

## Kind Wishes for the New Year.

### AS SEEN IN ENGLAND.

The Tour in Canada of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall.

Now that the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York have returned to England it may not be out of place to sum up from an English standpoint, the possible advantages that Canada has received from the visit of the royal party to Canada, writes the London correspondent of The Toronto Globe. This, you will remember, is a view expressed from the standpoint of a strong desire for the dissipation of much of the prejudice which has hitherto existed in Great Britain in respect to the climatic conditions of Canada. Unfortunately, the hope that so many Canadians in England had, that the result of the royal tour through Canada would be a fairer appreciation by the people here in respect to Canada, is not likely to be realized. It would have been well for Canada in many ways if, in the first place, some of the English newspaper correspondents had not been with the royal party, and in the second place, if some of those enthusiastic Canadians charged with preparing a program for the royal party had been less prominent. The receptions in Quebec and Montreal gave promise that there was going to be a policy adopted throughout the Dominion which would place Canada in a better light before the reading public of Great Britain. All these hopes, however, were blasted when the reports came from Ottawa of the reception there. The more largely circulating newspapers gave the greater space to the most exaggerated accounts of the royal party running the timber slides at the Chaudiere, to the reception of the royal party between the foot of the slides and the 'lumber camp' at Rockcliffe, and the timber-cutting and shantymen's lunch at Rockcliffe. The first named was picturesque in its wildest possible aspect, something which can only be seen far beyond the pale of civilization. As to the second, the English public were told that the river was filled with canoes of Indians and shantymen dressed in their native costume, who sang lustily the 'Canadian Boat Song' as the royal canoes passed down the river. Then, as the third, the lumbermen camping on the outskirts of the grounds of Rideau Hall was given a typical incident to be seen any day within a mile or two of the Parliament buildings.

Canadians know that the timber slides, instead of being an evidence of backward civilization, are simply engineering contrivances for the passage of timber from one part of the river to the other. As to the river below the falls being crowded with Indians and shantymen in their native costumes. I shall not be amazed to learn that the so-called Indians and shantymen were mostly the 'upper four thousand' of Ottawa's social circle, who chose to pass themselves off as natives and shantymen for the time being, in order to make the royal visit probably more interesting or more picturesque than it otherwise would have been. As to the lumber camp on the outskirts, or within the precincts of Rideau Hall, it is too ridiculous almost to need reference. Speak to an Englishman now about Ottawa, which, without exception, I think I will be pardoned for saying stands pre-eminent in distinction as the most highly cultured social centre in Canada, and he will tell you judging from the accounts which he had read of the royal visit to Canada, that the capital of the Dominion is the central home of Indians and shantymen, and where there is neither culture nor society outside the vice-regal residence. The people of Ottawa chose rather not to elevate themselves by their program in order to interest royalty, and the consequence is that the whole of Canada must suffer in British estimation on account of the rank stupidity of those who were in charge of that program.

Then, as to the journey westward, great prominence was given to the wonderful snowstorms with which the royal party met with immediately after leaving Winnipeg, and this, too, about the middle of Septem-

ber. That there was a flurry of snow there is no question, but in the British idea of newspaper work, and to suit the British idea for an exaggerated spectacle, this was magnified into a blizzard, out of which there was cause for devout thankfulness that the royal party succeeded in escaping with their lives.

Then farther westward, the Indian presentation took place, probably all right in its way, but it can again furnish the English correspondent with a magnificent opportunity for word-picture painting and exaggeration. No Englishman can read the accounts in the papers of the royal visit to the Indian reserves without being impressed with the idea that the greater part of the population of Canada is of that character. Looking at it from this standpoint, now that the glamor of royalty has passed away I think that you will readily see that an opportunity has been lost, in respect to removing much of the prejudice existing in Great Britain about Canada, by the criminal foolishness manifested in certain circles in furnishing picturesque amusements for the royal party, rather than on every occasion, as was done in Montreal, Quebec, Toronto and Winnipeg in trying to keep before them a true conception of Canadian life and character.

### Mrs. McKeown's Death.

The death of Mrs. McKeown from small-pox has called forth much sympathy for the bereaved husband. Words cannot express the feelings of the people under circumstances so unusual and sad. The wife of a few weeks stricken with a deadly disease and the husband, prevented by the law of which he is an able opponent, from seeing her in her illness, surely presents a spectacle from which all may be delivered. Mr. McKeown has the sympathy of everybody in his present affliction.

### Smoker and Presentation.

In their cosy and comfortably arranged quarters in the Palmer building the non-commissioned officers' club of the 62nd Regiment gave a heartily enjoyable reception and smoking concert on Tuesday night. The officers of the regiment and several other guests outside the club were present.

Sergt. Dooe, on behalf of the officers non-coms, and men of D. Co., with other friends, presented Sergt. Major W. J. Lamb with a congratulatory address accompanied by a valuable gold-headed cane, for which the recipient heartily returned thanks. Sergt. Robt. O'Brien looked after the party's welfare in his usual courteous manner. A number of members of the Harmony Club contributed greatly to the enjoyment.

### Presentation to Mr. T. Burke.

The staff of the Inland Revenue department in this city showed their esteem for Mr. T. Burke, Chief of the Inland Revenue, Lower Provinces. The present took the shape of a very handsomely mounted, gold-headed cane, suitably inscribed.

### Gift to St. John Man in Lynn.

John J. Murphy, formerly of this city, a member of the City Cornet Band and an employe of the Hurley Shoe establishment was the recipient of a very substantial gift from his fellow workers in the Cushman & Hebert, Lynn, Mass. Manufacturing Shoe Concern. The present was a check for \$25 on Christmas eve.

### Late Literary News.

Are England, Scotland and Ireland destined, ultimately, to become a part of the United States of America and Great Britain? is the startling inquiry which William T. Stead makes in the January Cosmopolitan. He has been one of the prophets of Great Britain, and has, at all times, been able to see in advance of his contemporaries—as events have proven. He has been studying the new conditions brought about by the industrial combinations and resolves the conclusion that England and the United States are destined to be more closely united and that as soon as the English people wake up

to the absurdity and general uselessness, as has been shown in the Boer War, of a king and aristocracy, the trend will be immediate in the direction of a union with the people of the United States. However much one may differ from Mr. Stead, his speculations will be found vastly interesting. He is the first British subject who has had the courage to suggest such an outcome.

An article which will prove of the widest interest to all those engaged in teaching or who may be interested in education, is one in the January Cosmopolitan by Eliaba Benjamin Andrews, ex-president of Brown University, who for the first time, in a leading magazine, has had the courage to show the great evils resulting from the private contract school-book system—educational officials corrupted, school-books often the poorest selected, and the prices paid by the children themselves of the highest—an annual tax going up into the millions which could be very easily avoided if the proper organization were brought into this effort.

If the old saying, 'All the world loves a lover,' is true, then the fiction in The Cosmopolitan for January should be popular, indeed. All the stories vary in treatment, plot and action, from Frances Courtenay Baylor's charming story, 'Cupid's Practical Joke,' to Maarten Maarten's strong domestic tragedy, 'Her Father's Wife,' but all have love for a central theme.

### NEW YEAR'S RECEPTIONS.

Origin of the Annual Levees at the White House.

New Year's day has been, from the foundation of the nation, the occasion of a reception by the president of the United States. Before the seat of government was moved to Washington New Year's receptions were among the presidential levees of Washington and Adams, and these have been regularly held since. They have always been attended by the diplomatic corps, cabinet officers, members of congress and citizens. Sometimes much ceremony was observed and at others there has been no ceremony other than a simple presentation. This act being performed for many years by the incumbents of the office of superintendent of public buildings or the marshal of the District. The first reception in Washington, New Year's day of 1801, was held by President and Mrs. Adams, and, though the east room of the executive mansion was unfinished and another room was used, it is stated that all the formality and etiquette of royalty were observed. During the term of President Jefferson his daughters spent one season with him, and, putting aside the etiquette and formality of his predecessors, he abolished the levees, with the exception of those on New Year's day and the Fourth of July. Callers were shown to long tables, where Virginia hospitality was dispensed, and it is said the market bills made were 'over \$50 for each occasion.'

During the administration of Mr. Madison, though the country was in the throes of war, the New Year's receptions were held at which Mrs. Dolly Madison was the principal figure. Some of them, while the executive mansion was being rebuilt after the burning, were held at the Octagon House, Eighteenth street and New York avenue. Mr. Monroe went into a house rebuilt and newly furnished, and with Mrs. Monroe as the successor of 'Queen Dolly Madison' levees, especially on New Year's day, were the features of Washington life. The terms of Mr. Monroe were regarded as those of good feeling, and this fact had much to do with the success of the social entertainments.

During the following administration, that of John Quincy Adams [located by the house], much of the previous good feeling was absent, yet it was a social success due to the tact of Mrs. Adams, who not only kept up the evening levees

and New Year's receptions, but attended to providing the refreshments served and presided over the frequent dinners. She tactfully avoided all subjects of controversy.

In the term of Andrew Jackson the old custom of holding New Year's receptions and levees was kept up, the wife of Andrew Jackson Donelson being the hostess, and the general, in order to keep up the hospitality to which he had been accustomed, had to draw heavily on his private means.—Washington Star.

### The Memory of her Boy.

An American woman, a noted reader and elocutionist, relates a touching incident in which she had a part during her stay in England. The present queen, then Princess of Wales, gave a luncheon on board the royal yacht. The elocutionist received an invitation and accepted. Among the royal personages present was the sad-eyed, beautiful Eugenie, the dethroned Empress of the French, who still grieved for her son, killed by the Zulus of South Africa.

'After lunch, and during the idle hour before tea was served,' says the elocutionist, 'the princess asked me if I would recite something. I had often recited for her royal highness before, but on this occasion she wished me to do so especially for the Empress Eugenie.'

'I asked the princess if she had any choice as to what I should recite. She said no, but suggested one of the many characteristic little American poems she had heard me recite before. So I decided to give 'Kentucky Belle.'

'Most Americans know the poem, with its pathetic story of a thoroughbred horse which a woman gave to one of Morgan's riders, a sixteen-year-old boy whom she had nursed from death to life, to carry him back to his home.'

'The empress was close to me. I saw the tears gradually gather in her great, sad eyes, and fall silently down her pale cheeks. I had touched, and touched deeply, a chord. Her memory took her back to Africa, where her dead boy lay pierced to the heart by the spears of the savages.'

'When the poem ended the empress rose and, coming up to me, folded me to her heart, and with a voice trembling with emotion, said: 'God bless you, my child! You have made me feel as I never felt since my poor boy was killed—God bless you! I shall never forget this day! Then she kissed me, and drawing me to a seat by her and holding my hand in hers, she talked to me for a long time.'

### Each Had his Troubles.

The man in Peru cares little whether or not there is a good blueberry crop in New England, and the peach crop in California fails. He has his own troubles.

'The country's in a dangerous condition, sir, when such things as this can occur, said the old gentleman who was passing the summer on Cape Cod. He had the morning paper in his hand, and addressed his remark to Capt. Eli Waters, who was sitting beside him on a wharf bench.

Captain Waters was also reading a paper. He looked up with a sober face. 'It does not appear,' he said slowly, 'but it's what I've looked forward to ever since they began to evade the laws and to catch 'em undersized.'

'Undersized?' puffed the summer visitor in amazement. 'What do you mean by that, sir? They don't catch 'em at all, big or little. That's the trouble!'

'What are you referring to?' said the captain, mildly.

'Why, the bank burglars, of course! said the old gentleman, testily. 'It's a most serious matter, sir, a most serious matter.'

'I reckon 'tis,' admitted the captain, meekly, 'but you see I wasn't thinking about it just then. I was considering that the bottom seems to be falling out of the lobster fishery.'

### NEW YEAR'S IN CANADA.

Interesting Customs of the Day Among Canadians.

New Year's is the one day of the year when every French Canadian woman is supposed to be at home to receive visitors. More social calls and ceremonious visits are generally paid by French Canadian men on New Year's than on any other day of the year. In the country parts of the province of Quebec this visiting often begins as early as 8 o'clock in the morning. In the cities more than a hundred visits are often made on New Year's day, and there are always some callers who continue their visits on the two following days, though women are not required to remain in to receive callers on the days following New Year's day. Up to a few years ago it was the invariable custom to offer refreshments, including wine, at every house where visitors were received. Though the old custom is still observed in many instances there has been a large falling off in recent years in the number of hostesses who offer intoxicating liquors to visitors.

Among rival village belles and even young leaders of French-Canadian city life there is much rivalry as to the number of calls received by each of them on New Year's day. The popularity of this visiting is no doubt largely contributed to by the rule which permits the callers to kiss all the young women to whom they are related in even the most distant manner. Inter-marriage is a marked characteristic of French-Canadian society and the degree of relationship is usually very extended therefore.

Among other New Year's day customs perpetuated in parts of French Canada is that known as la benediction paternelle—the blessing of the children of the household by their father. Sometimes this ceremony is performed after the return home of the family from the mass of the day in the parish church. In other households, it is made the first experience of the new year.

### Do not Worry.

Some of our subscribers and, we think friends are in spite of our explanations worrying over the decreased size of PROGRESS. Do not worry. What cannot be cured must be endured. Compositors are not trained or made in a day and subscribers must be lenient when they realize this fact.

### An Unfortunate Capt.

The present King of Italy has a sharp tongue, which he is not slow to use if he thinks the occasion demands it. Not long ago he was bewailing the fact that it was almost impossible for him to know the real sentiments of his people toward him.

'That,' said one of the courtiers, absently, 'would be easy if your majesty would disguise himself as a student, and visit the cafes and gathering-places of the populace. That is what Peter the Great did.'

'I know,' replied the king, 'but apparently you forget that Peter the Great used to hang all those whom he overheard speaking ill of him. Don't you think you'd better choose another example?'

### Lifted up Forever.

Maxzini, whose name is associated with the liberation of Italy, was once asked what he would have taught in school.

'One thing at any rate in all,' replied Maxzini, 'and that is some knowledge of astronomy. A man learns nothing if he has not learned to wonder, and astronomy, better than any science, teaches him something of the mystery and grandeur of the universe.'

'Now, a man who feels this will see something of his own greatness as a man, and then for the first time he is man.'

# Paradise Reopened.

'I've got a piece of news for you, sis.' Tom vaulted over the veranda railing and joined Nancy in the hammock. 'I was out at the creek this afternoon, and on the way home stopped at the factory, Johnson told me Colonel Ames has sold the place to a man by the name of Thornton from New York. He's a queer old customer, so Johnson said, rich as cream and bound to turn everything into more cream. He is going to put up a new drying-shed where the playground is, so you will have to move or go out of business.'

'O Tom! Nancy sat up and looked at him in horrified dismay. 'That is the only vacant one in the factory end of the city. He sha'n't have it!'

'Don't get excited, Nancy. You can't stop him if he has made up his mind. From what Johnson said, I should imagine the man was as hard as iron. He thinks more of dollars than of kids. He might move the factory, of course, and let you have the block for a playground for the ragamuffins.'

Nancy ignored her brother's sarcasm. She was already trying to devise some plan by which the playground might be retained for the use of the poor children of that busy factory neighborhood.

Nancy had left college in the middle of her sophomore year, summoned home on account of her mother's ill health. The girl's presence did Mrs. Bates more good than medicine, and although she would never be strong again, she was soon able to be about and to take up some of her duties.

This left Nancy with much leisure time. She would not leave her mother to go back to college, and she roamed restlessly about, trying to adjust herself to the old life.

'In my poor opinion, the trouble with college, said her father as he watched her, 'is that it gives a girl too broad a view for the ordinary narrow life.'

'You mean, sir,' corrected his daughter, as she ruffled his hair, 'that it makes life so very broad that the ordinary girl cannot see the horizon.'

During her first year at college Nancy had spent the spring vacation at the Rivington Street settlement in New York, and it had been her great desire to take up the settlement work after she received her diploma.

Now that she found time passing so slowly, she went out to the mission school at which she had once taught; perhaps there would be work for her. The gate was locked and the building closed. A woman explained that the old superintendent had moved away, and that no one had taken his place.

'It's too bad,' she said hopelessly. 'It was the only good influence the children had. They are in the street all the time now, and are like little animals.'

Nancy looked over the fence at the roomy yard overgrown with weeds, at the old-fashioned house half-hidden among the trees; and a thought flashed through her mind that made her clutch the gate and stare the harder.

'I really believe I could,' she said to herself. 'There is room for two swings and a sand pile, and the children could have a garden. Thank goodness, I didn't spend all my allowance last month! Why didn't I think of this before?'

That evening she addressed her father on the subject.

'Daddy,' she said, slipping her hand coaxingly into his, 'I'm going to have a playground for the poor little children up north. Isn't it dreadful to think they haven't any place but the streets? I spoke to Mr. Johnson, and he is going to put up two swings for me, and I'll order a load of sand in the morning. Oscar can cut the grass for me. You see mother doesn't need me all day, and I shall be so much happier if I feel that I am of some use to someone. I've planned to go to the old mission yard from ten to twelve o'clock every morning, and find one of the older girls to look after the to's in the afternoon. That is, if you don't mind.'

Judge Bates looked at her for a moment.

'Well,' he said, 'I've no objection, provided that you don't run in debt and don't shrink. If you promise those children to be there, you must not disappoint them. You will have to go, no matter how hot it is or how many pink teas you are invited to.'

Judge Bates, Nancy turned his face towards hers, 'do you think a daughter of yours could shrink?'

'You might inherit it from your mother, my dear,' laughed the judge. 'So the playground had been opened, and Nancy really never knew what it meant to the children. All of the fathers and many of the mothers worked in the factories, and the little ones had been running wild.'

Nancy started a sewing class, in which boys as well as girls learned to use needles. She recalled the simple gymnasium games, and the children sang merrily as they marched around the yard. Along one side of the fence was a garden, and the growth of every plant was watched with breathless interest.

'Another piece of news, Nancy,' said Tom, one noon, as he walked home with his sister from the playground. 'Samuel Spencer Chute is going to spend tomorrow with the Masons. Mrs. Mason has planned a tally ho ride to the Springs and has invited us. We start at nine, and will come home in time for the Thursday Club meeting.'

'O Tom! Nancy clasped her hands in delight. Mr. Chute was a lecturer on sociology, and a man for whose work she had an intense admiration. She eagerly read all that he wrote, and she had always hoped that some day she would meet him and hear him talk about his methods.

But suddenly her face fell. 'I forgot the playground,' she said.

'Bother the playground!' said her brother. 'You've worked like a slave all summer. If the new man is going to shut it up, one day more or less won't make much difference. Think of Samuel Spencer Chute!'

'I promised daddy. If the place is to be closed so soon, one day means a lot to the children. No, Tom, I can't go.'

It was hard to trudge off the next day. She did not think so much of the drive over the mountains as of the opportunity she might have had to talk with Mr. Chute.

'It's just as well,' she tried to console herself. 'He probably would have no time for insignificant me.'

The children were more troublesome than usual that morning. It was very warm, and the heat made them restless. Some of them had heard that the playground was to be closed, and tormented her with questions that she could not answer. They did not want to sew, they would not swing, and they turned their backs on the sand pile.

At last she started a game of drop-the-needlekerchief. She was running round the circle after an imp in a pink frock when she stumbled and would have fallen if she had not been caught by a gray-bearded man who came hurriedly through the open gate.

'I am not hurt, thank you,' she said, in answer to his inquiries.

As she looked at him she was puzzled. Surely she had seen this fine old man before. Then her face brightened and she held out her hand impulsively.

'Mr. Chute,' she said, 'I have wanted so much to meet you. But I did not expect to see you here. I thought you were going with the Masons. I recognized you at once from the picture in the Express.'

The stranger looked rather puzzled in his turn, but he shook hands and answered rather absently:

'The Express, yes. You are Miss Bates, the young girl who takes these children to Paradise every day?'

She colored. 'Unfortunately, Paradise will soon have to be closed. The mill has been sold, and the owner is going to take this lot, the only breathing-place in this end of the city, for a drying shed. It is a perfect shame! Of course, legally, he can build drying-sheds all over the place if he wants to, but don't you think the children should have some privileges? Don't you think he must be a grasping miser?'

The newcomer laughed a little uneasily at her girlish enthusiasm, and then began to question her as to what she had done and what she what she would like to do. She deplored the apathy with which people regarded the needs of the factory district.

'I wish they could hear you,' she said, with flattering although unconscious emphasis. 'A club is going to meet at our house this evening. I wish you would come and speak to us. It would be a great bore to you, I know,' she added, when she saw the bewildered expression on his face.

He hastened to reassure her, and it was finally arranged that he should talk to the club members very informally.

Nancy flew home that afternoon on wings of expectation. To her surprise

she found Tom in the hammock. 'You didn't miss much,' he said, lazily. 'The great reformer didn't come; missed his train.'

'He didn't, contradicted Nancy. 'He has been down at the playground, and he is coming here to-night. Tom, he's magnificent, just like a prophet of old, with his white hair and beard.'

'You are romancing,' declared Tom. 'Mr. Chute is in New York.'

'Mr. Chute is in Euston,' repeated his sister. 'Wait and you'll see.'

Tom waited, and Nancy went to tell her mother and receive the approval that she never failed to find.

There was only a small group gathered in the drawing-room when the stranger came in. He was late, and Nancy had only time to introduce him to her mother before she spoke the few words presenting him to the club.

Her father entered, and as he took the chair behind her, he gave a low whistle. Nancy patted his hand rebukingly, but was too much interested in Mr. Chute to ask the cause of the demonstration.

The visitor plunged at once into his subject. He spoke of the little children who were growing up in the neglect made necessary by circumstances, of the cares of the fathers and mothers, of the wants and needs of both.

Then he described what he had seen at the playground, and told what he believed would be the fine result of just such simple, well-directed effort.

'I have never been much interested in work among the children,' he concluded. 'I have always taken a certain pride in having my factories built and operated with regard to the comfort of the workmen, and I have devoted much study to bettering their condition. But since I bought the mill in North Euston, my attention has been called to the needs of the little ones, and I want to tell you that I have decided to build a model building with a kindergarten room, a gymnasium and public baths. I frankly confess that I should not have thought of this if Miss Bates had not shown me the necessity. I do not believe we can properly estimate the results of her summer's work.'

Nancy never heard him after he spoke of having purchased the factory. She understood now why her father had whistled. She stared at the speaker in amazement until Tom pinched her ear.

'You goose! he said. 'How did you manage to tangle Mr. Thornton with Samuel Spencer Chute?'

Mr. Thornton put him aside and smiled kindly at poor shamefaced Nancy.

'I did not want to deceive you this morning, Miss Bates, but you rather forced me to do so. It is not often that one has the opportunity to hear unprejudiced views. I hope you will forgive me, and that we shall be able to work together for the little ones.'

Nancy gasped. 'You look exactly like the picture of Mr. Chute!'

Mr. Thornton laughed. 'I believe a reporter mixed names and photographs that day, and forced me to masquerade as Mr. Chute. I am glad he did.'

**A Privilege of Foot**  
The awakening of public interest in the personality of Sarah Flower Adams, the author of the hymn, 'Nearer, My God, To Thee,' had reminded the Pall Mall Magazine of the controversy started by Cardinal Newman's 'Lead Kindly Light.'

Probably no composition of the kind, it says, ever gave rise to so much discussion and more or less impertinent speculation. Readers between lines read into all sorts of doubts and fears, from which they were pleased to assume the author must have been suffering when he wrote it.

The controversy fairly raged and Newman let it rage. But at last the disputants insisted upon knowing what the poet meant from himself, and in the end they 'drew Newman. He wrote in 1879 to Doctor Greenhill, and he did not quote Byron, who had been in a similar position years before, but preferred to instance Keble.

'Keble, I think it was who said that poets were not bound to give a sense to what they had written. Though I am not a poet like Keble, I am not bound either to remember my own meaning, whatever it was, at the end of fifty years. It would be quite tyranny if one were obliged to be ready for examination on the transient states of mind which come upon one when one is homesick or seasick, or in other ways sensitive or excited.'

As 'Lead Kindly Light' was supposed to have been written during a storm at sea, the reference to seasickness is not inapt.

**He Said to Himself.**  
Kansas enjoys the distinction, possibly, of being the only State in the Union where a man has been allowed by a court of inquiry to testify regarding what he said to himself.

A committee had been appointed by the legislature, says the Green Bag, to investigate the alleged bribery of certain members in connection with a defeated railroad bill. The first witness called testified that he saw one of the representatives late one night coming down the hotel stairs.

'I said to myself--' he went on, but a member on the side of the defense jumped to his feet.

'Hold on!' he shouted. 'You can't testify about what you said to yourself!'

The prosecutor retorted that there was no law to prohibit him from so testifying. A long argument ensued, but a majority of the committee agreed with the chairman that the testimony was admissible.

'I said to myself,' seriously proceeded the witness, 'that M. had been up to Billy's room to get his pay.'

The testimony was recorded and made a part of the official record.

**Educate the Servant Girl.**  
Students of the complex problem of domestic service are recognizing more and more that the real trouble lies in what we call the 'disposition,' and no multiplication of domestic labor unions or of training schools for service will set things right so far as they modify the deposition, says Mary Lowe Dickinson in Leslie's Weekly.

The causes that create and bring together the undisciplined women we find in the relation of employer and employed need to be better understood by students eager for social betterment. Give us training schools, yes, but the lack of training in proper ideas as to what is a proper return for wages on the part of the servant accounts for much of our domestic trouble.

Our need, after all, is education. The one road out of present domestic conditions is the long and slow way of instruction until soul by soul mistress and maid learn the good old-fashioned principle of mutual helpfulness and material forbearance--yes, we even dare to add mutual good will.

**Sure Regulators.**--Mandrake and Dandelion are known to exert a powerful influence on the liver and kidneys, removing them to healthful action, inducing a regular flow of the secretions and imparting to the organs complete power to perform their functions. These valuable ingredients enter into the composition of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, and serve to render them the agreeable and salutary medicine they are. There are few pills so effective as they in their action.

**Too Late.**  
The neatness of the New England house-keeper is a matter of common remark, and husbands in that part of the country are supposed to appreciate their advantages. A bit of dialogue reported by a New York paper shows, however, that there may be another side to the matter.

'Martha, have you wiped the sink dry yet?' asked the farmer, as he made the final preparations for the night.

'Yes, Josh,' she replied. 'Why do you ask?'

'Well, I did want a drink, but I guess I can get along till the morning.'

**They Wake the Torpid Energies.**--Machinery not properly supervised and left to run itself very soon shows fault in its working. It is the same with the digestive organs. Unexercised from time to time they are likely to become torpid and throw the whole system out of gear. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills were made to meet such cases. They restore to the full use digestive facilities, and bring into order all parts of the mechanism.

**NEW YEAR'S OMBENS.**  
Good and Bad Signs On January 1, strange Superstitions.

The calendar begins the year on Jan. 1, and it is not strange that in the beginning of the year men should find an augury for the future. Ever since the reckoning of time began the fortune of the new year's initial day has been regarded as in a measure indicative of what was to come during the twelve months succeeding. We no longer go to augurs to foretell the future--that is, most of us do not--for instead of being installed in temples and living in luxury the soothsayers now inhabit humble quarters in back streets and alleys. But the vein of superstition which runs through the human race is bound to manifest itself in some way, and, although we are prone to regard ourselves as quite above the foolish practices of our ancestors, we nevertheless, show that perhaps we are not so far advanced as we think ourselves.

This desire to peer into the future is the origin of not a few of the superstitions which we now openly deride, with a mental reservation that, perhaps, after all, it is just barely possible there may be something in them. In nearly all countries some form of divination is practiced, particularly by the young, on New Year's day to foretell the future. The Scottish people are fond of regarding themselves as highly intellectual, but in this matter they are as credulous as the peasant of the Sicilian mountains. He uses his beads, but the Scotchman employs his Bible which he places back down on the table, permits it to fall open of its own weight, then, without looking, he puts his finger on a page and reads the verse on which it rests.

and this is supposed to indicate his fortune for the year.

The world over cards and dice are in high favor as being supposed to indicate the decess of fate. The cards and the throws are fortunate or the reverse is about equal numbers, so that every one has a fair chance of obtaining an omen for good. The actions and voices of the animal associates of man were formerly on this day above all others significant of good or evil to come. A dog's cheerful bark on New Year's morn was auspicious, his howl a very unfavorable sign. To meet a cat on New Year's morning betokens ill for the future, as, curiously enough, it is regarded in the Latin countries as the sign of a coming change of residence. To see a snake is the worst possible omen, for it signifies death by violence. A few years ago an Italian living near Milan saw three snakes together on New Year's morning before breakfast and was so frightened that he fell ill, became despondent and did actually die. To see a pig is regarded throughout southern Europe as a fortunate omen, signifying plenty in the coming twelve months, while the sight of a crow, a magpie or a jackedaw probably from the thievish propensities of these birds is regarded as a sign that the beholder will be systematically swindled during the coming twelve months.

**The Amiable Detective.**  
The wisest person may sometimes make a serious mistake by judging entirely from appearances. Forward gives a case in point in which the enormity of the mistake contributes largely to the humor.

A careless young woman, in starting to leave a car, dropped her purse. A young man, who evidently intended to leave the car at the same time saw her drop the purse, picked it up and put it into his pocket.

But his action had not been unnoticed. Just as he stepped from the car an elderly man gripped him by the arm and whispered, 'If you don't give that purse to the lady this instant I'll expose you.'

'Yes, certainly,' gasped the astonished young man. Then, with a grin, 'I beg pardon, Elizabeth; you dropped your purse.'

'Oh, thank you, Jim,' she replied, as she took it.

'I hope you are satisfied, said Jim, turning to the elderly man. 'The lady is my sister.'

**Home-Made.**  
If cold happiness we prize,  
With'n our breast this jewel lies.  
1902

It is to be hoped, although it cannot be expected, that the whole of the twentieth century may pass without bringing forth any events more sensational than those which have marked the first year of the century. That century is happy, says an old proverb, which makes no history. The year is a prosperous year during which nothing startling occurs.

Looking over the world, how few events of the past year are to be noted that will find a prominent place in history! Capricious France has not even passed through a cabinet crisis, but has the same ministry which took office in 1899. Germany has suffered and is suffering from depression in business caused by too confident banking on the future by its commercial and industrial leaders. The rest of Europe has been quiet--one might almost say stagnant.

In a broad political sense, the creation of the great Australian commonwealth is the most important event of the year. There is a great future before the new republican and democratic dependency of the British crown, and the whole world wishes it a prosperous century.

Each of the two great English-speaking nations has been bereaved by the taking away of the head of the state--the venerable and venerated queen who had reigned so long that only the oldest of her subjects could remember any other sovereign; and the well-beloved President, whose four years of service had given him a permanent place in the affections of the people.

These are the chief things to remember about the year that is waning. Few as they are, they are more numerous than those which the meager pages of history record of many a year in past centuries during the stirring times when sovereigns intrigued to gain power, and went to war to snatch away the power of their rivals.

No one need fear cholera or any summer complaint if they have a bottle of Dr. J. D. Edinger's Deputy-Jordal ready for use. It cures all looseness of the bowels promptly and causes a healthy and natural action. This is a medicine adapted for the young and old, rich and poor, and is rapidly becoming the more popular medicine for cholera, dysentery, etc., in the market.

**In Fields Far Off.**--Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is known in Australia, South and Central America as well as in Canada and the United States, and is a consumption increases each year. It has made its own way and all that needs to be done is to keep the name before the people. Everyone knows that it is to be had at any store, for all merchants keep it.

**When Annie M.**  
father left his place never came back to tell a tragedy while faced with a me stood at the asylum of the near had been trying to be written to be both finally she had we the city and the

'But we don't superintendent knew trouble we have to carry her

The mother travel-worn as ab in her gesture.

'If you can't talk to go on. My ba

The superintendent be a great deal of yet--Annie May, dimpled and laugh dimpled spoke quick

'It isn't regular get work soon--' 'And I may o week' the woman May close.

'Every week,' plied.

It was the w saylum. It was she became at hon known children in only l'ughed at t her; not even th frighten her; ind the boys best--a f selves were quick

One day--nob ed--Annie May w table at dinner (in ents promptly wer crose a sudden cla

'Leave her be--' 'We'll be good to kin feed her all r be!

The assistant h tendent did not. had long been a

'If I let Annie you remember the treat her as gentle

Although the bl and kicked each o superintendent ses Some weeks lat friend about it.

said, 'how that l boys. There has talking or quarre

She Made Them Gentlemen.

When Annie May was two years old her father left his plow in the field one day and never came back. It takes so few words to tell a tragedy! Three weeks later a white faced woman with a baby in her arms stood at the door of the orphan asylum of the nearest city. For days she had been trying to get work, but nobody wanted to be bothered with a baby. So finally she had walked the twelve miles to the city and the last sad resort.

"But we don't take babies here," the superintendent said, regretfully, for she knew trouble when she saw it. "You will have to carry her to the foundling."

The mother turned away. Weary and travel-worn as she was, there was dignity in her gesture. "If you can't take her," she said, "I'll have to go on. My baby doesn't belong there."

The superintendent hesitated. It would be a great deal of trouble, doubtless, and yet—Annie May, in her mother's arms, dimpled and laughed. The superintendent spoke quickly: "It isn't regular, but since you hope to get work soon—"

"And I may come and see her every week?" the woman asked, holding Annie May close. "Every week," the superintendent replied. "It was the way Annie May entered the asylum. It was wonderful how quickly she became at home there. She never had known children in her short life, yet she only laughed at the noisy crowds about her; not even the roughest boys could frighten her; indeed, she seemed to like the boys best—a fact which the boys themselves were quick to recognize."

One day—nobody knew how it happened—Annie May was discovered at a boys' table at dinner time. One of the assistants promptly tried to remove her. Then arose a sudden clamour from the boys.

"Leave her be—we'll take care of her." "We'll be good to her, you bet!" "We kin feed her all right!" "Aw, leave her be!" The assistant hesitated, but the superintendent did not. That tableful of boys had long been a problem to her.

"If I let Annie May stay with you, will you remember that she is your guest, and treat her as gentlemen should?" she asked. Although the boys only looked sheepish and kicked each other under the table, the superintendent seemed content.

Some weeks later she was speaking to a friend about it. "You've no idea," she said, "how that baby has changed those boys. There has never been any loud talking or quarreling since she has been

with them, and their table manners are good enough for anybody. Annie May has done more for them than all the rest of us together. Annie May was not at the asylum very long. Within a year her mother had found work and she was taken away. But only eternally can tell what her baby love did for those rough, lonely, boyish heads.

On A Down Grade.

Sir Martin Conway, during his travelling in the Bolshoi Andes, climbed Cassapaca by rail, a height of thirteen thousand six hundred and six feet. Then he was given a handcar, four wheels, on a platform, seat and a brake, and on that conveyer made a memorable trip back to Lima.

Gravitation was our engine, he says. It gripped us in the midnight darkness of the tunnel, where, sightless, we felt the ground as, if it were sliding out beneath us. The wheels whirred. There was the sense, if not the aspect, of motion, till the tunnel's eye came in view ahead, a mere speck of light revealing stark, white icicles on walls and roof. Larger and brighter it grew; like a bomb from a mortar we burst forth into the day.

Down we went, down and down. The kilometre posts, flew by us like a railing. We were swung round corners, and pivoted in and out of the night of tunnels. These, when curved, as they frequently were, seemed to screw about us with a motion of their own. We dashed along the margin of giddy precipices, and over unpeaved bridges with giddy depths below. Bang! went the wheels against a stone fallen upon the rails. The car was flung into the air, but fell safely back.

The brief twilight was soon over, and solid night came on. Then began the romance of this hundred and fifty mile ride, and fancy was turned free to dignify our flight with imaginary terrors.

There was no moon, but Jupiter and Venus were bright enough to cast a shadow. The Southern Cross was visible just ahead. The Milky Way shone bright. Meteors darted across the sky, and the hilltops reflected fishes of summer lightning.

Now and again we passed the house of some railroad employe, where a light shone and dogs rushed barking forth; but we hurried on unceasingly down and down, rejoicing in our furious flight.

The next morning the end of the run came without accident, at Lima.

Sortly Tempted.

The author of 'A Visit to Java' tells a good dog story which has also to do with ducks. The moral of the story is that neither the one nor the other should be

Called to Temptation Beyond Reason.

A planter in Java kept a number of canine pets. Among these Bob, an English bulldog, was his favorite. The dog was as good-natured as he was ugly in appearance, seldom misbehaving, even when severely tempted. On one occasion, however, he did give way to anger; but it must be admitted that he had provocation.

His master had some black ducks which he had reared with much care to ornament the little lake in the garden. One afternoon when Bob was taking his nap in the neighborhood of the kitchen, with his small white teeth protruding from his black lips, after the manner of bulldogs, and gleaming in the light, an unfortunate duck came by. Seeing the white particles the duck mistook them for grains of rice, and tried to pick them up.

The stroke of her bill on Bob's nose woke him and aroused his indignation. A short scuff and a plaintive quack, and the duck's career was ended.

But that was not all. So serious did Bob consider this insult to his dignity that, in spite of repeated whippings, he persisted until he had killed every one of the ducks.

In The Yachting Season.

People whose homes are in certain parts of the country for whose business takes them there at the season when the frost is coming out of the ground will understand the judicial moderation of the answer which Mr. Saunders, a 'back county' farmer, gave to an anxious book agent.

"I suppose, said the book agent, 'that there wouldn't be much use in coming up here in these early spring as the travelling would be so bad."

"Depends on your method of travelling," said Mr. Saunders, impatiently. "I should think you could get along first rate if you planned right."

"What do you mean by that?" demanded the book agent, suspiciously.

"Well," said Mr. Saunders, with much deliberation, "if you expect to go stepplaidly, stepping with those patent leather shoes on, 't wouldnt take long to stump you; but along down the main road the boating's pretty fair in the season you speak of, and if you had a mind to try your hand at scow ing I presume to say you could canvas the entire town without any trouble."

The Natural Remedy.

There is an old negro in Washington who believes that the art of healing is a gift not to be acquired. A friend who knew his point of view recently attempted to draw him out.

"You say you're a natural doctor, Uncle Enos; now what would you recommend in

the case of ague?"

Uncle Enos leaned on his broom in silence for a moment, lost in thought, but when he spoke it was with the calm assurance of an oracle.

"De best medicine for de ague would be an' efflorescent powder, to puff out de skin and 't it off de bones. When de skin is drawed tight 'ver de bones, and de ague begins to drink it, de bones is jes nactally painful an' acheful, sah. But de efflorescent powder it fix an' fix inside an' puff out de skin, an' oblige de difficulty in a short time, sah!"

Well Preserved.

The man who essays to give a lecture or talk in the 'alvums' must have his wits well in hand. He may encounter apathy but he is sure also to find an embarrassing readiness of tongue.

An earnest young man from a college settlement was addressing a company of fathers and mothers on the subject of 'Christmas in the Home,' telling them of ways in which the day might be made bright although money was scarce. He had visited many houses in many cities, and was well informed.

"I'm not talking about what other people have told me," he said, genially; "it's what I know from my personal experience. I have seen over a hundred Christmas celebrations and—"

"Man, don't," came in a rich Irish American voice from the rear of the room; "it's wond'rally preserved ye are for a man 'hat old!"

Deaf As A Door Nail. Not an uncommon expression, but quite true of many people whose hearing can be perfectly restored by inhaling Catarrhazone. It quickly relieves and cures all kinds of Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness, and diseases of the respiratory organs. Don't give it hope till you have tested Catarrhazone. It has restored lost hearing to thousands, and can do the same for you. Catarrhazone is a vegetable antiseptic, pleasant and convenient to use, absolutely certain to quickly benefit and ultimately cure. Two months treatment \$1.00. Small size 25c at drug gists or by mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Acute and Chronic Rheumatism are equally influenced by the almost magical pain subduing power of Polson, Nerviline, equal in medicinal value to five times the quantity of any other rheumatic remedy. Nerviline cures because it reaches the source of the disease and drives it out of the system. Nerviline is an unusually good rheumatic cure, and makes many unusual cures. Just grab it in the next time you have an attack. The immediate result will surprise you. 25c.

"Please Don't!"

A group of rough young fellows were standing on a corner, joking loudly and

with rough talk, and neither changing the character of their language nor lowering their voices for passing pedestrians. One young man, as rough as any of his companions, and quite the equal of the worst in profanity, was in the midst of a sentence, every second word of which seemed an oath, when a woman, making her way across the street and hurrying to escape the passing teams, glanced the corner and landed almost in the midst of the group. She stood a moment, horrified and bewildered, face to face with the young man.

"Oh please don't!" was all she said to him, but she looked him for a moment squarely in face. It was not a wholly bad face. It turned crimson under her look, and the sentence stopped unfinished.

She was gone in a moment. A brief silence fell on the crowd, followed by a laugh at the expense of the young man whom she had addressed. But he did not join in the laugh, and after a time withdrew, manifestly uncomfortable because of the incident.

It was not long before he swore again, but when he did it the memory of the mild rebuke, "Please don't!" also came to mind. He seemed to bear it every time he spoke coarsely or profanely. Before he would have admitted it he was making an effort to purify his speech, and when his companions noticed it and rallied him on "talking parson," he began to avoid them and to seek better society.

But in due time his old companions themselves began to respect the change which they saw in him, and to notice that he was doing better in every way. He found steady employment and became more careful in his dress. The change in him was too genuine to be sneered at, and those who in the beginning had laughed began to envy and admire him, and seek his friendship anew.

So it came about that one young man's life was permanently changed, and others were indirectly uplifted, merely because of a gentle and timely rebuke.

It is a rare transgressor that cannot be touched by some angel of a better nature. The timely word of a friend, or even a stranger, is often more efficient than a sermon.

Your unsatisfactory experience with other preparations should not influence you against Pateman's. It was the first the best, the only painless corn cure. Give it a trial. A corn treated with other remedies wouldn't do so again if it could help it. Give your corn a chance. Druggists who sell only the best always sell Pateman's Painless Corn Extractor.

Pale sickly children should use "Mother Graves' Worm Expeller." Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children and should be expelled from the system.



THE LAST LETTER.

...the twentieth... bringing forth... than those... year of the... happy, says an... history. The... during which... how few events... noted that will... story! Capricious... through a... same ministry... Germany has... depression in... ident banking... and industrial... Europe has been... stagnant... the creation... Commonwealth is... of the year... re the new re... dependency of... whole world... ry... English-speaking... by the taking... the vener... who had... the oldest of... over any other... ved President... and given him... sections of the... to remember... ng. Few as... numerous than... of history re... centuries dur... on sovereigns... d went to war... their rivals... summer con... J. D. Kellogg's... It corrects all... y and causes... It is a medicine... and poor, and... p... medicine... of Electric Oil... Central America... d... It has made his... low it to keep... on; knows that... merchants keep

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THE LOYALTY OF SILENCE.

It has long been a common reproach—whether just or not—that women have no genius for friendship.

A better day is here Education and a clearer sense of proportion have brought women to set a higher value on genuine friendship.

Friendship has its duties as well as its joys. There is one offering which we are bound always to lay upon the altar of friendship—that is loyal silence.

It has come to pass recently that a man whom ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON loved and counted among his seven friends has published in an English magazine a review of STEVENSON'S biography.

There may not be in the review one word that is not true; but that it should have been thus set down in print marks the writer as having an ideal of friendship which even women as interpreted by the cynics might disown.

WORDSWORTH etched for us years ago the picture of such a man, and it is memorable today.

CONNECTING THE OCEANS.

The new Hay-Pauncefote treaty removes the diplomatic obstacles which hindered the construction of a canal across the continent, in Central America.

That one nation should spend two hundred million dollars, and probably more, in building a great public work in the territory of another nation is unprecedented.

The canal will promote general peace and international commerce. It will be open to the ships of all nations on equal terms, and will lighten the cost and lessen the time of transportation for all.

The day which witnesses the turning of the first spadeful of earth on the canal and

the day on which the first vessel passes through it will be historic days for the United States and for the whole world.

Little One's Nursery.

'A nursery is where the foundation of a child's life is laid, and I think every mother ought to study the right surroundings of comfort and cleanliness as well as education,' says a mother in Good Housekeeping.

'The little ones I knew were literally strangled to death by this happening during sleep, and it terrified me into making baby's bed very safe. I made pads that fitted snugly inside each rail.

'I have decided views about leaving a baby in a room alone at night. Some mothers do it; they think it is hardening, that it makes a child brave, independent, not afraid of the dark and all that sort of thing.

'I want my little girl to feel that mother is near her day and night. I believe, though, that the child's nursery should not be the mother's dressing-room.

'After the cleanliness of a nursery comes orderliness. The real nursery must have daily spells of the most terrible disorderliness when one has to walk around Noah with his family and all his live stock out for an airing, when half a dozen bottles have a tea drinking right in a doorway or when every book in the nursery library is on the floor.

'Then I say, let the grown up step warily, for baby's rights just then are as large as her own. Only when play hours are over and bedtime is near everything has to be cleared away.

The commercial side of fashion is a thing which an observant visitor to Paris can hardly fail to notice. The whole city is more or less given over to the service of dress.

Queens and princesses order their choicest gowns there; the wives of the sultan and the women of the mikado's court wear on special occasion dresses created by the artists of the great Paris houses; and belles of South America are their most extravagant clients.

Some of the dresses are created in modest ateliers, or shops, others in apartments which do not in the least resemble a business establishment.

These women who achieve success in attracting and retaining customers sometimes receive from three to four thousand dollars a year. The profits of a popular establishment are large, but much depends upon the personal characteristics of the

assistants. Taste, experience and good taste are absolutely essential.

The dressmakers of Paris take the greatest pains to keep themselves informed of the fluctuations of fortune of their clients, so many of whom are persons well known to the public; and the credit of patrons is always carefully noted.

If Paris is the center of fashion, all France assists in the production of the materials used. Whole towns, such as Lyons, Amiens, Roubaix and others depend for their prosperity on the making of the goods used by Parisian costumers.

NEW YEAR'S OF OLD.

Historic Events That Have Fallen on January 1. Since the birth of Jesus of Nazareth the beginning of the year has been variously fixed at Dec. 25, the anniversary of his birth; Jan. 1, the anniversary of his circumcision; March 25, the anniversary of his conception, and on Easter Sunday. In the British Isles the date most preferred was Dec. 25, and it was not until after Hastings that the present day was chosen.

The day is set aside for feasting and merriment all over the Christian world. It is said that in Paris over \$150,000 is spent on sweetmeats alone, while it is far from uncommon for a man to expend on one New Year's present as much as one fifteenth of his income.

In the rural districts of England there existed until a very late day a custom which probably came from the Greeks, on down through the Romans and the Germans, of eating on this day a species of sacrifice cake known as God cakes—small, triangular buns half an inch thick and filled with mince meat, while the famous Boxing day, with its attendant custom of 'Stephening,' are all through the isles the chief event of the rural year.

Americans in spite of the fact that the day is less distinguished than Christmas day, owe many of their choicest privileges to events which transpired on New Year's day, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. It was on the 1st of January, 1776, that Washington unfurled at Cambridge, Mass; the first Federal flag, the original emblem with thirteen stars. In 1779 the first Society of Universalists met at Gloucester, Mass; and Major General Benjamin Lincoln, commanding the Continental forces in the south established his first post at Purysbury, on the Savannah river. In 1781 occurred the mutiny at Morristown, N. J.; the most formidable movement of its kind in the military annals of the nation. Some 2000 of the New Jersey troops of the line, angered by the repeated negligence of congress, grounded their arms and refused to fight until some further provision could be guaranteed toward their maintenance and pay.

Queens and princesses order their choicest gowns there; the wives of the sultan and the women of the mikado's court wear on special occasion dresses created by the artists of the great Paris houses; and belles of South America are their most extravagant clients.

On New Year's day, 1815, during the second day of the battle below New Orleans, the British made the most of their three assaults and lost the flower of their army. From this day until 1863 from some strange freak of fate, which seems to bunch her important events on certain days, few things of note occurred. But in 1863, the second and most critical year of the civil war, congress enacted something which will forever be memorable to many political economists—the suspension of specie payment until further

notice. Just how such a huge machine managed to exist until New Year's day, 1879, when specie payment was resumed, will be a matter of endless comment among the economists of the future.

CURVE THE NERVES and you will control almost every disease that flesh is heir to. The foundation of health is a perfect stomach and good digestion—these right and you are insured plenty of nerve force, perfect circulation and pure blood.

'As we grow older our tastes change,' remarked the observant person. 'I remember when I was a boy I couldn't bear the taste of cabbage.'

PILL-PRICE.—The days of 25 cents a box for pills are numbered. D. Agnew's Liver Pills at 10 cents a vial are surer, safer and pleasanter to take.

Jack Potts—My wife always complains about my losses at poker. Bob Flush—But isn't she correspondingly glad over your winnings?

HOW LONG HAVE YOUR KIDNEYS BEEN SICK?—Here's South American Kidney Cure evidence that's convincing; 'I am a new man—three bottles cured me.'

Mrs. Malprop—That's young Mr. Jenkins. He's engaged to be married you know.

DOCTORED NINE YEARS FOR TETTER.—Mr. James Gaston, merchant of Wilkesbarre, Pa., writes: 'For nine years I have been disfigured with tetter on my hands and face. At last I have found a cure in Dr. Agnew's Ointment. It helped me from the first application, and now I am permanently cured.'

Poor, Brave Things. In the heart of the slums of London is a mission, or guild, called the 'Guild of the Poor, Brave Things. This odd band was suggested by Mrs. Ewing's 'Story of a Short Life.'

A pompous, short-sighted official who came to attend a meeting blurted out, 'Why, God bless us, there isn't anything the matter with them! They're all laughing. In his experience frowns, tears, complaints and trepidation were the only sure signs of pain.'

One afternoon, while a guild tea was in progress, a poor little wail of a girl was seen disconsolately hanging outside the parlors, peering eagerly in. A sympathetic passer-by stopped and said, 'Well, my little girl, and what is the matter with you?'

There is work for the most helpless invalid to do, and lives that are crippled need not necessarily be wasted. Such courage is godlike, for it is inspi-

red by the example of the Master of suffering Himself.

Doctor About And Baseball.

By a ludicrous mistake a notice from the captain of the Harvard University baseball team was sent to the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott. Doctor Abbott is one of the university preachers, and his name appears in the catalogue next to the baseball player for whom the summons was intended.

'I. Jones is anxious to have you come out for fall baseball practice.' Doctor Abbott sent the following letter to Doctor Elliot, the president of the university:

'Dear Doctor Elliot: I am very much gratified to find from the enclosed postal card that I have been selected for the fall baseball 'squad.' Do you suppose my work as university preacher will interfere with this latest appointment?'

'Moreover I am not quite sure that my record and standing as an undergraduate makes me eligible for the nine. Do you suppose Captain Jones has looked this matter up thoroughly before selecting me? I should be extremely sorry to have any suggestion of professionalism attach itself to the nine for the coming season through my selection, and I should like to have the manager and the captain understand that I am quite ready to withdraw from the 'squad' if it is for the interest of Harvard athletics that I should do so.

'I should have preferred to be in football! Yours sincerely, Lyman Abbott.'

'500 PEOPLE BADLY BENT' have in effect used these words in speaking of the curative qualities of South American Rheumatic Cure—'My legs were crippled—'My hands were disjoined'—'My joints were swollen'—'My back was bent double'—'My pain was excruciating'—'Bedridden for years.' This great remedy has been the heaven-sent agent that worked a permanent cure.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

'I once invented a flying machine' said the thoughtful man. 'Did you have any better luck than other inventors in that field?' 'Yes. It didn't take me so long to find out that it wouldn't fly.'

NO HEART TOO BAD TO BE CURED.—Testimony could be piled high in commendation of the wonderful cures wrought by Dr. Agnew's Care for the Heart. No case stands against this great remedy, where it did not relieve the most acute heart suffering inside of thirty minutes. It attacks the disease in an instant after being taken.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.,—

The Best Works. A story is told of one of the old time pillars of a New England church who held out firmly for a long time against the innovation of an organ, but when he finally yielded, did so without reserve.

'Seems to me you aren't very consistent,' said one economical brother reproachfully. 'Here a month ago you couldn't speak harsh enough about organs, and now you go to advocating extra expense in getting the best that's to be had.'

'See here,' said the deacon, grimly, 'if we're going to worship the Lord by machinery, I don't want to putter round with any second-rate running-gear.'

'77' FOR GRIP. Grip is the concentration of Colds, Coughs, Influenza, Cough, Sore Throat, all rolled into one. Congestion of the head—running at the nose and eyes; dry, hot, swollen, sore throat; it next creeps down on the chest—cough, hoarseness, difficult breathing, and pain often down to the stomach and bowels; chills up and down the back with lumbago and soreness. The prostration caps the climax and you feel too sick for anything.

If you have all, or any of these symptoms, take '77'; it restores the circulation, starts the blood coursing through the veins, and 'breaks up' the Cold. At all Druggists 25 cents or mailed on receipt of price. Doctor's Book MAILED FREE. Humphrey's Homeopathic Medicine Co., Corner 111th and 7th Sts. New York.

'Make your money earn a cent more.' \$50,000 upwards investment will earn from 5 to 20 per cent. A safe, conservative and highly active channel for the investment of funds. Send for special literature.

BANKERS & BROKERS COMPANY. Highest commercial and personal ratings.—220 Broadway, New York.

Do you believe in Chinese immigration? It depends on which side I'm on. Which side? Yes, which side of the Pacific?

Advertisement for CORTICELLI'S silk embroidery. Includes an illustration of a woman and text: 'You experience the joy of embroidery with Silk, because it is built to tone and name. Put up in soil proof. Send a one cent "Blue Book"—tells of flowers and leaves. The Corticelli Home Sewing Machine. CORTICELLI'S.'

Advertisement for '77' for Grip. Text: 'Grip is the concentration of Colds, Coughs, Influenza, Cough, Sore Throat, all rolled into one. Congestion of the head—running at the nose and eyes; dry, hot, swollen, sore throat; it next creeps down on the chest—cough, hoarseness, difficult breathing, and pain often down to the stomach and bowels; chills up and down the back with lumbago and soreness. The prostration caps the climax and you feel too sick for anything.'

Advertisement for Ungar's Laundry Dyeing and Cleaning work. Text: 'If half a dollar in circulation is better than two dollars stowed away. Then your better half spends 50c on a 50 piece bundle. 50 pieces for 50c. Its doing good work for her, for us and the communities. Ungar's Laundry Dyeing and Cleaning work.'

Advertisement for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Text: 'Cook's Cotton Root Compound is essentially used monthly by over 10,000 ladies. Safe, effective. Ladies of your age groups for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other, as all other pills and preparations are dangerous. Price, No. 1, 50c per box; No. 2, 10c degree stronger, 85c per box. 2 or 3 mailed on receipt of price and two recent issues of The Week. The Weekly Window. On No. 1 and 2 sold and recommended by the highest Druggists in Canada. No. 1 and 2 are sold in St. John by all responsible Druggists.'

Make your money earn a steady income... BANKERS & BROKERS COM CO.

Just one thing: prejudice keeps some women from using PEARLINE... Proved by Millions



Do you believe in Chinese immigration? It depends on which side I'm on.

You experience the pleasure of a thing well done when you embroider with Brainerd & Armstrong, Asiatic Dye Silk... CORTICELLI SILK CO., Ltd.

Perhaps what was most enjoyed by the young element of the city on the holiday was the skating... Mr. E. Litter who has been visiting friends in Yarmouth has returned home.

When You Want a Real Tonic ask for ST. AGUSTINE (Registered Brand) of Pelee Win. E. G. SCOVIL

Baby's Own Soap. He ran a mile, and so would many a young lady... ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL

That Famous English Home Dye Maypole soap. washes and dyes at one operation.

Thee is no danger of heart burn or heart troubles from the use of Chewing Tobacco... Tags are good up to January 1st, 1903

EFFECTIVE COMBINATION. SINGER SEWING MACHINES. Perfect Design, Best Materials, Skilled Workmanship.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER IS THE BEST DENTAL PRESERVATIVE.

Coak's Cotton Boot Compound. Incessantly used monthly by over 10,000 ladies.

Mr. Harry O'Neil who has been spending the Christmas holidays with her parents... Mr. John B. Thomas who has been spending a few days in the city has returned to his home in Nova Scotia.

Mr. E. Litter who has been visiting friends in Yarmouth has returned home... Mr. Franklin Steeles left on Tuesday evening for Bangor.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Brewster

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS.

SURPASSING ALL OTHERS "All over the world." SINGER SEWING MACHINES. 16 Millions Made and Sold

Intercolonial Railway. On and after SUNDAY, October 20th, 1901, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

BABY'S SKIN Cuticura. In all the world there is no other treatment so pure, so sweet, so safe, so speedy.

'Who is the chap over there that's receiving so much attention?' 'Hush. That's the fellow who knows how to make the new cocktail.'

# Chat of the Boudoir.

A pretty little pen-wiper is made by taking two squares of black or purple cloth, pinking them out, or cutting it in points, and using them as a foundation. Take a small china doll and dress it in black and white crepe paper, like a chorister, and attach it to the cloth squares. Under the skirt a stiff foundation of paper muslin should be put to keep out the robe. If it is intended to represent a feminine member of the vested choir add a cap of paper, such as choristers wear. Make a small booklet, or else cut out a bit of paper representing a sheet of music, and place it in the hands of the chorister.

The sash will play no unimportant part in the season's gowns. It will be made of chiffon and worn in one of many ways all thoroughly approved. Miss Hayes, whose engagement to Payne Whitney has been recently announced, wears a black crepe de chine gown with a sash of black silk bordered with a very narrow double box plaining of chiffon. This is set entirely around the edge of the sash.

A mink hood that is fetching as well as costly was made winter for a young woman to wear when skating and sleigh riding in the country. The trim is fluted, and in one of the flutings a cluster of pink roses has been coquettishly arranged. A deep ruffle falls over the neck and a brown satin bow adorns the back. The hood is lined with pink satin.

The cutting of a decollete bodice is a simple thing but the amateur is apt to do her work not wisely but too thoroughly. The neck should be rounded and cut delicately, not nearly as low as one desires the waist to be, but at least two inches higher. When completed the neck will sag and the seams will give so that the desired lowness is obtained.

Care must be exercised in the choice of scissors that children are allowed to handle. Kindergarten depots stock scissors especially rounded for the use of the little ones. They are rounded at the ends and are tolerably sharp. Expensive scissors may be bought, but cheaper ones answer very well if the joint is oiled.

To hold scissors properly for paper cutting the thumb and middle finger should pass through the loops, and the forefinger should be held under the lower blade to guide it. The right hand should be kept still, and the paper moved as required by the left hand. The scissors should never be closed until the cutting out is finished.

Dirigle-dangles are those narrow ribbons of black silk, tipped at the end with brass points, which have been hanging lately from the waists of many young women. They resemble shoe laces and the story of their origin as feminine ornaments is interesting.

'They were invented,' a man milliner says, 'in Paris. A milliner sat racking his brain one afternoon for some new idea to spring upon the women, and while this racking process went on his eyes rested on an old pint of a girl in a bodice that laced down the front as a corset laces. The broad silk string in the bodice attracted him. It was of silk ribbon, and it was pointed at the end with metal. It resembled a shoestring.

'An idiotic idea came to the man milliner, and he bought some dozen of these wide shoe laces that are worn in Oxford ties. He tipped them with gilt wire and hung them in a bunch from the waist of an afternoon gown. They had an instantaneous success. It wasn't long before they had travelled to England and America.'

The sash pin is one of the new features in this year's jewelry. It is in the form of a long clasp looking something like a buckle, but having a fastening at one side, something like a boa pin, but on a much more limited scale.

The sash is really a charming feature of dress and one that will grow more popular. The new sash ribbons are the ones that are velvet dotted. Others are striped with transparent stripes, while others have beautiful roses that will admit of a bit of hand embroidery upon the ends, which can be finished with fringe.

A dainty and inexpensive hairpin holder is made of a skein of simple zephyr worsted costing 10 cents, a small 'cat basket,' which may be bought for a trifle, and enough satin ribbon about an inch wide to suspend the holder and make a pretty bow where it is fastened.

The basket is one of those small circular ones having a circular opening. Gild or silver the basket. Make a chain of the worsted, using up all of it, till you have several yards. Then lay a length of this down, about a quarter of a yard, and fold

the back again, doing this till the chain is all used up. Tie this in the middle. This is to make the hairpin in. Put it in a basket into the circular opening and through a hole punched in the opposite side, as if threading a needle.

Suspend the basket by the ribbon and tie a bow on the front of it. In pale green the effect is specially pretty, as the worsted has the appearance of light green moss.

There are always rooms in one's house having corners which for utilitarian or artistic purposes require screening. People of moderate means may by the exercise of a little ingenuity evolve something original in any way of a screen at very small cost. Frames may be had at any furniture shop and the covering done at home. Colored canvas or burlap makes a good covering.

For the nursery or playroom the screen may be decorated with colored prints of flowers, birds, quaint Kate Greenaway children, or any of the subjects which attract the little folk. Screens for other rooms may have 'available pictures,' such as copies of famous masterpieces, framed in the panels.

A screens covered with light green canvas entirely hiding the wooden frame was decorated with the English hunting scenes now so popular. They were mounted on mats of Chinese grass cloth, the green making an effective background for the red coated gentry in the pictures.

### HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

To preserve cut flowers, besides giving them fresh water each day, cut off the ends of the stems daily, at right angles to the stem.

Violets covered with paraffine paper each night and set in a cool place will keep much longer.

Be sure to mend all delicate fabrics, such as laces, before, instead of after, washing.

Cracks in a cooling stove can be satisfactorily filled by a paste made of six parts common wood ashes to one part table salt, mixed with cold water. Properly mixed it will prove lasting and will not blacken.

A physician gives the following hints, regarding proper sleeping-rooms for the children. The sunniest and best room in the house is not too good for the child. The apartment should be ventilated during the night as well as the day. A sick child should never occupy an inside room. Fresh air is a prime necessity. Gas stoves consume the air required by the child and are not advisable in a sleeping-room. No sweeping should be done while the children are in the room. If, however, because of sickness, this is necessary, dust the furniture and floor with a moist cloth and use a carpet sweeper instead of a broom.

The simple matter of boiling a fish properly seems to be beyond the intelligence or the practice at least of the average cook, yet the difference between any way and the right way amounts to the difference between a palatable, appetizing dish and one which is flavorless, if not positively repugnant. To every two quarts of water allow a teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of vinegar. Let the water be roughly warm, but not boiling, when the fish is put in, unless a fish soup is contemplated, when it should be cold to extract the flavor. The water should be brought quickly to the boiling point, after receiving the fish, and almost immediately drawn to the side of the range to simmer until done, an allowance of ten minutes for each pound being sufficient time after the simmering has begun. If the French 'court bouillon,' or flavoring water is considered formidable, as seems to be the case with most cooks, at least a bunch of soup vegetables, a bay leaf with perhaps two or three peppercorns and a couple of whole cloves are easy additions, and to many of the tasteless fresh-water fish will be a great improvement.

Soups are made by rubbing half a pound of butter into two pounds of flour. Then add half a pound of sugar, a level table spoonful of ground ginger. Pour in, mixing all the while, one pint of New Orleans molasses. The dough must be moist, not wet. Take it out on the board, knead it until it becomes elastic, roll very thin, cut with a small round cutter, and bake in a moderate oven until a light brown. The dough may be cut into small fancy shapes, in which form they please children very much.

Absolute cleanliness and tidiness are necessary in the sick room; the furniture should be simple and capable of being easily cleaned. Avoid all kinds of woolen draperies, and let the curtains be of white washable material. If possible, all medicines and the attendant paraphernalia should be kept out of sight of the patient in an adjoining room. Glasses, spoons, etc., should be washed as soon as used, and placed ready for the time when they will again be needed.

There have been many tales in which the charging of snakes by music is the leading incident, and every one who has visited a circus snake-charmer at work. But the snake has been deprived of its fangs.

'Gabe' Orndal, a fiddler of Deep Hollow, Pennsylvania, was recently obliged to try his act upon two rattlers in the nature of a test, and according to a Pennsylvania paper, he performed his part so well that he escaped without injury although not entirely by the power of music.

He was walking along a narrow road on the mountainside, on his way to a neighboring town where he was engaged to furnish music for a dance. When he reached a point in the road where it wound round a sharp spur, he heard the warning noise of a rattlesnake, and looking up saw a big one directly in his path.

He started to run, but had only gone a few steps when another rattler rose up from the woods on the side of the highway.

There was not room to pass the snake's safely and the terrified fiddler backed up against the ledge to think. It occurred to him that he had read somewhere of persons charming snakes with music. Drawing his violin from its box, he began to play.

At a few notes of the violin the big snakes gradually uncoiled, as if they were soothed by the music, and stretching themselves out and glided towards the fiddle.

This was more than he had counted on but he sawed away more violently than before. Closer came the snakes and faster went the bow. When within two feet of the musician the snakes halted, and coiling themselves up, raised their heads close together.

Then the musician's nerve gave way. Seizing his fiddle by the neck, he brought it down with all his force on the heads of the snakes. The blow stunned them, and the musician soon despatched them with stones.

### Voltaire and The Quaker.

It is estimated that during the years that Voltaire lived at Ferney, near Geneva he wrote fourteen thousand letters, many of which the author of 'Leke Geneva and Its Literary Landmark's' thinks were dinner invitations. As 'Inkkeeper to Europe,' he entertained everybody—princes, paupers and philosophers, authors and travelers.

Most of his guests approached him with admiration; Cleude Gay, a Philadelphia Quaker, was one exception. He felt 'little eagerness to meet the 'inkkeeper,' and only consented to dine at Ferney on Voltaire's agreeing to say nothing irreverent.

Voltaire kept the compact up to a certain point when he loosened the bridle on his tongue at finding that his best appar-

ance were thrown away upon the impertinent Quaker, and lost his temper completely. Gay was not in the least abashed. Rising from the dinner table he said, blandly:

'Friend Voltaire, perhaps thou mayest come to understand these matters rightly in the meantime find I can do thee no good, I leave, and so fare thee well.' Voltaire retired in high dudgeon to his room. The horrified guests were struck dumb, with the exception of Gay, who walked out of the room and strolled placidly back to Geneva, upborne by his sense of theological right.

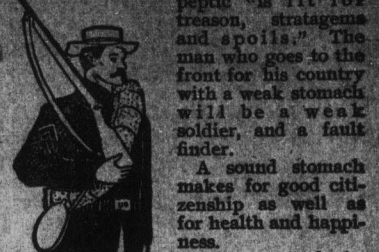
### The Man who hit the Prince.

When Prince George was in Canada in 1838 he visited Niagara and attended the fall fair held in the court house, says the Welland Telegraph. He admired some plums greatly, and reached over to handle the fruit, when a sharp rap over the knuckles from the constable present caused him to drop them. The constable was Bob Reid. In chatting with Mayor Best on his last visit the Duke recalled the incident, and asked if Bob was still in town. On being told that he was, His Highness asked that Mr. Best hunt him up, which he did, and Mr. Reid was duly presented, and the Duke had a pleasant chat with him over old times.

### Try It On.

Take the word gentleman, it is generally written in that way, and it has a very indifferent meaning. Now, write it this way—Gentle Man—and think it over. Then act the Gentle Man, and see how the thing works.—Smiff, in Bobcaygeon Independent.

The stomach is a larger factor in life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness than most people are aware. Patriotism can withstand hunger but not dyspepsia.



The confirmed dyspeptic is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils. The man who goes to the front for his country with a weak stomach will be a weak soldier, and a fault finder.

A sound stomach makes for good citizenship as well as for health and happiness. Diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition are promptly and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It builds up the body with sound flesh and solid muscle. After I received the advice which you gave me in regard to my treatment, writes Geo. Dornier, Esq., of 2195 Pulaski Street, Baltimore, Maryland, 'I used your Golden Medical Discovery' according to directions. After using four bottles I considered myself cured, as I have not felt any symptoms since. Had tried almost all remedies that I heard of that were good for dyspepsia, but without relief. Finally, I became discouraged, and wrote to you for advice, with the above result.' The dealer who offers a substitute for the 'Discovery' is only seeking to make the little more profit realized on the sale of less meritorious preparations. Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the paper covered book, or 50 stamps for the cloth bound. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

**Eugene Field's Poems A \$7.00 Book.**

THE Book of the century, handsomely illustrated by thirty-two of the world's greatest artists.

For the room's contribution of the world's greatest artists, this book could not have been secured for less than \$7.00. The Fund is divided equally between the late Eugene Field and the Fund for the building of a monument to the memory of the beloved poet of childhood.

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**Given Free**

To each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Memorial Fund, a certificate of Field's Poems as a certificate of subscription to fund. Book containing a selection of his best and most representative works and ready for delivery.

# FALLING HAIR

**Save Your Hair with Shampoos of Cuticura SOAP.**

And light dressings of CUTICURA Ointment, purport of smoothest skin cure. This treatment at once stops falling hair, removes crusts, scales, and dandruff, soothes irritated, itching surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, supplies the roots with energy and nourishment, and makes the hair grow upon a sweet, wholesome, healthy scalp.

**MILLIONS OF WOMEN**

Use CUTICURA SOAP assisted by Cuticura Ointment, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby itching, rashes, and inflammations, in the form of baths for annoying irritations and chafings, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, especially mothers, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery.

Complete Treatment for Every Humour. Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA Ointment, to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVIVE to cool and soothe the skin, and to cure the most obstinate humors when all else fails.

Sold by all druggists. British Depot: 27, Abchurch Lane, London. Foreign Agents: Messrs. J. & R. S. Watson & Co., Ltd., London.

# Use Fry's Cocoa and be Sure of Cocoa Purity.

Made in England but sold everywhere

# APRIL & STEEL'S PILLS

A FAMILY ICEBERG PREPARATION

Superseding Bitter Apple, Pile Cocks, Peppercorn, &c.

Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 per box by mail to: APRIL & STEEL, 117 D. Medical Bldg. Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C. or Martin's Pharmaceutical Chemist, Seattle, Wash. U.S.A.

# Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

For Sale at all Druggists.

USE THE GENUINE...

# MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water

"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"

For the Handkerchief, Toilet and Bath.

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES!

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OF

# National Importance.

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ALONE

CONTAINS BOTH:

Daily, by mail, \$6 a year

Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year

# The Sunday Sun

is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world

Price 5c. a Copy. By Mail, \$2 a year.

New York Sunday Sun

# Line of Life

on PEARLINE users' hands should be deep and long. PEARLINE lengthens life by removing the evils of the old way of washing: cramped bending to rub, long washing fetid steam, weary standing on feet, over-exertion, exhaustion. Doctor Common Sense tells you this is bad. With PEARLINE you simply wash, boil and rinse. Quick, easy, sensible, healthful—proved by millions of users.

Plans for Open-air treatment for consumption are being applied in an interesting manner during the coming winter. The open-air treatment is being carried out in a circle of tents arranged in a circle around an open-air fire and surrounded by duck night tent high. Each of the tents is furnished with a cot, a mattress, and a blanket, and will be used during the coldest weather, with no other than plenty of felt blankets, felt and a jug of hot water.

The tents are to be made of open-air and are to be only seven feet high, with four-foot walls, boxed in at the bottom a foot from the ground, will be lined with weather-paper. They will open toward the fire, the tent a little circle about a clean gravel or duck wall which will surround the whole will be a single entrance.

The people who live there will work and sleep there. Each will take one quick, soapless bath and will eat three hearty meals a day, coffee in the morning and hot chocolate any time of the day or night. The bill of fare will include milk, eggs, stables, bread and butter and meat—beef, mutton or pork broiled or stewed, the fire, or roasted in the embryo boiled down into soup.

The open-air life is expected to result of their disease. The method result of experiments made last year by a scientist whose name has not yet divulged. This gentleman pitched tent during the coldest part of a winter which was more than usually cold in it until early spring.

'Such a life,' he said recently, 'fortifies a man's bodily powers, sends back to normal or old life. The nails and hair toughen and thicken, urinary catarrh stops; hemorrhages stop. A man becomes insensitive and his energy goes to nutrition, powers are concentrated in building repair. He falls asleep at twilight wakes at dawn, ready to eat. In disaster affects him little; he chokes a hothouse plant to an oak.'

The Pleasure of Giving. To the present generation the name of Gov. E. D. Morgan of New York scarcely more than a dim echo of the pages of history; but there are many living who remember him as one of a group of great war governors whose courage and courage served their country magnificently in her darkest hour. One who so remembered him who to incident:

Governor Morgan was a very old man but until he was seventy years never had given away any of his money. Then one day he sent for his old friend, the president of the Theological Seminary, and told him he wished to give a large sum of money to the college. The doctor, almost in tears at first, was soon convinced of the sincerity of the offer, and a time was set when he was to go and get the money. At the appointed hour the doctor appeared and bonds to the value of more than two hundred thousand dollars were put into his hands. The governor and watched until the doctor's carriage was out of sight. Afterward he spoke to another friend.

'I am an old man,' he said, 'but I had a successful life and done a great deal of good. I had planned to do, and I am glad that I had been happy. But I know that until I stood and watched the Adams drive away with those bonds, I never had known what happiness was. I cannot regret too deeply that early in life I did not form the habit of giving.'

Visionary Vigor. An incident of Mr. Gladstone's remarkable Midlothian tour is recalled in the London Chronicle. One day there was a great hand of snow and the window of the state carriage, and although the weather was so cold, the flash was so bright under it. A stalwart young man who accompanied Mr. Gladstone proved equal to the emergency. He stepped behind the great man, and then he held under Mr. Gladstone's trousers, the muscular fellow gave each in turn a grip that had nelson of course. 'The old man's uncommon vigor of his time of life,' observed one witness, 'was not, stroking his fingers as he sat.'

He's that, concerned neither yellow men's victims, 'but did you not see?' 'The obvious inference is that they are mourning for the occasion.'

Hook—Jones has gone into the trunk.

Bye—A shipowner, eh?

Hook—No; he's selling slides.



Can Have Love and Vigor in Life.  
 INSURES LOVE AND A HAPPY HOME.



L. W. KNAPP, M. D.  
 See any man who quickly cures himself of...  
 Dear Sir:—Please accept my sincere thanks for your receipt of the...  
 Dear Sir:—I have been cured of my...  
 Dear Sir:—I have been cured of my...  
 Dear Sir:—I have been cured of my...

## JOHN NOBLE, LTD.

BROOK ST. MILLS, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.  
 Largest Costumers & Mantlemen in the World.

From all parts of the Globe ladies do their "shopping by post" with this huge dress and drapery enterprise, it being found that after payment of any postage or duties, the goods supplied could be nearly equaled elsewhere, both as regards price and quality, and now that the firm is so firmly rooted in the public favor and its patrons so numerous, it can afford to give, and does give, even better value than ever.

ORDERS EXECUTED BY RETURN OF POST. SATISFACTION GIVEN OR MONEY RETURNED.

Model 256.  
 Made in John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Coat, consisting of Velvet revers, neck and White, Plain \$2.56

Model 1492.  
 Made in Heavy Frieze Cloth Tailor-made, Double-breasted Coat, and full wide carefully finished Skirt, in Black or Navy Blue only; Price complete Costume \$4.10; Carriage 65c.

JOHN NOBLE KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS.

Thoroughly well made, in Strong Serge, with add die top, long full sleeves, and pocket. Length in front, and Prices as follows:  
 34 to 37 inches, 40c. 37 to 40 inches, 45c. 40 to 43 inches, 50c. 43 to 46 inches, 55c. 46 to 49 inches, 60c. 49 to 52 inches, 65c. 52 to 55 inches, 70c. 55 to 58 inches, 75c. 58 to 61 inches, 80c. 61 to 64 inches, 85c. 64 to 67 inches, 90c. 67 to 70 inches, 95c. 70 to 73 inches, \$1.00. 73 to 76 inches, \$1.10. 76 to 79 inches, \$1.20. 79 to 82 inches, \$1.30. 82 to 85 inches, \$1.40. 85 to 88 inches, \$1.50. 88 to 91 inches, \$1.60. 91 to 94 inches, \$1.70. 94 to 97 inches, \$1.80. 97 to 100 inches, \$1.90. Postage 45 cents.

PATTERNS of any desired material, and the latest Illustrated Fashion Lists sent Post Free.

SPECIAL values in Ladies and Childrens Costumes, Jackets, Capes, Underclothing, Millinery, Waterproofs, Dress Goods, Houselinens, Lace Curtains, and General Drapery.

Readers will oblige by kindly naming this paper when ordering from or writing to—

JOHN NOBLE, LTD.  
 BROOK ST. MILLS, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

## ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

It means, too, that much that is taken is wasted and the system generally undernourished.

W. A. Nugent, Belleville, Ont., had dyspepsia for years; so did H. Bidan, San Luis Obispo, Cal. Mrs. C. A. Warner, Central City, Neb., was so afflicted with it she could scarcely keep anything on her stomach and became very weak and poor.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla** permanently cured these sufferers, according to their own voluntary statements, as it has cured others. Take it.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

American people. It has kept pace with the growth of the country. Its stories, its special articles, its editorials, its selections represent all that is best in American life. For 1902 the far-most men and women of the English speaking world have been enlisted as contributors. The work of an unprecedented number of new and promising writers has also been secured. Thus the constantly increasing demand for the best reading suited to all members of the intelligent American household will be fully met.

A twenty-eight-page Prospectus of the 1902 volume and sample copies of the paper will be sent free to any address. Those who subscribe at once, sending \$1.75, will receive all the issues for the remaining weeks of 1901 free from the time of subscription; also THE COMPANION Calendar for 1902, lithographed in twelve colors and gold.

**THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.**  
 195 Columbus Avenue. Boston, Mass.

**KEEP YOUR STOMACH IN GOOD WORKING ORDER** and your general health will take care of itself. This is the advice of an eminent specialist on stomach troubles and he "clinched" the advice by prescribing Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets as a wonder worker in all phases of stomach disorders from the little ferment after eating to the chronic dyspepsia, 85 cents.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

One Gold Star.

Logic is logic, whether it touches the affairs of nations or a cold in the head. The conviction, says Tit-Bits, was forced upon a Liverpool woman whose coachman, although he has been ill for several days, appeared one morning with his hair closely cropped.

Why, Dennis said the mistress, whatever possessed you to have your hair cut while you had such a bad cold?

Well, mum, replied the unabashed Dennis, I do be taking notice this long while that whenever I have me hair cut I take a bad cold, so I thought to meself that now, while I had the cold on me, it would be the time of all others to go and get me hair-cutting done, for by that course I would save meself just one cold. Do you see the power of me reasoning, mum?

**DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER** has proved a blessing to many a man before the public in cases of hoarseness, bad throat, tonsillitis and catarrh. Some of the most recent evidence of its efficacy comes from a well-known actor, whose home is in New York City. He says: "I never found anything to equal this remedy for quick relief." 50 cents.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

Not so Very Hard.

Jack's father is a member of a society for "psychical research," and Jack has heard and overheard a good deal about mind-reading and thought transference. His mother has had periods of alarm lest her son's mental development should outrun his physical health.

Recently, however, the boy organized a "mind class" of his own, the members consisting of a number of playmates with whom he had induced to join either by moral suasion or by bribes; and his mother, after overhearing the problem which closed the session, concluded that the strain on Jack's mind was not so severe as she had supposed.

Jack had left the reluctant class in the hall while he repaired to the pantry. In a few minutes his mother heard his address to his pupils.

"Now you've all got to think hard and quick," he said, briskly. "How many doughnuts have I got in my two biggest pockets? The boy or girl that guesses right will get the two doughnuts that are extras, for a prize; the rest of you can only have one apiece."

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**MYSTERY OF A**

Countess de Castillon

Last

The reported arrival of the Countess de Castillon, a reputed lady of reigning beauty of the recalled the melancholy remarkable woman.

After the decline of no longer bear to be man and lived the her apartments in the Cafe Volain. Her turn by a dumbwaiter table. The Countess herself empty.

The only occupant was reading over her which she had an of them in indifferent that two of her most ent were the Emperor King Victor Emmanuel.

As soon as it was dead—some two years believed to have been Government, acting the French authorities premises and made appear all the strategy should place any of the documents from home announced possession.

It is, however, after the late Countess the public auction room of letters were and furniture which tion of the searchers gation took place at ments then found many more were

In spite of this that many bundles escaped discovery, before the authorities eight committed by It may be that Ang ion of one of these letters now alleged heads.

But a further my geline's connection No trace of her app of the great beauty were ever admitted being her old nurse French maid, Emma which the letter w have been found.

It is agreed l Madame assigns in, and that I must unless called there must not move ab all never open a must never leave Madame alone no go out or com in such places as I solemnly undert thing under prote throw anything and swooping al on ch room in ord ten may examine