

# PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY FEBRUARY 2 1901.

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## THE RING INVESTIGATION.

How the Case Was Settled—Chief Clark's Sage Advice to the Force.

Chief Clark's investigation into the charges against Detective John Ring came to an end last Monday. The outcome of it is now an old story. The detective was vindicated and everything now stands as it did in the first place.

Magistrate Ritchie's insinuations as to the corruptness of the police force have been met, in one instance at any rate, and have been found to have nothing of a serious nature in them. It was quite true the chief witnesses in the case hid themselves away—some say to Boston, others say to Sydney, and a Fredericton paper asserts they stayed at the local capital—and the case lost a lot of what the public expected would be spicy.

Still, even if these women, Brown and Nason, had held their ground their evidence might have been equally as unimportant as was Ada Wilson's, who was heard before the chief.

With no little show of officialism, and a lot of red tape pro and con, the investigation dragged on for three or four sittings. Mr. Blair conducted the case, for his client, Mr. Ring, in a quiet, easy-going way, knowing that no heinous crime could be laid at the door of the official he was defending. Recorder Skinner sat at the Chief's elbow and made many of the legal balls for the premier policeman to throw. Still nothing was proved against the detective, who sat all the while as unconcerned as if he were taking in a performance at the opera house.

At one stage in the proceedings the Recorder cross questioned Capt. Fred Jenkins pretty closely as to the personal conduct and existence of the south end houses of ill fame. The Captain told a straightforward intelligible story and could say nothing derogatory of Detective Ring, although he had worked with him on raids, seizures, etc. for over seventeen years. The Captain expressed it as his personal opinion that if the shady resorts of south end were not kept there and allowed to exist without brawling and uproar, the town would soon be breaking out all over in festering sores of ill-fame, and street walking—or in other words, "picking up"—would be a very common evil.

Then the Captain enlightened the city's legal head, and the public at large for the reporters were there—of the inner workings of the demimonde houses. The newspaper men near



CHIEF CLARK.

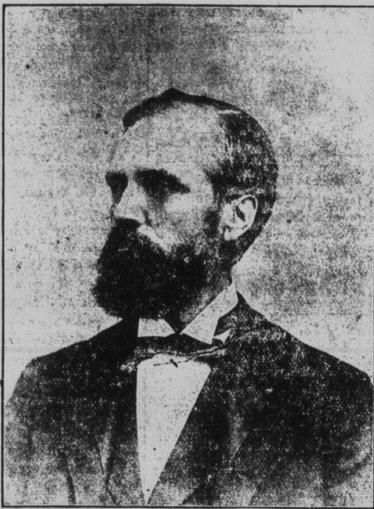
ly cracked their arms trying to catch all the Captain said for the accounted it "good stuff."

Then came the Chief's judgment. It was nothing very elaborate, rather lengthy, but quite plain and business like. He said he expected Officer Ring would go on the stand and explain under what circumstance he took the money, but acting on the advice of his counsel, he did not do so. The charges made against him were criminal, and should have been tried as such. Mr. Blair, however, objected to this and wanted the Chief to strike it out of his remarks. The Chief refused.

"If it is the desire of the higher authorities that I enter upon and destroy these houses then I am ready to proceed. The question is certainly one of the most momentous with which the police and higher

authorities have to deal," said Chief Clark. So now the city is to blame if the evil of the south end continues to exist.

No doubt remembering the frequent aspersions cast upon the police force by the magistrate, the chief incorporated in his



HON. C. N. SKINNER.

judgement the following: "I have found the officers of the force under my charge as a rule, almost without exception, to be a well-intended and properly behaved class of men, shrinking from no duty as they understand it, and readily and cheerfully meeting all just demands made upon them as members of the force."

In winding up the chief said: "But I wish to here say that officers, when in the discharge of their duty they are called upon to enter these houses, should remain as short a time as possible, should under no possible state of circumstances be on familiar terms with keepers or inmates. They should receive no loans, no gifts, no favors from them. Both keepers and inmates should always be made to know and understand that their business and their houses are an offence to decency, morality and the law, and that at the least the duty of the police is to render as harmless as possible the results of the immorality which those keepers and inmates represent, and under no circumstances can they receive favors, countenance or protection from the police."

This last paragraph was sort of an electric shock to some members of the force, it is said, who in the future may give their Sunday school lessons a little closer attention.

So officer Ring is back at his old job, and the proverbial goose is high upon the rafter.

### Dr. Travers' Suggestion.

The suggestion of Dr. Boyle Travers to have the central fountain in King Square—by the way, "the roped arena"—named after King Edward VII is a good one. The doctor suggested it at the Mayor's special meeting on receipt of the Queen's death news, but it was almost totally ignored. The Prince of Wales, that was, when he visited St. John turned on the water in this fountain for the first time, and many will agree with the venerable doctor that it should be named after him.

### Memorial Services.

The different denominations throughout the city will hold memorial services today. At Centenary an impressive service is to be held at which many prominent clergymen will take part. The Presbyterians hold a united gathering at St. Andrews church, where Dr. MacRae is to be the preacher. At Trinity a very interesting programme has been arranged, Dean Partridge of Fredericton occupying the pulpit. At this later service the St. John Fusiliers are to

attend. The day will be generally observed as one of mourning.

### Notices to Quit.

Thursday was the last day for giving the notice to quit, between landlord and tenant. PROGRESS learns that they were even more numerous this year than in years past, so everything points to a bustling first of May.

### Decorations.

An American in the city this week expressed his surprise at the fine mourning decorations presented throughout the city by our leading merchants and hotels. The

## SHE SAW THE QUEEN.

Interesting Interview With an Old Lady Who Saw the Queen on the Day of Her Coronation.

Just now when the whole country is steeped in sorrow because of the death of our beloved monarch and tales and reminiscences of her life are the order of the day, those who have been fortunate enough to have seen the queen sometime during her life are looked upon as beings signally favored, and many questions are asked them as to her personal appearance, manner etc. Whenever the experience is related the narrator is always able to command an appreciative and attentive audience.

But to have seen Her Majesty on the day of her coronation, to have lived throughout her long reign and to see her death and the accession of a new monarch, and still be hale and hearty it an honor which few can claim, at any rate in Canada.

Probably the only one in this city to whom such distinction has come is an old lady, Mrs. Crawford, widow of James Crawford, who resides with her daughter, Mrs. Osborne, of Forrest Street.

To a PROGRESS representative who called to see her, Mrs. Crawford related some of her experiences and though her memory is growing somewhat dim with the increasing years, still many interesting facts were given by the very intelligent old lady.

Mrs. Crawford was born in Ireland 82 years ago. She came to this country with her parents and settled in St. John when a small child and while still a very young girl entered the employ of Col. and Lady Dalton, who were in this city for a short time, on their return from the West Indies, where the Colonel had been stationed, and were enroute to Europe. With them Mrs. Crawford says she travelled for two or three years. They arrived in England some few weeks before the coronation of the Queen.

Lady Dalton was of very high family, being closely related to the Duke of Roxbury and many other personages of royal birth. This was of course a great advantage to the young girl and as her employers were very considerate and warm hearted people and had taken a great fancy to the young Canadian, she was made much of and taken to every place of interest.

The one scene which stands out freshest in her memory is that of the royal procession, on coronation day, which Mrs. Crawford states was grand and impressive. As the carriage drawn by eight cream colored horses and bearing the young queen and her mother, the Duchess of Kent, approached, at the request of Col. Dalton, she was lifted on high by two of the horse guards and from this exalted position was enabled to obtain a good view of the queen, whom she describes as being very slender and exceedingly pale, but with a certain grace and dignity that was indeed queenly.

The fireworks and scenes of jubilation that followed the crowning of our lamented queen were described at some length by this venerable lady, on whom the weight of four score years has fallen so lightly.

Mrs. Crawford still enjoys good health and during the fine weather is able to take short walks and pay visits to her friends. She is an interesting talker and an hour passed very quickly in such pleasant company.

### A FREDERICTON HERO.

Now in Montreal Undergoing Treatment to an Eye Injured in Africa.

PROGRESS publishes today a cut of Norman P. McLeod of Fredericton, who has had to go to Montreal lately to have his eye, injured in Africa, treated by a specialist.

Norman P. McLeod is the second son of Rev. Dr. McLeod of Fredericton, and is about twenty-three years of age. He is a splendid athlete. He attended Acadia College for two years with the class of '98 and while there played half back on the University football team, and alternated from the pitcher's box to the first base on the college nine. In the annual sports he showed up well, and captured first place in a number of the events. He then went to the U. N. B. and while there captained the foot-ball team, and held for one year the trophy for the best all-around athlete. After leaving college, he worked for a

time in the United States and came home in order to enlist with the Canadian contingent for South Africa. He was enrolled in D battery and served throughout the campaign, with considerable distinction. Shortly before his detachment came home, he was injured in the left eye by sand and



NORMAN McLEOD.

gravel thrown up by an exploding shell. While in England he was treated by a specialist, and since his return on the Roanoke Castle he has gone to Montreal for further treatment. It is hoped that he may receive a permanent relief.

### A Year's Vicissitudes.

A year ago St. John was anticipating the success of General Buller in reaching beleaguered Ladysmith. Flags were fluttering all over town and British hearts were filled with patriotism in view of the great struggle in South Africa. Little did the citizens expect a short twelvemonth would see the same buildings decked in sombre shades and veiled portraits of our dead Queen in every window. From joyous expectancy to deepest gloom. Years of history have been made since last February first.

### Mr. Hunter's Removal.

The removal from St. John of the Rev. Stanley Hunter is a loss to St. John. During his short pastorage here he has made many friends by whom his departure will be much regretted. The Rev. Mr. Beers who succeeds Mr. Hunter was given a reception Wednesday evening and the new incumbent comes here warmly welcomed by people generally.

## PROGRESS

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## Stories About King Edward.

The New York World prints the following estimate of King Edward VII., by Alfred G. Harmsworth, proprietor of the London Daily Mail, who is at present at St. Augustine, Florida:

Not one of least advantages that will follow the accession of the new King of England is his known attachment to the idea of a good understanding between our country and yours.

I reveal no secret when I state that certain European monarchs regard Americanism as one of the menaces of the universe, and that one mighty potentate in particular shared very strongly the wish of France, Italy and Austria that Spain might be victorious in your late war.

That the new King will be for years the most popular royalty in Europe will show his nature, for it is not easy for royalty to be popular, and many of them are far from beloved. The Prince of Wales has been revered because he was one of the people. He never displayed any affectation of superiority.

We like a well groomed and well dressed man. What the Prince wore to day the English speaking man (and others, too) wore to morrow.

We like a plucky man. Well, the Prince as a young man, in the presence of thousands dipped his hands in boiling lead when assured by the great scientist Faraday, when lecturing, that he would suffer no harm. Very few of us would do that.

The King is a good friend and a good enemy. We prefer that kind of man. Ask the lesser folk about the court how they like him and you will get an idea of his good features. He never forgets these people.

When Providence created "the first gentleman of Europe" a royalty, it deprived us of a very excellent newspaper man.

For years the Prince's proclivity for news was the envy of our city editors. He knew all that was to be known, and much of it a long time ahead of the rest of the world.

Some years ago His Royal Highness considered and wished that he should receive the foreign despatches that pass between great countries, so the habit began of sending to Marlborough House the same despatch boy that went to the Queen and the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

We expected the Prince to work hard. We published his engagements; we gave lists of his speeches and accounts of his work, and business men liked him because he was first of all a man of business.

No railway magnate drove his secretaries as he did, and his own courtesy in replying to letters brings him the largest daily personal mail of any living individual.

No public man lives a simpler life. Rising early each day, he scans the newspaper (and they are not carefully prepared for him, as for Emperor William;) he dictates and personally writes his letters, and then come business interviews of all kinds; luncheon at 2, a drive when in town, a walk when in the country—with shooting, automobiling and tarring; perhaps dinner at 8.30, billiards or some other general game—and bed by midnight.

The King is a firm believer in massage, and indeed there are fewer healthier men in the world of his age than he is.

To him the modern man owes the revolution of costumes which enables us to wear loose and easy fitting clothes, which introduced the round dinner jacket, and the black tie for informal dinners, the tan boot, the smoking suit and a hundred and one details of costume that make us so much more comfortable and sensibly and less formally dressed than our fathers.

Not a great reform, you say? Well, think it over, and you will agree with me that it is fortunate he didn't set the world wearing tight-fitting military tunics, and skin-close trousers, with cut-throat collars and jack boots. And he could have done it, as your tailor will tell you. No, the King is above all a supremely commonsense man, which is more than can be said of all the world's rulers.

A New York Journal cable from London says:—The new King of England resembles his mother in lack of stature. He is only five feet four inches in height, weight 215 pounds or more and wears a 17 1/2 collar. His waist circumference is 45 in. chest, eight inches more than his chest measurement. In fact, he is podgy.

All pictures of the Prince of Wales place him out as to make him look six or eight inches taller than he is. His girth is reduced by the same kind of process, pro-

bably by the elongation of his body pictorially.

In the early 90's he was attacked by rheumatism, which troubled him exceedingly. Every autumn he takes the waters either at Homburg or Wiesbaden, and of late years, since his chest has been delicate he usually goes to the Riviera every spring.

It was in 1871 that the English people feared they would lose the Prince of Wales. In the autumn of that year he visited the battlefields of the Franco-Prussian war, and slept in the midst of pestilential surroundings. In October he stayed with Lord and Lady Scarborough, and soon afterward developed typhoid fever, which brought him to the brink of the grave.

Sir W. Jenner, with able assistants, attended the Prince solely. The Queen and the Royal family went to Sandringham expecting the worst. All England and her colonies were prematurely in mourning. On Sunday, December 10, the Prince seemed at the worst, and prayers were offered up throughout England, the Princess herself leaving her husband's bedside for a short time to join in the petitions at Sandringham church.

The Prince hovered between life and death till the following Thursday, the anniversary of the Prince Consort's death ten years before—a fatal date if superstition were credited. Yet that date proved the turning point, and slowly the Prince began to mend. When convalescence became announced the Prince and Princess went to the Isle of Wight, and the journey gave opportunity to the most joyous congratulations and greetings from the people along the route.

A national thanksgiving day was appointed February 27, 1872, and it was observed as a holiday by the nation. The Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales and the royal family attended services in St. Paul's Cathedral.

It was whispered at the time of the Prince's recovery that it was due to an inspiration. His Royal Highness seemed to be actually in extremis when one of his medical attendants sent in haste for two bottles of old champagne brandy and rub-

bed the patient with it vigorously all over till returning animation rewarded the doctor's efforts.

The most serious accident to the prince occurred in July, 1898. While descending a spiral staircase he missed his footing and the extreme effort which he then made to recover his balance caused a rupture of the insertion of the left quadriceps extensor muscle, which tore away with it at the time the upper portion of the patella.

At the time of the accident the prince was in London, and as "everybody" was out of town he ordered that he be removed to Cowes. His physician acquiesced, fearing that otherwise he worry himself into illness. During the first four days after the accident acute apprehension was felt that tetanus might supervene. Premonitory symptoms had appeared, and the fear of tetanus, coupled with the gouty condition of the prince's knee joint, was the real reason why no operation was performed to bring the fractured parts of the patella together.

The prince, however, had the good fortune to make an excellent recovery although he will have a weak knee for life.

### Brilliant Thought.

The far-famed "lady from Philadelphia" evidently has some descendants or distant kin, and a charity visitor recently heard of one of them.

The visitor went to see an old lady whose tribulations with her only timepiece—a small round clock with a particularly loud tick—had formed the major topic of conversation on previous occasions.

"When it's in the room it does seem as if it would drive me crazy," the old lady had often said, almost with tears; "it does so! And yet if I shut it up in the closet, the hours that I sit here doing my patch seem twice as long just because I can't see that little thing, and tell off the time as it passes."

But this day the old lady's face was radiant, and she could hardly wait to reply to her visitor's inquiries as to her health.

"I'm all right, dear," she said with evident excitement. "Now you draw up your chair and see what you see out of my window."

The visitor looked out, and there on the windowledge stood the perplexing little clock.

"Isn't that complete, dear!" demanded the old lady. "It was your niece that came to see me day before yesterday that thought up the idea."

"Mrs. Brown," she said when I told her my

## GREAT WAR PUZZLE



We propose to give away \$100.00 in cash and 833 Prizes FREE to persons who can find Kruger's Head in this picture. If you can find it, form a circle around it with pen or pencil. Cut this out and send to us ENCLOSED STAMP for our reply and full Prize List. If you are correct you have earned a handsome prize, provided you comply with a simple condition about which we will write you. Do not delay, IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY. Address

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trials with that clock, "you don't need to have that window open at the bottom as long as you've got other ways of getting air through the day," she says; "and so why not put the clock out on the window-ledge, facing into the room, and tie it on to the blind hook?" she says.

"And she did it, dear, and there 'tis. At night I take it in and put it in the closet, and come winter your niece says she's got a little box with one side knocked out that'll fit right over the clock, in case of storms, and leave the face right against the window, same as now."

"Now my head's rested and my eyes are blessed," concluded the old lady, earnestly, "and I feel to be real grateful to your niece!"

### Phoebe's Friend.

At Mr. John Burroughs's home in the little village of Westpark, on the Hudson, there are the usual number of bird comedies and tragedies to be found in all leafy retreats, only here is some one to chronicle them and to act as a friend in need. Says a writer in the Outlook:

Under the eaves of a villa on the hill side near Mr. Burroughs's home, a phoebe had built her nest. There, within arm's reach of the piazza, the bird was quietly hatching her eggs, undisturbed by the proximity of human neighbors.

"I saw her building her nest," said Mr. Burroughs, "and noticed that she did not seem to have any bump of locality. She would come flying up here, her beak loaded with mud, and drop it on the rafters. Each time she seemed to forget where she had deposited her load, and the result was that she soon had the building of four or five houses on her hands."

I thought this was rather more than one small bird ought to undertake. So I interrupted the building operations by putting stones or blocks of wood on the foundations of all except one of the nests,

and in this way concentrated the attention of phoebes upon a single site.

"This set her on the right path, and she went ahead and finished up a house the one she is using now."

### Unpleasant Reminder.

In the recently published 'Life of Sir James Nicholas Douglass,' a well known English civil engineer, many interesting stories are told of English lighthouses, their builders and keepers. One story concerns a man named Tom Bowen, who was an assistant during the building of a new tower.

Among many curious things that Tom knew was every nook and cranny in the rocks where the crabs were to be found. He would put his arm into the holes, often right up to the shoulder, and haul out with wonderful dexterity—generally to make a present of his plunder to somebody else—one fine specimen after another of the shell-fish.

He seldom met with a mishap while engaged with this dangerous sport, but once, at any rate, he did, as the following extract from a rough diary which was kept by the principal keeper—a strict Sabbatarian—quietly records:

'Sunday, August 26th. T. B. after crabs; one bit by the hand to pay him for Sunday.'

### Riding Aside.

Mrs. Grace Seton-Thompson, who went to the Rocky Mountains with her husband on a hunting trip, strongly advises women, when undertaking rough riding, to avoid the side-saddle. She gives this instance of the advantage of riding astride:

One day I was following a game trail along a very steep bank, which ended in a granite precipice a hundred feet below. It had been raining and snowing in a fitful fashion, and the clay ground was slippery. It gave a most treacherous footing.

One of the pack animals just ahead of my horse slipped and fell on his knees. The heavy pack overbalanced him, and away he rolled, over and down the slope, to be saved from the precipice only by the happy accident of a scrub tree in the way. Frightened by the sight, my animal plunged, and he, too, lost his footing.

Had I been riding on a side-saddle, nothing could have saved me, for the down hill was on the near side; but I swung out of the saddle on the off side, and landed in a heap on the up hill, still clutching the bridle.

That act saved my horse's life, as well as my own, for the sudden weight I put on the upper side as I swung off enabled him to recover his balance just in time. A side saddle would have left me helpless in such an emergency.

### A Twenty-Five Dollar Family.

A strange sense of the fitness of things must have possessed a colored woman who recently applied for the place of cook in a Washington household. The home is exceptionally well supplied with rich furniture and bric-a-brac, says the Star, and evidently the woman thought her work should be in keeping with all this elegance.

"What is your name?" asked the family.

"Evangeline, thank you," came in reply from the dusky applicant.

"Evangeline, then, tell me, are you a good cook?"

"It's just like this: You see, I can do ten-dollar cooking, fifteen dollar cooking, twenty dollar cooking; but—"

There was an undue emphasis on the "but," and Evangeline glanced admiringly about the house.

"It seems to me," she went on finally, "you folks wouldn't be satisfied with any other than my twenty-five dollar kind."

The family was taken aback, but managed to recover itself in time to say it might get along with about seventeen-dollars-and-thirty-five-cents cooking for a few months, at any rate.

"How well you're looking, Mrs. Butterby. You're positively growing handsomer as you grow older."

"Well, you know, Mr. Gridley, that they do say that age is a great improver. If I'm not wrong some poet has sung about the charms of old wine, and old book, and old friends."

"But not of old eggs, Mrs. Butterby, not of old eggs."



A WINTER MORNING.

## Musical

The production of Gwynne under the Rowing club president. The rest and everything else.

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It is probable here sometime in

Adelina Patti future at her bu

Lillian Blauvelt of England's return to America

Sibyl Sanderson's appearance in Paris being a benefit

Emma Nevada soprano has been Royal Dutch company of the young

Maurice Grand opera of Grand opera don. Mr. Grand was uncertain there or not, pit from work abilities. This from the other people wished not offer Mr. G

It is related that she acted the occasion of ance. She was staying with her watering place fund for the cemetery in t elaborate post expenses of post self on the wall to her fathers concert was consisting of tw fit the future pr style.

Bruce McCall some season by the Mirror ness of the actor Marlowe's new Trumbull in B Rae though an American appearance on 1891 and for the sons was regu Frohman's first all original career, The Great Fatal Card. He Olga Nethersole venile and light ise, The Wife of France. Mr. bert Kelcey at Coat of Many Flame, and rem Last season he Watson in She gaged by Mr. Brandon in Mi When Knights

## TALK

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Pleasant Reminder.

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Music and The Drama

SONS AND UNDERFORMS.

The production of the opera, Nell Gwynne under the auspices of the Neptune Rowing club promises to be of great interest. The rehearsals are well attended and everything points to the opera's success.

In many of the churches music appropriate to the solemnity of the week was provided and in several the services closed with the national anthem, "God Save the King."

It is probable that Albain will be heard here sometime in March.

Adolina Patti will spend her summers in future at her husband's home in Sweden.

Lillian Blauvelt is making a professional tour of England and Scotland. She will return to America in March.

Sibyl Sanderson made her farewell appearance in Paris on Jan. 23, the occasion being a benefit to Gustave Wornis.

Emma Nevada, the famous American soprano has been engaged to sing in the Royal Dutch opera at the time of the marriage of the young queen of Holland.

Maurice Grau is no longer the director of Grand opera at Covent Garden in London. Mr. Grau claimed recently that he was uncertain whether he would continue there or not, pleading a desire for a respite from work and some of his responsibilities. This did not agree with a report from the other side that the Covent Garden people wished to make a change and did not offer Mr. Grau a reappointment.

It is related of Melba, the prima donna, that she acted as her own bill poster on the occasion of her second public appearance. She was 16 years of age and was staying with her family at an Australian watering place and determined to raise a fund for the restoration of the dilapidated cemetery in the place. She had some elaborate posters printed and saved the expenses of posting by pasting them herself on the walls about the town. Owing to her fathers opposition, however, the concert was not a success, the audience consisting of two persons for whose benefit the future prima donna sang in her best style.

Bruce McRae who was here with Harkins some seasons ago is spoken of thus by the Mirror beneath an excellent likeness of the actor. Bruce McRae is Julia Marlowe's new leading man, as Captain Trumbull in Barbara Frietschie. Mr. McRae though an Englishman, is essentially an American actor, having made his first appearance on any stage in New York in 1891 and for the first five successive seasons was regularly engaged in Charles Frohman's first companies, appearing in all original casts of Thernidor, Aristocracy, The Greater Shenandoah and The Fatal Card. He followed by a season with Olga Netherole, playing the leading juvenile and light comedy roles Camille, Denise, The Wife of Scarril and the Daughter of France. Mr. McRae then joined Herbert Kealey and Elsie Shannon for The Coat of Many Colors and The Moth and Flame, and remained with them two years. Last season he originated the role of Dr. Watson in Sherlock Holmes, and was engaged by Mr. Dillingham for Charles Brandon in Miss Marlowe's production of When Knighthood was in Flower.

TALK OF THE THEATRE

The bills presented by the Valentine Stock Company this week were 'The Honeymoon', the first three days, and 'The Stowaway' on Thursday and Friday. The Honeymoon is a charming piece, much on the style of the Taming of the Shrew, and with a suggestion of The Lady of Lyons in the first act. It was well staged and costumed. Miss Blanche played Juliana the leading female role in a perfect manner, and her support was good. Mr. King had his first opportunity outside Shakespearean roles and he used it to such excellent advantage that he won a great deal of praise and an unusual amount of spontaneous applause for his thoroughly good acting in the role of the Duke of Arenza. Mr. Woodall supplied a bright element of comedy. The balance of the cast left little to be desired.

Recent letters from Mr. Frank L. Bixby to a member of PROGRESS staff, bring the pleasing intelligence that the W. S. Harkins Company has made a great hit in Newfoundland. With characteristic diffidence Mr. Bixby modestly admits that in St. Johns, Newfoundland, he is the "great pet of the aggregation as it is his pleasant duty to make nightly announcements before the curtain."

Nat Goodwin once aspired to play Shakespearean tragedy, but the nearest he

ever got to it was a burlesque of Richard III.

Vance Thompson has written a new play for Mrs. Leslie Carter.

Florence Rochwell has been engaged as Henry Miller's leading lady in "Richard Savage."

Richard Mansfield has decided to produce Stephen Phillip's play, "Herod," in New York in March.

Olga Netherole has purchased a new play, "The Voice of the Charmer" by Charles H. Howard, a Washington lawyer.

Mabelle Gillman has signed with A. H. Chamberlyn to return to New York to appear in a prominent part in "The Gay Grissett."

The dramatization of "When Knighthood was in Flower" was made by Paul Kester, the author of Ada Rahan's "Nell Gwynne" play.

George H. Broadhursts farce "What Happened to Jones," translated into French by Maurice Ordonneau was presented for the first time in Paris on January 7.

Betsy Ross, who is given by history the honor of having served the first American flag is to be the central figure of a new play by the author of "My Friend from India."

Egerton Castle, whose novel is the foundation of the play "The Pride of Jennico," is an authority in England on fencing and has written several books on the subject.

Blanche Walsh is said to have made a great personal success as Josephine in "More Than Queen." Joseph Brooks and Ben Stern are negotiating two plays for her use next season.

American dramatists must be working hard. Grace George has had 200 plays sent to her since her success in "Her Majesty" and Miss Crossman has had more than this offered her.

Cora Urquhart Potter, Kyrle Bellon and Frank Gardner are interested in a new West African gold mine and it is said that Mrs. Potter's share of the promotion profits was \$75,000.

Olga Netherole says that if her health does not improve she may decide to take a long rest and not play at all next season. She has made no plans for the autumn and is holding several offers in abeyance for the present.

Henry Sienkiewicz, author of Quo Vadis recently celebrated the 25th anniversary of the beginning of his career as a writer. The celebration occurred at Warsaw and a. estate was presented to the author by the Polish people.

Richard Mansfield contemplates as one of his production for next season a drama entitled Omar Khayyam which embodies most of the Rubaiyat, and in which Mr. Mansfield will appear as Omar, the play has been written by a Pennsylvania author unknown in the dramatic field.

A late number of the Dramatic Mirror, contains a picture of Ethel Knight Mollison of this city in the role of Alice Faulkner which she is now successfully playing in Sherlock Holmes. The press has very favorably noted Miss Mollison's work in the part. Her portrayal of May Wedderburn, the English heroine in Richard Mansfield's production of "The First Violin" is happily remembered.

New York correspondence of the Boston Transcript says of Mrs. Danes Defence— and Margret Anglin:

As Mrs. Dane, Miss Anglin has a most emotional role, that of the woman sinned against and sinning and trying according to Henry Arthur Jones to hide her past by hiding herself in a small English country-side. Then she falls in love with a man much in love with her, and in trying to prove to his family and his friends her social unimpeachable of her position, which has been impeached by a self righteous neighborhood terror of a scandal monger, the past is unscrubbed. The poor girl, already severely punished for her girlish wrong doing is separated from her betrothed with one of Jorces' sermonettes, and—curtain. The play isn't much of a play, and it is an undiluted 'problem' drama, the local renaisance of romantic melodrama to the contrary notwithstanding. It is a sad play that, in incompetent hands would be a bad quarter of an hour multiplied several times. With an evenly good company and Miss Anglin's acting it is a poignant play for much of the time. If anybody can enjoy good acting that is mighty sorrowful, then see Margaret Anglin as Mrs. Dane, and if the playing of the nerve wracked Lucy Dane leaves Miss Anglin any future in this

Signature of E. W. Brown

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"77" Breaks up Olds that hang on, GRIP

lite—which seems problematical, for she is but a wraith of a woman physically—then watch out for her work to come.

It is true that the play, which in a way recalls Wilkie Collins's 'New Magdalen,' is a vehicle for a really remarkable piece of acting on the part of Margaret Anglin. This Canadian girl, who got her first dramatically important New York opportunity as Roxane in the Mansfield production of "Cyrano," has played notably well in several New York productions since then. She was the heroine in that amateurish and defective but not uninteresting play of "Brother Officers," the unheroic but appealing little companion at the gallows of Carton in "The Only Way" dramatization of "The Tale of Two Cities," played the corresponding role in that good play that failed of appreciation, which was produced by the late Charles Coghlan, "Citizen Pierre," etc. Yet the people in a theatre party who sat behind me the other night, and whose chatter proclaimed them inveterate theatregoers, excitedly asked after Miss Anglin's great scene: "What's her name?" "Where did she come from?" "Why, who is she, anyway?" This incident of the chattering but goes the further toward proving that the majority of theatregoers know only the names of theatrical stars and masculine matinee idols. And it helps to explain why every player of ability feels it incumbent upon him or her to become a star or matinee idol in order that popular acquaintances with their personality shall add commercial value to their talent. Nobody but stars are believed by managers to have any rights that they are bound to respect. This is a pity. It is our inchoate star system that keeps the average of the ensemble work of American dramatic productions so low.

It is by no means necessary for a man always to enter into an elaborate explanation of his feelings in order to make them clear.

'What's the name of the fellow who wrote the tune of that ooon song we've just been favored with?' asked one man of another at a meeting of the Amateur Composer's club.

'Jones,' returned the other man. 'Jas. Jones, I believe. Frank Walley wrote the words.'

'Ah, I was about to ask the name of Jones's accomplice,' was the rejoinder.

A PORTRAIT OF VICTORIA.

The Picture Sold by a Confederate Exile to Maximilian in Mexico.

'The first picture I can remember were of Queen Victoria and Henry Clay,' said a man who is now 60 and is taking his ease in New York. 'The picture of the Queen was a colored plate, a copy of the painting by Thomas Sully. How it ever got where I saw it I don't know.

'It hung in the home of my father, who was living on the border. There wasn't a white settlement ten miles west of his place. Indians used to come to his house to swap their work for anything they could get, and one of my recollections is their fondness for the Queen's picture. One of them tried to steal it.

'The picture had quite a history later on. My father moved away from the border and went to St. Louis. Soon after a young artist came to our house to live. He became a celebrity. He painted the 'Country Election,' and during the Civil War he painted the celebrated picture known in Missouri as 'Order No. 11,' which was a commentary on canvas of a military order issued at that time which drove many Southern people out of the State. The artist was also a politician and if I mistake not he was once a member of Congress, but for the life of me I cannot recall his name.

'He painted an oil from the colored plate of Queen Victoria. That was probably the first canvas of the Queen ever turned out so far West. The painting attracted attention and was for awhile on exhibition.

'In the Civil War my father was a Confederate soldier. It was the custom for Union soldiers to visit the houses of Southern sympathizers in search of contraband articles. A squad went to my father's house. The young officer in command saw the painting of the Queen and took off his cap to it. He asked my mother if she was an English subject. As evasive reply was made, and the young officer politely begged pardon and said that his mother

was an English woman, and that a picture of her Queen in my house meant protection to that house so far as he was concerned. With that he ordered his squad away.

'At the close of the war a number of Confederates preferred to go to Mexico, and, as you may know more than a thousand, nearly all of whom had been officers in the Confederacy, crossed the border, and offered their services to Maximilian. My father was one of the number.

'Maximilian did not accept the service of the ex-Confederates, and each was left to decide his own destiny. Some remained in Mexico, and did well. My father purchased a plantation near the capital. One day several hunters stopped at his place and had dinner. They were foreigners, and their bearing proclaimed high birth.

'One of them became interested in the painting of Victoria and bought it. The family was loath to part with it, but the purchaser offered a price far beyond its value. Besides, he said he wished it for his wife. A few days later the painting was sent for.

'Its destination at the time was not known. But some time after a former Confederate visited my father and informed him that his painting of Queen Victoria hung in the room of the Empress Carlotta, and that her husband, Maximilian, was the purchaser. He was one of the party who had visited my father's plantation. Of the subsequent history of the painting I know nothing. I would give any reasonable sum to get it.'

In One Word.

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PROGRESS.

Some time ago there was a notable automobile procession in the city of Buffalo, N. Y. It was notable for its size, and also for the fact that it was entirely composed of automobile wagons (like that in the cut above), built to distribute the advertising literature of the World's Dispensary Medical Association, proprietors and manufacturers of Dr. Pierce's medicines. In many a town and village Dr. Pierce's automobile has been the pioneer horseless vehicle. These wagons, sent to every important section of the country, are doing more than merely advertise Dr. Pierce's Remedies—they are pioneers of progress, heralds of the automobile age.

And this is in keeping with the record made by Dr. Pierce and his famous preparations, which have always kept in the front on their merits. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is still the leading medicine for disorders and diseases of the stomach and digestive and nutritive systems, for the purifying of the blood and healing of weak lungs.

Women place Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in the front of all put-up medicines specially designed for women's use. The wide benefits this medicine has brought to women have been well summed up in the words "It makes weak women strong and sick women well."

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The offer that Dr. Pierce makes to men and women suffering with chronic diseases of a free consultation by letter, is really without a parallel. It places without cost or charge the entire resources of a great medical institute at the service of the sick. Such an offer is not for one moment to be confounded with those offers of "free medical advice" which are made by people who are not physicians, cannot and do not practice medicine, and are only saved from prosecution by artfully wording their advertisements so that they give the impression that they are physicians without making the claim to be licensed.

Those who write to Dr. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., may do so with the assurance that they will receive not only the advice of a competent physician, but the advice of a physician whose wide experience in the treatment and cure of disease, and whose sympathy with human suffering leads him to take a deep, personal interest in all those who seek his help and that of his associate staff of specialists.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEB. 2

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

HIS FUTURE CAREER.

King Edward the Seventh succeeds to one, who in many respects was the greatest sovereign the world has ever had.

It is certainly a pleasant thing to note that these who prophesy a good career for the new King, base their prophecy not so much on past training and education, as upon actions of the man, when he was Prince of Wales.

"The Prince of Wales from the outset understood his limitations. Never once did he attempt to bring out the old bogey of the royal prerogative, although he spoke and acted constantly in the name of the sovereign, who only reigned.

For forty years the Prince of Wales made speeches for the Queen. For six months of every year he has had a list of engagements for every day in that fatiguing never-ending work.

The world expects, in fact, a many sided King. One who would specialize himself and become a man of literary pursuit or absorbed in art, or a man of science would be a failure.

We may expect in the future the same tact and wisdom that is a part of the tact and the same prudent views of men and affairs that forty years of public life have given the King."

JUSTIN MCCARTHY, the writer, who is able to speak perhaps with better judgment than others, in a lengthy article concludes with the remarks that "he undoubtedly has made himself very popular by his frequent presence and genial ways at all manner of public entertainments and occasions which had anything to do with

charitable or educational purpose. He has encouraged literature, art and industry by readiness to take a part in every public gathering, which had to do with the promotion of such objects.

On the whole I am not inclined to indulge in any dreary forebodings about the reign."

Basing our belief then on the history of his life as Prince of Wales, may we not all feel confident that the new King will reflect credit on the British Empire and that at the end of his reign all may join in saying well done good and faithful Sovereign.

Women as sovereigns have often been extraordinarily successful. There is something in the traditions of history and the influence of events which in a mysterious way prepares great nations to submit to the sway of a woman, even when others of her sex of the same nationality are exposed to all the disabilities of tradition and custom.

A judge in Crawfordsville, Indiana, has disfranchised fifty voters who were found guilty of selling their votes at the last election. "It is a fundamental principle of law," said the judge, "that an agent who has betrayed his trust can be removed and the power invested in him revoked.

Professional Eaters.

One of the most striking customs of the past that are preserved by the Indians of today is found among the tribes on the Devil's Lake Reservation in North Dakota.

"From time immemorial the Devil's Lake Sioux have adhered to an old custom in regard to the treatment of a guest. According to their etiquette, it is the bounden duty of the host to supply his guest with all the food he may desire, and as a rule the appointment set before the visiting Indian is much in excess of the capacity of a single man.

But by the same custom, the guest is obliged to eat all that is placed before him else he grossly insults his entertainer. It was found that this practice would work a hardship, but instead of dispensing with the custom, the Indian method of reasoning was applied, and what is known as the professional eater was brought to the front.

"While the guest is supposed to eat all that is placed before him, it serves the same purpose if his neighbor assists in devouring the bountiful repast, the main object being to have the plate clean when the meal is finished.

"It is not always practicable to depend upon a neighbor at table to assist in getting away with a large dinner, and in order to insure the final consumption of the allotted portion, visiting Indians call upon these professional eaters, whose duty it is to sit beside them through a meal and eat what the guest leaves.

"The professional eaters are never looked upon in the light of guests, but more as travelling companions with a particular duty to perform.

"These eaters receive from one dollar to two dollars and even three dollars for each meal where they assist. It is stated by the agent at the Devil's Lake Reservation that one of the professional eaters has been known to dispose of seventeen pounds of beef at a sitting. That they are capable of eating an almost fabulous amount, I myself can testify.

"What are you folks in the country preparing to do the year?" inquired the business man.

"The summer boarder, as usual," replied the candid farmer.

THE BOYS OF THE OVERLAND.

Long rails of steel in the sunlight glisten, I see winding trails through the valley roll, The happy settlers no longer flee.

All dead are the echoes of long whips snapping, Held firmly in drivers' buckled hands, The great wheels over the boulders rapping.

Ah, those were the days that tried men's metal, That tried the bottom of merry steeds, When men and teams all were in sullen settle.

O'er the lines of steel now the iron horse dashes, His hot breath blacking the hills and vales, He sweeps across the headlight flashes.

Some lie 'neath the sod of the old Platte valley Is deathly slumber that knows no dreams, Near the trail where they oft at an Indian rally.

The Lighthouse Children. Lily rowed across the bay, The tide was calm, and the wind was fair,

In the lonely brightness of sea and sky It seemed like some far enchanted isle, Where the footsteps of man had never been.

There was no one else, on the island's space No other mortal, from sea to sea; The winds and the waves and the skies were all—

Unstartled, fearless, a lovely group! Brown cheeks, brown eyes, and brows tangled, They ceased from their playing to stare at us,

"Father and sister had rowed to town, And Ben would take care of them, Ben was brave And mother is with us," the pointing hand

Oh, strong, pure faith! She had given them life, And loved and led them yet near, so near, Was the yearning strength of the mother's heart,

The wild waste seemed like a hollow spot, And we lingered on till the sun went down, When a soft little bell, whose sleepy chime

And often I think of that golden day, The lighthouse rising against the sky, The lonely grave, and the small brown hands

The dustman comes with a cart by day And carries the bins on his back, But at night he goes in a hood of gray

In the dusty street, in the dewy grass He solemnly steps on his way, But you never, never can see him pass,

He calls to the dear little sleepy heads, "It's getting exceedingly late! You must creep up to your white beds;

In an Old Inn. A jolly old landlord and a blissing fire— "Whist! the snow—the alberts!

While fast the shadows of the night are falling No comfort shall we lack; For my friend from a corner calling:

It is no time for grief—for melancholy; Great tales there are to tell. "Sleighs! a cup of sack!"

Trampling of feet—voices in hallways humming; Here a travel-traveler nods, "The coach—the coach is coming!"

Care is a river, but we've crossed the ferry To where the bright fields bloom; Chaucer comes in with tales of Canterbury:

He scarce hath told the tale—sweet in the telling, Eye a glad eye discerns, A gentlest of a chorus glad is swelling:

Was ever yet so wonderful a party? Dash down, O Wint'ry rain! Chime in, O my masters! drink ye hearty

I said to the grip: "O grip, cold grip, You're a terror, beyond a doubt, And you make me tremble with your clammy clutch;

I said to the grip: "O grip, cold grip, You are haunting the homes of men, And you make me shiver with that old neck

I said to the grip: "O grip, cold grip, Is there any specific dope That a man can take when you make him shake

Then the cold grip lifted his icy head And winked at the other eye, In a harsh voice said: "Stay two weeks in bed

Chet's Re-located Case, Spinks Perforated, Dussel, 17 Waterloo

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

SEDGWICK AND THE FORAGER.

The Way a General Punished an Infraction of Rules.

As the veterans at a recent G. A. R. reunion were sitting about the camp-fire the two following anecdotes were related by men who were eye-witnesses to the occurrence, during the Spring of 1861.

Shortly after General Grant was appointed colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Regiment, a few ruffians in his command attempted to instigate a mutiny.

Instead of intrusting the punishment of the mutineers to other hands, he striped off his coat, and seizing one of the ringleaders gave him a sound thrashing, after which he dealt with two others in the same manner.

This story was told to illustrate the fact that an example of personal courage and firmness will often make a deeper impression upon men than any number of words.

Another story in the same line being called for, a scarred old veteran, who claimed to have been one of the "five hundred soldiers halted out on the road," related an anecdote of General Sedgwick.

During the Maryland campaign of September, 1862, strict orders had been issued against foraging along the line of march.

One strifling hot day, while the troops of his division were halted for their noon day meal, General Sedgwick, unattended by his staff, came riding down the line.

The artilleryman looked down, and seeing only what he took to be an officious wagon master, laughed and continued his meal.

"My man, come down from there, I say!" repeated Sedgwick. At this artilleryman became angry.

"Well, I will come down," he shouted, beginning to scramble from his perch, "but you'll be sorry for it, you cheap mule driver!"

Although the artilleryman was not of Sedgwick's command, five hundred soldiers of his division out on the road were interested spectators of the scene.

Sedgwick gave him time to recover his feet, and then, as he rushed forward, a warning volubly, the general's arm shot out and the soldier fell over in a heap.

"Now, my man," remarked Sedgwick, mildly, "go back to your command, and don't let me find you disobeying orders again."

So saying, he mounted his horse and rode away, followed by the cheers and laughter of his troops. After he had gone the artilleryman slowly rose and limped over to the road.

Why Does Sap Ascend. Prof. S. H. Vines, president of the Sec-

tion of Botany in the British Association, referred in a recent address to the force by which water is raised from the roots to the topmost leaf of a lofty tree, and remarked that it must be regretfully confessed that one more century has closed without bringing a solution of the old problem of the ascent of the sap.

Alcohol and Health.

Few questions at the present day are capable of arousing more bitterness of dispute than that concerning the effect of alcohol upon the human system.

It does not regard alcohol as a food in the sense that it can be taken regularly as a substitute for the albumens, the fats and the starches of ordinary food; but it does say that it may act as such, in the absence of other food, for a short time, and that its use may in an emergency be life-saving.

It is a common belief that a drink of whisky or brandy is warming, but the reverse is the fact. Alcohol dilates the blood vessels of the surface, and so makes the skin feel warm, but at the same time radiation of heat from the surface is increased and the temperature of the body is lowered.

For these two reasons it is often a useful remedy in fevers, especially as it may spur up the heart to increased action for a time, and so enable the system to tide over a critical period.

The very fact of its interference with the oxidation of the tissues of the body causes a depression of the vital forces, and so of the resisting power of the organism to invasion by disease germs.

It is a fact of common observation that under equal conditions of exposure the habitual drinker almost always succumbs sooner than the abstainer.

New Century Jokes. Mr. Dyker blights, to Pat, who is scorching—"Pat, that 's a rather rickety wheel to be riding over the cobble stones so recklessly!"

Pat O'Hoolahan (perspiring)—"Arrah! Oi know it ser. Oi'm burryin' as fast as ever Oi can, so as to get home before it do break down upon me."

Mr. Wainwright—"I understand your house caught on fire out at Drarrydale, yesterday. Was it much of a conflagration?"

Mr. Hempstead—"Yes. A law should now be enacted making it illegal for a hunter to shoot more than two guides."

Mr. Easy-payments—"No: as we don't publish a newspaper out at Drarrydale it wasn't even an 'incipient blaze,' but just a small, plain fire."

Mr. Midwood—"It is only fair limiting two deer to each hunter in the Adirondacks."

Forest Inspector DeGall of Lemur, France has invented a substance called 'molten wood.' It is produced by submitting wood to a process of dry distillation and high pressure whereby the escape of gases is prevented.

It is hard and can be shaped and polished. It is said to be a perfect non-conductor of electricity.



This has been known for years. have been postponed until we will be with us many of the events, issued will not take

Many people are lamented Queen. Tillary officers being the sombre hues. But to them alone as a g have also done this and love to our life

The Opera house about the only place public during the past. The members of the seem to be very popular

ple produced by the standard, the costume each production well. Those who have a leading lady in the sweet, winsome girl

ations. Miss Ellis during her stay in the acquaintances have been friends since made

Mrs. E. A. Payne was last week to attend the Glanzer. She returned Mrs. Calhoun, who

ville, N. B., for the past Saturday last and is J. V. Ellis, President

Mr. Stanley Robert visit to his brother M. N. B.

Mrs. and Mrs. W. H. W. week, where they introduced Miss Grace Winslow

visiting among her Mrs. Carrie Babcock with friends here Mrs. W. Barton M.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. here early in the week guests at the Royal Hotel

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. spending the week in Mrs. A. McNeil Shaw

Thompson of Woodbury Rev. W. Barton M. lately had charge of

Martins will study in preparatory to entering will board at 66 Essex

Miss Macaulay has returned with friends in Montreal

A pretty though quiet Mission Chapel of the morning when the

marriage of Mr. F. Murray and Gregory, bride was attended in

color. There were no guests. After the ceremony on a somewhat of American cities. On Douglas avenue.

On Thursday evening retained quite a number home on Exmouth street

were played and sung Martins McNeil capt

MAKING POWDER

...the British Association, address to the force by ... from the roots to the ... city tree, and remarked ... regretfully confessed that ... was closed without bring- ... the old problem of the as- ... One of the suggested ex- ... t in a tree 120 feet ... on force must equal a ... and to the square inch. ... ne says, there is no ... sion of anything like ... in a transpiring tree.

... and Health. ... at the present day are ... more bitterness of dis- ... concerning the effect of al- ... buman system. Some ... use in moderation is, if ... most beneficial to health, ... at the word moderation ... the use of wine even in ... intities.

... is impartial and seeks ... ut regard to their pos- ... does not hold to either ... s entirety, but inclines ... of the total abstainers. ... Alcohol as a food in the ... be taken regularly as a ... albumens, the fats and ... inary food; but it does ... as such, in the absence ... short time, and that its ... gency be life-saving. ... placing alcohol with ... which may be useful ... injurious in health; ... here it belongs.

... relief that a drink of ... warming, but the re- ... Alcohol dilates the ... eritiae, and so makes ... but at the same time ... the surface is in- ... perature of the body ... sion of alcohol is also ... ocesses by causing a ... waste products.

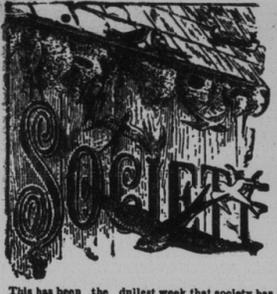
... especially as it may ... increased action for a ... the system to tide over ... may even be useful ... when the body has ... ded the exposure is ... the equilibrium of the ... these and other cases ... to meet an emer- ... gent thing from its

... interference with the ... es of the body causes ... vital forces, and so of ... the organism to in- ... rms. And here prac- ... for it is a fact of ... that under equal con- ... the habitual drinker ... mbs sooner than the

... Jokes. ... y, to Pat, who is ... 's a rather rickety ... ver the cobble stones ... (perspiringly) - 'Ar- ... or. Oi'm burryin' as ... o as to get home be- ... under me.'

... I understand your ... out at Drearydale, ... much of a confagra- ... Yes. A law should ... it illegal for a ... than two guides." ... -No: as we don't ... out at Drearydale it ... ment blaze,' but just a

... is only fair limiting ... ter in the Adirond- ... Wood. ... DeGall of Lemur, ... a substance called ... produced by submit- ... of dry distillation ... rebly the escape of ... After cooling, the ... except that it is with- ... It is hard and can ... d. It is said to be a ... of electricity.



This has been the dullest week that society has known for years. All functions of any importance have been postponed indefinitely. The period of mourning will probably occupy six weeks and as Lent will be with us by that time, in all probability many of the events, for which invitations had been issued will not take place until early spring.

Many people are wearing mourning for our lamented Queen. The wives and daughters of military officers being particularly heavily attired in the sombre hues. But the mourning is not confined to them alone as a great many persons in civil life have also donned the garb of sorrow out of respect and love to our late monarch.

The Opera house and the skating rinks being about the only places of amusement open to the public during the past week were well patronized. The members of the Valentine Stock company seem to be very popular with the people and every play produced by them has been well up to the standard, the costumes are always handsome and each production well staged.

Those who have met Miss Nora O'Brien, the leading lady of the company, speak of her as a sweet, winsome girl perfectly free from all affectations. Miss Blanche made merry friends during her stay in the city last winter, and these friendships have been strengthened and many new acquaintances made during the present season.

Mrs R A Payne was called to Glanier's Landing last week to attend the funeral of her mother, Mrs. Glanier. She returned home on Monday. Mrs Calhoun, who has been visiting in Wolfville, N S, for the past few weeks came home on Saturday last and is staying with her mother, Mrs. J. V. Ellis, Princess street.

Mr. Stanley Robertson is home from a pleasant visit to his brother Mr E L Robertson, Amherst, N S. Mr and Mrs W H Wetmore went to Boston this week, where they intend remaining for a few weeks. Miss Grace Winslow of Fredericton is in the city visiting among her many friends.

Miss Carrie Babbitt also of Fredericton is staying with friends here. Mr, and Mrs. F. J. Edwards of Dorchester were here early in the week, and while in town were guests at the Royal Hotel. Mr, and Mrs. F. B. Eaton of New York are spending the week in the city.

Mrs. A. McN Shaw is entertaining the Misses Thompson of Woodstock. Rev W Barton Morgan of Harland who has lately had charge of the Presbyterian Church at St. Martins will study in St. John for a few months preparatory to entering McGill next September. He will board at 65 Hazen street. Miss MacLay has returned from a pleasant visit with friends in Montreal.

A pretty though quiet wedding took place at the Mission Chapel of St. John the Baptist on Tuesday morning when the Rev. C B Kendrick united in matrimony Mr. J. Fraser Gregory of the firm of Murray and Gregory, and Miss Helma Myers. The bride was attired in a travelling costume of blue cloth and wore a pretty hat of a corresponding color. There were no attendants and very few guests. After the ceremony Mr and Mrs Gregory left on a somewhat extended trip to the principal American cities. On their return they will reside on Douglas avenue.

On Thursday evening last Mr Joe Bardley entertained quite a number of his young friends at his home on Exmouth street. Several games of whist were played and suitable prizes awarded. Miss Martina McGuire captured the ladies' prize and Mr George Kelly that offered to the gentlemen. Dancing was also indulged in to a considerable extent and some splendid music, both vocal and instrumental furnished by several of the guests. Supper was served about midnight and the affair was brought to a close at an early hour in the morning with many expressions of appreciation of Mr Bardley's efforts as host. Those present were: Miss E McLooney, Miss Alice Moran, Miss Renie Gleason, Miss Lizzie McGuire, Miss L Hayes, Miss M McQuire, Miss B Mullin, Miss A O'Regan, Miss J Kelly, Miss M Graham, Mr Wm McNeil, Mr Chris Splaine, Mr Will Ramage, Mr Harry Doody, Mr Tom McElroy, Mr Percy Allan, Mr Walter Jones, Mr George Kelly, Mr G Johnston, Mr W H Barney, Mr A McLean, Mr Jack Barton, Mr Foxwell.

Miss Howard entertained the members of her dancing class and some of their friends at her residence on Pitt street on Monday evening. The guests numbered about forty-five and spent a most delightful evening in tripping the light fantastic; excellent music being furnished for a programme of sixteen dances with several extras.

Light refreshments were served adding much to the enjoyment of the occasion.

Mr and Mrs Wm A McGinley are visiting friends at Woodstock. Mr Herbert Stockton returned on Tuesday from New York, where he has spent a three weeks vacation. Miss Maud Tennant is in Amherst paying a visit to her brother Mr W H Tennant. Miss Hattie Tweedie of Moncton was in town during the early part of the week.

FREDERICTON.

[Faconness is for sale in Fredericton by W T H Fenety and W. H. Hawthorne.

Jan 30-The beautiful drawing room of Ashburton Place, the residence of Mr and Mrs F B Edgecombe never shone to better advantage than on Saturday afternoon on the occasion of the ladies' euchre party given by Mrs Edgecombe. Over forty guests were present and were received by Mrs Edgecombe in the east parlor. Afterwards they were entertained in the large western room which was fragrant with the odor of sweet floral decoration and brilliant with the many lights from the chandeliers which cast prismatic colors over the handsome decorations of the room. Ten tables contended for the prizes were a merry buzz of light conversation and laughter was kept up. The prizes were won by Mrs Coburn getting ladies first, a copper kettle and a heating stand, Miss Whitehead took the second prize a beautiful vase Mrs Frank Morrison and Mrs McCreezy received the consolation prizes. A very elaborate supper was served at close of the games.

Miss Carrie Winslow entertained a large party of friends on Saturday afternoon at a sleigh ride. Mrs Clifton Tabor was also one of the hostesses of the week and gave a pleasant five o'clock tea on Friday afternoon. Mrs Robt. Randolph gave a ladies dinner party in the earlier part of the week at her pleasant home on Waterloo Row.

Miss Jennie Edwards who has been visiting friends in the city for several weeks past, left for her home in Halifax, yesterday. Miss Daisy Weddall left for Sackville on Monday to resume her studies there. Miss Annie Campbell of Kingsclear who has been spending a few weeks visiting her sister, Mrs. Wetmore Henry was pleasantly surprised on Friday evening by about twenty of her friends who had conceived the idea of a surprise party. Although unexpected the guests were none the less welcome and a pleasant evening was enjoyed at what. A dainty supper was served about midnight.

Mrs. Harry Beckwith and niece Miss Florence Debbs have returned from a pleasant visit to Mrs Griffiths, see Miss Maud Beckwith, at Jamaica Plain, Mass. Miss Nagle leaves tomorrow for Kingston military college. Mrs Nagle will accompany him. Miss Margaret Johnston entertained a party of friends at Red Top on Friday evening at what. Mrs McNeil of St. John who has been the guest of Miss Johnston returned to her home last evening. Mr McNeil spent Sunday here returning to St. John last evening with Mrs McNeil.

Friends will be pleased to hear of the marriage of Mr J Fraser Gregory of St. John to Miss Myers which took place yesterday at the Mission Chapel. Mrs J. B. Guster and the Misses Guster returned yesterday from a visit to Boston. Mr and Mrs A. L. Edgecombe had a pleasant family dinner-party on Friday evening celebrating the anniversary of their wedding-day Mr and Mrs Edgecombe have many friends in the city who extend to them congratulations and wish them many more years of wedded happiness.

Mrs. E. W. Henry entertained a large number of children yesterday at a party in honor of the seventh birthday of her little daughter Christina. The little lady who assisted her mamma in receiving her friends made a charming hostess and many were the good wishes expressed for the day with happy returns of the same. The death of Mrs Shute, widow of the late S F Shute on Sunday morning was a great shock to her many friends. Death resulting from pneumonia after an illness of only forty eight hours. Mrs Shute leaves three stepsons, Mr A A Shute of Shute & Co, of this city, Frank of the Royal Bank here and Dr James Shute of Nebraska, two sisters and one brother survive her. The interment took place yesterday afternoon from the Cathedral, Rev Canon Roberts officiating. The floral offerings were very beautiful and consisted of, An anchor, Mr and Mrs D E Crowe; Wreaths, staff, Royal Bank; Basket of flowers, Mrs James Mitchell, St Stephen; cut flowers, Dr and Mrs Harrison; bouquet, Mr and Mrs F B Blackman; Cut flowers, Mr and Mrs Henry Clark; Bouquet Dr and Mrs Barbour; Cut flowers, Mr and Mrs R F Foster, Bouquet, Mrs Jas Tibbets; Bouquet, Mrs Jas Nell, Mr. Frank Shute and Miss Moore sisters of Mrs Shute, who are both ill of pneumonia are progressing favorably.

Mrs Nase of St Stephen is here to attend the funeral of her sister Mrs Shute. Mr Moore of St. Stephen was also here.

WINDSOR.

Jan. 31-A very pretty wedding took place in the Methodist church, Windsor, N S, on Thursday afternoon Jan 24th, at 4:30 p m when Miss Annie Anslow, daughter of Mr J J Anslow editor of the Hants Journal, and Mr Harris S Smith, eldest son of Mr Chas DeW Smith of the firm of Bennett Smith and Sons, were united in marriage. Rev John Lathern, D D officiated, assisted by the pastor Rev Wm Phillips and Rev J A Mother. The bridal couple, who were unattended, stood under an arch of evergreen and white, from the centre of which was hanging a true lover's knot of white satin ribbon. From the top of the arch to the side pillars of the church were suspended festoons

of evergreen, while on the pulpit and platform were many palms, ferns anemones and other flowers, and when the electric lights were turned on the church presented a very bright and attractive appearance. The bride looked very pretty in a tailor made suit of navy blue cloth, blue velvet hat trimmed with applique lace and a bird with plumage, and carried an elegant shower bouquet of bride's roses, white carnations and maidenhair fern. Although the day was an exceedingly stormy one the church was well filled. After the ceremony friends congregated at the front of the church to extend best wishes to the bride and groom and as they passed down the aisle Mendelssohn's wedding march was beautifully played by the organist Mr Vernon Ertle. A large number of very handsome presents were received, including gold pieces, cut glass, silver, rare china, fancy work and furniture. Mr and Mrs Smith left on the 8:30 express for Halifax, amid the good wishes of a host of friends who gathered at the station, and will visit in St. John, Boston and New York, returning home in about three weeks, and will reside at their handsome new home lately erected on the corner of Pinakett and Albert St. Rev Thomas Davies, Truro, was ordained Priest at Halifax on Friday last. Miss Janie Curry went to Halifax on Thursday to remain over Sunday with friends. Mrs G N Vaughan spent Sunday in Wolfville, with her cousin, Mrs Chas Forsyth. Mrs W J DeBlou, Halifax, spent Thursday in town, the guest of Mr and Mrs Anslow. Miss Fret and Miss Madeline Black went to Halifax on Thursday and remained over Friday. Miss Bessie Wood is spending the winter with friends at Star's point. Dr. Hind and H S Smith and wife, Windsor, were registered at the Halifax Hotel, Thursday. Rev Dr Lathern, Dartmouth, came to Windsor on Wednesday and remained until Thursday the guest of Mr and Mrs Chas DeW Smith. Mr John Forbes of the Halifax Banking staff, will move his family from Canaan this week and will reside in the home on Gray street, which is being vacated by A P Jones and family. Miss Laura Della Torre who has been visiting here and in Boston, arrived on Sunday morning by special train after midnight, the Prince Arthur being late delayed by exceedingly rough weather. Mr N Littler, Halifax, came to Windsor last Wednesday, accompanied by his little daughter Gladys. Mr Littler returned home on Thursday. Miss Gladys remaining until the following Tuesday, the guest of Mr and Mrs C DeW. Smith.

WOODSTOCK.

Miss Alex Corbett is visiting in St. John. Fred Munro, son of David Munro, is very ill. Miss Catharine Rankin is visiting in St. John. Miss Hazel Perkins, Centerville is visiting Mrs Joseph Fewer. Robt Atkin and W A Burden, Fredericton were at the Aberdeen Friday. Miss Harro, Debec, spent last week in Grafton, the guest of Miss McElroy. John Leck and C H McCleaskey of St. John were guests at the Aberdeen over Sunday. Mrs H Y Dalling and Miss Stella Dalling, who have been ill for two weeks, are gradually recovering. Miss Cora Welch, Bristol, who has been sick for two weeks, is able to be back at school in Woodstock again. Miss Mary Bealro, daughter of Rev J K Bealro, Glasville, is in Woodstock taking music lessons from Miss Johnson. The only friend of Mrs E S Forbes of Cambridge, Mass, will be pleased to learn that she is gradually recovering from her recent illness. Miss Mildred Carvell, only child of Frank Carvell, M P F, is very ill with pneumonia. Very little hope is entertained of her recovery. Miss Daisy Allingham has successfully completed a course in the Beal system of shorthand and is typewriting under the instruction of Miss Hipwell.

NEWCASTLE.

Jan 30-Miss Kate Troy of Strathadam spent Sunday with her parents, Mr and Mrs James Troy. Miss Annie Crocker of Massachusetts is visiting her home here. Mrs R N Wyse was confined to his residence several days last week with the grip. Grip is very prevalent in Newcastle at present. Among those suffering from it are Mr John Williamson, and Miss Margie Elliott, Hannah Mitchell Beattie Bell and Susie Stables. Miss Mary Wilson, St. John, is visiting Mrs R N Wyse. Miss Fannie Pickles left for Boston on Saturday. Mr Horace Kethro is able to be about again. Mr John O'Donnell of St. John, spent last week with friends in town. Mr John Dalton is ill with the grip. Miss Helen Black spent last week visiting her uncle Ald. Morris, Chatham. Miss Mary E Tweedie, died at the residence of her brother the Hon. L J Tweedie, Monday afternoon. Deceased was a most estimable lady and her death will be heard with regret by a large circle of friends and acquaintances throughout the Province. The funeral takes place from the residence of the Hon L J Tweedie at 8 o'clock this afternoon.

YARBOUR.

Jan. 31-The whole town of Yarmouth is steeped in mourning. Flags are at half mast and drappings of black are to be seen on the principal buildings of the town, the post-office, custom house, and other public buildings being particularly heavily decorated. On Sunday last fitting mention of the Queen's death was made in the different churches, while in some very eloquent sermons were preached. Saturday has been proclaimed a public holiday which will be generally observed throughout the town. Mrs E A Parr and Mrs Wm. Milson, left this week for a short trip to Boston. Mrs Frank Lyman is slowly recovering from her recent illness. The Children's Carnival, which was to have taken place during the week has been postponed until next Wednesday.

BRIDGEVILLE.

Jan 31-The residence of Mr and Mrs Simon O Neal, Outram, was the scene of a happy event on the evening of January 27th, when their daughter Edith Mabel, was united in marriage to W M Bent, of Outram. The ceremony was performed by Rev L A Cooney, of Port George, in the presence of a large number of guests. The bride was prettily dressed, in pale blue cashmere, with white satin trimming, white silk lace, flowers and ribbon. After the ceremony and the receiving of many congratulations of the guests a very sumptuous supper was served. Mrs Bent was the recipient of many useful presents. We wish them every success in their future walk in life. Undertaking Made, Re-covered, Repaired Rural 17 Waterloo.

JOHN NOBLE LTD. BROOK ST. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND. Largest Costumiers & Mantlemen in the World. From all parts of the Globe ladies do their shopping by post with this huge dress and drapery enterprise. It being found that after payment of any postage or duties, the goods supplied could not be nearly equalled elsewhere, both as regards price and quality, and now that the firm is so firmly rooted in the public favour and its patrons so numerous, it can afford to give, and does give, even better value than ever. -Canadian Magazine. ORDERS EXECUTED BY RETURN OF POST. SATISFACTION GIVEN OR MONEY RETURNED. Model 256. Made in John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Coat- House Bodice with tly trimmed Black Velvet revers, pret- and White, Plain \$2.56 Model 1492. Made in Heavy Frieze Cloth Tailor-made, Double-breasted Coat, and full wide carefully finished Skirt, in Black or Navy Blue only; Price complete Costume \$4.10; Carriage 65c. JOHN NOBLE KNOCKABOUT FROCK FOR GIRLS. Thoroughly well made, in Strong Serge, with saddle top, long full sleeves, and pockets Length in front, and Prices: 24 27 inches. 49c. 61 cents. 26 33 inches. 75c. 85 cents. Postage 22 cents. 36 39 inches. 97c. \$1.10 42 45 inches. \$1.22 \$1.34 Postage 45 cents. Readers will oblige by kindly naming this paper when ordering from or writing to:- JOHN NOBLE, LTD. BROOK ST. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

WHITE'S For Sale by all First-Class Dealers in Confectionery. Caramel Snowflakes Don't take inferior goods; the best do not cost any more than inferior goods.

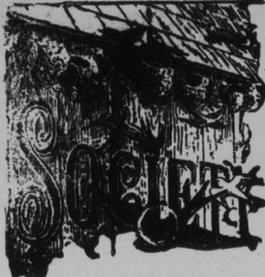
Summer days are embroidering days. The 376 shades of BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG Asiatic Dye Embroidery Silks make beautiful work, the product of your Summer's restful employment. Each perfect, lasting shade put up in our Patent Holder. Can't soil, tangle, or "muss up." Our "BLUE BOOK" tells exactly how to do 50 different leaves and flowers-sent on receipt of three tags or a one cent stamp. CORTICELLI SIKL CO., Ltd. St. Johns, P. Q.

When You Want a Real Tonic ask for ST. AGUSTINE (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899. E. G. SCOVIL, - "Having used both we think the St. Augustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic. JOHN C. CLOWES; E. C. SOOVIL, 62 Union Street'

Buctouche Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Buctouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER, M. F. MOONEY,

"STRONGEST AND BEST."-Health. FRY'S Pure Concentrated COCOA Gold Medal, 200 Gold Medals and Diplomas. Paris, 1889. Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the Firm.

FOR ADVERTISERS: COLLECT NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES



HALIFAX NOTES

Provisional for sale in Halifax by the... at the following news stands and centres.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Band entertained a number of guests who report a thoroughly enjoyable occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Calloun, of St. John, was called home by the sudden illness of her mother, Mrs. Ellis.

An event looked forward to with much pleasure in musical circles was the piano recital by the seminary.

Mr. Stephen Burgess of the fields Mills, is very ill with pneumonia and it is feared will not recover.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Dickey, Miss Dickey and Miss Fanny Pipes, Amherst, left there yesterday for Halifax, to spend a week at Hillside Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Messervey leaves on the O.P.R. for Rat Portage on Monday morning to meet her husband.

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A soldier in the Philippines writes home that he has seen some strange sights, and gives the following instance. We borrow in our Golden Days.

A crowd of soldiers attended a church service in their honor, and there was much praying and singing, but the soldiers were chiefly interested in looking at the image of a saint.

The saint had been decorated in honor of the visiting Americans, and the artist had copied the eagle and accompanying inscription from a milk can.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Dickey, Miss Dickey and Miss Fanny Pipes, Amherst, left there yesterday for Halifax, to spend a week at Hillside Hall.



Building

Requires a foundation. That is just as true of the building up of the body as of the building of a house.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition.

While living in Charlotte, N. C., your medicine cured me of asthma and nasal catarrh of ten years' standing.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets assist the action of the "Discovery" when a laxative is required.

"Silver Plate that Wears."



We are showing a variety of pieces in Meriden Britannia Company's "Silver Plate that Wears."

For the Sideboard

FAT REDUCTION.

NOTICE.

BRANDIES!

AMERICAN LAUNDRY.

It's All Right!

There's nothing wrong with any part of your laundry work.

AMERICAN LAUNDRY.

AMERICAN LAUNDRY.

AMERICAN LAUNDRY.

AMERICAN LAUNDRY.

HAYMARKET SQUARE POLYMORPHIANS.

ANNUAL CARNIVAL

Victoria Rink

January 25th, 1901.

\$40—IN PRIZES—\$40

Best combination, three or more.

Best Ladies' Original Character.

Best Gentlemen's Original Character.

Best Ladies' Handicraft Costume.

Best Gentlemen's Handicraft Costume.

Best Representation of a Character from any Author.

Best Representation of British General or Officer in Boer War.

New Features and Big Attractions will be announced later.

R. J. WILKIN'S, President.

R. D. WOODROW, Secretary.

Eugene Field's Poems

Given Free

THE BOOK OF THE CENTURY.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTIST.

THE FUND FOR THE BUILDING OF A MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF THE DECEASED POET OF CHILDHOOD.

THE FUND FOR THE BUILDING OF A MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF THE DECEASED POET OF CHILDHOOD.

THE FUND FOR THE BUILDING OF A MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF THE DECEASED POET OF CHILDHOOD.

AMHERST.

NEW GLASGOW.

CAMPBELLTON.

WOLFVILLE.

THE FUND FOR THE BUILDING OF A MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF THE DECEASED POET OF CHILDHOOD.

THE FUND FOR THE BUILDING OF A MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF THE DECEASED POET OF CHILDHOOD.

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

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PRIZES—\$40  
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Attractions will be an-  
later.  
R. D. WOODROW,  
Secretary.

Given Free  
to each person  
interested in subscrib-  
ing to the Eugene  
Field Memorial  
Souvenir. Five  
subscriptions at a  
rate of \$1.00 will en-  
dorse to this  
fully artistic vol-  
ume.  
FIELD FLOWERS  
(color bound, 8 x 11)  
as a certificate of  
subscription to fund.  
Book contains a se-  
lection of Field's  
best and most repre-  
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be had for less than \$7.00.  
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Memorial building of a mem-  
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RIBNER'S SONS,  
s, New York.

At the TOP of the TREE.  
**Fry's**  
PURE CONCENTRATED  
**Cocoa**  
"Strongest and Best."—HEALER.  
200 Gold Medals  
and Diplomas.

**MONROE.**  
PROGRESS is for sale in Monroe at Hattie  
Tweed's Bookstore and M B Jones Bookstore.  
JAN 30.—Miss George Chapman daughter of M  
and Mrs H W Chapman Main St arrived home  
from Boston two weeks ago. She will leave this  
week for Chicago, Illinois. Her many friends wish  
her a safe and pleasant journey. Her friends  
here are all interested in the event which will take  
place at an early date, the participants being a well  
known Monroe young lady and one of Shedd's  
popular young men.  
Miss Nellie M Beatty, of Hillboro is visiting  
Miss Wright, Steadman street.  
Mrs M Tait lies seriously ill at the residence of  
her daughter, Mrs Costes, Upper Robinson street.  
Miss Jennie Thibodeau, who has been visiting  
friends in Boston has returned after an absence of  
four months.  
Messrs I C and Geo D Prescott, came up from  
Albert yesterday and went to St John.  
Miss Blanche Botsford is in the city the guest of  
Mrs A C A Wells and Judge Wells.  
Mr E W Lewis, principal of the Campbellton  
schools, is in the city attending the funeral of his  
father, the late W J Lewis.  
Rev E Hopper, of Hampton, N B, and Mrs Hop-  
per are spending the winter with their son and  
daughter in Winchester and Woburn, Mass. Mr  
Hopper has not been enjoying very good health, and  
the change is doing him much good. He will re-  
main until warm weather.  
Mr Alfred LeBlanc, of Pictou, N S, is in the city  
visiting his cousin, Mr Gilbert J LeBlanc.

**NEWCASTLE.**  
JAN 30.—Mr Wm F Ryan left last week for the  
Ontario Business College where he intends taking  
a thorough business course.  
Mr and Mrs H P Williston entertained a number  
of their friends last Thursday evening at their re-  
sidence Queen's Highway.  
Mrs Park entertained a number of young friends  
on Friday in honor of her niece and guest, Miss  
Edith Bishop of Bathurst. A very enjoyable time  
was spent.  
Miss Maltby, Newcastle, is visiting her brother,  
Mr H B Maltby, Campbellton.  
Mr and Mrs Walter White's many friends on the  
Miramichi learn with regret that they are to re-  
move to Sydney, C B, where Mr White has accept-  
ed an excellent engagement with the Electric  
Light Company.  
Miss Fannie Pickles was teaching Miss Mc-  
Laughlan's class in the Harkins Academy last  
week. Miss McLaughlan is confined to her resi-  
dence through illness.

**WOODSTOCK.**  
JAN 30.—The death occurred at San Antonio,  
Texas, of Miss Edith Grant, daughter of Mr. D A  
Grant of this town. Miss Grant had been in poor  
health for some couple of years and early last fall,  
accompanied by her mother left for the south where  
it was thought she would regain her shattered  
health. She seemed to be improving and the news  
of her death was something of a shock to those at  
home. Her body will be brought home for inter-  
ment.  
A dance in honor of Robert Hubbs was given  
by the A. O. H. in their rooms last Friday evening.  
About 25 couples were on the floor. Excep-  
tional music was afforded and refreshments were  
served.  
Mr. and Mrs W S Cox are receiving congratulations  
on the birth of a little boy, who came to town  
on Saturday.

**CHATHAM.**  
JAN 29.—Mr W R Gould and Mr J R Munroe  
have gone to Boston for a fortnight's holiday.  
Miss Reno Morrissey, who has been ill for some-  
time, is now a boarder at the Transatlantic convent,  
where she is under the care of Dr Smith.  
Owing to national grief on the death of our be-  
loved Queen, the social dance under the auspices  
of the Fire Department has been postponed. The  
date when it will be held, will be definitely announ-  
ced later on.  
Mr Harry Strang and Miss Nellie Laundry, both  
of this town, were married at Chatham last  
week. They have many friends at Chatham who  
wish them much happiness.

**THE HALL BEDROOM YOUNG MAN.**  
A Social Type Which is Found to Flourish  
Best in New York.  
The hall bedroom young man is a type distinctive  
of New York. Not that other cities do not have  
thousands of young men who live in hall bedrooms;  
but the part these play in the social spheres of their  
respective communities is apt to be commensurate  
with the quarters they occupy. This is not true of  
New York. There are hall bedroom young men  
in this town who touch elbows in social equality  
with people worth millions.  
By birth, breeding and education they are the  
equals of those with whom they associate. They  
stand on their merits and yet it is safe to assert that  
they do not advertise broadly the fact that their  
living apartments consist of one room and 10 feet. In  
no other city than New York is such a condition  
possible. It arises largely from the fact that the  
city is so immense that a young bachelor can readily  
lose himself. The conversations of society do not  
require that the young bachelor shall entertain at  
his home.  
Of course, most of the hall bedroom young men

**TO CURE A COOLD IN ONE DAY**  
Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All  
druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. See  
E. W. Grove's signature on each box.

are not native New Yorkers. The New York boy  
as a rule lives under his father's roof until he takes  
unto himself a wife and gets a roof of his own, and  
his social status is determined by that of his parents.  
But the out of town youngster who comes here to  
begin his career, backed, say with letters of intro-  
duction to people of position or social influence, or  
with relatives here to start him on the right social  
road, is obliged to look for a place to live. If he is  
rich, of course he does not join the ranks of the hall  
bed room young men. If he is not rich he probably  
does.  
For from \$7 to \$10 a week, he can get a back  
room on an upper floor in some boarding house,  
where he can store a trunk, have a folding bed, a  
dresser, a washstand and possibly a wardrobe but  
more likely a shelf with books or the upper side  
and a curtain of chintz in front, where he may store  
such clothing as he cannot keep in his trunk.  
For a time the chances are that he will not make  
enough money to plunge madly into the social  
whirl, but as he goes on and his earning capacity  
increases, he will meet a few people, go out some-  
more, meet a few more people, and by and by he  
will be fairly established. Meanwhile his expendi-  
tures will certainly be keeping pace with his earn-  
ing capacity. He will find that it is costing about  
all he can make to keep up his personal appearance  
to the requisite standard and meet the compar-  
atively small expenditure for theatres, carriages,  
flowers and the like with which he must repay his  
invitations, to dances and to dinners. So he sticks  
to his \$10 a week hall bed room. He could afford  
to have a bachelor's apartment if he wanted it  
badly enough and he would mightily like to have  
it, but to gratify this desire would mean the cur-  
tailment of his social career, so his income is not  
large enough to enjoy both. Between the two  
hours of the dilemma he chooses the social whirl,  
for in all probability he is building up a sub-  
stantial capital through acquaintances with people  
of influence, as well as enjoying himself.  
In cities of the size of St. Louis, New Orleans,  
Baltimore and Boston young men with social  
ambitions could scarcely keep the kind of quarters  
they live in from becoming generally known. While  
there is no disgrace attached to living in a hall bed  
room young men with social ambitions usually prefer  
not to have that fact concerning themselves gen-  
erally known, and so in the smaller cities the hall  
bedroom young man as a society favorite is not  
known. Here he flourishes.

**THINGS OF VALUE.**  
Mr. -urbur-My neighbor has a big dog that we  
are all afraid of. What do you advise?  
Lawyer-Get a bigger one. Five dollars, please.  
Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your  
throat or lung and run the risk of filling a costly  
grave, when, by the timely use of Bickel's  
Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed  
and the danger avoided. This Syrup is pleasant  
to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing  
and curing all affections of the throat and lungs,  
coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., etc.  
Is your daughter learning to play the piano by  
note?  
"Certainly not," answered Mrs Cumrox, severely,  
"we always pay cash."  
These two desirable qualifications, pleasant to the  
taste and at the same time efficacious, are to be found  
in Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. Children  
like it.  
"That new clerk in the book department didn't  
keep his job well."  
"What was the trouble?"  
"He was too stupid. One day an old gentleman  
came in and said: 'Give you a chance?' and he  
replied, 'No, sir; I don't chew.'"  
When all other corn preparations fail, try Hollo-  
way's Corn Cure. No pain whatever, and no in-  
convenience in using it.  
The last message to enter the closed car snuffed  
loudly. Then he beckoned to the conductor.  
"I suppose you ring up every cent?" he said.  
"Of course I do," replied the conductor. "What  
do you mean by such insinuations as that?"  
"To my certain knowledge," replied the surly  
passenger, "there are 23 separate and distinct cents  
in this car, and no one of them has been properly  
registered."  
Try It.—It would be a gross injustice to con-  
tinue that standard healing agent—Dr. FROST'S  
Eucalypti Oil, with ordinary ailments, lollies  
and salves. They are oftentimes inflammatory and  
irritating. This Oil is, on the contrary eminently  
cooling and soothing when applied externally to  
relieve pain, and powerfully remedial when swal-  
lowed.  
"Down in Massachusetts they have found a lisen  
dusler that need to belong to Daniel Webster."  
"They have, eh? Now it would be nice if they  
could find somebody it would fit. Wouldn't it?"  
Not a NERVELESS PILL.—The recipient of a pill  
is the substance which excites the ingredients and  
makes up the pill mass. That of Parmelee's Veg-  
etable Pills is so compounded as to preserve their  
moisture, and they can be carried into any latitude  
without impairing their strength. Many pills, in  
order to keep them from adhering, are rolled in  
powders, which prove nauseating to the taste.  
Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so prepared that  
they are agreeable to the most delicate.

"I married you for your money," she cried bitterly.  
Then, by a visible effort controlling her sobs, she  
went on hoarsely—  
"And that is why you look like 30 cents to me  
now."  
Verily, chagrin would be a great tax assessor.  
How to CURE THE SYSTEM.—Parmelee's  
Vegetable Pills are the result of scientific  
study of the effects of extracts of certain  
roots and herbs upon the digestive organs.  
Their use has demonstrated in many in-  
stances that they regulate the action of the Liver  
and the Kidneys, purify the blood, and carry off all  
morbid accumulations from the system. They are  
easy to take, and their action is mild and beneficial.  
Humor and Tragedy.

A writer in the Atlantic Monthly com-  
ments on the fact that humor adds color to  
tragedy, and says that the artist Michael  
Angelo Woolf understood this when he  
made his wretched tenement waifs so com-  
ical. Kipling understood it, also, when he  
wrote 'Danny Deever.'  
The cyclone also understands it. That  
is why it picked up a locomotive and stood  
it on end in a garden, but left a rose bush  
in that garden uninjured by so much as a

crumpled petal; that is why it twitched the  
water out of every well in town; that is  
why it gathered up half an acre of mud  
and plastered it all over the Methodist  
church.  
That, too, is why it plucked the feathers  
from a rooster and stuck them into an oak  
plank, while the shivering fowl stared and  
wondered what next.  
This is the art of the storm; in the midst  
of the tempest see 'Laughter holding both  
his sides.'



**A Delicious  
Tubbing**  
and then refreshing sleep—there  
is nothing better for any baby.  
Always use the "Albert"  
**BABY'S OWN  
SOAP**  
and your child will have a fine  
complexion and never be troubled  
with skin diseases.  
The National Council of Wo-  
men of Canada have recommend-  
ed it as very suitable for nursery  
use.  
The Albert Toilet Soap Co.,  
MONTREAL,  
Makers of the celebrated Albert Toilet Soap.

**CALVERT'S  
20 per cent.  
CARBOLIC  
SOAP**  
Cures and prevents Insect  
and Mosquito bites.  
The strongest Carbolic Toilet Soap.  
F. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester, Eng.

**NOTICE.**  
NOTICE is hereby given that an application will  
be made to the Legislative Assembly of this  
Province at its next session, for an Act to amend the  
law relating to the enforcement of such sen-  
tences in the Gaol of the County of the City and  
County of St. John.  
Dated the 17th day of January A. D. 1901.  
By order  
GEORGE R. VINCENT,  
Secretary.

**NOTICE.**  
APPLICATION will be made to Legislature at  
its next session for the passing of an act to incor-  
porate a company by the name of THE COLIAGE  
CITY PARK, Limited, for the purpose of acquir-  
ing, owning and managing Real Estate, and im-  
proving the same, and the erection of cottages and  
other buildings thereon, with power to lease, mort-  
gage or sell the same, and with such other powers  
as may be incident thereto.  
St. John, N. B., Jan. 14th, 1901.

**FARM HELP.**  
ANYONE IN NEED OF FARM  
HELP should apply to Hon. A. T.  
Dunn at St. John, as a number of  
young men who have lately arrived  
from Great Britain are seeking em-  
ployment. Applicants should give  
class of help wanted and any particu-  
lars with regard to kind of work,  
wages given, period of employment  
to right man, etc.

**CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.**  
Announcements under this heading not ex-  
ceeding five lines (about 24 words) cost 25 cents each  
insertion. Five cents extra for every additional  
line.  
**AGENTS WANTED FOR "LIFE AND  
TIMES OF QUEEN VICTORIA." Lib-  
eral terms; freight paid; credit given; sample book  
free, send 50 cents to way postage. Act promptly,  
be first in the field. The Bell Company, Dept. D,  
Philadelphia, Pa.**  
**THE SUBSCRIBER** having decided not to go  
to the restaurant business again will offer  
as cook in either a hotel or restaurant. Best of  
reference furnished. **DAVID MITCHELL.**  
**HUSTLING YOUNG MAN** can make \$50.00  
per month and expenses, perm-  
nent position, experience unnecessary. Write  
quick for particulars, Clark & Co., 4th & Locust  
streets, Philadelphia, Pa.  
**FOR SALE** U. S. Gold & Copper Mining  
Company (Sulphur Basin, Wash-  
ington), 10c. per share. Stockless, need money.  
Regular price 10c. Address "C" Box 14  
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

**The Mutual Life  
Insurance Company**  
OF NEW YORK  
RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.  
**STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING AUGUST 11, 1900.**  
Income, \$ 58,890,077 21  
Disbursements, 38,697,480 68  
Assets, 304,844,637 62  
Policy Reserves, 261,711,988 61  
Guarantee Fund or Surplus, 60,132,648 91  
Insurance and Annuities in Force, 1,062,666,211 64  
Loans on Policies During the Year, 4,374,636 86

**J. A. JOHNSON,** General Agent for the Maritime  
Provinces and Newfoundland  
ROBERT MARSHALL, Cashier and Agent, St. John, N. B.  
M. McDADE, Agent, St. John, N. B.  
C. E. SCAMMELL, Agent, St. John, N. B.  
JOHN ADAMS DIXON, Agent, St. John, N. B.

**Job ...  
Printing.**  
Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, State-  
ments, or Envelopes running short? Do you  
consider that you could effect a saving in this part  
of your business? Why not secure quotations  
your work before placing an order?  
**Consult  
Us for  
Prices.**  
And you will find that you can get Printing of all  
kinds done in a manner and style that is bound  
to please you. We have lately added new type  
to our already well-equipped plant, and are pre-  
pared to furnish estimates on all classes of work  
at short notice.  
**Job Printing  
Department.**  
29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

**CAFE ROYAL**  
BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING,  
56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B.  
WM. CLARK, Proprietor  
Retail dealer in.....  
CHOICEST WINES, ALBS and LIQUORS.  
OYSTERS always on hand. FISH and GAME  
in season.  
MEALS AT ALL HOURS.  
DINNER A SPECIALTY.

**THE DUFFERIN**  
This popular Hotel is now open for the  
reception of guests. The situation of the  
Hotel, facing as it does on the beautiful  
King Square, makes it a most desirable  
place for Visitors and Business Men. It is  
within a short distance of all parts of the  
city. Has every accommodation. Electric  
cars, from all parts of the town, pass the  
house every three minutes.  
E. LABOIR WILLIAMS, Proprietor.

**QUEEN HOTEL,**  
FREDERICTON, N. B.  
A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

**Victoria Hotel,**  
51 to 57 King Street, St. John, N. B.  
Electric Passenger Elevator  
and all Modern Improvements.  
D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor

**BUBBLES GROWN TO WINGS.**

How a Minister Helped a Woman by Good Advice.

"I cannot bear it another day!" exclaimed a young woman to her minister, one Sun day after service.

"Come home with me to dinner," said the minister, "and we will talk it over. Wipe your eyes now, and send word to your home that you will not return."

"I told them this morning that I should not come back. They will not expect me to-day."

"So much the better. You will spend the night also with us, and go to your work to-morrow from the parsonage. It will give you a little relief, perhaps."

Protesting but grateful, the girl accepted. After dinner the minister's wife talked pleasantly for a time and then sent her to the guest chamber for a nap. Not till after the evening service was there any allusion to her trouble. Then the three sat together in the study, and the minister said, "Now tell us all about it."

"I cannot make you know, replied the girl, "and I am ashamed to tell what kind of a home I have. My father died when I was small, and for five years I have earned more than half the support of the family."

"At times I have been their sole dependance, and as you know I have worked my way to a good position. My brother now has a small salary, and my sister has a situation now and then. She earns about four dollars a week in a department store, but she soon flares up and leaves, or gets so spiteful that they discharge her. My brother wants to do right, and comes to church with me, but he gets discouraged often."

"How is it at home?"

"There is no order or economy or ambition. If mother could put off the landlord and grocer she would never pay. I have to see to the rent and forbid the grocer to sell us more than I can pay for."

"My mother and sister quarrel incessantly. They even fight and swear and throw things at each other. And I—they both seem to hate me because I am trying to rise above the level of the life about us. This morning we had a dreadful scene, and I told them I would never come back."

"Much more she told, and it was all too true and sad. Then the minister said:

"Your duty is hard, but it is still your duty. Improvident, ungracious as your mother is, she is your mother. And between your sister and ruin I see only God's love and your example and sisterly care. Your brother, too, kind and manly, but without your experience or stability—he needs you. You must go back to-morrow night and take up your burden, and God will help you to save your home."

The girl wept silently. Then the minister's wife put her arm around her and said, "Do you remember, dear, the fable of the birds, how they were created at first without wings, and God showed them wings and said, 'Take up these burdens and bear them for duty's sake,' and they took them, and to their wonder and joy, they were not burdens at all, but helped them to fly? So shall yours do."

So the girl went back to her hard lot. Much she suffered, and was often tried; but the years have gone, and have not been wholly sad ones. The brother has grown manly and strong. The sister is less wild and willful. The mother has fitful strivings for better things. But the heroic girl who is saving the home has found not only daily grace for her burdens, but has developed, through and because of them, a character full of womanliness and Christian strength. Her burdens have grown wings.

The above true instance reveals a condition too frequently found in the "homes" of the city poor. It shows also how much may be done in such a family by a single member who is controlled by sacred ideals of duty and sacrifice.

**An Effective Advertisement.**

Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, the author of a recent volume of delightful Samoan stories most of which are so little fiction as to be merely picturesque adaptations of truth, is better acquainted with the characteristics of Polynesian natives and Americans of the Pacific coast than with those of New Englanders. Nevertheless, he knew in Samoa at least one "down easter" who was a thoroughgoing New England rustic type. He was a Jack of all trades, one of them being that of driver.

On one occasion a ball was given at the German Consulate which Mr. Osbourne and his sister attended, being driven over from Vallina. It was a formal affair in honor of the officers of a visiting German warship, and they went in their best attire, prepared to discard the unconventional y of inland life for all the elegance and correctness of demeanor they could achieve.

When the time came to return, their carriage was driven up to the door and Miss Osbourne promptly took her seat;

but her brother, occupied in bidding lively adieus to a group of pretty girls on the veranda, lingered somewhat unduly. The horses were restive and the free-and-equal, not to say free-and-easy, citizen on the box soon became impatient. He did not lose his amiability, but he considered that it was high time the inconsiderate young man was hurried up, and he proceeded to hurry him.

Oblivious of the grins of gorgeous officers and the titter of gauzy damsels, he signalled violently with his whip; then, failing to receive attention, he sang out in a tone of indulgently derisive banter:

"Wal, Lloyd, I guess ye might's well be startin' along! It's gettin' late, an' them gals'll be tired of ye by this time, sure!"

Mr. Osbourne's exit was scarcely as dignified as he would have liked to have it, but he obeyed the summons.

**A Photographic Speed Detector.**

A Parisian inventor, Monsieur Gaumont, has devised a hand camera by means of which the speed of a passing bicycle or automobile can be ascertained.

The camera shutter has two slits, separated by a fixed distance, each of which in turn makes an exposure as the shutter flies across. The result is a picture containing two nearly superposed images of the moving object. The time elapsed between the exposures being known from the velocity of the shutter, it is only necessary to measure on the negative the distance between the two images of a hub, for instance, in order to have the data for a simple calculation which will show the speed of the vehicle at the instant the photograph was made.

**Fish Enemies to Mosquitoes.**

Now that special efforts are being made to exterminate mosquitoes, owing to the belief that certain species of these insects are responsible for the spread of malaria, the fact that small fish are great destroyers of mosquito larvae has assumed increased interest. This fact is vouched for by Dr. L. O. Howard of the Department of Agriculture. He tells of two small lakes formed nearly side by side in Connecticut by an invasion of the sea, one of which contained half a dozen small fish, while the other was fishless. Subsequent examination revealed tens of thousands of mosquito larvae in the fishless lake, but the other contained not one.

**Disappearance of the Chamois.**

Attention is called in French scientific journals to the disappearance of the chamois from the French Alps. These graceful animals, in spite of the fact that they conceal their homes and places of refuge in the most inaccessible spots, at heights varying from 2600 to 11,500 feet, are mercilessly hunted out and shot down, so that there is danger of their complete extinction. In Italy there is a large reserve on which the chamois are protected, and the formation of a similar reserve in France is advocated.

**Sawdust for Fuel.**

In some parts of our country sawdust is burned at the mills, not as fuel, but simply to get rid of it. But in Europe a better use has been made of sawdust. In Austria for instance, sawdust is impregnated with tarry substances, and then heated and pressed into briquets, which are really sold for fuel. These briquets, weighing about two fifths of a pound each, bring from 95 cents to one dollar per thousand. In heating power they equal lignite, and they leave only four per cent of ash.

**Russia's Sulphur Mounds.**

There have lately been discovered near the Amu River, about 100 miles from Khiva, in the Transcaspian province, huge mounds of native sulphur scattered over an area of about 23 square miles. The mounds are described as dome-shaped and about 300 feet in height. It is estimated that they contain more than 9,000,000 tons of sulphur, making this one of the richest sulphur deposits known. The "ore" is for the most part sandstone, and yields about 60 per cent of sulphur.

**Far-Away Tremor from Great Guns.**

The interesting question of the greatest distance at which cannon can be heard having been raised in Nature, Mr. J. W. Mallet writes, from personal experience, that during the bombardment of Charleston, S. C., by the Federal forces in 1863, the firing of the heavy siege guns was heard as far inland as Augusta, Ga., a distance of 122 miles, while at 60 miles the sound was accompanied by a general feeling of tremor.

**Chicken Teeth.**

Any saw edges on your collar? None on ours. Our modern machine finishes the top of your collar the same as the side. Neckband replaced. Hosiery darned. Repairs made All Free. Try us, Ungar's Laundry Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning Works. Telephone 58.

**"Witful Waste Makes Woeful Want."**

It is as wasteful not to secure what you need and might have as it is to squander what you already possess. Health is a priceless possession. You can secure it and keep it by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla which purifies the blood, cures disease, and invigorates the whole system.

Boils—"I was greatly troubled with boils and had blood and was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I followed this advice and the benefit I received was so great that I took a second bottle and was cured." M. L. Petit, Lyons, Ont.



**Painter and King.**

Anders Zorn, the artist, whose paintings were so popular in this country during and after the World's Fair, is said to be a man of marked peculiarities, one of them being a pronounced frankness, not to say bluntness, of speech. He had painted a full length portrait of Oscar II of Sweden, and the king was so well pleased with it that he sent one of his chamberlains to the painter to inform him that his majesty desired to sit again, this time for a bust portrait.

"Yes," answered Zorn, in his usual shrill nasal tone, looking anything but pleasant. "Yes, yes—all right! But tell his majesty that I don't want to paint him in uniform. I don't want it, and I am not going to do it. Will you be sure to tell his majesty that?"

"Yes," replied the chamberlain, with a smile; and then he returned to the castle and told the king that Zorn was overjoyed at the honor shown him, and would be happy to begin work on the new portrait at a stated date and hour.

The king who possesses in fullest measure the politeness expected of princes, was more punctual at the first sitting than the artist. When Zorn, a little late was ushered into the royal presence, he discovered that the king was in uniform.

"Why," he exclaimed, unhesitatingly, in pretty much the same tone he had used to the chamberlain, "I said I didn't want to paint your majesty in uniform!"

"I heard nothing about it!" declared the king, with a glance of surprise at the indiscreet artist.

"Well, well, well!" muttered Zorn, while he put his easel in order. "But then, I'll tell your majesty something. If I have to paint your majesty in uniform, I shall have to charge my large price."

"How much is that?" inquired the royal customer.

"It is twenty-five thousand francs, your majesty," explained Zorn. "But if your majesty will change clothes, I'll only charge my small price, which is ten thousand francs."

"Well," mused the king, trying to look very serious, "that's a very big sum—twenty-five thousand francs. Why, my dear Zorn, I'll tell you what I'll do! I think I shall have to change clothes."

The king retired to his private apartments for a short time, and when he came back to resume the sitting he was dressed as a private citizen.

**Crossing a Guggle.**

Francis Parkman had an intense love of nature, and as long as his health permitted made trips into the wilderness. Such excursions furnished amusing incidents as well as trying ones. In Farnham's life of the famous historian we find a quotation from his diary of 1841, in which Farnham tells how his friend Slade and himself crossed a 'guggle' on their tramp up the Magalloway.

A muddy creek, two rods wide and of uncertain depth, extended back from the river directly across our path. The only means of crossing were three or four slender poles projecting from each side and meeting in the middle, where a floating log contributed to their support.

We stood in horror and amazement, wondering how a man of ordinary weight could place his foot on such a structure without "slumping" in. With a countenance of direful import, my friend strapped his knapsack firmly on his back, grasped a long pole, at one end of which he planted in the mud at the bottom of the stream, and cautiously advanced upon the frail bridge.

When he was about two yards from the bank the poles began to sink beneath his weight, but he continued to advance until he gained the log in the middle. The water was now above his knees, and fast rising to his waist. The poles began to glide like eels from beneath him. If he stood still the bridge was too weak to sustain him; if he moved he lost his foothold.

He felt his fate inevitable, and with a dismal imprecation sprang desperately to-

ward some loose logs and brushwood that floated near the opposite bank.

The logs tilted up, there was a heavy splash, and my friend appeared, struggling and floundering amid the ruins of the demolished bridge. He grasped a root that projected from the bank, and drew himself up wet and beslimed from head to foot, but with a temper in no wise affected by his misfortune, for he responded most heartily to the laughter with which I saluted him.

My companion was over six feet tall, and as he declared that he felt no bottom to the gulf, my own situation looked rather awkward. I repaired the bridge, however, and managed to get over, although wet to the knees.

**Little Mahala and the Lizard.**

In the looking up of old records and the retelling of family anecdotes brought about of late by the patriotic and genealogical societies, many curious happenings of old-time school-days have come to light; and in surprisingly many of them the master figures as a tyrant, indulging a cruel temper with little regard for justice. The narrow escape of one little girl from dire punishment quite undeserved is related by her descendants. She had certainly inflicted a singular indignity upon her teacher.

Little Mahala Mackey went to school in a log schoolhouse, built in the middle of a great tract of pine lands in South Carolina. The logs were unpeeled, and under the bark and in the crannies and chinks of the walls lived a numerous population of crawling things.

One day, as little Mahala was sitting with her back to the teacher, on a long bench of pine planks that ran across the room, a green lizard darted out of the wall and ran along close beside her.

She had a horror of bugs and reptiles. Too much startled to consider the possible effect of what she did, she uttered a shriek of dismay, and catching the intruder by tip of its tail, flung it wildly over her shoulder.

Then, terrified at the commotion she had caused, she turned to apologize, and beheld the school-master dancing about the platform, yelling with pain and with tears streaming from his eyes, while he tried vainly to pull away the lizard from the end of his nose, where it swung and clung, with its teeth locked firmly in his nostril!

Without pausing for bonnet, books or farewells, Mahala gave one glance and fled, never slackening speed until she was safe at home.

Her flight proved a wise precaution. Innocent as she was of all intention of harm, the aggrieved teacher would not consider the idea of pardon; she must come back and take a whipping, and a thorough one or she must not come at all.

Her father, fortunately, had clearer ideas of justice, and would not allow her to receive punishment for an accident. She was sent to another school, where lizards did not mingle with the pupils, and the outraged master's swollen nose went unavenged.

**It Paid.**

Training at Tuskegee is eminently practical. There the blacksmith learns to dissect a horse's hoat, in order to see exactly why and how the animal may be injured by unskilful work. The girl who wishes to become a housekeeper follows the details of her task until she reaches economic principles. The method pays. Men and women equipped with this sort of scientific training do no haphazard work save through their own carelessness. Again and again does the system prove its value.

At one time the owners of a certain creamery were in need of a new superintendent, and Tuskegee had just graduated a man perfectly fitted for the place. Still he was as black as black could be, and it was with some doubt that he made application.

"A colored man?" said the owners of the creamery. "Oh, that would never do!"

The applicant replied very politely that he had not come to talk about color, except, perhaps, the color of butter. He dropped into the details of dairy work, and finally something in his speech seemed to the gentlemen practical and significant.

"Well," they concluded, "you might stay for a two weeks' trial, but there's no possibility of our hiring a colored man permanently."

The first week's make of butter was shipped, and when the returns came back it was found that it had sold at an advance of two cents a pound on any price the creamery had previously been able to obtain.

"This is very singular," said the owners. So they waited for the next week's return. Then it was found that the butter had advanced still another cent, three cents more than the creamery's best record.

The new man's methods had produced their effect, and he was at once engaged as superintendent. The color question sank into oblivion.



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Every care is exercised in procuring the purest Drugs and Chemicals, which are accurately prepared by competent Pharmacists.  
Telephone and I will send for your Prescription and return it, Dispensed promptly. Mail orders filled and forwarded by next mail.

**W. C. Rudman Allan,**  
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Telephone 239.  
And 172 King street, West, (Telephone 54A). St. John, N. B.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Bay du Vin Wharf," will be received at this office until Friday, February 15th, 1901, inclusively, for the reconstruction of the outer end of the Wharf at Bay du Vin, Northumberland County, Province of New Brunswick, according to a plan and a specification to be seen at the offices of E. T. P. Shawna, Esq., Resident Engineer, St. John, N. B., and C. E. W. Dowdell, Esq., Resident Engineer, Halifax, N. S., on application to the Postmaster at Bay du Vin, N. B., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenders.  
An accepted cheque on a chartered bank payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, for eight hundred dollars (\$800.00), must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.  
The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,  
JOS. R. ROY,  
Acting Secretary,  
Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, January 17th, 1901.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for.

126, 2 L.

Mr. William Waldorf Astor has given \$25,000 to the army relief fund in England. The English accept Mr. Astor's money with more grace than they do his apologies.

"Dar ain' no use o' tellin' a man dat riches don' bring happiness," said uncle Eben. "No quantity o' talkid' is gwinter keep ev'body fum wantin' to try de 'periment fob hisself."

All woman's tribute of respect her life she has the duty of everything for women. she has put in women ruler semi-civilized Her reign has lution which civilization ev in this she has been claim she failed to which her pe make possible worshippers wise conserva retain their c No other w bined in her which consti according to would be sup did panegyri distinguished the bar, the and navy, o which contri No human b an commen Justice Brev "I want to and emphasi lieve Queen English nat greatest bet Satterlee sai world ever Ex-president by sayin: greater than From all to her stat city, her fi fluence for try, her sac because of Britain and away of the bodied in a loving meth taker of he interest in the world h monial to t in her pra son of grat ing whicho alited posit of every w character. It's nature whi and it was Queen, or say the w and held t the seal of purity sh higher pla ment to a a moral c establish the future lower. It will has anot never be her inde to be reac est hope is that it dispel the that their for the big deviate t destroy t to prove sen on have the hood sha In the another stincts o From h trained t arch. S manship has had would b

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1901.



ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1901. Advertisement for Surprise Soap.

Advertisement for Rudman Allan, Pharmacist and Druggist, located at 239 Charlotte Street.

Advertisement for a bank or financial institution, mentioning a cheque and interest.

Advertisement for Waldorf Astor, mentioning a gift and a letter.

Results of Queen Victoria's Reign.

All womanhood shares in the world's tribute of respect to Queen Victoria. By her life she has demonstrated the possibility of everything which has been claimed for women.

No other woman in all history ever combined in herself so many of the qualities which constitute the highest type of woman according to the modern standard.

From all nations of the world testimonials to her statesmanship, her political sagacity, her firm stand for the right, her influence for peace, her never ceasing industry, her sacrifice of self; but it is not alone because of these qualities that all Great Britain and her colonies mourn the passing away of their Queen, for they may be embodied in another sovereign.

It will be generations before England has another Queen, indeed there may never be another, but Victoria has made her indelible record on the pages of history to be read by all the future.

In the young Queen of Holland we have another illustration of the fact that the instincts of nature cannot be eradicated. From her birth Wilhelmina has been trained to discharge the duties of a monarch.

By the way, it seems there is considerable controversy in Holland as to who shall 'give the bride away.' As she has had no father since infancy, and as her mother brought her into the world and has bestowed upon her the exclusive service of her own life for twenty years she would seem to be the person above all others who is entitled to this privilege.

The blind bull had developed a wonderful sense of smell. Even the slightest breeze seems to carry to his sharp nose knowledge of the presence of a man, and he will charge up the wind at once.

Wolves are plenty in the neighborhood of moose yards and the backs and necks of the companions showed plainly the marks of fights with them. It was plain to the position of the wounds on the smaller bull that he had borne the chief attack and had defended the other.

MOOSE VICTORY'S OLD FRIEND. Jane, Lady Churchill, long in her service, died just before her.

Only a short time before her death Queen Victoria lost a lady-in-waiting who had been devoted to her service for forty-six years. This was Jane, Lady Churchill, who died the other day at her home near Windsor.

Three years ago her health became so feeble that she was compelled to forego her usual trips to the continent with the Queen and retired to her home at Iwer, about seven miles from Windsor. There she lived until her death. The Queen visited her regularly when she was in residence at Windsor Castle.

Her son, Lord Churchill, began as a page and is now a lord in waiting.

BLIND MOOSE FINDS A FRIEND. Led About the Woods, Fed and Protected by a Younger Bull.

From the region north of Duluth, Minn., comes a story of a blind moose that is led about by one of his mates, taken by him to feeding grounds and protected from wolves.

Last fall some hunter shot at this moose, but instead of killing him succeeded only in blinding him. Woodsmen have had opportunities to watch the animal more or less during the winter and have been much interested in him.

Moose form so-called yards in winter in places where is abundant brush. When the feed about one yard is exhausted they make another some distance away, and there they travel in circles as before, eating the small trees and branches clean of tips and buds.

MOOSE ARE GREGARIOUS ANIMALS, and that these two live thus alone, the younger one preferring the society of an old, blind bull to that of the herd, while the herd has dropped them both, is suggestive and interesting.

'Hello, Cosh!' 'Hello, Bill!' The late Senator Davis left his house on Massachusetts avenue in Washington one morning and started to walk to the cars. Suddenly, as if sprung from the ground, a man approached him. He was an old member of Davis' company in the war, and he looked seedy.

'Hello, Cosh!' he exclaimed, 'Hello, Bill!' said the senator. 'Where did you come from?' For a few moments the senator and the old soldier chatted together. Finally came the expected 'touch.'

'Can you change \$20, Cosh?' asked the dilapidated veteran. 'Yes,' answered Davis. 'Then lend me ten.'

Davis laughed. 'That is a little too steep,' he said. 'Won't you take \$2 and call it square?' It is hardly necessary to add that Senator Davis parted with his money.

To Fight for a Great River.

On Tuesday of last week there was introduced in the Maine Legislature a bill which will probably precipitate the greatest fight ever known in the history of that body—the long-expected struggle between the Penobscot River lumbermen and the corporation known as the Great Northern Paper Company, which is chiefly composed of New York men.

The bill provides for the incorporation of the West Branch, Driving and Reservoir Dam company, the incorporators being Frederick H. Appleton, Joseph P. Bass and J. Fred Webster of Bangor; Fred A. Gilbert, Oronoco; A. Ledyard Smith, J. Sanford Barnes, jr.; Payne Whitney, R. Somers Hayes and Garrett Schenk, New York.

This having been accomplished, the Penobscot Log Driving company, which has been in prosperous existence since 1846, would cease to exist and its affairs be wound up. Briefly, the new concern wants to kill the old one and take its place for the purpose of controlling the water of the Penobscot River.

This is where the chief objection of the lumbermen comes in. The lumbermen say that it would be impossible to have all or any of the logs at the point of starting, the head of Chesuncook Lake, at any fixed time, and according to the terms of the bill all logs that are not ready to start will be left behind until another year.

The new company binds itself to make at least one drive a year and to see that that drive gets through, but in order to save water for the Great Northern Company's mill it would be necessary to start this drive at a time so early that many logs would be shut out and left to shrink and rot for a whole year along the headwaters.

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reached the main river, and the water then being shut off the East Branch logs would be stranded. The lumbermen say that the passage of such a bill—the granting of such a charter by the Legislature to an outside corporation—would be to discourage the cutting of millions of logs for Penobscot sawmills and to divert millions more that would be cut to the St. John and Kennebec rivers, thus effecting the ruin of the Penobscot lumber industry and dealing to the city of Bangor a blow from which it might never recover.

The representatives of the Great Northern and of the proposed corporation say that their only object is to effect an arrangement for the control of the river water in such a way as to prevent unnecessary waste and to afford the best service to all interests—the pulp mills as well as the lumber mills. The lumbermen declare that it is an attempt on the part of a foreign corporation to get complete control of the Penobscot River, using the water for its own purposes and at the same time destroying all competition in the log market.

Millions are invested in logging, in timber lands and in mills; the commerce of the port of Bangor is almost entirely in lumber; the laboring men get their employment from lumber, and, in short, Bangor's existence as a city depends upon spruce logs being sawed in the mills along the river. The clash of the two great interests will create more excitement at Augusta than anything that has occurred since the famous 'count-out' days.

The Bridegroom's Pertinacious Promise. The groom entered alone and said confidentially:

'Do you use the word 'obey' in your marriage service, Mr—?' 'No,' said the minister. 'I do not usually.'

'Well,' said the expectant benedict. 'I have come to ask you to marry me now, and I want it replied.'

'Certainly replied the other. 'It shall be done,' and presently the couple stood solemnly before him.

'James T—,' said the clergyman, 'do you take this woman to be your wedded wife?' 'I do.'

'Do you absolutely promise to love, to honor and obey her so long as you both shall live?' Horror and rebellion struggled with the sanctities of the occasion on the bridegroom's face, but he chokingly responded: 'I do, and the meek bride decorously promised in her turn.

After the ceremony was over the bridegroom said excitedly aside to the grave minister:

'You misunderstood me sir, you misunderstood me! I referred to the woman's promising to obey.'

'Ah, did you, indeed?' serenely answered his reverence. 'But I think what is good for one side is good for the other, don't you? And, my friend, it is my advice to you, to say nothing about it, for as an old married man. I can tell you you'll have to obey anyhow.'

Diplomacy. Mrs. Greene—'Have you read the new book that is just out giving rules about setting the table and serving food?' Mrs. Brown—'No; what would be the use? Our girl wouldn't allow me to follow her to follow its directions, I am sure.'

Mrs. Greene—'She would if you went the right way to work. I got the publishers to send my girl a presentation copy, and she is so stuck up about it that she follows its directions implicitly.'

Poetry is a Mode. 'Sometimes I think I'll take a day off and become a great poet,' said the corn-fed philosopher. 'The recipe seemed simple enough. All a man need do is to write something no one knows anything about in a style that nobody can understand.'



SUNDAY READING Religious Progress in Cuba.

Copyright, 1901, The Christian Herald, New York. HAVANA, Cuba, January 3, 1901.—Cuba is a charming country. I think that it is changing for the better. Certainly many of the changes that have taken place during the last two years have been for the better.

In reviewing a few of the things that have happened since the American flag went up on January 1, 1899 and the Spanish flag went down forever, one of the most important to me seems the complete freedom of religious worship. Of course under the American flag there could be no union of church and state, as had been the case with the Spaniards.

All these protestant churches do not content themselves simply with the holding of religious services on Sunday. They do a great deal of practical missionary work, and most of them hold services in Spanish as well as in English. They are not limited to Havana, because the other day in Matanzas I was told that the Methodist Episcopal church there owned its own house of worship, one of the first instances of the kind in the island.

Some political changes are going on, of which it is not necessary to treat now, except to express the belief that, while Cuba will have its own constitution and its own independent government, the moral support and the protection of the United States will never be entirely withdrawn from the new commonwealth, which may be known as the Republic of Cuba.

I write of this, because some letters which have reached me renew inquiries about the prospect for Americans securing homes in Cuba, the nature of the land titles and other matters. Some of these questions have been answered in the past, but the answers may be repeated in the light of the experience of those Americans who have established themselves in the island during the last three years.

I want to emphasize the point about all that those who are succeeding are the ones who have gone out into the country, and have not tried to make their fortunes in Havana, Santiago, or the other cities. They have recognized the great truth that, since Cuba is one vast farm, the best chance for the newcomer is in farming. So they have got land, and gone to raising fruits, vegetables, coffee, and in some cases sugar-cane. I have noticed that the Chinese truck gardeners who are so numerous around Havana, are no longer monopolizing the trade.

ing around I have noticed some progress in dairy farming, and even an effort to raise hay and bale it for the market, after the American way.

The observations apply to the settled portions of the island, which, notwithstanding that they are settled, have much good land still uncultivated. The era also has begun by opening up the undeveloped portions of Cuba. The most important of these enterprises is the building of what is known as the Central, or Backbone Railway, which will connect Havana with Santiago, at the southeastern end of the island, and which will have branches running to the ports on the north and south coasts. This has been undertaken by Sir William Van Horne, who carried out the project of the Canadian Pacific Railway. He is supported by American, English and Canadian capitalists. An enterprise of this kind could be promoted only by men of large means, but in time the men of small means will be benefited, for they too will have the chance to acquire lands, and will be assured of the means of getting their products to markets.

While, as I stated, this railway project will be of great benefit to Cuba, and while it will be a means of encouraging American immigration, for the immediate future I should not advise those who are thinking of making homes in Cuba to depend upon it. They will do well to keep closer to the cities and ports which already are within reach. Naturally this means that they will have to pay more for their lands than by going further into the interior, where the country is yet entirely undeveloped; but I think that they will succeed better. I believe a man with five thousand dollars capital will be able to turn it over quicker in a part of the island where land may cost from fifteen to twenty five dollars an acre, than by going to the undeveloped section, where he can buy it at from three to five dollars an acre. That is to say, two hundred acres in the more settled sections will yield him better for the first few years than a thousand acres in the undeveloped regions.

About the climate it is now possible to speak with more certainty than a year or two ago, for there are many Americans who have passed their third summer in the island. Their general verdict is that the climate of Cuba need not bar persons from Northern countries from settling in the island. After a few years, they will not work with the same fierce energy that usually characterizes them when they arrive from the temperate zone, but they will know how to adapt themselves to the climate and to the tropical modes of living and working. There is everything in that knowledge. It is harvest season all the year round in Cuba, and work can be done in the fields in the early morning almost every day in the year. On the sugar plantations the workers are at work at four or five in the morning, and they are able to put in half a day's work before the sun becomes too hot for comfort. That is the real secret of working in the tropics, to do it at the right hours of the morning and evening and to work quietly and steadily, but not at a driving pace, which destroys the energies without increasing the output of a man's labor.

—Charles M. Pepper.

RAGTIME ON THE CHURCH ORGAN. Brethren and Sisters Are Astonished by the Strains from the Sacred Pipes.

"Ragtime" music has gained a foothold in one of the most aristocratic churches in Evanston, Ill. At a reception and dinner given at the South Presbyterian church Thursday night the old pipe organ, which has never known any other than sacred music, bellowed and squealed to the tune of "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" and "Just Because She Made Them Goo-Goo Eyes."

A large number of the most prominent prebyterians in Evanston were present at the dinner, which was held in the church. After the dinner there were speeches by the pastor, the Rev. J. W. Francis, and the guests of honor. After they had finished it was announced that those present

would be entertained by an impromptu musical programme in the auditorium of the church. When the seats were filled the organist was asked to play for the delectation of those present. She went to the organ and, after a moment's hesitation started off with "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

After the first measure was played the audience was horror stricken. They had expected to hear a Back sonata or a selection from "The Messiah." The older members, who have been good presbyterians for years, straightened up in their seats and rubbed their ears and wondered what was the matter with the old organ. It had never been known to do anything in the least undignified, and they could not believe that they were mistaken in the tune. A murmur of disapproval ran through the audience. Some one suggested that it might be a prelude to some piece which had not been heard before in the classic town. Others thought that perhaps the church had adopted some Salvation Army song. When the first bars were finished and the chorus was reached all realized that there was nothing of a sacred kind in the piece, and that the instrument that had been taught "Old Hundred" and "Rock of Ages" was being profaned.

There were some in the audience who did not think that the music could be improved upon. They were the young people. They caught the refrain and hummed it, and when the organist had finished the tune that inspired the soldiers as they climbed San Juan hill, she received a hearty encore.

She returned to the organ, pulled out a few more stops and began playing a sacred interlude. This was not what the listeners wanted, and the piece received little attention. When it was over there was a faint ripple of applause. A moment later some one started the hand-clapping and it soon became general. The organist knew what was wanted. She turned again to the organ, touched the keys, and started on "Just Because She Made Them Goo Goo Eyes." When the verse was finished and the first notes of the chorus rolled from the deep throat of the organ the notes swelled until the music sounded like a thunderstorm on a spree. The music became as giddy as that of a country dance. The "windjammer," who pumps air into the lungs of the organ, caught the spirit and worked until the pipes roared like a Kansas cyclone.

By this time those who used to dance the Virginia reel and the hopping waltz had begun to like the music. Some said that it was a revelation in music, and others said that the Salvation Army is ten years in advance of the church, because it has adapted sacred words to popular music. There were some in the audience who did not approve of the new departure, and said that it was wrong to introduce the music of the hurdy-gurdy into the church.

LIFE-GIVING POWER AND VIRTUE IN IN EVERY DROP. PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND.

Has Never Disappointed the Sick. It Every Retains the Confidence of the People.

Wherever once used, the sick and suffering of all classes of our Canadian people are made to realize that Paine's Celery Compound does not belong to the ordinary patent medicine ranks, such as nervines, bitters and sarsaparillas. Paine's Celery Compound is as far beyond these ordinary preparations as the diamond is superior to cheap glass.

Paine's Celery Compound possesses extraordinary virtues and powers peculiar to itself, for health-giving and lengthening life. It has saved men and women—young and old—after all other medicines failed. It has so astonished physicians by its curative powers that they now prescribe and recommend it.

Professor Edward E. Phelps, M. D., gave Paine's Celery Compound to the world as a positive cure for sleeplessness, nervousness, liver and kidney troubles, neuralgia and rheumatism.

Thousands of thankful letters from people of every rank, give proof of the fact that Paine's Celery Compound "makes sick people well."

If you sigh and long for a new health, a better life is your sure reward if you use the medicine that has cured others. The use of one bottle will convince you that there is power and virtue in each drop. Beware of substitutes; see that your druggist gives you "PAIN'S" the kind that cures.

The Real Thing.

"Do you think her hair is all real?" "Why, of course. A girl with her means would never buy any other kind."



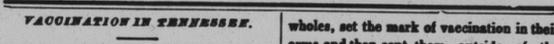
"Seven days

of wash-day"—so somebody has called house-cleaning—seven days of rasping hard work. This person didn't know anything about Pearlina.

House-cleaning with Pearlina doesn't mean the usual hard work.

Neither does washday. And what would ordinarily take seven days ought to be done in three.

Try Pearlina and see for yourself the saving in time and work and rubbing.



VACCINATION IN TENNESSEE.

How Smallpox was Stamped out in Spite of Threats of Using Shotguns.

A health officer in New York detailed to vaccinate the occupants of a suspected tenement, sometimes feels as if he had a labor of Hercules in his hands, before he makes the magic scratch in the arm of the last sullen man, protesting woman or wriggling baby; but his task is as the joy of a summer picnic compared with that of the vaccinating officer in Tennessee. There he takes his life in his hand with his scarifier, and needs the wisdom of Solomon and the pluck of a cowboy if he is to do his task thoroughly.

Smallpox has occurred in certain districts of Tennessee ever since last spring. The chief source of the disease has been among the negroes and the lowest class of whites who believe that vaccination and the Day of Judgement coincide in some mysterious way. In Columbia the local health board made progress in vaccination until the officers reached the cotton mills. There, they were met with blank refusal, enforced by a loaded shotgun. This logic proved convincing to the local board. Metaphorically speaking it threw up its hands and passed its virus over to the county board. This board began its work at the mines near Mount Pleasant. The first nine victims stampeded, and rebellious negroes were so free with their shots that the county board retired, angry and discomfited, concluding that vaccination under the circumstances was impossible.

In the meantime, however, the disease was spreading in every direction. The local board and the county board had both been toiled and only the State board was left to cope with the problem. The miners, emboldened by their repulse of the county board, sent word to the State board that they were prepared to hang any health officer who came near them. This was the prospect which confronted the doctor appointed by the State on the same afternoon to take charge of the matter. He realized that only the most vigorous measures would be effective. In spite of the miners' defiance he started for Columbia, without delay. The county was declared to be in a state of quarantine. Train inspectors were appointed to turn back people not vaccinated and much to the surprise of the inhabitants of the county, they found that no amount of coaxing would get them beyond its borders, unless they could present an official certificate of vaccination. The same requirement was made of those on incoming trains. It was "no vaccination, no entry," and passengers know by the set of the train inspectors' jaws that they meant what they said.

Freight and express, outgoing or incoming, were detained, and mutinous merchants began to understand that the State board was not joking. When the officer in charge offered freedom from the shipping restriction to such merchants as submitted to the vaccination of every one in their employ who even in the most remote way came in contact with the goods shipped the terms were accepted. In a day and a half a cityful of working people had good virus in their left arms. One or two retail merchants whom the shipping restriction did not immediately effect held out longer, but they also came to terms in time. The managers of the cotton mills allowed the entire plant to remain idle for a day rather than submit; but when they found that pleading and argument had no effect on the health officers, and when they realized how much they were losing with every idle hour, they yielded. With the vaccination of the last of the mill hands the city was safe from smallpox so far as preventative measures could accomplish it, and the vaccination of the whole population had been accomplished without the firing of a single shot.

But the work of the State board was by no means accomplished. The mines still remained and they were filled with miners longing to hang the health officers. When the time came however, there courage seemed to ooze, perhaps because the health officers were accompanied by twenty-five deputy sheriffs sworn in for the occasion, who surrounded the mines. The doctors went inside, pulled the miners out of their

wholes, set the mark of vaccination in their arms and then sent them outside of the lines. Some of the mine owners woke up to the importance of the work and required a certificate of vaccination before they paid their men. Thirty-nine or forty cases of smallpox were found in the town and among the camps and sent to the pesthouse. With these forty centres of contagion, there is no telling where the epidemic would have ended if vigorous measures had been much longer delayed. On one Saturday the doctor in charge issued 1,100 certificates of vaccination and during the stamping out period it was necessary for him sometimes to remain forty-eight hours in the saddle with no sleep and little to eat. The task of the doctor dealing with the smallpox problem in Tennessee is not a snap, by any means.

The last achievement of the State board was the cleaning up of a Black Bottom, a district where desperate people congregate. The local police as a rule do not care to pass within gunshot of the place at night, but it was a regular breeding place for smallpox and no safety was possible until the purifying measure of vaccination had been introduced. Therefore the doctors in charge set their teeth and went to work. With their assistants, they surrounded have a dozen houses at once, and vaccinated the occupants straight through. No quarter was given, and by the time the health officers had finished their work not a tough in Black Bottom could boast of an unscarred arm.

At the end of fifteen days smallpox was stamped out in the county at a cost of about \$3,000, and the State board turned matters over to the county board once more with the situation entirely under control. The previous efforts, which had proved futile, had exhausted about six months and had cost \$20,000.

Nervous Headache.

A very distressing and common malady, doubtless it has its origin in some unbalanced condition of the nervous system. One of the simplest, safest and most efficient remedies is Nerviline. Twenty drops in a little sweetened water gives almost immediate relief, and this treatment should be supplemented by bathing the region of pain with Nerviline. To say it acts quickly fails to express the result. Druggists sell it everywhere.

He Lost the Credit.

Justice Garoutte related an amusing incident which occurred to him while crossing the Atlantic. The band played every night in the second cabin,' he says, 'and one evening I invited my family and a few friends to visit the second cabin and listen to the music. After a few pieces had been played I called a keller to me and told him to give the band a glass of beer at my expense. I paid him the charge, the beer was brought to the band, they stood up, rattled their glasses, seemed greatly delighted, and said 'good luck' to a big red faced German who was sitting on the opposite side of the room, and then drank their beer. He then arose and made a speech, after which the band played 'Hail to the Chief,' amid great applause.

'I asked a gentleman who sat near me, and who understood German, what all the fuss was about, and he said the fellow who had just made the speech had treated the band to beer. It came over me like a shot that I did not tip the keller, and that he had put up the job with the red faced German.'

In His Line.

'Tupper, who keeps the hair store on the corner, says the business seems to be the development of his youthful tendencies.'

'How does that happen?' 'Why, he says he remembers that when he was a little boy in school he used to go out and get switches for the teacher.'

'It is pretty hard to determine,' remarked the Observer of Events and Things, 'which is the most dangerous, a woman's smile or her first batch of biscuit.'

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. See a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto. Dr. Chase's Ointment

# The Kind of Husband I SHOULD CHOOSE FOR MY DAUGHTER.

A Christian Every Day in the Year.  
BY MRS. FRANCIS R. CLARK.

Is it not a difficult question to ask of one who is spending the greater part of her time in training up future husbands for other people's daughters?

As a preliminary step I sent word to half a dozen college girls of my acquaintance, to know what kind of husbands they would choose, and with one voice they assured me that they did not want any husbands. That put a summary stop to my investigations in that direction, and quite took my breath away. But I do not believe a word of it. I next appealed to my own mother to see what kind of a husband she would have chosen for me.

'My sister,' she said, 'was once asked, "if you were required to choose between a christian man, with a quick, bad temper, and a man who made no pretensions to religion, but who was equal in intelligence, position and culture to the other, and whose disposition was known to be amiable, which would you choose?" Not a fair question, you say. So thought my sister; but when pressed for answer she replied: "I would marry neither of them unless I loved him beyond everybody else in the world. In that case I think I should want to help the christian to overcome his hot temper. If I were to choose the pleasant, winsome, irreligious man, I should, by violating my own religious convictions and training, show him so inconsistent a christian character myself, that I could hardly hope to draw him to my Saviour, and I should very likely lose my own warmth and zeal in christian duty." Shall I decide then that, first of all, my daughter's choice should be, or mine for her, a truly christian man, one whose life and talents and property, if he has any, are consecrated to his Master. He must not be morose or quick tempered or selfish. He must be well educated, warm hearted, sympathetic, and amiable. He should honor his Master by a cheerful life.

Certainly then the man I would choose for my daughter (if I were so fortunate as to have a daughter), must first of all be a christian, and he must not be one of the kind of whom a little boy said, 'Yes, he is a christian, but he is not working at it much.' Nor must he be like that woman to whom her little daughter said, 'Mamma, I found your religion in your trunk,' meaning her church letter. The man I would choose must be an earnest christian the kind of a man who would be 'working at it,' and the kind of a man who would not 'keep his religion in his trunk.' If he moved to another town he would be the kind of a man who would be likely to take a letter to that church, and for the time he lived there, would throw in his lot with that church, and help to carry its burdens. If he traveled, he would carry his religion with him.

Shall he be rich? No, I think I would rather not. I think I would choose to have him acquire the strength that comes from 'enduring hardness,' rather than meet the temptations that come with riches. Shall he then be poor? No, I do not think I choose that, for I want them to have at least one luxury, the luxury of giving, and it is so little that a very poor man can give, even if he gives a tenth, I think I would pray Agur's prayer for him: 'Give him neither poverty nor riches.'

Shall he be handsome? Why yes, if I can choose he shall be 'of a beautiful countenance and goodly to look to,' and tall; but remember that does not come first. I have chosen first of all that he shall be an earnest christian, and if he is that, the good looks will not hurt him, and he will certainly be more pleasing, and will have so much the more power to influence others.

What shall his business be? Well, if I were to choose it for him, I think I would rather he would be a missionary or a minister, that his whole life might be spent in helping other lives, like the parson in Jean Ingelow's poem, 'so anxious not to go to heaven alone.' But since he is to be an earnest christian man, I think I would rather he would choose his own calling, feeling sure that he would help other lives whatever his daily work may be.

Let There Be Spiritual Sympathy.  
BY THE COUNTESS SCHIMMELMANN.

What kind of a husband shall I choose for my daughter? I would advise that both mother and daughter put this matter into the hands of God and let him choose for you; then and only then will your daughter's happiness be secured. If we carefully study our bible, we will see that in the beginning of humanity God very positively and specially took the marriages into his own hand. I believe that it has as-

surely been God's will all along, that no marriages should be formed except by such special orders from God. Our own choosing at the very best is short-sighted and limited and we cannot overcome two difficulties; the one is that a human being, and especially a man who goes out wooing, can disguise his character; and the second is, that characters actually do change under the influence of circumstances. You might, for example, choose a quiet, soft-minded husband for your daughter, and ten years later, after a wearying, troublesome life, find that he possesses an irritable nature; or in the character of an energetic, active young man good luck and the accumulation of wealth may destroy these qualities, and he turns out an apathetic, lazy and wholly good-for-nothing fellow.

Now if a mother is perfectly sure that in the case of her daughter it is God's will that she should be married, she has not only the right, but it is her duty so far to care for the things of this world as to prevent her daughter from getting the wrong husband. The mother's duty should be rather limited to prevent wrong, than extended to choose for her daughter.

How are we then to behave? First; live near to God and bring your daughter near to him; be led by him very specially in this matter. If you feel that she should marry, do not think of any but a christian husband. Yet not he that speaks best of christianity, neither he who knows most of it, nor he that does most of it, will give you as good a guaranty of happiness for your daughter as the one whose character and daily life are witnesses of his christianity.

A Gentleman At Heart and An Assured Income.  
BY MARION HARLAND.

First, he must be a gentleman in every sense that abused word implies. For it is abused as much as the justly-ridiculed term, 'lady.' The educated man who is faultlessly dressed and whose manners are in harmony with his attire, is in the crime de la crime of modern society, ye!cept 'a gentleman,' although his principles may be faulty as his bearing is correct, and his secret life as reprehensible as his manners are admirable. Therefore, I say, I would have our girl's husband a gentleman in the inward and spiritual life as fully as in the outward and visible sign. She, as a refined woman, can never be happy with

him under any other circumstances.

He must, also, have tastes that are, to a certain extent, congenial to those of her whom he would make his wife. There must be a harmony of interest that will create a true marriage of minds, as well as of hearts. She, to whom books are an essential to happiness and to whom great literature is an ever-delightful field through which she has always wandered, and in which she hopes to roam of will all her days, will find herself sadly ennuyed by a life-companion whose only literature is his daily newspaper, and who is conscious of no difference between the children of Thackeray's brain and the hysterical creations of the author of the latest and most lurid of dime novels. There are few more pitiable objects than an intellectual woman linked for life to a man who cannot appreciate her aspirations, and to whom the talk of books and matters literary is as an unknown tongue.

A very important requisite in the husband that our girl would marry is his ability to support her in comfort. Perhaps she may not have all the luxuries to which she was accustomed in her father's house, but no man has a moral right to take a tenderly reared girl from a drawing-room and place her in his kitchen.

Last, but by no means least, our daughter's husband must have the same religious faith as herself. I do not mean by this that he and she must, of necessity, belong to the same religious denomination, but that they must both belong to the great Church Universal, that their hope for that which is to come must be the same. This is the great essential to the true happiness our daughter would gain. When the storms of life dash upon her and her beloved, she must feel that of a surety they are both upheld by the Everlasting Arms.

Health, Unselfishness and Education.  
BY HARRIET FRENCH STOFFORD.

The only way in which with safety to all concerned a mother can help her daughter in the choice of a husband is when—having studied from the birth the nature and needs of her daughter, and having confessed to herself that marriage is the best and happiest state—she looks about her for one whose qualities are those that shall ensure the welfare and happiness of her child; and then quietly and discreetly, and without putting her purpose in evidence,

brings the two together, conscious that propriety is as potent as any other factor. Every mother has not only a right but a duty in relation to a child's marriage. You often hear a man of very moderate desert say that he requires in a wife virtue, birth, breeding, beauty, good-nature, education, money and other superlative gifts; so why shall a mother be less demanding in behalf of her daughter? It will then go without saying that this husband of a sweet and innocent and carefully reared girl shall be a satisfactory specimen of the race, manly, brave, and good to look upon. That means that he will have good health; and having good health he will have good nature, and good nature is very necessary to household happiness. If he loves his neighbor as himself, he meets the chief requirement for the happiness of wife and family; for then he is unselfish. The unselfish man is a natural christian. Thus, on the whole, unselfishness is the first positive quality that I should require. For with unselfishness there will be that generosity which not only gives with an open hand, but which so regards the feelings and wishes of others as to make ill temper and dark moods impossible. With unselfishness there will be self-restraint and sobriety and honesty and fidelity. With unselfishness, again, will be purity—the safeguard of home. In addition to this unselfishness, which is at the root of most, if not all of the virtues, I should like intellect in this suppositious husband of a daughter. I would like, moreover, that he should have education. But there is an education of circumstances which surpasses that of books, that makes mere knowledge of disputable facts and technicalities seem small and trivial; and if he has that we will not miss the education of the university, desirable as that may be.

Now, dear reader, I must confess to you a secret—very probably an open secret if you have gone with me thus far. I must confess to you my dreadful poverty. I have no daughter for this matchless man.

Should Respect His Wife's Mother.  
BY MARGARET HOLLEY (AUNT SAMANTHA).

It seems to me that the first quality a mother would desire in the man who was to marry her daughter is goodness; since wealth takes wings, and knowledge casts a rather cold light on the hearthstone when shining there alone. But the man who will be good to his wife in sunshine and shade in youth and age, is the one likeliest to make her happy. She would demand good habits in the one who vowed to comfort and protect her

daughter, lest the protector should change into a danger, the comforter into a disgrace. She would like to have him a man who would sometimes give a kindly thought to the woman who toiled early and late to make the sweet wife he loves and admires what she is. And who patiently stepped down and out of the heart and life where she had reigned supreme, leaving him first and dearest. And she would greatly prefer that he should refrain from making the mother-in-law joke. But it she be a sensible woman she will not insist upon this, but quietly efface herself as much as possible, remembering that this has been the mother's lot since first the sons of God looked upon the daughters of men and saw that they were exceedingly and wonderfully fair.

And if she can bring herself to love the intruder, as so many have, and receive a loyal affection in return, why so much the better, the inevitable then becomes endurable. He should have courage, for there will be many lions to pass on the wedded journey and he will be weighed down by the burden of love, the care of one dearer than himself, for this the mother imperatively demands that he must love her daughter, she must be to him the one woman in the world, for love's torch is the brightest light upon earth to light the wedded pair. He must have patience in abundance, as he will marry a woman, and not a saint. And, above all, he should be a christian, so he will know where to get help and comfort and joy, and discern through the deepest shadows the Great Light that guides his road, and can help her onward and upward.

He should be industrious, and have enough of this world's goods to ensure his wife's comfort and prevent her hearing the baying of the wolf at her door, but not rich necessarily, as the woman who marries for riches alone confronts the dire possibility of the riches flying away and nothing but the man remaining when all that made him attractive and worthy of affection is gone.

He should be passably good looking, since it would be pleasant to look across the coffee urn three hundred mornings in a year and behold a comely visage. He must have good sense, but not be too brilliant, as a meteor would not give so good satisfaction for household needs as a more mellow and steadier light.

Polite, Patient, Considerate and Loving.  
BY MARGARET SANGSTER.

If I had a daughter in the sweet bloom of her years, when a husband might loom up on the horizon, far would it be from me to choose for her in a matter of such personal importance. Yet I might give advice, and I hope I would do it tactfully, for much pre-matrimonial counsel defeats its own ends, confirms hesitation, and absolutely sends girls and men the opposite way from which the counsellor warned them.

Only on a solid foundation of true love and real respect can she or he can hope to build an edifice which will last. They must choose for themselves.

I would like to see my daughter marry a man whose mother had early trained him in unselfishness at home. I would prefer a man who had as a boy lived with sisters, two older, and three younger perhaps, and waited on them all, and who had been their escort, companion and friend.

The most charming man in the whole world is the man who appreciates a woman's need of small courtesies, who never in any circumstances finds fault or interferes in what is beyond his province, who keeps to his own side of the line in home management, and does not prowl around where he is not wanted. A polite, considerate, patient gentleman makes an ideal everyday sort of a husband.

If my daughter is wise she will not pin her faith to a man who has no reference for God, nor belief in the Heavenly Father. A man who has no definite religious principles, no convictions, who is disposed to ignore the claims of the church and of the Saviour, may be otherwise amiable, but she will not have ballast enough for the crises of life. A profane or intemperate man should be avoided by the girl who is asked to put herself in the keeping of another. A man should be of knightly purity and stainless honor when he seeks the hand of a pure maiden.

## COLDS, HEADACHE CATARRH.

Relieved in 10 Minutes by Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Rev. W. H. Main, pastor of the Baptist Emanuel Church, Buffalo, gives strong testimony for and is a firm believer in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. He has tried many kinds of remedies without avail. "After using Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder I was benefited at once," are his words. It is a wonderful remedy and will relieve any form of head pain in ten minutes and eradicate catarrh.



FEEDING THE BIRDS.

## Chat of

RENAISSANCE and are shown in great cotton materials for

Roses with most re-tered over them have ornaments all winter, chase the dewdrops stick them on to suit have some adhesive which assures their pe-are as readily disposed stamps.

Metallic ribbons, crushable, are one of They are submitted to gives a metallic sheen makes them a little of ribbons. Double face with one strong color changeable delicate of floral, plaid and str-come in the wash with

The craze for Aiglon again among the new wreath and the eagle presented. For skirt three inch Mechlin lace wreath of lace leaves extending up at inter- of this is a black lace of the space.

Lacing with ribbon, cuffs, belts and skirts a maker may use her own disposition of it, but she can produce some very simple way.

Some of the pretty printed in all over design effects, while other both cashmere designs and the new batistes they a- ever, especially the embri-

The advance assortment waists shows dainty mu-mull in the pretty pal- feature of their decorat- embroidery of flowers same material, a shade and sometimes combined

Velvet maidenhair fern emerald on one of the and rhinestones and gre-tered here and there, for- hair ornament. It is best coming effects of foliage coiffure decoration. It color of the flower that ence, and the kind must well. While one woman prettiest with a large ro- anywhere in her wavy lo- will require small bloss- pecially to suit her face. hind the ear is very b- looks well at all, but it is- tional face with which th- tion is in harmony.

Soft chips and crinoline manipulated easily into a promised as a feature of sp-

Aigion belt buckles are of Laurel wreaths and sprac- and silver, and then there umbrellas handle, which is a- an eagle perched on top.

A very proper ring to v- tailor made suit is one larg- in gold without any jewels.

Empire ribbons of var- woven with either silver- wreaths and effectively used fronts and stocks.

Squares of cluny lace, a- squares of jet galloon, are- ming silk petticoats, while a- tion is in floral designs of ap-

Evening gloves, hand pa- spray of flowers from the s- nearly to the waist, are one- fashion across the water. mixing of the paints preven- the arm from affecting it, and the possible chance of its or- special flowers which deco- are carried out on the gloves.

Perhaps the latest eruption

Chat of the Boudoir.

TRILLS OF FASHION.

Renaissance and modernized grenadines are shown in great variety among the thin cotton materials for summer gowns.

Roses with most realistic dewdrops scattered over them have been worn as hair ornaments all winter, but now you can purchase the dewdrops by the dozen and stick them on to suit your own fancy.

Metallic ribbons, soft, glossy and uncrushable, are one of the spring novelties. They are submitted to some process which gives a metallic sheen to the gloss and makes them a little different from other ribbons.

The craze for Aiglon novelties appears again among the new laces, where the wreath and the eagle are elaborately represented.

Lacing with ribbon, cord and bands of taffeta silk is still one of the modish features of our gowns, and it decorates collars, cuffs, belts and skirts as well.

Some of the pretty new muslins are printed in all over designs with medallion effects, while other cotton fabrics show both cashmere designs and colors.

The advance assortment of summer shirt waists shows dainty muslins, batistes and small in the pretty pale colors, and one feature of their decoration is an applique embroidery of flowers and leaves in the same material, a shade deeper in color, and sometimes combined with white.

Velvet maidenhair fern, with a brilliant emerald on one of the prominent leaves, and rhinestones and green spangles scattered here and there, forms one variety of hair ornament. It is best to study the becoming effects of foliage and flowers for a coiffure decoration.

Soft chips and crinoline straws can be manipulated easily into any shape are promised as a feature of spring millinery.

Aiglon belt buckles are distinguished by laurel wreaths and spread eagles in gold and silver, and then there is the Aiglon umbrella handle, which is a gold ball with an eagle perched on top.

A very proper ring to wear with your tailor made suit is one large turquoise set in gold without any jewels.

Empire ribbons of varying tints are woven with either silver or gold laurel wreaths and effectively used for chemisette fronts and stocks.

Squares of cluny lace, alternating with squares of jet galloon, are used for trimming silk petticoats, while another decoration is in floral designs of applique velvet.

Evening gloves, hand painted, with a spray of flowers from the shoulder down nearly to the wrist, are one of the fads of fashion across the water.

Perhaps the latest eruption of Napoleon.

is emblem is seen in the Empire wreaths cut out of cloth edged with gold thread. These are arranged to overlap each other in a taffeta foundation.

NEW WORK FOR A TRAINED NURSE.

A Demand Found For Her Service Among Patients of a Hair Specialist.

A tired trained nurse had reached the age at which it was not possible for her to give to her work the enthusiasm she considered necessary.

It was plain that her own work was too exacting. It was also plain that her new vocation should be in the line of her old employment, as it was too late in life for her to begin anything new.

The solution of the problem came finally as most satisfactory things do, through her own inspiration. Then she went to a physician who had become famous in the specialty she proposed to follow and made this proposition to him:

'You're a specialist in the treatment of the hair and have succeeded in acquiring a reputation that brings patients to you from all over the country,' she said.

'I know that you always recommend certain exercises to your patients which are to be done by their maids and would rather be treated by a trained nurse who knows something of hygiene than by a masseuse. I want to be that sort of nurse. Is there any opportunity for a woman to succeed in work of that kind?'

The hair specialist, who happened to be bald himself, met her suggestion with greater enthusiasm than she had hoped for.

So the woman gave up the work of regular nursing and set out to devote herself exclusively to the hair. Her first patients came from the physician. The number increased rapidly and she soon had plenty to do.

'I've as much as I can do,' she said the other day, 'and I earn almost as much as I did formerly with none of the trouble of night work and the long confining hours of the sick room.'

'My visits at a house rarely last longer than a half or three quarters of an hour. I have the exercise of going from place to place and of course no woman wants her hair treated at night. So I have fortunately found my new occupation profitable, although I could never have attempted it without the interest of the doctor who first started me in the work.'

Various cases are expected to come up in the courts soon which evolve women and their modistes. Dressmakers have been encouraged by the action of one of their number in bringing suit against one of her richest customers, and now others declare that their business is losing every vestige of profit in consequence of whims by which customers order garments and then return them.

Sometimes, they say, the gowns and bodices are worn once or twice and then thrown back on their hands with some fancied fault indicated.

All this is increasing the orders of the dress-making departments of the shops, where a more business-like practice prevails. Too often the private modiste will display and press her new importations upon patrons whose credit is good, and women, overcome by the prettiness of some new material, trimming or style, will order lavishly and wildly without any special thought of the reckoning day.

The faults of these dress makers women know only too well; but undoubtedly there is much to be said on both sides of the question. The dressmaker gives her material and her loom and her work in fitting and modeling a gown to suit the personal peculiar-

ities of a customer. She gives all of these in advance, relying on the good faith of her patron. Sometimes undoubtedly a change of mind or a temporary fit of economy or the sight of some more pleasing fashion will send the garment back to the dressmaker with a complaint of some superficial defect.

The remedy for the evil lies in a more business-like understanding between modiste and customer and a less lax system of credit. The latter reform would prove one of the greatest deterrents against the careless orders which usually result in misunderstandings and dissatisfaction.

WOMAN'S WRITING DESK.

The Fittings Should be of China Just Now. And Write the Keynote.

Fittings for feminine desks must be of china now-a-days. The finest Dresden is used as well as Delft, Sevres and other costly imported wares. The fashionable black Flemish oak desks of the moment are fitted with snow white writing pads mounted in china and the stationery and penholders of china are so easily broken that as a rule these of pearl are substituted.

Dark blue and grey paper is used for ordinary notes and correspondence, but for more formal letters white, heavy cream laid paper is employed. The newest sheets are almost square and are very large, this being demanded by the feminine chirography of the moment and the envelope is oblong and large and fastens with a square flap.

RENEWED VIGOR.

BROUGHT ABOUT THROUGH THE USE OF DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

Mrs. Peter Beamer Tells How These Pills Released Her From Years Of Neuralgic Pains After Doctors And Other Medicines Had Failed.

Among the best known and most respected residents of the township of Gainsboro, Lincoln county Ont., are Mr. and Mrs. Peter Beamer. For a long time Mrs. Beamer was the victim of a complication of diseases, which made her life one of almost constant misery, and from which she nearly despaired of obtaining relief.

'I was a young chap of 25 at the time, and getting tired of working for other people I opened a cotton brokerage office with another ex clerk who was considerably my senior in years. We put up an equal amount of capital and agreed to share and share alike in the profits and the hustling. From the very outset everything went remarkably well with us.

'Well, in the course of a week or so the agency made its report, and without going into details I may say that it completely exploded all the disturbing gossip I had heard. I realized after reading it that I had been doing my partner a great injustice, and of course I was conscience stricken. To make amends I determined to treat him with extra cordiality, and at the same time it seemed to me that his own bearing, which had been a little distant, became much more friendly.

'One day several months after his departure I was looking over some old papers and ran across a big envelope marked 'private and confidential.' Thinking it contained something relating to the firm, I tore it open, and what do you think I found?—a report on myself from the same detective agency I had hired to investigate my partner. It seemed that our suspicions had been mutual.'

'What sort of a man is the King of England?' was asked of Kusner Couderd, who painted his portrait when he was Prince of Wales.

The little portrait painter, who has plucked her laurels from the pinnacle of her profession, glowed with quick interest. 'He is the right sort,' she said warmly, 'and by virtue of birth, training, endowment, adoption and disposition he is better qualified to occupy the throne of England than any other man in the world.'

'The Prince of Wales did ask if lighting a cigarette would interfere, and was relieved to find that it wouldn't. He wanted nothing to interfere with the success of the miniature. It was to be a gift of the

princess on the anniversary of their wedding.

'In the case of the Prince of Wales I had expected to find a man filled with the matter of his own importance: instead I found one of the most humbly courteous gentlemen I have ever met, seemingly filled with only the desire to make me comfortable and at ease, and to exact my own reputation.

'I had expected to find a frivolous man, for the zest with which he led society was the most I had ever heard of him. Instead I found a gentleman grave and dignified, whose bearing would be that of a king under any circumstances.

'Here is an instance which shows how unaffected he is. You know every moment in the day of such a personage is taken up. The end of our sitting usually met the approach of some business of state. At the close of the last some Oriental ambassadors were announced. They were ushered into the next chamber.

'You have no idea,' said his royal highness, 'what a splendid appearance they make in those wonderfully embroidered silk garments. Wouldn't you like to see them?'

'Of course I was perfectly wild to see them; so his royal highness bade me good morning and left the room, leaving the door ajar between the two chambers, so that I might catch a momentary glimpse of the Oriental state splendor.'

EACH HAD SUSPICION.

A Story of Two Partners, Both of Whom Were Honorable Men.

'My first business venture on my own account was in—well, never mind the name of the city, said a New Orleans merchant, chatting over old times with some friends at the board of trade. 'The location has nothing to do with the little story I am going to tell you, and for reasons you will understand in a moment, I don't care to be too specific.

'I was a young chap of 25 at the time, and getting tired of working for other people I opened a cotton brokerage office with another ex clerk who was considerably my senior in years. We put up an equal amount of capital and agreed to share and share alike in the profits and the hustling. From the very outset everything went remarkably well with us.

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'Could you tell me the meaning of the word 'cataclysm' he asked of the street car passenger who was folding up his newspaper.

'Are you going to ride two or three blocks farther?' was queried in reply.

'Yes, sir.'

'Then you'll see one. The conductor has carried that sharp-nosed woman two streets past where she wanted to get off

TO THE DRAP.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Nicholas Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 706, Eight Avenue, New York.

Hood's Pills

Are prepared from Nature's mild laxatives, and while gentle are reliable and efficient. They

Rouse the Liver

Cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, and Constipation. Sold everywhere, 25c. per box. Prepared by C.L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

'I'm ready, and I'll wake up soon and start a cataclysm that'll probably jump the car right off the track!'

It Cures all Creeds.—Here are a few names of clergymen of different creeds who are firm believers in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder to 'live up to the preaching' in all its claims. Bishop Sweetman, Rev. Dr. Langtry (Episcopalian); Rev. Dr. Withrow and Rev. Dr. Chambers (Methodist); and Dr. Newman, all of Toronto, Canada. Copies of their personal letters for the asking. 50 cts.—105

Hubert, the son of a poor widow, leaned against the broken gate that disfigured the front fence of his humble home and wept bitterly. 'Alas!' said he. 'There is no possibility that I may be kidnapped! About the only way I can get my picture in the papers is to go and rob a bank!'

Nurse's Good Words.—'I am a professional nurse,' writes Mrs. Eisner, Halifax, N.S. 'I was a great sufferer from rheumatism—almost constant association with best physicians I had every chance of a cure if it were in their power—but they failed. South American Rheumatic Cure was recommended—to-day my six years of pain seem as a dream. Two bottles cured me.—106

'I shall endeavor,' said the young man with the clear, steadfast eyes, 'to make my life one of practice as well as profession.'

Dropsy and Heart Disease.—'For ten years I suffered greatly from Heart Disease. Fluttering of the Heart and Smothering Spells made my life a torment. Dropsy set in. My physician told me to prepare for the worst. I tried Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. One dose gave great relief, one bottle cured me completely.'—Mrs. James Adams, Syracuse, N.Y.—107

Briggs—that medium doesn't know a thing when she's in a trance. Griggs—Oh, yes, she does. Briggs—What makes you think so? Griggs—Because the other day I tried to steal away into the middle of one—without paying.

Are You Haunted Day and Night?—Mind and body racked and tortured by evil forebodings, gloomy and dull, robbed of that "Divine restorer," sleep, appetite gone, nerves shattered, generally debilitated? This is none too dark a picture for great South American Nerveine to obliterate and set up in its stead the glowing tints of the sun of perfect health.—108

'I'd give anything if I could take on 20 or even 10 pounds more flesh,' said Mr. Halfehadow.

Cinnamon-Coated Pills.—Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are coated like a cinnamon drop, very small and delightful to take. One pill a dose, 40 in a vial for 50 cents. Their popularity is a whirlwind, sweeping competitors before it like chaff. No pain, no griping, no inconvenience.—109

Your medicinal water seems to have a great reputation as a cure all,' remarked the customer. 'To do you attribute its great curative power?' 'To judicious and extensive advertising principally,' the dealer frankly admitted.

Nature Revolts Against High Living and it has set its seal to it by adding to man's ailments the scourge of diabetes. Eminent medical men until recently proclaimed it a "no cure" disease, but South American Kidney Cure has knocked down their pet fallacy and has proved itself master of kidney disease in all its forms. Relief in 6 hours.—110

Teacher—Yes, children, Chicago is one of the great cities of the world, but it once suffered a terrible calamity. Can anyone tell what it was? Pupil—Why, it was this here last census.

Eczema Relieved in a day.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure this disgusting skin disease without fail. It will also cure Barber's Itch, Tetter, Salt Rheum, and all skin eruptions. In from three to six nights it will cure Blind, Bleeding, and Itching Piles. One application brings comfort to the most irritating cases. 35 cents.—111

Ice-cream—You are the 'driven snow' I've heard of, aren't you? Blizzard—'Driven snow'! What are you talking about? Don't you see me getting hauled off at \$3 a load?

Indigestion Can't Stay where Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are arrayed against it. Thomas Smith, of Dover, Ont., says: "I am delighted with them—from almost the first using, I have been entirely relieved of the pains of indigestion—I have the greatest confidence in the Tablets and heartily recommend them to any and every sufferer from stomach troubles." 35 cts.—112

# Fate Led the Rescue Ship.

Capt. William Wallace Urquhart is a fine specimen of the retired American seaman and ship master. At his residence, 78 Madison avenue, may be seen many mementoes of a seafaring life, including a silver beaker presented by the British Government to recognition of his rescue of the crew of an English ship in '79; an immense silver salver presented by the citizens of Bristol, England; a silver service, the gift of the rescued passengers of the steamship Ville du Havre, and the maritime medal of honor of the French Government, also given for the captain's services to the survivors of that ill-fated craft. This last beautiful souvenir he cherished with special pride, partly because it is the highest honor ever awarded by the Government of France to a merchant mariner and because it commemorates the most remarkable adventure of his life on the ocean. Capt. Urquhart was in command of the American ship Trimountain when the singular chain of circumstances occurred that resulted in the rescue. The Ville du Havre was run down by the Scotch iron ship Lochearn on Nov. 22 1873. More than 200 souls perished with the steamship, and the Trimountain appeared just in time to take from the heavily laboring Lochearn the eighty-five persons she had rescued from the Ville du Havre.

The Trimountain was in this port ready for sea near the middle of November, said Capt. Urquhart in telling of the disaster. 'She was loaded with a general cargo bound for Bristol, England. It was Saturday when the last package was put aboard and we anchored in the bay. The owner said to me: 'Captain, I suppose you will be off bright and early in the morning?' I replied: 'Well, if it is your urgent wish I will sail to-morrow, but I have always made it a rule not to begin a voyage on Sunday; therefore, if you insist upon it, you must not hold me responsible for any misfortune.' 'Well,' said he, 'it is not the usual thing to hear a sea captain talk like that; however, I agree with you that the custom is a good one, and will leave the matter of starting entirely in your hands.' Consequently, we rested on the first day, and weighing anchor early on Monday morning, with a fair wind, proceeded on our voyage.

Then occurred the first of the extraordinary events which go to make up this story. Without any clearly defined reason for so doing, I decided to make a more northerly passage than I had ever done before. There was nothing to be gained by leaving the course of the Gulf Stream farther south, which I had been accustomed to follow, and I was conscious only of a desire to make what I might have called an experiment.

We sailed peacefully along until we reached the banks of Newfoundland, where we ran into a dense fog that lasted several days. During that time the thought often came to me that in case I should fall in with a wrecked steamer on the passage I could accommodate the passengers nicely, since for the first time, eastward bound, I had some sixty feet of space to spare in the upper 'tween-decks, owing to the character having miscalculated. However, I certainly did not expect to run across anything of the kind, and attributed the frequent recurrence of the thought to the vacant space under hatches. The fog cleared up at 10 o'clock on the evening of Nov. 21, and an hour later I got the altitude of the polar star, computed my latitude, and found my longitude by dead reckoning.

Having crossed the Atlantic so many times, I seldom looked at the general chart, for I know my way from New York to London as well as from the Battery to Central Park; but being now out of my usual track I thought best to prick my eye on the chart, as we sailors say, and shape my course for the Bristol Channel. When I completed my reckoning I found, to my surprise, that if it was correct we were heading straight for the fabled rock called Barenethy.

This discovery brought me back some five years to a conversation that was now the cause of a certain feeling of apprehension. In Shadwell Basin of the London Docks, when the New York and London liners were in their glory, the captains often met in the cabins of their different ships to dine. On one of these occasions when several shippers happened to be my guests the conversation drifted into the subject of the many rocks reported to be in the track of vessels between Europe and America. Not one of us believed in the existence of

any of these rocks except Captain R. of the ship Patrick Henry. 'Gentlemen, said he, 'I know of one rock, which does exist, and that is Barenethy, but its true location is not the place indicated on the chart.' Now, Capt. R. was reputed to be always seeing wonders. He was regarded as the possessor of an expensive imagination and credited with telling the big yarns; so he was laughed at and told that it must have been an old wreck or a dead whale.

But he declared that he had hauled his ship up close to the rock on a clear day, then and there took two good observations, proved its correct position and marked it on his chart. Continuing, he said: 'If any of you gentlemen care to come on board the Patrick Henry I will show you just where the rock is.' No one in the company took interest enough in the story to go over, except myself, but his earnestness convinced me that he had seen something he took for the rock, and after seeing the mark on his chart my belief was so much strengthened that I located it on my own.

Therefore to return to my voyage of November, '73 the discovery that I was heading direct for Barenethy disturbed me for the moment. Upon reflection, however, I thought, 'Who believes in any of these rocks laid down on the chart as seen a hundred years ago? Nobody, of course. Capt. R. must have been dreaming, or else it is another of his big yarns.' Rolling up the chart I went on deck in this frame of mind and gave the course for the night to the officer of the deck. 'Mr. P.' said I, 'keep her east by south, and give me a call if there is any special alteration in the wind or weather.' Going below I threw myself on the lounge, over which hung the compass, and tried to sleep. But I was so haunted by the rock that I kept saying in my mind: 'East by south, right straight for Barenethy.' I tried my best to sleep, but my eyes would turn to the compass. 'There's no such rock!' I exclaimed. 'I'm a fool! I'm a coward! Confound the rock! And the words kept running through my head: 'East to south, straight for Barenethy!'

'Unable to stand it any longer I went on deck about 1 o'clock in the morning, with my mind made up to change the ship's course and steer clear of this abominable rock that no one had ever seen, or ever would see, because it did not exist. Almost at the same moment when I formed this resolution, as I afterwards learned, the Ville du Havre was struck amidships by the Lochearn and went down in ten minutes, carrying with her a valuable cargo and 226 souls.

The officer of the deck was an older man than myself and had crossed the Atlantic more times than I, and after a few minutes conversation about the watch, I told him Captain R.'s rock story. He ridiculed it, and said that although he had travelled many years in the trade, he had never seen a rock, or before heard that anyone else had. Having thus relieved my mind on the subject, I went back to the lounge and again tried to sleep. I had just got comfortably settled when the ship gave a lurch. 'By Jove,' thought I, 'east by south, we've struck the rock!' That was enough. I went on deck and although it was only a sea bigger than the others that had caused the ship to lurch I ordered her course southeast by east two points more to the southward. Then I went to sleep and rested like a child.

At daybreak next morning the officer of the deck called me and reported a disabled ship five points on the starboard bow. I took my telescope and confirmed his observation. It was to brace the yards up sharp and haul our ship close to the wind in order to reach the vessel. This was done immediately. As we came near the scene of the stranger I thought again of the mysterious rock and the sense of foreboding which I could not shake off until I had altered my course. Finally we came within hailing distance of the unfortunate Lochearn. I called out, 'Ship ahoy! What's the matter?' 'We've run down an ocean steamer, and over 200 have gone down with the wreck. Can you take fifty passengers?' 'Yes, a hundred,' I replied.

'It took three hours to transfer the survivors from the Ville du Havre, eighty-five in all, and these we landed in safety at Cardiff, Wales, nine days later. I said nothing about the rock story or scare then, nor for some time afterward, but I have always considered it the most remarkable occurrence of my seafaring life. There seems to have been a providential design in the sailing of the Trimountain on Monday instead of Sunday; then in the unex-

plainable decision to make, for the first time in my life, a passage much farther north than the line of the Gulf stream; the unusual room on board, and above all in the strange manner in which I was led to change my course on that eventful night from fear of the rock. I shall always believe so at any rate.'

The question of the existence of Barenethy Rock seems to be still unsettled. Capt. Lloyd of the sailing ship Crompton was said to have seen it in 1897, and since that time the British Government made an attempt to find it, but without success.

### CROSSING SNAKE RIVER.

The Experience of a Party of Travellers in the West.

After climbing Teton Pass. Ernest Seton-Thompson and his wife were told that when they had crossed Snake river it would be plain sailing to the ranch-house where they intended to stay for a few days. This, according to Mrs. Seton-Thompson was what happened.

The Snake river is so named because for every advance of a mile it makes a retreat of half that distance. The knowledge of this fact is the fruit of experience.

About half past five we came to a rolling tumbling yellow stream, where the road stopped abruptly, with a disheartening drop into water so deep as to cover the limbs of the wheels. The current was strong. The horses had to struggle hard against it. When we reached the opposite bank, I thanked my stars that Snake river was crossed.

Crossed? Oh, no! A strip of pebbly road, and the willows suddenly parted, to disclose another stream, deeper than the first. We crossed it.

At the third stream the horses rebelled; but at last they had to go in, plunging madly, and dragging the wagon nearly broadside into the water. Then there was another stream, and after that the driver stopped his horses to rest, wiped his brow, looked the wagon over, pulled a few ropes tighter, mended his broken whip with a willow stick, gave a hitch to his trousers, and remarked as we started: 'Now, when we get through the Snake River, on here a piece, we'll be all right.'

'I thought we had been crossing it for the past hour!' I gasped.

'Oh, yes, them's forks of it; but the main stream's ahead and its mighty treacherous, too,' was the calm reply.

When he reached the Snake River, there was no doubt that the other were forks. Two men on the opposite bank waded us back from the place where our driver was lashing his horses into the rushing current, and guided us down stream.

'This year ford changes every week,' said one, 'but I reckon you might try here.'

We did. Instantly the water was over the horses' backs, the wagon-box was afloat, and we were being borne down stream, in the boiling seething flood when the wheels struck a shingly fall plunged. The two men on horseback each seized one of the leaders and kept his head pointed for a cut in the bank.

Everything in the wagon was afloat. A leather case, containing a forty-dollar fishing-rod, slipped quietly off down stream. I rescued my camera from the same fate. Overshoes, wraps, field-glasses, guns, all were suddenly endowed with motion. Another moment, and we should have sunk; but the horses, by a supreme effort, managed to scramble to the bank.

They were too much exhausted to drag more than half the wagon after them, and there we reclined, half-submerged, until the two men came to our rescue. Each hastened a rope to the tongue of the wagon, wound an end about the pommel of his saddle, and set his pony pulling. Our horses made another effort, and up we came out of the water, wet, storm-tossed, but calm. Oh, yes—calm!

### How to get Into Society.

A patroness of one series of the dances which the younger society sets hold during the winter, was about to dress for dinner the other evening, when a maid entered and said that some one wished to see her. This patroness has had the management of this particular series of dances pretty much in charge for several years.

'You go down and see what he wants,' said the patroness to her daughter. 'I simply can't go now.'

After a quarter of an hour, the daughter came back with this story:—

'Did you ever hear of such a thing in your life? He wants to get into the—'. He says that he is from Philadelphia, and that he is a stranger here and wants to meet some of the young people, and he thought that attending the —'s would be a nice way to do it. He had read in the paper that Mrs. Blank was at the head of them, and he thought he would come right to her about it. He spoke of some people, but they're nobody we know.'

The patroness, sent down word that it would be impossible to issue any more in-

## 'Twas Dr. Chase Who

### Saved Our Baby.

Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Severe Chest Coughs Cannot Withstand the Soothing, Healing Effects of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

It is the mothers who especially appreciate the unusual virtues of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. They keep it in the house as the most prompt and certain cure obtainable for croup, bronchitis and severe coughs and colds to which children are subject. It has never failed them. Scores of thousands of mothers say: "'Twas Dr. Chase who saved our baby.'

Mrs. F. W. Bond, 20 Macdonald street, Barrie, Ont., says: "Having tried your medicine, my faith is very high in its powers of curing cough and croup. My little girl has been subject to the croup for a long time, and I found nothing to cure it until I gave Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. I cannot speak too highly of it."

Mr. W. A. Wylie, 57 Seaton street, Toronto, states: "My little grandchild had suffered with a nasty, hacking cough for about eight weeks when we procured a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. After the first dose she called

it 'honey' and was eager for medicine time to come around. I can simply state that part of one bottle cured her, and she is now well and as bright as a cricket."

Mrs. F. Dayer, of Chesterville, says: "My little girl of three years had an attack of bronchial pneumonia. My husband and I thought she was going to leave the world as her case resisted the doctor's treatment. I bought a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine from our popular druggist, W. G. Bolster. After the first two or three doses the child began to get better, and we are thankful to say it is all right today after seven weeks' sickness."

Mr. E. Hill, Fireman, Berkeley St. Fire Hall, Toronto, says: "I desire to say in favor of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine that one of my children was promptly relieved of whooping cough, and as long as obtainable will not be without it in the house, nor use any other treatment for diseases of the throat and lungs. 20 cents a bottle. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto."

invitations for that night's dance, and if the young man desired to join the series he would have to be regularly introduced by some one known to the patroness.

'And the strangest part of it all,' said the daughter afterward, 'is that he was such a very charming young man. He was dressed well and spoke faultlessly. He just seemed to think that the way to get what you want is to ask for it.'

### KANSAS'S UNHANGED MURDERERS.

Some of Them Say They Prefer Death to Their Present Life in Prison.

More than fifty condemned murderers are serving what are practically life sentences in the Kansas State penitentiary because former governors have refused to issue warrants for their execution. The Penal Code provides that when a criminal is condemned to death, he shall be confined at hard labor in the penitentiary for one year, at the expiration of which the governor shall sign a warrant for his execution. This duty of the governors of Kansas has been ignored since the organization of the state. Many of the condemned men have been in prison for twenty years.

At the last session of the Legislature, which was Populist in both branches, efforts were made to pass a law compelling the Governor to sign the death warrants of all prisoners to the penitentiary under sentence of death, but the influence of benevolent associations prevented the passage of the bill. Another attempt will be made in the Legislature which is now in session, and is composed largely of Republicans, to pass a law similar to the measure offered by Senator Farrelley two years ago. One section of the proposed law provides: "That on and after the taking effect of this act it shall be the duty of the Governor of the State to sign all death warrants of convicts convicted of murder in the first degree, and to cause the sentence of death to be executed upon all such convicts. The time of carrying into effect the death sentence of any convict who shall hereafter be convicted of murder in the first degree shall be not less than one year nor more than three years from the date of the sentence by the court of such convict. And any Governor of this state who shall neglect or refuse to comply with the provisions of this act, shall be deemed guilty of a felony and upon conviction thereof shall be imprisoned in the penitentiary at hard labor for a period of not less than one nor more than five years."

Should this law be passed there would have to be ordered by Gov. Stanley the execution of the fifty or more murderers now in the State prison, for another section provides that "it shall be the duty of the Governor of Kansas within thirty days after the taking effect of this act to set a time when the sentence of death shall be executed on all convicts now confined in the penitentiary under death sentence, which time shall not be less than one year from the taking effect of this act."

A few of the condemned men in the Kansas penitentiary say they would be glad to have the death sentence executed. Several murderers have indeed expressed a desire to Gov. Stanley to be executed, but he has refused to grant these requests. John Drake of Dickinson county is one of these. He was sentenced to be hanged for the murder of a companion. He and his friend were walking home one night with a jug of whiskey between them. They got into a drunken wrangle. Drake killed his friend with a wagon hammer and threw the body into the Smoky Hill River. Two other condemned men who say they want to die are John Moore and John Gilbert, who murdered their wives and children while under the influence of intoxicating liquors.

It is even declared that a majority of these convicts would prefer death to their present life in the coal mines 700 feet under ground. Many never see the light of day except as they go from their cells to their meal or to the coal mine elevator. Prison officials believe that a majority of these condemned criminals would prefer the hangman's rope to the life they live in the Kansas penitentiary, for few of them hope ever to be released by pardon.

### THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

An Incident he Always Remembers When he was a Wakeful Night.

'Looking one night,' said the retired burglar, 'from a dark hall into a dimly lighted room, whose door was ajar, I saw in bed a woman and a child asleep. I'm no judge of children's ages and never was, but I should say from what I could see of that child's face and of its form under the bed clothes that it was 2 years old, maybe 3. It was sleeping on the side of the bed toward the front.'

'Asleep on the floor in front of the bed on a snug little mattress was another child of about the same age as the one in bed or thereabouts, brought in there temporarily apparently for some reason or other that I didn't try to figure out, that being no part of my business; but this one on the floor was so placed because there wasn't room for both children in the bed.'

'As I stood there looking at them the child in the bed began to get restless, and in a minute it rolled out or twisted itself out somehow from under the bed clothes—this was in summer, and the covering over it wasn't heavy—and rolled square up to the edge of the bed. It lay there still for a minute and then rolled back a little, and I felt easier; but the next minute it rolled forward again clean to the edge, and rolled over it a little further and hung there on the edge a minute—I believe if it had hung there a second longer I'd ha' run to stop it—and then over it went.'

'And I thought sure it was going to fall alarm onto the little one on the mattress on the floor and just knock the breath out of that one, but it didn't do either, it fell on the mattress alongside of that one and never woke that one up and never woke up itself. Well, I thought that beat everything I ever saw in the way of folks falling out of bed, but there was more to come.'

'The one that fell out k-p-r-i-g-h-t on sleeping, and it was very still for a minute or so, and then it began to get restless again and rolled over on the mattress and edged the child on the mattress clean off onto the floor; but even then that one didn't wake up either; it kept right on sleeping, too, on the floor, and the one that had fallen out of the bed and edged this one off the mattress now stretched out on the mattress perfectly easy and settled into a quiet, gentle sleep.'

'But after this the mother had woke up—'I don't know how she'd missed the one in bed, but she had somehow—and she turned up the light a little and surveyed that scene on the floor and understood it right away. And she didn't disturb the one that had fallen out, that was now sleeping peacefully on the soft mattress, but she picked up the one that had been rolled off onto the hard floor and put that one in the bed. So now the children had just changed places, and in a minute or two they were all settled down again, peaceful and quiet as before.'

'I never was troubled with insomnia much myself, but whenever I do have a wakeful night I always think of those blessed children that could go to bed and go to sleep and roll out of bed without ever waking up.'

Lady—I want a dog that will look terribly fierce, but won't ever bite.

Dealer (meditatively)—I guess you'd better get an iron one, munn.

Promise me that 'I promise,' seat at his case to a dead certaintly hurry it things also might spoil my game

'How terrible! 'What a change! 'Years aged her so such remarkable tion-rooms of a one evening in overboard many the case when a She sat half portiere, with a sp round her as She noticed that from her friend's face grew st as she thought: 'What would my marriage? 'Here the hostess woman, came at Cora's side. 'Why are you belle? Are you rich and free? 'And yet you lo heart is broken! 'I am not feeli 'Cora. 'I suffer a West has advise and I think of go 'Oh, I am so g I particularly w who ought to be 'bye. 'Really? I am prince or a shah, Garnet, with a ca all worth or amu 'Neither. An c tease you any mo tain Cameron? 'Yes. 'I thought you make a match of some, was he not. Well, his uncle is into the title and better still, just a cousin, a planter, left him a large to because the dear mine, you know. 'So now he is 'Cora with a sigh, sadness in her face marked it and drew 'Always thought between them. I will be kinder to p at once, or else th in her present deli 'So she continue 'Oh, but you ha of the new yet. L know, expected he is to bring with hi 'Is he married, most incredulousl 'Yes, dear, why I am sure. It appa Malta, and it was night! Wooded an than six weeks. Al fresh arrivals. I da and Mrs Danecour room to receive her 'Cora in her place b 'She heard the b gracious tones: 'Ah, how do you Lady Lochaber? come, tired out as from your very re here is an old friend you must introduce 'Mrs. Danecourt dre 'Cora started to eyes tell on the you grew ashen, and, a with horror. Her o it to speak, but no w splendid crowd had a tie group, and all strange wild looks. 'I am not a ghost the bride, hold out or 'You have come h 'Why do you haun suffered enough? I do it; and Cora's ga well-known features ber, until the brillian suddenly to low ab 'How can it be, an mured, and with a forward into the str girl she thought dead 'What can it mean husband, as they drov ception. 'How awfu 'Yes, poor thing; her tomorrow.'

CHAPTER

The timepiece in th as Cora's carriage house in Harley-stre steps, as if but just illness, and a face that in it, she entered the The faintness had p splendid brown eyes sh a hectic spot burned i either unken cheek. Presently Flush follo he door behind him. 'You don't look ver should have thought yourself. 'Listen to me, said have deceived me in ev the last year of my life since. I was haunted visions of a woman full fear and remorse which lately have turned my h 'A me of my beauty, down into the cellar, an you said the corpse is

Baby.

Thoughts Cannot With-  
stand Syrup of Linseed

For medicine time  
can simply state that  
her, and she is low  
a cricket.

of Chesterville, says:  
years had an attack  
mind. My husband and  
to leave the world  
the doctor's treatment.  
Dr. Chase's Syrup  
of time from our popular  
later. After the first  
he child began to get  
thankful to say I am  
in weeks' sickness.

Syrup of Linseed and  
of my children was  
whoooping cough, and  
will not be without it  
any other treatment  
throat and lungs. 30  
manson, Bates & Co.,

and that a majority of  
prefer death to their  
coal mines 700 feet  
my never see the light  
go from their cells  
the coal mine elevator.  
and that a majority of  
animals would prefer  
to the life they live in  
prison, for few of them  
need pardon.

D BURGLES.  
Remembers When  
Retired

said the retired  
hall into a dimly  
door was ajar, I saw  
a child asleep. I'm  
ages and never was  
what I could see of  
of its form under the  
2 years old, maybe  
the side of the bed

in front of the bed  
was another child  
as the one in bed or  
there temporarily  
reason or other that  
out, that being no  
out: this one on the  
bed because there  
children in the bed.  
looking at them the  
to get restless, and  
out or twisted itself  
under the bed-clothes—  
the covering over  
rolled square up to  
It lay there still for  
led back a little, and  
next minute it rolled  
the edge, and rolled  
and hung there on  
slieve if it had hung  
I'd ha' ran to stop it

it was going to fall  
on the mattress on  
pick the breath out of  
do either, it fell on  
of that one and  
and never woke up  
that beat everything  
of folks falling out  
more to come.

kept right on sleep  
ill for a minute or  
to get restless again  
mattress and edged  
clean off onto the  
on sleeping, too, on  
that had fallen out of  
one off the mattress  
into a quiet, gentle

another had woke up  
d missed the one  
somehow—and she  
little and surveyed  
and understood it  
don't disturb the one  
it was now sleeping  
mattress, but she  
had been rolled off  
put that on the  
ren had just chang-  
inute or two they  
gain, peaceful and

(Continued From Third Page.)

Promises me that.  
'I promise,' replied the butler, taking a  
seat at his ease on the sofa. 'If I look out  
to a dead certainty,' he said to himself. 'I  
must hurry it on, though, for fear some-  
thing else might look out, which would  
spoil my game entirely.'

CHAPTER V.

'How terribly ill Lady Garnet looks.'  
'What a change! Quite a wreck, I de-  
clare.' 'Years older.' 'What can have  
aged her so suddenly?'  
Such remarks floated about the recep-  
tion-rooms of a mansion in Berkeley-square  
one evening in the early spring. Cora  
overheard many of them, as is generally  
the case when unpleasant things are said.  
She sat half hidden by the heavy velvet  
portiere, with her pink silk train gathered  
up round her ankles, dainty feet.

She noticed the looks of pity which fell  
from her friends' eyes as they passed, and  
her face grew still more pale and haggard  
as she thought:  
'What would they say if they knew of  
my marriage?'  
Here the hostess, a large, smiling, dark  
woman, came and took the empty seat by  
Cora's side.

'Why are you so triste and distraite, ma  
belle? Are you not lovely and young and  
rich and free? What more can you want?  
And yet you look like a woman whose  
heart is broken?'  
'I am not feeling very well,' murmured  
Cora. 'I suffer agonies of neuralgia.' Dr.  
West has advised me to try Wobach's,  
and I think of going there very soon.'

'Oh, I am so glad you came to night, as  
I particularly wanted you to meet someone  
who ought to be here by this time, by the  
bye.'

'Really? I am curious. Is it a Japanese  
prince or a shah, or a dvar? I asked Lady  
Garnet, with a careless laugh that lacked  
all mirth or amusement.

'Neither. An old acquaintance. I won't  
tease you any more. You remember Cap-  
tain Cameron?'  
'Yes.'

'I thought you and he were going to  
make a match of it last season. So hand-  
some, was he not, and such a good fellow?  
Well, his uncle is dead, and he has come  
into the title and the estate, and what is  
better still, just at the same time a distant  
cousin, a planter, died in Barbadoes, and  
left him a large fortune. I am so delighted  
because the dear boy is such a favorite of  
mine, you know.'

'So now he is Lord Lochaber?' said  
Cora with a sigh, and so much regretful  
sadness in her face that her companion re-  
marked it and drew her own conclusions.

'Always thought there was something  
between them. Poor creature. Well, it  
will be kinder to put her out of her agony  
at once, or else the shock may do her harm  
in her present delicate health.'

So she continued:  
'Oh, but you haven't heard the best part  
of the news yet. Lord Lochaber is, as you  
know, expected here this evening, and he  
is to bring with him his bride.'

'Is he married, then?' asked Cora al-  
most incredulously.

'Yes, dear, why not? A very lucky girl,  
I am sure. It appears that he met her in  
Malta, and it was a case of love at first  
sight! Wood and won and wed in less  
than six weeks. Ah, I think I hear some  
fresh arrivals. I dare say they have come,'  
and Mrs. Danecourt swept into the next  
room to receive her new guests, leaving  
Cora in her place behind the portiere.

She heard the hostess say in her most  
gracious tones:  
'Ah, how do you do, Malcolm, and you,  
Lady Lochaber? So good of you to  
come, tired out as you must have been  
from your very recent voyage. Come,  
here is an old friend of yours, Malcolm;  
you must introduce your wife to her;'  
and Mrs. Danecourt drew aside the portiere.

Cora started to her feet, and as her  
eyes fell on the young bride's face her own  
grew ashen, and, as it were, transfixed  
with horror. Her colourless lips parted as  
if to speak, but no words came. A fash-  
ionable crowd had gathered round the lit-  
tle group, and all wondered at Cora's  
strange wild looks.

'I am not a ghost, Lady Garnet,' said  
the bride, held out one white-gloved hand.  
'You have come back from the dead.  
Why do you haunt me so? Have I not  
suffered enough? I never meant him to  
do it; and Cora's gaze was fixed on the  
well-known features of Ketha, Lady Loch-  
aber, until the brilliant startled eyes seemed  
suddenly to lose all light and expression.

'How can it be, and yet—' she mur-  
mured, and with a gasp she fell heavily  
forward into the strong young arms of the  
girl she thought dead.

'What can it mean?' said Ketha to her  
husband, as they drove home from the recep-  
tion. 'How awfully altered she is.'

'Yes, poor thing; we must go and see  
her tomorrow.'

CHAPTER VI.

The timepiece in the hall struck twelve  
as Cora's carriage stopped before the  
house in Harley-street. With tottering  
steps, as if but just recovered from a long  
illness, and a face that had no look of life  
in it, she entered the dark dining-room.  
The faintness had passed now, and her  
splendid brown eyes shone with fever, while  
a hectic spot burned like a crimson flame  
either sunken cheek.

Presently Plush followed her, and closed  
the door behind him.

'You don't look very lively. Now, I  
should have thought you'd have enjoyed  
yourself.'

'Listen to me,' said Cora sternly. 'You  
have deceived me in every way. You made  
the last year of my life a horrible night-  
mare. I was haunted day and night with  
visions of a woman foully murdered. The  
fear and remorse which pursued me cease-  
lessly have turned my hair grey, and rob-  
bed me of my beauty. You took me once  
down into the cellar, and showed me where  
you said the corpse lay concealed; and

though you must have seen how the horror  
of the crime I had consented to proceed  
on my mind, and deprived me of all rest  
and peace, yet you had no pity. It was all  
a lie; you traded on my credulity. I did  
not think any man could be so utterly  
black and cruel. I have found you out  
now. Tonight, at the source, Lord Loch-  
aber entered the drawing-room, and on his  
arm was his bride, the woman I thought  
you had murdered, whose horrible death  
had burdened my conscience and darkened  
my life for more than a year. Why have  
you treated me so?'

'Well, come now, don't make a scene,  
and don't bear malice. You aren't a shrew  
generally. I will say that much for you,  
my love. Come, cheer up. You were  
rather a fool, you know. I took you down  
into the dark cellar, and pointed at a heap  
of broken bottles in a cobwebbed corner.  
It wasn't my fault if you choose to imagine  
Miss Ketha lay murdered underneath.'

'That is all very well, but you intended  
to deceive me, for at the same moment in  
which you pointed into that corner, you  
said, "She has been removed," as you may  
remember.

'Precisely; so she had been removed.  
She removed herself to furrin' parts. I  
made this house a little too hot for her;  
caused her to feel lonesome and creep-  
y-like. She went out one day after a situa-  
tion she'd seen advertised to travel with  
a lady; she got it and went off with all her  
traps one day, leaving a letter behind for  
me, to explain matters, which letter I  
have in my possession.'

'What was your object in all this, may I  
ask?' was Cora's cold quiet rejoinder.  
Her husband Nathaniel Plush, was thor-  
oughly deceived by her tone. He thought  
he had now bowed her head to her des-  
tiny, and he felt no further wish. Now  
that he had secured his point, he was rather  
glad than otherwise that the secret of the  
companion's sudden disappearance had  
leaked out.

Conscience he had none, but he enter-  
tained for this woman, who was his wife,  
and yet only so in name, a boundless pas-  
sion; and under all his outward impudence  
and assurance he was strait of her, with  
that awe which springs from a conscious-  
ness of vast social superiority. Whatever  
her faults and follies might be, Cora was  
an aristocrat; and though fate or circum-  
stances, as you like to call it, had forced  
her into this union with her butler, yet she  
never for an instant lessened the distance  
between them, or allowed her second hus-  
band to forget that though fortune had  
favored him with her hand, her heart was  
never in it. She rarely indeed honored  
him even with a glance, never addressed  
him except under necessity; and when  
obliged to speak to him it was always in  
the same tone in which Cora, Lady Gar-  
net, gave orders to her servant.

'My object?' he replied, taking a seat  
on the corner of the table, and burying his  
hands in his pockets; 'well, if you want  
to know, my dear; my object was to secure  
the undivided control of your money until  
the child upstairs comes of age, and also  
to marry the handsomest woman in Lon-  
don.'

'But you must have known it would  
merely be a farce; you could not imagine  
I, Lady Garnet, would ever be wife to  
Nathaniel Plush, was the scornful reply.  
'Have a care how you defame me, Cora;  
for remember, although I've been a deuce  
of sight too considerate of your feelings so  
far, I am your husband in the eye of the  
law, butler though I am; and mark ye,  
madam, I'll stand no more of your airs and  
graces, d'ye hear? I'm sick of them.'

He came to the other side of the table  
where she stood in her shining silks, and  
he laid one hand on her bare white jewell-  
ed arm.

'Leave me, you vile low scoundrel, who  
can trade on the fears of a cowardly wo-  
man; you have the money you coveted.  
Rest satisfied.'

'Not I. What? Give up the best half of  
the bargain. Do you know that you be-  
long to me?' he cried brutally, drawing  
her roughly towards him.  
She sank down to the ground, and scald-  
ing tears of mortification and bitterness  
poured down her burning cheeks. Then  
suddenly she rose to her feet, and with a  
strange calm of manner and gentleness of  
voice she whispered: 'It is true, as you  
say. In the sight of the law I am your  
wife, and I have hitherto fought against that  
fact, but be patient with me yet awhile,  
and doubtless I shall grow to—care for  
you. Be patient. Give a little more  
time, and I will try—and—and—the  
words came at last with difficulty love  
you.'

'All right, my dear. I'm sure I'm ready  
to oblige any lady, and if you hadn't been  
so high and mighty all of a sudden, I  
shouldn't have been so rough; but come,  
we'll make it up. I'll go and brew a big  
bowl of punch, and we'll drink it in the  
pantry, eh? There's a good fire there.'

'Very well, and I will go and change  
my dress,' said Cora, very wearily, as she  
gathered up her silken trailing draperies  
and like a shadow was lost in the dim ob-  
scurity of the staircases.

She's coming to her senses; I must give  
her time. I knew she'd take to me.'

The fire blazed and crackled cheerily in  
the wood-paneled pantry; the tasty bever-  
age steamed on the table, and Plush waited  
only for his wife.

Half an hour passed.  
Growing impatient, he went upstairs, and  
found her lying on the bed in her pink silk  
dress, with half-open, vacant, dim eyes and  
an empty bottle in one hand. In the other  
was a linen wrapper, which she must have  
sat in chloroform and held to her  
face until she became insensible.

'So this is her way of learning to love  
me. Had I only guessed at this—'

Then, drawing aside the curtains so that  
the moonlight fell on her rigid features, he  
signed in spite of himself.  
'Poor girl! How beautiful she was, and  
her death lies at my door, having driven  
her to it. I think I am as sorry for it as  
for anything I ever did; and he drew the  
back of his hand across his eyes.'

In the breakfast-room of a house in  
Weymouth-street, Malcolm, Lord Loch-  
aber, sat waiting for his wife and glancing  
down the columns of the Times.

Suddenly the paper fell from his fingers.  
'Merciful Heaven!' he cried.  
'What has happened?' exclaimed Ketha,  
now entering the room.

'See here,' was all he could say as he  
pointed to the paragraph he had just fin-  
ished reading.

She took it up, and read as follows:—  
'Shocking Catastrophe in Harley street.  
—At her residence, No. 800, Harley street,  
Lady Garnet was late last night, found  
dead in her bed, probably from the effects  
of chloroform self administered, as an  
empty bottle, which had contained that  
deadly fluid, was discovered in one hand.  
An inquest will shortly be held.'

'How terrible, Malcolm, is it not? But  
I remember Sir William Bonner always  
warned her against the habitual use of  
chloroform, tearing some accident might  
one day happen. She used to suffer in-  
tensely from neuralgia.'

As Lord Lochaber rose from the break-  
fast table about a fortnight after the above  
paragraph appeared in the paper, a servant  
entered with a note, saying that the bearer  
waited for an answer.  
'Show him into the study,' said Malcolm,  
crushing the slip of paper he held between  
his fingers; then, turning to his wife, he  
told her to be ready for her morning ride  
in half an hour, when he would join her,  
having a business matter he would wish to  
attend to.

In the study he found Plush.  
'I suppose you have come here this  
morning to speak with me on the subject  
of the late Lady Garnet's death; for as you  
know, I am one of the guardians of her  
son, Sir Alison?'

Scarcely able to repress a smile of  
triumph, Plush began:  
'Now, my lord, I am a business man;  
and I came here this morning to show you  
this document; and stepping forward he  
handed a parchment packet to his lordship  
whose face grew stern and scornful as his  
eyes perused its contents. After a pause  
he looked up.

'Well?'

For a moment Malcolm had felt some-  
what bewildered, for he could not doubt  
the authenticity of the certificate which  
sealed the marriage vows of Nathaniel  
Plush with Cora, Lady Garnet. But he  
knew what he knew, and could afford to  
be cool.

'Well?'

'Come, my lord. You see it is an awk-  
ward affair. Naturally, I understand,  
having lived among quality all my life,  
that the family would not care for this  
little matter of the marriage to circulate in  
society, and I'm sure I'm ready enough to  
oblige.'

'Well?'

'I was this woman's lawful husband, and  
as such inherit her money.'

'Or at least you think so! Of course,  
being as you say, a business man, it never  
occurred to you to ascertain the important  
fact that her ladyship had only a life inter-  
est under the will and settlement of the  
late Sir Alison Garnet, of which I am one  
and Colonel Danecourt is the other trustee,'  
said Lord Lochaber, as a gentleman and  
an aristocrat, the discomfiture of this  
scheming, unscrupulous plebeian.

Certainly the face of Nathaniel Plush  
underwent an extraordinary change. To  
say it turned pale would not describe its  
corpse-like hue or the vindictive expression  
which Malcolm's words called forth. He  
glared about behind the chair on which his  
hands rested for some moments. Then, as  
if a new light broke in on his brain, he  
raised his glittering black eyes, and asked  
incoherently:  
'How about the furniture, my lord? Eh?  
I guess that's mine anyhow, and a deuce  
near requisite it is, too. Why, the old  
china in the drawing room alone ought to  
fetch a fortune at Christie's, and the  
glass—'

'You need not trouble to speculate on  
their worth, Mr. Plush, as neither the one  
nor the other are likely to fall into your  
hands, all the furniture and plate in the  
house in Harley street having formed part  
of the settlement.'

'The devil it did!' exclaimed the butler  
involuntarily; 'and I have sold—'

'The plate?' added Lord Lochaber in a  
tone of quiet conviction. It was a shrewd  
and correct guess.

Plush's face grew pale to the lips, which  
trembled so that he could not speak, and  
his eyes fell under Malcolm's stern un-  
flinching gaze.

'That being the case, Mr. Plush, I shall  
take immediate steps for your arrest on the  
charge of theft.'

The butler was on his knees in a moment  
and his voice was hoarse with fear. 'Oh,  
my lord, have pity on me, or I am ruined  
man!'

Have patience with me, and I will get it  
all back. Indeed, I thought, it was mine  
lawfully, and I sold it to clear off a heavy  
debt.'

'Get up from your knees and listen to  
me,' said Lord Lochaber, looking with  
immeasurable scorn and contempt into the  
craven upturned face. 'Whatever may  
have been your ideas on the subject, in  
the eye of the law you have acted crimin-  
ally, and that, being the case, are liable  
to be prosecuted for felony. Now, on  
one condition I will spare you. If you  
write a sheet of paper, he wrote for some  
minutes, then handed it to Plush,

'Read that and sign it; it is your own  
confession that you have stolen and sold  
property belonging to Sir Gilbert Garnet.  
So long as you hold your tongue on 'that  
little matter of marriage,' as you facetiously  
called it, so long you are free to follow  
your own devices. Let but a whisper of  
disclosure reach my ears, and this little  
document will be handed to the police, and  
you forthwith arrested.'

After a minute's hesitation and a glance  
at Lord Lochaber's inflexible face, Plush  
signed and handed the paper to his lord-  
ship, who said:

# Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)

Every bean effuses fragrant Coffee  
of absolute purity.

It is largely imitated. Examine your purchase closely.

CHASE & SANBORN,

MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

'Now go, and let me neither see nor  
hear more of you.'

Thus baffled and foiled at every point,  
his heart full of the bitterness of humili-  
ation, Nathaniel Plush went back into that  
world where he thought to have attained  
some position for himself by his infamous  
schemes. The burden of his crimes, rage,  
and remorse, were the only wages earned  
by him, and he dared not now reveal to  
the world her ladyship's secret.

### Catarrah Philanthropy.

This is how it operates: Mr. Thomas  
Sissons, of Pearl Lake, Que., had suffered  
from Catarrah for years, and being inform-  
ed by his father, who had found Catarrah-  
ozone alone was the only positive cure for  
that disease, he forthwith commenced its  
use, and before long was entirely rid of  
his former enemy. Then by means of his  
philanthropy six friends were also per-  
manently cured of Catarrah, for Mr. Sissons  
sent each of them a complete Catarrah-  
ozone outfit, and states they would not part  
with them for twice their cost. He says a great  
deal more about the merits of this great  
preparation, but his action in sending for  
six outfits for friends stands for conviction  
that he has discovered a remedy of superlat-  
ive value. Druggists all sell Catarrah-  
ozone; ask them to let you try it. We  
guarantee every dollar outfit to cure  
Catarrah, Bronchitis and Asthma. Small  
size, 25c.; a trial set for 10c. by N. C.  
Polson & Co., Kingston, Canada, or Hart-  
ford, Conn., U. S.

### A REMARKABLE BANK NOTE.

An Incident Showing up Penalties of Brit-  
ish Law in Early Days.

It was not issued by any banking corpo-  
ration, but by George Cruikshank, artist,  
caricaturist and reformer. At the begin-  
ning of the nineteenth century the laws of  
England were excessively harsh. About  
three hundred offenses were punishable by  
death, these offenses ranging from murder  
to the theft of a piece of cloth or the pass-  
ing of a counterfeit one-pound note.  
Hanging was therefore so common that to  
witness an execution was among the most  
popular forms of amusement. All windows  
that commanded a view of Newgate or Ty-  
burn were let at high prices, and parties  
were made up among people in the coun-  
try to go and see a hanging.

It chanced one day in the year 1818 that  
George Cruikshank was passing Newgate  
when a great crowd was gathered before  
it. His curiosity was excited, and he  
went forward and saw the execution of  
several men and women.

Horried at the spectacle, he inquired  
into the crimes committed by the unfortu-  
nate sufferers, and learned that the women  
were being hanged for passing counterfeit  
one-pound notes. He learned, too, that  
this punishment was common, even though  
the poor creatures often sinned in ignor-  
ance, being the dupes of men who sent  
them to buy some trifles and return the  
change to them.

Cruikshank went home, and, moved by  
pity and shame, sketched a grotesque car-  
icature of a bank note. He called it a bank  
restriction note—not to be imitated.

On it he represented a place of execu-  
tion, with a row of criminals hanging by the  
neck. The spaces were filled in with hal-  
lucinations and manacles. Their was a figure  
of Britannia devouring her children, and  
around it were transports bearing to Van  
Diemen's Land or Australia the lucky or  
unlucky, ones who had escaped death. In  
place of the well-known signature of Abra-  
ham Newland was that of 'J. Ketch.'

The artist had just finished the carica-  
ture when his publisher, Hone, entered,  
and seeing the note, begged it for publica-  
tion. So Cruikshank etched the note, and  
gave it to Hone, who exhibited it for sale  
in his window, with startling effect.  
Crowds gathered round, and purchased so  
eagerly that the issue was soon exhausted.

Cruikshank was kept hard at work mak-  
ing more etchings, and the crowds grew so  
great that the street was blocked and the  
mayor had to send soldiers to clear it.  
Hone realized three thousand five hundred  
dollars in a few days.

But the effect in other directions was  
still more startling. The bank directors  
were furious. They had met with trouble  
from the prison reformer, Elisabeth Fry,  
but they seemed to have defeated her. Here,  
however, was an adversary of a different

stamp, whom they could neither silence  
nor crush. They held a meeting and stop-  
ped the issue of one pound notes, a mea-  
sure which had a sensible effect in dimin-  
ishing the number of hangings at Newgate.  
Soon afterward an indignant public com-  
pelled the legislature to make juster laws.

According to a writer in Good Words,  
Cruikshank claimed that his note was the  
means of bringing about this reformation.  
Although his claim may be considered as  
extravagant, it is certain that he did a  
good work in a way in which no other man  
could have done it.

### Against Runaways.

A professor of political economy in one  
of the great universities used to say that  
the Patent Office of the United States was  
to him the most melancholy place in the  
world. He referred to the immense  
amount of energy wasted over impossi-  
ble or impracticable devices.

But amusement as well as commiseration  
may be awakened by a search in that same  
Patent Office. Mr. Livingston A. Bogart  
has been carrying on a little research there  
and has brought to light a few comically  
ingenious schemes. Two of them, among  
others of which he gives an account in  
'Popular Science,' have reference to the  
safety of those who ride behind horses.

The first was an expedient to prevent  
horses from running away. The contrivance  
consisted of a strong chain passed  
about the forelegs of the animal, and kept  
supported against his chest by a line se-  
cured to the dashboard. If the animal  
took fright and ran away the line was  
simply loosened, allowing the chain to  
fall to the horse's knees. This was expect-  
ed to throw him down and break his legs.

Another still more ingenious expedient  
aimed not only at keeping the horse from  
running away, but at protecting him from  
exposure to storms and to the rays of the  
sun, and at saving the energy heretofore  
wasted in descending hills.

With a bold stroke this inventor leaves  
all conventional methods behind. He  
places the horse under the wagon instead  
of before it, arching the vehicle above him.  
Thus the animal is protected from the  
weather and he does not obstruct the  
view.

A strong canvas and leather band en-  
circles the horse's body, the ends of it  
being passed upward through the bottom  
of the wagon and attached by chains to a  
windlass above the flooring. With this  
device, should the horse attempt to run  
away, or have to descend a steep hill, the  
driver calmly turns the crank and lifts the  
animal off his feet!

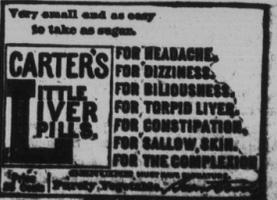
## ABSOLUTE SECURITY!

Genuine  
**Carter's Little Liver Pills.**

Must Bear Signature of

*Wm. Wood*

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.



CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Damon and Pythias.

'No gentleman would defend such an action, much less be guilty of it,' and the speaker emphasized his remarks by a gesture of disgust. 'Charlie,' said the other man quietly, 'you must be going mad.'

trying to smoke, for he had not the heart to go down and join the genial company. Many times he was on the point of rushing to the room of his friend. Then the remembrance of the deadly insult of which he had been guilty caused him to shrink.

That night the woman over whom they had fought sipped her coffee, smoked her cigarette and, concluding that her English cavaliers, having possibly found out her antecedents, had moved on to another town, solaced herself by making eyes at a Polish Jew with an ostentatious display of diamonds, and next night they walked the terrace together and discussed the latest version of Damon and Pythias.—St. Louis Star.

and as for poor Soosan, it might have been I to be took instead.' Security too big to store. One of the big speculators in the street recently went to a banker and said that he wished to borrow \$1,000,000.

Halifax, Jan 21, by Rev J MacGlashan, Bert Mills to Annie McClatchy. Yarmouth, Jan 15, by Rev W Parker, John C Kaye to Grace Boyd.

DIED.

Truro, Jan 20, Geo Wynn, 65. Pictou, Jan 10, Geo Logan, 55. Truro, Jan 24, Lily M Hunt, 58.

HEALER TRUTH IN FLORIDA.

Jacksonville's Council Orders Him to Pay \$2,500 for a License to Work There. Francis Truth, self-styled 'Divine Healer,' who is now located in Jacksonville, Fla., hereafter will have to pay a license here of \$2,500.

WILLING TO LEARN.

Mr. Johnson—'Am yo' slo' yo' kin support mah daughter in de style to which she hab been accustomed?'

BORN.

Canada, Jan 3, to the wife of H Gifford, a son. Hank, Jan 11, to the wife of Walter Dill, a son.

MARRIED.

Truro, Jan 14, Foster Blaikie to Maggie Hood. Pictou, Jan 8, Daniel Sutherland to Mary Gunn.

The Police

The moral wave which has swept over past few weeks has in police circles.

A man giving his name, was also seen and Detective instrumental in making

Inspector Jones houses of shady night. Liquor "boarding house Wilson and Beatrice

The charges on Ritchie in present evil at open court been the cause of the week. An im upon the police self which he show He has been a the bench as h the existing o the homes of the his immediate co informing these ated raids upon rate boldly asser married men and respectable families and were always "tip" as to the e io.

The Evangelical move on the Evil." That bod day when Rev T of the recent d police regarding moved the follow "That, with raised during th tion as to wheth fame should be erision, as a m means of minim represent, this the opinion the cannot comprom constituted gu should exert th notorious house lar places."

There is one John at the p Henry Brennan

SUFFERING WOMEN. My treatment will cure promptly and permanently all diseases peculiar to women such as displacements, inflammations, etc.

RAILROADS. CANADIAN PACIFIC Tourist Sleepers. MONTREAL TO PACIFIC COAST, EVERY THURSDAY.

Free Farms in the Canadian Northwest. For each adult over 18 years of age. Send for pamphlet.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after MONDAY Nov. 26th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Express for Point du Chene, Campbellton and Halifax.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Sussex, Express from Quebec and Montreal.

D. FORTINGHAM, Gen. Manager. MONCTON, N. B., Nov. 26, 1900. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street, St. John, N. B.