrs. James Clerk who have spent some weeks in the city leave today for their home in Paradise, N. S.

ST. ANDREWS. Dec. 6.—Miss Annie Doucals, eldest daughter of the late Wm. M. F. P. of Moore's Mills, was married at her home Nov. 21st, to Mr. Bertram L. Moore of that place. The young couple are both prominent members of society and their marriage will elicit hearty congratulations and good wishes from scores of friends throughout the county.

Dr. and Mrs. Nase of St. George, are receiving congratulations on the advent of another son in their family.

A little daughter has arrived to brighten the home of Rev. A. W. Mahon.

Mrs. Charles Mowatt and Miss Mowatt, returned from a visit to Fredericton on Friday last.

Miss Mary McFarlane came here from Boston on Saturday in consequence of her mother's death. Mr. Ananias McFarlane, of Woodstock, was brought hither by a like cause.

W. E. Mallory and his son, James Mallory, returned on Tuesday from their driving trip to Woodstock.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Boone are rejoicing over a little daughter, while Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Johnson are being congratulated on the birth of a son.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS. PROGNOSIS for sale in St. Stephen at the book store of G. S. Wall and T. E. Atcheson.] Dec. 5.—Mrs. Fred Holmes of Eastport spent a few days with Mrs. F. O. Sullivan.

Mr. and Mrs. Polton of North Head, Grand Manan spent Sunday with Mrs. W. H. Mazer.

Mrs. E. D. Morrell is visiting Boston and other cities.

Mrs. Mary Abbot has resigned her position with H. L. Wall and is now employed with Joseph H. Meredith in Calais.

Mrs. Clifton F. Hill has returned from Portland hospital, where she is receiving special treatment without apparent benefit.

A large number of people from St. Stephen and Calais went to Princeton on Friday evening to attend the entertainment and supper given by the ladies of the Congregational society, and returned home highly pleased with the trip.

Mrs. Maria Rutherford who has spent three years in Butte city, Montana, arrived home last week and has been most cordially welcomed by her friends.

Miss Ida McKenzie is spending this week with Mrs. Arthur S. McKenzie.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Colby have been visiting Portland for a few days.

Mrs. Edwin C. Young and Mrs. Frank P. Woods gave a delightful party on Saturday afternoon at their residence in Calais which was a most delightful affair, some seventy five ladies were present.

Miss Alice Cox is visiting friends in Vancouver. Miss Starr of Virginia is visiting her sister, Mrs. Harry Dowd.

Miss John F. Grant has recovered from her recent illness.

Miss Roberta Marchie has returned from a visit to Boston.

Miss Wilfred Euton has returned from St. John. Miss Mabel Marchie is home from a pleasant visit in St. John.

Miss Jessie Ferguson has been confined to her home at the Cove for some time by a severe illness.

Mr. and Mrs. David Wilson were surprised by a number of their friends on Tuesday evening last, the anniversary of Mr. Wilson's birthday. A very enjoyable evening was passed.

Miss Ethel Hanson of Fredericton, was the guest of her sister, Miss Daisy Hanson for a brief visit during the past week.

Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Swan entertained a large party of friends at dinner on Thanksgiving. Mrs. George McAllister has been visiting in Pembroke. Mrs. Higgins and Miss McCully of Charleston, Maine, are visiting Mrs. C. G. McNally. Mrs. Duncan Stewart has been quite ill for several days. Miss Alberta Rice, the talented adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Conillard, recited at an entertainment in Princeton last week and delighted the large audience. Mrs. Clarke and Miss Berrie of St. Andrews are are guests of Mrs. George J. Clarke. Mr. and Mrs. Murray Hill have been visiting in Melville. Miss Alberta Teed will entertain a party of friends at the home to morrow evening at which antiquarian costumes will be worn. Doris Benton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Benton, fell on Thursday and sprained her wrist very badly. The boys and girls of the high school class of

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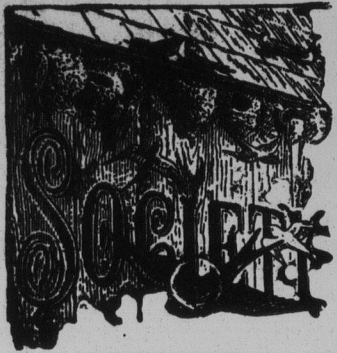
JOHN NOBLE, LTD. BROOK ST. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND. Largest Costumiers & Mantlemen in the World. From all parts of the Globe ladies do their shopping by post with this huge dress and drapery enterprise, it being found that after payment of any postage or duties, the goods supplied could not be nearly equalled elsewhere, both as regards price and quality, and now that the firm is so firmly rooted in the public favour and its patrons so numerous, it can afford to give, and does give, even better value than ever.—Canadian Magazine. ORDERS EXECUTED BY RETURN OF POST. SATISFACTION GIVEN OR MONEY RETURNED. Model 256. Made in John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Coat, consisting of Blouse Bodice with Velvet revers, pret- and White, Plain \$2.56 fashionable \$5.11 with one box-pleat. Price complete, only \$2.56; carriage, 65c. extra. Skirt alone, \$1.35; carriage, 45c. extra. Model 1492. Made in Heavy Frieze Cloth Tailor-made, Double-breasted Coat, and full wide carefully finished Skirt, in Black or Navy Blue only; Price complete Costume \$4.10; Carriage 65c. JOHN NOBLE KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS. Thoroughly well made in Strong Serge, with saddle top, long full sleeves, and pockets. Length in iron, and Prices: 24 27 inches. 49c. 61 cents. 30 33 inches. 75c. 88 cents. Postage 32 cents. 36 39 inches. 97c. \$1.10. 42 45 inches. \$1.22 \$1.34. Postage 45 cents. Readers will oblige by kindly naming this paper when ordering from or writing to: JOHN NOBLE, LTD. BROOK ST. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

WHITES For Sale by all First-Class Dealers in Confectionery. Caramel Snowflakes Don't take inferior goods; the best do not cost any more than inferior goods.

When You Want a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE' ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899. E. G. SCOVIL.—'Having used both we think the St. Augustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic. JOHN C. CLOWES; E. G. SCOVIL; 62 Union Street. Bouteche Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Bouteche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER. Pulp Wood Wanted. WANTED—Underlined saw logs, such as Belling or Spilling. Parties having such for sale can correspond with the St. John Shipbuilding Company, Ltd., stating the quantity, price per thousand superficial feet, and the time of delivery. M. F. MOONEY.

Fry's Cocoa has the true, rich, delicate cocoa flavor that only an absolutely pure cocoa can possibly yield. It is easily soluble in hot water. It nourishes the system without weakening the digestive organs. It is concentrated and hence economical to use. Sold by best grocers everywhere.

THIS ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

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

- MORSON & CO. Barrington street
CLAYTON STUBBS Cor. George & Granville Sts
CANADA NEWS Co. Railway Depot
J. B. FREDLAY Brunswick street
J. W. ALLEN Dartmouth St.
QUEEN BOOKSTORE 109 Hollis St.
Mrs. DeFrayas 181 Brunswick St.

Dec 5 - Mr. Douglas, Melville, Miss Smith, Shubencadie, and Miss Anderson, Halifax, have just returned from a visit to Medicine Hat.
The marriage of Miss Ethel Miller, daughter of Principal Miller of the Dartmouth school, formerly of Cannizar, and Hansport, and Mr. Fred Pearson, son of F. F. Pearson, Esq., of Halifax, is announced to take place Dec. 20th.

It is reported that Mr. and Mrs. Frank Grierson, who have been in the West for some years, will return to this city to permanently reside. Mrs. Grierson was a prominent member of Halifax society, while Mr. Grierson was one of the most popular young men in the city.

Miss Constance Fairbanks and Mr. Harry Piers are to be married shortly after the new year.
Miss Lola Scott, who has been studying at the Aberdeen Hospital, New Glasgow, for the past four years in order to become a trained nurse, has this week announced her engagement to Dr. Chisholm, of the same hospital staff. They will be married next July, after Miss Scott's graduation. Dr. Chisholm will take up his residence among the mining regions of Roseland after the marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Duxan have been spending a few days in St. John.
Mrs. Townshend gave a very enjoyable enche party last Tuesday evening in honor of Commodore Gifford. This gentleman, by his genial manners has made a host of friends in Halifax.

Miss Cady and her mother sail on the Parisian for England Friday. Miss Cady during the week was given many farewell teas by her many friends. She leaves Halifax with the best wishes of her many friends, Miss Cady is to be married to Captain Ordaine, R. A., in England immediately after Christmas.

Mrs. Foster, wife of the Consul-General, leaves shortly on a visit to the United States.
Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Puddington will be 'at home' on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons and Wednesday evening to their friends, at 23 Blowers street.

Mr. and Mrs. Lovett Crowell has moved in from Bedford for the winter, and are guests at Miss McPherson's, 121 South Park street.

The sudden and serious illness of Miss Austen has caused alarm among her large circle of friends, all of whom hope for a speedy recovery.

The engagement of Mr. D. M. Ferguson of Woodside, and Miss Lillie Simmons of Dartmouth, has called forth innumerable congratulations and good wishes.

Mrs. Woodworth of Wolfville, is visiting her daughter Mrs. John P. Longard, Brunswick street.
Mr. and Mrs. Graham Cooper, of Berbec, British Guiana, and Miss Dickinson of Bermuda, who have been spending some months with Mrs. Cooper's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. D. Pearson, Brunswick street, leave this week for their homes.

The many friends of Miss Nellie Outhit, daughter of Mr. C. W. Outhit, are pleased to hear that she is recovering from the effects of an accident which she received some weeks ago.

St. Patrick's chapel was the scene of a very pretty wedding Wednesday morning, the contracting parties being Mr. Edward Grant and Miss Ellen Power. The bride was becomingly attired in a suit of blue, with white trimmings and hat to match. The bridesmaid, Miss Aruba Walke, looked well in a grey costume, with hat to match.

Mr. Charles Coolen acted as best man. After the ceremony the party adjourned to the bride's residence, where a wedding breakfast was served. The bride was the recipient of a large number of presents.

Miss Ritchie of Halifax, is the guest of her cousin Mrs. DeBiola, Amherst.

WOLFVILLE.

Dec 4 - Mr. Sippal of St. John was in town last week visiting his sister of the Sophomore class.
The whist club held its second meeting on Monday evening at the home of Mrs. Robert Band. Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Harris and little child left on Saturday for Colorado, where they will remain for the winter, on account of the ill health of Mr. Harris.

A number of young people of the town have formed a euchre club to meet weekly at the home of the different members.
Miss Brown, teacher of elocution at the Seminary, was called to Boston last Thursday by the death of her mother. The body was brought to Middleton for interment.

Mrs. A. E. McLeod was in Halifax a few days last week.

AMHERST.

[Progress is for sale in Amherst by W. P. Smith & Co.]

Dec 5 - Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dunlop left Wednesday last for Chicago. From thence they will go to Memphis, from Memphis to New Orleans from there to Galveston, from there to Los Angeles, California where they will spend the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Battey and son of Wallace are in town.

Col. and Mrs. Blair and daughter leave this week for Illinois, where they will spend the winter with the Colonel's son, Joseph who is professor of agriculture in the Illinois State University.
The marriage of Miss Blanche Wotton of Farn-

borough and Mr. Gough of Summerside, took place at Farnborough Wednesday morning.

On Wednesday evening Nov 14th, Miss Lucy E Wood daughter of The Wood, Linden, was joined by the holy bonds of matrimony to George A. King of Fort Philip. Rev. P. D. Nowlan tied the nuptial knot in the presence of one hundred guests. The bride was becomingly dressed in cream satin, child-like trimmings with veil and bridal flowers. The bridesmaid, Miss Emma Wood sister of the bride was very becomingly dressed in white muslin with pink silk trimmings. The groom was supported by Mr. Pearl Ash of Fugwash. The wedding march was charmingly played by Miss Hattie Dakin. After the wedding supper the happy couple drove to their home in Fort Philip followed by the good wishes of their friends.

Miss Ritchie of Halifax is visiting her cousin, Mrs. DeBiola.

Mrs. Ralph Trotter wife of Rev. Ralph Trotter of British Columbia is here visiting her parents.

ANNAPOLIS.

Dec. 6 - The Misses Christie and Josie Ritchie, who have been visiting in Boston, returned home last week.

Mrs. Chipman of Providence, Rhode Island is visiting her grand daughter Mrs. D. L. Tremaine.
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Southall and child of Halifax, Mr. and Mrs. Logan Smith and child of Windsor and Miss Blanche Salter, who had been visiting in Halifax, were here attending the funeral of the late Harry Salter.

A concert was given on St. Andrews night by the pupils and staff of St. Andrews school, in the Academy of Music. The programme consisted of piano duets by Misses Locke and Johnson, and Misses Fiske and Ritchie, quartets by four of the pupils, Masters Lipman, Munro, Montgomery and Perrin, solos by Miss Ethel Johnson, Mr. & O. Cheese and master Lipman, and two double numbers by Mr. Colin Locke and two double numbers by Mr. Colin Locke and two double numbers.

The young girls of the K. G. club, contributed a Japanese fan drill, an exceedingly pretty performance, as well as the final tableau.
Miss Ella Riley has returned from a trip to Boston.

Latent styles of Wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address.

Progress Job Print.

DIGBY.

Dec. 5 - A pleasant event took place at Bear River Wednesday evening, Nov 28th at 8 o'clock, when Mr. Charles Freeman McDermont was united in marriage to Maud May, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Purdy. The ceremony was performed in the Baptist church by the pastor, Rev. J. W. Forster.

The bride was becomingly dressed in white corded silk and wore a veil and orange blossoms. The bridesmaid, Miss May Dunn, was dressed in pink muslin. The groomsmen were Mr. A. B. Marshall, one of Bear River's popular merchants. A wedding supper was served at the Bear River hotel about eighty guests were present. After supper the happy couple drove to Digby, reaching the Waverly at 2 o'clock yesterday morning.

Miss Edna Wright is visiting friends at Bridgetown.

Mrs. McKay of Hillsboro, N. B. is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. John Dunn, at the Racquette.
"Thos. Lynch returned home this week from his European trip. While in France he visited the Paris exposition.

Mrs. J. C. Moody's daughter Doris of Windsor who were the guests of Postmaster and Mrs. Robinson, have returned home.

Miss Annie Dunn of the Racquette, was a passenger to Middleton last week where she has accepted a position for a few weeks as compositor in the Outlook office.

Miss Mabel Annand has returned home after a twelve weeks' visit to friends in Portland and Boston. She arrived in Yarmouth on Friday last and remained there until Monday, the guest of Mrs. Angus McCallum.

TRURO.

Dec 5 - Miss Hadley, who has been visiting her cousin Mrs. Hemen, returned to Mungrove on Saturday last.

The Arch-Deacon and Mrs. Kaulbach received a most enthusiastic welcome home at their reception tendered them last Friday evening by the congregation in the crypt of St. John's. A very pleasant evening was spent discussing coffee and chocolate accompanied by many appetizing viands, and in listening to music both vocal and instrumental, by some of the best vocal talent. The Arch-Deacon made a short speech descriptive of his very interesting trip. At the conclusion of the programme, the Arch-Deacon was presented with a very expressive address, and Mrs. Kaulbach with a beautiful bouquet.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the Junior Bachelors' dance of last Wednesday evening, and to those who had the affair in hand, especially Mrs. Randall and Mrs. Lovett, are too well-known to require special mention, but that they both did much to promote the success of the evening, is a foregone conclusion. All those present who enjoyed this most pleasant dance, only wish that these same ladies may officiate, ere long again in a like capacity, for the "Junior Bachelors." Every one was looking especially nice, and eager for dancing, for never did the dancers give more exquisite music, each number seeming to surpass its predecessor. Notably pretty and becoming white gowns were worn by Miss Coral Schurman, Miss Blanche Nelson and Miss Ethel Bligh.

Mrs. Coleman, Halifax, is visiting her daughter Mrs. A. S. Black.

Mrs. Patterson, who has been here from Halifax visiting her son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Patterson, at "Mona" Cottage, has returned home.

Mr. F. L. Murray of the Merchants' Bank of Halifax, star of Victoria, B. C., is home and hosts of his friends are expressing their supreme satisfaction at his return. Mr. Murray will resume work in the bank here, as accountant.

Mrs. Jas. Moorman entertained a few tables of whist last Wednesday evening in honor of her visitor, Miss Bankins, St. John.

Mrs. F. B. Schurman is home from a short visit with New Glasgow friends.

KENTVILLE.

Dec 4 - Mrs. R. M. Meek of Canning spent a few days of last week in Windsor with parents.
Miss Grace and Miss Brennan of Halifax have been spending the last fortnight in Kentville.
Miss Jennie Holland of Canard who has been visiting in Halifax is now in Boston.

The marriage of Mr. Joseph Spinney, one of the most popular drivers of the D. A. E. to Miss Mary Alice, daughter of Mr. Henry McKennans of this town was performed on Wednesday night of last week by the Rev. P. M. Holden.

ORATHAM.

Dec. 5 - A splendid entertainment was given in

the Masonic hall on St. Andrews night. The affair was under the auspices of the choir of St. Andrews church and was well attended. The hall was handsomely decorated and all sorts of refreshments were sold. An excellent musical programme was carried out by some of our best local talent and a delightful evening enjoyed by all present.

Dr. R. F. Quigley of St. John was here last week paying a farewell visit to his friends, before his departure for France and Rome.

NEWCASTLE.

Dec. 6 - The pink tea held by the congregation of the Newcastle Baptist church in the town hall, on Thursday evening of last week, was in every way a most enjoyable and successful function. The interior of the building was handsomely decorated with flags and bunting. The orange band was present and entertained the proceedings with sweet music. Four supper tables were provided and ably waited upon by dainty young girls and capable matrons. The young ladies who assisted were Miss Jessie McAllister, Miss Leighton, Miss Mitchell, Miss Mabel Elliot, Miss Maggie Elliot, Miss Sullivan, Miss Stewart and Miss O'Haron.

Mrs. Bishop of Bathurst was the guest of Mrs. Park last week.

Miss Cate, St. John, who has been visiting her friend Miss Robinson for the past few weeks went to Fredericton on Monday.

Miss Robinson went to Gibson, York Co., to visit her brother Rev. Wm. Robinson. Mr. Edward Dunnet of Whiteville is visiting friends in town. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dunn, of Blackville, were visiting friends in Red Bank last week.

Rev. P. G. Snow was in St. John last week. He was a guest of the Victoria.

Miss Minnie Bockler has gone to Moncton to spend the winter with her sister Mrs. C. G. DeMill. Miss Marion Wright left Monday for Boston where she will spend the winter.

Miss Jardine of Lawrence, Mass., is a guest at the Union Hotel.

Miss Gertrude Harvey of New York, who has been spending a few weeks with her mother, Mrs. A. Allingham, Campbellton, is staying a few days in Newcastle the guest of her sister Miss Fios Harvey.

SUSSEX.

Dec 4 - Miss Louise McLeod, who has been visiting friends and relatives in Boston and vicinity for some weeks past has returned home.

Miss C. S. Lucas has returned home on a vacation from New England where she has been engaged in Sunday school work in Boston and vicinity.

Mrs. J. Allan Hallett is visiting friends in St. John. Mrs. G. N. Palmer, of Moncton, is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Brown, Pitt street.

Mrs. Wm. Dobson and daughter Jennie, of Dorchester, are visiting at Mrs. Geo. Dobson's.

Miss Emma O. Reynolds, is home for a short vacation.
Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Armstrong left last week on a visit to Boston, New York and London, Ont.

Mrs. Peter Pittfield has returned home, after spending two months visiting in Maine, and Massachusetts.

A happy event took place at St. Francis R. C. Church, Sussex, Thursday, Nov 29th, when Mr. Arthur J. Fennell, of Hampton, and Miss Annie Murphy, were united in marriage. The happy couple were attended by Mr. Geo. Ryan and Miss Annie Murphy who acted as groomsmen and bridesmaid respectively. Rev. Father Salvage tied the nuptial knot in the presence of a large number of friends and acquaintances of the contracting parties, after which Mr. and Mrs. Fennell left for their future home in Hampton.

Why Steel Rails Break.

In 1895 a steel rail on the Great Northern railway in England broke into 17 pieces, causing a serious accident. A committee of the board of trade, appointed to investigate the cause of the breakage, has only recently made its report, after four years of work on the subject. The committee ascertained that the particular rail which broke on the occasion described possessed certain abnormal features the precise origin of which remains undetermined, but the investigation led to several discoveries of scientific and practical importance. Among these is the surprising effect of cracks in the upper surfaces of rails. It was found by experiment that a rail nicked with a chisel to a depth of a 64th of an inch broke under a weight of 600 pounds falling from a height of 12 feet, while the same rail not nicked resisted the fall of a ton weight from a height of 20 feet.

Recent studies of the geology of Yellowstone Park have led to the opinion that the waters of Yellowstone Lake, now the head of the Yellowstone River, over flowed off southward into the Snake River. At that time a comparatively small stream followed the course of the magnificent Yellowstone Canon, which had not then been excavated to its present great depth. The head of this stream gradually gnawed its way back until it cut the divide enclosing the basin of the lake, and by thus diverting the waters of the lake formed the Yellowstone River.

From Star to Nebula.

Some of the astronomical photographs made at the Harvard Observatory reveal the fact that in April, 1899, a new star appeared in the constellation Aquila. At first its spectrum resembled the spectra of

other new stars, but in October a photograph showed that the character of the light had changed, and now its spectrum was that of a gaseous nebula. Last summer a telescopic observation of this curious object was made by Professor Wendell at Cambridge, and he confirmed the evidence of the photograph showing that it had become a nebula. Such occurrences are rare, and one explanation of them is that they are the result of collisions in space, the heat developed being sufficient to turn solid matter into gas and vapor.

How Potatoes Formed a Highway of Invasion.

In describing the career of the Colorado potato beetle, Professor Tower relates that during the rush of gold-seekers to California in 1849 and 1850 the emigrants lost and threw away potatoes which took root, until there was a more or less continuous line of potato plants from Council Bluffs along the Platte River to the canons of the Colorado region. The beetles, which have been confined to the potato patches of the canons, took advantage of the situation, and along the highway of invasion thus opened for them began their triumphant and destructive march eastward.

'Tommy, how do you explain that part of the verse which says, 'as a fool dieth' How does the fool die?
'He dyes his whiskers, ma'am'

Every one is in danger who neglects the warnings of declining health. The warnings are not as startling as the sudden shriek of a locomotive, but they are just as ominous. When the body begins to lose in flesh, when the cheek is hollow and the skin sallow it is Nature's warning that the body is failing of proper nourishment. It is a condition of "weak" stomach, and "weak" stomach soon involves other organs. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, and cures through the stomach diseases secondarily remote, but which have their origin in the disease of the stomach and its allied organs.

There is no alcohol in the "Discovery" and it is absolutely free from opium, cocaine, and all other narcotics.

"Before I commenced to use your medicine I was in a bad condition (for eight years), and four doctors treated me," writes Mrs. Bettie Askew, of Garysburg, Northampton Co., N. C. "They, of course, gave me at the time some relief, but it did not last long. I was some days in my bed and some days I dragged about the house. I have used five bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and five of the 'Favorite Prescription' and four vials of the 'Pellets.' Now I feel like a new woman, and I want the world to know it."

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, 1008 large pages, paper binding, sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only, or 50 stamps for it in cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Knives, Forks, Spoons, etc.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

For Sale at all Druggists.

BRANDIES! Landing ex "Corean" Quarts or Pints.

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For sale low in bond or duty paid. THOS. L. BOURKE 25 WATER STREET.

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Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family. FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES.

A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL. Wholesale Agents for Canada.

Free Cure For Men. A new remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, varicocoe, night emissions, premature discharge, etc., and restores the organs to strength and vigor.

Something Choice.

My Gum Picker has arrived with a lot of that lovely SPRUCE GUM.

Come and see my window display with the real Gum Trees showing how it is procured. Don't fail to get some of this gum.

REMEMBER THE STORE: ALLAN'S WHITE PHARMACY.

87 Charlotte Street. 'Phone 239. Mail orders promptly filled.

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HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day.

Articles by WALTER A. WYKOFF, author of "The Workers".

SHORT STORIES by Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, Henry van Dyke, Ernest Seton-Thompson, Edith Wharton, Octave Thanet, William Allen White.

SPECIAL ARTICLES The Paris Exposition.

FREDERICK IRLAND'S articles on sport and exploration.

"HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar.

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Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address.

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Girls. Girls who haven't the money to spend for new clothes, ribbons, feathers, bows, etc., had better go right round to their druggist or grocer to-day and for 25 cts. buy any color in these fast, brilliant, fadeless home dyes, Maypole Soap. It washes and dyes at the same time.

Maypole Soap. Sold everywhere. See for Colors. See for Black.

ARTISTS.

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Free Cure For Men.

New remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, nocturnal emissions, premature discharge, etc., restores the organs to strength and vigor. Dr. L. Knapp, 200 Full Building, Detroit, Mich. Gladly give the receipt of this wonderful remedy in that every weak man may cure himself at home.

Something Choice.

My Gum Picker arrived with a lot of that very

SPRUCE GUM.

Come and see my window display with the real Gum trees showing how it is prepared. Don't fail to get some this gum.

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

FREDERICTON.

Prose is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. Fenwick and W. H. Hawthorne.

Dec 6.—The ladies euchre party given by Miss Whelpley on Thursday evening is spoken of as being an exceedingly pleasant affair. The hours were from six to ten. When the guests arrived at six o'clock the card tables, ten in number, were covered with white tea cloths and a very delicious and substantial tea was served in the drawing room. After tea the cloths were removed and euchre was indulged in till nearly ten o'clock when the distribution of prizes made such merriment, the party coming to a close after ten o'clock.

Mrs Taylor and Mrs Oby of Hampton are here visiting Mrs T. A. Peters.

Mr and Mrs O S Crockett have returned from a pleasant visit of three weeks to Boston and New York.

Mrs Fred Collier is receiving her bridal calls to day and to morrow at her father's residence.

Miss McKean of Moncton, is here visiting Mrs W H Burns.

Mrs Ketchum has invitations out for a tea to morrow afternoon at Elmcroft.

The Ladies whist club met last evening with Mrs T G Loggie.

Mr and Mrs Geo Cliff leave in a few days for California where they will make their home with their sons.

Mrs John Black went to Boston on Saturday to visit her niece Miss Radcliffe.

Mr and Mrs R M Belyea of St John are in the city.

Mrs John Morgan, who with her children, had been visiting her brother Mr W. Morgan for a few days last today and was joined by Mr. Morgan at the junction and they will all leave this evening for Nelson, B. C., whither they are removing from Aylesford, N. S. Mr Morgan having accepted a call from a church in Nelson.

Mr E H Allen spent Sunday with his family here returning to Moncton the first of the week.

Rev Dr Brecken of St John was the guest of the Misses Parlee during his visit to the city.

Friends will be sorry to hear of the departure of Mr and Mrs Rufus Pratt from among us, Mrs Pratt has only resided here a short time coming as a bride a few weeks ago but has made many friends during her short stay here. They leave shortly for Ontario.

The funeral of the late Mrs Edwards took place on Saturday afternoon from her late residence and was very largely attended. Her sons Mr J A Edwards, of this city, Mr H H Edwards of Halifax and Major M B Edwards of St John were the chief mourners. To her sons and daughters, Mrs Green of England, Mrs Geo Hedge and Mrs Edwards of this city is extended the sincere sympathy of many friends.

Latest styles of Wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address.

MONCTON.

Dec 6.—Mr Edward Brownell, of Jollicoe, accompanied by Mrs Brownell and two little daughters are in the city the guest of Chief of Police Tingley.

Mrs C N Palmer is visiting her parents Mr and Mrs Charles Brown, Sussex.

Miss Purdy who has been spending several weeks with her brother, Dr Purdy has returned to her home in Amherst.

Miss Cassie A McGinley of Bathurst, who is on her way home from Boston, is visiting Mrs Thomas Corbett, Botsford street.

Mrs G B Willet left on the Maritime express Saturday night for Moncton where she has a brother and sister living. She was accompanied by her little son and will be absent a couple of months.

An interesting event took place at St. Bernard's church on Nov. 28th, when Rev. Father Meehan united in marriage Mr. James Snow of this city and Miss Melinda, eldest daughter of Mr. P B Pelletier of Shediac. The bride was attended by Miss Marie Coburn and the groom by Mr. L. Theobald.

Miss Flora Woods of Irishboro, is spending a few weeks with friends in Richibucto.

The ladies of St. George's church are busy making preparations for a sale of fancy and useful articles suitable for Christmas presents, which they propose holding in the church school room about Dec. 8th.

Miss Gale, of Yarmouth, is in the city visiting at the residence of Mr. James Flanagan, Main street.

Mrs. F W Davitt of Bangor, and Mr. M A McHale, of Providence, B. I., are staying at the Brunswick.

Mrs. F Mann and daughter and Mrs. A Williams and Master Frank, of Eastport, Maine, are visiting their sister Mrs. James McAuley, Westmorland street.

HARTLAND.

Dec. 5.—Mrs Alcorn has returned from St John and is at her son's, J F Alcorn.

Mrs G A Ross has been in the village during the past week visiting her friends.

Miss Mary Nevers has gone to Fredericton to spend a few weeks with her sister, Mrs Wallace.

Mrs B K Jones and Miss Bertha Jones of Woodstock, were guests of T M Jones over Sunday.

Mrs Nehemiah Tompkins who has been on a visit to Boston has returned to her home in East Frederictonville.

Mr and Mrs J K Scamwell of St John spent a day or two at the Commercial this week. Mr Scamwell who is a civil engineer in the employment of the Dominion government, inspected the river bridge work to ascertain whether or not the piers were placed so as to obstruct navigation, and that they were of proper height, etc.

On Wednesday, Ellsworth A Lewis of Peel and Miss Ida Sewell of Rockland were married by Rev T V DeWitt at the residence of the bride's parents.

WOODSTOCK.

Prose is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. J. Deane & Co.

Dec. 4.—Among the residents of Hartland, registered at the Victoria the first of the week were Mr and Mrs George M Shaw, J L Thornton and W W Ross.

Mr and Mrs W J Robertson of St John were guests at the Casino over Sunday.

Mrs Covanagh and her son John of St Stephen, were in town this week.

Richard Gallivan and his sister Ethel of Farmington went to West Virginia about three months ago, with the intention of spending the winter there where they have a sister, Mrs McKinney. A few weeks ago Miss Gallivan was taken ill with fever, and died. Richard arrived at Woodstock with his sister's body Wednesday last, when he was met by his brothers and other relatives. The funeral service was held at the Lakesville church Thursday.

TO CURE A GOLDIE ONE DAY. The Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. See E. W. Grove's signature on each box.

Miss Gallivan was an estimable young lady, and deep sympathy is felt for the sorrowing relatives. Mr and Mrs J W Crockett of St John spent Sunday at the Carletons.

Misses Thornston, Hartland, were in town recently.

Mrs H F Ingraham and Mrs G F Gentle, of Houlton were at the Aberdeen Friday.

THINGS OF VALUE.

Much distress and sickness in children is caused by worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator gives instant relief by removing the cause. Give it a trial and be convinced.

"I wouldn't call Miss Dargler more than 35. Would you?"

"No. Not to her face, I wouldn't!"

Hollister's Corn Cure destroys all kinds of corns and warts, root and branch. Who then would cure them with such a cheap and effectual remedy unless reach?

She—Didn't you feel badly when you ran over that poor dog with your automobile?"

He—Well, yes; but I don't suppose I felt nearly so bad as the dog did.

It is a Liver Pill—Many of the ailments that man has to contend with have their origin in a disordered liver, which is a delicate organ, peculiarly susceptible to the disturbance that comes from irregular habits or lack of care in eating and drinking. This accounts for the great many liver troubles now pressed on the attention to sufferers. Of these there is none superior to Farnese's Vegetable Pills. Their operation though gentle is effective, and the most delicate can use them.

"I heard some very complimentary things about you," said the man who likes to be disagreeable.

"Indeed!" returned Sen. Sorghum, with complacency.

"Yes. But the man who said them wound up with the remark that he believed in giving 'the devil his due.'"

Tested by Time—In his justly celebrated Pills Dr. Farnese has given to the world one of the most unique medicines offered to the public in late years. Prepared to meet the want for a pill which could be taken without nausea, and that would purge without pain, it has met all requirements in that direction, and it is in general use not only because of these two qualities, but because it is known to possess alternative and curative powers which place it in the front rank of medicines.

It was the first time Miss Bertie Goodwin had ever seen the inside of a sculptor's studio.

She noted his clay-smeared blouse and soiled hands, and glanced briefly at the figure of a horse he was modelling.

"Gracious!" she said to the friend who was showing her about. "What won't some people do for a living!"

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from violent phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

Doctor—You need more exercise.

Indignant—Why, I'm steadily engaged in painting houses now.

Doctor—Working by the day, I expect?

Indignant—Yes.

Doctor—Well, you'd better work by the piece for a while.

There is not a more dangerous class of disorders than those which affect the breathing organs. Namely this danger with Dr. Troms' Eucalyptus Oil—a pulmonary acknowledged efficacy. It cures lameness and soreness when applied externally, as well as swelled neck and crick in the back; and, as an inward specific, possesses most substantial claims to public confidence.

The Ticket Came Back.

A recent number of the Railway Journal contains a well authenticated story of a railway ticket which took a sudden journey on its own account.

As a north bound train on the Colorado and Southern road passed one of the stations a passenger in a forward car raised a window, and in an instant his ticket was blown from his hands out of doors.

The passenger naturally gave it up for lost, and was very much surprised when the baggage master handed it to him a little while later.

It appears that when the ticket flew through the window a south bound train was passing. The suction of that train, which was moving at a rapid rate drew the ticket along with it, and as it passed the rear end of the north bound train it blew into the door of the smoking car. There it was found by the baggage master.

When John Scored.

Mrs. Smith repeatedly reminded her husband that the silver was here, the furniture was here, and so on, until poor Smith almost wished he had married a girl without a penny.

The other night Mrs. Smith awoke to hear strange voices in the lower part of the house, and vigorously punching her husband in the ribs, called:—

"John, get up! There are burglars down below."

"Eh?" inquired Smith sleepily.

"Burglars—down stairs!" shrieked Mrs. Smith.

"Burglars?" said Smith, as he turned over. "Well, there's nothing of mine there!"

Let Us Hope Not.

Johnny was spelling his way through a marriage notice in the morning paper.

"At high noon," he read, "the clergyman took his stand beneath the floral bell, and to the music of the wedding march the contradicting parties moved down the aisle."

"Not 'contradicting Johnny,'" interrupted his elder sister. "'Contracting.'"

"Well," stoutly contended Johnny, "they'll be contracting parties after a while!"

A Telescope and a Microscopic Man.

Dr. A. A. Common, the English astronomer, in illustrating recently what the telescope and the microscope have done in extending the powers of vision, employed the following figures: Imagine the size of an eye, and therefore of a man capable of seeing in a natural way what the ordinary eye sees with the aid of a large telescope.

and also the size of a man who could plainly see with his natural eye what we see

with a powerful microscope. The first man would be a giant, several miles tall, and the second a midget a very small fraction of an inch in height.

The Bear Came Aboard.

A bear story with an element of novelty is related by Dr. J. Winslow Ayre in his "Life in the Wilds of America." The incident occurred on the Little Missouri River Dakota.

A young Indian told, one morning that he had seen an old bear and cub on the bluff of a small creek on the opposite side of the river. Several of the party at once took a small boat started in search of the game resolved to take the cub alive and keep it for a pet.

They proceeded up the creek for a hundred yards or more. Then, hastily clambering up the bluff, they soon found the cub in a recess of the rocks, but the dam was not to be seen.

This suited the hunters very well, as they were not in a bloodthirsty mood. By means of a rope they secured the cub without difficulty, but when they began to drag it down the cliff it made a noisy protest, and by the time the men entered the boat with their prize, they discovered the old bear bounding downward in pursuit.

Just at the mouth of the creek a large rock projected over the water, and toward this point the bear advanced.

Several shots were fired at her, but not one took effect. The men thought that they could easily row away from her; but to their consternation just as they were abreast of the rock she sprang from the extreme point directly into the boat!

The celerity with which the gentlemen vacated the premises was really astonishing. Over the side of the skiff and into the water they plunged and swam to land, regardless of guns and wet clothing. The situation was ludicrous, or would have been so to persons in a less perilous position.

Meantime the boat had acquired sufficient headway to carry it down the river in midstream, and the bear still in it. Later it drifted ashore and was recovered, but the bear had escaped.

The Catch About It.

The business of fire insurance seems to have been a good deal of a mystery to the middle-aged Englishwoman who, according to the Leeds Mercury, called at an agent's office and said that she wished to insure her house.

"For how much?" asked the agent.

"Oh, for about two hundred pounds."

"Very well. I'll come up and investigate it."

"I don't know much about insurance," she said.

"It's very simple, ma'am."

"If I'm insured for two hundred pounds and the house is burned down, I get the money, do I?"

"Certainly."

"And they don't ask who set it afire?"

"Oh, but they do. We shall want to know all about it."

"Then you needn't come up," she said, as she rose to go. "I heard there was some catch about it somewhere, and now I see where it is."

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC SOAPS. ARE SUPPLIED IN VARIOUS QUALITIES FOR ALL PURPOSES. Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient. Ask your dealer to obtain full particulars for you. F. O. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.

FARM HELP.

ANYONE IN NEED OF FARM HELP should apply to Hon. A. T. Dunn at St. John, as a number of young men who have lately arrived from Great Britain are seeking employment. Applicants should give class of help wanted and any particulars with regard to kind of work, wages given, period of employment to right man, etc.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

THE SUBSCRIBER having decided not to go to the restaurant business again will go as cook in either a hotel or restaurant. Best of references furnished. DAVID MITCHELL.

HUSTLING YOUNG MAN can make \$50.00 per month and expenses, earn most position, experience unnecessary. Write quick for particulars, Clark & Co., 43 & 45 Court Street, Fall, Pa.

FOR SALE U. S. Gold & Copper Mining Company (Gulfport, Miss., Wash.ington) 100 per share, \$1000.00. Regular price \$50. Address "P" Box 100, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING AUGUST 11, 1900.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Amount. Income, \$ 68,890,077 21; Disbursements, 38,697,480 68; Assets, 304,844,637 52; Policy Reserves, 261,711,988 61; Guarantee Fund or Surplus, 60,132,648 91; Insurance and Annuities in Force, 1,052,665,211 64; Loans on Policies During the Year, 4,374,636 86.

J. A. JOHNSON, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland

ROBERT MARSHALL, Cashier and Agent, St. John, N. B. M. McDADE, Agent, St. John, N. B. C. E. SCAMMELL, Agent, St. John, N. B. JOHN ADAMS DIXON, Agent, St. John, N. B.

Job... Printing. Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, or Envelopes running short? Do you consider that you could effect a saving in this part of your business? Why not secure quotations your work before placing an order? Consult Us for Prices. And you will find that you can get Printing of all kinds done in a manner and style that is bound to please you. We have lately added new type to our already well-equipped plant, and are prepared to furnish estimates on all classes of work at short notice. Progress Job Printing Department. 29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

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

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. M. HENRI WILLIS, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL. FREDERICTON, N. B. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Victoria Hotel, 81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor

## SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

1901, under the chaperonage of Miss Etta DeWolfe, enjoyed a merry outing at Upton Lodge last Thursday evening.

Miss Katherine Grant still continues quite ill, much to the regret of her friends.

## Fogus Antiquities.

The passion for collecting antiques is wide spread, and the number of old curiosity shops increases rapidly. The people who buy in order to be in the fashion are the best customers; that is, that they are the most ignorant, and therefore the most readily deceived. In some of the shops it would be difficult to find a single article which is what it purports to be. The ingenuity of the forger is unlimited. Furniture, prints, china, pictures, plate, armour, ivory, bronze, tapestry—all are successfully imitated.

Many imitations of antiques are clumsy enough, but some deceive even the initiated. The experts of national museums were more than once imposed upon. The British Museum bought a Palissy plate for two hundred and fifty dollars. Whilst an attendant was handling it, one of the seals attached to its back—attesting its genuineness—became attached, disclosing the mark of a modern French potter. The terra-cotta figures of Isis and Osiris, bought by the same institution for five thousand dollars, have been discovered to be composed of modern clay.

The specialty of one forger is old leather jackets at two dollars and a half each; of another hornbooks at a dollar and a quarter. The prices vary, but it may be set down as a rule that they include about a thousand per cent of profit.

A writer in Chamber's Journal not long since inspected a specimen of a "mummy servant"—an effigy, in a plastic material, such as the Egyptians buried with their dead. Close examination proved it to be made of putty. It was a very clever forgery.

Count Michael Tyskiewicz, a noted collector and judge of antiquities, gives some interesting details of the forgeries that have been attempted from the earliest times. No metal lent itself so early to this work as gold. Etruscan jewelry has been largely manufactured in Italy, but Syria has carried on the most extensive forgery of gold works of art. Forgeries in silver have been less successful.

The count tells an amusing story of a great silver cup in Rome that purported to have come from some secret excavation in Sicily. This "ancient cup was ornamented with a circular bas-relief representing all things, the Lieze of the Parthenon. In the height of his innocence, the forger had given the frieze in its present ruined condition. The cup obtained an immediate success—shouts of laughter.

## Daniel Morgan And The Baby.

When Arnold's expedition against Quebec sailed for the Kennebec, in 1775, it included no finer troops, and none more picturesque, than the Virginian sharpshooters of Daniel Morgan, who was afterwards famous as the friend of Washington and the victor of Cowpens. A pretty tradition of the march of the Virginians from the camp at Cambridge to the rendezvous at Newburyport belongs to an old farmhouse set back a little from the main road on a shady lane of its own.

In its kitchen, that September day, a boy of nine was engaged in washing dishes, half-crying with vexation over his task and the possibility of the soldiers passing without his seeing them. His mother had been called suddenly away, and had left him in charge, with an injunction not to leave the house till her return.

With the dish-pan before him, a blue tire fastened around him, and one foot frequently on the rocker, of the cradle drawn up beside him, he dutifully but despairingly clattered china and sang to his baby sister.

A shadow in the doorway made him look up, and he beheld there two lean brown, towering figures—one, that of the tallest and handsomest man he had ever seen, several inches over six feet—attired in buckskin hunting shirts and with caps bearing the motto, "Liberty or Death."

They were Daniel Morgan and one of his lieutenants. They entered and asked for a draft of water; but the boy, hastily whisking off his apron, invited them to sit down and partake of milk and cookies instead—an offer which they readily accepted.

But the baby, as her brother's foot left the rocker, roused herself and began to cry so lustily that he hesitated whether to try to quiet her first, or to go at once to the pantry. The mighty Virginian captain did not hesitate at all; he stooped with a laugh, scooped the small lady out of her cradle, and lifted her to such a breathless height that she stopped her

complaints in sheer amazement, and presently began to squeal with delight.

Moreover, when the food was brought and her brother tried to take her from her new friend, she protested so tempestuously and clung so tightly to the fringes of his shirt, that he laughed again and would not let her go, but ate and drank one-handed, with the baby still held on his left arm. In consequence, he was somewhat awkward and let fall a plate which broke in halves.

After the departure of the men this breakage worried the boy, who feared he might be punished for having served his imposing guests, as he had done, from the precious best china, which no one but the mistress of the house might touch it without permission.

On his mother's return, therefore, it was with much trepidation that he told his story; but that strict although patriotic housekeeper forgave and approved him. She had the broken plate mended, and for many years it remained in the family, and was known to succeeding generations as 'General Morgan's plate.'

## FOR GROUSE.

Sometimes we find the genuine romance of sentiment where we least expect it, for the quietest men are often those who have most to express. A writer in Forest and Stream says that he once owned a well beloved dog, a setter, named Grouse, which, with the other dogs of the pack, was cared for by a trustworthy young man familiarly called Willie Davidson. This man was a very good dog-trainer, but not a person whom you would ever suspect of cherishing sentiment.

One night, when Willie went to the stable where the dogs had their quarters, he stumbled over Grouse, curled up on the door-step and apparently asleep. It was the same old story. Grouse had gone into a neighboring yard, and found the poison left there by some enemy of dogs.

Some time afterward, says the writer, we were shooting down in Tennessee, and one night I was cleaning my gun when Willie was busy about something else. All at once I happened to glance at his shooting-coat. Now, not long before, I had given him a very nice English hunting-coat, which I had brought over for my own use.

"Why don't you wear that English coat?" said I, "the corduroy you used to like when we were up in Canada?"

He made no reply, and a moment later I asked him again:

"Why don't you wear the old corduroy I gave you?"

Still he failed to answer, and only bent lower over his work. I could not see his face. Then I knew something was out of joint.

"Davidson, man," said I, "what's gone wrong? Is anything the matter?"

He raised his head and looked at me. Big tears were standing on his cheeks. He could hardly speak; but at length he said:

"Mr. Plum, sir, the truth is, I buried old Grouse in that coat. He knew it and he liked it, and I wanted to do the best I could."

## Protecting the Oranges.

Orange-growing under roofs is said to have passed the experimental stage in Riverside county, California. A latticed ceiling above the trees converts acres of ground into a continuous enclosure, making the whole a perfectly equable hothouse. The benefits of the new method, as recorded in Harper's Weekly, seem to be fully demonstrated.

The high winds, which sweep from the ocean, do as much damage as the frosts. Upon such occasions a large share of the fruit is shaken from the trees while immature, and much that remains is greatly injured. Such disasters occur about once in four years, while every year there is danger from frost.

Attacked by it, the fruit will appear perfectly sound, the skin neither wilted nor discolored, and the weight and firmness of the orange not appreciably diminished. When it is cut, however, the cells will be found to be innocent of juice, and the pulp will be a mass of pith. Many growers, without knowing that their oranges were frostbitten, have shipped the crop to Eastern markets only to find the whole unsalable.

Experiment has shown that the lattice roof makes a difference of five degrees in the temperature. The covered oranges are strong and solid, juicy and sweet. They are in quality nearly a grade above those which grow outside. Only about half the usual number fall from the trees, and thus the crop is largely increased. But one of the greatest advantages of the covering is that the ground can do with about half as much water as is required by the open orchard.

## Living Light.

A Frenchman, Raphael Dubois, reports to the Academy of Sciences the results of experiments with phosphorescent animal-

## "Brevity is the Soul of Wit."

Wit is wisdom. Blood is life. Impure blood is living death. Health depends on good blood. Disease is due to bad blood. The blood can be purified. Legions say Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Blood Medicine, purifies it. A brief story but it tells the tale.

Nervous Weakness—"I suffered from nervous weakness and loss of appetite. My blood was impure, my stomach disordered and I could not sleep. Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured me entirely."

Mrs. E. Lockwood, Belleville, Ont.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Never Disappoints

case in producing an illumination useful to man. By cultivating, in suitable media, a large number of micro organisms capable of emitting light, Monsieur Dubois succeeded in illuminating a room with a degree of intensity about equal to that of moonlight. No radiation of heat appears to attend the production of this physiological light.

## UNDER A BARRAFOLE.

Humorous Incident During A Review of Troops by Queen Victoria.

When Colonel Higginson attended a review at Aldershot, in 1878, there happened a curious mishap which he describes in his essay, "The Road to England." Queen Victoria was to take her stand beneath the flagstaff, and there review her troops. Two soldiers stood ready to hoist the flag, and when her majesty's low straw wagon, drawn by white ponies, appeared in sight, the signal was given. Up went the flag, and then wrapped itself clumsily about the staff. Her majesty drove by, nodding and smiling, and when she had passed there were murmurs of "Lower the flag and try it again."

An officer gave an order, and down it came. Then it went up splendidly till it reached half-mast and there it stopped. There was a general groan.

Twitching and pulling were tried in vain. The halcyon was choked in a block. A soldier advanced to climb the flagstaff, and instantly the air was vocal with subdued cheers.

The queen was now far away, driving down the long line of soldiers, and there was apparently plenty of time. Up and up went the soldier, more and more slowly, but the cheering died into a muffled groan when the poor fellow exhausted, slid slowly down, with a sheepish smile. The flag was still at half-mast, and the queen was still advancing.

There was a pause, a hurried consultation, and then came forward a cavalryman who, as he stripped off his coat, showed the tattooed arms of a sailor.

"Bless him!" gasped a lady.

"There's but just time!" growled her husband.

Up went the bold dragoon, past the point where his predecessor had failed. Murmurs of approbation swelled louder and louder; but meantime the climber was becoming ominously slow. Ten feet from the top he stuck helpless, an object of dismay to twenty thousand people. Then he slid slowly down, and her majesty was there.

It was she, in reality, who, with her accustomed tact and good humor, saved the day.

"Pull down that flag!" shouted an officer, and the great lady reviewed her troops under an empty flagstaff.

She had thrown but one light glance at the dreary pole; and then, by an added graciousness of manner, seemed to cast the entire incident into the background.

GROUPS, COUGHS AND COLDS are all quickly cured by Pyne Balsam. It lessens the cough almost instantly, and cures readily the most obstinate cold. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

Edmonia—Edgar, I'm going to burn these new photographs of mine; they look ten years older than I do.

Edgar—Nonsense; put them away until you can catch up with them.

FROM ALL OVER CANADA come letters telling us of the great benefits derived from the use of The D. & L. Menthol Plasters in cases of neuralgia, rheumatism, lame back, etc. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Ltd., manufacturers.

Bacon—"Samson was noted for his strength and his long hair, I believe?"

Egbert—"Yes; two bad they didn't have pianos in those days."

THE D. & L. EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL may be taken with most beneficial results by those who are run down or suffering from after effects of a gripple. Made by DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Ltd.

## FLASHES OF FUN.

New rule of the Don't Worry Club: If you are hungry, don't try not to worry about it, but try to get something to eat.

"Why are you so anxious to have us sit for our pictures? Because we are looking our best?"

"No. Because you are looking your worst."

MoJigger—He's pretty well posted in social institutions, isn't he?

Thingumbob—Yes, I believe he's posted for non payment of dues at all his clubs, it that's what you mean.

"Your wife has water on the brain," declared the physician.

"I expected that," asserted the husband. "She has always insisted on having her hair dressed in waves."

"I made a dreadful mistake last night."

"What was it?"

I went to buy my wife a diamond ring, but the jewelry shop had moved, and I stumbled into a church bazar."

The Angel—Don't you think it is a shame for me to go to church alone every Sunday?

The Brute—Oh, I don't know. You might be doing something worse.

Bacon—You know that fellow has got a picture of a former cook hung in his library.

Egbert—You don't mean it?

"Yes, he calls it one of his old masters."

Mrs. Lushley—Now, sir, I don't want to ever see you coming home at this late hour again.

Mr. Lushley—All right, m' dear, I'll tend to it.

"See that you do."

"Yes; next time I'll give you an opiate 'fore I go out."

"Mamma, my birthday comes this year on Monday, doesn't it?"

"Yes, dear."

"And last year it was on Sunday, wasn't it?"

"Yes, dear."

"Did it come on Saturday the year before last?"

"Yes, dear."

"Mamma, how many days in the week was I born on?"

## The Golden Horseshoe.

How many of those who are members of orders and associations intended to keep alive the early history of this country have ever heard of the Order of the Golden Horseshoe?

It was the first order founded in America, and the story of its origin is told in a rare book, to be found only in a few libraries, the "Present State of Virginia," written by the Rev. Hugh Jones, chaplain to the Assembly in Jamestown, and published in London in the year 1724.

Virginia then extended from the Atlantic into the unknown West, but very few of her colonists had crossed the Blue Ridge or the Alleghanies. So full of dangers from savages and wild beasts, and so full of natural difficulties was the passage of these terrible heights, that the good chaplain tells us with awe of the setting out of Governor Spotswood to discover a pass, attended by a guard of "Soldiers, Gentlemen and Pioneers," carrying provisions.

They scaled the pass with great hardships and peril, and returned, the governor having cut upon the rocks on the highest peak the name of King George.

He then constituted the society, or order of the Golden Horseshoe. Each man who had scaled this high pass was made a member of it, and to each one he presented a golden horseshoe. On the side were the words, "Sic juvat transcendere montes." ("So it pleases him to cross mountains.")

Any gentleman thereafter who could prove that he had read with his own eyes the name of the king upon the height was entitled to become a member of this order.

## City Contracts.

TENDERS will be received at the Office of the Director of Public Safety until MONDAY, the 10th instant, at 11 o'clock noon, from persons willing to supply the Police Department with Eighteen Winter Overcoats complete. Samples of Cloth and Lining to accompany each tender.

Tenders will also be received from persons willing to furnish Horse, Harness, and all necessary requirements, with a reliable driver, to attend all Calls of Ambulance at any hour of day or night, for one year from first day of January, 1901, the City to provide Ambulance for summer and winter use, and to keep the same in repair. The contractor to house the same and to make all the shifts when required for summer and winter use.

Tenders to state the price for each service.

ROBERT WIRELY,  
Director Department Public Safety,  
St. John, N. B., Dec. 4, 1900.



## A Contented WOMAN

isn't contented simply because she uses SURPRISE Soap; but the use of this soap contributes largely to her contentment. In proportion to its cost, it's the largest factor in household happiness.

It is pure, lasting and effective; it removes the dirt quickly and thoroughly without boiling or hard rubbing.

SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.



## It's All Right!

There's nothing wrong with any part of our laundry work. Better than that—every part of it is the best that can be done anywhere. Colored shirts do not fade—woolens do not shrink—collars do not acquire saw edges—but ton holes are left intact when we do your work!

Where shall we send the wagon, and when? Phone 214.

## AMERICAN LAUNDRY,

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RODSE BROS., Proprietors.

Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal" Dyers, Montreal

## Sachet

## Powders

of choicest makes.

Twenty different odors to select from just opened at

## W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN'S,

87 Charlotte Street.

Remember the store.

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Telephone 239.  
Mail orders promptly filled. 12-4

## CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Christmas and New Years.

## Holiday Excursions.

Between Stations Montreal and East.

## One First Class Fare for Round Trip.

GENERAL PUBLIC.  
Going on December 31st to January 1st, 1901.  
Return good until Jan. 4th, 1901.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.  
On presentation of certificates, going Dec. 8th to 31st, 1900. Return good until Jan. 4th, 1901.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS.  
On presentation of certificates between points in Canada's East of Fort Arthur, going Dec. 14th, to 20th, 1900. Return good until Jan. 4th, 1901.

For rates dates and limits to points West of Montreal, see Agents, or write A. J. Heath, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

TO BOSTON AND RETURN \$10.50 via All. Rail from St. John. Going Dec. 20th, to 31st, 1900. Return thirty days from starting day.

A. J. HEATH,  
D. P. A., C. P. R.,  
St. John, N. B.



ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1900.

The Gibraltar of India.

The recent deposition of the Maharajah of Bharatpur, or Bhurtpore as it is sometimes written, for misgovernment, recalls some of the most remarkable episodes of the conquest of India by the British.

Ranjit Singh, Maharajah of Bharatpur, was one of the first of the princes of India to enter into an alliance with the British government. In the Mahratta war of 1803 against Scindiah of Gwalior, a Bharatpur contingent helped Lord Lake to gain the celebrated victory of Laswarli; but when in the following year, war broke out also with Holkar of Indore, the Maharajah of Bharatpur withdrew from the alliance and gave shelter to the shattered army of Holkar under the walls of Deeg.

The failure of the attack by the British was almost magical in its effect on the people at large and invested Bharatpur with the reputation of being under divine protection. The prestige of the British was at stake, and the continued independence of Bharatpur became a danger to their supremacy, but the British authorities bided their time, contenting themselves with consolidating their possession in other parts of the country.

In 1825 their opportunity came when the reigning Maharajah died and the succession was disputed by two cousins. A thoroughly equipped army of 25,000 men was sent under Lord Combermere to reduce the defiant fortress to submission. Whereas Lord Lake's siege train had comprised only 14 guns, his successor had 112 pieces of the newest patterns of the period, some of them being mortars throwing 8 and 13 inch shells.

The effect was such that a large number of the guns of the fortress were dismantled, being of light calibre and feeble range. On the night of Dec. 26 the garrison made a sortie and captured the advanced British battery, but were repulsed. They recaptured it, but were again driven out. The next day they opened fire with all their guns, but did little execution. In reply the British opened fire from about two hundred yards' distance, and not only set fire to the town, but drove the garrison to the shelter of the fort.

It was at this stage that the character of the siege became remarkable. Notwithstanding the powerful artillery of the besiegers no impression was made on the massive mud walls. The damage done by day was repaired at night, the garrison working like mules and in perfect silence. They gathered courage from the ineffectual bombardment and were stimulated by their leaders and their priests, who reminded them of an ancient prophecy. The alleged legend was to the effect that the walls of Bharatpur had been built by the gods themselves, who had decreed that the place should only be captured when an alligator came across the sea to besiege it. To the native mind this amounted to the endowment of perpetual invulnerability, and so

they lay secure in the efficacy of the prophecy.

The British, at last realizing that the open attack must fail, took to mining, but the garrison countermined and destroyed the besiegers' work. Then came the most astonishing thing that had ever happened in India under similar circumstances. For the first time the garrison learned the name of the besieging General. Had it been Napoleon, Wellington, or any of the celebrities of the day it would have made no impression on them, but the name of Combermere destroyed their courage. In their language "Combermar" signified an alligator, so the prophecy had come to pass. The rest was inevitable. The British mines were sprung on Jan. 18, 1826, and the final assault was delivered on the following morning. The fortress fell and the prophecy of many centuries was fulfilled. The Jats, the flower of the beleaguered army, held the breach and perished to a man, and Bharatpur passed under alien rule. Bharatpur occupies an important strategic position west of the Jumna, on the railway between Agra and Jeypore, in Rajputana, and is sometimes called the Gibraltar of India.

WHITES IN TROPICAL AFRICA.

They Have Been Increasing At a Rapid Rate in Recent Years.

About ten years ago there were less than 300 white men living in the Congo Free State. There was scarcely a merchant among them and only a few missionaries. Most of them were employees of the government and they were engaged in exploring the new territory, in establishing and officiating stations and in training the natives for service as soldiers, both hands and workmen. The proportion of deaths among them was appalling and, with very few exceptions, they were obliged, every two or three years, to take long furloughs in more healthful regions.

The latest statistics with regard to the whites living in the Congo Free State show that about 1,700 are scattered all over the State. The exact number on Jan. 1 last year was 1,630. One-sixth of the entire number live at Boma, the capital of the State, fifty miles up the river, and a large part of them are in charge of or are employed in the public offices. About two hundred of them are living at Matadi, ninety miles up the river, and most of them are in the transportation service; for Matadi is the starting point of the railroad connecting with the Upper Congo and here all freight is transhipped between the railroad and the European steamers. There are nearly as many white men at Stanley Pool as at Boma, for Stanley Pool is the place where freight is transhipped between the railroad and the upriver steamers; and here also are the shipyards, where the steamers are put together and repaired.

A large number of State, commercial and missionary stations are now established on the upper river and on its tributaries far north and south of the main stream. Thus over 700 whites are now living on the upper river system above Stanley Pool and about 400 of them are really in Central Africa, for they live from 1,000 to nearly 2,000 miles from the mouth of the river. Just about one-half of the white personnel are Belgians and nearly all the leading nations are represented in the remainder.

The increase of whites in the French Congo territory is also very large. This large region is just north of the Congo Free State, and though it is officially known as the French Congo, an important part of it is tributary to other streams flowing to the Atlantic or to Lake Tchad. On Jan. 1 last 739 whites were living in the French Congo, of whom five-sevenths were French. They are not so generally distributed throughout the country as in the Congo State, for commercial and missionary stations are not yet widely distributed. The largest white population is at Brazzaville, at the head of the navigation on the Ogowe River, several hundred miles from the ocean. About one-seventh of the white population are women which is a larger proportion than in the Congo State. A small but steady stream of settlers is

flowing from Germany to German Southwest Africa. The statistics are not very recent, but in 1896 2,025 whites were living there, of whom 945 were women and children. Fifteen years ago there were very few whites in that part of Africa, but it is now forging ahead faster in its development than any other part of the German possessions.

BOARDING WITH AN IDOL.

How Three Famished Sailors, Shipwrecked in India Were Sustained.

Capt. Murray, a Port Royal S. C., bar pilot who has followed the sea since boyhood and visited nearly every section of the habitable globe, is full of interesting reminiscences of happenings in distant lands in which he participated. The old pilot is fond of relating an incident which occurred near Calcutta, India. The vessel which he commanded, a fine clipper ship, was wrecked in a typhoon in the Bay of Bengal and all hands save himself and two companions who succeeded in reaching shore in the ship's gig were lost.

The three exhausted men immediately sought food and shelter and while thus employed came upon an immense wooden image which they correctly surmised to be an Indian idol. Night was upon them and the tired men bivouacked nearby and their attention was soon attracted by the appearance of a score of low caste Hindoos, each of whom carried in his hands a savory dish which he placed before the inanimate god. After each native had deposited his offering with pious signs and words they departed, and when the hungry sailors satisfied that their strange visitors had departed for the night they greedily devoured the bounteous repast intended for the idol. Murray and his companions remained in the neighborhood for several days subsisting nightly on the offerings brought by the Hindoos as a tribute to their god and remaining concealed in the day time.

One night ten days after their shipwreck two natives suddenly surprised the three men while they were in the very act of making their usual meal and a fight ensued. The natives proved no match for the resolute and well armed Americans and soon beat an ignominious retreat, leaving the latter complete masters of the situation. The captain and his companions, fearing that the natives would return in force and massacre them, made their way to Calcutta, where they secured passage in a homeward bound vessel.

Some fifteen years subsequently Pilot Murray recognized in Capt. Cole of the ship Kirkum, which called there for a cargo, one of his old companions in the exciting encounter in far off India. The recognition was mutual and the two men were delighted to renew their acquaintance after half a generation.

Gallantry.

She—At least you will credit me, Mr. Sixcap, with having an eye for beauty.

He (desirous of saying something highly complimentary)—Indeed I do, Miss Claire. I don't wonder you spend so much of your time in front of the looking glass.

Repaid.

H—Do you really think her heart was broken when he jilted her, as she so loudly proclaimed? I noticed she married in less than a year.

She—True enough. But look whom she married—a glue manufacturer.

For some weeks the Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal, have been publishing most flattering testimonials regarding their two pictures, "Christ in the Temple," and "Home from the War." We notice the letters come from people capable of judging, too, and having seen the pictures, we must say they are magnificent and deserving of all praise.

Family Herald and Weekly Star subscribers are certainly getting their dollar's worth this season. "Christ in the Temple," is the finest piece of art ever before the Canadian public. Old subscribers to the family Herald are rushing forward their subscriptions in order to get the pictures for Xmas. This should be the banner year for the Family Herald and Weekly Star.

"These trousers are no good," said the Chicago man.

"And why not?" inquired the suave tailor.

"Because," cried the Chicago man in a tone of intense sarcasm, you have actually gone and put flaps on the pistol pockets.

UNREST IN WEST AFRICA.

Reports received by mail from west Africa and the Gold Coast tell of general unrest among the natives from the coast to the furthestmost regions of the interior. This condition of things is ascribed to the severity exercised by the British toward the Ashantis, and to rumors that orders have been received from England to expatriate the Ashanti tribes from their territory, which is rich in gold deposits. Those who survived the military operations, the rumors said, were to be deported to other parts of the British possessions in Africa. The destruction of villages without regard to the women and children, who are turned out to starve, and the systematic devastation of the farms and crops of the natives are, it appears from the reports from all parts of the interior, causing the native races whose territory is threatened with invasion by the whites to prepare for resistance. Even the Hausas, who have hitherto been the source from which the British have drawn their best fighting material in west Africa, are showing symptoms of alienation from the British, and the missionaries who recently visited the Sokoto country and Kano were very badly received and requested to return. The reports of their reception have been published and their demands on the British Government to bring the chiefs of Sokoto and Kano to reason have gone back to Africa and created no small stir. The importation of the more savage races from Uganda, Somaliland and other parts of east Africa, of Jamaica negroes, and of Sikhs from India to take part in the subjugation of the Ashantis has also contributed to disturb the other native races.

Matters are no better in the Sierra Leone protectorate, which was not very long ago the scene of the massacre of many missionaries, several Americans being among them, and where the rising of the natives against the hut tax was put down only after great loss of life on both sides. An English correspondent, describing the condition of the natives and their sentiments toward the British Government, contrasts it with the state of things in the neighboring French territories, which, unlike the French Congo, are under the administration of French Government officials. In the French Soudan and west coast settlements, instead of the hut tax, a poll tax of 25 cents is levied on all male natives in the country parts and 40 cents on those in the towns between 10 and 50 years of age. The tax in French Guinea is, moreover, collected through the chiefs, who receive 20 per cent, of the total amount as compensation for their cooperation; and this is in conquered territory. In the British protectorate, where the inhabitants were free tribes who had beaten back every effort of the Mandingoes and Follahs of Futa-Djallon to invade the British settlements through their territory, and who placed themselves voluntarily under the British flag, the engagements made with them have been set aside, and the hut tax is being collected by corrupt and tyrannical native police under such circumstances that many of the natives, rather than pay \$1.25, the amount of the tax, burn their huts and take to the bush or escape into the French territory.

In order the better to cope with the dissatisfaction and the difficulties threatened, the British Colonial Office has directed the prolongation of the Sierra Leone railway to be proceeded with at once. A section of the line has already been opened as far as a place called Rotiunk, about fifty miles southeast of Freetown, and the extension to Bo, eighty miles further to the eastward, has been begun. The gauge is 2 feet 6 inches, and owing to the urgency of the case the road will be built in the lightest possible manner and with temporary wooden bridges. The Gold Coast railway, which already extends from Sekondi on the coast to Tarkway, where there are gold deposits, is to be carried on to Kumassi. The distance is 180 miles and the gauge 3 feet 6 inches. The object is partly commercial, partly military, as it is said that when it is completed troops from England can be in Kumassi in fourteen days.

The Lagos railway is about to be

opened to Ibadan, the three long steel bridges connecting Lagos with the mainland being finished. The line is 126 miles long, of 3 feet 6 inch gauge, and connects Lagos, which has 60,000 population, with Abeokuta of 150,000, and Ibadan, of 180,000 inhabitants. The further extension to Ogbomisho, Ilorin, and Rabbah on the Niger is under consideration. This railway also is military as well as commercial, and has in view the penetration of the great, populous and fairly civilized regions lying to the eastward of the Niger, of which Lokoto and Kamo are among the most important.

GREAT JUMPING BY A MULE.

Over a Manger and Through an Opening 21 By 36 Inches in Size.

A most remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by Major B. R. Selden, the well-known street car man, and several of his employees, concerning two full-grown mules jumping through a small window in the old horse car stables in Manchester, has just come to light. The story as related by Major Selden, and sworn to by several of the most reliable men in his employ, is as follows:

The blacksmith, Henry Dandridge, who has since died, was required to go to the stables daily to examine and replace all shoes that had become loose or been lost while the mules were at work. On the occasion referred to above he had purchased a new sheepskin apron, which the mules had never seen, and when Dandridge went into the stall without warning, one of them, "Bet," became alarmed at the sight of the leather and leaped through the open window to the ground outside.

Major Selden says he came in about this time, and upon learning the cause of the excitement, ordered the man to go back into the stall, and when he started the mule reared up and was about to repeat the performance. He feared the mule might not be so fortunate in the second jump and told the man to come out of the stall.

The "Maggie" mule, says Major Selden, jumped through a window the same size on the opposite side of the stable and as far as he could discover, upon close examination, neither of them received the slightest scratch. He says tracks were plainly visible on the outside where the "Bet" mule landed and made an effort to turn and again face the window, she being still halted to a scantling on the inside. The halter chain, four feet long, was attached to a beam four and a half feet above the floor on which the mule stood.

Window opening, 1 foot 9 inches by 2 feet 6 inches. Trough, 2 feet wide. Top of trough to floor, 2 feet 11 inches. From bottom of window sill to ground outside, 4 feet 7 inches.

Major Selden says "Bet" was selected from forty two mules owned by the Richmond and Manchester Railway Company on account of her size, as a regular tug, to draw cars up the hill from Ninth and Cary to Ninth and Main streets, and would weigh about 950 pounds.

Neck Bands Replaced.

Hosiery darned, repairs made all free, why do you go elsewhere with your laundry, when we do the best work and do so many things free. Try us now, Ungar's Laundry, Dyeing and carpet cleaning work. Telephone 58.

Still Unconvinced.

Benedick—It is sad that most of the people who commit suicide are unmarried. How are you going to get around that?

O'Batch—Oh, well, I s'pose after a fellow has been married awhile he gets so he can put up with almost anything.

Quite Singular.

Captain John Randolph brings to this office a potato weighing two pounds. He frankly confesses it was the largest in the patch. This is unusual. Most people who bring vegetables to this office say they left the larger specimens at home.

Employment Worth the Punishment—'Willie,' said the elder sister at the juvenile party, 'you'll be ill if you eat any more, and then you won't be able to go to school tomorrow.' 'Well,' said Willie, with a sigh, 'it's worth it.'



A Contented WOMAN is not contented simply because she uses SURPRISE Soap; but the use of this soap contributes largely to her contentment. In proportion to its cost, it's the largest factor in household happiness. It is pure, lasting and effective; it removes the dirt quickly and thoroughly without boiling or hard rubbing. SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.



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AMERICAN LAUNDRY, 98, 100, 102 Charlotte St. OSOE BROS., Proprietors. Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal Dyers," Montreal

atchet powders of choicest makes. Twenty different odors to select from just opened at G. C. RUDMAN ALLAN'S, 87 Charlotte Street.

Remember the store. an's White Pharmacy Telephone 239. All orders promptly filled. 12-4

ANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Christmas and New Years. Holiday Excursions. Between Stations Montreal and East. First Class Fare for Round Trip.

GENERAL PUBLIC. From December 21st to January 1st, 1901, good until Jan. 4th, 1901. SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES. Presentation of certificates, going Dec. 8th to 10th. Return good until Jan. 4th, 1901. COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS. Presentation of certificates between points in East of Port Arthur, going Dec. 14th, to 16th. Return good until Jan. 4th, 1901. Rates dates and limits to points West of Montreal. Agents, or write A. J. Heath, D. P. A., St. John, N. B. OBITUARY AND RETURN \$10.00 via A.L. on St. John. Going Dec. 20th, to 21st, 1900. thirty days from starting day. A. J. HEATH, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

# Mr. Charles, Floor Walker.

IN TWO INSTALLMENTS.

'I was not referring to your possible winnings at cards. Could you not sell some property, or raise a mortgage?'

'Now you are talking about what you don't understand, and therefore, woman-like you are making a fool of yourself. If I sell so much as a tree—but I can't do it, so what's the use of talking? My heir is to inherit everything as it stood when I came in for it. I wish to goodness you had married him before he got himself tied up to that doll he calls his wife.'

'First cousins are not supposed to marry,' observed Lady Rosamund. 'And Fred never showed any signs of wishing to annex me with the rest of the property. Couldn't you repay Sir Empson out of your private income?'

'Couldn't I buy the moon?' said Lord Barenans. 'For Heaven's sake don't let us have any more of this idiotic nonsense! Make up your mind to marry the man; it may be the last chance you'll get of anything worth accepting. You've refused far too many as it is. Better take my advice, and think it over quietly, Rosamund.'

'I don't mind taking your advice so far: and, as I can think more quietly and thoroughly when alone, perhaps you will permit me to retire to my own room for an hour or so.'

So saying, Lady Rosamund betook herself from her father's presence.

She smiled rather bitterly as she returned to the solitude of her boudoir.

'The pity of it is that I cannot feel sure how much of it is true. If he is really borrowing all that money of Sir Empson, it must be for some reason other than that of intending to pay his gambling debts. I don't believe he owes anything like so much. He is far too cautious a player. However that may be, it is impossible that I can marry Sir Empson, and it is as well that he should know it without further delay; then, perhaps, I shall learn the truth about his forty thousand pounds.'

## CHAPTER IV.

Rosamund began to wonder wearily if all men wore a mask—one fitting them so badly that the first threatened to upset their cherished plans for advancing their own happiness or well-being, sufficed to dialogue it and reveal the ugly fact that out of the face behind looked a devil of aversion or selfishness, or some other equally unpleasant vice.

Sir Empson had couched his proposal of marriage in almost courtly terms, laying great stress on the advantages that must inevitably accrue to himself from a union with one so charming and accomplished as Lady Rosamund Lotius; and only hinting at any possible advantage to be reaped by herself should she decide to honour him with her hand.

Yet, no sooner had Rosamund spoken her grateful but determined refusal, than down dropped the mask, though the suitor was quite unaware that he had betrayed himself to those experienced eyes as, dangling his eye-glass slowly, he said—

'I inferred from something said to me by the earl this morning that you would not be altogether averse to marriage with me. Did his lordship inform you of any particulars concerning our conversation?'

'He told me that you had offered him forty thousand pounds for me. I think he was rather surprised at my fetching so much, considering that I am nearly thirty years old.'

'My dear Lady Rosamund!'

Sir Empson gasped a little, recovered himself, and went on—

'You do your father and myself a gross injustice by imagining that—'

'Oh, of course, I don't pretend to insinuate that you put the matter as plainly as I have done. But it amounts to the same thing, when you come to argue it out. My father is tired of having me constantly with him. He tries to marry me to somebody on an average of once in three months.'

'His tastes are extravagant, and he is fond of money. You come along with your very handsome offer of lending him forty thousand pounds, with an additional promise of settling an annual income of ten thousand on myself if I consent to marry you.'

'This insures my father a constant borrowing supply without again appealing directly to you. If you can see anything in such an arrangement, except a deal between two business men, Sir Empson—myself being the thing sold and bought—I shall be glad if you will enable me to see it also.'

'Of course, if you are determined to look at it in that light, Lady Rosamund, there is nothing more to say, I will, therefore, take my departure, though I must warn you that this will be a serious disappointment to the earl.'

'I suppose so. He must necessarily do without the anticipated purchase money. But you will not be hard on him, Sir Empson? I fancy he really has one or two debts of honor, as he calls them, to settle. I know absolutely nothing about business and money making, and all that; but I hope you won't mind my suggesting that, with that very paying shop of yours in High street, and the others in other towns

'My dear Lady Rosamund! Again Sir Empson was reduced to a gasping condi-

tion, and this time his condition was more serious than before. He turned white, and red, and blue, and white again, while his mouth gaped until Rosamund began to fear he was going to have a fit. 'Who told you?' he exclaimed at last.

She saw that she had the game in her own hands now.

'Somebody who is not like to tell anyone else; so you may set your mind at rest, Sir Empson. Are you really reluctant that it should be known? Then why leave your name over the door?'

'I am not the only Richmond in England,' growled the discomfited baronet. 'Can I depend on you to hold your tongue?'

'I think I may say "Yes," though, of course, it will depend on your future dealings with my father. Forty thousand is decidedly too high a sum to pay for silence concerning a thing there is not the slightest need to be ashamed of. But what do you say to five thousand?'

'Don't know anything about business and money-making, don't you, my lady? And yet you coolly propose to pocket five thousand pounds as a reward for holding your tongue about a little matter which does certainly not concern you.'

Up went Lady Rosamund's patrician little head.

'You mistake, Sir Empson. Permit me to explain. As I told you just now, my father is continually worrying me to marry this man or that. I purpose using this money as a bribe with which to silence him and obtain peace for myself. You will, if you please, get my father's signature to a written promise that he will never again urge me to marry any man, and that he will make no objection to my choosing a husband for myself. In consideration of which he is to receive five thousand pounds, which you will gladly pay for the preservation of your business-secret, known only, so I believe, to myself and another, for whose silence I hold myself responsible.'

'It isn't the earl, I suppose?'

'No; it is not my father.'

'Well, here's my hand on it. I suppose I'm a fool to be ashamed of being in trade, but when you've purchased a title, and a country house, and all the rest of it, you don't want the shop pushed down your throat by everybody you meet.'

'I did a deal or two in cotton some years ago, which turned out a lucky speculation; and that enables me to say that I made my money in cotton. But it is these shops that keep me going—I don't mind owning as much to you. And now look here, Lady Rosamund, if you don't succeed in finding a man to your liking, please remember that my offer is still open, and I'll settle the remaining thirty-five of that forty thousand on you for your cleverness in dealing with your father and myself over this matter of marriage.'

'I am not a gentleman by birth, but I think I can understand how a woman must feel to have every man she meets urged on her as a possible husband. I like you, and I admire you; and I hope we part good friends.'

'The best of good friends, Sir Empson. Thank you for your generosity to my father and to myself.'

'Oh, as to the earl, I don't care a straw, but I shall be glad to think I have made things a little easier for you. Mind you don't go and throw yourself away on some handsome vagabond who is not worth his salt.'

'Which,' said Lady Rosamund to herself, when she was once more alone, 'is precisely what I purpose doing if I marry at all. Durry was never worth his salt yet—though I fancy he may be inclining that way a little now—but I know very well that, vagabond or no vagabond, I want him, and him only, of all the men I have ever met and flirted with, for my husband; and, if I cannot have him, I will live and die unmarried.'

'Well!' said Lord Barenans, when they met at dinner.

'Sir Empson will probably call on you to-morrow, father.'

'What? Have you been a sensible girl, after all?'

'I think I have. And I venture to hope that you also will think so, though I have certainly not promised to marry Sir Empson Richmond.'

'What the deuce do you mean?'

'Suppose I hinted to Sir Empson that I preferred being his daughter-in-law to being his wife?'

'You did that? But I see you are fooling, as usual.'

'As usual,' she agreed. 'What I did, or did not do, you will certainly learn from Sir Empson. It would be a pity for me to anticipate him.'

And not another word on the subject could her father get out of her.

Rosamund ate her dinner almost in silence, and left him to recover his temper at his leisure.

'How close it is!' she said to herself, as she stood at her bedroom-window, looking eastwards, where big black clouds had gathered during the last hour. 'I think I will go out; the house is simply stifling.'

But while she changed her shoes, a blinding flash of lightning made her blink, and listen expectantly for the resultant thunder.

It began rather far off, but rolled nearer and nearer, paused a second, and came on again with increasing force; rattled threat-

ningly nearly overhead, and gradually died away in the distance.

'Then a few large drops of rain fell, and Rosamund slipped on her house-shoes again, deciding that it was better to be half-stifled than to be drenched by a thunder-shower.'

Another flash, followed by a louder peal, drew her to the window again.

To watch a storm, such as this promised to be, was always a treat for Lady Rosamund.

The few drops of rain became a heavy down pour, acting as most fitting accompaniment to the incessant flashes of lightning and the perpetual crashing of thunder.

In the midst of it she noticed that a man stood under the porch of a house nearly opposite—a tall man, wearing a brown cap and a macintosh that seemed familiar.

'Durry! Good heavens! has he been there all the time! The rain is beating that way. Why does he not stand under our porch?'

She knew why as well as though he had told her.

He could have no chance of seeing her unless he stood on the opposite side of the street.

With not a moment's hesitation he ran down stairs, and opened the hall door, in order to beckon to him.

He shook his head and she beckoned more imperatively.

Then she advanced into the drenching storm.

He was at her side in a moment, forcing her back into shelter.

'Lady Rosamund! Are you mad?'

She laughed as she shook the rain from her dress.

'I thought you were to stand over there,' she retorted. 'Come in here; I am alone. My father is at the club.'

He hung his macintosh and cap in the hall and followed her into the parlour, in voluntarily closing the door behind him.

Rosamund walked to the window, but he did not follow her.

'Don't you love to watch a storm like this?' she asked, without turning round.

'It is enough that you give me shelter,' he replied. 'If I am seen at the window, what will your neighbors think? In a small town like this everybody is known. The whole feminine community would probably recognize one of the shopwalkers from Richmond and Price's.'

She sent him a glance over her shoulder.

'Both the whole feminine community? I don't care a single raindrop for them. Come, Durry!'

'How could he resist her?'

He slowly obeyed her summons; but when he was close enough, he drew her from the window, behind the screen formed by the curtains.

'If you won't think for yourself, Rosamund, I must think for you. People are only too ready to talk, don't you know?'

'What do I care?'

She threw up her head, and met his eyes fearlessly.

'Somehow—he never knew how it happened, but happen it most certainly did—before the next flash of lightning pierced the ever increasing gloom, Messrs. Richmond and Price's shop-walker—haberdashery department—held in his embrace the daughter of the Earl of Barenans.'

'Darling!' he murmured passionately, adding to his presumption by pressing his lips to hers and drinking deep of love's sweet draught.

'Oh, Durry!' she whispered in an ecstasy of joy, 'thank Heaven for this glorious storm!'

'I thank Heaven for the dear gift of your love,' he answered. 'It is mine, Rosamund!'

'Every inch of it!'

'This madness!' he murmured, presently smoothing the hair from her brow, and looking into her tender eyes 'utter madness! But oh, how sweet while it lasts!'

'While it lasts?' She echoed questioningly, slipping an arm round his neck and drawing his head close to hers once more.

'While it lasts? What do you mean?'

'Exactly what I say, most dear of darlings! It is madness this love of mine for you; this love of yours for me!'

'But why?' she whispered, as their lips met again.

He hesitated to explain the many reasons why it would not do.

And while he hesitated Fate took him prisoner—a willing prisoner who was prepared to hug his chains.

During a brief lull in the storm they heard footsteps hurrying down the street.

A startling attack on the knocker, and a corresponding peal of the bell, made 'Mr. Charles' lose his hold of Lady Rosamund Lotius, while she, in her turn, went to the window to see whatever might be visible of the reason for that tremendous summons of her landlord's hard-working housemaid.

Another moment, and the girl appeared at the parlor door.

'If you please, m'lady, there's a man wants to see you.'

Rosamund stepped into the hall and confronted a waiter from the club to which her father belonged.

'You wish to speak to me? I am Lady Rosamund Lotius.'

'Yes, my lady. The man twirled his drenched hat nervously. 'It's—it's about the earl, my lady. His lordship has had a sort of fit, due to the lightning, my lady.'

'Do you mean—the truth came to her with another flash of the vivid lightning which she had so enjoyed watching—'do you mean—that—the storm—has killed—my father?'

'Well, yes, my lady; I'm afraid so. Doctor Carnegie is with him; but he says 'his all over, and he sent me along to prepare you for seeing him.'

'You have accomplished your errand to the best of your ability. Go back and say that I am quite prepared.'

The man retreated before the ghastly pallor in her cheeks and the feverish blaze in her eyes.

She returned to the sitting-room and held out her arms to her old chambermaid.

'Durry, Durry! My father is dead! Kill d by the lightning. They will bring

him here presently. Stay with me, Durry, for I am afraid to be alone. My poor father! Is it not awful?'

So once more the earl's daughter was clasped in the shopwalker's arms, while he said all he could to soothe and comfort her, realizing her utter loneliness with a thrill of joy, which he tried to repress as having been born of utter selfishness.

But was he—the man who loved her—to regret the fact that there was no one to come between him and his love?'

CHAPTER V.

Great was Rosamund's surprise and her lover's dismay when, after the earl had been laid to rest, they learned that he had been, if not exactly wealthy for a man in his position, at least not a pauper.

If he had not deprived his daughter of pleasure and luxury during his lifetime, it was, seemingly, in order that she should find herself a comparatively rich woman at his death.

She would have over a thousand a year and that, to a girl of her bringing up, looked untold wealth.

'Mr. Charles' learned what she called the 'good news' in a characteristic little note, which made him call on her directly, he was off duty that evening, and discuss ways and means of leaving Richmond and Price without delay, and starting in a new line somewhere abroad.

'Bless her generous heart! Does she think I am going to rob her of her little bit of money? I wish to goodness she hadn't a penny piece in the world. I'd be content to work for her till I dropped—even at shop walking.'

So the interview to which Richmond had looked forward so happily, ended in a different way to what she had anticipated and intended.

Lord Durham Carlos, it seemed, preferred the society of Maggie Brent to her own.

'I can think of no other possible reason for your desiring to remain beneath the surface of decent society,' she declared wrathfully when he had announced his intention of remaining with Messrs. Richmond and Price, at least for a time.

'This is nonsense, and you know it, Rosamund. Miss Brent is nothing to me. She is as good as engaged to young Richmond.'

'That doesn't prevent her liking you best.'

He was silent—Maggie Brent's likes and dislikes being a matter of perfect indifference to him.

But, womanlike, Rosamund put quite a different construction on his silence though pride forbade her to give utterance to her thoughts.

They parted coolly, and no sooner had the door closed behind her obstinate lover than the disappointed girl burst into tears—a thing she had not done for years.

'Very much to her shame and disgust, another visitor was announced, while her eyes were still wet.

'Sir Empson Richmond!'

He imagined, of course, that her tears were shed in memory of the father who had been laid in his grave that day, and he began a kind little speech of condolence. But Rosamund was too honest to act the hypocrite.

'Don't, please, Sir Empson. I have not yet shed a single tear for my father.'

'What, then?' he asked. 'Are you worrying about money? Because, if so, there is no reason for you to do so. I have with me the five thousand pounds I was going to hand over to the earl. It is yours now, to do as you like with.'

'Oh, no! Indeed I could not take it. Besides, I do not need it. Sir Empson, a thousand thanks to you, Sir Empson; I have more than enough money to keep me in comfort and even luxury.'

'You don't say so! Your poor father gave me to understand that he was in difficulties.'

'You must have misunderstood him. I have over a thousand a year.'

'Bless my heart! Well, this is a surprise. I am really sorry, Lady Rosamund, I had looked forward to your having that five thousand pounds. But what were those tears about if they were neither for your father nor about money. Were you regretting having refused to marry me?'

'No, Sir Empson.'

'Ah! I'd like you to tell me. Perhaps it is something I could put straight.'

She shook her head, but she decided to reward him for his kindness by making a confidant of him, if only to prevent his thinking that she might some day change her mind concerning himself.

'It is nothing you can help me with, Sir



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Empson, because it is a question of incomprehensible obstinacy on the part of the man I love. I want him to take enough of my money to enable him to start work of some kind in some country big enough to provide work for all willing hands and heads. He has 'gone under,' as far as England is concerned. And my present trouble is that he seems disposed to stay there rather than accept my aid.'

'Or another woman?'

'Don't run away with that idea. Do I know him at all?'

'You ought to—' she smiled wickedly now—'he is one of Richmond and Price's shopwalkers—'Mr. Charles'—haberdashery department.'

'The deuce!' exclaimed Sir Empson. 'You in love with one of the those fellows! What do you say he's called?'

'Mr. Charles' is what he is called just at present. In reality he is Lord Durham Carlos, third son of the Duke of Rothester.'

'Lord Durham! That good-for-nothing chap? I know him, or used to. What made a sensible girl like you take a fancy to such a ne'er-do-well?'

'I am not sure that he is a ne'er-do-well, for one thing. For another, I suppose I couldn't help myself. We were chums when we were children.'

'Humph! And who's the other woman?'

'A Miss Maggie Brent, one of Richmond and Price's assistants. She also is in the haberdashery department.'

'I shall make it my business to interview 'Mr. Charles' without delay, and find out the truth of this matter.'

Rosamund shrugged her shoulders.

'You had better spare yourself the trouble, Sir Empson.'

'Allow me to be the best judge of that, my dear.'

And with that the baronet took his departure.

By means of a question or two he ascertained 'Mr. Charles' private address; and before he slept that night, he had an interview with him which resulted in the following note to the girl in which he took such an affectionate interest.

'My dear Lady Rosamund,—I have lost no time in lecturing my shopwalker (haberdashery department) on the sinfulness of pride. It is a little human failing of which I desire the monopoly. There is no other woman in the case. 'Mr. Charles' will probably call on you in the morning for orders.—Yours very faithfully, Empson Richmond.'

Rosamund's cheeks burned, though her heart throbbled joyously.

It was rather hateful to know that the baronet had pleaded with Lord Durham on her behalf, and yet it was blissful to think that that obstinate Durry had been brought to his senses.

He arrived next morning, before she had finished breakfast.

'She was late, for she had overslept herself, having stayed awake the first half of the night trying to realize her new position and to feel some regret, however slight, at having lost her father.'

But this last was impossible.

She had felt it her duty to remain with him, and attend to his often exacting commands to the best of her ability, instead of earning her living in another way, which she would infinitely have preferred to do.

Her life with her father had been entirely empty of love, and frequently without any sort of amusement or relaxation for months at a time, her chief interest and occupation being to keep down expenses in the house, in order that the earl might thoroughly enjoy himself when out of it.

She had quite expected that he would spend every penny he could touch, and so leave her to face the world as best she could; the title and estates going, at his death, to the cousin whom he had always hated for being his heir.

For the fact that she was not penniless Rosamund fancied she might thank the storm which had caused her father's untimely death rather than any intention on his part to provide for her.

Had he lived long enough, he would probably have died a pauper.

'How was it possible, therefore, to grieve for him?'

She had given up the attempt when she

(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

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 (CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

**THANKSGIVING DOXOLOGIES.**

For Abundant Fruits and Harvests—For Blessings Hereditary and Climate.

Pronouncements of president and govern-  
 ors call us to anthem, and mention par-  
 ticular causes of national gratitude, but  
 they cannot mention one-half of our bless-  
 ings. In our imagination we see the  
 wonderful crops of the year, and while we  
 look at the lustrous cotton, we fancy we  
 see the dusky toilers of the Georgian plan-  
 tation, the snowy globes shining amid dark  
 green leaves, and the men, now sweltering  
 in the noonday sun and now at the evening  
 time making the cabins resound with music  
 and dance. Cotton—suggestive of warmth  
 and wealth, comfort and international  
 commerce. Blessed be the name of Eli  
 Whitney, who invented the cotton gin, and  
 of Richard Arkwright, who showed one  
 spinner how to do the work of one hun-  
 dred and thirty spinners. While we look  
 at the corn, we see the plowing and the  
 planting, four grains in a hill, and the  
 shooting up of the green blades, and finally  
 the corn-silk and the cutting frolic, and  
 hear the shout of the huskers. Good old-  
 fashioned corn! What would we do with-  
 out it? Blessings upon the head of those  
 who planted it, out it, shucked it, husked  
 it and garnered it. While we look at the  
 sugar-cane, we see the hard work  
 among the Southern fields of long stalks,  
 and the mills pressing out the saccharine,  
 and remember that all our exquisite  
 syrups had a plain ancestry of molasses,  
 and we see all over the land the gay  
 groups of candy pulling, and wonder if  
 the painting banks of modern confection-  
 ery are half as healthy as the dark colored  
 liquids that come up from the sugar-plant-  
 ations of Louisiana. And how sugges-  
 tive the wheat—the monarch of all  
 grains, the sublimest thing on earth—a  
 ripe wheat field. Sown before winter and  
 enriched by the snows as a Christian by  
 chilling sorrow, and waving its green in  
 the early spring, and then under ripening  
 benediction of sun and shower preparing  
 its invitation, embossed with gold, to the  
 farmers to come and get bread and feed  
 the world's hunger. Minnesota wheat  
 fields. Dakota wheat fields. Illinois  
 wheat fields. Appian girdled and sand-  
 daled and coroneted with wheat fields.  
 And who sees in imagination the piled up  
 apples without thought of the orchard and  
 the time when we used to shake the trees  
 for them, and crunch each in one after  
 noon to bring all our mother's medical  
 skill before morning. Apple's supposed  
 to be the kind of fruit that grew on Eden's  
 forbidden tree, because of the temptation  
 we all felt in boyhood to steal apples. But  
 boys should not steal apples. An apple  
 Solomon's favorite fruit, for with the fruits  
 of all zones growing in his conservatory,  
 he cried out, 'Comfort me with apples.'  
 And there is the much estirized pumpkin  
 rebed in color like the day dawn, with  
 great round corporations, the aldermen  
 among vegetables, so fat that they are as  
 tall when they sit down as when they stand  
 up. What would New England do with-  
 out the pumpkin—mother of queerly pies  
 and patron of the last century of thank-  
 giving?

perhaps, we might have kept them with  
 us, and today at our Thanksgiving table  
 those vanished faces might have beamed  
 upon us among the home group, and we  
 might have taken from them one more  
 blessing before their final departure. Some  
 say they would not bring the departed to  
 this poor world again if they could; but I  
 would be willing to risk it, and if I could  
 bring back to your dining hall the two old  
 folks today, I would put them one at each  
 end of your table, and you and your wife  
 could afford to stand and wait on them  
 while the celestial visitors tarried in your  
 dwelling. But I must quit this, for it  
 blurs my eyes with something that makes  
 it difficult to write these reminiscences.  
 Glorious race of old folks! Have placed  
 where you can see them, their staff, their  
 spectacles, their Bible, and thank God that  
 your manhood and your womanhood had  
 such advantageous launching.

But pass now for Thanksgiving purposes  
 from blessings hereditary to blessings at-  
 mospheric. Have you bethought yourself  
 of the fact that the most of the millions of  
 the human race are in climates rigid or  
 torrid or horrid? Take up the map of the  
 world and thank God that you are so far  
 off from arctic icebergs on the one side and  
 the five foot long cobras on the other. For  
 what multitude of the human race life is an  
 arctic expedition. Underground huts.  
 Nine months of winter. Immeasurable  
 barrenness. Life a prolonged shiver. Our  
 front door steps on a January night  
 general compared to their climate. Ask  
 some Arctic explorers about the luxuries  
 of life around the North Pole. Instead of  
 killing so many brave men in polar expedi-  
 tions, we had better send messengers to  
 persuade those inhabitants of polar climes  
 to say good-by to the eternal snows and  
 abandon those realms of earth to the  
 watus and white bear, and shut up those  
 gates of crystal and come down into a  
 realm where the thermometer seldom drops  
 below zero. What must life be at Nova  
 Zembla, every breath freezing on the  
 beard? Oh, the beauties of Baffin's Bay—  
 only six weeks in the year open. What a  
 delightful thing when they milk their  
 cows and milk nothing but ice cream! Let  
 all those who like yourselves 'I've been  
 twenty three and fifty degrees of north lat-  
 itude, thank God, and have sympathy for  
 the vast populations of the hemispheres  
 who freeze between sixty and eighty de-  
 grees of latitude.

Then compare our atmosphere with the  
 heated air, instead with reptilian and in-  
 sectile life, in which most of the human  
 race suffer. Think of Cochinchina, and  
 Ethiopia, and India. Travellers tell you of  
 the delicious orange groves, but ask them  
 about the centipedes. They tell of the odor  
 of the forests, but ask them about the mos-  
 quitoes. They tell you of the rich plumage  
 of the birds, but ask them about the mal-  
 arias. They tell you of the fine riders, but  
 ask them about the Bedouins. They tell  
 you of the broad piazzas, but ask them  
 about the midnight with the thermometer at  
 an insufferable 110. Vast cities of the tor-  
 rid climate without sewerage and without  
 cleansing; crowded and packed and piled  
 up wretchedness, and all discomfort. What  
 beautiful hyenas! What fascinating scorpions!  
 What pleasurable tarantulas! What captiv-  
 ating lizards! What wealth of bugs!  
 What an opportunity to study anat-  
 omy and herpetology! What a chance  
 to look into the open countenance of the  
 pleasing crocodile! Hundreds of millions  
 in such surroundings. I would rather live  
 in a house with two rooms in these regions  
 than to live in the torrid lands and own all  
 Mexico, all Brazil, all Hindustan, all  
 Arabia, and all China; in other words, I  
 would rather live between thirty and fifty  
 degrees of latitude and own nothing, than  
 to live between ten and twenty degrees of  
 latitude and own everything. Forty years  
 of life here are worth more than eighty  
 years of life anywhere else. You have here  
 theirs of the arctic and the fruits of the tor-  
 rid with all the pleasurable respiration of  
 the temperate. God seems to say, 'Come  
 down, north wind, with a tonic, and come  
 up, south, with a balm, and mix a healthy  
 draught for the lungs of this American na-  
 tion.' Sons and daughters of the temperate  
 zone thank God for your surroundings.  
 For multitudes of people it was a disaster  
 that they were born at all. In fiction a  
 story is told of one Pantagruel, who came  
 into the world accompanied by eighty one  
 sellers of salt, each leading a mule by the  
 halter; nine dromedaries laden with ham  
 and smoked tongue; seven camels laden  
 with eels; besides twenty five wagons full

of leeks, garlicks and onions. Only think  
 of one arriving in this world under such  
 embarrassing circumstances. But that  
 fiction is only suggestive of real people  
 that you and I have known, who seem to  
 have been overweighed from their start in  
 life, as by their stubbornness leading forth  
 quite as many mules, by their uncertainty  
 of action quite as many eels, by their  
 cloudy utterances quite as much smoked  
 tongue. In this Thanksgiving week not  
 only praise God for his blessings bestowed  
 but for dispositions capable of appreciat-  
 ing them.—T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

**THE POPULATION OF HAWAII.**

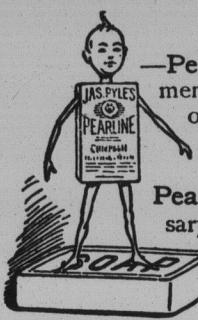
The Native Race is Fast Dying Out—Cause of the Decrease.  
 A census bulletin, just issued, shows the  
 population of Hawaii on June 1 to have  
 been 154,001, which shows of 41.2 per  
 cent. over the population in 1896, when  
 the inhabitants numbered 109,020. The  
 largest percentage of growth indicated by  
 any of the twelve censuses taken since  
 1832 has occurred during the past four  
 years. In fact there was a steady decline  
 in population between 1850 and 1872 due  
 to the remarkable decrease in the native  
 element while the foreign immigration was  
 still very small.  
 The new census report does not give  
 the population by nationalities, but there  
 is no reason to believe that the steady de-  
 cline in the number of pure-blood natives  
 has been checked. In the forty-three years  
 ending in 1896 they decreased from 71,019  
 to 39,504. Fortunately the white in-  
 comers cannot be accused of contributing  
 largely to this phenomena. Some diseases  
 introduced among the natives when whalers  
 resorted to the islands were calamitous,  
 but the preservative influence which the  
 whites have exerted upon the natives have  
 far outweighed the bad.

The causes of their decline are those  
 that decimate many aboriginal peoples.  
 They are very susceptible to contagious  
 diseases. A fourth of them died of measles  
 in 1848. A little later 3,000 of them  
 perished of smallpox. They have little  
 regard for hygienic laws, though they  
 have improved in this respect, and they  
 are the greatest sufferers from leprosy,  
 but this terrible evil is now being held in  
 check and there is some hope that it may  
 be stamped out entirely. The largest  
 cause for their decreasing numbers, how-  
 ever is the growing frequency of marriage  
 with foreigners, Chinese, Japanese, Portu-  
 guese, Americans and others, and the  
 progeny of these mixed marriages are of  
 course, not counted among the pure-  
 bloods. The Hawaiians are destined to  
 lose their identity completely as a dis-  
 tinctive branch of the Polynesian peoples.  
 The increase in population is therefore due  
 entirely to the influx of foreigners from  
 Asia, America and Europe and the chil-  
 dren born to them in the islands.  
 One of the several important islands, Oahu  
 has the largest population and just about  
 two-fifths of its 58,504 inhabitants live in  
 Honolulu. Hawaii Island has 45,843 in-  
 habitants, the large expansion of the sugar  
 industry having drawn many immigrants  
 there since 1890. Maui, whose industries  
 have been revolutionized by irrigation and  
 whose title lands have practically all been  
 taken up, is third with 25,416.  
 Kauai, which has some very rich sugar and  
 rice plantations and good grazing lands,  
 but almost no native population, comes  
 next with 20,562. Molokai, on whose  
 north shore the two leper settlements are  
 situated, and little Lanai, south of it, have  
 together 2,504 inhabitants and are the  
 only islands that have decreased in popu-  
 lation since the census of 1896. Niiau,  
 the most western island of the group, is  
 practically owned by one white man and  
 its population is only 172.

All the important islands except Molokai  
 and Lanai have largely increased in  
 population in the past ten years since the  
 census of 1890. The largest rate of growth  
 is that of Oahu, whose percentage of in-  
 crease is 87.5, Kauai and Maui coming  
 closely after. The percentage of increase  
 in the entire group is 71.1. In other  
 words, the population has increased over  
 seven tenths in the past decade. The  
 great development of cane sugar growing  
 has been the largest material factor in pro-  
 moting this rapid increase in population.  
 The islands are the third largest producer  
 of this commodity in the world. About  
 300,000 tons of raw sugar are produced  
 every year and nearly all the money in-  
 vested in agricultural pursuits goes into  
 sugar planting.

The census report says that Honolulu  
 is practically the only city in the territory.  
 It has now 39,306 inhabitants and has very  
 nearly doubled in population in the past  
 ten years. When the missionaries first  
 went to Honolulu, eighty years ago, the  
 only buildings were grass huts which shel-  
 tered about 3,000 souls. To day it is the  
 metropolis of the central Pacific, the great  
 station where converge the routes be-  
 tween Asia and Australasia on one hand  
 and America on the other.

**Soap-sprung**  
 —Pearline. Came from soap—an improve-  
 ment upon it; a sort of higher development  
 of soap, just as man is said to have been  
 developed from the monkey. Every  
 virtue that good soap has you'll find in  
 Pearline. All the soap is in it that's neces-  
 sary. Pearline isn't meant to be used with  
 soap, but to take the place of it. Every-  
 thing that soap does, Pearline does, and  
 does it better.



**Millions of Pearline**

**TOOK CENTURIES TO BUILD.**

Cologne Cathedral Was in Process of Erection 632 Years.

While the first stone of Cologne Cathed-  
 ral was laid on Aug. 15, 1248, and the  
 body of the edifice was not opened until  
 Aug. 15, 1848, 600 years later to the very  
 day, is it not, however, until Aug. 15, 1880,  
 that the splendid structure was finally re-  
 ported completed, having thus occupied in  
 building the record time of exactly 632  
 years.

The castle of Ringebu, which stands  
 at the southern extremity of Jutland, took  
 205 years from the laying of the foundation  
 stone to the rigging of its master's banner  
 on its highest flagstaff. Its foundation  
 stone was the skull of its builder's bitterest  
 enemy. Three months after its laying  
 Count Jhorning, the builder of the castle,  
 was killed. His son was then in swaddling  
 clothes. He did not continue his father's  
 work until aged 24.

On the twenty-fifth birthday he was  
 thrown into prison by the son of the man  
 whose skull lay in the earth as Kingebu-  
 berg's foundation stone. In this manner  
 master after master of Kingebuerg was  
 stopped putting another stone toward the  
 completion of the founder's work till civil-  
 ization intervened.

Between Perth and Kingussie in Scot-  
 land, on the Great John o, Groats to  
 Land's End road, stands Murthly castle,  
 a magnificent Elizabethan structure, de-  
 signed in the early part of the present cen-  
 tury. It is not likely to be finished, how-  
 ever, building experts declare for at least  
 another decade.

Only a few miles distant, on the same  
 main road, is the vast, unfinished palace of  
 the Dukes of Athol. It was begun by the  
 fourth duke, who died in 1830, who plan-  
 ned it on the most sumptuous style.  
 When completed it will be one of the finest  
 private residences in the kingdom.

For over twenty years Lord Bute has  
 been busily building a great mansion on  
 the island of that name. It is not yet  
 completed, nor likely to be for another ten  
 years. At the end of that period Mount  
 Stewart, as the place is to be called, will  
 be one of the most gorgeous establish-  
 ments in the world.

Restormel castle, in Cornwall, took  
 ninety years to build, of which period ex-  
 actly one third was occupied in excavating  
 the foundations. The solid rock upon  
 which it stands is almost as hard as iron.  
 Indeed, 'Restormel' means in Cornish, the  
 palace of the iron rock.

Milan cathedral was begun in 1386 and  
 finished under Napoleon in 1805—419  
 years.

The Duomo at Florence was commenced  
 by Arnolfo in the year 1204, the last block  
 of marble being placed in position in the  
 facade in presence of the king on May 12,  
 1887, a period of 593 years.

**ABLE SEAMAN WEST.**

How His Name Came Near Wrecking an Atlantic Liner.

There are times when names may lead  
 to serious consequences, even though  
 Shakespeare did ask, 'What's in a name?'  
 Capt. Tom Evans of the Neptune line  
 steamer Runo has indelibly impressed up-  
 on his memory a name that he will ever  
 consider has elements of danger in it.  
 Coming down the coast on Oct. 31, bound  
 from Rotterdam for Baltimore, all hands,  
 except the man at the wheel, were engaged  
 burning up the bright work about the  
 decks to have the Runo look attractive  
 when she reached Baltimore. On the  
 forecastle was a man named West, who  
 wanted to join the brass polishers at.

The Runo at the time was steaming her  
 best on a course southwest by west, Cape  
 Charles lightship bearing on the starboard  
 bow. The second officer had left the  
 bridge and Capt. Evans took the deck dur-  
 ing his absence. Learning that the man  
 West was wanted Capt. Evans shouted  
 'West!' and went down to the lower  
 bridge.

It appeared to him to be but a few min-  
 utes when he looked over the side and, to  
 his horror discovered that the Runo had  
 Cape Charles lightship and Hog Island on  
 her port bow. Such a position was incon-  
 ceivable to him, and he rushed to the bridge  
 and ordered the wheelman to change the  
 course as speedily as possible to almost

east. Satisfied with her safe position, the  
 southwest-by-west course was again re-  
 sumed.

Then Capt. Evans demanded of the man  
 in no uncertain language why he dared to  
 change the vessel's course, which would  
 have run her on the low shores of Virginia  
 within a short time. The man was sur-  
 prised that the master should ask such a  
 question, which did not improve Capt.  
 Tom's humor after his recovery from a  
 scare. The man said the captain changed  
 the course himself. Then came the revela-  
 tion.

When Capt. Evans shouted 'West!' to  
 the man in the forecastle the man at the  
 wheel took it as an order from the master  
 to change the course, and he did so by  
 bringing her up three points, which put  
 the bow directly in shore and steaming at  
 a good speed for the dangerous shoals off  
 the coast it would not have been long be-  
 fore bottom would have been found.

Capt. Evans says he will never have an-  
 other man in his crew who is known as  
 either North, South, East or West. If he  
 finds one that man must respond to the  
 name of Smith, Jones or Brown.

Mr. South is chief officer of the steamer  
 Ohio, of the same fleet as Runo, but his  
 position requires others to place a handle  
 before his name, which precludes the  
 danger of the man at the wheel changing  
 the course to 'Mr. South.'

**COMPANIES.**

Mrs. Hibbitts—Where were you last  
 night, my dear?  
 Mr. Hibbitts—Really, my love, I don't  
 know: I had no guidebook.

Ought to be Anghow.

Bildad—I wonder if 'bread and cheese  
 and kisses' is a tragedy or a comedy.  
 Gadgrin—If the cheese comes before  
 the kisses, it's a tragedy.

**Are the Kidneys Deranged?**

If so Uric Acid Poison is in Your System and Your Sufferings Will be Great—Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills Make Healthy Kidneys and Cure all Uric Acid Troubles.

The most painful, the most fatal, and, consequently, the most dreaded diseases of the human body are caused by the presence of uric acid in the blood.

The nature of your ailment will be decided by your constitution. The poison left in the blood by deranged kidneys will find lodgement in the weakest part, and set up some dreadful disease.

It may be Bright's disease, diabetes, or dropsy. It may be the twanging pains of rheumatism. It may be chronic stomach troubles or bladder ailments. Whatever the form of disease this poisoned blood may cause, the cure can only be brought about by setting the kidneys right.

The experience of tens of thousands of men and women in Canada and the United States points to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills as the most effective means of setting the kidneys right. No other kidney medicine can produce such irrefutable evidence of its wonderful curative virtues. No other kidney medicine has received such endorsement from physicians. Nor is this to be wondered at, when it is remembered that Dr. Chase is a prince among physicians.

Nature has provided only one means of keeping the blood free from uric acid poisons—the kidneys, Nature's most effective invigorators of the kidneys are combined in Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Mr. A. W. Farson, Martineville, Que., writes: "I was a sufferer from kidney disease and bladder trouble for 13 years, and had a constant desire to urinate with its accompanying weakness.

"Medicine prescribed by a skillful physician only gave me temporary relief. The trouble would recur at very awkward times. I was persuaded to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I obtained relief after one dose, and before I had finished the first box felt better than I had for many years."

Purely vegetable in composition, scientifically prepared from the great formula of Dr. A. W. Chase, thoroughly tested in thousands of severe cases, wonderfully efficient in all diseases caused by uric acid in the blood, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills stand alone in the world's greatest kidney medicine. They prevent and cure kidney disease by ridding the poisonous impurities from the blood. One pill a dose. 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

**CANCER**  
 For pain. For constant tenderness. For swelling. For loss of appetite. For weakness. For all these signs, write Dept. 11, MARON MEDICINE Co., 377 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.

## QUEER CAUSES OF FIRE.

Suspicious fires are of daily occurrence in all the great cities. Wherever there is a blaze, the origin of which is not apparent, incendiary is at once suggested. Yet investigation shows that less than 1 per cent of such fires are the result of a deliberate attempt to destroy property.

There are, however, in every city professional incendiaries—men, who for pay will fire by the most ingenious methods. Of course, the object of the arson is the collection of the insurance by the owner of the property. One of the favorite schemes of the incendiary calls for a chair, an oil stove and a long cord. The stove is placed upon the chair and the wick lighted. To the back of the chair is tied a strong cord. The cord is passed out through a window. The firebug pulls the cord at the desired moment, upsets the chair, and the burning oil from the stove starts the blaze; Another scheme requires only an electric light bulb and a box of cloth clippings. The current of electricity is turned on and the lighted bulb is packed in the clippings. Experiments have shown that it requires fourteen minutes to melt the glass bulb and set fire to the materials surrounding it.

The firebug, however, accomplishes comparatively little compared to his friends, the jerry builder, the careless carpenter, the incompetent electrician, and the plumber and the painter, who are too free with their spirit lamps. In an investigation of 565 suspicious fires made in 1898 by Peter Seery, the fire marshal of New York, there were only two fires which were absolutely proved to have been of incendiary origin. In several other cases persons were arrested on the charge of arson, but juries failed to convict them. The investigation of these fires resulted in the arrest of twelve persons, the majority of whom were discharged by magistrates for the lack of conclusive evidence. In most cases there seemed to be a moral certainty of the guilt of the accused persons. They were in New York city in 1898 4,239 fires from all causes.

Those whose duty it is to investigate fires of suspicious origin are confronted with many difficulties. Not the least of these is the manner in which citizens, for apparently no good reason, deliberately mislead the investigators. A deputy fire marshal once spent nearly a day in the investigation of a fire which he believed to have been the work of an incendiary. He would probably have still been in the dark with regard to it had he not overheard a conversation as he was leaving the tenement where the fire had occurred. A woman was singing a chicken in the kitchen of one of the apartments. A blaze from the burning paper had ignited a towel which was drying over the stove and the fire spread rapidly throughout the room. Thinking that she would be censured for carelessness she had evaded the questions of the officials and put them to a great deal of trouble, besides bringing innocent persons under suspicion.

An investigator of fires of peculiar origin such as are constantly occurring in large cities, must have some knowledge of chemistry, physics, architecture and of a variety of other arts and sciences. It is not generally known, for instance that a combination of indigo and linseed oil is a prolific source of destructive fires. Fabrics dyed with indigo and finished with a preparation of linseed oil will, if stored in a confined space take fire of themselves. It was only a few years ago that a dry goods house was nearly destroyed because the proprietor did not know the destructive qualities of oil and of Indian dye. Lampblack when packed away in an ill-ventilated room often generates enough heat to set itself on fire. In one of the principal cities of the United States the laboratory of a perfumer was nearly wrecked by an explosion. The maker of scents believed that a discharged employee had set fire to the building, but it was shown that the fire was due to the slow evaporation of a high spirit in a room in which a small laboratory gas stove had been left burning.

There passed through the streets of Boston a few years ago a load of hay which suddenly became enveloped in flame. The driver of the hay wagon was about to assault a guileless youth who was smoking a cigarette, nearby. The trouble, however, had nothing to do with the cigarette smoker, but was caused by the fire of the wheel rubbing against an iron rod on the side of the wagon. A bystander had seen the spark caused by the contact between the pieces of metal fly into the hay. In all

manufacturing establishments a frequent cause of fires is the rubbing of leather belting against the edges of the aperture which it passes from floor to floor.

In a fancy goods house a large iron vault was blown open by some force generated within and there issued a sheet of flame. Nobody had been in the vault for at least twelve hours. The steel box was filled with paper dolls, between each pair of which there was a film of celluloid. A three inch steam pipe was placed against the rear of the vault and the heat it gave out had raised the temperature of the iron box to such a degree that the celluloid films had taken fire. Gun cotton is one of the common parts of celluloid and the explosion was the natural result of a combination of gun cotton and high temperature. One of the most stubborn fires which ever visited Chicago had its origin in a plate glass window. The pane concentrated the heat of the August sun upon a celluloid comb. The comb blazed and sputtered and soon the other samples of celluloid which were around it were on fire. The flames communicated to the remainder of a stock of inflammable merchandise.

The overweening fondness of mice and rats for sulphur has been the cause of many fires. A deputy fire marshal said that he had in several cases seen nests of matches which the rats and mice had made between the floors of buildings. It is no unusual thing when structures are being torn down to find that the rodents have lined their abodes with the brimstone anointed sticks. The mice and rats will steal an old fashioned sulphur match whenever they get an opportunity and take it away to chew at their leisure. The gnawing process results in the ignition of the matches and there follows a mysterious and suspicious fire. The rodents regard paraffine as a choice delicacy. If the insulation of an electric wire contains this waxy product of petroleum, the rats will eat it. The bare wire thus becomes a ready means of starting a blaze.

In many cases the steamfitter is responsible for destructive fires. If a steam pipe is too close to woodwork a slow process of carbonizing takes place. A little extra heat or a draught of air may fan a flame from the carbonized wood. Another cause of conflagrations is the carelessness of carpenters. From time immemorial it has been a habit of the trade to sweep shavings in between the joints of floors. In these days of electric wiring the supposedly insulated wires pass beneath the floors. If either the wire or the shavings were properly insulated there would be no trouble. But in one way or another the wire is exposed and communicates a spark to the shavings which may be lying near it. The spark may smoulder for days and then in the dead of night there comes a cry of "Fire!"

The houses of the wealthy, even in these days of fireproof construction, are often more of firetraps than the meanest tenements. The fires in the abodes of wealth and luxury are often defective. In many cases only the width of a brick intervenes between intense heat and highly varnished and inflammable cabinet work. Rich hangings and upholstered furniture give the food upon which a fire feeds. Defective electric wiring has many sins to answer for in these days. Electricians who are supposed to be competent will cross wires and violate nearly every principal of common sense and of electrical science. Some of them lead strands of wire through wooden boxes which in the event of fire, become roaring fuses. Some of the most destructive fires known in the large cities have been due to carelessness in placing the wires for electric lighting.

One of the greatest dangers that firemen have to face is the sudden explosive burst of flame in the burning building where no known explosives are present. The theory has been advanced by experts in fire-fighting that these explosions are caused by a gas generated in a closed building by a high degree of heat. The exact nature of this gas they do not attempt to define, but they say that it is a high explosive and extremely inflammable in the open air. This theory was borne out in a remarkable way by a fire in Syracuse several years ago. On two sides of a large storehouse building there was fire. The burning buildings were both separated from the storehouse by the width of the street. Streams of water from hose were playing upon it in the hope of saving it. The building was filled with cloth and other non-explosive materials. Without preliminary flickering or other warning the entire building sud-

denly burst into flames. The windows were violently blown out, and fire darted forth from them and at the same time great columns of flame spurted up from the roof. It was evident that the air inside the tightly closed building had become ignited on all sides. That it had an explosive quality was equally apparent. This same gas it is said, is responsible for the vivid and beautiful fire balloons that sail up into the air above large fires.

There is a mysterious property in dust which, under certain conditions, produces violent explosions. There have been instances in post offices where the dust from the mail bags suspended in the air of a close room has exploded with terrific force. Dust explosions are of frequent occurrence in flour and drug mills.

Spontaneous combustion covers a multitude of the sins of carelessness. The origin of many fires in tailor shops may be traced to the so-called dry-cleaning of clothes. A rag dipped in naphtha is frequently used in removing grease spots from garments. The rag soaked with inflammable fluid is thrown upon the floor. When the shop is closed up and the air is confined the naphtha-soaked material will of itself generate fire. Bales of cotton, placed in the hold of a ship, are often the cause of disastrous fires. Frequently a spark from a cigar finds a resting place in a cotton bale, where it smoulders for weeks.

One of the most prolific causes of tenement-house fires is the dark hall. The law provides that hallways shall be lighted until 10 o'clock at night. Frequently persons come in after that hour, and strike matches in order to find their way. In many cases their senses are befuddled with drink, and the burning match sticks are thrown upon the floor. Here the matches may come in contact with greasy matting or with bits of paper and start a fire which smoulders for hours, and in the early hours of the morning spreads through the house. Rainy days cause all manner of fires. It is the custom of the housewife to hang wet garments in the kitchen when the weather conditions will not admit of the drying of the family wash upon the roof. Frequently she leaves the damp clothes hanging in the kitchen near a stove. The garments dry out during the night and becoming lighter are easily blown against the stove by draughts of air. They take fire and before many minutes the whole kitchen is in flames.

Frequent recommendations have been made by the chiefs of city fire departments that the swinging gas bracket be abolished by law. Whenever the authorities of the fire department get a chance they order such brackets to be moved or made stationary. Hundreds of fires have been caused by the carelessness of persons who left these swinging brackets in such a position that the flame could come in contact with lace curtains. With a special reference apparently to causing as many fires as possible, the gasfitter always puts a swinging bracket where he knows the housekeeper will wish to hang a lace curtain. The combination of curtain and bracket is often fatal. One of the most active causes of fires is the mantel decoration. In many homes a silken scarf is hung from the mantel itself. Whenever there is fire in the grate there is danger of the flimsy scarf taking fire. In tenement houses small stoves are often placed before the mantel. The mantel shelves are none the less duly decorated with yards of embroidered and tinselled cloth; in many cases, this decoration has caught fire from the stove fallen to the floor, and ignited the fat-soaked carpet or matting. In some houses there are wardrobes and clothes closets near the chimneys. The clothing hung behind the closed doors and subjected, in the winter time to a steady heat from the chimney is liable to combustion.

In places where chemicals are kept the varieties of fires are almost countless. Comparatively innocent substances in themselves may come in contact and penetrate heat sufficient to start a lively blaze. One of the Atlantic freighters came to this port recently with a cargo composed of crude chemicals and cotton. There had been an explosion of acids before the fire. It seemed impossible to check the flames, which had communicated to the cotton. The fire, however, generated heat sufficient to liberate the chlorine from a quantity of bleaching powder. The chlorine materially aided in keeping the fire in check, although its suffocating fumes nearly caused the death of the sailors who went into the hold to fight the flames. In the storage of all kinds of materials too much care cannot be exercised. The fact must be taken into consideration that where air does not circulate the chances of fire are greatly increased. The observance of the simple rules laid down by fire departments would frequently obviate the necessity of investigating the origin of mysterious fires.

### HIS BILL OF EXPENSES.

An Irish Hotel Keeper's Method of Making out the Document.

There was once a memorable election in County Meath. A candidate, Sir Mark Somerville, sent orders to the proprietor of an inn at Trim to board and lodge all persons who should vote for him. In due course the following bill—which I give as a curiosity worth noting—was presented. It was framed and hung in Somerville House, Meath:—

My Bill yer honor!  
To eatin' 16 freeholders abuv stairs for Sir Mark at 3s. 6d. a head—is to me..... £2 12 9  
To eatin' 16 more below stairs, and two priests after supper—is to me..... £2 15 9  
To six beds in wan room, and four in another, at two guineas every bed, and not more than four in any bed at a time—cheap enough, God knows—is to me..... £22 15 0  
To eatin' 13 horses and 5 mules about my lord all night at 13s. every one of them, and for a man which was lost, on head of watching them all night—is to me..... £5 5 0  
For breakfast or tay in the morning for every one of them, and as many more as they brought, as near as I can guess—is to me..... £ 4 12 0  
To raw whiskey and punch, with out talking of pipes and tobacco, as well as for porter, and as well as for breakfasting a lot above stairs, and for glasses and delf for the first day and night—I am not sure; but for three days and a half of the election, as little as I can call it, and not be very exact, it is in all or thereabouts, and not to be too particular—is to me..... £57 19 0  
For shaving and cropping off the heads of the 49 freeholders, for Sir Mark, at 13d. for every head of them, by my brother, who had a vote—is to me..... £2 13 1  
For medicine and nurse for poor Tom Kernan in the middle of the night, when he was not expected, is to me ten hogs. I don't talk of the piper, or for keeping him sober, as long as he was sober—is to me..... £40 10 0  
Now watch the figures  
The total is £100 10s. 7d., you may say £111. So yer honor, Sir Mark, send me this £111 by Bryan himself, who, and I pray for your success always in Trim, and no more at present.  
Signed in place of Jemmy Carr's wife,  
BRYAN X. GARRATY.  
His mark.

### In the Coming Age.

'Your honor,' said the woman lawyer deferentially, 'I challenge this juror, Alpheus Cook, for cause.'

'Cook,' sternly spoke the woman judge, 'you are discharged.'

And there were whole generations of delayed vengeance in the gleam of the court's eye as she said it.

### A Culinary Artist.

Muggins—I was at B Jones' chafing dish party last night. He's not much of a success as a cook.

Biggins—Oh, I don't know! I've heard that when he gets home at 8 a. m. and his wife is waiting up for him he can cook up a story that would make your hair curl.

### A Matter of Form.

'The modern society girl's wardrobe,' said the old lady, 'is the most extravagant thing. Now, Miss Padden, for instance is an example.'

'It is a sort of example,' replied her niece. 'It certainly has all sorts of figures in it.'

### In Doubt.

'He wore his evening clothes at breakfast!' exclaimed one woman.

'Yes,' answered the other. 'I can't make up my mind whether he is from Chicago or whether he's one of the Newport fashionables trying to do something dashing and original.'

### Had It Badly.

A teacher defined conscience as "some thing within you that tells you you have done wrong."

'I had had it once,' spoke up a young tow-head of six summers, but they had to send for the doctor.'

### Fatal Incompatibility.

'It is useless to urge me, Mr. Cahokia, said the Boston girl, firmly, yet with infinite sadness. I am not insensible to the many good qualities you possess, but I

feel I could never love a man who accents 'demoniacal' on the second and penultimate syllables.'

### Celestial Etiquette.

'The Chinese are said to be models of polite conduct.'

'Yes; they would rather kill the missionaries than hurt their feelings by telling them to leave the country.'

**Catarrah and Colds Relieved in 10 to 60 Minutes.**—One short puff of the breath through the blower supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use. It relieves instantly, and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsillitis and deafness. 50 cents.—41

Bank president—Have the books been examined?  
Vice-president—Yes, sir.  
President—Has the examiner been examined?  
Vice-president—Yer, sir.  
President—By whom?  
Vice-president—By me.  
President—Have you been examined?  
Vice-president—Yes, sir.  
President—Very well; now you may examine me and then we shall close for the day.

**The Governor's Wife a Prisoner.**—Mrs. Z. A. Van Loven is the wife of the governor of the county jail, Napanee, Ont., and was a great sufferer from rheumatism. When the best doctors in the community and "specialists" failed to help her, she buried her scepticism of proprietary remedies and purchased South American Rheumatic Cure. 4 bottles cured her.—42

He (tentatively)—What would you say, dear, if I should ask you to marry me?  
She (thoughtfully)—What would I say?  
He (hopelessly)—Yes, dearest.  
She—I would say—I would say—  
He (eagerly)—Yes, dear. Go on. Go on.  
She—I would say that Charlie Brown had asked me three weeks ago, and I had accepted him.

**Speechless and Paralyzed.**—"I had valvular disease of the heart," writes Mrs. J. S. Goode, of Truro, N.S. "I suffered terribly and was often speechless and partially paralyzed. One dose of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gave me relief, and before I finished one bottle I was able to go about. To-day I am a well woman."—43

Mrs. Crimmonbeak—There's one thing about my husband I never could understand.

Mrs. Yeast—And what's that?  
'Why, when he comes home late he can't find the keyhole, but when he gets inside, from the noise he makes, he seems to find everything in the room.'

**Twitchy Muscles and Sleeplessness.**—The hopeless heart sickness that settles on a man or woman whose nerves are shattered by disease can best be pictured in contrast with a patient who has been in the "depths" and has been dragged from them by South American Nerve. George Webster, of Forest, Ont., says: "I owe my life to it. Everything else failed to cure."—44

'Do you see that very tall young man over there leaning against the wall? He's just from the country and awfully green. He has come up to the city to get his share of an uncle's millions.'

'Say, he must be the long green that the sporting papers have so much to say about.'

**Pill-osophy.**—There are pills and pills—but Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills at 10 cents a vial lead in demand. The sale borders on the phenomenal. Sluggish liver, constipation, or irregular bowels are the precursors of many physical disorders. These little wonders remove the cause. 40 in a vial for 10 cents.—45

'Why are you going to move?' asked the friend from a distance.  
'Oh, this is such a disgustingly poor neighborhood that we simply have to,' was the reply. 'Why, we haven't found a soul with a telephone we can run in and use or a bicycle we can borrow.'

**Manly Strength and Womanly Beauty** depend on purity of the blood, and much of that purity depends on perfect kidney filtering. If these organs are diseased and will not perform their functions, man and wife will seek in vain for strength and woman for beauty. South American Kidney Cure drives out all impurities through the body's "filters"—repairs weak spots.—46

Mr. Bike—You've got your automobile all right; but why don't you have an auto cap and suit?  
Mr. Otto—Why?  
Mr. Bike—Well, you pay the expense of an automobile for awhile and you'll know why.

**Itching, Burning, Skin Diseases Cured for Thirty-five Cents.**—Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves in one day, and cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Eczema, Barber's Itch, Ulcers, Blisters and all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in the cure of all baby humors. 35c.—47

Foster—Curious affair about that New York man that is going to start out to discover the North Pole.

Felton—How so?  
'Why, he delayed starting until the relief expedition was already on the way.'

**Better without a Stomach** than with one that's got a constant "hurt" to it. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets stimulate the digestive organs. Let one enjoy the good things of life and leave no bad effects—carry them with you in your vest pocket—60 in box, 35 cents.—48

feel I could never love a man who accents 'demonical' on the second and penultimate syllables.

Celestial Etiquette. 'The Chinese are said to be models of polite conduct.'

'Yes; they would rather kill the missionaries than hurt their feelings by telling them to leave the country.'

Catarrah and Colds Relieved in 10 to 30 Minutes.—One short puff of the breath through the blower supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use. It relieves instantly, and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsillitis and deafness. 50 cents.—41

Bank president—Have the books been examined? Vice president—Yes, sir. President—Has the examiner been examined? Vice president—Yes, sir. President—By whom? Vice president—By me. President—Have you been examined? Vice president—Yes, sir. President—Very well; now you may examine me and then we shall close for the day.

The Governor's Wife a Prisoner.—Mrs. Z. A. Van Laven is the wife of the governor of the county jail, Napanee, Ont., and was a great sufferer from rheumatism. When the best doctors in the community and "specialists" failed to help her, she buried her scepticism of proprietary remedies and purchased South American Rheumatic Cure. 4 bottles cured her.—42

He (tentatively)—What would you say, dear, if I should ask you to marry me? She (thoughtfully)—What would I say? He (hopefully)—Yes, dear. She—I would say—I would say— He (eagerly)—Yes, dear. Go on. Go on. She—I would say that Charlie Brown ad asked me three weeks ago, and I had accepted him.

Speechless and Paralyzed.—'I had valvular disease of the heart,' writes Mrs. J. S. Goode, of Truro, N.S. 'I suffered terribly and was often speechless and partially paralyzed. One dose of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gave me relief, and before I finished one bottle I was able to go about. To-day I am a well woman.'—43

Mrs. Crimmonbeak—There's one thing about my husband I never could understand.

Mrs. Yeast—And what's that? 'Why, when he comes home late he can't find the keyhole, but when he gets side, from the noise he makes, he seems to find everything in the room.'

Twitchy Muscles and Sleeplessness.—The hopeless heart sickness that settles on a man or woman whose nerves are shattered by disease can best be pictured in contrast with a patient who has been in the "depths" and has been dragged from them by South American Nerve. George Webster, of Forest, Ont., says: 'I owe my life to it. Everything else failed to cure.'—44

'Do you see that very tall young man over there leaning against the wall? He's at from the country and awfully green. He has come up to the city to get his share of an uncle's millions.'

'Say, he must be the long green that the printing papers have so much to say out.'

Pill-osophy.—There are pills and pills—but Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills at 10 cents a vial lead in demand. The sales orders on the phenomenal. Sluggish liver, constipation, or irregular bowels are precursors of many physical disorders. These little wonders remove the cause. 40 a vial for 10 cents.—45

'Why are you going to move?' asked the end from a distance. 'Oh, this is such a disgusting poor neighborhood that we simply have to,' was a reply. 'Why, we haven't found a soul that a telephone we can run in and use or bicycle we can borrow.'

Manly Strength and Womanly Beauty depend on purity of the blood, and much of that purity depends on perfect kidney filtering. If these organs are diseased and will not perform their functions, manly strength and womanly beauty are lost. South American Kidney Cure drives out all impurities through the body's filters.—repairs weak spots.—46

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### Chat of the Boudoir.

#### FRILLS OF FASHION.

The gorgeous army of boas and fancy neckwear is beyond all precedent this season, varying in every sort of manner which is possible to chiffon, chenille, lace and fur. The one point in their make-up which seems to be imperative is that they must be very large and full, with rather long ends. Some of the new boas are made of marabout feathers with long chenille ends, others are all of chenille made full with short loops and longer loops for the ends. Feathers and chiffon are very prettily combined, the chiffon being plaited into full rosettes around the neck and fuffed into long spiral sort of ends; sometimes the ends are gathered into gold tags, again they are accordion plaited and caught a little way above the hem with a rosette or a white rose. Of course these fancy affairs in light colors are for evening wear, but there are no end of dressy things in black, made up in a variety of combinations.

The craze for small buttons as a mode of trimming extends even to the collar band, where a row of small gold buttons with a little space between is sewn around on a narrow black velvet band at the upper edge. Six dozen buttons are not unusual on one gown, and almost every gown has a few buttons somewhere on the bodice.

The woman who has cameo and various other old-time brooches in her possession is in luck this season, for they are in great demand for the centres of black bows on fur and lace collarettes, and the cameo brooches make very pretty belt buckles set in silver and gold.

Everything in jewelry, except bracelets and earrings, seems to be the fashion, and long gold chains set with jewels are very much worn. Small bits of enamelled gold set in at intervals the entire length form one variety, which is set forth as new; but jewels are more attractive, and it is not necessary that they should be all of one kind in one chain. Young girls delight in a chain which is hung with small charms given to them from time to time by their friends.

Veloutine makes very stylish street gowns trimmed with fur, and in the pale colors dotted with black it is very much used for waists.

Brown cloth gowns trimmed with heavy black silk braid are considered very smart, an uncle's millions.

Hosiery to match the dress is the latest fad, and as if this were not enough it must be inset with little motifs of lace like the trimming on the costume.

White gardenias are very popular for hat trimming, perhaps more so than the roses, yet nothing in the way of artificial flowers can be much more beautiful than the rose production of this season. Roses of gold gauze are also very much used and with good effect on the cream lace hats so much worn.

A novel bolero is made of mink, with collar and revers of old lace. It is short enough to show a wide draped belt of black lace over white chiffon fastened with long scarf ends of lace and plaited chiffon trailing with fur tails.

Hats are certainly very artistic this season, and really wonderful in variety. The combinations of fur and lace are charming, and all fur toques, with one large gold gauze rose for a finish, are simply fascinating. A mink crown and a creamy point d'esprit brim with a narrow line of fur in its folds form one very pretty toque. The effect of lightness in hats seems to be more seriously considered than it has been for some time, and the result is a decided improvement in the poise of the hats on the head, and adds to their becoming features. Picture hats are made of fur with rosettes of brown tulle, where the brim turns up at the side, and brightened by an enamelled buckle in blue or green.

Cloth with a knit finish is very much used in the neutral colors, for street gowns. It has a soft velvety surface and all the clinging qualities which fashion requires.

Silk petticoats are being supplanted to a great extent by the wash skirts of dainty white lawn trimmed elaborately with lace and embroidery.

Medallions of velvet, embroidered in gold and variously distributed on a costume are one of the favored modes of decoration.

Medallions of plaited mousseline and fine lace are also much employed and sometimes framed in irregular lines, which add very much to the effect.

Old fashioned collarettes of Honiton and Duchesse lace are revived again, and the woman who has one or more of these stowed away in her treasure box is to be congratulated.

#### HOW TO WALK.

Toes Should not be Turned Out—Girls Should Not be Taught to "March."

On analysis all methods of walking will be found to correspond to three main types. The first of these is the flexion or bent-knee gait, which is used by all uncivilized, and also by all persons who are obliged to walk long distances in the shortest possible time over uneven ground. This gait has recently been officially adopted in some European armies on account of its convenience for prolonged marching. In this mode of walking the body always leans forward to a considerable degree, the knees are always held slightly flexed, and the whole sole of the foot comes down to the ground at the same instant. This oblique position of the body, this elasticity of the bent knees and this perfect play of the arch of the foot make propulsion easier, the expenditure of energy becomes less in consequence, and the endurance of the walker is enhanced in proportion. Yet, this flexion gait is not graceful, and not adapted for women except on long walking tours.

The second type of walking is the straight leg gait of the soldier on parade. In this walk the body is held erect, the forward foot is fully extended and strikes the ground with the heel first, the ball of the foot coming down next, the other foot swinging in perfect cadence in front of the first, and the heel again striking the ground first, &c. There is no question that this gait, however admirable it may be from a military point of view, does not conform to the standard of womanly grace. For this reason, and in compliance with the principles that abhors all jerky motion, I would discourage the teaching of marching in girls' schools and colleges. As a rule, the result is very ungraceful, the lines of thumping, shoulder-shrugging girls walking at a swinging cadence to the stirring strains of martial music being anything but edifying.

The third type of the gait of the pedestrian of the well graded surfaces of our city streets. The great toes should move in parallel line, pointing directly forward; for while the outward pointing of the toes is normal in the passive standing attitude is not normal when the foot is in action. The walk with toes pointing out has been thoroughly incalculated into most of us by nursery maids, governesses and dancing masters, and is the most potent factor in the causation of flat foot. The foot should be placed on the ground with the ball of the foot, not the heel, first in order to give full play to the arch. The knees should be very slightly bent, just enough to lift the foot from the ground as the limb swings forward. The spine must be mobile, so as to compensate by a slight rotation, for lateral motion of the pelvis at each step. The length of the steps must be regulated according to the length of the pendulums represented by the lower limbs. The arms must swing slightly with each step, the movements being greatest at the extremity of the limb and almost imperceptible at the shoulder.

#### HOW TO LIVE UNTIL NINETY.

Physical Exercise Not Good for a Person Who is Tired.

Ten days to three weeks' solitary confinement, spent chiefly in bed, is the latest English prescription for tired or ailing men and women. Well ones also are advised that such a penance faithfully performed once a year would solve the whole problem of health and longevity.

This is one of the applications of the principal secret of long life which a large number of prominent English medical men are preaching to all their patients. The theory, condensed into a phrase, is 'conservation of energy.' It is combined with two older and more familiar precepts—moderation and system. One of the Queen's physicians has just written a popular article on the subject which is attracting a great deal of attention, because in his application of his principles he combats some ideas which have long ruled the professional and lay mind. To begin with, he asks, 'What is life? That is a question, he admits, which you cannot answer, but you know one thing it inevitably leads to, and that is death, and in a general way you know what brings about death, and that is the expenditure in some way of the last remaining ounce of energy.'

It is when he condemns the unnecessary waste of energy by exercise that this eminent physician surprises us. The man who works hard with his head all day and then

takes a long walk for the sake of exercise makes a terrible mistake, according to this authority.

'Mental energy and bodily energy,' he declares, 'come to the same thing at the finish. Having freely drawn from the stock of one you must then tap the other with the idea that it is beneficial, for it is not. They have a common source.'

He cites Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who takes no physical exercise whatever, as the most conspicuous example of the soundness of his theory.

With regard to moderation, the writer's most emphatic warning is that everybody eats too much. Eat what you like, he says, but stop considerably short of fully satisfying the appetite. The stomach has far too much work to do. Give it less and now and again let it have an absolute rest. 'Practice moderation in smoking and drinking. There is no need whatever for total abstinence, for there is nothing in the habits which is the least inconsistent with non-vegetarianism. The man who drinks a quart of beer a day must not expect a great length of days. He may never be in the least intoxicated and may believe that he experiences no ill effects whatever from consuming so much alcoholic liquid, but it is too much. Give a stricter meaning to the word moderation, and drink accordingly.'

The writer uses 'beer' in the English sense, meaning ale. Lager beer, although consumed in larger quantities every year has not become an English national drink. Finally he says:

'As far as is practicable, live throughout your life on the same system. Let it be a good one to begin with, and then adhere to it unaltered. A great mistake is made in supposing that a man at 40 requires this, and at 50 he requires that. Faddism is bad. Regularity is sound principle; but it should be regularly from year to year, and not merely from day to day.'

These, he declares, are the secrets of long life, and he adds, 'there are no others.'

#### A LESSON ON LAMPS.

Good Advice Given by an Expert on an Important Subject.

'Never blow down the chimney, to extinguish a lamp!

'Blow across the top.

'Never turn your lamp down after it has been burning at full blaze. Extinguish it instead of going off and leaving it at half blaze.'

These warnings are the utterance of R. F. Means, inspector of petroleum products, Boston, and one of the most learned chemists in the country in his particular line.

A representative of this paper called on Mr. Means and asked his opinion concerning the Warrenton St. accident, in which Mrs. Julia McIntire was fatally burned by the explosion of a kerosene lamp, at her home on Warrenton st., Roxbury.

'From the account of the accident,' said Mr. Means, 'I should conjecture that the cause was blowing down the lamp chimney.'

'When this woman blew down the lamp chimney, she probably supplied enough air to form a combination with the gases in the chimney, which gases had been set free by imperfect combustion, and the explosion naturally resulted.'

'When you turn a lamp down, which has been for some time at full blaze, you begin to smell, in a very few minutes, the gases set free by the imperfect combustion.'

'If you wish to have a lamp burn slowly, and at half blaze, you should turn the wick only to half blaze when you first light it; or, having had it burning at full blaze, you must extinguish it completely, and allow it to cool before relighting.'

Lamp explosions are most frequently caused by the gases set free during imperfect combustion, or from foul lamps.

'The hydro carbon gases set free from petroleum are more dangerous than gunpowder, because gunpowder stays where it is put, unless fire is brought to it, but the petroleum gases go seeking mischief as soon as set free.'

'You don't think, then that this explosion was caused by a poor quality of oil?'

'There are few accidents which can be attributed to that cause in these days, when the refinement of oil has reached such an advanced point, in science.'

'While I would by no means say that explosions, never occur now as a result of poor oil, I would say that the far more likely cause is imperfect combustion.'

'Perhaps, in this case you mention, the burner was defective. I have seen a burner in which there was a vacant space at one side, the wick not extending clear across. Of course, a considerable amount of gas would collect there.'

'An imperfect burner on a signal lantern once caused an accident on the N. Y. N. H. & H. R. R. It was a switch light, and

the question was whether it was burning or not. The engineer said it was not. The testimony showed that it had been lighted.

'On experimenting with the lantern for a week or two I found that it would not stay lighted, but would extinguish itself without any draught of air or such contributory cause.'

'The whole trouble lay in a slight defect in the burner, caused by a blow it must have received at some time.'

'This blow had deflected the cone sufficiently to one side to prevent complete combustion. The gas collected, and its presence could be detected by little puffs. Eventually a puff would come big enough to put the light out.'

'The reason why so many lamps look greasy is because they have been filled to full. Capillary attraction is never better illustrated than in the way oil climbs up the wick of a lamp and then exudes over the sides of the lamp itself.'

'Some people, in their amazement, are inclined to believe that the lamp leaks or is porous and the oil comes through the sides.'

'But the whole trouble is caused by filling the lamp too full.'

'There should be always some air space left in the interior of the lamp to give room for the expansion of the oil.'

#### WINDOW CLEANING.

Some Views on the Dangers of a Peculiarly Modern Occupation.

'I suppose,' said a shopkeeper, as the window cleaner who had been washing his windows shouldered his ladders, picked up his bucket and walked away, that the accident insurance people would tell us that the causes of death by accident are almost numberless, they are so various, that there is one cause that is certainly peculiarly modern, that has been added within recent years, and that is, by tall while cleaning windows. Cleaning windows, as it is done now, is a trade, with men constantly employed at it, as in any other occupation men who are daily and constantly climbing around on the outside of buildings, standing on window sills high in the air, washing windows for a living, as a blacksmith shoes horses, or, for instance, as a sailor follows the sea. Every now and then we read of some window cleaner's falling from such and such a building, to be killed or injured in this or that manner and the only wonder to me is that there are not more such accidents. And, really, washing windows itself, as a trade, just going around all day, and after that day, washing windows for a living, in houses and stores and banks and tall buildings and all that sort of thing, seems to me, simple as it is, one of the most curious of the many odd occupations.'

'But I was saying I wondered that more window cleaners didn't fall from the front of buildings; it's a great wonder to me that more of them don't fall through windows they are cleaning on the street level. Take my place here, for example. It's cheaper and more convenient in every way for me to have my windows cleaned than it is to clean them myself; the cleaner does it better and quicker than I could, and once a week at a fixed hour he comes and polishes off the windows, and then goes on to the next place on his route. Now, you saw him just now, when he had his ladder up against the corner of the window, with that padded hollowed out block at the top of it, against the corner bar. And no doubt you've seen window cleaners a thousand times standing on a ladder that is jointed in the middle, working at the front of a window with that narrow top part of the ladder against the building or the casing over the window.'

'It is a constant wonder to me that that ladder doesn't slip off the corner bar when the cleaner's got it there, as he leans one way and the other out over the glasses; and it's a greater wonder to me that the ladder doesn't break in two in the middle, or the foot of it slide out on the sidewalk, when he's in front of the glass, and drop him and the ladder through it. Of course cleaning windows is his business and he knows how to handle the ladders and himself; but all the same I wonder how he escapes as he does. Maybe there have been just such accidents and I have never happened to hear of them, but I don't want to see one myself. I am always glad when the man gets through with my windows and picks up the ladders and bucket and goes on to the next place.'

Downing the Monster Dyspepsia. 'I am inclined to be a little dyspeptic,' said one of a party of gentlemen who had just taken seats in the restaurant, 'and I used to be very careful about my diet; but since moving to my present place, down the river, I have had all my preconceived ideas in that regard knocked higher than a kite.'

'There is a big canning factory on the Gulf coast, not far from my plantation, he continued, 'and among other things they

### Tonight

If your liver is out of order, causing Biliousness, Sick Headache, Heartburn, or Constipation, take a dose of

### Hood's Pills

On retiring, and tomorrow your digestive organs will be regulated and you will be bright, active and ready for any kind of work. This has been the experience of others; it will be yours. HOOD'S PILLS are sold by all medicine dealers. 25 cts.

put up immense quantities of shrimp. All the light work is done by young women, and their favorite lunch consists of shrimp and buttermilk.'

'Shrimp and buttermilk! What a murderous combination!' exclaimed one of the party, shuddering.

'That's what I thought myself, at first,' said the gentleman from down the river. 'It seemed like Sudden Death, but it isn't. On the contrary, the girls are all the personification of health. I never saw such rosy cheeks, bright eyes and dimpled arms! Why, the packing room is a regular bower of beauty! And they eat a great deal, too. A quart of shrimp and half a gallon of buttermilk is considered a mere snack.'

'But that wasn't the only thing that shook my faith in dieting rules,' the planter went on. 'The luggermen down there are the hardiest fellows in the world. They have muscles like gnarled oak, and they don't know the meaning of sickness or fatigue. During the season they generally work until late at night; then they come in and eat a tremendous supper and go directly to bed. The supper consists of fat bacon, fried; cold corn bread sopped in the grease, and black-jack molasses. They seldom eat fish or oysters, because they get tired of them. To top off with, each man drinks from two to four big tin cups of coffee, strong enough to float cannon balls. Then they lie down and sleep the sleep of happy, peaceful infants. In the morning they get up with the flush of health on their cheeks and devour more fat bacon.'

'Good Lord!' said a sallow man at the other side of the table.

'That's prejudice talking,' retorted the planter; 'those excellent people have discovered the secret of long life, which is to eat what you please. Ignore dyspepsia and it grovels before you. Waiter, please bring me some pickled pigs' feet and strawberry ice cream.'

'Scribbum, the novelist, is writing a story of life in Indiana for an eastern house, so a few days ago he went down there to mingle with the people in their rural simplicity and get local color.'

'Oh.'

'Well, we got it all right. They suspected when they found out that the was from Chicago that he wanted to dispose of a gold brick, so they tarred and feathered him.'

They were talking about the hereafter, and when it was suggested that the next world might be similar to this, the young woman whose husband is a travelling man ejaculated—

'Well, I hope the next world won't be like this. It wouldn't be much of a heaven to have your husband on the road all the time.'

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of Deafness and Noise in the Head, by Dr. Nichol's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent £1,000 to a Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to the Institute, 750 Eighth Avenue, New York.

Socrates Tripped.

'No one,' gravely announced Socrates, 'can arrest the flight of time.'

'No?' querying interrupted a bystander. 'I thought anybody could stop a minute.' And even the disciples of the great philosopher were forced to smile behind their togas.

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### APIOL & STEEL PILLS

A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Pil Cochis, Purgatives, etc. Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from E. VAN'S & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C. or Martin Pharmacological Chemist, Southampton, Eng.

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

## TALE OF TURKISH GUILF.

The Means Taken by Consuls of the Sultan of Turkey to Secure Their Pay.

The recall of Ali Ferrough Bey, the Turkish Minister at Washington, and the recent transfer of Mundji Bey, Consul-General of Turkey at New York, to The Hague, are involved in a tale of characteristic Turkish intrigue. Three years ago Mundji Bey succeeded Cebik Bey as Consul-General at New York. Since his transfer the business of the consulate has been temporarily attended to by Sidky Bey, secretary of the Turkish legation, pending the arrival of Aziz Bey, who has been appointed as his successor. There are several Turkish Consuls in other States but they are simply honorary officers, and only the Consul General in New York receives a salary, which amounts to forty Turkish pounds a month, or about \$200. There are also the fees received from issuing passports and the consular fees on shipments of goods to Turkey, all of which go into the pocket of the Consul-General.

Mundji Bey, during his stay in this city, found himself on more than one occasion in need of ready cash, for what with the neglect of the Sultan to pay his salary for months at a time and his expensive habits he found his consular fees inadequate to pay expenses. It was a blow to his dignity to be compelled finally to give up his apartments in the Waldorf-Astoria and seek the retreat of a bedroom in West Thirty-second street. About this time, it is alleged, he took measures to get the back pay due him.

According to the story told he approached J. M. Malool, proprietor of Al-Ayam an Arabic paper published in the city, and the organ of the Young Turkey party in the United States, and pretended that he was a reformer and was going to resign his office as Consul General and throw himself heart and soul into the Young Turkey movement. He said he intended to establish a reform paper, to be published in the Turkish language and to be called Inkiraz which means 'decay.' It was to contain articles by the arch enemies of the Sultan. He even made a contract with Mr. Malool to print this paper. In the meantime, to show just what kind of matter he was going to publish, he said that he was in possession of several articles written about the Sultan by a former student of the Imperial College in Constantinople, whose name was Ghalib Raschad Bey, who had been tortured in prison for his reformist utterance, but had escaped to the United States and was residing in Springfield, Mass.

Mr. Malool at first believed Mundji Bey to be a spy of the Sultan's who wanted to gain information as to the doings of the young Turkey party, but the articles given him for publication, which were presumably written by Ghalib Raschad Bey, were so antagonistic to the Sultan's rule and so far exceeded in violence anything previously published in Al-Ayam that they were printed in that paper to the delight of its readers. In response to a request by Mr. Malool to be introduced to Ghalib Raschad Bey, Mundji Bey explained that he alone knew of Ghalib's whereabouts and that Ghalib, fearing the Sultan's spies, had sworn him to secrecy. This seemed so reasonable an excuse for Ghalib's non-appearance in New York that Mr. Malool's suspicions that Ghalib was a myth was set at rest and he was also convinced that Mundji Bey was not a spy, but a bona fide reformer.

Now here is where Ali Ferrough Bey comes into the story. As is known, Ali Ferrough Bey was recalled from Washington some years ago by the Sultan after occupying the high post of Minister of the United States for one year. He had been accused of permitting gambling in the apartments of the legation, whereby members of the British legation had lost considerable sums of money, thus compromising the dignity of the Sultan. He had no hope of returning to Washington, and being afraid of being punished by the Sultan as soon as he arrived in Constantinople he got up a scheme to avert the Sultan's anger.

Ali Ferrough Bey, like Mundji Bey, possesses great literary ability and is known as an author in Turkey. One of his works is a war drama entitled 'Hochank,' the scene of which is laid in Turkestan, which describes the exploits of the Tartar rulers prior to the founding of the Ottoman Empire. When he reached Paris, on his way home in disgrace, he published a historical drama entitled 'Karbala,' which referred to the imprisonment of Sultan Murad V. by his cruel brother, who usurped the throne. In heroic language he professed against the shame and misery

heaped upon Murad V. during the twenty-five years of captivity and called that nation cowardly people who would not avenge such wrongs on the rightful ruler. Of course the names of the characters were not those of the Sultan, Abdul Hamid II. and Murad V., but no one could mistake the allusions.

A copy of the drama found its way to the Sultan, and Ali Ferrough Bey, being interrogated by his master, said that his drama was simply a story and didn't mean anything in particular. The drama was a veiled hint to the Sultan that unless the author was restored to favor he would infallibly go over to the young Turkey party and devote all his energies to the cause of reform. The Sultan saw the hint, and needing all the friends he could get sent Ali Ferrough Bey back to Washington as Minister as before. He further commissioned his representative to watch the Young Turkey party in the country and gave him a considerable sum of money to suppress Al-Ayam by bribery, and if possible discover who Ghalib Raschad Bey was, for the articles published in Al-Ayam had been sent him by his spies on this side of the Atlantic.

When Ali Ferrough Bey had returned to Washington he sent for Mundji Bey to inquire about Ghalib Raschad Bey. Mundji Bey agreed to find Ghalib and suppress him, if paid for doing so. Receiving a sum of money he confessed that he was the author of the articles in question and that he had written them because his salary was not forthcoming. Ali Ferrough Bey laughed to find Mundji Bey playing his old trick. Mundji Bey soon after this left his lodgings in West Thirty-second street and once more took up his abode in the Waldorf-Astoria. He explained that he had made a large sum of money in Wall Street.

But still Mundji Bey was not satisfied, for he had still his claim against the Sultan for arrears of salary. About this time somebody here brought a quantity of revolvers, packed them as simple lots in several boxes, and in each box placed a letter addressed to a mythical personage purporting to come from a revolutionary agent in this country asking for further instructions. The boxes were sent to Smyrna and other places. About the time they arrived Mundji Bey sent telegrams to the Sultan and minister of war in Constantinople saying he had discovered a gigantic conspiracy against the Sultan and that boxes of revolvers had been shipped to certain places. The Sultan, finding upon inquiry that the revolvers had actually been sent, telegraphed his thanks to Mundji Bey as a loyal subject and sent him all arrears of salary and a honorarium besides. Mundji Bey, pushing his advantage, sent the Sultan a bill for hire of detectives, personal expenses in discovering the plot, etc., which was duly paid.

All this story having come to the knowledge of Mr. Malool, from spies of the Young Turkey party here, he felt it was his duty to inform the Sultan of what was going on, particularly as he suspected again that he had been hoodwinked by Mundji Bey who had used his journal, Al-Ayam, to further his own ends. Letters were therefore sent to the Sultan describing the conduct of Ali Ferrough Bey and Mundji Bey, with the result that both of them have been recalled. Ali Ferrough Bey has been indulging in hopes that he might still be permitted to remain in Washington, but the appointment of Chakek Bey as his successor has dispelled them, and he has doubtless by this time resigned his post.

### THE VOYAGE OF THE HOSTILIUS.

A Muleteer's Diary of a Return Trip From South Africa.

On July 31 the British ship Hostilius sailed from New Orleans with a cargo of 1,000 mules for South Africa. In addition to the regular crew there were fifty-two muleteers in the personnel of the ship's company. A majority of these men were from New Orleans, and not a few of them were from good families, who signed the articles for the adventure. Under the agreement a return passage was guaranteed, and plenty of fun was looked forward to even should it be purchased at the price of hard work. Among those who shipped was Alva Holbrook, a young man who served in the Spanish-American war, and a rollicking young fellow who is always alive for any adventure. Another who took passage was L. G. Sheen, a son of a local drayman. Sheen went out as one of the three foremen of the muleteers, while Holbrook agreed to do his share of

all the rough work and to be simply a muleteer, or one of "Toby's nurses" as they were called. The story of the voyage is best told by Holbrook, who kept an interesting diary of the happenings, and who arrived in New Orleans last week on the German ship Karthago. With the help of the diary a connected story was obtained of the travels of the muleteers and their return to New Orleans.

"When we left there," said Holbrook yesterday, "we were under orders for Cape Town, where we were to receive further orders. There was little of interest on the trip. Our duties were to feed, water and generally tend the mules. Our food was coarse, but we had plenty of it. It consisted chiefly of curry, rice, stew, coffee and 'salt horses.' About the only sensation on the trip was that one mule fell through three hatches. When he was fished out he was as sound as any one of the lot. We were very lucky with the mules. We only lost eight of the lot on the trip. At Cape Town we anchored in Table Bay, and we were only there for four hours when we were ordered to East London. It was at London that we unloaded the mules, and our duties as muleteers were practically at an end. Returning, we arrived in St. Vincent Sept. 24, and three days later left for Key West, where we were to receive further orders. We never reached Key West. It was on that trip that we met with the accident that had us tossing about for fifteen days without enough to eat and not knowing just how long the hardship would last. To be accurate, it was Oct. 2 that the propeller shaft split and the Hostilius was a hopeless and helpless wreck. At the time we were 750 miles from Barbados, the nearest port. Fortunately, there was little or no sea running at the time, and the break must have resulted from some flaw in the big shaft. However, an examination revealed that repair was impossible and we were helpless.

"As soon as the accident happened we were put on half rations and an effort was made to proceed under sail. Some sails were bent and others were made out of tarpaulins. We had floated about for seven days when the captain called us to the bridge and made a speech. In effect, it was that we were far out of the course of both sailing and steam vessels, and that since the accident we had made only 170 miles in seven days. This distance was made in the first few days. As a matter of fact, we had scarcely moved for a considerable time. He said that he had arrived at the conclusion that the only way help could be had was by the launching of a small boat. He would send his first officer, Mr. Applegate, and two able seamen who had volunteered. At that time L. G. Sheen promptly volunteered to be one of the party, and he was accepted.

"As the little party went over the side into the little yawl they were wished God-speed and heartily cheered. Seven days' provisions were sent with the brave little party, and the long journey to Barbados began. It took them just six days to reach the harbor of Barbados. Providentially there was no stormy weather, and as they sailed alongside the British ship Indefatigable the little party and the little craft were none the worse for wear. The situation was quickly explained to the master of the British ship, and within eighteen hours the disabled Hostilius was taken in tow and was heading bravely under the powerful escort for the harbor of Barbados.

"This speedy rescue was not entirely due to the prompt action of the Indefatigable. When the little yawl left the disabled steamer with her brave little crew the breeze freshened and within four days after the leaving of the yawl the steamer sailed 300 miles. It had taken seven days to drift 170 miles, and this improved condition gave us all new hope. Then again we were cheered shortly after leaving the yawl by sighting a sailing vessel, the Petunia of Nova Scotia. She supplied us with some sooty needed stores, and we were all in the best of spirits when the Indefatigable sighted us the evening of Oct. 16. She stood off until morning when they were taken in tow and brought to Barbados, which port we reached Oct. 18.

"From Barbados we were given passage to New Orleans on the German steamer Karthago. In this luck was with us again, for the Karthago only touched Barbados by chance. She had picked up the wreck of a sailing vessel, and made Barbados as the most convenient port. She was bound for New Orleans, and we were given the passage. I understand that the German made a handsome thing in salvage on the sailing vessel, and as the passage of the muleteers was paid, the visit to Barbados was a decidedly profitable one.

"At Barbados a pompous-looking negro interviewed several of us for a local paper. The story he published was a dream. He told in glowing headlines of a wreck of a ship with a cargo of fifty mules and mule-

teers mixed, but as a matter of fact, the whole horror of the story as it appeared in the paper he represented was that a cargo of fifty mules had been wrecked.

TOLD BY THE OLD CIRCUS MAN.  
The Great Giant in a Novel Contest With a Local Champion.

"As I have told you before," said the old circus man, "the old man, the grand boss of all the show, was forever on the lookout, wherever we went, for a chance to enter our giant, the greatest of all giants, in some sort of competitive exhibition, in which the stupendous proportions and the enormous capacities of this truly colossal specimen of the genius homo would be emphasized by contrasting him in some manner with men of ordinary stature.

"But it kept the old man busy finding things for the giant to do, because we didn't like to repeat too much. We discovered new things all the time, if we could and when we could, things that were for some reasons or other peculiarly of local interest. Of course the old man always read with the greatest care the local newspapers of the towns to which the show was coming. He got no end of hints from them, and one day he says to me in the office of a hotel where we were sitting handing me over a newspaper as he spoke.

"Cephas, what do you think of that?" "What he called my attention to in this paper was a challenge to a pie-eating contest issued by a local champion named S. Plutarch von Boozington, which I thought then, and I've always thought since, was one of the oddest names I ever came across. This pleased the old man greatly. It was something new and different and unusual, a thing in which our man would shine all the more, and while it was a challenge to all comers there was in it a particular deft to the pie eaters of some two or three neighboring counties, who would be sure to come with crowds of friends to spread the fame of the giant and incidentally of the show. So the old man went around right away and saw Mr. Von Boozington, entered his unknown and put up the money for him for the contest, which was to be a sweepstakes, the match to come off on the following day, the day of the circus.

"Ten o'clock in the morning was the hour set, and I suppose we might safely say that none of the contestants had eaten breakfast that day; they would break their fast on pie. There were five of them there, altogether, when we came up; the local champion, Von Boozington, three men from other places, and one other man besides Von Boozington from the local town. They were to eat from a long wooden table like a sort of picnic table, that they'd got set up in an open lot right next to the circus lot. They had pies stacked up in six piles, for the six contestants; and the five were all there, with the starter, scorers, and timekeeper and judge, and everything all ready, waiting only for the unknown entry from the circus, but they didn't have to wait long for him. The old man brought him over on time to the minute.

"You might have thought that when the others saw what sort of man the unknown was they'd all have skipped, but they didn't, only one man gave up, that was the other local man; but Von Boozington and the three visitors stayed in. Some of them perhaps, because they liked to be seen in grand company, some because they thought to themselves that the battle was not always to the strong, nor the race to the swift—there was a chance to win. Plutarch, certainly, who turned out to be a very nice sort of a chap, and an able man too, in spite of his odd name, figured these chances out, and really saw a possibility of winning against the giant. You see the giant had a much longer distance to reach for his pies, down to the table—all the contestants ate standing—and then a much longer distance to carry them up to his mouth than the others had, all this taking time. Not much, to be sure, but some, and no end of things might happen besides. So Von Boozington went in with an actual hope to win.

"But my sakes! there never was a minute when Von Booz or any of the rest of them had the remotest sort of a chance to win. The giant made no mistake, and he did not forget. He was a polite man, the giant, and he let the others, all four of them, get ahead of him at first. They had one feature in this match that I never saw in a pie eating match before or since. Not one in ten of the people that wanted to see it could get near enough to see it actually. So they had sort of an announcer, who called off at short intervals the number of minutes elapsed, and the number of pies eaten so far by each contestant. And at a short time after the match opened the local champion Von Boozington was well ahead with the giant next, and the others scattering. At the next call the giant had closed up some, but Von Booz was still the leader, and the people cheered wildly; but gracious me! Why the giant could

eat, you know, more pies than all of them put together, and this you understand without any hurrying or anything of that sort, but just in his common regular orderly method of eating. The next call in fact showed him pies ahead, and he won in a nibble.

"Then the old man did what he always did in a case of this kind, he returned the stakes; betting on the giant in anything like this was betting on a sure thing, and the old man didn't believe in that besides he'd get out of the free ad, that the match gave us a good deal more than the stakes amounted to. So he just invites all four of the ex-champions to come and sit together in a body at the show, and he starts himself for our next show town, to think up something new.

## Dizziness and Nausea

CAUSED BY OVER-STUDY AND CLOSE CONFINEMENT.

How a Popular School Teacher Suffered—And How Acting on a Friend's Advice she Tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and Was Restored to Health and Strength.

"About the most thorough and popular teacher we have ever had here," is the opinion expressed by the people of Canaan, N. S. of their present young lady school teacher, Miss Nellie Cullen. Miss Cullen is possessed of keen intelligence and engaging manners, and has been peculiarly successful in her chosen profession. At present she looks the picture of health, and one observing her good color and buoyant spirit, would never think of associating her with sickness. It was, however, only last autumn that she was almost hopeless of continuing in her work on account of her ill-health, and her condition was a source of alarm to her friends.

"Yes," she said to an Acadian reporter who called upon her recently to learn the particulars of her case, "I suppose it is a duty I owe to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, that I should make public the wonders they worked for me, but perhaps I would not have thought of it if you had not called."

"You see, in addition to my teaching, I had been studying very hard over my 'B' work, and then I was attacked with whooping cough, which did not leave me for a long time, and so I became pretty well run down. I was always considered the embodiment of health at home, but last autumn I was really alarmed over my condition. Sometimes in the schoolroom I would be seized with dizziness, and often I would faint away. I would take vomiting turns also, and had a feeling of nausea and languor all the time. I lost my color and became thin and pale, and it seemed as if my blood had turned to water.

"This condition of things was so different from anything which I had previously experienced that I sought medical advice at once. I was informed that I was suffering from anemia, and I at once put myself under medical treatment. But although I tried several bottles of prescriptions, my condition seemed to be getting worse all the time. When I went home for my Christmas vacation, I was almost in despair. It was when I was at home, however, that my friends advised me to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Acting upon their advice, I took up their use. The first box made its effect felt, but I used four or five and then the cure was complete. Ever since then my health has been excellent and I have felt my real old time self, and am able to attend to my duties, which are by no means light, without the fatigue and languor that made the work irksome. You may depend upon it I will always have a friendly word to say for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

If your dealer does not keep these pills in stock, they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

From a Modern Mother's Diary.

Today I had occasion to whip my son Clifford, and again it was borne in upon me how unfit I am to be a mother.

For I had to wait for a doctor to come and administer anesthetics. Thus much of the moral effect of the whipping was lost.

Now I accuse myself in that I have not long ago learned to administer anesthetics myself. And how wretched I am tonight.

sure.

"Yes, sir," said the sad looking man. "I am one of the few people who can tell with accuracy how the stock market will go."

"How do you manage it?" "Easily. I get interested in a stock and put up my money. Then I can sit down and feel morally certain that it will go the other way."

## WE CONVINCED SCEPTICS.

Colds, Catarrh and Catarrhal Headache Relieved in 10 Minutes and Cured by Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Here's one of a thousand such testimonies. Rev. A. D. Buckley, of Buffalo, says: "I wish all to know what a blessing Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is in a case of Catarrh. I was troubled with this disease for years, but the first time I used this remedy it gave most delightful relief. I now regard myself entirely cured after using it for two months."

(Continued from Third Page.)

heard Mr. Charles' voice in the hall, asking if he could speak to Lady Rosamund Loftus for a moment.

Rosamund gave permission for him to be admitted to her presence.

He found her leisurely despatching an egg.

She glanced at the clock.

'Good-morning, Mr. Charles. Are you not going to business to-day?'

'I think not.'

'He waited for her to shake hands; but she was too busy with her egg, apparently to think of it.'

'You have heard from Sir Empson.'

She glanced up inquiringly.

'He said he would write you, to prepare you for my visit this morning.'

'Oh! yes, to be sure. Sir Empson did say that one of his people would call for orders. But I don't really want anything today, Mr. Charles, except that, perhaps, it might be as well if the dressmaker were to make a slight alteration in this dress. The sleeves do not please me, and there is something wrong with the hang of the skirt. Will you see that it is attended to?'

'I have left Messrs. Richmond and Price Lady Rosamund.' I think you had better write your orders.'

'You have left? Dear me! Then why did Sir Empson—'

'Sir Empson alluded to orders of another sort, I think. He has behaved most generously—most kindly. He has turned me into an investment. I am to go to the cape or somewhere, with five thousand pounds of his money and do what I can with it.'

'Indeed? I congratulate you. When do you start?'

'As soon as you can be ready, Rosamund.'

'What have I to do with it?'

'The coolness of the astonished stare she turned on him struck a chill to his heart.'

He had risen, and he stood now, staring back at her in an agony of doubt and fear.

'Rosamund, darling don't look like that. You know very well I could not take your money. Sir Empson is different.'

'I thought we had finished with all that. Don't let me detain you any longer. I wish you good morning, Lord Durham.'

Her hand was on the bell—she, too, had risen—but he sprang forward and seized her fingers, though she had not the slightest intention of ringing.

'You shall not dismiss me in this way! he exclaimed furiously, clasping both her wrists and forcing her back into her chair, while he stood over her, glaring down at her wrathfully. I refuse to be treated like a cur just because I managed to resist the temptation to behave like one. You promised to be my wife less than a week ago. You shall not break that promise. I claim you, and I'll have you!'

'Will you, really? Well, don't eat me, Durry; you look savage enough, you dear old tiger!'

'Rosamund, you little fiend! How dare you torture me so?'

'I dare do all that doth become a woman,' she quoted, laughing softly, as she nestled close to him; 'and it becomes every woman to tease the man she means to marry—and every other man, too, for that matter.'

His anger gone, love took possession of him, turning him into Rosamund's slave, over whom, it she would, she might tyrannize with safety.

But her mood had changed, too, and so he had a glimpse of Paradise for the next ten minutes or so, after which she insisted on talking business, and business only.

CHAPTER VI.

Lady Rosamund spent the rest of the morning going through a lot of papers the earl had kept in a tin box, which he never travelled without.

Mr. Manley, his lawyer, had expressed ignorance of the contents of the box, and he had asked Rosamund if she would mind the trouble of examining them.

So Rosamund bent her energies to the mastering of the contents of that innocent little box, never thinking for a moment what she would find at the bottom of it.

It certainly struck her as strange that most of the letters she came across had been written by the earl.

Why should he preserve his own letters? She glanced through some of them.

They were addressed to another man, whom he called by the peculiar name of 'Double.'

'Each letter commenced "Dear old Double," though the envelopes all bore the inscription, "Philip Masterton, Esq."'

Evidently the two men were very intimate, and were sufficiently alike in appearance to pass for brothers.

Thus much Rosamund gleaned from her cursory perusal of the one-sided correspondence.

Her father had altered his handwriting somewhat since those old days.

It had become more careless and less firm, as was, perhaps, to be expected from a man of his character.

By-and-by the girl's fingers touched an unopened letter under the others.

The one word—"Rosamund"—on the envelope attracted her attention to it at once.

Could it have been intended for herself, or had it been destined for the hands of that former Rosamund—her mother—of whom she had no remembrance at all?

Well, it so, surely she, of all people, had the best right to open the long buried pocket.

The contents were in her father's writing and she soon found they were addressed to herself.

'My dear Rosamund,—the epistle bore no date and no address.—When you read this I shall no longer be reckoned amongst the living. I need hardly say that I heartily hope that date may be far distant. You will probably curse me as you read, but I can't help that now; the thing is done and it can't be undone, and there is no need for the knowledge of it to travel beyond yourself only, I shall feel more comfortable when I have confessed it to somebody.'

'Here is my little secret. I am no more Earl of Barenlaus than I am King of England.'

'Poor Dick Loftus and I were the image of each other; even our voices grew alike with practice on my part; the same with our chirography. I had an end in view, you see, so I studied diligently for the first time in my life. We were at Oxford together; he was not even his uncle's heir at that time. So when he got set down for something rather big, his people gave him the cold shoulder. But he had plenty of money, so I stuck by him.'

'We went abroad together, and when the accident occurred which gave him a fair chance of being the next earl, his uncle wrote and made overtures of peace, to which Dick refused to respond. I backed him up, of course.'

'After we had been away about five years he fell ill and died.'

'Well, I don't suppose I need continue. The situation was ready-made for me, and I stepped into it. Poor old Dick was buried as Philip Masterton, and I continued to travel as Dick Loftus.'

'Lack favourer me. The Countess of Barenlaus died before her husband, and just as he shuffled off this mortal coil his man of business died likewise, leaving his son, a comparative youngster, as the only real danger point I had to pass.'

'Of course there were relatives, but Dick had been an orphan from childhood, and his cousins had all rather fought shy of him, thinking he was bound to run through his money and go to the bad.'

'They changed front with regard to the new Earl of Barenlaus, but he turned the tables on them then, and would have none of them. It was safer, you will understand.'

'I married well, and my wife never learned the truth. Two daughters blessed our union. I thought it rather kind, than otherwise, of Fate to deny me a son, though that did not prevent my hating Fred Loftus, the real earl, like poison. He will have come into his own by the time you read this. I hope his hair will be grey with age before it happens.'

'One word more. I am not the utterly unloving father you give me credit for being. Out of your mother's money I have invested enough to keep you comfortably. Manley has seen to it. Sophie doesn't want providing for; she is safe, unless Little comes a cropper, in which case you must look after her.'

'I don't ask you to forgive me, and I don't in the least repent what I have done. My advice to you is that you burn this, saying nothing about it to anybody, and go on calling yourself Lady Rosamund Loftus to the end of the chapter.'

'Your Affectionate Father, "Philip Masterton—alias Barenlaus"'

Rosamund read to the end with no feeling but a pang of hideous shame for her father's dishonour.

She felt no disappointment at the loss of the title to which she had become accustomed; but she felt a bitter sorrow at having to change the honoured name of Loftus for the dishonoured one of Masterton.

The temptation suggested by her father's advice to hold her tongue and write herself 'Loftus' to the end of the chapter, was bound to assail her.

She stood a long time in doubt as to what she would do. But the memory of her mother's family helped her.

With a toss of her proud little head she curled her lips in self-scorn, muttering aloud—

'Because, Philip Masterton was a villain shall his daughter be a coward? If I am Masterton, I am also Cameron.'

Without giving herself a chance of hesitating a second time, she enclosed her father's confession in a fresh envelope, and posted it to Lord Durham, with a tiny note written, as it were, with her heart's blood, telling him that she would quite understand, and fully approve his act, if he returned the MS. to her without a word, and straightway took himself out of her life.

And had he done so she would have tried to be content to take her share of the punishment promised unto the third and fourth generations of them that willfully sin.

But, all the time, she had a secret consciousness that the man who loved her would not be the first to fulfil that prophecy on her behalf.

And she felt no surprise when, at breakfast next morning, Durry came hastily in and caught her to him in a close embrace before he uttered a word, or gave her time to utter one either.

'Darling, darling!' he murmured, then, emphasizing the endearing word with still more endearing kisses, 'did you mean it, Rosamund?—what you told me to do?'

'Yes, Durry.'

'And what if I had done it?'

She shivered, and clung closer to him. He tightened his clasp of her reassuringly.

'Silly little woman! It is time we gave over doubting the strength of our love for each other. We have had a stormy sort of wooing up to now; but henceforth I mean to sail our barque into smoother waters. I begin to believe that you won't be happy if you throw me overboard, and I am quite certain that I should sink to the lowest of low depths if I lost you.'

'Therefore you must regard our future lives with logical and sensible eyes. Logic and sense urge marriage as the biggest good for both of us. We will be married without delay, Rosamund, and we will leave England together. My people have temporarily out me. You have no one but your sister to care a jot about. So there is nobody to interfere with us.'

'And now, just a word concerning this letter of your father's. I am going to destroy it. See here!'

He tore it across and across and, lighting a match, set fire to the pieces, and threw them into the grate.

'Watch it burn, dear,—and then forget it, as I mean to do. I shall refrain from giving utterance to my opinion of a man who can secure a sentimental sort of ease

for his very sickly consciences by leaving him a confession, likely as far as he could judge—to ruin your life and break your heart.'

'We will keep his secret, Rosamund—you and I. You will change the name of Loftus for that of Carlos so very soon that it would be simple waste of trouble to inform the world that you might really call yourself Masterton. While, as for continuing to be Lady Rosamund—would you not just as soon be Lady Durham?'

'Quite,' she confessed, laughing and blushing. 'Oh! Durry, what a dear old chap you are! I really do love you a little bit. But, do you know, there is one thing we ought not to forget in our happiness—rather, one person, and that is Sir Empson. His great kindness deserves some return. It would be an awful blow to him if his son were to marry Maggie Brent.'

Lord Durham drew her head down on his shoulder, rested his cheek on hers, and thus delivered himself—

'Unto some of us are given bad fathers, unto others bad sons. It is written some where that it takes a wise father to know his own son. Apparently, Sir Empson Richmond is a wise father; he seems to know his son very thoroughly. It is an additional proof of our fitness for each other, my Rosamund, that we so frequently think alike.'

'I also had that sense of gratitude unredeemed towards Sir Empson. I ventured on a hint as to the state of affairs between his son and Miss Brent; his reply was very prompt.—"Thank you, my dear, for warning me; but I regret to say it is Miss Brent who needs your warning, not I. My son is not a gentleman in any sense of the word. I will see Miss Brent without delay."

'What horrid things men are!' observed Rosamund by way of comment. "Men like Wilford Richmond, I mean."

'Quite so,' agreed her lover. "When do you leave here, sweetheart?'

'Oh, today, some time. There is nothing to stay for.'

'Nothing at all. We will travel to town together, and I will see you safely in your sister's charge. I want to impress on her the necessity of our being married with as little delay as possible. Every day I remain in England is a day lost now.'

The marriage took place six weeks later, from the house of Threadwin Lisle, Esq.

The little man was rather scandalized at first at the idea of his sister-in-law showing such scant regard to her father's memory as to think of being married within so short a time after his death.

But, his wife, who had, of course gone over to the enemy, as represented by Lord Durham Carlos, succeeded in making her lord and master take a common-place view of the matter, with the result that he proved the most charming of brother-in-law when the time came for him to act in loco parentis, and give Rosamund into the keeping of her "shop-walker."

'It's like a dream,' she murmured, as she drove away with her husband. 'It's just like a dream—all these weeks since the morning I first saw you at Richmond and Price's.'

'Don't call it a dream, dearest. Dreams are hollow, unsubstantial things, from which one has to wake up. You don't want to wake up and find I am not here, do you, and that you don't belong to me?'

'I should hate it, Durry! I simply couldn't live without you now.'

'Darling,' murmured Lord Durham, as their cab pulled up in the station. 'I should hate for you to have to try to live without me!'

How Catarrah is Cured in Maine.

People in Maine are not so slow for if Canada has a good thing why they simply come to Canada for it. This is why Mrs. James A. Tweedie, of Jay Bridge, Maine, has sent for sixteen outfits of Catarrahzone for friends in her locality. This lady gives very full particulars why she does this. Her daughter fourteen years old, had doctored for Catarrah obtaining no benefit, tried lots of other remedies but all failed—recommended by a neighbor to try Catarrahzone, instead of despairing as she had good reason for doing, obtained Catarrahzone and before it was done, as she states, she was completely cured. No wonder she recommends it. Child had dropping in the throat, hawking, spitting, father thought she was going into consumption, could not sleep at night and adds: 'I only wish any one suffering from Catarrah to give it a fair trial; any druggist will enable you to do this for they all sell it—your money back if Catarrahzone does not benefit you.' N. C. Folsom & Co., Kingston, Ont., Hartford, Conn.

One of These Prompt Girls.

Jack—My goodness! Ring for a messenger boy.

George—What's up?

Jack—That stupid tailor has sent me the baby blue necktie I ordered for Ethel, and I presume he has sent her my new suit of clothes. I must explain to her at once, or she'll think it's the latest fashion and be out on the street with them.

One Minute Cure for Toothache.

Not only for Toothache, but any nerve pain cured almost instantly by Nerviline. One drop equals in pain-relieving power five drops of any other remedy. Thousands say so. Powerful, penetrating, pain-subduing Nerviline. Marvelous in action for internal and external use. The world challenged for its equal. Druggists sell it. Your money back if it is not so.

As to Philosophy.

'Right always has reason,' observed the platitudinous gentleman.

'True enough, but there are always several reasons offered for wrong,' commented the wise man.

Thus we see that philosophy can think at a mark for a considerable time and have no noticeable effect on the mark.

# Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)

## IS PICKED PURITY

Strong in Purity. Fragrant in Strength.

IMITATORS ARE MANIFOLD.

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

He Tells of a Trifling Incident That once led to His Arrest.

'Of all the fool things that a man in my business can do,' said the retired burglar, 'the very fooliest of all is carrying about with him something that he's picked up in the course of his work. I used to think that writing letters and leaving them behind, something by which a man might some day be identified, was the most fool thing of all; but I am satisfied now that carrying something around is still worse. I realized this when something I was carrying got me into trouble.'

'I always carried a lead-pencil in my pocket, and I lost this pencil, somehow, one day and the same night picked up another from a desk in a man's library and just tucked it in my pocket. I wanted a pencil and I just took this one, and thought no more about it. I carried that pencil I guess three or four months, sharpening it occasionally, and so gradually wearing it down. The last time I ever used it was in a railroad station where I'd just seen a big wagon drive up with a couple of boxes that caught my eye, as maybe containing things that I'd like to have; both going to the same town, not very far out, and I thought maybe I'd run out there some night, and look through these houses. I don't believe in luck, but I sort o' had a notion that I'd find something very good in these two houses, and I liked the idea of getting the clue to them in that way. So I got into the waiting room of the station again and just puts down those addresses before I forgets em; writing 'em down at one end of a desk that was there, by the window of the telegraph office.'

'I'd put the piece of paper that I'd made the memorandum on in my pocket, and was just putting away the pencil, when a man that had stepped up to write a telegraph, and found no pencil on the desk there, turns to me—he'd seen me writing—and says: "Will you kindly lend me your pencil for a minute? And of course I handed it over to him without the slightest hesitation, and then I stands there and looks the other way so as not to seem to be looking while he was doing his writing. And I thought he was writing a pretty long telegraph and I was just about to turn around and look, when I feels a hand on my shoulder which I couldn't very well mistake, and looking around I found as I expected that it was a policeman, that I'd clawed me and my friend there, that I'd lent the pencil to, was standing alongside of him pointing at me, and saying: "I charge this man with burglary."'

'Quite a change in the situation? Well I should say so. And all through that pencil. That pencil was just a plain, common, simple pencil of good quality, with nothing remarkable about it at all, except that across the flat end of the head of the pencil, the end not used, there were eight little straight lines, four in each direction, crossing at right angles, and making a sort of a plaided effect; pretty well faded now, but still perfectly visible. And this pencil belonged to the man that had borrowed it of me there in the station. Makes you laugh to think of my luggin' around something like that was marked? It does me now. Well, it was easy enough to prove that the house had been robbed, and that the pencil I had came from it. And it interested me, a little bit, too, to see how easy they were able to prove the markings on the pencil. This man's little daughter made it, and she swore to it without any sort of doubt or quibble. She'd sat down one day at her father's desk, and marked those lines on the end of the pencil with a pen, just for fun.'

'Of course there was no sort of actual proof that I stole it, but there was proof that I had it in my possession. I said I found it; but I ain't much more of a liar than George Washington was: and when I do try lying I make the bungin'est work of it you ever heard of. That's the kind of a job I made of it this time, and of course they know, you know. But they give me only a year. Still that was enough to learn me that lesson, anyhow. I never,

after that, carried about with me anything that I'd gathered in, any longer than it was necessary to dispose of it. I may have other tricks, now, just as foolish, but that one I dropped right then.'

Bad for a Cough.

Adams' Botanic Cough Balsam is very bad for a cough. In fact it kills a cough almost instantly and restores good normal health thoroughly and in a very agreeable manner. No cough can withstand it. 25c. at all Druggists.

TIPSY MAINE FISH.

Salmon That Shylock Alike Drinking Contraband Beer to Excess.

An usual characteristic of the salmon, as well as the insignificant sucker, taken from Maine rivers, is the aldermanic abdomen. This is caused by the beer drinking habit of the fish. It is customary to spill the beer seized in Maine cities into sewers which empty into the river. Some times one hundred barrels are spilled in a day.

Since the days of the first beer seizures in Auburn and Lewiston, fish have collected in schools around the Auburn claybank on certain days to drink beer. For twenty four hours after spilling white bellies are seen turning up on the river bottom. The people on Waterpatch go out and catch dozens in a day with their hands. Occasionally a keg of beer doctored with knockout drops is spilled. After the first effects of the drug have been slept off the salmon become wild. They skylark in the water, leap into the air and turn double somersaults and pin wheels before striking water.

A few years ago it was customary to spill whiskey and hard stuff into the sewers and rivers. Fish became used to intoxication then. They enjoyed it. Being always in cool water, and possessing little or no brain no headaches followed their libations. When the law was passed obliging the sheriffs to send the hard liquors away to be redistilled the fish about the customary spilling places for weeks, frantic at the enforced abstinence. They refused to be satisfied with beer at first, but gradually they have adopted the beer standard. It is the fisherman with 'hard bait' in a bottle that gets the biggest fish, always for he dips his fly into his hard bait before he casts it. The fish smell the rare luxury and with the usual drunkard's recklessness, swallow and are lost.

'Did he bring anything back from abroad?'

'Well, I should say he did.'

'What?'

'One of the largest assortments of wearisome stories and descriptions of places that I ever heard.'

# ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

## Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of *Dr. Williams*

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

you know, more pies than all of them together, and this you understand out any hurrying or anything of that but just in his common regular order of eating. The next call in showed him pies ahead, and he won nibble.

When the old man did what he always in a case of this kind, he returned the ; betting on the giant in anything this was betting on a sure thing, and old man didn't believe in that besides get out of the tree ad, that the match us a good deal more than the stakes anted to. So he just invites all four be ex-champions to come and sit to r in a body at the show, and he starts elf for his next show town, to think something new.

Business and Nausea

USED BY OVER-STUDY AND CLOSE CONFINEMENT.

A Popular School Teacher Suffered— How Acting on a Friend's Advice Tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and was Restored to Health and Strength.

About the most thorough and popular her we have ever had here, is the ion expressed by the people of Canaan, of their present young lady school her, Miss Nellie Cutten. Miss Cutten possessed of keen intelligence and engaging manners, and has been peculiarly eful in her chosen profession. At ent she looks the picture of health, and observing her good color and buoyant ite, would never think of associating with sickness. It was, however, only autumn that she was almost hopeless ontinuing in her work on account her ill-health, and her condition a source of alarm to her friends.

'I saw,' she said to an Acadian reporter called upon her recently to learn the iculars of her case, 'I suppose it is owe to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I should make public the wonders worked for me, but perhaps I would have thought of it if you had not ed.'

You see, in addition to my teaching, I been studying very hard over my 'B' k, and then I was attacked with whoop- ough, which did not leave me for a time, and so I became pretty well down. I was always considered the odium of health at home, but last um I was really alarmed over my con- dition. Sometimes in the schoolroom I ld be seized with dizziness, and often ould faint away. I would take vomiting as also, and had a feeling of nausea and our all the time. I lost my color and ame thin and pale, and it seemed as if blood had turned to water.

This condition of things was so differ- ent from anything which I had previously ened that I sought medical advice nce. I was informed that I was suf- ering from anæmia, and I at once put nder medical treatment. But ough I tried several bottles of prescrip- s, my condition seemed to be getting se all the time. When I went home y Christmas vacation, I was almost epair. It was when I was at home, ever, that my friends advised me to r. Williams' Pink Pills. Acting up- ough their advice, I took up their use. The box made its effect felt, but I need or five and then the cure was com- e. Ever since then my health has an excellent and I have felt my real old self, and am able to attend to my ies, which are by no means light, with- the fatigue and languor that made the k irksome. You may depend upon it k always have a friendly word to say r. Williams' Pink Pills.'

Your dealer does not keep these pills ock, they will be sent post paid at cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by ressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine , Brockville, Ont.

From a Modern Mother's Diary.

Today I had occasion to whip my son Ford, and again it was borne in upon how unfit I am to be a mother.

For I had to wait for a doctor to come administer anaesthetics. Thus much the moral effect of the whipping was .

Now I accuse myself in that I have not ough learned to administer anaesthetics self. And how wretched I am tonight.

sure.

Yes, sir,' said the sad looking man. 'I one of the few people who can tell h accuracy how the stock market will

How do you manage it?'

Easily. I get interested in a stock and I up my money.—Then I can sit down I feel morally certain that it will go the way.'

CONVINCE SCEPTICS.

Headache Relieved in 10 Minutes and Cured by Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Here's one of a thousand such testi- monies. Rev. A. D. Buckley, of Buffalo, N. Y.: 'I wish all to know what a blessing Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is in a case of Catarrh. I was troubled with this disease for years, but the first time I used a remedy it gave most delightful relief. Now regard myself entirely cured after using it for two months.'

### The Trained Beavers Struck.

Tom Wilkinson knew the North Woods from one end to the other, said the old guide reminiscently to the party that had gathered about the evening campfire. And there's no denying Tom had a natural gift for training animals. But with these undoubted talents, Tom combined a streak of meanness and laziness that sometimes brought his best schemes to naught. Now, take the care of his trained beavers. There wasn't another man in the North Woods that could have trained them as Tom did. And there wasn't another man who would have been so avaricious enough to try and make his happy little workers do night work, after they had completed a day of hard toil for his benefit.

One day when Tom was strolling through the woods, wondering how he could get a supply of brook trout to sell to the hotel without working for them, he happened on a family of beavers. The beavers were working away in their usual industrious manner, carrying mud on their flat tails, cutting down small trees and building up a dam for the winter. Nothing pleased Tom more than to see some one else work, so he seated himself at the foot of a big tree and put in most of the day calmly smoking. But the more he looked at the beavers the more indignation he felt to think that none of their industry was for the benefit of honest old Tom Wilkinson, as he called himself.

'There ain't an animal,' said Tom, in benevolent tones that evening, 'that is more deserving or has a harder row to hoe than the beaver. And there ain't an animal that, properly trained by the right man, could do more to cheer the declining years of his instructor and aid him in catching brook trout, which sell for a good price, but are too shy and elusive for me to gather them in without the expenditure of considerable effort.'

'I couldn't see the sense of his plan. There isn't a better disposed or more amiable creature in the North Woods than the beaver,' I replied, 'but I never heard of their catching fish. If you could prevail on a beaver to try and help you he wouldn't understand the game. The principal fish-catching animal in these parts is the otter. And I am doubtful if even your talents in the way of animal training are sufficient to establish an Otters' Aid Society for the benefit of Lazy Old Men.'

Tom looked hurt at my sarcastic wit. 'I don't ask the beavers to gather up the fish for me, he answered, sort of grievous like. I'm willing to do that myself, if it's necessary. Beavers are happiest when they are building a dam, and of course they would be twice as joyful if they could be taught to build two dams near each other in the same stream. Fish are shy of man-built dams, but they aren't of those constructed by beavers. Then I can make a little sluice gate in each dam. If I shut the upper gate and open the lower, the fish between the two dams will go out with the water. And your Uncle Tom Wilkinson will be waiting at the lower gate with a big net to scoop up every unwary trout that comes that way. Once I get my two beaver dams built and I can repeat the operation every day.'

'So Tom set to work and captured a band of beavers. As fast as he caught one he would put him in a little pool he had fenced in near his house. Tom fed the beavers and petted them, and it wasn't long before they got to know him and would follow him about like a lot of heavy-tailed, clumsy dogs. Finally Tom judged he had beavers enough, and that they knew him so that none of them would run away. Then he took the whole lot up to a trout stream. Tom started building the dam himself, the beavers sitting in a solemn row on the bank watching him. As soon as he had the dam started Tom drew out and motioned to the beavers to go on with the work. The beavers looked at Tom in an inquiring way, but dam-building is their forte, and it wasn't but a little while before they appreciated what Tom wanted. Then every beaver turned in, after the earnest industrious manner of the beaver tribe, and began hustling that dam across the trout stream. As soon as he had the beavers started Tom took a seat on the bank and began smoking his pipe.

'I may not get any medal from the humane society, said Tom piously, when I happened that way, but I certainly do deserve them. A man who rescues these busy little animals from a wild life and gives them regular work is the real old genuine article of beaver benefactor. Future generations of beavers will bear with envy of the original colony that got its training under honest old Tom Wilkinson.'

'Well, as soon as the beavers had finished one set of dams Tom set them at work building another. The beavers didn't take kindly to this, for a beaver builds a dam more for a home than from earnest wish to lead a strenuous life. But Tom fed his little workers well, and having, as I have said, a natural gift in training animals, the beavers had come to have a world of trust in him. When they were put at work building a new dam they would look around in a puzzled manner that was pathetic to see. Then the old beaver who directed operations would glance at Tom as much as to say: 'If Tom Wilkinson approves of this it must be all right. And each beaver would turn in and build the dam.'

'Pretty soon Tom had half a dozen sets of dams running. He would empty one every two or three days and the money he made selling fresh brook trout was amazing. And he might have kept up his beaver fish business to this day if the inborn meanness of the man hadn't cropped out.

'One evening when his beavers came trooping home, all tired out after a hard day of dam-building, they found the gate at the entrance to the little pond they lived in closed. The beavers couldn't under-

stand it, and kept poking around in a depressed sort of manner until Tom came up. But instead of opening the gate and letting his beavers enjoy their well-earned food and rest, Tom hustled them down to the nearest set of dams. Then he opened the lower sluiceway.

'Now,' said Tom to the oldest beaver, 'it's up to you to catch fish, or you'll get nothing to eat tonight. I've lavished loving care and brain work on the education of this band of beavers, and no beaver wants to get the idea into his head that his duty is done as soon as he has finished his little stunt of dam building. Fish catching is the end and aim of this industry, and there ain't any reason why a strong, healthy beaver shouldn't do it, instead of leaving the job to a tired old man whose health obliges him to do a good deal of resting.'

'The beavers seemed to understand the substance of what Tom said and each faithful little animal stationed himself below the sluiceway and began grabbing fish. It wasn't a hard job, for the water came through so slowly the fish were nearly stranded away. But dam building, not fish catching, is the long suit of a beaver and it was evident they didn't take kindly to the new industry. And each beaver had already done a good day's work and felt he was entitled to food and rest.

'You'll spoil everything and drive those beavers into a strike,' I warned Tom. 'There isn't a kinder animal in the world than a beaver, but even he don't like to be imposed upon.'

'But no beavers could be taught to fish, and fish they should. If the beavers struck, Tom would starve them out or import pauper beavers in their places. Beavers sleep too much, anyhow,' said Tom, obstinate like. 'It will be healthier for the beavers and easier for your Uncle Tom Wilkinson if they work two or three hours every evening catching fish. In the end these beavers will thank me for not letting them waste in slumber the precious hours when they might be working for the worthy old man that rescued them from the wilderness and trained and educated them.'

'Any evidences the beavers felt of thankfulness were admirably disguised, for all the next day they worked in a sullen, disgusted sort of way, like beavers who think their unalienable rights have been infringed upon. When evening came Tom tried to hustle them off to another dam for a turn at the fishing game. Not a beaver would budge, but each one stood looking first at Tom and then at the gate to their pond, as if they were telling him that it was up to Tom Wilkinson to open the gate, or they would strike. Tom didn't make a move. Then the oldest beaver waddled nearer and gave out a series of little grunts. It was plain the poor old beaver was trying to talk to Tom.

'He's telling you their grievances,' I said to Tom. 'They aren't unreasonable beavers and only want you to meet them half way.'

'He's a walking delegate beaver,' replied Tom in a rage, 'and he's trying to stir up my employees to go on a strike. But I'll show him how Tom Wilkinson treats beavers who try to start labor riots.'

'And Tom picked up a stick and began beating the faithful old beaver. The beaver stood it for a moment and then he turned and waddled as fast as he could to the nearest stream. Every beaver followed him. At the edge of the stream they stopped and each beaver looked back to see if Tom showed any signs of relenting. Even then the good-hearted, industrious beavers were willing to stand if Tom would only treat them decently. But Tom was following after, stick in hand, cursing. Each beaver gave what seemed like a little beaver sort of sigh and plunged into the water. And that was the last ever seen of Tom Wilkinson's dam-building beavers.

'Well, of all heartless ingratitude,' said Tom. 'To think of these beavers that I've loved and cherished, and educated, leaving me like that. Right in the midst of the fishing season, too.'

'Don't blame those beavers, Tom Wilkinson, I said to him severely. 'It was all your own fault. If you had treated them fairly, they would have stayed with you, and worked for you, and been a crown of glory for your declining years.'

Substitution is suspicious.

The attempt by a dealer to sell his customer a substitute in place of the article the buyer calls for at once places that dealer under the ban of suspicion. The only reason why the buyer does not invariably realize the suspiciousness of substitution and promptly reject it, is probably because in many cases the money transaction involved is so small that it does not suggest the motive for fraud. Suppose a jeweler advertises a diamond at \$50.00. He places it in his window. A would-be buyer enters the store and asks for this particular diamond. But the jeweler says, 'I can give you that diamond if you want it, but here's another that's just as good as the one advertised. The buyer's suspicions would be aroused at once. He would insist on the stone in the window and he'd keep an eye on it to see it wasn't changed. But in the case of a fifty-cent transaction it is different. The buyer often accepts the substitute which is offered as "just as good" as a widely advertised article, although substitution is just as suspicious in a fifty-cent transaction as in one involving fifty dollars.

Look at the question from another point of view. A sale of stock is advertised. There are horses with pedigrees and records to be sold. Farmer Brown attends the sale with the purpose of buying one of those good horses. But the seller says to him, "That horse you want is a good horse, of course, but I've got another here that is just as good which I'd like to sell you,"

"Has he just as good a pedigree?" "Well no, he hasn't any pedigree to speak of."

"Has he any record?" "Well no, we never held a watch on him that I know of, but he's just as good" as the horse you want."

Would Farmer Brown buy the "just as good" horse? The question answers itself. And yet this same farmer will allow himself to be swindled time and again by accepting "just as good" articles in place of those he called for. The article he called for has, so to speak, a pedigree and a record. It's a standard in the markets of the world. Yet in place of this standard article he will accept a substitute which nobody knows anything about, an untried, unproved article which has no record of value, and no proof of origin.

Let the buyer who is offered a substitute bear in mind that substitution is suspicious, and that a substitute always carries the ear marks of a swindle.

### HERE'S AN AUTO-SLED.

Automobiles of the ordinary kind are rather scarce in Maine, but when it comes down to sleighing in style, the Pine Tree States are in a fair way of outdoing the rest of the country this winter. Ira Peavey of this city, a mechanic of experience, has just completed the model of an "auto-sled" and says that when the thing is completed he will be able to plough through the deepest drift that ever piled on Main street and transport passengers with despatch.

The auto sled will be 10 feet long, 3 feet high and 4 feet in width and will be propelled by a gasoline engine of twenty horse power. In forcing the sled forward two steel cylinders are used, each 10 feet long and 26 inches in diameter. Wound around these cylinders and firmly attached to the outside, are spiral cams, 2 inches high and 3 inches wide with deeply concave surfaces and capable of taking hold of the moist icy surface. The cylinders are attached to the engine by means of bevel gearing and the speed can be easily regulated to suit the person who guides the vehicle.

Mr. Peavey calls his invention an "auto-mo-sled" and is confident that it will make rapid time on the snow-covered highway or on ice. He has been working on the steam sled for more than five years and the great part of this time was spent in experimenting with the revolving runners. He found that if both the spirals were put on right-handed that the sled would go to the right, while it would go the other direction if the spirals were left hand. After he had made one right and one left-handed, there was more thinking to be done. By putting the coils close together he could develop great power of propulsion, but could make but little speed. Spirals put wider apart gave speed without power and to meet both conditions he has constructed two sets of runners, one for work on the level road and the other for hill climbing.

The cylinders run fore and after with the auto and the power is furnished by double piston rods so arranged that the engine can never get on a centre. The tubing and frame-work as well as the cylinders are of thin highly tempered steel, so that the whole sled, with boiler, seats, engine and all does not weigh over 1,200 pounds. The vehicle is guided by a set of runners attached to the front of the main body of it and has a handle running back to the driver's seat like electric and steam automobiles.

### A Certain Method

For curing cramps, diarrhoea and dysentery is by using Pain Killer. This medicine has sustained the highest reputation for over 60 years. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

'People sometimes find pearls in oysters, do they not?' inquired the young girl as the waiter placed a steaming stew before her.

'Yes,' replied the popular burlesque actress, who had asked her out to lunch. 'And,' she continued, with a flourish of her jewelled fingers, 'occasionally one gets a diamond out of a lobster.'

### BORN.

- Woodstock, Nov 27, to Mrs E Holyoke, a son.
- Annapolis, Nov 24, to Mrs B G Fair, a daughter.
- Yarmouth, Nov 20, to Mrs Daniel Allen, a daughter.
- Truro, Nov 19, to Mr and Mrs Joseph Brown, a son.
- Amherst, Nov 23, to Mr and Mrs Harry Barry, a son.
- Perry, Nov 22, to Mr and Mrs George Wright, a daughter.
- Hallowell, Nov 29, to Mr and Mrs C Williamson, a son.
- Bridgetown, Nov 8, to Mr and Mrs E C Hall, a son.
- Hallowell, Nov 19, to Mr and Mrs Tom O'Leary, a son.
- Amherst, Nov 28, to Mr and Mrs David Munford, a son.
- Windsor, Nov 25, to Mr and Mrs Wallace Smith, a daughter.
- Centerville, Nov 16, to Mr and Mrs J O Cotter, a daughter.
- Walden, Nov 26, to Rev D A and Mrs Frame, a son.
- Windsor, Oct 28, to Mr and Mrs Fred Coon, a daughter.
- Boston, Nov 14, to Mr and Mrs Samuel Hunter, a daughter.
- Kentville, Nov 18, to Mr and Mrs H Wickwire, a daughter.
- Shediac, Nov 25, to Mr and Mrs D Doiron, a daughter.
- Memramook, Nov 14, to Mrs David Melanson, a daughter.
- Parishboro, Nov 24, to Mrs Freeman Willgar, a daughter.
- Yarmouth, Nov 6, to Mr and Mrs Fred Jones, a daughter.
- Wallbrook, Nov 15, to Mr and Mrs Herbert Bark, a son.
- Yarmouth, Nov 20, to Mr and Mrs Daniel Allen, a daughter.
- Parishboro, Nov 16, to Mr and Mrs W Canning, a daughter.
- Truro, Nov 20, to Mr and Mrs H B McLaughlin, a daughter.
- New York, Nov 24, to Mr and Mrs Wm Holloway, a daughter.
- Avonport, Nov 15, to Mr and Mrs Arthur Lockhart, a son.
- Yarmouth, Nov 20, to Mr and Mrs Leander Coon, a son.
- Central New Annap, Nov 11, to Mr and Mrs Peter Tomlin, a son.
- Kensington, P E I, Nov 27, to Mr and Mrs Edwin Smith, a son.
- North Sydney, Nov 29, to Rev Mr and Mrs C W Young, a son.
- Somerville, Mass, Oct 30, to Mr and Mrs Edgar Crocker, a son.
- East New Annap, Nov 9, to Mr and Mrs Arthur Tucker, twin boys.
- North Sydney, Nov 20, to Rev Mr and Mrs F M Young, a daughter.

### MARRIED.

- Cape Breton, Nov 21, John Kellaway to Teresa Hall.
- Cambridgeport, Mass, Nov 15, Fred Gass to George Simpson.
- Amherst, by Rev W E Bates, Archie Madden to Edith Wickens.
- Centerville, by Rev J B Merrill, George Brannen to Edith Wickens.
- Windsor, Nov 27, by Rev W Phillips, Arthur Benson to Alah Benedict.
- Bedford, Nov 28, by Rev Father Young, Thomas Walsh to Eileen McKay.
- Parishboro, Nov 17, by Rev D H McQuarrie, Wm Sears to Lizzie Canning.
- Liverpool, Nov 22, by Rev H S Shaw, George W Crandall to Jessie Wier.
- Sydney, Nov 26, by Rev Father McIsaac, John A McNeil to Belle Gonthro.
- Dayton, Nov 24, by Rev G M Wilson, John W Foster to Nellie B Palmer.
- Baccato, Nov 16, by Rev John Phelan, Robert W Smith to Jessie H Snow.
- Salisbury, Nov 21, by Rev Abram Perry, Alonzo H Shaw to Jessie Parker.
- Liverpool, Nov 27, by Rev H S Shaw, Walter L Jayne to Aeghtha Godfrey.
- Springhill, Nov 22, by Rev D Wright, Charles Pippy to Williams McKean.
- Mahone Bay, Nov 24, by Rev J W Crawford, Cullen Langille to Annie Wynachi.
- Parishboro, Nov 28, by Rev W M Ryan, Bradford M Gough to Ruth B Wolton.
- Sussex, Nov 28, by Rev H H Nobles, Arthur K Campbell to Lilly Campbell.
- East Falmouth, Nov 21, by Rev Mr McPhee, Elijah Nickerson to Anna Worthen.
- Yarmouth, Nov 21, by Rev D W Johnson, Rupert G Smith to Lena B Huskins.
- Hallowell, Nov 21, by Rev A C Chute, Edmund K Fuddington to Lillian Street.
- Tatamagouche, Nov 23, by Rev C M Mack, Tucker Mastall to Sophia McQueen.
- Oxford, Nov 21, by Rev C E Crowell, Clarence Stonehouse to Martha J Scott.
- Yarmouth, Nov 29, by Rev W F Parker, Alexander Knowles to Mary Burrows.
- Truro, Nov 28, by Rev Mr Davis, Samuel William Croelock to Ethel Gertrude Dwyer.
- Springhill, Nov 28, by Rev F Huzley, Wm H Gelling to Margaret Jane Budge.

Sussex, Nov 27, by Rev J B C Dupuis, Groves Surette to Emille Saulnier.

Sussex, Nov 27, by Rev J B C Dupuis, Andrew Surette to Hortense Surette.

Waltham, Mass., by Rev Frederick Grenl, Bowman N Ricker, to Daisy A Chapman.

Brule, Nov 21, by Rev G Lawson Gordon, Kenneth McKay Hammond to Emma Suberiano.

Sand River, N S, Nov 28, by Rev George Howcroft, Edward Muddell to Lucinda S Miller.

### DIED.

- Tusket, Nov 29, Sarah Moody, 60.
- Port Joli, Nov 19, Sarah McKay, 87.
- Machias, Me, Capt Jacob Wilson, 86.
- Moncton, Nov 27, Abram Stevens, 75.
- Amherst, Nov 27, Samuel F Horton, 60.
- Boston, Nov 26, Francis F Conolly, 52.
- Hammond, Nov 26th, Sallie Matlock, 82.
- Sydney, Nov 26, Alexander McLinn, 67.
- Annapolis, Nov 22, Mrs A E Munroe, 85.
- Caledonia, Nov 20, James A Bathburn, 85.
- Bedford Row, Nov 20, Bridget Cloney, 89.
- Montreal, Nov 23, Warwick H Ryland, 65.
- Penobscot, Nov 21, William H Morton, 79.
- Woodstock, N B, Nov 24, Patrick Gillin, 65.
- Boston, Nov 17, Mrs Margaret McNamara.
- Belmont, Mass, Nov 6, Sheldon Goodwin, 21.
- Denver, Col, Nov 19, Mrs Almira Crosby, 77.
- Paris, Quebec, Nov 23, Frederick Walters, 80.
- Bridgewater, Nov 25, Marzaret McDonnell, 90.
- Valley Station, N H, Nov 27, Mrs Ann King, 95.
- Boston, Wm Fomely, son of James Gremley, 60.
- Basin, Nov 20, Emma, wife of John Fay, 21, (5 Gull Cove, Gabauro, Nov 6, Stephen Armstrong, Meduzskaske Creek, Nov 14, Frank D McLean, 48.
- Sussex, Nov 28 Annie M, wife of A McPherson, 88.
- Clark's Harbor, Adelle, wife of Eliazar Crowell, 84.
- Dialy, Nov 11, Hannah, wife of James Robbins, 67.
- Windsor, Nov 24, Annie L, wife of J F Jones, 60.
- Hallowell, Nov 13, Mary, widow of the late T A Smith 95.
- McLellan's Brook, Nov 28, Hugh W McGillivray, West Somerville, Mass, Nov 26, Capt Chas W Burns.
- Moncton, Nov 30, Jane, widow of the late George Dale, 70.
- Hallowell, Nov 24, Marzaret, wife of Nicholas Brennan, 65.
- Windsor, Nov 23, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs Fred Coon.
- Ferrisburgh's Cove, Nov 27, Margaret, wife of James Conway, 63.
- Brookline, Mass, Nov 23, Elizabeth, wife of John McMahon, 82.
- Shelburne, N S, Nov 13, Adelaide J, wife of Mr King, 75.
- Westville, N S, Nov 25, Jessie Barclay, wife of Daniel Fraser, 60.
- Fergus, Cumberland, Nov 7, Grace, widow of James Acker, 81.
- Roxbury, Mass, Nov 20, Sarah J, beloved wife of J Lemuel Brown, 62.
- Gabauro, Nov 16, Albert Corneille, infant son of Capt Albert Baguelin.
- North Sydney, Nov 24, Florence Lily, infant son of Mr and Mrs John Strickland.
- Amherst, Nov 28, Ruth Beatrice, daughter of Michael J and May Walsh, 14.

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**Intercolonial Railway**

On and after MONDAY Nov. 28th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:-

**TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN**

Express for Campbellton and Halifax.....7:20

Express for Halifax, C. de Chene and Pictou.....12:15

Express for Sussex.....12:15

Express for Quebec and Montreal.....17:05

Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney.....22:15

A through sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10:30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12:00 o'clock for Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

**TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN**

Express from Sussex.....8:30

Express from Quebec and Montreal.....12:40

Accommodation from Moncton.....14:15

Express from Halifax, Pictou and Point de Chene.....16:00

Express from Halifax and Campbellton.....19:15

Accommodation from Halifax and Sydney.....24:45

\*Daily, except Monday.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time Twenty-four hours notation.

D. FORTYINGHAM,  
Gen. Manager

Moncton, N. B., Nov. 28, 1900.  
CITY TICKET OFFICE,  
1 King Street St. John, N. B.