

PROGRESS

VOL. II, NO. 393

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1895

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THEY OBJECT TO FACTS

LAWYERS WHO ASERT WHAT THEY CANNOT CONFIRM.

They Are Sorry that "Progress" Told the Story of the Heponstal Case—Friends Condone with Mr. Stockton and His Friend Armstrong Writes a Letter.

The following remarkable letter appeared in the Globe last Monday:

C. F. ST. JOHN, Nov. 10, 1895.

C. A. Stockton, Esq.

MY DEAR STOCKTON,—I was very sorry to see a long and unfair account of the Heponstal case in PROGRESS. I had nothing whatever to do with the appearance directly or indirectly, and I gave no information on the subject to any reporter or anyone else for publication. Please do me the favor of mentioning this to Mr. Merritt when you have the opportunity. I am going to Frederickton in the morning, otherwise I would call and see you.

Yours very truly,
J. E. ARMSTRONG

What Mr. Armstrong's opinion may be is not usually a matter of concern, nor is it in this instance. Mr. Stockton has, however, seen fit, with Mr. Armstrong's consent, to publish a letter containing the opinion that the statements made by PROGRESS were unfair, and he has added to this his personal allegation that the statements in question were untrue. This goes beyond the pale of mere opinion and becomes a matter in which PROGRESS has no course but to justify itself.

So far as Mr. Armstrong's letter is concerned, it may be dismissed with the remark that, while it might be privileged from criticism as a private communication, it becomes intensely silly when put in cold type. He appears to have had an idea that in a case which has become notorious in the profession he alone would be looked to as an authority for the simple facts, and to fear that he would be accused of discrediting himself of his stock of knowledge.

As a matter of fact, PROGRESS, like the judges at Frederickton and Ottawa, did not think it was worth while to hear his utterances on the matter, and got along quite as well without him. The circumstances of the case are well known to many in and out of the legal profession and the proceedings are matters of record easily obtained. The story was written by a member of PROGRESS staff with a view to give the facts in a suit of considerable importance to the public, and without any attempt to reflect upon anybody. If Mr. Stockton does not like it, he must lay the blame on the facts, rather than on the story.

With a view to finding out what part of the story was considered objectionable, the editor of PROGRESS wrote to Mr. Stockton, on Tuesday, asking him to kindly point out wherein the statements were unfair. Mr. Stockton replied, "I would have to revise the whole article, as the facts are misrepresented and the article seems to be written in an unfriendly spirit, and with a view to discredit, as far as possible, Mr. Merritt and myself. A number of my friends have spoken to me about it and speak of it in the same manner." Mr. Stockton then escapes from the difficulty by stating that he is going to Boston and has therefore not the time to point out "the untruthful, unfair and uncalled for remarks contained in the article referred to."

Mr. Stockton should have mentioned the friends who condoned with him, so that PROGRESS could have learned from them what was the cause of complaint. In the hope of finding some of them, the opinion of a number of prominent legal gentlemen were asked as to the view they took of the article. In every instance the reply was that they considered it a fair statement of facts, while more than one spoke of it being noticeably lacking in any reflections on the course taken by Mr. Stockton in the conduct of the suit. The general impression appeared to be that if Mr. Stockton felt aggrieved by the article it was not the fault of the story but of the facts. It is perhaps well not to be specific as to what some of them thought of Mr. Armstrong's letter.

Nearly all of the story told was a plain and concise statement of the circumstances of the case as developed in the evidence. It was not asserted that Mr. Stockton had done anything that any other lawyer in his place might not have done. On the contrary the statement was made that "a lawyer and his client may conscientiously believe they have justice on their side and yet find no court to agree with them." Then the story of the cause of action in this suit was told, with the statement that while the matter in the first instance could have been settled for \$75, Mr. Merritt, on the advice of his attorney, declined to pay anything, but proceeded to fight the matter in the courts with an adverse decision on final appeal. It was also stated that the cost of this litigation to Mr. Merritt was moderately estimated at \$1,000. This is now believed to be considerably under the mark.

Reference was also made to the adverse opinions of the judges. Their words were not quoted but they are now, to show their views of the case. According to the published reports of the supreme court of New Brunswick, Judge Tuck thus dealt with the points raised by Mr. Stockton:

JUDGE TUCK WENT OUT.

ATTORNEY GENERAL BLAIR SAID TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

The Attorney Had Opinions to Express on the Factions of Courts and Judges—How He Expressed Them—Judge Tuck Gives Judge Hanington a Pointer.

Fredericton, Nov. 11.—The report published in a St. John paper of the tilt in the supreme court between Judge Tuck and Attorney General Blair, the other day, gave but a faint idea of that really interesting incident. The tilt occurred during the argument in the case of McLeod vs. the Universal Marine Insurance Company. The attorney general was moving for a new trial, and was complaining of the learned judge having refused to allow a recess of half an hour or an hour, so that George K. McLeod could be compelled to produce the vessel's accounts. The attorney general, in arguing against the propriety of the judge's ruling, said that he considered the refusal of the judge to allow time enough to produce these books and accounts was contrary to the elementary principles of justice; the courts, in his opinion, existed for the administration of justice rather than for the convenience of judges.

Judge Tuck—This court, Mr. Attorney, will not take from you what it will not submit to from any other member of the law. You must not imagine, because you happen to be nominally leader of the court, that you have rights here that other barristers have not.

Attorney General Blair—I deny that I am using my position or taking advantage of it in any way to express any stronger opinion than I entertain. I felt on the trial, and feel now, that my clients were harshly used and in my opinion it is proper to ask this court to review his honor's decision and send the case down for another trial so that justice may be done.

Judge Tuck—Do you think, Mr. Attorney General, that this court is going to interfere with my ruling in a matter which is altogether in my discretion. I think, sir, you will find yourself altogether mistaken if you imagine this court will do so, and if they do—

Attorney General Blair—I would have thought your honor would have left it to the other judges to have expressed that opinion. Your honor's ruling, I submit was an error.

Judge Tuck—I won't allow you, Mr. Attorney General, to tell me that my ruling in the matter was an error.

Attorney General Blair—I can't help it, your honor. I am bound to say it was an error. I think that the discretion which a judge exercises must be a reasonable discretion. After all, discretion is only an exercise of judgment, and if the judgment is at fault there must be some remedy, and here in this court is a proper place to correct error and to remedy injustice when it has been done. I think the purpose for which courts are constituted and judges appointed is to administer justice; and I wish to say that I don't think that his honor would have ruled in many other cases as he did this.

Judge Tuck—Do you undertake, Mr. Attorney General, to tell me that I ruled as I did because it was this case and these were the parties?

Attorney General Blair—No sir; I say nothing of the kind; but what I do say is that it was owing to the mood your honor was in that you denied my request for the production of this testimony.

At this stage Judge Tuck left the bench, to all appearances in quite a temper, and did not return for some little time. During his absence and until the hour of adjournment the attorney general continued his argument, without any renewal of the conflict.

The tilt was the most interesting one that has taken place in the Supreme Court for years. Both the judge and the attorney general spoke with great earnestness. In one of his bursts of oratory Mr. Blair raised himself several inches beyond his usual height, while with flashing eyes he delivered his clear cut phrases. On this occasion he excelled even his well known mastery style in forensic eloquence.

On Monday the argument in the case was resumed, and during the day another little interesting episode occurred. The attorney general was arguing some question of law and said, referring to a remark of one or more of the judges, that their honors were lending themselves, or their honors view lent itself, to what he considered an erroneous conclusion.

Judge Hanington—I don't think that is a remark the attorney general ought to make. The expression that a judge was lending himself to a particular view of a case was objectionable and offensive.

Attorney General—I can't accept that criticism. I don't profess to be a master of English, but I think I know enough about the language to know that it is a common and correct expression.

CAUGHT BY THE CAPIAS.

BRISK BOOM IN THE SMALL DEBT COURT OF HALIFAX.

The Unusually Good Record Attending the Departure of a Ship of War—Lively Scene When a Waverly Man Started to take a Steamer for Boston.

HALIFAX, Nov. 14.—Capiases are not issued so often in Halifax as one would imagine in a city where the credit system has so firm a hold as it has here. An average of two a week, the year round, would more than cover them all. There have been more than that number the past few days, however. The departure of a regiment from the garrison is generally the signal for the issuing of a number of those imperative instruments, or sometimes it is the sailing of a ship of war after a protracted stay in port. The Crescent sailed yesterday, and she had the good record of only one capias for an officer, and that against a midshipman who probably would have paid up if other and more genteel means had been taken to collect the money. Midshipman Allan Yates Brown, though his profession keeps him surrounded by guns great and small, shot and shell, and swords and all manner of modern warlike weapons was not satisfied with those. The young officer got a gun at Mrs. Rogers shop and whether he bought it or hired it only, the fat and fair shopkeeper claimed he did not pay for it. In view of the departure of the flag-ship next day Mrs. Rogers determined that a capias was the surest way for her to recover the \$450 due. That was the method she took, and the policeman when he put in an appearance found the money ready forthcoming.

E. Maxwell & Son took the same course to recover \$36 from Mr. Hutchinson, of Seaton & Hutchinson. The bill was for clothes and the capias was successful.

Another capias that was made out recently was not so easily satisfied. It was issued by J. E. Roy against Henry J. Wood, an ex-hotel keeper at Waverly, for \$56.25. Mr. Wood was to sail by the steamer Halifax for Boston, and he had gone aboard. An hour before the steamer sailed Police Officer Kuhn appeared at the steamer's side. Mr. Wood was located, but that was a small part of the business. Kuhn laid hold of his man and informed him in the polite terms characteristic of a member of the Halifax police force that he would have to settle the little bill of \$56.25 or come along with him to the police station. This ultimatum gave rise to a great hubbub. The ship's officers and friends of Wood surrounded the debtor and defied his arrest. But Kuhn was incorrigible. He refused to retreat on any other terms than the payment of the money or with the body of the prisoner. Word of what was going on was sent to headquarters and two other blue-coats came running down. Then short work was made of it, and Wood was marched off into captivity. At the police station there was another scene. For hours the controversy raged, Chief O'Sullivan doing his best to keep it within due bounds, and to bring it to a satisfactory issue. By noon an understanding was arrived at which seemed to please both Mr. Roy and Mr. Wood. But by this time the steamer had sailed for Boston. Probably Wood's content was fully rewarded in the discount made from the bill by the genial creditor, but whether it paid to miss the passage by steamer or not is another matter.

Married Once too Often.
HALIFAX, Nov. 14.—Many people in Halifax remember W. A. Irwin, who a couple of years ago represented the New York Mutual Life Insurance company here. He has now been found out in Woodstock, Ontario, to be a bad man. His real name was W. H. Pye. While in New York he lived with a Mrs. Irwin, whose name the fellow adopted; at Woodstock he formed the acquaintance of Miss Maggie Thomas, proposed marriage to her, and was accepted. The girl's mother refused her consent till more could be learned of Irwin or Pye—a wise precaution. But Miss Thomas would not brook the wise parental restraint. She eloped with her lover and was married in an adjoining town. Soon the truth came out that he had been married under an assumed name and that his character was bad. A writ has been issued to declare the marriage null and void.

They Have Taken to Letter Writing.
There are at least two decided attractions in St. John for Halifaxians today—the football match and—it is whispered—the fair members of the opera company, who found Scotia's capital so pleasant, and her patronage so good that they spent six weeks there. Cupid can do a lot of damage in that time and while there does not appear from the vivacious work of the chorus any perceptible effects of the disconcerting parting, still there are evidences, it is said, that the youths of Halifax are mourning the departure of the river bright companions, and, in the absence

MANAGER JAMES GILBERT.

Some Reminiscences of His Achievements in the Operatic World.

Manager James Gilbert of operatic fame, who is at the head of the company that has been regaling the citizens with sweet strains during this week, is one of the most genial and agreeable of men. By many of those who have attended the performances he is well remembered and they find him as ever a man "of infinite jest." With all his geniality and love for fun there is an unmistakable element of business character indicating that his knowledge of his professional pursuits is very thorough. In this as in his every tour he is accompanied by his wife, a most estimable and charming lady, whose appearance in the bill at every performance is invariably expected, at least, and whose tuneful voice wins all hearts to her cause. Whether she is portraying emotions of sorrow or indulging in merriment, they are with her.

A representative of PROGRESS called on Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert at the Dufferin hotel this week and during a pleasant interview Mr. Gilbert indulged in reminiscences of this city and the plays and operas put on by him here and in Halifax. In the course of conversation it was developed that he was directly responsible for the first production of "H. M. S. Pinafore" in St. John. He evidently thought little of the future or of what an amount of suffering he was then all unconsciously providing for the good people of this city. This was in April 22, 1879. "Patinizta," given by his present company on Wednesday last, with Mrs. Gilbert in the title role, he also produced for the first time in this city. He was also the first to put on "Boccaccio" in St. John and Halifax, Miss Florence Gilbert then singing the title role and therein establishing an artistic reputation for herself that places her second to none on the stage today in that particular character. In 1881 Mr. Gilbert was here with a company, in which Miss Guenther and Mrs. Carter were members. They are both most pleasantly remembered by all who heard them many of whom will regret learning that Miss Guenther is no longer living. Mrs. Carter, however, is still alive and singing on the Pacific slope with the famous Bostonians.

In the production of "Pinafore" already referred to, Mr. Gilbert played Dick Deadeye, a role that has very frequently since been essayed by many of the ambitious, both amateur and professional.

When pieces are put on well and there is a consequent smooth performance, there are comparatively few in the audience who at all realize the amount of work done by the leading voices, or the extent of the vocal range of the parts. It will therefore be a matter of not a little surprise to learn that in the role of "Patinizta" the voice ranges all the way from low G to B flat above the staff. Mr. Gilbert will introduce in the performance of "Billie Taylor" which has been decided upon for Saturday afternoon and evening, a song that was first heard here last summer "There is only one girl in this world for me." There is no doubt it will be sung artistically and many will be pleased at the opportunity afforded for hearing this clever lady sing it.

Mr. Gilbert has recently purchased a new opera by Von Suppe. The name of the work is "Jacinta." There is an excellent chance for comedy in it and the owner intends giving it an early production.

Mr. Gilbert and company have been out since the 17th of May last and during that time played an engagement of seventeen weeks in Lowell, and have lost but three days up to date.

All being well with Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert they propose coming back to the provinces next year, and somewhat earlier in the season. They go to Frederickton on Monday and probably by steamer, having heard so much of the beauties of the river at this or any other time of year.

WHO IS REFERRED TO.

"A Sanctimonious Rascal" In the Lear Case in Halifax.

It is said that Lawyer Tremaine of Halifax does not like to see his name in print. In fact he has given PROGRESS some very good evidence upon this point. After the issue of this paper which contained his portrait and an account of the interesting part he took in the Lear cases Mr. Tremaine thought that the subject might not be exhausted and that it was just possible that a second act might be as interesting as the first. He evidently has a horror of the bulletin, that inflexible sheet of paper that announces the contents of PROGRESS and so he began to make threats as to what he would do if his name figured again in such a prominent fashion. He did not appreciate the free advertising and wanted to scare PROGRESS and those he thought connected with it. Still in spite of his bluff the posters went up and the people knew that something more had transpired in the case and had a chance to read the full text of Judge Graham's judgment.

This week a postal card comes through the mail from Halifax thanking PROGRESS on behalf of the ladies for showing up the Tremaine Lead business but suggesting "the sanctimonious rascal" take his share of the blame. How can any one say who is referred to in this pleasant phraseology.

Trouble For Mr. Vincent.

License Inspector Geo. R. Vincent and others concerned in some of the county liquor cases appear to have got into a snarl. John Newman, innkeeper, of Grand Bay, was convicted of selling liquor without license, though the agency of Eggs the informer, and was sent to jail for two months in default of payment of a fine. The other day the point was raised that a conviction for more than one month was illegal under the act, and an application to set it aside was made to the supreme court. Mr. Vincent let Newman out of jail at the end of one month, but that does not stop the proceedings to set aside the conviction as bad in the first instance. Should it be so declared, Newman will be likely to bring an action for false imprisonment, and so many others who have been convicted and imprisoned in the same way within the last year or two.

No Time to Lay Up.

Mr. Dodd, the clever actor who relieves Mr. Gilbert in the part of Koko in the Mikado when presented by the Gilbert company, met with a curious and somewhat serious accident Wednesday evening on the stage. His part required him to fall upon the stage but when doing so he forgot that a jagged stage, knife was in his hand and the result was a nasty cut through the palm requiring several stitches. Few if any of the audience were aware that an accident had happened, for Mr. Dodd carried his part through to the end though in pain enough to warrant an ambulance and the hospital.

Who Lost the Letter.

There is said to be a little stir in some circles over a letter which was supposed to be dead, but has come to life in an unexpected way. It seems that a lady in St. John, some time ago wrote a letter to a friend in another country, signing it only by her pet name, instead of her usual signature. The letter, for some reason, did not reach its destination but came back to St. John through the medium of the Dead Letter office. How this happened when the name of the writer was not clear is not stated, but the letter may have had an address of street and number at the top. At all events it came back, and by some extraordinary chance fell into the hands of a lady, not the writer of it, who was more than interested in some of the free remarks the writer had made in regard to her particular self. This has led to the natural result of not making the relations between the critic and and criticized as pleasant as they were before the letter went astray in the first place and worse astray in trying to reach the sender in the second place.

Settled at Last.

The quick solution of the winter part question in that time and while there does not appear from the Beaver Lane shows that a great deal can be done when the tide is taken at the right turn and the men who take hold of the oars pull with a will. Now there is one less thing for the pessimist to grumble about.

DEEDS DONE BY HOLMES.

BRIEF RECORD OF THE LIFE OF A CLEVER CRIMINAL.

It Reads Like a Chapter from a Blood and Thunder Work of Fiction, but It Covers Only what is Really Known—There May Be Much More Not Known.

The story of the life of H. H. Holmes is a marvelous one. From the time when he assumed the name of Holmes—his real name being Mudgett—to the date of arrest is one long list of criminal acts, it is half that has been laid at his door is justly attributed to him.

His residence in Chicago, the building of the "castle" at Sixty-Third and Wallace streets, which were afterward used by him as the police believe, as a charnel-house, tend to deepen the interest felt in the action of the jury, and although the case has been allowed to rest quietly by the Chicago police and press, yet daily people visit the castle where this man carried on his operations and recall the story of his movements.

The following is a chronological resume of the principal developments of the investigation of this man's doings.

Herman P. Mudgett, Alias H. H. Holmes, Harry Gordon, Pratt, and Howard was born in Gilmarton, N. H., in 1860. At the age of 15 years he taught school and in 1878 he entered his wonderful matrimonial career by marrying Clara Lovering at London, N. H. In 1879 he began the study of medicine, while a clerk in the drug store at East Concord, N. H., and the following year he matriculated in the University of Michigan as a medical student. He completed his medical course of study in 1881.

The following year, 1882, Mudgett assumed the name of H. H. Holmes and appeared for the first time as a criminal in the role of an insurance swindler. By his cleverness in this line he succeeded in beating an insurance company out of \$12,500 by substituting a cadaver and making false proofs of death, to the life insurance company, of a mythical person on whom he had had a policy written.

In 1887 Holmes took up his residence in Chicago and became a clerk in a drug store at No. 700 Sixty-Third near the site of the "castle."

In 1888 Holmes bought the drug store and also the property of Sixty-Third and Wallace streets and commenced the erection of the building known as the "castle." During this year he married Miss Myrtle Belknap, of Wilmette, under the name of Henry H. Holmes.

In 1889 I. L. Conner applied to Holmes for a position as a jeweler and was placed in charge of that department of Holmes' store. Conner, his wife, Julia L. Conner, and a daughter, little Pearl, went to the "castle" to live, occupying a flat on the top or third floor, the building at that time being but three stories in height.

In 1890 the fourth story was added to the castle and the first trouble between Conner and Holmes began.

In 1891 Conner bought the drug store from Holmes and the trouble between them over Mrs. Julia Conner resulted in March in a separation of Conner and his wife Holmes immediately installed Mrs. Conner as his bookkeeper, and she became too inquisitive, and Christmas she and little Pearl disappeared suddenly, leaving the breakfast table uncleaned and the room disarranged. Holmes tells the story that she was called to Davenport to the bedside of a dying sister.

Early in 1882 Minnie Williams, a young lady from Fort Worth, Texas, joined a stock company, leasing the old Fifteenth Street Theatre in Denver, and met Holmes under the name of Harry Gordon.

In May 1893, Emilie Cigrand, an employee of the Keeley Institute at Dwight, came to Chicago and accepted a position as Holmes' stenographer and bookkeeper and in December disappeared. A few days later cards were issued announcing her marriage to Henry E. Phelps, whose identity is not known, but who is supposed to have been a my.

In 1893 Minnie Williams came to Chicago and became Holmes' private secretary. In 1894 Nannie came to Chicago and visited Minnie Williams and Holmes at No. 1520 Wrightwood avenue, where they were living.

On June 30 Minnie Williams sent her trunk to the Peck street depot and left for Milwaukee. Nannie kept house for Holmes during her sister's absence.

July 4 she wrote to aunt at Marshall, Texas, that Holmes had promised her a tour of Europe. July 5 Minnie and Nannie Williams were seen on Seminary avenue for the last time. Holmes claimed that Minnie returned home and in a fit of jealousy killed her sister with a stone and that he threw the body into the lake at the foot of Diversy street.

Aside from John Oker there is no trace of Minnie Williams after June 30, and he is not positive as to the exact day he saw them on Seminary avenue, and that it might have been June 30 or July 1.

July 1 Holmes wrote a letter to John Oker giving up the flat at No. 1220 Wrightwood avenue, the letter being received the following day. On July 6 a trunk was taken from that flat and late in the day a trunk with a portion of a female body was delivered to G. M. Chappell for articulation.

In November Holmes' "Castle" Building was damaged by fire.

In December he went to Indianapolis to secure the release of B. F. Pizel from jail, where the latter was charged with swindling, and while there had the property of Minnie Williams, in Fort Worth, Texas, transferred to Pizel under the name of Benton T. Lyman. Holmes met Miss Georgiana Yokes and married her at Franklin, Ind., under the name of Howard.

In 1894, Holmes and Pizel appeared at Fort Worth under the names of O. C. Pratt and Benton T. Lyman and operated extensively, being run out for horse stealing. In July an insurance policy was issued by the Fidelity Mutual Life Insurance Association of Philadelphia in favor of Holmes as trustee for the children on the life of B. F. Pizel. Holmes appeared in St. Louis under the name of Howard.

In September the charred remains of a man were found in the house at No. 1316 Callowhill street, Philadelphia, rented by Peitzel under the name of Barry. The body was afterward identified as Peitzel and the \$10,000 insurance paid. Later that year Holmes took Alice Nellie, and Howard Pizel from their mother to put them in school. He was at Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, and finally Toronto, Canada.

On Nov. 17 Holmes was arrested in Boston on the charge of conspiracy to defraud the Mutual Insurance Association, of Philadelphia.

July 15, 1895, Detective Geyer and his police found the bodies of Alice and Nellie Peitzel in the cottage cellar at No. 16 St. Vincent street, Toronto.

July 19 Mrs. Peitzel identified the bodies as those of her children.

July 22-23 blood-stained garments were found in the house in Chicago, and a warrant sworn out for Holmes by Andrew Manier charging him with the murder of Julia Conner.

On July 24 Holmes was found guilty of the murder of Alice Peitzel at Toronto by a coroner's jury.

On July 24 part of a child's skeleton, supposed to be that of Pearl Conner, was unearthed at the "Castle" in this city.

On July 27 C. M. Chappel threw the police into high glee by coming to the front with a story of articulating a skeleton supposed to be that of either Nannie or Minnie Williams, and also that of Julia Conner.

In August the reman of the body of Howard Peitzel were unearthed in the house occupied by Holmes in Irvington, a suburb of Indianapolis. Holmes' movements were traced during his stay in Indianapolis, and several damning pieces of evidence were discovered in connection with the murder of Howard Peitzel.

MURKIN WANTS MONEY.

The Pedlar Editor makes a Disclosure of His Financial Position.

Stall we or shall we not have a new overcoat this winter? The old overcoat purchased from Samuel Owen in the winter of 1891 is getting worn threadbare and is scarcely fit to stand the blasts of the approaching winter, and we find it impossible with our limited means to keep things running much less to get comfortable clothing and pay our debts, without getting still deeper into debt. There are enough subscribers on our lists, with those who have stopped the paper owing for one and two years, those who are honest and well disposed towards us, but careless, thinking that 35 cents is such a small amount that it would not do us much good if we got it and one time is as good as another in which to pay it. The amounts received from subscribers do not average over \$5 per month, out of a list of 800 subscribers and the profits from advertising, sales and peddling, when we get a chance altogether do not foot up over \$10 or \$12 more. Think of it! \$15 or \$17 per month with which to keep up an office, and a household, buy clothing and pay taxes and debts, and then wonder that we are ragged.—Butler's Journal.

NEARLY READY FOR GOODS.

New Freight Shed of the International Railway at Halifax.

HALIFAX, Nov. 14.—The new brick freight shed of the International railway is 800 feet long, and will be completed in about two weeks more. It will accommodate the business formerly carried on at Richmond for the D. A. R. and at the deep water terminus. The whole Halifax freight business is to be concentrated at the new terminus at the foot of Cornwallis street. It is the intention of the I. C. R. to handle all the D. A. R. freight business here and charge them a commission for the works as is done at St. John by the I. C. R. with the C. P. R. It is understood the D. A. R. would prefer to have the use of the present freight shed at North street, when it is vacated by the I. C. R. and handle their own freight as they have hitherto done at Richibucto. The I. C. R. have the matter in their own hands, however, and will probably centralize the entire freight business at Halifax, under their own direct management.

As Paris' water supply gave out last summer, it is proposed to obtain 420,000,000 gallons a day for the city from the Lake of Geneva. Engineers think that the necessary works could be built in six years. The peacock and swan were famous old

THEY HAD A BIG FIGHT.

Several Animals Took Part and they all Got Badly Mixed Up.

On the farm of Edward Paxon, at the top of Sourland Mountain, New Jersey occurred last week probably the fiercest and strangest battle ever fought between bird, beast, and reptile. The participants were a gray eagle, a land turtle, a dog, two cats, and a rooster; and the result of the battle: two dead, two dying, and one a cripple for life. The land turtle alone came out of the fray unscathed. It is a thirty-five pounder, and is kept chained to a stake just inside the wire-circled summer yard set apart for new broods of incubator chickens. Its presence there is supposed to protect the chickens from weasels, the turtle has developed something of a temper like his "snapper" brother since being chained.

Just out of the reach of Mr. Turtle one of Paxon's black cats was lying last Saturday, with a litter of kittens around her. Beside the mother cat and old Tom lay sunning himself. Tom has killed eight chicken hawks in his time, Farmer Paxon says.

Suddenly there was a flapping of wings and over the wire screen flew a big gray eagle. The bird was evidently after an old rooster that was in the yard; but miscalculating his distance, he alighted upon the ground in the smaller, coop-like yard. When the bird came down it struck the mother cat's tail and instinctively closed his talons down on it.

In the twinkling of an eye the fight was on. The cat screamed and then jumped for the eagle's throat, which she couldn't reach. The feathers flew, strong wings beat the plucky cat and the screaming and screeching were deafening. Paxon and Joe Clendening, his hired man, rushed to the coop. The big tomcat, the hawk-killer, jumped into the fray and attempted to seize the eagle by the throat. For his pains he received a dig from the eagle's beak, which tore off two inches of skin.

The eagle released the mother cat and attempted to get out of the pen-like coop, but the half rooster prevented his escape, and as it again lit on the ground both cats made for it. Nearly all the feathers were scratched on the bird's noble breast and he was bleeding freely. Old Tom was torn in several places and so was the mother cat. Suddenly the eagle caught old Tom in his talons and, as he did so, again attempted to make off. Just at this point the old rooster was struck by the tips of the eagle's and, like a gamecock, he rushed at the eagle, who pecked him just back of the neck, tearing open the flesh and nearly severing the neck. Then the mother cat, almost covered with her own blood and that of Tom, was fighting with the eagle single-handed. With a "Sic 'em, Pete!" Clendening succeeded in inducing an old cur dog to enter the coop. The dog joined the battle against the eagle.

During the melee the innocent turtle, chained to the stake, had several times been attacked upon, but apparently took no offense. When Pete, the dog, joined the fight he forced the eagle again to the turtle's side of the coop, and still holding to the tomcat, the bird's tree leg several times struck the turtle's head. Suddenly the head shot forth, and the next instant the eagle's leg was seized between the bony jaws of the turtle. With a scream the bird released Tom and turned his attention to the turtle, disregarding entirely the actions of the dog and the cat. His teak made no impression on the turtle's shell, and the latter retained his hold on the eagle's leg. Once the eagle rose a couple of feet in the air and lifted the turtle clear of the ground. The bird returned to his attack on the dog, with the result that the cur went jumping into a far corner. Then, making a supreme effort, the eagle broke from the turtle, escaped from the pen, and soared slowly and laboriously over the mountain. With a scream the bird released Tom and turned his attention to the turtle, disregarding entirely the actions of the dog and the cat. His teak made no impression on the turtle's shell, and the latter retained his hold on the eagle's leg. Once the eagle rose a couple of feet in the air and lifted the turtle clear of the ground. The bird returned to his attack on the dog, with the result that the cur went jumping into a far corner. Then, making a supreme effort, the eagle broke from the turtle, escaped from the pen, and soared slowly and laboriously over the mountain.

With a scream the bird released Tom and turned his attention to the turtle, disregarding entirely the actions of the dog and the cat. His teak made no impression on the turtle's shell, and the latter retained his hold on the eagle's leg. Once the eagle rose a couple of feet in the air and lifted the turtle clear of the ground. The bird returned to his attack on the dog, with the result that the cur went jumping into a far corner. Then, making a supreme effort, the eagle broke from the turtle, escaped from the pen, and soared slowly and laboriously over the mountain.

With a scream the bird released Tom and turned his attention to the turtle, disregarding entirely the actions of the dog and the cat. His teak made no impression on the turtle's shell, and the latter retained his hold on the eagle's leg. Once the eagle rose a couple of feet in the air and lifted the turtle clear of the ground. The bird returned to his attack on the dog, with the result that the cur went jumping into a far corner. Then, making a supreme effort, the eagle broke from the turtle, escaped from the pen, and soared slowly and laboriously over the mountain.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

PHOTO. Outfits and materials, Kodaks and Cameras from \$1.00 to \$10.00. Practical instruction, ensuring success, free. Save time and money by consulting us. ROBERTSON PATENT STAMP WORKS, 25 Masonic Building, St. John, N. B.

RESIDENCE at Robbessy for sale or to rent for the Summer months. The property about one and a half miles from Robbessy Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Falls Ferry, desirable. Apply to H. G. Finlay, Barrister-at-Law, Zappley Building. 24-2-1

STAMPS For "Hand" Printing Banks, Railways, Merchants and Merchants supplied. Linen and Markers, Monograms, Seals, etc., to order. ROBERTSON PATENT STAMP WORKS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS. Printing and general finishing for amateurs. Looking and fixing solutions for sale. LEONARD FROST STREET, 22 Charlotte St., St. John N. B.

WANTED. Young Men and Women or older ones if still young in spirit, of undoubted character, good in heart, ambitious and industrious, can find employment in a good cause, with \$60.00 per month and upward, according to ability. Rev. T. S. LINCOLN, Brantford, Can.

ST. JOHN Conservatory of Music AND ELOCUTION 108 Prince William Street. Full term opens Sept. 24th 1895. Branches taught Piano, Violin, Vocal music and Elocution. Free classes in Harmony, Physical Culture, and light singing.

he would sing falsetto. Once, even, in the middle of a solo, the spirit moved him to sing falsetto—"and he done so."

Now that sort of thing would raise hob, even in an evangelical choir; in a high church vested quire it raised much more than hob. The rector himself tried to persuade Ham-and-Eggs to settle on one voice or another; but without avail. Then he tried diplomacy and compromise.

"We've too many bases now," he urged. "They overpower the rest of the choir. Now what—do—you—say—to—singing—tenor? Hey?" and he looked inquiringly yet encouragingly at Mr. and Mrs. Ham-and-Eggs.

"Mr. H.-and E. spoke first, in his deepest base.

"I will sing only with the voice God gave me," was what he said; and his stout better half remarked angrily:

"The mere suggestion is an insult."

Now Ham-and-Eggs had three sons, known as "Bacon-and-Eggses" (Bacon is not so big as Ham), and to avenge the insult he and they absented themselves from the final rehearsal of the Easter carols. The poor parson was in a ptose. Were they coming on Easter to sing or were they not? He could learn nothing from the Skillet, as the boys had named Ham-and-Eggs's house, because the family was out. So he decided on a bold plan; he would ask some ladies to sing the soprano parts, and let the base get along without Ham-and-Eggs.

"We'll put a screen in the chancel," he explained, and the three Miss Blossoms came at behind it.

The three Miss Blossoms were willing, and at midnight the parson gave them their parts of the carols and chants, and let them rest of the night learning their parts. On Easter Sunday the choir was very weak; so that of the boys had gone home for their vacation. But Ham and Bacon-and-Eggs were there, after all. The three Miss Blossoms were smuggled into the chancel and tucked away behind the screen without any of the choir knowing; and everything was prepared for the 11 o'clock service.

In time the processional began and the choir entered. The quire consisted of two basses, Ham-and-Eggs one of them, one tenor, the three Bacon-and-Eggs, and no alto. But the three Miss Blossoms had been warned not to sing until the male quire was seated; so at the first notes of the processional they began. The quire, prepared to sing, found some one out of sight singing away bravely, and was astonished and stopped—or most of it did; for Ham-and-Eggs kept on, first in bass, then in falsetto, trying to carry the song through. After that, though, everything went smoothly; and having been warned by the rector during the service, the three Miss Blossoms did not do all of the processional, but executed a vocal tour de force by singing with less and less voice as the quire departed, and succeeded in producing an effect quite like the Turkish reveille, as one of them explained later to the rector, Mr. Partridge.

But the next day Ham-and-Eggs resigned. "I don't mind what you said," he wrote, "I will sing only with the voice God gave me, and that voice I will take care of. There was too much echo yesterday in church; it injured my voice appreciably. So I beg to resign."

The Bacon-and-Eggs went with their father, and so St. Grace's quire came to grief.

Imperial Ink.

The Roman emperors always signed their names in purple ink. No subject of the empire was permitted to use or even to have this ink; and, on at least two occasions, the possession of a small quantity of it was considered treason and the person owning this emblem of royalty was put to death.

Save One Half

the usual time and expenses at "Smith's Business College" The one school that teaches business methods by doing "real business." Do bookkeeping in your head—read it like print. Full instruction by mail. N. A. SNELL, Toronto, N. B.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

PHOTO. Outfits and materials, Kodaks and Cameras from \$1.00 to \$10.00. Practical instruction, ensuring success, free. Save time and money by consulting us. ROBERTSON PATENT STAMP WORKS, 25 Masonic Building, St. John, N. B.

RESIDENCE at Robbessy for sale or to rent for the Summer months. The property about one and a half miles from Robbessy Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Falls Ferry, desirable. Apply to H. G. Finlay, Barrister-at-Law, Zappley Building. 24-2-1

STAMPS For "Hand" Printing Banks, Railways, Merchants and Merchants supplied. Linen and Markers, Monograms, Seals, etc., to order. ROBERTSON PATENT STAMP WORKS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS. Printing and general finishing for amateurs. Looking and fixing solutions for sale. LEONARD FROST STREET, 22 Charlotte St., St. John N. B.

WANTED. Young Men and Women or older ones if still young in spirit, of undoubted character, good in heart, ambitious and industrious, can find employment in a good cause, with \$60.00 per month and upward, according to ability. Rev. T. S. LINCOLN, Brantford, Can.

ST. JOHN Conservatory of Music AND ELOCUTION 108 Prince William Street. Full term opens Sept. 24th 1895. Branches taught Piano, Violin, Vocal music and Elocution. Free classes in Harmony, Physical Culture, and light singing.

The Blickensderfer Typewriter. FINE ART PRINTING is the work to describe the clear and beautiful fitting ribbon. A Clear Saving of \$5.00 to \$10.00 a Year. VISIBLE WRITING AND DIRECT INKING, GOOD DUPLICATOR. Price only \$45.00. The Visible Writing is worth the money. A Full Key Board Machine, 34 Characters, Capitals, Figures, Fractions, French, German and English, Change Wheels: It will do all that can be done on the \$120 Ribbon Machine. For years a large majority of the people have been looking for a practical, low-priced, portable, key board machine. A machine that equals any of the high-priced ones in capacity and quality of work, and excels them all in convenience. This is the purpose of the Blickensderfer No. 5. MANIFOLDING. Heretofore it has been found impossible to manifold satisfactorily on a type writer of the wheel class. The Blickensderfer No. 5, while possessing every desirable feature of the wheel machine, has the direct vertical stroke of the lever class, thereby manifolding with unequalled force and clearness. DUPLICATING. This machine will do excellent Mimeograph work. The annoyance of cleaning the type can be avoided by having an extra type wheel for this purpose. DURABILITY. The Blickensderfer is a marvel of simplicity and strength. From 1,000 to 3,000 parts in other key-board machines. The Blickensderfer has about 333. Our automatic power machine for operating the No. 5 machines makes 480 strokes a minute, 28,800 an hour, 338,030 a day. One of our No. 5 machines has been operated by this automatic power machine for months, making many millions of strokes, and yet to perceptible wear is apparent. EXTRACT FROM JUDGE'S REPORT, CHICAGO COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, 1893. BLICKENSDERFER SMALL TYPE-WRITER. Excellence of a small type-writing machine, designed to meet the requirements of general office and clerical work. It is a type-wheel machine; the wheels are interchangeable and inexpensive, writing is always in ink; has very few parts; can be adjusted to any width between lines; is a good manifold; and it has a light, well arranged keyboard. It is so light, simple, strong, inexpensive and strong. IRA CORNWALL. GENERAL AGENT FOR MARITIME PROVINCES, Board of Trade Building, ST. JOHN, N. B. AGENTS WANTED.

SKATES. STARR N'G CO'S. Hockey Skates, Acme Skates, Racing Skates. WHELPLEY'S Long Reach Skates. FORBES' Patent Achieved Skates. Straps, Screws and Fittings for all Skates. NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY

W. H. THORNE & Co., LIMITED. MARKET SQUARE, ST. JOHN.

Oil Heating Stoves. Parker Heater, Improved for 1895. Certain: the best Stove of the kind ever offered. It combines Heat, Light and attractive appearance. If you have a chilly Bath or Bed room, or a room which you cannot heat in any other way, this is just the thing for you. Can be carried to any part of the house. Sold only by EMERSON & FISHER. 75 Prince William Street. P. S. A full line of lower priced Heaters from \$2.00 and up.

EMERSON & FISHER. English Cutlery. Knives, Razors, Scissors, Shears. A large and well selected assortment at reasonable prices. T. M'AVITY & SONS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The anticipated season of opera began last Monday evening with a presentation of "The Mikado" which was repeated on Tuesday. Having just closed a successful season of six weeks in Halifax, hundreds being turned away on the closing night, the company individually and collectively were or ought to be, in a condition to do their best work in this city. The principal roles in "The Mikado" were taken by Miss Florence Gilbert, Miss Ethel Balch, Miss Zahn, Miss K. Power, Mr. James Gilbert, Mr. Nelson, Mr. Edwards, Mr. Callaghan and Mr. Couch. The production was really well staged and in costume, character, and regard to detail second perhaps to no other performance of the opera ever given here. The "three little maids" upon whom depends the responsibility for a good production from the ladies side of the "case," were in the hands of the three ladies I have first named and there is no doubt they speedily secured the favor of the audience. They sang and acted their respective roles well and were exceedingly graceful in their movements.

Miss Florence Gilbert, is an actress of evident talent and sang and acted her role with excellent interpretation and conception of its character. Her voice is true and tuneful, her solos were enthusiastically encored, the work of the piece being stopped so that she might again be heard. "For he is going to marry Yum-Yum" as she gave it with sweet voice and charming grace, made a decided hit.

Miss Balch, who was bright and petite, was "Yum-Yum" and sang her role very consistently. Her voice is of somewhat unusual if not peculiar quality and its compass is of good range. It is a voice that is always heard to better effect, in solo work than it sometimes is in ensemble. There are voices of that kind—I mean the other kind—every company has them so has this company. Miss Balch's solo "The Moon and I," was well given, and merited the praise bestowed on it. Colored calcium lights were thrown on the singer in this scene with very pleasing effect.

The role of Katisha, as interpreted by Miss Power was also well received, musically; but as the lady evidently possesses much physical charm, it was difficult to understand her alleged hideousness. Miss Power did not make up her part consistently.

Mr. Gilbert as Koko was the life of the piece and demonstrated that his reputation as a fun maker was well earned and rested on a secure foundation. He appeared only in Monday evening's performance of the Mikado. The role of Koko on the second night being done by Mr. Dodd, who imitates Mr. Gilbert quite closely.

The principal tenor is Mr. Nelson whose voice I did not always like. It was throaty at times and irregular. At other times he sang quite well but not always in tune. It is not unlike a voice of the other kind. Perhaps however the majority would be pleased with his voice. As an actor it did not strike me this gentleman was remarkable.

The other voices named are good except that Mr. Couch has one of those tremolo voices that weary one so. It is a pity he has contracted the habit.

The Chorus was very good throughout although it occurred to me it was not so powerful as its members would indicate it should have been. There were rough spots in the work it is true but not serious enough to require other remark and generally speaking the baton of the conductor was closely watched by the performers.

Fatini's, Olivette, The Chimes of Normandy were also given during the week. The engagement closes to-night. The company I know is well liked here and their work approved. The best proof of this is in the fact that business improved nightly. I hope to hear them in this city soon again.

I learn the Opera House management is negotiating for an attraction for Thanksgiving day. They should try and secure a return visit by Mr. Gilbert's company.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Perhaps your musical and dramatic critic, Mr. Editor, may feel that in speaking of the Gilbert Opera Company in the Mikado, he is doing them full justice. I have no doubt of that, but I enjoyed another opera of the week so thoroughly that perhaps you will find space for an additional note. I speak of Fatinitza, Supra's military opera that was presented at Wednesday's matinee and evening performances. This is an old opera but new to many people here. The music is catchy and pretty. There are many opportunities for handsome stage grouping and it goes without saying that Mr. Gilbert took every advantage of them. As the Hermit of Crete's cavalry, Miss Florence Gilbert took the leading part and she charmed and delighted the audience by her happy and graceful adaptation of it. Though indisposed at both performances, her part lacked nothing of the vivaciousness and dash necessary to make it perfect. The role is exceedingly onerous and difficult, and the high character

of Miss Gilbert's work speaks volumes for her versatility and ability.

Miss Balch, as the Princess Lydia, was bright and attractive, and did what she had to do with much acceptance.

Much favor and but little fault could be found with the rest of the company, and what imperfections there were, were more amusing than serious. If Mr. Edward's would request a whip rehearsal he would always hear the crack of his lash and Mr. Nelson could not read Michael Strogoff without gleaming the fact that it is not necessary for a war correspondent to present himself at all times with note book in hand and his pencil in his mouth.

The Living Pictures do not properly come under opera, I know, but as they were presented at the close of the performance a note about them will not be out of place. I was among those who looked forward to their presentation with considerable expectancy and a little apprehension. There was no need of this, however, for never have I seen living pictures presented so handsomely, utterly devoid of the slightest vulgarity and yet so attractive and beautiful. The subjects presented were

Psyche at the Well Therman
Sappho Epitimon
Chloe A. M. Vasselot
Gleaner Jules Bro
Spring Miss Florence Gilbert
Fall Miss Florence Gilbert
Venus of Milo Louvre
Psyche and the Butterfly W. Krug
An admirer of Art G. Gutz
Music, a study Miss Florence Gilbert

Educative as well as beautiful! I hope that few people who have been interested in this new feature of the stage, will these miss such an opportunity to see these living pictures. Mr. Gilbert has a frame for them that is a magnificent piece of work. The background paintings are artistic and beautiful. Those members of the company who pose, represent the subjects as naturally as can be imagined. They do their part well.

Tones and Under-tones.

Katherine MacNeill, of Chicago, assumed the part of Judy Kilduff in "Rory of the Hill" recently in Boston at short notice, and made a hit. Miss MacNeill, who is well known as a contralto, has no thought of matrimony or of permanently abandoning her career as a singer. She is fortunate in being so versatile as to fill positions so dissimilar. Miss MacNeill recently refused an offer to go to the West Indies with an opera company.

At the Melba concert in Music Hall, Boston on the 7th inst. Mme. Melba sang Verdi's "Ah fors e lui," Arditi's waltz song, "Se Saran Rose," in the quartette from "Rigoletto," and in the mad scene from "Lucia di Lammmoor," the latter being given in costume and with scenery. For encores she gave a dainty French song, and Tosti's "Good Bye."

A notice says: "The selections were sufficiently varied and were chosen well. Mme. Melba astonished, as ever, by her easy execution, the purity of her intonation, and the great facility and brilliancy of her coloratura work. And behind all this lies that exquisitely limpid quality of voice which allures and satisfies so completely. The waltz song was sung to a nicely, and Tosti's "Good Bye" was never heard with greater expression. Her Lucia, too, was a wonderful interpretation. Surely, although her dramatic work is not of the highest quality, there is no denying her great talent as a vocalist, and the beauty of her voice. She was a pleasure and a delight on Thursday evening, as applause and flowers alike showed."

Mr. H. Plunkett Greene will revisit the United States in January to fulfil a large number of engagements. It is said that he has added a series of new songs to his repertory, and intends to give the public some novelties in the way of programmes.

The Queen has intimated to Sir Augustus Harris her intention of giving her patronage to the season of English opera at Covent Garden, and has taken the royal box.

"The War Time Wedding," a new opera by C. T. Drzey and Oscar Well, was given its first presentation on any stage last week by the Bostonians at the Columbia theatre, San Francisco. They closed their season there with "Robin Hood."

Paderewski will be heard in the Boston Music Hall on the 16 inst. for the first and only time in conjunction with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Miss Marie Braema sailed on 13 inst. from London for the United States. The rest of the Abbey and Grau company have arrived on this side already. Miss Braema will be heard in Boston on 21st inst and the two following days.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

A very fine portrait of the late Edwin Booth has been recently placed in the lobby of the Opera House in this city. It is said to be the gift of one of the directors of the house and is the handiwork of a young lady of St. John. Apropos of this gift I observe that a number of the theatres in the United States are being ornamented and their attractions added to and increased in a similar manner.

Theatre goers generally will regret that

the illness of Miss Edwina Grey (Mrs. H. Price Webber) continues to the extent that Mr. Webber has been compelled to cancel his dates at the opera house for the holiday season. Miss Grey recently underwent surgical treatment in Boston and her convalescence is more protracted than was anticipated. This lady has visited this city in her professional capacity, annually for some time past and her fidelity to her part and her earnest desire and endeavour to please was always so recognized that she was always the recipient of a cordial reception on her several appearances. All her friends here old and new, will unite in the hope of soon hearing of her complete restoration to good health.

In France dramatists get 12 per cent of the gross receipts of each play and are allowed tickets to the value of 100 francs for every performance of the plays they have made.

Marguerite Tamagno, the daughter of the famous tenor is studying for the theatrical profession and will join Eleanor Duse's company.

Niss Olga Nethercole's tour in America

this season opens in Boston on Monday next when she will be seen in "Dante" until Thursday. For the last half of the week she will be seen as "Camilla."

Mrs. D. P. Bowers, the well known actress is dead. The sad event occurred in Washington on the 6th inst., and the cause of death was pneumonia. She was ill only a few days. The maiden name of the deceased was Elizabeth Crocker. She was born in Stamford, Ct. 12th March 1830. Her first appearance on the stage was at the Park theatre N. Y. in the role of Anna; this in a little drama of a domestic character entitled "A Child of Nature." Her success was immediate and she subsequently developed into a tragedienne of high order. She has played in England in the role of Julia in "The Hunchback" and the London Times said of her she was "the best tragedienne America has sent since Charlotte Cushman." Her versatility was remarkable and her repertoire of tragedy ranged from Julia to Lady Macbeth, embracing also Ristori's Creations of Queen Elizabeth, Mary Stuart and Marie Antoinette. Lady Andley will always be associated with her name.

THAT DIMPLE.

Words and Music by M. STRINDBERG-ELMORE.

Allergretto grazioso.

Pair, win - some lit - tle maid - en,

Your ways..... are full of grace; 'Tis

like a ray of sun - shine, To see..... your mer - ry face;

Sottento.

Your eyes are dark and won - drous, Like sun - ny gold your hair. And

ritard. a tempo. ad lib. ritard.

when you smile a dim - ple says, Come kiss me, if you dare,..... Ah! how I... long to... win... you,

ritard. a tempo. ritard.

I..... need not then re - sist. When I

f. ritard.

see that cun - ning dim - ple, Just... wait - ing to be kissed.

a tempo. ritard.

Copyright, 1894, by The New York Musical Record Co.

IF THE MAN IN THE MOON TOOK SICK WHAT WOULD HE DO?

Just spend his Four Quarters for a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters as all sensible people do; because it cures Dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Bad Blood, and all Diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Bowels and Blood from a common Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.

A large and magnificent display of TRADED AND UNTRADED

HATS, TOQUES AND BONNETS,

is the latest Paris, London and New York styles

Inspection cordially invited.

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO.,

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it, should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamp and addressed envelope.

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

Discontinuances.—Except in those localities where copies are sent, notices will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuances can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

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

Notices should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

The circulation of this paper is over 13,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Halifax Branch Office, Knowles' Buildings, corner George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, NOV. 16.

THE CASE OF A CROWD.

Fifteen young men tried to pass an examination for admission as law students, the other day, and failed. In an easy examination, on subjects taught in the common schools, they were unable to answer twenty-five per cent of the questions. In deference to their ignorance the examiners took the singular step of lowering the limit of forty-five per cent, thus requiring them to know less than one half that was asked. With this extraordinary indulgence, most of the fifteen succeeded in getting through, and with this basis of knowledge are now to undertake to become members of the learned and honorable profession of the law.

It can hardly be supposed that these fifteen youths were specially ignorant as compared with other school graduates of their age, and indeed, by the concession made to them, the examiners appear to have thought them capable of learning something more in the future. It is quite possible that on some subjects which are part of the show business of modern schools they knew more than the examiners had ever been taught, but the trouble seems to have been that the everyday, old-fashioned matters of geography, history and the like had been neglected in their training. Whatever may be the explanation, it seems certain they neglected to properly cram themselves to pass the ordeal.

This latter fact is one which does not seem to have presented itself to the Barriers' Society in a proper light, or the unsuccessful applicants would have had scant mercy. The clear logic of so many going up for examination without careful preparation is that they look upon the law as a profession which anybody can enter, whether he knows anything or not. Such a theory put into practice is in the nature of a reflection on the bar as at present constituted, and may almost be construed into a contempt of court. The fact that a good many people have such an impression is no excuse for the offenders in this instance.

There are, in truth, a good proportion of able men at the bar of this province, and there are several of them in St. John. In a greatly overcrowded profession, however, in which all sorts and conditions of men are forcing themselves, the average of legal talent cannot be said to be at a high level. A generation ago there were about fifty lawyers in St. John while now there are nearly one hundred, though there has been no corresponding increase in population, nor has there been any similar rate of growth in the medical profession. The lawyers have grown in number far beyond the needs of the people, and are continually on the increase, yet the amount of law business, pure and simple, is said to be really less than it was in the days when it was done by half the number of lawyers. This all seems to thrive however, seems to be an inducement for others to come forward and join the ranks, and more than liberal encouragement is given in this low standard of education demanded in the first instance. To become a lawyer in these days is apparently a cheap and easy process. A man may apparently carry on any kind of a business and study law between times. He may be a merchant, a broker or agent or a constable, and some fine morning the world wakes up to find him duly enrolled as an attorney.

The result is an overcrowding of the profession and a lowering of its standard. Unless a young man is exceptionally situated as regards friends and business connections, he finds himself one of the struggling throng, pushed to an extremity to get a mere living. He is in a position where he has to sell for what there is small demand, and so he must sell there at a sacrifice. There are a variety of ways in which he can do this, within and without the limit of what is the plain letter of the law is unprofessional conduct. Indeed, where the professional life is drawn in these times seems a matter hard to de-

fine. Much that might otherwise be frowned upon now appears to be excused on the plea that the profession is overcrowded and lawyers must live.

It may be that, in time, the legal profession like any other calling, may be made subject to the law of demand and supply, and that there will be no more lawyers than are needed. This might be the case now if an adherence to the old-time traditions could be enforced, but there is little hope of this. In the meantime lawyers good, bad and indifferent, will continue to increase and multiply, and there is no help for it.

SWIFT JUSTICE AGAIN.

The police magistrate has doubtless fulfilled the requirements of justice in sentencing ANNE CRAWFORD to imprisonment in jail for one month. CRAWFORD's offence was the stealing of forty-nine dollars from a fellow boarder, and having secured this booty he fled to Halifax, but was arrested on his arrival there and the greater portion of the stolen money recovered. The capture was apparently deemed an important one, for the chief of police in his own proper person went on to bring the prisoner back. When the case came on for trial, representations were made to the magistrate, by CRAWFORD's friends that imprisonment in the penitentiary would be a serious injury to his reputation, and as the person who had lost the money was satisfied with getting it back, an unusually light sentence was imposed. The term to be served by this prisoner is less the period for which many a man has had to remain in jail awaiting a trial at which he has been declared not guilty. It is not much more than many a man has to undergo for being unable to pay a fine for being a victim of bad liquor, and it is considerably less than many another has to endure for the crime of being too poor to pay his taxes.

Nevertheless, nobody is likely to censure Mr. RITCHIE for being too lenient in this instance. He is, possibly to be commended for it. He doubtless satisfied himself that more good would be done by giving the man a nominal sentence and a chance to do better, than by taking two or three years out of his life by sending him to Dorchester. It must be assumed that there were at least some better reasons than that the stolen property was to be restored and the complainant did not wish to prosecute. These, indeed are not to be considered as reasons in the contemplation of the law.

For the law, as the supposed embodiment of justice, assumes to repress such grave crimes as theft by making an example of a detected offender, regardless of what the injured person may desire. The general good is to be kept in view and the principle of dishonesty condemned. The prosecution is not a matter of individual choice, but the crown becomes the prosecutor and the complainant is merely a witness. Were it otherwise, a thief with means or friends might buy off a complainant and go free; resume his practices, while the punishment of a thief without means or friends would be dependent upon the loser's personal desire for vengeance.

Nor is the restitution of the property stolen any mitigation of the crime when it is merely the result of a violent or compulsion. Otherwise any robber caught before he had a chance to get clear of his plunder should be accorded clemency, and thieves would increase in number and boldness from the knowledge that it they were unsuccessful in escaping they could secure immunity by simply handing back what they had taken. It cannot be admitted that such incidents and accidents have been resolved into reasons in the case of CRAWFORD. The magistrate has merely exercised his discretionary power and inclined to the side of mercy.

This brings to mind another case, to which PROGRESS has once before referred. It is similar to that of CRAWFORD in the fact that a man stole from a house at which he was boarding. In other respects the parallel ends. The offender was a stranger, without money and apparently without friends. He stole a not specially valuable article of clothing from his landlady and pawned it for a trifling sum. This burglary thief was arrested and the property recovered, but as there were no friends to intervene this unfortunate man, with a wife and family in a foreign land, was committed to a higher court and sentenced to three years in the penitentiary.

With such instances as these the question naturally arises as to whether law in this country is meted out on principles of abstract justice, or whether there is one law for the man with friends and another for the man without friends. It may be, and possibly is, perfectly right that CRAWFORD should have the consideration that has been given him, but if so, what must be thought of the punishment of the sailor? The latter stole, for his immediate wants, a much less amount under almost similar circumstances, and showed far less of a fraudulent intent than did the man who sought to get out of the country with what he had stolen.

If an inhabitant of Mars were to visit this earth and endeavor to study out the administration of the criminal laws, he would possibly be puzzled by some of the cases on record in our courts. They puzzle even our own people, to whom they are nothing new.

THE MARRIAGE LAWS.

The question of an amendment to the marriage laws is one that should receive an early and careful consideration with a view to action by the legislature. That the present law is defective in many respects is apparent to all who have given it matter any attention, and that it is worthless in placing any check upon secret marriages is still more evident from the fact that a number of such have taken place during the past year. The popularity of such clandestine alliances appears to be on the increase, indeed, and when, sooner or later, the announcement is made public, there appears to be an end of the matter in each individual case.

In one sense of the word, the marriage of persons over the legal age of twenty-one years is a matter which chiefly concerns themselves. From a broad standpoint of morals, however, it is a matter of public concern that a marriage contract should not be kept a secret, to be revealed only by accident or at the pleasure of the parties to it. In the old-time laws the publication of banns in the parish where one or the other of the parties resided was necessary, and a marriage by special license was the exception. In this province, however, all that is necessary is for a man who desires to be married to pay for a license and no questions are asked by the official who issues it. The next step is to find a clergyman or minister who is equally easily satisfied, and the ceremony can be as private as possible. It is true that the marriage must be registered within a specified time, but so far as the public are concerned the register is as private as all the other proceedings have been. It costs a man to examine it, and even if it did not, it would only be consulted in exceptional instances.

In some parts of the United States a declaration of intention must be filed and published, so as to give due notice to all persons concerned. Then, if there are objections to be made by parties having a right to interfere, there is abundant opportunity. It may be that some such provision would be of advantage to an amended law for this province. There should unquestionably be some better safeguard than there is at present.

The present law, however, defective as it is in some respects, is an enough in some of its provisions, even though it is set at defiance or violated through ignorance. The consolidated statutes clearly forbid a marriage without consent of the parents or guardians where either party is under the age of twenty-one years, and a clergyman, minister or other official who performs a marriage ceremony where he knows either of the parties is under such age is liable to heavy penalties, where the consent of the parents or guardians has not been given. Under the consolidated statutes, there is a fine of eighty dollars or imprisonment, while by the criminal code of Canada the matter is made an indictable offence, punishable with fine or a year's imprisonment. Ignorance of this law would be of no avail as a plea, for a man who undertakes to marry people should inform himself as to his powers. His only excuse would be ignorance of the fact that either of the parties was under the legal age. Without this latter want of knowledge his act would be an indictable offence, and no amount of bonds or other security given by the parties to hold him harmless would avail him were he brought into court. Indeed, the accepting of such security would be clear evidence of his knowledge that he had been violating the law and would render his conviction more certain.

It is well that ministers should be aware of the law on this subject, and the peril in which they place themselves in abetting secret marriages where the parties are under age. It may be done once too often, for an information in such case may be made by anybody and would undoubtedly have to be made by the crown officers were the matter brought to their attention. The whole matter of the marriage law seems to need attention. If a law better calculated for the general good cannot be had, the present law, at least, should be more generally understood and better observed.

Speaking of the case of Mrs. LEAR against FRED J. TREMAINE, a Halifax despatch to the Boston Standard says: Tremaine's lawyer made a motion in the supreme court to compel Mrs. Lear to give bonds for costs as she was an American, and therefore an alien. The court has refused this motion for costs, the first time a decision has been given in favor of an alien in such a case, in the history of Nova Scotia jurisprudence. The judgment is regarded as a decided victory for the Boston woman.

The fact that the woman is an alien has nothing to do with the case. Security for costs is demanded where a plaintiff resides outside of the jurisdiction of the court, and could have been asked if Mrs. LEAR had been a native of Halifax. The decision was not in favor of an alien as such, nor was such a principle involved in the slightest degree. The demand for security was decided against purely on the ground that TREMAINE admitted having certain moneys of the plaintiff in his hands, and these were deemed sufficient to secure him against any possible loss.

Woman has a subject for an essay on man's extravagance in dress in the fact that a young New Yorker recently had a pair of suspenders made to order, with a silk web and gold mountings worth at least \$250.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

"Kerchiefs to Hunt Sule" is the title of a story by M. Amelia Fyche, in the Arena Library Series, which the author dedicates to her publisher as a sort of thank offering for printing it. The woman, Dorothy P. Brooks—we would rather not say heroine—whose adventures are narrated, is a school mistress living in some comfort in her Canadian home. She refuses over and over again to address a widower who bases his love on reason too cold for her impetuous taste, and with whom she is on terms of platonic intimacy which seem odd when contrasted to the frigid gravity of the lover's quotations from scripture and dissertations upon his philosophy of love. This woman has long been possessed of a desire for travel, which results in the sale of her belongings and a trip to Europe. Arrived at Paris, she is installed in the street by a dashing Frenchman and seems to like it. For a moment she repels his advances by a declaration that she is engaged, which she deems to consider as equivalent to an embodiment of morality, and then proceeds to debate with him as to his right to waive the ceremony of an introduction. To use slang regarding this book can be no disparagement of it, so we may say in the language of the streets that she is "picked up" by her gallant admirer, who follows her pretty constantly through a number of coquetical flights and stilled deliveries. The best way to win her, he finds, is to repeat his insults, combining them with an assumed devotion and he is at last successful in gaining her consent to a marriage in England. The gallant is a painter court, as penniless as his mother: is rich, and quite unequal to acting in open opposition to the latter's strong determination against the match. Prior to this development, however, a mock princess who keeps a gambling hall becomes a protectress over the American ingenu, and the latter takes a long time to discover the nature of her dwelling, though she quite readily receives the attentions of her "masher" friend, who is one of the "bys" who visit the establishment.

The English marriage, at what the author thinks is the proper time, is coolly disregarded by the precious school girl, in obedience to his mother's dictate marries a rich woman of his own country. He afterwards gets challenged, is shot but not seriously hurt, spends what is termed a "white night," and dies attended most lovingly by his fool of a wife whom he had so basely deserted.

She does not sorrow long, however, but goes to England under the care of her first admirer whom she has not seen enough to marry. All the while scenes of the book are in as bad taste as its main story. The young woman crosses the Atlantic in the company of some American girls, whom, with all allowance for Yankee gaudiness, we must be permitted to think impossible. One of the girls afterwards takes up painting, a vocation which she probably knows as little as the author, but she atones amply for her ignorance of art by her indecency of expression. From beginning to end, there is a total absence of art knowledge or feeling—the associations are not conspicuous for virtue, and the conversation is redolent of the gutter. Dirt is strewn up in phraseology borrowed from Olendorf. Even the rude and fantastic machinery of Tribby is wanting while all its grosser details, its nastiness, bad taste and scraggy French are retained, and ridiculous English is added to the other sins. Miss Pembroke is much addicted to the use of "gooder" as a comparative of "good." Such refreshing simplicity naturally suggests the idea of a rubber-teething ring, but unfortunately this infant terrible has cut her wisdom teeth though she continues to nip baby English. Another character is Alice Jeffrey, who gives promise of becoming a powerful woman, but who finishes her career in degradation after shamefully betraying the other woman. Alice Jeffrey makes a deserved attack on so-called charitable institutions which are of the "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal" character, and the reader is led to expect that this is the object of the book. But it is mere railing after all and degenerates into scolding at all things. The attack upon religion in Tribby is at least a reflection of some modern thought of the present day, but in this work there is a mixture of fetish worship, divination and infidelity, which might be ridiculous if it were not revolting. Nothing can be gained by reading such a book, and no one can be injured, for even a licentious imagination must fail to be gratified by such a wishy-washy composition which hardly rises to the dignity or conception of sin. Boston, Arena Library Series. Price 50 cents.

There have been a number of unsuccessful attempts to establish a Canadian Magazine, but this has not deterred another venture in the form of Walsh's Illustrated Monthly Magazine, the second number of which appears this month. The leading article is by Frank Anglin, which reviews Principal Grant's Manitoba letters and offers a valuable commentary from the Catholic standpoint on the present position of Manitoba and Dominion politics. The Spirit of the Long Black Hand, by E. F. Stanton; In Purgation, a poem, by Frank Waters; Shakespeare's Catherine of Aragon, by Thomas Swift; Notes Up and Down the St. Lawrence, by W. H. Higgins; The Sweating System; Eliza Allan Starr, by Thomas O'Hagan, and a number of other articles of interest. The magazine is only \$1 a year or 10 cents a number. Published by J. C. Walsh, Toronto.

The Cosmopolitan for November has a varied table of contents. Now that Theodore Roosevelt has drawn so much attention to his reform of the New York police, a paper by him on the subject of taking the

police out of politics will be read with special interest. A paper specially interesting on account of its accompanying illustrations is that of A. F. H. Cralton, on the identification of criminals. Harriet Prescott Spofford has a poem, "The Tourney," illustrated by John Brisson Walker has "Some Speculation Regarding Rapid Transit," and Miss E. W. Kumble has an illustrated story entitled "A Tragedy of South Carolina." The literary, scientific and art department abound with readable matter. The Cosmopolitan at 10 cents is a marvel of good value for a little money. All news dealers have it.

McClure's Magazine for November begins a life of Abraham Lincoln, edited by Ida M. Tarbell from new material collected from many sources. Many of the facts have been procured from men and women who knew Lincoln and who have never before told their story. Many new portraits will be given and of these and other pictures there will be 300 in all. Among other things in this number are a story by Anthony Hop, Richard Croker as boss of Tammany Hall, a story of Rudyard Kipling, and a series of portraits of John G. Whittier. There is a good Thanksgiving story by Octave Thanet. The magazine is as usual rich in illustrations. S. S. McClure, Ltd., 30 Lafayette Place, New York; all newsdealers. Price 10.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

PHILOSOPHY AND FOLLY.

The ill luck attending the breaking of a mirror, is greatly accelerated by the cost of the glass. "There is a time for all things," but only "one" time to die.

If happiness in married life depended largely upon income, wealth, what a monopoly of it some few people would enjoy.

Some texts, are serious in themselves, while some seem to lack even a text.

"I was a wise farmer who made a drought of his son on the ground that he would still be a Farmer." "Vander built a bill for his daughter: a greater cost than heretofore heard of. Motives may not be judged by appearances. Never "bury the hatchet" if you believe in its restoration.

There are Wedding Bills and Funeral Bills; and if they don't change, there may be divorce bills. When a man wants you to lend him your ear, he generally returns it with interest. If we had no sign it, the devil would have more leisure time. The dollar you haven't seems bigger than the one you have.

Merely a matter of time—sternity. "Race-track revivals" are inefficient, as interest ceases at the end of the race; they must be continuous to be permanent in results. "He that calleth his brother a fool" uses language not coming a gentleman, he should say, that owing to his knowledge to the contrary of what his brother said, he must necessarily designate him as a truth teller.

A man is not a thief who steals a heart of the feminine gender, especially if he has the consent of the owner. There is no discount on the love a man bestows toward money. There is no money that I love cannot discount. Faith overcomes obstacles that love beareth under.

The reason that trees leave in the fall, is that they may "fall" more "autumn-istically." By your "clever" we "pragm" this. A new way to buy options, Bi-values, one does n't please; if on do please, buy a quart, a set the pint?

In religious matters, if men pander less to the intellect, and subordinated thereto, the affections, of which the women seem more capable, would we not have a larger church-going population of males? "To see ourselves as others see us" would necessitate the use of an adjustable mirror, microscope, and reversible telescope. Some one has said that "necessity was the mother of invention." Some inventions were necessities themselves. To make the present better than the past, and trusting the future will be brighter than the present, are in themselves incentives to happiness. Surmounting difficulties to the best of one's ability is probably better to idle speculation as to what one might do, but don't.

So long as one friend, knows you are right, you need not care whether all others think you are not. In our more solemn hours, how much more vividly the happiness of our childhood looms up before us, and how much more happy does our imagination make it than the reality in so on cases warranted; this is sometimes the result of thinking too gloomily of the present. The faculty of regretting, is the more apparent, because of the fact, that while we are prone to regret, we overlook the idea underlying the same. The restlessness of man, accounts for many of his acts. Happiness is the mental, of which enjoyment is the more vividly expressive. "Long faces" are sometimes synonymous for "short graces." A good "delecting in dining"—Rotary Saw Men are prone to adopt, and put into execution laws, the privileges of which they dare not extend to women. Women require less laws than men, any way. JAY BEE.

PEN AND PRESS.

Mr. R. F. Brackett, the business end of the Gilbert Opera company is an old newspaper man, and his experience in the field of journalism has been as varied and enlightening as any man would wish. Mr. Brackett looks after the business interests of the organization sharply and cleverly, and wins many friends for the company by his pleasant companionship.

Ancient Artists' Pay. Is it known generally that works of art were well paid for in ancient times? A Grecian review furnished recently some particulars about that question. Polygnotus of Theos, who lived about 450 B. C., refused, it is true, any payment for his works and declared that he was sufficiently rewarded with the title of citizen of Athens, which had been conferred on him. But such distant recollections were seldom mistified thirty years later the painter Zuxis of Hircalium was called to the court of Archelaus I., king of Macedonia. He received for his frescoes in the palace of Pella 400 "mines" about \$8,000. Mnason of Elathra paid \$20,000 for a "Battle with the Persians," which he had ordered from Aristides, the leader of the Theban school. Pamphilus of Sygione gave a course of lectures on painting; each pupil paid for attendance one "talent," or \$1,200 a year. Appelles received twenty gold "talents," about \$240,000 for a portrait of Alexander I., ordered by the city of Ephesus.—New York Tribune.

Not an Insultation. "My darling," said the wife, as at 9:30 A. M., she found her husband strapping up the umbrellas in the hall, as if he were off on a railway journey, "my darling, surely you are not going to take all those to the office with you?" "Sweetest," he responded suavely but firmly, "surely you remember that you have an 'at home' this afternoon." She raised her hands in horror. "Surely you do not imagine that my guests would steal—"

"Steal! Nonsense. But it's million to one they would recognise the initials. She hung her head in silence, knowing full well that the man but spoke the truth.

Thanksgiving Day Excursions. The Intercollegiate Railway have arranged to issue local excursion return tickets at single fare for the round trip on November 30th and 31st, and for Quebec, Montreal and other Upper Province points at one fare on the 19th inst. These excursion tickets will be good to return leaving destination Monday Nov. 25th.

The Ways of Love. Sweet and bitter together— That is our portion here; Love that is truth, growth, spirit— That is the sweet, my dear. Sweet and bitter together— Approach and scorn and fear; Love that forgives not, endures not— This is the bitter, my dear. Sweet and bitter together— That is our portion here. Thank him who on one side the river Gives us only the sweet, my dear. —Ellen Mackay Hutchinson.

Different From Webster. "Pray define misconstruction, Smith Green," said Miss Lu, And a conscious blush mantled her face When he cried "Mis—construction, dear, seems to my mind, Angela, puffed sleeves, fans, ribbon and lace." St. John, November 1895.

THE CELEBRATED

WELCOME

The Original. **SOAP** Try It.

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

Drop us a line and we will quote you very low prices on

Slate and Wood Mantels

Grates, Ties, Brass Fenders, etc., etc

Stock second to none in the Maritime Provinces.



SHERATON & WHITTAKER.

38 King Street.

"Famous" Baseburner

The Handsomest and Best Working Stove of this Class in America.

The construction of the flues gives it a greater heating capacity than any other. Entire base radiates heat. Made in two sizes, with and without oven. Oven is made with three flues same as a cooking stove. Double heater attachment by which heat can be carried to upper rooms. Beautifully nickelled.

A Triumph of Art and Utility.

THE MCGLARY MFG. CO.
LONDON, MONTREAL, TORONTO,
WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER.



One Pound Will Make 200 Cups.

The growth of a whole year of six Tea bushes is required to produce one pound of

Ram Lal's Pure Indian Tea

but so carefully is it manufactured and so rich is its character that one pound brewed according to the directions on the package will make enough liquor to fill two hundred tea cups.

Ram Lal's Tea is Economical. In half pound and pound lead packets. Gold label 60c. Lavender label 60c. Green label 75c.

DEARBORN & CO., Wholesale Agents, St. John, N. B.



Well Dressed Ladies

Now-a-days have their Skirts bound with

Corticelli Skirt Protector

Shade - 1963 4-Yards

Women are usually anxious to make their money go as far as they can, hence the great popularity of the Corticelli Skirt Protector. It is economical and adds to the beauty of a garment as well.

Sold in 4 and 6 yard lengths. The Mohair is in 5 yard lengths. Can be had in same shades as Corticelli Sewing Silk.

Corticelli Silk Co., Manufacturers, St. John's, Que.



Social and Personal.

The Chrysanthemum show, the event to which society has been looking forward for some time, was held this week and was attended with much more eclat than was the flower show of September last; at least that seemed to be the opinion of those who had attended both shows. Of course so far as magnitude and display it concerns the first one eclipsed that of the one just ended. The rooms at the Institute were on bright blaze of color; such a lot of chrysantheums as there were; from palest pink to deep crimson, yellow, and white, in fact almost every shade and color; and the artistic grouping and placing of the plants showed that to the very best advantage. I think the table most admired was the one on which the palms and ferns were arranged over the bright red and white flowers, the intermingling of the colors making just as pretty a sight as one would wish to see; chrysanthemums were to be seen every where, of course everybody was wearing them and several of the very largest size had gentlemen of the smallest size attached to them—the chrysanthemum I mean.

In the tea room the bright faced waitresses were kept constantly at work running here and there looking after everybody as indefatigably as if their very lives depended upon it. The room was so crowded during both my visits that it was almost impossible to tell precisely who were the waitresses, but I believe the following were among those who supplied cake, coffee and ice cream to the visitors: Misses Tack, Miss Bar, Misses Dann, Miss Vroom, Miss Hoyt, Miss McMillan, Miss Hanington, Miss Fooks, Misses Fugley, Misses Skinner, Miss Travers, Miss Taylor, Miss Ellis, Miss Payne, Miss McCormick, Miss Clarke, Miss Betts, Miss Seeler, Miss E. L. H. Hanington and Miss Scamwell; the young ladies were all looking very smart and bright indeed; Miss Payne was looking especially well in a handsome black crepon with quantities of lace trimmings; Miss McLaughlin wore an especially becoming and pretty pink silk bodice with lace about the neck, and a dark skirt; Miss Travers perhaps never looked better than in her dress of black silk, the bodice and sleeves of which were very effectively fringed with white lace. Miss Allison had here and there a charming flare in pale blue and black, while Miss Hanington looked very nice indeed in a shot silk bodice with lace yoke, and a dark skirt; Miss Alice Tack had on a pretty plaid waist and Miss Helen Seely wore a pretty pale blue; a dainty little figure was Miss Cushing in a simple yet lovely cream crepon. This was just a hurried glance on Thursday afternoon and I believe the young ladies intended going home to make themselves smarter for the evening, but I don't see just how they could make themselves any brighter or prettier.

In the tea room the many tables were gay with white and colored chrysanthemums and as it was throughout the time, was a bright and busy scene. The candy table was well patronized and the following ladies in bright, pretty gowns dispensed home made sweets, Mrs. Wilson, Miss Allison, Miss Ellis, Miss E. Skinner, Miss Scamwell and Miss McLaughlin.

Ices, delicately flavored and colored, were in great demand and were supplied by Mrs. J. Burpee, Mrs. J. V. Ellis, Mrs. Geo. Baird and Mrs. A. Hanington.

Beside those named above there were a large number of other ladies who looked after things generally and did their share towards making the show the success it undoubtedly was.

Sir Leonard Tilley took a deep interest in the affair and he and Lady Tilley were present both days. The Hon. Governor and Mrs. Fraser also were on the occasion with the presence, coming from Fredericton on Tuesday and remaining until Friday.

The Horticultural society have every reason to feel proud of their success this season and in turn the citizens are under a deep obligation to the society; no doubt the ladies are greatly elated, and not without just cause, over the success of the chrysanthemum show.

A series of bread and butter parties will be inaugurated next week, the first to be held at Miss Burpee's home. A number of young people are interested and no doubt the parties will be very enjoyable.

Mr. J. M. Grant arrived home on Thursday afternoon.

Rev. Mr. Young of Hampton, spent a part of the week in Fredericton.

Mrs. Marton Bullford has returned to Farnborough after a visit to city friends.

Mrs. O. H. Sharpe, who has been on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cruikshank, has returned to Fredericton. Mr. and Mrs. Sharpe, who have been boarding since their marriage began housekeeping this week.

Miss Fielders is in Fredericton visiting her friend, Miss Crookshank.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry DeForest are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a son.

The Sanjo Harmonie club met with Mrs. F. H. J. Ruel on Monday evening and a very pleasant time was spent.

Mrs. Stratton will go to New York next week for a visit.

Miss Dever also goes to New York next week for a visit to friends.

Mrs. Herbert Street entertained quite a number of her friends at a reception yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. W. H. McLean of Horsefield street, was among the hostesses of the week and on Friday afternoon received a large number of friends; the rooms were prettily decorated for the occasion and Mrs. McLean made a charming hostess.

Mrs. J. E. U. Nealis, and Miss Mary Nealis have gone to Montreal to spend the winter.

Mr. Henry Court has gone to Bermuda to remain for the winter.

Mrs. J. S. Trites of Sussex is visiting friends here.

Mrs. Seely and Miss Simonds are visiting Sussex friends.

Mrs. Arthur Keith is in Sussex a guest of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. White.

A large number of ladies attended Mrs. Stetson's reception from 4 to 7 o'clock last Tuesday afternoon at her pleasant home on Burpee avenue. The house was artistically decorated with quantities of chrysanthemums, and the table was effectively arranged with the same flower in white. Mrs. Stetson received her guests in a becoming dark silk dress, and the Misses Matthews who assisted her in her duties, were in blue and black. In the library, which was very prettily decorated, Mrs. Harrison, assisted by little Miss Bolton, dispensed claret cup and cake to the guests, while Mrs. Holden and Mrs. McAvity poured tea in the supper room. In the room adjoining the library Harrison's orchestra was stationed and the excellent music furnished added greatly to the eclat of the affair. Among the callers during the afternoon were the Countess de Bury, Mrs. Warner, Misses Devo, Mrs. Burpee, Mrs. J. Burpee, Mrs. C. Coster, Mrs. Dever, Mrs. Dever, Mrs. I. Burpee Miss Burpee, Miss Furlong, Mrs. Geo. E. McLeod Mrs. Alward, Mrs. Egan, Mrs. Stratton, Mrs. S. Ritchie, Mrs. King, Mrs. Geo. McLeod, Miss Gordon, Mrs. C. E. Harrison, Mrs. J. McMillan, Misses McMillan, Mrs. Vroom, Miss Vroom, Mrs. Manchester, Miss King, Mrs. W. Starr, Mrs. Frank Starr, Mrs. J. Roy Campbell and a host of others.

Miss Forsythe and Miss Oakes have returned to Digby at a visit to friends here.

Mrs. Watson, of Digby, has been paying a visit to city friends.

Unpublished, Made, Reproduced, Reprinted by Dumas, 27 Waterloo St.

A Drink that Cheers and Strengthens.

There is **Real enjoyment** as well as **Solid Benefit**

In a Cup of **JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF.**

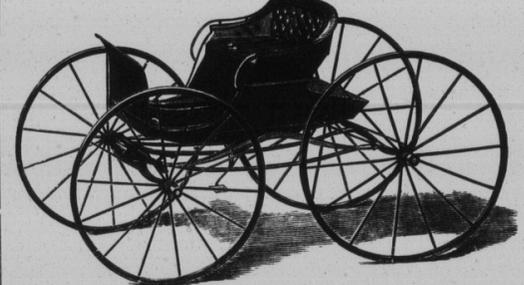


Sea Foam

It Floats.

5 CTS. (TOILET SIZE) A CAKE.

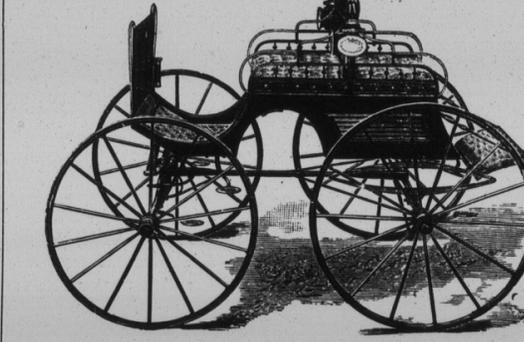
Made from the purest of the finest water available Soap. The Best Soap for Toilet & Bath Purposes. It leaves the skin soft smooth and healthy.



AN OPEN BANGOR.

A NOBBY TURN OUT

One of the many styles made in the Edgcombe Carriage Factory.



A CUT UNDER

English Dog Cart,

Will hold Four Persons, back to back. Is easy to ride Nobby and stylish. Turns very easily and in small space Handsomely built by

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS

Fredericton, N. B.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR **IMPERIAL SHADES.** Cheapest, Strongest, Best **MENZIE, TURNER & CO.,** Manufacturers of the Trade, Toronto. Sold by all reliable dealers.

"Fine Feathers Make Fine Birds"

Women are not all beautiful but all women are attractive who are beautifully dressed.

Beauty unadorned may do in poetry, but the nicely fitting gown is the desire of every true woman. Priestley's dress fabrics have done much to realize a woman's ideals by offering, in their texture, appearance, fit and wear, a character and distinction, which no other dress goods, however excellent, have quite attained to. And now Priestley's have something new. The "Radon" is all the rage. It is even better than the Hemstret so much admired. The "Radon" has something which the Hemstret lacks—to wit greater width, greater weight, and a superior dust shedding quality. And then it has an exquisite surface which gives it an almost royal presence. Wrapped on "The Varnished Board," and the name, Priestley, stamped on every five yards.

N.B. TRADE MARK THE VARNISHED BOARD ON WHICH THE GOODS ARE WRAPPED.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

For Additional Notices See Fifth and Seventh Pages.

HALIFAX NOTES.

Programme for sale in Halifax by the news boys and at the following places: C. S. DUFFIN, 111 Barrington street; C. S. DUFFIN, 111 Barrington street; C. S. DUFFIN, 111 Barrington street...

A very large and fashionable audience attended the concert given in St. Luke's hall in aid of the Bishop's chapel on Thursday evening of last week. The decorations were very pretty and showed that a great deal of time and care had been expended upon them.

General and Mrs. Montgomery-Moore gave a delightful dance at "Bellvue" last week. There was just a nice number present and everything passed off very smoothly. Mrs. Moore wore white broadcloth, silk lace and diamonds, and Mrs. Erskine was richly gowned in white silk with yellow sash and diamond ornaments.

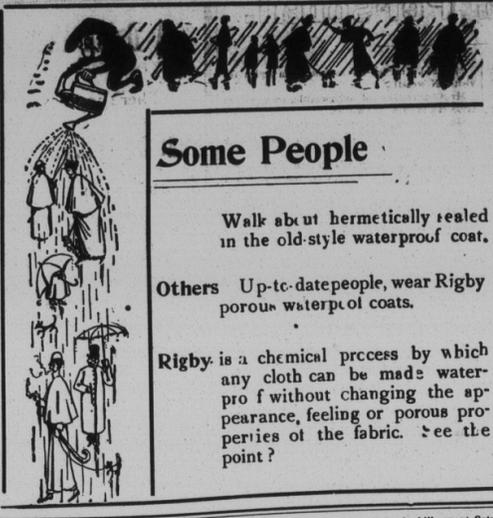
On Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. Lawson celebrated the 25th anniversary of their marriage by entertaining a large number of their friends. The evening was spent in dancing and singing, and was a most successful one.

Saturday night there was an official dinner at the home of Mrs. W. Taylor for the purpose of raising a very select dinner was given by a South Park street hostess.

On Monday evening one of the most successful and popular hostesses gave a small dance to about thirty of her friends. It was most enjoyable however and dancing was kept up till very late.

On Wednesday night Mrs. Montgomery Moore had a large dinner party to meet Admiral and Mrs. Erskine. Saturday night there was an official dinner at the home of Mrs. W. Taylor for the purpose of raising a very select dinner was given by a South Park street hostess.

On Monday evening one of the most successful and popular hostesses gave a small dance to about thirty of her friends. It was most enjoyable however and dancing was kept up till very late.



Some People

Walk about hermetically sealed in the old-style waterproof coat. Others Up-to-date people, wear Rigby porous waterproof coats.

Rigby is a chemical process by which any cloth can be made waterproof without changing the appearance, feeling or porous properties of the fabric. See the point?

The remains of the late Mrs. Miles, widow of the late Mr. J. Miles, former pastor of the Baptist church here, arrived from Margerville on Tuesday and were taken to the Baptist church, where they were interred in the cemetery on Wednesday.

Principal Layton, of Springhill, spent Saturday and Sunday with Mrs. Herbert Layton. Mrs. W. D. Howard has been spending a week at Windsor. Mr. Robert Howard lately returned from a trip to New York.

Miss Alice Lavers left on Wednesday for Boston. Mrs. H. B. Smith, of Springhill, spent a night at the rectory, on her way home from Forbruk. Miss Lella Dolworth and Miss Marie Morris, were back from a visit to Canada.

Mr. W. M. Christie spent a day or two in Halifax last week. Mrs. Ogden, of Sackville, made a short visit to friends here last week. Mrs. Townsend went to Springhill on Thursday.

Mr. R. Lawson of the bank of Nova Scotia, Halifax, was in town on Tuesday. Mr. W. H. Blanchard was in Halifax on Wednesday evening. On Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. Lawson celebrated the 25th anniversary of their marriage.

On Monday evening one of the most successful and popular hostesses gave a small dance to about thirty of her friends. It was most enjoyable however and dancing was kept up till very late.

On Wednesday night Mrs. Montgomery Moore had a large dinner party to meet Admiral and Mrs. Erskine. Saturday night there was an official dinner at the home of Mrs. W. Taylor for the purpose of raising a very select dinner was given by a South Park street hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. McDonald of Leominster, who have been visiting friends in town, returned to their home last Thursday. Mr. John Rogers of Montreal, well known in musical circles, was in town last week.

Mr. Benjamin Hantman of England has returned to Pictou to spend the winter. Mrs. Robt. Pope of Sydney is visiting her sister Mrs. W. H. Pope. Mrs. Westcott of Malden, Mass., who has been spending the summer in Pictou, returned to her home last Wednesday.

Mr. John Sterling of New London, P. E. I., was visiting friends in town last week. Mrs. Sutherland of Westville is visiting Mrs. W. H. Pope. Mrs. Glennie and Mr. George Glennie have returned from their trip to Boston.

Mr. Retallic of St. John, is paying a visit to his old friends. Rev. D. McGregor of Amherst passed through Pictou last week on route for Cape Breton. Chief Justice McDonald of Halifax is visiting his brother this week.

Mr. Wm. McDonald barrister of Truro is visiting his parents this week. Mrs. D. McGregor of Amherst passed through Pictou last week on route for Cape Breton. Chief Justice McDonald of Halifax is visiting his brother this week.

Mr. Wm. McDonald barrister of Truro is visiting his parents this week. Mrs. D. McGregor of Amherst passed through Pictou last week on route for Cape Breton. Chief Justice McDonald of Halifax is visiting his brother this week.

Mr. Wm. McDonald barrister of Truro is visiting his parents this week. Mrs. D. McGregor of Amherst passed through Pictou last week on route for Cape Breton. Chief Justice McDonald of Halifax is visiting his brother this week.

Mr. Wm. McDonald barrister of Truro is visiting his parents this week. Mrs. D. McGregor of Amherst passed through Pictou last week on route for Cape Breton. Chief Justice McDonald of Halifax is visiting his brother this week.

Mr. Wm. McDonald barrister of Truro is visiting his parents this week. Mrs. D. McGregor of Amherst passed through Pictou last week on route for Cape Breton. Chief Justice McDonald of Halifax is visiting his brother this week.

Chilly Mornings

suggest to the good housewife, hot griddle cakes for breakfast. There is nothing so good as

The Ireland Co's. Delicious Buckwheat Flour

Prepared in two minutes according to directions. You will never regret it if you order a package. Ready Today at Your Grocers.

Poor Tired Feet. LYMAN'S Fluid Coffee

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co. Dear Sirs: A member of my family being a good deal on foot, found it necessary to obtain or do something for the feet. A friend who had obtained relief not only from neuralgia, but from 'tired feet,' suggested your MINARD'S LINIMENT. It gave immediate and great relief.

At a time when many unworthy preparations are being pushed, I consider it a public benefit to speak a good word for a meritorious article. Yours very truly, JOHN CAMERON, Founder and publisher London Advertiser.

ASK YOUR DRUGGISTS FOR IT. RAMSDELL'S CURE FOR DANDRUFF

For removing dandruff from the scalp or restoring gray or faded hair to its original color, challenge the world to produce its equal. MANUFACTURED AT 87 CHARLOTTE ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

The Harry Webb Co., Ltd. His Excellency The Governor-General

Christmas Cakes of finest quality, covered with a moist icing and handsomely decorated, shipped by express to all parts of the Dominion. Five pounds and upward. Price 40c per pound.

SHARPS BALSAM OF HERRING AND ANISEL

GROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, COUGHS AND COLDS. OVER 40 YEARS IN USE. 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE. ARMSTRONG & CO., PROPRIETORS, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

KNIVES FORKS AND SPOONS STAMPED BY ROGERS BROS. GENUINE AND GUARANTEED BY MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.

Modern Science wins many victories. None more glorious than those over direful maladies. CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE has won many, over long triumphant coughs, and other Bronchial and Throat troubles. The Moral is - Try It. K. CAMPBELL & CO., Montreal.



Ayer's Stomach Pills

"I have taken years, and always with success, your Stomach Pills, and I can truly say that they are the best I ever used for the cure of indigestion, constipation, and all the ailments of the stomach and bowels."

Are the Best? All-round family known. - Mrs. J. L. Johnson, New York. AYER'S Highest Award. Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, 35 King Street. TRADE SUPPLIED.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS! Everybody can afford to eat Oysters at the following prices: F. E. L. at 60c. per quart. BUCQUOIS at 50c. per quart. NORTH SHORE at 40c. per quart.

Sticky Fly Paper, Insect Powder, Fly Pads, 5 and 10c. A Package at CROCKETT'S, Cor. Princess and Sydney Streets.

KEEFE, LADIES' TAILOR. The time is long since past when the mere matter of fitting the body was considered a difficult task. Corset styles, graceful lines, and giving each garment that individuality which stamps it as emanating from a fine trade establishment, receive the attention of the ladies' garment cutter who knows his business.

Sleighs and Pungs will soon be needed. Let us send a catalogue to you. Price & Shaw. 222 to 228 Main St., St. John, N. B.

JUST THE POOR WONDERS K. PRICE ONLY 3 SOLD BY TRY IT IMMEDIATELY Dresses Stomach Head THE NIC FOR ALL INDI Highest



Ayer's Pills

"I have taken Ayer's Pills for many years, and always derived the best results from their use."

For Stomach and Liver troubles, and for the cure of headache caused by these derangements, Ayer's Pills cannot be equaled. They are easy to take, and...

Are the Best all-round family medicine I have ever known. - Mrs. W. E. Johnson, 222 Elder Ave., New York City.

AYER'S PILLS Highest Awards at World's Fairs. Ayer's Sarsaparilla for the blood.

NEW GLASGOW. [Pronounced] is for sale in New Glasgow by A. O. Frichard and H. H. Henderson.

Nov. 9. - Mrs. George McDougall gave a very pleasant at home last week from eight o'clock till twelve. A goodly number were present, including several from Westville. The dancers occupied two large airy rooms and tripped the light fantastic to the accompaniment of music. Games of various kinds were indulged in by those not dancing. The evening passed in the most enjoyable manner. It was essentially an at home, for all were made to feel perfectly at ease.

St. Andrew's church choir, assisted by St. Andrew's quartette, Mr. John Pringle, violinist, Mr. Wm. Dickson, organ, and other local talents, gave a concert, consisting of readings, choruses, quartettes, trios and instrumental solos on Friday evening, Nov. 8. This was certainly one of the musical events of the season.

Mrs. Graham's pupils gave an exhibition of their paintings in the high school last Friday afternoon. Nearly 100 pictures of various kinds in oil, water color, crayon, pastels, and figures, etc., were exhibited, being less than a year's work. They were certainly a credit to both teacher and pupils, and go to show we have undoubtedly some rising artists in our country.

One evening last week a number of friends assembled at the home of Mr. George Chisholm to celebrate the tenth anniversary of their marriage. A large number of useful articles were given, and a very pleasant evening was spent.

Mrs. E. P. Fraser and family of Pictou, have moved to New Glasgow, and taken up their residence here. Mr. Fraser is an enterprising man, and of late years has devoted considerable of his time to mining. We welcome Mr. and Mrs. Fraser to New Glasgow, and hope they may become permanent residents.

I regret to learn the death of Mr. E. Crawford, which had occurred last week. He had taught school here for many years. He had been ill for a week, and death was due to heart failure.

Mrs. and Miss Murray intend spending the winter in Tighish, P. E. I.

Miss Carrie Sinclair leaves this week on a two months visit to Boston.

Mrs. E. Cooke, of Fullans Ease, Wash., is spending a few days in New Glasgow, visiting her mother at "Blackburn."

Mr. A. P. Douglas's bride has returned from their extended wedding tour through Boston, New York, and other American cities, and are staying a few days in Alma till their own new house is ready for them. So it's very likely we shall have the pleasure of calling on the bride in her new home next week.

Mrs. Maggie McLaughlin, accompanied by her mother, left for New York last week. Miss McLaughlin will be much missed by her friends here. She was also a member of the choir of New St. Andrew's church.

Mrs. Robertson entertained about thirty of her little Miss Daughters friends on "Hallowe'en."

Mr. H. Neill left this week for Bridgewater to bring another bride to our town.

J. L. Jenkinson and his sister, Miss Lily Jenkinson returned last week from a three weeks visit to New York.

Mrs. Henry, widow of the late Judge Henry, is visiting at Rev. Dr. Patterson's.

Rev. Andrew Robertson, pastor of New St. Andrew's church of this town, leaves this week for a few days in Halifax and St. John. While in the latter city he will lecture to the Y. M. C. A.

Mrs. Barnes, of Boston, is visiting friends in town.

Mrs. Z. S. Patis, of Truro, is the guest of Mrs. Dr. Rice.

Miss Maude McKenzie is visiting friends in Truro.

Mrs. A. M. Fraser is confined to her bed through illness.

Mr. Howard Wry left on Wednesday morning for Prince Edward Island where he has accepted a business position.

The many friends of Mrs. J. A. R. Ayer will regret to hear she is quite ill with influenza.

Mrs. Robt. Bell has quite recovered from her recent illness.

Mrs. T. W. Wilson who has been spending the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Patterson left on Thursday for Boston, where Mr. Wilson is pursuing his theological studies.

Mr. Chas. E. Atkinson returned on Wednesday from Halifax, where he has been undergoing the civil service examination.

A telegram announcing the death of Mr. T. A. Kinsler was received on Sunday morning. Mr. Kinsler has been in failing health for some time, and recently entered a hospital in Boston for treatment. Last week his case assumed a more serious form and Mrs. Kinsler and child were summoned. His remains came on the C. P. R. Monday evening and were interred Tuesday afternoon. The funeral was very large. Mrs. Kinsler has the sincere sympathy of a large circle of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Harpe spent several days in Westville the guests of Mrs. Wm. Ogden.

Miss M. G. Foster, of Pictou, spent last Sunday visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bell.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Zorry have returned home again and have taken rooms in the Baptist parsonage for the winter. The bride is receiving her guests this week in a beautiful gown of red brocade silk, elaborately trimmed with lace and jet ornaments.

FRANK. Miss Innes Foster, of Pictou, spent last Sunday visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bell.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Zorry have returned home again and have taken rooms in the Baptist parsonage for the winter. The bride is receiving her guests this week in a beautiful gown of red brocade silk, elaborately trimmed with lace and jet ornaments.

FRANK. Miss Innes Foster, of Pictou, spent last Sunday visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bell.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Zorry have returned home again and have taken rooms in the Baptist parsonage for the winter. The bride is receiving her guests this week in a beautiful gown of red brocade silk, elaborately trimmed with lace and jet ornaments.

FRANK. Miss Innes Foster, of Pictou, spent last Sunday visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bell.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Zorry have returned home again and have taken rooms in the Baptist parsonage for the winter. The bride is receiving her guests this week in a beautiful gown of red brocade silk, elaborately trimmed with lace and jet ornaments.

FRANK. Miss Innes Foster, of Pictou, spent last Sunday visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bell.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Zorry have returned home again and have taken rooms in the Baptist parsonage for the winter. The bride is receiving her guests this week in a beautiful gown of red brocade silk, elaborately trimmed with lace and jet ornaments.

FRANK. Miss Innes Foster, of Pictou, spent last Sunday visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bell.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Zorry have returned home again and have taken rooms in the Baptist parsonage for the winter. The bride is receiving her guests this week in a beautiful gown of red brocade silk, elaborately trimmed with lace and jet ornaments.

FRANK. Miss Innes Foster, of Pictou, spent last Sunday visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bell.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Zorry have returned home again and have taken rooms in the Baptist parsonage for the winter. The bride is receiving her guests this week in a beautiful gown of red brocade silk, elaborately trimmed with lace and jet ornaments.

FRANK. Miss Innes Foster, of Pictou, spent last Sunday visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bell.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Zorry have returned home again and have taken rooms in the Baptist parsonage for the winter. The bride is receiving her guests this week in a beautiful gown of red brocade silk, elaborately trimmed with lace and jet ornaments.

FRANK. Miss Innes Foster, of Pictou, spent last Sunday visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bell.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Zorry have returned home again and have taken rooms in the Baptist parsonage for the winter. The bride is receiving her guests this week in a beautiful gown of red brocade silk, elaborately trimmed with lace and jet ornaments.

FRANK. Miss Innes Foster, of Pictou, spent last Sunday visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bell.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Zorry have returned home again and have taken rooms in the Baptist parsonage for the winter. The bride is receiving her guests this week in a beautiful gown of red brocade silk, elaborately trimmed with lace and jet ornaments.

FRANK. Miss Innes Foster, of Pictou, spent last Sunday visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bell.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Zorry have returned home again and have taken rooms in the Baptist parsonage for the winter. The bride is receiving her guests this week in a beautiful gown of red brocade silk, elaborately trimmed with lace and jet ornaments.

FRANK. Miss Innes Foster, of Pictou, spent last Sunday visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bell.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Zorry have returned home again and have taken rooms in the Baptist parsonage for the winter. The bride is receiving her guests this week in a beautiful gown of red brocade silk, elaborately trimmed with lace and jet ornaments.

FRANK. Miss Innes Foster, of Pictou, spent last Sunday visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bell.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Zorry have returned home again and have taken rooms in the Baptist parsonage for the winter. The bride is receiving her guests this week in a beautiful gown of red brocade silk, elaborately trimmed with lace and jet ornaments.

FRANK. Miss Innes Foster, of Pictou, spent last Sunday visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bell.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Zorry have returned home again and have taken rooms in the Baptist parsonage for the winter. The bride is receiving her guests this week in a beautiful gown of red brocade silk, elaborately trimmed with lace and jet ornaments.

FRANK. Miss Innes Foster, of Pictou, spent last Sunday visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bell.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Zorry have returned home again and have taken rooms in the Baptist parsonage for the winter. The bride is receiving her guests this week in a beautiful gown of red brocade silk, elaborately trimmed with lace and jet ornaments.

FRANK. Miss Innes Foster, of Pictou, spent last Sunday visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bell.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Zorry have returned home again and have taken rooms in the Baptist parsonage for the winter. The bride is receiving her guests this week in a beautiful gown of red brocade silk, elaborately trimmed with lace and jet ornaments.

FRANK. Miss Innes Foster, of Pictou, spent last Sunday visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bell.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Zorry have returned home again and have taken rooms in the Baptist parsonage for the winter. The bride is receiving her guests this week in a beautiful gown of red brocade silk, elaborately trimmed with lace and jet ornaments.

FRANK. Miss Innes Foster, of Pictou, spent last Sunday visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bell.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Zorry have returned home again and have taken rooms in the Baptist parsonage for the winter. The bride is receiving her guests this week in a beautiful gown of red brocade silk, elaborately trimmed with lace and jet ornaments.

Friday evening last week, for the pleasure and entertainment of his friend Mr. Vernon of Boston, who is his guest. I hear it was an unusually happy affair being well arranged in every detail and was greatly enjoyed by his guests.

Capitane Mrs. McAllister at this evening entertainment at the clergy who are attending the St. Andrew's Deacons.

Dr. George Pope MacNicol has arrived from Wyanotte, Michigan, to visit in his father Hon. A. MacNicol who still continues very ill.

Mr. Frank S. A. Madden has returned from a business trip to Hamilton, Maine.

Mr. Charles Haskell of Portland, Maine, has been in town in the interest of his firm, Bailey and Noyes of Portland Maine.

Mr. C. C. Whitcomb has recovered from his bad cold and is able to attend to business as usual.

Miss Robina Hayes of Woodstock is the guest of her friend Mrs. A. L. Teed.

Rev. W. D. Thomas of S. Anne's church, Calais, has quite recovered from his illness, and is now able to attend to his parochial duties. Mr. Thomas intends to visit Boston early in the coming week to enjoy a rest and change of scene.

Rev. W. C. Goucher is visiting Truro, Nova Scotia, to attend the wedding of Miss Retvo of that town and will be absent two weeks.

Mr. George J. Clark returned from Fredericton on Saturday evening where he had been attending court.

Mr. J. Reed Kimball has recovered from a serious attack of influenza.

Mr. Stephen G. Ordway has gone to St. John for a visit among friends in that city.

Mr. Charles Cummins has returned from a pleasant visit with her mother and sister at St. John.

Mr. Charles F. Todd has returned to Milltown, after a visit in the United States.

Rev. J. W. Venable of St. John occupied the pulpit in the United street Baptist church on Sunday week with a sermon on the text: "The Lord is God."

Mr. Arthur March is quite ill and confined to his home.

Dr. Carson's Cough Drops.

Mrs. Henderson, St. Cameron St. Toronto, writes: I was suffering from a very bad cough. I was wasted and very weak, having had to be propped up in bed. I was told to try Dr. Carson's Cough Drops. Six bottles restored me to perfect health. For sale by druggists everywhere. Price 50 cents. Allan & Co., proprietors, 35 Front St., East, Toronto.

South American agents have been known to construct a tunnel three miles in length, a labour for them proportionate to that which would be required for men to tunnel under the Atlantic from New York to London.

THING OF VALUE.

"Earthly riches do not trouble me," said the sage old man. "I have a treasure laid up in heaven." "Just like my aunt Maria," replied Roundface, "she was forever hiding things away where she never could find them again."

Do not wear impalpable and flimsy-fabric hats that contract the scalp and give you a headache. Do not wear impalpable and flimsy-fabric hats that contract the scalp and give you a headache.

Do not wear impalpable and flimsy-fabric hats that contract the scalp and give you a headache. Do not wear impalpable and flimsy-fabric hats that contract the scalp and give you a headache.

Do not wear impalpable and flimsy-fabric hats that contract the scalp and give you a headache. Do not wear impalpable and flimsy-fabric hats that contract the scalp and give you a headache.

Do not wear impalpable and flimsy-fabric hats that contract the scalp and give you a headache. Do not wear impalpable and flimsy-fabric hats that contract the scalp and give you a headache.

Do not wear impalpable and flimsy-fabric hats that contract the scalp and give you a headache. Do not wear impalpable and flimsy-fabric hats that contract the scalp and give you a headache.

Do not wear impalpable and flimsy-fabric hats that contract the scalp and give you a headache. Do not wear impalpable and flimsy-fabric hats that contract the scalp and give you a headache.

Do not wear impalpable and flimsy-fabric hats that contract the scalp and give you a headache. Do not wear impalpable and flimsy-fabric hats that contract the scalp and give you a headache.

Do not wear impalpable and flimsy-fabric hats that contract the scalp and give you a headache. Do not wear impalpable and flimsy-fabric hats that contract the scalp and give you a headache.

Do not wear impalpable and flimsy-fabric hats that contract the scalp and give you a headache. Do not wear impalpable and flimsy-fabric hats that contract the scalp and give you a headache.

Do not wear impalpable and flimsy-fabric hats that contract the scalp and give you a headache. Do not wear impalpable and flimsy-fabric hats that contract the scalp and give you a headache.

Do not wear impalpable and flimsy-fabric hats that contract the scalp and give you a headache. Do not wear impalpable and flimsy-fabric hats that contract the scalp and give you a headache.

Do not wear impalpable and flimsy-fabric hats that contract the scalp and give you a headache. Do not wear impalpable and flimsy-fabric hats that contract the scalp and give you a headache.

Do not wear impalpable and flimsy-fabric hats that contract the scalp and give you a headache. Do not wear impalpable and flimsy-fabric hats that contract the scalp and give you a headache.

Do not wear impalpable and flimsy-fabric hats that contract the scalp and give you a headache. Do not wear impalpable and flimsy-fabric hats that contract the scalp and give you a headache.

Do not wear impalpable and flimsy-fabric hats that contract the scalp and give you a headache. Do not wear impalpable and flimsy-fabric hats that contract the scalp and give you a headache.

When you have the right soap, the washing of clothes with it is half won already.

Sunlight Soap

It is the weapon to use. It will make that big wash look like a pile of driven snow.

All the delicate fabrics as well as the sturdiest materials will be washed with it without any tearing or ripping, because it is so gentle and so soft.

For every 125 wrappers sent to the following address, a book will be sent.

Books for Wrappers. N. D. HOOPER, St. John, N. B., Agent for New Brunswick.

Fredericton circuit, spent several days with his family last week.

Mrs. Chas. Fawcett is visiting in St. John.

Miss Hattie Stuart returned from Toronto Saturday afternoon; she was a delegate to the Women's Temperance Union.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Allison returned last Wednesday from Boston.

Mr. Chas. Stuart of St. John spent Sunday at home with his father.

A social was held in the vestry of the Baptist church, Monday evening by the Young People's Union.

Harvey Phinney, Congregationalist, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. A. Doull on arrival of his ship.

Another musical treat is in store; Miss Fawcett, assisted by the members of the Union faculty, is to give a song recital on Friday evening.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS. [Pronounced] is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Taylor and in Calais at the residence of R. S. Dargis, G. S. Wall and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at C. P. Treat's.

Nov. 13. - Mrs. J. Chipman on Thursday entertained at a small party of lady friends.

The Misses Washburne gave a very jolly euchre party at their home on Tuesday evening last. The party was given in honor of the return of their brother Mr. Frank Washburne who has been absent for eleven years.

It was a most enjoyable occasion, and Mr. Washburne had an opportunity to meet old friends and to renew old acquaintances. The Misses Washburne are charming hostesses and their parties all ways most enjoyable.

A party of ladies from St. Stephen and Calais were entertained on Tuesday evening by Mrs. John Sears at her home in Calais. What was the amusement provided and at eleven o'clock a game supper was served.

Mrs. J. M. Marchie on Monday evening invited a small party of lady friends to play seven handed euchre at her residence.

A number of ladies met at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George J. Clarke on Tuesday evening and organized a musical society. The society has a membership of twenty ladies and is to be called the "Harmony Club." Mrs. George Clarke was elected president and Miss Florence Sullivan secretary.

The next meeting will be at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Hazen Grim, and will meet at the home of a different member every two weeks throughout the winter months.

Rev. Mr. Covert of Grand Manan is the guest of Rev. J. T. Bryan at Trinity church rectory.

Mrs. James Mitchell, is entertaining a small party of lady friends with what this evening.

On her return to Cambridge Mass from her visit to St. Stephen and St. John, Mrs. Annie Melick, was presented with a beautiful gift, and an address of welcome to her by the trustees of the Avon House, of Cambridge Mass, of which Mrs. Melick for several years has been the matron. Mrs. Melick is greatly esteemed by the ladies who direct the Home, and this gift was presented to show their appreciation of her work and kindness to the children who are inmates.

The body of Mrs. Mary Dalry, who died in Truro, New York, on Friday last was brought here today for burial in the Calais cemetery. Mrs. Dalry was an old and esteemed resident of Calais for several years and has been residing with her son, Ansel Dalry, in New York State. The funeral services were held in the Methodist church of which she was a member, and was largely attended.

The "Eudes" mat on Wednesday evening last, was quite as enjoyable as those of last month. The programme was as follows: Flano Duet, "Eugene's" song, "The Old Maid," "The Old Maid" by Miss Marie McWha gave a piano solo "The dance of the Brownies" which was well rendered. A recitation entitled "Little orphan Annie" by Miss Cora Marchie was most beautifully recited and won for Miss Cora much praise. "The Current News" which direct these pleasant meetings of her pupils, makes every effort to make them enjoyable, and instructive. The new members received on Wednesday evening were Misses Pearl Murchie, Hazel Innes and Margaret MacPherson.

Mrs. John E. Adams most pleasantly entertained the Fanny club at her residence on Friday evening last week, for the pleasure of her daughter Mabel who is a member of this club of bright little girls.

Miss Louie Taylor has arranged a series of concerts. The first to be given in Woodstock and won for Miss Cora much praise. "The Current News" which direct these pleasant meetings of her pupils, makes every effort to make them enjoyable, and instructive. The new members received on Wednesday evening were Misses Pearl Murchie, Hazel Innes and Margaret MacPherson.

Mrs. John E. Adams most pleasantly entertained the Fanny club at her residence on Friday evening last week, for the pleasure of her daughter Mabel who is a member of this club of bright little girls.

Miss Louie Taylor has arranged a series of concerts. The first to be given in Woodstock and won for Miss Cora much praise. "The Current News" which direct these pleasant meetings of her pupils, makes every effort to make them enjoyable, and instructive. The new members received on Wednesday evening were Misses Pearl Murchie, Hazel Innes and Margaret MacPherson.

Mrs. John E. Adams most pleasantly entertained the Fanny club at her residence on Friday evening last week, for the pleasure of her daughter Mabel who is a member of this club of bright little girls.

Miss Louie Taylor has arranged a series of concerts. The first to be given in Woodstock and won for Miss Cora much praise. "The Current News" which direct these pleasant meetings of her pupils, makes every effort to make them enjoyable, and instructive. The new members received on Wednesday evening were Misses Pearl Murchie, Hazel Innes and Margaret MacPherson.

Mrs. John E. Adams most pleasantly entertained the Fanny club at her residence on Friday evening last week, for the pleasure of her daughter Mabel who is a member of this club of bright little girls.

Miss Louie Taylor has arranged a series of concerts. The first to be given in Woodstock and won for Miss Cora much praise. "The Current News" which direct these pleasant meetings of her pupils, makes every effort to make them enjoyable, and instructive. The new members received on Wednesday evening were Misses Pearl Murchie, Hazel Innes and Margaret MacPherson.

Mrs. John E. Adams most pleasantly entertained the Fanny club at her residence on Friday evening last week, for the pleasure of her daughter Mabel who is a member of this club of bright little girls.



Gray's Red Spruce Gum

The most prompt pleasant and perfect cure for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, Quinsy, Pain in the Chest and all Throat, Bronchial and Lung Diseases.

The healing and anti-consumptive virtues of the Norway Pine are combined in this medicine with Wild Cherry and other pectoral Herbs and Balsams to make a true specific for all forms of disease originating from colds.

Price 25c. and 50c. Take it always - Take no other

For Coughs and Colds

Gray's Red Spruce Gum

THE OLD STANDARD REMEDY FOR COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA and all Affections of the Lungs.

Be sure you get GRAY'S SYRUP. 'Tis Gray's that cures. 25c. and 50c. a bottle. Sold everywhere.

KERRY WATSON & CO. PROPRIETORS (2) MONTREAL.

DUFFERIN

The popular Home is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the Home, 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 and every accommodation. Electric cars, from all parts of the town, pass the house every three minutes.

E. BROOK WILLIS, Proprietor.

Business Purchased.

Having purchased the business of the late Mrs. T. A. Vincent, I will pay all debts due the estate, and all persons owing said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

JAMES Y. RUSSEL

CARD.

I wish to thank the public for the liberal patronage bestowed on the late firm, and hope by strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the same.

Successor to Mrs. T. A. Vincent.

Pineal Syrup.

BOTANICAL REMEDY. A Certain Cure for Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhoea, Cholera Infantum, &c.

For Sale by all Druggists. Manufactured by Dr. Leitcher, 117 Sydney St.

Cholera and all summer complaints are so quick in their onset that the only mode of saving the victims before they are aware that danger is near. If attacked do not delay in getting the proper medicine. Try a dose of Dr. J. D. Kell's Pineal Syrup. It is a certain cure for Cholera, and will give immediate relief. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to effect a cure.

Trouble in the Household. "And how is your mistress, Bridget?" "Sure I don't know; we quarrelled last week and we're not on speaking terms."

Why are you laughing and winking about your course when a 25-cent bottle of "Follower's Own Cure" will restore them? Give it a trial and you will not regret it.

A Careful Wife. Sam Johnson: "I'm all right now. The wife's got up." "Johnnie!" "Eugene!" "Yes, you stay in bed until you feel good and don't take any more of that bottle until I pay a dollar for it."

There can be no difference of opinion on most subjects, but there is one opinion as to the reliability of Mother Gray's Worm Exterminator. It is a sure cure for worms.

The essential Point. Uncle Backwoods: "I don't see what you have one chance in three of catching the card in that three-card monte game. You're a good fellow, but you haven't any chance at all of getting the money."

The Best Pills. Mr. Wm. Vandervort, Sydney: "I have been using your Pills for the best Pills ever used." For Delicate and Debilitated Constitutions these Pills suit like a charm. Taken in small doses, they effect both tonic and astringent, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, and thus restore the system.

One for each. Mrs. Hollman: "Was divorced and he was a good man. I want to say that." "Mrs. Hollman: 'What are you driving at?' Mrs. Hollman: 'That six dollars he leads a double life.'"

Chronic Derangements of the Stomach Liver and Blood, are speedily removed by the active principle of the ingredients entering into the composition of Follower's Vegetable Pills. These Pills act specifically on the deranged organs

SO LAL AND PERSONAL

[CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE]

nicely arranged and in a most excellent manner; the numbers were as follows: piano solo, Miss K. B. ...

Mr. and Mrs. Alton ... have returned from a visit to New York.

Mr. H. A. Fleming of the Bank of Nova Scotia at Halifax, and Mrs. Fleming are spending a short time in the city.

Major Markham has been confined to his bed for a few days, through illness.

Mr. F. P. Curran will depart for the next two months in Halifax, receiving Mr. Davis who goes on a southern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Harding and son of Middleton N. S. were here this week.

Miss Arthur Bagele left Saturday for Boston, where she will most likely spend the winter.

Miss Edwards of Quebec is visiting Miss Van Zie of Prince William street.

A large dance and reception are among the guests in Montreal for next week.

Miss Sharp is in Fredericton, a guest of her friend, Miss Jeffrey.

The ladies of Brussels street baptist church are hard at work preparing for the supper to be held in the vestry on Thanksgiving evening.

The vestry of St. John's presbyterian church were spending their honeymoon in the city.

The vestry of St. John's presbyterian church were spending their honeymoon in the city.

Mr. Arthur F. Wilson, Boston, spent Sunday in town.

Miss Mary Clark left on Tuesday for Bangor, where she will spend a few weeks.

Mr. Geo. Balmann and bride arrived home on Thursday last. Mr. Balmann received a week in a becoming and elegant dress of cream satin brocade with trimmings of pearl and diamonds.

Mr. F. B. Meagher, Fredericton, spent Sunday in town.

Mr. R. K. Jones returned on Saturday from a pleasant visit to Fredericton.

Dr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick spent Sunday in Fredericton.

Rev. C. P. Phillips left last week for two months visit to Philadelphia and other cities.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Bayard Jones, entertained a number of their friends at a card party on Tuesday evening.

RICHMONTO.

[Progress is for sale in Richibucto by Theodore P. ...]

Mr. and Mrs. David F. Cochrane entertained a large number of friends on Friday evening at last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Short, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Van ... Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Sayre, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. ...

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Storer, Mr. and Mrs. J. ... Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Sayre, the Misses Sayre, Miss Anna ...

Mr. Robert Phinney left on Monday for Chatham to be a principal in the interesting event which took place on Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Chute gave a very pleasant party on Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Flaveling spent Sunday with friends in Sussex.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Freese, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Lindsay left last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. M. Freese entertained a number of their friends on Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Brown came home Saturday from Cape Breton.

General Montgomery Moore and Colonel Leach, Royal Engineers, Halifax, have been here every few days after game.

Mr. John DeBald, head of the steamer St. Pierre, spent Sunday with his uncle, Capt. J. DeBald.

Mr. Charles Mason has been on a visit to friends in Annapolis and Bridgewater.

Miss Sarah Green, who has been visiting her brother, Mr. H. Green, for some weeks returned to her home at Summerside, P. E. I., last week.

Miss Lottie Fellows, of Bridgetown, has been here on a short visit to her sister, Mrs. E. G. Monro.

Miss Edith Corbett, of Annapolis, has returned home after a short but pleasant visit to relatives here.

Mr. Harry Viets is home from Boston on a short visit.

General Pickman of Montreal, who lies dangerously ill at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Geo. Lynch, does not seem to improve.

Mrs. Berbert McMullan returned to her home in Boiestown on Saturday.

Mr. A. McLellan returned from Campbellton on Monday.

Mr. Charles Mitchell left on Tuesday for St. John, where he will spend the winter.

Miss George Harrison had a gay little hallowe'en party which was greatly enjoyed by the young people.

The True Aim

in piano making is to make the Best, though the actual aim of the majority is to make the Cheapest.

The PRATTE Pianos have always been made to make an artist's piano, and not one merely to sell.

THE PRATTE Pianos have had unbounded praise from the start, and the reasons why are simple.

Not a single Piano was ever offered to the public until, after 8 years of hard work and careful experiment, then the PRATTE Piano came forth - just right.

We now have a few of the latest products on exhibition.

1676 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL.

christened on Monday evening at the residence of his grandparents Mr. and Mrs. McIntyre.

The congregation of the baptist church extended a call to Rev. Mr. Lavers of Nova Scotia, which has been accepted.

Mr. and Mrs. Devonshire who came to attend the funeral of their sister Miss Doyle return to their home in Boston on Friday.

Mr. Percy Gilmer left on Wednesday morning for Halifax to be a principal in the interesting event which took place on Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Freese, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Lindsay left last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Brown came home Saturday from Cape Breton.

General Montgomery Moore and Colonel Leach, Royal Engineers, Halifax, have been here every few days after game.

Mr. John DeBald, head of the steamer St. Pierre, spent Sunday with his uncle, Capt. J. DeBald.

Mr. Charles Mason has been on a visit to friends in Annapolis and Bridgewater.

Miss Sarah Green, who has been visiting her brother, Mr. H. Green, for some weeks returned to her home at Summerside, P. E. I., last week.

Miss Lottie Fellows, of Bridgetown, has been here on a short visit to her sister, Mrs. E. G. Monro.

Miss Edith Corbett, of Annapolis, has returned home after a short but pleasant visit to relatives here.

Mr. Harry Viets is home from Boston on a short visit.

General Pickman of Montreal, who lies dangerously ill at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Geo. Lynch, does not seem to improve.

Mrs. Berbert McMullan returned to her home in Boiestown on Saturday.

Mr. A. McLellan returned from Campbellton on Monday.

MONCTON.

[Progress is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore, at the Central Bookstore and at Jones Bookstore.]

Nov. 13.-I believe we are to lose another of it a few girls which still remain to us, and that too from the beautiful day.

Another Moncton boy contemplates matrimony in the near future and the invitations are already out for the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Milner of Sackville, spent a few days in town last week, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Binney of Church street.

Mr. Stenhouse of Halifax, spent a few days in town last week visiting her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell, which took place on Friday morning.

Senator and Miss Wood of Sackville, paid a short visit to Moncton last week and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Price during their stay.

Miss Temple of Halifax is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. H. Watus of Church street.

The funeral of the late John A. Humphrey, to whose death I referred last week, took place on Wednesday afternoon, from his late residence at Humphrey's Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Taylor's many friends will be glad to hear that he is progressing slowly but surely towards recovery and will probably be quite restored to his normal state in a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Whitney leave today for Boston, where they intend spending a few weeks before proceeding to Georgia, where they will remain for the winter.

Mr. F. R. Brown, who has been spending the last two weeks in Switzerland, returns home last evening.

Mr. G. A. Lonsbury of Newcastle was in Harcourt today, as also was Mr. H. H. Warren.

Mr. Wood Ingram is visiting in Nova Scotia.

Mr. W. W. Price has moved with his family into one of his buildings on the west side of the I. C. E. track.

Mr. Harry Wilson of the I. C. E. spent Sunday at home and returned to Regenville on Monday morning.

Mr. James Brown visited Moncton yesterday.

Mr. Wood Ingram is visiting in Nova Scotia.

Mr. W. W. Price has moved with his family into one of his buildings on the west side of the I. C. E. track.

Mr. Harry Wilson of the I. C. E. spent Sunday at home and returned to Regenville on Monday morning.

Mr. James Brown visited Moncton yesterday.

Mr. Wood Ingram is visiting in Nova Scotia.

MINIATURE PAINTING.

The Newest Thing in Fine Art Work for Amateurs.

We teach Miniature Painting on GLASS, IVORY, CHINA, MEDALLION, in fact anything.

Oil Painting, Water Colour Painting, China Painting, Binner Painting, Painting on Silk and Satin, Painting on Ivory, Glass and Wood.

We teach any kind of painting on any kind of material, with any kind of colours.

Classes in Mechanical Drawing on Tuesday and Friday evenings.

J. C. MILES, A. R. C. A., Principal. E. J. C. MILES, F. H. C. MILES, Instructors.

Orders by mail promptly attended to.

FOR COLDS

No Two Alike.

The weekly announcements of "77" are like a row of raw militia, no two alike.

It is the same with Colds, sometimes it is a Cough or Sore Throat; or Catarrh, Influenza or Cold in the Head; or Soreness in the Chest, General Prostration and Fever;

when in nearly all these symptoms are present, then it is genuine GRIP.

"77" is the master remedy for all of these conditions. Taken early, cuts it short promptly.

"77" will "break up" a stubborn cold that "hangs on."

Small bottles of pleasant pellets - fit your vest pocket; sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of price, 25c. or five for \$1.00, Humphreys' Medicine Co., 111 & 113 William St., New York. Be sure to get

HUMPHREYS' FAR-SEEING PEOPLE

always discern Merit, Quality and Worth in the wonderful

DIAMOND DYES

Made expressly for home use.

Diamond Dyes are precious helps in city and town homes.

Direction Book and samples of colored cloth free; address WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., Montreal, P. Q.

WANTED. SEVERAL MEN

of good character, who can furnish horse and lig. rig. \$75.00 or \$50.00 per month. Apply in writing fully.

THE PROGRESS GAMBROU CO., LTD., Montreal, Que.

FOR QUICK, EASY AND REASONABLE WORK.



Purified Blood

gave an operation in the following case. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures when all others fail. It makes pure blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today. Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headache, etc.

Found What she Wanted.

A young lady, who is well known in Montreal as a brilliant pianiste, was recently married to a New York gentleman.

"I have found several very fine pianos, but if you give me my choice, I would prefer a 'Pratte'."

"It is a piano made in Montreal."

"I never heard of the Pratte Piano."

Then use the celebrated Windsor Table Salt in all you eat, and it will prove a strengthener and purifier.

WINDSOR TABLE SALT

CHATELAIN'S

CHATELAIN'S

CHATELAIN'S

CHATELAIN'S

CHATELAIN'S

CHATELAIN'S

CHATELAIN'S

DR CHASE'S OINTMENT

DR CHASE'S OINTMENT

DR CHASE'S OINTMENT

DR CHASE'S OINTMENT

THEY

The Old ...

Have ...

HALLOWEEN ...

long time ...

had a m ...

pleased, ...

customer ...

profitable ...

getting ...

unlimited ...

this did ...

pany's re ...

seems. ...

has a p ...

or more ...

months ...

It has f ...

weeks o ...

pr' b ov ...

\$5000 o ...

\$80 bill ...

share les ...

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1895.

THEY REIGN NO LONGER.

HALIFAX GASLIGHT COMPANY'S MONOPOLY BROKEN.

The Advent of a New Company Brings the Old Stock Down—Story of a Lawyer who Fought the Wrong Bill—The Wanderers Have an Impartial Referee.

HALIFAX, Nov. 14.— There are troublous times for the Halifax Gas Light Company. For forty years the company has had a monopoly of the gas lighting of this city. They could charge what price they pleased, and exact what conditions from customers they chose. The stock of the company was second to none in value and profitability. While other cities were getting gas at figures between \$1 and \$2 per thousand feet we in Halifax have been paying \$2. per thousand. And we with unlimited supplies of coal at our doors, this did seem remarkable. The gas company's reign has now come to an end it seems. A few years ago the stock, which has a per value of \$100, sold at \$120 or more. During the past couple of months it has come down by steady steps but today it will not bring more than \$65. It has fallen from \$80 to \$65 within three weeks or so. A well-known city newspaper owner, who is largely interested in the gas company, is reported to have lost \$5000 on gas stock recently, and another deal he made was to buy a large block at \$80 only today to find the price \$15 per share less.

The reason for this wholesale slump is the advent of a new company which shows signs of considerable energy. The impression prevails that it is composed of pretty much the same people who are at the back of the electric tramway company. A \$200,000 contract has been given for laying the pipe, and already ten miles of wire have been purchased from the Londonderry works and a considerable section of trench has been excavated and the pipe laid. Making gas is said to be only one part of the new company's miseries. They will utilize and sell all the products of the coal as well as the gas. The old company has not much sympathy now that its troublous days have appeared. Every dog has its day and they had a good long one.

An amusing story is being told of a very well-known lawyer in this city who paid a \$25 debt that he had no idea of liquidating for some time to come. The legal light in question has frequently borrowed sums of money from Mr. A. W. Redden, one of our leading business men. Mr. Redden invariably received his money back sharp on time. On this occasion the lawyer borrowed \$25 for one week. The week had expired and one or two days more, when Mr. Redden met the legal light, this was the conversation that ensued:

Mr. Redden—"When are you going to let me have that \$25. old fellow? I'll be glad to get it when convenient." Legal light—"Why I sent the money to your office two days ago and got a receipt." Mr. Redden—"Oh no, you didn't. I have not yet received a cent of it." Legal light—"Hold on a minute, and I'll go down to my office and get the receipt. I know where to put my hand upon it."

Mr. Redden—"All right, bring it along. Five minutes later the lawyer came back with a piece of paper held triumphantly up. "Here it is," he said.

Mr. Redden took it with some trepidation, but the bland smile that overspread the good-natured alderman's features can be imagined when he read the receipt. It was a receipt from the painting firm of Thomas Reardon, and read: "Received \$25 from—on account." Then the lawyer said that a grievous mistake had been made by somebody.

The explanation is that the lawyer had told his office boy to take the \$25 up to Mr. Redden and get a receipt. The youngster did not distinguish between the words "Redden" and "Reardon" and took the money to the latter. The lawyer had no idea of paying the latter, but he could not get his money back and all there remained to do was to pay out another \$25, this time making sure that the right man—or the man he intended—received the cash.

The question is whether the sum of the trios happiness is greater on account of Reardon's unexpectedly receiving the \$25, and the lawyer's unexpectedly paying it, than if the lawyer yet had the \$25 paid to Reardon in his pocket book.

The Wanderers are the Nova Scotia football champions for this year, by virtue of their defeat of the Dalhousians in a former match, and the draw played on Saturday. The Wanderers made one goal against the college, and that gives them the proud title they enjoy—a title that for two years previously Dalhousie held, with good scores to their credit.

There is not the slightest doubt that the best team won this year. The Wanderers indisputably have the best fifteen and they deserved to win as they did. Their care-

ful and persevering training; their painstaking selection of material; the time spent in coaching and practice; their good management, produced the victory the red and black are now enjoying. It shows of what fine stuff the wanderers are made, that they learned the lessons taught by defeats two years in succession. They took the lessons to heart, profited by them, and now are the champions.

Another thing of which the Wanderers may be proud is that their club furnished a referee so capable, so impartial, and who inspired such general confidence as W. G. Robertson. The defeated team are just as loud in Mr. Robertson's praises as are the victors, in fact they are even warmer in their praises of him. It was some hostile criticism along the ropes, uttered by Wanderers, that caused Mr. Robertson to write to the captain of the Wanderers declining to act as referee in the final match. Happily Mr. Robertson's scruples were overcome, and he has the satisfaction of knowing that he ends the football season the best referee who ever officiated in Halifax. The wanderers have a double honor this year, then, in the possession of the championship team, and a perfect referee.

THOUGHT OF SOMETHING.

A Mountain Girl's Bright Idea That Saved the Lives of Passengers.

"Speaking of experiences on the railroad," said a New York travelling man, "I had a slight scrape one time on a mountain road in Tennessee that may be worth the hearing."

"We were coming down a long grade of ten miles in a mixed train. That is, we had a gondola loaded with ties as the end car, with our two passenger coaches and baggage car, and I should say we were making about twenty miles an hour on a track that would be treating us very kindly if it didn't sling us into eternity if we dared to add five miles an hour to our speed, when I happened to look out of the rear door and saw a wild train of loaded coal cars swinging down after us. They had evidently started at a tippie which we had passed only a few minutes before, and when I saw them they were going so fast that they distanced the men on the ground, who made a run to get on and stop their further flight. I made a wild rush for the conductor, but before I reached him he had ordered the engineer to let out his engine for all she was worth, and in this way keep ahead of our chasers. Fortunately we had no women aboard, and the men could be kept in better control, though it was all we could do to keep them from jumping off."

"It was only a short time until we began to see that our salvation lay in the pursuing train flying the track, because we had reached our limit, and our train was swaying and tossing so that everybody was scared out of his wits. I know I was, and I just sat in my seat and held on, waiting and listening to the thunder of the train behind us, which was not 500 yards away and gaining every second. It was far heavier than ours, and I knew that if anybody went off the track it wasn't going to be the coal train. I said a moment ago we had no women aboard. I meant we had none to speak of."

"There was one, but she was a homely mountain girl, who didn't seem to know anything, and because she sat quiet in the corner and didn't scream, we thought she didn't amount to enough to count. I was looking at her in a dazed kind of a way, when all of a sudden she lit out of her seat as if she had been shot out of it, and knocking everybody out of the way, she dashed out of the rear door before anybody could touch her, and we thought she had jumped off, but she hadn't. She jumped for the open car, hanging on like a cat, until she got to the far end of it, and in a second she was tumbling off those ties at the rate of a dozen a second."

"They would hit the track and bounce every way, but she kept piling them off the coal train getting closer every second, and at last a couple of them stuck up in a cattle guard, and the next thing we knew there was a terrific crash, rails and ties and tracks, and coal cars flew, and the coal train rolled over itself and went down the hill in a heap. By George, as that girl stood there in her plain calico dress and her old sunbonnet and watched that train pile up at her feet, I thought that Joan of Arc, Cleopatra, Queen Elizabeth, Grace Darling, and the lot of them weren't a patch to her, and as far as we were concerned, they weren't."

"She had saved our train and our lives, and we took her on with us in triumph. Then we made up a purse big enough to buy a farm with, and I'll bet she's got more good clothes and jewelry and books and trinkets and things than any girl in the mountains, for we never forget her. She doesn't quite appreciate some of the fine things she has, but what do we care for that; we appreciate her just the same."

—Washington Star.

To Keep Her Quiet.

Wife—Well, Doctor, how is it with my husband?

Doctor—Fair, to middling, so as to speak; he wants rest above all things. I have written out a prescription for an opiate.

Wife—And when must I give him the medicine?

Doctor—Him? The opiate is for you, madam.

TESTING THE DIAMOND.

EXPERTS EASILY DISTINGUISH GOOD FROM BAD.

Some of the Ways in which the Real Gem will Prove Itsself—Diamonds Are Used for Much More than Ornament—Their Wide Employment in Many Arts.

Nothing in nature is oftener looked for and more easily found than the diamond, and many supposed fine prove disappointments says Geo. F. Kung in the N. Y. Sun. The fine diamond should be clear and pure as rock water, perfect in shape, and not only pure white, but live y, showing fire, as it is termed. Any undecided tint of brown, yellow, grey, or other color is a positive blemish. The simplest test to identify the diamond is to hold the stone firmly against a wet, rapidly revolving grindstone for from five to ten minutes. If the least mark appears upon the piece it is not a diamond, for if it were a diamond, so far from any mark being produced on it, it would be likely, on the other hand, to make a deep impression in the grindstone. The same test may be made with emery paper, or an emery wheel, neither of which, although harder than a grindstone, will make any impression upon a diamond.

We often hear it said that a number of different stones will cut glass. The truth is, that only the natural edge of a diamond crystal will cut glass, while many stones, such as the sapphire, ruby, quartz, and even common past, will scratch it.

Some diamonds exhibit an abnormal degree of hardness, especially some very beautiful black ones from Borneo, which cannot be ground or polished by anything but their own dust, frequently, having no effect upon them at all. One of these was made the subject of special experiment by Babinet of Paris, in behalf of the French Academy of sciences. It showed great resistance to the polishing wheel, and the process of preparing it took a very long while.

A similar experiment was made in this country in 1885 and 1886 by myself at Messrs. Tiffany & Co's, New York. The stone here was a round piece of Brazilian bort, with a radiated internal structure. It was kept on a polishing wheel made of hard iron with a diameter of one foot for seven and one-half hours a day for nine months, the wheel turning at the rate of 2,500 to 3,000 revolutions per minute, and giving three feet of travelling surface to the stone. The total distance traversed was 170,000 miles, or about seven times the circumference of the globe, but the result was the polishing of only about one square centimeter of surface. With an ordinary diamond tully a hundred times as much would have been accomplished.

Diamonds vary widely in hue; the purest are perfectly colorless and transparent, but they are found in almost every color of spectrum, the commonest being white, yellow, or brown, bottle green, and rarely rose red, blue, or black. Next to the yellow-greenish, yellow diamonds are the most numerous. The black are very rare, and when the diamond is between the brown and the black, its transparency entirely disappears, or is seen only at the angles.

Perfectly colorless diamonds come from the mines of India, Brazil, the Cape, and Australia. Perhaps about ten per cent. of the crystals which come into the market are colorless or of pure white; one-fourth are of fair color, with a flaw or spot of color, and the remainder are off-colored, called second quality, or bywater. Nearly one-half is only bort.

Colored diamonds exhibit their lustre and clearness best when cut, especially the yellow ones, which by artificial light are very brilliant. Stones either perfectly colorless or having decided tints of rose-red, green, or blue, are most highly prized. Fine cinnamon and salmon tints, or brown, black, or yellow stones, are also esteemed. If flawless and without tint of any kind, they are termed "first water." If they possess a steely blue color, at times almost opalescent, they are called blue-white. Such are usually Brazilian stones.

Exceptionally perfect stones are termed gems, and for such there is no fixed value, the price depending on their purity, perfection, and brilliancy, freedom from flaws. It is impossible to estimate the value of a diamond by its weight alone, as color, brilliancy, cut, and general perfection must all be taken into account. Of two stones, both flawless and weighing ten carats each, one may be worth \$6000, and the other \$12,000. Exceptional stones often bring special prices, whereas off-colored or imperfect stones sell at from \$30 to \$75 a carat, regardless of their size.

As the diamond is a cold substance, a mist is formed by breathing on it, and the mist being white, enables us to detect any color in the stone: or if the stone is unset, it may be placed on a sheet of white paper and breathed on, and while the mist is clearing away the faintest trace of color, and even flaws and imperfections, if visible to the naked eye, will become apparent.



"Now, I call that a Stunning Gown."

Of course it is; all dresses interlined with the new improved stiffening.

Sponge Crépon

are remarkable for their chic. The skirts hang just right and never become limp nor sag in the seams, and the set of the sleeves is perfect. It is also much in vogue for lining flaring capes, the fashionable sailor collar, reverses etc., and no matter how closely gowns are packed for travelling they keep their shape beautifully if lined with the light and uncrushable Sponge Crépon. White, slate and FAST black.

For Sale by all Dry Goods Dealers.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison, St. John, N. B. AGENTS FOR THE Manufacturers IN THE Maritime Provinces.

If the stone is set and we fold a sheet of paper and look down on the side of the stone, we can trace any color that exists within, for the same reason that a piece of plate glass when looked through appears deep green on the ends. A small pile of paper of diamonds will show color, whereas a single stone may appear white to the unpractical eye; as likewise a sheet of plate glass one-fourth of an inch thick and one foot long is seen to be green, though a piece one inch square appears white, the color in both cases being condensed in the quantity.

For this reason off-colored diamonds are frequently cut with a very low, flat crown (the part of the stone above the centre). This disguises the color, though at a less brilliancy.

In many diamonds the interior of the crystal, the core as it is called, is not clear, but shows greenish or blackish spots, particularly in the green stones. Many have also "feathers" and fissures, which impair the passage of light.

By means of chemical agents and a high temperature Barbot claims to have succeeded in removing the coloring matter from rough diamonds; green, red and yellow stones becoming perfectly colorless, while the dark yellow, brown, and black gave up very little of their color. This seems scarcely possible, though M. Barbot, on the title page of one of his works, styles himself, "Inventor of a process to decolorize a rough diamond." De Bot made the same claim in 1608, and in 1880 the English Government granted a patent for the same process.

De Bot says that his imperial patron, Rudolph II, possessed a secret which enabled him to clear any diamond of flaws and color. No such process is now known, and a fortune would await its discoverer. It is claimed that some yellow diamonds turn pink upon heating, like topazes, but, unlike them, resume their former color after a time.

The diamond is one of the gems most readily identified by the eye, and it is next to impossible to deceive an experienced dealer. Let one of several imitations, or even such precious stones as white topaz, sapphire, beryl, phenacite, &c., be put among a lot of thousands of diamonds. While a dealer is counting he can at a glance detect the false ones, and throw them out without missing the count, even if he is counting three at a time, more rapidly than bills could be counted.

The various tests described by the press, such as the use of acids, files, &c., are never resorted to by the jeweller. More persons than would be supposed know diamonds, and, once having worn them, one is not likely ever to wear paste through deception. It must also be said that the danger of buying imitation stones is not so great as that of getting diamonds worth not one-half their price, owing to inferior quality.

The fact that the diamond can be burned was first observed by Cosmo I. of Tuscany in 1691. He used a powerful lens concentrating the sun's rays, and found that in that heat the diamond was consumed. Previous to that time it was believed that the hardest of all stones was indestructible by either acids or fire. If enclosed in a retort or crucible from which air is excluded, it does, indeed, seem unaffected by any amount of heat that we can apply, but if air or oxygen gas be admitted, and the temperature be raised to a point that corresponds to 5,000° of Fahrenheit's scale, the diamond will burn like coal, uniting with oxygen to form carbon dioxide. It is also proved that if a diamond be heated in a crucible with iron, the latter is converted into steel by union with the carbon of the diamond.

There is another variety of diamond carbon that differs greatly from the gem form, being brown, grayish black; this is known

as black diamond, bort, bortz, carbon, or carbonado, and is entirely distinct from the crystalline form.

Then there are rounded masses, with a greasy lustre, and an imperfect radiated crystalline structure within, apparently made of a twining of many cubic crystals, white, gray to black, and translucent. These are called round bort, and are found in irregular masses with no crystalline form or aspect. Both these forms are obtained in the province of Bahia, Brazil. Round bort has varied from \$3 to \$20 carat within the past fifteen years.

All these are valuable for their cutting power, and command good prices, though the African or Cape bort, as it is called, is less esteemed than the Brazilian carbonado and round bort are harder and tougher than crystalline diamonds, and are less dense, owing, probably, to a porous structure, or to minute cavities. A fraud has, at times, been practised with these materials by coating them with lampblack and wax, which produced a fine compact black appearance and increased the price, the wax being sold at the price of the best grade of carbon.

Its great hardness gives the diamond, in all its forms, a high importance in the mechanical arts. The poor, flawed, and imperfect crystals the fragments and cleavages, and the powder produced by crushing them are all used for cutting, polishing, and engraving precious stones, glass, &c., but the hard, black varieties, bort or carbonado, are extensively employed in larger operations. What is called the diamond drill, invented by Lesbot in 1860, has revolutionized the methods of tunnelling, mining, and well-boring in the course of a few years. The general idea of it is a steel tube of the size desired for the boring, say from one to eight inches in diameter, on the extreme end of which are fastened a number of small pieces of bort. By means of suitable machinery this tube is then rotated, pressing against the rock, to be penetrated. The result is that the tube rapidly cuts its way into the rock, making a smooth, circular hole; while a rod or core of the rock passes up inside of the advancing tube, and is removed piece by piece as it rises. These cores are often of great value, as exactly showing the kind and thickness of rock traversed in any such working; and drilling in mining and engineering operations is frequently resorted to simply for this purpose. It was due to diamond drills that the Mt. Conis and other great tunnels were completed in a few years' time.

At the great salt deposits of New Iberia, La., the company desired to ascertain the depth of the mass of rock salt, and sank a boring for the purpose. The drill penetrated through 600 feet of solid salt, the cores furnishing the evidence, and 30,000 feet can be drilled in a perpendicular line.

Tools with diamond edges are used for "truing" and grooving the faces of emery wheels and grindstones; for truing the faces of hardened steel, rubber, porcelain, granite, celluloid, and calendar rolls; for truing the inside of case-hardened cylinders for gas engines; for cutting all kinds of glass; marking tempered metal, glass, stone, &c. It is easy now to sink artesian wells to far greater depths, and at far less cost than could be possible without the diamond drill.

Another similar application has lately been announced. A thin circular disk of steel several feet in diameter is set with a number of pieces of diamond or bort, firmly brazed in place and distributed over its sides. This disk, when rotated, forms a circular saw of great power, which will cut through large blocks of hard stone very easily, and at very small cost. For sawing sandstone, granite, and other hard stones the diamonds are brazed into the edges of a straight blade of iron, which gradually cuts the stone while it is drawn back and

forth. The name "diamond points" or "diamond sparks" is given to small natural diamonds used for glass cutting; "diamond splinters" (commonly called "writing diamonds") are small cleavings of diamonds put into a metal handle and used for writing on glass and other hard substances.

"Slabs" are thin cleavage plates of diamond that are drilled with minute holes of various sizes and used for drawing fine gold, silver, brass and iron wire; a single slab will draw miles of wire. These are now successfully made by D. D. Palmer of Waltham, Mass. Thin "slabs" are drilled by charging a fine iron point with diamond dust, which frequently requires weeks of time.

The name "diamond dust" is applied to the material that falls from two diamonds when rubbed together in the cutting process, or to bort itself when it is crushed, to be used on soft iron wheels for slicing and engraving precious stones, glass, metal, and other substances.

A very curious and interesting fact is the occurrence of diamonds, or, at least, of diamond carbon, in meteoric stones and irons—those visitors to our earth from interplanetary space. Diamond was first discovered in a meteorite at Nova Ureil, Russia, some ten years ago, and in 1891 its presence was recognized in the meteorite found at Canon Diablo, Arizona. It was detected by Dr. A. E. Foote, described by Prof. Koenig and Huntington, analyzed by Friedel, and, finally, its hardness tested by Dr. Huntington and myself. As a conclusive test we subsequently polished two diamonds with the powder taken from the meteorite in the Tiffany cutting exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition in September, 1893.

Opening an Umbrella with One Hand.

"Not infrequently," a stroller, "you see people with arms full of bundles making hard work of opening an umbrella. There is a very simple and easy way of opening an umbrella with one hand, known to many but perhaps not to all. You grasp the little cylinder round the handle, to which the lower ends of the ribs are attached, plant the point of the umbrella against a lamp post, and push until the little cylinder catches on the upper catch, and there you are, without the least trouble in the world."

she was Suspicious.

On one of her rambles in the country Queen Victoria was caught in a shower, and she entered an old woman's cottage, the inmate of which did not recognize her sovereign. "Will you lend me an umbrella?" asked the royal lady. "The woman looked at her visitor in a suspicious manner, and replied: 'I have two umbrellas, but one is good and one is verry old. Ye may take the old one; I guess I will never see it again,' and she offered the Queen a tattered article, which was quietly accepted."

The Art of Dyeing

has been so thoroughly mastered at UNGARS Laundry and Dye Works that his work is always satisfactory. There are more articles to be dyed and thus renewed and ready for use again than the people have any idea of.

Are there any in your house? Think for a moment and you will find them here. Send them to UNGARS. He makes the old new.

UNGARS LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS, 20-22 Waterloo St., St. John, N. B.

HOW I WON UNA.

It is not often that we hear of a man retiring to rest poor and in difficulties, rising in the morning rich and independent.

With what satisfaction did I now look forward to the next and final interview with certain small creditors, whose claims I enforced with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause, had long filled my heart with bitterness and made my life a veritable burden.

But after a time I found the monotony of my new existence rather irksome, for unfortunately I had no hobby to fall back upon, and I did not care to embark in business.

It was while taking one of these aimless journeys that an incident occurred which entirely changed the whole course of my existence and rescued me from the life of uselessness into which I had drifted.

One morning I found myself in the booking office of St. Pancras station. A young lady was just taking a ticket for York, when she dropped her purse. In stooping down to pick it up for her the thought flashed across me: "Why not take a ticket for York, too?"

But what a charge had come over my fair companion! She was deadly pale, and was so evidently struggling again to a fainting fit that I made no scruple about offering my assistance.

"I have," she said, "inherited a law suit in which a large estate is involved, and the only thing that stands between me and my rights is the proof of a certain marriage, and that I have not yet succeeded in obtaining."

The interest I felt in my companion was in no way diminished by the fact that she was very pretty, being tall, fair and possessed of the most laughing gray eyes that man ever looked into to his soul's undoing.

"Oh, don't die!" she exclaimed, passionately. "Live, live, for my sake!"

And I did, too, for here I am, Squire of Wetherby. And if further proof were needed, witness this pretty child now nesting to my heart, whose slim figure, fair hair and laughing gray eyes ever remind me of the mother after whom she is named—Una.

"Alone at last," said Hardy, "and we must make the most of our present opportunity for a quiet talk. As soon as we reach York we'll leave the train and I'll run up into the city to see about old Betty Wilson's funeral. I am glad she has gone, as I never felt sure of her, notwithstanding the hush money that I have paid her for the last fifteen years."

"Trust me," said his companion, whose name was Bill; "there's not a church or a chapel either that I could not break into or out of, for the matter of that."

"What I have got to do won't take long, as removing a leaf out of the register can't occupy much time. It seems to me the real difficulty is, how we are to get at it?"

"Allow me to congratulate the mistress Wetherby. I have learned everything

you wanted to know, and that from the lips of Hardy himself. The old lady you proposed to visit is dead, so now I would suggest that we once proceed to Alston, in the parish church of which is the register that contains what you want."

On arriving at York Hardy and his companion left the train and went at once into the city, and Miss Wetherby and I started for Alston, which we reached in about half an hour. The first thing we did was to go to the police station, and, having laid the case before the superintendent, he put on his hat and requested us to accompany him to the registry. On sending in his card we were at once shown into the library, the rector appearing shortly after. In a few words the officer put him in possession of the facts of the case and requested his kind assistance. This was readily promised, and then the superintendent proceeded to lay his plans before him.

"The first thing," he said, "will be to furnish Miss Wetherby with the copy from the register that she requires. Next, we must get the organist to have a practice from 8 to 9. The rest of the arrangements I will see to."

"As regards the organist," said the rector, "I shall have to consult my daughter, who holds that appointment. It will be rather a trying position for a young lady to be sitting there alone, knowing what is going on below."

"I will sit with her," said Miss Wetherby, "if it might be allowed, as it is only fair that I should share the annoyance and danger, if there are to be any."

"The very thing," said the superintendent, "and then you can let your friend know when to cease playing, which will be soon after the men have entered. As regards Hardy's companion," he continued, addressing the rector, "I strongly suspect he is no other than 'Bill the Turnkey,' as he is called, who is wanted for other robberies."

A little before 8 we were all in our places, Miss Wetherby and her friend being in the organ loft, while the superintendent, his men and myself were hidden away in and about the vestry. Before long we had almost forgotten the object of our being so strangely brought together as we listened to the magnificent rendering of Mozart's Requiem, for the rector's daughter was no mean musician.

Just about midnight the two men made their way cautiously to the vestry, which was locked. It did not take long for so expert a crackman as Bill the Turnkey to open the door, and after a similar process had been gone through with the cupboard, the parish register lay before them.

"Well, while you're groping your way through that rusty old book, I'll just look around to see what I can pick up; I hate being idle, I do."

"So this is the register," said Hardy, "and upon a simple entry in its pages depends the future ownership of Wetherby. Now for it."

"Eighteen hundred and seventeen. That won't do. Nineteen, that's nearer. Twenty, twenty-one. That's the year. Month, February. Ah! here it is!"

"Hello!" shouted Bill, as he suddenly found himself buried to the ground by the superintendent, who lost no time in securing him. At the same time the constables and I rushed upon Hardy, who, snatching a pistol from his breast, fired haphazard among us, the bullet finding a resting place in my right lung. It was long after I heard the sequel to the night's adventure, which may be summed up in a few words. Hardy and his companion were tried, convicted and sentenced to long terms of penal servitude, and Miss Wetherby became the acknowledged owner of the Wetherby estate. But it was many weeks before her feet crossed the threshold of Wetherby Hall.

As for my unfortunate self, I was taken to a hotel, where for a long time my life was despaired of. In vain seemed the doctor's constant attention, aided though it was by the tender nursing of gentle Una. At length a day came, and with it the crisis of my fate. Una sat by my bedside, her hand in mine, for there was no attempt at concealing our feelings toward each other now. I just recollect saying:

"'Tis hard to part, dear Una."

"Oh, don't die!" she exclaimed, passionately. "Live, live, for my sake!"

And I did, too, for here I am, Squire of Wetherby. And if further proof were needed, witness this pretty child now nesting to my heart, whose slim figure, fair hair and laughing gray eyes ever remind me of the mother after whom she is named—Una.

WAS A KNOWING SNAKE.

It knew where to find Eggs and How to enjoy them at a Full Meal.

"You asked me once if I'd ever seen any snakes here in the park, and I told you yes," said the New York policeman. That was early last spring, wasn't it? Yes, I thought so. Well, I've seen some snakes since then. Maybe you would like to hear about one that I've got to know pretty well? Yes? Just as I thought. Let us go down this walk a way. I want to show you something first. Here we are. Do you see this little knob or hummock in the asphalt? Well, last spring, the first time I noticed it, it was an inch high. You can see for yourself that it's not more than half an inch high now. What do you suppose wore it down so much?"

"The scuffling of shoes on it," the man guessed.

"Well, I rather think not. The feet of men don't touch the edge of this walk twice a year. Do you see that robin's nest there in that oak? Well, the first time I saw that snake it was just crawling over a last of five eggs that had been in the nest. I knew that there were five eggs in the snake because they showed in five bands

in the snake's middle—the cuss had swallowed them whole. He was a black one, by the way, and could climb like a gray squirrel.

"But, as I was saying, that snake had five unbroken eggs in him, and I was wondering about what he was going to do with them. I found out pretty soon. The snake climbed down the tree head first and crept toward the walk here, getting along pretty slow, for he was only fourteen inches long and five eggs made a pretty big load for him.

"The snake came straight toward the hummock here, and I was standing right there by those bushes. He crawled round the hummock several times, then stuck his head in this little hole here in the asphalt, and then drew himself up into a hump, with his tail sticking in this little crack here—only the crack wasn't so large then—and then he stood up just like a letter U upside down. Then he straightened out, and down came one of the eggs on to that hummock there. I heard the shell break. The snake raised up again and another egg was broken, and so on till there was a whole egg in the snake. That's what wore that hummock down, for all summer the snake broke his eggs on it."

OVERWORKED HIS HEART.

And Would Have Been a Dead Man But for Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart.

The whole trend of present day living is in the direction of the grave. Where our fathers lived so that they might prolong life, the people of the present day live so that they may shorten it. It is all hurry and the result is that a large percentage of the men and women on the stage of life to-day are over working what at any time, and under any circumstances, is the hardest worked organ of the body—in this method, the best thing they can do to keep a remedy like Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, clear by. This remedy is a heart-remedy only, but is almost miraculous in its effects. In all cases of organic or sympathetic heart disease relief is secured within thirty minutes, and there are scores and hundreds of people in Canada who testify that had it not been for the prompt use of this medicine they would have been in their graves to-day.

Trust and Distrust.

A man, wishing to cross the Mississippi river, found it frozen, but fearing to risk himself erect on the ice, went over on all fours, and when, with frozen hands, he reached the nether shore, saw a team of six mules drawing a ton or pig iron, trot over the glassy bridge, in safety. Will not many timid Christians distrusting Divine promises, creep over the River of Death to earn, as they reach the celestial shore, hat they might have marched over, like a conqueror. If they had but believed that the six yoke of Omnipotence was bridging the dark stream!—Ran's Horn.

BISHOP, RECTOR AND CURATE.

These Three Ecclesiastics Have Each Spoken Cordial Words in Favor of Dr. Agnew's Cathartic Powder.

One of the most cordial endorsements of the curative powers of Dr. Agnew's Cathartic Powder has come from the Bishop of Toronto. But he has not stood alone in his praise of this medicine. He was followed by men like the Rev. John Langtry, and the Rev. W. H. Wade, rector of the Church of the Ascension, Hamilton, Ont., and falling into line with the Rev. superintendent, who has had been cured of diabetes by using Dr. Agnew's Pills after the best medical skill procurable had failed.—The publication of this letter by the proprietors of the medicine, to which, as he states, he owes his life, was authorized, but with no idea that he would be embarrassed by such a flood of inquiries. In order to relieve himself of the pressure of so much correspondence, your correspondent has been requested to wire the facts to the public press, his statement being as follows:—

"That having diabetes and failing of medical help, and that being advised of his probable early death, he was putting his affairs in final shape, when he was induced to try Dodds Kidney Pills as a last resort and which he did with the success stated in the letter. That he thus publicly endorses the statements made in that letter, and that he gratefully acknowledges the means of his recovery; also that this dispatch is intended as his respectful reply to all concerned."

No other medicine or treatment in the world has ever been known to cure diabetes except Dodds's Kidney Pills.

Is a Murderer as Implement.

Of all the murderous implements of war that have been invented the Odkolok automatic machine gun gives promise of being the deadliest. It is so constructed, that after being set in motion by pulling the trigger, it commences to load and fire itself, at the rate of 600 shots a minute, for an indefinite length of time. The motive power is a small part of the gas produced by the explosion of the cartridge.

Landscape Paper.

A room in the Lawrence house at Exeter N. H. has on its walls the original paper, that its former proprietor, the late Jotham Lawrence, imported from Italy at great expense when the house was built, in 1808. It is known as landscape paper, and is made up of rooms of the bay of Naples, no picture being duplicated.

Suitcase of Wasp.

A short time ago M. Henry, a Frenchman, being curious to see the effect of a wasp in a suitcase, put some of it under a wasp in which a wasp was imprisoned. The wasp immediately showed signs of great annoyance and danger, darting at a piece of paper which had introduced the wasp into his cell. By and by he seemed to

Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocos and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures. Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods. WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited, DORCHESTER, MASS.

DON'T BOIL, DON'T SCALD

the clothes on wash day.

It is not necessary, SURPRISE SOAP does the wash without boiling or scalding a single piece. The clothes last long washed in this way. Its the quietest and cleanest way of washing too. There's no steam about the house, either.

SURPRISE

makes white goods whiter; coloured goods brighter; flannels softer; it does not injure the tenderest hands or finest fabric. It's a remarkable easy way to wash.

Advertisement for D.C.L. Scotch & Irish Whiskies and London Gin. Includes text: 'ALWAYS ASK FOR D.C.L.', 'SCOTCH & IRISH WHISKIES AND LONDON GIN', 'THE DISTILLERS' CO. LTD. EDINBURGH, LONDON & DUBLIN.'

For Sale by Street & Co.

Advertisement for E.C. Scovill Pure Island Wine Co's Wine. Includes text: 'Use Only Pure Island Wine Co's Wine', 'THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE', 'E.C. SCOVILL, Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces'.

Advertisement for Walter Baker & Co. chocolate. Includes illustration of a woman at a table and text: 'The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations...'.

Sunday Reading.

CHURCH LIFE IN ENGLAND.

How the Facts of It Impress a Visitor from the United States.

England is a religious country; that is, outside London and a few of the larger cities, the people comparatively speaking are all religious. They belong to some church. There are denominations without number but the principal one is the State Episcopal church and the others are reckoned "inferior" in social standing. Nearly all the aristocracy belong to the State church, but this does not imply active membership but mere respectability. The State clergy get from \$500 as curate to \$8000 or more as rector, vicars, etc., while bishops average \$20,000 or thereabouts, and the two archbishops \$50,000 and \$75,000 a year respectively, and sometimes houses and palaces go with these stipends. The congregationalists are probably next in influence and are followed by the methodists and baptists, but all three denominations have changed very much the last few years. Under a spurious charity they have opened their doors to one another, not from christian agreement which would be a much desired change, but from almost complete indifference to practical religion. Unitarians, Universalists, etc., are not so conspicuously numerous as in the United States, but there are many practical believers in these doctrines in all the churches.

Probably the most earnest christians are found in the State church (evangelical or "low" section) and in the company of believers known as "the Plymouth Brethren," who though not numerous are very influential, especially in some parts of non-churchgoing London.

London is a very ungodly city. I suppose three and a half or four out of its five and a half millions never go near a meeting-house. But as is often the case where the darkness is thickest, the light is most clearly seen; so in London where some of the most terrible wickedness is found, are also found some of the holiest christians on the face of the earth, men and women to whom money, time, and friends, are all secondary to God's will.

One of the especially noticeable features about religious work in England is the number of uncommunal mission halls that exist. Some are kept up by rich merchants, others by societies. The working classes will often attend these halls when refusing to enter a "regular" church.

One particular difference between church life in England and America, and I think very much in favor of England, is the congregational singing. Very often in this country four or five people do all the singing—to my mind turning the place into a concert hall. If people meet together to worship they do not require proxies, but are to worship themselves. I think that this fact helps to give a want of spirituality to the service. It is rare (to my observation) to notice the quiet sabbath prayer here before meeting commences; whereas in England it is quite common for christians to engage in prayer before the service opens, a much more desirable feature than gossiping or reading books other than the Bible.

With regard to the times of the services held, they generally commence on Sunday morning at 11 and in the evening at 6.30 or 7 o'clock; and twice during the week meetings are held. The length of the sermons vary—and are longer in the dissenting churches. Some "high" churches have only ten minute sermons, particularly in London, while a Methodist preacher in the country may extend his address for fifty minutes. Some churches toll a bell at the time of meeting and many do not.

The dissenting preachers in the country have often some other occupation besides being pastor, as otherwise they might starve. Their salaries vary, often are not more than one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars a year—and this is not to be wondered at, when there may be five meeting-houses and an Episcopal church in a small village, not reckoning the Salvation Army. Sometimes a pastor has two, three or even four village chapels to attend, and this makes big fees rather than "spidery" night. Twenty miles and three sermons are rather hard on the strongest constitution. When the preacher travels in this way, it is usual for the deacons or others to entertain him, and it is marvellous the appetite that these long walks excite. You ask me, Why does he not ride? Well, usually the trains do not run on the ranch lines, or if on the main line they may not stop Sundays, as the tendency is to run express. There are no electric or horse cars except in the large cities. Sometimes a friend may have a "break your back" gig which he may be happy to left to the preacher, but these friends are scarce and the pastor has to rely upon "shank's pony."

The churches are governed in the case of the dissenters by the people themselves, and in the case of the Episcopacy by the bishop. Sometimes a vicar or rector is sent against the consent of the parish, but this is a rare occurrence and the place becomes too warm for the antagonistic clergyman. In the dissenting churches several students or others preach "on trial" and the most satisfactory one is selected for the pulpit. This leads, of course, to pleasing certain parties and any churches

have been split in twain by this unscriptural system. Mr. Spurgeon's great baptist church in London was divided very strongly on Mr. T. Spurgeon, who is now pastor, and Dr. Pinson, the Philadelphia preacher who had been invited for some time to fill the pulpit.

It may be interesting to American readers to know something of the buildings used as meeting-houses. They cost from about \$1500 in the country for a small brick chapel to \$150,000 in London for a place such as Spurgeon's Tabernacle. They are always built of brick and stone and now-a-days are highly ornamented. The dissenting chapels do not usually cost nearly as much as the Episcopal. The church of England thinks nothing of spending \$200,000 over a church, and of such persons sometimes erect one at their own expense costing as much as this. It is not fashionable now to have many galleries, and the latest style for acoustic advantage is to build the area round and place the preacher near the centre of a kind of circle.

I do not think money for church building is anything like so hard to obtain in England as it is here. Even Dr. Talnage found it almost impossible to obtain means to build his tabernacle in Brooklyn and so has accepted the call to Washington. There are, no doubt, in the United States, many fine church buildings, but after all, buildings do not conduce to worship, and the grander the buildings become the more worldly the people are. This has been noticed much in England the past 20 years, and a counts for much of the indifference of today. There is no doubt that godliness is the backbone of a nation and a nation is weak or strong according to the Christian influence among the people; and from my observation, many faults though it has, England is far away the most Christian nation in the world.—Spenser J. Phillips, in Portland Transcript.

HIS ODD ORNAMENT.

The story of a Porcelain Pin and Why the 173 Owner Valued It so Highly.

Last week I met in the dining hall of a western railroad a gentlemanly official of a great corporation. After our introduction we were seated in the same car, and occupied an hour in discussing the wonderful resources of our country, as our train carried us alongside the ripe grain fields of North Dakota. More than fifty laborers, who had come west seeking work, were to be seen at every prominent station. They were mostly loggers from the Wisconsin pine forests, and their ragged clothing told the story of their poverty and vice.

"What a story some of these lives would make, if we could only get the truth about them," I remarked in a careless sort of way.

"What a story any life would make, if we only knew it," he replied with some emphasis. He then continued: "Some of these poor fellows speak my native tongue. They knew nothing but poverty in their old homes, and here, even here, where the hundred acre fields are standing, richly burdened with the ripe wheat, these fellows never think of plenty." I said:

"It is hard for such people to become good citizens. They have been accustomed to tyranny and poverty where life has only been a struggle, and civil government afforded protection to the oppressor. It is hard to unlearn in a single day or year the lessons that have been inwrought by schools of wrong—schools where the whole morning of life has been spent."

"My words seemed to touch a responsive chord in his nature, yet for a time he made no reply, but sat as if trying to recall some incident of the long ago. To recall or to forget, I could not determine which.

"I would not have imagined," I continued, "that you had as a child to learn that which you now use with so much purity. But how mighty a gulf there is sometimes between those who speak the same language. How little we understand the issues of those diverging lines which mark the footsteps of two boys who go out from the same home. The mother kisses first a hero and then a villain. But can you think that any of those poor dejected-looking mortals ever knew the meaning of a mother's kiss?"

"It may be so," he answered, speaking like one who had been suddenly awakened from sleep. "Let me see. You were saying that I spoke pure English. Is there no other way in which you might detect my foreign birth?"

He tried to laugh, but his mirth was evidently feigned, but his mirth was evidently feigned, but his mirth was evidently feigned.

"Yes, but I fear that it will not be esteemed delicate for me to answer you. Yet you have asked, and I will say that I never knew an American to wear a porcelain pin like yours."

He seemed to be startled by my words and it was this honest but somewhat rude remark which opened up the strange story of a human life. I do not pretend to use the very words he uttered. Our conversation had so disconnected, that it was a study afterward to know how it came about. I still, however, tells it as it now appears to me. He reverently took the pin from his cravat and began:

"I was born in Germany forty years ago. Our family consisted of five; my three brothers and a sister. Our youngest were such as you have seen when in that

country. We saw all about us the toil and poverty which you have described. These were intensified in our minds by the stories of fabled wealth and ease and luxury in America. A dream came into my young mind. I would cross the sea, amass a fortune, care for my friends, and enjoy the protection of the stars and stripes. This haunted me by day and night. I was but thirteen years of age and my baby brother was but eight. I told him of my plans, and he entered into them with ardor and enthusiasm. We mortgaged our plot and began to collect our little belongings. In our haste and confusion we took the waist of our mother's wedding dress. This she had kept as a peculiar treasure. With our little packages we got aboard a vessel and crept into the hold. All was dark and cheerless. We became very hungry, but encouraged one another and slept as much as we could. At last my little brother began to cry and we were taken out. A kindly family took an interest in us. They listened to our story and took us to their home. We wrote home and gave our parents glowing descriptions of the great west. It was trying enough to keep up my little brother's courage. We advised with our father and he decided to let us go. They took us to the German consul, and he sent the dress back again to our home. But before we sent it back, we each cut off a button. This, sir, is the button I cut from my mother's dress. It cost about a mark, but I would not sell it for a thousand dollars! I had it mounted and have worn it ever since and ever shall wear it. My opportunity came when a company wanted a boy to work. I applied for the place and was soon able to send my brother to school, while I attended night school. He was a lovely boy and grew up to a splendid manhood. He is dead and mother is living with me. I never married, but gave my life to her. Yes! I brought my parents here and talked with them a long time before I told mother who I was. Of course she forgave me; a mother always does forgive her child. But I never quite forgave myself. I never drank intoxicating liquors in my life. The only queer thing I do is to wear this porcelain pin. I will always wear it. Pardon me! I did not mean to talk so much about myself. Do you think that what will yield more than thirty bushels to the acre?"

Then I laughed, but my new-made friend was replacing the button pin in his cravat and a manly tear was stealing down his cheek.—Interior.

IS A DEVIL'S DEVICE.

A Free Lunch in Liquor Saloons and How It Makes Drunkards.

"Free lunches!" exclaimed Chauncey M. Depew to a "Sun" reporter. "Well, I did say something about free lunches didn't I? And if I'm not mistaken, I referred to them as ingenious preparations too. Well, they are. Now, seriously, although these poor people have twisted my remarks into all sorts of shapes, I meant all that I said about young men becoming slaves to drink. It's a terrible thing and I think the free lunch is largely responsible for it. It's a most ingenious contrivance, and do you know that it's simply put in a place to make a man thirsty? Yes, sir, I tell you that the free lunch is composed of food of such a character that it keeps a man thirsty, and forces him to buy liquor to keep himself comfortable. It is made up of pickled herring, corned beef, fish cakes, salted potatoes, pretzels, cheese, smoked beef, potato salad, and dozens of other dishes the main ingredient of which is salt. And as sure as a man eats free lunch, just as sure will he be a drinking man, unless he is possessed of rare self-control. Why, I tell you the free lunch is more to blame for the number of drunkards around than anything else. A man takes a drink and a bite. The bite makes him thirsty, and the drink makes him hungry, and many a man who would leave a saloon after having imbibed one drink will stick all day as long as the free lunch is there. I don't think the drink keeps him, but the ingenious make-up of the free lunch, and that's why I say it's a blotch on civilization and should be wiped out."

Perhaps you wonder how I know all this, I'll tell you. I travel a good deal, and wherever I go I always make it a point to talk with the man next to me. I ask him his business and make him tell me all about it. Now, among others, I have talked with many hotel men and liquor dealers, keepers of fashionable cafes as well as German saloon-keepers, and as the free lunch is a sort of a hobby of mine, I always make them tell me about what they spread out for their customers in the eating line, I used to wonder how they could afford to spread a free lunch, but liquor dealers tell me that it's the most paying investment they make, and I believe it is.

CHRISTIAN COURAGE DEMANDED.

Out of an old book in the heart of the best of books rises a voice which is fitted to meet and overcome our timidity, impatience and distrust. The spirit endures. What is ancient Greece today but the scull of a few poets and philosophers. The walls of Babylon and Nineveh have crumbled, but a few penitential psalms, which the men of the Tigris and Euphrates uttered as they confronted the problems and experiences of sin and suffering, continue. And so the royal preacher of Jerusalem speaks to the heart of this century. He bids us look up and not down, out and not in, and to lend a hand. Every one has a truth or an experience, or a personality peculiar to himself. We are to make the best of overflowing activities. But how timid men are! I think more people put their worst foot than their best foot forward. If what is best in the souls of good men and women could be given proper outlet it would revive and regenerate mankind. How timid we are apt to be when a new truth dawns upon us about the mis-presentation and misunderstanding to which we and our darling verity may be subjected! And so great opportunities are murdered. Had

such wisdom, exalting itself above faith, prevailed always the moral evolution of mankind would have halted. No Red Sea would have been crossed; no Canaan would have been conquered; no Mayflower would have sailed; no urgent national reform would ever have been victorious; no righteous movement like the present uprising of American cities against infamously corrupt municipal governments would have been inaugurated. A man who gives out of him nothing good, or brave, or noble, leaves behind nothing but the path he has trod.—Rev. James Barrows.

VALUE OF EXAMPLE.

It is Especially Important in Regard to Social Drinking Customs.

It is time that all people who claim to have a christian conscience faced that declaration of God's book that 'it is good neither to drink wine or anything whereby thy brother stumbleth.' This means that no one has a moral right to do anything the influence of which may work mischief to his neighbor. I have a legal right to attend a theatre and witness a salacious play; but I have no moral right to go, not merely because I may soil my own soul, but because I am giving my money and the sanction of my presence to what is a slaughterhouse of all purity. On the same principle—not merely of self-preservation, but of its influence on other people—I have no right, as a christian, to abet the drinking usages. If a glass of wine on my table will entrap some one into an evil habit, then am I thoughtlessly setting a trap for his life. I am his tempter. I give the drink custom my sanction, and to him the direct inducement to partake of that glass in which the serpent may be coiled. If the contents of my decanter make my 'brother stumble,' he stumbles over me. If he goes from my table and commits some folly or outrage, I, too, am to a certain extent guilty; for I have a partnership in every wrong he may commit, and every wrong he may inflict on the hearts of his loved ones while under the spell of my 'Madeira' or 'Bourbon.' I gave him the incentive to do what otherwise he might have left undone. Nor is it only in directly offering an intoxicant, but in affording the example of drinking that I may be a tempter. None of us liveth unto himself alone; our influence is as inseparable from us as is our shadow on a sunny day. 'Why don't you take a glass of wine with me?' said a distinguished clergyman at a public table to a gentleman who sat beside him. The quiet answer was, 'On account of my example.' The minister blushed, and concluded that he had better heed Paul's precept that a bishop ought not to be given to wine.—Rev. Dr. Cuyler.

HEAVENLY VISIONS.

Obedience to Them Will make Perfect the Toll of Christian Life.

"Whereupon, oh, King Agrippa, I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision."—Acts xxvi, 19.

This romantic scene in the Pauline career is familiar to all students of the scriptures. Paul was not really on his defense before Agrippa. It was the pleasure of Festus to give the King an opportunity of seeing and hearing this remarkable man, who was really baffling, not only all Jerusalem, but all Judea and the regions round about. He talked in such a manner and acted in such a manner that not Festus only, but many others, who were utterly unable to understand the irresistible enthusiasm save in the thought that Paul was a dreamer, whose dreams had made him insane. It was not Festus only, but thousands all over the land, when they heard him speak could not resist the thought that he was beside himself. He tells the story of that strange experience outside the gates of Damascus. He has told it a thousand times. He tells it once again in this Roman court at Caesarea, and looking up into the face of the King, he says: "Wherefore, oh, King Agrippa, I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." However other men might regard this manifestation at Damascus, Paul regarded it as a direct vision from heaven. And so regarding it, he appeals to the common sense of the King, as though he had said: "It was a mere dream of the night, a passing phantasy, I could shake it off with the realities of the waking morn. But it was a heavenly vision; and what man who respects his own manhood, to say nothing of his reverence for God, will be disobedient to a heavenly vision?" This is the true view to take of our duty. If it is anything less than a heavenly vision to our eyes we shall toll only with half a heart. We shall not attempt great things for God, nor shall we expect great things for him. But just the moment we realize that our calling is a heavenly calling, that the vision is a heavenly vision, then we shall go forth, not concurring with flesh and blood, and life will glow with holy zeal and toil will become a supreme delight.

Eaved by Grace.

Another sort of people may fancy that they shall escape, but we must now come home to them. Those who despair will often cry: "I know I cannot be saved except by grace, for I am such a great sinner to be saved at all. I am too black for Christ to wash out my sins." Ah, my dear friend, though you know it not, you are making void the grace of God by denying its power and limiting its might. You doubt the efficacy of the Redeemer's blood and the power of the Father's grace. What! The grace of God is not that able to save? Is not the Father of our Lord Jesus able to forgive sin? We joyfully sing:

Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who hath grace so rich and free?
And you say he cannot forgive you, and this in the teeth of his mercy! He says "all manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men." "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like

If You Wish to be
..... HAPPY
...KEEP YOUR EYE...

On This Space.

Modern Business Methods

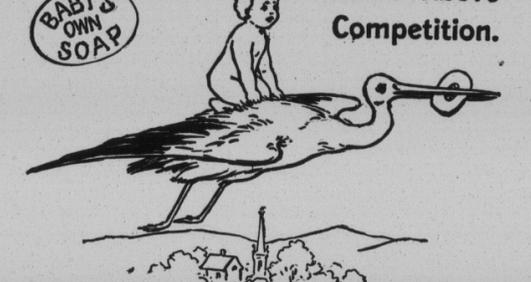
Modern Business Facilities

EDISON MIMEOGRAPH

the invention of MR. THOMAS A. EDISON, is an exponent of the best class of modern business facilities. It is a reproducing device of great capacity, simple construction and easy manipulation. It is arranged for reduplicating either or both typewritten and handwriting. It will give 1500 copies of a typewritten letter or circular, all perfect. It will give 3000 copies of an autographic letter or circular, all fac-similes. It will do as much with a drawing, diagram or tabulated statement. The very name it bears is evidence that the Edison Mimeo-graph is first class in design, manufacture and results. It occupies a prominent place in the offices of over 150,000 users to-day. Recommendation. Send for catalog and samples of work to

Ira Cornwall, - General Agent.

Board of Trade Building, Canterbury St., St. John, N. B.



MOTHERS who have tried it KNOW that no soap will keep the skin of their children so soft, so white, so sweet, as BABY'S OWN SOAP.

THE BEST FAMILY SOAP SOLD.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MFRS., MONTREAL

crimson, they shall be as wool." You say that this is not true. Thus you frustrate the grace of God, and you make out that Christ died in vain, at least for you, for you say that he cannot cleanse you. Oh, say not so! Let not thine unbelief give the lie to God! Oh, believe that he is able to save even thee, and freely, at this very moment, to put all thy sin away, and to accept thee in Christ Jesus. Take heed of dependency, for if thou dost not trust him thou wilt make void his grace.—C. H. Spurgeon.

General Lee was in the cars going to Richmond one day and was seated at the end farthest from the door. The other seats were filled with officers and soldiers. An old woman, poorly dressed, entered at one of the stations, and finding no seat, it, and none having been offered to her, approached the end where the General was seated. He immediately rose and gave her his seat. Instantly there was a general rising, each one offering his seat to the General. But he calmly said, "No, gentlemen, it there was no seat for the infirm old woman, there can be none for me." The effect was remarkable. One after another got out of the car. The seats seemed to be too hot for them. The General and the old lady soon had the car to themselves.

The Hon. "Daniel Webster was walking with a friend in Washington, when a colored man passing by bowed very low to him. Mr. Webster returned as deep an obeisance. "Do you bow in that way to a darkey?" asked his friend. "Would you have me outdone in politeness by a negro?" replied the great statesman. And in his reply there is great wisdom. None of us can afford to be courteous in this by one of either a poorer or richer courtesy.

A Chinese Axiom.

"My heart wishes to be exactly as the Chinese rendering of amen. The value of this definition is that it is not a mere imitation of this blessed Hebrew word, but a whole-souled, whole-hearted desire for the triumph of that which is good. Is there not danger that our aims shall be somewhat less than a mere desire to be discontented at the truth, while the heart is not in it? Let us be sure that in everything excellent that is presented to us, we can say of every, 'Amen my heart wishes to be exactly as.'—Herald of Holiness.

Christianity Must Prevail. Brahmanism, Buddhism, and Confucianism have reached and passed the zenith of their course. Christianity and

12 OF THE COSMETIC ART

WHAT WILL BENEFIT ONE IS NOT GOOD FOR ANOTHER.

Various Suggestions as to What Should be Done—The Question of Diet a Difficult One—Bathing and Exercise of Various Kinds.

There is much to be said in favor of cosmetic art as a vocation for women, writes Shirley Dare. It is a mistake to say that all is known of such art and physical culture that there is to be known. For every perfume, every dye, every vegetable extract which soothes and refines the skin, a dozen or a score are known to exist superior to those in vogue and of these combinations and improvements are endless. All painful, tedious operations of improving the complexion are easily superseded by methods which take away the repulsiveness of personal touch and maddening applications. What is known is nothing to what may be known, and this is not said as a vapid generality, but of specific knowledge common to those advanced in natural science, but which they perhaps are not ready after years of research, to give lightly away. What not to do is the most important elementary part of cosmetics. What is good for one may be fatal to another, and what is advised for delicate, run-down people, is by no means put forward as the rule for all.

Several correspondents appear to have taken the idea that the Salisbury treatment, making fresh beef the chief diet, is for all in health, old and young. The meat diet is to restore lost nerve force and muscular strength after years of neglect and innutritious fare. It is now for invalids, the obese, for those in nervous prostration or consumption, or suffering from overwork of mind and body for a length of time. It is by no means for people in ordinary health, though to preserve good condition one should take care that plenty of fresh, sound beef and mutton is taken the greater part of the year. One letter says: "We follow the advice about whole meal bread and fruit diet, but, living in the country so far from a meat market, cannot take the Salisbury treatment. My daughter has a few blackheads, just showing, which at her age I think unavoidable. Can you advise any application to use for their removal? She is also troubled with dandruff. An ordinary hair tonic does not help the trouble, which seems to stop the growth of the hair."

Lack of the nervous force afforded by more fresh meat is very likely at the root of this trouble. It should be fixed in the mind of mothers and teachers in charge of growing girls, that they need a certain amount of fresh, juicy meats to supply the nerve cells at the time of their development, and attention to this point would prevent or cure half the hysteria and bad complexions of girls in their teens. If they have no appetite, their candy and cake supply should be strictly cut off and diet limited until they are honestly hungry enough to eat brown steak and juicy bread. There is not the slightest danger of their growing coarse or gross by eating the right sort of meals in the right proportion. A full, mixed diet of rich fat meats of all kinds, greasy vegetables, pastry, and indigestible puddings would unquestionably overstimulate and ruin health. Nothing short of a cook book, however, which took up every detail of the table for the year would shed much light on the vexed question.

The cold bath is only for full-blooded persons under 40, and in firm health, and must be suspended at any lowering of health, however slight or temporary. The hot bath in a warm room of tin stoves may be taken with positive benefit at any rate, especially in critical or depressed conditions. It is curious to see women lauding the cold bath who have every day to keep themselves wound up with nerve stimulants and electricity, and breaking down entirely every few years. The hot bath quickly taken at night on retiring to rest, restores and soothes, regulates and cleanses. Taken whenever out of health, from whatever cause, it prevents a host of maladies and un-ward conditions. The only care is not to get chilled at all after it. It is the special panacea for the aches and miseries of growing girls, save in a few exceptional cases.

"What kind of exercise should a woman take to reduce the flesh about the hips? It seems to be almost a deformity among American women and even young girls. Age seems to have nothing to do with it. An English lady told me it was caused by the way American women walked." So writes an interested woman who evidently reflects what she reads and hears. Going up and down stairs a good deal very possibly leads to the deposit of flesh over the hips and below the waist. Sedentary habits in full-grown women who eat much white bread and milk and cheese develop unsightly abdomens. The wretched "pivotal exercises" which took hold of women's fancy a few years since are admirable for securing large hips and flesh where it is not wanted.

The Salisbury diet, with very hot applications to the base of the spine and large muscles of the back, care to keep the lower limbs and abdomen always warmly clad, and a very firm thin flannel bandage adjusted by small safety pins, are general treatments. Fomenting with strong spirits of camphor and an equal part of boiling

HOW ENVELOPES ARE MADE.

The Wonderful Machine by Which They are Turned Out Ready for Use.

It had never occurred to me that making of envelopes would be of any particular interest until one day when I chanced to be in a building where they were manufactured. Then I was simply fascinated, for I think I never saw a machine more perfectly adapted to the use for which it was intended than was the envelope machine, which I watched and studied till even the operator became interested too and stopped his working to explain the points which I had not been able to grasp while it was being so rapidly operated.

Before describing the work of this machine, though, I must go back a step and tell you how the envelopes are cut.

A man who stands before a heavy press takes an oval form made of steel and just the shape of an envelope before it is folded. The lower edge of this form is sharp as a knife. The man sets the form upon a block of paper which consists of five hundred sheets of average weight, pushes paper and all beneath the press, which descends slowly upon the mould and drives its knife-like edge straight down through five hundred sheets. As the press ascends the man takes out the mould and removes the cut envelopes.

"This pile is then placed in the envelope machine, in a part just above the operator's head, and the machine set in motion.

Above the envelope forms is a roller which is kept gummed by means of a 'gum box' against which it turns. A brush which is just the size and shape of the gummed part of an envelope flap, strikes against this roller, then down upon the edge of the top sheet. This brush is called the 'pick,' for the one envelope of course adheres to the brush and is thus picked up from the others. At the same moment two thin strips of brass reach in, take hold of the single sheet, pull it out and drop it just as an oblong block the shape and size of the finished envelope strikes it down into an opening of the same size. The instant this block goes up three metal pieces like the two ends and the bottom piece of the folded envelope fold over upon these parts and glue them securely together.

But you wonder when the flap is glued and why, when it is glued, it does not stick down upon the rest of the envelope. Well, so do I, but that is one of the things the operator had to explain to me when the machine had stopped.

I said three metal flaps strike down to fold and glue the envelopes. On the fourth side a brush, gummed like the 'picker,' struck the flap of the envelope and a roller turned over upon the flap just far enough to crease it down, but far enough to make it touch the other parts. The envelope is then dropped on its upper edge to an endless chain which passes back from the machine. It is held in place by means of small pins which form a succession of right angles the entire length of the chain. This chain passes back from the machine a distance of several feet, then down over a horizontal wheel and back underneath to the machine again. After the envelopes on the chain go over this wheel at the back and start toward the machine again, beneath you will see that their lower edge will then be down and the flap, which all this time is a little open, will be at the top. Well, close beneath the lower part of the chain, where it goes toward the machine, there is a long tin box with small holes along the top, and inside this box beneath the part of the machine which drives a current of air through all these holes. This current of air strikes beneath the partially opened flap and by the time the envelope has made its trip around on the chain, behind, the flap is entirely dried and the envelope is ready to be used.

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

Some Mysteries Regarding It Are Hard for Scientists to Explain.

"Will the veil between man and the animal creation ever be lifted at all? But little, but, possibly, still a little. It is nearly certain—or we should ourselves say quite certain—that if, after a few ages of experience, the domestic beasts, in other words, the beasts which have not to hunt for food—the carnivora owe their ferocity to ages of hunger and fierce exertion to assuage hunger—acquire a genuine confidence in man, they would regard him something more, however little, more of themselves. They do it now under favorable conditions.

Gover's hare ranging the house like a cat and Waterton's bull allowing himself to be seated upon his flanks as he lay stretched out on the grass are instances that what we all believe to be animal 'nature' is often misinterpreted. The Chinese govern their flocks without dogs, and a Chinese shepherd, we have been told, can find a particular sheep out of his flock—a story an English shepherd would have difficulty in believing. The exceedingly curious movements of petted dogs when any one is sick in the house are entirely unexplained and certainly seem to indicate that the abstract idea of sickness is not beyond animal range, the brute exhibiting all the signs of grief and anxiety before it has seen its sick friend, or known, except from talk and the household perturbation, that he was sick. A little knowledge may come in that way, and a little more from attention to beast language. The creatures undoubtedly do talk in a way, and to a certain degree do respond to each others' cries, do give each other orders, and do communicate by sound certain items of information—as, for instance, that something is going on which surprises and distresses them. It is not likely that this language, if we are to call it so, alters much—though Indian dogs, to be sure, whine to each other where European dogs bark—and it is conceivable, though improbable, that its meaning might be acquired by men. Some of the servants of European zoological gardens think they know something of it, and so, we fancy, do the old shepherds of Indian villages—they say they do, anyhow—and the knowledge may ultimately be gathered up.—London Spectator.

One of the patrons of a grab-bag at a room in the city was disgusted getting out of the bag an order by the local grave digger: "Good for one grave dug any time during the ensuing year."

CONSUMPTION CONQUERED.

A F. E. ISLAND LADY RESTORED TO HEALTH.

Attacked with a Hacking Cough, Loss of Appetite and General Feeling of Lassitude—Pink Pills Restored Her Health After Doctors Failed.

From the Charlotte Harbor Patriot. Times without number have we read of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but generally the testimony is telling the tale had laid the scene in some of the other provinces. This time, however, the matter is brought directly home, and the testimony comes from a much respected and Christian woman, Mrs. Sarah Strickland, now residing in the suburbs of Charlotte Harbor, has been married many years, and blessed with a large family and although never enjoying a robust constitution had, until a year ago, been in comparatively good health. About that time she began to feel "run down," her blood became thin and a general feeling of lassitude took possession of both her mind and body. Her family and friends viewed with alarm the gradual development of her illness, and when a cough—at first inconstant, but afterwards almost constant, especially at night,—set in, doctors were summoned and everything that loving, tender care and medical skill could do was resorted to in order to save the affectionate wife and mother, whose days appeared to

CONSUMPTION CONQUERED.

A F. E. ISLAND LADY RESTORED TO HEALTH.

Attacked with a Hacking Cough, Loss of Appetite and General Feeling of Lassitude—Pink Pills Restored Her Health After Doctors Failed.

From the Charlotte Harbor Patriot. Times without number have we read of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but generally the testimony is telling the tale had laid the scene in some of the other provinces. This time, however, the matter is brought directly home, and the testimony comes from a much respected and Christian woman, Mrs. Sarah Strickland, now residing in the suburbs of Charlotte Harbor, has been married many years, and blessed with a large family and although never enjoying a robust constitution had, until a year ago, been in comparatively good health. About that time she began to feel "run down," her blood became thin and a general feeling of lassitude took possession of both her mind and body. Her family and friends viewed with alarm the gradual development of her illness, and when a cough—at first inconstant, but afterwards almost constant, especially at night,—set in, doctors were summoned and everything that loving, tender care and medical skill could do was resorted to in order to save the affectionate wife and mother, whose days appeared to

CONSUMPTION CONQUERED.

A F. E. ISLAND LADY RESTORED TO HEALTH.

Attacked with a Hacking Cough, Loss of Appetite and General Feeling of Lassitude—Pink Pills Restored Her Health After Doctors Failed.

From the Charlotte Harbor Patriot. Times without number have we read of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but generally the testimony is telling the tale had laid the scene in some of the other provinces. This time, however, the matter is brought directly home, and the testimony comes from a much respected and Christian woman, Mrs. Sarah Strickland, now residing in the suburbs of Charlotte Harbor, has been married many years, and blessed with a large family and although never enjoying a robust constitution had, until a year ago, been in comparatively good health. About that time she began to feel "run down," her blood became thin and a general feeling of lassitude took possession of both her mind and body. Her family and friends viewed with alarm the gradual development of her illness, and when a cough—at first inconstant, but afterwards almost constant, especially at night,—set in, doctors were summoned and everything that loving, tender care and medical skill could do was resorted to in order to save the affectionate wife and mother, whose days appeared to

CONSUMPTION CONQUERED.

A F. E. ISLAND LADY RESTORED TO HEALTH.

Attacked with a Hacking Cough, Loss of Appetite and General Feeling of Lassitude—Pink Pills Restored Her Health After Doctors Failed.

From the Charlotte Harbor Patriot. Times without number have we read of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but generally the testimony is telling the tale had laid the scene in some of the other provinces. This time, however, the matter is brought directly home, and the testimony comes from a much respected and Christian woman, Mrs. Sarah Strickland, now residing in the suburbs of Charlotte Harbor, has been married many years, and blessed with a large family and although never enjoying a robust constitution had, until a year ago, been in comparatively good health. About that time she began to feel "run down," her blood became thin and a general feeling of lassitude took possession of both her mind and body. Her family and friends viewed with alarm the gradual development of her illness, and when a cough—at first inconstant, but afterwards almost constant, especially at night,—set in, doctors were summoned and everything that loving, tender care and medical skill could do was resorted to in order to save the affectionate wife and mother, whose days appeared to

CONSUMPTION CONQUERED.

A F. E. ISLAND LADY RESTORED TO HEALTH.

Attacked with a Hacking Cough, Loss of Appetite and General Feeling of Lassitude—Pink Pills Restored Her Health After Doctors Failed.

From the Charlotte Harbor Patriot. Times without number have we read of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but generally the testimony is telling the tale had laid the scene in some of the other provinces. This time, however, the matter is brought directly home, and the testimony comes from a much respected and Christian woman, Mrs. Sarah Strickland, now residing in the suburbs of Charlotte Harbor, has been married many years, and blessed with a large family and although never enjoying a robust constitution had, until a year ago, been in comparatively good health. About that time she began to feel "run down," her blood became thin and a general feeling of lassitude took possession of both her mind and body. Her family and friends viewed with alarm the gradual development of her illness, and when a cough—at first inconstant, but afterwards almost constant, especially at night,—set in, doctors were summoned and everything that loving, tender care and medical skill could do was resorted to in order to save the affectionate wife and mother, whose days appeared to

CONSUMPTION CONQUERED.

A F. E. ISLAND LADY RESTORED TO HEALTH.

Attacked with a Hacking Cough, Loss of Appetite and General Feeling of Lassitude—Pink Pills Restored Her Health After Doctors Failed.

From the Charlotte Harbor Patriot. Times without number have we read of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but generally the testimony is telling the tale had laid the scene in some of the other provinces. This time, however, the matter is brought directly home, and the testimony comes from a much respected and Christian woman, Mrs. Sarah Strickland, now residing in the suburbs of Charlotte Harbor, has been married many years, and blessed with a large family and although never enjoying a robust constitution had, until a year ago, been in comparatively good health. About that time she began to feel "run down," her blood became thin and a general feeling of lassitude took possession of both her mind and body. Her family and friends viewed with alarm the gradual development of her illness, and when a cough—at first inconstant, but afterwards almost constant, especially at night,—set in, doctors were summoned and everything that loving, tender care and medical skill could do was resorted to in order to save the affectionate wife and mother, whose days appeared to

CONSUMPTION CONQUERED.

A F. E. ISLAND LADY RESTORED TO HEALTH.

Attacked with a Hacking Cough, Loss of Appetite and General Feeling of Lassitude—Pink Pills Restored Her Health After Doctors Failed.

From the Charlotte Harbor Patriot. Times without number have we read of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but generally the testimony is telling the tale had laid the scene in some of the other provinces. This time, however, the matter is brought directly home, and the testimony comes from a much respected and Christian woman, Mrs. Sarah Strickland, now residing in the suburbs of Charlotte Harbor, has been married many years, and blessed with a large family and although never enjoying a robust constitution had, until a year ago, been in comparatively good health. About that time she began to feel "run down," her blood became thin and a general feeling of lassitude took possession of both her mind and body. Her family and friends viewed with alarm the gradual development of her illness, and when a cough—at first inconstant, but afterwards almost constant, especially at night,—set in, doctors were summoned and everything that loving, tender care and medical skill could do was resorted to in order to save the affectionate wife and mother, whose days appeared to

CONSUMPTION CONQUERED.

A F. E. ISLAND LADY RESTORED TO HEALTH.

Attacked with a Hacking Cough, Loss of Appetite and General Feeling of Lassitude—Pink Pills Restored Her Health After Doctors Failed.

From the Charlotte Harbor Patriot. Times without number have we read of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but generally the testimony is telling the tale had laid the scene in some of the other provinces. This time, however, the matter is brought directly home, and the testimony comes from a much respected and Christian woman, Mrs. Sarah Strickland, now residing in the suburbs of Charlotte Harbor, has been married many years, and blessed with a large family and although never enjoying a robust constitution had, until a year ago, been in comparatively good health. About that time she began to feel "run down," her blood became thin and a general feeling of lassitude took possession of both her mind and body. Her family and friends viewed with alarm the gradual development of her illness, and when a cough—at first inconstant, but afterwards almost constant, especially at night,—set in, doctors were summoned and everything that loving, tender care and medical skill could do was resorted to in order to save the affectionate wife and mother, whose days appeared to

CONSUMPTION CONQUERED.

A F. E. ISLAND LADY RESTORED TO HEALTH.

Attacked with a Hacking Cough, Loss of Appetite and General Feeling of Lassitude—Pink Pills Restored Her Health After Doctors Failed.

From the Charlotte Harbor Patriot. Times without number have we read of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but generally the testimony is telling the tale had laid the scene in some of the other provinces. This time, however, the matter is brought directly home, and the testimony comes from a much respected and Christian woman, Mrs. Sarah Strickland, now residing in the suburbs of Charlotte Harbor, has been married many years, and blessed with a large family and although never enjoying a robust constitution had, until a year ago, been in comparatively good health. About that time she began to feel "run down," her blood became thin and a general feeling of lassitude took possession of both her mind and body. Her family and friends viewed with alarm the gradual development of her illness, and when a cough—at first inconstant, but afterwards almost constant, especially at night,—set in, doctors were summoned and everything that loving, tender care and medical skill could do was resorted to in order to save the affectionate wife and mother, whose days appeared to

CONSUMPTION CONQUERED.

A F. E. ISLAND LADY RESTORED TO HEALTH.

Attacked with a Hacking Cough, Loss of Appetite and General Feeling of Lassitude—Pink Pills Restored Her Health After Doctors Failed.

From the Charlotte Harbor Patriot. Times without number have we read of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but generally the testimony is telling the tale had laid the scene in some of the other provinces. This time, however, the matter is brought directly home, and the testimony comes from a much respected and Christian woman, Mrs. Sarah Strickland, now residing in the suburbs of Charlotte Harbor, has been married many years, and blessed with a large family and although never enjoying a robust constitution had, until a year ago, been in comparatively good health. About that time she began to feel "run down," her blood became thin and a general feeling of lassitude took possession of both her mind and body. Her family and friends viewed with alarm the gradual development of her illness, and when a cough—at first inconstant, but afterwards almost constant, especially at night,—set in, doctors were summoned and everything that loving, tender care and medical skill could do was resorted to in order to save the affectionate wife and mother, whose days appeared to

TRY SATINS, The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land.

MEDICAL PROGRESS.

The Immense Advance that Has Been Made in the Last Fifty Years.

In no vocation has there been a more rapid advance than in medicine during the last half century, and it is significant that the major part of this advance has been due, not to the observation and experience of the routine practitioner, but to the researches of scientific men who have been sneered at as theorists, and who have brought to bear on their professional work the results of scholastic training entirely foreign to the scope of instruction in medical schools a generation ago.

What, for example, could seem further removed from the domain of practical surgery than the investigation of little moving plants that are found in decomposing animal and vegetable matter? Yet the study of the habits or growth of these microscopic weeds, of the soil on which they thrive, and the poisons which prevent their development, has revolutionized surgery, and has almost banished from the operating-room the fear of suppuration, of gangrene, of erysipelas, and other forms of blood poisoning. The recognition of the role of vegetable germs in the production of these untoward results of surgical interference and the development of antiseptic methods of surgery have rendered it possible to operate on the brain, spinal cord, stomach, intestine and other abdominal and pelvic viscera, and even the heart.

Fourteen years ago the best medical and surgical skill could not save the lamented Garfield from death by blood poisoning. Today the most unpretending surgeon, treating the poorest laborer, would be severely condemned, if not actually accounted guilty of malpractice, if he used the same methods. Thousands of women who would have been doomed to chronic invalidism a generation ago are now restored to health by operations attended by an average mortality of 25 per cent, whereas the same operations undertaken without antiseptic precautions would result in the death of nine-tenths of the victims. Thanks to the enforcement of rules of health, based on the same study of bacteriology, we no longer witness the devastation of such epidemics as were common ten years ago, while for the first time in medical history cholera has been checked in its onward march to the West.

A very gratifying tendency has marked the development of the medical profession in the last generation. The slough of mannerisms, the formal dress, the owl-like solemnity, have been thrown off, and the physician, by his own choice, is being judged more by his actual attainments than by external appearances. Thirty years ago a bald head, a white beard, and a long frock coat were as much a part of the physician's equipment as his diploma. Now, on the other hand, it is no infrequent occurrence for an elderly man of real ability, and modern in his methods of practice, to lose a patient through the fear that he may not be fully abreast of the times. What can be further from the old traditions than a leading surgeon lounging about in an outing shirt and a blue belt, or

the glass eater isn't in it any more says the New York Sun. "Capt. Vetrico, an American citizen who contemplates a dime museum debut, ate a lot of things at the Sinclair House which was not on the bill of fare, but which he brought with him. He began by pouring kerosene on sidewalk, lighting the mess, and when it had burned awhile, he extinguished the flame and ate the next. Then he munched a lump of coal. Next he stirred up a little sulphur in water, added a little blue vitriol and some permanganate of potash, and drank the mixture. A piece of an earthenware flower pot was held next dish, followed by half a tallow candle and a printer's ink sandwich. He quenched his thirst with a solution of rat poison, blue vitriol and green vitriol, ate a piece of laundry soap for dessert, and wound up with a drink of beer in which a package of matches had been soaked. He is training on morphine now. He perfumes poisons dispensed in glass cisters, and takes a bit of flower pot now and then just to show that he can do that too. He is tall and cadaverous, and he exhibits medals and diplomas from all the crowned heads of Europe who have ever seen him eat."

He began by pouring kerosene on sidewalk, lighting the mess, and when it had burned awhile, he extinguished the flame and ate the next. Then he munched a lump of coal. Next he stirred up a little sulphur in water, added a little blue vitriol and some permanganate of potash, and drank the mixture. A piece of an earthenware flower pot was held next dish, followed by half a tallow candle and a printer's ink sandwich. He quenched his thirst with a solution of rat poison, blue vitriol and green vitriol, ate a piece of laundry soap for dessert, and wound up with a drink of beer in which a package of matches had been soaked. He is training on morphine now. He perfumes poisons dispensed in glass cisters, and takes a bit of flower pot now and then just to show that he can do that too. He is tall and cadaverous, and he exhibits medals and diplomas from all the crowned heads of Europe who have ever seen him eat.

He began by pouring kerosene on sidewalk, lighting the mess, and when it had burned awhile, he extinguished the flame and ate the next. Then he munched a lump of coal. Next he stirred up a little sulphur in water, added a little blue vitriol and some permanganate of potash, and drank the mixture. A piece of an earthenware flower pot was held next dish, followed by half a tallow candle and a printer's ink sandwich. He quenched his thirst with a solution of rat poison, blue vitriol and green vitriol, ate a piece of laundry soap for dessert, and wound up with a drink of beer in which a package of matches had been soaked. He is training on morphine now. He perfumes poisons dispensed in glass cisters, and takes a bit of flower pot now and then just to show that he can do that too. He is tall and cadaverous, and he exhibits medals and diplomas from all the crowned heads of Europe who have ever seen him eat.

He began by pouring kerosene on sidewalk, lighting the mess, and when it had burned awhile, he extinguished the flame and ate the next. Then he munched a lump of coal. Next he stirred up a little sulphur in water, added a little blue vitriol and some permanganate of potash, and drank the mixture. A piece of an earthenware flower pot was held next dish, followed by half a tallow candle and a printer's ink sandwich. He quenched his thirst with a solution of rat poison, blue vitriol and green vitriol, ate a piece of laundry soap for dessert, and wound up with a drink of beer in which a package of matches had been soaked. He is training on morphine now. He perfumes poisons dispensed in glass cisters, and takes a bit of flower pot now and then just to show that he can do that too. He is tall and cadaverous, and he exhibits medals and diplomas from all the crowned heads of Europe who have ever seen him eat.

He began by pouring kerosene on sidewalk, lighting the mess, and when it had burned awhile, he extinguished the flame and ate the next. Then he munched a lump of coal. Next he stirred up a little sulphur in water, added a little blue vitriol and some permanganate of potash, and drank the mixture. A piece of an earthenware flower pot was held next dish, followed by half a tallow candle and a printer's ink sandwich. He quenched his thirst with a solution of rat poison, blue vitriol and green vitriol, ate a piece of laundry soap for dessert, and wound up with a drink of beer in which a package of matches had been soaked. He is training on morphine now. He perfumes poisons dispensed in glass cisters, and takes a bit of flower pot now and then just to show that he can do that too. He is tall and cadaverous, and he exhibits medals and diplomas from all the crowned heads of Europe who have ever seen him eat.

He began by pouring kerosene on sidewalk, lighting the mess, and when it had burned awhile, he extinguished the flame and ate the next. Then he munched a lump of coal. Next he stirred up a little sulphur in water, added a little blue vitriol and some permanganate of potash, and drank the mixture. A piece of an earthenware flower pot was held next dish, followed by half a tallow candle and a printer's ink sandwich. He quenched his thirst with a solution of rat poison, blue vitriol and green vitriol, ate a piece of laundry soap for dessert, and wound up with a drink of beer in which a package of matches had been soaked. He is training on morphine now. He perfumes poisons dispensed in glass cisters, and takes a bit of flower pot now and then just to show that he can do that too. He is tall and cadaverous, and he exhibits medals and diplomas from all the crowned heads of Europe who have ever seen him eat.

He began by pouring kerosene on sidewalk, lighting the mess, and when it had burned awhile, he extinguished the flame and ate the next. Then he munched a lump of coal. Next he stirred up a little sulphur in water, added a little blue vitriol and some permanganate of potash, and drank the mixture. A piece of an earthenware flower pot was held next dish, followed by half a tallow candle and a printer's ink sandwich. He quenched his thirst with a solution of rat poison, blue vitriol and green vitriol, ate a piece of laundry soap for dessert, and wound up with a drink of beer in which a package of matches had been soaked. He is training on morphine now. He perfumes poisons dispensed in glass cisters, and takes a bit of flower pot now and then just to show that he can do that too. He is tall and cadaverous, and he exhibits medals and diplomas from all the crowned heads of Europe who have ever seen him eat.

He began by pouring kerosene on sidewalk, lighting the mess, and when it had burned awhile, he extinguished the flame and ate the next. Then he munched a lump of coal. Next he stirred up a little sulphur in water, added a little blue vitriol and some permanganate of potash, and drank the mixture. A piece of an earthenware flower pot was held next dish, followed by half a tallow candle and a printer's ink sandwich. He quenched his thirst with a solution of rat poison, blue vitriol and green vitriol, ate a piece of laundry soap for dessert, and wound up with a drink of beer in which a package of matches had been soaked. He is training on morphine now. He perfumes poisons dispensed in glass cisters, and takes a bit of flower pot now and then just to show that he can do that too. He is tall and cadaverous, and he exhibits medals and diplomas from all the crowned heads of Europe who have ever seen him eat.

He began by pouring kerosene on sidewalk, lighting the mess, and when it had burned awhile, he extinguished the flame and ate the next. Then he munched a lump of coal. Next he stirred up a little sulphur in water, added a little blue vitriol and some permanganate of potash, and drank the mixture. A piece of an earthenware flower pot was held next dish, followed by half a tallow candle and a printer's ink sandwich. He quenched his thirst with a solution of rat poison, blue vitriol and green vitriol, ate a piece of laundry soap for dessert, and wound up with a drink of beer in which a package of matches had been soaked. He is training on morphine now. He perfumes poisons dispensed in glass cisters, and takes a bit of flower pot now and then just to show that he can do that too. He is tall and cadaverous, and he exhibits medals and diplomas from all the crowned heads of Europe who have ever seen him eat.

He began by pouring kerosene on sidewalk, lighting the mess, and when it had burned awhile, he extinguished the flame and ate the next. Then he munched a lump of coal. Next he stirred up a little sulphur in water, added a little blue vitriol and some permanganate of potash, and drank the mixture. A piece of an earthenware flower pot was held next dish, followed by half a tallow candle and a printer's ink sandwich. He quenched his thirst with a solution of rat poison, blue vitriol and green vitriol, ate a piece of laundry soap for dessert, and wound up with a drink of beer in which a package of matches had been soaked. He is training on morphine now. He perfumes poisons dispensed in glass cisters, and takes a bit of flower pot now and then just to show that he can do that too. He is tall and cadaverous, and he exhibits medals and diplomas from all the crowned heads of Europe who have ever seen him eat.

He began by pouring kerosene on sidewalk, lighting the mess, and when it had burned awhile, he extinguished the flame and ate the next. Then he munched a lump of coal. Next he stirred up a little sulphur in water, added a little blue vitriol and some permanganate of potash, and drank the mixture. A piece of an earthenware flower pot was held next dish, followed by half a tallow candle and a printer's ink sandwich. He quenched his thirst with a solution of rat poison, blue vitriol and green vitriol, ate a piece of laundry soap for dessert, and wound up with a drink of beer in which a package of matches had been soaked. He is training on morphine now. He perfumes poisons dispensed in glass cisters, and takes a bit of flower pot now and then just to show that he can do that too. He is tall and cadaverous, and he exhibits medals and diplomas from all the crowned heads of Europe who have ever seen him eat.

He began by pouring kerosene on sidewalk, lighting the mess, and when it had burned awhile, he extinguished the flame and ate the next. Then he munched a lump of coal. Next he stirred up a little sulphur in water, added a little blue vitriol and some permanganate of potash, and drank the mixture. A piece of an earthenware flower pot was held next dish, followed by half a tallow candle and a printer's ink sandwich. He quenched his thirst with a solution of rat poison, blue vitriol and green vitriol, ate a piece of laundry soap for dessert, and wound up with a drink of beer in which a package of matches had been soaked. He is training on morphine now. He perfumes poisons dispensed in glass cisters, and takes a bit of flower pot now and then just to show that he can do that too. He is tall and cadaverous, and he exhibits medals and diplomas from all the crowned heads of Europe who have ever seen him eat.

He began by pouring kerosene on sidewalk, lighting the mess, and when it had burned awhile, he extinguished the flame and ate the next. Then he munched a lump of coal. Next he stirred up a little sulphur in water, added a little blue vitriol and some permanganate of potash, and drank the mixture. A piece of an earthenware flower pot was held next dish, followed by half a tallow candle and a printer's ink sandwich. He quenched his thirst with a solution of rat poison, blue vitriol and green vitriol, ate a piece of laundry soap for dessert, and wound up with a drink of beer in which a package of matches had been soaked. He is training on morphine now. He perfumes poisons dispensed in glass cisters, and takes a bit of flower pot now and then just to show that he can do that too. He is tall and cadaverous, and he exhibits medals and diplomas from all the crowned heads of Europe who have ever seen him eat.

He began by pouring kerosene on sidewalk, lighting the mess, and when it had burned awhile, he extinguished the flame and ate the next. Then he munched a lump of coal. Next he stirred up a little sulphur in water, added a little blue vitriol and some permanganate of potash, and drank the mixture. A piece of an earthenware flower pot was held next dish, followed by half a tallow candle and a printer's ink sandwich. He quenched his thirst with a solution of rat poison, blue vitriol and green vitriol, ate a piece of laundry soap for dessert, and wound up with a drink of beer in which a package of matches had been soaked. He is training on morphine now. He perfumes poisons dispensed in glass cisters, and takes a bit of flower pot now and then just to show that he can do that too. He is tall and cadaverous, and he exhibits medals and diplomas from all the crowned heads of Europe who have ever seen him eat.

He began by pouring kerosene on sidewalk, lighting the mess, and when it had burned awhile, he extinguished the flame and ate the next. Then he munched a lump of coal. Next he stirred up a little sulphur in water, added a little blue vitriol and some permanganate of potash, and drank the mixture. A piece of an earthenware flower pot was held next dish, followed by half a tallow candle and a printer's ink sandwich. He quenched his thirst with a solution of rat poison, blue vitriol and green vitriol, ate a piece of laundry soap for dessert, and wound up with a drink of beer in which a package of matches had been soaked. He is training on morphine now. He perfumes poisons dispensed in glass cisters, and takes a bit of flower pot now and then just to show that he can do that too. He is tall and cadaverous, and he exhibits medals and diplomas from all the crowned heads of Europe who have ever seen him eat.

He began by pouring kerosene on sidewalk, lighting the mess, and when it had burned awhile, he extinguished the flame and ate the next. Then he munched a lump of coal. Next he stirred up a little sulphur in water, added a little blue vitriol and some permanganate of potash, and drank the mixture. A piece of an earthenware flower pot was held next dish, followed by half a tallow candle and a printer's ink sandwich. He quenched his thirst with a solution of rat poison, blue vitriol and green vitriol, ate a piece of laundry soap for dessert, and wound up with a drink of beer in which a package of matches had been soaked. He is training on morphine now. He perfumes poisons dispensed in glass cisters, and takes a bit of flower pot now and then just to show that he can do that too. He is tall and cadaverous, and he exhibits medals and diplomas from all the crowned heads of Europe who have ever seen him eat.

He began by pouring kerosene on sidewalk, lighting the mess, and when it had burned awhile, he extinguished the flame and ate the next. Then he munched a lump of coal. Next he stirred up a little sulphur in water, added a little blue vitriol and some permanganate of potash, and drank the mixture. A piece of an earthenware flower pot was held next dish, followed by half a tallow candle and a printer's ink sandwich. He quenched his thirst with a solution of rat poison, blue vitriol and green vitriol, ate a piece of laundry soap for dessert, and wound up with a drink of beer in which a package of matches had been soaked. He is training on morphine now. He perfumes poisons dispensed in glass cisters, and takes a bit of flower pot now and then just to show that he can

WOMAN and HER WORK.

A number of leading actresses having been interviewed lately on the subject of the remarkable freshness and youthfulness which seems a sort of trademark with the woman of the stage, in spite of conditions which would seem decidedly unfavorable to the preservation of youth, it is interesting to note the reasons they give for the many advantages they possess over their more domestic sisters.

I am afraid the weight of testimony is very much against the life of unselfish activity which the wife and house mother leads. It seems to be the opinion of all the actresses who were consulted, that it is the absorption in congenial work, the excellent care every actress is obliged to take of her health, and the freedom from care and worry which a professional woman enjoys, that is the real secret of her youth and freshness.

The housewife catches a cold and goes calmly and stolidly around the house doing the work which she fancies cannot be left undone, and coughs and sneezes meanwhile, without making the slightest effort to get well beyond taking a drink of hot black currant jelly and water, before going to bed. She gets worn out and runs down but has no time to take any notice of her symptoms, and she stays up late at night to get through her sewing or mending she balances matters by getting up a little earlier in the morning. In short she spends her life in making demands upon her constitution which far exceed the supply of vitality she has at her disposal, and by constantly burning the candle at both ends, she soon succeeds in exhausting the little store she has, and is old and faded before her time.

The society woman is very little better off. Her life is one of perpetual torment and whirl; she never has a free moment, and she is living at high pressure, at fever heat as it were, from one year's end to another; her pleasure wears her out in just the same fashion that the other woman's work wears her; and in a few years she has exhausted her vital forces, become a bundle of suffering nerves and hidden good byes to her youth forever.

On the other hand the actress who would rise to a good position in her profession must make everything else subservient to her art! She knows very well that she cannot afford to be ill, it would mean every kind of loss to her, financial and professional, therefore she takes the best kind of care of her health. The actress who catches a cold that an ordinary woman would think nothing of knows that a very slight cold means hoarseness in the present and possible complications of laryngitis or bronchitis in the future; therefore she employs the best of medical skill at once, and simply desists herself to getting well in the shortest time possible, because her voice is a most valuable part of her stock in trade and she cannot afford to lose it.

Come, weal, come woe her engagements must be kept, and it is her place to keep herself in a condition to fulfil them satisfactorily. Then an actress, in spite of all ideas to the contrary is careful in her diet, if she is a singer there are a hundred and one little luxuries which she must deny herself because they are bad for her voice, or would affect her general health. She has to sacrifice her inclinations in a score of ways, and she must lead a regular life; she could no more dare to insult her digestive organs by missing one meal and snatching another in the pantry just when she has a free moment, than she could be guilty of the madness of sleeping out of doors in a hammock on a damp night in summer. If her duties keep her up late she must make up the proper amount of sleep in the morning, and she must keep her body well supplied with nourishment in order to contract the hearty drain on her constitution caused by constant brain work, and the exhaustion caused by a constant play of the emotions. Above all the actress, or singer must avoid worry as she would the danger of catching smallpox! I believe that the great singer Patti has long made it a rule never to allow anything of a disagreeable nature to be told in her presence, and has educated her mind only to dwell upon agreeable subjects. The unceasing cares, and small annoyances, the friction of trying to make both ends meet and the endless though trifling trials which are the daily portion of nine out of ten domestic women, would end the usefulness of a professional woman in one month.

In short, I think we may accept it as final that the actresses' secret of youth and beauty consists in the infinite variety of her work, and of her life in general, in the excitement which keeps her invigorated, and in the fact that though she is obliged to take excellent care of herself, and in the characters she represents, to forget herself and her own troubles and live above, and beyond all small worries. It is monotony and lack of vital interest in life which ages women more than anything else and then comes worry, which is death to good looks.

Therefore, if you would keep young and beautiful don't worry about trifles! Don't fret and complain, and try to live as much outside of yourself as possible. You can't all be actresses I know,

neither can you all have absorbing and congenial occupations, but I really think you had better not marry if you can possibly help it!

A few years ago some artistic woman would occasionally appear at a social function in a dress which had been decorated by her own skillful fingers, and her friends would flock round her in admiration, and loudly express their regret that they too could not indulge in hand-painted dresses. But it did not seem as if the fashion would ever become at all general, in fact it was never really a fashion, but merely an original idea which clever women took advantage of. But this winter gowns of hand-painted muslin, silk, and satin are to be "the rage" amongst people who can either afford to buy them, or are clever enough to do them at home.

The painted muslins, though perishable, are exquisitely dainty, and the flowers and hues with which they are decorated, stand out plainly against the underdress of silk, over which they are made. A lovely dress of pink taffeta is veiled with muslin decorated with trailing bunches of flowers down each side. The large puffed sleeves have a double frill of plain muslin running down from shoulder to elbow; bands painted to match the skirt trim the throat, and the front of the blouse; the latter is confined at the waist with a sash of pink ribbon. This is not an evening dress, but rather an especially smart gown to be worn at weddings, receptions etc. as it is accompanied by a hat of trimmed with white ribbon, white ostrich tips and a large buckle. Another lovely dress is an evening gown of cream white satin with a design of tulips scattered all over it painted in their natural colors. Strange to say the painting is not done until the dress is entirely made. The gown is then veiled with silver dotted tulle; and the bodice is formed of folded bands of green velvet in three shades. The tulle is carried across the bust in full puffs, and forms the drooping puff of the sleeves. The straps which cross the shoulders are of tulips, and a bunch of the same flowers is placed at the left side of the belt.

A plain but handsome walking dress is of gendarme blue cloth braided in black, with the conventional honeysuckle design both on the front of the skirt and at each side of the bodice. The skirt is very plain and full, and the bodice depends entirely on the perfection of cut and fit for its style, being absolutely plain except for the braiding. It is slightly pointed both at the back and front, buttoned up to the throat, and finished with a small close collar. The small flaring cuff of the large sleeves are finished with a narrow braided pattern, and a similar design edges the collar.

A very smart bodice suitable for any skirt whether it is silk or wool, is of smooth cloth, tailor made and finished with stitching. It resembles the zouave in style and must fit perfectly, as its only adornment consists of two large enamelled buttons placed just where the revers end, and the fronts are rounded off. The little jacket is next described as a closely fitting eton jacket with square fronts, the fitting of which begins just as the revers end. The pleated blouse which is worn under it, is of turquoise blue silk crepon, and the sash with ended tie in front as well as the necktie, is of blue satin ribbon.

It will be seen by this description that there is a decided inclination towards a revival of the eton jacket, or something so closely resembling it that the distinction is hardly noticeable. Of course there are numerous coat effects showing skirts and short basques, the coat effects being one of the most distinct features of the newest bodice, but there are plenty of short jackets reaching only to the waist line, made to open over fancy vests of satin or silk covered with frills or chiffon. A neat example of this kind, is of black cloth, fitting in the back like a bodice but without seams, and finished at the bottom with a narrow twist of black satin ribbon. The front has all the effect of an eton jacket, with wide pointed revers which are covered with cream embroidery, and a collar of black satin ribbon finished with a bow in the back. The vest front may be of any transparent material over white, or colored satin, and the full leg of mutton sleeves are of the same material as the jacket. This little coat may be worn either in the house or street, and with any dark skirt it is very effective.

Round waists are also seen frequently on the new gowns for the coming winter, and they are finished at the bottom either with a narrow belt scarcely an inch wide, of velvet or the same material as the dress itself, or a wide director's belt, which is fitted perfectly plain to the figure if it is of velvet, or slightly draped if it is of satin, and fastened in front with fancy buttons or a made bow. One wide double or triple box pleat in front is seen on many of the round waists of simple material and make, and this pleat is often trimmed with very small buttons and narrow braid, or perhaps an edge of Persian lamb. The collar as I said once before, is a very special feature at all the newest dresses; it is very much trimmed, and the once popular Medici is again seen on many coat basques.

Sometimes it is lined with chinchilla, for which makes a most effective finish. Where the collar is straight it is merely a plain band. A plaited ruff of mirror velvet standing up around the neck. This is cut bias folded double, and varies in width from one to four inches. It is also seen in satin ribbon and lace; if it is narrow it extends quite around the neck, but if wide a space is left just in front for the chin. Satin ribbon an inch wide and box plaited makes a pretty ruff and may either be exactly like the collar in color, or form a contrast.

Silks are still advancing in price, and if they should go up any higher silk gowns and blouses will be an unattainable luxury to people of moderate means. Fortunately someone has invented a new sort of flowered alpaca which is said to be almost equal to silk; it comes in pretty Dresden china designs of sprays of flowers, and in wonderfully delicate tints. In the real silks the designs are exquisite, not only in plain black which is very rich and solid, but in the silks which show a black background with floral patterns scattered over the surface. Some have narrow strips with climbing roses in the natural colors twining about them; and in the lighter colored silks for evening wear all kinds of lovely pompador flowers are seen in pale blue, pale green pink and cream colored grounds.

Most of the newest silk blouses show sleeves of one material and bodies of another. For instance, a blouse with a body made of silk in a cashmere pattern in which the prevailing color was dark green had sleeves of dark green silk and was trimmed with black satin ribbon. Other blouses the bodies of which are silk, have sleeves of a black gauzy material made to simulate tucks; while others again are trimmed with yellow lace just like those who wore last summer. Some are tucked lengthwise with narrow yellow lace between the tucks, and have the leg of mutton sleeves put together in gores with the same lace filled into the seams. Black satin ribbon is a favorite trimming for all such bodices.

I am afraid there is not much doubt that the dress of the near future will have the skirt and bodice of the same material, because the tendency in that direction is already very decided, as if it were to break the change very gradually to those who are wedded to the separate waist and skirt, the stiffness of the newer fashion is relieved by the great amount of color used in the decoration, which is principally lavished on the bodice. Bright colors are in special favor for trimmings, and orange, bright green, and magenta velvet besides every shade of red from brightest scarlet to terracotta, are seen in combination with cloth and cheviot of the most subdued tints. Cloth in these bright colors is sometimes substituted for velvet, and is partly covered with heavy lace, passamenterie or embroidery.

Whatever may happen in the spring, the fancy waist has not yet taken its departure by any means, else I should not have had an opportunity of describing those new silk blouses with different bodies and sleeves—which by the way, I forgot to mention were amongst the newest importations from Paris—but it has changed its character somewhat, and is often to be found in the guise of a very smart basque or coat made of velvet either plain or figured, instead of silk. One very pretty example for winter wear, was of brown velvet with a short basque edged all around with cream guipure lace which also formed the cuffs and turned over collar. Such basques are made without seams in the back, and the basque extends either all around or just across the back as the fancy of the wearer may dictate. Plain dark skirts of cloth are transformed into smart toilettes by a coat basque of faille silk in some light tint flowered in the new blurred indistinct fashion which makes the flowers appear one moment quite distinctly and the next disappear like a shadow (chasing a sunbeam). These silks often show stripes of black satin, and are made up with either black velvet revers and vest of cream satin and fine lace, or else with a vest of black velvet crossed with black satin ribbon.

A new skirt just introduced has a very large box-pleat down the middle of the front breadth, and three smaller ones in the back. The front one is nearly half a yard wide at the foot and narrows slightly towards the top. silk or rustle percale is used for lining, and a strip of hair cloth about ten inches wide around the foot gives sufficient stiffness to the skirt.

I heard a man say, not long ago, that he was very fond of rice, and the remark made me think what an unusual article of diet rice was now-a-days and yet how many delicious dishes could be made almost entirely of rice, though it is the fashion, of late years to despise that wholesome grain and consider it only fit for invalids and young children.

Curiously enough I chanced only yesterday to come across a number of recipes for cooking rice, in a very up-to-date journal, so I fancy it must be coming into fashion again, and as our page is nothing, if not thoroughly up to date, I am publishing some of them today.

Rice in Various Ways.
Rice by itself is decidedly a Southern dish. The Southern housewife has such a variety of delightful ways of using rice for

A Curious Remark By a customer in our store the other day was this: "When I want a pair of good shoes I always come here, but if I only want a cheap pair I am not particular where I go."

This was a compliment so far as it went, but it only took a few minutes to prove to this customer that we are giving, as well, the very best value in the cheaper grades.

By the way, our new lines of Misses' and Children's Laced and Button School Boots will prove this beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Waterbury & Rising,
61 King, 212 Union.

"Strongest and Best."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., Editor of "Health."

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

100 PRIZE 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.

R.I.P.A.N.S

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

the table that only a few of the recipes may be given here.

Rice Soup.
A rice soup that is valuable in these days of high-priced meat is made without stock. Boil for an hour two quarts of water, in which an onion has been sliced and to which some pieces of celery and a bay leaf have been added. Remove the onion and leaf and add a half cup of rice that has been carefully washed. Cook until the rice is tender. Just before serving beat the yolks of two eggs with half a pint of cream, pour into the boiling soup, and stir to mix all thoroughly. Take from the fire at once and serve with cubes of toast fired to a crisp brown.

Rice With Lobster.
A delicious way to serve lobster is with rice. Boil one good sized or two small lobsters. When they are cooked break off the claws, crack them, and put them in a saucepan with a quart of water in which the lobsters were boiled, and place again on the fire to simmer. Remove the meat from the lobster, put the coral one side, and cut the meat into good-sized pieces and put in a stew pan. Wash in two waters a half cup of rice, rubbing it well between the hands; rinse in clear water and sprinkle it over the lobster. Cut a tablespoonful of butter into bits and scatter over the rice together with a quarter of a salt spoon of cayenne pepper. Strain the water in which the claws were boiled over all this. Cover and place on the fire and let simmer thirty minutes. Then add a salt spoonful of salt, take from the fire, put on a warm platter and pour cream sauce over it. Mash the coral, press it through a sieve, and sprinkle over the cream sauce. To make the cream sauce warm a tablespoonful of butter and mix with the same quantity of flour. Have heating a generous cup of milk, turn the flour mixture into the hot milk, and stir until it boils. Season with salt and a dash of cayenne pepper, and it is ready for use.

Rice Croquettes.
Rice croquettes are delicious accompaniments of meats. To make these, wash a cup of rice and put in a double boiler with one quart of water and boil until the rice is tender. Before taking from the fire add to the rice a piece of butter the size of a walnut, salt to taste, the juice of a lemon, one tablespoonful of sugar, and two well-beaten eggs. Mix thoroughly and turn out on a shallow dish. When the mixture is cool enough to handle form it into balls or any shape you may fancy. Roll them in a beaten egg, then in crumbs, and fry in hot lard to a nice brown.

A rice border makes an attractive looking dish of any warmed-over meat, fowl, or fish. Wash a cup of rice and put it in a double boiler with three cups of white stock; place over the fire and cook thirty minutes. Add half a teaspoonful of butter, and two tablespoonfuls of butter, and let it simmer twenty minutes longer. Beat the yolks of two eggs with three tablespoonfuls of cream and one of chopped parsley, and add to the rice five minutes before it is ready to take from the fire

Butter a border mould, and pack the rice into it. Let the mould stand in the heating oven ten minutes and then turn it out on a hot platter. Fill the centre with the prepared meat.

Rice Croquettes With Tomatoes.
Croquettes of rice, seasoned with tomatoes and cheese, are excellent with roast meats. To prepare them use half a cup of washed rice and put it in a saucepan with three-quarters of a pint of stock. Put it over the fire and cook for ten minutes. Then add to the rice a cupful of stewed tomatoes rubbed through a sieve, one teaspoonful of onion juice, a salt spoonful of salt, and a pinch of cayenne pepper, and cook thirty minutes, or until the rice is tender. Then add two well-beaten eggs and four tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. Take from the fire at once, turn on a shallow dish, and set away to cool. When cold, shape it in the form of small pears, roll it in beaten egg and then in cracker dust, and fry in hot lard. Place a clove in the small end of the croquette for the stem, and garnish the dish with parsley.

Rice Pancakes.
Rice pancakes are exceedingly nice and tender. Take half a pint of cold boiled rice and pour over it half a pint of milk, and let it remain several hours. When time to prepare the cakes add to the rice mixture a salt spoon of salt and three-quarters of a pint of flour, to which a teaspoonful of baking powder has been added; melt a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and add two eggs well beaten and a half pint of milk; fry on a hot griddle.

ODOROMA
THE PERFECT TOOTH POWDER

—Sweetens the breath.
—Strengthens the gums.
—Cleanses the Teeth and preserves them permanently.

A new thing in Canada though most popular abroad.
None so GOOD.
None so BETTER. None so GOOD.
Druggists, 25 cents.

INTERNATIONAL
S. S. Co.
Three Trips a Week
FOR
BOSTON

Commencing Sept 11th the steamer of this company will leave St. John for Liverpool, London, Portland and Boston, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at 11 o'clock. Returning will leave Boston every day at 9 a.m. and Portland at 5 p.m. for St. John and St. John's. On Wednesday the steamer will not touch at Portland.

Communications made at St. John with steamers to Cuba and St. Louis.

Freight received daily up to 5 p.m.

O. E. LAPOINTE, Agent.

"HEALTH FOR THE Mother Sex."

This caption, "Health for the Mother Sex," is of such immense and pressing importance that it has of necessity become the banner cry of the age.

Women who have been prostrated for long years with Pro-lapsus Uteri, and illnesses following in its train, need no longer stop in the ranks of the suffering. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound does not perform a useless surgical operation, but it does a far more reasonable service.

It strengthens the muscles of the Uterus, and thus lifts that organ into its proper and original position, and by relieving the strain cures the pain. Women who live in constant dread of PAIN, recurring at REGULAR PERIODS, may be enabled to pass that stage without a single unpleasant sensation.

Four tablespoonfuls of Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound taken per day for (3) three days before the period will render the utmost ease and comfort.

For sale by all druggists.
Prepared by the
A. M. C. MEDICINE CO.,
136 St. Lawrence Main St.,
Montreal.

I CURE FITS!

Valuable treatise and bottle of medicine sent Free to any sufferer. Give Name and Full Office address. N. C. 2007, R. C. 18 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock,
TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE.
ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

The "Lechodinsky Method," also "Synthetic System," for beginners.
Apply at the residence of
Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK

Partnership Notice.

The undersigned, continuing a limited partnership under the laws of New Brunswick, under the name Barrett Brothers and Company, which will expire on the first day of July, A. D. 1896, continues the said partnership until the first day of February, A. D. 1897, from the amount stated hereunder and thereunto.

J. F. BARRETT,
W. W. BARRETT,
W. W. BARRETT.

SWORD IN THE THROAT.

THE SWALLOWING ACT IS EASY IF YOU DO IT RIGHT.

No Deception about this Famous Trick of Professional Jugglers—The Weapon Actually Goes Down the Throat—How the Strange Feat is Performed.

That the mucous membrane of the throat is extremely delicate, any one who has had a physician examine his throat by pressing back the tongue with a spoon can testify; yet it is possible so to overcome this delicacy by practice that the introduction of a solid substance is followed by not the least muscular contraction. Such a state is reached by the professional sword swallows, who are not mere tricksters, as some people think, but actually perform the marvellous feat that they appear to do.

We translate from the "Revue Scientifique" (Paris, Sept. 7) an account by G. Varlot of this curious profession and the training necessary to enter it, with some facts due to observation of one of its shining lights.

"Every one has seen the extraordinary exercises of the acrobats known under the common name of 'sword swallowers.' With incredible boldness these men thrust quickly through the mouth and into the interior of the body cutlasses, straight or curved swords, and bayonets. Experts can even place the barrel of the gun on the bayonet and balance the weapon, the breech in the air, while the bayonet penetrates to unknown depths. Others swallow a sword bayonet with its scabbard, and draw out first the sword, then the scabbard.

"I have heard several persons express doubt, and reservations regarding the good faith of the sword swallowers; it is quite commonly believed that they use spring swords, and that the blade does not descend so deep as it seems: others think that by a skilful piece of slight-of-hand, an undetected trick, the blade is hidden and not really swallowed. To do justice to these poor acrobats, their exercises, which astonish the public, are sincere; the sword blades are really thrust down the oesophagus and into the stomach. When we analyze exactly the methods of the sword swallowers we see that there is nothing mysterious in them, and that the natural conformation of the organs perfectly permits the introduction of voluminous foreign bodies into the primary digestive passages.

"I have had occasion to examine recently one of the best-known sword swallowers in Paris, and as he submitted with good grace to all my examinations I was able to form a very clear and precise idea of the manner in which he accomplished his feat.

"He is a man of 35 years, 1.65 metres (5 feet 5 inches) high. The greatest length of the instruments that he thrust into his stomach is 52 centimetres (20.5 inches). The majority of his knives and swords are not so long; they measure between 41 and 50 centimetres (16 and 19.5 inches). Their size is varied, from that of a triangular bayonet 1 1/2 centimetres (3/4 inch) up to 3 centimetres (1 1/8 inches). The width of a large hunting knife.

"This man swallows also with equal ease a sword bayonet of the old chasseur model, and even a portion of a cavalry sabre. All these weapons are dull as well at the point as on the edges; they are naturally quite heavy. Rust does not prevent their use.

"This is how he proceeds: after having bent the head far back, so that the occiput rests on the cervical column, he opens his mouth wide; with the right hand he introduces the point of the sword as far as the rear wall of the pharynx; then, with a swift movement, in less than it takes to tell it, he thrusts the blade down the oesophagus to a depth of thirty to forty centimetres (twelve to sixteen inches). I have been astonished at the rapidity and dexterity of the operation. The sword cannot be left in place longer than twelve to fifteen seconds; the larynx is pushed forward by the blade. Respiration is suspended, and the man cannot utter a sound during this short lapse of time. At the end of seven to eight seconds the face reddens and the heart beats quicker, and after fifteen seconds at the most the sword must be withdrawn.

"How far down does the point of the sword go?" By measuring the length and applying the measuring tape to the body I have satisfied myself that the point was in the cavity of the stomach. The muscles of the abdomen were too tense to admit of feeling the sword from without, but pressing just over the stomach the sword could be made to move.

"He also swallows swords while lying down, and then rises and withdraws them. Inversely after having swallowed the sword while standing, he lies down and takes it out. But in these exercises he does not use weapons more than thirty centimetres (twelve inches) long; he is afraid of wounding himself with longer ones when he bends and moves his body. This particularity proves indirectly that the point of the longer sword is well in the stomach when the man is upright.

injured by it. He swallows sword after drinking or eating. When he withdraws the point from the stomach he has never noticed particles of food on it, only a little mucus. The oesophagus does not seem to be permanently dilated.

"During the course of a day he repeats his feat about a hundred times without real fatigue. 'Sometimes,' says he, 'I am hoarse for two or three days, when my performances have been too long.' He enjoys good health and he is sober, for good reason. 'My hand must not tremble,' he says; 'when I have taken a glass too much I can work no longer.'

"He has given lessons in sword swallowing, for this odd accomplishment has its teachers and pupils. He himself was trained by a celebrated acrobat, who, it appears, made an extraordinary impression in the circus where he performed. His pupil yet speaks almost with envy of the height of his master, which enabled him to swallow swords 70 centimetres (2 feet 4 inches) long.

"Absolute insensibility of the throat is the condition sine qua non of the performances of the sword swallower. The man just described, in the performance that he gives, makes his pupils 'fire out their throats with a tablespoon.' The spoon is thrust in till it touches the end of the pharynx; this revolts, but the pupil returns to the attack time after time for about a quarter of an hour.

"In the first attempts, the throat is very much irritated; spasmodic contraction follows, and some subjects are obliged to abandon their apprenticeship. The majority persevere though these inevitable sufferings, and patiently keep on with the spoon till the pharynx can bear it—that is, till all reflex action ceases.

"This accustoming of the mucous membrane of the throat to the feeling of foreign bodies, the anaesthesia obtained after months of patient effort repeated several times a day, is a phenomenon well worthy of note.

"When the throat has reached the desired state, the spoon is given up, and knives and swords are introduced, at first prudently and gradually. Finally, with habit, the young sword swallowers acquire such skill that they also can give public exhibitions. Their apprenticeship lasts about a year on an average.

"There is, then, nothing mysterious, as I said at the outset, in all these astounding feats of the sword swallowers. The length of the cavity of the oesophagus, variable with the height of the subject, allows without great danger the penetration of instruments of proportional dimensions.

"The diameter of the conduit of the oesophagus when inflated is in man 2 1/2 centimetres (one inch); we must not be astonished, then, that this channel can receive a sword 3 centimetres wide. The oesophagus describes slight lateral curves of the convexity and concavity of its size, at the middle portion. The best proof that, from a physiological point of view, these incurvations and this contraction have, of slight importance, is the rapidity, even the roughness, with which the sword swallowers thrust in the weapon, without the least fumbling without any pause. From a general point of view the sword swallower must be regarded as a man who, by patience and practice, had been able to catheterize his oesophagus with a dexterity—let us say even with a virtuosity—that surgeons could not imitate without danger."—Literary Digest.

Thomas A. Edison. The famous wizard, greater than king or potentate, is the most democratic of men. Picture to yourself a gray-haired man with a boy's face, round, rufous, beardless, rarely unrippled with a smile; sturdy of figure, with a 7/8 hat pressed down on a broad forehead, with clothing loosely fitting, baggy, an appearance about not of age, but of never having been new; with a scant necktie and an uncovered expanse of shirt front liberally besprinkled with tobacco juice.

That is Thomas A. Edison. A long-listening ear to the delicate vibrations of the phonograph has brought him near to incurable deafness. As he bends his head to what you have to say, his right hand acts as a receiver for his dulled tympanum, his face, for the time being, displaying that blank expression peculiar to the deaf, but brightening into acute intelligence as the meaning of the words reaches him. If it is a witticism his countenance breaks into a tumult of laughter, his body bends as he slaps his thigh vehemently. There never was a more natural man; a boy with gray hair and the record of his birth a ridiculous falsehood. Think of this picture, and then of the incandescent light, the telephone, the phonograph, the kinetoscope, and hundreds of minor electrical wonders.—Philadelphia Times.

Early Race of Men. By the measurement of skulls, Professor Sergi thinks that he has established the existence of an early race of men whom he calls the Mediterraneans. They arose in the mountains of Abyssinia, spread over Egypt and the north coast of Africa, reaching to the Canary Islands, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Great Britain, and Ireland, the greater part of France, Greece, Asia, Minor Syria, and the country about the Black Sea. In later times branches of this race came to Europe from Asia Minor, and became known as Pelasgi and Etruscans. The Hittites belonged to the same stock. Their skin was brownish, their hair and eyes black, and their skulls of peculiar shape, which Professor Sergi subdivides into ellipsoid, ovoid, pentagonal, rhomboid, cupoid, sphenoid, and the like. The race in North Italy, France, and Britain was driven west by the coming of the kelts.

His One Fault. Young Mother (whose baby has been weighed by the butcher)—and how much does this little fellow weigh, Mr. Butcher? Butcher—Twenty pounds, mum. Young Mother—Isn't he a splendid specimen? Butcher (dubiously)—From my point of view, mum, he runs too much to suit.—Tit-Bits.

REVERSING THE MORAL.

HOW OLD AGE REVERSES FROM EARLY YEARS OF FOLLY.

The Famous Coal Oil Johnny and His Lucky Crew—The Prodigal who Has Not Been Able to Waste his Substance in Riotous Living—A Queer Case.

Good folks fond of instructive stories with "moral" endings, have taken much comfort out of the supposed death in abject poverty of that model prodigal, "Coal Oil Johnny," such a finale being what one would naturally expect from the pyrotechnic career of pernicious activity which made him famous. But the inevitable order of the fitness of things is out of joint again, as usual. Coal Oil Johnny is not, as is popularly supposed, dead and buried, but alive, in pretty good condition physically, and in quite comfortable circumstances. And shocking as it may be to those accustomed to holding him up as a horrid warning to the young, the fact seems beyond dispute that Coal Oil Johnny's good financial plight today is the direct result of his having been a reckless, irresponsible, drunken spendthrift when young.

As he ceased being—so far as the general public were concerned—a realizable entity, and passed into history some thirty years ago, the present generation hardly know him as more than a name associated with many wildly fantastic stories of amazing prodigality, and perhaps without some such publication as this to rescue him from oblivion, in a little while more (his myth finders would fall foul of his name and argue him out of real existence, as they have William Tell and Blue Beard, probably ascribing his organization to the "advertising genius of the inventor of a popular petroleum soap after which the unique imaginary being was no doubt named," such transpositions of facts being quite "in the way of the legend shapers. Let it go upon record, then, as the solemn affirmation of a solid fact, while the man is still a living proof, that Coal Oil Johnny was a real person; that he did all the amazingly fool things told of him and many more, and that if he had done one less he might be a miserable beggar today, which he is not anywhere near to being. And while the story of his life may no longer properly serve to emphasize teachings of the dire results of ill-advised expenditure under the adventitious stimulus of alcoholic enthusiasm, it may still suffice to preserve his memory as an unparalleled illustration of fool luck.

In December, 1857, William McClintock, owner of an almost worthless little farm on Oil Creek, in Franklin county, Pa., accompanied by his wife, went to the county poorhouse to pick out a boy for adoption, as they had already adopted from the same institution a daughter. They selected a lad 12 or 15 years old, to whom the name of John Steele, was attached—though how he got it does not appear in the record. A little more than a year later the farmer died, leaving all his small property to his widow, and she, impressed by his sudden demise with a new sense of the insecurity of life, almost immediately made her will. She bequeathed to her adopted daughter, who was her favorite, the sum of \$2,000, the total sum she and her husband had, by a lifetime of frugality and toil, managed to save. To the boy, John Steele, she left the farm, which was possibly worth a couple of hundred dollars at that time. Within a few months after her execution of that instrument, on Aug. 28, 1858, Col. Drake struck oil on the first bored well, which was on the McClintock farm.

Coal oil was now a new thing, even then. The Seneca and Cornplanter tribes of Indians used to collect it, by means of blankets, from the surface of a spring where Oil City stands today, and valued it highly as a remedy for rheumatism and other ailments. And when Hicks Spraker, in 1827, bought that spring from the Government, the oil was put up in four and six-ounce bottles for medicinal use by the Pittsburg firm of Reynolds and Shea, to whom he sold it. That firm, by the way, dissolved partnership in a row over the reckless enterprise of the junior partner, who bought seven barrels of the oil at one time—the spring's output for a year—a quantity so vast that the senior partner did not believe it would ever be all sold.

The sales of "Harlem Oil" and "Mustang Liniment," as petroleum was then called, increased from year to year, and, as it was discovered at other points, it was marketed as "Seneca Oil" and "Kier's Rock Oil" always as a medicine. The last-named stuff came from Samuel M. Kier's salt wells, at Tarentum, a few miles above Pittsburgh, where it was primarily regarded as a great nuisance, but eventually became his most important product. He was the first person to conceive the possibility of its being available for other uses than medicinal. He burned it in an old-fashioned coffee pot-like lamp, and was satisfied that, although it made much smoke, and gave forth a vile smell in burning, it would be, if purified and used in a properly constructed lamp, of value as an illuminant. Without waiting for those improvements, the people in all that district were, in 1846 and 1847, using the crude petroleum in their kerosene oil lamps.

In 1855 Mr. Kier started a one-barrel still in Pittsburgh for the refining of petroleum for illuminating purposes, and in a short time found it necessary to put a five-barrel still in operation. Others followed his example, and when he invented a proper lamp for the inefficient burning of the refined oil, it became popular, and was largely in demand at the time Col. Drake made his discovery, which is commonly looked upon now as the initial point of the oil era.

Col. Drake leased one-eighth of an acre from the Widow McClintock, for which she received one-half of the yield of the well. That contract was made in advance, when nobody had an idea of what a well might yield, and neither party to it had any monopoly of amazement when hundreds of barrels of petroleum per diem were realized. Very speedily the farm was leased out in one-eighth-of-an-acre patches and dotted all over with wells. The widow was in receipt of thousands of barrels of oil every day, for which she found ready sale at from \$12 to \$15 per barrel, and the sums of money she handled were greater than she had ever before believed existed. As she had no confidence in banks, she sent down to Pittsburgh for a big safe, which she crammed full of money and bonds. Life was such an exciting whirl of astonishing experience to her that she forgot all about the will, and forgot that death may come as suddenly to her as she not done so, it is probable that the contents of more than one pigeon-hole in the big safe would have been added to the adopted daughter's share.

One evening in March, 1862, John Steele, who had been away with a team hauling oil, returned home and found the house in ashes. The charred bones of the widow were picked out of the ruins. It was supposed that she had accidentally set herself blazing, and then the house, by rashly using petroleum to start the kitchen fire.

As John Steele had been legally adopted, he was the natural heir to the contents of the big safe; and the river of revenues from the oil-producing farm, his possession of which was further fortified by the widow's will, made before the change in her fortune. This sudden acquisition of enormous wealth turned his head, not all at once, but speedily. He wished to find in enjoyment of it an intensified consciousness of its reality, but was too ignorant to do so in any intelligent way. He married the daughter of one of his workmen, and she taught him to write his name down in a laborious, mechanical way, and that was all he ever learned of the art and mystery of letters. She tried to keep him straight, but he knew too little to comprehend self-respect, felt himself too rich to be trammelled by conventionalities or to care for the opinions of others, and thirsted for a riotous excess of sensuous gratification, the highest pleasure he was capable of.

General Agency

BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, CANTERBURY STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Controlling the Largest line of BICYCLES REPRESENTED IN THE DOMINION.

Send Your Address for our 1896 Catalogue

General Agent for the Maritime Provinces for

- The Yost Writing Machine Co., The American Typewriter Co., The Blickensderfer Typewriter Co., The Edison Mimeograph Typewriter, The Edison Automatic Mimeograph, The Edison Hand Mimeograph, The Duplograph Manufacturing Co., The Electric Heat Alarm Co., &c., &c.

All kinds of bicycles. Typewriters and other intricate machines carefully repaired.

Typewriter and Mimeograph Supplies of all Kinds.

IRA CORNWALL, General Agent, I. E. CORNWALL, Special Agent

time found it necessary to put a five-barrel still in operation. Others followed his example, and when he invented a proper lamp for the inefficient burning of the refined oil, it became popular, and was largely in demand at the time Col. Drake made his discovery, which is commonly looked upon now as the initial point of the oil era.

Col. Drake leased one-eighth of an acre from the Widow McClintock, for which she received one-half of the yield of the well. That contract was made in advance, when nobody had an idea of what a well might yield, and neither party to it had any monopoly of amazement when hundreds of barrels of petroleum per diem were realized. Very speedily the farm was leased out in one-eighth-of-an-acre patches and dotted all over with wells.

The widow was in receipt of thousands of barrels of oil every day, for which she found ready sale at from \$12 to \$15 per barrel, and the sums of money she handled were greater than she had ever before believed existed. As she had no confidence in banks, she sent down to Pittsburgh for a big safe, which she crammed full of money and bonds.

One evening in March, 1862, John Steele, who had been away with a team hauling oil, returned home and found the house in ashes. The charred bones of the widow were picked out of the ruins. It was supposed that she had accidentally set herself blazing, and then the house, by rashly using petroleum to start the kitchen fire.

As John Steele had been legally adopted, he was the natural heir to the contents of the big safe; and the river of revenues from the oil-producing farm, his possession of which was further fortified by the widow's will, made before the change in her fortune.

This sudden acquisition of enormous wealth turned his head, not all at once, but speedily. He wished to find in enjoyment of it an intensified consciousness of its reality, but was too ignorant to do so in any intelligent way. He married the daughter of one of his workmen, and she taught him to write his name down in a laborious, mechanical way, and that was all he ever learned of the art and mystery of letters.

She tried to keep him straight, but he knew too little to comprehend self-respect, felt himself too rich to be trammelled by conventionalities or to care for the opinions of others, and thirsted for a riotous excess of sensuous gratification, the highest pleasure he was capable of.

Which we will for as soon as published.

HIS SHOP OPENED UP.

CLOSED FOR TWO MONTHS IN THE EXPECTATION OF DEATH.

A Richmond, Ont., Harness Maker Unexpectably Turns Up and Resumes Business at his Old Stand After Being Cured of Bright's Disease with Dodd's Kidney Pills.

RICHMOND, Ont., Nov. 16.—This not very distant suburb of the Canadian capital has been highly wrought up during the past few days over the recovery of a well-known business man here, Mr. J. McCarthy, who being declared to be in an advanced stage of Bright's disease of the kidneys, had been given up to die.

Curious to know the particulars of a case creating so much local interest your correspondent made haste to call and introduce himself to Mr. McCarthy, and found him in his shop and willing to talk of his case.

"I have called to see Mr. McCarthy; are you that gentleman?" "Yes, sir," said he, "what can I do for you?" "Hearing that there was something very unusual about your recovery from a seemingly fatal illness I have called to learn the facts," said I.

"Well, sir," replied he, "I am never too busy to talk about my doctor; I mean Dodd's Kidney Pills, for, with the blessing of God, they have saved my life."

"Is it true that you had been given up to die, and that your doctors both named your trouble Bright's disease?" "Yes, sir," he answered, "although calling for some time it was only about seven months ago that my case became serious. After doctoring here and in Ottawa about four months I had to close my shop fearing that I must die of Bright's disease."

About ten weeks ago Mr. McCord, a farmer living out near here, advised me to use Dodd's Kidney Pills as they had cured him of diabetes, and so I commenced. After using two boxes all distress left me. I have used twelve boxes in all; have just re-opened my shop at the old stand for some years yet. There is no use trying to describe my sufferings. You can understand when I tell you that my weight ran down from 165 to 129 pounds. I am nearly up to my old weight, but feel as well as ever in my life, and I am perfectly cured."

Dodd's Kidney Pills is the only medicine ever known to cure Bright's disease.

