

AMONG THE SOCIETIES.

THE TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATIONS AND THEIR MEMBERSHIP.

The Men Who Organized the Vast Army of Tireless Temperance Workers and What They Have Done for the Cause—Officers of the Lodges, etc.

The order of Templars of Honor and Temperance was organized at New York in 1845 by prominent Sons of Temperance and was designed by them to become a branch of that organization. Marshall Temple No. 1 was the fountain head of the order and the Grand Temple of New York was established by twelve Templars on Feb. 21st, 1846. The same year the order was extended into Pennsylvania, Maryland, Massachusetts and Ohio and on Nov. 15th, the National Temple was organized.

The fraternity which was intended to be a select branch of the temperance order was thereafter extended into other states and finally reached this city in April, 1848, just fifty years ago when Crystal Temple, No. 1, was founded, having the distinction of being the first Temple organized outside of the United States.

Its founder and foster father was Rev. W. P. Everett, brother of the city's veteran temperance worker, Mr. C. A. Everett. He went to New York and was initiated into the rites of the brotherhood in company with the two leading officers of the National Temple. He then obtained the powers to establish temples and on his return to St. John erected Crystal Temple, which shortly after received a charter from the National Temple.

Among the 30 or 40 who united to establish Crystal were Sir Leonard Tilly, C. A. Everett, J. Wm. Boyd, D. C. Perkins, Wm. H. Needham and John Ansley.

Victoria Temple, No. 2, was organized at Indian town in the same year but owing to some organic changes which took place in the institution the following year to which very many were unwilling to give their assent they withdrew. It was then considered wise to combine the two temples and as Victoria had the largest number of members it absorbed the other.

The Temple met in a hall of their own not far from where the Portland Methodist church now stands. After that temple were organized in Carleton, Fredericton, Salisbury, Grand Manan and Moncton and in 1848 Rev. W. P. Everett went to Nova Scotia and instituted the first Temple there. The outside Temples have since become defunct and the order is now confined to the city and its suburbs. Besides the United States and Canada the order has spread into England and Sweden but is not nearly so strong numerically as the Sons of Temperance or Good Templars.

The order has three departments. The Templar rite confers three degrees, Love Purity and Fidelity. The council degrees are Tried Approved and Select. Then there are three degrees in the social branch of the order, the only branch which admits ladies. These are Love, Equality and Fidelity.

The present strength of the order in this province is 541. The membership of the component parts is as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Temple Name and Membership Count. Includes Victoria Temple, Alexandria Temple, Tilly Temple, Aberdeen Temple, St. James Temple.

Table with 2 columns: Temple Name and Membership Count. Includes Victoria Social Temple, Victoria Section, Junior, No. 1, Alexander Section, Junior, No. 2.

Table with 2 columns: Temple Name and Membership Count. Includes Eastern Star Council, No. 1, Riverside Star Council, No. 2.

The strongest of the Temples is Alexandria in North end which has a neat hall of its own and has a brass band organized from among its members. Aberdeen in Millford also has a hall.

Several St. John men have occupied positions in the supreme council of the order. Mr. Chas. A. Everett was elected most worthy Vice Templar in 1870. Mr. D. McNally was most worthy Vice Templar and also most worthy Templar. Mr. S. E. Logan was most worthy Guardian, and Mr. W. T. Fanjoy most worthy Usher. Mr. Everett was asked to accept the position of most worthy Templar but declined.

The supreme council held its thirty first annual session in this city in 1877 and they met here again in 1894.

The Grand Temple of this province was organized in 1867, Mr. C. A. Everett being the first grand worthy templar.

The Templars of the city will celebrate their golden jubilee in April next in a fitting manner and preparations are now going on for the event.

Independent Order of Good Templars.

This is the strongest of all the temperance bodies and has its ramifications extending over the whole world. At the last session of the supreme Lodge held at Zurich, Switzerland, in June last the total membership was reported to be 391,601 with 148,687 belonging to the juvenile branches of the order, a grand total of 540,288. There are 86 grand lodges and the total strength is distributed as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Region and Membership Count. Includes United States, Great Britain and Ireland, Scandinavian Nations, Dominion of Canada, South Africa, Asia, Central Europe, Scattering.

The Grand Lodge of North America was organized at Syracuse, New York, in 1852 and this was replaced by the International Supreme Lodge organized in 1855. Rev. W. G. Lane, of Hantsport, N. S., has filled the chief post in the gift of the order, the office of Right Worthy Grand Templar. Mr. B. D. Rogers, of Stellarton, N. S., was elected Right Worthy Grand Marshall.

The first inception of the order in this province was when Mr. John Beamish, present a letter carrier in this city, organized Pioneer Lodge, No. 1, at Sackville. Then followed Morning Star, No. 2, and the first of the lodges now in existence was Earl Albert, No. 4, at Surrey, Albert Co.

The first St. John lodges appear to have been International, No. 23; Seven Stars, No. 24 and Union, No. 29. The Grand Lodge of this province was organized by John Mesban at Dorchester on May 18th, 1869. The chief Grand Lodge officers have been as follows:

- List of Grand Lodge officers from 1871 to 1897, including names like John Mesban, R. M. Taylor, James Watts, J. R. Fidecor, Wm. Vaughan, Rev. T. Marsh, W. R. Robinson, W. D. Baskin, T. H. Colter, M. P. F., Rev. B. H. Thomas, John Farley, W. L. Waring, W. R. Gould.

- List of Grand S. Officers from 1871 to 1895, including names like W. Woodworth, John Thompson, F. M. Taylor, D. Churchill, A. W. Keppel, S. H. Galbraith, W. R. Robinson, Rev. T. Marshall, Wm. M. Gross, Wm. M. Burus.

According to the last annual report there were 69 working lodges in the province with a total membership of 3,514. Albert is the banner county with 16 lodges and St. John city and county has nine including Mansbridge at Mispec just lately reorganized. There is also in St. John a juvenile Temple. The following is the membership of the St. John city lodges:

Table with 2 columns: Lodge Name and Membership Count. Includes Sirius, No. 68, No Surrender, No. 100, Dominion, No. 291, Ivy, No. 109, Star of Hope, No. 348.

Royal Arcanum.

The Royal Arcanum is a fraternal benevolent order with just enough of secret society machinery to make it interesting. It was incorporated under Massachusetts laws in November, 1877. It has a membership at present of about 200,000 members in the United States and Canada and has paid out over \$42,000,000 in benefits. There is one council in this city established 17 years ago and with a membership of 140 including the most prominent merchants and business men in the city.

Canadian Home Circles.

The Order of Canadian Home Circles was organized Oct. 2, 1884 and was introduced here six years ago by Rev. W. J. Stewart, at that time pastor of the Main Street Baptist Church, St. John Council, No. 143, was the first one established and Fairville, No. 266, and Carleton, No. 270, followed. There are in this city about one hundred members and between 500 and 600 in the Maritime Provinces. Mr. B. A. Stammers of this city is Supreme Guard of the Supreme Circle and intends to be present at their annual meeting at London Ont., on the third Tuesday in March when matters affecting the circles which number over 300 throughout the length and breadth of Canada will be considered.

Ancient Order of United Workmen.

This order was established in Pennsylvania 29 years ago and now has in the United States and Canada 389,000 members and has paid \$70,000,000 in benefits. Chambers lodge was organized here on August 14, 1869, and has 112 members. It is under the jurisdiction of the grand lodge of Quebec and the maritime provinces which has 69 lodges in its field of action. Car-

leton, Adolphus, and Valentia, lodges have since been organized and the total membership in this city is about 300 members. W. T. Fanjoy and Andrew J. Stephens of this city have held office in the grand lodge and Messrs. Morton, Fanjoy, Fred Whitaker and Chas. Patterson will attend the meeting of the grand lodge at Sherbrooke, Quebec, in March.

AN IMPORTANT CASE.

A Federal Seat to Prison for Representing an Imitation Pill to be the Same as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—A Far Reaching Decision.

MONTREAL, Jan. 24, 1898.—A case of more than ordinary interest to the public came before Judge Lacombe here to-day, the facts being as follows: For some time past one H. E. Migner has been going about peddling a pill which he represented as being the same as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. placed the matter in the hands of Detective Haynes, of the Canadian secret service, who soon had collected sufficient evidence to warrant the arrest of Migner upon a charge of obtaining money under false pretences. Meantime Migner had left Montreal, going to St. John N. B. On his arrival in that city he was at once placed under arrest and an official sent to bring him back here. He was brought before Judge Lacombe this morning on two charges, and pleaded guilty to both. It was pointed out that his offence was a grave one and liable to a lengthy term of imprisonment. The counsel for the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. stated that his client did not wish to press for severe punishment at this time; they only wished to establish the fact that representing an imitation pill to be the same as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was a crime which left the perpetrator liable to a lengthy imprisonment. On one charge the judge then imposed a sentence of ten days, with the option of a fine of ten dollars, and in the other case a sentence of two days in jail without the option of a fine.

This decision is likely to have a far-reaching effect, as it seems to establish the principle that substitutes and those who sell imitations representing them to be "the same as" Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, are liable under the criminal code, which is in force all over the Dominion, and it will no doubt, to a considerable extent, put an end to this nefarious business, as it is evident from the fact that the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. went to the expense of bringing this man back from St. John, that they intend sparing no expense to protect both the public and themselves in such cases.

Through Ticket.

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CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

WANTED A GENERAL AGENT, to open an office at St. John, and introduce our goods in the Provinces. A brand new article, immense sales and liberal commission. Write us, stating past business experience, and learn when our representatives will be in St. John, so that you may have an interview. Address, AMERICAN NUTRIMENT FOOD CO., P. O. Box 43, Machin, Maine.

FOR SALE A nice young Parrot, good talker and whistler. Also Fox Terrier pup, 5 months old, nicely marked. Please apply to FRODOSS.

WANTED First Class Milliner, Yearly engagement and good salary. Also wanted, first class sales lady for millinery department. Good salary and yearly engagement. Both wanted for a St. John, millinery department address "MILLINERY," care FRODOSS office.

WANTED By an Old Established House—High Grade Man or Woman, good Church standing, willing to learn our business then to act as Manager and State Correspondent here. Salary \$800. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope to A. T. Elder, Manager, 278 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

STAMPS COLLECTIONS and old stamps bought for cash. State size of collection or send list. For particulars address Box 338 St. John, N. B.

FOR SALE A VALUABLE PROPERTY in the growing town of Berwick, N. B., known as "Brown's Block" and contains three stores all rented, also two tenements which can be easily converted into a Hotel. Orchard and stable in rear. Berwick is a noted health resort and is one of the most growing and prosperous towns in Nova Scotia. There is an excellent opening here for a Hotel. Terms \$400 down remainder on mortgage. Would exchange for good farming property. Apply to H. E. Jefferson or W. V. Brown, Berwick, Nova Scotia.

WANTED Old established wholesale House wants one or two honest and industrious representatives for this section. Can pay a hustler about \$15.00 a week to start with. DAWSON St. Brantford, Ont.

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

WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our waterproof Cold Water Paint. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOPFOD, 46 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

WE BEAT THE RECORD LAST YEAR

In the number of our students placed in good positions. We are ready to repeat the operation this year and invite correspondence from all who need well trained bookkeepers, stenographers and typewriters. Our business practice (latest New York system) is a great success. Business and Shorthand Catalogues mailed to any address.

S. KERR & SON, St. John, N. B. Odd Fellows' Hall,

Tetley's Teas advertisement featuring an elephant logo and the text 'Tetley's Elephant Brand Teas' and 'Best of Tea Value'.

Advertisement for a 'Perfect Cooking Range' titled 'The Royal Art' by Emerson & Fisher, featuring an image of a stove.

Advertisement for 'Merry Sleigh Bells' by Emerson & Fisher, featuring an image of a sleigh.

Advertisement for 'The Ever Popular Gladstone' sleigh, featuring an image of a sleigh and the text 'Always a favourite with families—Always comfortable and a handsome turnout.'.

Advertisement for 'A Light Speeding Sleigh' by John Edgecombe & Sons, featuring an image of a sleigh and the text 'Suitable for pleasure at all times and for a business man's business driving.'.

Advertisement for John Edgecombe & Sons, Fredericton, N. B., with address 'Or at Warehouse, Corner Brussels and Union Sts.'

Advertisement for Windsor Salt, featuring the text 'Ask your grocer for Windsor Salt For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best'.

Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

A number of St. John music lovers have this week had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Wm. Van Buren Thomson, of Montreal. This gentleman and Frederick Locke Lawrence are referred to lately in the Canadian Home Journal, as the coming Gilbert and Sullivan of Canada. Mr. Thomson is a poet of great merit, and the words of several songs written by Messrs. Thomson and Lawrence now in use in this city, worthily indicate his ability. Mr. Thomson has also labored in the above way with Wm. Archfield, London, Eng., Chas. Gilbert Sprans, W. Canon Barron, and F. W. Holland, a young Canadian composer. Mr. Thomson is a much travelled man, having thrice made a circuit of the globe, and crossed the Atlantic fourteen times. Should Mr. Thomson again visit St. John the friends whom he has made will gladly welcome him. As it is they heartily wish him a speedy journey along the road which his talents have so plainly marked out.

A very pleasing concert was that given in St. John's Presbyterian church Monday evening proving successful both from a financial and artistic standpoint. Mrs. F. G. Spencer probably has never appeared to better advantage than upon this occasion; the timidity and nervousness which has always characterized her work was not in evidence, the result being more than satisfactory to the audience. Mrs. Spencer's first number "Oh Divine Redeemer" (Gounod) was excellently rendered but not more so than "The Holy City," with which the singer responded to a very hearty encore. If Mrs. Spencer in the future will overcome the difficulty which has marred her work in the past, as effectually as proved to be the case Monday evening, her every appearance would be a delight to our music lovers. Miss Dorothy Cole was heard in this concert for the first time; the impression made by her was good, but would have been much better had the young lady not been suffering with a cold which was particularly noticeable in the duet with Mrs. Spencer. Mr. J. N. Sutherland was also heard by many for the first time. A. H. Lindsay was in excellent voice. Miss Brown as usual, was very pleasing. Harrison's orchestra was heard to excellent advantage, imbuing the music rendered by them with a dash and a spirit, which delighted the audience. Mr. Cook and Mrs. Tapley were the accompanists of the evening. Mr. Cook should more often be heard in that capacity as his work upon this occasion was excellent.

Tones and Undertones.

Henry Wolfson has arranged for a number of his artists to appear in Europe this coming season. Lillian Blauvelt will sing in Germany in the fall, her debut being in Leipzig at a Gewandhaus concert.

Evans Williams has been engaged for a number of concerts in Queen's Hall, London, and for the Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales. He will also sing at one of the Richter concerts in St. James' Hall.

In July the Sousa Band will make a tour in Germany, playing in most of the large cities of the country as well as in Austria and Hungary.

Orchestral concert's are the musical fad of the moment in London.

A recent issue of the Musical Courier has a magnificent full page picture of Marie Barna who it will be remembered was here with Sousa nearly three years ago, though at that time she spelled her name Bernard. The Courier devotes considerable space to Miss Barna, the success she has enjoyed and says that "without doubt she will become the bright particular star among American operatic singers." In 1886 Miss Barna sang in opera in Italy, her roles in "Lohengrin" and "Mimi" in Puccini's opera "La Boheme" being highly commended. At her last appearance as Mimi the audience recalled her eleven times.

Mascagni's new Japanese opera has been named "Iris."

Anton Siedl has received a tempting offer to conduct opera at the Stadttheater Hamburg.

It is rumored that Mme. Patti contemplates giving in February a series of concerts in Scandinavia.

Madame Nordica has contributed an article to an English magazine entitled "Advice to Young Singers." It contains some excellent hints, and as it is written by a singer of great experience and success it should be valuable to all aspiring vocalists.

Gwynne Miles has been engaged by the St. Louis Choral Symphony Society to

sing the "Golden Legend" in the middle of February. He will also sing the "Elijah" in Pittsburgh, February 25. In the spring Mr. Miles will sing in a number of festivals and also with the Handel and Hayden society in Boston.

Miss Lulu Porter a pupil of Katherine Evans von Klenner of New York has been engaged as vocal teacher at the Peace Institute Raleigh, D. C., and has entered upon her duties as exponent of the Garcia method.

"La Tosca," Puccini's latest work, is almost ready for publication. The prelude for the last act begins with the ringing of all the bells of Rome at the break of day on Easter morning—the Ave Maria—which Puccini studied on several occasions from the terrace of the Pincio. He went there before dawn to obtain the impression of the Eternal City at this time of day.

The Boston Symphony orchestra gave a concert at the Metropolitan Opera house, New York, last Thursday evening, with Mme. Nordica as the soloist, and concerts

during February. The composer, Miss Smith, has influential friends, and the protection of Dowager-Empress Frederick has opened for her the doors, which remain locked toward others.

Mr. Leopold Godowsky, whose success at the Worcester musical festival two seasons ago will be remembered, will give a pianoforte recital in Boston at an early date. He is a Russian.

Mr. Jerome Hanshue, tenor, sang in Cambridge last Thursday evening.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Paris has twenty-four theatres.

James A. Hackett will star next season.

Fanny Rice will shortly appear in London.

Nat Goodwin, whose second wife secured a divorce last week, began his professional career at the Howard Atheneum, Boston, some twenty years ago. Two years later he was a member of Tony Pastor's Company. His rise was rapid. Within a month his salary was increased

joyed. Virginia Harned was unable to appear on account of illness and the role of Lady Ursula Barrington was taken by Margaret Anglin who at once found favor with the audience and shared the honors with Mr. Southern. Miss Anglin's numerous admirers and friends in this city will be pleased to read the above interesting item.

A new play by Jerome K. Jerome is to be produced in London.

There wasn't one new play given at New York's 40 theatres last week.

Mark Twain's "The Prince and the Pauper," is to be revived in London.

Ellaine Terriss returned to the London cast of the "Circus Girl" last week.

Sudermann's "Johannes" has met with a tame reception on the German stage.

Says the New York Clipper of January 22. The Lillian Tucker Company, after an engagement, of three weeks at the Academy of Music, Halifax, N. S. jumped to Lynchburg, Va., breaking the jump at Brockton, Mass. By some over-



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assigned to William Terriss. Terriss left \$100,000 to his widow and children.

Mr. Henry Miller has scored a success in Boston, where he has been playing Eric Temple in "Heartsease" at the Hollis. Large audiences have endorsed Mr. Miller and the work of his supporting company.

Minnie Dupree has been engaged to play the engine role in "The Heart of Maryland" when that play goes to England in the spring.

Boston has seconded the cordial in dorsement received by "Cumberland '61 in other cities.

Anna Held comes to Boston Theatre, accompanying William A. Brady's "The Cat and the Cherub," the famous one act sketch on Monday evening, Jan. 31.

No fewer than 58 new dramatic pieces were introduced at the London West End theatres during the year 1897.

"A Ward of France" is to be acted in the popular priced houses. Maurice Barrymore has left the organization, and will appear in the vaudeville houses.

"After I have played in 'Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush' for a season or two I shall retire," said J. H. Stoddart. "A son and a daughter are ready to make my life's evening easy and I shall enjoy a rest."

John Craig, one of the few Shakespearean actors in the Daly Company, will retire from the organization at the close of his engagement. Mr. Craig is one of the ablest players in the Daly Company.

Ullie Akerstrom is playing the Maine circuit at present.

The "Coon Hallow" company which carries sixty people, a full band and orchestra is playing in Montreal this week.

Julia Arthur who is playing a short engagement in Washington, D. C., is being lured by the elite of that aristocratic city.

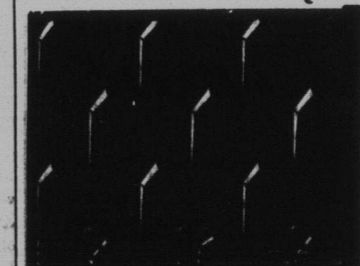
Ethel Tucker is in Patterson, N. J., for a weeks engagement.

Wilton Lackaye closed his season last Saturday.

The Mora company closed in Burlington Vt. on January 14th on account of the very serious illness of Mora "The Comedy Sunbeam" as she is called. Mora has played several engagements here and the news of her illness will be heard with regret. Neil Twomey, Mora's clever leading man announces through the Clipper that he is at liberty.

Rev. John Talbot Smith, a Roman Catholic priest, has written a play entitled "The Black Cardinal" which is to be produced by Frank B. Murtha shortly at a Broadway theatre.

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A SCENE FROM "A DAUGHTER OF THE PHAROHS"

in the Brooklyn Academy of Music Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. Mme. Gadski was the soloist last Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Henschel will sail for Europe March 9.

Sir Arthur Sullivan has almost completed his setting to Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional" poem. It is chiefly for chorus and orchestra.

Moritz Rosenthal will make his reappearance in London on March 10 with the Philharmonic society. Later he will give a series of recitals.

Sig. Nicolini, husband of Mme. Adeline Patti, died at Pau, France, last week after a long and painful illness.

Alexander Comstock will produce a comic opera called "The Koreans," at the Fifth Avenue next month.

Madame Renee Richard, the prima donna of the Paris Grand Opera, sang in concert at Berlin on January 20. This is the first time that an artist connected with this institute appeared in Germany since the Franco-German war.

"Fantasia," a new comic opera written by an English girl, will be given at Weimar

from \$5 to \$50 a week. His first wife, Eliza Wethersby, is dead. The second Mrs. Goodwin was the wife of a Buffalo doctor, and she secured a divorce in order to marry Goodwin.

Ethel Barrymore's engagement to Laurence Irving son of Sir Henry Irving is announced. Cablegrams were handed to Maurice Barrymore last week at the close of the first act of "A Ward of France" in which he was playing at the Columbus, New York. The first envelope he opened contained this message: "Engaged to Laurence Irving. Have both written. Ethel."

The message in the other was as follows: "Hope you will approve my engagement to your daughter. Laurence Irving."

Barrymore sent the following Cablegram immediately to his daughter: "May God bless you both; you have my approval."

E. H. Southern and his company were in St. Joseph, Missouri on Jan. 12th and correspondence from that city to the N. Y. Clipper says: "The Adventure of Lady Ursula" was presented and was much en-

joyed. Elizabeth Marbury says that she has secured the American rights of a new drama by Sardou.

Annie Russell will probably play for the rest of the season in "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle."

"My Boys," in which George Richards and Eugene Canfield starred, has given up the ghost.

Merri Osborne and Edwin Hoff, formerly of the Bostonians, will do a sketch in the vaudeville theatres.

Still another Napoleonic play has come upon the stage at Vienna. It is by Herman Bahr, and is called "Josephine."

Maurice Barrymore may play Lafitte in the London production of "A Ward of France." Otherwise the cast will consist of London players. Lafitte was the rth-

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN 29th.

Subscribers who do not receive their paper Saturday morning are requested to communicate with the office.—Tel. 95.

REQUESTS FOR EXEMPTION.

The demand for exemption from taxation or something approaching to that seems to be on the increase in this city. There is hardly a new industry spoken of...

Another feature of this reduction of taxation are the requests to limit the assessment upon certain industries. To the credit of the local men it can be said that they have never asked that the rate of taxation should be stationary...

Is there a bunco syndicate? It begins to look that way. One of the king bees among bunco steerers and confidence men was recently arrested in Massachusetts on a variety of charges.

In view of the growing importance of Argentina as a farming country, it is interesting to note her increasing immigration. During 1891 the arrivals were 28,266, increasing steadily to 102,763 in 1896...

mainstay of agricultural immigration and the most vigorous arrivals are Italians. Of course some of the immigrants eventually leave, but the figures named are not entirely net gain to the country.

The terrific competition of modern life in the great cities is after all, not the only cause of insanity. There is something worse than rush and worry and struggle. Solitude and inaction produce even worse effects.

The young girl out alone in the evening has become very numerous out in New Zealand cities and the government has drafted a bill for the appointment of "discreet women" as inspectors...

Referring to a paragraph about a beech tree twelve feet in height growing on the tower of an English church the Albany (N. Y.) Argus says: "One doesn't have to cross the ocean to see this more than duplicated."

Gold deposits have been discovered in Labrador which are said to be scarcely less rich than those of the Klondike.

PHI AND PERS.

The Boston Times of January 23 comes to this office much improved in appearance and with much more original matter than it formerly contained. The friends of Mr. R. G. Larsen, formerly of PROGRESS, but more recently of the Boston Herald will be pleased to note that he is now publisher of the Times.

"Cream" is the suggestive name of a monthly publication that is issued in Belfast, Maine. It is the same size as the Ladies Home Journal and has an attractive cover.

Business men in need of competent bookkeepers, stenographers and typewriters will find it to their advantage to communicate with Messrs. S. Kerr & Son whose students are in greater demand than ever.

Home Journal.

The Canadian Home Journal for February is especially interesting. The Canada Club is again to the fore with a description of how a retail store handle Canadian goods.

John Edgcombe & Sons.

Particular attention is called to the advertisement of Messrs John Edgcombe and Sons, the pioneer carriage manufacturers of the Maritime Provinces.

In my linen line since I have been sending my laundry to you, remarked a gentleman to us the other day, anybody will notice this if they patronize us. Ungar's Laundry & Dye works.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Trust Him and Nothing Fear. The cloud will rise the storm will beat, The dark night moon and cry; The way seem long to weary feet, The gloom o'er-spread the sky.

The New Year's Answer. Oh, speed there, happy New Year Speed swiftly on the way, And tell us of the wonders Beyond the gates of day.

Oh, tell us, happy New Year, What gifts thou hast in store? Will plenty be our portion, Pressed down and running o'er?

Will springtime bring her garlands To wreath the woodlands' fair, Without a single blighted bud Among the blossoms rare?

Oh, will fair Ceres bless us, In wheat and in store, And into grassy and bin Her golden treasures pour?

Will every eye be smiling, And every heart be light, And every household happy, And every hearth-fire bright?

"Alas," the New Year answered, "Such was not my plan; No mortal eye may see; Be let us each remember,— Life cannot all be play; And clouds must follow sunshine, As darkness follows day."

"For joy would lose its savor Unmixed with grief or sin, And hope would cease to cheer us, If it were never vain; The cup of honeyed sweetness Upon our taste would fall, If with the sweet was mingled No bitter drop of gall."

"No lot, however tranquil, Can be mistime-proof, And life for each is weaving A varied warp and woof. True it may be wondrous pattern By Nature's hand prepared, If but one tiny spig of rue Or blighted bud were spared!"

New Music—Liberal Offer. To introduce our new monthly publication, American Popular Music, we make the following liberal offer: Send us the names of three or more performers on the piano or organ and fifteen cents in money or postage, and we will mail you sixteen pages of the latest popular songs, two steps etc., full sheet music arranged for piano or organ, and American Popular Music for three months. Address Popular Music Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

Will Have Another Exhibition. York county Agricultural Social No. 34 has decided upon another exhibition in the fall of 1893. The great exhibition veteran horse-breeder, antiquarian claim-fighter and would-be Mayor says an exhibition must be held and that settles it.

Too Late. Dorchester items received too late for publication in this issue of PROGRESS. In order to ensure publication such correspondence must be mailed not later than Wednesday afternoon.

Tuttle's Elixir. All who have used Tuttle's Elixir for horses or family use say it is the best Liniment they have ever used and will do all that is claimed for it.

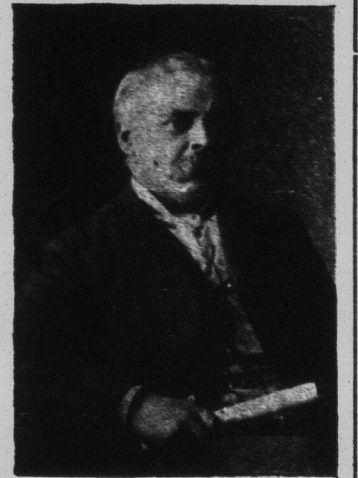
What a Wonderful Difference. In my linen line since I have been sending my laundry to you, remarked a gentleman to us the other day, anybody will notice this if they patronize us. Ungar's Laundry & Dye works.

AN INTERESTING ANNIVERSARY.

St. David's Y. P. A. celebrate the Tenth Year of their organization.

The celebration of the 10th Anniversary of the organization of the association which took place on Tuesday last was an event of unusual interest. The continuous and unbroken existence of such a society for such a period is unusual.

This was very clearly shown by the meeting of Tuesday night. The exact date of the anniversary was the 24th of October, 1887, but the celebration was fixed for a date further on in the season for convenience. The celebration took the form of a reception and entertainment given to the members of the congregation by the association.



DR. GEORGE BRUCE.

The room was beautifully and tastefully decorated with flags and bunting, chimes lanterns and plants and the parlors in which Harrison's Orchestra were engaged presented a very fine appearance. The programme was very simple. After the opening service Mr. Bruce stated that a member of the association, Miss Alice Thomson, had presented the society with a souvenir which she had designed and had printed. Copies of the souvenir were then distributed.

Dr. Bruce next explained a Monogram which he had designed, and which had been enlarged by Mr. John T. McGowan the secretary of the association. The design consists of the letters Y. P. A. incorporated with the harp and the shepherd's crook, for St. David's. These are so combined with an anchor as to form with it the St. Andrew's Cross. While the Lion of Scotland is represented on the harp. Dr. Bruce said it was his intention to have the monogram as a crest for the society so that the society or members might use it on paper. The monogram was the subject of a great deal of interest. The remainder and principal part of the address was, according to the programme, on the society, its growth and work.

So long ago as 1883 the present pastor of St. David's, Dr. Bruce, called the congregation together and placed the idea of an association before them, the object of



Y. P. A. MONOGRAM

which were rather the improving of the minds of the members than providing for their amusement. The success that attended the efforts of the association was such, that the meetings became regular and a programme of them was issued. And this step fairly led to the organization of the Y. P. A. Association ten years ago on the same basis on which it stands today. Some idea can be gained of the interest in the Y. P. A. when it is stated that 250 papers on various subjects have been prepared and read before the association since its formation. Many of them were of much value and the result of careful effort and study. Two hundred members have taken part in the different programmes in which readings and music had a prominent part. The committee and affiliated societies of course continue in active work during the year, the society as a whole only during the winter months as the programme shows. The constitution is extremely simple, in fact



there is scarcely a written constitution at all. There is not even a roll of membership, all being welcome. Inclusive of all, Exclusive of none, being practically the motto of the association.

The great object of the association is the training of its members. Of course in doing this a great deal of good work is done but the training in reading, thought and expression is the great end present. Not doing but becoming, the doing will follow naturally. The result is shown in the solid, beautiful growth of the society. The meetings are not a series of entertainments or amusements; their attractive power consists in the presentation of themes of real value. Of course religion is ever present not as a feature but as an object of every theme and the grand end of the association.

The following poem by Dr. Bruce was read at the anniversary meeting.

Ten times the crystal bridge Has spanned our pearls of steam, Ten times from source to mouth, From Saginaw to the sea, Have onward sweep and flow And rippling tide congested Since we, members disjointed Were happily made one.

The following is the list of officers since the organization of the Y. P. A.

- 1887 T. H. Somerville, Pres. Miss Maggie R. Willett, Vice Pres. Miss L. G. Corbett, Sec. 1888 Alex. Watson, Pres. Miss Eunice Kerr, Vice Pres. Miss L. G. Corbett, Sec. 1889 John Willett, Pres. Miss Mary Crookshank, Vice Pres. F. Fowler, Sec. Treas. Miss Jessie Milligan, Ass't Sec. 1890 Andrew Deed, Pres. Miss Jessie Milligan, Vice Pres. C. J. Milligan, Sec. Treas. Miss Eliza Turnbull, Ass't Sec. 1891 Andrew Dods, Pres. Miss Upton, Vice Pres. Miss E. Turnbull, Sec. Treas. Miss H. Adams, Ass't Sec. 1892 Alex. Watson, Pres. Miss E. Turnbull, Vice Pres. Miss Helen Ewing, Sec. Treas. Miss A. Turner, Ass't Sec. 1893 Alex. Watson, Pres. Fred Fowler, Vice Pres. Miss Livingston, Sec. Treas. Miss Grace Jamieson, Ass't Sec. 1894 Fred Fowler, Pres. Miss Grace Jamieson, Vice Pres. Andrew W. Robb, Sec. Treas. Miss Annie M. Milligan, Sec. Treas. 1895 Geo. R. Ewing, Pres. Miss E. Corbett, Vice Pres. C. J. Milligan, M. A. Sec. Treas. Harry Bhattin, Ass't Sec. 1896 C. J. Milligan, M. A. Pres. Mrs. A. R. Melrose, Vice Pres. Isaac Burpee, B. A. Sec. Treas. Miss A. P. Young, Ass't Sec. 1897 Rev. Geo. Bruce, B. A., D. D., Hon. Pres. Mr. C. J. Milligan, M. A., President. Miss Livingston, 1st Vice Pres. Mr. Andrew Robb, 2nd Vice Pres. Mr. J. T. McGowan, Sec. Treas. Miss Helen Adams, Ass't Sec'y.

AGENTS WANTED by The Sun Life Assurance Co. of London for the Maritime Provinces. Applications in 1893 cover sixteen millions. Address E. W. Henderson, manager for Maritime Provinces, St. John, N. B.



Those who compose the smart set have no cause to complain of dullness this winter, as almost every day is filled with some pleasant occasion...

Mrs. Walter Tremaine's luncheon on Thursday was well attended by a large number of ladies...

The Misses Robertson gave a very charming tea on Wednesday, and during the week Miss Sidney...

Mrs. Jack Thomson I believe is announced to give a tea and drive shortly and as the latter form...

Colonel Donville and Mrs. Donville are expected to return to St. John Monday after an extended stay on the Pacific coast...

Mrs. Warren Winslow of Chatham is being entertained by Mrs. Bink Travers...

Mrs. Rankine gave an afternoon reception last week for the entertainment of her guests...

Tonight (Friday) Miss Lily Adams gives a dance to about sixty of her young friends...

The marriage of Miss Katherine Francis Bayard and Mr. Thomas E. Kirkwood was solemnized at the residence of the bride's uncle...

Mrs. J. H. Silver of Montreal, formerly Miss Ella Hillson of Amherst, was a guest of Conductor and Mrs. Millican this week...

After an absence of such entertainments for several years the general public turned out in large numbers to attend the fancy dress carnival in Victoria rink on Tuesday evening under Neptune Rowing club auspices...

St. John was enthusiastically represented, was most pleasing and the historic old rink which has weathered over generation of winters never held a jollier crowd of masqueraders and spectators...

Extra electric lighting and the choicest music by the Artillery band were features of the evening which tended toward making the whole affair such a grand success...

And what a representation that they was of the genius of the costumer! "Sofisters, sailors, tinkers, sailors," at the old jingles went there in abundance and pretty nearly everything in the line of male attire of the present and past ages was to be found among the hundreds of gentlemen and boys...

One of the best things on the ice was the German band quartette including Messrs. Harold and Walter Higgins, W. G. Straton and McDonald. Their idea of the typical tooting fest was good and carried out to perfection almost...

In hand without shams was much like a Mongolian. He took half the special prize.

The usual number of costumes were interspersed throughout the crowd of shams and their white-faced grimaces and funny pranks kept the spectators in rouse of laughter and the shams in spots...

The ladies and girls were delightfully attired to represent up-to-date women of fame, the Mussa, character in history, original ideas, races, honorees, flower girls, the seasons, Japanese maidens summer girls etc...

The judges were: Mrs. Chas. Holden, Mrs. Geo. McAvity, Mrs. D. B. Lawrence, Lieut.-Col. Geo. W. Jones and G. O. Ross.

Miss Adams, in lion gown. Miss Gertrude Baker, Jubilee Girl. Mrs. Charles E. Barbour, Bo Peep. Miss Annie Barton, Summer Girl.

Miss B. Bridge, Joe Smart's Wife. Miss May Cosman, Joan of Arc. Miss Crocker, Norwegian Girl. Miss Mabel Crockett, Cook.

Miss Nellie Dean, Fancy dress. Miss Helen Dick, 15th Century. Miss Lizale Dunlop, Fancy dress.

Miss Clara F. J. J. S. Snowflake. Miss Marie Foley, Period of Two Roses. Miss Georgie F. J. J. Victoria Order of Nurses.

Miss Olive Golding, Spring. Miss Doroth Hall, Nurse. Miss Margaret Hall, Sunflower.

Miss Edith Heane, Sailor. Miss Alice Henderson, Our Lady of the Snows. Miss Lilla Higgins, Gay Dolly Varden.

Miss Howe, Peas in Green. Mrs. W. F. Higgins, De Belle of Horeas Alley. Miss J. Jordan, Fashionable Barbecue.

Mrs. W. E. O. Jones, Dorothy. Miss Mamie Jackson, painting. Miss Ella T. Kilpatrick, Klondike suggests.

Miss Annie M. Kilpatrick, Canada. Miss C. Langdon, Pitti Blag. Miss Leo's Langan Peck Bo. Three Little Maids.

Miss M. F. Pava, Yum Yum from School. Miss Maggie Lelcheau, Balling Boat. Miss Marion Lelcheau, Music.

Miss Long, Western Girl. Miss McAvity, Tambourine Girl. Miss Josephine McVey, St. Stephen, Gypsy.

Miss Eva Melaney, 20th Century Woman. Miss Lily Melaney, 19th Century Woman. Miss Laura Munro, Japanese Lady.

Miss Mary Murray, Up-to-date Girl. Miss George Patterson, From in the Threat. Miss Dolly Farrell, Jubilee Girl.

Miss Belle Ross, Summer Girl. Miss Rose, Indian Girl. Miss Ada Rubin, Fancy dress.

Miss Jennie Rutherford, Bohemian Gypsy. Miss Alice Starke, Dancer. Miss Alice Smalley, Fariatina.

Miss Frances Smith, Western Girl. Mrs. D. B. Stevens, Night. Miss Bertha Stone, Daughter of the Regiment.

Miss Sutton, A bit of the Forest. Miss Margaret Tapley, Sailor. Miss Vroom, Klondike.

St. John's church was the scene of an interesting wedding at 6.30 o'clock Wednesday morning when Rev. John deSoyres united in marriage Miss Greenwood...

The marriage also took place on Wednesday evening at St. John's church, at the residence of Mrs. Robert A. Kyle and Miss Evelyn...

The party which numbered about sixty persons, was chaperoned by Mrs. George Tapley and Mrs. James Hill can.

Mrs. Oren E. Campbell and son Donald have returned from a visit to Fredericton, where they were guests of Miss Gregory.

Miss Edith Gregory is spending a little while with her brother, Mr. J. Fraser Gregory, and the Misses Murray of Douglas Road.

Miss Simonds is in the Celestial for a short stay with friends.

A number of friends gathered at the home of Mr. David Maye, Metcal street, last Monday evening to celebrate his birthday and extend good wishes...

Mrs. W. H. Murray who has been quite ill for some time was reported much better the first of the week.

Mr. C. B. Robertson of Daniel and Robertson left the first of the week for New York where he will take the S. S. Campania for England.

Dr. John Bryman returned the first of the week from a trip to Boston.

Mr. John Boyd of the North end left Tuesday for Missoula Montana, where he will make his future home.

Miss Floy MacFarlane has gone to Fredericton to spend a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. (Dr.) F. W. Barbour.

Mrs. Hugh Kilpatrick and Miss Dora Kilpatrick have returned from a visit of several months to Boston and vicinity where they were the guests of Mrs. Kilpatrick's daughter, Mrs. Harold Gilbert and Mrs. Southworth.

The Misses Susie and Jennie Mullin of Main street, entertained a party of friends last Tuesday evening, dancing, games and supper made the time pass delightfully until the time for departure.

Dr. Goodwin and Mrs. Goodwin of Bale Verte who have been spending their honeymoon in St. John left Wednesday for their future home in Edmonds, N. W. T.

Mrs. Thomas Barnes and Miss Annie Fleming of Sydney are spending a little while in St. John.

Miss Kane of Camden street returned Tuesday night from Halifax.

Mr. Herman Ahlborn who has been visiting various parts of the United States in search of relief from rheumatism returned to St. John this week not much improved.

Mr. Charles Lusk is among the city's recent visitors from New Glasgow, N. S.

Miss Weeks of Paradise Row, is this week entertaining Mrs. H. P. Wetmore of Truro.

Miss White of Oromole is a guest of Mrs. C. W. Hall of Princess street for a few weeks.

FEDERATION.

(Programme for sale in Fredericton by Messrs W. T. H. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorne.)

"There was so sang among the rest, About them 't' pleased me best."

Jan. 26.—The Burns' night concert in the Auld Kirk last evening, drew a crowded house and a very demonstrative audience.

Those taking part all acquitted themselves with much credit; the Arion Quartette club all being in excellent voice were most happy in their selections.

WELCOME SOAP Monthly Missing Word Contest. THE Correct missing word for December was "JAREFUL" and the winners were: Miss Fanny Reed, Margville, N. B. First Prize \$4.00 Cash...

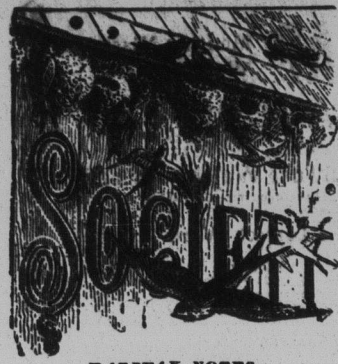
Coffee hurt you? Puro Cocoa, soothes and gently stimulates but it builds up. It is a brain, nerve and muscle food.

The St. John Millinery College 85 Germain Street, SAINT JOHN, N. B. Offers a thorough, Practical, Scientific and Complete course of High grade work.

What Do You Think of it? A dollar and a half book for only 50 cents. We are offering as an inducement to new subscribers, the book, Life and Times of Hon. Joseph Howe, by G. E. Fenety, together with a year's subscription to PROGRESS for \$2.50.

Robb-Armstrong Automatic Engines. Interchangeable Parts, Large Bearings, Simplest and Best Governor. ROBB ENGINEERING CO., LTD., AMHERST.

PROGRESS SOCIETY NEWS, AND FIFTEEN AND MONTHLY PAGE



HALIFAX NOTES.

PROGRESS is for sale in Halifax by the newsboys and at the following news stands and centres.

C. S. DeFRETAS, Brunswick street; BRUNSWICK STREET NEWS CO., Barrington street; BARRINGTON NEWS CO., 111 Hollis street; LANE & CO., George street; FOWLER'S DRESS STORE, Opp. L. C. R. Depot; CANADIAN NEWS CO., Railway Depot; G. J. KLINE, Gortigan street; H. SILVER, Dartmouth N. S.; J. W. ALLAN, Dartmouth N. S.; Queen Bookstore, 109 Hollis St.

The great event of the week, and indeed of many weeks and months, was last Friday night's ball at the Halifax hotel, where the First Regiment of Canadian Artillery once more proved themselves to be the best of hosts.

The large dining-room made an exceptionally pretty ballroom, it was as if by any quantity of electric lights, most skilfully shaded with pale pink - a happy relief from the glare which has obtained of late at many dances.

The guests were received by Colonel and Mrs. Curran, the latter looking charming in white, and soon after nine people began to arrive in shoals.

The entrance for the guests was by the St. Julian door, and an awning was arranged over the sidewalk to the curb. The committee had been hard at work all the afternoon and evening decorating the hall and supper rooms, the former being the large dining room of the hotel, while the supper table was in the pretty dining room of the St. Julian building.

Among the many elegant gowns worn were the following: Mrs. Montgomery-Moore wore a very handsome brocade and some lovely diamonds. Another pretty brocade was worn by Mrs. Borden, a very pale pink most artistically combined with pale green chiffon.

Mrs. Butler-Smith looked nice in plain white satin. There were some very pretty black dresses, much trimmed with red, of which there was a good deal worn. Mrs. O'Brien, of Windsor, wore a very handsome black dress.

A most effective dress was of dark amethyst velvet, which suited its wearer admirably and was much remarked. The soft lighting of the dancing room made most gowns appear to great advantage, and the hosts deserve a vote of thanks for it.

The marriage of Prince Victor Duleep Singh and Lady Anne Coventry, which took place in London ten days ago, was of course a very smart affair. Six bridesmaids were in attendance on the bride - Lady Dorothy Coventry, Princess Sophie Duleep Singh, Princess Bamba Duleep Singh, Lady Victoria Herbert, Miss Van de Weyer and Miss Campbell.

On Saturday evening a reception and tea was given at the residence of Postmaster Blackadar, 119 Creighton St., Halifax. The Baptist clergymen of Halifax and Dartmouth, with other friends being invited to meet Rev. Addison F. Brown.



The story is told of a young married woman, who asked another young married woman how she managed to get along so amicably with her husband.

The average man pays very little attention to his health, and won't take medicine of his own accord until he is flat on his back.

For constipation - Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

AMHERST.

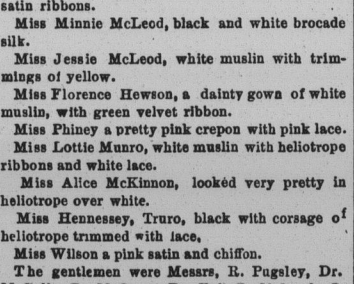
JAN. 28. - A real old time bluster held high revel on the first of the week, and everything planned for Monday evening was completely snowed up.

On Thursday evening of last week Prof. and Mrs. Sterne, gave such a delightful dance at Rose Lawn that even at this late date, it will be of much interest as it was in the fullest sense of the term, a decidedly pretty dance, and the music by a Quintette from the Amherst orchestra was out and beyond anything that has inspired the "light fantastic" here for many a day.

On Tuesday evening of last week a number of young folk had a very pleasant sleighing party. The chaperones were Mrs. D. W. Robb and Miss McPhail, after doing the town at a lively pace the party was driven to the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Chapman.

On Thursday a very merry little party was given at the residence of Judge and Mrs. Morse for their little daughter Isobel, who celebrated a birthday very happily.

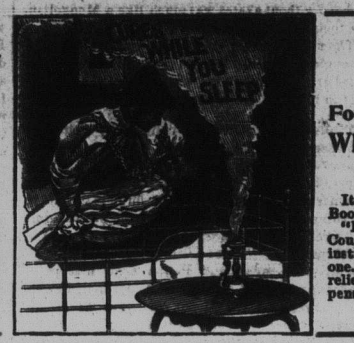
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The average man pays very little attention to his health, and won't take medicine of his own accord until he is flat on his back.

For constipation - Dr. Pierce's Pellets.



Vapo-Cresolene. For Whooping Cough, Croup, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh. Items from physicians' statements in our Descriptive Booklet. Send for it.

I notice in the Press that our estimable townsman Hon. W. T. Pipes has been honored with an appointment in the Legislative Council.

Mrs. York and son Master Lyle of Parrsboro are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cole Lawrence street.

Mrs. A. D. Wetmore gave a very pleasant evening last Wednesday, in honor of her guest, Miss Hilgard. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Vernon, Miss Sutherland, Miss Ann Sutherland, Miss Leckie, Miss Robbins, Miss Jean Crowe, Messrs J. Ross, E. and B. Vernon, F. Outen, W. Crowe, Walter MacKenzie.

An event of consuming interest to very many people, will be solemnized in the Pleasant street Methodist church this afternoon at half past two o'clock.

The brides who will wear lovely gowns of white satin, the bodices arranged with real lace and pearl passementerie will be simply attended by two petite maids d'honneur, the Misses Jessie McMullen and Dot Gladwin, attired in dainty confections of pink India silk, and carrying baskets of flowers.

"77" BREAKS UP COLDS in short order. At 25c. vial leads to a Dollar Flask. At druggists or sent on receipt of price.

Elegant Ribbons

Seems to be the most fitting phrase to apply to the New York RIBBONS now on display here.

STOCK BOWS FOUR-IN-HAND-TIES, ...AND... DRESS TRIMMINGS, and clever Milliners are ready to make the Bows Free of Charge.

Parisian . . 163 Union St., ST. JOHN.

CONSUMPTION CURED In many cases this disease is arrested and in ALL the healing, soothing properties of PUTTNER'S EMULSION give great relief and comfort to the sufferers.

Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

CROCKETT'S . . . CATARRH CURE!

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

Tongues and Sounds

Received this day - 3 bbls. Codfish Tongues and Sounds. Wholesale and Retail at 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

The "Lecheitky" Method; also "Synthetic System," for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK

Stock Still Complete

Our stock of cloth is well assorted in all the leading cloths in Overcoatings, Suitings and Trouserings for late Fall and Winter wear.

A. R. CAMPBELL, 64 Germain Street.

ST. STEPHEN AND GALILEE.

Provision is for sale in St. Stephen at the book store of G. S. Wall & Co. at St. John's.

Jan. 26—A most delightful sleigh party was given by Mr. J. B. Gannon and Mr. G. Sheriff Morris on Friday evening.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church are preparing to give an "Authors Fair" in Elder Memorial hall.

A winter picnic at Upton Lodge, on Saturday afternoon was one of the most delightful and jolly society events of the week.

An entertainment called "The Feast of Flora," is in preparation under the efficient superintendence of Mrs. W. E. Cole.

The library committee met on Thursday evening to discuss an entertainment to reinforce the library fund.

The "Snow-Capped Sisters," is the name of a very funny entertainment that was published in the Christmas number of Harper's Bazar.

A sad event of the week was the death last evening of Shirley, the young son of Mrs. George Hanson.

The handsome new hotel, which has been built in Calais, where the St. Croix Exchange stood for so many years.

Word has been received in Calais, that President McKinley has nominated Mr. Willard Pike.

Miss Ida Marks, has been the guest of her cousin Miss Maude W. Marks during the past week.

Most interesting event during the past week was the marriage of Miss Helen Mair Parke to Mr. Abram Mendenthal.

Home. The bride was given away by her brother-in-law, Dr. Franklin Eaton.

General and Mrs. B. C. Murray of Pembroke, were in town during the past week.

During his stay on the St. Croix, Mr. Bernard McAdams was invited to a number of musicals.

Mr. Harry F. Grahm left on Friday for St. John to take a position in the Bank of Nova Scotia.

Mrs. Washburn of Perry, Maine is spending a few days with Mrs. Harriet Washburn.

Mr. and Mrs. George Babbitt have been guests at the Windsor since their arrival in town.

Mr. Harry P. Grahm left on Friday for St. John to take a position in the Bank of Nova Scotia.

Mr. George H. Eaton has been in Boston for several days on a business trip.

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A CASE OF IMPORTANCE



DIRECT FROM SCOTLAND

BY THE WILLIAM McINTYRE, St. John, N. B.

Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces.

FOR SALE WHOLESALE BY

WILLIAM McINTYRE JOHN O'REGAN,

12 and 14 Water St. 1 3 Union St.

the small boy as far as the rinks are concerned.

It is ignominiously "scattered" out of the curler's rink and the privilege of skating on Wednesday afternoons.

Mrs. Florence Harrison, who has a most successful painting class in Amherst, was in Sackville lately bringing one of her pupils, Miss Simpson.

Mr. A. T. Parson expects to leave tomorrow to visit friends in Halifax but will make a long stay here sometime in the spring.

Letters have been received from Mrs. Amos Atkinson announcing her safe arrival in Vancouver after a very pleasant trip which she found thoroughly enjoyable.

Miss Black is visiting her sister, Mrs. Borden, at the Lad's college.

Mr. James Fraser of Fredericton is in Sackville for a short stay.

The Rev. Henry Montgomery of Kingsclear has been giving addresses in Dorchester, Sackville and Mt. Whately on the amalgamation of the Diocesan society with the Synod and talking up with great ability the home mission fund.

Mr. Amos Ogden is still laid up from the effects of the upset he had in driving home from one of Mrs. George's parties.

There seems to be a good deal of sickness about Mr. B. Rayworth has a mild attack of fever, Miss Grace Fawcett's fever is also not alarming but her sister Miss Janie is seriously ill with the same fell disease.

Dr. Goodwin and bride have left for their home in Edmanston.

Miss Maude Lee has returned to her home in Truro.

Mr. E. H. Gardner has returned to her home in St. John.

Miss Edith Baldwin's party on Wednesday evening was spoken of as being one of the brightest and pleasant events of the week.

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

THINGS OF VALUE. Pineapple gardens planted two years ago at St. Petersburg, Fla., have proved so successful that they are given to them have been increased largely by different investors.

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

It is said that nations move by cycles. A great many people also move bicycles nowadays.

Fortune no longer knocks at a man's door. You must have an electric button if you want to be in the push.

Some people win a reputation for being good-humored because they lack the backbone to fight when they are imposed upon.

No family living in a bleak country should be without Parolee's Vegetable Pills. A few doses taken now and then will keep the Liver active, cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter and prevent Acne.

When a woman flies into a passion it's time for her to have her wings clipped.

It has been calculated that a gold coin passes from one person to another 3,000,000 times before the stamp or impression upon it becomes indistinguishable by friction, while a silver coin changes hands 2,500,000 times before it becomes indistinctly effaced.

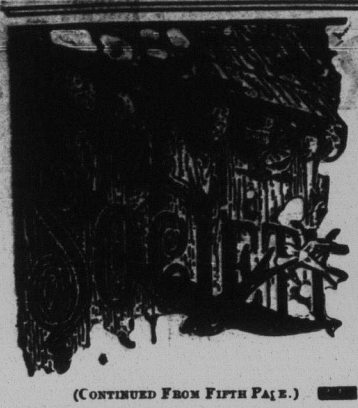
CAFE ROYAL. BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. W. M. CLARK, Proprietor.

When Someone is Sick. The first thought is to procure the advice of a skillful physician. When the Prescription is written it is also a matter of greatest importance that it should be skillfully dispensed. My PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

ALLAN'S PHARMACY. It is always in the hands of most competent dispensers, my stock of pure Drugs and Chemicals most complete. Every care is taken to procure the very best of everything.

T. O'LEARY, CHOICE Wines and Liquors. and Ales and Cigars. 16 DUKE STREET. Pigeons - - - - - Lettuce. THOMAS DEAN, City Market.

Introduction? Hardly necessary as GOODRICH RES FLEX SINGLE TUBE TIRES introduce themselves by proving their Sterling worth. No! the selling does not amount to much, they almost sell themselves—Our Catalogues explain Why. Ridden by all Canadian Champions Remember there are No Tires just as good. American Tire Co., Limited, Toronto.



(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

young ladies whist club to a carpet dance at her home Sunny Side.

Mr. and Mrs. D. F. George entertained the married ladies whist club last evening at their home.

Miss Maimie Clark of Woodstock a former graduate of the U. N. B. is here visiting her friend Miss Maggie Hat.

Mr. J. Francis Bennett, of New York city has been spending a few days here at "Grange Cottage."

Mrs. Harry W. O'Key of Fort Williams who has been spending the past three weeks here visiting at her old home, has returned to Nova Scotia accompanied by her sister Miss Kniele Ross.

Miss Edith Gregory is in St. John visiting her brother Mr. J. Fraser Gregory and the Misses Murray, Douglas and.

The Rev. and Mrs. Montgomery of Kings'ear were happily surprised on the fifteenth anniversary of their wedding day by a large party of their intimate friends who drove up from the city to join them in celebrating their crystal wedding.

An enjoyable evening was spent and a light supper served in the early evening. Among those who took part in the festivities were Rev. and Mrs. Whally, Capt. and Mrs. Hemming, Mrs. Hemming having officiated as bridesmaid to the bride of fifteen years ago, Miss Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Giles, Mrs. Sewell, Mrs. DeLacey Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Phair, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. H. Fenety, Mr. and Mrs. Ballock.

The guests all brought many pretty reminders of the day in crystal.

Any guarantee

you want—even this we will do: We will pay \$100 reward for any case of colic, horse ail, curbs, splints, knotted cords, or similar trouble, that



Tuttle's Elixir

will not cure. It is the veterinary wonder of the age, and every stable should have a bottle always on hand. Locates lameness when applied by remaining moist on the part affected.

Used and endorsed by the Ex. Com. Ex. Co.

DR. W. A. TUTTLE. I have used your Elixir on one of the worst spavins I ever saw on a horse, and it entirely cured the lameness. I also used it for rheumatism in my family, with just as good a result, and will cheerfully recommend it to any one in want of a liniment.

DR. S. A. TUTTLE, Sole Proprietor, 27 Beverly Street, Boston, Mass.

PUDDINGTON & MERRITT, Agents For Canada.

\$1,000 For a certain Colu. \$2.00 each paid for rare American half dollars and quarters of 1853.

LADIES EVERYWHERE.... Admire the NEW COSTUME FABRICS for '97, made by the.....

Oxford Mfg. Co., Oxford, N. S.

que, Miss Bardsley, Miss Chambers, Miss Price, Miss McCreery, Miss Feeney, Miss McNaney, Miss Stevenson, Miss McDonald, Miss Gleason, Misses Quigley, Mr. C. Hogg, Mr. Mahony, Mr. Carrol, Mr. Perks, Mr. W. E. Farrell, Mr. Grace, Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Sweeney, Mr. Fowler, Mr. Bailey, Mr. Hatt, Mr. Chestnut, Mr. T. Morris, Mr. Fortier, Mr. Hurley, Mr. Donahoe, Mr. G. Morris, Mr. James Farrell, Mr. Clinton, Mr. Stapler, Mr. McCusker, Mr. Hawkins, Mr. F. Ryan, Mr. J. E. Owens, Mr. W. McGinn, Mr. J. W. Owens, Mr. Neville, Mr. Haines, Mr. C. McGinn, Mr. L. Owens, Mr. Walsh, Mr. A. Ryan, Mr. Grant, Mr. Secoy, Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Connors.

MONCTON.

Progress is for sale in Moncton at Hattie Tweedie's Bookstore, and at M. B. Jones Bookstore.

JAN. 26.—Mrs. I. Miller entertained a number of her friends at a very pleasant whist party last week, the guests numbering about thirty, but apart from that it has been a very quiet week in society circles.

The many friends of Mr. Joseph E. Harris for many years a resident of Moncton, but recently of Boston, were glad to welcome him back to his former home last week, though regretting the sad cause for his visit.

Mr. J. W. Secord of Providence R. I. is spending a few days in town the guest of Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Murray of Alma Street.

Miss Curran of Newton Mass, who has been on sick leave from the hospital for the past month or two, the guest of her mother, Mrs. J. A. Abbott of St. George's street left town yesterday to resume her duties.

Moncton people heard with regret on Monday of the death of Rev. Richard Simonds, father of Mr. R. E. Simonds of this city, which took place after a short illness on Sunday at his home in Fredericton.

special blessing to fill the place left vacant by the death of those only child last summer.

Miss Watson of Quebec is the guest of her sister Mrs. E. J. White of Fredericton street.

Mr. W. A. Metzler is spending a few weeks in Campbellton, the guest of her son Mr. W. McD. Metzler of that town.

Mr. Gustave Bentspacher of Canton, Ohio, who has recently been appointed U. S. consul at Moncton, arrived in town last Thursday.

Mr. T. W. Bell of St. John, who spent last winter in Moncton, is being warmly welcomed back to the city by her numerous friends.

Mr. J. E. Almon of Halifax, junior clerk in the bank of Montreal, received notice last week of his transference to Halifax, and left town on Tuesday for his new position.

Mrs. Hennigan's many friends are giving her a warm welcome home, after a visit of several months to relatives in St. John and Fredericton.

Miss Jean Bruce Moncton's well known violinist will appear. Mr. Frederick H. Eldr pianist, selections will also be given by the Moncton amateur orchestra.

JAN. 26.—Mrs. Jones went to Norton last week to attend the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Wetmore.

Miss Winnie Flewelling of Kingston is visiting friends here.

Miss Nellie Sadler who has been visiting her sister Mrs. Baird for the past few weeks left on Saturday for her home in Maple View.

Mr. Frank Whitehead of Fredericton is in town. Mr. Walter Moore of St. Stephen spent Sunday in town.

BUY Colmans Salt THE BEST Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first class grocers.

A Cougher's Coffers

My daughter, seventeen years of age, was in very poor health by reason of weak lungs and a distressing cough. At last we gave her Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and after taking three bottles, the cough was cured.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

* This testimonial will be found in full in Ayer's "Curebook" with a hundred others. Free. Address J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

When You Order.....

PELEE ISLAND WINES

BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND.

E. G. SCOVIL, Agent Pelee Wine Co. Gasparow, July 26, 1897. Dear Sir—My wife had been afflicted with nervous prostration for several years, and every kind of medicine recommended, but obtaining no relief until I procured some of your PELEE WINE, which I am delighted to say had the desired effect.

E. G. SCOVIL, Commission Merchant, 62 Union Street.

PELEE ISLAND WINES

BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND.

Mr. Doherty of St. John also spent Sunday in town. Mr. Frank Linker and Mr. John Henry of Presque Isle, spent Sunday with Sheriff and Mrs. Tibbits.

There is to be a social dance in Beveridge's Hall Friday evening and the young people are looking forward to a jolly time.

PETITODDIAO.

JAN. 26.—Mr. H. H. Magee St. John spent Sunday in town. Mr. R. D. Hanson entertained a few of the young people at her cozy little home on Tuesday evening of last week.

On Wednesday evening a party was given by Mrs. J. Webster and a high tea, and was much enjoyed by Mrs. H. Humphries, Mrs. John Fleming, Newcastle, Mrs. M. B. Keith, Mrs. G. M. Binkney, and Mrs. D. Macdonald.

TOTALLY FEARLESS.

One of the 'grips' that enables England to hold India is the fearlessness of British officers, civil and military. There are other 'grips'—the bravery of British soldiers, the justice of English administration and the equity of the taxes.

D'Ojly was an assistant of the deputy commissioner of a province in Burma where Moung Gung Gee, a rebel leader, gave much trouble.

He had no experience in hunting elephants, but he started to find the brute, accompanied by a mahout (an elephant-driver) and a plucky Burman.

The elephant had wandered so far that on two days and nights his pursuers followed his trail, subsisting on what they could find to eat in the jungles.

As the animal charged on him, he knelt down, waited until it was within a few yards and fired for the bump between the eyes. The bullet struck a little to high, and did not check the elephants' rush; but the second bullet, fired a little lower down, penetrated the brain and the monster fell dead at the hunter's feet.

THIS CANCER CURED

By Our Home Treatment.

The following letter is from a patient Having Cancer of the Tongue.

Gentleman:— I write to give you the symptoms of my case after fifteen weeks treatment with 'Vialia.' My health is much better, appetite better, tongue smaller, cleaner, and the roughness disappearing, and it is a better color.

Examinations and consultations free, at the office. Full written advice, and 180 page book free. Write Dept. S. J. F. Mason Medicine Co., 577 Sherbourne street, Toronto.

The Light of The World

OR OUR SAVIOUR IN ART?

Over 200,000 copies published. Contains nearly 200 full-page engravings of our Lord and His great ministry. Every picture is a masterpiece of some famous painter. Agents for this book are three to ten copies, order per day, also book so beautiful that it will give you as they say, the Hermitage, Prado, Louvre, and the Vatican, National of London, National of Berlin, and other celebrated European galleries have placed their greatest and rarest treasures at our disposal that they might be engraved for this superb work.

CHOICE SCOTCH WHISKEY

LANDING 36 Cases.....Old Blend Liqueur. 40 ".....Glenlivet Special Reserve. Wholesale.

THOS. L. BOURKE WATER STREET.

Merit

Made and Merit Maintains the confidence of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla. It a medicine cures you when sick; if it makes wonderful cures everywhere, then beyond all question that medicine possesses merit.

Made

That is just the truth about Hood's Sarsaparilla. We know it possesses merit because it cures, not once or twice or a hundred times, but in thousands and thousands of cases. We know it cures, absolutely, permanently, when all others fail to do any good whatever. We repeat

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, indigestion, biliousness. 25 cents.

PROGRESS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1898.

How We Went To London.

The Personal Experience of a Member of the Canadian Jubilee Contingent.

By J. Scott Robinson, Col-Sergt. No. 9 Co., 68th Batt'n.

Near to midnight we arrived at London and in a sort of a nightmare marched to Chelsea Barracks, conscious of gas jets flaring upon curious faces crowding the sidewalk, and a mob of howling urchins and the beating of drums at the head of the busy column. The drums ceased, the column wound about a corner, passed through a gateway where stood a sentry beneath a lamp which flashed upon his glittering bayonet. The detachment halted and the unreality of the scene increased. Men of every color, every size, every race, arrayed in an inconceivable variety of uniform crowded about us, talking animatedly in a confused mixture of bewildering jargons, and rolling the whites of their shining eyes upon us. Bury English red-coats, huge Maoris in buff, gaunt Gourkhas and Sikhs in flowing garments and parti-colored turbans, raw boned negroes grinning and chattering, wiry little Chingalese in linen blouses, and dusky Dyaks gazing gravely at the strangers—all against the gloomy background of the great rambling barracks. Was the diamond jubilee a myth, and would this fantastic dream soon be dispersed by the sunbeams slanting through the windows of our Canadian homes?

We soon conformed ourselves to the novelty of the unique surroundings and soon it seemed the most natural thing in the world to chat at breakfast with the sergeant major of the "Royal Niger Constabulary"; afterward in the wash house to lend our soap and towel to an absent minded corporal of the "Hong Kong Police"; take a stroll before dinner around the square with a sapper of the "Maltese Submarine Engineers", crack a joke with stooty bugler from Sierra Leone; dine with a lanky Non Com. of the "Cape Mounted Rifles" who could tell thrilling tales of "Dr. Jim's" raid, on one hand, and a valuable little "Head Hunter" from Borneo on the other; minister to the wants of some stiring black "Hausa" at the tea table and perhaps close the day by affriendly glass and a cigarette with a convivial crony from the Punjab. We also attained to a degree of intimacy with the British soldiers; and fine whole-souled fellows they were too—profusely generous—nothing which could in any way express their goodwill toward us, or add to our comfort or pleasure was an inconvenience to them. They vied one with the other in their exertions to render our stay among them as enjoyable as possible. Regiments and individual soldiers alike lavished their hospitality upon us.

One evening under convoy of a loquacious corporal of the "Grenadier Guards," the circumference of whose chest equalled that of a good sized oil cask, I visited the "Knightsbridge" cavalry barracks, where, if I remember rightly, the "Scots Greys" are quartered. In one of the commodious rooms through which my friend piloted me I saw standing at a table a very tall, powerfully built, distinguished looking gentleman stylishly attired in a frock coat, silk hat, and carrying a silver headed cane. He was engaged at that moment in consuming a "hap'orth" of cookies supplied by a cadaverous youth with a large basket. I thought he must be a visiting officer enjoying the novelty of a homely feast among the soldiers; or perhaps an officer making a bid for the good will of his men; and I questioned my guide as to the meaning of this rather odd proceeding. "I'm by the table," answered he, "oh 's only corporal (so) of the 'Life Guards.'" Then he explained that the "Guards" always walked out in that fashionable civilian costume.

During the mornings of the days which elapsed before the "Day of Days," we were marched about in "Battersea Park" rehearsing our part of the programme, but in the afternoon we were our own masters and utilized the short periods which were given us to the utmost advantage. London seemed to hold but one central point of interest, for to the "Tower" on the day after our arrival the Canadians seemed to

have gathered in toto. With the contents of this most renowned of prisons the mercantile child is familiar, and its thrilling history glows in the imagination of every school-boy. Suffice it here to say, that we gazed over its relics of vanished generations and beheld in fancy scenes which even there can make the brain reel. In a confused dream of clanking chains, rooking blocks, grim visaged warders and with the groans of writhing victims ringing in our ears, a party of us left this gloomy monument to historic agonies, and found our way to the "Tower Bridge," from whose summit we descried the neighbouring Dome of St. Pauls, and, hurriedly descending, set out in its direction. Treading our way through a maze of crooked streets, past quays adjoining great ware houses, we caught now and then a fleeting glimpse of the object of our quest, which seemed to be ever ascending before us. Finally in despair of attaining the desired goal, we asked a keen looking youth bearing an air of familiarity with this vicinity, if he could direct us to St. Pauls. "Never 'eard on no such place," responded this accomplished cockney, "but there's a church or something up there"—jerked his thumb towards the next crossing—"that lots of people goes to see." We thanked him (after the substantial English manner of rendering thanks) and turned the corner. The breath left my body with a gasp. The stately Cathedral in all its solemn grandeur rose in majesty before me. We reverently ascended the steps and entered to behold the splendors which other eyes than mine have seen and more graphic pens portrayed.

We unfortunately had with us, one of those creatures who seemed to be contrived for the express purpose of marring the solemnity of any impressive occasion in the person of an unappreciative companion. He yawned constantly and stared vacantly at objects whose very names are enough to make the pulse leap. Finally we eluded him but to our unspeakable horror we found him again, seated upon the tomb of Lord Collingwood, beating his heels against its sacred sides and actually chewing tobacco! "What one of your musty old corpses is buried there" he said pointing to the tomb of Nelson. We told him. "Oh yes, England expects every man to do his duty," he returned; with infinite disgust we retraced our steps, and ascended to the "Whispering Gallery" which afforded our unimaginative friend the most intense satisfaction. We saw too, Westminster Abbey; but in a manner that was nothing short of maddening. Its consecrated interior was possessed at that time by a garrulous mob who jostled one another against the monuments of departed worthies and stood unfeelingly upon the spot where lay immortal ashes. I could have cried aloud at the sight of a man scuffing over the name of Dickens. No opportunity for reflection in the midst of that chattering babel. Only a cursory glance at the last resting places of the great of England's dead. At the entrance of the royal tombs the departure of a verger was announced like that of a ferry-boat, every five minutes. The gates closed behind us and the verger puffed away in a conveyance of his fleet of curiosity seekers, touching at various points of interest on the voyage and keeping up a clatter like a maxim gun the while. From tomb to tomb we were dragged, hurried from chamber to chamber, dashing headlong after the verger in order to be on the scene of action when he opened fire upon each particular object and finally were thrust rudely out of the gate to make room for another horde.

We "did" London at a breakneck pace and, after a fashion, saw a vast quantity of the treasures it contains; saying one to another, "Brethren, the time is short." In the course of these few hours, we swept in a feverish haste, past London and marks of English history. By the way, these structures of the smoky metropolis of the world, present in their substance, a different aspect than when the imagination throws about their pictorial representations

a halo of glory. In fact, from Westminster Abbey down to the Tower Bridge, but newly completed, they need, all of them, a bath. Of course Westminster wouldn't receive a moment's consideration if it did not bare upon its hoary sides the moss grown impress of the corroding finger of time; but such an architectural infant as St. Pauls ought really to have a clean face. Being less than two hundred and fifty years old, with its hypocritically ancient expression conferred by a grinning coat of soot, it seems to be obtaining veneration under false pretenses.

The sun rose in a misty nimbus, on the morning of June 22nd and its earliest beams lit up the busy figures of the entire contingent engaged in scouring and pipe

burst forth in a resounding shout, which must have well nigh broken upon the slumbers of the mighty dead who rest within the Cathedral vaults from the accomplishment of labors, which have made secure the foundations of the Empire of her, for whom went up this thunderous acclaim.

It is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and leaving the sublime we faced its antonym in the comments of the denizens of dives and hovels, who crowded bare headed, and in rags the line of the procession along the sunny side of the river. The return march, making in all nearly nine hours on parade, was a severe strain, and when we formed up in the Barrack Square many a man toppled over from sheer exhaustion. It is however to the

his carcass. Calling loudly upon a steward for another bottle, it was given him unopened. To this the dusky reveller took exception, and the busy waiter told him he had not time to open any more for him.

"You got no time to wait on me" returned this son of darkness swelling with indignation,—"Not me! why I'm a Colonial!"

Colonial! almost screamed the business waiter, "Colonial!" "Hang your black face, your no Colonial, your a n-i-g-g-e-r!" with so meaning an air, and so fierce an emphasis on his last opprobrious epithet, that the "Nigger" shrunk in terror beneath the table. The steward informed me in confidence shortly afterwards that "if that shrivelled up monkey 'ad giv 'im any of 'is guff, 'ed 'ave slung 'im hover-board."

This Englishman however was a notable exception, for the majority of them, male and female evinced a maslin affection for these degrading creatures, who thereby become possessed of such an inordinate vanity as to become positively intolerable. They would daily array their ugly carcasses in their finest uniforms, thrust their "swagger sticks" beneath their arms to strut back and forth for all the world like a peacock with his tail spread, in rear of the massive iron railings, which separated the barracks grounds from the street. Nothing seemed to afford them such supreme complacency, nor in fact ministered so much to the edification of a curious throng, who struggled from morn till night for a coveted place at the bars. They however one and all, every variety of "niggers" (as we generally christened all whose hue was anything deeper than swarthy) expressed as devoted a loyalty, as keen a love for the empire as ourselves, and were highly incensed at the faintest reflection upon their zeal in its welfare. What a truly wondrous assemblage was this! Representatives differing as widely as the climes from which they gathered, yet all under the same dominion, all acknowledging the same sovereign sway, and all professing a loyalty to an undefined something; but between the various kindred who comprise that something, existing a relation scarce more cordial than mutual distrust.

Of the many delightful sessions we spent in company with our new found friends, of the thousand and one interests noteworthy in any other connection which transpired daily, of the hearty receptions tendered as by persons of all ranks, in every situation, the hospitality of the public, the munificent entertainments of corporations and private concerns, and the profuse expressions of affection for our people which met us on every hand, of all these I can only make a bare mention, and pass on to the closing day, of a period which must ever tower above the greater part of the memories of a life time. Early on the morning of the day which marked our departure, we were marched to Buckingham Palace and there after the customary salute due His Royal Highness, we filed past his Prince of Wales, and received from his hand the coveted piece of brown-ze. I cannot speak for my comrades, but I never felt so utterly insignificant, as when passing that distinguished company grouped about the Prince. My knees knocked together, as he with a smile reminiscent of many a pleasant hour spent in my society, handed me the nation's souvenir. Taking it, I saluted, I know not how, and hastened from the august presence. Noble Lords and high born kamos, eyed us narrowly as we passed, and the burden of the knowledge, that the impression we were their making upon those minds, must pass to a greater or less degree, for that of our entire people was overpowering, and the relief when the trial was ended, inexpressible. With the bestowal of the medals closed our kaleidoscopic view of the brilliant events of the grand celebration of the Diamond Jubilee. A rapid march to Euston; a swift journey to Liverpool; "Auld Lang Syne," and we found the "Scotsman" plunging through the stormy waters of the "Irish Sea" and all that remained visible to us of the stage, was the hazy outlines of the mouth of the Mersey.

Did it ever occur to you whose hair is thin and constantly falling off that this can be prevented? Hall's Hair Remover is a sure remedy.



5th Royal Scots, Montreal. 68th Batt., Nova Scotia. 10th Royal Grenadiers, Toronto. 62nd Batt., St. John.

claying with a tireless energy, till at seven o'clock, we stood immaculate on parade. The particulars of the ensuing procession it is vain to reiterate; but the one event to which all preceding were subordinate, and those following formed an anti-climax—the culminating point—dwarfs almost to insignificance the splendor of many another imposing scene. Standing near the great concourse of prelates and dignitaries assembled on the steps of St. Pauls, we awaited with bated breath the advent of the Queen. The brilliant cavalcade streamed past us but only received a casual glance as we eagerly strained our eyes for a first glimpse of her. Troop after troop rattled by. Great captains and famous rulers rode proudly on but almost unheeded. At last the faint murmur of distant cheering greeted our anxious ears, increasing in volume, coming nearer, ever nearer, till mid a roar as of a descending avalanche, appeared the little woman, before whom every knee in a quarter of the globe must bow. She looked at us smilingly and in response every bosom heaved, every eye kindled, and every face, white, black, or yellow, glowed with an expression of fervid loyalty. I suppose it was loyalty, but what ever it was, its shock thrilled along every nerve and quickened every fibre in our beings. And yet she didn't look a Queen; there was on her sorrow worn face no traces of the royal beauty of Louise or Eugenie, nor did her person display aught of the haughty dignity or the imperious mien of Catherine or Elizabeth, her great predecessor; but to us she was the personification, the embodiment of the empire, upon whom its uniting bonds, though touching at no other point of mutual interest, are in her firmly welded together.

The escort of Princes sweeping by disposed themselves about her; and there rolled forth from that grand choir, the sounding strains of the hymn of thanksgiving for the reign of her, whom but now our eyes had seen. The air trembled with its swelling echoes, which reverberating through space must have smote upon the very gates of heaven. To its grand Amen, came a hush profound, broken by the clash of pealing bells, launching forth upon the waiting air their dirge of gladness. The long suspension terminated, the pent up emotions of the overwrought multitude

credit of the adherents of "Our Lady of the Snows," that the heat had no such effect upon any of their members. During the course of the march we had longed unspeakably for a sight of the old Barracks; in fact, I at one time whispered to my neighbour, "If I don't see it before very many minutes the Scotsman will take home one dead Canadian." But its long delayed enclosure reached, the mounted officers held a prolonged conference as to the correct method of dismissing us. Having satisfied themselves on this point, our colonel trotted with maddening deliberation along the column, and told our Sergeant Major to march off the Canadians to their private parade and dismiss them. "March off to their private parade," Not he! The old Sergeant Major usually a stickler for military precision without the formality of a preface, "Canadians!" neglecting even to take a pace to his left front, and place both hands on his capacious stomach as was his wont in giving a command, then and there, to the great astonishment of the colonel, yelled out as loud as his dry throat and parched tongue would permit, "Rightturndismiss!" and in the same breath "Boy give me a bottle of beer" to a small boy with a big basket who stood at hand, prepared to turn to his private account our raging thirst.

The Military Review at Aldershot and the colossal Naval Display at Spithead presented themselves to us with the same aspect as to the generality of beholders. The same thrill of awe swept over us as we gazed upon the might of England, power, and the same throbt of pride sent the blood surging to our finger tips, when we realized that we individually composed a particle, however insignificant, of the stupendous structure of the empire. But there transpired one little incident, which, though not in any way pertinent to the review, or affecting in any wise the destinies of the Empire, was amusing and somewhat instructive. It happened thus: One of the "Hausas," who are without doubt the most depraved specimens of humanity this globe can furnish, having just enough more intelligence than a monkey to be proportionately more repugnant, had in the saloon of the boat, in which we were taken around the fleet absorbed an incredible amount of liquid refreshment, and strewed about the floor the remains of

A Romance of New York.

The habitués of a small French restaurant on the West Side were recently the guests of a humble wedding reception, which was the upshot of one of the most pathetic chance meetings that ever were brought about by the surging ocean of cosmopolitan life in this greatest of cosmopolitan cities.

The customers of the restaurant constitute one of the thousands of little worlds of which the American metropolis is made up, and for two or three months a Russian artist and a Polish piano teacher formed a separate microcosm in that world. The other frequenters of the place are Frenchmen, French Canadians, Swiss and Belgians, but Aleksey Alekseevitch Smirnov and Panna (Polish for Mrs.) Roushetzka are natives of Russia. It was not until they had taken their supper at the same table every evening for several weeks that each of them became aware of the other's knowledge of Russian, and the fact thrilled them both like the sudden discovery of a close blood relationship. But there was a far more interesting and, as it has since proved, a far more important revelation in store for them.

Panna Roushetzka was a woman of thirty-five, a well-preserved brunette, slender and stately, and with features somewhat irregular, but full of typical Polish grace. She had been educated partly in Russia and partly in Paris. She had come to New York after losing her husband, with a small soprano voice and with great musical aspirations. The voice had deserted her before her ambitions were on the road to realization, and heartbroken and penniless, she was driven to take up piano lessons as a means of livelihood.

Smirnov was a bachelor, some twenty-three years her senior, though he looked fully ten years younger than his age. Tall and wide awake, with a briar military carriage, a military steel-gray mustache and blond hair, unstreaked with silver save at the temples, he appeared in the prime of health and activity, while his never failing good humor and hearty, generous, genuinely Muscovite laughter made one feel in the presence of a young man of twenty-five. That had been his actual age when he left his native country, and after some three decades of peregrination in Western Europe he had at last settled down in New York. He is a jack of all trades and master of quite a few, and although free hand drawing is one of his strongest points he is clever enough with his pencil to meet the requirements of a small electro-engraving establishment, where he has steady employment at a modest salary.

The language of the restaurant is French, spoken with a dozen different accents. One day, however, when the soup was exceptionally satisfactory, and Smirnov, who is something of an epicure, was going off in ecstasies over it, a word of his native tongue escaped his lips. 'Slavny (capital) soup!' he murmured to himself, as he was bringing the second spoonful under his mustache.

The piano teacher started. 'What is that you said just now—' 'slavny soup?' she inquired, with a flush of agreeable surprise.

This was the way they came to speak Russian to each other, and from that evening on it was the language of their conversations at the restaurant table. Although there are many thousands of Russian-speaking immigrants in New York, the artist and the music teacher felt in the French restaurant like the only two Russians thrown together in a foreign country, and the little place which had hitherto drawn them to the quality of its suppers and its genial company now acquired a new charm for them.

They delighted to converse in Russian, and the privacy which it lent to their chats, in the midst of people who could not understand a word of what they were saying to each other, became the bond of a more intimate acquaintance between the two. They were reticent on the subject of their antecedents, but both were well read and traveled, and there was no lack of topics in things bearing upon Russia, Paris, current America life, the stage, art, literature and the like. The gallant old Russian was full of the most interesting information and anecdotes, and their friendship growing apace, he gradually came to introduce into his talks bits of autobiography, though they were all of the most modest nature, and he seemed to steer clear of a certain event which formed a memorable epoch in the story of his life.

Panna Roushetzka neither asked him questions nor saw fit to initiate him into some of the more intimate details of her own life, though by this time it was becoming clearer to her every day that her Russian friend was in love with her and about to approach her with a proposal which she was by no means inclined to accept. And yet, like many another woman under similar circumstances, she was flattered by his passion, and being drawn to him by the magnetism of sincere friendship, she had not the heart to cut their agreeable acquaintance short.

He procured some lessons for her, escorting her home after supper and took her to theatres and public lectures. All of which attention she would accept with secret self-commendation, each time vowing in her heart that on the following evening she would change her restaurant. Nevertheless, and perhaps unbeknown to herself, she even grew excited, and on one occasion, when she had expressed a desire to see Duse in *Megda*, and he remarked thereupon, with a protestation of impulsive apologies, that he has kept from the pleasure of taking her to the performance by a previous engagement, her face fell, and for five minutes she did not answer his questions and witticisms except

in right earnestly. This engaged well for him, he thought. He did not yield, but at the next week they took together he popped the question in a rather original way.

They stood in front of the house in which she had her room. He had bid her good-night and was about to dash his hat with that dashing sweep of his which makes him ten years younger, when he checked himself, and said, as though in jest: 'Is it not foolish, Panna Roushetzka?'

'What is foolish?' she queried, without a shadow of presentiment as to what was coming.

'Why, the way we go on living separately, each without what could justly be called a home. I am madly in love with you, Panna Roushetzka, and I feel like devoting my life to your happiness.'

She stood eyeing the door of a house across the street and made no response.

'Panna Roushetzka?' he implored her tremulously.

'I'll give you my answer to-morrow,' she whispered.

'Mme. Roushetzka has not come yet, has she? Any letters for me?' Smirnov asked the next evening, as he entered the little restaurant with his usual blitheness. Like some others of the customers he received his mail at the restaurateur's address.

The Frenchman handed him a letter when he opened it he read, in Russian, the following:

'Much respected Aleksey Alekseevitch—I am the unhappiest woman in the world today. I confess I was not blind to the nature of your feelings toward me, but

in right earnestly. This engaged well for him, he thought. He did not yield, but at the next week they took together he popped the question in a rather original way.

He was unconsciously offensive and sentimental, and as if by way of bidding her melancholy farewell he launched out, describing his past, she listening to his disconsolate accents with heart-wracking interest.

'I know it is foolish for me to obtrude my personal reminiscences upon you. Why should you be bored with the hundred details of the life of a man who is a perfect stranger to you. Yet I cannot help speaking of it at this minute. I feel sheepish, like a schoolboy, but it somehow relieves my overburdened heart. You will excuse me.'

She was burning to offer some word of encouragement, to assure him of her profound respect and friendship, and of her interest in everything he had to say, but her tongue seemed grown fast to her palate and she could not utter a syllable.

'It was many years ago that I was torn from my dear native soil and from a splendid career,' he proceeded, egged on by the very taciturnity of his interlocutor.

'I was a young fellow and an officer in the army then, with a most promising future before me. It was during the Polish insurrection of the early sixties. My regiment was stationed at the Government city of N.'

The panna gave a start, and a volley of questions trembled on the tip of her tongue, but she somehow could not bring herself to interrupt him.

'I had been recently graduated from the military school, and that was my first commission,' he went on. 'I had many friends in the regiment, and among them a young Polish officer named Staukevitch.'



SEE THAT LINE! It's the wash, out early, done quickly, cleanly, white.

Pure Soap did it SURPRISE SOAP with power to clean without too hard rubbing, without injury to fabrics. SURPRISE is the name, don't forget it.

mere mark of interest in a thrilling story.

'Well,' he resumed, 'I did not, of course, utter the terrible word, but at the very moment I was to do so I fell on the ground in a feigned swoon. My place was instantly taken by another officer and I was since then branded as a coward, and had no choice but to resign my commission and to become the rolling stone that I have been ever since.'

He went on narrating some of his subsequent experiences in foreign countries.

my poor father has always been my ideal of a husband, and, will you believe it, I never gave up a vague sort of hope that he would be mine. Your loving "MARUSIA."
—New York Post.

NOW A VERY HAPPY MAN.

Mr. T. R. Baxter says: "After the use of Seven Bottles of Paine's Celery Compound I Was Perfectly Cured and Feel Young Again."

The Great Medicine Is Triumphantly Victorious After Medical Men Fail.

This Almost Miraculous Cure Has Vastly Increased the Fame of Paine's Celery Compound in the Maritime Provinces.

Assurance and Hope for the Most Desperate Cases.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.,

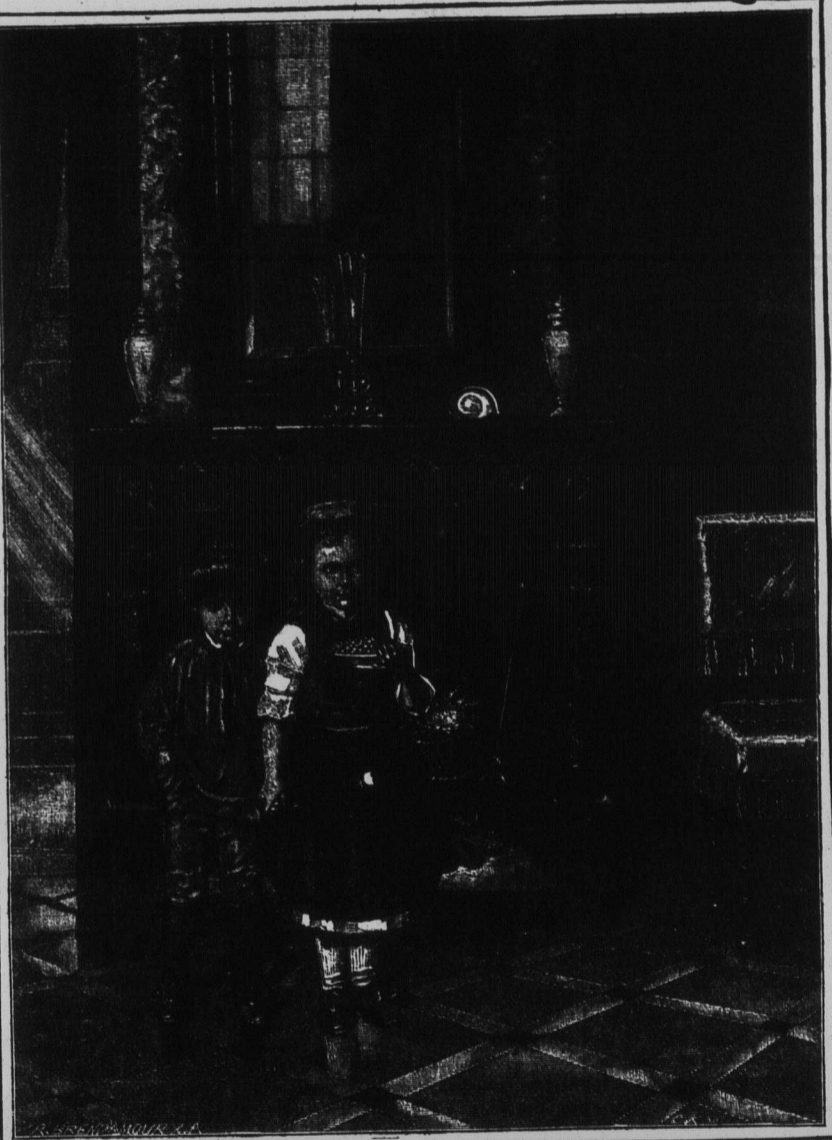
DEAR SIR:—I desire to let you know about my wonderful cure by your precious medicine, Paine's Celery Compound. I was afflicted by three complaints that made my life a misery and a burden. I had erysipelas for forty years, bleeding piles for fifteen years, and sciatica rheumatism for over a year.

I tried the doctors and all kinds of medicines, but no help or relief was afforded me, and I could not eat or sleep. I was then advised to use Paine's Celery Compound, and, oh, what a mighty change! The use of the first bottle enabled me to eat and sleep, and after using seven bottles I was quite another man—was perfectly cured, and felt young again. All that I have written can be proven by merchants, doctors, magistrates, and three ministers of the Gospel, and by scores of other people. I shall always thank you and your wonderful medicine, Paine's Celery Compound.

THOS. R. BAXTER, Karsdale, N. S. I hereby certify that Paine's Celery Compound has made a well man of Thomas R. Baxter. JAMES H. THORNE, Justice of the Peace.

Nothing Remarkable.

Smith—Hear about the fire over on the west side this morning? Nine persons barely escaped with their lives. Remarkable, wasn't it?
Brown—I fail to see anything very remarkable about it.
Smith—Why not?
Brown—Well, suppose they had escaped without their lives—then it would have been truly remarkable.



"COME ALONG, DON'T BE AFRAID."

was too much of a woman and an egoist to forgo the pleasure of your very flattering kindness to me. Forgive me, I pray you, dear Aleksey Alekseevitch; but my answer must be of a negative character. I have been crying like a baby since last night for having led you into a false position. Do forgive me. Your sincere friend, "MARIA ROUSHETZKA."

'Do you forgive me? I beg you again and again.'

Smirnov had had too many successes and failures in life to let this defeat hurt his pride deeply. But he had overcome with a poignant sense of loneliness, coupled with a cruel-consciousness of his old age. At the same time he sincerely regretted the pain he had caused the widow, and out of sympathy for her as well as for the opportunity of seeing her, he secured another interview with her, which took place in one of the remote nooks of Tompkins Square.

'I wish to reassure you, Panna Roushetzka,' he said gravely, 'and to restore peace to your mind, I love you, and your letter leaves me more wretched and desolate than I ever felt before, but believe me your happiness is dearer to me than my own, and since you find that it would be disturbed by your marrying me I am resigned to my fate.'

The panna was overjoyed and thanked him heartily for this friendship, and yet his ready surrender, the ease with which he was getting reconciled to her refusal nettled her.

However, he did not seem as light-hearted as he was affecting to be, and the perception of it was a source of mixed

Panna Roushetzka remained petrified. After a while she made out to enquire: 'Staukevitch, did you say?'

'Why, have you heard of him or some of his family?' Smirnov asked, eagerly.

'No I am simply interested in what you are relating. Proceed please.'

'Well, he was the most delightful fellow in the whole lot of us, but he did not know how to take care of himself, and paid his life for it, poor boy. His heart was with the insurgents, and I knew it and begged him to be guarded, but he was too much of a patriot to allow the instinct of self preservation to get the better of his revolutionary sympathies. One day when the Cossacks had looted the house of a Polish nobleman and taken the owner and his family prisoners, my friend gave loud utterances to his overbrimming feelings in the Officers Club, cursing the Government and vowing vengeance.

You must have heard how strict things were in those days. The city of N—was in a state of siege, martial law prevailed, and the most peaceful citizens were afraid of their own shadows. Well, poor dear Staukevitch was court-martialed and sentenced to be shot within twenty-four hours by a line of these soldiers from the very company of which he had been in command. And who was to take charge of the shooting and utter the fatal word to the soldiers, but I, his best friend, who was ready to die for him.'

Smirnov said it with a grim sort of composure, and then broke off abruptly and fell into a muse.

'Well?' the widow demanded, in a strange voice, which he mistook for a

but the widow did not hear him. All at once she interrupted him.

'Don't tell me about that, pray. Better tell me more about that friend of yours—Staukevitch,' and, succumbing to an overflow of emotion, she burst out, sobbingly: 'I know you. I have your photograph. Staukevitch was my father!'

'Ma ma Marusia! Is that you?' the old man shrieked, jumping to his feet and seizing her by both hands. 'Dear little Marusia! Why, when you were a morsel of a thing I used to play with you.'

'I know,' she rejoined, 'and now that you say it I can recognize your face by the faded old portrait I have in my album. You were photographed together with my unhappy papa. Mamma left me the picture. I did not remember your name, but I heard the story from mother when I was a child, and since then I have held the portrait dear for your sake as well as papa's. Of course it never occurred to me that it was you, but now the identity of it is as clear as day to me.'

She invited him to her lodgings, where she introduced him to her landlady as the best friend of her dead father. They had a long and hearty talk over the portrait and about the persons and things it brought to the old man's mind. And on the following evening, when he came to the French restaurant for his supper, he found there a letter which read as follows:

'Dear Aleksey Alekseevitch—It was not yourself, but an utter stranger, that I refused the other day. I have loved you my whole life without knowing you. The handsome officer who ruined himself for



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 50c and 1.00.

Sunday Reading.

AN HONEST DAYS WORK.

Willis walked down one of the [city] wharves. He was going to see his father, Mr. Sutherland, who was one of the men employed by the State Harbor Commissioners in repairing wharves. The piles that supported the wharves often needed renewing, being eaten by teredos. Sometimes the flooring of the wharves sagged and needed restoring to the former level. Willis liked to see the pile-driver with its big hammer. He marveled at the air-pumps with which sagging wharves were raised. Perhaps three air pumps at a time would be stationed over as many 'caps,' as the twelve inch timbers under the wharf's flooring were called. The pumps, being worked, would raise the caps and hold them until blocks could be shoved underneath. Then the pumps were worked some more, and other blocks put under, till the wharf was restored to the required level. Great screws such as are used in trussing buildings were also employed under wharves sometimes. There were rocks under wharves sometimes. There were rocks under some wharves, and water was under others. Whichever it was, Willis' father often had to go under the wharves and climb around among the caps, and stringers and piles, repairing.

Seven or eight other men were employed like Mr. Sutherland. It was mid-forenoon, but Willis saw that three or four of the men were not working. They were idling around the engine of the pile-driver, and were eating something that Willis found to be cooked crabs.

'Where's father?' asked Willis. 'Under the wharf, working,' answered one man. 'He thinks the State's looking after him every minute.'

Willis saw some planks had been taken up in a distant part of the wharf's flooring. He went there and swung himself down under the wharf. There were rocks there, and Willis, following the sound of a hammer, came to his father.

'That you, Willis?' asked his father pleasantly.

'Pa,' said the boy, 'some of the other men are up there eating crabs. Why don't you go up and get some, too?'

'It isn't lunch-time,' returned Mr. Sutherland. 'We're expected to work now.'

'Three or four of the men aren't working,' said Willis.

'No,' rejoiced his father. 'Several of the men lately have taken to catching crabs sometimes during work-hours. The men tie a rope to a big twine net, and bait it, and let it out into the bay. In a little while they haul it in again, and there are maybe half a dozen big crabs in the net. The men have made a sort of boiler out of an empty kerosene can with one end cut off. They attach a hose to the boiler of the engine and fill that can with hot water. The crabs cook in a short time and those men stop work to eat. It would be all right if the men cooked the crabs at noon, when we are allowed to lay off, but they stop in the forenoon sometimes an hour, and again in the afternoon sometimes, and eat crabs. The foreman we have now allows it. He does it himself.'

While Mr. Sutherland talked he was working. Several of the other men were working up on top of the wharf, as Willis could tell by the sounds, but the boy's thoughts were with those three or four other men who were idling. Were not those other men employed to work as steadily as his father?

'It isn't fair for them to stop and you to have to keep on,' objected Willis. 'I should think those men would be discharged.'

'They may and they may not,' said his father. 'They are appointed by different Harbor Commissioners, and as long as the Commissioners don't know, I suppose the men will keep their places.'

'One man told me you thought the State was looking at you every minute,' said Willis.

'My boy,' answered Mr. Sutherland, fitting a block into place, 'it's true that I'm employed to work for the State, and I feel just as much that I must do honest work for the State as if I were working for some individual. But it isn't thought of the State that makes me faithful. A Christian ought to give an honest day's work. Some people don't seem to think cheating the State is as bad as cheating another person. But it is.'

Willis climbed upon the wharf again. He saw when the men who had been eating crabs came back to work. He noticed they did not work very heartily.

'My father doesn't work that way,' thought the boy.

'An honest day's work.' The words

followed Willis as he went away from the wharf. The next week Willis was going to begin work for a large dry-goods store.

'I'll do honest day's work, too,' resolved Willis.

He did not put it into words, but he thought that the One who saw whether a man under the wharves did an honest day's work would see whether a boy working for a store did the same. Willis was trying to be a Christian.

Busy days Willis had after that. The large dry-goods store had many customers who often did not wish to carry bundles home. The store had two pretty, white-coated, small carts for the delivering of packages. Willis drove one cart and a boy named August drove the other.

One afternoon Willis, out delivering dry-goods, drove by the house where August lived, and saw the store's other cart standing there.

'August is home,' thought Willis. Just then, August came out.

'Why, no?' answered Willis. 'What would they say at the store, if they know?'

'They can't know,' asserted August. 'I often stop, that way. Yesterday I went to see my aunt. How can the store tell? They don't know just how long it will take to deliver all the parcels. Some folks live farther off than others. Who's going to know?'

Willis hesitated. He remembered that the thought of the men at the wharves had been: 'Who would know?' Willis had never heard that anybody had lost his place at the wharves on account of dawdling. What if August never was found out? Was it right to steal an hour, or half an hour, of his employer's time?

'No,' thought Willis. 'I'm going to be honest.'

Late one afternoon August came into the store. Willis was later still, because he had had more parcels to deliver. Both boys receipt-books showed the customers' signatures.

'There was a big fire up-town,' said Au-



either,' thought Willis, uncomfortably. That week August was discharged. 'I happened to be at the fire myself, and saw you,' said one of the store's proprietors to August. 'The next time you stop to see a fire, you will not have a chance to keep one of our delivery carts waiting an hour while you waste your employer's time watching the firemen. It didn't look well to see our firm's name on that white cart standing idle, just as if we hadn't many customers.'

graduating there. Miss Havergal used to talk of 'turned lessons.'—[F. B. Mayr.]

Sympathy as a Power.

Sympathy is a large factor in human power. It means more, as an element of strength and of success, than brains or brain, than skill or experience. Whatever one has in himself, or in these faculties and possessions, if he has the added gain of real sympathy, his power is at least doubled. 'Sympathy' is the sharing of another's burdens; literally it means, 'to suffer with another,' but practically it means to help another in his sorrows and in his joys. Bacon says: 'There is no man that imparteth his joy to his friend but he joyeth the more; and no man imparteth his griefs to his friend but he grieveth the less.' Who is there who would not feel greatly helped by another who could double his joys and halve his sorrows? He who has a sympathizing friend has one who can do this for him. He who is in full sympathy with another has power to do this for that other. Many a strong man would fall and fail if it were not for sympathy. Many an efficient man is enabled to do his best work through the help of sympathy of which no one but himself knows.—S. S. Times.

Woman's Idea of Excellence.

The economical and wise woman, who has the management of a home, knows from experience that when the 'excellence' of any home necessity is established and guaranteed, money and time are saved when such goods are used.

The Diamond Dyes for home dyeing have a world-wide reputation, and stand first in purity, strength, fastness and simplicity of use. When the Diamond Dyes are used, old faded and dingy garments are made to look as good as new at an exceedingly small cost.

Diamond Dyes, like all other popular and perfect goods, are largely imitated. Do not allow your dealer to sell you some inferior make of dye; ask for the "Diamond" and see that you get them.

Send to Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, P. Q., for valuable book of directions and sample card of colors; sent free to any address.

Knew His Man.

H—Want to consult your broker. There's no dependence to be placed upon the advice of a broker.

W—Not with some brokers, perhaps; but I have every confidence in Podsnap. I've consulted him a hundred times, and I never regretted it.

H—And you always follow his advice?

W—On the contrary; when he says "Buy," I sell, and when he says "Sell," I buy.

ALWAYS WITH SUCCESS.

N. A. Montminy, merchant, of St. Julie, Lotbiniere County, declares that he has always used Morin's Cresco-Phates Wine with much success in his family.

To his knowledge several people have been cured of pulmonary sicknesses after having used this remedy. New testimonials are given every day.

Did it all the Game.

'I suppose you had to do the driving,' suggested her best friend, pointedly, when the beautiful creature came back from her ride with the handsome young man.

'Indeed, I did not,' replied the beautiful creature.

'No?'

'Well, I should say not. There was no compulsion about it at all, but under the circumstances I preferred to.'



WINTER'S GIFT TO THE EARTH.

'Don't tell' called August, laughing. Willis, hardly comprehending, drove on about his business.

That evening at store-closing time, both boys were back with their receipt-books, signed by customers who had received their packages. The boys went out of the store together.

'Saw me coming out of our house today, didn't you?' said August to Willis. 'Don't you ever stop off half an hour or so, when you're on your rounds?'

gust secretly to Willis afterwards. 'I stopped to see it before delivering my parcels. You just ought to have been there!'

'How long did you stay?' asked Willis, gravely.

'Oh, I don't know!' returned August. 'Three-quarters of an hour, maybe. I delivered my parcels all right afterwards.'

Willis did not tell anybody about August's actions.

'I wish he wouldn't tell me about them,

'And you were seen once,' added the other proprietor, 'with one of our carts standing beside an open block, while a ball game was being played there last week.'

As Willis regretfully saw his companion turned away, there came back to him the scene in the semi-darkness under the wharf, when his father said, 'A Christian ought to give an honest day's work.' 'And I will,' he muttered.

Lessons of Sorrow.

In suffering and sorrow God touches the minor chords, develops the passive virtues and opens to view the treasure of darkness the constellations of promise, the rainbow of hope, the silver light of the covenant. What is character without sympathy, submission, patience, trust and hope that grig the unseen as an anchor? But these graces are only possible through sorrow. Sorrow is a garden, the trees of which are laden with the peaceable fruits of righteousness; do not leave it without bringing them with you. Sorrow is a mine, the walls of which glisten with precious stones; be sure and do not retrace into daylight without some specimens. Sorrow is a school. You are sent to sit on its hard benches and learn from its black-lettered pages lessons which will make you wise forever; do not trifle away your chance of

Walter Baker & Co., Limited
Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.
The Oldest and Largest Manufacturer of
PURE, HIGH GRADE
Cocoas and Chocolates



on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufacture. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat, and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.
CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

The Essence of the Virginia Pine
DR. HARVEY'S
SOUTHERN
RED PINE
Cures Coughs Promptly 25c per bottle
Children like it
It likes them
Does not upset the stomach
THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., MONTREAL

Notches on The Stick

It may be against the judgment of the prudent that the writer has always a new alleged poet to set forth, making that hitherto some and scarce product a drug in the market.

The writer of whom we are here to take note [Harrison Conrad: "Idle Songs and Idle Sonnets,"] gives to the public his first volume; and, as he has youth to his advantage, with its generous enthusiasms and eager aspirations, with no little of that verve and native fire,—the original impulse of the natural singer, substantial results may yet be expected of him, and he may yet be heralded among the best versifiers of the Middle States.

We shall occupy some of the space devoted to us in giving citations from our author; and the first we have marked for this purpose is entitled:—

Maggie Driving Home the Cows.

Golden is the noon of summer, And the crimson burst of dawn Glows across the fairest meadows Ever sun gleams fall upon.

Nature makes the cures after all.

Now and then she gets into a tight place and needs helping out.

Things get started in the wrong direction.

Something is needed to check disease and start the system in the right direction toward health.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with hypophosphites can do just this.

It strengthens the nerves, feeds famished tissues, and makes rich blood.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

DISEASES OTHERWISE INCURABLE

There is no skin disease which NY-AS-SAN will not cure.

Wanted—The address of every sufferer in America The Nyassan Medicine Co. Truro, N. S.

And before that child of sunshine All my soul in rapture bows, Gladdened with the joy she brings, Driving, driving home the cows— Little Maggie, Light-heart Maggie, Maggie driving home the cows.

Mr. Conrad is a Kentuckian, (though his book is published in Ohio,—Editor Publishing company, Cincinnati,) and the verses following have been pronounced true to the landscape of his native state:—

THE GOLD RUSH

The holiday number of "Acta Victoriana" presents an elegant specimen of University journalism, especially for its general literary and artistic excellence, and the number and quality of the illustrations.

The leading article is that by Prof. L. E. Horning, P. H. D., entitled, "Canadian Literature," and is a satisfactory resume of the best work yet done in Canada, the French and the English.

Indeed there are many, very many, scholars who smile sarcastically at the mention of "Canadian literature," and pooh-pooh the whole thing. And there is some ground for their attitude.

more desirable than the admiration of themselves. So it seems to us that the Professor is scarcely consistent who comes near to concluding a paper on "Canadian Literature" with the admission that there is no such thing.

and honorable, and that what she had already paid in instalments would cover the original loan and a reasonable interest.

Brotherhood. Turn, turn, O God of Peace, our hearts, When fierce the red war-wrath upstarts!

THE GOLD RUSH

Is Not More Enthusiastic Than are the Prairies of the Thousands who are Living To-day Because of South American Kidney Cure.

Sometimes, without doubt, American and British judges, who are held to a close accountability to the letter of a law which may have in it no justice for a particular case, may well sigh for the latitude of an Oriental cadi.

Linseed and Turpentine advertisement with logo and text describing its medicinal benefits for respiratory organs.

TWO SIDES TO IT



and honorable, and that what she had already paid in instalments would cover the original loan and a reasonable interest.

The Dangers of Croup. We may expect to have croup with us shortly and the children as usual may be attacked.

SALT FROM THE SEA.

How an Apt Reply Sometimes Wins Friends and Admiration. A man, called the 'Sailors' Friend,' was rigged out in his best suit of clothes on a Sunday morning not long ago.

'Take this, Jack, my boy,' he said to a half-drunken Swede, who was lounging on a broken sofa. There was tender solicitude in his voice as he touched the stranger on the shoulder and said, 'Read it, read it, Jack! It will trim your sails for a better port than this.'

'I hope I am,' was the frank reply. 'If everybody wuz tryin' to do ez much good ez you are, this world would be a better world.'

It was very apparent that the sailors—Danes, Swedes, English and Portuguese—appreciated this quick and apt reply.

Darkness came, and in the horror and despair of the night and the storm one man dropped, in sheer exhaustion, to his knees. It was an unusual attitude, and perhaps by force of some old association, he began to pray.

—the one showing the disappointment caused by using ordinary soap, the other showing the satisfaction there is in using

ECLIPSE SOAP

Send us 25 "Eclipse" wrappers or 6c. in stamps with coupon and we will mail you a popular novel. A coupon in every bar of "Eclipse."

JOHN TAYLOR & CO., Manufacturers, Toronto, Ont.

that if his life was saved, he would give it wholly to the service of God. The vessel rode out the storm. "And don't you think," said the sailor who has told the story, "that the captain noticed a difference in my attention to my duties after that, and spoke of it?"

Remember. We don't advertise for mere effect, but for business. We know that, if you are subject to cramps, that you should have a prompt, efficient remedy on hand.

"Mary," said Mr. Thomas, when a silence fraught with unpleasant meaning had followed his first altercation with his young wife.

"When a man and his wife have had a difference," said Mr. Thomas, with a judicious air, "and each considers the other at fault, which of the two do you think should make the first advance toward reconciliation?"

"The wiser of the two," said Mrs. Thomas, promptly; "and so, my dear, I'll say at once, that I'm very sorry."

Cured at Chicoutimi.

One Out of the Thousands of Similar Cases.

Dr. Ed. Morin & Co., Quebec. Sirs,—It is with pleasure that I now testify in favor of your 'Morin's Creso-Phates Wine' which has saved me from a fatal sickness. I was suffering with acute bronchitis being the remains of la grippe, which kept me coughing day and night.

'Hardly Worth Mentioning.' 'Any accidents in the game this afternoon?' 'Er—why—oh, nothing to speak of. Tom Halfback had his collarbone broken and I believe Will Center had his arm fractured at the wrist. I guess no one was seriously injured.'

Pleasant to take and quick to relieve: Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine—The Cough Cure.

The good lady scrutinized him closely. 'Didn't I give you a whole meat pie a day or two ago?' she inquired in icy tones.

An Irishman complained of his wife as a thankless jade. 'Whin I married her,' he said, 'she hadn't a rag to her back, and now she's covered with 'em!'

Advertisement for Knives, Forks and Spoons, featuring a circular logo with the text '1847 ROGERS BROS. STAMPED SPOONS ARE GENUINE AND GUARANTEED BY THE MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.'

Woman and Her Work

It is quite the thing now among the girls of swiftness; and also those who are outside the charmed circle, to go in for anthropometric charts. It is a long word, and I hope I have spelled it correctly, translated it means that the girls are taking careful measurements of themselves, height, breadth, depth, and girth, and are writing them down on paper with all the care and accuracy in the world. Then if the measurements are not what they should be, the girl goes to a physical culture class and brings them up to the proper mark. Lots of girls will be interested in knowing the correct measurements, according to the rule of beauty, for a healthy girl:—weight, one hundred and twenty-three pounds; height, sixty-four and one-fifth inches; girth, chest ordinarily, thirty-one inches chest full, thirty-four, chest empty, twenty-nine; waist, twenty-five and one-fifth; neck, twelve; hips, thirty-four and one-fifth; upper arm, ten; forearm, eight and a quarter; depth of chest, eight inches; breadth of shoulders, fourteen and a half; of hips twelve, of waist eight and two-fifths inches. The shoulders should always measure more than the hips, and the bust measure should be ten inches more than the waist.

These measures seem to me to run largely to fifths of an inch; why quarters would not have answered just as well, I cannot see, when they are so much easier to calculate. I suppose the scale must be correct; but yet few girls who only weigh a hundred and twenty-three pounds would be satisfied to possess a twenty-five inch waist, even leaving out the fifth. Curiously enough, I see that the chart I have quoted, only gives a bust measure of six inches less a fraction, larger than the waist, while asserting that ten inches is the proper proportion. Of course, all these measurements are taken over the skin.

If we believe one half that we read about the methods employed to secure the beautiful Persian lamb fur that we all admire so much, I feel convinced that no woman worthy of the name could be found who could touch the fur without the feeling which overcame the first Napoleon when he saw a cat, and that we would shrink from looking at it, far less wearing it. Naturally we would all like to think the descriptions which are creeping into print by degrees, are either unauthentic, or grossly exaggerated, but I see that Dr. Rainford of Toronto is making the result of his investigations into the matter, public, and his revelations are sickening in the extreme. I am not going to inflict anything of the kind upon my readers, as I would be sorry to cause any of them the sleepless hours and horrible dreams, which followed my own personal of them; suffice it to say that the sight of a piece of Persian lamb fur literally makes my flesh creep, and I feel as if the wearer should be held in some way responsible for the awful price at which it is obtained. They talk of legislation to protect the birds, and in some places it has been made a misdemeanor for a woman to be caught wearing a stuffed bird upon her hat; but a thousand stuffed birds could not represent the amount of cruelty that reeks from one Persian lamb skin! And yet they say it takes twenty skins to make the shortest jacket!

Why cannot some of the reformers who are always worrying themselves about unimportant matters such as dress reform, or diet, take up this matter and beseege parliament, congress, every legislative body on the continent, until a law is enacted which makes the wearing of the tiniest scrap of Persian lamb fur a misdemeanor, punishable with arrest, and fine? The woman who wears a stuffed bird on her head can be arrested in some towns of the United States and compelled to remove it, and pay a fine; but she who wears a fur, obtained

THE LIQUOR HABIT—ALCOHOLISM.

I guarantee to every victim of the liquor habit, no matter how bad the case, that when my new vegetable medicine is taken as directed, all desire for liquor is removed within three days, and a permanent cure effected in three weeks, failing which I will make no charge. The medicine is taken privately, and without interfering with business duties. Immediate results—normal appetite, sleep and clear brain, and health improved in every way. Indisputable testimony sent sealed: I invite strict investigation.

A. Hutton Dixon,
No. 40 Park Avenue, Montreal, Que.

BABY HUMORS

Instant relief for skin-tormented babies and rest for tired mothers in a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, and a single application of CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure. The only speedy and economical treatment for itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, and pimply eruptions of the skin, scalp, and blood.

Cuticura

Small quantities of the world. POWER DRESS AND CUTICURA SOAP, and a single application of CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure. The only speedy and economical treatment for itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, and pimply eruptions of the skin, scalp, and blood.

BABY BLEMSHES

By far more barbarous methods is not subject to any restraint, but allowed to go on her way encouraging the terrible traffic, and creating the demand which the wretched sheep mothers die by millions to supply. Once the fur ceased to sell readily, and the demand for it languished, the trade would die a natural death; but I suppose it will be left for some leader of Babylon to wave a magic wand, and pronounce the soft gray fur no longer in style; and only then will the poor Persian ewes be allowed to die in peace.

We are held responsible for; so much, we women, so much more than we deserve, and even when we are in the wrong we generally err through ignorance. I heard a man, not long ago, who was old enough to think twice before he spoke once, say that we were to blame for most of the cruelty and suffering in the world. "Wimmin"—he did not seem to know the meaning of the word lady, any more than a backwoods farmer—"Wimmin" must have fur, and they must wear stuffed birds on their heads even though they know what it all meant in the shape of cruelty. Men were not responsible for any of it, they did not wear such things!" True my friend, perhaps you don't wear them but who supplies the birds, captures, slaughters and sends them to market? Women? Oh no, men, men are in the business, and making money out of it; dirty, blood-stained money, I admit, but they love it all the same! Who invented, and who practices the frightful tortures upon the Persian ewe and her offspring? Women? No again, men, men who have invented the shocking methods and practice them ruthlessly because they think the skins are thereby rendered a little more valuable. And what do we know of all this? What have we known for centuries, until lately about such matters. How could woman, herself tender hearted and gentle, except in rare cases, imagine that creatures who were human like herself could be so base, so barbarous? Such a thought would never enter her mind. For decades past she has seen leathers and birds displayed in milliners' shops, and handsome furs in furriers' windows, and as they have been displayed for sale she has unthinkingly bought them.

We all know that thousands of animal lives are sacrificed for us daily, it seems to be a law of creation, cruel as it is, and as such we accept it for the simple reason that we can see no way to do otherwise.

But all the same meat seems to be a necessity to the human family, and anyone who should pause to ask her butcher, before choosing a joint whether that particular animal had suffered much in dying, would merely draw down ridicule upon herself without doing any good. It is best for one's peace of mind to take it for granted that the animals used for food, are killed as mercifully as possible, and ask no useless questions.

But still I am not a strong woman, and I do not believe I could exist very long without meat, much as I would like to be a vegetarian. I know there are hundreds of others who feel as I do, who would almost give their hearts' blood to lighten the sufferings of the animal creation, and who do all in their power towards that end, but alas, our efforts are feeble indeed when contrasted with the gigantic cruelty of man. Do we on this side of the water at least, slaughter the beautiful and wild creatures of the forest for what we are pleased to call sport? Sacrificing thousands of gentle harmless lives in order to gratify the lust of killing which seems to dwell in men's hearts? A thousands times no! The lives that are taken for us are for food and clothing. And when we did begin by slow degrees to find out the lengths to which man's cruelty led him, and the way the birds were killed, who was the most active in protesting against the wearing of birds, feathers, and stuffed birds men or women? Pick up any woman's paper, or glance at the woman's page in any periodical, and the question

will be answered. Look at the societies which have been formed lately for the protection of the birds, and see the activity with which women have thrown themselves into the good work, and the accusation of wilful cruelty will be easily reputed. Oh it makes me fairly boil with indignation to hear men call us cruel. I could write on the subject for hours! But I fancy it would be more judicious to stop in good time; only adding that I do hope that some of my sisters in humanity will turn their attention to the Persian lamb question, and endeavour to do as good work in that direction, as they are doing for the protection of the birds.

We read of fur dresses last season, but scarcely believed in their existence outside of the fertile imagination of the fashion writer; but there is no doubt now that entire costumes made of fur are really worn by women who move in sufficiently exalted circles to make the wearing of such a garment appropriate, and most important of all, whose purses are long enough to afford what is really the ne plus ultra of extravagance in dress. It is an absolutely luxurious fancy, and must be uncomfortable to carry around, I should think, but then a fur dress is so far out of my reach that it might well represent the sour grapes which that old time philosopher Reynard did not want.

Of course only a few of these queenly gowns have been exhibited for sale even in reckless New York, but strange to say those few have found immediate purchasers. Probably the reason for this is the novelty of the thing and the fact that the woman whose husband could afford to present her with a set of jewels or a pair of carriage horses, as a little Christmas souvenir, was only too glad to be helped out of his dilemma of—"What shall I give her this year?" by a gentle hint from Madame, that a fur costume was the correct thing this season, and if she found one in her stocking or lying beside it, when she awakened on Christmas morning, she would be the happiest woman in the world. Few women however prize their dress allowance would care to invest the large sum required for a fur gown, in any one costume, because it is authoritatively stated that we cannot indulge in this latest fancy, without spending a sum so near a thousand dollars that it is scarcely worth making a distinction, as well call it a thousand at once—but it is a present—why that, as Kipling says, is another story. Sometimes the dress is of mink, sometimes of the beautiful broadtail, and sometimes of Persian lamb, but whatever the fur, the dress is rich, and splendid in appearance beyond any costume that the genius of the dress-makers has yet given to the world, so the wearer probably gets the full worth of her money. Such dresses nearly always consist of a skirt and coat basque, the skirt quite plain and rather widely gored. If it is of mink the stripes all converge towards the waist, and give a grace and slenderness to almost any figure, that no other material could possibly impart. Some of the broadtail skirts have vandykes of ruby red, or pearly purple velvet let in at the foot, and these dresses have a velvet

SYRUP OF FIGS



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
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John Noble COSTUMES



Worn Throughout the World. Three GOLD MEDALS Awarded.

Canadian who like to dress nicely look to John Noble Ltd. for their party and durable wearing apparel. John Noble's many customers in Canada are so delighted with the goods supplied them and the money they save (after paying duty and carriage) by dealing direct with the greatest firm of costume experts in the world, that no lady who has once patronized this firm would for a moment dream of getting her costumes elsewhere. They are exquisite creations and models of ease and comfort.

MODEL 802—A smart well cut bolero trimmed with-pleats and buttons. A full tailor-made shirtwaist with collar \$2.50. Full bodice, well cut, trimmed with collar \$2.50. A well made costume No. 803. Full bodice, well cut, trimmed with collar \$2.50. A well made costume No. 804. Full bodice, well cut, trimmed with collar \$2.50. A well made costume No. 805. Full bodice, well cut, trimmed with collar \$2.50.

BE AT EASE—The outward sign of inward health. Beautiful Necks, White Arms and Hands.

DR. CAMPBELL'S Safe Arsenic Complexion Waters

FOULDS' MEDICATED ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP

Will give you All These.

If you are annoyed with Pimples, Blackheads, Freckles, Blisters, Moth, Fleas, Worms, Eruptions, or any blemish on the skin, get a box of DR. CAMPBELL'S WATERS and a cake of FOULDS' MEDICATED ARSENIC SOAP, the only genuine beautifiers in the world.

Waters by mail 50c, and \$1 per box. Soap by mail 25c, and \$1 per box. Address all mail orders to H. B. FOULD, Sole Proprietor, 144 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont. Sold by all druggists in St. John.

The Canadian Drug Co., Wholesale Agents

waistcoat over which revers of the fur roll and button, or turn back, as the wearer goes in or out of doors. The very natural inquiry suggests itself to the mind of where these wonderful garments are worn, and what is the proper time of day to assume them, for surely the woman of the upper ten does not wear her fur garment indoors like the family cat. We are told in answer, that they are intended to be worn only in very cold weather, and for shopping, driving and paying short calls. I fancy the temperature of the house called at, and the wearers feelings would largely regulate the length of the call.

I don't think there has ever been a season when there was such a rage for fur as there is now, the very bride who takes upon herself the stately yoke this month arrays her sweet self and her maids in as pretty costumes as possible, and scarcely considers that her gown is up to date if it does not show a border, or trimming of fur somewhere. The bride who has plenty of money to spend takes her vows in a costume of elegant ivory satin trimmed with silver fox, or ermine, while her maids wear snow white gowns similarly adorned, white felt hats bordered with fur, and carry big white fur muff. The bride who cannot afford fur makes herself and her attendant nymphs almost as charming in simple dresses bordered with the ever beautiful, and never very expensive swan's down.

The Poland jacket is one of the very newest varieties of the Eton coat, and it you had your seal cape made into a little tight Eton, which is entirely out of style now; you can be in the height of the fashion with very little trouble. Just rip out the sleeves and cut off two and a half inches at the wrist; then take the garment to a furrier, and get him to use the tops of the sleeves for a full pouched front, and make sleeves of either silk or velvet, using the pieces out off for cuffs. If silk is used the sleeves should be nearly covered with mohair braid of a good quality. The result will be a polish jacket of the very latest style.

ASTRA.

THE KLONDYKE'S WEALTH

Would Be No Inducement to the Sufferer if It Stood Between Him and Perfect Health.

H. H. Little, Campbellford, writes: "About one year ago I had a severe attack of typhoid fever and it left my system in a very weak and nervous condition, in fact, so badly that I despaired of recovery. I was induced to try South American Nerve. In a remarkably short time my health improved, and when I had taken a few bottles I was completely cured and have better health since than for years before."

What he Means.

If legal phrases are sometimes puzzling to the untutored mind, certain colloquial expressions may be equally puzzling to the legal mind. An example is given in London Law Notes.

At an examination before Lord Mansfield a witness exclaimed, 'I was up to him.' 'Up to him,' said his lordship. 'What do you mean by being up to him?' 'Mean my lord? Why, I was down upon him.' 'Up to him and down upon him,' said

his lordship. "What does this fellow mean?"

"Why, I mean, my lord, that as deep as he thought himself, I stogged him." When his lordship still insisted that he did not understand what was meant, the witness exclaimed: "Law, what a flat you must be!" "If he had only said 'on to him,' said his lordship later, 'I should have tumbled to him.'"

Peterborough, Oct. 23, 1896.

To Messrs. Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Gentlemen,—I take great pleasure in testifying to the merits of Dr. Chase's K. & L. Pills. They prove themselves to be just what they are recommended for, and are one of the best selling pills that I have ever handled.

J. D. TULLY, Druggist.

Swallows and Pigeons

Some time ago the experiment was made of letting loose at Compiagne a swallow belonging to Antwerp in company with a number of pigeons. The swallow immediately made a bee line for home, and arrived there in one hour, while the pigeons required three hours.

A Very Good Man.

Allington—Is Pierson, the millionaire, a good church member?

Deason Wedhams—I should think he was. Why, the rest of us don't have to subscribe hardly anything to keep affairs going.

BEWARE OF THE GRIP

At just this season it gets in its deadly work. In Lung and Chest Pains, Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness and Pneumonia, no other external remedy affords prompt prevention and quicker cure than

Benson's Porous Plaster

Indorsed by over 5,000 Physicians and Chemists. Be sure to get the genuine BENSON'S. All druggists. Price 25 cents. Leeming, Miles & Co., Montreal, Sole Agts. for Canada.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Changes in Color Explained Scientifically by Professor MacDougal.

The casting of the leaf is not a sudden and quick response to any single change in environmental conditions but is brought about with a complex interplay of processes begun days or perhaps weeks before any external changes are to be seen says Prof. MacDougal, in Harper's. The leaf is rich in two classes of substances, one of which is of no further benefit to it, and another which it has constructed at great expense of energy, and which is in a form of the highest possible usefulness to the plant. To this class belongs the compounds in the protoplasm, the green color bodies, and whatever surplus food may not have been previously conveyed away. The substances which the plant must needs discard are in the form of nearly insoluble crystals and by remaining in position in the leaf drop with it to the ground and pass into that great complex laboratory of the soil where by slow methods of disintegration useful elements are set free and once again may be taken up by the tree and travel their devious course through root hairs, along the sinuous roots and up through million-celled columns of the trunk out through the twigs to the leaves once more.

The plastic substances within the leaf, which would be a loss to the plant if thrown away, undergo quite a different series of changes. These substances are in the extreme parts of the leaf, and to pass into the plant body must penetrate many hundreds of membranes of diffusion into the long conducting cells around the ribs or nerves and then down into the twigs and stems. The successful retreat of this great mass of valuable matter is not a simple problem. These substances contain nitrogen as a part of their compounds and as a consequence are very readily broken down when exposed to the sunlight. In the living normal leaf the green color forms a most effectual shield from the action of the sun, but when the retreat is begun one of the first steps results in the disintegration of the chlorophyll. This would allow the fierce rays of the September sun to strike directly through the broad expanses of the leaf, destroying all within, were not other means provided for protection. In the first place, when the chlorophyll breaks down among the resulting substances formed is cyanophyll (blue) which absorbs the sun's rays in the same general manner as the chlorophyll. In addition, the outer layers of cells of the leaf contain other pigments, some of which have been massed by the chlorophyll, and others which are formed as decomposition products, so that the leaf exhibits outwardly a gorgeous panoply of colors in reds, yellows and bronzes that make up the autumnal display.

From the wild riot of tints shown by a clump of trees or shrubs the erroneous impression might be gained that the colors are accidental in their occurrence. This is far from the case, however. The keynote of color in any species is constant, with minor and local variations. The birches are a golden yellow, oaks vary through yellow orange to reddish brown, the maple becomes a dark red, the tulip tree a light yellow, hawthorn and poison oak become violet, while the sumacs and vices take on a flaming scarlet. These colors exhibit some variation in accord with the character of the soil on which the plants stand.

CASTS IN INDIA.

A Member of the Pariahs has no Chance for Rising.

In India all save the lowest caste what we call pariahs, can rise in the world, as we Western folk count rising. They can become as rich as they like; they can enter Government service, become merchants, lawyers, anything they please. But caste is a religious and social distinction, which is self-supporting, self-contained. A Brahman is always a Brahman, even if he be a servant. I remember one case where the rajah of a Hill state always salaamed to the servant of a friend of mine. The servant was of a higher position than the ruler of the land in which he served.

Then a member of the lowest caste, or pariah, has no chance of rising? None as a Hindoo. If he becomes a Mohammedan—which only requires a repetition of their creed before witnesses—he takes his position among his new coreligionists. Of course, to Hindoos he remains tabu, as to Mohammedans are, even of the highest rank. Theoretically, he would be. But not in marriage. He would find great difficulty in getting a wife of good class, no matter how rich he might be; for money and position count for little in India. The poorest and lowest intermarry with the richest, if they are of good caste. Of course, caste is essentially Hindoo, but in Punjab, which is largely Mohammedan, the exclusive feeling of caste extends to the latter. I remember, for instance, a Mohammedan nobleman of the highest rank, enormously wealthy, finding the greatest difficulty in securing a wife in what I may call his class, because his mother had not been of a respectable class. It would not have been so difficult a task in England. Briefly, then, an outcast—though this is a misnomer, since the scavengers or pariahs never belonged to any caste at all—by changing his occupation—that is, ceasing to be a scavenger and touching unclean things—and becoming a Mohammedan, can rise, as we count rising, in the world. But virtually, he remains the man he was born.



THE ACHING BACK.

Many women have to do their own housework. The constant bending over—making beds, sweeping, ironing, sewing—comes hard on the kidneys; cramps and strains them. Backaches, sideaches, headaches follow.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

remedy all these things simply by making the kidneys resume healthy action.

Mrs. T. LANGRISH, 202 Queen Street, Ottawa, Ont., says: "For two years I suffered greatly with pains in my back across the kidneys. They were very severe, and caused me great weakness so that at times I could not attend to my household duties. The medicines I took did me no good. From when I started taking Doan's Kidney Pills I experienced relief, and it took only one box to make the pains and aches all vanish."

50c. a box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25. Sold by all druggists.

BE SURE YOU GET DOAN'S THE ORIGINAL KIDNEY PILL.

Provisional.

The Syracuse Post prints a story containing an excellent hint, which fathers and mothers who have babies to name may well consider.

A girl baby was brought to a clergyman of Syracuse to be baptized. He asked the name of the baby.

"Dinah M.," the father responded.

"But what does the M stand for?" asked the minister.

"Well, I don't know yet; it depends upon how she turns out."

"How she turns out? Why I do not understand you," said the minister.

"Oh, if she turns out nice and sweet and handy about the house, like her mother, I shall call her Dinah May. But if she has a fiery temper and a bombshell disposition like mine, I shall call her Dinah Might."



Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum

For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore throat, etc.

KERRY, WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL.



Laxative Pills
CURE Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Jaundice, Dyspepsia and all Stomach and Liver Complaints.

Laxative Pills never gripe, and leave no unpleasant after effects.
Sold by all Druggists at 25c. a Vial or 5 for \$1.00.



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Buy only the "EVER-READYS"
50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly, Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year in advance, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 25 F St., Washington, D. C.

HE WAS FORTUNE.

A Failure to Mail a Letter Brought a Good Fortune.

Years ago a Cleveland man gave his wife a piece of what he supposed was worthless Missouri land, a tract which he had taken in settlement from a debtor. It was a 240 acre section and from year to year he sent the few dollars which were required for taxes. If it hadn't been for this small outlay he might have forgotten all about it. The property had been put in his wife's name and a few weeks ago she was surprised to receive a letter from an attorney at Jefferson City making her an offer for the land. It was a long letter, in which the writer said he had found a man who would take the tract for the timber that was on it and was willing to give \$600 for the property. The lawyer went on to say that he considered it a very fair offer. Half the farm was swamp and the other half rock, and it was positively the first bona fide inquiry regarding the property that he had heard of. "The man who makes the offer is an erratic and touchy sort of fellow," wrote the lawyer, "and I think it would be well to nail him before he changes his mind."

The wife showed the letter to her husband, who shared her pleased surprise.

"That's pretty good," he chuckled. "I never expected to get the taxes back on it. It's just as bad as he says it is—half swamp and half rock. I had a man who was prospecting out that way go over and look at it. He said it was worth about \$2 an acre. Sit down and write the lawyer that you'll accept his offer and ask him to forward the papers at once."

So the wife sat down and wrote the letter, and just as the husband was starting for the office in a great hurry—he always fancied he was late—she gave it to him to mail. He slipped it in his inside overcoat pocket, grasped his umbrella and was off.

Once or twice thereafter his wife alluded to the farm transaction and wondered when the papers would be along. The husband replied in an absent-minded way—he was full of engrossing business at the time—and when two weeks had elapsed they both began to think that the deal had fallen through.

One morning, just as the husband was starting for downtown, the postman brought a letter for the wife.

"Why, it is the Jefferson City postmark," she cried. "Let's see what he says."

She tore the envelope open, hastily skimmed over a few lines, and then looked up with a little shriek.

"Read that, George!" she cried.

And this is what George read:

"Dear Madam: Of course I knew what it meant when you failed to answer my proposition. You were investigating, and I don't blame you. I made my offer in the hope that you would snap at it, but it is evident you haven't snapped. I didn't care to put the offer any higher for fear of arousing your suspicions, and perhaps I got it too high as it was. Having made my little confession—your husband will tell you it was all a trick of the trade—I will come down to business. I represent a mining company, and we are developing a tract south of here and need your farm. We will give you \$20,000 cash for it. That is the limit we are willing to go. I will admit that there is another company in the same field, but I feel sure that your advice from here will convince you that the offer we make is a very liberal one. The moment we hear from you favorably the cash will be deposited to your credit here in the First National Bank. Kindly advise me as to your intentions at the earliest possible moment."

The husband looked at the wife.

"Well, by George!" he said.

"A wild light was in the wife's eye."

"What does this mean?" she cried.

George fumbled in his inside pocket.

"There," he said, as he drew forth the letter which never went, "that's what it means."

"I'll have to forgive you this time," she said.

"Try it again," he cheerfully suggested.

"Accept the second offer, and after I send a telegram or two I can guarantee that it will go."

"I'm afraid I can't trust you."

"I'll carry it in my hand to the office."

And so a bad and inexcusable failing was the means of putting a beautiful gilding on the coming Christmas day in that household.

What did he mean?

An amusing anecdote at the expense of an excellent and necessary profession comes from Temple Bar.

A young doctor, a novice in his profession, who was also somewhat of a novice with the gun, was out after hare, and after he had missed several shots the old keeper said:

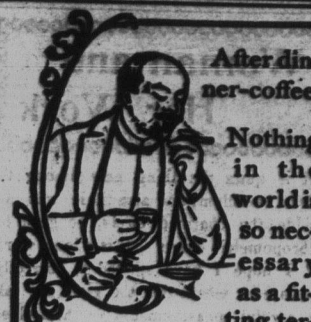
"Let me have a try. I'll doctor 'em."

Another Mystery Explained.

Mr. Lynch and his friend were discussing family names and their history.

"How did your name originate?" asked the friend.

"Oh, probably one of my ancestors was of the grasping kind that you hear about so often. Somebody gave him an 'ynch,' and he took an 'L.'"



After dinner-coffee. Nothing in the world is so necessary as a fitting termination to a perfectly served dinner. At no time does the true merit of coffee become so manifest. To produce that delicious, aromatic beverage that delights the hearts of epicures and acts as a delightful conclusion to a well-enjoyed meal, only the finest material should be used. They are represented by

Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee.
Grocers sell it in pound and two-pound tin cans, and the signature of these famous importers, together with their seal, guarantees its matchless excellence.

E. L. ETHIER & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF
Billiard and Pool Tables
and Supplies,
Bowling Alleys, etc.
SECOND HAND TABLES \$100 to \$200.
Our Columbus Electric Cushions are known to be the best in use.
88 St. Denis St., Montreal.

STAINED GLASS
Memorials, Interior Decorations.
CASTLE & SON,
20 University St., Montreal.
Write for catalogue.

STEM SET, WATCH FREE
To introduce Dr. Weston's Improved Pink Iron Tonic Pills for making blood, for pale people, female weakness, liver and kidney disease, nervousness, general debility, etc., we give away a 14c. gold-plated watch, Ladies or Gent's, nicely engraved, reliable time-keeper, warranted 5 years. The Pills are 50c. per box, \$2.00 for 3 boxes. Send this amount and you receive 3 boxes and the watch, or write for particulars. This is a genuine offer. **THE DR. WESTON PILL CO.,** 205 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

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AGATHA'S WEDDING.

The day that Agatha's engagement was announced Mrs. Pennington's school was in a turmoil of excitement.

"I'm so glad to hear Agatha is to be married," said Judge Bryson's daughter, a red faced girl who was always saying the wrong things.

Mellicent Pennington flushed angrily, and threw back her thin shoulders. There was a compressed look about her lips.

"Do not concern yourself, my dear," she said. "I could have been married long before I was your age."

Everybody who knew the Penningtons had heard of Mellicent's proposal of marriage. It was her first and her last.

Mellicent waited fourteen long years, but the paragon never came. Her cheeks were not as plump as they had been, and her features were becoming angular.

Pater fell down the steps of his house one night, six years before, and a few days later died from the effects of the stroke.

"He was a good fellow," the world said. "He was kind to his family, anyway."

Affairs had not gone well with the Penningtons since then. Barring a law library, a few outstanding claims, and a house with a mortgage on it, the father left little.

"Think how much worse it might have been, Mater dear," said Mellicent to her mother, after it was all over.

Mrs. Pennington and Mellicent believed that young girls lacked the power to think, to observe, and to study, and they issued their theories in the form of a four page pamphlet, which they mailed to the families whom they had known in the days of their prosperity.

This institution occupied the parlor and the second floor of the mortgaged house. The house was in a Harlem street, lined by two brownstone shells pierced with holes.

"It seems to me, Mellie," said Agatha, several days later, "you and Mater are neglecting the school dreadfully. You seem to think that Mr. de Vere is going to marry the whole family."

"Agatha is so different from Mellicent," everybody said. "She never will have the carriage her sister has."

"The younger woman came home one day with her face beaming. 'Mr. de Vere will call tomorrow evening,' she said. 'I suppose you have no objection, Mater?'"

"When I was your age," began Mellicent—and then she stopped. "I—I know several artists," she concluded lamely.

"I'm aware of what you were about to say," Agatha retorted. "Well, he may not have long mustaches like your German count, but, at all events, he's not after Pater's money."

"I don't know where the money's coming from, Mellie." Agatha who always rose an hour later than the rest of the household, was asleep up stairs.

"But we must make the child happy," insisted Mellicent. Then came days of scripping and scripping.

The two youngsters whose parents had sent them from the West to become boarding pupils of the School of Observation looked dolefully at each other across the morning repast.

The coffee seemed principally ground. The oranges were small and shriveled. One of the youngsters had the temerity to ask for a second cup one morning, and the injured air with which Mellicent refused it still lingers in her memory.

"What are you going to do with that mahogany table?" asked the Bryson girl who was always about at the wrong time.

"The School of Observation for Young Girls began to show alarming symptoms of disintegration. The girl with the red hair suddenly announced that her parents had decided to send her to a seminary in Fifth Avenue. Mellicent held up her hands;

"It is not likely that I shall need it, Mater," she said simply, as she handed over the flimsy fabric to her mother.

"When your great aunt gave it to you, Mellie," exclaimed Mrs. Pennington, "she said that it was to be worn on your wedding day."

"I shall give it to Agatha," she said. Then she turned and went hastily from the room. Agatha, who sat her on the stairs, noticed that she was weeping.

"His was a lovely character," Mellicent rejoined. "I wish every day that I were more like him."

Heralded by paragraphs in the society columns of the Sunday newspapers, by bits of grapeboard engraved at Tiffany's and by the goosips of St. Sebastian's, the wedding came at last.

The Commencement that year was a meager affair. It was also the last. There were two graduates, and the little room in the building of the Young Men's Christian Association was barely filled.



A WINTER MORNING'S BREAKFAST.

to observe, to think to study, with no higher ideals before her than French lessons, deportment, and dancing? The backward child, who never could get her lessons, went home crying one day, because Mellicent had grown impatient when she translated youkour as a bird, and she did not return.

"It seems to me, Mellie," said Agatha, several days later, "you and Mater are neglecting the school dreadfully. You seem to think that Mr. de Vere is going to marry the whole family. Please don't get that impression, or the first thing we know he'll break off the engagement."

Mellicent bent over the wedding dress she was making for Agatha, and said not a word.

"That wasn't exactly a pleasant thing to talk about," Agatha, told herself, after she had left the room; but Richard insisted on the matter being definitely understood.

In the weeks which followed, Mellicent worked bravely to keep that handful of pupils together. She spent the greater part of the night in toiling upon Agatha's wedding gown.

"It's a labor of love," she said. "I am afraid I was getting a fish."

Several English sparrows, as though to hail the bridal day with matin song, perched upon the arch rail of the Pennington house on the morning of June 10, in the year of our Lord eight hundred and ninety five.

The doors of the basement and the lower hall of the old house were wide open. The florists' men hurried in and out. The caterers' assistants busied themselves in the kitchen. Delivery wagons were driven hastily up to the curb and as hastily driven away again.

Two society reporters—society reporters always seem to go in pairs—came up the stoop, and for fifteen minutes held an animated conversation with Mellicent. They gathered all the details of the ceremony, the names of the prominent guests, the manner in which the bride was dressed, and a description of the decorations.

Constipation

Causes fully half the sickness in the world. It retains the digested food too long in the bowels and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indigestion, bad taste, coated tongue, etc.

Hood's Pills

It is a labor of love, she said. I am afraid I was getting a fish. While the cliff dwellers on either side of the Pennington house were asleep, the little, old fashioned sewing machine buzzed until long after midnight.

"Isn't she lovely?" simpered the girl in lavender. Under the spell of satin, of old lace, and of orange blossoms, Agatha Pennington seemed almost beautiful. There was an air of womanliness and sweetness about her which the boy of St. Sebastian's had never noticed before.

"She's a good woman," the man answered, he could think of nothing else more gallant to say. And when all was over and the guests had gone, when caterer, florist, and orchestra leader had been paid, Mater and Mellicent sat together in the front parlor among the flowers.

"That offer of a position in the conservatory of music came none too soon," said Mellicent. "It means twelve hundred dollars a year."

"Yes," replied the mother, "it is fortunate indeed. The house will have to go, but perhaps we may be able to save a little from the wreck. If the school had only been a success!"

"I know of the loveliest flat," Mellicent said. "Only eighteen dollars a month! With what furniture we have left, we can make up beautifully. And then there is my salary."

"It has been an awful expense," sighed Mrs. Pennington, as she looked about her. "How did we ever manage to meet it?" "But wasn't it a beautiful wedding?" asked Mellicent, as she arose and laid her

The Best and Purest Tea. MONSOON

Indo-Ceylon Tea Is the Result of Study and Care. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, and 60c per lb. All grocers keep it. Black and Mixed.

"It's worth about three sticks," remarked the man with the tweeds, afterwards. "Connected with swell people, you know. Poor as church mice themselves, though."

"House is nicely decorated," remarked he in the gray suit. "I suppose some of their rich relatives must have attended to that."

The young woman from another paper, who came later, described the whole affair as 'a beautiful home wedding'—a phrase which had been used before. In this case it was a felicitous one.

The old parlors looked like a garden and the stairway was a veritable path of flowers. The musicians were concealed behind a thicket of palms. The woman reporter did not forget to mention that there were rare exotics banked with flowers."

The clock pointed to high noon, and the musicians played the wedding march. A rustle of silks and satins was heard upon the stairs. The house was darkened, and jets of gas took the place of the midday sun.

A LEAGUE OF LIFE

To be Formed by the Residents of Bruce County. Thousands of Lives Saved by Mr. Davidson's Rescuer—Society to Protect Life by Means of Dodd's Kidney Pills, Earth's Greatest Medicine.

WINGHAM, Jan. 24.—Particulars of the marvellous escape of Mr. A. T. Davidson, of Lucknow, have been read with intense interest by our citizens. Mr. Davidson is well-known here, and his score of friends are heartily congratulating him on his narrow escape.

There are a good many people in Wingham who have been rescued from similar dangers and they are the warmest supporters of the movement. Statistics have been compiled showing that of every ten deaths, in this country, nine are caused by some form of Kidney Disease. This is all to be changed.

Since the discovery of the famous cure for Kidney Diseases the number of deaths from these causes has been greatly reduced. This cure—Dodd's Kidney Pills—is being used with the most wonderful success throughout Canada. It has the record of never having failed.

The movement spoken of, is to form a society to make known to victims of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, and all other forms of Kidney Disease, that there is a positive, infallible cure for them in Dodd's Kidney Pills. A meeting is to be held shortly, when plans for working will be formulated.

It is not to be wondered at that Dodd's Kidney Pills are exciting such intense interest. They are the greatest medicine on earth, beyond a doubt. They are the only remedy that has ever cured Diabetes and Bright's Disease. They have never once failed to cure Rheumatism, Lumbago, Dropsy, Heart Disease, Paralysis, Bladder Troubles, Blood Impurities, and Female Weakness.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists, at fifty cents a box, six boxes \$2.50, or will be sent on receipt of price by The Dodds Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

A gentleman from Montgomery, Alabama, was in Atlanta, says the Constitution anxiously waiting for the yellow fever quarantine to be raised, so that he could return to his family and his business. Of course he was hobnobbing and praying for a frost, and one day he said to the negro of the hotel:

"Jim, the first time you see frost in Atlanta come to my room and wake me up, and I'll give you a dollar." Several days passed. Then, early one morning the porter rapped at the Montgomery man's door. "Git up, boss!" he shouted; "dar's been two frosts dis mornin'—one dollar apiece."



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's

Ask for Carter's

Insist on demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

