

HE MISSED THE PAIN.

EXPERIENCE OF A MAN AFTER TORTURE FROM SCIATICA

He suffered intense pain for many years but after the agony left him he could not sleep through discomfort from his loss—A Strange Experience.

To suffer great pain and to bear it without complaint for years is not uncommon; but it is not probable that many persons have known of a person who has suffered for lack of pain. Still there are such cases, and one man who had been through an experience of that sort was a familiar figure about a New York law years ago.

He was a young and handsome man, who was always well dressed and not to be distinguished from the well-dressed crowd in New York, except for the fact that he carried a heavy walking stick for use, and walked with a limp. At first the observer would suppose that the limp was caused by one leg being shorter than the other, but a closer look would show that it came from a stiffness of the hip joint of one leg, which hip kept the thigh pointed forward considerably. When the man was sitting there was nothing apparently the matter with his legs. A man who had lived in the same hotel with the lame man for several years finally ventured to ask if he had been born lame in reply the lame man told this story:

"No," he said, "I was born in as perfect a form as any man, and remained so up to six years ago. By that time I had become head bookkeeper for a big business house, and was on the high road to business success. I lived uptown in a fashionable boarding house, where there were many nice young men and as many charming young women, and I was enjoying life very much. One Sunday night when a number of us young men had arranged to take the ladies to church, I had dressed in my best, and was sitting in the parlor waiting for the others to get ready, when, of a sudden, I was stricken with a pain, which was beyond anything I could suffer. I gave one wild yell, which alarmed the whole household, and fell to the floor. Then my senses left me, and the next I knew I was in a bed in a hospital. My first knowledge in coming to was of that great pain, and for three years thereafter it never left me, night or day. I had been stricken with sciatica. When the pain grew too great to be borne, the doctors gave me something to put me to sleep.

"I spent fifteen months in bed. When I was allowed to rise I found my leg fixed in the position in which it now is. I blamed the doctor for making me a deformed man. 'You will thank me many a time for that,' he responded. 'While you lay in bed your hip joint has grown to bone, and if your leg had not been drawn up in that shape while you lay in bed you would have never been able to sit on a chair again.'

"When I left the hospital the doctor got from me a blind promise to obey him in all things, and then prohibited me from ever taking a bit of morphine except under the direct orders of a physician, and by doing so probably saved me from becoming a morphine fiend. I went back to my desk to work, and for nearly two years the awful pain of the sciatic nerve was my constant companion. I was as conscious of it when I slept as when I was awake. In course of time, however, I became so used to it that I could ignore it, and I began to join again in pleasure parties and to enjoy life in spite of the pain. To my friends it seemed as if I must have got free from my tireless companion.

"As I sat upon my high stool at my desk one day, about three years after I had been first stricken, there suddenly shot through my frame a feeling as awful as that which had forced from me the cry of agony that accompanied my fall in the boarding house parlor, and again I shrieked and fell from my seat. As I picked myself up I felt as if some portion of my very being had been rent away, and I stood there half dazed when my associates ran to my assistance. Then suddenly I realized what had happened. My pain had left me as suddenly as it had come, and it was gone entirely.

"You would suppose that I would have been the happiest man on earth, but I was miserable. In place of the old pain was a lack of something which was almost worse than the pain. I can compare it with nothing except the feeling of discomfort experienced by men who have lost a leg and then feel an intolerable itching of their lost toes, which of course, it is impossible for them to allay.

"I had slept while I had the pain, but without it I could not sleep; my appetite fell off, and it was months before I gained a mastery over the loss I had experienced and a mastery over the loss I had experienced and become a well man again."

Storks.

The chief places to which the storks, so numerous in Belgium and Holland, migrate for the severe winter generally experienced in those countries, has been discovered by a Belgian nobleman. He succeeded in catching two hundred of the birds and attached to each, either round the neck or on one of its legs a label upon which was

written his own address, together with a request that anyone who caught or killed the bird during the winter so soon would send the label back to him, indicating the locality in which it was found. The next spring, one of the labels arrived from Western Algeria, and two years later another came from the mouth of the Senegal river. More labels have been received by the experimenter, all coming from the northern parts of the African continent, which clearly shows that storks follow the course of the swallows when the leaves begin to fall in Europe.

IMPORTATION SCHEMES.

Why Japanese Matches and Toothpicks are so Cheap.

It has often been a matter of wonder to casual purchasers that small articles of Japanese manufacture, such as toothpicks and fans, could be sold at such low prices. The small fans are sold at a cent apiece, while the dainty little toothpicks command the same price per bundle.

When one examines either of these products and speculates upon the amount of labor that must be spent to make them in any quantity, the natural inference is that the well known smallness of Japanese wages contains the explanation. At a first glance this seems to be the natural explanation. Such skilled workers as watch-makers get but a trifle more than \$4 a week for their services, and the less skilled and more mechanical trades command a pittance that to our western ideas seems incredibly small.

But small as the wages of the Japanese workers may be, there are considerations that indicate at once that some other cause must be found. There is a duty on both the articles mentioned, and in addition to this it must be remembered that Japan is a good piece away, and that, in the natural course, freights would give a considerable price in this market to articles that were entirely without cost in the orient.

A visit to several Japanese importing houses which deal exclusively in fine Satsumas and other native wares and in Japanese curios revealed the secret of the prices at which the small wares could be offered here. The large vases, which form the staple import of the concern called upon require the most careful packing, first on their long journey they come to grief, and here is where the toothpicks and fans not only work their passage, but legally escapes duty. Packed in and around the vases are many thousands of these articles, and by this use they lose their character as merchandise and become merely so much "packing." It would be difficult to estimate the enormous quantities of this "packing" which would be required for a single shipment of vases. The market here is constantly glutted, and New Yorkers can purchase here at home these trifles at the same prices that are asked in Tokyo, and their wonderful cheapness makes American competition totally out of the question—Jewelers' Review.

Sunlight Soap's Latest Scheme.

Messrs. Lever Bros., Ltd., proprietors of Sunlight Soap, do nothing by halves. They have built up the largest soap business in the world, first by turning out a very superior article, and second by plucky and attractive advertising. Their latest stroke in Canada is a bold one. It is a Monthly Wrapper Competition, the tempting features of which are the presentation of \$1 625 00 worth of bicycles and gold watches every month of the year 1897, to those who collect and send in to Lever Bros., Toronto office, the largest number of Sunlight "coupons." The total value of the prizes to be awarded during the year 1897 is \$19 500.

This Competition will commence in January, when ten Stearns' Bicycles and twenty five Gold Watches will be awarded to the successful competitors of that month residing in the districts of East and West Ontario, the Province of Quebec, N. B., N. S., and P. E. I.

A great advantage in this Competition is that it is held monthly, and, therefore, those who do not succeed for one month have many more opportunities during the year. Rules and full particulars are given in our advertising columns.

A Greek-English Pun.

The Watchman records a witticism of the late Professor Kendrick, of Rochester University.

Having one day, in the class-room remarked that the Greek preposition *eis* is invariable means 'into,' he was reminded by one of his pupils that a professor in another college had asserted the contrary.

'Well,' was the reply, 'if that be true, I can only say that he has slipped up on the *eis*, that is all.'

A Forty-Year Old Grievance Removed.

In Bath, Ont., Chase's Kidney Liver Pills are a standard remedy. Joseph Gardner, of this town, suffered for 40 years with indigestion and its ever present accompaniments—constipation and headache. K. & L. Pills are the only remedy that gave him relief. 25¢ a box, or all druggists. One pill a dose.

Windsor Salt
Purest and Best for Table and Dairy
No adulteration. Never cakes.

Baby's Own Soap

IS NOT, as most soaps, made from "soap fat," the refuse of the kitchen or the abattoir.

VEGETABLE OILS supply the necessary ingredients—one of the reasons why it should be used in nurseries and for delicate skins.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.

What Made it Yawn?

Travel, which adds charm to the conversation of an agreeable person, sometimes renders a bore more tiresome than ever.

'And there I stood, Aunt Susan,' said Miss Porter's slow-speaking but long-winded nephew, who had been droning on, about his summer in Switzerland for some hours since the old lady's eyes had begun to droop in the lamplight—and there I stood, Aunt Susan, with the abyss yawning in front of me.'

'William,' said Aunt Susan, speaking as one who has long kept silence, 'was that abyss a yawning before you got there, or did it begin afterward?'

How many boys get started in the wrong business—get into a business they do not like and then go wrong. Let me help you get into the right business—for you? Same time too. Snell's College, Truro N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

WE CAN GIVE POSITIONS to persons of ability. Agent, Book-keepers, Clerks, Farmers' Sons, Lawyers, Mechanics, Physicians, Preachers, Students, Married and Single women, Widows. Positions are worth from \$400 00 to \$2,000 00 per annum. We have paid several of our canvassers \$50 00 weekly for years. Many have started poor and become rich with us. Particulars upon application. State salary expected. T. H. LINSKOTT, Manager, TORONTO, ONT.

WANTED Old established wholesale House wants one or two honest and industrious representatives for this section. Can pay a hustler about \$12 00 a week to start with. DRAWER 29, Brantford, Ont.

SIGNS! Our White Enamel Letter make elegant signs for office and store windows; for beauty and durability they are unsurpassed. We are sole importers and agents of the original Letter since 1881. ROBERTSON STAMP AND LETTER WORKS, St. John, N. B.

WANTED Young men and women to help in the Armenian cause. Good pay. Will send copy of my little book, "Why they are in trouble," free to any who write. Rev. T. S. Linscott, Brantford, Ont.

PHOTO Outfits and materials from \$2 to \$100. Practical information ensuring success, free. Save time and money by consulting us. ROBERTSON PHOTO ENGRAVING CO., Masonic Building, St. John, N. B.

WANTED MEN everywhere to paint signs with our patterns. No experience required. Thirty dollars weekly. Send stamps for patterns and particulars. BARNARD BROS. Toronto, Ont.

WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our water-proof Cold Water Paint. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOPF, 49 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

RESIDENCE at Robesay for sale or to rent for the summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the Titus property about one and a half miles from Robesay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennedycalls. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. J. Fenety, Barrister-at-Law, Fugatey Building. 24 6-11

Good Words From Old Students (No. 7.)

I recommend anyone desiring a thorough knowledge of PRACTICAL BOOKKEEPING to attend your institution. EUSTACE BARNES. Head bookkeeper for Messrs. Emerson & Fisher. Have a run beginning for 1897. A lot of young ladies and gentlemen are in attendance. All are working like bees. Many are very capable and are going to make their money. If you are a business man wanting stenographers and bookkeepers will do well to correspond with us. S. KERR & SON. Odd Fellows' Hall.

SOLD IN LEAD PACKETS ONLY, TO PRESERVE THEIR FRAGRANCE.

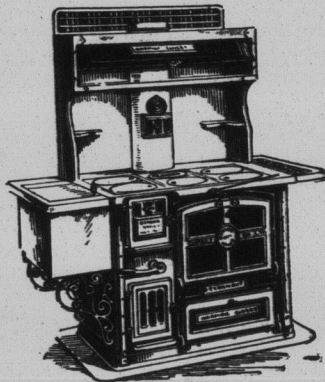
For SUPERIOR FLAVOR FRAGRANCE, BOUQUET, HEALTH PROPERTIES.

DRINK...

"Tetley's" TEAS

HAVE YOU SEEN Our Line of Steel Ranges?

Of late the demand has so increased for these goods that we are now offering VERY LOW PRICES. We carry a number of Patterns suitable for either wood or coal. The ovens are large and have an ASBESTOS covering on top. Supplied with or without Top Closet, Top Shelf, or Copper Reservoir.



PRICES FROM \$45 TO \$49.

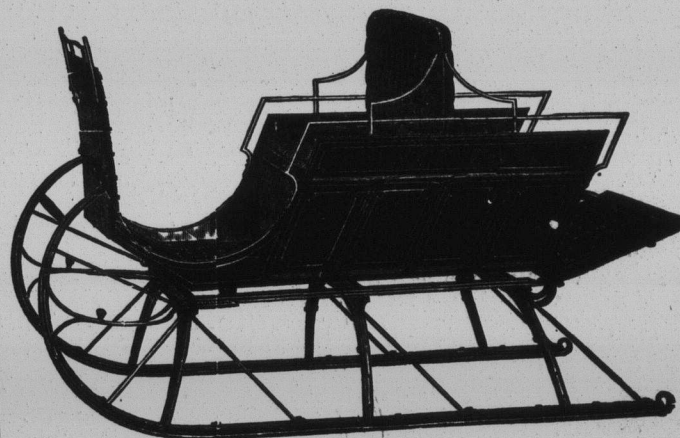
A full line of Repairs for all our Steel Ranges supplied at all times.

EMERSON & FISHER.

Merry Sleigh Bells

Winter is here and we are waiting for the snow.

HAVE YOU GOT A NICE SLEIGH?



If not, just look at this FAMILY GLDSTONE Neatest and Handsomest Turnout made.



And then on this SINGLE SLEIGH—just the thing for comfort and for fast driving. Strong and Durable. For prices and all information apply to

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton, N. B.

Music and The Drama IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Mrs Fred Spencer, of this city, is prosecuting her musical studies in New York with much success...

Just at present, outside of the study and regular work of the Oratorio society, there seems to be reached a period of musical stagnation...

The music of the quartette in the choir of Germain street baptist church is always highly appreciated by the congregation.

Tones and Undertones.

The opera "The Wizard of the Nile" is credited with a decided success in Vienna.

It seems incredible, but Victor Herbert and Harry B. Smith are said to have heard "The Bohemian Girl" for the first time when they visited the Bostonians recently to consult about their new opera.

Signor Giordano, composer of "Andrea Chenier" was recently married to Signorina Spatz, the daughter of a rich hotel keeper in Milan.

Lilli Lehman may sing Ortrud with the Damosch Opera company and Isolde to the Tristan of her husband Kalish, who was expected to arrive in New York last week.

Miss Mary H. Mansfield, is the name of a gifted young lady who, is soprano soloist of the First Presbyterian church, 5th. avenue New York and also Temple Emmanuel.

In Boston two days after the Mapleson benefit concert at the Boston theatre, two policemen asked for a warrant for Mr. Tompkins, proprietor of the house, and others who took a prominent part in the concert.

The announced death of Ellen Beach Yaw, last week caused special sensation in the world of music. The lady possessed a voice of wonderful compass, it being claimed that she was able to sing a higher tone than any other living singer.

The editor of the Musical Courier is still waging war against the DeRozes, especially Jean D. Reazke and against the importation of foreign opera singers to the exclusion of lady vocalists of the United States.

Jean DeRozke recently was paid \$6000, for two performances of Siegfried, in one week. A notice of this incident adds "no wonder Grand opera in America is always doomed to failure."

Fanny Bloomfield Zisler has been quite ill with an attack of la grippe but is again on the way to restored health.

Much regret is felt among the musical people of New York at the announcement of the probability that Madame Melba the prima donna, may not be heard singing again this season.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Miss Katherine Rober closes her fortnight's engagement at the Opera House to-night presenting 'Emeralds.' The business done by this lady's company has been not bad and the evening houses have been chiefly of the 'top heavy' character.

by the oculatory extravagance of Miss Olga Netherole, the English actress, during her last year's season in the United States. Happily for Miss Rober no charge of that kind attaches to her in 'Carmen.'

W. S. Harkins is playing at the Empire theatre New York in "Under the Red Robe."

Miss Frances Drake has covered her connection with the Isham-Lytell Co. at Montreal, and has returned to New York.

Miss Mabel Duncan, an actress and a member of the "Geisha" company in London, Eng., has recently obtained, by consent, a verdict in a breach of promise case against one Captain Arthur Benghal Crabbe.

It is said that Virginia Harned will play Sarah Bernhardt's role in Charles Frohman's production of "Spiritsime" on 17th February next at the Knickerbocker (N. Y.) theatre.

This is the last week of "Rosemary" with John Drew and Maud Adams as his leading lady, at the Hollis theatre, Boston.

Wash McVilvie, the well known comedian, and Miss Helen Creswick, also well known in this city, are playing in Gunter's "A Florida Enchantment" which was on at the Park theatre N. Y. last week.

Mr. P. A. Nannery, another well known actor and graphic writer, a St. John boy too—is still playing a prominent role in the "Coon Hollow" company.

It is said that E. S. Willard, will soon appear as "Robespierre" in a new play by William Young. It is also said he will appear as Tom Finch in an adaptation of "Martin Chuzzlewit."

Kathryn Kidder, fainted on the stage during a performance last week, and the probabilities are she will not be able to act again for many weeks.

Even Shakespeare is not universal in charm—in Chicago. An individual last week, who had witnessed the Marlowe-Taber production of "Romeo and Juliet" there, threw out the weighty opinion that "Marlowe was good, but the play was bum."

It is stated that twelve thousand copies of Ibsen's new drama "John Gabriel Borkman" have been printed in Norwegian.

Olga Netherole it appears has succeeded in acquiring the role of Clorinda in Mrs. Burnett's "Lady of Quality."

A play by George Broadhurst and entitled "A Domestic Kirmish" was recently withdrawn from the stage in Detroit.

Rumor has it that Blanche Walsh a handsome woman who recently has been doing "Trilby" will shortly appear with the Hollands in Marion Crawford's dramatization of his own novel "Dr. Caudius."

NOT A QUARTER

But Just 30 cents, and 40 doses in a vial of Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills.

No Pain, No bad after effects, Pleasure in every dose—little, but awfully good.

Cure sick headache, constipation, biliousness, nausea, sallowness. They are purely vegetable. In big demand and all druggists sell them.

KIDNEY CURE. RAILROADERS TELL OF IT'S WONDERFUL CURES. THE NEW INGREDIENT WORKS STARTLING CURES. TEN YEARS OF LUMBAGO. I, JAMES MUR, of the City of Hamilton, Co. of Wentworth, residing 343 Emerald Street N., do solemnly declare that I am at present employed as night baggageman master Grand Trunk Station, Hamilton.

WELL EDUCATED, BUT CARELESS

A Brooklyn Woman Who Has Learned Entirely by Listening.

The wonderful development of certain faculties in the cases of persons who have lost the use of some of their natural functions, or of others whose faculties have not been fully developed, has long been a matter of remark, but it is not alone the outside observers who appreciate these provisions of nature for the benefit of unfortunate.

An illustration of this is given by a woman in Brooklyn who never has learned to read or write. In no way could one discover this except by her own admission, by putting her to a direct test, for she is one of the best educated women in the country, conversant with languages, art, literature, and all the current topics of the day.

When this woman was a child, her parents lived far from schools, so she had no chance then to learn to read or write. As a mere child she began to earn her own living, and again the chance for schooling slipped away. Then she married and the cares of a family took up her time.

What such a memory can do is well illustrated in the case of a tailor of this city who cannot read or write. He is probably the most widely known man in his business here, as for many years he has done business with New York's firemen and policemen.

"77" breaks up COLDS

- in the HEAD, on the CHEST, in the THROAT, on the LUNGS, be it GRIP, be it a COUGH, be it CATARRH, be it INFLUENZA, be it SORE THROAT, be it HOARSENESS, "77" BREAKS THEM UP.

Dr. Humphreys' Homoeopathic Manual of Diseases at your Druggist or mailed Free. A small bottle of pleasant pellets, fits the vest pocket. Sold by druggist, or sent on receipt of 25 cents or five for \$1. Humphreys' Med. Co., Cor. William & John Sts. New York.

GREAT VOYAGERS.

As a General Rule They Came From the Smaller Countries. Portugal is a small country, with a land area one-third less than that of the state of New York and with a population of 500,000 less than that of the state of Pennsylvania, but it has turned out in its time celebrated navigators, Cabral and Da Souza among them.

It is somewhat peculiar circumstances in the history of ocean navigation that the chief navigators of Europe have usually been natives of minor kingdoms and without the advantages which would naturally accrue to a representative of one of the larger governments.

Christopher Columbus, as every school boy knows, was a native of Genoa at the time when the Italian peninsula was subdivided among numerous petty governments. John Cabot was a Venetian, who sailed in the service of England, as Columbus sailed in the service of Spain.

GREAT REDUCTIONS IN WINTER MILLINERY



OUR stock of Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats, Toques and Bonnets at greatly reduced prices. Also Ladies' Wool Combination Suits at half price. Ladies' Wool Undervests; former price \$1.50, \$1.40; now choose for 90 cents. Also just opened, two cases Ladies' Mince and Children's OUBLES and WAISTS, latest styles, at popular prices. CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO. 77 King Street.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Editor. Advertisement—Rates in these columns which are easily reached, Progress will be charged at the rate of five cents per copy.

SIXTEEN PAGES. AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY. 23.

A RELIGIOUS VIEW.

Very naturally religious papers seek to avoid partisanship in their discussions of politics, for however harmonious their readers may be in religious sentiment they are discordant in political views.

A BRIGHT OUTLOOK.

Despite the efforts of the Women's Reserve League to dissuade young women from bicycling, and despite similar endeavors on the part of other well meaning persons the present year promises to eclipse all others in the number and variety of its wheeling enthusiasts.

What new makers may do in the way of furnishing cheap wheels is largely a matter of conjecture but it is known that the older manufacturers have been wide awake to the necessity of supplying their machines with every device and attachment and every change in construction which seems likely to meet with the approval of wheelmen.

able to the eye of the purchaser are intended to add considerably to the general quality of the wheel. As regards tires there will be very little radical change.

The prophecy last fall that chainless wheels were to rule the day during the coming season, seems to have missed the mark. While machines of that type will be made, the product to all appearances will be small.

Precisely what effect the numerous failures of last fall will have on this year's output remains to be seen. At all events the influence of low price bicycles has already done much toward bringing the price of wheels down to an up-to-date figure.

In cultured Boston, too, arms yield to the toga. Once Boston delighted in the knowledge that the mightiest-swatting of the sons of men was a city's of hers. Once she smiled for pride in the fame of the most agile of the ball compelling gods of the diamond, men skilled alike to smite or stay, to fly around the trembling field or leap into the arch of heaven and there "gobble a fly."

The New Orleans Picayune prints a novel article setting forth that a certain private controversy which had threatened to result in a duel, had been settled by the advice of four prominent and disinterested gentlemen sitting as a Court of Honor.

Sleighs for Good Sleighting.

The first real snow storm and the first real sleighing came Thursday. The "beautiful" came with a rush and flurry and made many wish to see it descend in a less tempestuous fashion.

The King of Scurchers.

We desire to draw attention to the advertisements of E. C. Hill & Co. of Toronto, Dominion agents for the English King of Scurchers, and the Crawford Speed King and Queen.

Bargains in a Big Store.

Messrs. Waterbury & Rising are reducing the prices of wool stockings with rubbers attached from \$1.25 to 80 cents and the same for Misses from \$1.10 to 70 cents.

Fashion Flower.

The passion flower has its name from the Latin words signifying "suffering flower," referring to the filaments or rays and other parts, being likened to the circumstances of Christ's crucifixion.

You Have Made Them.

What new resolutions for the year? You have certainly heard about us. Well, why not give us a trial. Beautiful work and prompt delivery is our motto.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Calla Song. I sated a calla golden gemmed, A flower sweet and true; It grows not in a meadow green, Nor valley's sparkling dew.

I envy all the golden suns, Along the height of heaven deep; The pathway leading up the hill, Where dreaming roses sleep.

Oh my sweetest of the name, The fairest one of all; In dear home life remembered well How often I recall.

Because I hold it shameful to despair, And will not let the bitterness of life Bind me with burning tears, but look beyond its tumult and its strife;

Dark skies must clear, and when the clouds are past One golden day redeems a weary year. Faith at last, sure that sweet at last Will sound his voice of cheer.

Pictures in The Fire.

By the firelight, at the gloaming, In the evening of the year, A my thoughts go idly roaming You and I, dear, far and near.

Every marred eye may ponder, Every aching heart desire Lay, a realm of wealth and wonder, Painted in the glowing fire.

How Soap Cleanses.

The healthy skin is constantly excreting substances injurious to the body, and secreting an oil which serves to keep it smooth and supple. Its surface is covered with a tiny film of oil, and particles of dust readily cling to it.

He Anticipates.

Mrs. Wallace—I do believe that a woman could wear her dress almost to rags before her husband would notice it. Mrs. Ferry—That is not the case with Mr. Ferry. He notices the dinginess of my clothes before I do.

Chairs, Seated, Once, Spilled, Forfeited, Drove, 27 Waterline.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE.

A True Description of the Ball in Elgin Albert County.

I cannot help thinking that the following society item will be of interest to the readers of Progress, and even if it should fail to call forth a passing smile it will at least be valuable as a literary curiosity.

ELGIN, ALBERT CO., Nov. 21.—[Special.] One of the most brilliant parties ever known in this village was given last evening by Mrs. Francis Blank, who is of New York City but has built a beautiful residence here where she spends her summer months.

I refrain from comment on this masterpiece of journalism, but I confess to a burning curiosity concerning the "mark of pleasure" which appeared on the countenance of every male guest as he left the table.

THEIR ANNUAL POWWOW.

Kent County Councilors Discuss Affairs of State. RICHMOND, Jan. 19.—There is nothing on this planet that can equal the Kent county council. Talk about the World's Fair eh? There is more sport in one day listening to the Kent parliament trying to do business than you could get out of ten world's fairs.

Such minor things as concern our own country will have to be laid aside for the present until we settle this Cuban disturbance and quiet the Turks.

Councillor Watthen—I move that the sum of fifteen dollars be taken out of the Richibucto parish poor fund surplus and devoted to war purposes. Councillor McKee—I will telegraph Captain Goggin to have the Coocagne militia in readiness by tomorrow.

So far from not having created a sensation, the car had been too popular, and her man had not been proof against the money offered him to allow other people to ride in it.



Mrs. F. Herbert J. Ruel gave a charming tea for the Misses Blair last Saturday afternoon. The presence of several gentlemen doubtless made the occasion doubly enjoyable. About thirty guests in all were present.

On Tuesday evening the whist club met with Miss Thomson of Sydney street and a delightful evening was spent.

The skating Wednesday evening was excellent as the ice was in perfect condition.

Miss Mima Randolph of Fredericton is a guest of Miss McMillan, Germain street.

Mr. and Mrs. George Jones arrived home from their wedding trip last Tuesday afternoon and Mrs. will receive her friends at their residence, Germain street, next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Keltis Jones have returned from a visit to St. Stephen.

Miss Gertrude Skinner is spending a few days with Mrs. C. H. Clarke at St. Stephen before returning home.

Senator Temple left Wednesday on a trip to Montreal.

The Misses Blair who have been visiting the Misses Thomson of Sydney Street have gone to Montreal.

Mr. G. B. Gerrard of the Bank of B. N. A. leaves St. John shortly having been promoted to some branch of the same bank in Western Canada.

The news was received with much regret in social circles as Mr. Gerrard is very much esteemed here. Mr. Fred Short takes the place of accountant in the Bank, vacated by Mr. Gerrard.

Notwithstanding the storm of Thursday afternoon quite a number of ladies attended the tea given by Mrs. deB Carrite. The hostess was assisted in receiving by her friend and guest Miss Browning and Mrs. W. O. Raymond, while the ladies who dispensed tea were Mrs. Bailey and Mrs. McLanahan, Misses Dunn, Miss Lily Markham, Miss Jessie Walker, Miss McLaughlin and Miss Dundup fitted here and there in their efforts to attend to the comfort of the ladies.

The table was very effectively arranged in green and white, smilax hanging from the chandeliers to the four corners of the table. Crystal vases filled with white hydrangeas, and a beautiful centre piece of white honiton lace over a profusion of pale green silk added to the pretty and artistic decorations.

Tra, coffee, chocolate and claret cups, rolls, lettuce sandwiches daintily tied with green ribbons, and many other delicacies were served. Those present were Mrs. Malcolm Mackay, Mrs. (Dr.) McLaren, Mrs. Morat, Mrs. James Jack, Mrs. D. P. Chisholm, Mrs. Andrew Jack, Mrs. John Gillis, Mrs. Chas. Kerr, Miss Jack, Mrs. Dr. Morrison, Miss May Harrison, Mrs. Dr. Forest, Miss Grace McMillan, Miss Mary McMillan, Miss Christie, Mrs. Melville, Mrs. W. H. Scovill, Miss D. Armstrong, Miss Marjorie Carr and many others.

Justice Landry of Dorchester spent a day or two here this week.

Messrs. W. J. Cummings and Thomas Casey of St. Stephen were in the city this week.

Rev. J. A. McLean of Springfield is in the city for a day or two.

Mrs. C. W. Bradley of Moncton visited St. John this week.

Mrs. Carvell returned to the city on Tuesday accompanied by her son Mr. Harrison Carvell who was on his way home to Charlottetown.

Mr. E. J. Neale of Lowell, Mass., is in the city for a short time.

Miss Charlotte Corbett of Moncton spent a day or two here this week.

Mr. W. H. Kirkpatrick and Mr. J. A. Chamberlain of Philadelphia spent part of this week in St. John.

Dr. E. J. Broderick has been suffering from a severe attack of tonsillitis recently, but is much improved.

Mrs. Harry Clark received callers on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

Fred Peters; crescent of pink and white roses, hyacinths, Mr. and Mrs. John Magee; crescent of white roses and carnations, Mr. and Mrs. Le Roi Willis; sheaf of wheat and jonquils, from Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Sears, and a bouquet of daisies from Miss Daisy Sears; star of pink and white roses and smilax, Dr. and Mrs. White; crescent of white roses; carnations and ferns, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McLanahan; basket of flowers from Mr. and Mrs. T. Christian Church, and many other beautiful tributes.

The funeral services of Mr. A. B. Sherman were held on the same afternoon at Stone church. A large number of the deceased former acquaintances and friends in the city attended the funeral. There were no pall bearers. The flowers sent were beautiful.

Miss Pearl Murchie of St. Stephen was in the city for a short time this week.

Mr. H. Lyons of Moncton spent Tuesday here.

Mr. George F. Wallace of Rockville and Mrs. Wallace were here for a part of the week.

Mr. F. W. Robinson returned Monday from Truro.

Mr. E. B. Boswell of River du Loup, president of the Transatlantic railway was in St. John this week.

Mr. C. J. Taber of Woodstock made a brief visit to the city this week.

Judge Burbridge of Montreal was here for a day or two this week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Wilson of Brooklyn are visiting St. John.

Messrs. J. L. Loggie and R. S. Barker of Fredericton paid a brief visit to the city last week.

General Manager Campbell of the Beaver line will sail from New York next Wednesday on the Majestic for England. His stay will not be very lengthy.

Mr. Wm. Bentham of Montreal is in the city for a brief stay.

Mr. F. E. Johnson of O. law was here for a few days the beginning of the week.

Miss Nina Allwood of Montreal is visiting city friends.

Word comes from Winnipeg of a very brilliant reception given at Government House this week by Governor Patterson, in honor of Madame Alhambra and Miss Beverly Robinson who were guests for a time of the Governor and Mrs. Patterson.

Mr. W. C. Williams of Moncton spent Wednesday in the city.

Mr. F. E. Thomson of Haverhill Mass., is in the city for a few days.

Mr. George D. Waddell of Toronto is visiting St. John.

The death of Mrs. Elyard widow of Mrs. Thomas Elyard which took place at an early hour on Wednesday morning occasioned much regret among friends of the family all over the province. Mrs. Elyard who was formerly Matilde Dyer was a native of St. John and was of Loyalist ancestry.

She was a member of St. Luke's church and will be much missed. The following members of her own family survive here: Messrs. Henry Thomas and Herbert Elyard of St. John, Arthur of Toronto, Edward of Hamilton, Charles of Boston, William of New York, Fred of Fredericton, Mrs. W. H. Smith of St. John and Mrs. George Robertson of Boston, another daughter was the late Mrs. A. N. Shaw. The funeral which took place Friday was very largely attended.

Mr. John P. Black of Montreal is here for a few days.

Miss Florence Johnston of Portland Me., is in Charlottetown for a few weeks visit relative.

Mr. D. D. Sullivan of Halifax spent Wednesday and Thursday in the city.

Mr. H. W. Wilson of Bangor was here for a short time this week.

Mr. L. F. Lawrence of Toronto is here for a short visit.

Mr. C. W. Cunningham of Indianapolis was in the city a part of the week.

Mrs. E. W. Elliot of Germain street left Tuesday morning on a visit to friends in Eglin.

Mr. E. L. Daly of Lynn Mass, was among the city's visitors this week.

Mrs. Doherty, Mrs. Mammol, Mrs. McLean and Mrs. Reid, Misses Watson and Young and Messrs. Lindsay, Hood, T. White, Rev. Mr. Rainnie and Rev. Mr. Boyd.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Steison's many friends here and elsewhere will deeply sympathize with them in the death of their son Milton a particularly clever boy of fifteen years. The deceased was only ill about a week, and after an operation for appendicitis, there were grounds for hope of a speedy recovery. On Sunday pneumonia developed and death resulted on Tuesday morning. The remains were taken to Bangor for interment.

Mr. James B. Eldridge of Montreal spent a short time in the city this week.

A very enjoyable dance was held in the Assembly room of the Institute on Thursday evening; and despite the very disagreeable state of the weather, a large number were present. The affair was under competent management and nothing was left undone that would in any way contribute to the pleasure of the guests. The chaperons and the lady guests wore bright pretty gowns, many of them being specially made for the occasion. The music for the dance numbers and the supper was excellent.

Processions is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore, by W. G. Stanfield and at M. B. Jones Bookstore.

Jan. 20.—Hockey, curling and small parties divide the attention of society just now. Hockey seems always a popular game, and a match never fails to fill the rink with interested spectators. The first match of the season came off on Thursday evening in Victoria rink, the opposing teams being the Victorias and Bankers. The players would have been evenly matched if the bank men had had a little more time for practice, but the ill luck which seems to pursue the team still holds them in check on Thursday, and at the beginning of the second half of the game just when fortune seemed inclined to smile on them, their strongest player Mr. A. D. Cotter of the Bank of Montreal came into violent collision with a member of the opposition and was carried from the scene of warfare in a limp and hopelessly stanned condition. Unfortunately there was no available "spare man" in the team, and though the hastily procured substitute made a brave fight, the accident virtually decided the game which ended with a score of five to nothing in favor of the Victorias. The colors of the different clubs were lavishly displayed by the ladies, and "party feeling" seemed to run high during the game.

Many of our society ladies are taking a deep interest in the "roarin'" game this winter and enthusiasts of the gentler sex are frequently to be seen in the curling rink watching the game with a close attention which would do credit to a veteran curler. Perhaps the fact that ladies are now engaging in the game themselves may have something to do with it, and these fair dams and maidens are quietly getting pointers for the future, when there may blossom out a full fledged Ladies' Curling club in our city.

Mrs. P. S. Archibald gave a very charming little dance on Wednesday evening at her home on Main street. There were about thirty present, and as Mr. and Mrs. Archibald's qualities as hosts are well known, it is scarcely necessary to say that their guests spent a delightful evening. The ladies' dresses were very fresh and pretty.

Miss Sadie Borden, wore a very elegant gown of black lace over black satin.

Miss Hurlington, a pretty dress of gray silk trimmed with lace.

Miss Cushing, pale pink silk with trimmings of white.

Miss Bertha Cushing, white dotted muslin over pale blue silk.

Miss Bruce, a very handsome gown of silk trimmed with black velvet.

Miss Trizey Hurlington, wore one of the prettiest dresses in the room, it was of pale heliotrope dotted muslin over silk of the same shade, and trimmed with cream lace, suiting Miss Hurlington's fair rather fragile style of beauty to perfection.

Miss Buby, wore a dress of black silk, with bodice of heliotrope silk trimmed with lace.

Miss Eibel Sumner, wore a pretty costume of gray silk trimmed with green.

Miss Harris wore a pretty gown of blue and white silk crepon trimmed with white lace.

Miss Sadie Borden, cream crepon with trimmings of cream lace.

Miss Blanchard, black silk with bodice of pink tulle.

Miss Archibald, white dotted muslin with lace trimmings.

Miss Cora Mcweeney, black silk with bodice of white chiffon and lace.

Miss Dot Borden, white crepon and lace.

The honors of heliophore were I believe divided between Miss Bruce and Miss Trizey Hurlington. Mrs. A. E. Chapman gave a most enjoyable whist party last evening at her handsome residence, Botsford street. There were about twenty guests present, and as Mrs. Chapman is well known as a charming hostess, it is needless to say that the evening was a great success.

Mrs. George Mcweeney also entertained last evening at Hotel Brunswick giving a small, but very pleasant little dance to about twenty of the younger members of Moncton society.

Miss Simpson of New York, who has been visiting her brother, Mr. E. W. Simpson of the I. C. R. left town last week for Ft. Tu to spend a short time with relatives.

Miss Phillips of Toronto who has been in charge of Mrs. J. J. McDonald's millinery department, during the past year, left town last week to spend a brief vacation at her home in Toronto. Miss Phillips intends being present at the Toronto millinery openings which begin next month, and will return to Moncton in time for the spring season.

The funeral of the late E. A. Knight whose sad death at Valdosta, Georgia, I noted last week, took place on Thursday afternoon, from his father's residence on Salsford street. The services were conducted at the house, and were most impressive. Rev. W. W. Brewer, pastor of the Central Methodist church officiating, assisted by Rev. R. B. Crisp of Wesley Memorial church and Rev. J. John Prince. The musical services were conducted by Mr. W. Harry Watts organist of Central Methodist church, and the members of the choir. The floral offerings were numerous and beautiful, conspicuous amongst them being an exquisite broken column, from the General Freight agent of the I. C. R. staff. Before leaving the house the beautiful hymn, Lead Kindly Light, which had been Mr. Knight's favorite hymn, was sung by the choir with great pathos, and feeling. The procession was one of the largest ever seen in Moncton, two hundred members of the I. C. R. staff walking directly behind the mourners. The pall bearers were Messrs. Thomas Evans, C. W. Robinson, George Ackman, A. C. Chapman, J. S. Boyd, and Owen Cameron.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Stevens of Truro were in town last week attending the funeral of their son-in-law Mr. E. A. Knight. While deeply regretting the sad reason for their presence, Mr. and Mrs. Stevens many friends were glad to see them in Moncton.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Taylor of Rockville were also in town last week on the same sad errand.

You Have Tried the Others... NOW USE WELCOME SOAP. The old Original and Reliable "Welcome." But One Quality, and Absolute Purity Guaranteed. WELCOME SOAP CO., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Sense in Dress... Cravenette The Wet Weather Dry Goods. Sense, comfort and style are combined in CRAVENETTE. It cannot be distinguished from regular dress materials, in fact, it is a stylish dress fabric in itself—looks well, fits well, makes up well. Suitable for dress or cloak; for street wear or the country. More than this, it is thoroughly shower proof and dust proof. Not damp and clammy like others but porous, light, elastic. In six shades, Navy, Myrtle, Brown, Gray, Castor or Black.

The Tariff Commission... have made up their minds to one thing, and that is that whatever changes may be made in the tariff, no change will be made in the Militia order which says that all Infantry Overcoats worn by the Volunteers shall be Rigby-Proofed in future, thus

The Government has declared in favor of Protection... for our volunteers against Rain, Sleet, and Inelement Weather. The Rigby Process can be applied to any cloth, making it waterproof and still allowing it to remain porous. It will keep out the wet, but admits the air, and cannot be told by its appearance from unproofed goods.

A TESTIMONIAL... MONTREAL, 9th Jan., 1897—Birk's Block. Agents of the CORDED METEOR SKIRT PROTECTOR, 13 St. George Street, Montreal. DEAR SIR: In reply to your inquiry, I beg to inform you that I am using "CORDED METEOR PROTECTOR" in finishing skirts, and find it of superior merit, producing a neat and lasting edge to skirts. Corded Meteor Protector is easily and evenly applied, and found more durable and satisfactory than lines I have hitherto been using. Yours sincerely, E. L. FARR, Late with Dressmaking Department of Henry Morgan & Co.

"The Ideal Tonic." CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE. Tones up the System, Restores the Appetite. No other Quinine Wine is just as good.

USE ONLY Pelee Island Wine Co's Wines. THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE. OUR BRANDS: DEER CANTAWRA, SWEET CANTAWRA, ISABELLA, ST. ANTHONY'S, (Registered), CLEARBAY. E. G. SCOVILL, AGENT PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE, ST. JOHN, N. B. DEAR SIR,—My family have received great benefit from the use of the PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE during the past four years. It is the best tonic and restorative for debility, nervousness and weak lungs you have ever tried. It is much cheaper and pleasanter than medicine. I would not be without it in the house. Yours, JAMES H. DAY, Day's Landing, Kings Co. Tel and Wire Montreal. 25 Union Street, St. John Telephone 22. Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

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

Mrs. H. H. R. had a very pleasant first week at which a large number of ladies were present and enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

It is said that a movement is on foot to revise the Society list in consequence of its having been too much widened of late. Three hundred will be the extreme limit as it is thought that number will cover all who should be within the "charmed circle."

It is reported that a marriage is on the tapis between a young lady of the South End and a prominent government official.

The coming operatic productions of Rip Van Winkle by the orphans club is being watched with eagerness, as the Chimes of Normandy, which is also by Placquette, the author of Rip has always been a favorite. The opera of Rip in some points follows the story of the play, but the dramatic action is as much at variance with Jefferson's masterpiece as the latter was to the original legend.

Prof. C. H. Porter will be the musical conductor and the stage manager will be Captain Duffin so that both positions will be filled in a manner that leaves no doubt of the success. The cast will include leading singers, Charles B. Wikel will be Rip and Mrs. Hartley, Gretchen, while Mrs. Taylor will take Katrina. The exact date of the production has not yet been announced but will likely be about the end of next month.

Messrs. R. P. Greenwood and W. F. Compton are kept pretty busy these evenings with the Ladies and Hispanic minstrels, the former being stage director of each and the latter musical director. The Ladies Minstrels will be seen about Feb. 17th, and the Hispanic March 1st. There will be fifty ladies in the former, with half a dozen end women, and a new Burlesque will be the closing piece. The Hispanic are to introduce new musical features and the afterpiece is to be original and the name of it will be "Nad's the Lily, or a Choice of two Evils" and described as a social problem. The costumes are described as something gorgeous and it is said Mr. Greenwood is arranging for one of his attractive marches.

There are rumors of a new General and of one that has seen much service. Halifax would part with sincere regret from the General and Mrs. Montgomery Moore who have in the social and charitable lines. Both have always been available when their presence would be of service to any benevolent or philanthropic object.

News of the death of Mr. A. B. Sheraton, late lessee of the Queen hotel here, was received with much regret by those who had been brought into contact with him during his stay in this city. A few weeks ago he left for New York on his way South for the benefit of his health but was unable to go any farther. After his arrival in that city there was a brief improvement and Mrs. Sheraton who had accompanied her husband, returned to Halifax on urgent business. A few days later however she was recalled to New York and reached there shortly before her husband's death. Mr. Sheraton who was but 52 years of age leaves a widow, formerly Miss Leonard of St. John's, three sons and a daughter. Interment took place in St. John's, the former home of the deceased, on Tuesday afternoon.

THURO.

[Progress is for sale in Thuro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, and D. H. Smith & Co.]

Jan. 19 - Miss Helen Bigelow has resumed her studies at Edgchill.

There was a large and brilliant gathering at Armleigh last Thursday night, the occasion being the at home given by Mrs. R. P. Black in honor of her son Mr. A. C. Black and his bride.

Mrs. Black received, assisted by her daughters, Mrs. E. Smith, Halifax; Miss Black and Mrs. A. C. Black. Miss E. Black assisted by Miss M. Archibald and Miss Butchart presided in the dining room, where refreshments were served throughout the evening. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Power; Miss McKay, Miss Jean Crowe, Miss Sutherland, Misses Wilson, Miss F. Johnston, Miss Wetmore, Miss Linton, Miss Rennie, Miss McCallum, Miss E. J. J. J., Messrs. W. K. Langille, S. E. Gentry, W. K. Vincent, D. B. Cummings, M. Dickie, W. Crowe, J. Crowe, L. Crowe, B. Black, G. H. Williams, W. P. McKay, Mrs. E. Smith, (Halifax), pale blue silk and garnet, velvet trimmings; Mrs. M. Dickie, yellow satin brocade; Mrs. D. B. Cummings, black crepe de chine; Mrs. Langille, black tulle de soie; Mrs. Gentry, red tulle velvet; Miss Ann Sutherland who has recently returned from abroad wore a very pretty gown; Mrs. Albert Black wore a handsome black silk crepe, double square cut, diamond and pearl ornaments. Among others present were:-

\$19.500 GIVEN AWAY IN BICYCLES AND WATCHES FOR SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS During the Year 1897.

For full particulars see advertisements, or apply to LEVER BROS., LTD., 23 SOOT ST., TORONTO

HUSBAND MAD, wife crying, cook leaving, things go wrong all day long. The best cook in the world can't make good bread from flour that has its days off. Obelisk Flour is as sure as the sun is, and as certain. It makes homes brighter, hearts lighter, because it makes bread whiter and lighter.

THE TILSON CO., LTD., Tilsonburg, Ont.

QUAKER FOLDING HOT AIR AND VAPOR BATH CABINET

Complines luxury, efficiency, medicinal effect equal in degree to the famous Turkish Baths, in the privacy of your own bedroom without water supply or bath fixtures, at small cost. Ensures perfect cleanliness. Cures colds, rheumatism, etc., and obesity. A delightful substitute for muscular exercise. Healthy skin and beautiful complexion assured. Needed by all, sick or well. Send stamp for descriptive circular and testimonials to E. M. TREE, General Agent, 15 Wellington Row, St. John, N. B. Price \$7.25 Delivered. Local Agents Wanted.

CROCKETT'S Catarrh Cure.

A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc. Prepared by THOMAS A. CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

The Tariff Commission elicits some strange and curious facts, but none more true than the good words spoken by both Free-Traders and Protectionists for MINARD'S LINIMENT. They are our BEST ADVERTISEMENT, and we esteem them of more value than all the fences and barns in the country covered with posters.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

WINE'S. Arriving ex "Escalona" "The Nicest" in quarter case and Octives. For sale low.

THOS. L. BOURKE WATER STREET.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock. TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B. The "Lechetsky Method"; also "Bythe System" for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK

"Strongest and Best." - Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., Editor of "Health." PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA.

OVER 100 MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM. Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the firm.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Armstrong, Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Muir, Dr. and Mrs. Kent, Prof. and Mrs. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Crowe, Mr. and Mrs. Rice, Mr. and Mrs. Sumner, Music both vocal and instrumental enhanced the evening's pleasure. Dr. Vincent and Miss Wetmore being among those who favored the guests. Snow shoveling parties were numerous, last week, everyone taking advantage of the "beautiful." The tramp gotten up by the Misses Bligh last Friday night was a huge success, the night was perfect, and the route via the precincts of the cottage, the further environs of the park, and back through the park was a most interesting one. The park was seen in a new and lovely vestment every branch and twig literally covered with light feathery snow the moon shedding her effulgent rays over all. On reaching the pavilion a set of lancers was formed and danced on snowshoes to whistling accompaniments. The party returned to "Fairholme" where hot supper was awaiting them, after which an impromptu dance, concluded an exceedingly pleasant evening. Among those enjoying the Misses Bligh's hospitality were: Miss Jean Crowe, Miss Nelson, Miss Lilla Saook, Misses Bigelow, Messrs. W. P. McKay, H. V. Bigelow, J. Crowe, G. H. Williams, F. L. Murray, W. A. Spencer, G. A. Hall, W. A. Fitch. There was a large dance last night at Mrs. Yull, Luncheon for which invitations had been out a week from Miss Carrie and Mr. Frank Loughhead. It was just the night to enjoy a dance being intense cold; and it is needless to say that the large company present did so. Mr. Loughhead's large and commodious new house being admirably adapted for an entertainment of this kind. The Misses McNaughton gave a snow shoe tramp last Saturday night. The son of one of our wealthy manufacturers and a popular bank clerk are receiving the congratulations of hosts of friends on their engagements to two of our very popular young ladies. P.S.



Elegant Toilette, HOUSE and EVENING DRESSES! The Latest Modes. KEEFE, COSTUMER and LADIES' TAILOR.

NEW GLASGOW.

[Progress is for sale in New Glasgow by A. O. Pritchard and H. H. Henderson]

JAN. 20 - Miss Mina McDonald of Moncton is the guest of Miss Gertrude Douglas.

Miss Sue Cameron of Winthrop, is visiting her sister Mrs. W. P. McNeil

Miss Mary McLaughlin of Halifax, was the guest of Mrs. J. R. Smith last week.

Mrs. (Dr.) Ross of Moncton is visiting her sister Mrs. Joseph Howard.

Mrs. Charles Robson and little son of Halifax, are visiting at Mrs. James A. Fraser's

Hon. D. C. Fraser secured on "Sir Walter Scott," in Halifax Thursday evening of last week to a large and appreciative audience.

The annual Masonic ball was held in Masonic hall on Friday evening the 15th inst. the hall was decorated with portieres and flowers. Supper was served at eleven o'clock, the chaperones were Mrs. Geo. A. Douglas, who wore black silk and white flower, Mrs. D. C. Fraser, black silk white chiffon trimmings, Mr. J. F. McLean, black silk, Mrs. J. S. Fraser, black satin with trimmings of white point lace, Mrs. George Townsend, black satin trimmed with pale blue satin, Mrs. J. Fisher Grant, dark blue silk.

Some very pretty dresses were worn which may be particularized as follows:

Miss Ella Cowman, velvet crepon trimmed with just and chiffon, chrysanthemums.

Miss Jessie Douglas, cream crepon, yellow satin ribbon, roses.

Miss Bessie Conrod, cream cashmere and lace.

Miss Minnie McDonald (Montreal) black muslin smilax.

Miss Innes Hartly, white muslin trimmed with white satin ribbon and lace.

Miss Bessie McDougall, canary cashmere and chiffon

Miss Ella Gray, Nile green crepon and lace.

Miss Minnie Gray, white muslin and yellow satin.

Miss Stella McKenzie, white cashmere trimmings of yellow ribbon.

Miss Maude Sutherland, pink cashmere and green silk chiffon.

Miss Daisy Bell, plaid silk.

Miss Annie Fraser, white muslin and lace.

Miss Annie Lyndman, white and green muslin.

Miss Sophie Grant, black velvet and ostrich trimming.

Miss Minnie McNeil, black grenadine trimmed with pale blue silk and chiffon.

Miss Laura Ross, cream crepon and flowers.

Miss Annie Johnston, heliotropes cashmere.

Miss Sadie McDonald, lawn colored silk.

Miss Freddie Bent, white muslin lavender ribbon decorations.

Mrs. S. Eastwood, black satin, and others I cannot remember; Mrs. John Reed, Miss Eva Grant, Miss Rob McLean and Mrs. Hugh Murray.

Some of the gentlemen present were; Messrs. G. W. Stiles, H. Graham, W. Graham, A. D. Grant, D. E. Fraser, Geo. A. Douglas, R. Douglas, J. F. Grant, G. T. Bent, J. S. Fraser, Frank McNeil, Adam Bell, A. McDearmid, H. Murray, J. E. McDonald, George Patterson, John Fraser, S. Eastwood, D. McDearmid, Dr. Townsend, J. F. McLean, Hodge, Snow, Holmes, Truro; Fitzpatrick, and others. JAN.

PARRSBOBO.

[Progress is for sale at Parrsboro book store.

Jan. 20 - Mrs. R. T. Smith gave a party on Wednesday evening for the pleasure of her guest Miss Robb of Oxford. Progressive games occupied the evening. Miss Estie Hasfield, Mr. Watley Fullerton and Mr. Benny Henderson being the prize winners.

Mrs. Stuart Salter was surprised by quite a large number of young people on Thursday evening but succeeded in entertaining them very agreeably.

Miss Sylvia Black of Richibucto is paying a visit to the Misses Howard.

Mr. C. B. Smith, Q. C. of Amherst is to talk about his recent visit to Washington, in St. George's hall this evening for the benefit of the Parrsboro Athletic Club. Mr. and Mrs. Smith arrived in town last evening and are at the Evangeline.

Rev. E. H. Howe has gone to the United States for a few weeks.

Mr. C. B. Smith, Q. C. of Amherst spent Sunday here the guest of his brother.

Dr. and Mrs. Johnson returned last week from a visit to Chereber. Dr. Bliss of Amherst made a brief visit here lately.

Rev. C. D. White of New Ross conducted the services in St. George's parish on Sunday.

Miss Mills who had been staying here for some time with Mrs. Kirkpatrick left about New Year's to return to her home in Ontario.

The meeting of the literary club which was discontinued for a short time on account of Rev. S. Gibbon's death, were resumed last week at Mrs. MacKenzie's on Monday evening.

Mrs. Norlly spent two or three days at Springhill last week.

Dr. Townsend returned from Halifax on Saturday.

Mrs. A. E. McLeod and Mrs. D. A. Huntley have returned from a visit to Calais, St. Stephen Woodstock, accompanied by Mrs. McLeod's nephew Master Corey Hay of Woodstock.

Miss Alice Aikman is visiting friends in Halifax. Miss Aikman has gone back to Edgchill to resume her duties.

Mr. Massey of Summerside was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Copp for a few days recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Brenton Elderkin arrived home on Saturday from their wedding trip to Bermuda.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy McDougall also arrived on Saturday.

WINDSOR.

[Progress is for sale in Windsor at the store of F. W. Dakin.]

JAN. 20 - Dr. Curry of Halifax was in Windsor last week the guest of his mother Mrs. W. Curry "Curry's Corner."

Miss McCallum left on Saturday morning's train for Yarmouth on route for Boston where she is to spend some time visiting relatives.

Capt. D. H. Morris' many friends are glad to learn that he is recovering from his severe illness which has confined him to the house for several weeks.

Mrs. and Mrs. J. A. Russell and children were in Halifax last week.

Mr. Mills who was for some time one of the assistant masters at the Collegiate school left on Wednesday for Toronto where he has taken a position on the staff of an Upper Canada College. Mr. Mills made a number of friends while in Windsor whose good wishes follow him.

Mrs. W. O'Brien went to Toronto last week taking with him Master Charles who will attend Upper Canada College.

Mr. W. Munro of St. John's Newfoundland was in Windsor last week the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Blanchard.

Miss Machin who has been spending the holiday season with her sister in New York returned to "Edgchill" last week.

Miss Hensley of Halifax is visiting Mrs. Robert Farnin.

Mrs. Owen of Bridgewater has been visiting Mrs. E. W. Dincock, "Thora on."

Mr. Tomlin's friends are glad to see him out again after his long illness.

Mr. J. A. Dickie of Amherst was in town over Sunday.

A large number of the "Edgchill" pupils have returned during the last few days to resume work after the holidays.

Kings college and the Collegiate school are also open and the students have returned.

A number of small rink and snowshoe parties been given during the past week and on Saturday Miss Lawson had a five o'clock tea to which a number of her young friends were invited after the rink.

The many friends in Windsor of Rev. Mr. Toole congratulated him on the occasion of his marriage which happy event took place in Lawrence town last week. The bride Miss E. M. Durling is a young lady much esteemed in Lawrence town and was the recipient of many handsome gifts. Mr. Toole was well known in Windsor having been pastor of the Methodist church for some time.

A very sad event occurred here last week when Mr. Bennett Shaw lost his wife and infant daughter within a few hours of each other, and much sympathy is expressed for him in his sore trouble. Mrs. Shaw was a daughter of Mr. Alexander Torrey of Guysboro and sister of Dr. E. Torrey formerly of Windsor and now practicing his profession in Fredericton, N. B. It is only a short time since Mr. Shaw was called upon to part with his father Mr. J. A. Shaw, whose death occurred in the late autumn.

YOU WANT SEEDS THAT GROW SAVES TIME AND MONEY The leading Catalogue in Canada Yours for the asking - write for it. Tells about Best and Rarest seeds known Seeds by Mail - safe arrival guaranteed THE Steele, Briggs Seed Co. LTD LEADING MERCHANTS Toronto, Ont. "Canada's Greatest Seed House."

Toilet Soaps I have just received a supply of CLEAVER'S Celebrated Toilet Soap. Even the Se tablet of Cleaver's is superior to many of the so called soaps on the market. I also carry a full line of Pears' and other standard makes of soap. Also Contic's white castile, the purest of all soaps.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST 35 King Street. Telephone 230. Mail orders have prompt attention.

COME and SEE OUR STOCK. Ferguson & Page Always keep a full line of Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry.

Solid Silver and Silver-Plated Goods, Clocks, Bronzes, Opera Glasses, Spectacles, Eye Glasses, Cases, Umbrellas. It will pay you to see our goods before making your purchase. Will give you a good bargain in Gold or Silver Watches. Do not forget the place... 41 KING STREET.

Pigs' Feet and Lamb's Tongues. RECEIVED THIS DAY. 10 Kegs Pigs Feet, 5 Lamb's Tongues. At 10 and 25 King Street. J. D. TURNER.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. McLeod of St. John are spending a few days in town...

Mr. J. J. Taylor formerly of this city but now chief engineer of Turro, was in town on Saturday attending the funeral of the late R. A. Knight.

AMHERST.

(Progress is for sale at Amherst by W. P. Smith & Co.)

Jan. 20.—Mrs. James Purdy was the principal entertainer of the week and her home on Saturday afternoon was a very pleasant affair.

Another very enjoyable tea which I trust is not too late to make mention of, was that given by Mr. T. Sterman Rogers at six o'clock on Friday of last week.

Mr. H. A. Hillcoat, one of our leading merchants left on Wednesday for a tour across the Rockies through California and a number of the Southern States.

Mr. Hillcoat is very popular in musical circles and was choir master in Christ church, but the trip is for the benefit of his health having serious throat trouble so the "gentle Harry" must go all though he will be very much missed.

Judge Morse gave one of his very instructive and interesting lectures one evening last week, at Mt. Allison, where his reputation as a lecturer is as greatly appreciated as in Amherst.

Miss Fannie Bliss of Mt. Whately is the guest of Mrs. James Dickey, Grove cottage.

Miss Annie Bennett is visiting friends in Hillsboro Miss Mollie Dickey and Miss Elsie Stafford went to Windsor on Saturday to resume their studies at Edgell.

A number of young people were most pleasantly entertained on Tuesday evening of last week by Mr. A. Brown at her rooms at the Terrace Hotel.

Mr. Roy Morse returned to Halifax on Saturday after spending the holidays with his parents, Judge and Mrs. Morse.

Mrs. York and children of Ferrisboro spent Sunday with Mrs. Geo. Cole, Edoy street.

Mr. E. Eiden paid a short business trip to Digby last week.

Mr. C. T. Hillon and daughter Miss Ella Hillon left on Friday for a trip to Boston and New York and will return via Montreal in about three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Smith went to Ferrisboro on Tuesday where Mr. Smith delivered his interesting lecture on Washington and the White House, under the auspices of the F. A. A. A.

A party which is looked forward to with pleasant expectations is that announced for tomorrow evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fugley Victoria street, for their popular young daughter Miss Mabel Fugley, who has been home for the holidays and leaves on Saturday to resume her studies at Edgell Hill.

At the very interesting event takes place this evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Andres, Croft street when at eight o'clock the marriage of their daughter Miss Lucy Andres to Mr. James Chipman, of the firm Chipman and Sons takes place. Quite a number of guests have been invited mostly by invitation.

Miss Ella Daniels of Pugwash has been visiting Miss Myra Black Victoria street.

Miss Nellie McMullin of Turro was the guest of Miss Ella Hillon last Wednesday.

Miss Heantz of Turro has been visiting her sister Mrs. T. N. Campbell, Church street.

Mrs. A. Pabody went to New York on Wednesday to make a short visit.

Miss May Foreman who has been visiting her aunt Mrs. W. D. Main returned to her home in Londonderry last week.

The ladies of Christ church who got up the Trilby tea and concert at the Park house on Wednesday afternoon have added another glowing success to their already long list. The tea was in charge of Mrs. Jennie A. Dickey, Mrs. Medley Townsend, Mrs. D. W. Douglas and a number of young ladies who helped in serving. There was also a fancy table and a table of cardies in charge of Miss Elsie Townsend, Miss May Love, Miss Fanny Pipes and Miss Beatrice Fuller. These young ladies were fitted about in such a manner that I am not quite sure who really had charge of this particularly attractive spot. The concert in the evening was largely attended and there is no mistaking the fact that every one got their money's worth out of the capital programme arranged and managed by Miss Fanny Bliss. Excellent solos were given by Miss Hillon, Miss Clark, Miss Nellie Hillcoat, Miss Aggie Munro, Mr. F. W. B. Moore, Mr. W. M. Chesley, Mr. Jack Curry and Mr. Robert; a number of them being sung with tableaux arrangements.

HAVELOCK.

Jan.—Miss Dobson has returned to Sussex. A. H. Robinson, Esq., of Eglis and Havelock Railway spent last Wednesday in St. John.

W. W. Killam was in Moncton, Tuesday. Mrs. Nichol of St. Paul was the guest of Mrs. Gulon for a few days last week.

T. V. Fretz spent last Tuesday in St. John. Miss McMurray made her weekly trip to Havelock last week to attend to her music pupils.

Mrs. C. F. Alward invited a few young ladies to take tea with her Wednesday evening. Among those who accepted were Miss Ina Keith, Miss Blanche Fowles, Miss Bertha Hughes and Miss McMurray.

Mrs. Fred Seely spent last Friday in Pettitodac with her parents Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Price.

Mrs. W. H. Fowles went to St. John Friday to meet her husband, who is coming home for a few days before leaving New York on a long voyage to Africa, Australia and East India.

Mr. Lavers of St. John, spent Sunday and Monday in Havelock.

The many friends of Miss Stella Thorne, only daughter of Dr. E. S. Thorne will regret to hear of

her death at her father's residence on Thursday Jan. 14th, after a long illness. By many kind souls she had won the love of all who knew her.

Miss Bertha Hughes and Miss Blanche Fowles left Saturday morning for their homes. Rev. Mr. Atkinson who was in Havelock Sunday left Monday for her home in Nova Scotia. Carl.

ST. GEORGE.

Jan. 20.—The members of the Presbyterian Sunday school gave their annual concert in the church on Friday evening. A very interesting programme was carried out under the direction of Miss Jessie Macgowan and Miss Danks O'Brien.

Mr. Thomas Stinson of Gibson has received the appointment of principal of the school in place of the late Mr. George M. Johnston.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Goss are rejoicing over the advent of a little daughter.

Mr. Frank Phillips of Vermont who is visiting his parents gave a party at their residence one evening last week.

Miss Edith Baldwin entertained a number of friends at her home on Tuesday evening.

A number of young people have organized a dancing class to meet in Coutu's hall on Tuesday evenings. Mr. Hill Crowley instructor, Prof. Mooney furnishes the music.

The friends of Rev. Mr. Lavers were very glad to welcome him in church on Sunday after a confinement of five weeks to his home with a lameness caused from an accidental hurt.

Rev. Mr. Smith has been confined to the rectory for the past ten days with sciatica, but held his regular services in St. Marks on Sunday.

The Division boys of Temperance intend giving the play 'Dot, The Miners Daughter' in their hall on Saturday evening.

Mr. Tobias Gilmore is ill at his home with dropsy. Mrs. Gilmore Stewart and children Upper Falls are visiting Mr. and Mrs. James O'Brien. Max.

HARCOURT.

(Progress is for sale in Harcourt by Mr. E. Livingston.)

Jan. 20.—Mr. R. E. Bayley of Montreal, who has been in this vicinity for some days left for home last evening.

Mr. J. D. Phinney spent Sunday in Harcourt and went to Richibucto on Monday.

Councillor L. J. Wathen returned on Saturday from attending the Municipal Council at Richibucto. His colleague Councillor Atkinson, returned home on Monday.

Mr. H. T. Coombs of Richibucto arrived here on Saturday and on Monday took charge of the Superior school as successor to Mr. H. H. Fazlee.

Mr. David D. Johnson was in Richibucto on Monday on a business trip.

Mr. S. B. Paterson, editor of "The Review," Richibucto, left home on Sunday morning for St. John to attend the funeral of his uncle, the late W. F. Bunting.

The superintendent, teachers and scholars with several of their friends spent a very pleasant time in the public hall on Friday evening. Refreshments were served, and in addition there were games, music, etc.

Mr. James C. Thompson of the Queen hotel, Richibucto, was here on Sunday.

Miss Minnie Buckley after spending a pleasant visit in Campbellton, returned home on Sunday morning.

PATHURST.

Jan. 20.—Much sympathy is expressed for Mrs. Gilbert on the loss of her mother Mrs. Gillespie who died suddenly at Mrs. Gilbert's home last Wednesday.

Mr. Gilbert went to Chatham last week to attend the funeral of the late Mrs. Gillespie.

Messrs. J. D. Adams and P. J. Burns went to St. John on Tuesday.

I regret to hear that we are about to loose one of our most popular young men, Mr. F. Napier, who has accepted a position in Campbellton.

Miss Ferguson returned to her home in Tracadie on Saturday.

Invitations have been issued for the C. M. B. A. ball which takes place on Friday.

The whist club did not meet this week.

Miss G. Meahan entertained a few friends last Saturday evening.

Miss S. G. Benson is spending a few days with Mrs. H. Bishop.

Miss Dwyer entertained some of her friends at a luncheon on Monday.

Mrs. P. Rine of Carriquet was in town last week. There are rumors of a moonlight drive which was to have taken place on Tuesday, but owing to the weather was postponed until a further date.

Mr. and Mrs. James Morrison of Chatham were in town last Friday.

SALISBURY.

Jan. 20.—Mr. Chase of St. John was in town the latter part of last week.

Mr. Bliss Frites was in Moncton on Saturday.

Mrs. Bliss Frites has been quite ill but is now recovering.

Captain Carter is in Dorchester attending the "Dutcher" trial.

Mr. R. A. Christie of St. John was in town last Thursday.

Mrs. D. Baird entertained a few friends Saturday evening.

Mrs. E. McKie and Master Sam spent Sunday in Moncton.

Miss Mildred Moore who has been quite ill is now better.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Keith were in Dorchester last week.

Mr. Isaac Gaynor of Sussex spent Sunday at his home.

Mrs. A. E. Holstead who has been visiting Mrs. L. A. Wright returned home this week. JAMES.

GIRL LIFE IN MEXICO.

She Has Considerable Freedom, But it is of the Right Kind.

Mexican home life is unique; it differs very essentially from the domestic life of the Anglo-Saxon race, for it is founded on respect for parents. There is a sweetness and a charm about a well-ordered Mexican home which is a revelation to Northern people who have imbibed a false idea of matters there. The women of the best Mexican families are naturally of a gentle disposition, but they command obedience and rarely spoil their sons, whom they idolize. There are exceptions, but they are not enough to break down the general social discipline.

As for the girls, no reputable Mexican father or mother would allow for a moment the thought of permitting a girl of any age to be on the streets after dark unless accompanied by an older person, a trusted

servant or elder brother. So, even among the girls of the humbler class, there is no street strolling in the evening. They may, in warm weather, go to the Alameda, or public park, when there is a band concert, but always under escort. They may go to a tertulia, or evening party, but with some competent person. They are always under the watchful eye of a relative. There is plenty of proper freedom for young girls, and larger liberty in the cities than formerly, but they are not allowed to run about without an escort and a very careful eye is kept upon them by parents and relatives, even to distant male cousins. Such a thing as a young girl, or young woman, of any character or family, being upon the street at night, alone and unattended, is unknown. Your daughter goes to visit a friend in the afternoon and stays to tea; yet the gentleman and lady of the house, the gentleman alone, or an old servant, brings her home. So the streets of this big town are never the scene of foolish, flighty girls being followed and "pucked up" by strangers.

And as for men who insult young girls and women, the remedy is usually a sudden and fatal one. In milder cases the newspapers give minute descriptions of the "satyr" who has insulted a lady, and the public is asked to take warning. One fellow, who, in an inferior city, made an insulting remark about a lady standing at a window, was conducted to the Alameda, and in view of the chief part of the town's best society, was held down on a stone bench and caned until he yelled for mercy, and was then ordered out of town on the next train. He went. In another city a male teacher, who was 'too fresh' in his conduct toward young girl pupils, was waited on by a deputation of gentlemen and asked to favor the city by his permanent absence. He, too, went.

The etiquette regarding the protection of women from molestation and insult is such as prevails in the Southern States of the American Union. There is no fooling on the streets, in the theatres and public places with respectable women. There is something left here of the old Spanish idea of the sacredness of womanhood, and the line is sharply drawn between honest women and the other kind.—Boston Herald.

LEATHER REMNANTS.

A Material of Which No Part is Permitted to Go to Waste.

Leather remnants are a regular article of trade. In manufacturers of leather there are remnants, just as there are remnants in the manufacture of cloth, of tin, of wood, and of very many other materials. There are wholesalers who deal in leather remnants exclusively, who will buy any leather remnants whatever, and who find a sure sale for everything they buy. For many purposes the remnants are as good as pieces cut from whole sides would be, and they cost very much less.

A manufacturer of fine shoes, who buys whole skins, cuts out the best and uses that only and sells the rest as remnants. The remnants are sold to manufacturers who make a cheaper grade of shoes; the shoes made from such remnants may be better and cheaper than shoes made from cheap whole stock.

Harness makers and saddlers who buy whole skins have more or less remnants, little pieces, and odds and ends that they have no use for, but which may be made useful for one purpose and another. From any whole stock there must be remnants, and the remnants are all good for something; remnants for belting, for instance, are sold to make boot heels of, and insoles.

The smallest remnants of some kinds of leather are used for the filling of balls; leather remnants are used for making suspenders; for the making of cheap pocketbooks, and for covering eyeglasses and spectacle cases, and various kinds of fancy goods; for bookbinding; for making children's shoes; for the straps used on hobby horses; for leather buttons and washers; for corners on books. Remnants of French calf are used for fine cobbling; and remnants generally are sold for a very great variety of purposes.

Help

Is needed by poor, tired mothers, overworked and burdened with care, debilitated and run down because of poor, thin and impoverished blood. Help is needed by the nervous sufferer, the men and women tortured with rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, scrofula, catarrh. Help

Comes Quickly

When Hood's Sarsaparilla begins to enrich, purify and vitalize the blood, and sends it in a healing, nourishing, invigorating stream to the nerves, muscles and organs of the body. Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the weak and broken down system, and cures all blood diseases, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

is the One True Blood Purifier. All Druggists, \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take

LANOLINE Toilet Soap advertisement with product image and text: 'LANOLINE Toilet Soap', 'For the Face and Body', 'Softens and Beautifies the Skin', 'Wholesale Depot:—67, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.'

Triumph is Ours! advertisement for 'TRIUMPH' Dress Steels, 'TRIUMPH' Stays, and 'TRIUMPH' Stays. Wholesaler: JAS. JOHNSON & Co., Montreal. Represented by FRED. WHITE, 163 GERMAN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Watson's Dundee Whisky advertisement: 'DUNDEE BEST ON EARTH', 'Watson's Thoroughly Matured and Free from Deleterious Ingredients', 'CHARD JACKSON & CO., Agents, Montreal'.

SHOE EYELETS advertisement: 'One of the Comparatively Few Things That Are Sold by the Millions. There are many things that are sold by the gross, and not a few that are sold by the thousand, but there are not many that are sold by the million. Among the things that are so sold, however, are shoe eyelets.'

SHOE EYELETS advertisement: 'Eyelets are made of various sizes in diameter and of various lengths of shank or cylinder, according to the thickness of the material with which they are to be used; and after they come from the machines they are finished in great variety. Some are finished white—these are silver-plated; some are gilt finished and some are coppered. Eyelets are japanned in black or in various shades of russet; they are, in fact, made in any size and of any color that may be desired. Sooner or later the japanning wears off, exposing the brass. There are now made shoe eyelets that are covered with celluloid which keep their color, but these are much more expensive than the kinds commonly used.'

SHOE EYELETS advertisement: 'Shoe eyelets are packed in boxes containing 1,000, 10,000, 100,000, 250,000, and 500,000 each. Eyelets of the kinds most commonly used are sold according to sizes and styles, at prices ranging from \$60 to \$185 a million. Some of the celluloid-covered eyelets sell for as much as \$500 a million.'

SHOE EYELETS advertisement: 'The sale of shoe eyelets depends, of course, somewhat upon the prevailing style of shoe. When button shoes are more generally worn not so many shoe eyelets are sold, but the number sold is always very large.'

SHOE EYELETS advertisement: 'Eyelets are made for a wide variety of uses, up to the great eyelets that are sewed into the corners of sails, through which the sail is lashed to the end of the boom or yard. Taking them all together the number is enormous; of shoe eyelets alone there are sold in this country some thousands of millions annually.'

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NOTICE advertisement: 'NOTICE is hereby given that a Bill will be introduced at the next session of the Legislature of the Province of New Brunswick to incorporate "The British North America Mining Investment Company, Limited" for the purpose of acquiring by purchase or otherwise lands, houses, and other mineral lands in the Dominion of Canada and in Newfoundland and for the purpose of acquiring by purchase or otherwise stock, bonds or other securities for money raised or made by any mining or mineral development company or companies doing business in the Dominion of Canada or in New Brunswick and to sell any or all of the same, or at any time to exchange the same for other lands, houses, houses, rights, stock, bonds or other securities. Dated the 15th day of January A. D. 1897. JOHN MONTGOMERY, Solicitor for Applicants.'

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1897.

TO ABOLISH ROCKHEAD.

A MOVEMENT ON FOOT TO SAVE MUCH EXPENSE.

And Have the City Prison at Halifax in the Heart of the City—Six Thousand Can it be Claimed to be Taxpayers by This Arrangement.

HALIFAX, Jan. 21.—A pet scheme of one of the aldermen, of Halifax is to do away with Rockhead, as the city prison of Halifax is called. His reason for this is that Rockhead is an expensive institution to maintain, and that the number of its inmates has greatly reduced, so that the city and county jail can answer the purpose for which it is intended as well as accommodate all the culprits that are sent for punishment from the police court. This alderman claims that the number of drunks imprisoned is less than ever before, and indeed they are becoming fewer. Saturday and Sunday together brought only two cases before his honor, though this may be accounted for partly by two reasons, scarcity of money and New Year's resolutions. Then the county jail has become almost depleted since imprisonment for debt was abolished, and speedy trials introduced. Thus it appears that it is quite practicable for this city to get along without Rockhead, which costs about \$8000 a year and is three miles from the City hall, and to fill up the empty corridors of the jail, five minutes walk from the city hall. It would be the easiest thing in the world by this change to save \$6,000 to overburdened taxpayers, and transform Rockhead from a prison into some more pleasant and more useful institution.

Dalhousie is Broad Minded.

HALIFAX, Jan. 21.— Bishop Courtney lectured to the students of Dalhousie college on Sunday afternoon. The Dalhousians are a cosmopolitan crowd, ecclesiastically speaking. They have had Archbishop O'Brien at their Y. M. C. A. meeting. Rev. Dyson Hogue, the evangelical has addressed them; Bishop Courtney, broad and liberal has added the flood of his eloquence to what they have heard. Ministers of other denominations, too, have occupied the platform at their Sunday afternoon Y. M. C. A. meeting. Dalhousie is largely presbyterian so far as its students go, but they can be depended on almost to a certainty, to turn out most generously and to greet more cordially a clerical speaker of some other religious body.

TROPIC LIGHT AND HEAT.

They Were the First Things That Impressed a Visitor to Jamaica.

The light and the heat are the two things that most impress one on first coming to this land. The light is the more impressive of the two; from sunrise to sunset it is omnipresent and constant; the very shadows are luminous, dark though they appear by contrast. I should say that latitude seventeen was about forty five million miles nearer the sun than latitude forty. Yet it is a tender, soft suffused light, not a fierce and hard one. The atmosphere is not so rarefied as that of our own west; one can read here by moonlight, but one cannot read fine print easily. The remote distances of the landscape are melted in an aerial haze instead of being defined with the relentless clearness of a steel engraving. Nevertheless, the light of the tropics is superlative; it seems to belong to a planet more recently evolved from the parental luminary than ours. So intense and persuasive is it, one would almost say irradiates the mind as well as the body; it appears to possess a spiritual quality. I had read of blazing tropic suns, of scorching, blistering tropic heats, but I find nothing of the sort. However great the ultimate effect may be, the manner is always gentle, sweet, subtle, soothing. Harbour street in Kingston never shows so savage a temperature as Broadway in New York. But for all that, it will not do to take undue liberties with this soft spoken climate. After walking a few miles along the white, undulating roads, or panting up a steep hillside, nothing could be more delicious than the touch of the northern breeze fanning you as you sit under the shadow of a broad-spreading silk cotton, nor could anything be more dangerous. You are being fanned by the wings of death. Evaporation is wonderfully rapid; you come in from exercise drenched with perspiration, and before you can make ready for a 'rub down' your skin is already

dry. In the north a slight chill may be followed by a slight cold, and that be the end of it; here your chill may turn out the end of everything for you. Moreover, the soil when dampened by rains probably exhales a miasma productive of what we call malarial fever; in Jamaica it occasionally develops in an appalling, ugly disease known as black vomit.

On the other hand, if you are rationally cautious, and let liquor of every kind alone you may walk or climb, or play tennis, or ride horseback all through the hottest parts of the cloudless day, and feel only the better for it at night; in fact, you must take plenty of exercise in order to be at your best. The way to get ill is to avoid exertion and perspiration, and sit at ease in the shade absorbing cooling drinks. Such people sometimes last two years. Those who pursue the alternative regimen are not surprised to find themselves alive and alert at ninety and upward. Of course it is more difficult to get ill on the higher levels than on the lower ones; but taking the island by long and large, it is one of the healthiest places on the globe.—Julian Hawthorne, in the Century.

FOODS IN MANY LANDS.

Nations Differ Widely in What They Like to Eat.

Tastes certainly differ vastly in the matter of foods with various nations, and so do appetites. An Italian, for instance, would be content with a piece of bread and grapes for a day's food, while an Esquimaux in the same time would demolish twenty pounds of flesh, and a Tartar perhaps even more. However, quality and not quantity is the matter of greater interest, and certainly here we have plenty of variety.

The nose of the moose deer is considered a great delicacy by the New Brunswickers, while the fins and tail of the shark are esteemed as specially nourishing and delicious by John Chinaman. The Celestial has also a fine taste in unhatched ducks and chickens, sea slugs, fish maws, birds' nests, and many other delicacies unknown in unenlightened Europe.

In Polynesia raw sharks' flesh is much relished, and it is openly sold in the market of Havana. On the Gold coast the negroes rank shark among such highly esteemed delicacies as alligator and hippopotamus. We ourselves revel in turtle, and yet we decline to have anything to do with tortoise, though a very large amount of the soup in Italy and Sicily is made of the land tortoise boiled down to a strong essence. Land tortoises are also much appreciated in some of the West Indian Islands, and in North America the eggs of the close tortoise are reckoned a great delicacy. In both North and South America the flesh and eggs of the salt water terrapin are considered a luxury. Skillfully cooked, even the hideous, scaly iguana is rendered very palatable, for its flesh resembles chicken with the flavor of turtle. If stewed or curried it is as good as rabbit or chicken, and the soup made from it is excellent.

The eggs of reptiles are wonderfully good, and none are better than those of the iguana and the land tortoise.

Crocodiles, lizards, and frogs are all eaten by various people, and the first is very often excellent food, resembling veal or pork, but some kinds have a fishy flavor that is exceedingly disagreeable. Alligator tastes somewhat like sucking pig, and at Manila is sold for good prices, while the Chinese greatly value the dried skin for making the gelatinous soups to which they are so partial.—Home Notes.

Measuring a Tree.

The boy in the following story, borrowed from Bright Jewels, is described as never saying anything remarkable, as eating oatmeal in large quantities, chasing the cat, slamming the door, and otherwise conducting himself after the manner of boys; with the exception that he asks few questions and does much thinking. If he does not understand a thing, he whistles, which is not a bad habit—on some occasions.

There was much whistling in our yard one summer. It seemed to be an all-summer performance. Near the end of the season, however, our boy announced the height of our tall maple to be thirty-three feet.

'Why, how do you know?' was the general question.

'Measured it.'

'How?'

'Foot-rule and yardstick.'

'You didn't climb that tall tree?' his mother asked, anxiously.

'No'm; I just found the length of the shadow, and measured that.'

'But the length of the shadow changes.'

'Yes'm, but twice a day the shadows are just as long as things themselves. I've been trying it all summer. I drove a stick into the ground, and when the shadow was just as long as the stick I knew that the shadow of the tree would be just as long as the tree, and that's thirty-three feet.'

'So that is what you have been whistling about all summer?'

'Did I whistle?' asked Tom.

OUR GREAT JANUARY SALE OF

Ladies' and Children's White Underwear

HUNDREDS of our Lady Patrons have been waiting for this opportunity, and to such we can assure the largest selection of garments has been prepared for their approval. The goods are now ready for inspection in the "LADIES' ROOM," Second Floor. All NEW and FRESH from the makers' hands.

The success of our annual sale of FINE UNDERWEAR in former seasons is well known. This sale—in the variety of styles, in the quality of materials, in the perfection of cut and fashioning, in the excellence of workmanship—exceeds any sale we have ever held.

Actual Facts Worth Remembering

VALUE, STYLE, CORRECTNESS OF SHAPE, QUALITY FOR PRICE, AND VARIETY OF DISPLAY, are not excelled in Canada.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

HIS FIRST OPPORTUNITY.

Great Men Who Have Embraced Their Various Opportunities.

Seize ordinary opportunities and make them extraordinary. "The best men," says E. H. Chapin, "are not those who have waited for chances, but who have taken them; besieged the chance; conquered the chance; and made chances the servant." A story which is not new is well told by George Cary Eggleston.

A large company had been invited to a banquet at the mansion of Signor Faliero in France, and just before the hour the confectioner, who had been making a large ornament for the table, sent word that he had spoiled the piece.

'If you will let me try, I think I can make something that will do,' said a boy, who had been employed as a scullion.

'You!' exclaimed the head servant in astonishment; "and who are you?"

'I am Antonia Canova, the grandson of Pissano, the stone cutter,' replied the pale faced little fellow.

'And, pray, what can you do?' asked the majordomo.

'I can make you something that will do for the middle of the table, if you'll let me try.' The serv'nt was at his wits end, so he told Antonio to go ahead and see what he could do. Calling for some butter, the scullion quickly molded a large, crouching lion.

Dinner was announced, and many of the most noted merchants, princes and noblemen of Venice were ushered into the dining room. Among them were skilled critics of art work. When their eyes fell upon the butter lion, the recognized it as a work of genius. They examined it long and carefully, and asked Signor Faliero what great sculptor had been persuaded to waste his skill upon a work in such a temporary material.

When the distinguished guests learned that the lion had been made in a short time by a scullion, the dinner was turned into a feast in his honor. The rich host declared that he would pay the boy's expenses under the best masters, and he kept his word; but Antonio was not spoiled by his good fortune. He remained at heart the same simple, earnest, faithful boy who had tried so hard to become a good stone-cutter in the shop of Pissano.

Some may not have heard how the boy Antonio took advantage of this first great opportunity; but all know of Canova, one of the greatest sculptors of all time.

A NOVELTY IN SAILS.

How to Increase a Balloon's Effectiveness Over Fifty Per Cent.

This manipulation of the sail area, in sails of yachts especially, marks a very great improvement in the old system of balloon and straight-cloth sails. This sail of Mr. W. S. Simpson has, at the first view, the appearance of a sail divided into a series of equal squares, like a draught board, every other square containing a hole in the centre about one-tenth the size of the square, and the intermediate squares loose pieces of canvas tacked at the corners to the sails containing the holes. Now, the effect of the wind or the surface of this arrangement is this: the wind strikes the sail at any point of the sailing in the ordinary manner, but escapes through the holes, but is met by the loose squares of canvas tacked on the other side, which are at once distended by the wind. The sail is exactly the same construction on both sides, except that the holes in the

FOUNTAIN SYRINGES—2 quart, in wood box, with 4 pipes (including vaginal irrigator) \$1.00 Postpaid to any part of Canada \$1.10. C. K. SNOW, Druggist, St. John, N. B.

GENERAL LEE'S REBUKE.

In Which a Good Old Saying is Truthfully Illustrated.

'The bravest are the tenderest,' and they are also the most magnanimous. An anecdote, told by the Washington Times of Gen. R. E. Lee, shows how great in mind and elevated in soul was this distinguished soldier:

General Lee, in October, 1865, accepted the presidency of Washington College at Lexington, Va., at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year. He had been previously offered the position of president of the National Express Company, organized by capitalists in New York, at a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year and although very poor in purse, he decided, as he always did decide, to follow what he deemed the line of his duty, and devote the remainder of his life to the education of youth.

He wielded his vast influence in the South to soften the asperities that ever spring from civil war, and to promote among its people a spirit of national fraternity.

In the period of political feeling, engendered by party strife under the reconstruction act of Congress, several professors in his college, while in a large company of ladies and gentlemen, denounced the government of the United States in his presence, and he reproved their harsh strictures by reciting the following lines written by the Persian poet Hafiz:

Learn from your Orient shall to love thy foe, And store with peace the hand that brings thee woe, Free, like you rock, from base vindictive pride, Embarrass with genius the wrist that rends thy side.

After reciting these beautiful lines in a clear voice and with deep feeling, General Lee added: 'Ought not we, who profess to be governed by the principles of Christianity, to rise at least to the standard of this Mohammedan poet, and learn to forgive our enemies?'

A Useful Telephone.

The two Roumanian cities, Galatz and Brails, on the Danube, have been connected by telephone, which is, like the telegraph in that country, an institution of the state. Before its opening the ordinance of the government for its use was published in The Official Gazette, the principal part of which is as follows: 'A person who wants to have intercourse with another by telephone is bound to notify that person beforehand by letter, telegraph or otherwise.'

Friendly Mocking-Bird.

Who would not live in Florida, to have a dooryard neighbor such as is described in the following paragraph from the Savannah News?

A mocking bird serves as a night-watchman at the residence of R. F. Bettes at Tampa, Florida, and notifies the family of the coming of dawn every morning by pecking on the window-pane. Often when the doors are left ajar the bird comes inside and perches on the chairs and about the room.

It will allow the family to come very close, and shows marked attention to Mrs. Bettes and her little daughter. When they start out for a visit it follows them some distance, and then returns to the yard. When they return it appears very glad and will fly all about them, and gives evidence of its joys in other ways.

The children feed it, and when the family meal is to be served, if the window is not raised it makes its presence known by pecking on the window. During the day it gets into a neighboring bush or tree and sings for hours at a time.

As You Take it.

'All little girls,' said the caller, 'should have some kind of light work for their leisure hours. Of course you do something in that way, Susie?'

'Nix.'

'That's especially nice. So few children knit nowadays.'—Detroit Free Press.

Sarsaparilla Sense. Any sarsaparilla is sarsaparilla. True. So any tea is tea. So any flour is flour. But grades differ. You want the best. It's so with sarsaparilla. There are grades. You want the best. If you understand sarsaparilla as well as you do tea and flour it would be easy to determine. But you don't. How should you? When you are going to buy a commodity whose value you don't know, you pick out an old established house to trade with, and trust their experience and reputation. Do so when buying sarsaparilla. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been on the market fifty years. Your grandfather used Ayer's. It is a reputable medicine. There are many sarsaparillas. But only one Ayer's. IT CURES.

THE BANK MYSTERY.

I've come, judge, to ask if you'll let me tell you what no one on earth don't know but me, 'bout that bank mystery.

Yes, thank you, I will sit down. A fire feels good on a night like this. 'Tain't often such as I have a chance at this kind of comfort and luxury.

What do I know about the bank mystery? Lead sakes, judge, time they opened the bank that day ten years ago and found the bank vault broke into and the safe blown up and not a dollar gone, I could have told it all. The people of Triverton ain't done talking and wondering 'bout it yet, and there ain't never no one livin' as could tell what it all meant but me.

I brought some papers—here they are, judge—where it's all written down and I can swear to it if you like. I don't want them never used, though, unless I die and something comes up as would make it best for my family to know, though there's this in it I'd rather die than have 'em know. If it's all the same to you, judge, I'd like to tell it to you. Seems like I'd get rid of a load and would be happier and die easier feelin' I'd spoken it all out to one livin' human.

You'd be glad to listen? That's good of you. I knowed you was a kind man and just one; that's why I come to you. No, thank you, I don't smoke; I put all that money away for my wife and children.

Do you hear that storm? Outside seems like all the evil powers was let loose. You can't judge 'bout it here. It comes kind of muffled like through those thick curtains and it don't shake this great house like it does some.

It's this kind of night that makes men bundle together, judge, and plan how to get rich and have fine things such as the likes of you. I've been through it all; I know. I've felt as if I had a good right to 'em as anyone and I was bound to have 'em too. I warn't brought up to no trade nor nothin' and fair means seemin' to fail, I took to the other.

Yes, judge, I started out in life a thief and a robber. I prospered fairly in a small way and no one didn't catch up with me for some time. Then I joined a gang in for everything. Lord, but it was fascinating! It was like drink; I couldn't give it up and I couldn't get enough of it. I was in prison and out then, the old story, till I married and begun to have little ones.

Then, Lord knows what helped me—something did—and for the sake of my wife and children, I broke loose from everything and came here, where no one didn't know me, to start over again. I had some money and opened the resturant just opposite the bank.

Long as I didn't read the papers I got on well; but let me see them and I'd hunt through 'em for the robberies, and I'd be crazy, plumb crazy for a while, aching to be in for everything. Lord, but it was fascinating! It was like drink; I couldn't give it up and I couldn't get enough of it. I was in prison and out then, the old story, till I married and begun to have little ones.

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We had sentinels stationed round to give the alarm, but there wasn't much danger on a night like that.

We had planned so as to have the door of the safe ready to blow open when the watchman went down cellar to see his fires. I knowed 'bout it, but he did so, seein' him often from my house across the way through the window of the bank, but to make sure we stationed a man where he could give the signal at the proper time. With the watchman downstairs and we shut in the vault, with solid masonry below us, 'twasn't in the range of possibilities for no human to hear us.

'Twas planned that when we broke through the ceiling me and one of the others was to go down first with the lanterns and tools and get the door ready for Jim Groogan, the leader of the gang, to come down and use the dynamite and be on hand to take out the money.

Lord, but it was just the night for such a piece of work, and after I had examined to see if all was safe, knowing the dangers betters than the others, we broke through the floor and lowered the ladder, and there we was—right in the vault. 'Twas well for me I'd hit it right, for my life warn't worth much if any o' my plannin' failed to work.

Tom Doolan in a hurry went down first and when I was half way down he started back saying in a hoarse kind of whisper:

'Who called me?'
'No one, you fool,' said Jim.

'Then,' he said, and he ran past me on the ladder, 'someone is down there. Twic I heard someone say: 'Go back, go back.' 'We'll gag him,' said Jim, and me and him went down and turned our lanterns round lookin' ev'rywhere, but there warn't no one there.

'What's the matter with the fool?' growled Jim, and went back and tried to send him down again, but he just wouldn't go, so Jim cursed him and come himself, and he and me begun to get the safe door ready to blow up.

That's a thing that takes time and care, judge, but we went at it with a will, and never a word. It was so still you could almost hear your heart beat, when all of a sudden came a smothered cry, loud and clear, like a woman's. We stopped work and looked at each other, Jim's face white and scared.

'Lord, what was that?' he said.
'I often hears them on the street like that,' I said.

'That warn't on the street; it sounded close by,' said Jim. 'We couldn't hear nothin' outside in this place.'
'No sense,' I said, 'don't you make a fool of yourself, too, and spoil it,' and I went to work again.

I could see his hand trembled for a while and then got steady again.

'That must have come through the room upstairs,' he said presently. 'Queer, though, it sounded so close.'

Then we worked on and there warn't nothing more to be heard. Rest of the gang might all have been dead men for all the sound they made and we didn't say nothing, and so the night went on.

At last we had it all ready and were only waiting for the signal to blow it up and then—money enough to make us all rich. 'Tain't such as you can realize the excitement and the strain of such a moment. To know it's all there, ready, and then to have to wait! It's easier walkin' over red hot coals. It's all right to go on and work, but to stay still and only breathe and listen gives a man the shivers.

Presently Jim caught my arm.
'Say, I thought I heard voices, did you?' he whispered.

'The men upstairs,' I said.
'Sounded down here. Have your pistol ready.'

I took my lantern and went round the vault again carefully, and then held it up to examine the walls. Then I shook my head. There warn't no way we could hear no one.

'It's the queerest place I ever was in,' said Jim, 'and by Jove I'll be glad when we are out of it. Why don't that signal come? Suppose there's any hitch? I swear I hear voices again.'

Just then came the signal and Jim began to apply the dynamite, but his hands trembled so and his eyes looked so wild and excited, his own wife wouldn't know him.

'The money, the money,' he whispered, 'we must have it now.'

'We got out of the way just in time and then out came the door.'

'The inside door, quick,' said Jim, but the explosion had made that fall inside and we just could lift it out.

'Have the bag ready,' said Jim, as he leaned forward to haul out the great piles of bank notes and silver we could see by the light of the lanterns.

'Hands off, or you are a dead man.'

It was a voice that would most have waked the dead. I dropped my bag and Jim drew back his hand and caught hold of me with a grip like iron, and we began to go slowly back to the ladder.

'The combination is all right; we have them now; they can't escape us.'

We were half way up the ladder when we heard the click, click of the lock, and as we drew the ladder after us we could hear the rasping of the hinges of the iron door.

'Fly, fly for your lives; we are discovered,' said Jim, as he went around to warn the men; and in the darkness and the wind they went away and I ain't never seen none of 'em since. I heard, though, as when they found there warn't no one there and the bank people didn't know nothin' 'bout it till the next morning, they just believed the bank was haunted, sure.

Do I know what it was, judge? There ain't no one else as does know; that's sure. 'Tain't much, after all.

Yes, see, playin' 'round with my little ones, I found as I could make 'em hear all kinds of noises anywhere I wanted, and people cryin' and laughin'. It was fun for them and I often done it; ventriloquism, I believe you call it; but that night's the last time. Yer see, none of the gang didn't

know 'bout that, and I don't keer ever to have 'em know it now. It saved the bank without my informin', and that's all I care for.

Oh, no, judge, the bank don't owe me nothin'. You'll take care of the papers? Thank you. I'm obliged to you for listenin', too. It kind of makes me feel easier.

No, no, thank you, I won't stay and take no more of your time. Don't get up; I can find my way out.

What's that you say, judge? You honor and respect me—me—? And the bank—land, judge, 'twasn't me; 'twas my wife and children saved the bank, and I'm proud of 'em, judge. Good night—Philadelphia Times.

CURED!

Cured Perfectly!

CURED AND A PERMANENT CURE!

Cured by Paine's Celery Compound!

Cured by the Only Medicine That Could Cure!

Cured by the Medicine that Can Surely Meet Your Case!

Cured? Yes, perfectly and permanently cured. Paine's Celery Compound does not, like other medicines, confer only temporary relief. Its work is thorough and clear, and nothing is left undone. Happy indeed are they who, suffering from disease and sickness, make use of Paine's Celery Compound to renew their lives.

Mrs. John Belanger, of St. Henri, P. Q., whose daughter had been brought to realize that she was nearing the end of her life's journey, and who was perfectly cured by Paine's Celery Compound, writes gladly the following letter regarding the permanency of the wonderful cure:

'Eighteen months ago I sent you a testimonial for your wonderful Paine's Celery Compound which had quite restored my daughter to health and strength after other medicines failed to cure her.'

'I am pleased to inform you that the cure had been a permanent one, and that my daughter owes her present good health to your great life-giving medicine. I think more of Paine's Celery Compound to-day than ever before.'

BURIED IN THE DEBRIS.

Strange Story of the Indian Troy, a Dead Old City.

At last the ruins of the Indian Troy, deeply buried in the debris of over twenty centuries, are likely soon to see the light. Pataliputra, the Palibothra of the Greeks, the 'city of sweet-scented flowers,' so famous in ancient Indian legend and romance, is perhaps most widely known as the capital of Asoka the greatest of Indian emperors and most lavish devotee the world has ever seen. He covered his mighty kingdom, from Afghanistan to the Deccan, from Nepal to Gujerat, with countless Buddhist monuments and buildings of vast size. His stupendous stupas or mounds of solid masonry to enshrine Buddha's relics or to mark some sacred spot are found all over India and are almost like Egyptian pyramids in size. His colossal edict pillars, single shafts of stone over forty feet in length and beautifully polished and sculptured, still excite the admiration and wonder of all who see them.

How magnificent, then, must have been the capital of this great Hindoo king, who was the ally of the Greek kings, Antiochus of Syria; Ptolemy of Egypt; Antigonos of Macedonia; Magnas of Cyrene, and Alexander of Epirus! It was already a splendid city in the fourth century B. C. in the time of his gradhiaster, Chandragupta, the Greek sandraoottas, as we learn from the glowing descriptions of Megasthenes, the ambassador of the successor of Alexander the Great. At that time the buildings were all of wood, like the palaces and temples of Burmah in the present day. It is a matter of history, however, how Asoka found this



SURPRISE SOAP

NO ONE KNOWS
how easy it is to wash
clothes all kinds of
things on wash day
with **SURPRISE SOAP**,
until they try.
It's the easiest quick-
est best Soap to
use. See for yourself.

capital of wood and left it stone. But before the dawn of our era this great city had decayed with the fall of Asoka's dynasty and the smaller succeeding dynasties and the transfer of capital elsewhere. In 400 A. D. the Chinese pilgrim Fa Hian reported that it lay deserted and in ruins. Since the Mohammedan invasion in the twelfth century A. D. the very site of this city was forgotten. It was known to be somewhere near the modern town of Patna, in Bengal, but most of the experts and others who had deliberately searched for it believed that it had been entirely washed away by the Ganges. Then it will be remembered that Sargeon M. J. Waddell, in 1892, during a flying visit to Patna, found that the leading landmarks of Asoka's capital still existed.

He found several sculptured stones and images of the Asoka epoch lying on the surface or built into houses or walls, and these, together with the position of the old mounds, many of which still retain their ancient names, enabled him to fix with certainty the limits of Asoka's citadel, and also to indicate roughly the possible sites of particular buildings for exploratory excavations, without which, of course, no detailed identifications could be decisively attended. Unfortunately, most of the likely mounds now contain Mohammedan graves, for the Mohammedan invaders were wont to seize the highest grounds for their residences and burial grounds, and for centuries they have used these ruins as a quarry for their building material.

Still, a beginning has now been made, and already at Patna, where five years ago no stones of the Asoka period were supposed to be, there may now be seen pieces of the well-known stone posts, the so-called Asoka railings, with their quaintly figured medallion-like bosses, by which Asoka perpetuated in stone the original Buddhist spots. And close by one may see, about twelve feet below the present surface, parts of the wooden walls of Palibothra, with their marvelously well-preserved Sal timber over twenty centuries old.—Calcutta Englishman.

GLADSTONE AT OXFORD.

How the Grand Old Man's Life was Spent at the University.

I have read quite lately that Mr. Gladstone himself was rather disposed to underrate the amount of interest which he took while at Oxford in out-of-door pursuits. One or two of his surviving contemporaries may have been heard to declare that Gladstone held as good a piece among the Oxford athletes of his time as he did among the hard working students. It is possible enough that in later days the mind of the great statesman and the great student may have lost its memory of the physical exercises which were less a passion of his temperament and his nature than the working of the intellect and the development of the brain. One can only say that it is hard to believe in Mr. Gladstone turning his attention to anything physical or intellectual without becoming more or less successful in the attempt.

It is a curious fact that when his office of president of the Oxford Union came to an end he was succeeded by his friend, afterwards Cardinal Manning. It is a curious fact, too, not unworthy of record, that among the friendships which he made at Oxford was that of Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper. The general public now has lost all memory of Mr. Tupper. Tupper was, however, a man well known in his day. He was the author of a book called 'Proverbial Philosophy,' a book which probably had at one time a larger circulation than any of the novels of Dickens and Thack-

eray, or the writings of Carlyle, or even the essays of Lord Macaulay. It was a book composed altogether of gentle platitudes, each platitude carrying with it a well-meaning moral purpose. The genial platitudes ceased to interest after a time, and Tupper faded out of the minds of even the dullest among us. I remember a friend telling me, many years ago, that he had just come from a literary party where he had been sitting between two extremes of poetry—between Alfred Tennyson on the one hand and Martin Tupper on the other. Tupper first addressed Gladstone and wrote poems to him, then for a while he turned against him, and afterward went back to his first love. Gladstone was always kind to Tupper, invited him to the house, always read and answered his letters (which must have been terribly boring work) and proved that he has never forgotten his old associates at the university.—Justif McCarthy in the Outlook.

HEALTH AND HARD MUSCLES.

If John Simpson were not a blacksmith we might not have occasion to allude to him at the very outset of this writing. But he is a blacksmith and will thus serve an important purpose; that, too, without having to put on his leather apron to do it.

And he will do it by standing in front of his forge for five minutes while we all take a look at him. He is a strong and robust man, as Mr. Dickson's Joe Gargery was—as all blacksmiths ought to be. Ought to be, I say. But are they?—as a matter of fact? No, they are not—not by many a length of nail rod.

Now it is somehow a common notion that all men who work hard, especially amid rough surroundings and in the fresh air, are apt to be vigorous, healthy fellows; they are supposed to joke at doctors, to have no use for apothecaries, and even to regard undertakers as the necessity of a distant future. Is this view a true view? Are health and hard muscles always found together? Take your time to think. Meanwhile we will hear what Mr. Simpson himself says:—

'Up to the spring of 1885,' he writes in a letter dated May 5th, 1893, 'I was strong as most men—perhaps stronger than most. Then I began to suffer from illness. My vitals and I had a falling out. After every meal I had great pain and fulness at the chest. Then I got into such a condition that I had these nearly all the while. I tried to avoid them by eating nothing but light food, but the result was just the same. I think a morsel of bread would have hurt me almost as much as a round of beef. Then I began to lose weight and had all I could do to keep up with my work. The doctor gave me medicine but I got no help from it.'

'I was wondering how this would end when I heard of Mother Seigal's Curative Syrup and bought a bottle of it from Mr. James Crossley, the grocer at Mile Walk. The effect was speedy. It appeared to go straight to the right spot, and it wasn't long before I was able to eat without any pain to follow. Then my strength and flesh gradually came back, and ever since I have done my work as easily as I did before the disease, whatever it was, overtaken me. (Signed) John Simpson, Cliviger, near Burnley.'

Now, about that health and hard muscle question that I put to the readers; what's the answer? Why, of course the answer is what any intelligent man would make who thinks with his eyes open. No; health and hard muscles are not always found together. But let us look sharp and commit no errors. The facts run this way: While a man cannot grow without a certain degree of health, it is also true that a notable amount of muscular power is consistent with both organic and functional trouble of the stomach, liver, kidneys, or heart. A man may be able to lift 500 pounds, and drop dead within a minute after he does it.

Sailors, farmers, miners, drivers of trains, 'busses, &c. outdoor laborers of different sorts (especially after reaching middle life), nearly all fall victims to rheumatism, nervous debility, or dyspepsia. Yes, and do hard work for years just the same.

I said 'or dyspepsia.' Leave out the 'or' and say dyspepsia—dyspepsia only—and you have struck bottom. This produces all the other maladies; they are merely results and symptoms of it. There's no keeping clear of it by running off to sea, working on a farm, or diving down into a mine. No matter where you go or what you do, indoors or out, clerking in the Bank of England, or driving the locomotive of the Scotch Express—dyspepsia will get hold of you if you give it a chance. And most men do that as if they were as eager to be ill as they are to be rich.

Which reminds me to tell you in a subsequent article how to avoid dyspepsia. For this time I can only speak of how to cure it. Imitate John Simpson's example. Do what he did. And remember that stalwart men (all unconscious) often stand nearer death, than do the feeble women whom they pity.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited.

Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.

The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of

PURE, HIGH GRADE

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on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufacture. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.

CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

Sunday Reading.

"ON MUDDY SOIL."

Freddy Sheldon's Lesson on the Sanctity of the Sabbath Day.

'Mother, O mother! it is blowing hard, and getting colder every minute, and the ducks have not come home, and father says that it is going to storm right away!'

'It looks like snow, sure enough,' replied his mother, glancing up from the pan of biscuits she was putting in the oven.

'Look if the ducks are coming. You can see them from the sitting room window.' Fred went into the next room, and looked out over a big field which sloped slightly downward to a little pond surrounded by marshy ground, wherein any duck might have delighted to paddle, especially those living near a prairie, where water was scarce.

'Some of the ducks are coming, I think, mother,' called Fred. 'Mayn't I go hurry them? Oh, what a wind!—and it is beginning to snow.'

'No! Fred, you must not stir out; the blizzard is here. Bert shut the door quick; the wind is like ice itself,' said Mr. Sheldon, as he and his older son entered by a side door into the sitting room.

'Bert said that door, sir,' said Bert, putting his shoulder against the door as he latched it and slipped the bolts at top and bottom. The wind blows like a hurricane. I wonder if I have a hair left on my head.'

'Your hair is all right,' said Fred. 'Where is your cap?'

'Blown clean away. I'll find it next spring,' replied Bert.

'I just think you will,' returned Fred. 'Where are those ducks? Can't I go call them? They will get lost, I know.'

'And get lost yourself?' said his brother. 'No indeed. You can't see across the yard now, for the snow. The ducks have probably got frozen in the marsh.'

'I see them! I see them! cried Fred dancing at the window as some demoralized looking ducks blew across the barnyard, floundering with open, protesting wings amid the circling eddies of snow, yet managing to gain the barn and squeeze through the little hanging shutter behind which was shelter and food.

'They're safe, anyhow,' said Bert. 'But I only saw six; the others didn't make it.'

'Lingered too long on the muddy soil, I fancy,' said his father, sitting down before the open fire. 'They should have seen the snow coming, and started straight home.'

Bert took the poker and shoved the big logs closer together, while Fred seated himself on the father's knee, and listened to the fierce wind dashing the snow in drifts against the window pane.

'It is not well to linger on muddy soil,' said Mr. Sheldon at last, breaking the silence.

'What do you mean, father?' asked Fred. He had been musing sorrowfully over his missing ducks.

'Oae may get caught,' replied his father. 'You are thinking of something, rather?' queried Bert, looking up at Mr. Sheldon's far away face.

'Yes,' said his father, 'I had gone back twenty-five years. When I was at college my friends were a set of as nice bright fellows as you ever saw,—in the main Christians; but they were not as ready to give up the world as they might have been, didn't see any harm in lingering along among its pleasures, though some of them worked in the church, too. Oae Sunday afternoon a lot of them went out sailing. A sudden squall came up, and— they never came back.'

'Did they ask you to go?' said Fred. 'Yes,' replied his father.

'But, father, said Bert, making, with his poker, little fountains of sparks from the blazing logs, 'that might have happened any day.'

'I know, Bert,' said Mr. Sheldon, 'such accidents do happen any day, and are always terrible; but the sting of it is in the broken commandment. If you are suddenly ushered into the presence of the creator, you want to step from clean ground, and have no muddy soil hanging about you.'

Mrs. Sheldon has paused in her preparations for supper, and leaning on the back of her husband's chair, said softly: 'The sting of death is sin.' I remember, when at school in New England, three of us girls went on a moonlight sleigh-ride,

unknown to the master, and when we should have been in bed. The young man driving upset us down a steep hillside, and one girl was killed.'

Bert rose, and walked to the window, looking through it at the white turmoil without. The snow was clinging almost all over the panes, and he might as well have tried to see through a mountain as that solid wall of white. He remembered a night like it last winter, when his mother and father had been absent from home on a visit to his grandfather some ten miles away, and two of his friends had invited him to go with them to a theatre at the nearest town. Their sleigh held only two, so he went alone in his own little cutter.

Returning home at midnight, a blizzard overtook them. His companions lost the road and wandered away into the dense snow mist with which the atmosphere was packed, through the icy wind, out on to the prairie, where they were bewildered among the cold drifts, until that fatal sleep which knows no awakening fell upon them. He, owing perhaps to a clearer head, or his horse's surer instinct, reached home in safety. A new feeling of thankfulness for his preservation entered the boy's heart, and he then and there made a resolve which was never afterwards broken.

'Come to supper, Bert,' called his mother's cheery voice.

'Coming, mother,' said Bert; and, slipping his arm through his father's as he rose from his chair, he added, 'I guess you're right about the muddy soil, father; it is risky work. I'll keep off it hereafter.'— 'Sunday School Times.'

The Soul's Requirements.

I maintain that the only qualification—the only indispensable qualification—for witnessing for Christ, is the Holy Ghost. Paul, expressly, over and over again, abjures all merely human equipment. He expressly declares that these things were not the power, even when they existed, but that it was the Holy Ghost. Therefore, give me man, woman, or child with the Holy Ghost, full of love and zeal for God, and I say it is a great strength and joy to convert to testify to the church and to the world, and it is the bounden duty of the church to give him the opportunity to do so. The Lord is going to demonstrate in this land that He is not going to evangelize it by finished sermons and disquisitions, but by the simple testimony of people saved from sin and the devil, by His power and His grace. He is going to do it by witnessing, as he began. Now I say, read your New Testament on this point, and you will be struck with the amazing amount of evidence for this unconventional kind of service. The world wants some more Pentecosts—when Peters and Marys shall be so filled with the Spirit that they cannot help telling what God has done for them—males and female, men, women and children—like the woman of Samaria, who, when she had found Him of whom Moses and the prophets wrote, went and fetched her fellow-townsmen and women to hear Him. He wishes you to do the same, and this is the way the Lord is going to gather out His great and glorious kingdom in these latter days by the power of testimony in the Holy Ghost. He only wants witnesses to be able to go and say, 'We speak that we do know'—that is the qualification. The Lord is multiplying such witnesses. Bless the holy name.—Mrs. Booth.

Secret of a Happy Life.

The secret of happy days is not in our outward circumstances, but in our own heart life. A large draught of bible taken every morning, a throwing open of the soul's windows to the precious promises of the Master, a few words of fervent prayer, a deed or two of kindness to the first person you meet, will brighten your countenance and make you feel 'like hinds' feet' for the day's march. If you want to get your aches and your trials out of sight bury them under your mercies. Begin every day with God, and then, keeping step with your Master, march on toward home over the roughest road, or in face of the hardest winds that blow. Live for Jesus by the day and on every day until you come where 'the Lamb is the light thereof,' and there is no night there.—Dr. Cuyler.

Powerless to Combat Sin.

'Men seek to make excuse for sin,' writes Dwight L. Moody in the initial discourse to 'Mr. Moody's Bible Class' in the Ladies' Home Journal. 'They call it by other names and try to explain away its power or cover up its hideousness. They tell us that it is merely ignorance, which culture will eradicate; that in each and every man there is good, and that with culture and education on this will be developed. * * * Antiquity has proved that education and culture are powerless to combat natural sin. They seem to have but multiplied the ingenious and devices of man's evil passions. The corrupt and

When I was Well. While I was Sick. And Now I am Well Again.



MR. MAXWELL JOHNSTON

One of the Best Known Printers in Canada,

Tells the story of his terrible sufferings, and gives an account of his rescue from the Jaws of Death.

Probably no one is better known to the printing trade of Canada than Maxwell Johnston, of Maxwell Johnston & Co., 72 Bay street, Toronto. His many years of experience have acquainted him with almost every person in the entire trade. To many of his friends it has been known that he has suffered during very severe illness the past year, and in regard to the same Mr. Johnston writes the following letter:—

TORONTO, Dec. 3, 1896.

DEAR SIRS,—For over ten months I suffered from dropsy, caused by kidney trouble which followed an attack of la grippe. The symptoms rapidly became serious and medical aid was called in. Among others who were consulted were Dr. Wallace, Dr. Norman Allen, Dr. Weir and Dr. Glass, all of this city, and I can truly state that they made every effort that medical skill could provide. Seven operations were performed within six months, during which time I visited at different periods for the purpose of these operations the following hospitals, viz: The Toronto General Hospital, St. Michael's Hospital and Grace Hospital. Although all that could be done for me was faithfully and skillfully performed, I received only temporary relief, the enormous quantities of water which constantly accumulated. As a matter of fact, 17 gallons of water were removed during the last two operations. After the last operation I was given up to die and was given only six to twelve days to live.

In addition to the best medical skill which money could procure, I used all kinds of patent medicines which promised relief, but without effect. All the family remedies suggested, such as Milk-Leaf Tea, Spanish Onion Tea, Sweet Nitre and Buchu, etc., were faithfully tried but gave not the slightest relief, so that I had lost all hope, when I was persuaded to try Doan's Kidney Pills, together with Laxa Liver Pills. To my surprise I received almost immediate relief. At this time I was unable to lie down and for three and a half months previously was forced to sleep in a chair. My waist measure was then 49 inches; it is now 33 inches since the wonderful cure made by these pills.

I consider myself perfectly cured and feel strong and well. My weight when I was attacked was 198 pounds. After the operations I was reduced to 150. I weigh now 160. By carefully watching the action of Doan's Pills and Laxa Liver Pills I am positive that to them alone is due the wonderful cure which has taken place in my case.

I am a printer by trade and have held positions in the offices of The Globe, Mail, Methodist Book Room, etc., as well as in Ohio and Detroit, Mich., and have been an employing printer since 1877.

Although it may seem incredible, every word I have stated is the truth, and I am prepared to back it by the evidence of hundreds of citizens and friends who knew me before I was sick and afterwards, while I was near death's door, and who now, to their surprise, see me restored to complete health by the use of Doan's Kidney Pills, assisted by Laxa Liver Pills. I shall be glad to answer inquiries from sufferers from kidney or liver troubles at any time, and refer to the following gentlemen who have knowledge of the facts, and can verify every word I say. Many of these gentlemen knew me before my sickness, during my terrible sufferings, and since I was restored to health. My testimony is given voluntarily and without any consideration of any kind, either directly or indirectly. I give it solely for the benefit of my fellow beings who may be afflicted with Dropsy or Kidney troubles of any kind, viz:—

R. J. Fleming, Esq., Mayor of Toronto. E. F. Clarke, Esq., M.P., ex-Mayor. Rev. H. C. Dixon, of Gillespie, Anseley & Dixon. J. W. St. John, Esq., M.P.P. Patrick Boyle, Esq., of the Catholic Register. Dr. Phillips. J. B. Cook, Esq., photographer. W. G. Murdock, Esq., barrister. T. G. Robinette, Esq., barrister. John McGregor, Esq., barrister. Chas. McDonald, Esq., barrister. M. J. Quinn, Esq., barrister, etc. John Kent, Esq., of Gowans, Kent & Company. Geo. Gwatkin, Esq., of Gwatkin & Son. J. Gordon Mowat, Esq. J. J. McCaffery, Esq. R. G. McLean, Esq. Chas. B. Doherty, Esq. Wm. Verner, Esq.

John Stormont, Esq. J. G. Ramsey, Esq. Geo. Verral, Esq. Ex-Ald. W. T. Stewart. G. T. Pendrith, Esq. John Imrie, Esq., of Imrie & Graham. Wm. Hovenden, Esq. Wm. Threlkeld, Esq. W. S. Johnston, Esq. J. J. Ryan, Esq. Jas. E. Henderson, Esq., of Stockwell & Henderson. Frederick Diver, Esq., Central Press Agency, Toronto. Harry Brown, Esq., of Brown Bros. & Co., Toronto. Nicholas Murphy, Esq., Q.C. Thos. Parkinson, Esq., of Messrs. Powell & Parkinson. John Brown, Esq., corner Simcoe and Adelaide streets. S. T. Britten, Esq., of Britten & Bradshaw. Chas. Field, Esq., Queen street east. Wm. Hirst, Esq., corner Church and Shuter streets. And hundreds of others.

Yours truly, MAXWELL JOHNSTON.

Mr. Johnston appeared before Mr. C. Henderson, Commissioner in the High Court of Justice, and gave the following declaration as regards the absolute truth of the statements made in his letter:—

DOMINION OF CANADA, Province of Ontario, County of York.

To Wit:—In the matter of a letter to Messrs. T. Milburn & Co., dated 3rd December, 1896, I, Maxwell Johnston, of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, do solemnly declare that the statements contained in the above letter are true, and I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing it to be true, and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath and by virtue of the Canada Evidence Act, 1893, declared before me at Toronto, in the County of York, this 3rd day of December, 1896, by Chas. Henderson, a Commissioner in H. C. J. Courts. (Signed) MAXWELL JOHNSTON, of Maxwell Johnston & Co., 72 Bay street, Toronto, Ont.

WHAT WILL YOU DO?

Will You Risk Failure or Assure Yourself of Success?—Rev. E. D. Mallory.

If you were dangerously ill, would you call to your assistance some faith cure impostor or a third or fourth rate doctor? If you were obliged to defend yourself in court, would you employ a lawyer without ability or reputation?

If, from motives of true economy, you find it necessary to do home dyeing is it wise and prudent to allow a dealer to hand you some make of poor and weak dyes with which to do your work? Common sense and the saving of time and money demand the use of Diamond Dyes, the only make that can bring good results and perfect satisfaction.

Common imitation package dyes ruin your goods, ruff your temper, and waste your money. They would never have a sale or a place in any home were it not for the love of profit so desired by short-sighted and greedy dealers. Diamond Dyes are as necessary for effective work as is the able physician when life is in danger.

A Child's Thought.

The Washington Post records a pathetic saying of a child:

A Washington lady was passing one of the orphan asylums of the city, and as her praise-worthy custom, nodded across the fence to a couple of forlorn little waifs playing in the yard. Before she was out of hearing one of the little girls said to the other:

'Isn't she just lovely?' 'And the other, with a wistful sigh, answered: 'Yes, and p'raps my mother is just like her; jus' think!'

degenerate days of cultured Rome, even during her proud Golden Age of wealth, of literature, of beauty and philosophy, have left to us monuments of her obscenity and vice. The wisdom of Greece and the learning of Egypt never saved their subjects from the corruption of sin. The Epistles of Saint Paul to the churches of Asia Minor are a sufficient commentary upon the efficacy of their boasted refinement in the development of noble and pure lives. Nor have we to go into ancient history for a vindication of the awful truth of a fallen nature. Do our times offer no illustration of inherent sin? Does not the presence of sin, often the most vile and dark in its offices, reveal itself in lives which from earliest infancy have been surrounded by only that which was pure and good? Are our convicts made solely from those who have not had advantages?

Their Good Rules. Two christian Chinamen, who recently entered into a business partnership, added the following three rules to other agreements: 'First, we will not buy or sell anything injurious to our fellow men. Second, we will do no business on Sunday. Third, of all we make, one-tenth shall be given to the Lord's work.' The example of these men might well be followed by all engaged in business.

Obstacles to A.c.t. 'There is one thing,' said the heavy man of the theatrical company, 'that'll have to be attended to.'

'What is it?' asked the stag manager. 'You remember the scene in which I pledge the princess' health in this crystal goblet of foaming wine?'

'Yes.'

'Well, you can do one of three things. You can make that cold tea weaker, put some sugar in it, or else get some man who isn't in danger of making a wry face to play the part.'—Washington Star.

Pain Banished as if by Magic. Nerviline—nerve pain cure—is a positive and an almost instantaneous remedy for external, internal, or local pains. The most abortive remedy known falls far short of Nerviline for potent power in the relief of nerve pain. A trial will demonstrate.

Notches on The Stick

Still fancy and affection linger among these haunted homes of loveliness. We are loth to turn away from that shore to which our thought is ever returning.—

"To Lother's fair and fertile strand,
And Pentland's mountains blue."

Not vainly, or without reason, did their poet praise them, and learn us to love them, till Tweed and Terrot and Yarrow and Ettrick; yes, and "Eke's fair woods" and silver stream are all replete with his magic.

"Through woods more fair no stream more sweet
Rolls to the eastern main.

Sweet are the paths, O, passing sweet!
By Eke's fair stream that run,
O'er airy steep, by copewood deep,
Impervious to the sun.

There the poet's step may rove,
And yield the muse the day;
There beauty led by timid love
May shun the tall-tale ray.

From that fair dome, where suit is paid
By blast of bugle free,
To Auchendinny's hazel glade
And haunted Woodhouselee.

Who knows not Melville's beechy grove,
And Roslyn's rocky glen,
Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,
And classic Hawthornden."

Howitt, at the time of his visit, ranged through all the Abbotsford plantations, from the mansion "to the foot of the Eildon hill, down by the Rhymer's glen and Huntly burn." He was more amazed at the extent of the manor—the "large stretch of poor land Sir Walter had got together," rather than the use made of it. He declared it "not particularly romantic, but accounts for all defects by the supposition that Sir Walter saw the scene as a poet sees, and though "the eyes of poetic tradition;" that he "saw things which had been done there and sung of; and all was beautiful to him." Doubtless, as he predicted they would, these slopes have become more beautiful, with the increased growth of deciduous trees. At that time, he says, "down at the house the trees have so grown and closed up the prospects, that you can scarcely get a glimpse of the river, but when you ascend the woods and come to an opening on the hills, you see up and down the valley far and wide. Near a mound on the plantations, on which an old carved stone is reared, and held upright by iron stays, probably making the scene of some border skirmish, there are seats of turf, from which you have fine views. You see below Abbotsford, where the Galawater comes sweeping into the Tweed, and where Galashiels lies smoking beyond, all compact, like a busy town as it is. And in another direction, the towers and town of Melrose are discovered at the foot of the blue but airy Eildon Hills; and still farther, the back summit of the Cowdenknowes."

Let us pursue the course of our guide a little farther for he will lead us to a haunt we cannot afford to miss. Going beyond this slightly summit, "after issuing out of the first mass of plantations, and ascending a narrow lane, I came to a farm house. I asked a boy in the yard what the farm was called; and a thrill went through me when he answered Kaeside. It was the farm of William Laidlaw, the steward and friend of Sir Walter. We have seen how, in his earlier joyous days, Sir Walter fell in with Laidlaw, Hogg and Leyden. The expeditions into Ettrick and Yarrow, in quest of old border ballads, brought Scott in contact with the two former. He found not only poetry, but actual living poets, amongst the shepherds and sheep farmers of the hills. I know of nothing more beautiful than the relation of these circumstances in Lockhart's Life of Scott. In Chamber's Edinburgh Journal of July and August, 1845, there is also a very interesting account of Laidlaw, and especially of the coming of Scott and Leyden to Blackhouse farm, in Yarrow, and Laidlaw's farm, and of their strolling over all the classic ground of the neighborhood; to St. Mary's Loch, to the thorn, of Whitehope, Dryhope tower, the former abode of the Flower of Yarrow, Yarrow church, and the Seven Stones, which mark the graves of the Seven Brothers, slain in the Douglas Tragedy. How Laidlaw produced the famous ballad of 'Auld Maitland,' and how Leyden walked about in the highest excitement while Scott read it aloud. Then follows the equally interesting account of the visit of Scott and Laidlaw to Hogg, in Ettrick. These were golden days. Laidlaw and Hogg were relatives and old friends. Hogg had been shepherd at Blackhouse, with Laidlaw's father. The young men had grown poets from the inspiration of the scenes they lived amongst, and their mutual conversation. Then comes the great Minstrel of the time, seeking up the scattered and unedited treasures of

antiquity, and finds these rustic poets of the hills, and they become friends for life. It is a romance. Laidlaw was of an old and famous but decayed family. The line had been cursed by a maternal ancestress, and they believed that the curse took effect; they all became lawless men. But Laidlaw went to live at Abbotsford, as the factor or steward of Scott; and in him Scott found one of the most faithful, intelligent, and sympathizing friends, ready either to plant his trees or to write down his novels at his dictation, when his evil days came upon him. In our day-dreams we imagine such things as these. We lay out estates, and settle on them our friends and faithful adherents, and make about us a paradise of affection, truth and intellect; but it was the fortune of Scott only to do this actually. Here, at his little farm of Kaeside, lived Laidlaw, and after Scott's death went to superintend estates in Rosshire; and his health at length giving way, he retired to the farm of his brother, a sheep-farmer of Contin; and there, in as beautiful scenery as Scotland, or almost any country, has to show, the true poet of nature, this true-hearted man, breathed his last on the 18th of May, 1845.

"Those who wonder through the woods of Abbotsford, and find their senses regaled by the rich odor of sweet-briar and wood-brines, with shrubs oftener found in gardens, as I did with some degree of surprise will read with interest the following direction of Scott to Laidlaw, in which he explains the mystery:—"George must stick in a few wild roses, honeysuckles, and sweet-briars in suitable places, so as to produce the luxuriance we see in the woods which nature plants herself. We injure the effects of our plantings, so far as beauty is concerned, very much by neglecting under wood." In the woods of Abbotsford the memory of Laidlaw will be often recalled by the sight of these fragrant plants.

"Descending into a valley beyond Kaeside, I came to the forester's lodge, on the edge of a little solitary loch. Was this cottage formerly the abode of another worthy,—Tom Purdie, whom Scott has, on his grave-stone in Melrose abbey-yard, styled "Wood forester of Abbotsford?"—a double epithet which may be accounted for by foresters being now-a-days keepers of forests where there is no wood, as in Ettrick. Whether this was Tom Purdie's abode or not, however, I found it inhabited by a very obliging and intelligent fellow, a porter there. The little loch here I understand him to be called Abbotsford loch, on contradiction to Cauldsields loch, which is still further up the hills. This Cauldsields loch was a favorite resort of Scott at first. It had its traditions, and he had a boat upon it; but finding that it did not belong to his estate, as he supposed, by one of his purchases, he would never go upon it again, though requested to use it at his pleasure by the proprietor. By the direction of the forester, I now steered my way onward from wood to wood, towards the Eildon hills, in quest of the glen as the Rhymer. The evening was now drawing on, and there was a deep solitude and solemnity over the dark pine woods through which I passed. The trees which Scott had planted were now in active process of being thinned out, and piles of them lay here and there by the car tracks through the woods, and heaps of the peeled bark of the larch for sale. I thought with what pleasure would Scott have now surveyed these operations, and the beginning of the marketable profit of the woods of his own planting. But that day was past. I went on over fields embosomed in the black forest where the grazing herds gazed wildly at me, as if a stranger were not often seen there; crossed the deep glen where the little stream roared on, lost in the thick growth of now lofty trees; and then passed onward down the Rhymer's glen to Huntly burn: every step bearing fresh evidence of the banished romance of Abbotsford. How long was it since Miss Edgeworth sat by the little waterfall in the Rhymer's glen, and gave her name to the stone on which she was seated? The house at Huntly burn, which Scott had purchased to locate his old friend Sir Adam Ferguson near him, was now the house of the wood-factor; and piles of timber and sawn boards on all sides marked its present use. Lockhart was gone from the lovely cottage just by at Chielwood. And Scott himself, after his glory and his troubles, slept soundly at Dryburgh. The darkness that had now closed thickly on my way, seemed to my excited imagination to have fallen on the world. What a day of broad hearts and broad intellects was that which had just passed! How the spirit of power, and of creature beauty, had been poured abroad amongst men, and especially in our own country, as with a measureless opening of the Divine hand; and how rapidly and extensively had then the favored ministers of this intellectual diffusion been withdrawn from the earth! Scott, gone and almost all his family who had rejoiced with him—Abbotsford was

an empty abode—the very woods had yielded up their faithful spirits—Laidlaw and Purdie were in the earth—Hogg, the shepherd poet, had disappeared from the hills. And of the great lights of England how many were put out!

"Every mortal power of Coleridge
Was frozen at its marvellous source.
The rapt one of the god-like forehead,
The leaves-eyed creature sleeps in earth;
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
Has vanished from his lonely hearth.
Like clouds that robe the mountain summits,
Or waves that own no curbing hand,
How fast has Brother followed Brother,
From sunshines to the sunless land!"

Crabb, Southey, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Campbell, Hemans, Landon, Hood,—many of them bidding farewell to earth amid clouds and melancholy, intense as was the contrasting brightness of their noontday fame. "Sic transit gloria mundi." The thought passed through me—but a second followed it, saying, "not so—they only by whom the glory is created travel onward in the track of their eternal destiny."

Here we bid adieu to these scenes of beauty and delight—adieu to our most interesting subject. Not that in memory we shall fail to recur to them, many, many times, but we shall chat no more with our readers, about him, who, in our youth, we learned to love, and whom in our age, we cannot forget. He is like an evergreen bough, on which sunshin may fall, or snow may rest, but which is ever brightly green and odorous with balsam. While the spirit of "classical beauty and the presiding genius of romance linger anywhere on the earth, their choicest influence will be felt along the Tweed, and along the twilight braes of Yarrow; and the children of the muses, wherever scattered, in the West, or the East, will oft be musing on the glories of the past in Scotland."

Of the Ettrick Bard, and Sir Walter Scott,
And Thomas of Erceldoune;—
Of the band of nameless singers,
Like the sun in the west sunk down,
The magic spell of whose glamourie
Still hallowes tower and town.

"And their hearts will be moved by Yarrow,
As the night-wind moves the sea,—
By the touch of a far-off, strange unrest"
From the ages of gramerye."

PASTOR FELIX.

FOOD IN THE ARCTIC.

Birds Have no Difficulty in Finding it in the Snow.

The number of birds that go to the arctic regions to breed is "vast beyond conception." The go no not by thousands but by millions, to rear their young on the tundra. The cause which attracts them is because nowhere in the world does nature provide at the same time and in the same place "such a lavish prodigality of food." That the barren swamp of the tundra should yield a food supply so great as to tempt birds to make journeys of thousands of miles to rear their young in a land of plenty, only to be found beyond the arctic circle, seems incredible. The vegetation consists of cranberry, cloudberry and crowberry bushes. Forced by the perpetual sunshine of the arctic summer these bear enormous crops of fruit. But the crop is not ripe until the middle and end of the arctic summer, and if the fruit-eating birds had to wait until it was ripe they would starve, for they arrive on the very day of the melting of the snow. But each year the snow descends on its immense crop of ripe fruit before the birds have time to gather it. It is then preserved beneath the snow, perfectly fresh and pure, and the melting of the snow discloses the bushes with the uncommenced last year's crop hanging on them, or lying, ready to be eaten, on the ground. The frozen meal stretches across the breadth of Asia. It never decays and is accessible the moment the snow melts. Ages have taught the birds that they have only to fly to the arctic circle to find such a store of "crystallized foods" as will last them till the bushes are once more forced into bearing by the perpetual sunlight. The same heat which freezes the fruit brings into being the most prolific insects on life in the world; the mosquito swarms on the tundra. No European can live there without a veil after the snow melts; the gun barrels are black with them, and the cloud often obscures the sight. Thus the insect-eating birds have only to open their mouths to fill them with mosquitoes, and the presence of swarms of tender warblers, of cliff chaffs, pipis and wagtails in this arctic region is accounted for.—New York Evangelist.

Lighting a Cigar With Ice.

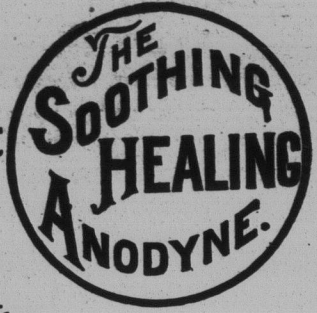
The Albany Journal tells how a patent lawyer, who is naturally an ingenious man supplied the place of a match in an unusual and unexpected manner.

He was consulting with a brother lawyer and in the course of the talk the second man took a cigar from his pocket. Then he looked for a match, but none was forthcoming.

"Never mind," said the first man. "A piece of ice will do equally as well."

Lawyer Number Two laughed, but Number One lifted the cover from the water-cooler, took out a piece of clear ice about an inch thick, whittled it into the shape of a disk, and with the palms of his hands melted its two sides convex, thus giving the form of a double convex lens or burning-glass. With it he focused the sun's rays on the end of the cigar, and set it on fire.

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It is the great vital and muscle nerve. It is for internal as much as external use. It is used and endorsed by all athletes. It is a soothing, healing, penetrating Anodyne. It is what every mother should have in the house. It is used and recommended by many physicians everywhere. It is the Universal Household Remedy from infancy to old age. It is safe to trust that which has satisfied generation after generation. It is made from the favorite prescription of a good old family physician. It is marvellous how many ailments it will quickly relieve, heal and cure.

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Art Amateur,	4 00	5 00	Horsemans,	3 00	3 75
Art Interchange,	4 00	4 90	Journal of Education,	2 50	3 75
Art Journal,	6 00	6 25	Judge,	5 00	5 75
Atheum,	4 00	5 00	Judge's Library,	1 00	2 35
Babyhood,	1 00	2 40	Ladies' Home Journal,	1 00	2 50
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Fortnightly Review, (E)	7 50	7 75	Turf, Field and Farm,	4 00	5 15
" " (Am.)	4 50	4 75	Witness, Montreal, daily,	3 00	3 50
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Woman and Her Work

Queen Amelia of Portugal has been interesting herself lately in the physical welfare of her ladies in waiting, in a manner that will scarcely win the approval of those high born dames, unless they are much more sensible, and less vain than the rest of their sex!

It seems that her Majesty of Portugal takes a much keener interest in scientific matters than most ladies, especially queens, are supposed to do, and when she first heard the wonders of the X rays discussed she resolved to see for herself just what they were capable of accomplishing. With this end in view Her Majesty sent to England for the necessary apparatus and after that experiments with the wonderful new photography became the order of the day at the Portuguese court. The Queen was delighted with her new toy, and various objects were placed before the screen to enable her to study the effect of the new light.

Unfortunately for the ladies of her court, the queen became greatly interested in studying the effect produced by photographing different persons, and seeing exactly how they looked when divested of their fleshly covering and reduced to a skeletonized state, like the leaves and flowers, our mothers used to waste so much time in preparing, when they were young. After a time she determined to see just what her ladies in waiting looked like in the skeleton state, and as one of the number promptly offered her services as an illustration of the extent to which science had advanced, the experiment was made in the presence of the queen and the rest of the ladies of the court. The result was disastrous in the extreme, and production of most unpleasant consequences. Not only was Queen Amelia greatly startled by what she saw, but so terrible was the deformity revealed by the searching rays, that she was absolutely incredulous, and it was impossible to convince her that she was not being imposed upon so extraordinary was the deformity that the photograph revealed. The lower ribs, known to science as the floating ribs, were warped and crushed together in a manner which startled and horrified the queen. So unnatural was the appearance of these bones that it scarcely seemed possible for the organs of life to exercise their functions under such conditions.

The scientist who was in charge of the apparatus was very closely questioned, and assured her majesty that he had only shown her what actually existed. There were no reasonable grounds for doubting him, so the queen requested another of her ladies to take up a position in front of the magic light and once more fixed her attention on what the rays revealed. This time the deformity was even more marked than before, and the queen was convinced that there was no room for doubt on the subject.

The photographs were shown to the court physicians who declared that they merely confirmed what every surgeon knew was the result of trying to make the waist smaller than nature intended, and the rays only showed the natural result of tight lacing. Queen Amelia was deeply impressed, and pondered over the matter for several days, and at the end of that time her decision was reached, and made public—that no lady who appeared at court should wear a corset, in future.

Her Majesty at once discarded her own corsets, and issued a decree setting forth that she believed it was necessary in the interest of humanity in general and in behalf of the future mothers of the nobility of Portugal that every precaution be taken to preserve the health, strength, and constitution of the ladies of the court. And she therefore believed it to be her duty and so decreed that the use of the corset by her ladies in waiting, and all other women who graced the court with their presence, must be discontinued.

It will be readily imagined that this sudden departure of royalty has caused an immense sensation amongst the women of Portugal, and also that there has been a very general laying aside of corsets in that kingdom, but the Queen commands and her ladies have no choice but to obey. Fortunately the royal edict does not bar the corset waist, so the ladies whose figures are dear to them have something to be thankful for and are doubtless grateful for even that small mercy.

Skating is decidedly the popular amusement now-a-days with fashionable people, and not only in clear cold Canada is this the case, but in New York, London, and even in the gay capital of France the skating craze has broken out with great violence, and the fashionable rinks are crowded all day. This makes the skating costume

a very important garment, and the French fashion journals are consequently filled with charming designs for skating dresses. The simple cloth gown with either a loose or tight fitting jacket, is the one proper costume for the skater who goes in for the sport honestly, and because she loves it. The skirt of such a dress is cut shorter than the ordinary walking costume, but not so short as a bicycling dress, and though there may be a band or two of fur on the skirt, and a narrow border of the same on the coat, the costume is not overburdened with trimming and is made much more with a new to utility than effect. The head covering is something small and close-fitting, a little fur cap, or a Tam o' Shanter; and fur trimmed gloves of stout quality, take the place of a muff. Appareled thus the fair skater is not burdened by her garments in the least, and she can go in for solid enjoyment without any fear of ruffling too elaborate plumage.

But the Parisian woman of fashion, and too often the New York one also—who takes up skating, is very apt to do so with more of an eye to the costume than the sport, therefore the display of extravagant costumes in velvet, cloth, embroidery and lace, is something to be wondered at in the rinks of Paris and New York. Nearly all these beautiful skating dresses are fur trimmed and silk lined. Cedar brown is a favorite color, and a cloth suit of this lined with apple green silk is a good example of the elegant skating suit which is worn more for effect than use. Instead of the plain jacket there is a bolero of green velvet, a cream lace vest striped with sable a black satin belt and collar, and cloth sleeves. Sometimes both skirt and bolero of such a gown will be bordered with costly sable. Red is, of course, a very popular color for skating dresses though it is seldom used for entire costumes, being considered rather too conspicuous to be quite in good taste, but occasionally a gown of dull red cloth heavily trimmed with black fur to tone down its brightness, is worn by a society dame, and it is most effective on the ice. A great deal of red is used in combination with dark cloth suits, the bit of brightness forming a charming finish for a dress that would otherwise be almost too sombre. Thus a zouave jacket of bright red cloth trimmed with black braid, brightens up a gown of brown cloth wonderfully, and gives it a touch of distinction which is very French indeed.

Red with brown is one of the most popular combinations and a very pretty effect is gained by sewing alternate rows of black and white braid on wide bands of red cloth. This makes a trimming which may cover the revers, form cuffs and belt, make the collar, if necessary, and form narrow bands for the skirt. A very effective under bodice for a red zouave, is made of red silk tucked up and down, and with sleeves of cloth like the skirt.

Black and orange is another very fashionable combination for skating suits, and odd as it sounds, green and yellow are strikingly pretty together, provided the right shades are selected.

Blouse waists of plain and printed velvets and velveteens, are considered excellent style with cloth skirts, as the new tints in these materials show especially soft and becoming shades when seen under the electric lights. A skirt of green cloth, with a blouse of green velvet, a sable muff and boa and a toque in a lighter shade of green, makes a charming costume. These toques, as I said before, are the favorite headgear for skaters and they are made with all sorts of fanciful spangled crowns, soft velvet rims, and trimmings of fur and feathers, violets or sometimes all of plain velvet with a handsome jewelled buckle by way of trimming. Rust color is one of the newest shades and a very handsome skating dress recently worn in New York had a skirt of rust colored cloth, and a flounce of citron green velvet patterned all over with wavy lines of pink. It was really a most lovely and original costume.

The Russian jacket has appeared again amongst skating costumes, and one of the new models is in green cloth edged all around the full basque front and sleeves with sable fur. The vest is of white satin with bands of gold embroidery across it.

ATTENTION

Our new Hockey Boots for Men and Boys have just arrived

WATERBURY & RISING.

One of these bands is arranged to pass under the fur band, and forms the belt. The sleeves are tight fitting and have a plain oversleeve falling to the elbow in true Russian fashion, and edged with fur. Amongst the most popular furs for trimming these costumes, are mink, dark lynx, and skunk, which latter fur is now so prepared that it is quite free from the very unpleasant odor which once made people hesitate to purchase it. For the pink checked beauty there is no fur so becoming as chinchilla, or the newer mouflon, which is so cheap as to be almost within the reach of everyone.

Skating jackets which are called reversible reeters from the fact of nothing on either side, are the favorites in sales. They are often made of blue cloth with linings of plaid silk and have hoods lined with some bright colored silk which is repeated on the toque. These jackets are worn with skirts of black velvet or cloth. A most fetching skating costume is of cloth in a shade of deep rich violet with a bodice of violet velvet turned back from a vest of cream lace and white silk with mink revers, and fastened at the waist with brass buttons. The toque is of violet velvet trimmed with mink.

Another is of brown ribbed velvet with a bolero in rose pink cloth embroidered in colored jewels and edged with sable, while sable and lace form the boa. Perhaps the most elegant costume of all, is of black velvet with ermine collar and muff and toque of orange velvet with black and white feathers. These costumes sound more appropriate for a very swell reception, or some society function than a skating rink, but they are actually worn, though it is scarcely likely that the wearers of the sport as much as the red checked Canadian damsel in the plain cloth dress does; or that they are as expert skaters.

WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND.

She is the Idol of Her Nation and Has a Mind of Her Own.

When Queen Victoria inherited the British throne she was scarcely more popular than is the young Queen of Holland at the present moment. The Dutch simply adore their young sovereign, and take the most intense interest in her coming of age (which will take place next August), and in her possible marriage. Queen Wilhelmina is credited by her people with much force of character. It is thought that she will attempt to rule as well as reign, and her choice of a husband is therefore a matter of utmost importance to the Dutch. The Wochen Zeitung, Amsterdam, says on this subject:

'The many rumors of the Queen's approaching marriage are premature. More than once she has declared that she would prefer to remain single as long as possible. At any rate, it is certain that the Queen will choose for herself. She will not be railroaded into marriage. Only recently she said: 'I love my loyal subjects, and hope to please them in every way. But if they believe that they have a voice in the choice of my husband, they are decidedly mistaken. If extreme measures should be resorted to against me, I shall be more energetic than ever. I will not be married against my will, and I will not be married at all if I am not allowed to have a voice in the matter.'

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WHEN you buy a Tooth Powder you might as well have the BEST for your money, and the MOST for your money. You get BOTH when purchasing Odoroma. Its fragrant qualities sweeten the breath; its antiseptic properties preserve the teeth. The use of Odoroma prevents suffering and lessens dentist bills. Try it. 25c. at all first-class drug-gists.

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Delicious Soups and Gravies . . .

Many housewives do not know how conveniently these can be made, just think—

One Tablespoonful of Johnston's Fluid Beef with vegetables will make a Quart of Strong Soup.

One Dessertspoonful will make enough Rich Gravy for the dinner of an ordinary family.

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Pimples, Freckles, Blisters, Blackheads, Redness, And all other Skin Eruptions, vanish by the use of

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ONE BOX of Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers, if used in conjunction with Fould's Arsenic Soap, will restore the face to the smoothest and fairest Maiden's Loveliness. Used by the cream of society throughout the world. Dr. Campbell's Wafers and Fould's Arsenic Soap are guaranteed perfectly harmless and not deleterious to the most tender skin.

BEWARE OF WORTHLESS COUNTERFEITS. Wafers by mail 50c. and \$1 per box; six large boxes, \$5. Soap, 50c. Address all mail orders to

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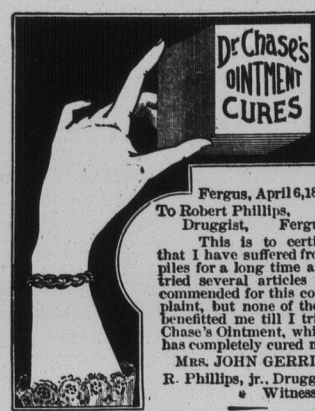
Granby Rubbers

It is no wonder that rubbers, which are not the same shape as the boot, should be uncomfortable. It costs money to employ skilled pattern makers but the result is a satisfactory fit. Each year new patterns are added, to fit all the latest shoe-shapes, and Granby Rubbers are always "up-to-date." They are honestly made of pure rubber, thin, light, elastic, durable, extra thick at ball and heel.

Don't Draw the Feet They Fit the Boot

accepted the honor he had done her, and hoped that she should always faithfully preserve the traditions of good housekeeping, etc. He was nearly dead with exhaustion when he reached the postscript, which read:

'You are so full of politics, that I thought it might please you to have your suit accepted as nominations are accepted by presidential candidates.'



Dr. Chase's OINTMENT CURES

Fergus, April 6, 1894
To Robert Phillips, Druggist, Fergus.

This is to certify that I have suffered from piles for a long time and tried several articles recommended for this complaint, but none of them benefited me till I tried Chase's Ointment, which has completely cured me.

Mrs. JOHN GERRE,
R. Phillips, Jr., Druggist
Witness.

"My six-year-old daughter, Bella, was afflicted with eczema for 34 months, the principal seat of eruption being behind her ears. I tried almost every remedy I saw advertised, bought innumerable medicines and soaps, and took the child to medical specialists in skin diseases, but without result. Finally, a week ago, I purchased a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and the first application showed the curative effect of the Remedy. We have used only one-sixth of the box, but the change is very marked; the eruption has all disappeared, and I can confidently say my child is cured."

(Signed) MAXWELL JOHNSTON,
112 Anne St., Toronto

Sold by all dealers, or on receipt of price, 60c. Address, EDMANSON, BATES & CO., TORONTO.

Although there are many points of similarity between the position of the Queen of England and that of the Queen of Holland, there has sprung up between the two countries an estrangement since Wilhelmina inherited the throne of Holland. For some unaccountable reason the young queen has a violent aversion to everything English. The British press returns this dislike with interest. "Her figure is ungainly, her lips are bloodless," etc., are things we read of her in life and other English society papers. These descriptions are reported to her and do not assist her in overcoming her dislike of Englishmen. The Vaderland relates the following incident:

"During a recent tour abroad the Queen expressed a wish to the Dutch ambassador accredited to a foreign court to meet his daughters. 'I do so wish to meet some Dutch girls,' she said. 'I am just dying for some one to speak to me in my own language. Do send your daughters to me.' 'But my daughters do not speak Hollandish,' replied the unfortunate nobleman. 'My girls were not born in Holland; they speak only English.' 'Then for heaven's sake, do not send them to me,' replied Wilhelmina, wrathfully. 'I will have nothing to do with Dutch girls who do not understand their own language.'—Literary Digest.

'Odoroma,' the perfect teeth powder, goes further and lasts longer than any other. Druggists—25 cents.

Accepted in Due Form.

An Atchison man, deeply interested in politics, found time nevertheless, even in the midst of a national campaign, to think of matrimony, and after 'keeping company' with a young lady for some months, made her a proposal of marriage. So says the Atchinson Globe.

The lady, who not unlikely had found her lover's politics sometimes a bit wearisome, responded to his proposal by saying that she would take into consideration and reply by mail.

The man waited a full week—a most unusually long one, as it seemed to him—and then received a formidable-looking missive, some three thousand words in length.

In it the young lady explained her position on the tobacco question, stated what she had always advocated as the best kind of baking-powder, told him that it was with a feeling of deep gratification that she

SILVER GLOSS STARCH

IS THE "OLD RELIABLE" LAUNDRY STARCH. HOUSEKEEPERS WHO HAVE TRIED IT AND THEN OTHER MAKES ALWAYS RETURN TO "SILVER GLOSS." THOSE WHO HAVE NOT TRIED IT SHOULD DO SO AT ONCE.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

Starches made by the Edwardsburg Starch Co., Ltd., are always reliable.

THEIR LEADING BRANDS ARE

Benson's Canada Prepared Corn } FOR COOKING.
Silver Gloss Starch } FOR LAUNDRY.
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A THOUGHT THAT KILLED A MAN!

He thought that he could trifle with disease. He was run down in health, felt tired and worn out, complained of dizziness, biliousness, backaches and headaches. His liver and kidneys were out of order. He thought to get well by dosing himself with cheap remedies. And then came the ending. He fell a victim to Bright's disease! The money he ought to have invested in a safe, reliable remedy went for a tombstone.



is the only standard remedy in the world for kidney and liver complaints. It is the only remedy which physicians universally prescribe. It is the only remedy that is backed by the testimony of thousands whom it has relieved and cured.

THERE IS NOTHING ELSE THAT CAN TAKE ITS PLACE

Manufactures Royales de Corset, P. D. French P D Corsets

Awarded 10 Gold Medals and Diplomes d'honneur.



The celebrated P D Corsets are unrivalled for perfect fit, beauty of finish and style, and have received the highest awards at all the important exhibitions during the last 20 years. Obtainable from all leading dry good stores in every variety of shape and style.

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KONIG & STUFFMANN,
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PUTTNER'S EMULSION

will be found to be of great benefit to delicate females who are suffering from General Debility, Anaemia, and all diseases of their sex. It improves the digestion, purifies the blood, repairs the waste that is continually going on, and completely removes that weary, languid and worn out feeling.

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The first of American Newspapers. CHAS A DANA, Editor

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WAYS OF A BLOODHOUND.

Good Temper and Watchfulness Command Him to Notice.

For staleness of appearance no breed of dog is comparable to the bloodhound, while the stories attending its unerring pursuit of its quarry have furnished the novelist with material of the most exciting character. But it is a fiction to associate the bloodhound with ferocity. He never worries or mauls what he tracks down. His vocation is to find, and to find only, whether engaged in pursuit of man or of wounded deer. The bloodhound has figured in history from time immemorial, and no breed of dogs has preserved its characteristic points so persistently. The high, pointed cranium, the long, pendulous ears, the ample dewlap, the wrinkled forehead, the overhanging eyelids—commonly called the sealing-wax—may be traced more or less in the Talbot hound, in the modern foxhound, the Otter-hound, the Bassot, the French dog-hound, and in the Swedish beagle, which last is a miniature bloodhound, though of lighter build. Instinct is so keen that he hunts the 'clean shoe' as well, it not better, than when the foot of the fugitive has been purposely tumbled, and it is a pretty sight to watch a trained hound following his quarry over a leafless tree, the pursued has gone that way, or under the rails, it such had been his course.

The training of bloodhounds has not been very persistently followed of late years, but there have been several important trials at Roxmoor and at the Alexandra Palace. It is noteworthy to remark that the trial at Boxmoor came off when deep snow was on the ground, and that while snow was actually falling the hounds laid out were equally persistent in tracking the quarry. A well-trained bloodhound will follow for five miles even after six hours have elapsed since the fugitive started, and although many other trails may have crossed the track. But he is frequently at fault over stone flags. It was for this reason that the pursuit of Jack the Ripper by bloodhounds, at one time mooted, was after a trial discarded.

It was the late Mr. J. Bell's Countess which served as a model to Landseer for his bloodhound in 'Dignity and Impudence,' and also for his 'Sleeping Bloodhound,' while the late Sir John Millair Cromwell figured in more than one of that artist's pictures. Other fine hounds have been Lanth XI., Hector II. and Darger. The bloodhounds aristocratic appearance, his invariable good temper and his watchfulness commend him to social notice, while the vulgar idea regarding his ferocity renders him an invaluable companion for Ladies and children against the annoyance incidental to the genus tramp.

The Count de Conaux de Cantillon, in his work 'Les Races des Chiens Curans Francais,' harks back to the famous St. Hubert hounds, black and white, as the recognized progenitors of their breed. The present day writer was particularly impressed by the strong bloodhound type which characterized the packs of French hounds from various provinces exhibited at the international show in Paris in the year 1878. However, it will be more interesting to leave speculative discussion and come to the regions of fact. In borderland history bloodhounds were compulsorily maintained by each hamlet for tracking the moss troops after their raids, and till comparatively lately the rural constabulary in England employed bloodhounds to trace sheep and poultry stealers.—London Sketch.

Made in West.

A resident in Vevey, Switzerland, lately died, and bequeathed a large property, which he was supposed to possess, to the local hospital of the town.

There being two local medical charities—the Town hospital and the Hospice de Samaritan—a lawsuit was entered by the former in order to decide its right to the legacy. After considerable expense had been incurred the dispute was abruptly brought to a close by the discovery that the deceased had indulged in a most unseasonable jest, and, in fact, did not possess a penny to bequeath.

Only Occasionally.

A bright little fellow of four years had the unfortunate habit of stammering. One day his mother had callers, and the little one was asked, 'Richard, do you stutter all the time?'

'N-n-no, only when I talk,' was the ingenious reply.—Boston Daily Globe.

A Pertinent Rejoinder.

'I always try to make as many friends as possible,' said the woman who gossips.

'Of course,' replied Miss Cayenne. 'If one had no friends how could one discuss their private affairs?'—Washington Star.

The Tariff Commission

elicits some strange and curious facts, but none more true than the good words spoken by both Free-Traders and Protectionists for MINARD'S LINIMENT.

They are our BEST ADVERTISEMENT, and we esteem them of more value than all the fences and bars in the country covered with posters.

Easy to Take Easy to Operate

Are features peculiar to Hood's Pills. Small in size, tasteless, efficient, thorough. As one man

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said: "You never know you have taken a pill till it is all over." See C. L. Hood & Co., Proprietors, Lowell, Mass.

The only pills to take with Hood's Sassafras

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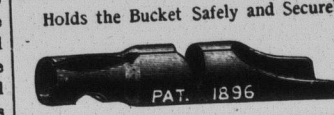
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a simple, scientific and highly nutritive preparation for infants, delicate children and invalids.

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It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. IT NEVER FAILS.
Mothers and Wives, you can save the victims.
BOTTLES 25c. REGULARLY SENT
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MENTAL FATIGUE
relieved and cured by ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI. Insist on getting the right article.

GRANDSTAND OF BARTS.

A Band That Had a Greater Showing Than Fosse or Gimore.

Comedian William H. Crane says that the greatest brass band this country ever knew was an organization in Ottumwa, Iowa, many years ago.

'I've heard Gimore and Sousa and all the rest,' said Mr. Crane recently, 'but their bands couldn't be compared with that prairie aggregation for a moment.'

'In my theatrical salad days—when I was much younger than I am now—I was trying to play a company of thespian bright lights throughout the western provinces. Business was bad and our treasury was low. At Ottumwa the theater orchestra had some sort of grievance against the management and demanded pay in advance. The theatre refused and our organization was not financially in a position to discount the future for a single moment. So I started out to find some sort of music, it possible, to tide us over. I finally succeeded in getting the Ottumwa brass band to agree to play three selections in front of the theater before the performance in return for free admission to the show.'

'The band showed up in time, carried out its part of the contract and went into the theatre. I was on the door that night and by and by I was struck by the fact that the Ottumwa brass band must be one of the most remarkable musical organizations in the country. Every minute or two somebody would come up to the door with a brass horn under his arm, wave it at me and sail on into the theatre without a word. After I had passed in fifty or sixty musicians in this way I began to grow a trifle suspicious and stopped an old granger who was carrying in a big tuba.

'Excuse me, sir,' I remarked, 'but do you play in the band?'
'Nope,' he answered.
'What are you doing with that horn, then?' I asked.
'I'm going to go in on it, if I can,' he replied candidly.
'Whose is it?' I inquired.
'Blamed if I know,' he said. 'A feller outside there gave it to me and said I could get in with it.'
'I left the door and stepped inside just in time to see one of the band boys drop another horn out of a window into the hands of somebody in the crowd outside in the alley.
'As nearly as I can calculate the Ottumwa brass band that night must have had more members than Gimore or Sousa ever directed at one time.'—Chicago Times-Herald.

A QUEER PRIESTHOOD.

The Strangest Conduct and Customs of an India Hill Tribe.

The most extraordinary costume worn in religious ceremony is that of the priests of a hill tribe, near Darjeeling in India. A photograph of a group of these peculiar priests has just been brought back from India. All of them wear masks of enormous size, painted in the most hideous manner, possibly by the priestly artists. The colors are chiefly bright red and yellow. The faces have strangely shaped noses, eyes and ears, and many other things are done to make them as striking as possible.

When all these priests are engaged in one of the elaborate ceremonies of their religion, the scene surpasses anything on the comic opera stage. The fierce hill men of Darjeeling are very much impressed by the sight of the representatives of their gods decked out in this fashion.

One mask indicates that its wearer represents the god who looks after the spears of the tribesmen and helps to drive them home. Another deity cares for the bows and arrows, etc. The warrior who hopes to do good work with any of these weapons must liberally propitiate his priests.

The hill men have a particularly great ceremony once a year, when, led by their priests, they go out into the plain and indulge in warlike exercises, bidding defiance to all creation.

The city of Darjeeling, being in the hills, is used to a considerable extent as a health station by British residents in India. The surrounding country, also called Darjeeling is inhabited by a fierce race, who are only kept in order by judicious treatment. Many of them have enlisted in the Anglo-Indian army.—San Francisco Examiner.

Not Expected to Know.

The newly arrived stranger in Atlanta started up Whitehall street in search of information. On the corner of Alabama street he encountered a tall, yellow-faced individual in a droopy coat and soiled tie.

'My good sir,' said the stranger, 'I am in search of information concerning this great State, and feel sure that you can assist me very materially. What is your population?'
'Dunno.'
'What kind of school system have you?'
'Dunno.'
'How about your tax rate?'
'Is your Government friendly or unfriendly to manufacturing corporations?'
'Dunno.'
'Let's see—how does Georgia rank among the other States in its agricultural products?'
'Dunno.'
'Ah, you don't live here, then?'
'Yass.'
'What do you do?'
'Oh I'm just a member of the Legislature.'
'Odorama,' synonymous with perfect taste, sweet breath and rosy gum. Druggists—25 cents.

Exhaustion of Natural Gas.

Recent statistics show that the supply of natural gas in the United States fell off one-half from 1888 to 1895. The decline has been less in Ohio and Indiana than in Pennsylvania, the product in the last-named state being worth more than nineteen million dollars in 1888 and less than six million dollars in 1895. Owing to the adoption of less wasteful methods, the falling off has not been so rapid since 1891, but it still amounts to an average decline of five per cent. every year.

SILVERWARE OF THE HIGHEST GRADE. THE QUESTION 'WILL IT WEAR?' NEED NEVER BE ASKED IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE TRADE MARK 1847 ROGERS BROS. MARK
AS THIS IN ITSELF GUARANTEES THE QUALITY. **BESURE THE PREFIX 1847 IS STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE.**
THESE GOODS HAVE STOOD THE TEST HALF A CENTURY.
FOR NEARLY 50 YEARS SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

Ask your Dealer

FOR A SPOOL OF THREAD— and he will give you the kind he makes most profit on—and small blame to him.

But ask him

For a spool of CLAPPERTON'S THREAD, and you'll get the kind that will give you most profit and satisfaction—and it costs no more than inferior kinds are sold for.

It pays you to get **CLAPPERTON'S THREAD.** Does not break or snarl.

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For Influenza, Cough, Cold, etc.

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'Never known to fail to give relief.'—Mr. E. H. Bonser, Fern Crag, Lamborne.
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This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the House, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men. It is within a short distance of all parts of the city. Has every accommodation. Electric cars, from all parts of the town, pass the house every three minutes.
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Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate.
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FREDERICTON N. B.
J. EDWARDS, Proprietor.
Fine sample room in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

THE \$700 SHIRT.

A Good Father, and Two More Stories of the Green Cloth.

'Talking about expensive clothes,' said a business man to a party of friends the other night. 'I wore a shirt that was worth \$700. I don't mean to say it cost any such amount of money, but it was worth \$700 to me, and I cashed it in for just that sum in gold and greenbacks.'

An incredulous smile went around, and some stinging inquiries were passed as to what new brand of 'hop' was on the market, but the speaker never flinched.

'Crack away, boys,' he continued, 'but when I come to explain the matter you will see that it is really a simple affair, and something which might happen to any man who was similarly situated. One night in the fall of the World's Fair year a party of six gentlemen, of whom I was one, was playing poker in a hotel on Dearborn street. As the night was warm and the room small and close all of us threw off our coats and played in our shirt sleeves. At first the game was light, the ante being a dime and the limit 50 cents. It was an all-night session, and late in the evening the limit was raised to \$2, and money changed hands freely.

'My, how the cards did run that night. I have never had such luck since and can't reasonably expect a repetition of it. I could stand a raise and draw four cards to an ace in big jack pots and get two more with it. Once I had picked up my hand and found three small cards and the ace and king of clubs, there was a fat pot to fight for, so I came in and, discarding the small cards, asked for a draw of three, at the same time turning my ace and king face up on the table so all the players could see them. The draw gave me the queen, jack, and ten of clubs, making a royal flush. There was a number of strong hands out against it, including one set of fours and a full. Everybody, of course, played me for holding an ordinary flush or a straight and thought I was burning up my money when I kept meeting all raises I was too feisty to do any of the tilting myself. By simply meeting the raises it was easy to conceal the real strength of my own hand and make the other players think I had got tangled up to an extent where it was imperative to protect my interest in the pot against possible bluffing. When the play was over and the hands shown down, what a howl there was. One man, a good fellow, and a clever card player, by the way, was so angry at what he called 'fool luck,' that he tore up the cards and kicked his chair over.

'In settling up the man nearest to me racing over and wrote on my shirt his IOU for his indebtedness. The example was contagious, and the other players followed him. The game lasted several hours longer, and as my run of luck held good and the losers continued to write their IOU's on my shirt that garment was soon covered with valuable memoranda. At the close of the play the shirt bore evidence of an indebtedness of \$700 due me by the five gentlemen with whom I had passed the evening.

'It was some days before any of them gave a sign of settling, and how I did gaud that garment in the meantime. In those days I was fairly well fixed financially and had a safety deposit box in the vaults under the First National Bank. The first thing I did when the game broke up was to put on a clean shirt and lock the \$700 garment carefully away in the vault. It was a week before all the debts were cancelled. Every time one of my debtors came to the office to settle I would take him over to the safety deposit vault, unlock the box, and erase the amount of his payment from the shirt. By the time the payments were all made the shirt was in pretty bad condition, but I kept it at home as a souvenir until house-cleaning time last spring, when a fresh domestic, ignorant of its interesting history used it to scrub windows, and one of the most valuable shirts ever worn by mortal man thus came to an ignoble end.'

'That's a regular kokolono,' granted the doubter of the party, 'but then one does experience strange things at the card-table occasionally. I remember one night when Jack Harding a sport known all over the country, was playing faro bank and had blown in his last cent. Jack had a valuable dog that he called Nero, of which he thought as much as he would of a child. Whenever Jack went the dog went, and it was with him on the night in question. When his last check was taken in by the dealer Jack turned round and patted the dog, saying: 'No supper to-night, old fellow.' Suddenly a bright idea struck him, and he said to the dealer: 'Is Nero good for \$50.'

'Sure thing,' answered the dealer, well knowing the dog was cheap at that money, and that Jack would rattle hard to redeem him. 'Pass him over.'

'The dog was led to the rear of the table and tied to the leg of the dealer's chair,

and Jack was given \$50 worth of checks. He could not shake off his bad luck and was soon broke again. Jack put in a pretty tough night, reviling himself for letting the dog pass into the care of strangers, and was unhappy until he fortunately met a man the next day who staked him for another tussle with the tiger. This time he played in better form and went along carefully accumulating a pile of checks until his share of the winning amounted to \$50. The dog, which was still tied to the dealer's chair, seemed to know the moment for his being taken out of pawn had arrived, for just as Jack finished counting the last of the checks which made up the \$50 Nero set up a series of joyful barks and as the debt was paid the dog broke the string with which it was lashed and went bounding to the side of its master. It was natural for the animal to want to get back into the possession of its owner, but what puzzle me is how that dog knew Jack had won enough to take him out of pawn with, and why he lay quiet until the last check necessary to make up the \$50 had been won.'

Every faro dealer of note in the country has at some time had 'Little Dick' in lock for \$500 or more. In the days when confidence men were making big money working the railway trains Canada Bill had as a side partner a dapper little fellow named Dick Cody. It was the fashion those times for the dudes to carry small cases with richly mounted and decorated heads. These were too small for use as walking sticks and were intended for show solely. Dick Cody was a dude of dudes—would change his clothes two and three times a day, and always looked as if he had just stepped out of a bandbox. After getting his share of a 'trick,' as the robbery of the innocents was termed, Cody would strike for the nearest large city to have a good time, and this to his mind meant rich meals, a few bottles of wine, and a bout at fello. He was a careful, methodical little fellow, and on reaching town would plant most of his money in a safe place, retaining only \$200 or \$300 for his spree.

After his meal and wine he would march to some favorite faro bank and tackle the tiger. If he won he would keep on playing until the game closed or the dealer turned up the box. If he lost as he generally did, Dick would begin to look closely at the gold-mounted stick he always carried, and the dealer knew what was coming. Handing over the cane Cody would say in a cool, natural manner, the same as if he was cashing a certified check: 'Put 'Little Dick' in for \$200, please.'

And no dealer who was on to his job ever refused him. Win or lose Cody was always around promptly to take his cane out of pawn. The stick itself was not worth at the outside more than \$10, but Cody could go into any faro bank of note in the country and get a loan of \$500 or any reasonable sum on it. It was his way of giving a promissory note for the credit, and he never repudiated the obligation.—Chicago Tribune.

BORN.

- Windsor, Jan. 6, to the wife of James Coon, a son.
Moncton, Jan. 15, to the wife of D. Hunter, a son.
Yarmouth, Jan. 7, to the wife of Eos R. Parker, a son.
Halifax, Jan. 11, to the wife of R. S. Chadwick, a son.
Bridgewater, Jan. 10, to the wife of J. S. Dalton, a son.
Kingsport, Jan. 8, to the wife of C. H. Borden, a son.
Windsor, Jan. 7, to the wife of Stephen Barron, a son.
Jemseg N. B., Jan. 11, to the wife of C. J. Purdy, a son.
Halifax, Jan. 13, to the wife of John J. Ferguson, a son.
Halifax, Jan. 13, to the wife of Albert H. Buckley, a son.
Halifax, Jan. 11, to the wife of Chas. Devan, a daughter.
South Unstake, Jan. 11, to Mr. and Mrs. Hill, a daughter.
Wilnot, N. B., Jan. 10, to the wife of E. J. Parker, a daughter.
Somerville Mass., Jan. 1, to the wife of George B. Jeffrey, a son.
St. John, Jan. 15, to the wife of Robert A. Jamieson, a daughter.
Sheffield, N. B., Jan. 10, to the wife of Murray E. Gilbert, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Preston, Jan. 12, by Rev. E. Dixon, Alfred James to Nancy Diggs.
Hillsboro, Jan. 13, by Rev. W. Camp, Burns Bishop, to Lillian Irving.
Halifax, Jan. 11, by Rev. Dr. Foley, William Lane to Jane Anderson.

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Sweetens the Breath,
Hardens the Gums,
Whitens the Teeth,
Preserves the Enamel,
Prevents Decay.
Price 25 cts. All Druggists.
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Toronto, Ont.

DIED.

- St. John, Jan. 18, Thomas Love, 71.
Kecuniam, Jan. 10, Philip Carroll, 46.
Springhill, Jan. 9, John Buchanan, 31.
Harwick, Jan. 3, Thomas P. Welsh.
St. John, Jan. 14, William Baunier, 72.
St. John, Jan. 20, Michael J. Crowley.
Seal Cove Jan. 1, Au-on Ingersoll, 52.
Bay Du Vin, Jan. 10, Philip Carroll, 20.
Wolfville, Dec. 31, Deacon S. Morse, 75.
Turo, Jan. 14, Albert Martin Tanner, 29.
Louisburg, Dec. 3, W. H. McAlpin, 57.
Acumantic, Jan. 3, Thomas P. Walsh, 37.
Charlottetown, Dec. 1, Ann M. Ross, 70.
Jordan Bay, Dec. 30, Thomas McKay, 47.
South River, Jan. 12, Donald McDonald.
Hampton, Jan. 18, Leah E. Flawelling, 64.
Fraser's Grant, Dec. 24, Ronald McDonald.
Dorchester, Mass., Jan. 6, R. W. Jamieson.
Barrachois, C. B., Jan. 10, John Johnson, 75.
Boston, Jan. 16, William W. McLaughlan, 43.
Hopewell Hill, Jan. 2, John Newton Stiles, 95.
Yarmouth, Jan. 1, Mrs. David Thompson, 92.
St. John, Jan. 15, Lila A. wife of Harry B. Peck.
Tremont, N. S., Jan. 6, Thaddeus W. Messinger, 61.
Meteghan, Dec. 20, Mrs. Helen Young Dunn, 83.
South Brookfield, Jan. 6, Benjamin C. Minard, 57.
St. John, Jan. 14, Isabella, wife of David Watson.
St. John, Jan. 14, Deborah E. widow of P. McGuire, 93.
Port Williams, N. S., Jan. 11, William Lockwood.
Moncton, Jan. 12, Mary J. wife of Samuel Capron, 56.
Meteghan, Jan. 2, Rosale, wife of George Gorman, 74.
Turo, Jan. 16, Emma J. H. wife of Allen M. Moran, 35.
Bristol, Jan. 10, Elizabeth, widow of Frances Gard, 82.
Parrsboro, Jan. 6, Jane S., widow of George Phillips, 67.
Yarmouth, Jan. 8, infant child of Thomas M. Sealer.
East River, Pictou Co., Jan. 10, Daniel John McEvoy.
Mrs. Ferry, Nov. 23, Mary, widow of Donald Ferguson, 81.
Chelsea, Lunenburg Co., Jessie wife of Albert Helm, 52.
Yarmouth, Jan. 8, May, wife of John H. Harris, M. D. 38.
Sydney Mines, Jan. 10, Alice C., wife of Thomas Barbour, 59.
Toronto, Jan. 16, Mary A. widow of Capt. George McLan, 81.
Belmont, Jan. 2, Mrs. Staples widow of William Staples, 55.
Carleton, Jan. 16, Mrs. Campbell widow of Alex Campbell, 78.
Windsor, Jan. 10, the infant son of Stephen and Mrs. Barron, 3 days.
Valdosta, Georgia, Jan. 9, Richard Allison Knight of Moncton, 56.
Lower Caledonia, Dec. 8, Christy, widow of David McDonald, 81.
St. John, Jan. 17, Mary A. daughter of James and Sarah Duke, 13.
Moaks Head, Antigonish, Dec. 23, Anne widow of Fred McNeill, 84.
Hillsdale, Antigonish, Dec. 29, Margaret widow of Alex. McDonald.
Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 25, Susan widow of Robert Marsh, of N. S. 60.
Richmond, Jan. 10, Eliza C., daughter of William and Jennie Calder, 35.
East Boston, Dec. 31, Ethel I., daughter of Frank and Annie Brown, 6.
Grand Harbor, Grand Manan, Dec. 31, Jennie, wife of Sanford Brown 51.
Sharlotte, Dec. 3, Gretchen M. child of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Williamson.
Yarmouth, Jan. 8, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Sealy, 3 days.
Newton Mass., Jan. 1, Elizabeth McDonald, formerly of Nova Scotia.
New York, Jan. 15, A. B. Sheraton of Halifax formerly of St. John, 62.
Melbourne, Australia, Nov. 9, 1896, John Wier, formerly of Halifax, 76.
Moncton, Jan. 14, Mary E. child of Dr. G. T. and Laura Smith 15 months.
Camden, N. J., Jan. 16, Rev. James R. Maco formerly of St. John, N. B.
Cape Traverse, Jan. 4, Thomas Bell father of Rev. A. G. Bell of Bayfield, 83.
Waterloo, N. B., Dec. 27, Clara daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Fahey, 4.
Minneapolis, Dec. 31, Julia, wife of David McFadden of Albert Co., N. B., 46.
St. John, Jan. 12, Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Francis Wilson, 16.
Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 31, Irene, widow of James English formerly of Halifax, 71.

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RISING SUN STOVE POLISH
DO NOT BE DECEIVED
with Fumes, Steam, and Points 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.

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Intercolonial Railway. On and after MONDAY, the 7th September, 1896, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Fergush, Foston and Halifax.....12.00 Express for Halifax.....12.00 Express for Sussex.....12.00 Express for Quebec and Montreal.....12.00 Express for Montreal.....12.00 Suburban Express for Railway.....12.00

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Sussex.....12.00 Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....12.00 Express from Montreal (daily).....12.00 Express from Halifax, Foston and Campbellton.....12.00 Suburban Express from Railway.....12.00 Accommodation from Montreal.....12.00

Canadian Pacific Ry. SPECIAL Around the World Trip Per R. M. S. "AORANGI," TO leave London on March 17th, 1897, calling at Teneriffe, Capetown, Albany, Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Suva, Honolulu, and Victoria, thence to Vancouver and back to starting point, via the C. P. Transcontinental Line. Rate.—For first class passage throughout, \$500. First class on Railway and Second Class on Steamer, \$450. Further particulars of D. P. A., St. John, N. B. D. McNICOLL, A. H. NOTMAN, Pass. Traffic Mgr., Dist. Pass. Agent, Montreal. St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic Ry. On and after 4th Jan., 1897, the Steamer and Trains of this Railway will run as follows: Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert, MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY. Lvs. St. J. at 8.00 a.m., arr. Digby 11.00 a.m. Lvs. Digby at 1.00 p.m., arr. St. John, 4.00 p.m.

EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted). Lvs. Halifax 6.30 a.m., arr. in Digby 12.40 p.m. Lvs. Digby 1.30 p.m., arr. Yarmouth 3.54 p.m. Lvs. Yarmouth 5.00 a.m., arr. Digby 10.47 a.m. Lvs. Digby 11.00 a.m., arr. Halifax 2.45 p.m. Lvs. Annapolis 1.00 a.m., arr. Digby 5.30 a.m. Lvs. Digby 5.30 p.m., arr. Annapolis 4.40 p.m. Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent. Close connections with trains at Digby, Digby sets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, and from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained. W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Mgr., K. SUTHERLAND, Superintendent.

International S. S. Co. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. ONE TRIP A WEEK FOR BOSTON. COMMENCING December 15th the Steamship ST. GEORGIE will leave St. John every THURSDAY morning, at 8 o'clock, standard, for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston. Returning, will leave Boston Monday at 8 a.m. Freight received daily up to 5 p.m. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

CANADIAN EXPRESS CO. General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers. Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe. Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, Napawan, Stanworth and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Cumberland Railway, Chatham Branch Railway, Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. M. E., with nearly 800 agencies. Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territory and British Columbia. Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Line of Mail Steamers. Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the continent. Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine. Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with dispatch. Invoices required for goods from Canada, United States, and vice versa. J. B. STONE, C. CRIEINGTON, Asst. Supt.