

# PROGRESS

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## WAR IN REAL EARNEST.

### THE TELEGRAPH THROWS DOWN THE BLOODY GAUNTLET.

It Boldly Exposes the True Cussedness of the People of the United States and Arranges for Immediate War—The Plan of Campaign Announced.

The war closed this week has overshadowed other events to such an extent that even the winter part theme has had a vacation while the question of standard time has been almost forgotten. The American eagle has screamed and the British lion has growled a defiance in reply. The first named symbol has found its exemplification in the person of President Cleveland, and the last in the person of the editor of the St. John Telegraph. Lord Salisbury, the British press, and possibly the British people, may be heard from later. We don't want too much of this kind of thing at a time.

It seems to be all the fault of Cleveland. He ought to have known better than to insist on the application of the Monroe doctrine to the Venezuelan boundary question, for the Telegraph was waiting for just such a chance to declare war, or to threaten that it would be declared, which amounts to next to the same thing. The war of 1812 is still a live topic for indignation in the columns of that aggressive journal, and time should have been allowed for the wound to heal before fresh provocation was given. Instead of the exercise of such prudent precaution, Cleveland rushed blindly to his fate, and he has already begun to catch it.

Not personally, it is true, and there's the pity of it. Had the president been called a big bloated boaster, an exchange man or anything of the kind, people might have said it served him right. But this is one of the instances where a man does not sin unto himself, but draws others down into the vortex with him. In this instance, Cleveland has dragged down about sixty million unfortunate people, very many of whom have never even heard of the strained relations between the editor of the Telegraph and the United States of America. It is in the stern necessity of things however, that they should now be compelled to suffer by an exposure of their weakness as a people and general cussedness as an unchristian nation. If Cleveland had only held his peace, the world might never have known how he had led the people on the other side of the line really are for the Telegraph has disclosed some things that even those who thought they knew the Americans well never dreamed of in their philosophy.

According to the Telegraph, a large majority of the people of the United States want a war with England and will probably get it. The reason for this national thirst for blood is that "the children of that country are taught at school to regard everything British with the most bitter hatred, and that their school books are full of falsified history, and of teachings which are calculated to make envy, hatred, malice and revenge when directed against Great Britain or Canada, seem virtues. The Americans send missionaries to the heathen, but we venture to assert that there are more people who have all the vices of the heathen in the United States than in any other country on the face of the globe. Nowhere outside of an Apache or Sioux camp can a more vindictive spirit be found than that which is instilled into the minds of the children of this "great Christian nation" through the medium of their public schools."

This is a sad state of affairs and it is a pity that the folly of Cleveland has compelled such a disclosure, which might otherwise not have been made. That a nation of 60,000,000 people should have school books at variance with the Telegraph's history of the war of 1812 is bad enough, but that they are taught envy, hatred, malice and the like, that they grow up to have all the vices of the heathen, and that they are akin to the wild Indians in the vindictive spirit instilled into them in the public schools is very dreadful. Speculation is lost when one seeks to consider what a different state of things might have been had their instructions been given in that fair, impartial and judicial spirit which give such value to the Telegraph's discussion of international affairs.

Whatever may have been Lord Salisbury's policy, the course taken by the president in Washington and the newspaper in St. John leaves little hope of a peaceful solution of the question, it left to these two great powers to decide. The Telegraph seems to have counted the cost, however, and is already prepared for war with a plan of campaign extending across the continent from Woodstock to Winnipeg. It has instructed the British government to provide 150,000 modern rifles and a corresponding quantity of field guns, and proposes to put 150,000 Canadians in the field with an auxiliary army of 90,000 British regulars. It has further instructed the government as to the disposition of the forces so as to most effectually repel the invader. It points out

that 45,000 militia and 15,000 regulars on the New Brunswick frontier will prevent an invader on the maritime provinces. This looks like war in earnest.

The Telegraph has not yet stated what it proposes to do in case of war, in addition to bombarding the Yankees with editorials. At least one of the proprietors would be required at the front in his capacity of captain in the Fusiliers, while the advice of the editor on the art of war and his intimate knowledge of the bad qualities of the people of the United States would make his presence at headquarters a prime necessity as well. It seems at this juncture a little unfortunate that Major McLean has retired from the active direction of the paper, for though he would also be at the front, yet he has so many railways under his control that he could very nearly accomplish the feat of being with the frontier forces and in the editorial chair at the same time. The Major knows as much about running a railway as he does about running a newspaper.

It would even up matters a little, however, if the Sun force would be depleted by the going forth to war of Major Markham, in all the glory of a uniform of the eighth Hussars. The Major would have the financial advantage, however, in the fact that his official pay would be in the vicinity of \$5 a day, while that of Captain Edwards of the Telegraph would be about a dollar less. This would be another instance where the Sun got more than its share of government money. Besides, the Sun has also Captain Baxter on its staff, but as he belongs to the garrison artillery he might be able to stay here to defend the city, and draw his pay just the same. So long as there was no greater hardship than this, the position of captain on active service would be even better than that of an alderman, who gets only \$100. That an alderman and Major McRobbie, however, would have to go to the front, for he is in command of the Springfield contingent of Colonel Donville's Eighth Hussars.

Colonel Tucker would go to the front, of course, in command of the Fusiliers, and would be fairly well paid at the rate of about \$6 a day. This is believed to be considerably better remuneration than he got when in command of the Telegraph Publishing company, and would enable him to at least keep the wolf from the door, if not the enemy from the border.

Unless wiser counsels prevail, it seems very evident that the fight between the Telegraph and the United States will assume serious proportions, and there will be such a war as nobody ever saw before. The Yankees have had fair warning, and now they must look out for themselves.

## HE DID NOT CATCH ON.

### An Englishman who Was Not up on the Terms Used in this Country.

Not long ago, the representative of an English insurance company came to this province to look into the matter of a claim and satisfy himself that everything was clean in respect to it. In reading over a statement made by one of the witnesses he had found what he considered a very suspicious circumstance and he determined to sit it carefully. The witness was quoted as saying that he "blazed the trees in a certain locality. When the Englishman found this witness he said in very judicial tones:

"Why did you wish to conceal the evidence by which the place could be identified?"

"I do not know what you mean," was the reply. "I did nothing of the kind."

"Then why did you set fire to the woods?"

"I did not. I don't know what you mean."

"Why, here is the plain statement in your evidence, 'We blazed the trees.' What do you say to that?"

The Englishman seemed relieved when it was explained that when a man blazes a tree in this part of the world, he does it with an axe instead of a torch, and there was another lesson learned in the mysteries of American dialect.

## Becoming Alarmed.

For some time past the merchants of St. George have been employing schooners to bring their freight from St. John, refusing to pay the high freight rates charged by the Shore Line railway. A prominent concern at Marquah also hauls its stuff from this city over the highway for the same reason. It is now stated that the Shore Line people are trying to induce the St. George men to restore their patronage, and the reply has been that they must have low rates. The freight schedule is entirely too high to all points on the Shore Line, and in cases of small packages may sometimes amount to almost the cost price of the goods.

## Not the Morley.

Through an advertisement, the concert given by the pupils of the St. John Conservatory of music Thursday is referred to in the musical notes this week the concert of the Morley Conservatory, the error being discovered after the forms had gone to press.

## CREDIT WHEN IT IS DUE.

### INDICATIONS THAT CHIEF CLERK CAN TAKE ADVISE.

He Has Had a Busy Week and He Has Made Some Raids apart from Those on Widows—How the Fines in the Jones Case Were Promptly Paid.

This has been a great week with the police, and they have got in some efficient work so far as it goes. PROGRESS wants to be fair with Chief Clark and give him credit when it is due, just as it points out where he makes mistakes calculated to bring the administration of justice into disrepute. It would do the same with any man in his position, for it deals with the chief purely as an official and not as an individual by this name or that name. The position he occupies is one with many opportunities for the use or misuse of authority, and when he goes beyond the law, or administers it in a way to call for criticism, it is due to him, not less than to the public, that his mistakes should be pointed out. If he is wise, he will profit by them. If he persists in repeating blunders, he can only expect that his acts will be the subject of comment.

That he can take advice from a friend is shown by the fact that some of his men visited a number of unlicensed places in York Point last Sunday, and succeeded in finding that more than Mrs. Julia Donovan kept liquor for sale. It is true Mrs. Donovan was also of the number, but as she was not alone singled out and as she admitted having liquor on the premises, she has no just cause for complaint in this instance, even though she has up to date been called on to pay much more than some who have done a larger and much less respectable trade. The drunken toughs who have been a nuisance in the vicinity of the railway crossing on Sundays have not been her customers.

Some of the raids made by the police were barren of results, but they succeeded in making seizures in four places, so that they made a better showing than for some time past. Having done this much in Kings ward, perhaps they can show their desire to be impartial by stepping beyond its boundaries. While a number of little places in York Point have been selling small quantities of liquor, more pretentious unlicensed places, well known to the police, have been selling vastly larger quantities at all hours of the day and night, and all day Sunday. Yet they are seldom or never visited officially, or if they are either, by some extraordinary chance, no liquor can be found, or if it is found and a fine imposed, the public never hear of it. It is things like this that make the public talk and suggest the possibility of a "pull" in certain quarters.

PROGRESS has no wish to single out any one lawbreaker from another, but it is evident to anybody who reads the papers that the principal work of the police is done in ferreting out poor women rather than prosperous men. There should be only one law for all classes.

The breaking up of the place of ill-repute known as the Dominion House was done none too soon. Such an establishment, posing as a hotel, in the business part of the city, was far more a place of danger to the stranger and the unwary than any recognized den in the slums. The police seem to have been aware of its true character for a long time past, but they have contented themselves by merely exacting tributes in the way of \$20 fines for keeping liquor for sale, thus officially recognizing the existence of the place, but doing nothing to suppress it. A place of that kind, in a respectable locality where it could hold itself out as a bona fide hotel, should not have been tolerated from the first. The only way to deal with such a house is to break it up and drive its inmates to localities where they can pose in their proper colors.

No further attempt has been made to abridge the liberty of the subject by the illegal arrest of women or children found on the streets after seven o'clock in the evening and unwilling to obey the impertinent command of a policeman to go home. It seems to have dawned on the magistrates and chief that they had made a serious blunder in thus trying to twist the law without a color of authority. Even the endorsement of the W. C. T. U. that body so richly endowed with good intentions and so poorly equipped with a knowledge of the law, will hardly justify the authorities in running any further risk of actions for unlawful arrest and false imprisonment.

In this case the police had some evidence of their own to prove the bad character of the place, and they proposed to supply plenty in addition by summoning between forty and fifty frequenters of the place as witnesses. They did not say who these witnesses would be. It was quite unnecessary to do so, as something more than forty or fifty young men, and some that were not young were thrown into a panic by the announcement that subpoenas would be issued. Each of them felt that he was known to the police and the next thing was

to get clear of being known to the public. Carleton was to the front, as usual, with a fair number of delegates, and all quarters of the city furnished the rest. Some who thought they were likely to be enlisted went out of town, while others who could not get away resolved themselves into a committee of ways and means to get out of the scrape in the easiest way possible. The result of their deliberation was made manifest when, after the first day of trial, all the accused suddenly decided to plead guilty and pay their fines, though they had at the outset had lawyers retained to make a vigorous defence. The fines were paid in spot cash, to the extent of \$225, each of the principals being taxed \$50 and each of the five inmates \$25.

This liberal contribution to the city funds is said to have been chiefly made by the gentlemen who expected to be summoned as witnesses. A few energetic individuals were around collecting various amounts, and where they could not get the spot cash took I.O.U.s and advanced the money with the hope of being repaid later. It must have been one of the occasions when the incarceration of financier John P. Wells in jail was felt to be in the nature of a calamity.

The Jones family, it is announced, will take an early opportunity to remove to the United States.

In the mean time, however, the two girls sent to jail for two months because they were walking on the street, remain in prison. The reason of this is not that there was any law to put them there, but that they had no knowledge of their rights, or had no means to employ lawyers to secure their release when arrested.

They made a serious mistake when they pleaded guilty of an offence they never committed.

There are enough undoubted laws to be enforced without the need of trying experiments by inventing new ones. The chief and magistrate should make an note of this important fact.

## TAKE WITH A MORAL.

### A Halifax Man Saves His Money Because of Business done on Sunday.

HALIFAX, Dec. 19.—The evil effect of bad companionship is manifest in the case of Arthur Toot, a young man of barely 21 years, who is awaiting trial charged with burglary. Years ago he was a member of Rosebud band of hope, a flourishing temperance organization. He obtained employment in the H. M. Dockyard in a good position, where he has been engaged till recently. Within a few days previous to Toot's arrest there were three burglaries in the north end of the city. Mr. Grant's store was broken open and goods stolen, Joseph S. Hubley's premises were rifled \$80, and lastly, W. A. Adams' shop, near North street railway station was broken into and \$25 were stolen. The police heard one or two things which caused them to suspect Toot. He was arrested and with him a partner in the business—Mackey McKay. Some of the stolen articles were found in Toot's possession. The evidence was strong against them and Stipendiary Fielding sent the two up for trial.

Toot can trace his ruin to bad companions and to drink. The police are to be congratulated on their clever capture. They have now learned that the plan of the two local burglars was to break into six other places.

Mr. Adams had a narrow escape from losing over \$400 instead of the small \$25 of which he is out. Saturday night he left more than \$400 in the safe. He thought he locked it up, but he didn't for the door was left open. Sunday night a neighbor came to Adams and asked him to change a \$20 bill. The shopkeeper objected and asked his friend to wait till Monday morning. "Then I'll lose my money, for if I don't change the \$20 for a customer he will never have it again to pay me." Adams yielded and went into the shop for the cash where he was surprised to find that on Saturday night he had left the safe door ajar. At five o'clock Monday morning the shop was broken into and Toot and his pal, the police believe, took all the cash they could lay their hands on. But thanks to Adams' obliging act, the safe door had been shut by that time and more than \$400 was saved.

## That New Daily.

The report of a new daily morning paper to be published in the liberal interests, is again current, but it is a matter on which there seems to be some difficulty in getting definite information. Several men whose rumor has connected with the enterprise admit that they have heard something about it but are not in possession of the particulars of how or when the enterprise will be launched. It is understood that there is not the fullest satisfaction with the present morning organ and its chronic candidates, but whether there is a field to run an opposition on the same line of politics is a question yet to be answered. An important consideration at the outset will be a supply of funds, and when it is assumed where these are to come from more may be predicted of the probable outcome of the venture.

## CHANGE IN THE SCHOOLS.

### THE ABERDEEN BUILDING WILL COME IN PLAY NOW.

It Will Relieve the Congestion in the Other Buildings—State of the Leinster Street School—The New High School Building to Be a Stylish one.

The public schools have closed for the winter holidays, and next year will see a good many changes in the arrangements in respect to the disposal of the pupils. At present the principal buildings are overcrowded, and the relief needed is to be found by the addition of the Aberdeen school on Erin street.

The latter is not a handsome building. Some go so far as to assert that it is the ugliest looking structure of the kind in Canada, but the trustees claim that their idea in building it was to supply a long felt want, rather than to add to the architectural features of that portion of the city. They say there are much worse looking buildings, even in St. John, and that as compared with the structures in the immediate vicinity it is in the nature of an ornament. In putting it up they aimed to put only what was of utility, and even modified the exterior design to some extent by omitting the iron railing which was originally intended to give a finish to the roof. The building would undoubtedly look better with such a finish, but it can be added at any time if the sight of the bare roof without it, is considered as offending the eyes of passers by or residents in the immediate vicinity largely.

The Aberdeen has been intensively used as a school for poor children, who went nowhere before it was built. The school law was intended primarily for the poor, the presumption being that the wealthy could avail themselves of private institutions for the higher branches of education. It is true that this idea has been transformed by making the advanced schools places for instruction in branches which were possibly never contemplated in the beginning, but the fact remains that the public school system most aims to reach those who would otherwise go without an education in the common branches necessary in the majority of daily occupations. The three R's—reading, writing and arithmetic are still supposed to be the first consideration, despite the large amount of attention given to the imparting of more-elaborate instructions.

In the vicinity of the Aberdeen school, on both sides of the Marsh bridge, have been numbers of children who were growing up in ignorance, sometimes through the indifference of parents, and sometimes because they did not feel well enough dressed to go to the schools further up-town. The neighborhood needed a school house more than anything else, it was claimed, and it wanted a proper structure at the outset. Some had the idea that any sort of a shanty would do for a beginning, and that it could be added to from time to time as necessity might require. The board took the view that a permanent structure was the best kind of economy and so they built the school house.

The Winter street, Centennial and Leinster street schools have been much overcrowded, and the Aberdeen will draw from some of them to their great relief. The Centennial, for instance, will send some of its surplus to the Aberdeen, and so will the Winter street, while the Leinster street surplus will be drafted to the Centennial. The arrangements have not been completed as PROGRESS goes to press, but it is understood there will be a number of changes in regard to district lines.

The Centennial school has been reorganized, and a portion of the basement formerly used as a carpenter shop has been utilized as a class room. It is not so bad a place as might be thought, but it is hardly the place for a class room.

The relief given by drafting from the Leinster street school has come none too soon. As PROGRESS showed some weeks ago, that building has been woefully overcrowded and a menace to the health of the pupils in various ways. Chief among these have been the sanitary arrangements which are of the worst possible description. They are in a dark basement, to which entrance is gained at some risk to safety of life and limb, and are in no way adequate to the requirements of even a small school, to say nothing of one with such a large number of pupils.

The Leinster street building is not owned by the trustees, who rent it from the trustees of the Leinster street baptist church. A year ago, one of the school trustees reported the condition of the premises to the board of health, but nothing was done. It is difficult to see how it can be done without tearing down the whole interior of the basement, adding new light from the side wall and bringing the arrangements in line with modern ideas. A short time ago after PROGRESS had told what the place was like, the board of health notified the owners of the building to take some action to improve matters. The place is not so bad now as it was a

## month or two ago, but no permanent improvement has yet been undertaken.

The new high school building on the Chipman property is what is on the minds of the trustees just now. They don't know yet what the public think about it. Several weeks ago, they quietly informed the public that they had purchased the land and would put up a building. Then they waited to see what the public had to say about it. The public does not seem to have got excited, one way or the other, but this may have been because they had exhausted themselves by the contest over the engagement of Prof. Bridges. Not having heard any adverse opinions, the trustees appear to think the people are not disposed to kick, and are beginning to consider the kind of a building they will put up.

So far there are no estimates of what the cost is likely to be, and it may be the public are waiting for these before expressing their opinion. The trustees do not intend to have a structure like the Aberdeen. They have in mind a building which will be both ornamental and useful, and which will not only be occupied for school purposes, but will be the headquarters of the trustees, where they will have offices befitting the extraordinary powers they are in the habit of exercising. Whether they are prophets enough to foresee that accommodations for reporters should be provided in their council chamber remains to be seen. There is no doubt, however, that sooner or later the reporters will get there in every sense of the word.

The trustees figure that the accommodations to be given by a new building will effect such a saving in rents as to easily pay the interest on the bonds. They propose to build for the future as well as the present, and thus make a permanent investment. So far they are having all the fun of planning and projecting, but the public may possibly have their fun when the estimates come in and the work is begun. That is the way these things generally happen.

## To Illustrate His Business.

On Wednesday morning Newspaper Row was visited by Mr. John Salmon, with his illustrated sign board in the form of a sleigh. Last year Mr. Salmon drove around in a sleigh made from the natural formation of the roots of cedar trees, and made a very rustic appearance. Those who saw it could hardly believe that such was the case, but nevertheless, they were put together by Mr. Salmon just as they came out of the ground and made a very fine sleigh. This year Mr. Salmon thought he would go more into the advertising business in the same line, and has put together a sleigh that illustrates his business. The runners are made in the shape of a salmon, and the body is of a camera complete in every respect. The inside of the camera is as comfortable as any sleigh for those who are driving.

## A Famous Christmas Stall

The appearance of the country market at present is much improved by the tasteful decoration of Mr. Thomas Dean's stall. Apart from the evergreen trimmings the contents of the stall are delightful to the eye and appetizing to a wonderful degree. The best that the country affords in the line of poultry and game and everything in the meat line that can be thought of, can be seen there. PROGRESS understands that among Mr. Dean's special Christmas importations are prize hens and wild duck for the holiday tables of the Victoria and Clifton.

## Booming the Winter Port.

The winter port is established beyond doubt, and with three lines of steamers making the trip between St. John and Great Britain, the evidence of prosperity in the immediate future is a cause of congratulation. This condition of things comes in very opportunely at the Christmas season, and it is possibly in harmony with the idea of rejoicing that among the imports this week have been 170 cases of whiskey, 14 barrels of the same liquid and 160 various sized packages of whiskey and brandy. The winter "port" is not in the list.

## He Lost no Time.

One of the "47" got a bad scare during the progress of the Jones case. While on his way to business he met a friend who stopped him and expressed surprise that he was not at the police station. "I saw Ring looking for you last evening as a witness" he told him. There was no hesitation on the part of the "47". With a final word to keep himself started for the station and was at the foot of King street and across the Market square before his friend could explain the joke.

## Must Come Earlier.

Shediac Cape social news has arrived too late for insertion in this issue, and one or two other places have had a narrow escape from being left out. Society news should reach PROGRESS by Wednesday night, and not later than Thursday morning if the further.

ISH IN THE WORLD.

## ANG SUN POLISH

WEDS, and Points which enamel, and injure the iron, and burn Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant and Durable. Each package contains; when moistened with water of Paste Polish.

SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

BORN & CO.,

RESALE AGENTS

By Rev. Z. L. Fash, Edward W. M. Whiston.

By Rev. J. H. Foshay, J. H. to May Porter.

By Rev. Ronald Smith, Charles C. Fraser.

By Rev. H. D. Worden, Armo Alice Davis.

By Rev. C. E. Johnston, David M. McKenzie.

By Rev. Ronald E. Smith, M. J. M. M. M.

By Rev. W. W. Rees, May Reynolds.

By Rev. H. F. McPherson, Ed. to E. M. Mackay.

By Rev. G. M. Wilson, Arthur Insler Normandy.

By Rev. James Beese I. M. M. M.

By Rev. Anderson Rogers, to Hannah McKenzie.

By Rev. C. E. McLean, to Lillian Nickerson.

By Rev. George R. Fayson, to Lillian Nickerson.

By Rev. J. E. Donkin, to Lillian Nickerson.

By Rev. A. H. McLeod, to Lillian Nickerson.

By Rev. J. Robertson, Charles to Barbara B. McNaughton.

By Rev. Foster Almon, Alexander to Lillian Nickerson.

By Rev. A. A. McKenzie, son to Alberts Isabel MacEwen.

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Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Beyond an occasional small and almost variety programme in connection with some church Sunday school exhibition or other philanthropic measure in a church sense, there is nothing of a musical character to note this week. An exception however may be made in respect to the concert given in Mechanics' Institute on Thursday evening by the pupils of the Morley conservatory of music. Many of the pupils are highly gifted and always heard with pleasure, but specific notice now is prevented by the fact of the concert being held so late in the week.

The various church choirs of the city are all engaged in preparation of Christmas music of their respective churches. This fact probably will account for the musical deficiency in other directions just now. After Christmas, however, things may take a change and probably will.

Tones and Underones. Miss Irma Sethe, a young lady violinist who is a pupil of Ysaye recently played in concert in London with particular success. She reflected not a little credit on her teacher.

Della Fox is appearing in "Fleur de Lys" at the Tremont theatre Boston. A writer says "People attending do not care what the opera is and perhaps don't know its name. It really does not matter. They are sure Della will appear in short skirts first and be very lively and slangy, and then will appear in tights. She always does and that's all they can remember about it."

The singing of Thomas Persee in "Fra Diavolo" at the Castle Square theatre Boston last week is highly complimented. He sang and acted the robber chief in a very satisfactory manner.

Arditi, the veteran conductor, is said to be writing his memoirs. They will be interesting. The opera "Princess Bonnie" has reached its 400th performance.

It is stated in some of the papers that Perugini, the tenor, who was more distinguished at one time and latest husband of Lillian Russell, has joined the vaudeville ranks.

"Rip Van Winkle" is the opera at the Castle Square theatre this week, and the title role is entrusted to William Wolf, the noisy basso, who is remembered in opera in this city. The story is but little changed for the purpose of the opera.

Mr. Emil Tiffero, a tenor singer, gave a very interesting and successful recital in Steiner Hall, Boston, last week. Miss Angot Laude, a contralto of much talent assisted vocally. The affair was liberally patronized by musicians.

The German opera season in Boston will begin on the 3rd of February next. The company will be headed by Frau Katherina Klafsky, the foremost Wagnerian prima donna of the present day. The chorus will contain seventy-five voices and the celebrated New York Symphony orchestra of seventy-five musicians. The repertoire for the two weeks will include the following Wagner operas: "Lohengrin," "Siegfried," "Die Walkure," "Gotterdammerung," "Tannhauser," "Die Meistersinger," "Tristan and Isolde," also "Der Freischutz" by Weber, "Fidelio" by Beethoven, and Mr. Damrosch's own opera, "The Scarlet Letter" (its first performance).

A complimentary testimonial and a most successful one as well was given to Miss Ella M. Chamberlain in Cambridgeport, Mass. last week. Miss Chamberlain is the famous whistler. Mrs. Jennie Patrick, singer and a large number of other equally distinguished musicians volunteered to the occasion.

Mrs. Elaine Eaton has been engaged by the Salem Oratorio Society to sing in Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" on the 26th inst. A fine silver drinking bowl was presented to Anton Seidl at the Metropolitan a short time ago. It was the gift of many of his admirers.

Katherine Germaine is appearing with much success in the role of Francesca in "The Fencing Master," in New England. James Gilbert and his Opera Company are in Portland, Me., this week. They are reported to be doing remarkably good business.

The opera season in New York, in spite of all the booming it received, appears to be somewhat of a "frost." There is a noticeable absence of enthusiasm on the part of the audience all too often.

TALK OF THE THEATRE. Markos, the magician, will be at the Opera House on Christmas afternoon and evening. He will be assisted by Miss Nettie Sinclair who is wonderfully gifted as a mind reader. Markos' skill, supplemented by this ladies cleverness will supply an entertainment that ought to fill the house. The first performance will be the matinee on Wednesday afternoon next.

Thomas E. Shea recently produced his new play "The Man O'War Man" at Fall River, Mass. Mrs. Potter and Kyrie Bell are coming to the Hollis theatre, Boston, early in the new year. They will appear in "The Queen's Necklaces."

ACTORS AT CHRISTMAS.

THEY TELL HOW THEY INTEND TO KEEP THE FESTIVAL.

With Some of Them It Will Be a Busy Day and Others Will Enjoy a Holiday—Fate Martinot Will Be on the Ocean—Madame Calve Has an Original Plan.

New York Dec. 19.—Apart from those perpetual attributes of Christmas, peace and plum pudding, every land and every section of each particular country has its own distinguishing Christmas mark. With an English Christmas one inevitably associates holly and mince pie; here the same festival calls for unlimited turkey and snow. On the Rialto, that stretch of Broadway which extends now from Twenty-eighth to Forty-second street, the chief Christmas characteristic is actors—road actors, seedy and cold, but none the less reminiscent. And never, according to its own lights, has the Rialto looked so Christmas as during the past week. The theatrical companies have been returning to town in droves. Many of them will not resume work until Christmas day, while others—and there are, unfortunately, many of these others—are not at all certain that they will resume work at all this year. Even many of the better class of companies make it a rule to lay off during the week before Christmas, for it is without any exception the worst seven days from a box office point of view of any week in the season.

The contrast between the stories of disaster, which the returning actors tell and the records which few box office sheets of the New York theatres show are remarkable. Manager Charles Frohman, who has no less than fourteen companies in active service this year said to me the other night: "This season is going to make a record. It's one of those years that are going to be marked on the theatrical calendar with a white stone. On the road the season so far has been disastrous as a whole in New York City it has been the most successful season of the last ten years. The list of monetary successes have been phenomenal. I will not mention the successes in which I have any interest myself, but look at the others—'The Social Highwaymen,' 'The Prisoner of Zenda,' 'The Heart of Maryland,' 'The Widow Jones,' 'Excelsior, Jr.,' 'Shore Acres,' which is now playing at the Fifth Avenue to bigger business than ever before. From the New York point of view, it is indeed a phenomenal season. The prospects for the road season are brighter than they were a month ago."

How They Will Spend Christmas. During the last ten days, by letter and interview, I have been trying to ascertain how many of the actors and actresses would spend their Christmas this year. The result of my investigations are given in the players' own words.

"Christmas will be a busy day with me," said Olga Nethersole, as she stepped into her dressing room after responding to the eighth curtain call at the Empire. "We produce 'Carmen' that week, you know, and it depends a good deal on how the play is received whether I shall pass a happy Christmas or not. Still, even if 'Carmen' does not prove a success, my Christmas must be a very thankful one. The New York critics have been so kind to me this year, and what I assure you is of far more importance to me, the great big American public has taken me to its heart. Last Christmas I was worried to death with a thousand and one worries. This year I have two faithful managers to look out for my best interests, and, besides, for the first time in my life, I'm an aunt. A cablegram from England has just informed me that my favorite sister has just given birth to a boy. Do you know I feel prouder of being an aunt than of being a tragedienne. That's the woman of it, I suppose.

The next actress to whom I put the question was Jennie Yeamans, who is playing at the Bijou in "The Night Clerk." "Well, we got ahead of them this year," she exclaimed. "Christmas falls on a Wednesday, you see, and as we play Wednesday matinees regularly, our managers can't stick up for an extra performance. I am looking forward to a very jolly day, and lots of turkey. The only drawback will be that mother won't be with me. She plays in 'The Great Diamond Robbery,' and by that time she'll be off on the road somewhere. I shall hang up my stockings as I have always done at each of the seventeen Christmases that I have experienced," added Miss Yeamans, with a smile. "This year I hope some American dramatist will put a good play in it, with the shining character parts for mother and me. We want to go starring next year."

Southern Will Work Hard as Usual. Mr. Southern's answer was particularly brief: "I shall work hard; give two performances of 'The Prisoner of Zenda,' and possibly may put some bonbons in my brother Sam's stocking, provided he remains a good boy."

Horne Promises Himself a Treat. "I am looking forward to Christmas with a great deal of pleasure," said Mr. Horne. "My wife and I shall be in New York, for one thing, and I hear that already the theatre for both performances is sold out. But the real treat I have promised myself is this. I'm not going to eat any turkey. Ah, if you only knew how I loathe the sight of that toothsome bird. You see, in 'Shore Acres,' my company and I are obliged to eat a whole turkey every night, and two on Saturday. About a month ago, a friend of mine presented me with two of the largest hens I have ever seen. Next

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week I'm going to kill them, and we'll have them for our two stage dinners on Christmas Day. They're so large that the audience won't recognize the difference; and, to us, a whole day's respite from turkey will be such a relief."

"I'm going to celebrate my Christmas a week in advance," said May Irwin, as she stepped on board the Southern train last Monday afternoon. "It's to be a five days' festival, and will last all the way from New York to San Francisco. We open in Frisco next Monday night, and in the meantime we're going to rest, hang up our stockings, and play poker. I wish it were possible for me to spend the day with my sister, Flo, my mother and my two boys; but a woman can't have everything in this world, you know, and I ought to be very thankful to spend it with such a chivalric companion as 'The Widow Jones.'"

What Yvette Gilbert Says. Yvette Gilbert said: "Christmas? Bah! Christmas bores me. I love the midnight mass. When in Paris I always go to the Madeleine that night. But Christmas with us is not much of a festival. It is New Year's Day that we Parisians celebrate. 'I did not think that Christmas would find me still on the road,' said Viola Allen, the Empire Theatre's leading woman. 'Just think of it; here am I, the leading woman of New York's leading stock company, and I haven't played in the home theatre for more than seven months.'"

"Yes," chimed in Henry Miller, "that reminds me. The other day as we jumped from Providence to Brooklyn, I stopped off at New York for a moment and walked up to the Empire just to see if the building was still there. In the lobby I met Will McConnell. He was looking at the frame containing all our photographs. 'Here,' said he, 'is New York's only resident stock company which never resides in New York.'"

"I shall spend most of my Christmas with 'The Sporting Duchess,'" exclaimed Agnes Booth. "So I shall at least be in good company."

"I sail for Geneva this week," said Sadie Martinot, "so I shall probably spend my Christmas on midocean. No; Mr. Max Figman, my husband, will not accompany me abroad—at least not if I know it. He is a painful subject to me. Please do not mention him again."

"My husband and I will have a comfortable old-fashioned dinner," said Fannie Davenport. "I always make it a rule to give no matinee on Christmas. I think it's only fair to my company that they should have the day to themselves. It's hard enough to work at night."

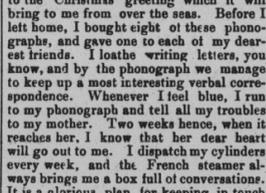
What Calve Will do. But of all the answers I received, Emma Calve's was the most original: "I shall spend my Christmas Day talking into my beloved phonograph and listening to the Christmas greeting which it will bring to me from over the sea. Before I left home, I bought eight of these phonographs, and gave one to each of my dearest friends. I loathe writing letters, you know, and by the phonograph we manage to keep up a most interesting verbal correspondence. Whenever I feel blue, I run to my phonograph and tell all my troubles to my mother. Two weeks hence, when it reaches her, I know that her dear heart will go out to me. I dispatch my cylinders every week, and the French steamer always brings me a box full of conversations. It is a glorious plan for keeping in touch with one's friends. I wonder that more strangers and pilgrims like myself do not use it."

Animal Food. Feeling the need of medicine the other day, Pat applied to a doctor with whom he was acquainted. Medicus asked the symptoms, felt the pulse, examined the tongue, and did whatever else professional etiquette demanded. Then he said: "Patrick, you're run down a bit, that's all. What you need is animal food."

And Pat departed quite contented. About two days afterward the doctor happened to think of his case, and called on Pat in the stable. "Well, Pat," said he, "how are you getting on with the treatment?" "Oh, shure, sir," said Pat. "O' manage all right with the grain and oats; but it's dommed hard-r'd with the chopped hay."

The word honeymoon was derived from the German practice of celebrating a wedding by drinking a brew of mead, principally composed of honey, for the duration of one moon after the ceremony.

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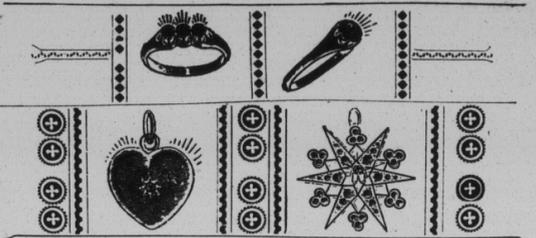


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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

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Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in every many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince-Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, DEC. 21.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

A merry Christmas to all and sundry the readers of PROGRESS, wherever situated and howsoever described, with the hope that they may long enjoy all the right, title and interest, use, possession, property claim and demand, of, in and to the glad season. They are found at home and abroad, east, west, north and south, in all countries and among all sorts and conditions of men, to say nothing of the women. This is the seventh Christmas greeting the paper has given its readers, and each year there have been more to whom to talk, and more, as a matter of course, to wish PROGRESS increasing prosperity in the years that are to come.

The compliments of the season being extended to readers of the paper it is wholly superfluous to wish them to others. In this part of the world, everybody who is anybody is included among the readers, while as for others it is of no use to say anything if they will not see it. In the large army to be addressed, however, there are some classes to whom special and seasonal reference should be made. Chief among these are the citizens of St. John.

There is no reason why, as a people, they should not enjoy a merry Christmas. Taken by and large, they have had a good year and the city has advanced in many respects. There were the usual forebodings, in the early summer, of dull times, but the average of business has been kept up in most lines, and in some of them it has been greatly improved. Despite the fact that the cold weather further south retarded the expected flood of tourist travel, the city prospered, and the hotels, larger and better than ever before known, have had no cause of complaint. The exhibition proved a success in many ways and not the least in the matter of financial results. It did much to confirm the growing confidence in our country and ourselves, and for months past the blue ruin prophet has found his occupation gone. The man, who, in the press or out of it, now tries to give an impression that the city is going to the dogs is looked upon, and with justice, as a public enemy. A paper which will preach such a doctrine will find its influence waning day by day and week by week. That which has done all the frightening it can do, and the time has come for it to be buried.

A merry Christmas, then to the merchants and manufacturers of St. John. It was fitting that this season should be the time for the inauguration of a line of winter port steamers, and those who have been expressing their joy at the arrival and departure of the first of this line are found to be justified in their demonstrations by the marked increase of confidence in business circles in general. The merchants of St. John, as a body, can eat their Christmas dinner this year with good appetite and good conscience.

A merry Christmas to his Worship the Mayor and the members of the common council. They have done very well this year, even though they have been too lazy to get together and settle the question of standard or local time. The council as a whole has been a great improvement on the board of a few years ago, and has been so lacking in clowns as to make its sessions far less edifying than they were before the wedding process began by the abolition of ward elections, a measure which PROGRESS was the first newspaper to advocate and which it continued to advocate, until the idea became a fact. This council has been a cautious one, and its administration so far has given little ground for complaint. Most of its blunders have been little ones, which have been or will be rectified, and the aldermen, proud over the establishing of the winter port, can enjoy their turkey and pudding in the dream that at least a majority of them are likely to serve the city for another year.

A merry Christmas to all, and many

happy returns of the season is an old but never unwelcome salutation. This is the greeting of PROGRESS to its readers.

THOSE ILLEGAL ARRESTS.

The police have not made any further arrests of women for being on the streets after seven o'clock in the evening, nor are they likely to do so, now that PROGRESS has shown the illegality of such proceedings. So far as appears of record, however, the chief of police has not revoked his outrageous order to make illegal arrests, nor has the magistrate atoned for his blunder by ordering the discharge from jail of the two women whom he convicted in defiance of the law, and who have no more right to be imprisoned than has the magistrate himself. Even admitting them to be bad characters morally, of which there was no better evidence than the "opinion" of two policemen—who also had an opinion that girls employed as domestics were legally "vagrants"—their being at large is far less a danger to society than is the presence on the magistrate's bench of a man who will distort the laws to suit himself, and who will make an unjust conviction with no other apparent motive than to carry favor with a portion of the community.

The chief of police has been asking reporters of the daily papers to give prominence to the fact that he has received a letter from the Women's Christian Temperance Union, thanking him for his efforts to keep women off the street at night. It is a pity he did not know enough to keep the contents of the letter to himself, instead of parading it as his did a letter of the same kind applauding him for his ridiculous Sunday observance crusade. The good women who write these letters have even a more crude idea of the law than the chief himself appears to have, and thank him for doing what, in their opinion, it ought to be lawful for him to do, whether now there is any law for it or not. When will the chief and the magistrate learn that they do not hold their places to carry out the whims or freaks of this or that portion of the community, but to carry out the law as they find it laid down for them? The moment they undertake to go outside of the law and arrest, convict and imprison of their own mere motion, they become a menace to the community, and should they continue to thus abuse their trust, it will be necessary to have the attention of the government specially called to their methods of maladministration.

During the past week the police have been hard at work in trying to break up a house of evil repute. The chief has probably desired to divert public attention from his blunders in regard to the alleged curfew law, and to pose still further as a reformer. This cuttle-fish method of darkening the water to escape from a dilemma will not avail him or the magistrate, so long as the victims of their illegal acts remain deprived of their liberty. The officials have made a blunder, and nothing they can do or say will alter the fact. That the prisoners seem to have neither friends nor means to restore them to liberty may be a fortunate thing for these despotic officials, but it does not make the whole affair any less a travesty on much vaunted British justice.

In New York, the other day, there was a very similar case, when a magistrate named MOTT committed a poor girl under parallel circumstances. She was promptly set at liberty when the case was taken before a judge who knew and respected the law. It was in reference to this case that CHAUNCEY M. DEWEY, in a speech at Buffalo, last Saturday made the following remarks. With the slight change of the substitution of "St. John" for "New York", every word will apply to this city and the "Dobgry" who abuses his authority on the bench of the police court. Here is what he said:

When I see, as I saw in New York the other day, a policeman arresting a woman on the streets at night and a Deputy of a magistrate sending her to prison, I say it is an outrage against manhood, against womanhood and against the Christian spirit of the nineteenth century. A woman is entitled to be and to go wherever a man may go, and if she cannot go where he goes he has no business to be there.

The police force ought to be employed for protection and not for the persecution of womankind.

It is to be hoped that Magistrate RITCHIE and Chief CLARK will cut out these words and paste them on their desks, feeling, as the public do, that every word can be applied to them in their outrageous abuse of authority without the color of law.

In the meantime, the two unjustly imprisoned girls remain in jail. If the W. C. T. U. would take up their case and have them brought up on a writ of habeas corpus, it would show itself far more a Christian body than in writing letters applauding the chief's absolutely illegal act.

SCHLATTER'S SOFT SNAP.

The true inwardness of the alleged cures performed by one SCHLATTER, who poses as a faith healer, is beginning to be learned, and is found to be in the interests of financial speculation. SCHLATTER, it will be remembered, is an eccentric shoemaker of Denver, who was always considered a little out of his mind, and who disappeared from his native city to be heard of at a later date in Arizona, where he announced himself as gifted by the "Father" with the virtue of healing the sick. Whatever he had succeeded in doing to acquire this reputation matters little, the newspapers

boomed him and crowds flocked to see and hear him. They found a very ordinary looking man, with a brutal face, not remarkable for the virtue of cleanliness, and with a partiality for whiskey. All this mattered nothing, however, to the crowd of dupes who were led to believe that the man had the powers he claimed. Some, no doubt, imagined they were healed of this or that, while others, it would now appear, were assisting in the deception for speculative purposes.

The people of Denver heard of the success of their former humble citizen, and the more wide awake among them saw the possibilities which lay in utilizing this fakir to boom the town. Business was dull, and something was needed to make an influx of strangers. That something was clearly seen to be SCHLATTER. They lost no time in sending a delegation to secure his services. He came, and one of his first acts was to create a sensation by restoring the hearing of a prominent alderman, who had been deaf for years. This was sufficient to start the ball rolling, and thenceforth the healer was visited by thousands. His quarters were in a store-kade outside of the city, but to which all the lines of cable cars led, and thousands of dollars were paid in large and small sums for the privileges of choice positions within the stockade. People flocked into Denver from all points, near and far, and there was an era of cash and general prosperity which brought to mind the good old days when silver was in the ascendant. The stockade of the healer reaped a rich harvest to the speculators and the cable car road, with reference to which the stockade had been located out of town, did such a business that it made enough to extinguish its big debt and get out of the hands of the receiver. The alderman who had been cured of deafness was interested in the road, and so were a number of other earnest advocates of SCHLATTER the healer.

To such an extent did the craze go that handkerchiefs touched by the healer were also alleged to possess healing qualities, and were sold for four dollars each at times. There was quite a speculation in this line alone, and a great many dollars went into the pockets of those who were on the grand floor of the scheme. It was a big piece of business enterprise, and equally a big fake. Even the newspapers are believed to have received substantial inducements to hold their peace in regard to the enterprise. The town needed a boom, and it got it.

The boom began to collapse when people began to find that no cures were effected, and that those who imagined themselves relieved were as bad as ever when the excitement subsided. Even the alderman who had been cured of deafness was found to be as hard of hearing as he had ever been. The crowds began to get out of town, and SCHLATTER disappeared to "commune with the Father," as he claimed, but as others assert to recover from the effects of too much whiskey. His share of the financial profits is said to have been a large one.

Now that the whole motive of having the healer in Denver is explained, it is probable his usefulness in further scheme of the kind will be materially abridged by the exposure. There are, however, probably still fools enough to be imposed upon by more remote spots of the country. No one can assert that the age of miracles is past, nor is there any reason why what happened hundred of years ago may not happen today. But the miracles of the past were not through the medium of speculative cranks with a thirst for whiskey, nor can it be expected that such characters will be gifted with the power of healing at the present day, especially when they are put on exhibition to boom a town and advance the price of stocks.

The green Christmas, if we have it will be nothing out of the common in these days. Years ago, it would seem, it came less frequently and was believed to be the prelude of a sickly season. That idea is not prevalent now. There was a green Christmas last year, and there appears to have been no unusual mortality during the last twelve months. As PROGRESS has before observed it is the green doctor, not the green Christmas that makes a fat churchyard.

The newspapers that talk seriously of the prospect of war with the Uni ed States have even less excuse for their wild talk than have the blatant politicians who seem to be howling for blood. The day has gone by when a few blowhards can precipitate a war between the two nations.

In view of the nature of the cases before the police court recently, Carleton would seem to be a promising field for missionary enterprise.

Christmas Novelties.

During his recent visit to Boston, New York and Philadelphia Mr. D. McArthur the King street bookseller secured many novelties for the Christmas trade. He is showing a great variety of new goods in silver, leather and celluloid at prices lower than ever. He has also great bargains in books, bibles, calendars, Xmas cards, albums, work boxes dressing cases, dolls and other goods too numerous to mention. Give him a call, it will pay you.

Chairs, Receptacles, Cans, Baskets, Forged by Duval, 27 Waterloo Street.

VERBS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Remembrance. I pray for thee, when from its' chalice sweetness, The sprigged lily, Stings to heaven above; When bright, The morning sky of hope is gleaming; I pray for thee my love.

And when, Our twilight star is fondly shining; O'er the sweet, Smiling of the tranquil seas; Our faith, Our golden girdled angel guiding; Ever I pray for thee.

I pray for thee, When in their raptly wooing, The night winds O'er the passion roses rove; And when the moon Turns crimson creeping through them, I pray for thee my love.

And when, In golden dreams I see thee waiting; With silent longing, For my step and me; And Paradise, Reveals no sweeter being; Ever I pray for thee.

I pray for thee, When o'er the mist veiled ocean, Sweet summer Leaves us like a snow winged dove; And when rude storms Arise with dark foreboding, I pray for thee my love.

And when, like some Great cloud of sorrow driven; Night's mistle sweeps O'er forest flower and tree; And parting tears Are in earth's sad lake voices; Ever I pray for thee, Ery Head West, Dec. 1895. CYPRESS GOLDBE.

To C. H. C. Speak for a brother's heart attends The message that a brother sends; When golden hearted Parbas sends His sons to me, I write them on my lists of friends Full speedily.

For you I feel my bosom warm, Who comes with poetic charm, Singing the "Old Ancestral Farm;" Though friends were few; In days when life the soul alarm, Count me one, too.

Still may propitious fortune bring You many a scene to see and sing; Like a bright bird, with outspread wing, Go to your goal; May love direct, as lord and king, Your loyal soul.

Clermont Days. We look from the front verandah, On the slopes against the sky, Where the rays of sunshine glitter On the clouds now sailing by; We watch the shadows trooping fit O'er the distant hills away; Like phantoms of the by-gone years We are dreamy fancies stray; O' days of our youth in Clermont With life in all its charms, Where never had risen a shadow On the Old Ancestral Farm.

The smoke of the village chimneys Rises on the wintry air, And the snow upon the beaten road Is beautiful and fair; There is sound of jingling sleigh-bells, And voices from the hill Count floating down the vistas With well-remembered thrill; Bark me the days of Clermont With life in all its charms, On the East Fork of Miami And the Old Ancestral Farm.

There was mystery in the future While the passing hour was best, There was nothing of foreboding, That the heavens could suggest; There was never thought of trouble, There was never cause for tears, There was never bit of failure Or sorrow in the years, In the days we lived in Clermont With life in all its charms, In Batavia a happy valley, On the Old Ancestral Farm.

There were friends in famous Clermont, These friends were kind and true, With the East Fork of Miami Gleaned in its sunny hue. So cheering and so sweet, With the skies as blue as gold, We think of the years that run, In the youthful time of old; And the fleeting clouds and shadows Are recalled with a charm, Just as when in Batavia On the Old Ancestral Farm.

—Charles B. Collins, Author of "The New Year Comes, My Lady."

The First Christmas. It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of old, From angels bending near the earth, To touch their harps of gold: "Peace on earth, good-will to men, From heaven's all-gracious King," The world in solemn stillness lay To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come, With peaceful wings unfurled; And still their heavenly hosts Doth their heav'nly music swell: Above us and below us, Their voices ever fill; They bend their bowing wings, And ever o'er us breathe the blessed angels' thrill.

With all the woes of sin and strife The world has suffered long; Beneath the angel strain have rolled Two thousand years of wrong; And man, at war with man, leave not The love song which they bring; Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife, And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load, Whose forms are bending low, Who toil along the climbing way, With painful steps and slow— Look now! for glad and golden hours Come swiftly on the wing; Oh, rest beside the weary road, And hear the angels sing! —Edmund Hamilton Sears.

ASPIRATIONS OF THE JUNIORS.

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Some held the Record Office had his faults, Because those learned members of the Bar, Who search made within its musty vaults, Had from their dens to walk up town too far; While some declared the Court House should be raised And a new pile in lieu thereof upraised.

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CAMPBELLTON. [PROGRESS is for sale in Campbellton at the store of A. B. Alexander, wholesale and retail in drugs, groceries, boots, and shoes, hardware, school books, stationery, furniture, carriages and machinery.] Dec. 15.—Mrs. Harris of San Francisco Cal., spent several days of last week with Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Verner. Mayor Alexander has returned from attending the lumber sales in Fredericton. I omitted announcing in last week's notes the return of Miss Stella Sowerby, the work at Newton Mass Hospital being not at all congenial to her. Mr. and Mrs. William O'Brien are rejoicing over the advent of a daughter.

Mrs. Harcourt of Dalnoose visited Campbellton on Monday. Mr. A. G. Wallace of the shiretown spent a few hours in town on Monday. VALKIEIE. NEWCARLEE. [PROGRESS is for sale in Newcastle by Perlee Fleming.] Dec. 15.—Rev. Mr. Hamilton of Richibucto spent the early part of the week in town. Mrs. (Dr.) Bishop of Bathurst is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Park. Mr. William Sutherland left on Tuesday morning or New Glasgow where he will remain for several weeks. Mrs. E. Russell of Chatham spent a few days last week in town. Mr. J. B. Fleming returned on Tuesday from a short trip to Moncton. Mrs. (Dr.) Meahan of Bathurst is visiting at her old home here. FULL MOON. Windsor Salt, Furze and Soap.

REMEMBRANCE.

"A mother's love" waxes when she becomes a mother-in-law, or else she is susceptible to mighty changes in her dual position. A stylish tureen—a pair of pigs. Cares and worries, but show us that there is some thing better beyond. The man who (gam) "dropped" something was a confectioner.

The affections are more deeply rooted, than are able to remain them under difficulties; than they are when all is plain sailing. JAY BEE.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

TO ANNUAL SOCIETY MEETING FROM FIVE AND SEVEN P.M.

HALIFAX NOTES.

Women is for sale in Halifax by the news boys and at the following places:

As a result of the very dull for some days but cheerful for this and very good one; the Berkshire regiment are too recent arrivals to fill the place of the old friends who have left and indeed they must have quite enough to do in settling up their new homes before they begin plunging into the disipation for which Halifax is noted.

The news was heard last week with much regret of the death of Mrs. Montgomery-Moore's brother who died very suddenly a few days ago.

An engagement has been recently announced by which Halifax is to lose a very charming and popular lady as her marriage will take her away from Halifax.

The great social event of the week was the bazaar in aid of the church of England institute.

Every one turned out for this bazaar and the ladies in charge must have made money as the room was crowded both afternoon and evening.

Christmas Cakes of finest quality, covered with almond icing and handsomely decorated, slipped by express to all parts of the Dominion.

Mr. A. F. S. Moren, who is well known in Halifax, arrived from England in the same steamer.

Mr. F. K. Robbins of Yarmouth was in town, Friday.

Mr. Thos. Robertson, M. P. for Shelburne, was here this week.

Mr. J. F. Watson of St. John is in town.

Miss Nellie McCormick of Weymouth is at Dr. Morgan's.

Mrs. DeBalthard is on a short visit to Annapolis.

Mr. W. M. DeBlois of Annapolis was in town, Saturday.

John McDougall, M. P. for Pictou, has been spending a few days in town.

Miss Rice is visiting her sister, Mrs. Kinsman.

Mr. R. G. Monroe left Tuesday for Eastport on a business trip.

Mr. W. A. McLellan has been spending a few days in town.

Mrs. Watson has returned from St. John.

Rev. and Mrs. Lavers are receiving their friends at the Farmhouse.

WATERPROOF YET POROUS. Admits the air and keeps out the water. This may seem an impossibility, but it can be explained. The RIGBY process renders the fabric a non-absorbent and a repellent to water.

Snow Sleights and Pungs is ready for sale and at particularly low prices. Call and see us for all information. Price & Shaw, Sleight Builders, 222 to 228 Main Street, St. John, N. B.

The Harry Webb Co., Ltd. By special appointment Caterers to His Excellency The Governor-General. Christmas Cakes of finest quality, covered with almond icing and handsomely decorated.

BRIDGETOWN. [Progress is for sale in Bridgetown by Miss B. O'Brien.] Dec. 16—The Misses Barnes gave a very pleasant dance at their home in Upper Granville on Thursday evening.

MAUGERVILLE. Dec. 11—William Harrison youngest son of C. B. Harrison M. P. died in Chicago on the 11th inst.

WOODSTOCK. [Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. L. A. Co.] Dec. 19—The long talk of Kirmess came off on Tuesday and Wednesday evening and was a brilliant success.

Beaumont, Mrs. W. B. Skilton, Miss Jennie Lindsay, Miss Helen Bourne, Miss Kathleen Bourne. The Greek robes of pink were very becoming and the movements of the young ladies were lovely.

The Court minstrel (France) chaperones Mrs. J. McAfee, Mrs. C. F. K. Dibble, Ladies—Miss Faye Gasher, Miss N. McAfee, Miss Kate McAfee, Miss Helen B. Ird.

Mrs. J. DeWolfe Spurr of St. John was the guest of Mrs. H. Humphreys for a day last week.

Mr. R. N. Price has gone to Boston for a visit to his son, Mr. Abel Price.

Mr. J. P. Athol of Kouchibouguac was in town on Monday.

Mr. Roy E. Smith who is a student at Mount Allison arrived home last evening to spend his Christmas vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Christ.

Mr. L. A. Fawcett is expected home from Wolfville this week for holidays.

"A Constant Dropping Wears away a Stone." Buckwheat Flour. IT PAYS. THE IRELAND CO'S DELICIOUS BUCKWHEAT FLOUR. Prepared in two minutes according to directions.

LADIES. Will not find it difficult to procure an appropriate gift for gentlemen friends. Allan's Drug Store. Sticky Fly Paper, Insect Powder, Fly Pads, 5 and 10c. A Package at CROCKETT'S, Ladies' Tailor and Costumer.

DR. WOOD'S Norway Pine Syrup. Rich in the lung-healing virtues of the Pine combined with the soothing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks.

KNIVES, FORKS & SPOONS. 1847 ROGERS BROS. Genuine and Guaranteed by the MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

Coughing Yet? BEWARE! Take heed before too late. CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE has cured many. Why not try it? It is recommended by doctors as a modern scientific combination of several powerful curatives.



SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Mr. G. S. Mayo's friends will be glad to learn that he is recovering from his recent illness. Mrs. H. G. C. Ketchum of Fredericton was in the city for a few days lately.

Mr. and Mrs. G. McAvity have returned from a trip to Boston. They will leave in a few days to spend the winter in the Southern States. Mr. G. Brenton Sutherland who was on a visit to his way home to New Glasgow.

Mr. Watson who has been visiting city friends lately returned to Digby this week. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McLeod of Richibucto were here the first of the week.

Mrs. H. G. Melick who has been in the city for a few days leaves this morning for Wolfville, N. S. Mr. Melick is in Ontario where he will spend the winter. He expects to be in the city in the spring.

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FREDERICTON.

Programs is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Pacey and H. Hawthorne. This has been an extremely busy week, and with "At home" luncheons, tea, what parties etc., we have been very busy.

On Thursday afternoon Mrs. Mansell entertained her friends at a luncheon at the barracks. Over fifty invitations had been issued and I believe all must have been accepted for although Mrs. Mansell's rooms are large they were well filled from the start, and later on there was scarcely standing room, while the conversation was of a high order and merry laughter showed that all were enjoying themselves to the utmost.

The Military band had been stationed in a room at the head of the stairs and the sweet strains of the music were heard from the barracks. Refreshments were served at the afternoon and in this Mrs. Mansell was assisted by Miss Bodkin, Miss Nan Mansell and Miss Delaney. The invited guests were Mrs. Fraser, Mrs. Kingsdon, Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. Fowry, Mrs. Dizon, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Dixon, Mrs. D. P. George, Miss George, Mrs. Gregory, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Mackenzie, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Jack, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. T. B. Winslow, Mrs. E. B. Winslow, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Downing, Mrs. E. B. Winslow, Mrs. Ketchum, Mrs. Whalley, Mrs. Loggie, Mrs. Tabor, Mrs. J. Robinson, Mrs. H. B. Winslow, Mrs. F. Millard, Mrs. F. H. Winslow, Mrs. H. B. Winslow, Mrs. Davidson, Miss Gerdon, Miss Partridge, Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. Ida Allen, Mrs. O'Dell, Mrs. O'Dell, Mrs. McLeod, Mrs. Morris (St. Andrews).

Mrs. Fraser will not again accept of Government honours, until Tuesday, January 7th. Mrs. Clinton Tabor on Wednesday evening gave a very enjoyable tea party as a farewell to Mrs. Ketchum. Among those present were Mrs. Ketchum, Mrs. Rainsford, Mrs. Geo. Bliss, Mrs. Ketchum, Mrs. Fowry, Mrs. T. B. Winslow; Mrs. Rainsford, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. T. B. Winslow; Mrs. Addie George entertained the "Lang Syne Club" at her pleasant home on Friday evening, Miss Odell and Mr. A. R. Tibbitt being the fortunate winners of the prizes, while Miss Simpson, Mrs. Simonds carried off the consolation prizes.

Among the passengers on the S. S. "Lake Superior" which sailed on the 11th, was Mr. Geo. E. Powers of the Fredericton Post and Daily Intelligencer, who will spend his holidays on the other side. Mrs. J. R. Inch leaves on Saturday for Sackville where she will spend the Christmas holidays with her daughter, Mrs. Sydney Hanton; she will be accompanied by her granddaughter, Miss Dorothy Hanton.

Mrs. Ketchum gave a ladies' luncheon at her residence "Elmcrest" on Thursday, at which covers were laid for a dozen. Among those present were, Mrs. T. C. Allen, Mrs. Black, Mrs. O'Dell, Mrs. A. J. Gregory, Mrs. Fowry, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. G. H. Sharpe, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. W. E. Smith, and Miss Jarvis of P. E. I. The friends of Mrs. Beck, wife of the auditor general, will be pleased to learn that she is so far from recovering from her recent illness, as to be able to sit up for a short time.

AMHERST.

Programs is for sale at Amherst by Master A. D. Campbell. Dec. 18.—Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hunter and Mr. Crossley arrived on Saturday evening and are conducting evangelistic meetings in the Methodist church. They are stopping with Mrs. James Gates Havlock street.

An event of interest to many people in Amherst was the marriage of Miss Maggie Sutherland to Mr. Chas. S. Bulmer. The ceremony took place on Tuesday at St. Mark's church, Amherst. The bride has many friends in town made during her visit to her sister Mrs. R. D. Quigley.

Mr. Allan's many friends will be pleased to learn that he is slowly recovering his health. Mrs. Allan leaves next week to join the Dr. in New York on her tour in Bermuda where they will spend the remaining part of the winter.

Miss Winnie Cove of Springhill is the guest of her cousin Miss Mable Pugsley Victoria street. Mrs. Nellie Stafford is home from Edgell ill for the holidays.

Mr. B. B. Treen of Boston is visiting old friends in town. Mrs. Aubrey Smith of Sackville visited friends in town on Monday.

Miss Edna Hoy who has been visiting St. John friends for some time returned to Bridgetown this week. Mrs. Marion Dearness of Bridgetown who has been taking musical instructions from Prof. Titus has gone home to spend the Christmas holidays.

Piano Lumber.

Like a precious stone is valuable in proportion as it is flawless. A perfect piano must have perfect wood, Mr. L. E. N. Pratte, manager for this company spent some time making a personal selection of timber as it stood in the forest. No other piano manufacturers have taken such trouble but the Pratte Piano Company spare no effort to have every detail perfect.

Not only was the wood selected personally by the Pratte Piano Company's manager, but through all the various processes of transformation in addition to the attention of skilled mechanics it has the personal supervision of Mr. Pratte. This insures unequalled results.

You are invited to our warehouses to see our new instruments. Beginning with this number there will be a series of interesting ads. on piano makes, all numbered for convenience.

Pratte Piano Co. 1676 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL. To Be Given Away FREE.

Puzzle Rewards of Hundreds of Dollars. The above picture represents Napoleon's tomb and shade of ghost.

Answers to Puzzle received only through the mails. 1 Answers to Puzzle received only through the mails. 2 Rewards made in the following order, to the first correct answer received bearing earliest post mark, first reward and so on, thus no advantage is gained by those near by over those further away.

The Most Popular Magician Ever in Canada! MARKOS' Modern Miracles. The Inimitable Wizard in his Startling and Incomprehensible Mysteries, assisted by Miss Nettie Sinclair.

St. John Opera House, Dec. 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, inclusive. Evenings at 8. Wednesday and Saturday Matinees at 2.30. Prices: 15, 25, 35 cents. Secure Reserved Seats in advance.

Rocking Chair, \$2.50. Comfortable and Serviceable. Rat'an and Oak Rocking Chairs. Wall and Book Cabinets. Indian Clubs and Dumb Bells. Miniature Grandfather Clock Cases.

J. & J. D. HOWE, MASONIC BUILDING, 88 GERMAIN STREET. Christmas Presents for Ladies. Pattern Illustrated \$1.25 per pair.

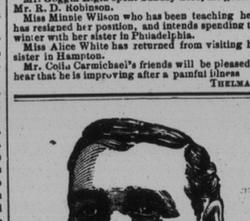
MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT. New Woman as her mother and her grandmother before her uses CLAPPERTON'S THREAD.

THE HOUSEHOLD. Well-Known Editor's Testimony. I cannot speak too strongly of the excellence of MINARD'S LINIMENT as a pain reliever.



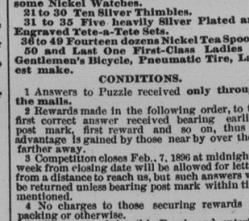
Tired but Sleepless. As a condition which gradually wears away the strength. Let the blood be purified and enriched by Hood's Sarsaparilla and this condition will cease.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the Only True Blood Purifier. It is the only medicine in the public eye today. Be sure you get Hood's and only Hood's. Do not be induced to buy any other.



CANCER ON THE LIP CURED BY AYER'S Sarsaparilla. "I consulted doctors who prescribed for me, but no purpose. I suffered in agony seven long years. Finally, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In a few days I noticed a decided improvement. Encouraged by this result, I persevered, and after using the Sarsaparilla for six months, the cancer disappeared."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Admitted at the World's Fair. AYER'S PILLS regulate the Bowels.



PREVENTIVE & REMEDY CO. 399 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Canada. CENTRAL Business College.

THE HOUSEHOLD. Well-Known Editor's Testimony. I cannot speak too strongly of the excellence of MINARD'S LINIMENT as a pain reliever.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1895

TAX REFORM IS NEEDED.

AN AGITATION FOR CHANGE IN THE ASSESSMENT LAW.

The Men who Are on the Halifax Commission and Their Views on the Subject—A Liquor Dealer who Got the Best of the Law—How a Merchant Saved his Cash.

HALIFAX, Dec. 19.—The Halifax civic tax reform commission, which has been at work in private for some time has now had one open session. The commission is looked upon with mingled feeling by the community. It is the outcome of the agitation for a change in our assessment laws, mainly in the direction of removing the tax on personal property. The commission was appointed by the local government, and is looked to with sanguine hope by the tax reformers as likely to point out a way of relief from those obnoxious personal property taxes; while on the other hand the advocates of the present system, though not very hopeful of anything favorable from the commission to their way of thinking, yet are not altogether in despair regarding it. They think they have one or two good friends, at least, on the commission. On the whole the consensus of public opinion is that the tax reform commission means a bill at the next session of the local legislature which will enact into law those principles which the tax reformers have so long been agitating.

Two wrongs do not make a right, and because the public money is wasted under the present law is no reason that a more equitable system of taxation should not be devised, if the present system is inequitable. In this connection, take the expenditure on civic salaries, for instance. The clerks and heads of departments at the city hall draw in salaries about \$50,000 annually. Just think of it! Fifty thousand dollars in salaries to expend a total of \$350,000 of civic reform fully as inviting as that afforded in the attack on the assessment law. That \$50,000 spent in civic salaries could be cut down to \$25,000, and the work done every whit as well if the aldermen had backbone enough to set about the task in earnest. An expensive royal commission would not be necessary for the purpose either. The departmental work at the city hall requires remodeling and re-organization from one end to the other. Let the various offices be arranged something on the plan of a bank, where each official would be part of a whole working for the common good of the institution. Abolish the present system where each man's labor is centralized in himself to too great an extent. Make one big machine of the whole staff rather than a score of small machines, and it will not be a difficult matter to materially cut down the item of \$50,000, civic salaries, and yet have the work done equally as well or better. The work the tax reform commission has in hand however is not to cut down expenses, but to find out how tax-paying by our citizens may be made more equitable. They are not there to learn how the money is spent after it is collected, but how to get it most fairly. Here are the names of the men engaged on this intricate work: G. Mitchell, chairman, R. Taylor, A. Burns, M. Cullen, Wm. Nisbet, J. Y. Payzant, J. R. Cragg, W. J. Stewart, E. Morrison. Are they fitted for the task imposed upon them? Let us see.

Goorge Mitchell the chairman of the commission is one of the most intelligent merchants of this city, one of the most influential members of the board of trade, and is possessed of an abundant stock of sound, practical common sense. He is engaged in a successful West India business, and is rated as worth \$50,000. Mr. Mitchell is a man of decided opinions on all subjects that come before a citizen who keeps himself abreast of the times. His views on tax reform are well known. Mr. Mitchell believes the tax on stocks of merchandise to be an abomination which must be swept away if Halifax is to flourish, and if other wholesale merchants, especially are to have even-handed justice.

William Nisbet has exactly opposite views on the question of tax reform. He is in the slightest degree afraid of taxes on personal property but he cannot endure the thought of the possibility of another cent being laid upon real estate. When Mr. Nisbet once makes up his mind or forms an opinion he becomes like adamant. It would need an earthquake so to speak, to change his views. He is a building contractor who has largely withdrawn from the competition of today, though he is just about finishing two fine houses on Victoria road for himself.

Adam Burns is one of the merchant princes of Halifax, and has a fortune of \$150,000. While Messrs. Mitchell and Nisbet are liberals, in Mr. Burns, Premier Fielding appointed a conservative. He is deeply interested in the welfare of the city of Halifax, is a well informed man, and one of our best citizens. As senior member of the dry goods firm of Burns and Murray it is not strange if Mr. Burns should desire the abolition of the tax on stocks of merchandise, though he has not yet been prominently heard from on the question.

Like Ex-Ald. Morrow it is likely "he wants to unload" what he considers an unjust burden, a burden which handicaps him in competition with wholesale merchants of other cities. There is not a more intelligent man among the artisans of Halifax than M. Cullen, the representative on the commission of labor so called. He is a compositor in the office of the Acadian Recorder, and a better "labor representative" than Mr. Cullen could not have been selected. J. Y. Payzant is a lawyer and a wealthy one. He makes his money, and has made much of it in the management of estates, and the handling of money. Mr. Payzant is estimated to be worth at least \$100,000. As a representative of real estate Mr. Payzant's career on the commission will be watched with interest. There are few in Halifax who have a greater stake in the real estate of Halifax than Mr. Payzant. He is a well informed, benevolent man, a good citizen in every respect and by the way is the second conservative on the commission.

Robert Taylor is the head of the Robert Taylor shoe manufacturing business. Every one in Halifax knows that he is a tax reformer from the very heart. He would soon settle the question if it were left solely in his hands. The retail shopkeeper is represented in J. R. Cragg. Mr. Cragg is a man of liberal views and one who is open to reason. He has not publicly expressed his opinion on the tax reform question, which is equivalent to saying he has not stated whether he wants the personal property tax abolished or not. Edward Morrison is a merchant whose mind is open to correction on most questions, tax reform as well as others. For the ninth member of the commission Premier Fielding is not responsible. A majority of the city council appointed him. Alderman Stewart is one of the fathers of the tax reform association who has kept up the agitation for reform that is now in a fair way of accomplishment. He is thoroughly informed on the question of taxation, and knows by long odds more about the subject than any other member of the city council, and as much as any man outside the council rail. The alderman is a man of brains, and one of the best workers this city possesses in any of its departments of usefulness.

A commission like the above is surely fitted for its work, and the question with which the names were introduced can with safety be answered in the affirmative. Gets There Just the Same. HALIFAX, Dec. 19.—Gilbert Walker, who was brought up by the police for illegal liquor selling was a surprised man in Stipendiary Fielding's court the other day. He had pleaded guilty to the charge and was convicted. Then his license was brought into court and it was found to be his third offence. That forfeited the license and made it impossible for Walker to get another for three years. He seemed to have forgotten the fact. When the discovery was made Walker changed his pleading of "guilty" to "not guilty" and appealed to the supreme court. That enables him to continue business till the appeal comes up, which may be a long time in the future. But the license year expires in three or four months.

BURIED THIRTY YEARS.

QUEBEC STORY OF DIGGING FOR A WRECKED STEAMER.

It sank in a River but Was Found far from the Bank—Recovery of a Rich Cargo of Old Time Whiskey and Gin—Lost a Generation Ago.

One foggy morning, just about dawn, in August, 1865, the side-wheel steambast Twilight was making her way cautiously up the Missouri River. The watch had gone below and the deck hands had tumbled up with bucket and mop to swab down the deck. In the wheel house the pilot stood dripping with the heavy mist, calling to the wheelman, "Keep her jacking off on the lone cottonwood on the starboard shore and swing her stern around."

The Twilight was chug-chugging along slowly against the current. Camden, sleepy old village, had been passed, and Kansas City would be reached early in the afternoon. Right ahead was a bend in the river. Suddenly there was a jar. The hog chains snapped with a report like a cannon, and the boat heavily "hogged," or bulged up in the middle, and the ends began to sink. In a moment or two the water began pouring into the hatches and the boat careened to the North. Meantime a scene of excitement was enacted in the cabins. Passengers rushed to the deck, scantily clad, and were put into boats and sent ashore. The crew followed. The Twilight had settled so that she was submerged, except the pilot house and "texas," and in this condition she remained until winter, when the ice swept away her upper works. She had struck a submerged sycamore tree of huge dimensions, having got out of the channel in the fog. The passengers were cared for by the farmers in the vicinity and taken to Kansas City, twenty miles distant, by a boat that came up the river that night. Thus ended a venture that, had it been successful, would have made the owners of the Twilight richer by many thousands of dollars, for these were days when a trip from St. Louis to the head waters of the Missouri brought \$50,000 profit.

The cargo of the Twilight was very rich. It was composed of 300 barrels of whiskey, hundreds of cases of wines, liquors, and canned goods, and a great many barrels of oils of various sorts, including lard, castor, and petroleum. There were in her also ten to twelve tons of white lead, twenty tons of pig iron, 150 stoves, and a huge stamp mill and engines for the mine, to say nothing of sheet copper, eighty-five stands of Government arms and uniforms, and all sorts of valuable things. For several years she lay on the log in the river, visible when the water was low, and again covered. She was a thing of fascination to country boys, who dreamed of all sorts of exploits to get the treasure out of her. There was an air of mystery about her that thrilled the farm lads like the tales of Capt. Kidd or the stories of the adventurers of wreckers. Four years after she sank an unsuccessful attempt was made to get the cargo. Several years after that farmers in the vicinity got two barrels of whiskey out of her, and when they went for more she could not be found. The treacherous river had shifted, and she was buried in a sand bank. Then the river cut in along the south bank close under the bluff, and the great rise of 1881 made a sand bar on top of her, buried her deep and left her far inland under thirty-nine feet of sand, 100 yards from the bank of the river at high water, and half a mile from shore when the river was down.

From that time on hundreds of people made unsuccessful attempts to locate the wreck and recover the valuable cargo. Capt. Farwell, an old-time river Captain, spent the best days of his life hunting the banks of the river over in search of the Twilight. It was expected that if the wreck should be found enormous profits would be made from the whiskey, providing it was in good condition. It was Monongahela rye, old-fashioned copper distilled, made in the days when pure whiskey was the rule. Besides, it was rumored that there was valuable treasure in the safe which was in the purser's room, and the white lead, which would not be ruined by the water, would be worth \$100 a ton; and it was expected that other things readily salable would be found. Last February the Kansas City Wrecking Company was formed of capitalists and business men. They obtained permission from the Government to seek the treasure. In such cases, after years have elapsed without the owners seeking to regain their property, "finder are keepers." The working members of the company were Capt. Arthur Leopold, a licensed river captain and pilot; Capt. George R. Collins of the Third Regiment, Missouri National Guards, and John D. King, a machinist. March 1 they located the boat. The way they did so is interesting. They first got the general location of the bar from old settlers on the river bank. Then with long steel diving rods they probed the sand. The rods were forced down inch by inch until they reached the probable depth of

A HEAVY MORTGAGE.

How a prominent farmer quickly lifted it.

A mortgage has been described as an incentive to industry, a heavy mortgage, as a sure sign of ruin. The last is particularly true, for if a mortgage is allowed to run it will eat up the farm. In the connection Mr. Henry Fowler, of Huron writes: "From my boyhood scrofula had marked me for a victim and it seemed as if it had a life mortgage on my blood. I suffered fearfully with sores, and knowing my condition I have remained a single man. Doctor after doctor prescribed for me, and finally a Toronto specialist told me bluntly that there was valuable treasure in the safe which was in the purser's room, and the white lead, which would not be ruined by the water, would be worth \$100 a ton; and it was expected that other things readily salable would be found. Last February the Kansas City Wrecking Company was formed of capitalists and business men. They obtained permission from the Government to seek the treasure. In such cases, after years have elapsed without the owners seeking to regain their property, "finder are keepers." The working members of the company were Capt. Arthur Leopold, a licensed river captain and pilot; Capt. George R. Collins of the Third Regiment, Missouri National Guards, and John D. King, a machinist. March 1 they located the boat. The way they did so is interesting. They first got the general location of the bar from old settlers on the river bank. Then with long steel diving rods they probed the sand. The rods were forced down inch by inch until they reached the probable depth of

Not Easily Scared.

Housekeeper—Didn't you see that sign out there. "Beware of the dog?" Tramp—No, mum. Housekeeper—There is a sign there, and it is especially intended to warn just such fellows as you, so that you will keep away. Tramp—I didn't see no sign, mum; I only saw the dog.

Annual Christmas Sale.

Special Values for Christmas Presents.

Silks, Furs, Umbrellas and Waterproofs.

SILKS for Evening Dresses and Blouse Waists. Novelties in Striped and Broche Taffeta. New Designs, Exquisite Colorings, Moderate Prices. Black Faille Francaise. Black Satin Duchesse. Black Satin Merveilleux. Black Empress Silks.

FURS, JACKETS, CAPES, COLLARS and MUFFS in the Fashionable Furs of the day.

Special value in Greenland Seal, Astrachan, Black Marten and Baltic Seal Capes. UMBRELLAS with Novelty Handles and Durable Silk Coverings, with Steel Frames and Wooden Shafts. WATERPROOF CLOAKS, Latest English Shapes.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

boat might have sunk. After much patient probing one day the rod struck something hard, and telephoned up to the sharp ears by means of vibration that it had struck metal. Then began probing around and about until the experienced men the rod told that it had found the "doctor," or great engine and pump used to feed the boilers. It was an easy matter then to lay off on the sand the general outlines of the boat and find the hatches. To make sure, however, the rods were sent down sixteen feet to the north and south of the "doctor," and found the wooden bulwarks of the boat. She was 32 feet wide, 185 feet long and 6 feet deep in the hold. The hatches were located and found to be open, and there lay the Twilight beneath them, buried under thirty-nine feet of sand, but as plainly visible to their minds' eyes as if she had been on top of the ground. Machinery was shipped to the spot from Kansas City. It was necessary to get the cargo out, to build and sink a caisson precisely as if she had been in 30 feet of water, instead of sand, although had she been in the water the work would have been easier. The caisson was built of heavy timber, weighed at the top and with two locks. It was 8 feet square at the bottom and 5 1/2 at the top. Eight feet from the bottom was a floor with a trap door, and another trap door in the top. Running to the bottom were two pipes, the air compressor and the exhaust. As the caisson was sunk air was compressed into it. Attached to the huge exhaust valve was a huge rubber hose. Sand and mud were shoveled over the mouth of the hose within the caisson, a lever opened the exhaust valve, and the sand and mud were sucked in and blown out at the top, the valve was closed and the process went on. A trench was then dug all around the wall of the caisson, which dropped down inch by inch and foot by foot. This went on for months till one day the shovel struck metal—they were evidently on to the "doctor." They expected to find the machine so rust eaten that they would not be able to get it out without trouble, but, to their astonishment, the metal was as sound as the day the boat went down. They dug away the sand and mud as much as possible, and then found that it would be necessary to break up the huge machine, which consisted of a big engine and six pumps. After it had been broken and the pieces hoisted out the deck was reached. It slanted to the north at an angle of 45 degrees. It was cut away and the discrepancy between the surface of the deck and the bottom of the caisson built in with bulkheads. It took three bulkheads to make the juncture tight. The pine deck timbers and the oak stringers were found to be as sound as the day the boat was sunk. The hold was full of blue clay or mud, closely impacted around everything.

The men were wild with delight down in the hold of the buried boat, with 39 feet of wet sand above them. They filled their lungs with air pumped from above, and rolled and danced, and shook hands with one another. For many months they had been digging and toiling for this very thing, and by the side of a wall of sand the treasure lay revealed. With feverish haste, with pick and shovel, they tore up the boxes, getting them loose. They had been piled solidly in tiers, and they stuck tight. The first case taken out was broken, and from it trickled a white liquor that had a piney odor. Eight bottles had been broken by the picks in the men's hands. The case was stamped "Old London Club Gin, 1860." With four bottles the men climbed out of the caisson and rushed up to the head of Capt. Leopold, and putting their hearts through the flap shouted, "We've found it, cap't; we've found it at last!" The captain, aroused from his sleep, got into his clothes, and together they went back and spent the night examining their find.

The labels of the bottles had been eaten off by the water. The bottles are square-faced, of dark green glass, and hold an honest quart. They are sealed with black wax, which has not been disturbed by time or water. The saw dust in which the bottles were packed was wet and mud-colored. One of the bottles was opened and the liquor strained. It contained some sediment and particles of cork, which had partly disintegrated through time and the juniper fumes. Some of the bottles were brought to Kansas city and taken to the leading club house, where a number of good judges of liquor had been invited to sample the gin. It was old fashioned and had a slight taste as of pine or turpentine. A few moments after it was swallowed it began to make its influence felt, and a glow stole through the drinkers, which spread from their toes to the tips of their ears, and they told voluminously of the good quality of the gin. There was beds of ooze and hard balls of clay that shot up and out of the exhaust pipe, as if from a cannon. In the mud and sand that came up the exhaust pipe were peanuts, allspice, corn, and coffee. The allspice retained its spicy smell and flavor; the peanuts shells were whole, but full of white dust. The shells were all that remained of the grains of corn. Out of the mud were picked pieces of gum and cotton sacks, whole and strong; pieces of the sides of tea chests, and other evidences of the cargo. When a space had been cleared away in the hold the men could faintly see the shapes of barrels and cases. On the latter being broken away they were found to be full of canned goods, the tin bright, but the contents spoiled. There were iron-strapped cases of sardines, and looking along under the deck the corners of boxes and rims of barrels could be seen. When the wreckers had got thus far, which was last June, water began to leak in from the sand through the hatches, and they were compelled to quit work. Then they got a steam pump from Kansas City, and kept the water out as they dug. They made a little progress in this way, and then they found that the whiskey and liquors, which were the chief things they were after, were not in the after hatch in which they were digging there, and then went all over the work again of sinking a caisson to the forward hatch.

About 9 o'clock the other night three of the men were at work in the forward hold of the boat removing cordwood, with which the passage was filled. All the water-soaked wood had been taken out, and a clear passage was before them in the wet sand. Without warning the sand on one side caved in, and before them was a wall of bright wooden cases and long rows of barrels and kegs. A man who had drunk old London gin as far back as 1860 was given a drink, and said it was the best thing he had ever tasted. It was the old London "square" that Dickens wrote about and smacked his lips over. There are a great many cases of gin in the hold, and this will be taken out at once, as it belongs to the wreckers absolutely.

The 300 barrels of whiskey in the hold have not all been uncovered, but some of them have, and the barrels are in a perfect state of preservation. One of them was tapped and the whiskey was found to be even better than the gin. A glass of it, which was poured out before a company of men in the Kansas City Club, filled the entire room with its aroma. It was thick and oily, almost of the consistency of New Orleans molasses, and after the glass was emptied it clung to the sides as syrup would. Whiskey connoisseurs who have sampled it say that it exceeds anything in the whiskey line that they had ever dreamed of. The barrels of whiskey will not be taken out for two weeks or more, as the wrecking company desires that Government officials shall see it and become satisfied that it is tax free. The taxes were paid at the distillery where the stuff was made over thirty years ago. There is a rumor that aft of where the whiskey was found in the purser's cabin, and in it is a safe containing a large sum of money, which was being carried from

St. Louis to up-river merchants and army posts. The money question, however, is forgotten for the present in the joy of the wreckers at the finding of the whiskey and gin. This city and the surrounding country have gone wild over the find. One of the wreckers ventured the opinion that no crops would be grown in the vicinity till the excitement had died out. Soon after the whiskey was found more than 500 farmers had gathered about the caisson watching the operations. In half the saloons in Kansas city "Twilight" whiskey is being sold, though not a drop of the genuine article has been placed on sale. Those who have sampled the alleged "Twilight" whiskey say it is more like "torchlight" whiskey. Speculation is rife as to what will be the profits of the wreckers. Experienced whiskey dealers say that it will sell readily for at least \$400 a barrel.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Why the Mirages Seem Inverted. Our last week's article on the curious positions assumed by the images in that variety of mirage peculiar to the Mediterranean in the vicinity of Italy, and which is known as the Fata Morgana, caused us to undertake the task of ascertaining exactly "why" mirage images are usually seen inverted. If you will take the time to look the matter up you will find that this phenomenon is not clearly explained, either in the books of meteorology or optics. Lord Raleigh says that the delusion of water appearing in mirages on hot, sandy plains is due to the fact that the undisturbed strata of air near the earth is highly rarified. A ray of light falling very obliquely upon this strata, and being totally reflected, reaches the eye of the observer just as if it would be reflected from water. The phenomenon is, strictly speaking, one of refraction rather than reflection. Now, just as the glass lens forms an image on the screen, so the crystalline lens of the eye forms an image on the retina or sensitive back part of the eye. This retina image is inverted, as all retina images are, and being projected to another strata of rarified air above, has the effect of making the delusion perfect. Raleigh further says that there has been much unnecessary speculation in connection with the theory of inverted retina images, the mystery being that we do not see all things inverted.

The truth of the matter is—now look for something you never saw in a book—we do not see the retina image at all, we only feel it. If we could see the image on the eye of some one else we would certainly see it inverted. More mountain numbers have been seriously or fatally injured in the Alps this season than ever before in an equal length of time.

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Silks, Furs, Umbrellas and Waterproofs.

SILKS for Evening Dresses and Blouse Waists. Novelties in Striped and Broche Taffeta. New Designs, Exquisite Colorings, Moderate Prices. Black Faille Francaise. Black Satin Duchesse. Black Satin Merveilleux. Black Empress Silks.

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Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

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REMAINS OF COLUMBUS.

SAID TO BE IN THE CATHEDRAL OF SANTO DOMINGO.

Claim of the Solution of a Mystery by the Historian Rudolf Cronan—Remains at the Discovery of the Bones of Christopher Columbus.

Historian Rudolf Cronan writes from Santo Domingo, Hayti, announcing his discovery of new evidence, direct and circumstantial, that the bones of Christopher Columbus are still resting in the cathedral of the negro republic's capital.

Professor Cronan's recent investigation appears to settle the case for all time. Here follows his essay: "The question opened up by the discoveries of Sept. 10, 1877, whether the remains of Christopher Columbus rest in the Cathedral of Havana or are still in their ancient burial place, the sanctuary of the Santo Domingo Cathedral, had never been investigated by an impartial historian until I undertook to examine into its merits.

Heretofore the decision lay between Spanish authorities, who had an interest in maintaining that the casket and bones, transferred with great state and solemnity, to Havana toward the end of the last century, were the genuine relics, and the ecclesiastical and governmental Hayti officers, whose statements were also not above suspicion.

Being anxious to give the true facts in my forthcoming book, "America; the history of Her Discovery," I went to the island to see for myself. Before entering into a discussion of my investigation, let me briefly recapitulate the historical data appertaining to the case.

In May, 1506, Columbus was buried at Valladolid, but soon afterward the remains were transferred to the Carthusian monastery of Las Cuevas, Seville. Some time between the years 1511 and 1519, not in 1526, the Admiral's body was disinterred and taken over the sea to Hispaniola, to be buried in the Santo Domingo Cathedral. This was done upon the earnest solicitation of Columbus' daughter-in-law, to whom the discoverer had expressed his last wish to rest in the island, the scene of his great deeds and greater sufferings.

The date of 1536, found in many books, is incorrect, for I found, during my stay in Santo Domingo, that the cathedral of that city was not finished until 1540. On the cession of Hayti to the French, in 1792, the relics, or what passed for them, were exhumed and taken to Havana that they might be buried in Spanish soil.

I have this authority for saying that the transfer of the body to Santo Domingo took place within the period of 1541 to 1549. My investigations on the spot showed that in the latter year the remains were known to lie in the cathedral. Some time later the Emperor Charles V. ordered that the sanctuary of the Santo Domingo cathedral be reserved as the hereditary burial place of the Colon family, and in consequence the bodies of Columbus' eldest son Diego, who died in 1526, and of his second son, Luis, who died in 1572, were also brought there for interment, though both died in Spain. I could discover nothing to show when these bodies were transferred to Hayti. The transfer to Havana, that is the preliminary labor, began Dec. 20, 1795. Perhaps it is just as well that the Spaniards are not in a position to celebrate the centennial of this event a few weeks hence.

As to the finding of the burial place of Columbus Sept. 10, 1877, and the subsequent doubt as to the genuineness of the relics reposing in the cathedral of Havana, I have this authentic report on the subject: Laborers engaged in relaying the flagstones of the Santo Domingo cathedral discovered on the date mentioned a small burial vault next to the one whose contents had been carried away by the Spaniards eighty-two years previous. Stopping work, they informed the authorities, who invited the resident foreign Consul and the Archbishop to be present at the opening of the vault. It was found to contain a leaden casket.

The lid contained the following inscription in abbreviated form: "Descubridor de la America, Primer Almirante," (discoverer of America, the first Admiral), and "Illustre y esclarecido Vron Don Christoval Colon" (the renowned and excellent man, Don Christoval Colon).

The side walls of the casket contained these initials: C. C. A., which stands undoubtedly for Christoval Colon Almirante.

Among the remains of bones and garments were found a musket ball and a little silver shield, originally screwed on to the top of the head piece. This, too, had an abbreviated inscription, reading as follows: "Ultima parte de los restos del Primer Christoval Colon, descubridor" (the last remains of the first Admiral, Christoval Colon, the discoverer).

This made it quite clear that the casket, with its contents, is the original one buried in the cathedral, but, as intimated, the Spaniards would not accept the truth of this simple fact.

Immediately upon my arrival at Santo Domingo I petitioned the authorities for a

permit to examine the cathedral, its records, books, and the state archives.

My first care was to ascertain whether the condition of the sanctuarium 100 years ago, when the Spaniards searched for the grave of Columbus, was such as to permit an error on their part. To ascertain such a possibility I studied numerous historical documents, descriptions, and architectural plans concerning the cathedral, and found that originally two burial vaults had been built at the right of the high altar, and in one of them Columbus' remains had been deposited. There is, however, no record showing that his last resting place was marked in any way by name or date.

When the cathedral was first built the sanctuarium had two platforms, the upper rising one step over the other. In later years the lower platform was abolished, and its space was raised to the level of the upper one. Then the entire distance was covered with a new layer of bricks and under that the entrance to the vaults and these themselves were completely buried. The changes having been made toward the end of the seventeenth century, it is highly improbable that the Spaniards, at the end of the eighteenth century, knew that they took place.

As already stated, the bodies of Columbus' sons were buried in the cathedral as well as that of the Admiral. Did the Spaniards of 1795 consider this fact? Probably not; probably they had never heard of it, for the casket taken to Havana from an unmarked grave bore no inscriptions whatever.

It is likely that the body of the most celebrated man of his times be buried in a coffin absolutely unrecognizable? The vault discovered eighteen years ago is situated next to that emptied by the Spaniards in 1795, and separated from it by a thin wall of stones. I am satisfied that it is the older of the two; its position nearest to the outer wall of the church, too, seems to indicate that it was the first of the kind erected.

The records above quoted show that Columbus was the first of the Colon family buried in the cathedral.

I found great similarity between the lettering on the Columbus casket and that of other historical monuments of the first half of the sixteenth century. The calligraphy as well as the form of abbreviation corresponds with that found in documents relating to Fernando Cortez, Cabeza de Vaca, and others. Especially remarkable is the letter r, which on the Columbus casket and the documents referred to takes the form of an x.

The bullet found in the Columbus casket has the appearance of one fired from an old time musket. We have no records that Columbus was wounded during his travels in the service of the Spanish monarchy, but I discovered in a letter to the King and Queen, dated November 1502, the following passage: "My old wound has opened again, and for nine days all hopes to keep me within me was despaired of."

There are people living today who have carried a bullet in their body for twenty-five years and more. Why should not Columbus have been likewise afflicted? The leaden ball came to the surface only when his frame fell to pieces.

Whose bones, then, sleep in the Havana Cathedral? We know that three of the Colon family were buried in the Santo Domingo church—Columbus, Diego, and Luis. Luis' tomb I have seen. It is situated to the left of the high altar, and contains a leaden casket filled with bones and dust. An inscription on the casket reads: "El Almirante Don Luis Colon, Duque de Jamaica, Marqués de Veragua" (The Admiral Don Luis Colon, Duke of Jamaica, Marquis of Veragua).

Assuming that the inscription on the Columbus casket tells the truth—and there is no reason for doubting this—we must conclude that the Spaniards, 100 years ago, carried off the remains of Diego, believing them to be those of his great father. Undoubtedly they have a Colon who discovered a new world.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

FLOATING KIDNEY.

This Sounds Strange, But it is a Recognized Disease.

Any Way—The Victim Given up by Five Doctors, Acknowledges a Cure and Says Dodd's Kidney Pills Did the Trick.

Gelert, Oct. 12 1895.

The Dods Medicine Co. Gentlemen—Some time in December, 1893 I was taken sick, and laid up unable to work for fourteen months. I was attended at various times and took medicine from five doctors. They agreed in calling my disease Floating Kidney, and the other two thought it was some form of spinal disease. I got no help, was still in bed, and all pronounced my disease incurable.

About this time, some friend advised me to take Dodd's Kidney Pills. I was run down to a skeleton and suffering night and day. I had taken about three boxes only, when I was able to get up and walk a few steps. I kept on taking the pills and getting better, until now I have taken eighteen boxes with the result that I can say I am able to work again and perfectly cured. What was considered an incurable kidney disease or spinal trouble.

You are at liberty to use this certificate for the benefit of all who suffer and desire a cure, and believe me to be Yours gratefully, SAMUEL KERNAHAN.

Scandal in Casino Society.

First Dog—Did you see that upstart Fido, at the reception last night? Second Dog—No; what has he been doing now? First Dog—Oh, it was another exhibition of bad taste. Wait, Bower, he gracefully running after his own tail Fido broke right into the exercises and began running after his. And Fido, you know is bob-tailed.

Keen Swords.

The early Japanese swords were expected to be so keen that a blade suspended horizontally beneath a tree would sever any falling leaf that might fall upon its edge.

MAKING FRENCH WINE.

HOW A CROP IS GOT READY IN THE BORDEAUX DISTRICT.

Vineyards Show a Merry and Busy Scene in Harvest Time—The Final Process of Treading out the Juice, Fermentation and Mixing the Wine.

More Americans are familiar with the taste of the wines of Bordeaux than with the method of their manufacture; many are so unfamiliar with the produce of the charming part of France from which these wines come that they suppose that "Bordeaux" necessarily means a red wine, and are ignorant that Chateau Yquem and Vin de Grave are Bordeaux wines as well as the clarets. Bordeaux, of course, produces white wines as well as red; but it is of the red wines which come from the famous and ancient town of St. Emilion that a recent article in the Figaro Illustré speaks, describing its yearly "vendanges," or vintage.

In the first place, says the Figaro, the wines of Bordeaux are divided into four groups, three of which are found on the left bank of the Garonne, or of the Gironde, which continues it, and one on the right bank of the Dordogne. First, as you go down the Garonne, you reach near Langes the vineyards which give the noble white wines of which Chateau Yquem and La Tour-Blanche are the best. Then come the red wines of Grave, and next, where the Garonne joins with the Dordogne to form the Gironde, you find the Medoc district—the name we Americans know best—with the Chateaux of Margau, Lafite, Leoville, and others. Turning back now up the Dordogne, and disembarking on the right bank and the rich and coquetish city of Libourne, and going up among the little hills we get to St. Emilion, with its population of only a thousand nowadays, though it had 9,000 in the middle ages.

An old, old town is St. Emilion. The soldiers of the emperor Probus were the first who made clearings here among the forest and planted the vine, and so renowned became the country side that in the fourth century the poet Ausonius, preceptor of the Emperor Gratian, had a vineyard here which still bears his name. In the fifth century the Vandals and the Visigoths overran the peaceful vineyards and the cultivated colony, and not until the eighth century do we hear of the place again. Then the Saracens came up over the Pyrenees and burned a monastery that stood where the town of St. Emilion is now standing. And about the same time Emilion himself, holy man, came and formed a heritage for himself, and lived and died there. And he had many disciples, and they founded a monastery, and during the reign of Charlemagne carved in the living rock the magnificent monolithic church which is the pride of the city. Thirty-eight meters long and twenty meters high, it is literally formed of a single stone.

During many centuries St. Emilion saw wars on wars, and during the strife between Catholic and Protestant, what a scene of carnage, pillage, and violation it presented. At last came Louis XIII., in 1621, and gave it peace. He made a solemn entry and drank a cup of the king of wines, and since that time, happily for St. Emilion, except for a brief reign of terror during the revolution, it has been nothing more than a little provincial town.

Probably nowhere in the world is the vine better cultivated than at St. Emilion. The processes are perhaps a little old-fashioned and the new agricultural machines have not yet arrived; but the vine growers of the country make their boast that they raise their wines by hand. And how do they do it? In January the vine still possesses intact its branches of last year covered with dry leaves. Then begins the pruning. On each plant, according to the vigor and force of the stock, are left one, two, or three branches, with a number of eyes never exceeding eight. From these are to spring the fruit of the new year. Scarcely is this work over when February has come, and now the frames must be fixed in the ground, and the frail branches which have been spared by the pruner of January must be tied up to them. March and April succeed, and the sun begins to warm the vines. The plow is driven through the earth between the rows of vines letting heat, air, and life penetrate into the soil. Between the vines the woman strips carefully the useless branches and leaves. The "mannes," or baby grapes, looking like bits of lichen, now appear, and if the nights do not turn frosty and kill them, they will develop into succulent grapes.

In May and June the work reaches a second stage, exactly like the first, only different. In April the study was to uncover the roots of the vine and condense on them the warm rays of the sun; now the second labor heaps up the earth around the stock to protect it against the heat of summer. In July a third labor begins, less arduous than those which have preceded it. Now the earth, which begins to swell under the sun, must have air, so it is watered. In August and September the fourth and last task is entered upon. From this time forward each stock will have its warm foot covering of earth; the furrows will be artistically rounded so that the rain may run off into the trenches. During all these summer months the weak vines have been carefully lopped, exuberant branches have been solidly tied up,

sulphur has been dusted over the sour grapes, and a mixture of evergreens and lime water has been vaporized over the leaves to preserve them from mildew. In short, all is ready for the great day of the grape harvest.

This is rarely earlier than the 15th of September or later than the 10th of October. As soon as the proprietor sees his grapes ripening, he hastens to mobilize his army of pickers, which he recruits from among the neighbouring country people and the tramp pickers, who come partly from the City of Bordeaux and partly from the country side of the Dordogne. This army is armed, the women with scissors and wooden baskets, the men with big-eared buckets, carried on a pole across the shoulders. These are the foot soldiers: The baggage wagons are represented by big ox-carts—but there is neither cavalry nor artillery. When the crop is heavy the young ladies of the chateau do not disdain to join this army themselves—so they may be called the reserves. And fine sport it is for these elegant young girls to put on short skirts of fine calico and pretty little wooden sabots, to wear the peasant head-dress of striped Madras, and to work among the vines.

All these workers march in procession to the fields; each cutter takes possession of a vine and the work begins. The women cut the grapes into the wooden baskets, the men empty the baskets into the big buckets, and the buckets when full are loaded on the ox carts. Each ox cart, having received its load, is driven to the great tub; but at Saint Emilion, where the old traditions are scrupulously preserved, the fruit is often carried to the tub on the men's heads. But one way or another the grapes all go to the tub and thence to the press, while the gay vintage songs resound and the men and girls frolic together at the work.

In the press the first treading separated the seeds from the grapes, and when the seeds have been thrown to the chickens and turkeys, who are very fond of them, the pulp and the must are borne to the vat, where the mighty sun will hold anywhere from 1,500 to 2,500 gallons. When this is full the trap is closed and all is ready for fermentation. And while the first bubblings of the must go on inside, the harvesters are cutting grapes for the next vat. And so it goes on.

At night the pickers sleep on straw beds, after a supper of thick soup and potatoes. This life will continue for ten weeks, when the season will be closed by the inevitable solemn visit of the proprietor of the chateau in the court yard. They present him with a bouquet and a speech; he replies in feeling words and distributes silver dollars among them.

The vintage over, the cellars are visited every day to see if fermentation has ceased in the vats. Generally this happens at the end of eight days. Three or four days longer they wait until the wine has cooled, and then the vats are tapped, and the new wine is set forth for the long and careful treatment which it is to receive before it is ready for use. First, the wine of all the vats are mixed together so that the whole may be homogeneous; then the dregs are drawn off, the wine is drawn again and again, and left to settle, and so on. Finally comes the all-important visit of the wine broker, whose judgment can make or mar a whole crop. If his verdict be favorable the proprietor smiles and all is well for another year.

ELEPHANTS IN A FIGHT.

They Disagreed on a Trip Across the Ocean and had a Big Tussle.

William Newman known as "Elephant Bill," arrived yesterday on the Hamburg-American liner, Perla, with seven of the smallest elephants known to be in captivity. They will be sent to Barnum & Bailey's winter quarters tomorrow.

"I went to London last May," Newman said, "with the two big elephants Juno and Madoc, and left them with Kirally, for his show. After I saw that they were well behaved, I started out to get small elephants, and I got them—beauties, every one.

"I have seven that I picked up in Hamburg. They are worth \$25,000. They are from 1 1/2 to 12 years old, and from three and a half to five and a half feet high. The darling of the lot is Baby Ruth. She is the youngest and the smallest, and is as gentle and playful as a kitten. The only other that are named are Pilot and Albert, the two males of the herd. They are bouncing young fellows, weigh about 3,500 pounds each, and have no affection for each other.

"We had them all in a great box stall between decks, each chained by the foot to the floor. Everything went peacefully and quietly with them until the 21st, when all at once we heard most vicious trumpeting in the stall, and then I knew that something had gone wrong.

"I called my helper and some of the sailors, opened the stall door, and found my seven pets in an uproar, and Pilot and Albert pummeling each other in the most approved jungle style. They were both loose, and were slashing at each other with their trunks and battering away with their heads. Before we could separate them they had banged their heads together two or three times, and made a noise that could be heard all over the ship.

"We had to take pitchforks and iron rods to separate them, and, even though they were small, it was no easy matter. When we would think we had them in control, they would break away again and crash their heads together in a way that would make the stall tremble and start all the others trumpeting again. We had a hard time of it before we got them chained. Their fight and anger made them somewhat dyspeptic, I think; for a time they did not care to eat, but simply snapped their little eyes at each other as much as to say: 'You just wait till next time.'" New York Times.

Use SURPRISE Soap on wash day. It Saves money. READ the directions on the wrapper.

Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's. Wine THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE. E. G. SCOVIL



HOW HE MIGHT TRY A WHEEL. WHEN Mr. Frank W. Oakes was fourteen years of age the modern bicycle did not exist; for it was twenty years ago. And even if that lively little vehicle had been as common a thing as it is now he would have been barred from riding it. Not for want of money or of wish, but for a reason he sets forth in these words:—"When I was fourteen years old I had pains all over my body and rheumatism in every joint." And after that he suffered with it off and on for twenty years—up to date, almost, as he only got rid of it about fifteen months since. So as he is still a young man, he has plenty of time left for wheeling or for any other physical amusement that he has been shut out from. Mr. Oakes will please accept our sympathy in respect of what he passed through, not only because it was so painful and disabling, but because it was a sort of outrage. A boy has no more business to have rheumatism than he has to have leprosy or delirium tremens. "Rheumatism," says a certain eminent physician who practices medicine with his eyes open, "IS THE complaint of old age and decay." Yet this poor boy was racked and tormented with it at a period when he ought to have been as free from aches as a sapling is from dry rot. How on earth did it happen? Let Mr. Oakes tell his story first and then we will see. After relating the facts already mentioned he says:—"I could not bear anything to touch me and was almost frantic with pain night and day. I lay in bed perfectly helpless for thirteen months, and had to be lifted whenever it was necessary for me to move. After this attack I had St. Vitus' dance owing to my weakness. Every winter I had attacks similar to the first but milder, when I would be laid up for two or three weeks. I lived in constant dread of these attacks, as the slightest cold would bring them on. "In this general condition I continued year after year, during which time I tried one doctor after another and all kinds of remedies I heard of. But nothing gave me any relief until the rheumatic outbreak had run its course. In January, 1892, I had the influenza followed by my old enemy; and a doctor attended me for a fortnight without doing me any good. Then I gave the doctor up and tried the medicine you know about, which had been strongly recommended to me by a friend. After I had taken only a few doses of this the pain was much easier and soon left me altogether. I got back to my work feeling better than I had done for years. Now I take an occasional dose and keep in the best of health. Had I known of it sooner what an amount of torture it would have saved me. I feel it my duty to send you this statement, as everyone with this awful complaint ought to know what has done so much for me. I will gladly answer enquiries." Yours truly (signed) Frank W. Oakes, 88, Empire Street, West Derby Road, Liverpool, May 2nd, 1893. Now for our little investigation. What brought rheumatism upon this lad of fourteen? He inherited it. That is to say, he inherited from his parents, or from their parents, a digestive weakness which—(dreamed of by them or by him)—filled his blood with the especial poison of the gout and rheumatism. During his early childhood his kidneys, bowels and skin were sufficiently active to carry it off nearly or quite as rapidly as it accumulated. Then came the particular exposure which blocked those organs and the poison exploded within him; in other words, he had an attack of acute rheumatism or rheumatic fever—the same thing. At the end of this the prime cause—indigestion and dyspepsia—became an established condition of his system, the poison was constantly supplied, and an attack followed every cold or act of exposure—as he says. After his youth had been thus miserably passed (almost wasted indeed) he was cured by the use of Seigel's Syrup, to which his friend fortunately directed his attention. But what a pity! that limping on towards manhood over a road full of pitfalls and beset with thorns. The point to remember—and we want you to remember in both young and old you must cure the torpid stomach and liver; and to do this we commend once more (with Mr. Oakes)—Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. He was Resigned to It. "What does this here 'New Woman' talk mean, John?" "Hit means, Maris," replied the old farmer, "that women air a-takin' the places what men occupied. You'll find the plow right where I left it, an' when you sharpen the ax, you kin sail into a dozen cords o' wood, an' I'll have supper a-billin' when you get home."—Atlanta Constitution. There are two solid silver tea tables at Windsor Castle.

Sunday Reading.

IDEALS SHOULD BE HIGH.

Christ the Central Point in History and the Apex of Humanity.

The newspaper Sermon Association is furnishing the press with a series of sermons by eminent preachers. Their discourses are all non-sectarian in their teaching and intended to impress the great truths of christianity upon the people, with the idea of doing good to all classes and creeds. The last sermon at hand is by Bishop Keane, of the Washington University, from the words of David to Solomon in I. Kings, ii 3, "Take courage and be a man." He says:

What homely, hearty force there is in this exhortation of the dying David to his son! How Solomon's youthful heart must have felt it, and been thrilled by it! How it would today thrill the heart of any son who would hear it from the lips of a dying father! Surely, it would be a spur to him for all his life.

But perhaps not every father and son today would grasp the full meaning which the expression had for David and Solomon. They held the grand old ideal of what it is to be a man, which religion had handed down from the very birth of the race, the ideal contained in the sublime utterance: "And God said, let us make man in our own image and likeness." And so David felt that in placing that ideal before his son he did all that a dying father could do to spur his son to nobleness of life. And Solomon likewise understood it so. When in after years he was doing his wisest and best he felt that he was but climbing to that lofty ideal. And when his feet slid in slippery ways of folly and evil, he knew it was because he was proving faithless to the ideal which his father had placed before him; he had fallen to be less than a man.

Ideals should never degenerate. They should hold their own, or grow higher and more perfect. As mankind progresses, the ideal of humanity should not become lower. He who holds before him a lower ideal of what it is to be a man than David and Solomon held, does himself cruel injustice. He who holds a lower ideal before his fellowmen and seeks to make them adopt it, is false, both to his fellowmen and to himself. It is our duty to spur one another upward, not downward. It is mock humility that says: I do not find in me the image and likeness of God." Man knows but too well how many capabilities and inclinations he has that are not godly. But he also knows—or he does not know himself thoroughly—that he likewise has capabilities in him, if he would only do them justice, which point upward, which soar upward, to the pure, the generous, the noble, the godlike.

He is capable of virtues, alas! how many how degrading, how degrading. And too many lives are misshapen with the unworthy image and likeness of vice, of pride, covetousness, lust, anger, gluttony, envy, sloth. But no man needs to be told that this is wrong. He has that within him which reproves him and puts him to shame. He has that within him which sighs, wistfully: "I shall be better some day."

And he knows he can be better. He sees men and women around him, walking in the paths of virtue and peace, and he knows that these are they who have done justice to their humanity, who have done justice to what their creator made them capable of. No one needs to be told that he cannot do justice to his humanity without his maker's help. But neither does any reasonable man need to be assured that the creature will never be left to struggle alone for the attainment of its proper level. God is sure to help him that helps himself.

Man is the central point in nature, a compendium of all things, a microcosm. That is why he has in him all lower inclinations as well as all higher. The creator "has placed man over all the works of his hands, and subjected all things under his feet." Man is the apex. All nature converges in him. And it is the duty of his reason and free will, the splendid faculties which made him man, to hold the lower animal inclinations subject, to keep them "beneath his feet," as stepping stones to the spiritual and the divine.

And Jesus Christ is the central point in history, the apex of humanity, the archetype according to which man is made in the image and likeness of God, the son of God and son of man, the God-man. As man he calls us his brethren.

As God he says: "I and the Father are one; before Abraham was made, I am; I am the beginning, who also speak to you." As the God-man he says: "No one cometh to the Father but by me; I am the vine, you are the branches; without me you can do nothing; I am the way and the truth and the life."

He calls us to a higher life, to participation in his own life, the life of the vine, and he declares that man is like a dead thing unless he lives by that higher life. Pointing to the lower instincts in us he says: "Deny thyself." Pointing to the higher, he says: "Be ye perfect, as your Father in heaven also is perfect."

If we ask him how this can be attained to be answers: "Follow me."

He has lifted up again the sublime ideal of man, from which heathenism has drifted far away, and has pointed out the way to its attainment. In following him the ideal is reached.

Michael Angelo saw in the block of marble only the image of an angel, and his cunning chisel brought it out. Religion sees in every human being the image and likeness of God, and brings it out by shaping man into conformity with Jesus Christ. It may require lots of chiseling, and the chiseling may sometimes hurt, as carvings of the lower nature are lopped off, but it is well worth while. Nobleness is sure to cost something, is apt to cost much, but it is well worth the price.

The God-man teaches humanity that only the divine in man can make humanity perfect, and that the man is below his destined level who does not aspire to the divine. The heart of man had been whispering this to him from the beginning. This is why, as Cicero tells us, though there might be found races of men who know not what sort of a God to look up to, no race could be found who did not know that there was some God.

That is why Balbo and other historians remark that, as there never was a race of atheists, so also there never was a race of deists; mankind has ever been sure that in some way God has made known to man his origin, his destiny, and the way to reach it. That is why Quatrecas and other scientists have declared that religiousness is one of the universal, and, therefore, essential, characteristics of man; for mankind have ever recognized that God is not merely a being to think of and speculate about, but a being to aspire to, man's last end.

That is the origin of religion and of prayer. To say that religion only sprang from fear and prayer from clinging cowardice, as some sneerers have done, is simply to trifle with the facts of history, and with the inmost convictions and aspirations of the human heart. And so Jesus Christ declares not only the will of God, but also the need and the fitness and manifest duty of human nature, when he tells us that our hearts should ever be looking and striving up to him who is our first beginning and our last end; for that is what he means when he says that we should "pray always."

Errors about man's nature and man's duties have been in all ages the worst blot upon philosophic thought, and the worst blight upon human life. That is why the sphinx was said to be a monster that asked "What is man?" and turned people into stone who could not answer the question.

Did you ever see the lovely picture of "The Rest in Egypt," by Oliver-Merson? It is night. The sphinx is gazing out, with its cold, stony gaze, over darkened Egypt, which so long has failed to give answer to its question. But between the sphinx's arms are pillowed the mother and child, while Joseph sleeps peacefully on the sand near by. And as we look we understand the moral of the scene; the sphinx's question has found its answer; the mighty question, the question above all questions, What is man, what his origin, his destiny, his duty? is answered by the dear Jesus who slumbers so sweetly in Mary's arms.

MORNING ALWAYS COMES. The Night may be Long and Dreary but Joy Cometh With the Dawn.

Simon Peter saith unto them, I go fishing. They say unto him, We also go with thee. They went forth and entered into a ship immediately; and that night they caught nothing. But when the morning was now come, Jesus stood on the shore. —John xxi, 3-4.

It is always morning somewhere in the world. The sun that sets in darkness on our landscape is lighting up with splendor some distant clime. It is always night somewhere in the world, and those who have lived longest know by saddest experience how much more dreary a night can be than any day. Day is for action, and fighting, and conflict; and these are mighty in their power to drive away care and despondency and gloom. Night has little power to hush to silence the voices of unrest.

Night is the time to weep, To weep with unseen tears The graves of memory, where we keep The joys of other years.

To us all there come betimes long, dreary sleepless hours. The night moves on with laggard feet, and we long vainly for the coming dawn. And when the morning comes the restlessness of the night has unfitted us for the toils of the day, and we are apt to cry, "Would that it was night!" Such is this troubled life betimes to all the children of men. Even the Apostles of our Lord were not exempt from such experiences. In the closing chapter of his matchless Evangel John tells us of one weary night followed by a glorious morning. The Savior had not yet ascended, but the hearts of his followers were so sad that they had given up a heart and hope concerning him and his kingdom. They had gone back to their Galilean tasks. They were just such fisherman again—that and nothing more! And all night long they toiled and caught nothing! Everything seemed to be against them. Even the very fish of the lake seemed to evade their nets, and with empty boats, and empty nets, and empty hearts they came back to shore. But it was morning! On the shore stood their master with such words of love as the world will never forget! What a picture of his tender care! What a parable of his love! And what a parable for us all, hiding us behind patiently those dreary hours of darkness. It will only be for a little while, and then there will be no more of darkness and sorrow, for we journey to a land that knows no night, and where the tears are wiped from all faces.

REBAPTISMS IN HEAVEN.

Investments Made in the Cause of Christ, Always Pay Good Interest.

The constant question in the haunts of business men is—Where shall I find a safe investment? Our divine master anticipated all such questions when He said "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust corrupt and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." Paul was probably accounted a poor man at Corinth, for he earned his daily bread with a tent-maker's needle. But in God's sight he was a millionaire. He could say "I know whom I have believed and that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day." The great Apostle had made Jesus Christ his Trustee. He had put his affections, his soul, and his everlasting hopes into his Saviour's hands; and when he reached heaven he knew that he would find the great deposit safe. He had laid up nothing that moths could consume or rascals steal. His investments were in the real estate that never depreciates, and the Son of God had charge of it. So may every true christian—whether in brown-stone mansion or in an attic—congratulate himself that what is most precious to him is in the keeping of his Saviour.

The grand old tent-maker had other treasures laid up on high also; all the glorious spiritual results of his life were there. Brother and sister in Christ, so are yours and mine, however humble, and whatever we give up for our Master's sake increases our heavenly treasure. The profits which we might make (and which we sacrifice in order to keep a clean conscience) add to our wealth; for they make us "rich towards God." Hoarding money, stalling time from prayer and Bible-reading, nursing popularity, are all wretchedly unprofitable. Giving up for Christ is an enriching process. Whatever we lay down here in order to please and honor our Master will be laid up to our account yonder. Our God is a faithful Trustee; He keeps His books of remembrance. He will reward every one according as his work shall be. Two talents will pay a grand dividend; yes, and even one talent will sparkle when his humble mission school teacher presents her class on the last great day and says "Here am I, Lord, and these children I brought to Thee!" When we speak of salvation as by grace and not "of works," we must not forget that other truth that God will judge us all according to our works. They will be laid up there. The selfish sinner's "wages" are paid in hell, a Christian's wages are paid in heaven.

Compound interest will make some of Christ's servants magnificent millionaires. All that Paul gave up of worldly get and profit and fame and ease and emolument will stand to his credit up there; and the results of all this life of self-sacrifice for Jesus have been going on accumulating every day for eighteen centuries, and who can tell what they will amount to when the Judgment-morning break? People sometimes speak in a pitying tone of "poor ministers with small salaries." Wait until the treasure chests are opened, up yonder, and see if any one will call that hard-working soul-winner poor. John Bunyan when in jail comforted himself with the thought that he had "rich lordships" in those souls whom he had led to Jesus. What a Cicero's old thinker of Badiard will be when he comes into full possession of his inheritance!

Benjamin Childlaw in the hard struggles of his boyhood sewed the skins of trapped animals into mittens in order to earn a few shillings; that log-cabin experience fitted him for his great work as a pioneer of Western Sunday schools. I should not wonder if troops of children will salute him in the Father's House. To John Elliott the converted Indian will be a star in his crown. Judson must have already met his "treasures" brought home from his mission-fields in Burma. I have just been reading the letter of one young American brother, Mr. R. P. Wilder, announcing the conversion of that Brahmin in India; his soul was filled with joy; for such a convert may make a breach in the wall of heathenism through which others will pour in. Who says that investments in foreign missions do not pay?

The simple fact is that the only investments that do pay interest through all eternity are those which are made for the cause of Christ and in His service. The gains are very steady up there. Poor city missionaries and frontier preachers and Salvation Army soldiers and godly needlewomen have their savings banks at God's right hand. Those banks never break. The only change in heavenly treasures is from their enlargement. There is no corruption from within, and consumption from without. The moth never gnaws there, and the burglar never breaks in to steal. It is impossible to compute what treasures every faithful, self-denying Christian may be storing away for his or her long life-time in glory. God keeps His record on high, and each good deed of love, each act of self-denial, each surrender of pride or worldly ambition for Jesus' sake, will find sure remembrance there. "Follow Me, and thou shalt have treasures in heaven," says the Master. My dear reader, how much real estate have you got?—Theodore L. Cuyler.

AS A KING SHOULD DO. Graceful Act Done by Emperor Frederick William of Germany.

Near Sans Souci, the favorite residence of Frederick the Great, there was a mill which much interfered with the view from the palace. One day the king sent to inquire what the owner would take for the mill, and the unexpected answer came back that the miller would not sell it for any money. The king, much incensed, gave orders that the mill should be pulled down. The miller made no resistance,

but folding his arms quietly remarked, "The king may do this, but there are laws in Prussia," and he took legal proceedings, the result of which was the king had to rebuild the mill and to pay a good sum of money besides in compensation. Although his Majesty was much chagrined at this end to the matter, he put the best face he could upon it, and turning to his courtier, he remarked, "I am glad to see that there are just laws and upright judges in my kingdom. A sequel to this incident occurred about forty years ago. A descendant of the miller had come into possession of the mill. After having struggled for several years against ever-increasing poverty, and being at length quite unable to keep on with his business, he wrote to the King of Prussia, reminding him of the incident we have related, and stating that if his Majesty felt so disposed he should be very thankful, in the present difficulty, to sell the mill. The king wrote the following reply in his own handwriting; 'My dear neighbor, I cannot allow you to sell the mill. It must always be in your possession as long as one member of the family exists for it belongs to the history of Prussia. I regret, however, to hear that you are in such straitened circumstances, and therefore send you herewith £2 200 in the hope that it may be of service in restoring your fortunes. Consider me your affectionate neighbor—Frederick William.'

Knowledge of Christ. Know God, know his gospel, and know especially Christ Jesus the Son of God, the Savior of men, united to us by his human nature, and united to God, seeing he is divine, and thus able to act as mediator between God and man, able to lay his hand upon both, and to be the connecting link between the sinner and the judge of all the earth. Endeavor to know more and more of Christ. After Paul had been converted more than twenty years he tells the Philippians that he desired to know Christ; and, depend upon it, the more we know of Jesus the more we shall wish to know of him, that so our faith in him may increase. Endeavor especially to know the doctrine of the sacrifice of Christ, for that is the centre of the target at which faith aims; that is the point upon which saving faith mainly fixes itself, that "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." Know that he was made a curse for us, as it is written, "Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree." Drink deep into the doctrine of the substitutionary work of Christ, for therein lies the sweetest possible comfort to the guilty sons of men, since the Lord "made him to be sin for us that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." Faith, then, begin with knowledge, hence the value of being taught in divine truth, for to know Christ is life eternal.—C. H. Spurgeon.

The Way Before Us. We wake up in the morning, but we do not know exactly what lies before us, for God's providence has constantly new revelations; but I like to think in the morning that all things are ready for my pathway through the day, that it will go up to serve God in my ministry he has prepared some ear into which I am to drop a gracious word, and some heart in the furrows of which I shall sow blessed seed effectually. Behold all providence with its mighty wheels is cowering with the servant of the living God; only go forward in zeal and confidence, my brother, and thou shalt find that every step of thy way is ready for thee. Thy master has trodden the road and marked out for thee the houses of refreshment where thou art to take thy rest, and the halloved spots where thou shalt bring glory to his blessed name. For a useful life all things are ready for us.—Anonymous.

Contentment. This virtue does, indeed, produce, in some measure, all those effects which the alchemist usually ascribes to what he calls the philosopher's stone; and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing, by banishing the desire of them. If it cannot remove the disquietness arising out of a man's mind, body, or fortune, it makes him easier under them. It has, indeed, a kindly influence on the soul of man in respect of every being to whom he stands related. It extinguishes all murmur, repining, and ingratitude toward the being who has allotted to him his part to act in this world.—Joseph Addison.

Recovery of Old Manuscript. A portion of the pre-Valgute Latin version of the Old Testament, containing the book of Joshua and part of Judges and forming part of the same manuscript as the Lyons Pentateuch of the eighth century, was recently recovered by the Government office at the sale of M. de Verna's library and restored to the Lyons library. The manuscript was stolen many years ago. Lately another portion of it, which had come into the Ashburnham collection forty years ago from the notorious book thief, Libri, was given back to the same library by Lord Ashburnham.

Power of Prayer. If there is one thought in regard to the Church of Christ which at times gives me overwhelming sorrow, and which I feel that the Church has not accepted and grasped, it is the wonderful power that prayer is meant to have in the kingdom of God, and that we have so little availed ourselves of it. If we had more prayer in our ordinary Christian life, are we not certain that there would be more blessing in our inner life and in our contact with the world?—Rev. Andrew Murray.

Influence of Example. Your infirmities, whether good or bad, will last after you leave your school or college. Either a bright glow will follow

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Your school life, or a power for evil will be left, which cannot blot out if you would. How will your example have told, when seen in the light of the judgment-seat of Christ?

In His Footsteps. When death comes we walk down in the valley of shadows, knowing that we shall find there the shining footprints of the Saviour, and confident that in due time the morning light of the resurrection will break upon the spirit, and we shall be with God forever.—T. B. Thayer.

Private Prayer. Keep the altar of private prayer burning. This is the very life of all piety. The sanctuary and family altars borrow their fires here, therefore let this burn well. Secret devotion is the very essence and barometer of vital and experimental religion.—Spurgeon.

A Message From God. "The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth. He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him: he also will hear their cry, and will save them."—Psalm, 145: 18, 19.

An Intimate Friend of Horsets. It is Mrs. Brighten's privilege to be unusually well placed for the minute study of living creatures, and her pets have included lemons, as ichneumon, squirrels, doves, owls, tortoises, and so on. Squirrels and birds she has lured from the woods, and won their affection by kindness, and in addition to giving many particulars about these, she has something to say about studying nature, teaching children to be humane and the pleasures of insect observation, etc. That insects can discriminate between friends and enemies is, she holds true, and she remembers once in a country village seeing a man hard at work thrashing corn in a barn, and quite near to him there was an immense horset's nest hanging from a beam. When asked if he was not afraid of them, he smiled and said: "Oh, they know me well enough; one of 'em fell inside my shirt the other day, but he was very civil and never stung me, for I never interfered w' them and they never interfered w' me!"—Westminster Budget.

Positive Cure for Catarrh. Hawker's catarrh cure offers to sufferers from that disagreeable and dangerous disease, a sure means of driving it out of the system.

This is the season of greatest suffering and discomfort for persons afflicted with catarrh. They are liable to contract colds and thus make bad worse. Catarrh should not be allowed to fasten itself upon the system. The longer it remains unchecked the harder it is to cure and the more danger there is of serious if not fatal complications.

The long list of cures, some very remarkable cases, that have been due to the use of Hawker's catarrh cure, mark it out as the remedy that every victim of the disease either in its early or later stages, should at once secure. It has been found beneficial, in cases where the system was greatly run down, to use Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic along with the catarrh cure, but in mild cases that is not necessary.

Hawker's catarrh cure is sold by all druggists and dealers, at 25 cts. per box, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ltd) St. John, N. B., and New York City.

Her Christmas Tactics. "How tired you look, my darling," exclaimed the little woman as she met him at the door. "Come right in and rest yourself! I've made you a new pair of slippers, and if your head aches I'll rub it with cologne—poor dear!" All this time he had been regarding her suspiciously. Finally he said: "I had really forgotten Christmas was so near. Here's \$20; it's the best I can do. Maria until collections are over!"

HEAT DREAD DEMON. Heart Disease Again Vanquished—Testimony From a Most Notable Source—Relief in Thirty Minutes. Mr. John Crow, son of George Crow, Esq., the wealthy and well-known farmer, residing near Tara, Ont., sends the following statement, which he desires published:—"For the last ten years I have suffered from palpitation and enlargement of the heart, and during all that time I have doctored constantly, hoping in vain for a cure. Some time ago I saw a testimonial from a Tara citizen, regarding Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and decided to try it. At the time of writing I had used four bottles of the remedy, and never felt better in my life. It is not only a cure of the disease, I am positive this remedy will remove the cause."

The thrombosis, say that the great probed is a combination of seven medicines and lancets, besides a cupping apparatus.

NOTCHES IN THE STICK.

FAITHFUL DISCUSSERS A WIDE RANGE OF SUBJECTS.

Some Recent Periods Worth Reading—Good Books, for the Library—A Tribute to Martin Butler—Points of Character in the Great Napoleon.

The Epworth League emulates Chautauquus in its 'Reading Course.' Its list this year has some significant titles, such as Prof. Marcus Dod's 'The Prayer that Teaches to Pray,' and 'Pushing to the Front,' by Orsen Sweet Marden. Of the first, it may be asserted that no more adequate exposition has ever been given of the epitome of prayer known as 'The Lord's.' Of the second we may say that it is a spirit-stirring book, written by a man whose active soul gives to his words the force of projectiles. It is a busy man's *cade mectum*, written by a very busy man, who seems to have converted the pomel of a saddle into a study-desk. It has a hook in his library where he has put Smiles' 'Self-Help,' Matthews' 'Getting On in the World,' Whipple's 'Success and Its Conditions,' and that suggestive style of book, side by side, we think he could make no better addition thereto than 'Pushing to the Front;' as having some advantage in the greater number of illustrations from more recent life, beside the inspiration that is in the tone and spirit prevailing in it. One writer in its praise has said:

"When books like this cease to inspire and thrill, youth will be dead. Few books have read so well satisfy the cravings of young people, hungry to read the stories of successful lives, and eager for every hint and bit of information which may help to make their way in the world. This book throws a glamour about temperance, patience, truth, fidelity, industry, frugality, economy, and courage; conceit, deceit and alcoholism are continually spoken against. There is faith in it, too. The religious element in it is neither slight nor obscure. Exquisite touches of sentimentalism greet us in every chapter."

Some of our poets have names, proper enough, yet so romantic in sound is suggested to the uninitiated reader such pseudonyms as 'Carron Bell,' 'Barry Cornwall,' and the like. Bliss Carman has seemed to us most like a poet's fancied name, among our Canadian bards; and among our poetesses, Ethelwyn Wetherald. This lady has attracted deserved attention by the extreme purity and delicacy of her creations in verse. She has a refined taste, which excluded the bizarre and flashy, and exalts itself with loving care up on such simple beauties as won the praise of a Burns or a Wordsworth. Her name is becoming still better known, and her work at all more widely approved, among those who love to enjoy, and to herald to others, a genuine but unobtrusive poetry. This is one of her sonnets found of late in 'The Youth's Companion':

The Silent Snow.  
This day the earth has not a word to speak  
The snow comes down as softly through the air  
As flying leaves to a martyr's prayer,  
Or white grave roses to a bloodless cheek;  
The footsteps of the snow, as white and meek  
As angel travellers, are everywhere—  
On fence and brier and up the forest stairs,  
And on the wind's trail o'er the moorland break  
They tread the rugged road as tenderly  
As April venturing her first cares;  
They drown the old earth's "grievous and scars"  
Within the white foam of a soundless sea;  
And bring a deeper depth of quietness  
To graves asleep beneath the silent stars.

If the newspaper of to-day, as some maintain, is distinguished by its impersonal character,—as being nowhere shaped and dominated by one individuality,—it is still true that there are instances to the contrary,—such, for a good example, as 'Butler's Canada First Journal,' which exists, with all the earmarks necessary for recognition, and is, as such as Emerson's rhodora-beauty, "its own excuse for being." With no uncertain voice, it is one of the few of our Canadian organs to plead directly and instantly for a united independent Canada.—a grand conception, if it were known how to realize it. Mr. Butler is certainly a man of talent, and of a fearless mind. Taught in the school of adversity, and rough moulded by the rude hands of a bluff but not unkindly fortune, he has learned some things he thinks may be useful to his brothers,—and is probably not mistaken. He has a generous spirit toward those who differ modestly from himself, and holds out his hand promptly, as a poet and "brother-man" should.

Since the days of Belford's Canadian Magazine, we have followed the pen of Mrs. Frances Harrison, (Seranus), whose name has become a distinctive one in Canadian poetry. It is said, by The Week, that she is to "have a good representation in the splendid anthology of Victorian poets forth coming from Mr. Stedman." We suppose that all the principal poets of Canada will be accorded a like honor.

Wooden, or iron walls; artillery, and the war cry, for the United States and Canada? We trust not, yet! This is what one our editors on Uncle Sam's side, professes to think about it:

Some of the newspaper men are talking about building big forts at Ogdenburg, Detroit, and elsewhere along the Canadian border, so as to be able to bombard British gunboats in case of war. Such talk ticks me. There is going to be no war between these nations. That day has passed. This talk of forts and warships, and cannon-balls, and fire, and

at daylight, is more demagogic. It makes small talk people, both here and in Canada, smile.

The Christian and humane people of each country will not speak or think other wise. Such a war as that prophesied by some would be at once the crime and horror of our times.

We have before us an article full of curious lore "About Bells," which has a singular familiar look, reminding of a similar outpouring of our own, of some years ago, entitled "Memory and Bells." We have fancied the compilation of a volume of poems on Bells, of which our essay should constitute the introduction. The author, who has been thinking and writing along the same line with myself, is Charles H. Collins, of Hillsboro, Ohio, a lawyer, a scholarly man, not without political tastes and abilities, as is testified by his recent volume, "The New Year Comes, My Lady." Mr. Collins has been a traveller and has widely explored the American continent, and portions of Europe. Fully one half of his volume commemorates his visits to such places as Pike's Peak, Ute Pass, Colorado. Manitou, Pueblo, The Luxembourg, The Abbey of St. Denis, in France, "The Highland Hills," in Scotland, "The Emerald Isle," "Old Sweet Springs West Virginia," etc. Mr. Collins is an enthusiast in respect of Canada and Canadian history and literature, having a well thumbed set of Parkman on his shelves. He has visited Canada several times, and thinks he may return again next summer, taking in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. It is to be trusted he will not venture within our precincts without possessing himself of Prof. Roberts' "Gateways to The Land of Evangeline." Here is a little song written after his tour of the continent:

Coming Home  
The head gods have vanished,  
No beacons in sight,  
O'er wide wasting billows  
We plunge into night,  
The wind, how it moans,  
And dashes the foam!  
So far-well to Europe,  
The West is our home.

The ocean is sultry,  
The mad waves are high,  
The lightning is screaming,  
Aghast the black sky;  
We care not and fear not,  
And calmly can rest,  
While proudly the good ship  
Sails into the West.

And welcome each morrow,  
Though for may prevail;  
Let blows surround us  
And fire blow the sails,  
Each storm-darkened even  
Has marked on the chart,  
The leagues we have measured  
To home of the heart.

And nearer, still nearer,  
Till barked in the light,  
The star-spangled emblem  
Is flung on the night,  
O moment we linger,  
The tender has come;  
Farewell to the ocean  
And welcome our home.

Mr. Collins says: "For myself, in an exciting and laborious profession I struggle along." He does not, however, surrender himself entirely to its prosaic influence; rather he sweetens and solaces the hours of his leisure with songs and disquisitions on many a congenial theme.

We have been face to face with the first Napoleon, in these later days, brought there by a superabundance of letter-press and illustration. We are glad of anything that tends to modify the greish impression we still have of him, after all the disillusionizing of our duller years. I hark away, in his lectures on the Third George, tells us how, when a child, the ship which brought him from India touched at St. Helena, where Napoleon was then the prisoner of nations. A black servant in charge, he says, "took me a long walk over rocks and hills until we reached a garden where we saw a man walking. 'That is he,' said the black man; 'that is Bonaparte. He eats three sheep every day, and all the little children he can lay hands on.' The genius of battles, of whom Emerson has given us our sanest account, in his 'Representative Men,' objected a little querulously to this view of himself; yet not without humor, some time before his death. Yet even Nero was not absolutely without his humane moments, nor was Napoleon destitute of them. Men, at times in his feeling and his policy, he had his moments of noble emotion, and of moral utterance, when his action seemed divinely heroic, and his words sound like the great of old. So Browning has put him before us in his poem beginning,—

"You know we French stormed Ratisbon."  
There was an artistic strain in him, under all his hardness. In 'Abbot's Napoleon,' a book we once revelled in,—is an illustration of this,—striking among many,—which marks also a latent religiousness in the man. One day the question of the worshippable instinct came up at the Council Board, and Napoleon said: "Last evening I was walking alone in the woods, amid the solitude of nature. The tones of a distant church-bell fell upon my ear. Involuntarily I felt deep emotions—so powerful is the influence of early habit and associations. I said to myself, if I feel thus, what must be the influence of such impressions upon the popular mind? Let your philosopher answer that if they can. It is absolutely indispensable to have a religion for the people." Another instance goes still deeper, and reveals a chord within him which, had it been allowed to sound the master-note of life, had given the world a nobler man, but no Napoleon. It is recorded that, having been asked by some of his generals to name the happiest day of his existence, to their sur-

prise, he did not distinguish any day of public and personal honor and triumph, but that on which he had first received the Communion; adding, in a lower tone, as if half to himself: "I was then an innocent child." Could he have had scruples, or have entertained them, his name might have been as venerable in France as Washington's in America; nor had he,—to adapt the lines of Byron,—

Left a conqueror's name to other times,  
Linked with some virtues and a thousand crimes.  
Napoleon, as well as another, knew when to be silent, having had his sufficient answer. Fox, the great British Statesman, was in Paris, at a time when curiosity was drawing multitudes of tourists thither, and was often in the society of the First Consul, for whom he conceived a lively admiration. Walking one day together in the Louvre, they stopped before a terrestrial globe, which the First Consul touched with his fore finger, remarking, in a tone tinged with contempt,—"See what a little place you occupy in the world." The English spirit flamed up at once in Fox, who, in turn, laid the palm of his hand on the globe, saying, with well grounded pride,— "But with her ships she encircles it all." Bonaparte might properly drop the subject, remembering what the British navy was then doing on the seas.

In our school days when we used to chant, in our concert reading, the lines on Westminster Abbey, beginning—  
Old structure, round thy solid form,  
and ending with the stanza,—  
Here, too, are slumbering, side by side,  
Like brother-warriors, true and tried,  
Two stern and haughty foes;  
Their stormy hearts are still,—the tongue  
On which expounded thousands hang  
Is hushed in long repose;

We used to wonder who the "stern and haughty foes" were; for the phrase struck our imagination wonderfully, and we conjured up two mailed warriors of the Plantagenets. It was not till we opened Marston that verse became the commentary of verse, and we knew then the famous tonguesters of the British Parliament, when George the Third was king:

Grace this cold marble with a tear,  
He, who preserved them, Pitt lies here!  
Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,  
Because his rival slumbers nigh;  
Nor be the requiem dumb,  
Lest it be said 'er Fox's tomb.

Pitt sleeps at the feet of his father—the statue of the great Lord Chatham, near by, seeming forever to be pronouncing, with extended arms, a funeral oration over his illustrious offspring. PATRIFEX.

GREEKS OF THE OLD SOU.

The Origin of a D designation Sometimes Applied to the Irish.  
Some time ago we asked why long ago as well as to-day Irishmen were called Greeks. A correspondent writes as follows in answer:

"Prince Miletus, son of a Greek monarch, set out with a considerable band of followers in search of adventure. They reached Egypt, and finding the King of that country at war with a neighboring power, they offered their services. Egypt prevailed largely owing to the skill and courage of Miletus, and the King bestowed on him the hand of the Princess Scota, his daughter, in marriage. After a lapse of some years the Greek Prince and his followers set out in quest of adventure a second time, and, landing in Spain, subdued the inhabitants very easily. Miletus became King, and after his death his son Heber made a voyage to Ireland, and conquering the country, called it Hibernia. Later he subdued the western islands of ancient Caledonia and named them Hebrides, also in honor of himself. Finally the mainland in the west was annexed and named Scotland in honor of his mother Scota.

"This is how the Irish come to be called Greeks and Milesians—in my opinion." Now, there are variations of this legend, and one is just as historically accurate as the other. A parallel instance is this famous discovery of Dr. Anderson: "But earnest seekers after truth have discovered that the ancient records and archives of Ireland show clearly that Jeremiah escaped from Egypt with the young son of King Zedekiah, after the conquest of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, and with her and others took ship and finally reached Ireland in safety, and that there at the ancient city of Tara he did build and plan successfully, and there can be no doubt that 'The harp that once through Tara's hall the soul of music shed' was patterned from, if it was not the veritable harp of Israel's sweet psalmist, King David."—Boston Journal.

"T. & B."  
I have travelled all o'er this wide world,  
I have wandered through every zone,  
With my pipe and my pouch in my pocket,  
For I'm fond of my beaky down.  
I have smoked every kind of tobacco,  
But the brand that I dearest to me,  
The one I prefer to all others,  
Is the plug that is stamped "T. & B."

I have smoked in my own native island,  
Every kind that the Britisher burns,  
"Old Cavendish," "Golden Leaf," "Wagon,"  
"Virginia," "Birdseye," and "Return,"  
Yes, I've smoked every English tobacco,  
But something I yet have to see  
Is a brand that will fill every longing  
Like the plug that is stamped "T. & B."

I have smoked the West India Havana,  
The Andros, Cheroots and Birmess,  
I have smoked "Bubble bubbles" and "Hookahs"  
Lying on my back in my hammock,  
But I never yet found a tobacco,  
In my journey by land or by sea,  
To compare with the best of all bacces,  
The pure golden leaf "T. & B."

They say tobacco will shorten  
One's life, and I know that is true,  
For once with it, I was short of bacces  
Each awful day lengthened to two;  
But I intend to take leave of the future,  
That so such misadventures  
Are intended to prevent my share dollars,  
In a caddy of choice "T. & B."

MOVING AT YAKUTSK.

How the Indians Handle Their Canoes and the Perseverent Dogs.

The Indians at Yakutat, Alaska, were getting ready to go to Disenchantment Bay to hunt seals and get the oil for winter consumption. Everybody was going, big and little, and the village would be deserted until the hunt was over, with only the disconsolate dogs to watch it. The canoes which had been lying high on the beach out of the way of possible harm from tide or swell were shoved into the water. They were heavy, ungainly things, dug out of logs. Sometimes they are fifty feet long. It puzzles a white man a good deal to navigate one of them, but the Indians are as much at home as if they were in their houses. An Indian baby learns to paddle almost as soon as he learns to walk. That method of locomotion has been the general one for so long that the whole race is developed tremendously in the arms and chest, but has short, rather weak, legs.

When the canoes were in the water the work of loading them began. The members of each family gathered up their traps and piled them in—bundles of blankets and skins, household utensils, pots, kettles, and pans, dried salmon, provisions from the store, oil in tin cans and bark pans to hold it. Every fellow took a hand at loading, little or big, and every fellow seemed to chuck his load into the canoe, hit or miss, without regard to trim. It was a wild, indiscriminate higglety-pigglety, but somehow it rode all right.

A decent, self-respecting whaleboat would have got angry and tipped over, but not a dog at resenting its treatment. After all the dolls had been chucked in the big Indians put in the little ones. Then the squaws climbed in. After that the men got ready to shove out. The dogs stood around by the dozen, whining and begging to be taken along. Once in a while a man would grab a dog by the nape of the neck and throw him on top of the pile of baggage. It was a marvel that the scrambling dogs didn't upset the whole thing.

One man had two dogs and not much attention to the pleading of the other. The dog was persistent, but his only reward was a cuff on the ear. The man went back up the beach to his house to get a last something, and the dog waded out and climbed into the canoe. The Indian ran his club on the nose with his fist, and the dog lay down and shivered. Then the Indian pushed off, everybody got to work at the paddles, and the whole crowd went off peacefully and marvellously upright. The dog had won.

BUILT THE WRONG WAY.

Why the Quaker's Good Chester Hogs Took No Prizes in Georgia.

"I never shall forget an incident which occurred at the first fair I ever attended in Georgia," said a retired Cincinnati meat packer. "It was at Macon and I think they called it a State fair. At any rate it was a big thing for the town in those days. They had some fine stock on exhibition and a Pennsylvania had sent down about twenty of the finest looking hogs you ever saw. They were mostly Chester whites, and if I recollect aright they were exhibited by Thomas Wood, a great hog and cattle fancier of twenty and thirty years ago. He it was who introduced that famous breed of hogs, the Chester white, and he made a great deal of money out of his fancy stock. He was a Friend, a Quaker, you know, who used the plain language and wore a broad-brimmed hat. He was a smart old gentleman, honest and prosperous. He sent his hogs from State fair to State fair and they took so many prizes and blue ribbons that each hog looked like a boy who had spent all his money making a collection of badges.

HOG KILLING IN THE SOUTH.

Momentous Annual Event in Household, on the Plantations.

Some persons are prejudiced against the flesh of the hog. Scientific men hint of bacteria; physicians pronounce against pork; and discriminating fathers and mothers debar it from their tables. Down South, however, no such prejudices obtain. There it is still the custom to eat liberally of backbone stew, hog's head cheese, soured pig's feet, scrapple, brain soufflé and other delectable dishes, with a reckless disregard of consequences. Yard and yards of linked black puddings and sausages are prepared and eaten there, and the people pronounce them good. Rows on rows of sides, ham and shoulders are swung from the rafters of dim smokehouses, there to be cured with the wholesome fumes of a carefully tended corn-cob fire, alternately burning and smouldering, in accordance with the undeviating rules.

Hog killing on the plantation is an event attended with ceremony and excitement. Even housewives arrange their social engagements with reference to its demands. "We can't come next week because we are going to kill," a soft-voiced matron will say.

"It may thaw and you can't kill," somebody suggests, but the mistress shakes her head, contending that it is the right time of the moon, and all will be well.

The excitement begins in the kitchen when the aged pig-sticker, imbued with a sense of the importance of his office, goes to interview the cook as to the particular knives, pails, and dishes she can spare for an indefinite time. In the beginning she tells him that she can't spare any, and in the end she lets him have everything he wants, but he acquires each article with a distinct struggle and after a promise to bring it back when he is done with it, a promise which she knows of old he will not fulfil. Possessed of the murderous weapons he is ready for the killing.

A veil may be drawn over the execution and the attendant ceremonies. The next day brings with it more excitement. The scene is the same corner of the yard. The sausage-grinder is got out, scrubbed up, and screwed down firmly to the big deal table, where strong black arms are severing the fat from the lean, pink meat, carrying it into long strips, and cutting its white pulpiness into smooth, equal squares, to be rendered into lard. The long-handled stuffer, black and shining, is set up on a stand off its own, and a round-faced maid and experienced man are appointed to

All over the house you need Pearline.

And more than ever in house-cleaning. Just look over the list of things that you might use—soaps and powders and fluids and what

not. Some of them don't pretend to help you as much as Pearline; some will injure paint, or surfaces, or fabrics; some are only meant to wash or clean certain things.

But with Pearline, you will save time and labor in cleaning anything that pure water won't hurt. Not only can it do no harm, but it saves useless and harmful rubbing.

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manipulate it, the mistress superintending the delicate task of seasoning.

The big black pot is filled with bubbling squares of white, and a thick-waisted, hand-kerchief-turbaned negro stands near, armed with a big strainer to drain off the lard and preserve the precious cracklings. The sable high priest who shed so much blood at the killing is again on hand, his head bowed up in approved fashion and hands busy scraping the pink-toed feet. There are more pairs of feet awaiting his hands, besides the heads to be prepared for the scrapple and cheese.

"Somebody run and get me a handful of turpins out de pa-chi dis here chins will make a fine stew," says the cook, and then she picks out some of the spare ribs for broiling and tells the old swineherd to hurry up with the feet so she will not have to be the whole afternoon over them.

"I dunno how 'tis, but we never see none ob dem big calabish gourd nowadays. Like we used to have for packing down lard. It 'pears like de seed must 'a run out," observes the woman at the sausage stuffer.

"Well, de people all buy tin can and jar and 'tings, spendin' dere money like it dem'n hard to get; dat make de lord stop dem big gourd from growin'," says the pig-sticker.

"Dat's jist where you're right, Mr. Beasley," says he cracking strainer. "Day even buys broom outen de store when de tall broom grass jist a-wavin' in 'em in de field. Sitch tool ways is ruination to riggers."

TOO WEAK TO WALK.

FRIENDS HAD GIVEN UP HOPE OF RECOVERY.

The Trouble Began With a Cough Which Settled on the Lungs—Subject to Fainting Spells, and at Last Forced to Take to Bed—Restored by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills From All Other Medicines Had Failed.

(From L'Impartial, Tignish, P. E. I.)  
Mr. Dominick P. Chiasson, who lives on the Harper Road, about two miles from the town of Tignish, P. E. I., personally took the trouble to bring before the notice of the editor of L'Impartial, the particulars of the cure of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. A. D. Chiasson, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The case is certainly a remarkable one, and we cannot do better than give it in Mr. Chiasson's own words. "My son's wife," said he, "has been sick for some seven years past, but previous to that time was a strong healthy person. Just about seven years ago she took a severe cold, which attacked her lungs, and from that time up to the beginning of the past summer her health has been feeble, and at times we despaired of her life. It was not her disposition to give up easily, and on some occasions while engaged in household work she would be seized with a fainting spell, which would leave her so weak that she would be confined to her bed for several days in a semi-unconscious state. More than once we thought she was dying. There was a continual feeling of numbness in her limbs, and almost con-

"When the Macon judges made their awards they gave blue ribbons very liberally to the razor backs, but not one of the fat, sleek Pennsylvania hogs got a prize. The owner of the exhibit did not understand it, so he hunted up one of the judges and said in the language of the Friends: "I know thee to be an honest man and I do not question thy fairness in the award, but to gratify my curiosity I would be glad to have thee tell me why these gave all the prizes to the native stock and what fault thou found in mine?"

"My friend, the committee admired your hogs greatly," the judge replied. "They are certainly handsome and I have no doubt that in your section they are the best breed to raise, but they are not suited for this country. They are so short-legged and fat that a nigger could catch them in two minutes. What we require in a hog in the South is legs and wind. We give our prizes for speed."

Industrious Policeman's Reward.

House Sergeant William H. Francis is not only a very obliging man, as the following incident proves, but he also relates a story at his own expense, such as he related to his comrades at the substitution last night. About a week ago Billy took a mullin bag of goodly size and went in search of chestnuts near Norristown. His expedition was so successful that three days later he took two bags, capable of holding a bushel apiece, and set out on another journey. After a hard day's work he succeeded in filling both receptacles with fat chestnuts, when he discovered that he couldn't find his way back to Norristown.

Billy wandered around in aimless fashion for an hour or so, when he met a farmer with a shotgun. The farmer volunteered to put him on the right road, saying that he was going in that direction, and, after a two-mile walk, during which the bearer of the two bushel bags groaned under his burden, the couple reached the door of a tumble-down house.

"Now," said the farmer, pointing the gun at Francis, "them there's my chestnuts and this here's my house. Much obliged to you for pickin' 'em. You kin git."

The accommodating policeman concluded that discretion was the better part of valor and got.—Philadelphia Record.

Paris has seventy halls where fencing is taught.



Can now Walk to Church.

stant severe pains in her chest which were only eased by a stooping position. Added to this she was troubled with a hacking cough, sometimes so severe at night that she did not obtain more than a few hours sleep. About the end of 1894 we had given up all hopes of her recovery, and the neighbors were of the same opinion.

She was reduced to almost a skeleton, and could scarcely take any nourishment. She had grown so weak that she could not walk across the bedroom floor without help. We had often heard and read of the great cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and at this stage, when all else had failed, I urged that they be given a trial, and procured a half dozen boxes. After using them for about three weeks she could walk across the bedroom floor without aid, and from that time on she continued improving in health from day to day. She continued taking the Pink Pills for about four months, with the result that she is now a healthy woman, and it is now no trouble for her to walk to church, a distance of two miles, and the grateful praise of herself and friends will always be given Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy which a dealer, for the sake of the extra profit to himself, may say is "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

Paris has seventy halls where fencing is taught.

# WOMAN and HER WORK.

One of the latest fads amongst the fashionable and strange to say the athletic, society woman is the rest cure, which seems to consist of working just as hard as you can at your chosen hobby, whether it be skating, golfing, riding or only walking, working till you are "ready to drop" and then changing your dress for a becoming tea gown, or anything else which looking interesting and invalidish, and receiving your friends for an hour or two reclining on a prettily draped couch, or an invalid's chair amid piles of cushions.

It seems odd that when perfect health and generous muscular development have become so fashionable a sort of invalidism should be mixed up with it. Of course the woman who can afford to rest, and does it, shows her sense, there is no such potent preserver of youth and freshness as proper rest, but it seems to me any woman who can walk several miles to the golfing links, and then play golf for six hours at a stretch, as many society girls do, should scarcely pose as an interesting invalid. If she shortened her golfing hours and played for half the time she would be able to rest after she came home, and feel able to stand up and receive her visitors by the time they arrived. It may be fashionable and graceful, and I admit that it affords endless opportunities for assuming effective poses, but it always seems to me that unless one is really ill there is always an appearance of rudeness in receiving a guest in a recumbent posture.

I really think this fashion originated amongst the workers, not the butterflies of society; the women who have made their mark in the world, and who use their brains so constantly that they require physical rest in order to keep their mental powers up to the requisite pitch. When a woman is writing a novel about which the world will talk, and spends the greater part of the day in her study engaged in closely concentrated work, she is apt to feel thoroughly exhausted in mind and body, and there is every excuse for her if she enjoys the relaxation of her friends society and takes much needed rest at the same time. The probability is that if she was obliged to move about amongst her guests and exert herself to entertain them she would be compelled to give up receiving them altogether, as the exertion would be beyond her strength; while by combining bodily repose with mental refreshment she effects the greatest saving of time and energy, and enjoys the society of her friends without either sacrificing either her health or her work.

I believe both Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, and the brilliant Amelia Rives are noted for the charm of their resting receptions—they do not call them "invalid afternoons" as the athletic belles do—and Madame Felix Faure one of the most fashionable dames in Paris, whose social duties are multitudinous and fatiguing, frequently receives visitors while ensconced on a couch and surrounded by a bewildering array of downy cushions, and soft coverings of snowy wool.

By the way, lest some of my readers should be unexpectedly called upon to either give or attend one of these invalid afternoons I may as well say that the etiquette of leaving taking is simple in the extreme, the departing visitor advances to the couch, takes the hand which the hostess extends, presses it, and retires; a servant who is in waiting in the hall, opens the door, and the ceremony is over.

If any woman who is burdened with a double chin and wishes to get rid of it will take a little trouble she can easily introduce the two solid flecks beneath her original chin to melt. In order to banish it, the short-necked woman must hold her head very high even stretching her neck until the tension of the sinews is unpleasantly tight. She must also practice dropping her head and rolling it about as if it were loose, and she was trying to shake it off. This will give her a graceful poise of the head, and at the same time the exercise of the muscles will help to consume the extra amount of fat. One of the best known cures for excessive stoutness consists of lung exercises in breathing. Of course the body must be absolutely free from all constriction during these exercises, and for that reason the best time for them is after undressing at night, and before dressing in the morning. Five or ten minutes exercise taken night and morning will effect a wonderful reduction of flesh in a very short time. The proper way to begin is to stand erect with the head and chin well up, and rise upon the toes at each inspiration, holding the breath a moment and then expelling it forcibly and completely coming down upon the heels at the same time. Another capital breathing exercise is to draw in a full deep breath, retain the breath while counting fifteen and then slowly expel it. It may not be generally known, but if a woman draws her breath fully and freely from the bottom of her lungs, she greatly diminishes the effect of her size, by doing away with that choking, ready-to-burst look that so many stout women have. In fact that appearance is the great thing to be avoided even at the expense of a larger

waist and bust measurement. Who has not observed that terrible apple-pie look that most stout women have, and which is largely the result of an effort to look smaller by lacing in the waist? The breath comes in short gasps, and the lungs seem to be laboring beyond their strength, to perform their natural functions. This is what gives the "puffy" look to most stout women and makes them seem so uncomfortable.

As for the double chin I have some advice to offer on that subject myself! It is not by any means a disfigurement unless in extreme cases, and its removal is attended by a very unpleasant penalty; the fat may be absorbed, but the skin which has once been stretched will not contract, and the result is, that in place of the comfortable double chin an unsightly pouch of skin is very likely to remain as a permanent disfigurement, and one which gives a look of age to even the youngest face. Therefore girls, if you take my advice you will keep your pretty second chin, and be satisfied with yourselves as you are, knowing that every thin girl of your acquaintance envies you your lovely curves, and even your double chin.

We have been adopting a great many masculine garments of late, and the path of the married man has been thorny inasmuch as there were few garments in his wardrobe which were perfectly safe from the encroachments of his better half. True she could not wear his collars very well because they were usually too large for her, and if he was disposed to keep up with the fashions at all, she could not see over them, so she had to depend on her own. The bulkiness of his shirts around the waist was a safeguard for them, and his gloves were too large for her, but his ties were just the very thing, his long shooting stockings answered quite well for her to draw on over two pairs of her own when she went out for a snow shoe tramp, his trousers did very well as a substitute for riding trousers when she was going out for a ride in a hurry, and if she was an adherent of bloomers, his knickerbockers and sweater were just the very thing for a long bicycle ride, and I have even heard of her appropriating his underclothes on occasion. All this the married man knew, and accepted without complaint as part of his destiny in marrying a new woman; but I thought—and I am sure he did too—that there was one of his own garments at least which would remain his own, and which the newest of women would not try to wrest from him, and that garment was his night attire, the pajamas! I must have miscalculated the New Woman's power of acquisitiveness, for now it is stated on undoubted authority that the dainty and attractive night dress with all its tucks and frills, is like the heathen Chinese because it must go and that very shortly; to be replaced by the masculine pajamas, made of exactly the same material, and cut by the same pattern that man was worn in, in his short-sightedness to consider his exclusive property.

Society women by the score have already adopted them, and they say that once one wears pajamas the nightdress will be cast aside forever. They are made of fine madras in pale blue or pink, or else of Japanese silk either in white, or colored designs. Imagine a husband and wife or a brother and sister getting their pajamas mixed up when they come back from the wash, and the scene of confusion which would ensue! What next I wonder.

It is said that the heavy fabrics in silk satin and brocade which have so long held sway in the ball-room, have had their day and are to be superseded by the dainty but fragile tulle and net gowns which were considered the thing a dozen years ago. Certainly nothing makes a ball-room so pretty as these flower-like dresses of colored tulle and gauze, but I fancy we shall see plenty of the heavier costumes all the same if for no other reason than their lasting qualities. A tulle gown is lovely and in spite of its apparent simplicity it is also very expensive, and it can only be worn a very few times.

The dresses that little girls are wearing while not exactly copies of the styles worn by their elders, yet follow the fashions in their own way, and a very pretty and picturesque way it often is! Very full skirts, and puffed sleeves belong to the wardrobe of the small girl, just as they do to that of her mother, or grown up sister. The skirts are gored, and hang in full folds at the foot except for girls under ten years of age, when they are made of plain straight breadths hemmed round the bottom, and reaching just below the knee. The waist of such a gown is either cut out square in the neck to wear over a white girdle, made with a yoke, belt and collar of plain cloth, silk or velvet, according to the quality of the dress itself, or with a plain waist simply gathered around the neck and into the belt blouse fashion.

French plaids, serges and homespun wovens with an irregular thread are greatly in favor for school dresses, while all the fashionable rough goods as well as plain clothes, are

made up into the "best gowns", which are then trimmed with velvet of a contrasting color and edged with fur, very much as our own dresses are made. Rows and rows of narrow velvet ribbon make a pretty trimming, and the new ribbed velvet ribbon is much used for bows on gowns of crepon and all soft wool materials.

Plaid silks make pretty vests and yokes for serge gowns, and plaid velvet is used as a contrast to the bright plaided French serges which are worn by girls in their teens, as well as by small children. Charming little gowns for dancing school parties are made of striped and flowered taffetas, with plain straight skirts and gimped waists finished at the neck with a wide velvet collar. A school dress of plaid has two inch tucks in the skirt and a full waist, with a gathered collar of shot silk which also ornaments a plait down the front. Rather dressy for school one would think, but children dress more than they used to do. Another gown of brown and red mixed wool is trimmed across the waist with bands of brown velvet which trim the epaulettes. A more elaborate dress of corduroy blue fancy wool, has bretelles of lawn colored cloth over the shoulders, and carried down the skirt in front. Over this, little pointed tabs of corduroy blue velvet are strapped across at intervals and the collar and belt are also of velvet.

Costs for girls under twelve are long enough to cover the dress entirely, and are made of rough, and plain cloths which are very thick, glossy and soft, and sometimes show a finish like canton flannel. Velvets are also used for little coats, and brown, and ruby green and blue are, all popular colors, while fur is the trimming for both cloth and velvet. Ermine is very pretty on coats of dark blue velvet, while brown fur looks best on brown and green. These little garments are made quite full, with two wide box plaits in the back, fitted into a yoke or short waist, and have either a short cape, or a cape-like hood. Thibet fur is always lovely for trimming children's garments, and a trimming of mink tails is a very stylish finish for a coat of green cloth. There are also pretty reater jackets of navy blue cloth for the warmer days, and jackets of cloth in different colors, for the older girls. A pretty little cloak of dark red cloth is belted in at the waist and has two capes cut out in points on the trimmed with persian lamb. So on the whole the children have nothing to complain of this season, as far as their clothes go.

A. B. C.—No young girl ever gives a dance in her mother's house on her own invitation, such a thing is unheard of. Send out the invitations in your mother's name of course.

Pies and Pastry. The season is here when the busy housewife is more concerned about pies, cakes, mince meat and plum pudding, than she is about much more weighty matters. Even religion sinks into comparative insignificance beside the more pressing claims of temporal affairs. And considering that Canadians as well as Americans are a pie eating nation though in much greater moderation than their American cousins, it is very important that the pies shall be well made, and of the best quality.

It is a mistake to consider pastry to be more healthful when made with less shortening, for crust which is tough is far more hurtful than that which is light, tender, and flaky. Making pastry requires practice and dexterity. Pastry should be touched as lightly as possible and made with cool hands and in a cool place. A marble slab is better than a board to knead or roll upon, and a well-floured rolling pin of hard wood should be used. It is of great importance that the oven should be kept at a steady heat. The oven is at the right heat for baking when the hand can be held there while twenty is counted. Puff paste requires a strong and even heat. Granite ware or porcelain-lined plates are the best for baking. They should be buttered lightly before using.

Pastry Cook's Puff Paste. Many rules may be found for making puff paste. The following will give good results; Wash one pound of butter in cold water, working it to make it light and pliable. Extract all the water, divide it into six parts, and place it in the ice box. Weigh out one pound of flour, and sift it into a large bowl with a scant teaspoonful of salt. Make a hollow in the centre, and put in it one of the pieces of butter and the white of an egg. Work both into the flour, handling as lightly as possible. Add a small cup of iced water, knead into a soft paste, and put on the moulding board and roll out. Break one of the pieces of butter into tiny bits and spread on the paste; dust lightly with flour and roll it from the two sides to the centre and double it over. Again roll out thin and break another piece of the chilled butter into bits and repeat the former process. Then place the paste in the ice box for half an hour. In a similar manner use the remaining parts of the butter, and after the final rolling and folding set the paste in the ice box for several hours before using.

Hasty Puff Paste. A quick puff paste that is very satisfactory is made thus: Put one quart of sifted flour into a large bowl with half a teaspoonful of salt and one cup of butter and

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four together until the butter is very fine and blended with the flour. Beat an egg light and add it to the flour mixture with ice water enough to make it into a soft paste. Sprinkle the moulding board with flour, turn the paste on to it, and roll and fold the same as for puff paste. Do this several times and chill. Then it is ready for use.

Plain Paste. A good plain paste may be made as follows: To one quart of sifted flour add one tablespoonful of sugar and a half a teaspoonful of salt. Place the mixture in a large dish and rub lightly into the flour half a cup of firm sweet lard. Mix into this a small cup of ice water and place the dough on a floured moulding board and roll out into a thin sheet. Spread on this half a cup of butter, sprinkle it with flour and fold over twice, and then roll. Set on the ice and chill before using.

Paste for Meat Pies. The following pastes are for meat and vegetable pies: To make potato paste mix two tablespoonfuls of butter and half a teaspoonful of salt with one pint of flour; rub one cupful of mashed potato through a sieve and add to the other ingredients; gradually add enough cold milk or ice water to make a stiff paste; roll out thin, and with it cover a meat pie.

Suet Paste. For suet paste: Piece in a large bowl two and one-half cups of sifted flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, one of baking powder, and one cup of suet from which every bit of fibre has been removed and which has been chopped fine; rub all together with the hands, and add sufficient cold water to make a firm, soft dough; roll out to the required thickness.

Mince Pies. Mince pies are made in an endless variety of ways. The following is considered one of the best formulas for general use: In preparing the meat many use the beef from the tenderest part of the round, while others prefer the neck piece, as it is not so dry, and many use a tongue. Let the meat cook very slowly, with a little water as will cover it, until it is tender. When the meat is perfectly cold, free it from all the skin and fat and chop it very fine. For every quart of meat have three quarts of tart chopped apples and one and one-half pints of chopped suet, one pound of seeded and chopped raisins, one pound of Sultana raisins, one quart each of brown sugar and Porto Rico molasses, one quart of currants, one pound of citron chopped fine, on tablespoonful each of salt and ground cinnamon, one teaspoonful each of cloves, mace, and allspice, two grated nutmegs, the grated rind and juice of two lemons, and a half pound each of candied orange and lemon peel shredded very fine; mix these thoroughly together. Boil six quarts of sweet cider down to one-half the original quantity. Put the meat mixture into the boiled cider, and let it cook slowly one hour; then remove from the fire and add one pint of sherry wine and a half pint of brandy. Put into a stone jar, cover closely, and keep in a cold place. More fruit and seasoning may be added at the time of baking, if required, and the juice of preserved fruit or jelly

may be added to the mince meat, to which the saying "the more good things the better" is particularly applicable.

Pumpkin Pie. To make one pie rub through a sieve, cooked pumpkin enough to make two cupfuls. To this add a small cup of sugar, a saltspoon of salt, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and one of ginger and a pint of hot milk and mix thoroughly. When cold stir in two well-beaten eggs and fill a pie plate that has been lined with good rich paste. It will require three quarters of an hour to bake.

Mock Mince-meat. Mock mince-meat is really a surprise and makes a delicious filling for pies. To prepare it roll fine three soda crackers and mix with them a half cup of brown sugar and the same quantity of melted butter, molasses, and sour cider. Add to them one egg well beaten, one cup of raisins, seeded and chopped, one half cup of currants, and one cup of water. Season with one teaspoonful each of ground cinnamon and allspice, one-half teaspoonful of cloves, salt, black pepper and nutmeg, and a generous tablespoonful of brandy. Bake with two crusts.

Apple Meringue Pie. Pare and slice tart apples, stew and sweeten them, mash them smooth, and flavor with lemon juice and a little nutmeg. Line a pie plate with rich pie crust, and fill it with the cooked apples. Bake until the paste is done. Spread over the top of the apples a thick meringue made of the whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth; add to them three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and flavor with lemon; return the pie to the oven and brown lightly. The pie is to be eaten cold.

Cream Pie. A cream pie without cream makes a dainty and toothsome dessert. Line a deep plate with good paste, pricking it in several places with a fork to let the air out and prevent blisters, and bake a delicate brown. To make the filling, put over the fire in a double boiler one large cup of milk. Stir together half a cup of sugar, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, a small half cup of flour, one tablespoonful of cold milk, and the yolks of two well-beaten eggs. Mix until they are thoroughly blended, and add them to the milk when it boils. Stir until it thickens, and when the flour is cooked take from the fire and flavor with vanilla. Fill the crust that has been baked with the custard, and beat the whites of the eggs to a froth and add to them two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, cover the top of the pie with them, and brown lightly in the oven. The custard may be flavored with chocolate to make a change.

Banbury turnovers are delicious. To one cup of granulated sugar put one cup of seeded and chopped raisins, the juice and grated rind of one large lemon or two small ones, one teaspoonful of flour and a tablespoonful of wine. Put over the fire and heat until the sugar is dissolved. Roll puff paste out quite thin and cut into pieces three inches square. Place a spoonful of the mixture on one corner, moisten the edge of the paste with water and turn the

paste over and press the edges together. Place them on a floured pan. Do not let them touch and bake in a brisk oven.

To prevent the juice from soaking into under crust of a pie, beat the white of an egg, and before filling the pie brush over the crust with it. Brush over the top crust also, and it will make it a beautiful yellow when baked.

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**BOUND TO GET BEARS.**

He Followed Them More Than One Hundred Miles for Five Days.

"When you start in to talk about bear hunters," said George Sobers of Northumberland county, Pa., "you want to wait until you hear about my brother Adam before you talk too much. I've heard of a good many bear hunters, but I've yet to hear of any one that I'd let Ad get in a back seat for. I'll remember just one of his hunts for you, to show you something of the stuff he is made of.

"He was out one day, near the head of Baker Run, and struck the trail of a big bear in the new snow. He followed it a mile or so and came to where another bear had joined the trail. That suited Ad, and he kept on. He had gone maybe another mile or so when a third bear chipped in and went along with the other two. This just tickled Ad to death.

"It was Monday. Ad kept along on the heels of those three bears, but hadn't got near enough to 'em to see the color of 'em when night came. He had followed the trail all day, and it had led him from swamp to swamp and from ridge to ridge for a good thirty miles. The aggravating part of the matter was that it had turned and twisted and wriggled about so that Ad was within a mile of where he had just struck the trail of the single bear in the morning, and not more than two miles from his home, where he knew a supper for a king and a nice warm bed were waiting for him. But Ad just camped right on the trail, and was on it again at the first streak of light.

"That day he followed the bears wherever they led, and a bear in that country has the choice of about the worst lot of country to get over there is in this State, and these bears chose the worst of the lot. When night came along Tuesday Ad had travelled a good forty miles, and was twenty miles from home, and, as far as signs went, was no nearer to the bears than he was when he started after them Monday morning. But he was just getting warmed up to his work. He camped on the trail again and on Wednesday morning was up before the sun and out on the trail again. Now, the result of that day's chase would have been apt to make one rearing, tearing mad. Ad hadn't seen anything more of the bears than the endless streak of tracks they made in the snow, and at night he was only a mile from home! But Ad seemed to think it was all right, for he never said a word of complaint where he stopped, and was away again at dawn for a fourth day's tramp after the bears. He had travelled now more than ninety miles, but that wasn't discouraging to Ad. He'd be following those bears yet if he hadn't come up to a belove.

"About an hour after the start on Thursday he was made happy by a sight of one of the bears, and he knew they were tired of being driven all over that country just at the time they were feeling sleepy and wanted to find a place to stow themselves away for the winter, and would more than likely call a halt some time during the day. They did, but not until late in the afternoon, and fifteen miles from Baker Run. Ad got a shot at one, and wounded it. The sight of blood in the snow was rather a tonic for Ad. The trail turned after that, and led back toward the Run.

"Ad hoped to come up with the wounded bear at least before night, and put it out of the loop of further tramping, but he didn't, and had to camp once more on the trail. Bright and early he was up on Friday, and two hours later he had the satisfaction of knowing that all three of the bears, the wounded one still bleeding, had taken refuge in a swamp, and the very swamp out of which the first bear had started on Monday.

"Ad entered the swamp and soon came upon the wounded bear lying in a sheltered place behind a clump of laurels. He put a ball through the bear's head and went on after his companions. He found them both on the edge of the swamp and making their way as fast as they could for the open country to resume the tramp. Ad knocked one of them over at the first shot. The remaining bear got out and led Ad a chase of five miles, where it entered another swamp and was still there. Ad routed the old fellow out and wounded him. The bear was tiring running, and showed fight. He came at Ad like a cyclone, but met two Winchester bullets on the way and quit. Four days and a half Ad had chased those bears, and was three times in sight of his own house, but he wouldn't give up. He had 800 pounds of bear meat and three nice skins for his pluck, and they brought him \$125. And the queerest part of the thing is, Ad doesn't seem to think any more about that hunt than it he had just been out an hour after 'squirrels.'

**Electric Man.**

An "electric man" has been constructed in Tonawanda, near Niagara Falls, and is employed in hauling a barrow through the streets as an advertisement. He is seven feet high, and on the first day collected such a crowd that the police had to "run him in." The makers intend to add a phonograph to his interior, and thus enable him to speak. The motive power of the mechanism is derived from a battery.

Blacking Boots with Oranges. In countries where oranges grow in plenty, country gentlemen use the cheapest kind for blacking their boots. The orange is cut in two, and the juice side of one half is rubbed on the sole of an iron pot, and then on the boot. Then the boot is rubbed with a soft brush, and a bright polish at once appears.

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**WAS A SAGACIOUS DOG.**

Took the Place of the Blind Man in Taking Care of the Horse.

Eastern Ohio is all torn up over the marvellous sagacity of a stout built mongrel terrier belonging to a farmer living near the middle branch of the Little Beaver, three miles southeast of Elkton, in Elkrun township, Columbiana County. Pete is the terrier's name and he is wholly without education. He is a young dog, and whatever he is he has made of himself.

Pete first came into local prominence through his inveterate herding instinct, due, no doubt, to a distant trace of collie ancestry in his blood. Whenever he got tired of playing about the spring house he rolled into the big pasture field and brought the cows in to be milked. The habit grew on him until he rounded up the weary animals half a dozen times a day.

One night Pete's owner, Frank Bowman, heard him chasing the cattle home for hours in a kind of canine nightmare. The next day the disgusted farmer locked him up in the calf pen and kept him for a month on a diet of pumpkins and water. When Pete was released his delusion had vanished.

It was about this time that his most useful trait appeared. The plowing season was on, and Mr. Bowman was wont to leave the wagons in the field when the dinner bell sounded, and take his horses into the stables for the morning. He rode one, the hired boy the other, and the third they led. The odd horse jerked loose one day and stood rebelliously with dangling strap. Pete grasped the situation and the strap almost at the same time, and trotted up the long lane, leading the astonished brute at his heels. When the farmer reached the stable there equated Pete, still holding the halter strap, while the plow horse stared quizzically down upon him.

Thereafter it was the understood thing that Pete should lead this horse, and when once his charge tried to break away, the sagacious mongrel ran twice around a sapling with the strap in his mouth and sat down to await developments. It is pointed out that such intelligence is very unusual in so young a dog.

This incident furnished the key to Pete's subsequent development. All last summer he was allowed to sleep in the hammock on the front porch. A strap tacked to the door post hung within reach, and whenever he grew restless he would seize it and swing himself to and fro. When returning from market one day, ambling quietly beneath the farmer's wagon, he espied two small children "playing horses" with a leather strap in the roadway. An hour later, when the farmer's hired boy hastened back to ascertain his whereabouts he was seen marching grimly up the road, having in tow the luckless juveniles who had played the horse. This escapade seriously annoyed Mr. Bowman.

Pete's temporary disgrace was forgotten, however, when harvesting began. His owner had a big McCormick reaper and binder, which tied the bundles of wheat with a neat cord. The old strap instinctively asserted itself at once, and Pete began to seize the bundles as fast as they were thrown off by the machine, and drag them out of its reach on the succeeding circuit of the field. The bundles were a little heavy for him, but, as the wheat straw was unusually short last summer, he continued to make out.

Mr. Bowman is negotiating for the purchase of a tall brother of Pete's, owned in the adjoining township of Yellow Creek. Allowing for climatic differences, this brother showed much the same aptitudes. His specialty is pulling taffy. It is hoped that the two mongrels may learn to work in pairs whenever the wheat harvest is heavy. They were born in a harness closet.—New York Mail and Express.

**Dog Stopped a Divorce Suit.**

A touching incident occurred recently in the Berlin divorce court. Both parties appeared early in the day the trial was to come off, with their lawyers. She arrived dressed in mourning, tried to appear in grief, but tears trickling down once in a while, which she quickly wiped off with a lace handkerchief, proved that the defendant on the other side of the room was not quite forgotten. He spoke with his lawyer who had taken all steps he considered possible to bring about their reconciliation; now and then he threw imploring glances upon the little woman, which she did not seem to notice at all. With him was a little Skye terrier. "Pete," who once was the declared favorite of his wife, but now did not receive any encouragement from his former gracious mistress. Sadly the small dog looked from one to the other, and evidently could not understand why these two people were so estranged. By accident the lady dropped her handkerchief. Quick as lightning the little Skye terrier jumped at it, picked it up, and brought it to his mistress, rising upon his hind legs, which trick he had been taught by her, and glanced up with a truly pitiful look to his mistress. Sobbing loudly, she raised up the dog and kissed him, and as her husband, making good use of the opportunity, went up toward her, she met him half-way, and throwing her arms around his neck, sobbed loudly on his breast and promised forgiveness. The divorce, of course, was out of the question; and he, she, and both lawyers adjourned to a near restaurant to celebrate the reunion brought about by the little Skye terrier.—Berlin Letter.

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**The Lovely Malincourt**  
Helen Mathers.  
AUTHOR OF "THE RAG" "MY LADY GREEN SLEEVES" ETC.  
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"Seems in a hurry," Lesley heard one man say to another. Then somebody laughed, and starting in amazement at Ronny she saw him clinch his teeth, while the riders who knew and passed him observed that they evidently did not suit his constitution.

"What made you go off with Yelverton like that?" he said abruptly. "And on his horse! How dare the fellow!" he muttered furiously. "Was not the horse I sent round for you good enough?" Lesley checked the mare so suddenly that a less perfect rider would have been unseated, and with Miss Coquette standing stock still called after Ronny without raising her voice.

Ronny, who had shot beyond, came back with a very bad grace indeed. "I did the best I could," he said coldly. "In the height of the season it is

"Was not the horse good enough?" not easy to pick up what one wants. But what made you slip off with Yelverton like that? I was delayed!" "Slip off!" Lesley positively quivered with rage as, resting her hand on the back of her saddle, she faced round on Ronny.

"How dare you!" she said very low. "But this is dad's doing. At home no one would dare to insult me! Slip off! As if I were a kitchen maid! Sneaking out of a back door!" "Lesley," said the young man sternly, "there isn't a soul who has seen you this morning alone with Yelverton and riding his horse but thinks either that you are engaged to him—or want to be."

Lesley put her horse at a walk, trembled violently and turned away her head so that he could not see her face. He thought she was crying, and his anger showed to him altogether disproportionate against this young thing—his guest.

"Don't cry," he said, more kindly. "We must make the best of it." "She turned round then, and he saw she was laughing fit to kill herself and looking at him with a sort of pity. "Oh, it's such a joke," she said when she was able to stop, "my wanting to be—engaged to anybody! It's just the other way round!" and she wiped her eyes and laughed again, having now completely recovered her good humor.

But Ronny did not laugh; he looked dolefully ahead like the angry man she had made him. "And don't you think," she went on, "that it's rather absurd for a—hero—to bully a girl for doing in the park, with people all around, what she would not think twice about doing in the country quite alone? Why, I've often shown dad's friends the way from the start to the kill and he never thought of getting blue in the face from shock!"

"That's Somersetshire," said Ronny curtly, "and this is town. Ladies don't do such things here." "No. They do worse," said Lesley smartly. "I didn't shut my eyes the other night at the manerie, or last night at dinner, or yesterday at Ranelagh, and a country girl would blush to behave as some of you town ladies do!" They had got to Knightsbridge by now, and the sun was shining down on them with rays fierce as the wrath that was burning in their young undisciplined hearts.

"But appearances must be respected," began Ronny, then stopped, for he was preaching a gospel the reverse of what he believed in, only he was his mother's mouthpiece just then and reflecting some of her anger and worry when on his return home he had discovered through Charville how matters lay. "Poor hero!" said Lesley, with gentle contempt in her tone. "After all, dad was right in hating town and calling it the city of shams—you don't seem able to think or see straight here from your heart, I mean. It's all from outside, through other people's eyes!"

She shook her head so sorrowfully that Ronny burst out laughing, whereupon she joined in, saying encouragingly, "It's so stupid to make a fuss about little things when there are such lots of big ones to cry over, isn't it? But I'm very glad you've got a temper," he confidentially. "You were getting very trying with your everlasting goodness! Isn't it almost time to turn back?" "And I am afraid you will never die of goodness, Lesley," he said. "Won't you go home this way?" he added disingenuously. "It's much prettier, and it must be nearly lunchtime now."

"No, I won't," said Lesley, turning the mare and throwing him a bewildering smile over her shoulder that, for the first time, convinced him she was a born sinner. "I haven't said goodby to Mr. Yelverton or thanked him for the treat I've had on this beauty," she whispered

her a female scamp whose only accomplish- ment seemed to lie in getting the length of every man's foot that ap- proached her?"

"Annie," said Lesley very quietly when the servants had withdrawn, "I am going to write to father and ask him to let me go home. I don't want to disagree you any more."

Her voice was quite steady, and her eyes as she looked at her aunt were just as indomitable in their shrewd, down- right, dogged British pluck as Ronny's own at times. Indeed for a moment a strong likeness flashed out between the cousins and Lady Appuldurcombe saw it, colored, wavered and suddenly caved in. She was of a different order from Ronny and Lesley and consequently much more easy to manage, a fact of which her servants took liberal advantage.

"Have we been so inhospitable, then?" said the poor lady and sank into tears behind her dinner napkin, which in her flurry she mistook for her pocket handkerchief. But Lesley jumped up so quickly as to upset her chair, and crying out "No, no, no!" threw her warm arms round her aunt's neck. "It isn't you—it is I—who have been mad and rude and wicked and got into muddles wherever I go!"

Ronny softly closed the door on them, and as he did so heard his mother say plaintively: "My dear, if only people did not know you as Lady Appuldurcombe's niece!" Whereupon he smiled, though there had been something suspiciously like moisture in his eyes just now. Then he went round to the Rag, where he found Yelverton, looking miserable.

"I'm awfully sorry, Kilmurray," said that gentleman, with a good deal of color in his face. "The fact is, the mare started of her own accord, and what could I do but follow? I ought to have staid behind, I suppose, but I felt uneasy at Miss Malincourt's going into the park alone. I told the groom to come on as sharp as possible, and he did."

Then he went round to the Rag, where he found Yelverton, looking miserable. "I suppose you wouldn't part with the mare?" he said tentatively. Yelverton's face fell, and he hesitated. The mare was the apple of his eye, and only yesterday he would have refused a kingdom for her. These few minutes, how Lesley and she had looked together; how Lesley and she had talked together; how she had talked alternately to her admirers and Coquette, but he cleared his throat as he said:

"She's really not up to my weight, you know, and I shan't hunt this winter. Off to India, with some other fellows, shooting big game. I'll take a hundred for her, if you really fancy her."

But he spoke heavily, and Ronny, as men will understand men, thoroughly understood him. After all, what was a girl's caprice to come between a man and that trusty friend, his horse? Lesley must make shift to do without her. "That's unwise, Yelverton," said Ronny. "She is worth at least 300 guineas, and I couldn't part with her as a gift. We'll say it's not a gift," said Yelverton stubbornly. "I'm pretty sure she's a bit groggily in that off leg. Did you notice? And you will really confer a personal favor on me by buying her. Stony broke, you know," he mumbled. "Money an object just now."

For half a minute the two looked straight into each other's eyes. Then Ronny said kindly: "Sit hand his, old man? Well, then, if you'll take a couple of hundred, you'll lay me under no end of an obligation and make Miss Malincourt supremely happy."

Then ensued a somewhat protracted and animated wrangle, but the end of it all was that Miss Coquette ate her corn in Ronny Kilmurray's stable that night; also several pieces of sugar. Lesley fell asleep happy, while Lady Appuldurcombe, waking frequently, congratulated herself on a scandal having been neatly nipped in the bud by Ronny's admirable generalship.

And to all whom it might concern was made known in the park next morning that Ronny Kilmurray had bought Yelverton's famous mare for his cousin, Miss Malincourt, who liked her paces, while report added that Yelverton would not have parted with her under any consideration but that he was head over ears in love with the Malincourt. He certainly did wear the smartest waistcoats and own the best seat in the saddle in town.

CHAPTER VII  
"Heaven," said Lady Appuldurcombe to her old cronny, Lady de Salis, "must certainly be a place where there are no relations!" And she glanced across to where, by the open bow window, Lesley, quite out of earshot, was drinking tea with Cynthia and talking with keener interest in her companion, who on her side was smiling and without the weary air that usually distinguished her.

"Who is she going to marry?" said Lady de Salis, putting up her pince nez to look at the pair. "Yelverton seems in a little advance of the rest. But the noble army of lovers swells daily." "I don't know," said Lady Appuldurcombe. "I wish I did. It isn't how can ye gang lassie?" with her. "It's can't help occasionally dropping into Scotch—and where she chooses to gang, she will gang, and there's an end of it." "Console yourself," said Lady de Salis. "There are only three weeks more of the season. And where is Ronny today?" she added, with an effort, he being the one subject who was never discussed on plain cover between the two friends.

"Oh, horses, as usual. He can't keep out of the saddle, and I believe is going to ride some trumpery race at Sandown next week. He and Lesley are decidedly blood relations in one particular—the

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both prefer horses to humans. It's very trying for him that there are no race meetings now worth mentioning, nothing before Doncaster," added his mother, who would cheerfully have seen the seasons advanced or put back to please him.

"The cousins seem to be great friends," said Lady de Salis, with something peculiar in her tone. "I seldom see one without the other nowadays." "Ronny is more at home than usual certainly," said Lady Appuldurcombe, hastily, "but that is only to help me look after her, because neither of us knows what she will do next! After her boxing that man's ears at Berkshire House the other night!"

"He is a nasty man!" said Lady de Salis, with a gesture and look of disgust. "All the other women, including Cynthia, had longed to do it, but they had not Lesley's courage. A few hundred girls like her would work a wholesome reformation in the men's manners, and, unconventional as she is, from head to foot and in every word and action she is a thoroughbred, like all your family, Jane," she added, smiling.

"A buck," Lesley was saying meditatively, "wouldn't it be nice to have an admirer who was a young buck of the old school, white satin continuations, seals and embroidered waistcoat of the briefest, a rolled stock and a gorgeous coat, like the lovers in Marcus Stone's pictures?"

"They would usurp our privileges," said Cynthia, whose coolness was fast melting before Lesley's friendliness, "and think how it would cook a woman's clothes if two sumptuous wardrobes had to be provided!"

"Well, the men are dreadfully monotonous," said Lesley, with a dissatisfied air. "If they would only wear red or something to prevent one's mistaking them for the waiters! And often the waiters look so much more like gentlemen than the real ones do! It's a treat to see a man in his racing colors. Are you going to see Ronny ride at Sandown?" she added, looking away from Cynthia, who was beautiful today in a tawny pink melin gown that made one think of a softly glowing topaz as one looked at her.

"Does he ride?" Cynthia's voice was steady, but into her dark eyes' splendor, where the warm light loves to dwell, came the look that only Ronny Kilmurray out of all men living had been able to bring there and bid stay. "Yes. Isn't it a pity he is so spoiled? Because he is the first gentleman rider in England, and because he just did his duty, it seems to me he is in danger of becoming a very selfish, disagreeable young man indeed."

"It isn't either of those things," said Cynthia, coloring and looking out at the park. "It is because he is such a splendid fellow all round. He is the very type of the best sort of Englishman." "He is just an extremely clean looking, obstinate, high principled, masterful Briton," said Lesley, nodding, "and if some woman who didn't care a button for him locked him into shape he might make a fairly decent husband to some other woman some day, but his mother and sisters have spoiled him, and he'll want no end of discipline first."

Lesley wagged her head with an air of the deepest conviction, and Cynthia's spirits flew up as she said, laughing: "You know a great deal for 18, Miss Malincourt." "I'm 20. Annie was a good bit out in my age, but it isn't necessary for me to disguise her mind of the error. It's of the country life I've led. And to do whatever you like, and how you like, and have no one to hamper or oppose you in any of your whims, is the finest recipe for bloom and good temper imaginable."

Cynthia sighed. "We can't all let ourselves go," she said. "Some people have got to have self control, and once they've thoroughly learned that lesson," she added in a lover's tone, "they have about learned all there is to know."

"I think I could learn that lesson, too, if I'd got to," said Lesley, with something strenuous in her young face and voice. "And I suppose I shall have to some day, for all the women must, and the men, never!"

"Ronny has learned it," said Cynthia. And Lesley longed to shake this glorious creature whom love had humbled to the point of making herself cheap. "And it is wise to tell him so?" she said. "You must keep a man hungry—hungry—or he will never do this best, or love you his best—never! A man's self control lasts just so long as he does not want a thing. He clamors and cries for it like a child when once his eye has coveted it."

"How you hate men!" said Cynthia, under her breath. "I do. Whenever I find a bad woman, I say, 'A bad man has passed by there!' Lady Cranston says I am mad on that point, and they are all so good to me. But it isn't me; it's my little face! When it gets broad and middle aged, men's eyes will look past it, with their life love seeking for some delicate morsel to satisfy their pleasure!"

"But some men will love you for your heart—yourself!" cried out Cynthia, to whom this country girl was a revelation. "And you always look so boundlessly, intoxicatingly happy!"

"Yes, I am happy. But I go much among the poor at Malincourt. I see life for ill—who knows—I have been a close companion for years of a woman who knows the world and turns it inside out for me like a glove, with every seam showing. So I have youth and no illusions."

"And, thus panoplied, your friend has let you forth as a scourge on mankind," said Cynthia, who had heard of Lesley's exploits in the country. "And yet—I am sorry," cried Lesley earnestly, "I feel—I know—I shall come out all right in the end. Would you send a soldier unprepared into battle? And I find teaching invaluable now that dad has launched me on my relations in town."

They were so engrossed in each other that they did not hear the door open or see Ronny, who stopped short at sight of Lady de Salis, and, after receiving the usual salutations he advanced to the balcony, where a white and a topaz colored back just then presented themselves for his inspection.

They looked friendly, intimate even, those two girlish backs, and he surveyed one of them with that ferocity, displayed only to reptiles and the woman who has given him a love he does not want, that young man feels and displays to his inward shame and astonishment on occasions. The weak man is flattered; he sometimes dallies with the suppliant and rewards the woman by becoming her tyrant. But the virile, selfish, masterful man will stoop to pick up no handkerchief dropped to him; he will throw his own wheresoever and howsoever he just please, and usually it is picked up by the right woman. It was Lesley who turned, feeling some one near her, and exclaimed tartly, "Why didn't you speak?" and looking so decidedly sorry to see him that Ronny felt it a relief to turn to Cynthia, who, for once, showed no undue joy at his approach, though under the broad, black lace hat her face was full of most delicate color. "We were abusing men," said Lesley calmly. "Did you—hear us?"

"Yet, though you catest, you cannot leave us alone," said Ronny lightly. "We had exhausted chignons, and when every other subject had been talked out the least interesting is bound to



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He turned to Cynthia now, asking some question about one of her brothers, and Lesley's eyes filled with satisfied mischief as she looked on—really, Cynthia was capable of being taught, after all!

Warmly, loyally, with that loyalty to her own sex that is rare in woman, Lesley had espoused Cynthia's cause, and nothing would have given her greater pleasure than to see Ronny brought to his knees and left lamenting there by the girl whose gift he had scorned.

"Mr. Yelverton!" announced Charville, who always looked like a handsome bishop in disguise, and Cynthia became aware that while actually standing in the flesh on the balcony beside her Ronny's spirit was really in the room behind them, straining his ears to catch every word Roger Yelverton said and Lesley answered.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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**CONSTIPATION,**  
**KIDNEY TROUBLES,**  
**HEADACHE,**  
**BILIOUSNESS.**

B.B.B. extracts all the secretions and removes all impurities from the system from a common staple to the worst scrofulous case.  
BURDOCK PILLS act gently and thoroughly on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

MY FELLOW LODGER.

Never had I met any man so methodical in his habits, so neat in his dress, so accurate in speech, so precise in manner as my fellow lodger. When he took his bath in the morning I knew it was half past 7, and when he rang for hot water that it was a quarter to 8. Until a quarter past 8 he moved about the room in his slow, careful dressing, and then everything was quiet next door till half past 8, when the low murmur of the Lord's Prayer concluded his devotions. Two minutes later he went down stairs—he met a servant one could hear him say, "Good morning"—and read his newspaper—he seldom read letters—till 9, when he rang for breakfast. Twenty past 9 he went up stairs, and changed his coat, and he spent five minutes in the lobby selecting a pair of gloves, brushing his hat, and making a last survey for a peck of dust. One glove he put on opposite the hat stand, and the second on the doornap, and when he touched the pavement you might have seen your watch by 9:30. Once he was in at five and twenty minutes to 10, distressed and flurried. "I cut my chin slightly when shaving," he explained, "and the wound persists in bleeding. It was a untidy app'rance, and a drop of blood might fall on a letter."

"It requires long experience, and I may say, some ability to compose a really creditable schedule, one that will bring out every point clearly and exhaustively—in fact I have ventured to call it a science"—here Mr. Perkins allowed himself to smile—"and it might be defined as schedulology." "Yes, to see a double sheet of foolscap divided up into some twenty-four compartments, each with a question and a blank space for the answer, is pleasing to the eye, very pleasing." "What a funny one," and Mr. Perkins became quite irritable, "to examine a schedule after it has been filled and to discover how it has been misused simply—mangled." "It is not the public simply who are to blame; they are, of course, quite hopeless, and have an insane desire to write their names all over the paper, with family details and members of the Civil Service abuse the most admirable of means that ever came out of our office." "Numerous? Yes, naturally so; and as governmental machinery turns on schedules they will increase every year. Could you guess, now, the number of schedules under our charge?" "Several hundred, perhaps." "Mr. Perkins smiled with much complacency. "Sixteen hundred and four hundred and four, besides temporary ones that are only used in emergencies. One department has now reached 1,202; it has been admirably organized, and its Secretary could tell the subject of every form."

"With your permission I will rise—in a few minutes—10 o'clock, dear me—this is most unfortunate—not get down till 11—I must really insist—"but the doctor had come, and Mr. Perkins obeyed on one condition—"I'll lie down—letter must go to office—dictate it to my friend—certain—leave of absence, in fact—trouble you for much—medical certificate?" He was greatly relieved after this letter was sent by special messenger with the key of his desk quite refreshed when a clerk came up with the chief's condolences. "My compliments to Mr. Lighthead, an excellent young official, very promising indeed—and would he step up stairs for a minute—will excuse this address in circumstances—really I will not speak any more." "Those notes, Mr. Lighthead, will make my idea quite plain—and I hope to revise final draft—it God will—my dutiful respect to the Board, and kind regards to chief clerk—it was kind of you to come, most thoughtful."

"Really this kind of thing—Perkins gasping in bed and talking in his old fashioned way—knocks one out of time? He had gone on much longer I should have bolted." "Like him in the office? I should think so. You should have seen the young fellow today when he heard he was ill. Of course we laugh a bit at him—Schedule Perkins he's called—because he's so dry and formal; but that's nothing." "With all his little cranks, he knows his business better than any man in the department; and then he's a gentleman, d'ye see? Could not say a rude word or do a mean thing to save his life—not made that way, in fact." "Let me just give you one instance—show you his sort. Every one knew that he ought to have been chief clerk, and that Rodway's appointment was sheer influence. The staff was mad, and some one said Rodway never expect to have a particularly good time." "Perkins overheard him and chipped in at once 'Mr. Rodway—you know his dry manner, wagging his eyeglass all the time, our superior officer, and we are bound to respect him every assistant in his power, or,' and then he was splendid, 'reign our commissions.' Rodway, they say, has retired, but the worst of it is that as Perkins has been passed over he'll not succeed."

"I feel better already—some words I would like to hear again—thank you, where I can reach it—nurse will be so good as to read it." Mr. Perkins revived from that hour, having his tonic administered at intervals, and antiseptics the doctors. On Christmas eve he had made such progress that Lighthead was allowed to see him for five minutes. "I heard about your calling three times a day—far too kind with your work—and the messages from the staff—touched me to heart—never thought had so many friends writing to me—bright's disease is a most wonderful and most friendly mystery." "My promotion, too—hope may be fit for duty—can't speak much, but think I'll be spared, Almightly very good to me—Chief Clerk of Schedule Department—would you mind saying Lord's Prayer together—it sums up everything."

"So we knelt one on each side of Perkins' bed, and I led with 'Our Father'—the other two being once or twice quite audible. The choir of a neighboring church were singing a Christmas carol in the street, and the Christ—Amen! on our hearts as a little child—Lan MacLaren." "THE BRAVEST NOT THE TENDEREST." A man wearing the Victoria Cross was recently sentenced to eighteen months in England for bigamy under unusually cruel and cowardly circumstances, the judge telling him that he richly deserved the full limit of ten years. He had married one after another a number of young girls, besting them brutally after he was tired of them. Yet he had won his cross honestly by an unusually useful act of bravery. In 1880, when the British were cut up by the Afghans at Malwand, in the immediate vicinity that led to Roberts's march to Candahar, he saved a gun held up by wounded men by rushing alone on foot against the Afghan horsemen about to surround it and holding them off with his rifle for the few minutes needed to get the piece clear." "A NOTED EPISCOPAL DIVINE SPEAKS." Rev. John Langtry, M. D., D. C. L., of Toronto, has used Dr. Agnew's Cathartic Powder and tells his Experience. "Among the many distinguished citizens who have secured relief by the use of Dr. Agnew's Cathartic Powder is the well-known Episcopal clergyman and controversialist, the Rev. John Langtry, whose familiar signature has been appended to many able newspaper articles. Having used the remedy here named for cold in the head and catarrhal troubles, he has likewise over his own signature spoken in favourable terms of this medicine. In the case of cold in the head, the relief is so speedy that it is appreciated by all who suffer in this manner. In hay fever it acts like magic, relieving in ten minutes. All druggists, price 60 cents. Sample bottle and blotter sent on receipt of 10c. in stamps. S. G. Dutton, 4 Church street, Toronto. SUFFERED INCESSANTLY OF RHEUMATISM. South American Rheumatic Cure will Effect a Radical Cure in one to Three Days. That is surely good news to the numbers groaning over the pains that come from rheumatism and sciatica. All over the Dominion are to be found men and women who are light of step to-day, and light of heart, because the terrible suffering they had endured from rheumatism has been removed by the use of South American Rheumatic Cure. The remedy contains no narcotics whatever, but gives relief and cures by removing the cause of the pain. It is perfectly simple and harmless in its effects, and it cures so quickly, and after the use of only a little of the medicine. His Picture in the Paper. As in other days all roads led to Rome, nowadays every avenue to success or failure leads to having one's picture published in the papers. If a man is elected president of a county or is cured of an incurable disease, his picture will be published in the papers. If he carries through a great reform or commits a particularly heinous crime, if he makes a discovery in science or writes a poem, if he endows a hospital, or creates a new fund, in short, if he be famous or infamous, his picture will appear in the papers. And, moreover, if a man be related or in any way connected with a person who is distinguished, his picture will be published. It is not too much to surmise that the day is not far distant when some paper, anxious to boost its circulation, will publish the portrait of every citizen, alien resident and casual stranger within our gates. Then everybody will be famous and happy and the millennium will be announced exclusively in the columns of every important paper in the land.—Truth. The cost value of the paper annually made in all the countries of the world exceeds \$150,000,000.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD. RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS. DEARBORN & CO. WHOLESALE AGENTS. Kingston, Dec. 5, Matthew Kerr, 87. Shelburne, Nov. 28, Frank Main, 22. Chatham, Nov. 28, Dec. 6, John Bell, 75. Kenville, Dec. 12, Thomas Smith, 23. Hebron, Dec. 13, Mrs. George Pimms. Beaverville, Nov. 27, J. P. McEwen, 35. St. Catharines, Dec. 7, Mrs. Ruth Dodd, 82. Quinsal, Dec. 2, Mrs. Janet Knox, 87. Falmouth, Dec. 10, Constant Wilson, 80. Brookville, Nov. 21, Ambrose Miller, 45. Crook Road, Dec. 7, Ellen Mahony, 55. St. Stephen, Dec. 6, Anthony Derry, 61. Woodstock, Dec. 3, Mrs. Janet Knox, 87. Chatham, N. B., Dec. 9, James Fowler, 83. Beaver Brook, Dec. 6, James C. Tuill, 72. Eagle Rock, Nov. 21, John Westrell, 75. Upham, Dec. 6, Mrs. Elizabeth Payne, 76. South Boston, Dec. 9, Allos McCracken, 36. Newcastle, Dec. 10, Thomas B. Vincent, 63. Robbinston, Dec. 10, Annie Blackwood, 67. Antigonish, Dec. 5, Mrs. Hugh McInnes, 35. Lower Granville, Dec. 10, James Johns, 57. Charlotteville, Dec. 8, Edward Charlton, 70. Portageville, Dec. 7, Matthew O'Snell, 11. Farns Bay, Dec. 9, Jennie, wife of J. S. Loyd, 25. Wallace Bridge, Nov. 12, Charles Langill, 25. Fox Brook, Nov. 27, Mr. Donald McKay, 82. South Chertigo, Dec. 9, Albert J. Haskill, 33. Halifax, Dec. 6, Francis wife of James Connell. Westville, Dec. 9, Jennie, wife of J. S. Loyd, 25. Yarmouth, Dec. 9, Emma Florence Hawkins, 37. Dorchester, Mass., Dec. 7, Mrs. J. W. Miller, 74. Milltown, Dec. 4, Harry, son of Darius Westzel, 4. Fortland, Dec. 9, Mrs. Ellen Hayes of N. S. 24. Millstream, Dec. 8, Ellen, widow of L. A. Sharp. Lewisville, Dec. 11, Mary, widow of William Killam. Fresh Village, Dec. 9, Captain Norman Croucher, 37. Morrisville, N. Y., Dec. 12, Rev. Robert Merritt, 42. Brooklynn, N. J., Dec. 5, John Gardner Buchanan, 21. Liverpool, Dec. 7, Jane E. wife of George Chandler, 87. Cork, Ireland, Dec. 2, Capt. George I. Graham of N. S. Chatham, Dec. 9, Teresa daughter of James Connolly. Yarmouth, Dec. 2, Rosalie, wife of William Hemm. Sutherland's Lake, Dec. 8, Mrs. Lorenzo Sutherland, 46. Dartmouth, Dec. 10, Eva, daughter of J. Howe Anson, 6. Halifax, Dec. 10, Lily, daughter of Rev. K. McClelland, 31. Lunenburg, N. S., Nov. 30, Susan, wife of David Oliver, 37. Halifax, Nov. 26, Annie Elizabeth, wife of C. J. Young. New Germany, Dec. 2, Catherine, wife of Ozaas Fendell, 49. Preston, Dec. 3, Annie, daughter of Dennis DeLoach, 22. Antigonish, Dec. 10, Thomas Haddock, formerly of St. Andrews, 15. Digby, Dec. 1, Inez D., daughter of David and Mrs. Young, 3. Antigonish, Harbor, Mary Ann, wife of James James Dunlop, 35. West Paradise, Dec. 8, Mrs. Daniels, widow of Joel Daniels, 66. New Glasgow, Dec. 10, Annie Auld, wife of William Johnston, 62. Anthony's Cove, Dec. 15, Margaret, widow of Henry Anthony, 31. Halifax, Dec. 9, Alfred, child of James T. and Emma Train, 2. Halifax, Dec. 9, Alfred, child of James T. and Emma Train, 2. Windsor, Dec. 9, Maurice, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Russell, 10 months. East Boston, Dec. 12, William A. Campbell, son of Rev. John Campbell of N. S. Harbordville, Dec. 4, by Rev. D. H. Simpson, Percy Moody to Florence Vaughan. Smyrna, Me., Nov. 28, Mrs. George B. Shaw formerly of Woodstock, N. B. Upper North Sydney, Dec. 4, James McIntosh, son of H. A. and Jennie Robinson, 2 months. Lower of Antigonish, Co. Dec. 6, Anastasia, widow of Patrick Leckard, 77. Port Morven, Nov. 28, Alexander McDonald child of John and Annie McDonald, 6 months. Hillsborough, C. B., Jennie, MacDonald, daughter of Alex. and Bella MacDonald, 6 months. Yarmouth, Dec. 12, Douglas G., infant son of Arthur S. and Eliza Cook, 1 week. Caledonia, C. B., Dec. 8, John Charles, son of John W. and Eunice Boutwell, 9 months. Rice Point, P. E. I., Dec. 6, Flora I. child of Isabel and Archibald McDonald, 6 months. North Sydney, Dec. 10, Mary Cecilia, daughter of D. H. and Maggie Robinson, 2 months. Sydney, Mines, Dec. 2, Ruth Forgan, child of James and Catherine Forgan, 7 weeks. Halifax, Dec. 10, Mary Cecilia, daughter of Catherine and Latta Omond of Hillsboro, N. B. East Falmouth, N. B., Dec. 10, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, James W. Banks to Alanda B. Boyd. Rear Little Judique, Allan S. John Angus, 6, Mary Margaret, 4, children of John A. and Catherine J. McDougall. London, England, Nov. 26, General Sir Francis Colborne, K. C. B., of the 1st Lord of Honor and Medalist, Colonel of the Royal Warwickshire regiment, well known in Halifax.

BORN. Woodstock, Dec. 7, to the wife of Dr. Hand, a son. Truro, Dec. 10, to the wife of W. B. Simmons, a son. Halifax, Dec. 12, to the wife of Mr. Henry Richey, a son. Charlottetown, Dec. 6, to the wife of J. H. Good, a son. Cambridge, Dec. 10, to the wife of Lewis Sawler, a son. Yarmouth, Nov. 16, to the wife of William H. Connors, a son. Duluth, Minn., Dec. 8, to the wife of H. H. Annis, a son. Parrsboro, Dec. 4, to the wife of Rev. W. J. Gibson, a son. Parrsboro, Dec. 12, to the wife of Fred Hollingdale, a son. Sackville, Dec. 10, to the wife of Capt. C. L. Anderson, a son. Fort Lawrence, Dec. 11, to the wife of John White, a daughter. West Northfield, Dec. 1, to the wife of John Bruhn, a daughter. Mosherville, Dec. 5, to the wife of Morris Harris, a daughter. Waymouth N. S., Nov. 15, to the wife of R. H. Taylor, a son. Richibucto, Dec. 7, to the wife of Alexander Barrie, a son. Upper Stouffville, Dec. 6, to the wife of Philip Cahill, a son. Upper Stouffville, Dec. 6, to the wife of Abraham Denton, a son. Bay du Vin, Dec. 6, to the wife of Rev. W. J. Wilkinson, a daughter. Rolio Bay, P. E. I., Dec. 1, to the wife of John A. Emma, a daughter.

MARRIED. Halifax, Nov. 29, William Anthony to Nora McInnis. Liverpool, Nov. 26, C. A. Young to Annie Maund Wright. Ellsford, Nov. 29, by Rev. J. Lawton, Belle Scott to Russell Davidson. Moncton, Dec. 3, by Rev. J. M. Robinson, Henry Greig to Flora McLeod. Gratton, Nov. 29, by Rev. L. A. Cooney, Reuben Cusag to Jora Forrest. Walsley to Maggie Grant. French River, Dec. 7, by Rev. D. Henderson, Thomas Murray to Mary Ann Grant. Oxford, Dec. 4, by Rev. D. P. Nowlan, George S. Tait to Emma McLeod. North Sydney, Dec. 5, by Rev. Dr. Murray, Daniel Mackenzie to Elizabeth Grant. River zamp, Dec. 4, by Rev. P. D. Nowlan, Arthur centarum to Louisa Jobe. Rockingham, Dec. 7, by Rev. S. K. West, Lemuel E. Cass to Elsie Oetman. Richies Cove, Dec. 7, by Rev. J. C. Ocker, Frouland, Tait to Alice Zwick. Liverpool, Dec. 11, by Rev. J. C. Ocker, Charles C. F. to Adelaide Lussac. Brenton N. S., Dec. 15, by Rev. J. Lawton, Norman Grant to Jane A. Robertson. Cross Brooks, Dec. 6, by Rev. A. V. Morah, William Foster to Stella Knight. Falmouth, Dec. 9, by Rev. Joseph Murray, Judson Schofield to Georgina Leary. Baring N. B., Nov. 27, by Rev. Mr. Ross, Thomas B. Smith to Annie J. Foster. Sackville, Dec. 6, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Charles A. Lawson to Elizabeth Taylor. Acadia Mines, Dec. 4, by Rev. J. A. McKenzie, Simon Oetman to Mary Fraser. Mahony Bay, Nov. 30, by Rev. J. W. Crawford, George Oetman to Jessie Sims. Shag Harbour, Dec. 8, by Rev. Wm. Muller, Coleman Nickerson, to Uta Nickerson. Margareville, Dec. 4, by Rev. T. W. Ryan, Archibald Grant to Isabel J. Landers. Blackville, Dec. 8, by Rev. T. W. Johnston, Andrew C. McLeod to Annie Bannock. Scotchboro, Dec. 9, by Rev. J. W. Fraser, Duncan Henderson to Virginia McLeod. North Sydney, Dec. 10, by Rev. Dr. Murray, Daniel H. Morrison to Luraine D. MacLeod. Bay St. Lawrence, Nov. 28, by Rev. D. McLeod, D. W. McKinnon to Sarah McInnis. Fredericton Junction, Dec. 11, by Rev. O. N. Mott, Harry H. Bartlett to Jennie Messerian. New Jersey, Dec. 4, by Rev. J. W. Crawford, George Oetman to Jessie Sims. Lower Millstream, Nov. 14, by Rev. A. H. McLeod, Richard McInnis to Mrs. Jennina Donnell. Dean Settlement, N. B., Dec. 9, by Rev. A. J. A. Colwell, James B. McInnis to Jessie Victoria Alward. Borton Highlands, Dec. 10, by Rev. Dr. Fleming, Herbert G. Libby to Ella May Rogers, formerly of Fredericton.

DEAD. St. John, Dec. 13, James Carr, 79. St. John, Dec. 14, Agnes Greer, 60. Halifax, Dec. 10, Mrs. Jennie Keating. Farns, Dec. 8, David Williamson, 64. Windsor, Dec. 12, J. W. McLeod, 55. St. John, Dec. 14, Francis McInnis.

What is "Orinoco?" Ask your Tobacconist and Try it. You will be pleased.