

PROGRESS.

VOL. XIII., NO. 681

ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY NOVEMBER 16, 1901.

Board of Works 8mny1901
PRICE FIVE CENTS

Siballa==The Event of The Week.

THE SMITH BOYS REASON.

He was Willing to make Amends But Didn't
Want Every Body to Know About It.

A story comes to Progress from the North End of the City of a Halloween escapade in which a number of the youthful element of that section of the city, a property owner and a sergeant of police were the principal actors. The boys who, by the way, were the sons of some of the best people of the Valley, were out to have some fun. The Cabbage horn and O.kum became rather tame for them, so they thought of amusement of a more boisterous nature. They lifted door steps, tore down fences and did other deeds of the Dick Turpin style of deviltry. A fence on Paradise Row was launched from its moorings, and one around the Cowan property, corner of Wall and Paradise Row also vanished into an ordinary board pile.

The day following all Halloween was one of reckoning, however, as there was a Jadas in the gang, who gave the names of the boys to the property owners whose fences had been destroyed. The services of S. Sgt. Kilpatrick were called and he was given the clue to bring the miscreants to justice.

The sergeant had a heart as well as a good memory, and he thought of the days not too long ago when he like other boys filled hallways with the odor of oakum and did other deeds suitable for All Halloween. He called on the youths, and put the case to them as a matter of choice, whether they would make good the damage done or face the magistrate. The boys after due deliberation decided to erect fences in place of those laid low and any evening since, the sound of the hammer and saw can be heard, long after dark while the work of construction is nearing completion. Asked why they chose night for their building operations: one small boy said "well we're not experts at the biz and we don't want everybody 'Rubbering' at us, besides we get into trouble enough without being reported for doing carpenter work without a license."

Died Far From Home.

Lloyd Hughes, aged 21, a native of London, England, died quite suddenly at the Crowley house, Germain street, this week after about ten days' illness of malaria and typhoid fever. He was cared for faithfully and well by his chum, Arthur Langford, and other friends, who did all they could for the dying man's comfort. Dr. Addy was the medical attendant. Hughes was a fine strapping fellow, the perfect type of a well set up Englishman. Hughes and Langford came to St. John from the home land last April, and proceeded to the Miramichi, where they worked four months. They then joined a harvest excursion party to Manitoba, and found labor at Madors, near Deloraine, 212 miles west of Winnipeg. While there eleven of the laborers in the field were attacked with malaria, and Hughes, who was one of them, was advised to leave the country. Accompanied by Langford, he returned to St. John, here to pass away among strangers. He has relatives in this country.

EDWARD WILL STOP SMOKING.

Will Obey Commands of His Physicians—Salisbury will Retire next Spring.

King Edward has practically stopped smoking and will within a short time break off the habit completely. This is in obedience to the orders of the doctors, who declare themselves unable to cure the irritation in his throat if he persists in the practice.

The Marquis of Salisbury will positively retire to private life in the spring, and his successor will enjoy that conspicuous post at the coronation ceremonies for which the old cynic and philosopher cares not the slightest bit. The king and he were never friends.

When Queen Victoria died the marquis lost his best friend and the plain incitement to stir himself in his high office. He remained at his post because the Unionists had gone before the country for a new lease of power to carry on the war to its end.

The marquis now believes that the end of the war is clearly in sight, and that it will be over by the time he retires—in late April or May.

Salisbury's experience with the king, even in the short space of the new reign, has only served to widen the breach between them. The king demanded a far larger allowance from the commons than his mother had enjoyed—not only that he might reign with greater state, but that he might set money aside toward the payment of his enormous private indebtedness.

The Marquis of Salisbury politely but firmly declined to give the support of the government to the king's demands, and thus incurred the deeper displeasure of his Majesty.

The Duke of Devonshire, pushed forward by the duchess is thought to be most likely to succeed Salisbury, but Balfour's

friends insist that he will be the next premier.

Lord Salisbury is not alone in believing that the end of the war in South Africa is at last near at hand. This belief is not engendered by trust in the efficacy of the new plan which Ian Hamilton carries to clear Cape Colony of rebels and Boers, but because of the remarkable change that has come over the temper of the privates in the Boer commandos.

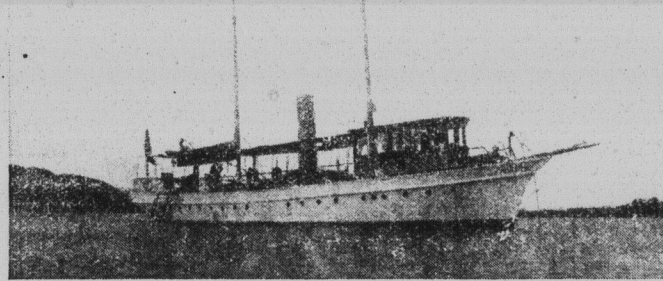
The plot of Siballa is laid in the kingdom of Comus, and woven around a secret talisman or amulet, the possession of which was supposed to perpetuate the reign of King Cole at that time ruler of Comus. This Talisman, through the intrigue of Rodriguez, Councillor of the King, and Carrabas, Captain of the Forty Thieves, is stolen from its hiding place in the Temple of Comus, and the King prevailed upon to offer a man

reward and the hand of his daughter Marian in return to the man who should restore it.

Jack Horner, a Captain in the Royal Navy, who is recently betrothed to Marian, hears of this, and surmising that Rodriguez is in possession of the secret, solicited aid from Siballa, Godfather of the Woods, who assists him to wrest the talisman from the thieves and restore it to the King, bringing just retribution Rodriguez Carrabas and winning the hand of his daughter.



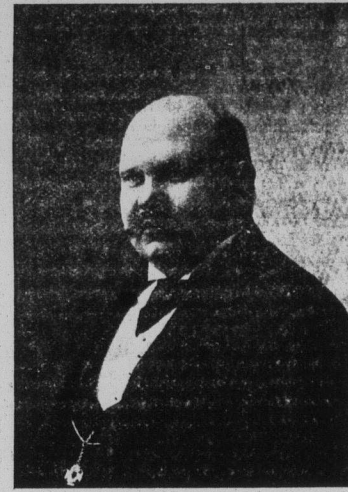
FINALE ACT I—SCENE II.



The "SCIONDA"—Flagship of the Fleet.



R. K. Y. C. CLUB HOUSE.



R. W. AVERILL, Manager and Director



W. S. H. JONES, Musical Director.



Mrs E. M. FOSTER, Costumer.



H. J. BOOTH, Ass't Manager and Director.

When I first
wolf was often at

Gracious! Why
no then as you do

what you remind
; but I do know
Wife—'What?
le thing I forget to
me about.'

to sleep or the
ome right in here?

I'll keep 'wake,
at kind o' things

perditions. They
price of plain, ordi-
to have nine barns

make anything out
controversy?
k it's plain that
he New York some
as to avoid being
ooklyn made that
ly was shooting
es at the Texas,
h had been all the
the New York,
pair, so as to rob
Understand it now.

dear P
since pies according
ecipe.
ve some dyspepsia
tending to my father's

R.N.

the wife of Fred Le-

of Rev J M MacLean

RIED.

ard to Lewis Barrett.

Comins to Jane Har-

ithewson to J.net Simp-

ron to Amy Grace Lan-

Maan to Miss M.Hill,

es Swazzy to Miss Jar-

Corbett to Mary Wea-

McLeod to Flora Mc-

mes Nickerson to E he

Hill Nickerson to Lottie

doch Cameron to Bel la

William Macleod of Mount

eson.

ED.

aw.

Buote, 84.

Ross, 84.

Macphes,

uller, 67.

ry Sims, 78.

McKay,

Macneill, 76.

Hardy, 76.

McDonald, 60.

McLean, 41.

Joseph Kaye, 82.

Ch Campbell, 56.

Donely, senr, 68.

George J McQueen, 64.

Ararret Gillis, 62.

David Macdonald, 63.

George Connors, 59.

Margaret Terrio, 69.

James A Macdonald, 76.

overess, Hugh Dan Mc-

son.

LEAVE ST. JOHN

Campbell.....7.00

Ch. Campbell, 56.....8.50

Donely, senr, 68.....12.16

George J McQueen, 64.....16.20

Ararret Gillis, 62.....17.00

David Macdonald, 63.....22.35

George Connors, 59.....

Margaret Terrio, 69.....

James A Macdonald, 76.....

overess, Hugh Dan Mc-

son.....22.35

by Eastern Standard time

ation.

D. POTTINGER,

Gen. Manager.

Nov 16, 1901.

St. John, N.B.

Printed at the

Office of the

Progress.

St. John, N.B.

1901.

Vol. XIII., No. 681.

Saturday, Nov. 16, 1901.

Price Five Cents.

Published by

D. Pottinger,

Gen. Manager.

St. John, N.B.

1901.

In Moated Grange.

IN TWO INSTALMENT—PART II.

She knew in whose possession the gilded sapphire had been last night. Ought she not to make her knowledge public? Ought she not to at least confide it to her guardian? For one moment she was on the point of doing this. She rose from her seat; she looked at Mr. Prestwich; she had all but begun her confession; but the face of the man she would incriminate rose up before her mental gaze. She remembered the nobility of his features, his frank, brave, generous look, and, like a woman, she made up her mind in a moment that he was innocent. She went back in her seat. The words which had trembled on her lips were never uttered. She kept her own counsel, and suffered Mr. Prestwich to depart in ignorance of the weighty information she could have given concerning the murder in the Moated Grange.

CHAPTER V. DETECTIVE FERRET.

Mr. Prestwich had only spoken truth when he said that Detective Ferret was a very able man. Able as he was, however, the murder of old Richard Whittaker was a mystery which he scarce knew how to unravel. Deep in his secret heart he held a certain theory concerning it; but when he tried to square that theory with facts, there were difficulties in the way—great difficulties, and many of them. He did not drop his theory on this account; perhaps he even hugged it all the closer; but he took care to speak of it to no living soul. On the night of the murder, after he had taken possession of the gilded sapphire, he had also secured a cast of those suspicious footprints on the banks of the river, he had a conversation with Ferguson. "Now, I want to know at what time you left the house. Can you tell me exactly—exactly?" "Yes, sir, I can. It was six o'clock."

"How do you know?" "I heard the church clock strike as I was fastening the boat. Besides, when I got on to the road, I met Will Mason. It takes five minutes to get across the field to the road, and he always passes along the top of the lane at five minutes past six. If that means, as I suppose it does, that he met his death at that time, it is clear that the murderer, or murderers, watched you out of sight, and then did their work immediately. Now I have another question to ask you. Do you always do your shopping on a Friday night?" "Always."

"And it is the same hour?" "I shouldn't think I often differed five minutes." "Then any person who knew anything at all about your habits would know that?" "I should think so, sir." "Mr. Reginald Whittaker, for instance, would know it?" "A curious look flitted over the man's face; he hesitated slightly, then said— "Yes, I should think he would."

"I believe you went into the town? Do you happen to know what time it was when you got back to The Grange?" "Ferguson considered for a moment or two. "It's a good two miles to the town," he said slowly. "It takes you about half an hour each way. I went first to Smith's, the butcher's, and after to Mason's, the grocer's. Mason's clock was striking seven when I left, and he told me it was ten minutes past."

back periodically for what he wanted. "Robbery, then, was not the motive; that much seems clear," said Ferret. "Now, Mr. Grady, I have a question to ask you. Are you in possession of Mr. Whittaker's will?" "Yes; I am."

"Who benefits under that will? I ask you a plain question, and I think you ought to give me a plain answer. You see it is a question of motive. The person who had most to expect from the old man's death is, in a sense, the most likely to have killed him."

"I'm afraid you'll get no clue here; for the person named as the heir in this will, and the lawyer, as he spoke, drew forth from a tin box a great sheet of parchment 'it is believed to be dead.' "You mean the elder nephew—John Whittaker?" "Yes."

"He was to be the sole heir?" "He was."

"Was there nothing left to Reginald Whittaker?" "Not a farthing. The will was drawn up about six months ago, when the old man was furiously angry with Reginald. He ordered me to try and find his elder nephew, who went out to Australia some years ago. I advertised for him, and made all possible inquiries, but without success. I fear he is dead."

"You are sure he was the sole heir?" "I am quite sure. I have a draft of Mr. Whittaker's instructions here, so I am not trusting to memory."

"There was no legacy to Ferguson?" "None whatever. Surely you don't suspect him?" "I might have done so if he stood to profit by the old man's death," said the detective dryly.

"Well, he did not. On the contrary he stood to lose, for his master paid him a hundred a year. You must not suspect him."

And Mr. Grady spoke with some warmth "As it happens, I do not," said the detective smiling. "And I tell you why, not because he has been a faithful servant for twenty or thirty years—but because I have accounted for his movements, and provided an alibi for him. The doctor is certain that death could not have taken place until after six o'clock; and, luckily for Ferguson, he can prove that he was away from six to a quarter past seven when the body was found. But now, what about Reginald Whittaker? You say he takes nothing under the will; but has it occurred to you that, if his cousin is dead he would inherit everything as his next of kin."

"Why, yes, of course he would." "Did he know how his uncle's will was made?" "He did."

"Then he knew that he was, to all practical intents and purposes, the heir. The two men looked at each other in silence. The lawyer could not speak a word. He saw what was in the detective's mind and a terrible suspicion was flashing through his own.

CHAPTER VI.
REGINALD WHITTAKER

Reginald Whittaker had apartments in a small street leading off Russell Square. He had been living in London ever since his uncle, in a violent fit of passion, had forbidden him his house, and stopped his allowance.

He went up into his bedroom, and, when he returned, he carried a fair sized parcel under his arm. He carried this furtively, as it were, pressing it as close to his body as he could and seen in going to be anxious for it to escape observation. His landlady was in the passage as he walked out. She glanced at the parcel. "Some more pictures, Mr. Whittaker?" she said.

"Yes; some more pictures," said the young man, in a nervous kind of fashion, and hurried out, as if fearful of being questioned further. He walked very quickly until he came to a pawnshop; then he stood for a moment or two staring up at the three golden balls, as if irresolute, and finally passed on at the pledge entrance, and laid his parcel on the counter.

When he came out, which he did in about ten minutes, he looked very pale and nervous; he even took out his handkerchief to wipe away a slight perspiration which had gathered on his brow. He was too engrossed with his own thoughts to notice anything that passed around him, or he might perhaps have observed that a man who had stood at the street corner when he came out of his lodgings, was now looking in at the window of the pawnbroker's shop, and was most certainly watching him though under cover of an air of great indifference.

When Reginald Whittaker moved City-wards, this man moved after him; but he did not follow him far. He watched him get on to a bus bound for Liverpool Street, then he quietly retraced his steps to the pawnbroker's shop and went inside it.

Half an hour later, a man in semi-official dress knocked at the door of the house in which Reginald Whittaker had lodgings. To the servant who opened the door he said he had come to look at the gas meter and was admitted at once. Having examined the meter, he proceeded to find some defect, and asked to look at the fittings in one or two of the rooms.

CHAPTER VII.
WHAT THEY FOUND IN THE RIVER.

It was two days after the murder. The inquest had been held, and the stereotyped verdict returned: "Murder, by some person or persons unknown."

Sometimes she told herself she could keep the secret no longer. She must confide it to someone, or it would for ever destroy her peace of mind. She wondered what would happen if she were to tell it.

What would Detective Ferret do if she were to say to him: "I know who dropped the gilded sapphire. At any rate, I know whose possession it was in on the night the murder was committed."

He would of course conclude that the dark, handsome man, in the guise of a tramp, was the murderer. Ruby felt convinced of this, and the conviction sufficed to hold her back from speaking.

She could not bear the thought of betraying the man who had trusted her, and whom she trusted. Other people might think what they might; but she would never believe he was guilty of crime.

She believed she knew who had committed the murder, and was trying to shield someone; but that he had done it himself—never! never!

So Ruby declared, in her own heart, again and again; but that Reginald Whittaker should be suspected was dreadful to her, too. She had known him well when he was living with his uncle at The Grange; had known him, and liked him, and could not bear to think evil of him now. Her guardian accented Detective Ferret. "We've heard Reginald Whittaker is ill, is it true?" "His illness is sudden, isn't it?" "Rather. He was well enough two days ago."

"What is the matter with him?" "They do say rheumatic fever."

"Does he know his uncle is dead?" "Oh, yes, he knows," said the detective dryly.

Mr. Prestwich drew nearer and spoke in a low voice. "You don't really suspect him, Ferret?" he said gravely.

"It's no matter what anyone suspects, if he can prove an alibi, Mr. Prestwich," was the cogitive answer.

"Well, and can he do so?" "That remains to be seen. At present he is ill in bed, and I suppose the matter may rest for a little while. You know what the verdict is of course?" "Yes, I noticed, Ferret, that you did not put in as evidence that letter which Reginald wrote to his uncle."

CHAPTER VIII.
IN THE BARN.

The next day was Christmas Eve. It broke with a grey, woolly sky which brooked no snow; and, indeed, a thin layer of snow lay on the ground already, hardened by a touch of frost.

Musical TALK
Irene and
Carrolla M
recitals on th
Paul C. M
Cue at De B
Hubert W
Jaxon are m
pany at the
Julia Arthu
she and her
taken apart
Boston, for t
Credit Lu
Daughter wi
next week.
Joseph G
Imperial sto
Kendal W
with the Bo
Virginia
aforms the
gaged for t
New York.
Ethel Ful
the Elite st
Brooklyn.
Fatmah l
opera in va
Wm W
Egypt, Ge
Kilpatrick
with his au
Ga., Fair.
Helen T
years, is a
nes compa
season ar
The Man
W. F. U
Temperan
Frohman's
Mrs Pa
America,
each city
Miss Bon
last season
Some o
W. S. Ha
season: i
Wm. C.
J. H. Bu
Ritchie, S
Hur, Jos
Mrs. Ar
E. L. S
Percy Ha
Margaret
McWade
Clarence
A Wise,
Barnum,
with Hen
J. B. I
stage in
Boston
abandon
in Little
this com
in Halli
Way I
in Chicag
Sarah
Theatre
Mar.
Mrs.
Barry at
9, next.
Maud
William
Miss Fe
Flores
Howard
original
Sherie
Lyceum
January
follows
H. V
Waller
theatre
The Se
Loui
actress
tunes o
ventur
Miss
part of
with H
zation
Jes
Flores
becam
Angel
Rob
aroun
young
Tyna

Music and The Drama

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Irene and Zizi are in Germany. Carlotta Meconi will give 20 musical recitals on the Pacific Coast.

Paul C. Zanne has been playing Don Cesar De Basan in French in Montreal. Hubert Wilkie, Jas Gilbert and J. J. Jaxon are members of the new opera company at the Boston Bijou.

Julia Arthur will not return to the stage she and her husband (B. F. Cheney) have taken apartments at the Parker House, Boston, for the winter.

Credit Lorraine and the Backer's Daughter will be the plays at the Academy next week.

Joseph Greene is playing leads with the Imperial stock company, St. Louis.

Kendal Weston is meeting with success with the Boyer stock company, St. Louis.

Virginia Warren, whose large portrait adorns the Academy lobby, has been engaged for the production of Blue Jeans in New York.

Ethel Fuller is playing leading roles with the Elite stock company, Gotham Theatre, Brooklyn.

Fatmah Diard is appearing in 20 minute opera in vaudeville.

Wm Wolff is on a pleasure trip to India, Egypt, Germany, France and England.

Kilpatrick made a tremendous success with his automobile ride at the Augusta, Ga., Fair.

Helen Tracey, who was here over 20 years, is among the Alice of Old Vincennes company.

Among Jere McAuliffe's plays this season are Tempest Tossed, Convict 1240 The Man from Italy and Slaves of Russia.

W. F. Owen, a favorite comedian in old Temperance Hall days, is playing with Frohman's Lady Huntworth's Experiment.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who is to tour America, is to open her engagement in each city in Mysda—the play in which Miss Bonstelle made such a success here last season.

Some of those who have been here with W. S. Harkins are with the following this season:

Wm. Courtleigh, with Virginia Harned; J. H. Bunn, Way Down East; Franklyn Ritchie, Sag Harbor; Wm Farnum, Ben Hur; Joseph Kilgour, Henrietta Crossman; Arthur Forrest, Daniel Frohman; E. L. Snader, Columbia Stock, Brooklyn; Percy Haswell, leading her own company; Margaret May, in Winchester; Robert McWade, jr., Donnelly Stock, New York; Clarence Handy, in Kyle Belle; Thos. A. Wise, in Are You a Mason; Geo. W. Barnum, Capt Jenks; and Arthur Elliott, with Henry Miller.

J. S. Peakes, a favorite on the opera stage in Halifax 25 years ago, died at Boston Wednesday. He at one time abandoned opera for the drama, appearing in Little Lord Fauntleroy, and it was in this company he made his last appearance in Halifax, playing at the Lyceum.

Way Down East played to over \$70,000 in Chicago in seven weeks.

Sarah Grand lectured at the Lyceum Theatre Oct. 30. Her subject was Mercu.

Mrs. Lealie Carter will present Du Barry at the New York Criterion on Dec 9, next.

Maude Fealy's reported engagement to William Gillette was denied last week by Miss Fealy's mother.

Florence Smyth, has been engaged by Howard Kyle to play Maxine Elliott's original role in Clyde Fitch's Nathan Hale.

Sherlock Holmes will remain at the Lyceum in London until the first week in January. Martin Harvey probably follows in Eugene Aram.

H. V. Esmond's new play, which Lewis Waller will produce at the Duke of York's theatre, London, has now been named The Sentimentalist.

Louis Netherole, brother to the famous actress, Olga Netherole, directs the fortunes of Sadie Martinot's latest starring venture, The Marriage Game.

Miss Viola Allen will spend the early part of next season in England conferring with Hall Caine, regarding the dramatization of his book, The Eternal City.

Jeanette Lowrie was out of the cast of Floradora at the New York last Tuesday because of an injured ankle. Her role, Angel, was played by Janie Patrick.

Robert Emmett, an Irish play woven around the love and patriotism of that young Irish hero, and written by Brandon Tynan, is now in preparation for production.

Charles Frohman has paid his first forfeit of \$5,000 upon the London Drury Lane's melodrama, The Great Millionaire and will decline to make use of the play in America.

My Irwin announced in Baltimore last week that at the end of this season she would retire from the stage. A similar report was published a few days before and was denied.

Richard Lovelace was presented by E. H. Sothern and his company at a special matinee at the Garden Theatre last Tuesday, when Laurence Irving, the author, witnessed his play for the first time.

Londoners are to see a comic opera satire, in two acts entitled Princess Lololab: The Love of the Rajah of Titipompo, preceded by a one act farce entitled Charles I and II by D. Du Maurier and S. O. N. Frere.

The late Sir Arthur Sullivan's Trial by Jury has just been sung in Vienna for the first time and met with great success. All of Gilbert & Sullivan's operettas were popular in Vienna, where they were sung at the Theatre an der Wien.

Arthur W. Pinero has given new evidence of his genius as a playwright in his latest drama, Iris, recently produced in London. Not only is Iris considered Mr. Pinero's best work, but it also ranks among the greatest plays of the time.

William Faversham's throats is so sore that for the present at least he will appear only in A Royal Rival. In other words Captain Marshall's romantic one act drama, Prince Charlie will be played henceforth only on special occasions.

Little Miss Robertson, the lately arrived daughter of Mr and Mrs Forbes Robertson, has delayed the appearance of Madeline Lenoette Ryley's new play, Mice and Men in London. Mrs Robertson was Gertrude Elliott before she married.

The other night Charles J. Herson received a letter from the manager of the local theatre at Springdale, Ill, asking if Joseph J. Herson could visit their town this month, remarking as an inducement that 'the apple crop is good and everybody has money.'

Count Leo Tolstol's wonderfully realistic play of Russian peasant life, The Power of Darkness, was presented in its entirety, for the first time in America, by the Jewish stock company in New York Oct. 8. The chief role, Nikita, was played by the Jewish star, Jacob Adler.

The suit brought by Louis Kronberg, the Boston artist, against Richard Mansfield for \$600, alleged to be due for two portraits of Mr Mansfield, as Shylock and Richard III, respectively, was settled last week. Mr Mansfield agrees to pay the \$600 besides \$75 for Kronberg's expenses.

Maude Caswell, the California girl, who has astonished Paris by her amazing acrobatic, is now in Madrid, making even the hostile Spaniards applaud an American product. She has written that she is proudly wearing an American flag in order that no one may take her for anything else but an American.

Walter Hale has resigned as Mary Manning's leading man and will leave the company on Nov. 18. Mr. Hale has apparently recovered from his illness of last season, but on the advice of his physician, who thinks the hard travel to the coast may prove injurious, he will rest a month or more at his home in St. Paul before returning to New York.

Brigham Royce has been engaged for James K. Hackett's company to play the King of Spain in Don Caesar's Return, and a leading role in Mr. Hackett's new play, A Chance Ambassador, which will be produced during his Philadelphia engagement in November. Mr. Royce was associated with Mr. Hackett in Rupert of Hentzau and The Pride of Jennico.

In spite of glowing reports to the contrary, small audiences are in attendance on N. C. Goodwin's London performance in Esmond's When We Were Twenty One. We hear nothing more of the silly plan to have him appear abroad as Shylock—a plan that has been relegated to oblivion, seemingly, with that to have Mr. Gillette act Hamlet there.

There hasn't been anybody announcing more plans than Miss Blanche Walsh since her Joan of the Sword Hand flunked. First it was Nacj zis, which she didn't get; then it was Janice Meredith which she did get and is now playing; and now it is dramatized of Anis Vivanti Chartares' story, The Hunt for Happiness which is going to produce, and also La Madeleine, by H. J. W. Dam.

Says Charles Frohman: 'It would take too long to name over all my companies. At present I have an interest in 43 companies in America. In England I control five London theatres and have nine travelling companies.'

Continued on page seven.

Continued From Page Two. I replied to none of the advertisements. Rather than he should know how badly I had done for myself, I preferred that he should think me dead. Such was my pride, Miss Moreland.

A glance of sympathy shot from beneath Ruby's drooping eyelids. 'He saw it, and went on—' 'But last summer the luck began to change. Indeed it changed altogether. I found gold at the diggings, and was soon in possession of a fortune. Then a sudden freak seized me. I came home, resolving to visit my uncle in poor and shabby clothing, and as what sort of a reception he gave me. When you met me on Friday night I was on my way to The Grange. I recognized you in a moment, though you did not recognize me.'

'Did you, really?' asked Ruby, with a delicious blush. 'Of course I did,' he answered, with a look which made her pulses thrill with pleasure.

'I took your message just for fun, thinking what a merry laugh we should have over it when I gave it you back again. 'Well, when I got to the river I found the boat on this side, fastened. I unfastened it and rowed myself across. 'I went up to the hall door without getting any answer, and made my way to the back. The window was unfastened and I entered by it, I went into the parlour, and found my dear uncle dead on the floor. I assured myself he was dead—quite beyond the reach of human aid—and then was hurrying back to raise an alarm and fetch assistance, when I saw my cousin Reginald. 'At one side of the house the river is so shallow that a man may very well wade across it without getting wet above his knees. As I opened the hall door, I saw that on scrambling up out of the water on to the opposite bank at this point. There was a bright moon, and I saw his face. It was as pale as ash; and it was the face of my cousin!'

'It is true, he was at the Grange that night he would be suspected. That was why I asked you not to mention the experience, and why I have been so anxious to tell you all. I had the sixpence in my hand when I stood at the hall door, and no doubt I dropped it in my horror and surprise at seeing Reginald. This, too, is why I gave no alarm that night. If I had done so, I should have been called as a witness, and if I had been asked whether I saw anyone in the Grange, how could I, speaking on my oath, have kept myself from betraying Reginald?'

A few minutes longer they stood discussing the tragedy; then, the snow storm having ceased, they quitted the barn, and returned to the high road together. 'Soberly had they reached it, when a man came suddenly round a curve, walking very swiftly, and as if he bore exciting news. 'It was Detective Ferret. 'He walked straight up to them, and accosted John Whittaker. 'You are Mr. John Whittaker, I think?'

'I am. 'Then I have good news for you. Your uncle's murderer has been discovered. 'Is he in custody? 'No, sir; he has given us the slip in a way we did not look for. He has committed suicide. 'And—who—is he? 'Your uncle's servant—the man Ferguson!'

CHAPTER IX. THE DETECTIVE'S STORY. 'From the very first I suspected Ferguson. I hardly know why, unless it was that he seemed so uncommonly careful to account for his own movements. 'The thing that puzzled me was the question of motive. There was no money or valuables missing, and Lawyer Grady had told me that your uncle made Ferguson a liberal allowance to insure his faithful service, but meant to leave him nothing at his death. 'Then there was another thing which puzzled me, and that perhaps kept me from finding out the truth as soon as I otherwise might have done. I don't know whether you are aware of it; but it is undoubtedly a fact that Mr. Reginald Whittaker did go to The Grange that night. 'As you have heard, there were footprints on both banks of the river, which proved some person had crossed that night. I made inquiries, and found that a young man answering to the description of Reginald Whittaker had come into the town by the London train at five o'clock, and had returned to London by the half past seven. Naturally, this made me suspect him, especially when, on going up to London myself to make inquiries, I discovered that he was in serious pecuniary difficulties, was pledging plate and jewellery, and had returned home on Friday night with wet trousers and muddy boots. 'You discovered all this?' exclaimed John Whittaker. 'I did not discover more. I found that those muddy boots of his fitted exactly into the footprints on the river bank. 'Then how was it you didn't arrest him? cried John Whittaker in amazement. 'Well, for one thing, he got arrested by rheumatic fever, and, for another, I still didn't believe he was the guilty person. Of course, I established a surveillance over him; but I went no further than that. My own private opinion concerning him was that he had gone down to The Grange under the pressure of pecuniary difficulties had found his uncle dead, and had been so horrified by the discovery, and by a fear lest he should be suspected, that he immediately made his way back to town. 'But how have you discovered that Ferguson was the murderer?' asked Ruby. 'I'll tell you, miss. I know that the old gentleman kept a journal. I had to hunt high and low before I found it; but when I did find it, I was on a hot scent, and no mistake. I'll read you a copy of an entry

made just three weeks ago. Here it is—' December the Third. Ferguson very kind and attentive when I was ill last night. Have made my will fresh and left him three thousand pounds. Shall never let him know this. 'Here is another entry—December the Seventeenth. I believe Ferguson has been tampering with my papers. Believe he had got a sight of my last will. He shall not have the legacy by murdering him before it could be revoked. The rascal little dreamed when he committed the murder that that will was already destroyed. 'But now I come to another entry—the most significant of all. 'December the Sixth. Ferguson has got a bicycle. Why, Heaven alone knows. The fool is practising on it in the garden. 'John Whittaker and Ruby both uttered exclamations of surprise. 'The detective went on—' 'When I read that entry, I saw the whole thing. The cunning rascal had laid his plans well. He had got that bicycle secretly and learned to ride it; and now don't you see what really happened? He left the Grange at six, as he said, because he meant to be seen by the man Mason, who passed the top of the Grange regularly at five minutes past six. But as soon as this man had seen him, he hurried back and murdered his poor old master.'

'Horrible!' ejaculated Whittaker. 'The deed would not occupy him many minutes. But there was the double journey across the two fields, so that it would have been impossible for him to have been in the town by half-past six, as he was, if he had trusted to his legs alone. 'You see, he had laid his plans with a good deal of cunning. He had got the bicycle secretly, bought it at a place twenty miles off. Nobody but your uncle knew he had it, and he threw it into the river on his return—no doubt just before he overtook the man Smith, as he had planned to do. 'I had suspected something of this sort from the first, and, of course, those entries in your uncle's diary made it all as clear as daylight. 'And he is dead you say?' asked John Whittaker, with something like a sigh of relief. 'He could not help feeling glad that the wretched man had already expiated his crime—that, at any rate, no earthly tribunal would have to mete out his doom. 'Yes, I ordered my men to keep a sharp look-out upon him after we discovered the bicycle yesterday. But their look-out was evidently, not sharp enough. While I was away in reviewing the maker of the machine, who easily identified him as the purchaser by his description, he managed to take position. Luckily, however, he left behind him a full confession of his guilt. 'I should like you to tell me one thing more,' remarked John Whittaker, after a solemn silence. 'How did you know who I was?'

'The detective smiled. 'Why, sir, you must remember it was my duty to keep a sharp look-out for all mysterious characters; and, naturally, I soon had my eyes on you as you hung about the neighborhood. But you must know that when your uncle lay dead, there was a miniature in his hand—a miniature of you as a lad of sixteen or so. I am good at making out resemblance between that miniature and you. 'I made inquiries, traced your movements during the last few days, and found you had just come from Australia. Then, of course, I felt pretty sure; and now, sir, I do really believe I have told you all.'

CHAPTER X. At the Stroke of Twelve. In the drawing room at Tumbledene, Ruby was standing an hour before midnight on that same Christmas Eve. She wore a white dress, with a spray of thickly buried holly in her dark hair, and another spray at her bosom. Her eyes were shining with a soft radiance, and she looked as blooming as a rose. Her aunt sat on a couch near, and both looked eagerly expectant. Both seemed to be listening for some expected sound. 'The train must be in now,' said Ruby. 'He will certainly be here in a few minutes, aunt.'

'I hope so, my dear. I can see you are getting anxious. 'I am anxious,' declared Ruby frankly. 'I do hope nothing will keep him. It will be a real disappointment to me if he isn't here for Christmas Day. 'It was John Whittaker the aunt and niece were awaiting with such eagerness. After leaving Detective Ferret that morning he had accompanied Ruby home, and had accepted with delight her aunt's invitation to him to spend his Christmas at Tumbledene. But he had said he must go to London to see his poor cousin, and of course neither of ladies could gainsay him. And now the time for his return had come. A carriage had been sent to the station to meet him, and Ruby, all flushing and palpitating, was straining her ears to catch the first sound of the approaching wheels. 'At last she heard them. 'He is here,' she said, trying to speak calmly, and seating herself beside her aunt. A few more moments, and John Whittaker entered the room, dressed now as became his rank, and looking—so Ruby thought in her secret heart, with a glow of admiration which surprised her—the handsomest, noblest, finest gentleman she had ever seen. Cliffs and sandwiches were brought in and while the two ladies petted and made much of him, under pretense of ministering to his wants, he told them of his visit to Reginald. 'He is better, poor fellow—though it has been a sharp attack. He would not bear of my spending Christmas day with

him, but, of course, I shall go up again in a day or two. I shall not like to leave him long alone. And it was just as we suspected. He got himself into a difficulty and came here last Friday to try to get money from our uncle. 'Finding the boat fastened on this side of the river, he knew Ferguson must be out, and so he waded across as best he could. You know what he saw. You can imagine how the right felled him. He hurried back to town, and the next morning raised what money he could to meet his difficulties by pledging some of the family plate which belonged to him. 'It certainly was the strangest thing that he and I should both go to The Grange at that very hour. It proves for the thousandth time that truth is stranger than fiction. 'And is poor Reginald in need of money now?' asked Ruby's aunt a little anxiously. 'Young Reginald Whittaker was a favourite of hers. 'I have arranged his affairs for him,' said John Whittaker hastily, with the generous blush of one who does good by stealth, and has no wish to sound his own praises. 'Grady tells me I am the sole heir; but, of course, I shall divide the inheritance with Reginald. That will be only fair. It is enough for me to know that my poor old uncle had a kindly feeling towards me to the last. Poor old man! To think that he died with my portrait in his hand!'

There was silence for a moment or two; then Miss Moreland to divert her guest's thoughts from a painful subject asked him if he had noticed a charming little conservatory which opened out of the drawing-room, and was, indeed, a recent addition. 'Will you show it me?' he asked, looking full at Ruby. 'She rose in a moment, her heart palpitating with a strange pleasure beneath his glance. 'They entered the conservatory. Miss Moreland made the tidiness and good sense not to follow them. John Whittaker looked at the lovely blooms with an abstraction which showed his thoughts were elsewhere. Suddenly he turned to Ruby and said, apropos of nothing—' 'Do you remember I used to call you my little sweetheart before I went away? Ruby blushed deliciously. 'I think I do. 'And you used to promise that when you were grown up you would be my wife. 'This time she did not reply to his question. Instead, she gathered a lovely rose, and held it up to him. 'Oh, Mr. Whittaker! Just look at this!'

He took the rose and held her two hands with it, and held them close, looking down into her face the while, with a gaze which made her heart beat fast with joy. 'Ruby, we learn strange ways out in the colonies. We do things there which perhaps you are not used to here. For instance, if a man wants a thing very much he tries to get it without beating about the bush, and so, perhaps, losing any little chance he might have had. Now I want something very much. Darling, I want you! 'Oh, Mr. Whittaker! 'And Ruby affected deep surprise, but she suffered him to keep both her hands in his. 'I know what you would say, dearest—that I have only seen you three times, and that I cannot know my own mind. But I do know it. I know it well. I loved you when you were a child, and I came back determined to woo you if you were free to accept my wooing. 'When I saw you leaving over your bicycle last Friday night, I told myself I should die a crabbed old bachelor unless you would take pity, and turn me into a respectable married man. I know that must seem sudden to you, dear. I cannot expect your feelings to be like mine. But I do believe you could learn to care for me in time. 'He waited for an answer, with his hands in his eyes. And Ruby answered him bravely, frankly—as a true woman should. 'I think I care for you—a little—now. 'My Christmas rose! he murmured, as he drew her tenderly to his bosom, where she nestled happily, like one who has found a blissful resting place. And at that moment the clock chimed out the midnight hour. 'It was Christmas Day!'

Now, Ham, said Noah, in a kind but firm tone, as he noted the approach of Thanksgiving I want you to bear in mind that I have but two turkeys on the spit, and that you will have to curb your instincts for the present. 'We've wood enough and groceries enough to last us all winter, says a Georgia editor, and we will thank any of our subscribers who will kindly give us something to growl about. 'Finnick—if you'll notice, the poets invariably refer to the earth as she. Why should the earth be considered feminine? 'I'd like to know? 'Sinick—Why not? Nobody knows how old the earth is. 'Hiphrahrah Fallback—They're going to shoot the center rush through our in the Thanksgiving game. 'We expect my sister Ellen back from visit in Dakota next week. 'Did she get it? 'What? 'Why, her divorce.'

Continued on page seven.

Continued on page seven.

Continued on page seven.

Continued on page seven.

Continued on page seven.

Continued on page seven.

Continued on page seven.

Continued on page seven.

Continued on page seven.

Continued on page seven.

Continued on page seven.

Continued on page seven.

Continued on page seven.

Continued on page seven.

Continued on page seven.

Continued on page seven.

Continued on page seven.

Continued on page seven.

Continued on page seven.

Continued on page seven.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25 CATARRH CURE... It is sent direct to the dispenser by the Improved Dispensing Machine. Heals the ulcers, clears the passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Also cures all kinds of Catarrh. Free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase, Medicine Co., Toronto, 2nd Ave.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, at 20 to 115 North Street, St. John, N. B.

Remittances.—Persons sending remittances to this office must do so either by P. O. or Express order, or by registered letter.

SIXTEEN PAGES. ST JOHN N.B. SATURDAY NOV. 16.

CARNEGIE'S GIFT

While the City Council is to be congratulated on its decision to accept Mr. Carnegie's kind offer towards a public library yet it is to be regretted that certain Aldermen were to be found who bitterly opposed the gift.

It is not every day that this City has the opportunity of accepting such a handsome gift, nor is this City so progressive as to be able to refuse charitable aid.

The arguments produced by the two city fathers cannot be considered as having any great weight. The remarks of Col. Armstrong that because the millionaire at any time spoke and wrote disparagingly of the British Empire should debar St. John from accepting any gift will not meet with much approval.

The former's position is based on the ground that because Mr. Carnegie, the Alderman's mind did not make his money properly, his money should not be received.

The incident served to remind her that they needed some umbrellas in their own family, so she bought two for her daughters and one for herself.

Later in the day, when she was on her way home, armed with three umbrellas, she happened to glance up, and saw a man with whom she had had the unfortunate experience in the morning.

Many persons who are compelled to travel on street-cars so crowded that they have to stand, will sympathize with the Chicago man who finally decided to make a determined protest.

Who are you that you come here and talk to us like that? asked one of the floors of the corporation. Are you a stockholder?

No, sir! he thundered. I'm one of the strap-holders.

SHOT AWAY CIGAR SMOKER

Edward Thomas, Jr.; the 12-year old son of Edward Thomas, 414 Hughes avenue, until very recently enjoyed the reputation of being the crack shot of South Baltimore.

After slaying most of the stray cats and rats in the neighborhood of Hughes avenue that sport became too tame. Shooting at a mark was worse, but his father came to the rescue.

As he shot Mr. Thomas gave a yell and clapped his hand to his mouth. Thinking it was a joke, the crowd began to laugh.

All great marksmen sometimes miss, however, as Mr. Thomas found out to his sorrow. Edward junior is the invincible no more, and Edward senior now speaks with difficulty of his son's past greatness.

An officer in one of the English volunteer regiments, who had made himself exceedingly unpopular with the men, was coming home one evening when he slipped and fell into deep water.

The officer was profuse in his expressions of gratitude, and asked his preserver how he could reward him.

'The best way,' said the soldier, 'is to say nothing about it.'

'But why?' asked the officer, in amazement.

'Because,' was the blunt reply, 'if the other fellows knew I'd pulled you out they'd chuck me in.'

Doing a Good Deed.

A Buffalo woman, while shopping the other day, thoughtlessly picked up an umbrella belonging to another woman and started to walk off with it.

The second woman stared at the three umbrellas very hard for several minutes, and then, with a significant air, she glared forward and said in an icy tone, 'I see you have had a successful morning.'

A Standing Grievance.

Who are you that you come here and talk to us like that? asked one of the floors of the corporation. Are you a stockholder?

No, sir! he thundered. I'm one of the strap-holders.

VELVES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Woman, Lovely Woman. Consider lovely woman, how she keepeth up to date. How she striveth to be faithful to the changing fashion plate.

How she striveth to be faithful to the changing fashion plate. How she striveth to be faithful to the changing fashion plate. How she striveth to be faithful to the changing fashion plate.

How she striveth to be faithful to the changing fashion plate. How she striveth to be faithful to the changing fashion plate. How she striveth to be faithful to the changing fashion plate.

How she striveth to be faithful to the changing fashion plate. How she striveth to be faithful to the changing fashion plate. How she striveth to be faithful to the changing fashion plate.

How she striveth to be faithful to the changing fashion plate. How she striveth to be faithful to the changing fashion plate. How she striveth to be faithful to the changing fashion plate.

How she striveth to be faithful to the changing fashion plate. How she striveth to be faithful to the changing fashion plate. How she striveth to be faithful to the changing fashion plate.

How she striveth to be faithful to the changing fashion plate. How she striveth to be faithful to the changing fashion plate. How she striveth to be faithful to the changing fashion plate.

How she striveth to be faithful to the changing fashion plate. How she striveth to be faithful to the changing fashion plate. How she striveth to be faithful to the changing fashion plate.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. ABSOLUTELY PURE. Makes the food more delicious and wholesome.

An Art Publication. Corticelli Home Needlework Magazine for the fourth quarter of the current year is now on sale.

Notice to Mariners. No. 56 of 1901. DOMINION OF CANADA. New Brunswick. Gannet Rock Light—Temporary Change in Character.

To permit of repairs to the revolving mechanism of the light on Gannet rock, in the Bay of Fundy, will show as a fixed white light, from and after 1st September, 1901.

Richibucto Harbor Light Changed. Two pole lights established by the government of Canada on the south beach at the entrance to Richibucto harbor.

The worthy Sunday School superintendent was also the village dry goods merchant and it is only just to him to say that he was energetic and efficient both in secular and religious pursuits.

Now has anyone a question to ask? Slowly and timidly a little girl raised her hand. Ab, I see that there is a question. Well, what is it, Martha? Don't be afraid. Speak out.

Removed to London, Ont. A Roy Mortimore, who has been a resident of this city for the past four years, the last two of which he has been employed as a clerk in the general offices of the C. P. R.

When Farmer Hornbeak's second cousin Mary Ella, was married to the professor the old man hurried back from the village with the exciting news.

'MY KIDNEYS ARE ALL WRONG!' How shall I insure best results in the shortest time? It stands to reason that a liquid specific of the unquestionable merit of South American Kidney Cure will go more directly and quickly to the seat of the trouble than the 'pill form' treatment.

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including names and addresses.

BAKING POWDER PURE and wholesome

Notice to Mariners. No. 56 of 1901.

MINION OF CANADA. New Brunswick

Gannet Rock Light—Temporary Change in Character.

permit of repairs to the revolving mechanism light on Gannet rock, in the Bay of Fundy, will be a fixed white light, from and after the 1st of Dec. 1901, until repairs can be completed.

Richibucto Harbor Light Changed.

Richibucto Harbor Light Changed.

Richibucto Harbor Light Changed.

Richibucto Harbor Light Changed.

Richibucto Harbor Light Changed.

Richibucto Harbor Light Changed.

Richibucto Harbor Light Changed.

Richibucto Harbor Light Changed.

Richibucto Harbor Light Changed.

Richibucto Harbor Light Changed.

Richibucto Harbor Light Changed.

Richibucto Harbor Light Changed.

Richibucto Harbor Light Changed.

Richibucto Harbor Light Changed.

Richibucto Harbor Light Changed.

Richibucto Harbor Light Changed.

Richibucto Harbor Light Changed.

Richibucto Harbor Light Changed.

Richibucto Harbor Light Changed.

Richibucto Harbor Light Changed.

Richibucto Harbor Light Changed.

Richibucto Harbor Light Changed.

Richibucto Harbor Light Changed.

Richibucto Harbor Light Changed.

Richibucto Harbor Light Changed.

Richibucto Harbor Light Changed.



S. W. Moore, secretary of the S.P.C.A. left for Boston Thursday morning on a short trip.

Miss Clara Falls left Wednesday morning for Halifax where she will spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. J. F. Fraser.

Miss Viola Gillis has returned from a visit to Ireland.

Francis H. Arnauld left Wednesday evening for Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Veber, of Gagetown, are visiting friends in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Hanson, on their return from their wedding tour, will reside at the Sheraton.

Mr. J. Davidson of Windsor, N.S., passed through the city this week from New York, where he had been on a business trip.

Mr. Fred G. Jones returned from New York Wednesday where he had been meeting his sisters, Mrs. F. J. Usher of Edinburgh, Scotland, and Mrs. F. W. Wilson, of London, England.

Mr. John W. Sallis, who has been spending some weeks in this city, left Wednesday morning for Boston.

Miss Viola Gillis has returned by the Halifax express for Halifax. She will spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. J. F. Fraser.

Mr. J. N. Rogers, choir leader of St. Mary's church, has been confined to the house for a few days with a severe cold and illness consequent on vaccination.

Miss B. B. and Miss M. Nevein, who have been visiting their friends in Boston, returned home.

young hostesses were assisted by their sister-in-law, Mrs. Fred Schurman, who presided at the tea table.

Dr. McKay left yesterday for a short visit to Montreal, New York and Boston.

A very pleasant break in the social quiet that has prevailed for so long was Miss Maud Archibald's dance of last evening, given in honor of her guest, Miss Sim.

Miss Clara Falls left Wednesday morning for Halifax where she will spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. J. F. Fraser.

Miss Viola Gillis has returned from a visit to Ireland.

Francis H. Arnauld left Wednesday evening for Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Veber, of Gagetown, are visiting friends in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Hanson, on their return from their wedding tour, will reside at the Sheraton.

Mr. J. Davidson of Windsor, N.S., passed through the city this week from New York, where he had been on a business trip.

Mr. Fred G. Jones returned from New York Wednesday where he had been meeting his sisters, Mrs. F. J. Usher of Edinburgh, Scotland, and Mrs. F. W. Wilson, of London, England.

Mr. John W. Sallis, who has been spending some weeks in this city, left Wednesday morning for Boston.

Miss Viola Gillis has returned by the Halifax express for Halifax. She will spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. J. F. Fraser.

Mr. J. N. Rogers, choir leader of St. Mary's church, has been confined to the house for a few days with a severe cold and illness consequent on vaccination.

Miss B. B. and Miss M. Nevein, who have been visiting their friends in Boston, returned home.

Advertisement for Pearl Line washing powder, featuring an illustration of a woman washing clothes and text describing its benefits.

reckless drug-taking. A physician, who knew what he intended to say and was not accustomed to speak rashly, once expressed his conviction that the average life of mankind would be prolonged, and the sum of human misery lessened, if every drug in existence could be destroyed and none ever again made.

An American physician who has endeavored to investigate the use of narcotic in his state has published some startling figures as to the consumption of opium.

But all the harm of self drugging is not in the formation of those habits. Many, who have never taken a dose of narcotic medicine knowingly, nevertheless find on let a day pass without a wallowing something which they think, or have been told, is good for kidney disease or gout or rheumatism or dyspepsia or biliousness, or some other ailment which they think, or have been told they are suffering from.

Drugs are poisons, which cannot but work evil upon the system if taken in a haphazard fashion by those ignorant of their action on the delicate machinery of the living body.

The first thing that strikes a landman on a man-of-war is the rigid discipline observed everywhere. On some of the ships belonging to the tropical countries, however, discipline is very lax.

The Deltense, a Haitian man-of-war was lying in the harbor of Port au Prince. One day a mess cook, for some reason, cleaned about a peck of knives and forks on the gun-deck, and being suddenly called away, and not wishing to spend time to go to the galley, he seized the mess pot full of knives and forks and stuck it in the muzzle of the ten-inch gun, putting the tampion in after it.

It happened that the gun was aimed toward the town, and almost point-blank at the Grand Hotel. The guests assembled on the porch to witness the ceremonies, when they were saluted with a rain of knives and forks, which struck against the wooden walls like quills on a porcupine.

BOUGHT YESTERDAY—CURED TODAY.—Mrs. O. C. Bart, of 26 Broadway, New York, says: "I am surprised and delighted at the change for the better in my case in one day from the use of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. It worked like magic—there's no excuse for a person suffering pain with this remedy within reach. 50 cents."

PILE TERRORS SWEEP AWAY.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment stands at the head as a reliever, healer, and sure cure for Piles in all forms. One application will give comfort in a few minutes, and three to six days' application according to directions will cure chronic cases. It relieves all itching and burning skin diseases in a day. 35 cents.

Advertisement for St. Augustine, a real tonic, featuring text about its benefits and a list of agents.

Advertisement for Webster's International Dictionary, New Edition, highlighting 25,000 new words and features.

Advertisement for the Intercolonial Railway, listing train schedules and fares between Montreal and St. John.

Advertisement for Corticelli Spool Silk, featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing the quality and benefits of the silk.

Advertisement for Absolute Security Little Liver Pills, featuring an illustration of a man and text about liver health.

Advertisement for Corticelli Spool Silk, featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing the quality and benefits of the silk.

Advertisement for Absolute Security Little Liver Pills, featuring an illustration of a man and text about liver health.

Advertisement for Calvert's Carbolic Tooth Powder, highlighting its dental preservative properties.

Advertisement for Maypole Soap, featuring an illustration of a woman and text about its cleaning and dyeing capabilities.

Advertisement for Calvert & Co., Manchester, Eng., listing various products and services.



HALLWAY NOTES.

Progress for sale in Halifax by the publishers... The delightful weather of the past few weeks has tempted many of our fellow citizens...

Mr. John Surshon of Rockingham has taken the Clay house on South street for the winter... Mr. Edmond Duval formerly Miss Millicent...

Mr. Edmond Duval formerly Miss Millicent... Mrs. W. B. Torrance left on Monday for a trip to Montreal...

Another hostess was Mrs. J. Stewart, Ingalls street, who gave a large and pleasant tea... On Tuesday Mrs. Humphrey Mellich entertained a large number of friends at afternoon tea...

The ladies of the W.C.T.U. held a very successful tea and open sale at their rooms on Thursday afternoon... The theatre has proved a great attraction this week...

Nov. 6.—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Levett have taken possession of their handsome new residence, Hallway road... Mrs. F. A. Lawrence entertained hosts of her friends last Friday at afternoon tea...

Nov. 6.—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Levett have taken possession of their handsome new residence, Hallway road... Mrs. F. A. Lawrence entertained hosts of her friends last Friday at afternoon tea...

McKay, New Glasgow. Among those invited were Mr. and Mrs. Chambers, Miss Beatrice Chambers, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh MacKenzie...

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Dickie, returned on Monday from a short visit to friends in Canada... The musical programme arranged by Mr. E. B. Stuart at St. Andrew's last Sunday evening...

Miss Annie Johnson, who has been visiting Mrs. Jacob Layton, Havre street, was called to her home in Upper Stewie by the illness of her grandfather, Mr. McGill Johnson...

Mrs. Helen Wood and Mrs. Beakhorn of Canaan, are the guests of Mrs. Whitford, Queen street... Mrs. L. V. Packer has returned to her home in Torbrook after an enjoyable visit with friends in Toronto...

Mr. Percy Spicer of Great Village is the guest of Mrs. Jacob Layton... Mr. J. H. M. Curry is spending his holidays in Minnesota...

Mrs. Alex Wilson and Mrs. Crowell, of Halifax, have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fitzmaurice Lawrence street... Mrs. R. B. McLeod, the well known mining expert and author...

Mrs. Lizzie Lander, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Thomas Moore, Station street, left on Friday last for her home in Norfolk, Virginia... Mrs. J. H. Hinton Silvertown of Montreal spent Sunday in town...

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith gave a supper on Monday evening to a large number of the young men of the Methodist congregation at their handsome residence, Havelock street... Mrs. J. H. Hinton Silvertown of Montreal spent Sunday in town...

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hichman Douglas returned on Saturday evening from their wedding trip as far as Boston, and are settled in their new home on Victoria street... Mrs. J. H. Hinton Silvertown of Montreal spent Sunday in town...

Mr. and Mrs. G. McGregor Mitchell of Halifax, spent Sunday at the residence of Mrs. Mitchell's parents 'Island Home'... Mrs. Robinson of Chaboussade who has been spending a few days with her daughter...

Mr. and Mrs. G. McGregor Mitchell of Halifax, spent Sunday at the residence of Mrs. Mitchell's parents 'Island Home'... Mrs. Robinson of Chaboussade who has been spending a few days with her daughter...

Mr. and Mrs. G. McGregor Mitchell of Halifax, spent Sunday at the residence of Mrs. Mitchell's parents 'Island Home'... Mrs. Robinson of Chaboussade who has been spending a few days with her daughter...

Mr. and Mrs. G. McGregor Mitchell of Halifax, spent Sunday at the residence of Mrs. Mitchell's parents 'Island Home'... Mrs. Robinson of Chaboussade who has been spending a few days with her daughter...

FALLING HAIR



Save Your Hair with Shampoos of CUTICURA SOAP. And light dressings of CUTICURA Ointment, purest of emollient skin cures...

MILLIONS OF WOMEN Use CUTICURA SOAP for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin... Complete Treatment for Every Humour...

Consumption—the great white plague of the north—is more dreaded than the epidemic. Its victims throughout Canada are numbered by the thousands annually...

Use Fry's Cocoa and of Cocoa Purity. Made in England but sold everywhere. Complete Treatment for Every Humour...

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists. A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES superseding Bitter Apple, Pil Coehls, Pennyroyal, &c.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water. 'THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME' For the Handkerchief, Toilet and Bath. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES!

red blood. With every dose the blood is strengthened, the quantity increased, and thus the patient is enabled, not only to resist the further spread of disease, but is soon restored to active health and strength...

Do not (finding gouty patient emptying a bottle of wine)—Here, here, my good man, this will never do. That's the cause of all the trouble.

The earrings are very pretty, she said, with just a tinge of disappointment, but the stones are very small.

Friend (over the wine after dinner)—Your wife is certainly a brilliantly handsome woman. I should think you would be jealous of her.

His Host (confidentially)—To tell you the truth, Seymour, I am. I never invite anybody here that a sane woman could possibly take the least fancy to.

Use Fry's Cocoa and of Cocoa Purity. Made in England but sold everywhere. Complete Treatment for Every Humour...

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists. A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES superseding Bitter Apple, Pil Coehls, Pennyroyal, &c.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water. 'THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME' For the Handkerchief, Toilet and Bath. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES!



EYES SPEAK

Volumes, at times, of a woman's happiness or misery. The dull, sunken eye, with its dark circles almost surely speaks of womanly ill-health, and its attendant suffering...

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures the diseases which undermine the health and mar the beauty of women. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter free, and so obtain the advice of a specialist upon their disease. All correspondence is strictly private and sacredly confidential.

'Favorite Prescription' makes weak women strong, sick women well. Accept no substitute for the medicine which works wonders for weak women.

Eugene Field's Poems A \$7.00 Book. THE Book of the century, has a double merit illustrated by the two of Field's best and most representative works...

Eugene Field's Poems A \$7.00 Book. THE Book of the century, has a double merit illustrated by the two of Field's best and most representative works...

News and Opinions OF National Importance.

The Sun ALONE CONTAINS BOTH: Daily, by mail, \$6 a year. Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year.

The Sunday Sun is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world. Price 5c. a Copy. By Mail, \$2 a year. New York Sunday Sun.

Line of Life on PEARLINE users' hands should be deep and long. PEARLINE lengthens life by removing the evils of the old way of washing...

Line of Life on PEARLINE users' hands should be deep and long. PEARLINE lengthens life by removing the evils of the old way of washing...



EYES SPEAK

At times, a woman's happiness is marred by the dull, sunken eyes, the dark circles almost surely speak of ill-health, and its attendant suffering.

Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures diseases which undermine the health of the beauty of women.

Women are invited to consult Dr. J. C. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Francis Carrier, the well known baritone who has been prominent in church and concert work, has been requested by Manager Savage of the Castle Square opera company, to join the company in Buffalo, Nov. 26, when he will sing the part of Telramund in Lohengrin.

Francis Carrier, the well known baritone who has been prominent in church and concert work, has been requested by Manager Savage of the Castle Square opera company, to join the company in Buffalo, Nov. 26, when he will sing the part of Telramund in Lohengrin.

Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cleanse the system from accumulated poisons.

Given Free Eugene Field's Poems \$7.00 Book. The book contains 100 poems, many of which are never before published.

EUGENE FIELD MONUMENT FUND. To each person interested in the erection of a monument to Eugene Field, a certificate of subscription is sent.

EUGENE FIELD MONUMENT FUND. 180 Montreal St., Chicago.

Views and Opinions

National Importance.

The Sun

ALONE

CONTAINS BOTH:

by mail, \$6 a year

The Sunday Sun

the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

By Mail, \$2 a year.

Line of Life

users PEARLINE on their hands should be rubbed deep and long.

When a woman gets a pair of shoes that don't hurt her she feels provoked that she didn't get them a size smaller.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

ling companies. I am arranging to send several companies into France and will have them appear in Paris, I have more than 800 people on my salary list, and I will have others added to this number, as I will bring out seven more productions during the next three months.

Ignace Paderewski is to be the only distinguished Polish musician to take part in the opening of the new symphony hall at Warsaw next month, although Edouard de Reszke and Mme. Sembrich had promised to sing.

Virginia Harned's first performance of Alice of Old Vincennes in Cleveland had an auction sale attached and \$5,000 was realized, the amount going to the McKinley memorial fund.

Francis Carrier, the well known baritone who has been prominent in church and concert work, has been requested by Manager Savage of the Castle Square opera company, to join the company in Buffalo, Nov. 26, when he will sing the part of Telramund in Lohengrin.

BORN.

- Digby, Nov 8, to the wife of Hallet Syda, a son. Halifax, Nov 4, to the wife of Wm. S. Perry, a son. Windsor, Oct 18, to the wife of Mac Carr, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Banns Robt F. Weiden to Beth M. Davison. Toronto, Nov 6, Hiramford Dartt to Lillie Watson. Sydney, Oct 18, John Terry to Flora McKenzie.

DIED.

- Dieby, Oct 20, Geo M. W. 77. Weyburn, Nov 8, Mrs Mary Farris, 67. Dieby, Nov 4, Mrs Sarah Sells, 81.

I am very much afraid, said Miss Cayenne that I am losing my reputation as a keen observer and a satirist.

When a woman gets a pair of shoes that don't hurt her she feels provoked that she didn't get them a size smaller.

FARMERS MAKE MONEY

Do not sell your poultry, turkeys, geese or ducks till you investigate this great Company, its object and the high prices to be obtained by dealing on y with it -- cash is better than trading -- who last year made money out of your poultry--Did you? -- No.-- JOIN this co-operative company for the protection of farmers--get high prices as well as your share of the profits of selling in England. Join at once.

The Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited

Capital Stock, \$450,000

HEAD OFFICE: HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

PRESIDENT--MR. GIBSON ARNOLDI, Barrister-at-Law, Toronto, Ontario. MANAGER--MR. WILLIAM S. GILMORE, Merchant, Hamilton, Ontario.

Three Firms Alone Intimated Their Ability and Willingness to Handle About Two Thousand Cases Per Week at Good Prices.

APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

GIBSON ARNOLDI, ESQ., PRESIDENT, THE CANADIAN DRESSED POULTRY COMPANY, LIMITED, 9 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

DEAR SIR,--I enclose you herewith in full payment for shares of fully paid and non-assessable stock in the Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited, which I wish allotted to me, as I wish to become a fully qualified shareholder and entitled to all the advantages of the Company, as described in the published Prospectus.

YOUR NAME, ADDRESS.

THINGS OF VALUE

Croupy Coughs of Children.

The tendency to croup is a fact that all parents have to fight. Croup comes in the night, when the child is fast asleep, and it is to be kept at all times.

You cannot tell what night your child may wake up choking to death with croup. It is a case of life or death, and it is to be kept at all times.

Adamson's Cough Balsam is a most delicate medicine for children, relieving the little throats at once. Its action is soothing and certain. It clears out the phlegm, which produces the croupy condition, and it is a safeguard which no mother should know about it.

Adamson's Cough Balsam is a most delicate medicine for children, relieving the little throats at once. Its action is soothing and certain. It clears out the phlegm, which produces the croupy condition, and it is a safeguard which no mother should know about it.

Hipprahrah Hill back--The Ripper r eleven has bought a cannon and four kegs of powder.

Solomon says: In all labor there is profit. I wonder if Solomon ever tore up the sidewalk to get a tickle he had dropped through a crack?

To Prevent it Better Than a Report.--A little medicine in the shape of the vegetable pills which are known as Parmelee's Vegetable Pills administered at the proper time and with the directions attached to them prevent a serious attack of sores which would do the patient no good.

Proudpop--Don't you think that my little son favors me somewhat? Candid friend--He certainly looks like you; but do you consider that a favor?

Very many persons die annually from cholera and dried summer complaints, who might have been saved if proper remedies had been used. It is never too late to get a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, the most reliable never fails to cure. Those who have used it say it acts promptly and thoroughly subdues the pain and disease.

Cholly--And did Miss Chipper say anything about me? Miss Cuttings--She said you just as bright as ever.

The Critic in the Back--"One truck of nature makes the whole world kin," since the poet. But what about the touch of rheumatism and lumbago, which is so common now? The cure is in poetry in that touch, for its readers like miserably. Yet how delightful is the sense of relief when an application of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil drives pain away. There is nothing equal to it.

WHY CATARRHOZE CURES CATARRH. It goes to every affected part and kills the germs that keep up the diseased condition. Catarrhoze never irritates but stimulates the mucous lining of the nose, throat and lungs to normal action, and keeps the nasal passages free from offensive discharges.

And one always to be relied upon is Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Safe, sure and always painless. Nearly fifty imitations prove its value. Beware of success. Get Putnam's at druggists, or if you can not get it we will send it to you by mail on receipt of 25 cents post paid.

Another Graves Worm Exterminator has no equal for destroying worms in children and adults. See that you get the genuine when purchasing.

Royal Perfumes!

- Royal Opopanax, Royal Daisy, Royal Heliotrope, Royal Violet, Royal Greek Lilac, Royal White Rose.

Just opened at W. G. Rudman Allan, Chemist and Druggist, 87 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

Call and see my display. Tel. 239. Mail orders promptly filled.

HOTELS.

CAFE ROYAL

BANK OF MONTRIAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

QUEEN HOTEL

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

Victoria Hotel,

81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N.B. Electric Passenger Elevator!

D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor

Gas on the Stomach. result of imperfect digestion pressing up against the heart, it excites alarming symptoms. Instant relief is afforded by taking half an hour after the meal, ten drops of Polson's Nervine in a little sweetened water.

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

Another Graves Worm Exterminator has no equal for destroying worms in children and adults. See that you get the genuine when purchasing.

Job... Printing.

Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, or Envelopes running short? Do you consider that you could effect a saving in this part of your business? Why not secure quotations your work before placing an order?

Consult Us for Prices.

And you will find that you can get Printing of all kinds done in a manner and style that is bound to please you. We have lately added new type to our already well-equipped plant, and are prepared to furnish estimates on all classes of work at short notice.

Progress Job Printing Department.

29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the Hotel, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men.

WATER STREET. Yes, old boy I have stopped smoking. Heart giving out? No. You know I can't smoke but one brand. Oh the brand is giving out? No. The dealer won't trust.

BRANDIES! Landing from "Corean." Quarts or Pints. THOS. L. BOURKE.

