

POOR COPY

PROGRESS.

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AN OLD STORY REVIVED.

BY JOHN HACKETT AS TOLD BY A NEW YORK PAPER.

It tells in a highly colored way an event in the life of a St. John actress—Mrs. James K. Hackett—the heroine of the story.

A former St. John lady whose home is now in New York sends this week to Progress a copy of the New York Evening Sun of December 21st which contains the story of Miss Ethel Knight Malison's memorial venture as a play-wright. In the main the story is correct enough only in writing it Mr. James K. Hackett paid more attention to coloring it up in crimson Christmas shades, than he did to truth in the matter of detail.

The story starts out in this way: "How was this for revenge? There is a actress now playing on Broadway, in a play which was one of the great successes of last season, who some years ago was living in her old home at St. John, N. B. At that time she had no thought of going on the stage in a professional way, for she was engaged to marry the son of a man who was probably the richest man in the city.

"But the fancies of the young man did not approve of the match. They did all in their power to break off the match, and finally the obedient son went to the actress that way to be and told her that it would be better for her and best for himself from this moment if their paths in life separated at an acute angle. The girl released him with the greatest pleasure, so she said, and in a week's time most of the townspeople had forgotten all about the affair. But not so the young woman. She was doing a deal of thinking. Nearly every summer it happens that a 'snip' company made up of pretty fair actors, goes to the Maritime Provinces and divides its time between Halifax and St. John. The following summer one came as usual, but the townspeople to respond with their usual alacrity 'let' nearly all the plays in the company's repertory had been seen before.

"Finally, one morning a young woman called at the theatre and remarked to a manager: 'What you people want is a new play. I've got it. I wrote it. It will score a bit beyond any doubt, and you can have it if you like, on one condition. You must let me play the leading role.'

"The manager looked dazed for a moment and then remarked that he had a leading woman of his own, but after a little more talk he waived the rights of his leading woman and entered into the scheme with positive enthusiasm.

"Next day the fences of the town blossomed out with the announcement that on the following Monday would be produced a new play called 'The Mischivous Miss,' 'by a local playwright,' and that a well-known St. John belle would play the leading role.

Then the Sun goes on to give the plot of the play and to tell of the sensation it caused, the brilliant audience, the tiers of boxes filled with the elite of the city, the diamond decked women, the flowers, the lights and the music are talked about in a way that would make the swiftest New York playhouse get green all over with envy, and St. John's cozy opera house recognizable by its very best patron. Nobody is likely to make a face though, for it isn't these people or things get so highly excited, and besides the exclusive invitations when they read the article will realize at least that we know a thing or two down here after all. Then the article goes on: 'To say that this play raised a sensation is putting it mildly. After the second act one of the parties retired from the box in short dress and high dulcinea, and before the end of the piece at least a dozen dowagers had left the theatre following all sorts of legal proceedings against the saucy young mix who had dared to parody their pet foibles and peculiarities. With one fell swoop this young woman had wiped out every penny that she had ever had, and although 'The Mischivous Miss' was produced more than six years ago, to this very day the good citizens of St. John never speak of it without a shudder.'

The closing paragraph is perhaps the funniest of all—but as Progress does not care to unnecessarily wound the feelings of anyone it is omitted. The writer gets tangled up somewhat in his statements, but perhaps New York society will be more than wise. The story is evidently written with the intention of embarrassing Mrs. Hackett's

attractions in the eyes of the matinee girl, but just the same the fool killer and a corner ought to find a nice easy job about Mr. Hackett's size in New York.

WANT TO DRIVE THEM OUT. That is the suggestion made about the Disreputable Houses.

That bill for four dollars that Police Clerk Henderson paid Mr. Driscoll for the use of his bus in taking half a dozen policemen out to Mrs. Melvin's, was ordered paid at the meeting of the treasury board this week, but it was the cause of a discussion of a much wider and more important range.

The fine, or rather the forfeit of \$100, it appears, had been handed over to the city, and that is the only reason the bill was paid.

But while waiting for a quorum some one raised the question, if there was not enough work of that sort—raiding disreputable houses—to do in the city without going out into the country, and from the expressions of opinion given, there is no doubt some of the aldermen feel very strongly upon the point.

It was said that the chief officials were of the opinion that such resorts were necessary in every large community and especially in a seaport town but this was scouted by one gentleman who declared that in his opinion the revenue they contributed to the police office and license fund was the only reason they existed.

The first upon neighboring properties was discussed and the chamberlain is authority for the statement that those who reside in the near vicinity as well as those who own property that is idle complain a great deal of the disadvantage such resorts are to them, of the depreciation to their property as well as the annoyances to which they are subjected. Those who collected the taxes were in a better position to know about these things than those who never came in contact with the property owners.

"But it is not better," asked an alderman "if these resorts must exist as the of these say, that they should be confined to one or two streets and not scattered all over the city?"

"No, no," said another, "drive them away from the town. Make them all go outside the county line."

"It can't be done," retorted another alderman.

"It can be done if we had a police force that would do its duty. Give me good men and I will undertake to drive them out."

"These disreputable places are doing tremendous harm to the boys of the town," said a gentleman who seemed to have gathered much information upon the subject. "I do not speak of the effect upon men of mature years but of the young boys who do not earn more than enough to pay their board and who may be seen wending their way in groups down to these disreputable places."

At this moment some other members of the board arrived and the chairman called the members to order. The discussion however was useful as showing the strong opinions of some of the aldermen upon the subject.

NORTH ENDS DISAGREES.

The Members of the Salvage Corps Have Differences.

The North End Salvage Corps is only seven months old but it has the distinction of having one of the best out and out 'internal' troubles of any of the local fire departments for many years. The statistics of the unpleasantness so far include three suspended members; one, the driver of the S. C. fire wagon, a disgraced captain and a corps of members 'soured' either in the Captain's behalf or for the best interests of the men under the ban of that official. The bad feeling which has recently become so evident within the ranks of the chattel slaves, is not of recent origin. Its source is said to be traced as far back as last July first, Dominion day, when the new Salvage Corps held an unsuccessful extension of a dinner. It was here Captain Phillip Hamm and ordinary fireman John Chesley had a dispute, which resulted in the latter's temporary suspension. A sort of drinking was given birth then which has rankled in both Captain and men ever since. It broke out again about two weeks ago when Jordan Jones, a member, was laid off for awhile being forbidden the various privileges of killing a pig or other furniture in case a big fire should happen. Under the term of his banishment from the Corps' quarters, finally last Saturday night Mr.

Chesley whose term of exile had long since been up, accompanied by what he termed his 'citizen guests' Mr. Jones, eleven Corps apartments shortly after ten o'clock. The hour of closing is eleven and Captain Hamm says he always endeavored to have this rule adhered to. Driver Hazen Brown was in charge and the three men were sitting in the engine house chatting in a Merry Christmas vein when Capt. Hamm's profile loomed up at the door window. He entered the wagon and asked if it was not a late and improper hour for such a free and easy meeting, and furthermore if it was the proper thing for a suspended man to presume to throw aside official commands and enter the building when under suspension. Some pretty warm words followed, Mr. Chesley claiming that Mr. Jones was his guest but this Capt. Hamm refused to recognize.

Then Driver Brown came in for a roast. He was roundly brought to task for keeping 'open house' after hours and suddenly remembering that it was after eleven o'clock, ordered all hands out including the Captain himself. He was 'cock of the walk' so to speak and all at once realized that upon him devolved the duty of closing up the Corps rooms for the night. Naturally Captain Hamm's dignity was considerably rattled at being ordered from the premises. He refused to go, so Driver Brown turned the key in the door and went to bed. The irate official to all appearances was in for a 'watch night service' all by himself, but after a moment's reflection he thought of the big doors—They were sprung open and having thus freed himself Capt. Hamm went upstairs and leaving over Driver Brown in bed, ordered him to get up dress and leave the building—a very informal dismissal. Brown relaxed and a policeman was called. After 'moving the remains' for a few moments the brass button man thought it outside his power to eject Brown, so both he and the Captain departed. Another driver was summoned and he sat all night. While Brown dreamed of dreams of St. John's and a stocking full of toy policemen etc. and he's working yet.

At a meeting of the Corps held to take action on Capt Hamm's dismissal of Brown, the members decided to let the Salvage Board settle it. There is a serious split in the Corps on account of the incident and rumors of doing away with the N. E. S. C. salvage organization and using the new wagon for a police patrol are already rife.

Capt. Hamm and his supporters want to know who's base and they say this case is to be a test of the question.

IN LAYD ANNOUNCEMENT.

West side circles are greatly exercised over a marriage which took place some time ago, and of which no announcement has as yet reached the friends of the contracting parties. The couple have never lived together since the marriage occurred the general opinion being that the religious differences have had something to do with the unusual state of affairs. It is said that one of the principals denies the rumor of a marriage but it is pretty positively known that it was duly solemnized, and now the friends of both parties are only awaiting the usual announcement to extend congratulations.

APPROACH TO PRESENTATION.

The presentations of the year do not seem to be over yet for one opening this week at the Dominion a few friends of William Keele presented him with an appropriate remembrance in the shape of a pair of Military hat spikes, ebony backed and inlaid with silver. The recipient of the gift showed his appreciation of the kindly feeling toward him that prompted it in a very happy way. His assistant, William Fitzpatrick, was also remembered and given a handsome pair of gold and carbuncle cuff links.

ANOTHER DEATH OF WILLIAM DUTTON.

The sudden death of William Dutton of the North End could hardly be credited when the news reached the city Wednesday afternoon. While not in robust health he was supposed to be on the day of his death but hemorrhages of the stomach did not give him much chance of life and those caused his death. He was well known and well liked and many of those who knew him will feel their last tributes of respect to his funeral services.

THESE BROTHERS FROM ST. JOHN AND HALIFAX.

These two brothers from St. John and Halifax, James and John, were seen at the North End last night. They were seen at the North End last night. They were seen at the North End last night.

FUNNY ITEMS PAID FOR.

THE TREASURY BOARD PASSES MANY ACCOUNTS.

And among the items of which they are made up are some funny things—flowers, seeds, fly paper, Anodyne Liniment, etc. paid for by the City.

There were some queer items among the thousands of dollars worth of bills that were passed at the meeting of the treasury board this week. There are many things large purchasers, but the accounts that mentioned in the itemized version could even old and experienced auditors not explain off hand. Perhaps the most frequent charge was that for shoeing and removing shoes from horses, and judgment from the many different people who sent in accounts for work of this nature the parsimony of the city seems to be pretty well distributed. But it sounded funny to hear the chairman reading off so much for shoeing 'Bill', 'Dick', 'Tom', and 'Harry'. These of course were the names of the horses and perhaps it is just as well that the bills were made more particular in this way.

There was one charge for 'gall' and when this was read out a very audible smile passed around the room. Why the chairman of any of the departments or the directors or any of the officials should be under the necessity of buying gall was not very clear to the aldermen who were considering the bills, still they were all in a Christmas mood, not very critical and disposed to pass anything that was nearly correct. It was noticeable, however, that the city physicians who had supplied the city with different kinds of the value of the some articles purchased. One charge of \$2.00 for a keg of spikes and another almost at the same time charged \$2.50. Little things like that indicate that the city in the long run would be very much better off if they had the services of an auditor who was competent to check the bills and know the correct prices.

One of the items that occasioned some surprise was a charge of \$12.70 for flower seeds. The aldermen seemed to be under the impression that the Horticultural Association was with the assistance of the city doing all the work of that nature, but the information was vouchsafed that the city still had charge of the Haymarket Square and that these seeds were perhaps used for that public ground. A few might have sowed in the little garden in front of the police building but that too seems to be a matter of doubt. Anyway the item passed and the next surprise came in the shape of one dozen bottles of Johnstone's Anodyne Liniment. This was probably used in the city stables but the board seemed to think that it was a considerable quantity to use on horses. The charge for foot pads was of course for the stables but one for velvet brooms suggested the remark from one of the aldermen that there was no doubt about the luxuriousness of the city since they were using velvet brooms. Mrs. Washington sent in a bill for a lunch furnished at the order of chief of police, and the committee did not stop to inquire whether it was for the chief or for a patron. Whoever ate it no doubt enjoyed it and their was the privilege to pay for it.

Some time ago when the gas bill came in for the new salvage corps room in the North End, there was considerable kicking. The bill was so much larger than for the same kind of a room in the South End that it was difficult to explain the difference, but the cat was out of the bag when among the accountants was one from Messrs. Emerson & Fisher for a gas stove for the salvage corps room in North End. Who ordered the stove was not stated and so this account was laid aside until some explanation in connection with it could be obtained. There were charges for insect powder, moth balls, fly paper sent by the order of the chief of police to the police office. The insect powder no doubt could be used to advantage from time to time in the cells but the item of fly paper provoked some merriment and brought out the remark that with a plentiful supply of that in the station there should be no flies on the force. A bill of Mr. D. A. Council in connection with coaching in a shop-lifting case was laid aside, the aldermen thinking that it was no part of the city's duty to pay such a bill. But another item of a hatchet for the mayor's office came as a surprise to Chairman Robinson and Alderman Christie, one of whom remarked that

after this he would have to be careful how he approached his work. Perhaps the most surprising to all the aldermen was the last one that was passed—for instance. Even the doctors on the board would not imagine just what use the city would have for such an article, but as was stated before all the bills with one or two slight exceptions went through with a rush. There was considerable discussion about the arbitrator's account of some \$12,000, but that too passed and the gentlemen who have considered the claims against the city were no doubt be made happy with New Year's checks. The chamberlain remarked incidentally when it stated that the \$100 fine or forfeit taken in the police office from Mrs. Melvin had been handed over to the city that the magistrate had squared up for the month's membership.

PROPOSED MARKET.

It is interesting to think it is the Halifax is the best the city has.

Halifax, Dec. 29th. The agitation for a public market in this city has not been revived, but the prospects as at present time for getting one, are just as far off as ever. Every now and again this scheme is brought before the public, and for a time some interest is taken in it, but after a while it is allowed to drop, as no person cares about pushing it. This time the mover in the matter was Ald. Faulkner, who at a meeting of the city council, said this city was far behind the times in this respect. We should have a public market he said, and one that would be a credit to the city. The idea for the moment caught the other aldermen and several of them expressed the opinion that some immediate steps should be taken to further the scheme. It was agreed upon there and then, that a committee should be appointed to select a site, and obtain if possible the probable cost of the same. The mayor was invested with the power to name the members of the committee, and of course the opportunity was a grand one for him to place thereon just who he pleased. The committee has not yet presented its report but it is expected that it will before very long. One of the sites spoken of is bounded by Grafton, Altham's, Duke and Buckingham streets. In this block the Mayor and Ald. O'Donnell are very much interested, and it would be much to their advantage if it was finally selected as the market site. Both of them own a very large amount of property there, and if the council saw its way clear to expropriate it, they would both receive good prices for it without a doubt. The site however is not very favorably looked upon, and it is very doubtful if it will be the one selected. The mayor has not very much to say about the matter, but the alderman has observed considerably about it. He is opposed to the scheme, so he says, by the way, but that is very unlikely. He will, so it is given out, strongly oppose the whole affair when it again reaches the council. Perhaps he thinks that is the best place he can purchase everything he opposes is always sure to be adopted. There are other sites that are better adapted for a market, and far more easily accessible. The citizens however do not seem to be opposed to it. There are market enough in the city at the present time, and some of them are tumbling down for the want of looking after. The owners cannot obtain sufficient revenue from them to cover the places in proper repair. It has been said that the folk who sell their goods in the 'green market' would prefer to see the institution of this kind, but many are of an adverse opinion, as experience in the past have shown. Considerable interest has been taken in the scheme not from the standpoint of a public market, but the outcome of the transaction. The name of the committee who have been obtaining the desired information have not as yet been given, and several of the aldermen who were strongly in favor of a public market a short time ago, have since changed their opinion, and they think the city can get along without increasing this unnecessary expense at the present time. There might however be a 'deal' if everything goes well, so it is advisable for the controlling body to go slowly.

TO RETURN FOR THE WEEK.

Theatre goes will be glad to hear that the Post Conservative company will return to the Opera House here on January 9th to play a three weeks engagement. The Conservative is an excellent actor with good support and the plays he has been seen in seemed a metropolitan success.

HUNT FOR A WILDCAT.

A DAY'S SPORT IN EAGLED SULLIVAN COUNTY SWAMP.

Wandering Propensities of the Animal—Trotted by Wagon he tries to Escape the Hunter—The Big Wildcat that Killed a Deer—A Lucky Shot.

The bay lynx, or wildcat, said Judge Crane of Port Jervis, is not a striking example of domestic devotion. Unlike the hero of the popular ballad, he loves to wander from his own fireside, and he is more fortunate than most fellows in the ability to indulge his wayward propensity. Most animals of our woods are extremely local in their habits. The wildcat is a tramp. It is customary for him to have two liars, a dozen wayside haunts and perhaps as many more occasional stopping places. His two homes are frequently ten or dozen miles apart, and mark two points on the circumference of an approximate circle which encloses his stamping ground.

He starts from one of his habitations on a lonely jaunt, covering in the first twenty-four hours five or six miles on the main highway, while his excursions to the line of the left through thicket and swamp right and many more miles. His route comprises the composed of innumerable small circles and eccentric figures. He reaches his second residence when he reaches the covers until he hunts the adjacent parts itself. His wayward fancy again may be resented. Then he strikes off home, which reaches by an altogether new route, or rather a series of routes. He is not a creature of habit. Occasionally he curls himself up like a house cat and sleeps on the ground, hunting usually by night, and sometimes two weeks may elapse before he regains his starting point. Without doubt he keeps this roving up all the time, although it is only during the winter months, when the snow holds the record of his wanderings, that we can be sure of his movements. For this reason the winter is the only time we can hunt him scientifically. If he is disturbed by man he will pike off for the more distant home, perhaps running for eight miles in a perfectly straight line. If you can set a dog upon his hot track he will take to the nearest swamp or patch of briars, and wind and twist and turn until he almost unseats the reason of the calmest and most calculating old hound that ever followed a trail. He will not take to water or resort to other methods of obliterating his trail than a deer adopts. He simply goes round and round in the thickest brush he can find, depending all the time on mere strength and grit and endurance to win out and throw off the persisting hound. He is not afraid of the dog, but the latter bores him by his persistency, and he resorts to the same measures adopted by the man who owes you \$10. It is very difficult to trace a wildcat. Sometimes after being hunted for hours in the way I have indicated, a fresh and fast hound might make him climb a tree, but this is rare. The man who shoots a wildcat without understanding these principles is lucky.

Last week Lew Boyd, the presiding genius of the hunt at Hartwood, telephoned to me that he had found the fresh track of a cat.

'That cat's come back from Eden,' was the way Lew put it—Eden was the second place of residence of this particular cat—and he's on this side of the Monticello road, now.'

'So I telephoned to Miles Sturtevant to come down from Hartwood the next morning to meet me. I met his wagon on the road four miles from town. We bumped our way over the turnpike to the top of Sullivan county, and then turned into the old Texas road, picking up Lew Boyd and his hound on the way. Three miles further on the Gray road strikes out to the east at right angles. Here we dismissed the wagon, chained the hound and walked on in the direction of Gray Swamp. At the head of Gray Swamp we found the tracks of a big cat pointing toward the swamp, and a few yards further on we came upon a similar track crossing the road in the opposite direction. Lew asserted confidently that the two tracks were made that day, and by the same animal, and the question remained to be decided on which side of the road he was at that moment. He was of the opinion that the cat was in Long Swamp. So we trudged through the woods for three miles along the top of a low ridge.

'We passed innumerable deer tracks on the way. As we neared Long Swamp we put up a fine deer that went dashing off toward Port Jervis, and a little later another jumped through the brush close by. Long Swamp is of the shape of an enormous two-fingered hand, covering hundreds of acres. After we gained the swamp the sun went under the clouds, and even the instinct of direction possessed by Lew Boyd, trained woodman as he is, was

at fault. We made our way out by the aid of my pocket compass. 'On the west edge of the swamp we came suddenly upon a place where the ground was torn and trampled. Tufts of hair and pieces of pelt lay about on the blood-stained snow, and there was every sign of a terrific struggle. On the edge of the battleground lay the pannoch of a deer, and a few feet further on we found its head and spine, gnawed clean. The work had been done two nights before, and from all signs this had been a no running battle of miles. The tragedy had all been enacted within a few feet, and we both felt a new respect for the animal that could do away with a nearly full-grown deer. Lew cut through to skirt the east end of the swamp in quest of a fresh track, and I went up Handy Hill in the opposite direction to look over a smaller swamp in the vicinity.

'The cat ain't here,' Lew announced definitely when we reached the swamp in Gray Swamp.' 'He's back 'Gray Swamp' is the worst place in Sullivan county. It is almost impenetrable. It is perfectly flat, and in addition to the dense undergrowth it is overgrown with laurel whose branches are interlaced so thickly that it seems impossible for any creature to get through. I would not cross Gray Swamp for money; for a wildcat, I might. Unless he had winded or sighted the animal was somewhere in the neighborhood, and we had reduced all likely hiding places to the depths of this swamp. Lew told me to go in and select as open a position as I could find while he walked around the swamp to look for tracks leading out. I wriggled and twisted and tore my way through the brush until I found a well-worn deer path along which I came upon several of their round beds. One of them, a little larger than the others was surrounded by the tracks, not much larger than a copper cent, of two fawns. It was pretty tough work getting inside of that swamp, and long before I had a suitable position I heard the deep bay of the hound. A moment later something heavy bounded through the brush within fifty feet of me. I couldn't see a thing but laurels and so I kept still and cursed my luck. My only chance was to remain quiet and wait for the dog to bring the animal around again. After the dog passed I hunted around until I found a fallen log, from the top of which I could see for a few yards about me. The sounds of the hunt held on quite to the further edge of the swamp and then gradually turned.

'Suddenly something lithe and soft and graceful made a curving leap over the brush. I caught another glimpse of the tawny skin a few feet further on, aimed at it quickly and fired. The thing dropped and sank slowly among the bushes. It looked as though it lay crouching for a spring when

I worked my way to it, its face toward me, and the fire in its eyes not yet dead. A moment later the dog burst through the brush and buried his teeth in the cat's neck without a moment's hesitation. The hound is of the Josh Cole breed, a strain known throughout this region for honest gameness and grit. Many a good dog will flinch from a wildcat, dead or alive. But this one went at it as though he knew no other kind of business but to kill.

IN A PRISON LAUNDRY.

A Prison Where Washing is "Taken In" and Excuse Making is "Taken Out." There are several problems connected with the finding of employment for law-breakers during their detention in the present world. Work in prisons should be punitive, profitable to the State, and beneficial to malefactors, who ought, if necessary, to be able to turn to account, after they are discharged, what they have learnt while in confinement. All these conditions are fulfilled by laundry work as it is carried on at Strangeways Gaol, Manchester. More than twenty years ago Miss Little, the matron, made an innovation in this department. Hitherto the prison laundry had been given up solely to washing for the institution. On Miss Little's initiative linen was "taken in" from outside in addition. And ever since this system has been continued, with very satisfactory results.

By permission of the Prison Commissioners, I recently visited (writes a representative) the laundry in Strangeways Prison. It consists of two large rooms—one for washing, the other for ironing, packing up, etc.—and is like other laundries, with only a few exceptions. In the first place, the women are, of course, all uniformly attired, each wearing a blue print dress, to which is attached the usual numbered badge. Next, there is a partition between each washing tub for the purpose of preventing talking.

'A prisoner is not usually allowed out of her cell till she gets a stripe on her arm,' I was told by the officer in charge, who, in the absence of Miss Little, showed me around. 'Before that can be obtained she has to serve a month. But the Commissioners allow a woman to wash without a stripe, on condition that she is partitioned off from the others.'

Lastly, the work is exceedingly well done, much better than in many private laundries that I have had the misfortune to know. I have seen showier linen than that I inspected at Strangeways—glass covers a multitude of washing sins—but none more honestly and skillfully 'got up.'

'Do you select women haphazard for working in the wash house?' I asked. 'No,' replied my cicerone. 'When one

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Is characterized by a greater degree of variety, has more interesting features and less monotonous and schoolroom drudgery, than ordinary courses of study, and these qualities invariably inspire interest and often enthusiasm in young men and women who have become completely discouraged in regard to their education. It is useless to continue a boy or girl in a school that seems more to him or her like prison life than a course of preparation for the future.

Send for Catalogue. The Currie Business University, Cor. Charlotte and Princess Streets, St. John, N. B. Telephone 991. P. O. Box 50.

comes in, we ask her what she can do. If she says 'sewing,' we give her sewing. So it is with other things. Cotton picking, though, is the last resort. Everybody has to do something, though we do not, of course, look for anything from half-witted women; they do almost what they like. 'But if a woman is strong, and is passed by the doctor—that is essential—we put her in the wash-house. There is an instruction officer there, and she teaches her if necessary. The women, I may say, are very willing as a rule, and there is not much trouble with them. It is very rarely, too, that one is sent out of the wash-house. If a woman is reported for misconduct, she is kept out till she has permission to resume her work. That is a form of punishment that is greatly disliked, principally because the diet is so much better when she is in the laundry. A first-class prisoner does not get any meat at all for a month—only gruel and bread. If she goes into the laundry, she gets a third-class diet.'

The difference between the two scales is considerable. A female prisoner on third-class diet is entitled to 6 ozs. of bread and

one pint of gruel for breakfast, and a similar ration for supper. On Sunday and Wednesday she gets for dinner 4 ozs. of bread, 6 ozs. of potatoes, and 6 ozs. of suet pudding; on Monday and Fridays, 6 ozs. of bread, 8 ozs. of potatoes, and 5 ozs. of cooked beef without bone; on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 6 ozs. of bread, 6 ozs. of potatoes, and three-quarters of a pint of soup.

'How many women do you employ in the laundry?' was my next question. 'About sixty usually, and we keep them going, too. We have twenty-five washes, from clubs, hotels, private houses, etc., every week; besides, of course, the prison washing; and our customers pay us about \$22 per week on an average.'

'And the hours, what are they?' 'From half-past six in the morning till half-past five at night.' 'Your workers are always coming and going, of course,' I remarked. 'That, I suppose, is rather awkward?' 'Well, yes, it is to some extent. But a number of the women come here again and again. We know what they can do, and they know their work. So the difficulty is not so great as might be supposed.'

'Are any of the women competent to earn their living in a laundry after they leave here?' I mean any of those who came into the prison with little or no previous knowledge of the washerwoman's trade? 'Certainly, that is the great advantage of working in the laundry. They have a 'trade in their fingers' when they go inside. Many get situations. We very often have women here for eighteen months at a stretch. Some of them are employed in the wash house, and when they are in our hands, and when they have completed their sentences they are good workers.'

'Does the laundry pay?' 'I think it returns a profit. Although the wash-house in Strangeways Gaol was the first of her Majesty's laundries to take work from outside, others, I believe, now do likewise, to a greater or lesser extent. From the housewife's point of view, this is a feature of prison life that cannot become too general, for good washers are scarce, and more of them that are trained the greater is the chance of domestic peace.—Tit-Bit

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

\$3.50 SHOES FOR 15c. stand for a book of five tickets. Sell the five tickets at 15c. each to five people who will return each ticket to us with a book of five tickets as you have done. When the tickets are so returned to us we will send a pair of Ladies' or Gents' \$3.50 shoes. The C. O. COMPANY, MERCHANTS CO., 1211 Union Street, St. John, N. B.

HOLIDAY GIFT GENUINE GLOVER Ring 14carat, solid gold, hand-stamped with genuine pearl setting, ONE DOLLAR each. Money refunded if not satisfied. HENRY, SWAYNE & Co., Dept. F. Box 473, Halifax, N. S.

AN HONEST WIFE OR FEMALE MAN or woman wanted in every locality in Canada to represent us; our line of goods sell in every house; we give larger commission than any other firm; particular and genuine trade. The F. M. KARR COMPANY, 125 Wellington Street, Toronto.

BE YOUR OWN BOSS WE will start in your own home as soon as you can make \$25 a week. Money will be coming in every day. First answer will get this free start. NEW FRANCHISE CO., Box 79, Parkville, N. B.

STAMPS COLLECTIONS and old stamps, bought for cash. State size of collection or send list. For particulars address Box 286 St. John, N. B.

Type Writing Touch. Without looking at the key board, the same as plain playing and under all the fingers. In the system now taught in this college. By this new method greatly increased speed, ease and efficiency are required; and injury to the eyes by constant change or loss of attention from machine to manuscript as in the common method, is avoided. Short-hand: The Isaac Pitman. Features: The latest and only up-to-date system, and we are the only ones who put you in this locality. Send for Catalogue. Old fellow's Hall. S. KERR & SON.



FEEDING THE BIRDS.

Music and The Drama

THESE AND UNDERONES.

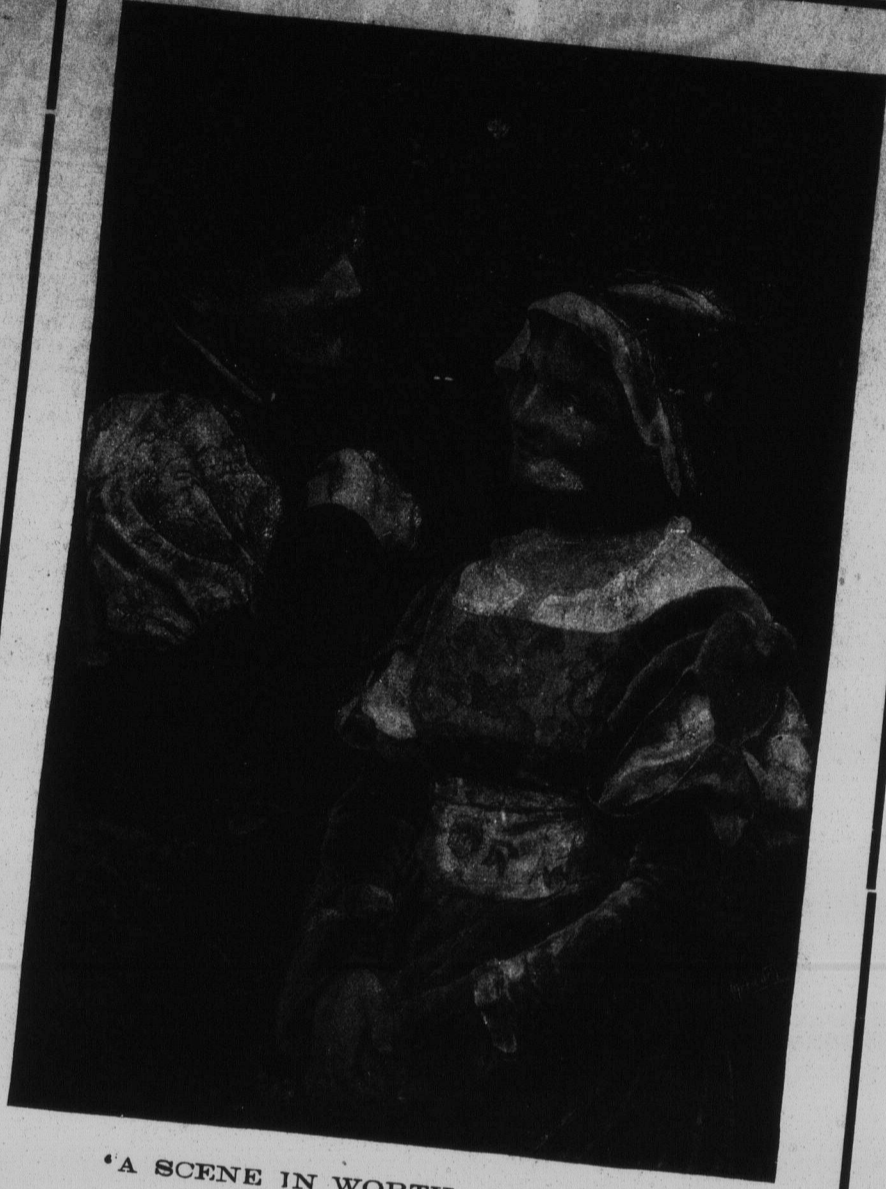
There is some diversity of opinion regarding the ability of a musician—one Ole Theobaldi—who created quite a little furor here some time ago among musical people. Everybody evidently doesn't regard him as a great genius as for, instance a critic on the staff of a New York publication. Musical America has this to say of the man whom Mr. Robert Melvin exploited some months ago. Under the title of "Wizard of the Violin" the criticism says:

"Forty-three music hungry souls assembled at Hardmann Hall last Saturday evening to listen to Mr. Elliott Maxwell's 'Wizard of the Violin'—Ole Theobaldi. Forty-three souls, no longer music hungry are now enabled to account for the recent strange proceedings of Emperor Wilhelm II of Germany; for has not Ole Theobaldi played private concerts for the Kaiser, and for the royal families of Russia Denmark, Norway and Sweden. At least his manager Mr. Maxwell thus informs all music lovers who may be inclined to doubt the brilliant career of this newly acquired wizard. When Ole Theobaldi stepped upon the platform to play his first selection—'A Visit to the Mountain'—an awesome hush fell upon the audience. The forty-three souls beheld the man of genius that had thrilled kings and queens, and incidentally had his 'diamond studded bow' stolen quite recently as an excellent means of introduction to the general reading public. Among the many novel effects which the programme announced, Mr. Theobaldi would introduce in his various selections, I could only detect the unpoliphonic utterances of a distressed nightingale, and the persistent note of a hungry Cuckoo. For the edification of one of those small boys who like to see the 'wheels go round,' Mr. Theobaldi started a brooklet whispering and a Norwegian cow-a-lowing. Later in the evening he set a big Swedish mill a-going, and saw to it that a milkmaid performed her duties with ardor and despatch; but I had fled.

Ole Theobaldi was wondrously clad—in itself unmistakable evidence of the rights and flights of genius. A breastplate glittering in the electric light was doubtless some mute token of a King's regard. His velvet 'dress coat' and dancing pumps were most appropriate for his first solo—'A Visit to the Mountains'—though they seemed somewhat out of place in other selections, such as, for instance, 'The Soldiers March Across the Vera Bridge.' Without wounding the pride of Wilhelm, Sarasata, Yasay, Thomson and all the other great artists who have been heard in New York within the last ten decades it can honestly be said that Mr. Theobaldi presented a programme such as never before has been offered to music lovers in this great metropolis. What a pity that only forty three souls will keep green in their memories this unique programme and its unique performance. There are men and women with very meagre ability, who, having been misled into choosing music as a profession, and discovering their mistake when it is too late to retreat, startle intelligent listeners with their lack of skill and musical capacity. Such unfortunates should not be harshly dealt with. They arouse compassion.

"But here is a man, one Ole Theobaldi, who, if he put knew how to play the simplest scale with acceptable accuracy, would prove a very prince of his kind. As it is, his attempts are so incredibly absurd, that no attire, however grotesque, no advertising, however imposing to the public eye, will ever enable him to hoodwink even the least musical people of the United States. Did not his manager, Mr. Maxwell, seem so earnest and honest in his efforts to exploit this 'wizard of the violin,' the people who were lured to Hardmann Hall might justly wreak vengeance on his inexperienced managerial head. The only safe thing for Mr. Maxwell to do is to forget that Ole Theobaldi ever existed and to make a post-election bon-fire of his advertising matter.

The Williams Band concert which took place in the Opera House on Wednesday attracted a large and brilliant audience. It was the band's first appearance, and expressions of approval of their work were heard on every side. From the opening to the closing every number on the well arranged programme was thoroughly enjoyed and soloists of the evening Mrs. F. G. Spencer, Mr. John Kelly, and Mr. W. C. Bowden, violinist, were as usual exceedingly good and won most enthusiastic applause and encores. Professor Williams is to be heartily congratulated upon the excellent manner in which the band of which he is the leader, acquitted itself.



"A SCENE IN WORTH A MILLION."

and it is to be hoped we may have the pleasure of listening to it very soon again. Interest continues to grow in the mammoth musical production, which St. John Clary, Berresford, and Rieger, the wonderful aggregation which together with the instrumentalists will present in A Persian Garden, appeared at the Empire theatre Chicago, recently, with wonderful success. The Murray-Lane Opera company has disbanded.

Emil Paur has abandoned his series of Sunday night concerts at Carnegie hall New York on account of poor attendance. Mme. Calve's return to America next fall will not be merely to sing at the Metropolitan. She has made her plans for a long tour beginning early in October and ending when the season in New York begins. After that is over she will resume her tour which will continue until late in the spring. With a small company she intends travelling through the country giving Faust and Carmen.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Two crowded houses greeted the Boston Comedy company on Christmas day when it made its annual appearance at the Opera house, giving for the afternoon performance 'The Honey-moon' and in the evening with Miss Grey in the title role of the last mentioned piece. That the various members of the company gave excellent satisfaction in their parts was evidenced by the frequent applause. H. Price Webber of course looked after the comedy and that is equivalent to saying that there was fun to spare all around. His local references are always timely, and while intensely laughable are always free from anything that could wound the most sensitive. Miss Grey was given a very flattering reception, and the applause bestowed upon her work, both afternoon and evening was well merited. Mr. Webber's company gives three performances in Carleton this week, and on Monday next will close the St. John engagement. On that day the company comedy for the matinee for the first time in St. John. This play was written by Wyrret Reeve, the celebrated English actor, and on its production in London was received with unanimous endorsement by the press and public. Miss Grey has a delightfully bright comedy character in Constance Warburton. In the evening Fanchon will be given in response to a very general request.

Isham's Octoroons made an excellent impression during their three nights stay in the city, though the time—the three days before Christmas, was not favorable to business. Madam Hyers the prima donna of the organization possesses a beautiful voice, and very generously responded to the numerous encores she received at every performance.

Miss Mabel Eaton, W. S. Harkins leading lady during his last St. John engagement is successfully playing the part of Mary Bord'n in 'The Village Postmaster.' John J. Sully is appearing with 'As We See It,' through the South.

It is said that Antonio Terry left all of his immense fortune to his widow Sibyl Sanderson.

Carrie Newcombe has recovered from her recent severe illness and has rejoined the Bennett and Moulton Company.

Miron Leffingwell author of 'The Dawn of Freedom' has written the new melodrama, 'The Man from the South, and Suzo of Tennessee.'

In a case in which Olga Nethersole was sued for extra salary, based on a contract for £15 per week for 'the run of the season,' the plaintiff said that her season was at least eight weeks, while Miss Nethersole's experiment at the Haymarket, (London) was but five weeks in length when she was compelled to close. The judge said the season meant 'as long as the theatre was open, whether for a long or short period, and closed when a piece came to an end.' Miss Nethersole therefore had nothing to pay. In another court a variety performer, Kath Kella, sued for damages from the manager of the Eastern Empire Hall on account of an alleged breach of contract. He cut out her turn because her paper and printing was not all the hall fourteen days in advance, as was the rule. It arrived twelve days in advance. The manager won the case.

The adventures of Lady Ursula has passed the fifty mark at the Duke of York, London.

Ada Reeve is back in England after a long and successful Australian tour.

James H. Wallick is to revive 'The Cattle King.'

Beerholm Tree is to play the title role in 'Monte Cristo.'

Aubrey Boucicault is to appear in vaudeville in 'A Scrap of Paper.'

Robert Downing's new comedy 'The

Butterfly and the Grab' is to pioneer in January.

Du Souchet's 'A Misfit Marriage' and Russ Whytal's 'Vagabondia' are to be shelved.

E. E. Rice is to produce 'Little Red Riding Hood,' a burlesque that has been successful in England.

During her engagement at Wallack's Theatre, New York, next month, Miss Olga Nethersole will produce among other new plays a comedy by M. Paul Blouet (Max O'Rell) entitled 'The Price of Wealth.'

Stuart Robson is to enact a foreign diplomat at Washington in 'Two Rogues and a Romance,' by Theodore Burt Sayre.

The play which David Belasco has written for Mrs. Carter to appear in next year has been named 'The Queen's Drawing Room.'

Eugene Cowles sprained an ankle so badly on the stage at Baltimore that he could not act again for ten days.

'Zaza,' in which Mrs. Leslie Carter will play the chief part, was acted for the first time in America at Washington last Monday night.

The New York opera for the week comprises 'Romeo et Juliette' (Semblich and Jean de Reszke), 'Die Walkure' (Eames, Lehmann, Van Dyck, Van Rooy) and 'Tristan und Isolde' (Nordica and Jean de Reszke).

The English version of the successful German Comedy, 'At the White Horse Tavern' made by Sydney Rosenfeld, will be produced at the Wallack, New York in February next.

Otis Harlan has decided to withdraw from the management of Messrs Hoyt & McKee at the end of this season. Mr. Harlan is considering several plans for the future, but he has decided on nothing yet.

'Cyrano de Bergerac' is to be given an elaborate production in German at the Irving Place Theatre, New York, with Herr Eugen Schady, a new member of the company, in the title role.

Isabella Iveson is to be the leading woman of A. M. Palmer's comedy company, which is to appear in a farce called 'That Man' on January 16 at the Herald Square, N. Y.

Sydney Booth, now playing in 'A Dangerous Maid' of the New York Casino, is to originate the juvenile role in James A. Horne's production of 'The Rev. Dr.

SPECIAL Cheap Sale

Trimmed and Untrimmed Millinery.

We are offering great bargains in Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats, Toques and Bonnets —ALSO— Sailor Hats and Walking Hats at greatly reduced prices.

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO.
77 King Street.
OPEN EVERY EVENING.

Griffith." In the play Rev. Dr. Griffin (Mr. Herne) and his son (Mr. Booth) have a spat because they disagree on the slavery question.

John Oliver Hobbes' new one act drama, 'A Repentance,' is to be cast in London as follows: The Countess Des Escas, Julie Opp; a Friar, George Alexander; the Marquis of Monfero, a Carlist leader, H. B. Irving; Captain Avion, a Carlist, C. Audrey Smith; Captain Sobrato, a "Christianist," Alfred Brown; Bianca, an attendant on the Countess, K. Sargeantson. The scene is laid near Bilbao, in Spain, in 1835.

George Alexander has accepted a play by a Miss Margaret Young, entitled 'The Lead Casket.'

Haddon Chambers' war comedy, 'The Tyranny of Tears,' is to succeed 'The Jest,' at the London Criterion.

Forbes Robertson has now got into approved form the play he has drawn from 'The Egoist' of George Meredith. He will himself appear as Sir Willoughby Patborne, Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Leticia Dals, and Irene Vanbrugh in support of the part of the heroine, Clara Middleton. The piece is in five acts.

A Zoological Garden of a novel kind is to be one of the features of this year's Drury Lane Pantomime. The cages will be occupied by human beings who have achieved fame or notoriety, and the spectators will consist of members of the animal creation.

Lawrence Irving and Lena Ashwell have the principal parts in the English version of the French play, 'The Organist,' which will be produced in the London Princess.

Recently at Campobasso, in Calabria, there was performed at the Margherita Theatre a translation in verse by Signor Gamberale, director of the Royal Lyceum of Browning's 'A Blot in the 'Scotchman.'

There is a stock company in Albany that not only gives two performances a day, but changes the bill twice a week. Eddis Girarde's 'Natural Gas' company went to pieces at Little Rock.

Miss Pauline Hall telegraphed friends in New York from Topeka, Kan., that there is absolutely no truth in the story that she was one of the women whom Lieut. Hobson the man who was once famous, kissed on his way to the Pacific slope. From all accounts, what this young man stands most in need of at the present moment is a large overdose of George Dewey, but if it be true that his kissing tour is merely a preliminary step towards his resigning from the navy and adopting the stage as a profession, the next time that Miss Nethersole revives 'Carmen' what's the matter with his applying for the part of Don Jose?

The Miles Ideal Stock company has been strengthened recently by the addition of the Prentice trio, who are being featured.

A Queen of England, a new romance play founded on Dumas' work, by Chas. A. Clarke was given its first production in London, England, a week or two ago.

Clyde Fitch is to write a play for Julia Marlowe on an imaginary episode in the life of the imaginary Barbara Frichie.

Moose steak and Partridge.
THOS. DEAN, City Market.

BASS & CO'S ALE
LANDING.
15 BBLs., EACH 36 GALS.
THOS. L. BOURKE



We are right in the midst of the Christmas holidays and the winter social season is in full swing...

Christmas day was extremely quiet, around town, and in fact quite like all the other Sundays in the year...

Supper was served in the dining room and kitchen, the last important apartment being fairy transformed with its gay decorations and pretty furnishings...

Though Mrs. Ruel has entertained quite extensively since she came a bride to St. John, it was her first large dance, and the success which attended it must be very gratifying to the lady herself...

A few days ago a little boy in this city asked his father "What did the poor little heathen fellows do for fun before there was any Christmas?"

The grand festival of the Druids at which Tutanases was worshipped, was celebrated on the sixth day of the moon nearest the new year...

found nowhere resting austriously and I came to the conclusion that the Druids were carried in his first of the mon-private and to George and my dog...

One of these convenient little Soup Squares of highest quality (Lazenby's) makes little mints of fine Soup and without any effort on your part either.

Turn Over A New Leaf. Promise yourself on the threshold of a New Year, to give up the worry and hard work and un-pleasantness...

Lazenby's Soup Squares. Made in England, but sold everywhere.

However interesting such subject may be to talk about the society reporter must return to modern, everyday affairs and talk of the things that are, not of those that were, and the way in which social life is changing just now.

An ideal home for a large dance at Foxbridge House the residence of Mr. and Mrs. F. Herbert Ruel. The spacious parlour, large roomy halls with their handsome furnishings and unexpected cosy nooks, and the various other rooms which can be utilized upon such an occasion make it quite the best home in the city for a dance like the one given by Mr. and Mrs. Ruel on Thursday of this week.

It was a real Christmas party and the elaborate decorations were in keeping with the season. The drawing room mantles, the pictures, and statuary, chandeliers, the halls and staircases, were draped in greens and holly. Quantities of mistletoe were brought into requisition, and disposed around cosy corners, sitting out rooms; in fact peeped out from the most unexpected places, so that there was really no excuse for the young man who did not take advantage of the privilege which the mistletoe brings with it. It however afforded a great deal of amusement to the young folks and kept every one merry.

Dancing took place in the drawing room, the glass like floor, and the excellent music of Harrison's orchestra stationed in one of the bay windows with a back ground of green and holly, made the tripping of the fantastic a positive pleasure. Upstairs the Indian and Turkish rooms, with its soft divans piled high with cushions, its comfortable easy chairs, softly shaded lights dainty bric-a-brac, and graceful palms, was a dream of comfort and good taste. It was utilized as a sitting out room and was a great attraction to the guests, and indeed was a powerful rival of the ball room downstairs. There was no dearth of sitting out nooks for two other rooms were also used and those who have been entertained at Mrs. Ruel's lovely home know just how charming a spot the "Gibson" room is, and intensely interesting too, papered entirely as it is with pictures from Gibson's drawings. The upper hall was beautifully decorated with Christmas greens and holly and draped with the yacht club flags and pennants.

Supper was served in the dining room and kitchen, the last important apartment being fairy transformed with its gay decorations and pretty furnishings. The table was tastefully arranged with graceful bunches of holly and at the corners were large bows of scarlet ribbon. Wax candles were used wholly in lighting the dining room and all the lights through the house had crimson shades.

Though Mrs. Ruel has entertained quite extensively since she came a bride to St. John, it was her first large dance, and the success which attended it must be very gratifying to the lady herself, and pleasing as well to her numerous friends.

Mrs. Ruel's gown was of rich white satin and chiffon, with elbow sleeves and white fichu. It was copied from an old picture and was exceedingly quaint and lovely. As a hostess she excelled in graciousness and charm of manner, with an unusual amount of tact, and thoughtfulness. No attention however small was neglected, and this combined with the exceptional facilities which her home affords made the dance a great success. The affair closed with Sir Roger De Coverley, just previous to which the guests donned the fantastic caps which came in the Christmas crackers pressed to them. At the close of this number a loving cup gaily bedecked with holly and scarlet ribbons was passed around and the guests sang Alld lang Syne. Following is the order of dances and list of guests. The programmes were pretty little affairs in white and scarlet on the back of which was a spray of mistletoe and a verse from "The Mistletoe Bough". The front cover had the family crest and the date of the dance.

- 1. Walls. 7. Walls. 11. Mistletoe. 12. Walls. 2. Walls. 8. Walls. 3. Lancers. 9. Two Step. 4. Two Step. 10. Walls. 5. Walls. 6. Polka. 13. Polka, 14. Walls 15. Two Step.

- SUPPER EXTRA: 1. Walls, 2. Two Step, 3. Walls. 13. Polka, 14. Walls 15. Two Step. SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY. Mr. and Mrs. A. Gordon Blair, Mr. R. M. Briggstocke, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Coster, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. J. Chipman, Mr. Walter Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Fairweather, Mr. W. E. Foster, Misses M. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. B. Kelle Jones, Mr. and Mrs. G. West Jones, Dr. and Mrs. McLaren, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Puddington, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. L. Richey, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Sayre, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. M. Skinner, Mr. and Mrs. James Jark, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Jack.

- Mr. A. W. Adams, Miss Adams, Mr. Bev. Armstrong, Mr. Allbutt, Miss Oella Armstrong, Miss Allison, Mr. A. Geo. Blair, Mr. C. E. Burpee, Miss Burpee, Miss Louise Burpee, Mr. Peter Clinch, Mr. C. V. DeBury, Mr. C. DeBury, Misses Donville, Misses DeBury, Miss Derry, Mr. H. H. Fairweather, Mr. S. Fairweather, Mr. Percy Fairweather, Mr. C. D. Freeman, Mr. and Mrs. W. Green, Mr. H. B. Godard, Mr. W. F. T. Harrison, Mr. A. B. Harrison, Mr. J. Trelating Hart, Mr. F. H. Hart, Mr. J. G. Harrison, Mr. H. H. Hannard, Misses Hamilton, Mr. R. F. Jones, Mr. F. Caverhill Jones, Miss Jack, Mr. Simpson A. Jones, Mrs. J. G. Keator, Miss Keator, Mrs. F. Keator, Mrs. D. B. Lawson, Mr. J. L. Lewis, Mr. H. McLeod, Mr. A. McMillan, Misses McLeod, Mr. A. McLeod, Miss Nicholson, Misses McMillan, Mr. A. R. Page, Miss Ostrum, Mr. K. R. Ritchie, Miss Poddington, Mr. B. R. Robinson, Mr. Hal Robertson, Mr. J. M. Robinson, Jr., Mr. Guy Robinson, Miss Robinson, Mr. John L. Robinson, Dr. Stewart Skinner, Miss Randolph, Mr. Spincey, Mr. G. B. Shannon, Mrs. Sessions, Mr. E. D. N. Seary, Misses Skinner, Miss Mand Skinner, Miss Louise Skinner, Mr. C. M. L. Troop, Mr. W. H. Thorne, Mr. F. Tippet, Mr. F. Tippet, Miss Tuck, Mr. John Wright, Mr. John Warner, Misses Walker, Misses Warner, Dr. and Mrs. Walter W. White.

Dolls, Dresses and Undresses, Kid Body and Joints. All Made. Large Assortment. Lowest Prices. McArthur's, 90 King Street.

This afternoon Mrs. Ruel entertained about 125 of her lady friends at a five o'clock tea. The young people had an event of Friday evening but too late for an account in this issue of Progress.

Mr. B. S. Carter and children went to Fredericton Tuesday to spend a few days with his parents at "Linden Hall."

Mrs. C. W. Watson who has confined to the house for some time through severe illness is convalescent.

Mrs. J. W. Quillip spent a part of the Christmas holidays with Mrs. Almon at Robesay.

Mr. Duncan Arnold who is studying at McGill college Montreal, is home for the Christmas holidays.

Miss Fowler is visiting her sister at the Victoria hospital, Fredericton this week.

Mr. N. H. Athos, organist of St. Luke's church Halifax spent part of this week in St. John. This city has a wonderfully powerful and pretty attraction for Mr. Athos now, in the person of Miss El A. F. as his charming little niece. The engagement is quite a recent event, and numerous good wishes are being showered upon the newly engaged pair, who have both of friends here.

Mr. George Baka, Jr., came from Boston to spend the Christmas holidays with his parents Mr. and Mrs. George Baka of Spring street.

Dr. Quigley spent a short time in Newcastle lately with his sisters the Misses Quigley.

Mr. and Mrs. John Short went to Richibucto this week to play a visit to their son Mr. W. W. Short.

One of the interesting events of this week was the marriage of Mr. J. McMurray Reid and Jessie Borden Fenner, daughter of Mr. James Fenner, which took place in St. David's church on Wednesday morning. Rev. Dr. Bruce performed the ceremony, and a full choir sang hymns appropriate to the occasion. The church was beautifully decorated with potted plants and cut flowers, and as the wedding pair left the church Miss Godard played the wedding march. The bride who was unattended, wore a handsome dark blue tailor gown, with a most becoming hat to match her costume. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Reid left for New York and other American cities. An unusually large number of elegant gifts testified to the popularity of the contract parties.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Borden of Halifax spent a little while in the city this week.

Word comes from Wickham of the supposed drowning of Miss Spill Jones, well known in this city. On Tuesday Miss Jones started to skate across the river from the vicinity of Case's creek to attend a meeting on the opposite side. This is the last that was seen of the young lady, but it is thought that she was drowned in an air hole on the river. Miss Jones has several relatives in this city.

Among the happiest of the Christmas celebrations was the one at the Boys Industrial home on Wednesday evening. Though the night was stormy and cold it did not prevent those who are interested in the institution from driving out and gladdening the hearts of the young inmates with real Christmas cheer; though excellent speeches were made by the Mayor, Magistrate Ritchie, Judge Barker, Rev. Mr. Hoyt, L. F. D. Tully and J. E. Irvine, perhaps the boys best enjoyed the numerous good things that were distributed among them. An excellent programme was rendered during the evening and greatly enjoyed by those present among whom were: Judge and Mrs. Barker, Police Magistrate and Mrs. Ritchie, Mrs. G. F. Smith and Miss Smith Lady Tully, Misses Reynolds, Miss Lynch, David Lynch, Edward Ritchie, Miss Wilson, Mrs. D. Brown, Wm. Gibson, the Mayor, Mrs. Sears and Daisy Sears, Miss Scawell, Mrs. B. McAulay, Mr. and Mrs. John Bullock, and Miss Bullock, Mr. McKillop, Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Mott, E. C. Woods, and Mrs. Woods, J. E. Irvine, Mrs. Irving, and Miss Irvine, Mrs. C. N. Skinner and daughter Mrs. A. A. Stockton, L. P. D. Tully, H. H. Pickett, James Hannay, and Rev. Mr. Hoyt and Mrs. Hoyt.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Worden gave a charming little musicale in the of the week for the entertainment of Mr. and Mrs. Brown of Boston who spent Christmas at Mr. Worden's home. The evening was delightfully spent by the guests and a recherche little supper was served. The following are a few of those present:

- Mr. Page, Mr. A. Lindsay, Mr. and Mrs. Robson, Mr. and Mrs. Laechler, Mr. Robert Seely, Miss May Fleming, Miss Nita Oulton, Miss Macaulay, Miss Gunn, Miss Fowler, Mr. G. Warwick, Mr. Geo. Dolis, Mr. J. O. Edwards, Misses Laechler, Mr. F. Burpee, Mr. F. McNeil, Mr. J. Rainnie, Mr. F. J. Gunn, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Boston, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Baird, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Young, Mr. and Mrs. L. White.

Lady Tully and Miss Howland returned from St. Stephen this week, having spent Christmas with the former mother, Misses Chipman.

Mr. W. G. MacFarlane some time has been on the editorial staff of the Daily Record left Thursday to enter Harvard University for a special course of study. On the afternoon of his departure Mr. MacFarlane was presented by members of the reportorial staff with a pearl scarf-pin and an address, Mr. MacFarlane has hosts of friends here who will wish him every success in his new work.

The death of Mr. A. L. Goodwin, which occurred on Christmas eve was a sad blow to the family and friends of the deceased gentleman. Though Mr. Goodwin had been in poor health for sometime the end was wholly unexpected and coming at a time when the world is gay with Christmas-tide festivities was particularly crushing. Mr. Goodwin leaves a widow, three young sons and three sisters all of whom have the deepest sympathy of those who knew the deceased.

The funeral was held on Monday afternoon at 3 p. m. from his late residence. His remains were followed by a large concourse of people, and interment took place at Fairville.

The baroque full of beautiful floral offerings sent by business men, relatives and friends testified silently, but with much force the esteem in which he was held. A particularly handsome piece in the form of a crown resting on a vase came from Messrs. Simpson, Austin & Co., Boston. A large crown sent and bar with words "At Rest" from brother-in-law; beautiful wall pillow with "Farewell" lettering; large anchor (Continued on EIGHTH PAGE.)

Christmas Cakes all kinds, at McArthur's, 90 King Street.

Get Your Xmas Candy. Special 5 lb. box of Chocolates and Bon-bonnet \$1.00. Large box of Candy Bon-bonnet and Xmas novelties. McClaskey's - 47 King St.

The Noisy "Hooray"



of jealous competitors is effervescent and available little. It's the steady, undiminished "never-let-up" demand for.....

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LADIES' AND GENTS',

And Canadian

King of Scorchers

LADIES' AND GENTS' at - - - \$55.00

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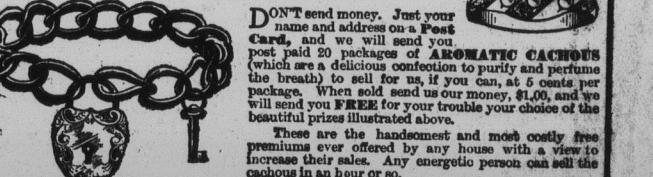
While others are reducing the guarantee to 60 days we Still Guarantee Our Bicycles for the Year, because our quality is right.

Agents, who can purchase samples and push sales, wanted at all points. Send for price list.

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WHITE'S SNOWFLAKE CHOCOLATES.

FREE! A SOLID GOLD SNEEL STONE SET RING, warranted, or a CURB CHAIN BRACELET WITH GENUINE PADLOCK AND KEY



Send your name and address on a Post Card, and we will send you post paid 20 packages of AROMATIC CACHOUS (which are a delicious confection to purify and perfume the breath) to sell for us, if you can, at 5 cents per package. When sold send us our money, \$1.00, and we will send you FREE for your trouble your choice of the beautiful prizes illustrated above.

These are the handsomest and most costly free premiums ever offered by any house with a view to increase their sales. Any energetic person can sell the caochous in an hour or so.

Send us your name and address on a Post Card and we will send them (do not wait till others get in the field ahead of you). No money required, we take all risk. Goods returnable if not sold. This is a clean business proposition by a company of high financial standing.

TISDALL SUPPLY CO., Snowdon Chambers, TORONTO, Ont.

You Want a Piano

But you scarcely see your way clear to pay for it....

Well! There are many who feel that way, but if you will take the time to consult us, we will convince you of the possibility of securing a piano on such easy terms of payment that you will scarcely feel it as an addition to your regular expenditure. The years slip around quickly and before you know it you will absolutely own a first-class piano free of any encumbrance if you purchase on our system. Come and see us, or if you live at a distance write us and we will mail you a beautifully illustrated catalogue free.

W. H. JOHNSON CO., Limited. PIANOS & ORGANS, Grandville and Buckingham Sts. Halifax.

FOR ADDITIONAL NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES



HALIFAX NOTES.

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

Christmas day was a quiet one in Halifax. The interiors of some of the Episcopal churches were decorated.

The weather was beautiful and young Halifax was in evidence early in the household.

A very pretty wedding took place at St. George's church on Monday morning.

The funeral of Miss Rebecca A. Taylor, which took place Sunday afternoon from the residence of her father, J. E. M. Taylor, 502 Lockman street.

NEW YORK.

Dec. 26—There is every prospect that the Yuletide revelries which were well under way Xmas eve will bubble over into youthful festivities without end throughout the week.

There have been a number of large dinners the past week. One of the most elaborate was given on Tuesday night by Mr. and Mrs. Richard T. Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Almeric Paget, who recently returned from a visit to the British embassy at Washington, have had Miss Audrey Pannocote as their guest during the past week.

Four prettier sisters all young women are seldom seen together than were seen at the coming out tea last Thursday afternoon, when Miss Louise Beales was the debutante.

The wedding of Miss Bertha L. Terrell and W. Fred Buckley son of Henry Buckley of Birmingham, England, will be celebrated at noon next



PARRIBOBO.

True happiness does not begin for a woman until she becomes a mother.

There is practically no danger, and but little pain, in maternity for a woman who is thoroughly healthy and strong in a womanly way.

"A neighbor of mine who was expecting the arrival of a baby before very long, was in very poor health."

For sick headache, biliousness and constipation, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the most rational cure known.

Saturday in All Souls' Church, Madison avenue and Sixty-sixth street.

The engagement is announced of Miss Marie Deckerford Perkins, daughter of Mr. Henry C. Perkins to Mr. Ed ward Codman Parish of this city.

Robert Hargous sailed last week on the Lucania for his home in Venice.

The flowers on the Altar in Christ church were the product of Gould's Conservatory, Sussex, and were lovely.

There has been a home coming from the various colleges for the holidays.

Dec. 23—Christmas has come and gone. The weather was more like Easter-tide than mid-winter.

The members of Acadia Lodge, A. F. and A. M., attended the Methodist church on Christmas evening.

Mr. John W. Lowe of Aylesford spent a few days in town a guest of his sister Mrs. C. H. Bent, Victoria street.

Miss Helen Miles I regret to note is still under treatment at the Cottage Hospital Springfield.

Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Chapman spent Monday in Dorchester in being the 50th anniversary of the marriage of Mr. Chapman's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Inglis Bent returned to Halifax on Tuesday after spending Sunday and Monday with Mr. and Mrs. Barry H. Bent.

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spending a week in town guest of the former's parents Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Chapman.

Mr. C. R. Smith is spending a week or two in Parrisboro with Mr. and Mrs. Gavia.

Oliver oldest son of Hon. A. B. Dicksey is at home from Kingston, military college to spend the holidays looking very smart in his uniform.

William Greenfield a respected citizen died this morning at his residence Eddy street aged 84 years.

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Mr. Chalmers Russell of Campbellton spent Xmas day with his parents.

Miss Made Davidson who has been suffering from a severe attack of grippe is able to be out again.

Dr. Clifford Fish of Melrose, Mass., is expected on Friday and will remain until after January 4th.

Mr. Weldon Robinson is spending the holidays at his home in Millerton.

Rev. W. R. Robinson who has been at his home here for the past two months left on Friday for Knoxville, Tenn. county.

Dr. Quigley of St. John is spending a few days with his sisters the Misses Quigley.

Miss Gjerdt has resigned her school having taught in Harkins academy for the past four years.

Mr. Howard Crocker expects to resume his duties in the Upper school after the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Chessman of Chatham were in town on Tuesday.

Miss Annie Sawball and Miss Belle Hutchison were among the many who visited Newcastle on Saturday.

There was a bright little concert in the Baptist church on Friday evening of last week given by the members of the Baptist choir.

Mr. T. Adams, who has been in town for the past ten days, returned to Bathurst on Monday.

Mr. Clay Adams of New York, is visiting at his home here.

Mr. Earl Crocker of Bathurst spent Xmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. Crocker.

Mr. Beverly Sprout left on Tuesday for his home in Sussex.

Mr. Edward Sinclair returned on Saturday from a short business trip to New York.

Mr. J. Petrie, who has been visiting in Boston and New York, returned to Millerton last week.

Dr. Ferguson of Kingston, N. B., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sinclair "The Bridge."

Mr. and Mrs. John Short of St. John are in town visiting their son Mr. W. W. Short.

Miss Jennie Allen of Murray Harbor P. E. I. is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. D. Carter.

Mr. Irving Stevenson is spending the holidays at home, having returned from Woodstock on Saturday.

Miss Nina Hals returned home from normal school on Friday.

Miss Sadie Mundy of Sackville is spending her vacation with Mr. and Mrs. K. B. Förbes.

Miss Alice Yastour left this morning to visit friends in Bathurst.

Messrs. Fred O'Leary and Harry McInerney returned home from St. Joseph's College, Memramcook, on Friday last.

Miss Ferguson went to Moncton to-day to visit Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Atkinson.

Mr. W. Hoggan went to St. John on Friday last to spend the holiday season.

Mr. Wm. Dickinson and Miss Birdie Smith returned from Truro on Tuesday to visit her former home in Kingston.

Miss Nellie Ferguson left today for Shediac where she will spend the remainder of the holidays.

Mr. John Irving returned from Moncton yesterday.

Miss Fannie Sayre left on Monday for Chatham where she will be the guest of Miss Margie Smith.

Mr. James Main after absence of fourteen years spent the week, returned home on Saturday to visit his parents in Galloway.

Rev. Father Wheten son of ex-sheriff Wheten spent a few days in town last week guest of Rev. Father Bannon.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Tucker, Parrisboro, are guests of the latter's mother, Mrs. W. Y. Longhead.

The music in all the churches last Sunday was of an unusually high order.

Mr. W. B. Muir has cards out for a large dance for Mr. Walter Muir, for Thursday evening, which is being eagerly anticipated by a large number of young people bidden.

Mr. Luther MacDonald is visiting his friend Mr. Jack Muir.

Mr. C. M. Dawson gave a very pleasant evening last night in the shape of a "cob-web" party in honor of Miss Julia Chase.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Malby of Campbellton were in town on Saturday.

Miss Ferguson of Tracadie, is visiting friends in town.

Miss Betsey Bell has resigned her school in Chelmsford and intends spending the winter in Amherst.

Mr. E. A. McCurdy manager of the Merchants Bank spent Sunday and Monday with his parents in Clifton N. B.

Miss Lottie Troy is spending the holiday season at her home here.

Mr. James W. Davidson returned on Thursday the 22nd from the Pacific Coast where he has been travelling for the past three months in the interest of a Winnipeg firm.

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THE HORSE CAN'T... Tuttle's Elixir

to his poor lame joints and cords. This Elixir locates lameness, when applied, by remaining moist on the part affected; the rest dries out.

Agents For Canada. 55 Charlotte Street

Earn \$2.00 in Cash or \$6.00 Watch

HOWARD M'FEE CO. Office address, 150 Temple Bldg., Montreal.

R. F. J. PARKIN, 107 Union Street,

has a full line of Dunn's Hams and Bacons, and Canned Bacons, Pure Keg Lard, Bologna and Pork Sausages.

Puttner's Emulsion

Excellent for babies, nursing mothers growing children, and all who need nourishing and strengthening treatment.

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

HAVE YOU EVER USED B 14498 THE GREAT ANTI-DYSPEPTIC

DOSE—A teaspoonful in half a wine-glassful of water before breakfast and dinner, and at bedtime.

Prepared only by W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, Chemist and Druggist.

35 King Street. Telephone 239

"77" Is Dr. Humphreys' Specific for Coughs, Colds, Influenza and GRIP

Advantages of using "Seventy-Seven." The early use of "77" prevents the Grip.

HUMPHREYS' At druggists or sent prepaid 50c. per bottle.

Please Mama I want to be bathed with

BABY'S OWN SOAP

It makes my Skin smooth, clear, white, and clean.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL

MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED ALBERT TOILET SOAPS.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book store of G. S. Wall, E. M. Abchurch and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. F. Treas.]

Dec. 28.—The churches on Christmas Day were beautifully adorned with evergreen, and appropriate texts for the Christmas Festival. The many and special services were well attended. The singing in all the churches is said to have been unusually good, and was especially prepared for the day. The collections were large and chiefly devoted to charity.

Monday was generally observed as a holiday. The streets were filled all day with pedestrians and dashing turkeys, Main Street in Calais was given up to the racing, and the side walks were lined with spectators watching the speedy horses as they almost flew along the street. There were numerous dinner parties and in the evening the curling rink was thronged with merry skaters. The day was frosty and sunny a typical Christmas day bringing to one's mind the Christmas Carol, "The frosty sunshines of Christmas Day, is fairer to us than the light of May."

The shopping for Christmas presents was the largest known here for years and from what is heard of present giving it seems as if every one was simply showered with gifts. Christmas of 1898 was a most delightful day on the St. Croix and will long be remembered.

Mr. and Mrs. James G. Stevens on Tuesday entertained a party of friends with whist for the pleasure of their guest Mr. John M. Hastings of Boston.

Mrs. Almon I. Teed gave a very delightful "At Home" on Tuesday afternoon at her residence for the pleasure of her young daughter Mrs. Berta Teed and her guest Miss Ida Burns.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Price gave a very pleasant party last evening to celebrate the fifth anniversary of their marriage day. As they are popular young people there was a ready response to their invitation and a most jolly time was enjoyed by their guests, who most heartily congratulated them and presented them with numerous pretty trifles as souvenirs of the occasion. Supper was served at midnight. Whist and games were the amusement provided.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mitchell arrived from the Western States on Monday to make a brief visit with Mrs. James Mitchell.

Miss Edna Daggett of Grand Manan is visiting friends in town this week.

Miss Ella Warren Harmon arrived from New York city last week and will remain home for several weeks.

Lady Tilley and Miss Winifred Howland returned to St. John yesterday after spending Christmas day with her mother Madame Chym at her home the "Cedars."

Mr. W. H. Cole has been quite ill and confined to her residence for the past fortnight.

Mrs. H. S. Fethick arrived from St. John on Tuesday after spending Christmas there with relatives.

Mr. Horace E. Eaton will be the guest of Mrs. Bradley L. Eaton in New York city during this week.

Miss Winifred Todd who has been spending her Christmas holidays with a school friend in New York city is expected to arrive home this week.

Mr. Henry B. Eaton who has been enjoying a hunting trip in the northern part of the Province,

"I am never at a loss for a dessert. Were I to put the matter to vote at any time, my family to a member would vote Junket. This is quite as amusing as it is fortunate that such should be the case, for nothing could be more simple or less expensive in preparation."

A delicious dessert for a whole family may be prepared at a cost of about 6 cents. Take a quart of milk, a little fruit juice, or flavoring and one Junket Tablet, place in a vessel and subject to sufficient heat to warm, not boil, pour into cups or molds and let set. Serve when cold.

Hansen's Junket Tablets

are sold by druggists and grocers at 15c. per packet. Each packet contains ten tablets. Booklet containing 25 delicious junket recipes accompanies.

AGENTS IN CANADA.

EVANS & SONS, Limited
Montreal and Toronto.

has returned home bringing as trophies a Sam mouse and a large red bandana cotton.

Master Edith Grimmer of St. Andrews is visiting in Calais his aunt Mrs. V. A. Waterbury.

Miss Sealey of Grand Manan was the guest of Mrs. Samson Craig this week.

Dr. Stephen E. Webber has recovered from his illness and is able to resume practice again.

Miss Sarah Todd of Acadia academy is at home for a few days.

Miss Jennie Todd's friends were glad to see her home this week. Miss Todd is a pupil at Miss Lowell's school at Portland Maine.

Miss Jennie Wall has accepted the position as organist in the Presbyterian church.

Mr. Fred Hill who is a student at Harvard, is at home this week.

Miss Kate Newnham's friends will be glad to hear she was able to attend church on Christmas day, the first time she has been out since her recovery from her long illness.

Miss Mand, Vickery is visiting her home in East Machias for two weeks.

Mr. Marks M. is still confined to his home with a severe cold.

Mr. Charles W. King of St. John is in Calais this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Pike, accompanied by Mrs. S. G. Pike left Calais for Baltimore last Saturday.

Miss Minna Herald is visiting friends in Boston. Miss Berta Teed is entertaining her school friend Miss L. A. Burns of St. John's Newfoundland.

Mr. Edward Nelson is at home for a brief visit.

Miss Vera Young is entertaining Miss Fairweather of Chicago during the holidays.

Prof. Bristowe of Fredericton gives an organ recital in the Presbyterian church on Friday evening.

Mr. John Clarke Taylor of Boston is at home for the Christmas holidays the guest of Mr. George A. Boardman.

Mr. John M. Hastings of Boston is in town this week the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James G. Stevens.

Mr. Edgar M. Robinson assistant State secretary of the Y. M. C. A. for Massachusetts and Rhode Island in charge of boys work is at home for a few days and is most warmly welcomed by his friends. Before returning to his work he will attend the boy's conference at Brockville, Ontario.

FREDERICTON.

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Feney and J. H. Hawthorne.]

Dec. 28.—Many home parties and Christmas gatherings were enjoyed on Christmas day, perhaps none were more thoroughly happy than the one at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lemont when the family circle seemed a most complete. After the late dinner the evening was passed with music recitations and bright and happy conversation and many were the bright reminiscences of the long absent brother and son.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Weddell also had a large family gathering about forty in number, relatives from St. John, Woodstock, Maryville and the city every member of whom were remembered on the Xmas tree. A pleasant evening was passed with music and games. Among the guests present were Inspector and Mrs. Colter and family.

The new skating rink was formerly opened on Xmas night and attracted a large gathering. The ice being in good condition the tont canals made a brilliant scene with the many graceful skaters gliding around to the fine music of the 71st Batt. band. The soft rays from the electric light giving a subdued appearance to the animals of scene.

Invitations are out for an At Home to be given by Miss Lillian Beckwith, tomorrow afternoon from 4.30 to 6.30. Miss Beckwith is home from Cambridge for the Christmas holidays.

Capt. and Mrs. Akeryer and Mrs. Lee Babbitt, are spending the holidays with Mrs. Babbitt's parents at St. John.

Mr. John Cameron of London, England, who has lately returned from South Africa, is spending a few days pleasantly with friends here. Mr. Cameron leaves for his English home on Thursday.

Mrs. Geo. Allen left today for a few weeks stay in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Jardine Robertson spent the Christmas here the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Edgcombe. Mr. Robertson leaves today for Montreal, but Mrs. Robertson remains with Mrs. Edgcombe till after the New Year.

Col. F. B. Gregory of Victoria, B. C., who came home for Christmas, left today for his home in the far west.

Mr. J. Fraser Gregory of St. John, who also spent Christmas with his father here, left on Thursday morning for his home in St. John.

Miss Daisy Winslow is being warmly welcomed home from Montreal by her numerous friends.

Dr. Fletcher of New York who has been spending the Christmas here with his mother and sister, Mrs. L. C. MacCute left today for home.

Miss Annie Tibbitts is this evening entertaining the members of the Sewing club at her home in honor of Miss Violet Twining.

Miss Fowler of St. John is here visiting her sister at Victoria hospital.

Dr. A. P. Crockett of Dalhousie is spending the holidays with friends here.

Prof. and Mrs. Palmer, of Sackville are spending the holiday season with Mrs. Palmer's mother, Mrs. Vandine.

Mrs. and Miss Tibbitts, Mr. A. R. Tibbitts, spent Christmas at St. John with Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hasen, Mr. and Miss Tibbitts returned Tuesday but Mrs. Tibbitts will remain with her daughter over the new year.

Mr. Jack Wetmore spent Christmas here the guest of his sister, Mrs. T. Carleton Allen at "The Poplars."

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Robertson of St. John spent Christmas here with Mrs. Robertson's parents Mr. and Mrs. S. H. McKee.

Mr. Albert McMurray who is a dentistry student at Harvard came home at the end of the week for Christmas.

Mrs. and Mrs. Thos. Teasdale and daughter, of St. John spent Christmas here at the parsonage.

Mr. James Lemont spent Xmas at his home here, Dr. Robt. Lemont of Bar Harbor has been having a pleasant visit here with relatives. It is ten years since Dr. Lemont visited this it is native city and many were the hearty hand grasps which welcomed him home once more.

Miss McCallum, matron of Victoria hospital spent Xmas day at her home in Charlotte Co.

Prof. G. G. D. Roberts is home from New York for the holidays.

Miss Mattie Lynch who is attending the Convent at Chatham came home for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brandcomb of St. John spent Xmas with Mrs. Brandcomb's mother Mrs. S. Owen.

Miss Eva Yerna came home for Xmas.

Roy Morrison and Douglas Black are home from Toronto for the vacation.

Mrs. John T. Gibson spent Xmas with her daughter Mrs. Chisholm at New Glasgow.

Miss Mamie McConnell is home from her studies at Mount Allison as is also Mr. Fred Colter.

The event of next week will be the engagement of the Censure company at the Opera House and which is said to be a very superior organization. St. John papers were loud in praise of the star, Paul

Constance and that he must have given perfect satisfaction is quite evident from the fact that he returns to that city on Jan. 2 at the request of the Opera House management, for a three weeks' stay. During his visit, Fredericton the plays produced will be The Three Guardsmen, Don Cesar de Biron and David Garrick, all of which are standard plays. No doubt the successor of Alexander Salvati, as Mr. Constance is called will be warmly welcomed to the capital.

CHUCKER.

HAYBLOOK.

Dec. 27.—Miss Jennie Thorne is visiting her sister Mrs. A. S. Kingston.

Miss Greenwood and Miss Maud Taylor of Moncton visited friends here this week.

Doctor Harry Keith, of Kingston and Master Frank McMurray of Moncton were the guests of Mrs. E. A. Keith Sunday and Monday.

Miss Ina Keith of Mt. Allison Ladies' College is spending the Christmas holidays at her home.

Doctor L. H. Price of Moncton and Mr. Stanley Goggin of Elgin paid a short visit here on Monday.

Uncle Tom's Cabin was played by amateurs on Monday evening in the Public Hall. The hall was well filled and the play was a success financially and otherwise.

Dick Taylor is home from McGill Medical College spending his vacation.

Mr. Walter Alward is the guest of his mother during the holiday season.

Mr. A. H. Robinson was in St. John the latter part of last week.

Mr. Harry Webster is the guest of Mrs. R. T. McCready.

MAX.

THINGS OF VALUE.

Floors made of paper are highly recommended because they are easily kept clean, poor conductors of heat and sound, and cost less than those of wood. They are put down in the form of a paste, which is smoothed with rollers, and after it has hardened, painted any desired pattern.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of man's constitution being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate another. However, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the faintest systems are led into convalescence and strength, by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restorative—resulting in the dropping of morbid dependencies with whom a chronic state of morbid dependency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by refreshing the nerves, disposing to sound and refreshing sleep, and by the action of the tonic on the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the animal function of the system, thereby making activity necessary, result strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—resulting in improved appetite, Northrop & Lyman of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, in the opinion of opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

Bagdad has long been famous for a breed of white asses for which that city is the chief mart. The inhabitants frequently dye the animals' ears and tails a bright red, and thus adorned they look most comical.

Cucumbers and melons are "forbidden fruit" to many persons so constituted that the least indulgence in them is followed by cholera, dysentery, griping, &c. These persons are not aware that they can indulge to their heart's content if they take a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, a medicine that will give immediate relief and is sure cure for all summer complaints.

Negro parents in British Guiana choose queer names for their children. "Seriatim ad Valorem," "Walky Bannan," and "Season Rivers" are among the more curious.

He has tried it.—Mr. John Anderson, Kinross, writes: "I venture to say, if any, have received greater benefit from the use of Dr. THOMAS' Peppermint Cure than I have, I have used it regularly for over ten years, and have recommended it to all sufferers I knew of, and they also found it of great value in cases of severe bronchitis and incipient consumption."

One of the features of a recent electrical exhibition was a church lighted entirely by tubes of soft white phosphorescence in the roof.

A Cure for Fever and Ague.—Farnesie's Vegetable is compounded for use in any climate, and they will be found to preserve their powers in any latitude. In fever and ague they act upon the secretions and neutralize the poison which has found its way into the blood. They correct the impurities which find entrance into the system through drinking water or food and if used as a preventive fever is avoided.

There are twenty seven royal families in Europe, and two-thirds of these are of German origin.

Just the Thing That's Wanted.—A pill that acts upon the stomach and yet is so compounded that certain ingredients of it preserve their power to act upon the intestinal canal, so as to clear them of excess, the retention of which cannot but be hurtful, was long looked for by the medical profession. It was found in Farnesie's Vegetable Pills, which are the result of much expert study, and are scientifically prepared as a laxative and as alternative in one.

The Chinese wear wavers nearly five thousand years ago.

THE CHILDREN'S GLOVES.

One Thing That a Fond Parent has Reason to be Careful for.

"Fortunately," said a fond parent, "except on state occasions the children wear gloves in winter only; fortunately, because if they wore gloves the year around we'd have to move to Porto Rico or the Philippines, or some of our new possessions where they wouldn't need shoes, for I couldn't afford to buy both."

The youngsters are both as hard on gloves as they are on shoes. Of course the gloves don't cost so much, but they lose such a lot of 'em, and they don't lose any shoes—not in winter, anyway. Of

MILK CROST

When our baby boy was three months old, he had the milk crust very badly on his head, so that all the hair came out, and itched so bad, he made it bleed by scratching it. I got a cake of CURCUBA SOAP and a box of CURCUBA (ointment). I applied the CURCUBA and put a thin cap on his head, and before I had used half a box it was entirely cured, and his hair commenced to grow out nicely. Feb. 24/98. Mrs. H. F. HOLMES, Ashland, Or.

CURCUBA REMEDIES appeal with irresistible force to mother, nurse, and doctor of children. You know that a single application will speedily cure the most torturing, and into the bargain, the most dangerous, and most costly skin disease, and that it will not only cure it, but will prevent its return. It is a sure cure for all cases of Milk Crust, and is a most valuable remedy for all cases of skin disease, and a most valuable remedy for all cases of skin disease.

Sold throughout the world. F. W. D. & C. Co., Sole Agents, Montreal. How to Cure Baby's Skin Disease, Free.

"Demand it; No Substitute is just as good."

Not Flattery, But Satisfaction.

Flattery is a Lie—Satisfaction is the Result of Using.

MONSOON

INDO-CYLON TEA.

Packed in sealed packets in the gardens. Sold in same packets by your grocer. Impossible to adulterate. A power for invalids. Never has one except for the better. In Sealed Packets Only. Never in Bulk. 25, 50, 60, 80, and 90. Send for sample to the MONSOON TEA CO., Toronto. Direct From the Growers to Consumers.

When You Order.....

PELEE ISLAND WINES

.....BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND.

"Wine as a restorative, as a means of refreshment in Debility and Sickness is surpassed by no Product of nature or art."—PROFESSOR LEMASS.

"Pure Wine is incomparably superior to every other stimulating beverage for diet or medicine."—DR. DUBOIS.

Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It

E. C. SCOVIL | Tea and Commission Merchant | 62 Union Street.

A Good Hard Rub

Is all that is required to peel the silver plate off some knives, forks and spoons—you don't want that kind. Buy table plate with this mark:

W. ROGERS

It stands 15 and 20 years of rub and only shines the brighter for it.

Sole manufacturers
SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO.
Wellington, Conn., U. S. A.
and Montreal, Canada.

the first pair of gloves my young son had this winter, he lost one, the first day he had 'em, coming from school. That meant of course another pair of gloves. The next day he pulled the thumb off of one of his gloves. How under the canopy he could do that we couldn't guess, but that didn't make the next pair cost any less. Still, I didn't begrudge the money for that pair—we don't begrudge any of it, for that matter—because it seemed funny to think of his pulling a thumb off his glove.

"And that reminds me that from the time of the first snow the children's mother doesn't do a thing all winter but sew up places in children's gloves. I seem to hear a chorus or a recitative—or whatever the name of it is, I am not much up in music; I mean the kind of thing where they keep saying the same thing over and over and over again—a chorus of children chanting:

"There's a hole in my glove—
"There's a hole in my glove—
"There's a hole in my glove—
"There's a hole in my glove—
"And all I seem to see the winter through is the children's mother reaching for the work basket and then bending over a glove which hangs dangling. She sews up a hole in a finger tip. And I seem to see the winter through a constant procession of children waiting for their mother to mend their gloves and making off with them the minute they're ready."

"Well, let 'em wear 'em out and pull the thumbs off, both thumbs if they want to, and fray out the tips of the fingers and tear holes in both sides and in the front and back. We'll start a glove factory, if it's necessary, to supply 'em, and the children's mother can be relied upon—and they know this well enough anyway—to sew up the holes in 'em as fast as they bring 'em in, as long as there's anything left to sew to."

"I fell over the rail," said the sailor, "and the shark came along and grabbed me by the leg."
"And what did you do?"
"I let him have the leg. I never disputes with a shark."

Miss Dorothy: "She tries to make her self look just like a man—collar, jacket, hat, stride, everything."
Mr. Bikins: "Idiot!"
Miss Dorothy: "Yes, I forgot to mention that. And the imitation is really perfect."

"I'm willing to stand on my merits," exclaimed Willie Washington.
Miss Cayenne looked at him thoughtfully, and then exclaimed—
"Mr. Washington, have you ever had any experience as a tight rope walker?"

Visitor: "How does the land lie out this way?"
Native: "It ain't the land that lies, sir; it's the land agents."

"I see villainy in your face," said a judge to a prisoner.
"May it please your honour," said the latter, "that is a personal reflection."

THE DUFFERIN.

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

S. LAMBO WILLIS, Proprietor.

Victoria Hotel,

81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Electric Passenger Elevator.

and all Modern Improvements.

D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Fine sample rooms in connection. (First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

OYSTERS FISH AND GAME always on hand. In season!
MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
DINNER A SPECIALTY.

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BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING,
56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B.

WM. CLARK, Proprietor.

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

Prince Edward Island OYSTERS.

RECEIVED THIS DAY 25 bbls . . . P. N. Island Oysters. Large and fat.

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J. D. TURNER.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock

TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE.

ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

The "Forsythian" Method"; also "Synthe System," for beginners.
Apply at the residence of
Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK

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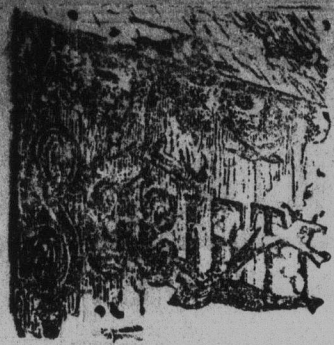
"Progress" Print.

Church School for Girls,

EDGEHILL, WINDSOR, N. S.

The Lent Term begins WEDNESDAY, Jan. 11, 1899.

For Calendar apply to
DR. HIND, Windsor, N. S.



(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)
with words "Brother." The employees sent an anchor of pink and white roses and there were several other pieces and bouquets. A quartette composed of A. E. Lindsey, J. Kelly, Robert Seely and C. A. Ritchie sang the beautiful hymns, Abide with me and Asleep in Jesus.

Mrs. Goodwin's sister and Mr. Butterfield came from Boston to attend the funeral. Services were conducted by Rev. W. O. Raymond.
Those who have been fortunate enough to receive invitations are anxiously looking forward to the amateur theatricals to be held in Mr. Leonard Jarvis' spacious drawing rooms on Duke street next Monday evening. The young people have been rehearsing steadily for the past three weeks and several of them are proving to be valuable additions to amateur theatrical circles here.

The plays selected are two amusing farces by John Kendrick Bangs with the following casts: A Proposal under D. Macleod, Mr. Robert Yardley, Mr. Geo. Shannon, Mr. Jack Barlow, Mr. Harry Fritik, Miss Dorothy Andrews, a much loved young woman, Miss Frances Stead, Jennie, a maid, Miss C. Matthew, Hicks, a coachman, who does not appear.
The second piece is entitled The Bicyclists and is cast as follows:
Mr. Robert Yardley, an expert
..... Mr. Bert Hanson
Mr. Jack Barlow, another..... Mr. Percy Hall
Mr. Thaddeus Perkins, a beginner,
..... Mr. J. M. Robinson, Jr.
Mr. Edward Bradley, a scolder..... Mr. Rob Fritik
A policeman..... Mr. Geo. Shannon
Mrs. Thaddeus Perkins, a resistant,
..... Mrs. Dorothy Matthew
Mrs. Edward Bradley, an enthusiast
..... Miss Winnie Hall
Betsey, a maid..... Miss C. Matthew
Mr. W. Louis Blair and son of the minister of railways arrived from Bute city, Montana this week to spend a few days with relatives. Mr. Geo. Blair returned from Ottawa on Wednesday.
News of the very serious illness of Mr. George Smith is heard with regret throughout the city. His attending physicians hold out little hope of recovery.
Mr. J. Fraser Gregory was among the visitors to the capital during the Christmas holidays. He returned to St. John on Tuesday of this week.
Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hason entertained members of the literati family at Christmas. Mr. A. B. Tibbitts and Miss Tibbitts went home the beginning of the week but Mrs. Tibbitts will remain with her daughter until next week.

BATHING.
Dec. 28.—Some of the chess took advantage of the splendid sleighing on the ice, and did some racing. A great many looked on.
Mrs. Wilson who has been visiting her sister Mrs. Sam Bishop, intends going to Sussex this week.
Master Harold Girvan is spending his vacation with his mother Mrs. Gilbert.
Miss Harrison, who has been attending Sackville academy for the past six months is at home for the vacation.
Mr. Sam Bishop Jr., has returned from a short visit to Newcastle.
On Christmas eve Mr. Henry Bishop and Mrs. Williamson, on behalf of St. George's congregation presented the Rev. T. W. Street a pair of fur driving mitts and a lamp. Mrs. Street received a handsome table.
Miss Jessie Futhier is home on her vacation.
Mrs. L. S. Turner of Tracadie is visiting her mother Mrs. John Ellis.
Mr. Foster of Bangor is registered at the Robertson house.
Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Johnston are visiting friends in Chatham.

Books, Toys, Fells, Annals, Lowest Prices, at McArthur's Book Store, 90 King Street.
Hostess: "But when you got so far north that the nights were three months long it must have been incredibly dreary. How did you put in your time?"
Arctic Explorer: "Madam, we devoted the evening to a game of chess."
"You ought to be married sir," said the phenologist to the victim of the stage.
"Yes, sir, you ought to be married. You have no right, sir, to have lived a bachelor so many years. Now look at your clothes sir, who mended your coat, sir? Tell me that."
"My third wife, sir," was the reply.



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Everything at cut prices.

Open evenings till 9 o'clock.

BOSTON OPTICAL CO.,
25 King St. St. John, N. B.
Next to Manchester, Robertson & Allison's.

FRIENDS PREVAILED

A Nervous Toronto Woman Walked the Floor During the Night for Hours at a Time—She Makes a Statement.

TORONTO, ONT.—"I was troubled with nervousness. It was impossible for me to keep still and if the spells came over me during the night I had to get up and walk the floor for hours at a time. My blood was very poor and I was subject to bilious attacks. My feet would swell and I was not able to do my own housework. I treated with two of the best physicians here but only received relief for a time. I became discouraged. One day a friend called and advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I laughed at the advice but I was prevailed upon and procured one bottle. Before I used it all I began to feel better. I took several bottles and also several boxes of Hood's Pills. Now I can eat and drink heartily and sleep soundly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has entirely cured me and also strengthened me so that I now do all my own work. I cheerfully recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all sufferers from nervousness, weakness or general debility." MRS. H. F. PARM, Degrossi Street.

Hood's Pills Cure Liver Ills: easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

LIFE IN A SMALL TOWN.

Old Song of the Big Toad in the Little Puddle Told by a New Yorker.

"I do not assert that my tale has any moral tied to it, but if any young man wants it he can have it. Maybe there are some who could win out on it, but I couldn't be fixed in any way to try it again."

The man who opened the talk had been asked by several men much younger what he would do if he had an offer that had been made to them.

"I don't know who said it," he continued, "but it was by some one who had been there, you can gamble, and this is what he said: 'There are critical moments in every man's career when a decision decides a destiny.'"

"The critical moment in my life was when a Yankee from a New England town played the siren to my hopes. I am sure I am not the first man who listened, but I believe I am one of the first to tell the result. He demonstrated to me that a young man could live cheaper in a small town—on one-half the money he could earn in New York and get more out of the existence. He applied the theory to me personally. He had the place and half the money to offer.

"Some of the allurements of this gold-brick dealer were, as I viewed them, enumerated in the following order: No competition, unlimited credit, a social position at the jump and no questions asked, immediate membership in the club, the acquaintance of the leading men. To these were added the possibilities, namely, chance to get in on the ground floor of the business and matrimony in a rich family.

"To a man who had been sleeping in a hall room, third floor, back, and eating an occasional meal under the same roof, in the house of a Hungarian over on the east side, this picture of the New England man looked like the sweet fields beyond the swelling flood.

"I reached the New England town or city as they call it, Sunday morning. If any of you are going to a New England town on trial don't get in on Sunday. If the forecaster can locate a tornado in the place select that date. In that case you will find things lively. Of course all depends upon what you are going for. I lived in the house of one of the descendants. I could have stopped at the tavern on the salary I had accepted. This was the first awakening. My venerable landlord and his good wife were frugal indeed. They had family prayer and retired early. I had been drilled in both. I might have charged my quarters, but inquiry brought information about other places which made them no more desirable. Whenever I left the house in the evening I was requested to return early, so as not to be a nuisance. They didn't call it that, but that was what they meant; and on the following morning I was interrogated much closer than I had ever been in my home.

"The man who had led me into this beautiful dream life said to me one day that as soon as the season opened he hoped to introduce me into society. He said society would be home in about two months. I asked him if there were no people in town on whom I could rehearse, as it were, until the elect returned. But I learned that there were no rehearsals. There were but two classes in the place the aristocrats and the commoners. Any association with the latter cut off approach to the circles of the former. Finally I was posted for membership in the club and was black-balled. But that turned out to be a mistake. The man who did it apologized. He thought I was another man of the same name. I was afterwards accepted, but I think there were some who never quite understood it. When ever a game became interesting to me the other

fellows had arguments and went to fulfill them.

"I had some friends to dinner at the club one Sunday. It was a dry affair in spite of my attempt at bribery for which I was lectured by the officers of the club. When the season opened I found some invitations and, excepted them. The same rule applies to acceptances in a New England town that applies in other towns. To accept creates an obligation. The obligation is cancelled only by reciprocity. I like the reciprocal idea. But the obligations were created more rapidly than I desired, or, to be honest, than I could afford to reciprocate. You will pardon the image of speech, but before I knew it I was up to my neck in the social swim of this New England town. You know you can swim out in New York. You can't do it in a small city. And you can't stop once you are in it. And in New York you can lose yourself when they begin to crowd you. But in the New England town you have a bell on your neck, and wherever you go it rings. In New York you don't have to drop anything on the plate if you don't want to. You can't drop a penny in a gum slot in a New England town but everybody knows the brand you chew.

"I did not remain in the New England community to which I had been enticed long enough to test the possibilities of which the siren whispered. But when I did leave, in fact before I left, I discovered that while I could secure the necessities of life in an New England town, at reduced rates as compared with home living in New York, the half salary paid in the New England community does not even start the recipient in the social race which he must make if he expects any sort of recognition. If you have money you can live in an New England town, but if you have money you don't want to live there.

"I have my old room in the Hungarian house in Second avenue. It will take me a year to pay for the caper I cut in a New England town, but nobody here will know what I am doing. When a man talks to you about being a big toad in a little puddle, shake him."

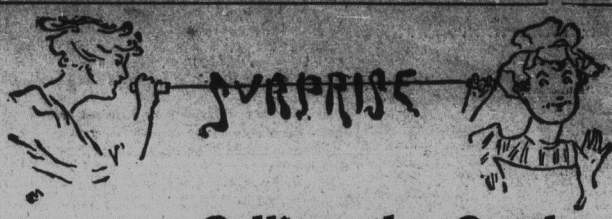
THE SKIPPER AND THE CONSUL.

A Stately Function in Samoa Where Yankee Heartiness was Embarrassed.

Out in the much vexed kingdom of Samoa where international politics and policies have engendered much personal and individual rancor, it is usual to find a large part of the resident white population of the beach at Apia on the reverse of speaking terms with one another. Still, when it comes to a case of celebrating some national holiday, it is customary for all the English speaking people to act in accord and to turn out for American and British festival days with impartiality of attendance and enthusiasm.

The most pretentious of such events in late years was the British Consul's celebration of the Queen's, diamond jubilee. There was a cruiser in port, H. B. M. S. Lizard, about the size and pretentious appearance of a converted ferryboat, but it had shot guns aboard, and could at least make a noise that was a large lift toward the success of the celebration. There were religious exercises which all in official life attended in full uniform. There were games of polo and cricket. There were exhibition drills of bluejackets and marines by day and fireworks by night. A most remarkable band happened to be stranded in Apia at the time, and it played what was supposed to be music whenever it was not being violently suppressed by its victims.

The culminating glory of the three day jubilee was the levee of her Britannic Majesty's Consul at Matanatu on the last day. The tableau was set with a keen eye to general effect, for the Consul would have made a good stage manager for drawing-room comedy if he had gone into that line of business. He stood on the steps of the veranda of the consulate in a shade of stephanotis and allamanda, which kept off the glare of the noon sun. He was supported by the majesty of King Malieto in his one uniform with the inconspicuous sword, and by the officers of the cruiser, by the diplomatic and treaty officials in the strict order of rank. A few persons with pretensions to position had been honored with invitations to seats on the veranda, or in default of such invitation had manoeuvred themselves into the reserved circle. But the general populace British subjects and American citizens were strung out in line along roped pathways through the compound to prevent them from straggling out of the line of march which was designed to lead them solemnly passed the dapper little Consul in his silver laced uniform as the personal representative of all that was British. Of course when one is in the world where things happen and there are real people walking about, it does seem a most absurd thing to find any pleasure in prancing gravely up to the front view of a neatly groomed man in uniform and bowing to him with the utmost circumstance. But out in Samoa it struck people as being almost the real thing, and they did it for the most part without cracking a smile. Not entirely, however. There was in the line of citizens about a large slab-sided



Telling the Truth

about SURPRISE SOAP. How much labor it saves—how sweet and white it makes all linens and cottons as well as other clothing—how smooth and nice it leaves the hands—and then 'tis cheaper in every and any way you look at it. These advantages can't be overlooked. Use it yourself; tell your servants its merits—have them use SURPRISE—it will benefit both.

It is satisfactory and saving all around. **READ** the directions on the wrapper.

stevedore from 'way down East—from Sacarappa, to be more precise. Capt. Harrington had left his home in Portland many a year ago, had seen the chances of the sea; and had settled down to stevedoring at the port of Apia combined with a small plantation on the slope of Mount Ves. He had a voice so powerful that no gale had yet been found strong enough to drown it out. He had a vocabulary which would do credit to the mate of a western ocean packet. He was for his own part blissfully unconscious of these somewhat prominent peculiarities. Others might be well aware that he was shouting boisterously; he really thought that he was conversing in a subdued and gentle manner.

Harrington was in the line of citizens slowly moving across the scene in front of the British Consul. He did not particularly notice the form of salutation with which those ahead of him were presumably imparting solemn dignity to their department. He had talked to Consuls before and he knew what to say as well as the next man. He was really feeling cordial toward the British nation and its representative just about that time and he was willing to say so. When in his turn he shuffled along in front of the receiving party he paid his independent respects to the Consul, whose dainty hand he unfolded in a comprehensive grip and a shake which communicated its heartiness up and down the slender frame of the representative of the British empire.

"Great Scott, Mr. Consul," he roared meanwhile, "I like this. By Judah's priest I do. I'm goshd almighty glad to see you and all the rest of these gold-durned British objects having such a lot of a good time, by thunder."

The British Consul had to stay where he was and try to look as though Capt. Harrington had not been quite so cordial. But others in the official circle were not so chained to the particular spot, and they felt a sense of relief when the German Consul turned to his neighbor and said: "Our British colleague has possibly some refreshments in his dining room. Shall we see?" It was a trifle, but it saved the situation.

BIG FISHES COME ASHORE.

Monsters From Ten to Twenty two Feet Long Stranded in the Gulf.

Mrs. George O. Barnes, who lives on Sanibel Island, in the Gulf of Mexico has written a letter to her youthful kinsman, Master John Bungle of Danville, in which she relates a most extraordinary fish story. This story unlike many yarns told by gentlemen who go a fishing, can be relied upon.

One morning as Mrs. Barnes was upon the beach she and two others saw a great commotion in the water. Huge black objects were splashing about the spray rising up before them. The party soon reached the scene and stood in wonder at what was before them.

They saw a great shoal of monster fish lying four and five abreast in the shallow water, helplessly lashing the surf with their immense tails, unable to move and slowly dying although the water of the Gulf still washed over them and the tide was coming in. The sea was calm—there had not been a storm or even a gale—and there was no way for accounting for the trap these poor fish were in, except that they had gone into the channel when the water was deep, and swimming in a body were caught in shoal water, from which they could not extricate themselves.

The fish were counted, and there were between fifty and sixty of them. They were from ten to twenty feet in length and weighed from one to two thousands pounds each. A number of them were estimated as weighing a ton each. Six mules could not drag some of them away. What to do with them, says Mrs. Barnes, was a serious question. They were dying, and if left upon the beach would have driven the people nearby from their homes. Twenty-three of the monsters lay side by side, looking like huge siege guns, black and terrible.

The men folks, after sitting upon the case, decided to cut the fish into pieces

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired, Duval, 17 Waterloo Street.

and cart and drag them to a point where the decaying flesh would not be offensive to the smell or poisonous to its surroundings. Sunday intervened, however, before this great task was complete, and on the Sabbath the air was so rank with the dreadful odor that the Barneses could not go out of doors.

The queer visitors were of the family known as blackfish, a species of the whale that is found in tropical waters.—Donville Advocate.

Oldest House in America
The oldest house in America is in St. Augustine. It was built in 1594 by the monks of the Order of St. Francis, and the whole of the solid structure is composed of coquina a combination of sea shells and mortar, which is almost indestructible.

When Francis Drake sacked and burned the town this was the only house left in the trail of destruction. It has been purchased by the well known antiquarian, J. W. Henderson, who will make it his winter residence.

Huband (in the early morning): 'It must be time to get up.'
Wife: 'Why?'
Huband: 'Baby's fallen asleep.'

New Year's Eve.
'Tis night, and the lights soft gleaming
Are peeping from cottage and hall;
While over the trees' brown branches
Old Winter is spreading his pall.

Whirling and twirling so wildly,
The milky fakes come down;
Till the trees in the forest tender,
Like Druids upon us frown.

The w dow bends o'er her fragot,
While the fro' on the window pane,
In silvery sheen weaves rich device
Of towers and templed fane.

Still on and on flies the storm-hing
Through the forest's dark arcade,
Covering the graves in the old churchyard,
Where cur'lt red ones are laid;

The thy graves of the little ones
Laid here in summer hours,
Among the trees and blossoming vines,
Under the budding flowers.

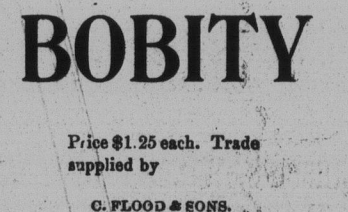
He smiled last night on you lonely cot,
And the snow on the easement laid;
O'er the stack by the door he threw a shroud,
And the flid in white arrayed.

And the wind is rough with sob and cough,
A dirge for the dying Year;
The bare elm wall like specter pale,
And the New stands by the bier.

Opera House,
NEW YEAR'S ATTRACTIONS,
Monday, Jan. 2nd.
TWO PERFORMANCES.
E. PRICE WEBBER and the
Boston Comedy Co.
Supporting the charming actress
MISS EDWINA GREY.
Matinee, the new comedy,
WON AT LAST.

Night, that charming play,
"FANGHON TAE CRICKET."
MATINEE—25c. EVENING—25 and 35c.
Seats now on sale.

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—FOR—
ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND
and Canada and all ages
playing the great game
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General Wholesale Agents,
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G. A. HOLLAND & SON,
Wholesale Agents,
Montreal.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1898.

SHOOTING AN OIL WELL.

THE DANGER AND EXCITEMENT OF STRIKING OIL.

The Shooter Called Upon to Display Nerve at Critical Moments—Fires Smoothly at the Risk of His Life—Carelessness in Handling Nitro-Glycerine.

'Everybody out of the derrick!' shouts a grimy figure. The warning is familiar in the Pennsylvania oil regions. A steep hillside is dotted with tall oil derricks rising above the forest trees. Save for the derricks the scene is purely one of primitive forest. The soil is virgin. None of its treasures has been sought except for the oil. When the possibility of further oil development has been exhausted some farmer of another generation will strip off the timber, giving over the land to agricultural pursuits. But no farmer of the present generation will do this. He is called 'farmer' for the same reason that a native of Kentucky is called a 'Colonel,' and is content to lease his land to the oil producer for his eight of the possible production.

The owner stands at a safe distance from the derrick watching the operation of 'shooting' the well. Down 600 feet the well has been drilled. It is not an opening large enough for a man to fall into. He could scarcely get his foot into the opening. Down almost the entire depth an iron casing runs. The well has the same diameter in cross section clear to the bottom. Above the well is the derrick, through whose floor the casing projects. At one side are the giant wheels which are in reality the reel for the cable running over the block at the derrick's top down into the derrick, where it meets the heavy tools whose raising and lowering, a half inch at a time, has drilled the well. At the other side are the engine and boiler which have furnished the power for the drilling process.

Oil will not flow into such a small cavity as that made for the pipe. It must be enlarged by an explosion of nitro-glycerine lowered in tin tubes or shells. When once the force of the underground explosion has been felt a large cavity will be made, the surrounding rock will be crushed, and the streams of the crude petroleum will flow in, to be pumped out and refined.

The little group of well-side employees is gathered at the derrick. Under the trees at a safe distance is a wagon, from which two horses have been unhitched. A large box is fitted to the wagon, with compartments, each holding a two-gallon can of nitro-glycerine. From these the 'shooter' has taken eight quarts. Three long sections of tin tubing have been filled with fluid. Each shell, as filled, is lowered to the bottom of the iron tube. The shooter has simply to light his 'squib' and drop it in the well. Constructed upon the principal of the firecracker, its explosion will set off the nitro-glycerine. As the 'squib' strikes the first tin tubing a cap will explode it. Then will come the explosion. 'Everybody out of the derrick!' again shouts the shooter, lighted squib in hand. The little knots of spectators breaks for shelter. They may be drenched with the oil that always gathers in a well prior to shooting, and flying bits of rock have been known to strike people at a well-shooting.

The shooter waits for a moment, then, hurling his squib into the open mouth of the well, he runs for the wood. He looks back. The gas in the mouth has taken fire. When the oil comes derrick and machinery will be destroyed. He hastens back. All this time the squib is descending. Presence at the well side at the moment of explosion means death. He throws his hat over the opening. The gas flame is extinguished. He has saved his employer a tidy sum of money. He then seeks his own safety. He is twenty feet away. A light report, a roar then a loud report follows. The ground is shaken. From the mouth of the well a shower of oil spouts. It grows. It is thirty feet in the air above the derrick. It hovers a moment, and then dies away. Fragments of rock and bits of tin tubing have accompanied the rushing flood of oil.

Back comes the shooter to the derrick. He gathers together the cans which once contained the glycerine. These he heaps together and explodes, as the law requires, lest some incautious wanderer should come to grief through inadvertently kicking one. His work is done. With his team he drives to the magazine in the remote forest, where, taking on a new cargo, he

prepares to shoot another well. The well he has just left is now ready for the jumping rig which when once fitted, enables the owner to add from three to ten barrels of crude oil, according to the capacity of the well, to his production.

A shooter driving along a lonely road is frequently blown into space by his load of nitro-glycerine. Shooters are of only two kinds, the careless and the careful.

The careless joke with death at every turn. They knock the cans together, laughing at the bystanders' terror they bump their wagons over rocks and stones. A strict regard for the truth compels the statement that very seldom are they blown up. It is usually the careful man whose own nervous fears make a nightmare of his life, who gets killed. Yet the men in general are so accustomed to this life, with its possibility of death at any moment, that they refer to it in a matter-of-fact way.

Some oil men once stood upon a hilltop near a road along which a shooter was shortly expected to pass. Suddenly there was an explosion from a part of the road obscured by the trees of such violence as to throw every man in the party to the ground.

'Well,' remarked a driller, arising and dusting his clothes, 'that must have been Bill Agnew. He was expected 'bout this time.'

CURIOSITIES OF THE PEERAGE.

Some of the Privileges Conferred on Peers are Quaint and Interesting.

Even to the casual student the British Peerage bristles with points of interest and curiosity; while to the more profound investigator it would yield material sufficient to fill a library of books of absorbing interest.

It is more than a little astonishing to notice the disparity in the number of titles which different peers enjoy. The Duke of Atholl is so richly endowed that he could give a title to each of twenty-one different men, while still retaining his dukedom.

The Duke of Argyll ranks second in the list of men of many titles. In addition to his title as duke, he holds seventeen titles as baron, viscount, earl and marquis, together with a knighthood over 600 years old.

The Duke of Hamilton has sixteen titles to spare; and the Duke of Buccleuch and the Marquis of Bute could each spare fifteen, while retaining the rank by which they are known.

On the other hand, the Venerable the Rev. and the Earl of Devon has no second title of peerage; and the Duke of Somerset even has only one barony to add to his strawberry leaves.

In spite of the unlimited range for choice of a title, many of our peers have titles which they share with several others. No fewer than five noblemen are Lords Howard, and the same number are entitled to pose as Lords Hamilton. There are four Lords Grey, and the same number of Lords Stuart or Stewart; while of Lords Bruce, Boyle, Hay, and others, there are at least three.

This confusion of titles is the more difficult to understand as there are so many countries still unappropriated. Embryo peers may have a choice of the countries of Dorset, Gloucester, Hampshire, Middlesex, Monmouth, Oxford, and Shropshire.

Scotland has nine unattached counties; Ireland has six; and Wales two; no fewer than two dozen counties thus being available for new creations in the peerage.

Of towns patiently awaiting selection by ennobled brewers and others, there is an embarrassing number, including London and Liverpool.

In many cases a man's accession to a title brings no new dignity to his family. Although the young Earl of Rothes succeeded his grandmother in the title five years ago, his mother still remains Mrs. Leslie, and his sisters the Misses Leslie.

For some time after his succession the Duke of Portland's mother remained plain Mrs. Bentinck.

The brother of the last and the uncle of the present Earl of Caithness cannot prefix 'the Honorable' to his name; and although the Earl of Londondun succeeded to six baronies in addition to his earldom, his father remained Mr. Charles Abney-Hastings until he in turn was ennobled.

There are several curious cases in which a younger son has become a peer before an elder one, and a son even before his father.

When the Duchess of Sutherland died, ten years ago, her second son became a peer, as Earl of Cromartie, four years before his elder brother, the present duke, was entitled to sit in the House of Lords.

When Susan Baroness North died in 1884, her son succeeded her in the barony and took a seat in the House of Lords while his father, Colonel North, was sitting in the Lower Chamber.

The Marquis of Granby, as Lord Manners of Haddon, sits with his father in the House of Lords; Lord Curzon is a peer as well as his father, Lord Scarsdale; and Lord Campbell sat in the Glided Chamber with his son, Lord Stratheden, who inherited the title from his mother.

While some of our peers were born 'when George III. was King,' and while Earl Nelson has worn his coronet two years longer than our Queen has had a crown, the Duke of Leinster has not yet reached his teens, and Lord Carbery is a little boy of six, the age at which Sir Arthur Kennard succeeded to his baronetcy.

Some of the privileges conferred on peers are quaint and interesting. The right of Lords Kingsale and Forester to retain their hats in the Royal presence is well known. It is less known that Lord Inchiquin, who traces his descent beyond the Conquest, is entitled to deck his servants in Royal livery, a privilege dating from the days of Henry VIII.

A much prouder privilege is that which has been for five centuries the prerogative of the Dymoke of Scrivelsby, who furnish the champion clad in mail, with visor closed and lowered lance, rides into Westminster Hall and challenges the world to dispute the title to the Crown. This quaint relic of the days of chivalry is one of the most picturesque links with the past, and has survived the changes of 800 years.

VEELEY'S VALUABLE RAT'S NEST.

The Government to Pay Him \$500 and Interest for Thirty Years for It.

An old but very interesting story about five United States Treasury notes that were found by John Veeley, a carpenter, more than thirty years ago, in an old box car in Louisville, Ky., was revived recently when a bill for his relief, which has been pending in Congress for years, and which had already passed the Senate, passed the House. It thus becomes a law, and Veeley will get good American dollars to amount to \$500 and interest from Uncle Sam. The bill was called up by Representative Z nor of Indiana. It was the first introduced in the Senate during the Fifty first Congress on April 25, 1890, and referred to the Committee on Claims Senator Turpie secured its passage in the upper house May 17, 1897.

It is in the reports of the Committee on Claims that the story of the Treasury notes is told. According to these reports John Veeley was on Sept. 29, 1868 employed in Louisville, Ky., as a carpenter by the Louisville and Nashville Railroad company, and while tearing out the end of an old box car which was under repair, he found five United States Treasury notes, payable to bearer, of \$100 each. The notes were somewhat mutilated and appeared to have formed part of a rat's nest, but there seems to have been no difficulty in determining their character, their denomination and date and the issue and series to which each belonged. Veeley took the notes to the Louisville Custom House and they were forwarded to the Treasury Department for redemption, but the department refused to redeem them, and with the approval of the Secretary they were returned to him in February, 1869. He then sold them to one Julius Wellman a broker for \$300.

In March, 1869, Wellman sent them again to the Treasury Department and the matter was referred to the First Comptroller, who decided that they should neither be redeemed nor returned to Wellman. Wellman then made a demand upon Veeley for a return of the purchase money, and it is alleged that an officer was sent to intimidate him and force a settlement. Veeley had in the meantime disposed of the \$300, and being dependent on his daily labor, it was not easy to refund the money, but he at length did so by installments, and whatever rights were acquired by the original finding were revived in him by the repayment.

Veeley subsequently renewed his efforts to secure payment from the Treasury Department, but the request was denied, and the notes still remained in the hands of the Treasurer.

Senator Turpie's bill, as amended by the Senate Committee on Claims, directs the Secretary of the Treasury to pay Veeley the value of the five Treasury notes found by him.

The bill was favorably reported by the committee on March 31, 1897, and was passed on May 17, 1897. It was introduced in the House three days later and final action was taken to day.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

Grievous Disappointment Supplies a Glittering Prospect of Wealth.

'I found myself one night,' said the retired burglar, 'in the dining room of a house where they had a safe to put things in. It was a kind of an old-fashioned house, and this safe, which was painted in imitation of the wood, was built in a big, old-style sideboard, a fine, solid, substantial piece of furniture. I spread a burlap bag out on the dining room table and then turned my lamp on the sideboard and slicked again, just to take another look at it slick and so'd and shipshape as it was, and then I got ready to go at the lock. But before beginning on it, more as a matter of detail than anything else, because while folks do sometimes forget to lock their safes they don't forget 'em one time in a million. I tried the knob, and I'm blest if this safe, big safe as it was, that I'd expected a lot of work over, was not locked at all! I just turned the knob and swung the door wide open.

'Well now, you ought to see the inside of that safe, lined with purple velvet and just filled with silver stuff. The stuff kind o' old fashioned, as you might have expected, but beautiful and just a-glistening when I turned the bullseye on it. The velvet that the safe was lined with was very fine and rich, too, and the bright silver and the purple velvet looked so pooty together that it seemed a pity to break 'em up; but business is business, and I put my lamp down and began transferring the stuff from the safe to my bag on the table.

'I cleaned out all the pigeon holes and cubby-holes of the silver, and a beautiful lot it was, and then I looked in with the lamp, and began on the drawers. There was quite a number of drawers, big and little, and here there was a variety of silver knives and forks, and before I knew it I'd run up against some gold napkin rings and gold spoons. It just beat everything you ever seed, and the next drawer I opened had a welly in it—watches and that sort of thing. It seemed as though this safe must have been intended and used not only for the silver, but as a sort of family strong box to keep valuables in.

'Well, you know, I almost wondered if I'd ever done anything to entitle me to all this, because there was a small fortune made in a single night; but I kept on putting the stuff in the bag all the same, and pretty soon I had everything cleaned out except one little sort of a small inside safe that I was leaving till the last, and that I shouldn't have been surprised, judging from the rest of the safe, to find filled with diamonds in bracelets, and rings, and butterflies, and stars, and all that sort of thing. I was going to put that stuff in my pockets; so I tied up the bag, and got that down off the table, all ready to carry off, and then I turned to open the little safe, and I pulled that door open with one hand, holding the light with the other, to look in. And it was filled with 'em, just a glittering there, enough to take your breath away, and a moment later something happened that pooty near took my breath away for a second or two. As I swung the door open a little wider to get 'at the stuff easier I heard a click, and then the loudest and wranglingest and jauglingest and slambangest burglar alarm you ever heard. I slapped the door shut again, hoping 'hat that would cut off the connection and stop the bell ringing. But it only seemed to start it up louder'n it was at first. And then I

turned my back on the diamonds. I was going to let 'em go, and have the rest of I could; and I picked up my lamp and the burlap bag and I started for the door. I hadn't taken two steps when the burglar alarm seems to break out louder'n ever, and it seemed to be right in the room where I was; before that it had seemed to be somewhere else in the house, but now it seemed to be right here in the room and in one particular spot, and I couldn't help turning toward it to look at it for a minute and see what sort of thing it was and I realized that it was my own alarm clock banging away to wake me up and let me know that it was time to get out and get to work.

GENIUS NOT INSPIRED BY THE WAR.

No Songs Produced by the Struggle to Compare with the Old Favorites.

'That higher musical education hasn't really brought forth the great army of talent fondly looked for is certain,' said a bandmaster a few days ago as he puffed at his pipe. 'This absence of genius is particularly noticeable now, when a comparison is made between the few songs that have been evolved about the late war and the works of musicians of thirty years ago. During the civil war fully a dozen patriotic anthems were written, which even to day cause a tingling of the nerves when they are heard. What loyal citizen has not felt a thrill at the swing and rhythm of the melody of 'Tramp, Tramp, Tramp the Boys Are Marching,' 'When Johnny Comes Marching Home,' 'Marching Through Georgia,' 'The Battle Cry of Freedom,' or 'Tenting To-Night on the Old Camp Ground?' These are only a few of the songs that originated during the civil war. There are others equally good. 'John Brown's Body Lies Mouldering in the Grave' is another type of composition.

'The soldiers who wore the gray also had their patriotic songs. 'Maryland, My Maryland,' is a classic, second to none in its magnificent rhythm: 'Way Down South in Dixie' will be remembered and sung for a century, while the melodious 'Bonnie Blue Flag' is one of the best songs ever written in the English language.

Such songs as these form an indelible part of the history of the bitter struggle between the North and South. Compared to them the hundreds of songs that have been written on the war with Spain are in nearly every case absolutely barren of real merit from the standpoint of a patriot or a musician. Among the best may be cited the 'Manila Te Deum,' composed by Walter Damrosch and sung by the Oratorio Society a few weeks ago. This is in every respect a scholarly composition, but is dependent for patriotic sentiment almost entirely upon the interpretation of a few national songs, such as the Star Spangled Banner and 'America.' 'When Uncle Sam Goes Marching Into Cuba,' is the name of a song that possesses a certain amount of military inspiration and has attained a considerable degree of popularity. There are a few other songs that appeal to certain classes, which met with some temporary success, but have already been relegated to oblivion. Nothing has appealed directly to the soldiers in the field, who, in lieu of any soul-stirring new war song were compelled to fall upon the old timers, such as 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' and other old favor tas, or contented themselves with popular songs of the day, such as 'There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night,' 'On the Banks of the Wabash' and several 'coon' songs, which, although bright, lively and generally pleasing, contain absolutely nothing that could be construed as patriotic or that will perpetuate them for more than a year at least.

FOR CROUP,

asthma, bronchitis, or whooping cough, there is no remedy so sure and safe as Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. From the first dose its healing influence is manifest. The sufferer who has been kept awake by the cough falls into a restful sleep, and awakes strong and refreshed. Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is acknowledged to be a specific for all pulmonary complaints. Physicians praise and prescribe it.

'One of my children had croup. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it found it strangling. It had nearly ceased to breathe. Having a part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given the child's breathing grew easier, and in a short time it was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved its life.'—C. J. WOOLDRIDGE, Worthen, Texas.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

A DAUGHTER OF JUDAS.

By the Author of "Sir Lionel's Wife," "The Great Moreland Tragedy," Etc

CONCLUDED.
'Noble! By Jove! I should think it is. But I always knew what he was. I took the measure of that man from the very first. I'll tell you what, Polite, this is the best news I've heard for years. Where is he? Fetch him in, my girl, I've got a bit of news, too, and you shall hear it now.'

Nothing loath, Marie went away to fetch her lover, and in less than a couple of minutes, Sir Patrick—his honest, handsome face aglow with happiness—was shaking hands with Mr. Muggleton, with a fervour and heartiness altogether indescribable.

'Well, now, look you here,' said Mr. Muggleton, as soon as the hand shaking was satisfactorily over. 'I've no idea of letting you out-do me in generosity if I can help it, Sir Patrick. You've come and laid your fortune at the feet of my girl, and so it's only fair that, in return, her bit of a fortune should be yours. I've heard that money's needed thing at that castle of yours, over in Ireland. What ever wants doing, let it be done. There's no need to stint yourself at all; for what I said a year ago, I'll stand to now. I said then, that my girls would have, from first to last, a matter of a million each, and I'm not the man to go back from my word. You'll have to put up with a rich wife after all, Sir Patrick, for Marie's fortune will be a million pounds.'

'But I thought you had lost your money!' exclaimed Sir Patrick, while Marie, pale now with excitement, looked at her father in breathless wonder.

'Yes; a good many folks thought that said Mr. Muggleton, dryly. 'My own wife and daughters among them. Look here, you may as well know the whole truth. The time has pretty well come for it to be told. When these girls of mine begin to get billing and cooing, I thought myself it would be a rare pity if they should be married for the sake of their fortunes, and have never a bit of love to keep the heart warm. I'm not a sentimental man, but I'm old enough to understand the value of a loving heart, and to know its a thing that stocks and shares can't buy. Young Rolleston I had faith in, and I didn't altogether misdo out Sir Granville. But that false hound of a Tiptaft—well he stuck in my throat, and in my mind, I took a solemn oath to show him up in his true colors to this silly girl.'

Marie flushed rosy red; but her Irish lover simply drew her a little nearer to him, and gave her a look which showed how perfectly they had contrived to understand each other in the course of one short half-hour.

'I made up my mind deliberately to pass myself off as a ruined man,' went on Mr. Muggleton, 'just in order to see how these young fellows would behave. I had dropped a bit of money—I'm not denying that—over those South African mines. As a matter of fact, I lost something over a million in 'em; but then, as I was really a good deal richer at the start than most folks thought, I can still give my girls the fortunes I promised.'

'There, that's the whole truth of the matter. I've acted the thing pretty well, I consider; but it's been a bit of a nuisance and a trouble, and I'm heartily glad to get it off my mind.'

'And now, Sir Patrick, just give me your hand again, if you please, and let me tell you how proud I am to get you for a son-in-law.'

CHAPTER LXXIV.

FURTHER TRIALS OF POOR MR. TIPTAFT

The Reverend Mr. Tiptaft, as spruce as ever, emerged from the rectory-gate, the next morning, and walked slowly in the direction of the handsome stone house which was the home of Mrs. Darling, the fascinating widow with the eighty thousand pounds.

Although his black was of the best, and his linen a perfect marvel of immaculateness, the worthy gentleman did not carry himself with quite such a dignified and self-satisfied air as he had been used to wear.

This last fortnight had been a trying time for him.

Although Mr. Muggleton had not sought an interview with him, and even Marie had not replied to his letter, the poor man's mind was not perfectly easy on the score of his broken engagement.

A good many people were beginning to look askance at him.

Sir Granville Grantly had passed him with a cold nod, a day or two ago, and Harry Rolleston had not hesitated to cut him dead.

Mr. Tiptaft, like many another good man before him, discovered that this is a censorious world, and that our best friends are not too apt to give us credit for perfectly pure and disinterested motives when we show a laudable desire for our own welfare.

It was of these things the reverend gentleman was thinking, sadly enough, as he wended his way to Mrs. Darling's the morning after that declaration of Mr. Muggleton's to Sir Patrick.

The Reverend Augustus was asking himself what the censorious tongues would say if it became known that he was already wooing Mrs. Darling, the charming widow with eighty thousand pounds.

Something very malicious, he was quite certain; and hence he made up his mind, that if the widow was willing, such wooing

as he proposed doing ought to be done, as much as possible, in secret.

At the same time, it was necessary that the wooing should be done with all allowable expedition.

And for reasons of a sufficiently obvious kind.

Eighty thousand pounds and a handsome wife might be desirable possessions in other eyes as well as his; and widows, as he well knew, were the last women in the world to tolerate a policy of shilly-shally on the part of any man.

Such were the considerations which exercised the good man's guileless mind, as he wended his way to the abode of the estimable lady, whose attractions, both personal and otherwise, had captivated his susceptible heart.

Arrived at Mrs. Darling's house, he was ushered into her presence without a moment's delay.

The lady had, in reality, been expecting this visit.

She received him with the sweetest of smiles, and even invited him to take the vacant seat on the couch beside herself, an invitation of which he availed himself with becoming diffidence.

The truth was, Mrs. Darling had quite made up her mind to become Mrs. Tiptaft, and that without any unreasonable delay.

She had taken the man's measure quite accurately; knew why he had jilted Marie Muggleton, and why he was now wooing her fair self; but, nevertheless, she thought he would make her a suitable husband.

'And this for several reasons.

He had a fine figure, and she had a weakness for fine figures.

That was reason number two.

Best of all, he was the nephew of a peer, and Mrs. Darling—who had been the daughter of a wealthy provision-dealer—had a great ambition to talk to her friends about "our uncle, the earl."

How aristocratic it would sound!

Hence she was quite prepared to accept Marie Muggleton's recreant lover—so willing, that on this particular morning, she had made up her mind to get a proposal out of him before he went away.

She was successful.

Who can wonder at it?

Indeed, when are such women otherwise than successful in such efforts?

But she had not the slightest difficulty in effecting her purpose, for the reverend and utterly unselfish gentleman was equally resolved that he would propose.

In less than a quarter-of-an-hour, Mr. Tiptaft was kissing her plump white fingers in speechless rapture, and she was murmuring her willingness to become Mrs. Augustus Tiptaft.

Naturally, the reverend wooer remained to luncheon with his new fiancée, and, naturally, too, he left her house with a step, and a more erect head, than those with which he had entered it.

Was there not every reason for it?

It was clear to him that he was a man whom women must needs love and admire, and this, of course, was a highly pleasing thought, even to a meek and apostolically-minded clergyman such as himself.

Then the widow had shown herself so thoroughly sensible in the matter of Marie Muggleton, and had even anticipated his request that the engagement should be kept a secret for some time.

That was a comforting consideration.

Then, again, he had pledged her more than once in a glass of champagne, and Mrs. Darling's champagne was very good and very elevating.

For all these excellent reasons Mr. Tiptaft was in the highest of spirits when he left the widow's gate, and walked, almost jauntily, in the direction of his own home.

He was fated, however, not to reach that home without serious and very unexpected interruptions.

The first interruption appeared in the person of Sir Granville Grantly's aunt, the Dowager Lady Cantrip.

She was driving herself in her little pony phaeton, and she pulled up immediately at the sight of the rector of Little Cleeve, with an expression on her face which denoted that she had a very interesting and important piece of gossip to retail.

'Mr. Tiptaft have you heard the news?' she demanded, as she stepped up to the phaeton in obedience to her somewhat imperative gesture.

The rector's face underwent an immediate change of expression.

'What news he asked, guilty, of his newly-formed engagement, and wondering how long it would be before she drove about the country asking people if they had heard of that?

Lady Cantrip literally beamed as she made reply—

'Why, about Mr. Muggleton. He hasn't lost his money, or, at any rate, hardly any of it. He's just been playing a trick on people—making believe he's a ruined man, so as to find out for himself whether his daughters' suitors were really as disinterested as they professed to be. He can still afford to give a million apiece to his daughters. A good thing for my nephew, I needn't tell you, Mr. Tiptaft.'

This startling announcement had almost the same effect as that which would have attended the unexpected advent of a bomb shell.

'Great Heavens!' ejaculated the unfortunate rector, opening his mouth, as well as his eyes, in his amazement and dismay, 'You don't mean it, Lady Cantrip; you surely cannot mean it.'

'It's as true as the Gospel,' protested

the old dowager, taking a malicious pleasure in noting his crestfallen looks. 'I suppose you'll be sorry, now, that you didn't stick to Miss Marie?'

The rector winced.

Mr. Tiptaft's defection, was known over half the county, and Lady Cantrip was a plain spoken woman.

'Sorry!'

'That was no word to express the reverend gentleman's feelings.'

'Sorry! He was wild, frantic, almost beside himself.'

For one mad moment he even began to wonder whether it would be possible to shake off Mrs. Darling, and lure Marie back again; but Lady Cantrip's next words dispelled that hope for ever.

They gave him, too, almost as great a shock as that which had been the effect of her first announcement.

'The strangest thing of all is, that Sir Patrick Donovan came back to England yesterday, and, believing Mr. Muggleton was quite a poor man, went straight to The Towers, and made Miss Marie an offer of his hand. She accepted him, and when her father heard of it, he very quietly to him he would have to have a rich wife after all, for he meant to stick to his word, and give each of his girls a million pounds.'

There seemed to be a flavour of malice about every word that came from the dowager's lips.

She revelled in the agony of mind she was causing her hearer.

'Oh, I think it can't be true! He hasn't it to give, you know,' said Mr. Tiptaft, forcing a truly ghastly smile, while all manner of evil passions raged, like wild beasts, beneath his perfectly-fitting black coat.

'Ah, but he has!' said Lady Cantrip, greatly enjoying his mortification and discomfort. 'You may rely on it—it's quite true, Mr. Tiptaft. I had it from my nephew, Sir Granville, who was at The Towers last night. Very delighted I was to hear it, I can tell you. Well good morning. The ponies are a little fresh, you see. I can hardly hold them in. If I don't let them have their heads they'll balk.'

Away went Lady Cantrip with a chuckle that was almost audible.

And the miserable Mr. Tiptaft, left alone, leaned against a gate, and deplored the cruelty of Fate.

What a hard lot was his!

Mrs. Darling's eighty thousand looked so unrespectably poor and mean by the side of Miss Muggleton's million; and then, to think that that million had been actually within his grasp, and that, with his own hand, he had thrust it from him!

It was horrible.

Worst of all, to know that the hated and despised Sir Patrick was to be the winner of the golden prize—that saddle-headed Irishman, whom he had checkmated, so successfully a year ago!

He to win the heir, with her million of money!

Oh, it was too cruel!

It was even heart-breaking.

The reverend gentleman felt it was almost more than he could bear.

He groaned aloud, and almost fell.

While he was still leaning against the gate, in this wretched frame of mind, an approaching step fell on his ear, and, the next moment, he saw Sir Patrick Donovan, his countenance absolutely beaming with happiness, coming down the lane.

It there was a drop of venom in the heart of the virtuous Mr. Tiptaft, it was stirred into activity at the sight of his successful rival, coming so jauntily towards him.

Indeed, for the moment, it may be questioned whether he did not feel an insane longing to fly at Sir Patrick's throat, and strangle him then and there.

But, at any rate, if he did, he was sensible enough not to attempt to act upon it.

Pulling himself together, he emerged from the shadow of the gateway, and stepped, with gloomy dignity, into the middle of the lane, just in front of his hated rival.

'Ah! how d'ye do Tiptaft?' said Sir Patrick, carelessly. 'I should like to have a word with you, if you please.'

Mr. Tiptaft scowled—there is no other word for his look—scowled blackly on the impudent braggart who had dared to step

into his shoes in regard to Miss Muggleton's million of money.

'I am at a loss to know what you have to say to me,' he said, with magnificent frontal dignity, and he continued to scowl most blackly at his rival.

'Well, it's soon said. I simply want to know by what authority you told Miss Marie Muggleton, last year, that I was engaged to be married.'

Sir Patrick spoke very quietly, but there was no mistaking the determination in his voice.

That one drop of venom in Mr. Tiptaft's bosom was stirred into fullest activity, and all but overflowed its bounds.

Mrs. Darling's champagne was inflaming his brain, and making him, for the moment forget the meekness of spirit incumbent on a Christian and a parish priest, whose example should have more weight with his parishioners than even his precept.

'I decline to name my authority to you, Sir Patrick Donovan,' he said haughtily. 'Indeed, I consider it a great impertinence in you to presume to come and ask me such a question. Men like yourself, who are mere adventurers, must Ramour to make busy with their name. In my own mind, I am quite convinced you were engaged to some other Lady last year, and that you have simply thrown her off now because you saw a chance to snap a Miss Muggleton's fortune.'

'This, from Mr. Tiptaft, was almost too much for our honest baronet.

His blue eyes flashed, with a warning light as he roared out—

'You lie, you false scoundrel! Why, you miserable cad, if it wasn't for your parson's coat, I'd knock you down where you stand. Repeat the lie in my hearing, and I will knock you down.'

There was not the slightest doubt that he would put his threat into execution should the stipulated provocation be forthcoming.

But Mr. Tiptaft shrugged his shoulders, and affected to look down at the choleric Irishman with lofty scorn.

In his heart he did not believe 'the fellow dared touch him.'

That 'parson's coat' of his was a kind of moral armor, in Mr. Tiptaft's eyes, a palladium that would protect him unflinchingly from the profane hands of such a man as Sir Patrick Donovan.

He felt that there may be no brawling,' he said, grandiloquently. 'If you have come to disturb the peace of my parish, you would have been much better away. You will find, Sir Patrick, that Irish manners—the brawling and bullying you indulge in in your own country—will not go down here in these peaceful and law-abiding parts.'

'Saints preserve us!' exclaimed Sir Patrick, out of all patience. 'Does the fellow really think he can dictate to people because he happens to wear a black coat to cover his wickedness? His parish, indeed. Heaven help the poor souls that have come to church and been preached to by a pitiful liar and scoundrel like him.'

'I have nothing further to say to you, sir,' said Mr. Tiptaft, stretching out both his hands as though to ward off the very possibility of any contact with Sir Patrick. 'You are a blustering, bullying Irishman. I can only regret that a lady, of whom I once thought so well as I did of Miss Muggleton, should have lowered herself to accept your offer of marriage. She must, indeed, have been in desperate straits for a husband, to pick up with a beggarly, lame adventurer like him.'

With this last taunt, the reverend gentleman was about to turn away, and stalk, in solemn dignity, back to the peaceful seclusion of his rectory.

But he had reckoned without his host, as he very speedily discovered.

There was a fiery ordeal for him to undergo before he reached that rectory-gate.

Sir Patrick's blood was fairly roused. He was boiling over with fury.

To be called a beggarly, lame adventurer, was a little too much for an honest Irish gentleman, who, but a few years ago, had been considered one of the bravest officers in Her Majesty's service.

No such insult could be borne with equanimity.

It deserved to be resented in the most emphatic manner—nay, more, it should be so resented.

He seized Mr. Tiptaft by the coat-collar—alas! that very coat to which he had trusted for protection—and, with the identical lame foot, which the reverend gentleman had held in such contempt, administered a terrific kicking to his sacred person.

For many days to come, Mr. Tiptaft felt the effects of the vigorous application of that lame foot which he had so inconsiderately derided.

'There, sir!' cried Sir Patrick, at length, flinging the black-coated figure from him, as if it had been a retriever dog.

He was a little flushed with his pleasurable exertion; but his blue eyes held a truly leonine gleam, and his whole appearance betokened that, for the sake of anything as trivial as even 'two pines,' he would betake himself to the exercise again.

'There, sir!' he repeated standing above the horrified Mr. Tiptaft with that leonine flash still in his eyes; 'I think you've had about enough to serve you for this time, at any rate. If you want another dose, you'll know where to come for it. Now go, and tell the whole county what a tremendous kicking you've just had and for Heaven's sake, don't forget to tell them also that the man who gave it to you was Sir Patrick Donovan.'

CHAPTER LXXV.

THE END.

A few months later, when the Hampshire lanes were a glory of yellow, and gold and crimson, Kate Little became John Morewood's wife, and mistress of Beech Royal, as her friend Vi had prophesied, from the first, she would be.

Kate's recovery to perfect health had been slow; but, thanks to the wise and

tender care of Dr. Browne and his brother, it had been more slow than sure.

Little by little, memory came fully back to her, and although she never knew the whole truth of her false friends' machinations against her, yet she knew enough to understand how fearful, in its results, might have been that one estrangement between her and the lover she loved so dearly.

It has taught her a life-long lesson.

Never again will she disobey an earnestly expressed wish of Morewood.

Never again will she suffer one thought of jealousy to disturb her peace.

And Morewood, upon his part, has learned to be more gentle with her, to make allowance for her woman's pride, which is, in truth, a woman's weakness.

In their married life his are tenderly expressed wishes, never stern commands. Happiness stretches, bright and fair, before them both, in spite of the tragedy that has brighted the life of their friend.

Mr. Muggleton still reigns lord paramount at The Towers.

His neighbors have almost forgotten that eccentric freak of his in passing himself off as a ruined man; and even they who profess to find something to blame in it are glad to take him heartily by the hand.

Few men in the county are more highly respected than honest Samuel Muggleton.

His daughters are all married—very greatly to the contentment of him and his good lady.

Upton Manor is a grand place in these days, and Sir Granville Grantly makes an excellent husband, having quite bidden good-bye to his earlier dissipations, and devotes himself almost entirely to his estate.

Pretty Vi is, of course, mistress of Rolleston Hall; there had been some question of building another house for the newly-wedded pair; but Vi had so wound herself round the heart of the old squire, that it was easy to see nothing would please him so well as to have her and his nephew underneath the old roof.

Accordingly, extensive alterations were made, the house was thoroughly restored, and, perhaps, there is not, in all Hampshire, at the present day, a more delightful home than Rolleston Hall, or a more popular hostess than pretty Mistress Vi.

Mr. Muggleton's eldest daughter, of course, has her home far away from The Towers; but her father goes to Castle Donovan very frequently, and, of all his sons-in-law, Sir Patrick is, secretly, his favorite.

A happy woman is Marie, Lady Donovan.

Every day, almost, she discovers some new virtue in the big, honest heart of her Irish husband.

As for him, he worships the ground she treads upon; and, as his tenantry, in their turn, worship them both, it is easy to see that the kindly Fates are pouring down golden blessings in Ireland as well as in Hampshire.

Mr. Tiptaft is no longer the rector of Little Cleeve.

The parish had to bear the loss of that truly good and virtuous man.

After that meeting with Sir Patrick, in the lane, Hampshire became suddenly hateful to him.

He did not even appear in his beloved church on the ensuing Sunday, but remained at home, upon the plea of indisposition, while a curate from a neighboring parish took his duty for him.

He never officiated in the church of Little Cleeve again.

His indisposition so increased that, in the course of a day, or two, he repaired to the seaside for the sake of his health, and, a fortnight later, made arrangements for exchanging living with a brother clergyman in the extreme North of England.

His marriage with Mrs. Darling took place before the end of the summer.

And, as the lady did, undoubtedly, possess the full eighty thousand pounds which had induced him to make her the niece of Lord Gowan, we ought, surely, to be able to say that this good man is now happy and content.

But, alas! it is not so.

The fascinating widow proved herself a Tartar when once she was fairly caught, and poor Mr. Tiptaft leads a miserable life at her hands.

She proves to him that she is quite equal to the management of her own fortune, and moreover, she finds fault with his sermons, ridicules his theology, and even dictates to him as to his manner of reading the prayers.

He is a very meek and humble Mr. Tiptaft in these days, has grown much thinner, and lost almost all the freshness of his pink-and-white complexion.

He is not even permitted to wear a waistcoat of High Church cut, Mrs. Tiptaft being of thoroughly Evangelical tendencies.

If Sir Patrick Donovan could see him as he is, that kindly Irish heart would assuredly feel a throb of pity for his once powerful rival.

Vivian Court is shut up.

Its master will never come to it again, and little Sylvia and Lady Ruth find their home with the latter's niece, Lady Hamlyn where they offer speak with tender regret of the beautiful dead Lillian, whom they both loved and whose crimes they will never know.

Sir Gerald has embraced the tenets of the Roman Catholic Church, and has entered one of the Italian monasteries—a monastery of an order, famed for the rigid strictness of its discipline.

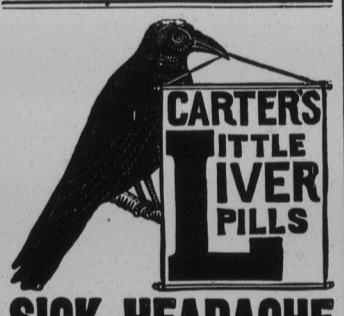
People think that grief for the loss of a beloved wife has driven him to this.

The truth—the whole truth—is known but to one person.

That person is John Morewood, and he will never breathe it to any living soul—no, not even to the wife of his bosom.

If Dr. Browne and Sir Patrick Donovan have suspicions as to the true manner

Continued on Fifteenth Page.



SICK HEADACHE
Positively cured by these Little Pills.
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.
Substitution
the fraud of the day.
See you get Carter's,
Ask for Carter's,
Insist and demand
Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Sunday Reading

Whether Here or There. May God be near thee, friend, When we are far away;

In distant, desert places The 'Mounts of God' are found; His sky the world embraces,

Substitutes for Christ.

Christ is the circled completeness of the Christian life. In him we find it in all its fullness and perfection. He stands at the beginning to guide our tottering footsteps

'Follow thou me,' said Christ. He how touches the centre touches every radius; but he who starts on a radius may never find the centre. It marks the degradation of our Christianity, when Christ is eclipsed.

Lost flesh lately? Does your brain tire? Losing control over your nerves?

Are your muscles becoming exhausted? You certainly know the remedy. It is nothing new; just the same remedy that has been curing these cases of thinness and paleness for twenty-five years.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

fluence is for good? Do we never see mighty men of letters trailing their genius in the dust, and for a few paltry dollars setting before society a pabulum of filth?

This same spirit is behind the dream of the socialist. I have lived in that part of New York that is called the slums. I have attended the little gatherings of the socialists on Sunday night, instead of going to church.

It may seem strange to read it, but I must declare my belief that this spirit is rampant in the church. The essence of all high churchism (and there are high churchmen in all denominations) is that position makes the man.

grown, came out of the casket of a mummy? Don't you know that my grandfather bought the ground from the Indians, and I have a clear title to it? Don't you know that I grew that wheat, as nearly as possible, the way they grew wheat in Palestine two thousand years ago?

church is on a man, he feels safe. The church is bound to deliver him in heaven. And too often the church is a partner to the contract. So it comes to pass that the Master is eclipsed.

There is no other test of Christianity. According to high church principles, as judged by its practices, if you put an apple and a pear, and a plum, and a potato, and a stove, and a cinder, in a proper plush box marked 'Apples,' you will have six apples.

Not many years ago there was considerable fear among large numbers of believers in the Bible that the efforts of critics to prove the Old Book untrustworthy might be successful.

Enameline is the Modern Stove Polish; it is put up in paste, cake or liquid form. There is no dust and no odor, and the result is a brilliant polish without labor.

J. L. PRESCOTT & CO., New York.

Sir J. William Dawson, the distinguished scientist, has said that opposition to Christianity among scientific men is fast dying out; and the fact that among the greatest scientists of the age we find firm believers in the truths of the Gospel is sufficient to show how little the Bible has to fear from geology and other scientific subjects which a few years ago were declared with such confidence by infidels to demonstrate the falsity of the teachings of Old Book.

Moody and the Sinless Man.

Some time ago a man who claimed perfection went to Evangelist Moody and commiserated him on his low level of Christian experience. Mr. Moody, in a kind manner, asked his caller if he never sinned or did any wrong.

FOR ALL ATHLETES.

Something to Make Men Supple Strong, and Enduring.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are just what is wanted—Freshen and Invigorate the Entire Frame—Give Strength and Staylog Power.

FREDERICTON, N. B. Dec. 26.—The natives of the Maritime Provinces of Canada are famed the world over, for their prowess in athletic sports, their great physical strength, and their remarkable powers of endurance.

One of the best known, and most successful athletes of the Province of New Brunswick, in describing to a newspaper reporter, his system of training for athletic contests, acknowledged frankly the debt he owed to Dodd's Kidney Pills, the great Kidney Cure of the century.

Said he: "Last summer I was training for a three days' bicycle race. On the third day of my training, I felt a slight pain across my back, after an hour's ride on my wheel.

"In the evening, after my day's work was completed I felt very stiff and tired, my legs were stiff and heavy, and my breath came short. I had, also, a sharp pain over my heart.

"I spoke to my trainer about the matter, and he looked serious. 'Your kidneys are out of order,' he said. 'We must remedy that, or you had better give up training at once. I'll get you a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills. They'll set you right in no time. He got me a box of the Pills, and I must say that they worked wonders.

"Not only did they cure all pains, aches and stiffness away, but they made me feel fresh and vigorous, put new life and energy into me. You can wager that I'll never be without a supply of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills are just what all athletes need. They cost only fifty cents a box and can be had at all drug stores.

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Chas. H. H. is a book on Love and Marriage. Get a copy sent to you, free, as it takes up only a few lines of the question.

'Nan is worried to death.' 'What's the trouble?' 'She can't tell whether she is in love with Lieutenant Jumbo or with his uniform.'

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on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufactures. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use.

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MAKE SHORT WORK OF SHOES, BURN THEM, CRACK THEM, DESTROY THEM.

NOT SO WITH PACKARD'S

Special Combination Leather Dressing

THE ONLY PREPARATION COMPOSED SOLELY OF INGREDIENTS NECESSARY TO THE PRESERVATION OF LEATHER.

NOTHING ORDINARY ABOUT IT.

PACKARD MAKES IT

PACKARD OF MONTREAL (L. H. PACKARD & Co.)

Notches on The Stick

The latest contribution of the busy pen of Dr. John D. Ross, to the Burns cult is "The Burns Almanac" a book of some 150 pages, printed on thick white paper, bound in scarlet cloth, and issued by the Raeburn Book Company, 185 Grand St., New York. The Almanac proper contains a long list of events connected with the poet's life and works, or with characters mentioned in his works, or writers who have contributed to Caledonian literature, arranged under their respective dates. It is a work of industry, and must find its place among the literary curios of the time. In the appendix we have: A record of the Burns Family; A list of prices obtainable in 1898 for a First Edition of his poems; a list of subscribers for the First Edition; Seven Epochs in his Life—Alloway—Mount Oliphant—Lochlea—Mossgiel—Edinburgh—Ellisland—Dumfries; a Chronological Table of his life and works, from the Globe edition of his poems; lists of Burns clubs in America, of statues and busts of the poets throughout the world, and of the books to which the poet was known to have been a subscriber; A Century of Burns Biography, by William Wallace; "The Story of Clarinda," "Burns in Westminster Abbey," "Misconceptions Regarding Burns," from an address by John D. Ross; "Flowers Mentioned by Burns," with a list of quotations; and an account of the funeral of the Poet. Several pages are left at the close for manuscript notes, and the reader is by the editor requested to jot thereon any items that come to his knowledge and send the memorandum to the editor for the greater completeness of a possible new edition. The book contains portraits of Burns and one of "Bonnie Jean," and is dedicated to Hon. Charles H. Collins of Hillsboro, Ohio.

By way of introduction there is a Note from the Editor, and following that a quotation from a letter of Burns to Gavin Hamilton, and some original lines by Hunter MacCulloch.

Edinburgh, Dec. 7, 1886.
 "I am in a fair way of becoming as eminent as Thomas Kempis or John Bunyan; and you may expect henceforth to see my birthday inserted among the wonderful events of the Poor Robin's and Aberdeen Almanacs, along with Black Monday and the Battle of Bothwell Bridge."

That far-off day in Edinburgh town
 When Burns first tasted fame,
 His fancy saw his coming crown,
 And saw his famous name
 For was he not an upward track
 With "Bunyan" as a counter shine;
 And in "Poor Robin's Almanac"
 To get a birthday line—
 Forthwith, that day,
 Now has he worn his fabled crown
 For a hundred years or more;
 With all the world for Edinburgh town,
 To hearken and adore;
 None now more "eminent" than he,
 On his master-singer's throne,
 Among the world's best company;
 With an Almanac his own—
 Here with, this day.

The articles of mark are that of William Wallace, who traces the biography of Burns through the vicissitudes and developments of a century, and the account of the unveiling of the bust in marble of the Poet in Poet's corner, Westminster Abbey, on the 7th. March, 1885, by the Earl of Rosebery, with addresses by his Lordship, Preceptor Wilson, and Dean Bradley.

The Westminster memorial was executed by the sculptor, Sir John Steell, and was paid for out of the contributions of admirers of the Poet in all parts of the world. At the unveiling of the statue, by Lord Houghton, at Glasgow, it was suggested that the time had fully come when a work of art of a similar kind should be reared to the Scottish bard in Britain's venerable Pantheon. "The suggestion," said Preceptor Wilson, in his address of presentation, "met with enthusiastic approval, and steps were taken there and then to raise subscriptions. It was felt that if the movement was to be not only national, but I might say universal, the amount of individual subscription should be limited to not more than a shilling, the same sum that raised the statue in George Square, New Glasgow. To-day you will see the realization of this idea. I need not dwell on the vast labor connected with a monument so unique, for I presume there is no monumental bust in the Abbey that has been raised by the shillings and pence of so many admirers. Prince and peasant gave

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Much in Little

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Always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

their contributions, and I may add that these contributions came from all parts of the earth. Switzerland, Benegal, New Zealand, Nova Scotia, Canada, United States of America (north and south), South Africa, London, Birmingham, Bradford, Halifax, Leicester, Liverpool, Norwich, Belfast, Limerick, Londonderry, and from nearly every town in Scotland. All the Scotch members of The House of Commons gave their shillings; more was offered, but more could not be received. Some twenty-two members of the House of Lords gave their shillings, and at the head of the list was His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. In short, we have in our list some 20,000 contributors."

In regard to the sculptor, he said that as "Burns was so distinctly a Scottish poet," and as the memorial was to be a gift of Scotland to the British national shrine, that the case required it should be executed by a Scottish artist. In the veteran artist, Sir John Steell, of the Royal Scottish Academy . . . we found a man after our own heart, an enthusiastic admirer of the Poet, and who executed some years ago the Burns statue in New York, which has been since repeated on behalf of Dundee, London and Dunedin (New Zealand)." In regard to the place it occupies Mr. Wilson observes: "The site so graciously granted by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster is, we think, the most appropriate that could have been chosen . . . The bust has been erected on a stone screen in the centre of which is the splendid statue of Shakespeare . . . To the right of Shakespeare stands the statue of Thomas Campbell . . . To the left of Shakespeare is the monument to the poet Thompson . . . and on a level with the bust of Burns is the monumental bust and tablet to the memory of Robert Southey . . . In conclusion, let me add how appropriate it is that this monumental bust of our Scottish national poet should be placed in this glorious temple, the pride of our country, consecrated to Almighty God, and where the song of the angels has so often been sung "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will to men;" paraphrased by Burns, in his ever-to-be-remembered "woodnotes wild—"

"Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a't that,
 That man to man the world o'er
 Shall brothers be, and a't that."

The address by Lord Rosebery, which followed that of Preceptor Wilson, was brief, and not memorable for any striking utterance. That by Dean Bradley was full of excellent thoughts feelingly uttered. In regard to the tardiness of the memorial, or what might seem such, he said: "It's all but 90 years have passed since your poet's death, we may remember that for a century and a half the dust of Chaucer lay unmarked and unhonored by any monument. Nearly as long a period went by before any record of Shakespeare found a place upon our walls. Even Milton's name was for more than two generations unnoticed, except for a passing reference in the inscription to a forgotten poet. And of Burns, as his great brother poets, no verdict of posterity will reverse our judgment. The three generations that have passed since the death of the Ayrshire peasant saddened Scotland and smote the heart of England, with the thought 'of mighty poets in their misery dead,' have only increased the interest in mankind in the man, have only raised the deliberate estimate of his marvellous genius. In his well-known words—

"Time but the impression deeper makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear."

Of Dean Stanley's appreciative estimate of Burns he said: "I may remind you to-day that it was not Scotchman, but an Englishman, a Dean of Westminster, who,

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while really sensitive to all that we deplore in the Poet's works or character, yet did not shrink from recognizing even a religious power in the "tender pathos" and "wise humor," the "sapacious penetration" of Robert Burns. Nay more, he did not shrink from placing him in virtue not of one or two, but of many of his poems, among "the universal teachers of all churches." In one he recognized, "if not the theology of Calvin, yet certainly that of the Sermon on the Mount;" in another "the most comprehensive and pathetic of prayers for a Christian household;" in a third "the most profound and pastoral of advice to you." It was not a Scot, but a Dean of Westminster, who did not even flinch from the withering satire with which your poet assailed much of the religious teaching of his day, "those keen sarcasms which pierce through the hallow cant and harrowing pretensions of every Church with a work which cuts too sharply, but not too deeply. Nay more, he went so far as to draw a parallel between the devout tinker of Bedford, the author of the Pilgrims Progress, and one so unlike him as the peasant poet of the "Cotter's Saturday Night." And we my Lord, as we shall stand for a moment in silence by a bust which may recall, we trust, to far-off ages, if not the "large dark eye, which glowed," as the greatest of his country men said, "literally glowed when he spoke with feeling and interest," yet, at least, the massive countenance with strength and shrewdness in every lineament, we may ask that the poet's best legacies to his race, all that is good and beautiful and noble in his poems may long invigorate and enrich and delight mankind in every corner of the world where his tongue is spoken,—that all that is misleading or lowering may die out of men's hearts. And as for himself, with all his splendid gifts, his great qualities, his indisputable virtues, his indisputable frailties and faults let us be content,—in the words of a poet who was dear to him in his youth and whose monument will lie not far from his own—let us be content to leave them—

In their dread abode,
 Where they alike in troubling hope repose,
 The bosom of their Father and their God."

Because no lyric of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has obtained the currency of her "Battle Hymn of the Republic," it need not be supposed that no subsequent gift of her pen is of the like high tone and heroic quality.

She has not made her verse a superfluity nor has her art been trivial; but with virile and compressed power she has put into small compass the rich result of a noble life, in such a way as not only to charm the spirit, but to rouse and inspire. Her latest volume, "From 'Sunset Ridge: Poems Old and New,'" is receiving its deserts in the uniform approbation of press and public. "She has used," says one writer, "her 'winged vengeance, with finger uplifted toward the truth, like a prophet; she has used her scorn and her resonant rhythms to encourage the soldier and the saint. So prominent her fearless songs and poems have been that now, when she adds to those familiar battle-pieces (battle of nations and of souls) such poems as 'A Vision of Palm Sunday,' 'In Rome, 1877,' and the poem in memory of Lowell, we find the same high plane of fine feeling, imagination and soul-passion."

It may not be so generally known as it should be that in the year 1902, as says the Montreal Gazette, "the long lease under which the Dominion Government has held the Plains of Abraham will expire and the property revert to the Sisters of the Hotel Dieu of Quebec." The question arises what is to become of one of the most important of English battle-grounds, the death-scene of, we had almost said, two national heroes? If one should own a God's acre wherein rested dust that should be most sacred to himself would it not be beyond the reach of the market and the auctioneer? Assuredly, some generous heart says, if I owned it. But assuredly anything held as private property may, under some circumstances and by some persons, be sold. Wolfe's battlefield may yet be shrouded off into house lots, unless Canada, Britain, and the United States—for they have a stake there—awaken in time. One of Canada's best known literary men,—poet, romancer, archaeologist,—writing from his home in Prince Edward's Island, says:

"The protest which a Committee of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec has found necessary to make against an alleged intention to alienate the Plains of Abraham from the use of the public is exciting a widespread interest throughout Canada, and when it reaches Great Britain France and the United States, when the bare statement of a desire to make money out of one of the grandest reminiscences of the past is told without being softened by

extenuating circumstances, it will arouse disgust.

"The distinguished historians, Parkman, Casgrain, Bancroft, Warburton, Smith, Hawkins, Garneau, Ferland, Beaton, Miles, LeMoine and others have derived inspiration from the genius loci, and thousands of visitors have felt a patriotic glow while standing on the plateau of Abraham so identified with the city of Quebec and where imaginative minds have fancied they saw the shades of Wolfe and Montcalm and of the brave of two races who mingled their blood on the soil and equally shared the glory. It seems determined that no such opportunities shall exist in the future. As well obliterate Quebec itself as obliterate or render unrecognizable this famous site. The historic city deprived of its battle-ground would be as a temple with the holy of holies eliminated, the divinity looted. After the battle on that murky September morning of fifty-nine, this battle-ground became sanctified by the fierce baptism of war. Every Frenchman and Briton shared in the fame that had caused it to become part of the archives of two Empires, a share that though but an invalid feeling of pride and glory, is valid and to be preserved intact. In a matter so important to the city's interests, the public spirited citizens will strengthen the hands of the Society's committee,—if only on the meaner plane of the money visitors bring. If correctly reported, the proposed intention reminds in its contempt for national glory of Communists pulling down the Arc de Triomphe at Paris,—although we do not hear that the Communists sold it."

The writer of the above suggests the renewal of the lease on the same terms. A counter suggestion is its purchase by the Government of Canada for a sum that shall not be exorbitant; and which will recognize that in a certain important sense the plateau is national property already, and should be as sacred from mercenary invasion as the heavens themselves.

To John Imrie.
 Guid brither o' the Scottish heart and tongue
 See fraught wi' Burns' and Ramsay's tuneful
 Lure.
 I mark the home-felt songs that ye hae sung,
 Sweetening wi' music our Canadian shore.
 A lovin' song to me is ever sweet,
 Of home, or wife, or little children dear;
 When Scotia's lays soft native lips repeat
 How rich the Doric accent of mine ear!
 Dear to me lang has been MacLachlan's lyre;
 Macfarlane's strain of fantasy is dear;
 Oh Wanlock's pensive music awakes my fire,
 Or brings the sudden sympathetic tear.
 I ca' them friends, an' friends I feel they are;
 And now beneath my roof shall henceforth be
 Thy honest, simple muse—a welcome lar—
 Imrie, I rax a brither's haun' to thee!

Dr. W. B. DeMille died at Halifax, at the home of his mother, South Park St. on Dec. 10th. Dr. DeMille is a brother of Prof. A. B. DeMille, of Kings Colleges Windsor, and son of the well-known author, Prof. DeMille, late of Dalhousie College. PASTOR FELIX

MYSTERIOUS LIGHT AT SEA.

Three Steamers Didn't Understand It, but the Prince of Monaco Knew.
 The Prince of Monaco has been known since 1885 as an enthusiastic student of the sea and its various forms of life. He usually spends his summers in the study of oceanographic problems, and his cruises have on some occasions been extended almost to the coasts of America. A short time ago he delivered a lecture before the Royal Geographical Society in London, in which he told this incident:

One afternoon, while in the Bay of Biscay, he sank the trap in which he collected specimens of sea life. It went to the bottom in over 12,000 feet of water, and as night approached he fastened to the wire attached to it an electric buoy and then stood off a mile or so. It did not happen to occur to him that he was right in the track of steamers plying between northern Europe and the Mediterranean, but he was reminded of the fact later.

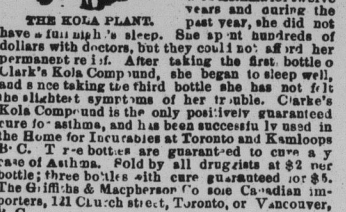
As he and his fourteen sailors were watching with a good deal of satisfaction the swaying buoy with its brilliant illumination, a steamer's lights came into view. It was soon evident that the steamer was curious to know the meaning of the illumination, for she altered her course and made for the light. She knew that no fishing boats came out so far from land and so determined to solve the mystery. Up she came to within a quarter of a mile of the buoy, slowed up for a minute, and then started ahead, perhaps a little disgusted at the incident that had lured her several miles out of her course.

She had hardly got away when a second steamer came into view, and she, too, bore down upon the lighted buoy. The marines on the Prince's vessel understood by this time that the illumination was probably believed to be evidence of a disaster. Just as the Prince's steamer was moving

ASTHMA CURED.

Mrs. McTaggart, of Toronto, Suffered for Twelve Years, but was Cured by Three Bottles of Clarke's Kola Compound.

It is a recognized fact among those suffering from Asthma that the longer they use the temporary relief of Asthma remedies which require to be burned the worse they become, until it becomes a habit, and it is not in this case. It will permanently cure the worst case of Asthma in from 60 to 90 days. Mrs. Maggie McTaggart, of 50 Yansley street, Toronto, was troubled with Asthma for twelve years and during the past year, she did not have a full night's sleep. She spent hundreds of dollars with doctors, but they could not afford her permanent relief. After taking the first bottle of Clarke's Kola Compound, she began to sleep well, and a second bottle she has not felt the slightest symptoms of her trouble. Clarke's Kola Compound is the only positively guaranteed Kola Compound, and has been successfully used in the Home for incurables at Toronto and Kamloops B.C. Three bottles are guaranteed to cure a year case of Asthma. Sold by all druggists at 25 cents per bottle; three bottles with cure guaranteed for \$5. The Griffiths & Macpherson Co. are Canadian importers, 121 Church street, Toronto, or Vancouver, B.C.



HAY FEVER

up to explain matters she was nearly run down by one of the large liners in the Oriental trade, which had also left her course to render what assistance she could. The swell was very heavy, and the Prince feared a collision as the three vessels approached the light like moths around a candle. He therefore veered off and the other vessels, after standing by for a few minutes, went on their way and probably never learned the cause of that night's illumination at sea.
 But the incident gave the Prince a pointer. He carefully refrained thereafter from exhibiting his electric buoy on any of the much-travelled ocean routes.

Ingenious Speculation.

The German mania for collecting pictorial post-cards has just been the means of putting a small fortune into the pocket of a clever speculator named Joseph Arminius, formerly of Cologne, but now of Jerusalem.

Herr Arminius advertised in the German papers, offering, in return for a remittance of two marks, to send five of these picture cards, posted respectively at Venice, Constantinople, Jerusalem, and Cairo, on the day of the Emperor Wilhelm's visit. The ingenious speculation received no fewer than 160,000 subscriptions, for which he had to dispatch 800,000 cards, and after paying all expenses he has pocketed 100,000 marks, or £29,500, by this rapid speculation.

The writing of the post-cards was done at a school in Jerusalem, taking the form of a lesson in dictation to the children.

Don't Starve Yourself

To cure Dyspepsia. Eat heartily, and take Dr. Von Sran's Pineapple Tablets. They assist Nature in performing her functions and in an imperceptible time disease and suffering vanish and the old time good health, comfort and youthful buoyancy reign, and life puts on a new and hopeful phase. 35 cents.

Thoughtful.
 A: "My wife is such a thoughtful woman, B: "So's mine. You couldn't imagine all the things she thinks about me if I happen to be detained in town."

Between Friends.

Helen: "Young Sottish proposed to me last night. He ought to have known beforehand that I should refuse him."
 Mattie: "I'm sure he did."

Mr. Green (to Johnny, who has been hidden behind the screen): "There, I've given you sixpence not to tell that I've kissed your sister!"

Johnny: "Yes, but I saw you put your arm round her waist a-cuddlin' of her. It's worth another sixpence not to split on that."

"Look at me!" exclaimed the leading lawyer, warmly, "I never took a drop of medicine in my life, and I'm as strong as any two of you patients put together." "Well, that's nothing," retorted the physician. "I never went to law in my life, and I'm as rich as any two dozen of your clients put together."—Life.

mother's medicine.

What distress and anguish come to the mother when her little one wakes up at night with a nasty croupy cough. Wise mothers always keep on hand a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It's so pleasant to the taste the youngsters take it without any fuss, and at the same time its promptness and effectiveness are such that the cough is checked before anything serious develops.

From one end of the Dominion to the other people are praising Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup as the best remedy for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and all Lung Affections.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.
 25c. at all druggists.



FASHIONS

—FOR THE— NEW YEAR.

The fact that the desire for ornamenting and decorating the body was the original impulse which led the feminine mind into a realm of fashion may account for the craze in jewelled chains which seems to possess all womankind. It apparently has no limit and women of all ages deck themselves out with some sort of chain with whatever suitable article at the end of it they happen to own. It may be a lorgnette, a watch, a smelling bottle or a purse; it is all the same, since the chain is the supreme object of attention, even if it does not cost more than \$1.50. The chains range in price from the lowest to any sum you choose to pay, as the jewels are real or poor or good imitations. The muff chains are, perhaps the most useful and least expensive, but if you haven't a long chain of some sort it is best to invest in one before the fashion wanes, or you cannot keep up with the possession.

The latest hat in Paris is shaped very much like a square breast plate, with a narrow turned-up brim and medium crown, and loaded down with flowers of all sorts and kinds.

Hand-painted mousseline de soie is the material for your most elegant evening dress if you would be in the latest fashion. These gowns are made with tunics edged with fine lace, and the painting is done after they are cut and fitted, so that each seam is decorated, and the color is used to give the effect of shading down from the bodice, deepening in tone to the edge.

Red mousseline de soie over red, trimmed with cream applique, makes a stunning evening gown, with a touch of black, which may be tulle, in the corsage.

One novel feature of the season's evening sleeves is the open space just below the point of the shoulder when a long or elbow length transparent sleeve is worn. A narrow strap extends over the shoulder, and the top of the sleeve is cut away in a sort of half moon to show the prettiest part of the arm.

Elaborate arrangements of trimming and pretty harmonies of color seems to be the special notes of the season's fashions, and they are quite as evident in evening cloaks as in any other department of dress. The circular shape rounding up in front seems to be the most popular, and it is often made in a series of circular frills. Frills of fur, alternating with guipure lace, form an elegant garment, but they may be of cloth or velvet as you desire. One garment in grey velvet has a chinchilla collar and one deep frill of lace at the bottom. Guipure lace embroidered with sequins forms a deep yoke, which reaches nearly to the waist on some of these garments, giving a pretty close fitting effect around the shoulders. Two deep frills forming the cloak below.

A bolero bodice with a novel finish shows little straps of velvet, caught at each end, with a small button fastening the bolero to the belt all around the waist. This space is usually two inches wide, and some contrasting color shows underneath between the straps.

Every woman wants a black skirt to wear with separate waists, and what to get seems to be a puzzle, now that satin is not so fashionable. Moire, which has no gloss, seems to be the latest fancy in Paris, and the skirt is made with a tunic overdress edged around with a band of black velvet.

Mousseline de soie skirts with shirred ruffles put on in the form of a tunic, and worn with a guipure coat made long at the back to meet the ruffles, are one of the variations in evening dress. Incrustations of silk of the color of the skirt set in here and there all over the coat give a very novel effect.

Belts have become so conspicuous a feature of dress that a whole volume might be written about them without giving an accurate description of the beauty and variety which meet your eye at every turn. A succession of enamelled flowers with in a diamond centres strung together, with a space between, on two gold chains, is one of the expensive novelties; but there are all sorts of silver, gilt, oxidized silver and fancy metal belts and buckles set with imitation jewels which can be bought for from \$4 up to a very much higher price. The particular one you want usually runs up in price, but very pretty buckles can be purchased for \$3. Any width of belt seems to go; the important thing is to have a belt; but

Important to Athletes.

Mr. Mack White, the well-known trainer of the Toronto Lacrosse Club and Osroode Hall Football Club, writes: "I consider Griffin's Menthol Liniment unequalled for athletes or those training. I have used it with the best success, and can heartily recommend it for stiffness, soreness, sprains, and all forms of swelling and inflammation. All druggists, 25 cents."

the very narrow ones are most generally liked, and vastly more becoming than the wide ones. They give a touch of brightness to the gown which nothing else can, and belts of some description are worn with every sort of gown, whether it is for evening or day use, and with every sort of coat, long or short.

Brown cloth gowns seem to have gained favor late in the season, and the special fancy for trimming in a mixture of orange and blue. Violet cloth, embroidered in white moire applique with black and steel, is also very pretty with brown and the usual accessories of cream lace.

Gold thread is worked in with chenille in many of the new embroideries, and braid mixed with lace and chenille is another combination in trimming.

Fashions come and fashions go, but the shirt waist stays with womankind. It is well this is so, for man says that nine women out of ten look better in a shirt waist than anything else. She who is of stout girth and short waist should avoid it as she would a plague, and especially when made of materials of conspicuous designs. At the moment the most popular waists are fashioned of fine French flannel in plain colors or spotted velveteen. Both materials wear well and are warmer than silk or satin. The newest cut is not made exactly as cotton shirts usually are, but is more dressy and oftentimes trimmed with pipings of a contrasting color. The average woman wears a shirt waist of one kind or another under her coat when she does not expect to remove the latter. For this purpose one of silk or satin is preferable since the coat slips on and off much more easily, but it is very hard on the waist.

Plaid and striped flannel in combinations of pale blue and white, or pink and cream, pale heliotrope and violet, corse and black and many others are very smart for morning wear and are as easily laundered as a cotton waist. All sorts of fancy ribbons, lace collars and bows are worn with these waists, making them quite dainty enough for the daintiest and dressiest of women.

Every now and then a great hue and cry is raised about the silk petticoat.

'It is going out of style,' says one.

'It is a nuisance,' declares another.

'And a frightful expense,' adds a third.

All the same, the silk petticoat holds its own. Women's clubs and what not may declare against its rustling ruffles, but it refuses to be ousted from women's wardrobe. As a matter of fact, the silk petticoat grows more elaborate and expensive every day. When skirts were wider and not so tight about the hips the silk skirt was a thing that could be treated more lightly than now. If it was a trifle loose about the waist and did not have just the proper flare at the bottom it made no great difference in the set of the skirt. Not so now. The really fashionable woman has all her petticoats made to order, and they are fitted just as carefully as her dress skirts are. It is quite the thing to have one's dress petticoats made of liberty silk, which hugs the figure closely. These liberty silk skirts are dreams of beauty, and they are as perishable as beautiful. A number of fluffy plaited ruffles, embellished with lace, gives the necessary flare to the bottom. Notwithstanding the great beauty of these skirts, the women would miss in them the swish-swish of the skirts of stiffer materials—a sound soothing to feminine ears.

A riding crop is a useless enough thing at best, unless one does a deal of cross-country riding where gates are plentiful, but the average horseback rider, man or woman, feels poorly equipped without one. The newest crops are exceedingly handsome, though by no means so elaborate as formerly. They are made of fine wood and the handles finished with some fine leather or skin and mounted in gold or silver. An especially attractive one has a handle of grey snake skin and is tipped with silver, finished in grey. Another has a handle of elephant's skin and is mounted with gold.

'Woman has very erroneous ideas about a few things,' said a man, surveying his Christmas presents sadly. 'Now all of the women in my family know my weakness for cigarettes, cigars and pipes, and every one of 'em from my wife down, has a notion that a man who is fond of the soothing weed likes to take it in the most elaborate manner imaginable. On the other hand, the man who really understands the artful science or the scientific art of smoking, just as you choose to put it, likes to enjoy his smoke with the least possible fuss and feathers. What am I to do with all this smoking paraphernalia? Let me look them over. Here are three of those new-angled pipes with a bowl underneath for catching the nicotine to keep it from running into the mouth. No pipe of this sort was ever known to work and nobody but a tender mouth would think of using one if it did.

Next I see an elaborate cigar cutter and lighter. The little swinging alcohol lamp, set up on ivory legs, and with a fine cigar cutter in one of the prongs, is beautiful to look at, but a man who realizes that a good cigar is a smoke prefers his teeth and a live coal for cutting and lighting purposes. What I am to do with these seven cut glass and silver cigarette holders I do not know. No matter how many cigarettes I buy I never have but one left, it seems to me, and so small use I have for receptacles in which to preserve my cigs. Yes, women have queer ideas about some things. No wonder Kipling said:

'A woman is only a woman, But a good cigar's a smoke.'

'It seems to me that by the end of the nineteenth century the sex accredited with so much intuition might have learned that only amateurs in smoking like to smoke with a great show.'

Is this man alone in his opinion this Christmas Day in 1898.

Perhaps, after all, a few of the pearl necklaces to be seen at the opera are not priceless. Paris is sending some imitation pearls over here now that are calculated to make the real Oriental article doubt its own genuineness. These mock pearls have an opalescent lustre that most defies the detection of experts and are mounted exactly as the real gems are. The vary in size as in price and, some are made to fit the neck closely, while others hang down almost to the knees. Women should be careful how they adorn their necks when in evening dress. If the neck lacks plumpness and whiteness no ornament should be worn about it that will attract attention to these defects. Indeed, she who is wise will wear a brilliant ornament at her waist or elsewhere that will tend to draw attention from her bare neck. Only the women with beautiful necks and shoulders can afford to attract attention to them by means of gems and other ornaments.

Gun metal chateaines have superseded all others. The most elaborate ones have as many as ten jingling gimcracks dangling from an elaborate ornament which hooks in the belt. The plainer the chateaine and its ornaments the more stylish it is considered, and those decorated with a few semi-precious stones and no engraving or applied work are really the most desirable.

Now that the excitement of buying, giving and receiving Christmas presents is over, the sex which feeds on excitement, as some mere man has put it, is looking forward to the midwinter sales. These usually begin the first week in January and no matter how much milady has decided the bargain counter at home in society and in her clubs during the old year, she simply cannot resist the rare temptations offered upon it while the new year is still young. Every conceivable feminine article, from stockings to hats, can be purchased at very small cost at these midwinter sales, and the person who has strength of will enough to buy only such things as are needed derives great benefit from them.

GOLDEN, JEWELLED GARTERS.

The Round Variety Being Slowly Displaced by the Stocking Suspender.

The round garter dies hard. Slowly but surely the stocking suspender is taking its place, but the old-fashioned round affair is not yielding without a struggle. The queerest feature of the fight for supremacy is that the round garter retains its grip principally at the two extremes of society. This sounds, perhaps, as if the wrong word had been used and extremities was the one really wanted. But extremities is all right. The round garter is worn nowadays by the rich and the great and by the poverty stricken.

The rich and the great seem to affect the round garters, or, rather, to contrive to endure them, because the round variety is, as a rule, provided in handsome designs. And when it comes to the very poor woman why she gets a few cents' worth of cheap elastic, cuts it and sews it herself and there she is. She has saved ten cents at the least, and that is her chief aim in life. The rich woman can spend a good round sum for the side suspenders if she wants to. There is a stunning hundred-dollar pair in one of the swell shops right now awaiting her coming. It has solid gold buckles and clasps with good-sized sapphires, on cabochon, by way of ornament.

But force of habit and prettiness together are irresistible. The round garters lie so innocently in their lace-papered boxes. No one could suspect them of causing cold feet, swollen veins, fatigue and all manner of bodily ills. But there is one element of the population which knows the round garter at its true worth. This is the younger generation, which has been brought up on hygienic principles. Hygienic principles would curl with scorn at the sight of a round garter; and mothers who don't think that they themselves could get used to wearing hose sup-

porters do not dream of putting on their children the torturing circlets which they wear themselves.

'Do you really find the supporters more comfortable?' they ask of confidential friends.

A sufficient answer could be had if they would try putting their suspender children into round garters. The bowl which would go up would be convincing. There are a great many compensations in belonging to the middle ranks in society. This has been said before, but so far as the writer knows, garters have not been mentioned among the compensating circumstances. When a woman belongs to the middle ranks she is neither rich enough to buy round but magnificent garters, nor too poor to buy the humble but precious side suspender at 25 cents for a medium quality. So she purchased this 25 cent treasure and enjoys the bliss of having warm feet even if her elastics are not gold-buckled.

Even when a rich woman would like to reform and be comfortable she often falls a victim to friends. They give her such stunning garters that her conscience simply won't allow her not to wear them. So she continues to peg up and down the world, numb up to the knees, but all right as to her vanity. The round garter is, however, slowly losing its hold. This, by the way, is nothing new when taken literally. Losing its hold has always been one of the pleasing habits of this particular article. At the shop which pretends to be authoritative on all matters of jewelry and silverware they say that they are selling more of the suspenders this year than they did last. But the salesmen evidently retain a lingering fondness for the round garter. They take them out with greater alacrity, and they handle the suspenders gingerly and with an air of disapproval. The round garters are certainly a temptation to the eye. The dealer in question carries very few of colored elastic. Almost without exception the elastic is black or white. It is an exceedingly small consideration, anyway. The garter sells because of the buckle. The wearer can put in any elastic she pleases.

The buckles with the four-leaved clover by way of ornament have been very popular and are still somewhat in demand, though they have seen their most fashionable day. Now the old rose gold is in great favor. It is that dull finished red gold in which everything from hatpins to yachting trophies is now made. The best buckle, according to up-to-date ideas, is of the old rose or the Roman finish, with a fleur de lis or scroll pattern and having one or more jewels set down into the gold. For instance, a very stunning pair has a rather simple buckle of satin-finish, roman gold; crossing each other are two little gold clubs made of tiny diamonds, with diamonds in the angles to represent the balls. Another beautiful pair has a single large turquoise set in the center of each buckle. Another has a pattern in Russian enamel. Still another has clasps formed or perhaps twenty or thirty stones of different colors. This pair costs only \$350.

But one need not pay so much as that. Indeed, very much prettier buckles may be had for a fraction of that sum. When it comes to the suspenders, one may buy a pair with all the usual metal parts made of gold handsomely carved, and it will cost the modest sum of \$30. The prettiest pair shows the other day was the one with sapphires, above the mentioned, for \$100.

LADIES AND OTHERS.

Some Instances of the Various Uses of an Abused Word.

The word lady still has about it a certain halo which ought to prevent its indiscriminate use. In this country we can hardly expect to see social distinctions reflected in the use of the word: and yet we might perhaps expect to see it employed more equitably than it was by a certain dry goods store keeper in Massachusetts town not very long ago.

The daughter of a Senator of the United States drove one day from her father's summer cottage to a store in a city near by and ordered some articles to be sent to the house.

When her goods were sent a mistake was made, and the Senator himself stopped at the store to correct it. The proprietor called the saleswoman, and after consulting with her, apologized for the mistake.

'You see, sir,' he exclaimed, 'the lady who took the order didn't quite understand what the girl said.'

A somewhat similar story was told of a remark made by a Yankee servant of the family of John Lothrop Motley, the historian. On one occasion when the historian was at home on the ancestral estate near Boston, and when his brother James was also there, an intimate friend of the family who was sojourning at the house came out from Boston on a late afternoon train. The family coachman met him

with a carriage at the station. On the way to the house the guest said to the driver:

'Did any one come out on the earlier train?'

'Oh, yass,' said the coachman, 'the' was four; the' was John and Jim and two ladies.'

The guest knew that 'John and Jim' were the historian and his brother, but he wondered who the ladies were. Afterward he found out that they were a seamstress and a new chambermaid.

The most extraordinary use of the term that we are likely to find any record of is related from England. The house surgeon of a London hospital, we are told, was attending to the injuries of a woman who had been badly bitten on the arm. As he was dressing the wound he said:

'I cannot make out what sort of a creature bit you. It is too small for a horse's bite and too large for a dog's.'

'Oh, sir,' said the patient, 'It wasn't a animal—it was another lady!'

Under the Green Banner.

It is understood to be a Mohammedan doctrine that a 'jehad,' or holy war, can only be proclaimed by the Sheik-u-Islam, the religious deputy of the Sultan, by the personal order of the Sultan himself.

The proclamation is always performed by unfolding the flag of the Prophet. This banner is made of green silk, with a crescent at the top of the staff, to which is attached a fine horsehair plume.

This flag which is deposited in the Mosque of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, is not the original flag of the Prophet, as that enigm was white and was made from the turban of the Korish which Mohammed captured. For this, some time later, was substituted a black flag, made of the petticoat of Ayesha, the favourite wife of the Prophet, in whose arms he died.

Omar, the second Moslem Caliph, obtained possession of the banner by conquest, and it passed subsequently into the hands of the Abbasides and the Caliphs of Bagdad and Kalmira, being brought to Europe by Amurath III. and deposited in the seraglio at Constantinople.

When the flag was changed in color from black to green is not known, but according to the doctrine of Mohammed, the Sultan and his deputy have the sole authority to unfold the flag over Constantinople and proclaim a 'holy war,' a war against all Christendom—one in which every species of atrocity is perpetrated in the name of the Prophet to the unbelievers.

Why the Third Finger is Used.

How many women who fondly love the golden symbol of their wedding vow know why they wear it on the third finger of the left hand? That particular digit was chosen because it was believed by the Egyptians to be directly connected by a slender nerve to the heart itself. And these ancient worshippers of Isis held this finger sacred to Apollo and the sun, and therefore gold was the metal chosen for the ring.

Miss Blackleigh (looking at her photograph): 'I should like to know what people say about my picture.'

Miss Daisy: 'No, dear, I don't think you would.'

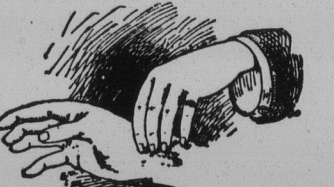
A gallant named Cobb met a maiden named Webb.

And straightway he sat down beside her, And quickly proposed in a manner so glib, That he won her as soon as he spider.

PUT YOUR FINGER ON YOUR PULSE.

If it is Weak or Irregular don't Hesitate to Start the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills at once.

With a strong, steady, regular pulse we may expect vigorous health.



With a weak, irregular, intermittent pulse we can tell at once the vitality is low—that Dizzy and Faint Spells, Smothering and Sinking Sensations and similar conditions are bound to ensue. By their action in strengthening the heart, toning the nerves and enriching the blood, Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills relieve and cure all those distressing conditions just enumerated.

Mrs. B. Croft, residing on Waterloo Street, St. John, N.B., says:

'For some time past I have suffered from pallor, weakness and nervous prostration, I had palpitation and irregular beating of the heart so severe as to cause me great alarm. I was treated by physicians, but got no permanent relief.'

'I am glad to say that from Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I derived the first real benefit that I ever got from any medicine. My appetite is improved, my entire system toned up, and I can do no less than cheerfully recommend these pills to all requiring a reliable heart and nerve tonic.'

Miss Mary E. Hicks, South Bay, Ont., says: 'Large Liver Pills cured her of Sick Headache, from which she had suffered for a year.'

Continued from Tenth Page.

of Lady Vere's death, their suspicions never frame themselves into words.

They lie locked in the inmost recesses of their breasts, and ever will.

It was a surprise to most people, that the body of Sir Gerald's wife was not brought home to England, to be laid with his ancestors, in the great family vault of the Veres.

Instead, she was laid to rest in an Italian cemetery—that very cemetery into which she had watched a coffin taken the day before her death.

A beautiful white marble cross has been raised to her memory; but even that excited no little wonderment, for it was simply inscribed—

"In Memory of Lillian, Wife of Sir Gerald Vere."

There was no single word to tell how dearly she had been beloved, nor how deeply she had been mourned.

Still stranger, there was no word of Holy Writ to hallow that lonely grave beneath the sunny skies of Italy.

Everyone decided that Sir Gerald Vere was a most eccentric man; and some doubted whether he had ever loved his beautiful wife so greatly after all.

There certainly seemed reason for the doubt. The very day after the funeral, he entered the monastery, in which it is his firm intention to end his days.

Morewood was the last face belonging to the outer world he ever looked upon—Morewood who, alone of all men, knew every detail of the tragedy of his life, and who pitied him with a pity which thrilled his own heart with keenest pain.

That he is not mad, and was not mad even when he sent his guilty wife to her death, Morewood is perfectly convinced.

Nor, in his heart, can he greatly blame him for that crime. To a tragedy so awful there could, perhaps, have been no other end.

An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, is still a righteous law, and John Morewood, at any rate, can feel nothing but tender pity and compassion for the unhappy husband who, rather than give his guilty wife up to the law, became himself her judge and executioner.

And so Morewood accompanied his friend to the very door of the monastery which was to be his living tomb, and grasped his ice-cold hand with the warm grasp of friendship, and with a broken voice and tear-filled eyes, said—

"God bless you, Gerald, and give you comfort in His own good time!"

"God give me pardon! That is all I ask," said the unhappy man, whom the tragic Fates had made their victim and their toy. "Expiation is the one word for me henceforward. Think of me as dead. God bless you old friend—the best and truest! God bless you always!"

And then the great, gloomy doors closed upon him, and Morewood knew he would look no more on him on earth.

His work of expiation would end only with his life. Some months later, a remarkable piece of news reached Morewood.

A railway accident occurred in France. Many passengers were injured, and one was killed outright.

The one killed was a woman. She was travelling under the name of "Madame Santanello," and had been giving seances in Paris, as a clairvoyante.

It was proved, however, by means of papers found upon her, that her real name was Leila Rochefort.

"Truly there are more things in heaven and earth than man dreams of in his philosophy," was Morewood's thought as he heard of this. "Those three people, Leila, Louis, and Madeline, had all those curiously sorrow-haunted eyes which are said to bode an early and a tragic death; and everyone of them had died young, and by violence. Who shall undertake to understand these things?"

Then he thought of the old gipsy's prophecy concerning Madeline Winter and Gerald Vere, and how strangely and awfully it had been fulfilled.

"Surely, he mused, it would almost teach us that, to some, there is revealed the shadow of doom."

There is no shadow on the lives of our friends in Hampshire.

There all is happiness and bright, unclouded sunshine.

Kate makes a sweet and graceful mistress for Beech Royal, and, assuredly, its master thinks that man was never blessed with a dearer wife than his.

The awful tragedy, in which Madeline Winter was the central figure, had come very near them; but they had not stood within its path, and it had cast its shadow over them, as it passed by to accomplish the doom of their friend.

In the monastery he dwells—that most unhappy victim of a most cruel Fate.

A monk, with a cowed and tanned head, and dark brilliant eyes, which look with thrilling pathos from out his pale, haggard face.

The other monks tell strange tales of the fasts and penances he inflicts upon himself.

Nigh after night he lies on the cold stone-floor of his cell, his eyes upraised and his hands outstretched in an agony of supplication—his pale lips pouring forth unceasing prayer to Heaven, to have mercy on his soul.

His brother monks regard him with veneration and awe.

To them this pale-faced, hollow-eyed penitent is a saint.

But they know not the secret of his life. They know not how awful was the tragedy that doomed him to this place.

Above all, they know not that his most impassioned prayers are offered, not for himself but for the guilty soul of that beautiful woman, who sleeps beneath blue Italian skies, in the shadow of roses and myrtles, with nightingales making melody above her head.

TO THE BITTER DREGS.

By the Author of "Cast up by the Sea," "The Fog Woman," "The Secret of White Towers," etc.

CHAPTER I

Who is that girl in pink and diamonds! By Jove, what eyes! And knows how to use them, too. She is Dola Koski, the singer.

"Indeed! What is she—a Russian?" "By name, yes; but by birth, I believe, a gipsy. Shall I introduce you?" "No, thanks; I have had enough of this crush."

The two men who had been standing in a doorway watching the dancers, pushed through the gay throng on the staircase and in the flower-decked halls.

As they left the house, a private hansom pulled up before it, and a tall well-dressed man leisurely alighted, and, mounted the steps.

A few moments later, he was shaking hands with his hostess, Maud Hammerton, the celebrated actress, a fine-looking woman, through long past the first freshness of youth.

"So glad to see you, Captain Metherell," she declared, with a charming smile. "I began to fear you had completely vanished from our horizon."

Then a later comer claimed her attention, and Metherell, after some pleasant rejoinder, passed on, slowly making his way round the room, pausing every few moments to exchange words with some friend or acquaintance.

Handsome, happy, and careless, he looked, as he moved from one to another, entirely oblivious to the fact that a pair of passionate dark eyes were watching his every gesture.

But each step took him nearer to the watcher, until at last, with a start and an exclamation which scarcely savoured of pleasure, he met that intent gaze.

"Dola! You?" "Yes, I, Ab, my friend, so we meet at last!" "I assure you I am charmed."

"Take me to some quiet place where we can talk."

He shrugged his shoulders, glancing at the ever moving kaleidoscope of people.

"I fear you are asking an impossibility." "Where there is a will there is usually a way. Come with me, I will show you."

A curtained archway was near, and, with a quick imperious movement, she motioned him to follow her through it.

He did so with apparent willingness, but inwardly he was cursing his luck, for Dola Koski was the very last person he desired a quiet chat with.

He had heard, on good authority, that she had gone on a tour in Blair Blythe's company, otherwise he most certainly would not have put in appearance at Maud Hammerton's At Home.

For if there is one being a man avoids more than another, it is the woman he has wearied of, but who still cares for him.

Dola led the way to a small apartment dimly lit by one red shaded lamp.

A bowl of hot-house flowers stood on a table. She bent over them as if to breathe their sweetness; then, turning in an impulsive way, flung back the silk shade of the lamp, letting the light fall full on her companion's face.

"That is rather dazzling," he remarked, looking at her with an expression of cynical amusement, while her eyes devoured his face. "Have you not seen enough of me?"

She jerked the shade down with her fan exclaiming, passionately—

"Enough! enough! I would give half my life to blot out the remembrance of you. You have treated me shamefully—villainously. Why have you stayed away all this time? Why have you never answered one letter of mine? You have tired of me, or—you have found some one else."

He twisted his fair moustache, and smiled. "I should be sorry for the someone else if she fell into your clutches. What a little spiteful you are!"

She said no heed to his words moving about the room in a quick, restless manner, the jewels in her bodice casting sparks of light as they rose and fell with her hurried breathing.

Then she began again— "There is someone, I know. Your behavior all points to it. And I have been

told that there is a girl in the country, somewhere, with whom you have been spending your time. Who is it? I will not rest till I know her name."

"And what then?" "He was still smiling, and indifferent. Dola put her fingers to her throat, as if she were being choked."

"What then, indeed! Why only this: I will go to her. I will say, 'You poor, silly fool, to believe in this man. He does not love you. He can be true to no one. He is false—false—false!'"

The fan, with which she had emphasised each word, snapped in half. She tore the saim from the handle, then flung it from her.

"I will say to her, 'He loved me before he came to you. He has kissed my face, my hair, my neck.' Would she listen to you after that—hey?"

He laughed. "I should think not; but at the same time my dear little Fury, what would you gain by it?"

She made a gesture of supreme indifference. "Your hatred, perhaps?"

"Then, with a sudden change— 'Martin, it is not true—tell me it is not true. Look at me as you used to. What has altered you? What have I done? I love you—not in your cold English way; but—oh, Heavens! the thought that you could slight me for another drives me mad. I could kill her—and you, too, my beloved. It makes a demon of me. Oh, Martin! tell me what you will believe you; only come back to me—take me in your arms again—let all things be as they were. My beloved, come back to me.'"

She laid her head upon his breast, she drew his arms about her, while he tried, in vain, to force himself to show some warmth, some affection; but a sense of absolute loathing, which could not be conquered, kept him rigid and cold.

It was only that morning a fair, sweet face had rested where Dola's now lay—only that morning he had said farewell to one who, in all her quiet life, had never met such women as Dola Koski.

It was the first pure love that had ever come to him, and, in the flush of it, the old fast life appeared to him revoltingly hateful.

A sigh of relief escaped him as Dola, slowly drawing herself away, faced him.

"It is true, then. You cannot deny it." "Her voice sounded harsh and strained, the vivid color in her cheeks faded to a ghastly pallor.

Whatever her faults may have been, she certainly loved this man with all her strength.

It may not have been a very refined or noble passion, but it was the utmost she was capable of.

"Tell me her name!" she panted. "I will know her name."

A gleam of anger came into his eyes, his face grew hard and cruel.

"From me you will never hear it," he replied, and the anger within him vibrated through his quiet tones. "Let me warn you, Dola, never to attempt to come near her, or, should you ever learn her name, to utter it in my presence. She is not one of you, but as far removed as—"

"Stop!"—she all but shrieked the word—"I will hear no more. Up to this moment I have loved you—worshipped you; now I hate you. Do you hear me? I hate you, even more than I hate her. And, as you have felt my love, so shall you feel my hatred. I care not how long I wait, but I will be revenged, and you shall learn to curse the hour you scorned Dola Koski."

She flung the door open as she ended, and Martin Metherell found himself alone.

"Little devil" he said through his teeth. "I believe she would harm me if she could."

Then he took a silver case from his pocket, drew out a cigarette, and lit it.

"Ah, well!" he said, as he, too, left the room, "it is a good thing that little interview is over."

He had no fancy for the gay chatter of Maud Hammerton's guests, and, leaving the house, walked rapidly away, with some vague idea that every step carried him further and further from the old life and the old scenes he was now so anxious to quit for ever.

On reaching the Thames Embankment he slackened his pace to a stroll, and finally stopping altogether, stood contemplating the many lights reflected in the dark-flowing water, while his thoughts wandered over the events of the past month.

Once again he heard himself pleading with the girl he loved so passionately, to consent to a secret marriage—she had been hard to persuade, but had yielded at last.

He smiled as he recalled the sweetness and the tenderness of her submission.

Then he thought of the scene in the little country church—it was a wet day.

The pouring rain and moaning wind had at times, almost drowned the old clergyman's voice.

How pale and timid she had looked; but the eyes she had raised to his had been full of faith.

He dropped the end of his cigarette into the river.

"She shall never repent it," he said, aloud; "never—never."

Resting his arm on the stone parapet, he began dreaming of the week which had followed that quiet wedding—a glimpse of Paradise, a taste of an ideal life.

Then she returned to her duties as governess to his young step-sisters, and he had come up to town.

He had no intention of keeping it quiet for long, but just at present it would have been decidedly inconvenient for him to have a quarrel with any of his people; for, like most men who live in first-rate style on a very limited income, he was heavily in debt, with no very clear idea of how he was to get out of it—his only hope being, that when his uncle—Sir Robert Metherell—died, and his cousin came into the property, the latter would help him with a good round sum.

However, he had decided to do his utmost to help himself, to sell out, get some appointment, and stick to it.

He was full of good intentions that night as he stood listening to the lap, lap of the water; and had an angel come down from the star lit sky above, and told him that within a very few weeks he would be regretting his hasty marriage, he would not have believed.

But nevertheless, it was so; and this is how it came about—

His cousin—a young fellow of his own age—met with a boating accident, and was drowned.

Sir Robert, on hearing the news, fell down in a fit.

It was his only son—the pride of his heart—and, with the exception of Martin Metherell, the last of his name.

The old man never got over the shock, and on his death-bed, sent for his nephew.

"I shall not last long," he said, feebly, and the young fellow stood beside him. "I have been thinking things over, my boy, and want to have a quiet chat about them. The title is bound to come to you, but the money is mine."

Captain Metherell was well aware of this and for some time had been anxiously wondering how the money would be left.

Lady Metherell was long since dead. Sir Robert had only one daughter living and as he had never shown any particular affection for her, Metherell had felt justified in imagining that the bulk of the property would come to himself.

"When my father died," the baronet continued, speaking slowly, and with difficulty "he had not a halfpenny to leave me, nor a square inch of ground; a long line of spendthrift had got rid of all. I worked to get it back, I starved, and slaved, and screwed. But I put away, slowly and surely, pound upon pound; then I began to make money—large sums. I bought back this place, I laid up a fortune for my son; but—he will never need it now."

The tears were falling down his hollow cheeks.

Metherell felt his own eyes grow moist but just then he was thinking more of himself than of others.

After a moment or so of intense suspense, his uncle spoke again.

"You are of the old stock—you have the old failing. Still, you were his friend, and I don't want to be hard on you; and so my boy, I have decided to leave you all—on condition that you marry Clara, and settle the greater part on her. She is a good girl—a careful girl—she will make you a good wife."

Words would fail to describe Metherell's feelings.

For a moment or two he stood still. Then walking across the spacious room, he drew aside a curtain, and stared blankly through the window.

Marry his cousin Clara! Clara whom he never could endure, with her long nose and fishy eyes, and irritating ways.

Great powers! what an idea! He had an awful desire to burst out laughing—to open the lock on his chain to show the sweet little face within and say—

"This is my wife, I can have no other. He had some thought of exploring the old man to be merciful, of confessing the truth and begging him to leave enough to settle his debts, and start in life with."

No doubt that would have been the right and better course; but Metherell was a mortal coward, and where a stronger character would have spoken out, he remained silent.

I expect no immediate answer, Sir Robert said, breaking a long pause. But think it over, and come to me by the end of the week. You must not leave it too long,—with a wan smile—"for my days here are numbered, and I should like all things settled before I go. I am tired now Martin—will you ring for Friar? He will give me my dose."

Metherell came slowly back to the bedside.

"I don't quite understand," he said, in rather a strained voice, "why you wish this arrangement."

"I want the money and the title to go to—"

gether," Sir Robert explained. "I am also anxious that Clara should be well provided for, and that you should have some check on your extravagance."

"But, supposing she refuses me?" "I have already placed the matter before her—she agrees."

"And if I refuse?" "You will be a greater idiot than I take you for; but, of course, if you are content with your present mode of life—you understand—you will have nothing. Think it over."

Metherell saw that his uncle was exhausted, and that it would be useless to prolong the interview.

He rang the bell for the servant, waited until he came, then left the place, without seeking an interview with Clara Metherell, who was placidly waiting him in the library.

CHAPTER II.

"Oh, Mrs West, do pick those blackberries! You dear darling, do try to reach them."

"They are so high up, Floss, I am afraid I cannot."

"Oh, do, and I'll tell you who is coming this afternoon!" A vivid blush swept over Lillian West's face.

She, also, knew who was coming, and all day her heart had been bursting with gladness, just because she knew.

"He is coming to stay," Floss went on. "I heard mother tell Jane to get the room ready. I'm so glad; aren't you?"

Miss West was trying to reach the black berries, and apparently, did not hear the question; anyhow, she made no reply.

And Flossie, seeing that her efforts to catch the branch were in vain, ran down the road after her sister, who was calling to her to come.

Lillian West followed more leisurely. The bright color still glowed in her cheeks, and her grey eyes shone with gladness.

A gipsy woman, sitting by the roadside, stared at her as she passed; then, rising, hurried after her.

"One moment, lady, dear; spare one moment for the poor gipsy woman!"

The girl, on hearing the voice, looked round, to find a quaint figure, wrapped in an old shawl, close beside her.

"Cross my hand with a piece of silver, my dear," the gipsy pleaded, in a low musical voice. "Ah! don't shake your head. It's nothing but the truth you'll hear from me."

Lillian hesitated. "I am in a hurry," she said, looking up the road to where the children, having reached home, were swinging on the garden-gate. "Here is a trifle, it will help you, but I cannot stay."

She walked on, but the gipsy kept beside her.

"I don't take money for nothing," she declared. "And, as you won't let me see your hand, I'll tell you what I see in your face. A fair man has crossed your path; but have nothing to say to him. He is false and heartless, and he cares nothing for you. If you listen to him, you'll live to repent it in tears and heart-aches. All the pretty things he says to you he has said to others. You think he loves you now; but in a little while he'll tire of you, as he has of others, and then he'll just cast you off without one regret, one kindly word. He is false and cruel—cruel and false; if you want to live in peace and happiness, go where you can never see his face again."

The woman's voice had grown hoarse with passion.

Lillian West had quickened her pace almost to a run, then suddenly she stopped and peered beneath the ragged shawl screening the gipsy's face; a pair of flashing dark eyes met hers.

"Be warned," the woman cried, "and go before it is too late."

"Who are you?" Lillian panted. "And why do you speak like this to me?"

The woman laughed and shrugged her shoulders.

"I am only a poor gipsy," she said, changing her excited manner. "But I read things in the stars; and I say again, be warned."

She turned on her heel then, and hastened away, while Miss West went on to the children.

"What did she want? What did she say?" they exclaimed, in chorus. "You do look so pale. Did she frighten you?"

"Rather," the governess admitted. "I think she was mad."

"Oh, let us run in and shut the door, in case she comes after us!" Flossie cried.

But there was not much fear of that, for the gipsy woman was almost out of sight; and the next instant a bend of the road completely hid her from view.

When she had reached this point, she flung back her shawl, and laughed hysterically.

"I have seen her, spoken to her, and oh! how I frightened her!" she exclaimed. "I have planted the first doubt, and I will end by sweeping away every scrap of faith she has in him. Oh! Martin Metherell, you played with fire when you played with Dola Koski's love!"

She lifted her clenched hand to the pale autumn sky, all the beauty of her face blotted out by the expression of fierce vindictiveness which overspread it.

Then she laughed again, in a reckless, hard way, as, with quick, deft fingers, she rolled the shawl into a bundle, tossed it over the hedge, and, bringing a Tam-o'-Shanter from her pocket, twisted it into shape, and pinned it on her head.

The transformation was complete, and it would have been difficult for anyone to have recognized, in the trim little figure, the gipsy who had accosted Lillian West.

To be Continued.

"What was this row about?" said the policeman. "It all came about," the father-in-law exclaimed, "by some of those cheeky boys throwing shoes at the bride." "Well, said the policeman "that's customary." "Yes; but not horsehoes!"

BAD BLOOD.

You can't be healthy if your blood is impure or watery,—if poison is circulating through your arteries instead of rich, pure, life-giving blood.

If you feel drowsy, languid,—are constipated, have pimples or blotches breaking out on your body the remedy for you is Burdock Blood Bitters.

"I have been using B.B.B., also my brother and sister-in-law, and we find it a most reliable and efficacious blood purifier, and most cordially recommend it. We purchased it from J. R. Ault & Sons of this town." MISS C. M. WATSON, Aultsville, Ont.

B.B.B. is a highly concentrated blood purifying vegetable remedy,—only 1 teaspoonful at a dose,—you add the water yourself.



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424 ST. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL.

THE SIBYL'S PREDICTION.

La Vinette is a beautiful village. You might search through France, and hardly find a prettier.

And nowhere will you find prettier maidens than those of La Vinette. To be sure, they are not high born, nor versed in the elegant accomplishments.

Fortunately, however, beauty and high birth are not always inseparable, nor do they always go together.

At least, there is many a countess who would count no price too great by which she might purchase the charms of Marie Maillard, who outshone all the other maidens of La Vinette as the sun dots the stars.

One afternoon it chanced that Marie and several of her companions were returning, merrily, from the vineyard, when, all at once, one of them espied an old woman, walking along by the help of a staff.

She turned towards them, and awaited their coming. 'What can we do for you, good mother?' inquired Marie.

'Cross my hand with a silver piece, my pretty maid, and I will tell you your fortune.'

'You are a sibyl, then?' 'You may call me so. It is given to me to see, ere they arrive, the chances which Fortune may have in store.'

They looked at her with growing reverence, despite her tattered garments and unprepossessing face.

'Here mother,' said Lizette, one of the gayest of the party, holding out her hand 'you may tell me my fortune.'

The sibyl took the extended hand, and, after a single glance, fixed her penetrating eyes upon her.

'I see she said slowly, a bridal train proceeding to the village church. Flowers are strewn along the way over which pass the bridal pair. Need I mention the name of the bride?'

Lizette drew back with a blush. The sibyl was right; for oh that day week she was to stand at the altar.

Another took her place and still another till Marie alone remained.

She came forward and submitted her hand to the interpreter of Fate.

The sibyl started, as if suspicious that that her art had failed her.

But a moment's survey dissipated her doubts, and she murmured, as if to her self—

'Maiden, a brilliant destiny awaits you. You will wed a title, and become the mistress of a fair estate. Servants shall be in waiting to do your bidding, and wealth will pour forth its choicest offerings at your feet. Such is the decree of Destiny.'

'Mother,' said Marie, 'you have certainly read wrong for once. Such a fate is not for me, and I would not that it were.'

'No matter,' said the sibyl, composedly; 'you cannot change the course of events. Wait patiently for their unfolding. Be not apprehensive of evil for this line—and she placed her withered finger on Marie's palm—betokens a long life and a happy one.'

'I am much obliged to you, mother,' said the girl, laughing, 'for your favorable prediction, and when I become a countess, I will take care that you are provided for.'

'You owe me nothing,' was the reply. 'I am but the oracle of Fate. I may demand the fulfillment of your promise sooner than you think.'

'Be it so, mother. When you are entitled to make it, be sure that I shall not withdraw from my engagement.'

When Sibyl had hobbled away, richer by some francs than before, Marie was bantered not a little by her companions on the destiny which had been marked out for her.

'Which shall it be, Madame la Duchesse, or Madame la Comtesse?' inquired Lizette, gaily.

'I have a good mind,' said Marie, 'in return for your malice, to steal away your Philip, and marry him myself. In that case, at least, the prediction—'

Lizette, who would have been very unwilling for Marie to attempt in earnest what she threatened in jest, deemed it best to drop the bantering tone she had at first assumed.

As for Marie, she thought little of the prediction. To her mind it was altogether improbable.

The country around La Vinette is somewhat uneven, though it contains no very high hills. To the north of the village there is a little stream flowing over a rocky bed, with considerable impetuosity.

'Will you be kind enough to inform me,' he added, after a pause, 'whether there is anyone in the village who would be likely to employ me upon his farm? Pardon my troubling you, but I am a stranger, and know no one here.'

'I think,' said Marie, after some hesitation, 'I heard my father say lately that he wished to secure additional assistance. If you would like to inquire, you may accompany me.'

'Thank you,' said the young man, 'nothing would please me better.'

They walked along together, conversing sociably, and Marie leaned incidentally that her companion's name was Henrique Armand.

Farmer Maillard was prepossessed in his favour, and it was not long before a bargain was struck, and the new-comer was installed as a member of the household.

He soon became a general favourite. When the labours of the day were over, he would get his flute or guitar, for he was versed in the use of both instruments and play for the entertainment of those who were attracted to him.

Occasionally, he would accompany himself on the guitar in a peculiarly rich and melodious voice.

On one occasion, having rehearsed a popular song to the general satisfaction, he was pressed to sing it through once more.

'No,' said he, 'I will not do that; but, if you like, I will sing you one of my own composition.'

This proposal was received with pleasure, and he at once commenced—

'Know'st thou my love? Her dark blue eyes Shone with a soft and pleasant glow, As if the colour of the skies Had found its way to earth below.'

'Know'st thou my love? When morning comes And sunbeams on her pathway fall, She trips along the flowery meads, Herself the fairest flower of all.'

'Know'st thou my love? Full well I know The fairest dwells beneath the sun; Ah! would that our divided lives Might in one peaceful current run.'

The rich voice of the singer lent much sweetness to the simple words.

All applauded the effort—all except Marie.

She stood apart from the rest with a pensive air, and said nothing.

From this time she treated Henrique with less familiarity than she had been accustomed.

One afternoon, he, in passing through the garden, saw her sitting in an arbour with her eyes fixed musingly on the ground.

'It is a fine day, Mademoiselle Marie,' said he, approaching her.

She started, for she had not been aware of his approach, and murmured an affirmative.

He laid down his pruning-knife, and stepping into the arbour, sat down on a rustic bench at her side.

'Marie,' said he, 'there is a question I wish to ask you, but I hardly know how to set about it. Will you promise not to be offended?'

'I do not think you would ask any question which would render it necessary.'

'Tell me, then, why for some days past you have seemed to avoid me, and when in my presence, have shown a reserve and constraint altogether different from the friendly familiarity you used to evince. Have I offended in any way?'

'There is nothing in which you have offended me,' said Marie, in a tremulous voice.

'I am glad of it,' said Henrique, his face brightening, 'for it emboldens me to make still another request. I love you, Marie,' he added, impulsively. 'I love you most devotedly. You must have noticed it in my looks, and every action. Do you remember the evening when I sang "Know'st thou my love?" It was of my own composition, as I said. Did you not divine that it was of you I was singing?'

Marie started with surprise, and a blush of pleasure mantled her features.

'Was it indeed of me that you were singing? I thought—that is, I did not know.'

Marie did not finish her sentence. Henrique perceived that herein lay the secret of her apparent estrangement, but with true delicacy he forebore to speak of it.

'May I hope,' he asked, 'that I am not wholly indifferent to you?' 'If you think me worth taking,' said Marie, frankly, 'you may have me.'

more precious than yourself. Being desirous of seeing country life in its varieties, and mingling in it without being known, I found my way to your pleasant village. The rest you know. Will you forgive me?'

It is needless to say that pardon was accorded, and that Marie graced the high station to which she had been elevated. Her promise to the sibyl was fulfilled to the letter.

PORK TREES.

They are Found to Bronx Park and are a Source of Delight to the Birds.

The strange sight of a man nailing chunks of salt pork to the tops of tall trees was witnessed in Bronx Park yesterday.

The scene of action was near the site of the new Zoological Garden, and many pounds of prime pork were used in the operation.

The man, who was a park attendant, was armed with a long ladder and a bag of pork. Now and then he would place the ladder against a tree, climb up, nail on a chunk of pork, and then wander away to another tree to repeat the performance.

'It's for the birds,' he explained. 'There are a large number of them in the park, and we want to encourage them to remain here. Just as soon as the birds learn that they can obtain food in the winter they are not liable to go away. Birds want something to peck at, and as the ground is all frozen hard we nail up this pork for them to exercise their bills on, and I tell you they appreciate it. They know every pork tree and have a grand time.'

'We feed the birds through the winter on other food besides pork. We scatter cracked corn and wheat about, and they grow fat on it. The squirrels also eat it. The park is filled with squirrels, and the city provides well for their care during the winter, when they cannot provide food for themselves. These little animals know their feed time just as well as a human being does, and their appetites are always in first-class condition.'

It was suggested when the fact became known that pork could be found all ready for cooking, on the trees in Bronx Park it might tend to induce tramps to stroll that way and snoop the city's novel fruit.

'I do not think we have much to fear on that score,' said the park employee. 'You see these trees grow a long way from the Bowery, and travel is not at its best just at present. Besides, the pork is nailed high up from the ground, and no one can reach it without the aid of a ladder. No tramp is going to walk all the way up here with a ladder on his shoulder just for the sake of getting a piece of salt meat. Besides that, the park is well watched in the daytime, and at night no one could find the trees, so I guess the pork is safe.'

The only birds the reporter saw flying about the pork trees were sparrows, although the park employee said that there were a few other kinds about. The squirrels, however, were in evidence and thoroughly enjoying themselves.

His Ability. 'You are the first one I ever heard mention Bradley's literary ability.'

'Well, I never heard of him writing any books, but he can borrow more of them than any other man I know.'

'Dan,' said a four-year-old to his brother, 'give me sixpence to buy a monkey.'

'We have one monkey in the house already,' said his brother.

'Who is it, Dan?' 'It's you,' was the reply.

'Then, Dan, give me sixpence to buy nuts for the monkey.'

The brother could not resist this appeal.

Don't experiment—buy Magnetic Dyes which have been successfully used in Canada for twenty-five years. Price 10 cents for any color.

English traveller (to Irish porter labelling luggage): 'Don't you keep a brush for that work, porter?' Porter: 'Sure, yer honour our tongues is the only instruments we're allowed; but they're aisy kep' wet, yer honour! Hint taken.'



BORN.

Tremont, Dec. 10, to the wife of George Wilson, a son.

Middleton, Dec. 21, to the wife of C. F. Fisher, a son.

Kentville, Dec. 17, to the wife of Fred Laundry, a daughter.

Moncton, Dec. 20, to the wife of William Leaman, a daughter.

Dieb, Dec. 10, to the wife of J. A. McNell, a daughter.

St. Croix, Dec. 16, to the wife of Fred Crowell, a daughter.

Springhill, Dec. 15, to the wife of A. W. Foster, a daughter.

Westchester, Dec. 18, to the wife of Daniel Stewart, a son.

Marguodobo Harbor, Dec. 6, to the wife of Alex. Slade, a son.

Diligent River, Dec. 21, to the wife of Clarence Allen, a son.

North Sydney, Dec. 17, to the wife of Hugh Ferguson, a son.

Ecstasy Point, Dec. 18, to the wife of Loring McFadden, a son.

Beaver River Corner, Dec. 21, to the wife of Byron Perry, a son.

Farrboro, Dec. 20, to the wife of J. W. Rutherford, a daughter.

Port Malind, Dec. 15, to the wife of Warren Solows, a daughter.

New Glasgow, Dec. 11, to the wife of Jam. S. Morrison, a daughter.

Beaver River Corner, to the wife of Charles Raymond, a daughter.

Farrboro, Dec. 18, to the wife of Capt. C. A. Kelly, a daughter.

Salmon River, Dec. 6, to the wife of O. P. Comas, a daughter.

New Glasgow, Dec. 20, to the wife of Chas. L. Chisholm, a daughter.

Beaver River Corner, to the wife of Charles Raymond, a daughter.

Farrboro, Dec. 18, to the wife of Capt. C. A. Kelly, a daughter.

Salmon River, Dec. 6, to the wife of O. P. Comas, a daughter.

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MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO'Y

New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B. Line.

Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, Reed's Point), November 14th, 24th, and December 3rd, and weekly thereafter.

Returning steamers leave NEW YORK, PIER 1, NORTH RIVER (Battery Place), November 9th, 19th, and 29th, for EASTPORT, M.E., and ST. JOHN direct. After the above dates, sailings will be WEEKLY, as our own steamers will then be on the line.

With our superior facilities for handling freight in NEW YORK CITY and at our EASTERN TERMINALS, together with the thorough file arrangements [both by rail and water], we have with our connections to the WEST AND SOUTH, we are in a position to handle all the business entrusted to us to the ENTIRE SATISFACTION OF OUR PATRONS' BOTH AS REGARDS SERVICE AND CHARGES.

For all particulars, address, R. H. FLEMING, Agent, New York Wharf, St. John, N. B. N. L. NEWCOMBE, General Manager, 5-11 Broadway, New York City.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, Oct. 3rd, 1898, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Edward, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Lve. St. John at 7.15 a. m., arr. Digby 10.00 a. m. Lve. Digby at 1.00 p. m., arr. St. John, 3.45 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted), Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arr. in Digby 12.30 p. m. Lve. Digby 1.00 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.35 p. m. Lve. Halifax 8.00 a. m., Tuesday and Friday, arr. Digby 12.45 p. m. Lve. Digby 12.50 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.00 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 3.00 a. m., arr. Digby 11.43 a. m. Lve. Digby 11.55 a. m., arr. Halifax 3.48 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 8.55 a. m., Mon. and Thurs., arr. Digby 10.25 a. m. Lve. Digby 10.30 a. m., arr. Halifax 3.32 p. m. Lve. Annapolis 7.20 a. m., arr. Digby 8.50 a. m. Lve. Digby 8.50 p. m., arr. Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

Fullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying B. train except trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

S.S. Prince George, BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every Tuesday and Friday, immediately on arrival of the Express Trains arriving in Boston early next morning. Returns leave Long Wharf, Boston, every SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4.00 p. m. Disqualified cabin on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent, S. S. Evangeline makes daily trips to and from Kingsport and Parrboro.

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf (No. 4), from the Fraser steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr. F. GIFFKINS, Superintendant.

Intercolonial Railway.

Grandly overhauled, the 3rd October, 1898, the rates of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Peggwash, Pictou and Halifax, 7.00 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow, Pictou, and Sydney, 12.00 Express for Quebec, Montreal, 13.00 Express for buses, 16.00 Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax, and Sydney, 22.10

A 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 2.10 for Truro. Dining and Buffet cars on Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex, 8.30 Express from Halifax, 16.00 Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal, 19.25 Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton, 11.25 Accommodation from Moncton, 23.5

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 97 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Christmas Holiday Excursion Tickets. all at One Way First Class Fare for the Round Trip. To Boston. To Pupils on surrender of certificate from Principals any time up to Dec. 30th, good for return until Jan. 31st. To The Public any time up to Dec. 30th, good for return until Jan. 30th.

AT \$10.50 EACH. Further particulars of Ticket Agents. C. E. USSER, A. H. O'NEILL, Genl. Pass. Agent, Montreal. St. John, N. B.