

LIFE IN THE CONGO.

A WHITE WOMAN TELLS OF THEIR STRANGE CUSTOMS.

Where a man Never Sees or Speaks to His Mother-in-law—A Married Man's Paradise—Natives Count Their Mothers by the Dozen

The family relations among the natives of the French Congo differ much from those of other parts of Africa. My surprise was great when one of our laborers asked permission to go to his mother's funeral, for he had told me only a few days before that his mother had been dead for years.

When I told him he was not telling the truth he said: 'Oh, he he them other mother.' This led me to investigate the matter. I soon found that the natives sometimes count their mothers by the dozen. Every wife of their father's and all female relatives of their mothers are called mother, and due respect is given to them.

The children belong in every case to the mother's family, the father having no right to them whatever, except to take care of them when they are very small and nurse the babies when the mother is busy. This is quite a task when a man has a dozen or more wives.

Another case ended in the death of the homicide. A man threw a stone at his wife and broke her back. She died the next day. Her brother called a jury, consisting of six influential men, the King among them. They ordered the man to appear before them and told him he must drink the Saxywood mixture, and if he was innocent it would not hurt him.

Upon the death of a king eight slaves were killed, simply because the old man had been sick for a long time. More would have been sacrificed, but the natives found out that the mission knew about it, and they were afraid we would inform the Government.

doctor had all necessary information, and after a good deal of drinking and dancing he picked out the murderer and made him pay for it. After he paid the money the thing was settled.

These things are carried on under the very eyes of the government, and very little is done to prevent them. It seems that the officials do not go to Africa to do good to the natives and to educate and civilize them, but only to draw a double salary and have a good time. It will be a long time before witches and witch doctors are a thing of the past.

THE DELICATE TOMCOD.

How to Catch and to Cook Him—A Dainty Morsel.

While the scientific fisherman may have packed up and put away the tackle with which he has fought the weakfish, the bass, the fierce bluefish or in fresher waters the gentle trout and the rushing black bass, there are many good men and true who, between times at pickerel, take a turn at the lowly tomcod.

This little fish is a traveller; during the summer he is away, possibly hunting cool waters up Maine way, or, as many fishermen declare, seeks out at sea the greater depths; but as soon as the leaves have mingled with the browning grass and the water rolls up with a crispness to its waves, lacking in the summer, then the tomcods are in evidence almost anywhere between the Massachusetts coast and New Jersey.

They rarely appear to get beyond Hatteras and seem most plentiful along the Connecticut and Long Island coasts. They are caught in the tiny bays of Staten Island, in Cheesequake Creek, in the lower bay, along the creeks of the Maritan and Passaic (very few here of late years), and perhaps the best place is the large and shallow creeks, which vary considerably in depth at each tide, in the neighborhood of Little Neck Bay, around Douglaston or further down at Mattituck Creek, or across to the Connecticut coast, around Indian Harbor, at Greenwich and along the West Chester meadows, nearer home.

A light springy rod is the best, and forty to fifty feet of line is all that will be wanted. A heavy sinker is necessary—one which will hold to the bottom in face of the tide, which rushes through the draw with considerable force. The fish are whimsical and may delay biting for an hour after the flood rolls in, but when they do bite they make up for the delay, and no matter what may seem to attract at various times, the one staple diet is sand worms cut small, a piece to each hook, three of which should be attached to a fine gut leader, which should be placed about twenty-eight inches above the sinker.

With three feet of water in the run the tomcod will be biting and then there will be fun which can only be compared to the fun of snapper fishing in August in the landlocked bays; it is not how many fish you can catch, it is rather how fast can the bait be put on and fish hooked. Up they come at every drop of the bait, a flapping, flopping fellow, a cod-fish in miniature, six inches long, but as sweet as a nut when eaten. Right up to high water they will bite freely, and then

the basket is well filled, and after a warm at the drawman's shed it is time for home, which is reached in little over half an hour (thirty-seven minutes to Loog, I and City) and then the fish should be quickly cleaned, wiped, not washed, sprinkled lightly with salt, and fried with tiny slivers of bacon, they should be almost eaten out of the pan. For a change wipe dry and crackers-dust them, and serve with a sauce made of one shallot (or tiny onion) cut exceedingly fine, half a teaspoonful of tarragon herb, also chopped very fine, and twelve capers, cut small; place these in an earthen bowl with half a teaspoonful of English mustard, two raw yolks of eggs, a teaspoonful of vinegar added, a drop at a time, half a pinch of salt, and a third of a pinch of pepper; stir constantly and add slowly a wineglassful of olive oil. It should be the consistency of thick cream which will not run; if too thick, add a little vinegar.

LOOK IN MINING.

Two Blasts That Showed a Miner Where he Made His Mistake.

'One man cannot see as far into the ground as another,' said John Pritchard of Aspen yesterday, 'and there isn't a little bit of truth in the saying that he can when applied to mining operations. Thousands of instances might be brought forward to prove my position, and I learned the lesson very early in my mining career. The Tom Boy story is an illustration of this. Everybody thought J. Ernest Waters was wild to spend so much money on it, and yet it is today being negotiated for \$2,500,000, at a profit of more than \$500,000 in dividends in less than two years.'

'I was down in the San Juan country in 1881, and had a claim over on Sultan Mountain, which I called the Jessie. It was a promising crevice, and I worked at it faithfully until I had expended \$500, mainly for grub and powder, living alone in my cabin and frequently working fifteen hours a day. Then I sent home and father sent me \$300 more, which I used up. By that time I had been at work nearly two years, and had driven my tunnel in about 200 feet, every inch of it with my own hands. Then I became discouraged, as I knew father had a mortgage on the old place and couldn't afford to help me any more. I got credit for \$100 and kept at work, driving the tunnel fifty feet further, and then I felt that I was at the end of my rope.'

'One day as I was gathering up my tools to quit, a nicely dressed man sauntered up to the tunnel and began to look around. He asked to see the tunnel, which was mostly in solid rock without timbering, and after he had closely examined both walls, asked me if I wanted to sell. I feigned indifference, and, after calculating 250 feet of tunneling at \$10 a foot, answered that I might sell if I got my price. 'Well, what's your price?' he asked. 'Twenty-five hundred dollars,' I replied, with my heart in my mouth. 'Come down to town and get your money,' was the answer and that night I slept with \$2,500 under my pillow, in clean sheets for the first time in two years. Next morning the purchaser asked me to help him put in a couple of shots, and of course I agreed. When we got to the tunnel he examined the wall and selected a point about 100 feet from the mouth. 'Let's drill a couple of holes here,' he said. The minute he laid hold of the sledge I saw he was a minor, and in a short time we had two beautiful holes in the rock. When the shots went off I could hardly refrain myself from rushing into the tunnel at once, and when the smoke cleared away I was the first on the spot. And there lay a body of ore exposed which was afterwards found to be three feet thick, and ran over \$100 to the ton. I had left the vein, and the superior knowledge of my purchaser had enabled him to detect the point of departure.'

'I stayed around there a week, by which time he had taken out enough ore to pay for the cost of the mine, and then I went home and paid off the mortgage on the farm and I've got the farm yet, though I am still mining. More than \$30,000 was taken out of that hole, and then the vein was lost and has never been found since.—Denver Republican.

WHY HE REMAINED SINGLE.

He Never Will Again Take Part in a Political Raid.

'I didn't see you in the parade the other night, Wobberly.' 'That's right, and if you ever do see me in a political circus like that I'll buy you a suit of clothes and put no limit on the price.'

'But I thought you were just bubbling over with patriotism.'

'I'm not one bit shy on that commendable article, but you know that old adage about the burnt child and the fire. My whole life would have been different had some kind providence prevented my making just one march with the boys. It was in the old times when we carried odoriferous

WE BELIEVE

there is no better soap made than our

Baby's Own Soap—

care and skill in making and the best materials are the reason.

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Its immense sales. The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.



lamps to illuminate our wide-awake caps and oilcloths capes I was an awkward, impetuous youth with an abiding conviction that any political views held by my father were infallible. On this special occasion there was to be the biggest blowout of the campaign. Of course I had to be among the mounted men, for there was evidence of social standing in being on horseback when helping to perpetuate our free institutions. Well, sir, you should have seen my mount. He was seventeen hands if an inch. No X-rays were required to explore his anatomy. He had a head as long as a rake handle and a look in his eyes that would have warned any one with a grain of commonsense. He was a total stranger to me, and just cunning enough to conceal the fact that he was possessed of that pernicious influence which caused the swine to run down to the sea.

'I was head over heels in love with a girl who, politically, was on the other side of the fence. That equine fiend behaved like an angel till we reached her home. Then he acted as though seized with the tremens. He flew in eccentric orbits all over the street, bucking, kicking, rearing, biting and snorting. Had I known enough to be honestly entitled to a vote, I would have jumped off and denounced the horse. But I was fool enough to make a fight for the mastery. To help his cause my lamp fell back, and after the oil had saturated his tail it took fire. I struck an adjacent building between the second and third story windows, caromed on the window sill, knocked down a dozen women and children and was picked up a mental blank. The description of my experience as given in an opposition paper was the most amusing thing the town had ever read. 'You know that I have never married.'—Detroit Free Press.

STRAIGHT TALK.

Get a good start in life: have a thorough business training in "real business" methods. My school affords the best facilities for the best, quickest and most thorough business training. Full course, three months, \$25.00. If you need more time take it and pay \$30.00. Handsome catalogue free.

S. G. SNELL, Truro, N.S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

ANNOUNCEMENTS UNDER THIS heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. 2 five cents extra for every additional line.

AGRICULTURE TO AGENTS' REPORTS. 'Queen Victoria: Her Life and Reign,' introduction by Lord Dufferin, will reach high water mark of circulation; one agent reported twenty-nine orders the day after he got his prospectus; many take orders from three-fourths of calls made. We need canvassers for Canada and Australia; prospectus free on deposit of \$1 as guarantee. If you want a share in this gold mine bustle, for territory is going fast. THE BRADLEY-GARRETTSON CO., LTD., Toronto.

UNDERTAKERS! Glass side HEARSE, \$250, at \$125. Burial Couch, good style, worth \$200, for \$100. Almost new Burial Couch, latest style, for \$250. Fine light Barouches, \$65. For sale by HENDERSON BROS., North Cambridge, Mass.

WANTED Old established wholesale House wants one or two honest and industrious representatives for this section. Can pay a hauler about \$12.00 a week to start with. DRAWER 29, Bradford, Ont.

WANTED Our White Enamel Letter signs make elegant signs for office and store windows; for beauty and durability they are unsurpassed. We are sole importers and agents of the original Letter sign since 1861. ROBERTSON STAPF AND LITTLE, St. John, N. B.

WANTED Young men and women to help in the Armenian cause. Good pay. Will send copy of my little book, 'Your Place in Armenia,' free to any who will. Rev. T. S. Linscott, Bradford, Ont.

WANTED Outside and materials, Kodaks and Cameras from \$5 to \$100. Practical information ensuring success. Free. Save time and money by consulting us. ROBERTSON FR. SO SUPPLY CO., Mascon Building, St. John, N. B.

WANTED MEN everywhere to paint signs required. Thirty dollars weekly. Send stamp for patterns and particulars. BARNARD BROS. TORONTO, ONT.

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

RESIDENCE at Robesay for sale or to rent with or without the furniture. That pleasant house known as the 'Tina' property about one and a half miles from Robesay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kambebec Hotel. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fensy, Barrister-at-Law, Papey Building. 24 64

Advertisement for SKATES! featuring an image of a hockey stick and puck. Text includes: WE BELIEVE there is no better soap made than our Baby's Own Soap—care and skill in making and the best materials are the reason. THE PROOF—Its immense sales. The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal. WE BELIEVE there is no better soap made than our Baby's Own Soap—care and skill in making and the best materials are the reason. THE PROOF—Its immense sales. The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.

Advertisement for Sporting Goods. Text includes: Single and Double-barrel Breech-loading and Muzzle-loading Guns. Rifles, Revolvers, Cartridges, Shells, Powder Shot, Wads, and everything in the Sporting Line. PRICES LOW. T. McAVITY & SONS, 13 to 17 King St. John, N.B.

Advertisement for The Seeds in Raisins. Text includes: Can be easily and quickly removed by the use of an IMPROVED GEM SEEDER. Will seed a pound of raisins in five minutes. A child can work it. It is the simplest and best working machine on the market. Every machine guaranteed. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price. Price 90 Cents.

Advertisement for EMERSON & FISHER. Text includes: 75 Prince William Street. P. S.—The PARKER OIL HEATER will thoroughly warm a cold bed-room or bath-room. Absolutely no smoke or odor. DUNDEE BEST ON EARTH. Watson's Dundee Whisky. Thoroughly Matured and Free from Deleterious Ingredients. CHARD JACKSON & CO., Agents, Montreal.

Advertisement for DO YOU WANT A Second-Hand Bicycle? Text includes: We have them in good running order, and of almost all makes, from \$85 to \$65. LOOK AT THE LIST. Singers, Raleighs, Betsize, Quadrants, Hartfords, Crescents. ALL IN THOROUGH ORDER. QUICK REPAIR SHOP. THERE WILL BE NO DELAY, for we realize how much a rider dislikes to part with his wheel, even for a day. We hope to make friends by being prompt.

Advertisement for MARCH BROS. BICYCLE ACADEMY, SINGER RINK.

Advertisement for Windsor Salt. Text includes: Purest and Best for Table and Dairy. No adulteration. Never cakes.

Advertisement for Good Words From Old Students. Text includes: The Mathematical Training alone I could not worth more than the cost of the whole course.—E. B. Jones, Head Bookkeeper for Messrs. M. J. Rochester, Robertson & Allison. Now is the time to enter. Time lost Christmas week is made up to the students. Send for our new Catalogue, containing terms, courses of study, etc.; also for circulars of the Isaac Pitman Shortland. Oddfellows' Hall. S. KERR & SON.

Musical and Dramatic

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The much anticipated concert by Madame A. Bini and her company of selected musical associates materialized at the Opera house last night.

On Tuesday last there was a concert given in St. John (stone) church under the direction of Mr. James S. Ford, organist of the church.

The selections given by the several performers were from the works of some of the best composers and they were rendered perhaps as well as could be expected outside the lines of the professional rank and also in a manner in some respects not surpassed by many who are not unfrequently named in the public print.

Calve is said to be much thinner than last season and looks much younger. She will sail for this side of the water on 1st December.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give concerts in New York this winter. They will be heard at the Metropolitan Opera house in that city on December 10, 21, Feb. 25, and March 25th.

The following is a recent description of Rosenthal the famous pianist.

Rosenthal is young. He is a bachelor. His stature is small, but he is of a sturdy build. His face is handsome, and his hair, while long from a fashionable point of view, is wavy and curly, and has neither the eccentricity of growth nor the originality of color of Paderewski.

Lillian Russell of comic opera distinction, is said to be an excellent cook and "a past mistress of the chafing dish."

Much interest is being felt in Boston at the coming of Col. Mapleson's new Imperial opera company which opens a season at the Boston theatre on Monday next.

Mr. Charles Mole, the well known flutist having gone from Boston to the continent of Europe some time ago, begins an engagement at Nice on 6th December.

The performance of "Moses in Egypt" originally fixed for the 29th inst at Music hall, Boston, has been unavoidably postponed.

Mr. Max Alvary, the tenor singer, is reported seriously ill in Jena, Germany, and his illness is said to be of an incurable nature.

"Cendrillon" the new opera by Massenet will shortly have its first reading to artists at the Opera Comique, Paris.

The leading part in Gaston Pollarini's new opera "Dolores" when produced at Nice, will be sung by Madame Adeline Patti.

Paderewski is reported as still being at Aix-les-Bains, working on his opera. He is remodelling the first act. His only engagement of the season will be when in February next he will play at a Gewandhaus concert.

Many pianists think that Rosenthal is greater than Paderewski. Among Leipzig pianists Rosenthal takes rank above all others.

"Carmen" was the opera at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, last week. A notice of the production says: "While it must be admitted that the music of Bizet's opera is too great for justice to be done it by any but the greatest singers, yet the performance by the Castle Square company was excellent and very pleasing, the costuming and stage settings were handsome and the choruses harmonious and effective."

Miss Clara Lane's work in the title role of the same paper says: "The part of Carmen gave Miss Lane good opportunity for the display of her histrionic powers, of which she made the most. Her Carmen, however, too refined; it lacks abandon and sensuality; she is not wicked enough; but she sings and dances charmingly and was generously applauded."

Jessie Bartlett Davis, the great alto of "The Bostonians" offers some good advice to young singers starting out on their career. "If I ran a conservatory," she says, "I would tell the pupils who had ability and were anxious to begin a public career to get one song—never mind what—halleluiah, hymn, song, and work at it until they could make of it all that the composer and author intended. Take, for instance, the girl who wants a position in a church choir. If the applicant wants to win let her sing Go Bury Thy Sorrow, There is a Green Hill Far Away, or Rock of Ages. The possibilities of those three sweet old songs are only limited by the ability and soul of the singer. Move two hearts in a committee of three, get a couple of heads to bend, bring four or five eyes to tears, and let the rest of the applicants do the mad scene in Rembrandt and the Ave Maria until they are black in the face or as hoarse as crows."

W. H. Batchelor, the musical director of Francis Wilson's Opera Company, has compiled a catalogue of the curious habits indulged in by different artists in order to refresh or strengthen themselves in their moments of rest during the exercise of the voice. Thus, it appears that Mario ate two salted cucumbers, and claimed that this vegetable, thus prepared, strengthened his voice. Wachtal swallowed the yolk of an egg beaten with sugar; Carl Formes used to drink porter; the baritone Rubens sipped nibble sardines between the acts; Mme. Garcia munched pears, Mme. Crisi, prunes, and Mme. Trebelli strawberries.

Mme. Di Muraka ate, in the wings, cold meat, and Mme. Malibrán had the pernicious habit of eating a hearty supper in her private box only half an hour before the performance. Mme. Adeline Patti sips a glass of seltzer water during the entr'actes, Mme. Nilson took a glass of beer, Mme. Parepa Ross, claret mixed with champagne, while Mme. Delna contents herself with warm water.

The following anecdote will interest others besides admirers of "1892" concerning the author of what is related: They are telling a story about R. A. Barnet at the Lambs' Club that may or may not be true, but it is good enough to bedazzle by the author of Jack in the Beanstalk, even if it is not wholly veracious. As the story goes, Barnet dropped in at a Broadway hatter's and asked to be shown a new tie.

"What size?" snarled the salesman. "This size," said Barnet, handing him the hat he wore. The salesman smiled and disappeared in the back of the store. Presently Bishop Potter entered, smilingly greeted Barnet, whom he mistook for the salesman, and handed him the broad-brimmed Quakerish hat he wore, with the query, "Have you a hat like that?" Barnet took the hat and examined it critically, then he tried it on, and finally handed it back to the Bishop. "No, sir," he replied, with some warmth, "no, sir, I haven't a hat like that, and if I had, sir, damme if I'd wear it."

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Miss Ethel Tucker's latest season at the Opera house closed on Thanksgiving night.

James O'Neil with his spectacular production of Monte Cristo, will begin an engagement at the New Murray Hill theatre, New York, on Monday next the 30th inst. Miss Margaret Anglin is with this company.

"Sue" a play by Bret Harte, the first he wrote, will be given at the Boston Museum on Monday next. Annie Russell will play the title role. The production will be given by Charles Frohman.

Miss Netherole is planning to become an actor manager with her own company in London.

Miss Henrietta Watson is leading lady with Miss Olga Netherole. Her family has been identified with the English stage for 122 years. Her grandfather visited America with Macready, and she has starred in Australia and has been leading lady at Toole's theatre in London.

"The Heart of Maryland" Belasco's war play and one of the best of its class, was first produced in New York in September, 1895 and its run lasted till the following June. Mrs. Leslie Carter will appear in this play in Boston at the Hollis theatre, at the close of Miss Netherole's engagement.

E. S. Willard presented the "The Middleman" at a special matinee in the Tremont theatre, Boston, on Thanksgiving Day. His work in the role of Mr. Bailey Prothro in "The Rogues' Comedy" is pronounced "a masterly performance."

Miss Annie Clarke, who is and has been a special Boston favorite with theatre goers, received "a right royal welcome" when she appeared as a member of Miss Netherole's company in the production of "Denise" last week.

"The Power of the Press" a play of great import and which was exceedingly popular before it was shelved three years ago, has been revived in New York. There are thirty people in the cast. The story is that of a young man unjustly convicted of manslaughter, who is finally released from prison through the influence and power of the press.

TURNING INTO BEFFYLENS.

A Western Family Whose Lives Have Assumed a Reptilian Tinge. There is a strange story told of a family in the West whose faces and habits have assumed a reptilian tinge from long acquaintance and association with rattlesnakes, copperheads and moccasins. Their eyes are small and deep-set, and those of the little girl in particular have the flickering shiftness of the bacilian.

It is even said that these brothers to rattlesnakes have acquired the odor of the snake, which is very similar to the faint perfume of woad, curare, and other deadly animal poisons, and that the arms and legs of the children simulate the 'feet' of a snake's back when the hand is passed over it—that dreadful sensation of death imminent due partly to the weird roughness of the hide, and partly to the unusual sequence of patches and blotches which have a distinct form in relief, as well as distinctive color. No one who has ever caressed the skin of even a dead snake, can ever forget the terror which the sensation begets.

The writer met a mountaineer in the fastnesses of the Blue Ridge in Virginia, the past summer, who had grown up, so to speak, with snakes and other wood creatures, and who had so far joined their communion that they not only associated with him on the most friendly terms, but he could also call them to his feet from the secret places of the woods.

Thomas Hostetter is his name, and his age absolutely uncertain. He thinks he is about thirty-five years old. The wrinkles on his bronzed face rival in number and intricacy those of Lot's mummy. His eyes are small and deep set. He lives, or perhaps I should say 'has grown,' amid the crags and blackberry bushes several miles to the north of Colliertown, Virginia.

He had never been at any city, and was absolutely unversed in knowledge of any sort but one—that of the life of the deep wood, with its multitudinous silent creatures. Their habits and language were an open book to him, whose well-thumbed pages he had turned so often that he now knew the whole volume by heart.

He had innumerable little packages of snake-rattles stuck into every conceivable receptacle of his clothing. One had twenty-five rattles in it. From all I could gather the 'rattles' had come to regard him without animosity. He had acquired an insight into their reptile tongue, and when he did not see them with his old, worn-out eyes, he just sat down on a log and inarticulately beguiled these 'Sinfires' out of the nooks and crannies to his feet.

He had no Hindoo 'tum-tum' where-with to charm his snake-kn, and apparently exerted no influence upon them other than that which close consanguinity always begets. Doubtless they had come to regard him much in the light of a sorely overgrown and distorted brother.

I came across him one dewy morning in the heather and bracken up the valley, seated on a log with a six foot and a-half death-dealer coiled contentedly at his feet. Not until I appeared on the scene did that flickering tongue protrude or those angry eyes glitter. The two seemed to be simply enjoying a quite woodtalk, as the clawish hand of the man stroked down the diamond-patches on Death's shiny back.

Hostetter apparently did not think this strange seance at all out of the common. He had known rattlesnakes and black snakes and moccasins so long and so intimately that any 'oss sociability' between him and his lower animal brethren would have been to his mind hugely inconsequent.

Indeed, so powerful was his influence over the coiled snake at his feet, that a little more endearment even reconciled the snake to my uncomplimentary presence at a reasonable distance. There I sat down and formed the only completely human element of a strange company.—S. Millington Miller, M. D.

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills Cure All Troubles. Arising from Torpor of the Liver. Easy and Quick—Banish Sick Headache—Purify the Blood and Eradicate all Impurities from the System.

The demand is big. The pills are little, easy to take, pleasant results, no pain, 60 in a vial, and 19 cents at all druggists.

Demand for Flintlocks. Strange as it may appear, flint-lock muskets are not merely a record of by-gone ages. Last year no fewer than 1,820,600 gun flints were produced at the Lingheath Mines, Brandon, Suffolk, England. These flints are chiefly to delight African and other savages, who, having been so long used to flint-locks, are reluctant to give them up.

The method of manufacturing these gun-flints is very interesting. In the operation of "flaking" the worker will take a "quarter" in his left hand, and placing it on his knee, around which a protecting band of leather has been strapped, gently tap the flint with a hammer, giving it each time a well-directed blow. At every tap a flake six inches long and one inch wide falls into his hand, and if a good one is deposited in a pail, by his side, all bad ones being discarded. The knappers work these flints with hammers with long, thin heads, often made of old files, transversely striking the strips of flint on an iron fixed in their benches.

A Wholesale Druggist and a Leading Architect Praise "77" FOR COLDS

Mr. N. S. WILLET, Secretary and Treasurer of the Howard & Willet Drug Co., Augusta, Ga., writes under date of November 3rd: "I had a wonderful cure by '77' for Colds. Have advertised it more than any one in the city. One man to whom I sold it upon my recommendation said it was worth \$900.00 to him. He is one of our leading Architects."

Every one has a kind word for Seventy-seven, Dr. Humphrey's precious cure for Colds, Grippe, Influenza, Catarrh, Coughs, Sore Throat.

DR. HUMPHREY'S HOMEOPATHIC MANUAL OF DISEASES AT FOUR DROUGHTS OR MAILED FREE. Small bottles of pleasant taste. At the vast quantities sold by druggists, of course, at 25 cents or less per bottle. Dr. Wm. & John Co., New York.

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As Follows: 10 First Prizes, \$100 Steam Bicycles, \$1,000 25 Second " \$25 Gold Watch, 625 Bicycles and Watches given each month, 1,625 Total given during year 1897, \$10,500

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Advertisement for Sunlight Soap Wrappers. Includes details on how to obtain them and a list of prizes.

Advertisement for Electrical Engineering. Lists various services offered by the firm.

Advertisement for Great Reduction in Winter Millinery. Features an illustration of a woman's hat.

Advertisement for Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills. Describes the benefits for various ailments.

Large advertisement for Doan's Kidney Pills. Features the headline "An Awful Load On" and multiple illustrations of the product packaging.

Vertical advertisement on the left edge of the page, partially cut off, mentioning "FOR..... ES!" and "Acme Skates".

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

ALL Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply.

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince-Edward Island every Saturday, at five cents each.

Discontinuances.—Except in those localities which are easily reached, discontinuances will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuances can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

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

The Circulation of this paper is over 18,000 copies, is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

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

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 28

IT FOSTERS COURAGE.

One of the most striking characteristics of football enthusiasm is that it is entirely independent of the weather. Not only do the contending teams, in all parts of the world where the game is practised, stand ready to face wind, rain or snow, or to slip about in mud as the case may be, but the spectators are imbued with the same hardihood. Men and girls, old men and young maidens, matrons with their happy-faced brood of dauntless children, all accept without demur from the skies as a necessary interlude. They take it cheerfully, whether "driest" or "so'ch mist", only gratified that the day does not begin with a deluge. Experience has taught the majority of them to go to the scene of battle well wrapped up. Not only do the players but the spectators at the game are indifferent to all dangers. The players confront a prospect of torn ears, broken noses, a smashed rib or collar bone, a twisted ankle or a cerebral "concussion"; the spectators face according to their ages, croup, pneumonia, bronchitis or rheumatism. But, in the strength of the hold football has upon all who understand it and appreciate what it does for the colleges and schools, nobody seems to care. The pains and aches are for the day after. The enthusiasm of the looker on doubtless wards of many a danger. The mind cures must be taken into account in this preoccupation and fine glow which each side watches the varying fortune of the colors it loves. Football has its uses in preserving and cultivating just that sort of physical courage, daring and self sacrifice which back education, even when combined with rowing the half mile run, and the high jump does not always give. Athletic sports—the best of them—all foster endurance, strength of muscle, or some qualities of skill; but there is nothing in the cricket field nor on the baseball diamond that stands for the absolute courage and forgetfulness of self in united action, that football does. The fine art of "tackling" with its large percentage of personal risks, tells the story of what each team stands ready to accomplish for the safety of the game unflinching of themselves. Is it any wonder that football breeds courage in the onlookers as well as in the players.

New York has had its eleventh successive horserace, which was attended with all the éclat and splendor of a smart society event. Every lover of man's best friend in the animal world, must have experienced a pleasant thrill as he read a description of Mrs. E. ROSWELL JONES' tailor made gown; and those who are fortunate enough to own a pair of beautiful high steppers, will hardly be able to conceal their enthusiasm upon receipt of the information that Mrs. W. E. BELLAMY SMYTH'S jacket of black repoussé velvet was edged with sable, headed by one inch wide jewelled passermenterie. It is the consciousness of what the horse is and what he has done for mankind that imparts particular interest to the announcement that REGINALD RIVES was the best dressed man in the ring. It is important to know that "his boots were varnished, broad heeled and absolutely flat, as to shoes." It is, indeed, fitting that society should forget its own follies and vanities for a spell and acknowledge mankind's obligation to the glossy coated quadrupeds for service and pleasure by arranging this annual event. It is, of course, a natural inference that there were some horses at the horse show, but of this we are not able to speak with certainty at this distance from the American metropolis.

The continued increase of the British Navy in battleships and cruisers of formidable dimensions, is urging upon the government the necessity of establishing, without further delay, increased docking facilities for their new specimens for naval warfare, not only at home but in the colonies. Gibraltar has been one of the coaling stations which has already received the earnest attention of the Admiralty owing to its deficiency in dock and other accommodations for the refitting of warships, besides securing protection from outward at-

tack for the large stock of coal that has to be kept always on hand. The construction of these formidable works has already commenced with the employment of 4,000 workmen of all classes, who are daily kept hard at work, under the special charge of the admiralty authorities, who control everything connected with this important undertaking, which is likely to consume at least five years for its completion and an outlay of several millions of pounds sterling.

According to the London Times a process has at last been found for separating the fibre from the stalk of the ramie plant—a plant which flourishes in Southern soil, and which it can be used as a textile material may have vast possibilities agriculturally and industrially. The new process consists of treating the 'ribbons' of fibrous bark to several chemical baths. By these and mechanical means a clean, white, silky fibre it is said, is turned out ready for the spinner. Should practical results justify the claim a great impetus would at once be given to ramie planting; but there will be no craze in that direction until the new process shall have been shown to be feasible commercially as well as mechanically.

The eminent neurologists who contend that even moderate laughter is a symptom of hysteria, and in general that laughter is a disease, have a certain shadowy ground for their contentions. It is doubtless true, for instance, that laughter is contagious; and as the poet says: "Laugh and the world laughs with you." Yet it is the theory of the neurologists should be gravely accepted, the humorists would have to be quarantined, and the only healthy folks would be the victims of melancholia. The truth is that laughter is a tonic; it oxygenates the blood, shakes the cobwebs from the brain and makes the laugher full the better for it, as the old rhyme has it:

"Care to our cells adds a nail, no doubt,
And every grin so merry draws one out."

LI HUNG CHANG'S jacket and his peacock leather which merely struck Canadians who happened to see him with a sense of the ridiculous, seems to have appealed to the artistic and utilitarian instincts in France, as the Parisian dress-makers have turned the imperial yellow garment to account as a model for a tea gown, the peacock feathers serving as trimmings. The incident illustrates the alertness of the French eye for aesthetic effects, and the thrift of the French nature in putting them to profitable service; and in doing this it explains one great secret of Parisian supremacy in fashioning the modes for the beau monde.

The horseless carriage seems to be coming along fast to join in the bicycle in an attempt to drive the horse out of business. The number of horses driven out of work by electric trolleys etc. will be small compared to the hauling of the country by the carriages without horses. There have been several successful trials of horseless carriages in different parts of the world in the last three months that are said to have fully demonstrated their practicability. The carriage and the bicycle should compel good roads.

In view of the unfavorable character of the news from Cuba, and the Philippine Islands, extensive precautionary measures are said to have been taken by the Spanish authorities to prevent an uprising in Porto Rico. When even that tranquil Spanish colony rests under the suspicion of disloyalty the edifice of Spain's transmarine empire must indeed be tottering to a fall.

Tollgate keepers in Kentucky have been told that they will be killed if they collect any more tolls; and Justice should make it her business to find out who told them.

And still the Captain General of Cuba has no victories to report! WEYLER'S silence is eloquent.

The foot ball cold should help the balsam trade.

Mr. Charles K. Cameron is making a very great reduction in trimmed and untrimmed hats, bonnets and toques. Mr. Cameron always has on hand a large and elegant stock of the leading styles and any one wishing anything in the way of stylish headwear cannot fail to be pleased both in regard to price and style. All the newest shades and latest notions used in millinery can be had at Mr. Cameron's store. Early visitors will of course secure the benefit of these bargains as Mr. Cameron wishes to clear out at once the stock that was left over from last season. Call early and secure a bargain.

Have a Good Record.
Kerr's business college, it is noticed, is receiving a great deal of favorable notice from sources that thoroughly understand the methods used in the institution. Some of St. John's smartest and cleverest commercial young men speak in the highest terms of the college, and indeed all who have ever attended it endorse fully the good words that have been said about it.

McArthur's for Dolls, Toys and Fancy Goods.

THE PRESERVES WERE STOLEN.

By Two Hungry Tramps in Search of Food—Where the Bottles Were.

The proprietress of a certain north and boarding house is mourning the loss of her winter supply of preserves. The lady in question who is very careful to look after the best interests of her boarders and who usually gives them the best she can afford had prepared a large supply of such succulent dainties as preserved peaches, plums, strawberries, etc. Some time ago when fruit was cheap and her guests were jubilant in anticipation of many dainty additions to the little lunches, suppers, etc., for which the female tonifac has become almost famous. A few days ago while the lady was doing some house cleaning she removed her large stock of preserves from the large pantry in which they were stored and placed them on a shelf in the cellar. The shelf was near a large window which looked out into an alley.

Shortly after the preserves were placed in the cellar a tramp put in an appearance. The first object that struck his eye was the preserve bottles near the open window and he at once proceeded to call in two fellow travellers who were basking in the shade of an ash barrel across the street.

His friends as may be imagined were only too willing to accept the invitation for half an hour or so those tramps did more work than they had ever done before. The result of their labors was apparent at the end of that time not a preserve bottle remained in sight. Instead [they were singly hidden in a neat by packing case where the tramps had stowed them for further use.

When the lady of the house went to look for her preserves she was surprised to find that they were out of sight and she has not found them since.

When her husband came home she explained the mishap to him and he at once surmised that the fruit had been stolen by some "Hungry Willies or limping Joe's."

That his surmise was correct was proven a few days after when a neighbor called at the house and returned some empty preserve bottles which he had found in his yard and which he recognized as the property of the boarding house.

GREAT CHANCES FOR XMAS GOODS.

What D. McArthur Has in His Store to Attract.

Merchants are preparing for Christmas and children especially are looking around and admiring the many beautiful things that come within their vision. One of the sights for them is the store of D. McArthur, King street, where fifty cases of fancy goods have just been opened.

Dolls in particular have been made a feature of and they are there in all sizes, in all varieties, beautiful and imposing, small ones for little people and stately ones for those little girls who have passed the line of infancy.

There are mechanical toys of all kinds for boys and when to this is added cards, horses and wagons in great variety the attractions for the young lads of the day are almost beyond description.

For the older folk there are silver goods in many designs any of which is suitable for a gift. Further than this poetical volume is padded leather which have been selling for \$2.00 are marked at 99 cents. Bibles are always attractive gift books and Mr. McArthur offers his choicest at a discount of from 33 1/3 to 50 per cent. His finely bound cloth books are selling at half price and can be had from 15 cents to \$1.00 each.

In addition to all these and many other lines of goods, the usual Xmas novelties are in abundance, booklets, cards and games, etc., etc.

Mr. McArthur announces further that any stock carried over from last year will be sold at half price. It has been well cared for but it will be known as stock carried over and will go for half price.

LUCA BLEW OUT THE GAS.
A Member of the Mt. Allison Team About Whom a Funny Story is Told.

HALIFAX, Nov. 26.—The Mount Allison football team came to Nova Scotia and won honors. They defeated Acadia college; they played a draw with the hitherto invincible Wanderers, and were defeated by Dalhousie but only by a narrow margin. All this honor and glory would have been lacking if a story told at the hotel in this city where the team stayed is correct. It is that one of the best players—Mr. Lucas—blew out the gas, or at least let it escaping in his bedroom when he retired to rest on the eve of the contest with Dalhousie. Manager Douglas of the football team, with fatherly solicitude, went round the rooms of his men, after they had gone to bed, to see if everything was O. K. On reaching Lucas' room he was shocked to find it full of gas and the doughy therein almost insensible from the noxious fumes. Lucas was aroused and revived. Coming from a good denominational college like Mount Allison it is to be presumed that Mr. Lucas was duly thankful to Providence for his escape, while the members of the team were doubly thankful in the knowledge that they would neither have to play one man short nor put on a substitute on account of the suffocation of a valuable forward.

McArthur's for Wall Paper

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McArthur's for Wall Paper

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



CATCHING FROGS FOR MARKET.

The Way the Marylanders Take the Favorite Product.

Within recent years a large trade has grown up in Kent county in providing frogs for market. The catching of frogs for their legs has become a business, and the financial returns are rather handsome to the few engaged in the industry. Along the small streams tributary to the larger rivers the big green or mottled black frogs may be found by thousands under the tufts of flag or coarse grass. One frog slipper has sent to the Baltimore market hundreds of frogs' legs each season, and has so increased the demand by the superior size and flavor of the Kent product that he finds it impossible to meet the requirements of the trade.

Frog legs are consumed principally by the patrons of the principal restaurants. Frogs, when cooked, are a delicate white meat, and much more tender than fried chicken, very nourishing and easily digested, and are recommended, when stewed, as one of the best diets for invalids with delicate stomachs. Only the hind legs and quaters are eaten, and they are sent to the market ready skinned and salted for cooking.

The market frog catcher's method of capturing the game is to secure a small, flat-bottomed boat, easy of management, and in the late afternoon, when everything is still, he noiselessly pushes his little craft along the shores of the small creeks and coves. The tall frogs, as they are commonly known, because of their deep resonant voices, are found sitting in a shallow pool or in the mud under tufts of heavy grass or flag. The novelty and sport of capturing this wily game are worth a row of ten miles on a hot afternoon. Two and sometimes three ordinary sized perch hooks are bound together and baited with red flannel. The hooks are attached to a line of about four feet, and the line is attached to a long, tough angle rod. Approaching the game noiselessly and with extreme caution, the red flannel is gently moved within a few inches of the frog's mouth. As quick as lightning and with a sharp croak, the frog dashes forward and swallows bait, hook and all. Then follow as gaity struggles as any sportsman ever saw with hook and line.

The amateur frog hunter usually provides himself with a cat-and-rat riddle, the snells loaded with mustard seed shot, and the snells his game, but this is unorthodox, and is only popular with the uninitiated. Mill ponds, too, are favorable haunts for the frog, and on a clear night the deep roar of the bullfrog chorus may be heard for more than a mile.

The old time store-de-war Kent county cook has solved this mystery of the perfect preparation of the frog, and those who do not know how delicious frog legs may be made have many a dainty dish in store for them. After skinning, the legs should be placed in cold water for several hours, then placed on a plate and salted. In several hours more they are ready for cooking. The legs of medium-sized frogs are preferable, as the very large legs are liable to be coarse in texture of flesh. The most popular way in Kent to cook them is by frying, but there are other ways of making dishes of them to please the palate of the most exacting epicure.—Baltimore Sun.

FOR POKER PLAYERS ONLY.

A Pennsylvania Parrot Which Knows the Value of a Good Hand.

Parrot stories are always good so long as they are true. And, of course, none but true parrot stories ever find their way into print. A well known resident of Tioga, says the Philadelphia Inquirer is telling one which he declares he is willing to stake a hard-earned reputation for veracity upon.

This particular parrot is the property of a Tioga household, the head of which is inordinately fond of a quiet little game of poker. For years it has been his custom to get three or four of his friends together at least twice a week in the snug library of his house, and while away four or five hours of an evening by means of 6-cent ante with a quarter limit. The parrot's cage hangs in the same library, except on state occasions, when it is taken into the dining room.

The man's wife is devoted to her church as he is to his favorite game. She never misses a meeting, and as often as the good man will come, has her pastor to her home for Sunday dinner.

He was there two or three weeks ago. So were a number of other friends of the family. The master of the household presided over the dinner, and the conversation was as lively and vivacious as the sanctity of the day would admit.

The clergyman was, and is, one of the liberal-minded, up-to-date class of men who are bringing religion in closer touch with the masses or the masses in closer touch with religion, than it has perhaps ever been before. His utterances when out of the pulpit are frequently punctuated with every

day expressions, the use of which by a preacher would have been thought strange a decade ago. He also goes so far as to attend the theatre occasionally.

It was he who was talking at the table, and all the others were interested listeners. The subject was the morning service at his church, the attendance upon which had been very large.

'Yes,' he said, 'I couldn't help remarking to myself as I entered the pulpit, 'Well, this is one time I've got a full house.' 'That's pretty good—good,' quickly came in all too distinct tones from the parrot's cage. 'Take the money, Diev!'

The presence of the preacher, the parrot's profanity and the fact that 'Dick' is her husband's name sent the mistress of the house into a fit of hysterics, which nearly broke up the dinner.

As it was only the peculiar pithiness of the bird's early saved this day.

FORGETFUL MR. BILLOTS.

And How Claude's Shoes Finally Got to the Shoemaker's.

'Forgetful' said Mr. BilLOTS. 'Well, well, well, I should say so! I haven't any memory at all. If I want to remember anything I have to make a memorandum of it and then twist the paper around my key ring, or shut it in my knife, or tie it through the ring of my watch; I can't remember anything at all.'

'Mrs. BilLOTS tried for days to get me to take Claude's shoes to the shoemaker's. He'd worn them through on the soles and put on his best shoes to wear while the others were being fixed. Every day Mrs. BilLOTS would put the bundle on the table near me as I read the paper, and say: 'Now, Ezra, don't forget 'em shoes.'

'And I would look at them and say all right and then forget all 'a-out them and go away without them. 'One morning Mrs. BilLOTS said to me: 'Ezra, I have put Claude's shoes in your hat.'

ARE YOU SUFFOCATING?

Mechanism That Informs You to Air Your Room.

It is generally believed that when the atmosphere of a room is impure the fact will be sufficiently noticeable to a person of normal sensitiveness without the aid of an instrument to inform him of the fact. That this is not so, however, is evident to any one who remembers how the suffocating odors of an overcrowded meeting room impress their disagreeable presence on a person coming in from the pure outside air, while, to all appearances, the persons in the room are quite unaware of the air being bad.

To remedy this state of things and show just how bad or otherwise the atmosphere of a room is a Swiss inventor has just completed an instrument which shows the exact condition of the air. It consists of an airtight glass receptacle, in which is placed a red liquid. A bent glass tube is inserted into this fluid, and up this fluid runs, to drop at the rate of one drop in two minutes onto a cord that is stretched by a weight. This fluid possesses the property of changing color when subjected to the action of carbonic acid gas. The more of this gas there is in the air the more pronounced the change in the color of the fluid.

With this fact in mind, the principle on which the indicator works is easily understood. The drops of fluid, as they fall on the string, change it according to the condition of the atmosphere.

To Hold the Mandolin Pick.

There is now an attachment for mandolins, guitars, etc. played by the use of a pick or plectrum in the hands of the performer, whereby the pick may be conveniently supported and always found with the instrument while not in use, while readily removable from its holder for playing when required. The improvement has been patented by Adam G. Mahler, of New York city. The holder is formed of a single piece of spring wire, bent as shown in the engraving, and having its ends formed into segmental eye parts adapted to be engaged by a small screw and washer, by means of which the holder is attached to the neck of the instrument. The holder may, if desired, be secured to some other part of the instrument, and is equally well adapted for holding other forms of picks.

Clara—'Did he apologize for hissing you?'
Maad—'Oh yes; several times.'

Signor E. Rubin, late Principal Professor of Singing at the London (Eng.) Academy of Music, has selected and purchased a Pratte Piano for his own use.

King Powder

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Best Liked Where Best Known WELCOME SOAP THIS FACT is worthy the attention of all economical housekeepers. BUT ONE QUALITY, and ABSOLUTE PURITY GUARANTEED

A Woman's Ideal... Has just been realized in Priestley's ideal dress fabric, the new EUDORA, -superior even to his other famous weaves-extra width, extra weight, extra draping and fitting qualities.

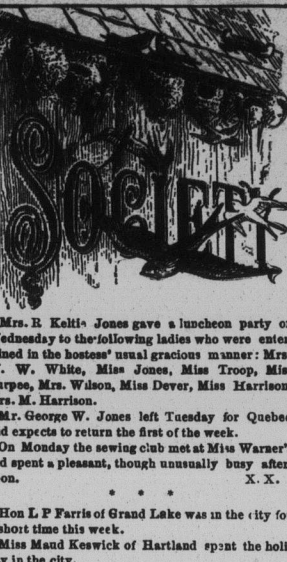
METEOR (PATENTED) Skirt Protector Is readily applied, presents a neat appearance, and is sold in large quantities by all leading merchants.

CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE CURES OBSTINATE COUGHS. DOCTORS RECOMMEND IT HIGHLY. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.

DR. JAEGER'S Sanitary Woolen Underwear The only Hygienic System of Clothing for Gentlemen, Ladies and Children. CAN NOW BE OBTAINED IN CANADA.

A Pure White Soap, Sea Foam It Floats. Made from vegetable oils it possesses all the qualities of the finest white Castile Soap.

Pelee Island Wine Co's Wines. THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE. E. G. SCOVIL, Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces



Mrs. R. Kaitis Jones gave a luncheon party on Wednesday to the following ladies who were entertained in the hostess' usual gracious manner: Mrs. W. W. White, Miss Jones, Miss Troop, Miss Burpee, Mrs. Wilson, Miss Dever, Miss Harrison, Mrs. M. Harrison.

Hon L F Farris of Grand Lake was in the city for a short time this week. Miss Mand Kewick of Hartland spent the holiday in the city. Mr. R W Graham of Montreal was here for a day or two late y.

Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Reed of Dorchester are visiting St. John's friends. Mr. W. F. Martin of Montreal spent a few days here last week. Mr. George Tobias of Boston paid a short visit to the city lately.

Miss Annie Moonkees of Montreal is spending a week or two with Queen street friends. Bishop Kingston was in town the first of the week. Mr. W. B. Baxter and Miss Scoville spent Thanksgiving with friends in Calais, Me.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Russell of Watertown, N. Y. are visiting this city. As St. John was formerly their home they are being warmly greeted by many old friends. Mr. J. C. Andrews of Thornton, Me., is visiting the city.

Misses Lizette and Alice McWenney of Barre, Cal., had a short visit here this week. Mr. E. F. Mallet of Fort Kent was in the city the first of the week. A large audience was attracted to St. Paul's church schoolroom on Thursday evening to hear Rev. A. G. H. Decker's lectures on Homer of the great Poets.

Mr. B. D. McShannon of Montreal was in the city for a day or two. Mr. John McMillan left this week for a visit to Clinton Springs, N. Y., for the benefit of his health. Currie of Toronto spent a day or two here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Stewart of Moncton spent part of the week in the city. Mr. D. Graham of New York was here this week. Mrs. J. P. Sullivan of Buffalo is visiting friends in the city.

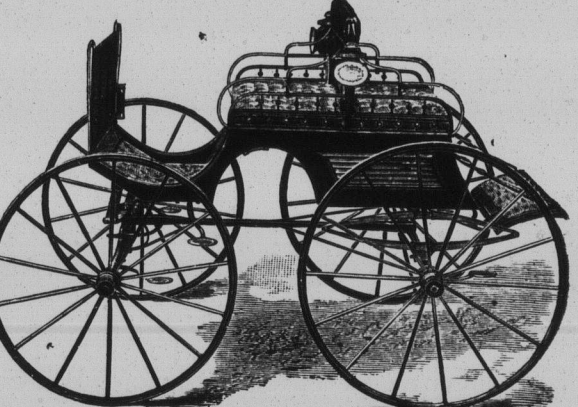
Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Reed of Dorchester are visiting St. John's friends. Mr. W. F. Martin of Montreal spent a few days here last week. Mr. George Tobias of Boston paid a short visit to the city lately.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Russell of Watertown, N. Y. are visiting this city. As St. John was formerly their home they are being warmly greeted by many old friends. Mr. J. C. Andrews of Thornton, Me., is visiting the city.

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IT'S A TREAT TO DRINK Tetley's TEAS FROM ANCIENT INDIA TO SWEET CEYLON.

CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES! Handsome and Comfortable; Well Constructed and Elegantly Finished. HERE ARE TWO DISTINCT STYLES



A Stylish Dog Cart. Will carry Two or Four with comfort.



The Comfortable Bangor Buggy. Perhaps one of the most serviceable and comfortable single Carriages built, Rides as easy as a cradle. Not too heavy and as light as you want it made.

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton, N. B.



Give me Progress and Pleasure

6
FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.

No Gripes

When you take Hood's Pills... The big, old-fashioned, sugar-coated pills, which tear your bowels, are not in it with Hood's. Easy to take and easy to operate. Is true of Hood's Pills, which are up to date in every respect.

THE Elegancies, Luxuries, and Perfection of refined workmanship, with the finest materials to be had, are embodied in our latest Carriages

PRICE & SHAW, CARRIAGE BUILDERS, 222 to 228 Main Street, ST. JOHN, N. E.

A Family Matter

of equal importance to fathers, mothers, and children is the need of warmth in winter clothing. A layer of Fibre Chamois adds neither weight nor bulk, but provides a healthful, comforting warmth that the wildest winds and frostiest air can't penetrate.

It costs 25 cents with a Star label on each yard—and keeps you cozy warm in all kinds of weather.

Served Hot...

With a dash of butter, a little sugar or syrup, and breakfast is well ended. Just buckwheat flour—simply pure buckwheat flour. Tillson's Roller Process Buckwheat Flour makes buckwheat cakes that an epicure could not find fault with.

Your grocer sells it. The Tillson Company, Ltd., Tillsonburg, Ont. High Grade Cereal Foods.

MINARD'S 'KING OF PAIN' LINIMENT

I was cured of painful Gout by MINARD'S LINIMENT. I was cured of Inflammation by MINARD'S LINIMENT. I was cured of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

MINARD'S 'KING OF PAIN' LINIMENT

Night Calls at a Drug Store

are not pleasant calls, but should you require a druggist any hour of the night, my NIGHT DISPENSER can be found at

6 Germain Street, REMEMBER THE STORE, ALLAN'S PHARMACY, 35 King Street. THE WHITE AND GOLD FRONT.

that of the young man's father in a cemetery near London. Friday evening's pianoforte recital by Miss Emma Thorne, at the Conservatory of Music, was both successful and interesting.

The program was as appended: Rati—Fantasia Polonaise, op. 106. Hat—Mazurka, op. 24, No. 2. Hensel—Spring Song, op. 15. Liszt—Nocturne, No. 1. Liszt—Love's Dream, No. 2. Chopin—Ballade, op. 47. Chopin—Nocturne, op. 37, No. 2. Chopin—Impromptu, op. 29. Chopin—Polonaise, op. 26.

AMHERST. [PROGRAMME is for sale at Amherst by H. V. Furdy.] Nov. 26.—The dance given last Wednesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. D. Wilbur Douglas at the side was without doubt the dance of the season.

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Mrs. A. R. Dyer wore a very handsome dress of black satin brocade with heliotrope and trimmed with heliotrope satin. Mrs. R. C. Fuller, wore one of the prettiest and most stylish gowns in the room, it was an indelible brocade, pale pink being the leading shade.

Mrs. E. E. Dickey spent Friday night in town. Mrs. A. H. Dickey spent Friday night in town. Mrs. A. H. Dickey spent Friday night in town.

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Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA. OVER 100 MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM. "Strongest and Best."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. E., Editor of "Health."

Merritt D. Keeffe, Artistic Dressmaking AND Ladies' Tailoring. HOUSE AND EVENING DRESSES. Tailor-made Garments and Costumes of every description to order. 48 King Street, St. John.

Mr. F. Trotter was in Halifax last week. The chief talk of the week is a leap year ball booked to take place next Friday evening. It does not end in talk you shall have a full account next week.

USE TEABERRY FOR THE TEETH. ZOPESA CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO. The Hat represented by this cut is the newest thing in a WALKING HAT now worn in New York. We have it in Black and all colors, in finest quality Felt, at One Dollar and in Black Camel's Hair at same price.

Corticelli Spool Silks. Unequaled for Length, Strength and Smoothness. 350 DIFFERENT SHADES. Dresses sewn with Corticelli never give out at the seams. 1000 DRESS-MAKERS testify to the merit and excellence of Corticelli Silk Thread. ALL DRY GOODS STORES SELL IT.

For Your Health DRINK REAL FRUIT SYRUPS. Strawberry, Raspberry, Gingerette, Lemon, Lime Fruit. BROWN & WEBB HALIFAX, N. S.

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

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

General and Mrs. T. D. Leavitt were in Calais for a brief stay last week on route to Eastport from August.

Mr. H. L. Gale and his associates who held very successful revival meetings in the Congregational church, Calais, for two weeks last on Friday for Shrove Tuesday, to continue their good work.

Mr. Samuel King is visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. James King. Mr. King resides in one of the Western States.

Lewis J. K. Seymour, U. S. navy, left during the past week to join his ship at Baltimore.

Miss Cushing of St. John is the guest of her friend Miss Susie Clark.

Mr. W. F. Todd has been on a business trip this week among the islands.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Newton are spending a few days in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Dexter have returned from a pleasant visit in Providence, Rhode Island.

Mr. Edward Russell manager of the Utica and Watertown Railway, New York State, accompanied by Mrs. Russell were in town on Thursday en route to St. George, Mrs. Russell's native town.

Mrs. Charlotte Whipple of Eastport has been visiting Mrs. Martha Bradley.

Nov. 25—Mrs. Foster of St. John was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Dick a few days last week.

MONKTON.

Phoenice is for sale in Monkton at the Monkton Bookstore, by W. G. Standfield at M. B. Jones Bookstore.

Nov. 25.—Madame Abani and party arrived in town last evening and are guests at Hotel Brunswick.

The Calais Dramatic club are preparing to rehearse the well known play, The Lady of Lyons, and will present it at an early date.

Dr. Frank Blair returned home yesterday after an absence of several weeks spent in Edinburgh, Scotland with his cousin Mr. William Blair Brown.

Doctor and Mrs. Seth T. Whitney entertained at tea on Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. Frank Todd and Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Young, and a number of other friends.

The "Harmony Club" which was devoted to music last winter, and it will be remembered gave a delightful concert and reception in the Windsor hotel, to be revived again this season and will begin their meetings at an early date.

Among the varieties of fancy work in which some of our talented young society ladies indulge is to knit sweaters, and also to show their skill in decoration, are pen and ink sketches taken from "Life" and other magazines.

Mr. Leonard C. Harris, who has been spending a two weeks' holiday with relatives in Boston, returned home last week.

Mr. John McCrewey, and little daughter of Westmorland, who has been visiting Mrs. Edward McCrewey, of this city, returned home last week.

Nov. 25.—A most enjoyable party was given by Mr. and Mrs. A. A. on Saturday evening. Those present were Miss Bertie McAdam, Miss Bertie Sewell, Miss Ella Campbell, Miss Tina Morgan, Miss Elgie Bradley, Miss Tillie Clarke, and Miss Bessie Alton, Messrs G. McAdam, E. Morgan, B. Lint, W. Boyer, E. Barnett, J. Barnett, E. Blakely D. Alton, G. Porter, F. Alton and E. Alton.

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THINGS OF VALUE.

"Hello, Brown! How's the real estate business? Selling houses?" "Oh, John—Carter's action."

The Archbishop of Canterbury has two places provided for him free of cost by the British nation.

Rickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs.

The crown worn on state occasions by William, Emperor of Germany, weighs exactly three pounds.

No family living in a hillous country should be without Ruckle's Vegetable Pills. A few doses taken now and then will keep the liver active, and prevent Ague.

The late James Greathead was the proprietor of the system of underground tunnels which is called by his name.

Lloyd Osbourne, a stepson of the late Robert Louis Stevenson, has been appointed United States consul at Samoa.

Holloway's Corn Cure destroys all kinds of corns and warts, root and branch.

The late Col. Walter Raleigh Gilbert, chief constable of Cornwall, England, was a descendant of Sir Humphrey Gilbert.

"It is a Great Public Benefit."—These sign-boards were used in relation to the famous Eucalyptus tree, by a gentleman who had thoroughly tested its merits in his own case.

At the convention of the Irish race held recently in Dublin, two speakers, who had come from the United States, contributed the following sentences in the course of their speeches.

SPECIAL VALUES IN

Electric Seal Capes

Estimates given on special garments in Fashionable Furs. Fur Garments remodelled at mode cost.

DUNLAP, COOKE & CO.,

Tailors and Furriers - AMHERST, N. S.

McGOWAN Painter Letterer. A Special Offer. Until Christmas Only. Those requiring GRAINING done will do well to leave their orders here.

IMPERIAL Trusts Co. OF CANADA. NEW BRUNSWICK OFFICE. 47 Canterbury Street, St. John. F. S. SHARPE, Manager.

THE QUAKER Bath Cabinet. For home use. Provides a means of obtaining Hot Air Vapor, Medicated and Perfumed.

Physical Culture. DUMB BELLS and INDIAN CLUBS. All sizes kept in stock or made to order.

SPENCER'S Private Dancing. My Academy will be open on THURSDAY AFTERNOON and EVENING, Oct. 29.

DR. McLEAN, Eye, Ear and Throat SPECIALIST. Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock. TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE.

THE GREAT TWINS AND K. D. C. PILLS. Believo and Cure. The Great Twin Pills. INDIGESTION AND CONSTIPATION.

Advertisement for a hat. THE HAT. Made by this cut is the thing in a WALKING shoe worn in New York.

Advertisement for Blair & Co's Bankers. CHEQUE BANK CHEQUES. They are issued and cashed by some of the largest Banks in Great Britain.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mr. George Robertson of Richmond spent Tuesday in St. John.
Mr. R. D. McElhinney, Q. C. of Montreal was here for a short time this week.
Mr. and Mrs. John Morrison of Fredericton were in town for a part of the week.
Miss Mabel Clarke and Miss Mason of St. Stephen visited friends here this week.
Mr. and Mrs. G. De Veber of Gagetown were among the city's recent visitors.
Mr. George L. Harrington of Truro spent Wednesday here.
Mr. and Mrs. William Robinson paid a short visit to St. Stephen this week.
Mr. Peter Clinch was among the St. John people in St. Stephen this week.
Miss Annie Colter of Calais was here for a few days this week.
Miss Cushing is in Calais a guest of her friend Miss Susie Clark.

WINDSORS.

[Phonograms for sale in Windsor at Knole's book store as usual by F. W. Dakin.]
Nov. 24.—Mr. and Mrs. Clarence H. Dimock were in Halifax on Monday to hear Madame Albani.
Mrs. Curry, Miss Curry and Miss Malbie Curry have returned from visiting in Halifax.
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Boach were among those who went to Halifax last week to hear Madame Albani.
Miss Berg of Kentville is visiting her friend Miss Alice Richardson.
Mrs. B. H. Knowles, Mrs. Gourley and Miss Annie Anslow were in Halifax for a day or two last week.
Mr. and Miss Nellie Paulin spent a day in Halifax this week.
Mrs. Torrey of Illinois is in town.
Mr. J. W. Curry was in Halifax last week.
Miss Annie Anslow spent Sunday in Wolfville.
Mr. and Mrs. C. DeWolfe Smith leave this morning for St. John N.B., where they will spend Thanksgiving.
Miss Stewart of Guysborough is visiting Mrs. Morris.
Dr. Haley M. P. has returned from Halifax.
Miss Georgie Wilson is spending a few days in St. John N.B.
Mr. George Graham has returned from Boston and will remain in Windsor all winter.
A number of Kings college students went to Wolfville on Saturday to witness the football match between Dalhousie and Acadia which resulted in a victory for the former.
The people of Windsor were much startled on Thursday morning to hear of the serious illness of Mr. J. A. Shaw which resulted in his death in the afternoon of that day. Mr. Shaw was one of our oldest and most prominent residents a man well known and much respected and one who will be greatly missed in the community. The funeral which was postponed until yesterday to admit of the presence of his only daughter Mrs. Torrey of Illinois was very largely attended, Christ church in which the services were held being crowded to the doors. The Faculty and students of Kings college of which Mr. Shaw was a governor attended in a body. The floral tributes were exceedingly beautiful.
Mr. Lawrence Whitehead of Morris is in town the guest of his mother Mrs. Willet's, King's e. s. i. age.
The young men of the Baptist church expect to give another of their popular concerts on Thursday evening. It is to be hoped they will have as large an audience as the last time. Mrs. Gourley of Truro who has often delighted Windsor audiences with her recitations, is to assist them.
Miss Nora Shand is home from Acadia seminary, Wolfville, to spend Thanksgiving.
Miss Jean Smith has returned from visiting in Parrsboro.
Mrs. Geldert and children have returned from a short visit to Mrs. Geldert's parents, Grafton, Kings county.
Mr. Howard de Bois of Halifax is in town for Thanksgiving.
Mr. Geldert is spending a few days in Lunenburg.
Mrs. Ross and son of Kingston are visiting Mrs. Ross' sister Mrs. E. J. Moore.
Mr. Duncan of Grand Pre was in town on Friday.
Mr. E. J. Morse and master Graham were in Halifax over Sunday.

DORCHESTER.

[Phonograms for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.]
Nov. 27.—Mr. A. E. Masnie, the popular traveller for L. Higgins & Co., Moncton, spent Saturday and Sunday at the Hotel Windsor.
Quite a number of Dorchester people went to Moncton last night to hear Albani. Among the number were Judge and Mrs. Landry, Colonel and Mrs. Stevens, Lady Smith, Mrs. Joshua Chandler, Mr. F. Gallagher, Miss Nellie Gallagher, Mrs. Chipman, Miss Etta Chipman, Mrs. Forster, Miss Forster, Messrs. Friel, Wilson, Fowler and Hickman.
Pharo and Hector Landry and Will Gallagher of St. Joseph's college are home to spend Thanksgiving.
Mr. Chas. E. Farrand, representing the Canadian Drug Co., St. John, was in town last week, the guest of the Hotel Windsor.
Mr. F. C. Barker of Moncton, is spending Thanksgiving in Dorchester.
Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Ted are visiting in St. John.
Mr. W. E. Lord of Halifax, was at the Hotel Windsor on Monday.
Judge Wells is in town this week.
Miss Tait has returned from Sackville.
Mr. Bernard Gallagher spent Thanksgiving here.

He Raised Them.

A few nights ago a miner from the North who has lately sold a claim, had money to burn and was in an incendiary mood, came down to Spokane, to make the currency bonfire. He was rather rusty-looking when he struck Spokane, but he was hungry, and, before going to a barber shop or bath, dropped into an up-town restaurant to get something to eat. There was but one waiter and he, busy carrying champagne to a party at another table, paid little attention to the hard looking miner. Finally the waiter was called over, when the miner said:
"See here kid! Do I eat?"
"Sorry I can't wait on you now," was the prompt reply, "but the gentlemen there have just ordered a fifty dollar dinner."
"Fifty dollar dinner be damned! Bring me \$100 worth of ham and eggs, and be quick about it! Do I look like a guy who can be bluffd by a mess or popjays?" He was waited upon promptly.—Spokane Spokenas-Review.

The Honest Broker.

Banker—"No I'm afraid I can't let you have the money. You are too much indebted to the institution across the way."
Broker—"No, sir, you are mistaken. They told me for nothing—they've got only my word."—Journal Amuseant.

The Singing Tone.



is the ideal tone in pianos. The Pratt Piano has it, and enables the performer to bring out the melody more distinct than can be done on other instruments. By varying the intensity of the tone, its prolonged "Singing" vibrations, combined with its rich fullness, produce artistic effects so much appreciated by musicians.

Artists say: "The Pratt is the Artist's Piano."

Pratt Pianos
1676 Notre Dame Street,
MONTREAL.

FIGHTING CATFISH.

It weighs 110 Pounds and Knocked out Three Men on Dry Sand.
Swimming lazily about in a tank with extra heavy glass sides in the state hatchery of Nebraska, at Omaha, is a member of the funny tribe that has suddenly leaped into piscatorial fame as a "man smashing" catfish.

It is beyond question that this is the only catfish caught in inland waters in the world which has a record of knocking out three men on terra firma, and which has lived to be feared and at the same time admired by his human victims.

Ichthyologists are, scientifically speaking unacquainted with the appellation, "man smashing." No denizen of the water is classified by them under that forcible term, but fishermen and attaches of aquariums are very familiar with the slangy but expressive title, just as circus employes know and dread a man-killing elephant.

This "man-killing fish has justly earned the strange name by actually smothering in three ribs of one man, and painfully bruising two others, on no less a person than the state commissioner of Nebraska, Lew May. Were he not the property of the state, he would doubtless be widely sought by museum agents and exhibited from one end of the country to the other.

As it is, several of these enterprising gentlemen have unsuccessfully endeavored to secure his lordship.

There have been plenty of instances of a fish knocking a man out when both were in the water, but for even a big fish to accomplish that feat on land is certainly a novelty.

The catfish weighs 110 pounds. A catfish that weights a good deal less than that is an ugly customer to handle, for he has vim and bounce enough for a dozen of some varieties of his brethren. They are all weaklings when compared with this 110-pounder, as the story of his achievement shows.

He was one of the big attractions at the recent state fair at Omaha, for ever since a plucky fisherman netted him out of the Missouri river, at Plattsmouth, he has been growing larger and even handsomer, as fish go.

He showed such a record as a fighter that his captor, instead of keeping him and serving him up to hungry customers, put him in a tank and awaited developments. They came soon enough. From being a big fish he was rapidly becoming an enormous one, and each day increased the troubles of his unfortunate captor. He was getting too big and valuable as a curiosity to kill, and, at the same time, his destructive habits threatened to force his owner into bankruptcy. Almost every day he managed to break the light wooden tank in which he

was at first kept into a greater or less amount of kindling wood.

When the fair ended it was decided to transfer the big fellow to the hatcheries. This was the beginning of the trouble. The big-jawed leviathan rather liked to be on exhibition. He seemed to look at the people just as much as they looked at him. So when it came to retirement he objected. How he did object. Even the venerable Holman, in the days of his dictatorship, couldn't hold a candle to him.

His catfish's home at the fair had been a narrow tank, so that he would not have much of a chance to swing his tail with sufficient power to do any damage. His reputation for amiability was not above par, and when it came to moving him, precaution was taken to prevent him from hurting any one.

This precaution consisted in wrapping a folded cloth around the fish's head, before any effort was made to lift him out of his abiding place. The cloth was made fast, it was supposed, and then the word was given to those assembled to perform the task to heave away.

They heaved right royally, and so did the fish. As last he had room according to his tail. Over went men and fish on the floor, and the number of revolutions the terrible tail made in a moment: would put any respectable fly-wheel to shame. All hands rolled around the floor, the fish landing every time he struck. It was the prettiest fight Omaha ever witnessed. The beauty of it was, too, the police couldn't stop it, not even the fish's tail. If Sharkey should ever hit Corbett with anything like the force with which that fish struck his antagonists there would be a new champion right away.

There were really three men in this boat, and a pretty bad boat it was to be in. The more the fish struggled, the stronger and wilder he seemed to get. Presently his tail went sideways with a swish. A second later, John Meredith of the state fish hatcheries, found himself up against the side of the building with three broken ribs. Supt. O'Brien of the hatcheries, went head over heels from a blow that powerful tail on one of his eyes. State Fish Commissioner W. L. May never knew what hit him, because it came so quick and hard. It drove him some distance along the floor and caused him to feel as if he had experienced a sudden and violent attack of muscular rheumatism.

Then the great big, conquering fish began to tire. The a's-noc from his wondrous element told on him. The fierce strokes of the tail came less and less often, until at last they ceased altogether. The monster lay limp and apparently lifeless on the floor.

This was the coveted opportunity. One man went forward, and to show his courage patted the fish. Then he turned in a sudden flash, and the man in the garage went into space as if he had been inspired by a full grown catapult. It was the tail again—the tail of the biggest fish Omaha ever saw.

There is an end to all things, and so, after awhile, the fish capitulated, was wrapped in a blanket and carried in triumph to the hatcheries. When he was dumped him into a tank there he deliberately sank to the bottom and refused to move.

The fish—strangely enough he has no name of his own—has always been considered rather dangerous. Ever since he was captured he has been growing in size. For days at a time he will sulk, for all the world just like a child, and then in a moment seem to reach a fury of passion and do his best to disturb his surroundings.

Wisely, though, he is so quartered that that powerful tail of his can inflict no damage. If it was not for that there would be no tank in the hatcheries of sufficient strength to hold him.—Philadelphia Times.

ODD BREAKS OF SPEECH.

Amusing Turns of Phrase in Speaking and Writing.
A coroner's jury in Maine reported that "deceased came to death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury."

an old French lawyer, writing of an estate he had just bought, added: "There is a chapel upon it in which my wife and I wish to be buried, if God spares our lives."

On a tombstone in Indiana is the following inscription: "This monument was erected to the memory of John Jenkins accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

A Michigan editor received some verses not long ago with the following note of explanation: "These lines were written fifty years ago by one who has for a long time, slept in his grave merely for passion."

A certain politician, lately condemning the Government for its policy concerning the income tax, is reported to have said: "They'll keep cutting the wool off the sheep that lays the golden eggs until they pump it dry."

An orator one of the university unions bore off the palm when he declared that "the British lion, whether it is roaming the deserts of India or climbing the forests of Canada, will not draw in its horns nor retire into its shell."

A reporter in describing the murder of a man named Jorkin said: "The murderer was evidently in quest of money, but luckily, Mr. Jorkin had deposited all his funds in the bank the day before so that he lost nothing but his life."

A merchant who died suddenly left in his bureau a letter to one of his correspondents which he had not sealed. His clerk, seeing it necessary to send the letter, wrote:

Go to No. Arthur's Book Store for Bowsen's Ointment.

at the bottom. "Since writing the above I have died."

An Oklahoma editor expresses his thanks for a basket of oranges thus: "We have received a basket of oranges from our friend Gus Bradley, for which he will please accept our compliments, some of which are nearly six inches in diameter."

The Morning Post in 1812 made the following statement: "We congratulate ourselves most on having torn off Cobbett's mask and revealed his cloven foot. It was high time that the hydrahead of faction should be soundly rapped over the knuckles."

An English lecturer on chemistry said: "One drop of poison placed on the tongue of a cat is sufficient to kill the strongest man," and an English lieutenant said that the Royal Niger Company wished to kill him to prevent his going up the river until next year.

A clergyman in an Eastern town warned his hearers lately "not to walk in a slippery path, lest they be sucked, maelstrom-like, into its meshes." This metaphor suggests that of another clergyman who prayed that the Word might be as a nail driven in a sure place, sending its roots downward and its branches upward.

The present Duke of Leeds is reported to have accused the late Government of making a direct attack on the brewers by means of a side wind. It was during the late Administration that one of the Irish whigs telegraphed to Dublin that "the silence of the Irish members would be heard in the House of Commons no longer."

It was the celebrated Sergeant Arabin who, at the Central Criminal Court informed the prisoner before him that "if there was a clearer case of a man robbing his master that case was this case," and, after passing sentence, concluded, "I, therefore, give you the opportunity of redeeming a character irretrievably lost."

In the Irish House of Commons of 1795, during a debate on the leather tax, Sir John Chancery observed that "In the prosecution of the peasant war every one ought to be ready to give his last guinea to save the remainder of his fortune." Mr. Vandeleur replied that "a tax on leather would press very heavily on the bare footed peasantry of Ireland."

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At a recent temperance gathering an orator exclaimed: "The glorious work will never be accomplished until the good ship Temperance shall sail from one end of the land to the other, and with a cry of 'Victory!' at each step she takes, shall plant her banner in every city, town and village of the United States." Another speaker said that "All along the untrodden paths of the future we can see the hidden footprints of an unseen hand." "We pursue the shadow of the bubble bursts and leaves the asbes in our hands!"

HOUSE PLANTS IN PLACE.
Care That Makes Palms Grow Glossy—Washable Flowers.

There is probably nothing quite so attractive for a household ornament as a healthy, growing plant. Just at this season of the year, the palms and rubber plants, which have been enjoying a riotous span of life under the smiling influence of the sunshine all the past summer, have been restored to their accustomed places in the house. As a rule, whatever these plants have added to their girth or height during the summer will represent their gain for the year. Their tropical constitutions are not capable of much exertion or expansion during the winter, and the unfolding of a new leaf is really a matter of great moment during this period to those who are fond of watching their development and growth.

An experienced florist says that contrary, perhaps, to the general impression the fall is not the season for repotting or slipping rubber plants. The spring is the time Re-potting of both palms and rubbers was made a necessity in hundreds of cases lately after the night of the big storm, when so many fine plants, still adorning gardens, were toppled over. Excepting for this they would have needed no change until next spring, for the little which would have been added to their size would not have affected the root.

Palms and rubber plants are in such general use as house ornaments because it is, comparatively easy to care for them. Just like human beings, they are extremely sensitive to changes in temperature, and should be guarded against drafts. They want sunshine and light for healthy growth, and deprived of either or both they soon show a failure in beauty and vigor. In the average house the plant has some tough experiences. Madam decorates the pot with silken scarfs; puts the plant where the softened glare of a big lamp falls prettily on it, but at the same time, little by little, either scorches or dries up the plant itself, or it is placed with all due regard to light and sunshine in a window recess, where every wind that blows sends a shivering and chilling sensation to its very heart. If all the conditions of sun and light, with an equable temperature, are in the plant's favor, besides keeping the roots slightly moist, it is necessary that the leaves of both plants and rubbers should be kept free from dust by washing them off carefully every day with a sponge or soft cloth in lukewarm water. Attention of this kind need not take much time, and the appearance of the plant in its glossy green will be ample compensation.

Unless fortunately protected by dense overhanging foliage, neither rubbers nor palms, if still outdoors, could have survived the recent frosts. There will be

many mild days yet, and, in fact, off and on all winter, when they could be exposed without danger, but, as a rule, it is best to keep them indoors and run no risks, for it takes a long time for a plant to regain its vigor after a blight, whether it be a freezing or a scorching one.

The chrysanthemum will not be queen of the floral realm this fall. Orchids, in beautiful colorings and shapes, will be the proper thing for all decorative work for those who can afford such a costly luxury. Roses are beautiful just now, whether it be the last one, "blooming alone," or whether one views a collection in a florist's storehouse. The American Beauty holds her own as queen of them all, and will be just as popular this winter as ever. While moderately costly just now, when the gay season begins and social events succeed each other with giddy rapidity, the price will mount higher and higher, until it is far beyond the reach of the ordinary bring. The modest violet is on hand also, and holds its own. Bridal bouquets are just as popular made of lilies of the valley as of white roses, and possibly are more artistic. Valerian lilies can be had now, but the fashionable thing is, of course, the orchid.—Washington Star.

CLOTH WINDOWS.
A Substitute for Glass Which Never Leaks and Will Not Break.

Windows of cloth instead of glass sounds like an impossibility, and yet it is a reality, and the employment of such a substitute is an acknowledged success. It is not ordinary cloth, but such as is translucent, through which light comes just as through glass. To all intents and purposes this cloth window is similar to the sheets of glass, and lasts ever so much longer, while still having just as good an appearance.

Now, the remarkable feature of this new fabric is that it never leaks, does not break, and is nearly one-third cheaper than glass. A large skylight composed of the new substitute for glass, which has been in constant use long enough to show its worth, remains in perfect condition, not one cent having been spent on it for repairs.

The material has many advantages claimed for it, chief of which is that by its employment in train sheds, freight houses, large auditoriums and public buildings having skylights of large area, the light weight of the material permits of a simple, inexpensive and light form of skylight construction.

The joints are made water-tight by a special method used with this material. The translucent fabric consists of transparent material spread over steel wire cloth with twelve meshes per inch, which gives the panels a flexible and elastic quality, permitting its adjustment to any shape that the roof structure may take, owing to the expansion or contraction of the frame-work. The fabric is strong and is made in panels 18x36 inches in size, and can carry a weight of over 400 pounds per square foot.

It might be naturally assumed that the translucent qualities of the fabric would be much inferior to that of glass, but a careful comparison has shown that the amount of light which it transmits equals that of ribbed glass one-quarter of an inch thick. As it is treated with a special preparation, the fabric is impervious to cinders or even hot coals, dropped upon it, and will burn only when set fire to at the edges. Even then the flames make slow progress, thus furnishing timely warning.

Another argument in its favor is that it is greatly superior to even the finest glass as covering for art galleries and studios, for the reason that it will never leak, and, therefore, serves as a perfect protection to the valuable works of art. Sometimes a heavy deposit of snow serves to crack the strongest glass skylight, and often injures paintings and tapestries beyond restoration.

QUEEN PLACES FOR MONEY.
Change Should Not be Put in the Mouth, as It May Cause Disease.
"Did you notice that?" asked Dr. J. J. Clarke, of this city, to me, as we were riding on a Sutter street car.

What he drew attention to was a Chinese passenger, who, when asked for his fare, took a nickel from the interior of his left ear and gave it to the conductor.

"A queer place for carrying money," I said. "I know of many odd places that people carry money in, but that is the oddest."

"It was with the view of drawing your attention to a dangerous practice that I

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many mild days yet, and, in fact, off and on all winter, when they could be exposed without danger, but, as a rule, it is best to keep them indoors and run no risks, for it takes a long time for a plant to regain its vigor after a blight, whether it be a freezing or a scorching one.

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"A queer place for carrying money," I said. "I know of many odd places that people carry money in, but that is the oddest."

"It was with the view of drawing your attention to a dangerous practice that I

asked you to look at that Chinaman," said the doctor, and then he nudged me to look in the direction of a well dressed lady who had but a moment before taken her seat and was fumbling in her purse for her fare. she found the coin she was in search of and placed it between her lips while she closed her purse, and then taking the coin from her mouth, held it in her hand until it was called for.

"I suppose you saw that lady place that coin between her lips?" said the doctor.
"Yes; what of that? I have seen that done a hundred times."

"Did it ever occur to you that the practice is a dangerous one and the source of more disease than many people imagine?" Does that lady know where the coin was before she placed it in her mouth? May it not have been in the ear of her Chinese laundryman or cook, or may it not have been in the pocket of some individual affected with contagious disease? If it was in the ear of an individual who had an affection of that organ the microbes of the disease would cling to the coin, and when placed between the lips, it there should happen to be a cold sore there, or as it often happens, a rupture of the tissue, the germs of disease would find lodgment there and the personal purity of the practice would wonder how it happened that there was anything the matter with her. The microbes of contagious disease will attach themselves to coin, and now you can see how easy it is to transmit disease not only by a cold sore or a lip that is commonly called "cracked," but by inhalation.

"The practice," added the doctor with some vehemence, "is not only dangerous, but it is positively disgusting, and I can not understand why so many ladies are given to it."—San Francisco Call.

Calve on a Musical Training.
Mrs. Emma Calve contributes a paper to the November Ladies' Home Journal, in which she specially addresses students of vocal music. She tells of the training required for the operatic and the concert stage, the impersonation of character, the value of suggestions, &c., and pays this tribute to Americans: "The Americans have it seems to me, in the field of vocal music, all of the characteristics of the conquering race. They are possessed naturally of the most exquisite voices, which, when properly cultivated and trained are almost unrivaled; they have indomitable energy, perseverance, and pluck; they stop at nothing, are deterred by no trouble and prevented by no obstacles. Poverty, weariness, exhaustion, hard work—none of these living spectres which afflict and terrify the average art workers has terrors for them. Their physique and their temperament seem made for toil and to surmount discouragement, and the success which they are daily achieving in the field of both operatic and concert singing is testimony to their natural fitness for accomplishment and to their ability to excel. They seem in fact to be most lavishly fitted by nature for the parts they are assuming. To these gifts of voice, energy, pluck, and perseverance they frequently add a beauty of face and grace of form and movement which the public recognizes as most important factors in the success of the singer's career. They have, too, the temperature which makes great artists and great actresses, the artistic feeling which has for its standard perfection and is satisfied with nothing less."

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1896.

AS OTHERS SEE THEM.

MONCTON REVEALS JEAN BLEWETT'S REFERENCE TO PIGS

And the Beautiful Chocolate Tinted Head of the Petitcodiac—A Vivid Description of the Great Hub's Army of Workmen—Other Features.

Jean Blewett of the 'Toronto Globe' one of the many clever writers who are ornaments of the upper Canadian press, passed through Moncton lately, and since her return to Toronto she has written a description of the maritime railway centre and published the same in 'The Globe.' It is a wonderful piece of work in more ways than one, and it has offered a good deal of amusement to the citizens of Moncton.

There are many points about Mrs. Blewett's article which would lead one to suppose that she had not stopped at all on her way through our city except for the twenty minutes set apart for breakfast and change of cars on the arrival of the Quebec express. But nevertheless her description is so minute that it would impress a person who had never been in Moncton with the idea of almost photographic accuracy. But the resident of Moncton who knows better, merely laughs to himself, wonders how many miles away from the city Mrs. Blewett was when she wrote her article, what authorities she consulted when preparing it, and is lost in admiration of the powerful imagination which enabled the gifted writer to see so much more than really existed, and describe it so graphically. Here is one fine bit of imaginative description: "The first sight we see in the early morning is a troop—not the red-coated troop of the Halifax thoroughfare—but the brawny troop of workmen, a thousand strong, on their way to the railway machine shops. It is worth looking at, this workingman's daily parade. There are grim faces, and jolly ones, stout frames and slender ones. The dinner pail is a feature, it swings in the right hand of old man and youth and you find yourself wondering about its contents. Who filled the pail? And was it a labor of love with her? There you go swinging your dinner pail Mr. Workingman, and there's a wife a mother, a sister looking after you and a poor thing you would be without her care, don't you think?"

This is a pretty flight of fancy on Jean Blewett's part, and there is a vein of real poetry in that charming bit about the loving hands that filled the dinner pail! Poetical license is usually allowed quite a wide scope, but if Jean Blewett saw a dinner pail in the hand of each of the railway shophmen she must have either happened on a day when they were all starting off on a picnic or else their wives had decided on housecleaning with a singular unanimity, and forbidden them to come home to dinner as usual.

The fact is that a dinner pail in the hands of a Moncton workman, especially a railway shophman, is the rarest sight in the world, so when you meet a man carrying a tin dinner pail you can set him down at once as a brakeman, fireman or driver on the train, and as a rule he seldom goes to work either at the same time or in company with the men who work in the shops. Once in a while a man who lives some distance out of town, may take his dinner with him in bad weather, or a watchman may be seen carrying his tin can, but these are exceptions, and the rule is for the Moncton mechanic to dine at home at the hours of eleven and twelve o'clock, the powers that be, having thoughtfully fixed that hour as the most convenient time for a mechanic to take his mid-day meal.

Therefore Mrs. Blewett's dinner pail itself was scarcely founded on fact; but as the matter is not an important one in the Moncton citizen can afford to smile indulgently over it as one of the eccentricities of genius. By the time he has read a little further on however, the smile fades, and a mighty indignation fills his breast almost to bursting. It is all very well for a Toronto journalist to make a harmless little mistake about a working man's dinner, but when she dares to take liberties with the Monctonian's fetich, the one possession which he prizes almost more than religious liberty or the privilege of living in a quiet town—the Petitcodiac River—then it is time to call a halt! And Jean Blewett has the temerity to describe the Petitcodiac as "a wide expanse of mire," with a narrow channel of water running down the middle" now if there is one distinctive quality above another—apart from the famous "bore", that the Petitcodiac possesses it is the deep rich chocolate tint of its mud, and that has this mud with its rare color, and texture roughly described as yellow mire. Is enough to rise the ire of every patriotic man and woman in the city. But bad as this is, there is worse to follow. Strengthened by exercise, Mrs. Blewett's imagination takes a still milder flight, and the proceeds to describe, as seriously as if she really believed what she was writing, the seaweed which has accumulated at the

banks of the river cast up by the tide of and a lot of hogs munching the same with great enjoyment, and taking solid comfort in the mud, which pleases them greatly.

Now to anyone who has ever spent a day in Moncton, and knows anything about its geographical position, the absurdity of this statement will be at once apparent. In the first place there is no seaweed ever cast up by the tide here, and if Mrs. Blewett saw anything that looked like it, she is probably rather short sighted, and must have mistaken one of the old baskets in which the raw sugar is packed when it is imported for the refinery, which are sometimes caught by a high tide, and cast up on the river bank, below the sugar warehouses. Secondly Moncton, though it is not by any means as large as Toronto, is a regularly incorporated city, and amongst the bye laws framed by its ward aldermen is one which prohibits pigs, cows, etc., from wandering about its streets, or partaking of al fresco breakfasts around its wharves; and this law is reasonably well enforced. I do not think a pig could be found within the city limits for love or money, unless it might be roposing calmly and beautifully in death outside some butcher's stall in the city market. And if such a curiosity as a live pig did exist in the city I am sure even if he were as 'long lean, and bristly' as Mrs. Blewett so graphically describes him, he would still know better, being a Moncton hog, than to loaf around in the slippery mud of the Petitcodiac river where one false step would send him sliding helplessly down to certain death amongst the quicksands or in the swiftly rushing waters of that narrow channel. Neither would he eat such unsatisfying fodder as seaweed, even if he could get it; so it is scarcely fair of Mrs. Blewett to insist on forcing him into such a very incongruous position for the dramatic effect his presence lends to her article. The writer closes her sketch with a very charming touch about an old farmer who, strange to say she encounters lounging about the wharf at seven o'clock in the morning in the heart of the city, waiting like herself to see the bore come in at an hour when most farmers are popularly supposed to be rather busy—and a graphic description of the arrival of the bore, which "scars the wits out of the greedy, growling pigs and sends them rushing up the banks hollering and looking regretfully back at the dainty repast of sea-weed they had left behind them."

I wish Mrs. Blewett had not insisted on making those pigs growl, because by so doing she had deprived the poor beasts of the last remnant of probability and stamped on them so hopelessly artificial. But she wrote an interesting article all the same, and has a great eye for interesting detail wherever she obtained her information. Only, is it quite fair for a journalist so widely quoted as Jean Blewett to send abroad such an erroneous impression of any maritime province city, as the people of Toronto would obtain of Moncton, judging by her description of its pig infested river banks?

JEAN BLEWETT'S REFERENCE TO PIGS

THE EGYPTIAN ASTRONOMY

The Jews had Six Seasons—Chinese and Babylonian Astronomy.

The Egyptian year began with the rising of the star Sirius and consisted of 365 days. There were 12 months of 30 days each, and at the close of the year five days were intercalated. All reckoning was by this year. The festivals were celebrated by it, and, as a consequence, like the Roman festivals of later times, circled around from one season to another on account of the omission from the calendar of the quarter day. Notwithstanding this omission the Egyptians seem to have known that the addition of a quarter of a day each year was necessary in order to keep a correct measurement of time, and their soothic cycle." This cycle was a period of 1,461 vague or 1,460 true years, and was called 'sothiac' because its beginning was fixed at a date when the dog star, known by the Egyptians as Sothis, rose with the sun on the first of Thoth, which was the commencement of their year. This rising of Sirius and the sun on the first of Thoth took place in the years B. C. 2782 and B. C. 1322, and also in 138 A. D. The Egyptians knew that the last named year was the first of a sothiac cycle. The year B. C. 1322 was also probably known as such, but we have no knowledge whatever regarding B. C. 2782. The ancient Egyptians, therefore, appear to have been aware that for accuracy it was necessary to have 365 1/4 instead of 365 days in the solar year, but they do not seem to have realized that this extra quarter day was in excess, and provided for it as it is provided for in the Gregorian calendar.

The Egyptians seem to have had no system of chronology. They made use of no era, but dated events by the reigns of their kings. Thus the astronomers would note an eclipse of the sun as taking place in the fourth year of Rameses II, which would be utterly unintelligible as

regards time to one of another country. This fallacious method resulted in an interminable chronological observation which the most acute researches of savants have not succeeded in unwinding.

The ancient northmen reckoned by winters, and the beginning of their year was probably dated from the 16th of October. The festival in honor of Thor was held in midwinter, about our Christmas time, and, in fact, was the origin of the Christian holiday merrymaking. We get the names of at least three, if not four, of our days of the week from the Norse gods of the Odin religion. Tuesday is from Tir, or Dis-dag, on which the offerings of fate were made and the courts of justice held; Wednesday is from Woden, or Odin, one of the Norse trinity; Thursday, or Thor's day, from Thor the chief of the trinity, and Friday from Frigg, another of the minor deities of the trinity.

There is nothing of especial importance in the Jewish chronology except in so far as it pertains to Scriptural matters, and even then the only valuable knowledge we have in this regard is based on the Pentateuch. The only information the Jews possessed of astronomy was obtained from the Assyrians. Like the ancient Greeks and the modern Turks, they divided their year into 12 months of 29 and 30 days alternately, with an intercalary month every three and sometimes every two years to amend inaccurate measurement. They had six seasons—seed-time, winter, cold season, harvest, summer and hot season. The Jews that returned to Palestine after the overthrow of the Jewish nation under the Macedonian era, which dated from 311 B. C. The Jews of today, like the framers, claim to date their calendar from creation, which, they assert, was 3760 B. C.

It seems a very easy and natural thing for us to now use a year as a unit of time measurement, but it one would but stop to think a moment he would really see how difficult it must have been originally to have formed that unit with nothing but space upon which to operate. Even as late as 450 B. C. Herodotus referred to a century as three generations, and formerly in nearly all countries the phrase five winters or three summers were used instead of the expression of so many years. In the early times the elapse of historical events was chronicled from central figures, as kings or great chieftains who had won renown. In Rome and Athens reference was made to a magistrate when an occurrence of that year was mentioned, and as these officers were elected annually the method was a very convenient one. In the same way Babylonian and Assyrian events were chronicled from the term of office of the limu much more frequently than from the reigns of the kings. Such systems, however, were necessarily very limited in their scope, and this want of a better earlier chronology has been felt in the study of authentic ancient history.

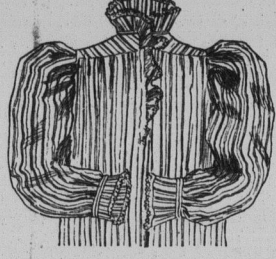
The great progress that was made in astronomy by China and Babylonia at the dawn of civilization opened the way for a better time measurement. Men's views were broadened, and the invention of eras was begun. The Chinese began a time computation that is undoubtedly prehistoric, for their records of the eclipses that have been observed show a chronology of at least 4,700 years' duration, and their historians assert that they had a year measurement similar to our Julian system fully 2,000 B. C.

The earliest authentic date that has been handed down to us was inscribed on the foundation stone of the temple to the sun god at Sippara by Naram-Sin, son of Sar. This stone was captured by Nabonidus, who reigned over Babylon about 554 B. C., and it is asserted that Naram-Sin ruled 3,200 years previously. From these dates we learn that the chronology of Babylon began with the reign of Sargon king of Agade, 3800 B. C. From the best information we have the calendar came into use 2330 B. C. with a week of seven days and a year of 12 months, named after zodiacal signs. The year consisted of 360 days, which probably suggested the division of the circle into degrees. Astrology of 60 years, 600 years, and the star, or 8,600 years. The "Observations of Bal," the great Babylonian work on astronomy and astrology, gave a record of eclipses of the sun and moon, conjunctions and phases of some of the planets, the time of the new year and many other scientific problems. Many of the calculations made in this ancient astronomy are of the utmost importance even in our day, and to it is due the era of Nabonassar, one of the most famous in the annals of chronology, the basis of all the computations of Ptolemy, and the dates in connection with Alexander and Aristotle. Since its epoch, Feb. 28, 747 B. C., it maintained its ground till after the commencement of the vulgar era.—Chicago Record.

"On what ground," asked the Court, "does the petitioner base his demands for changing his name?" "On the ground," replied the petitioner's attorney, "that he was not consulted when his parents, who were Methodists, gave him the name of John Wesley. He now wishes to have it legally changed to Roger Williams, so that he can join the Baptists without attracting undue attention."—Chicago Tribune.

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THEY GUARD THE COAST.

Duties of Those Who Have Many Lives to Look After.

It is not only on our sea coast that watch is kept; according to the last annual report of the life-saving service, it has 251 stations and a number of these are on the shores of the great lakes, and one, only one, is on a river, at the falls of the Ohio, at Louisville, Ky. In 1895 there were 675 disasters, and only twenty-six lives were lost. That is fewer than used to be lost annually on the coast of New Jersey alone. The passenger lists on these threatened and shipwrecked vessels amounted all told to 5,825, and had not been used to be lost annually on the stations it is certain that only a few hundred would ever have reached land. This record of lives saved does the service scant justice, for captains and crews have their turn lost, after women and children and the men who have paid their way all come first when lives are to be saved.

Eight hundred of these rescued people were succored and revived, often resuscitated after they were really drowned, at the stations; for the men who take their boats into the stormiest water that boats ever lived in know also how to nurse and tend the prostrated as well as a trained nurse could do it. The property involved in these calamities was worth millions of dollars, and more than nine tenths of it was saved by the life-saving service, the salvage companies, and wrecking tugs working together. More than all this, many vessels and lives were saved by the warning signals of the patrolmen. Two hundred and thirty were warned away from dangerous positions at night by signal lights.

Now all this is done by men who not only are brave and who understand boats, but who are also under a discipline like soldiers, and who have to learn to do a great many more things than soldiers. Most of them have grown up on our own seaboard; frequently they work where they have lived all their lives, and guard a coast that they have learned to know like a book while they ran barefooted.

A station is a two-story house with provision for the boats on the ground floor, and is manned with a keeper and six or seven surfmen. If you want to see what nice housekeeping men can do you should go on navy vessels or into a life saving station. The keeper and the surfmen do all their own housekeeping and cooking, and they keep things shining, taking turd and turn about at the work; so any boy who fancies he would like to enter this gallant service should remember that housework and cooking have a place, as well as boating, in fitting him for the work.

Everything is very systematic, all the bedding being aired on Monday, weather permitting; on Tuesday there is boat practice, the boats being gotten out and launched just as if they were going to help a wrecked vessel; this is gone through with punctiliously and hurriedly, just as you see firemen practice getting out their engine. Wednesday is devoted to signal drill, according to the international code for signal flags. Every man must know how to use this code. There is a flag for every letter in the alphabet, and messages can be sent back and forth with them to and from ships that neither boats nor speaking trumpets can reach. Saturday is housecleaning day, and then the big fellows that have been saving lives on the stormy deep fall to washing windows and floors, and they do it better than most housemaids, too.

Friday afternoon is given to practice in bringing drowned people back to life. Not that anybody is doomed on purpose for the men to practice on, but they just play some one of them has been drowned. He lies down and lets himself go, while the rest knead his back and chest to get the water out of his lungs (though no water is there), produce artificial breathing, rub him, and beat him, and do everything to him that, according to the latest science, would help to bring back to life a drowned man. One surfman says he has been

drowned once, and it is not so bad as being brought to when you haven't been drowned. One time at one station, when they had really brought two drowned people to life on Friday morning, they were let off the 'drowning drill' in the afternoon and the man whose turn it was to 'play dead' thought the release was worth all the work of the night before, when he had been toiling in and on the water, his life in peril, to save the people who gave the station its drowning drill for that day.

Such deviations from discipline are rare, because, for one thing, every little movement at the stations must be reported to the superintendent at Washington. A daily journal is kept and is sent to headquarters once a week. District superintendents come around every three months to see that everything is up to the mark. If any lives are lost when the men are on hand there is a rigid investigation to see whether or not it is their fault. It is a very rare thing that it is, for these men are as brave and devoted as firemen, and what more could one say?

The hardest regular work is the patrolling of the coast; that begins as has been said at midnight on September 1, but after that it is done from sunset to sunrise every night until the season closes, on May 1. In cold and stormy weather this is hero's work; the line of march is defined, and often when the sea is high and the waves are dashing over the path and the spray is flying, the patrolman comes off his boat as wet as if he came from under the sea.

Some stations are so near together that the patrols meet at the end of their respective beats, and exchange checks to show that they have met.

When some vessel is discovered in distress there is no fear of shirking; the men leap to the most dangerous work. The first thing, if it is night, is to get a red light, to let the people on the ship know that help is coming. Then, if it is possible for a boat to live in the water, the boats are launched; if the boats can't do any good then the men get ready to use the breeches buoy. First a shot, carrying a line, is sent over the ship; when the crew has secured that they haul in a heavy rope, both ends of which are kept on shore.

Men employed in the life-saving service have a month's leave of absence in summer, and get a salary of \$900 a year; the surfmen are employed only from September till May, and they get \$65 a month, with the privilege of twenty-four hours' leave of absence every two weeks—Francis Somers in Chicago Inter Ocean.

WILL YOU LIVE TO BE OLD?

Some of the Signs of Longevity Noted by Physicians and Savants.

Every one is interested in the question of long life as applied to himself, and all facts bearing on it are noted with becoming feelings of self-congratulation or otherwise. It is the staying power that is in demand, backed by an inherited and reserved vitality of resistance against the usual evils to which all flesh and other perishable things are subject.

The law of heredity, which our life insurance companies understand so well, is at the bottom of all calculations as to whether a particular man or woman is wound up for seventy years or will run down at

twenty or forty years.

Aside from the testimony, there are certain physical qualities which have great weight in determining the result of the struggle against a conspiring environment. An oak has one configuration, and a cedar, pine, or mullein stalk another. It is the proper recognition of such distinctions that aids physicians in their prognosis, and turns the balance against apparently desperate chances.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of Science, Mr. F. W. Warner, in speaking upon the subject of biometry, offered some very interesting data, which are in the main true.

'Every person,' said he, 'carries about with him the physical indications of his longevity. A long-lived person at sight. In many instances a physician may look at the hand of a patient and tell whether he will live or die.'

"In the vegetable as well as in the animal kingdom, each life takes its characteristics from the life from which it sprang. Among these inherited characteristics we find the capacity for continuing its life for a given length of time. This capacity for living we call the inherent or potential longevity."

"Under favorable conditions and environment the individual should live out the potential longevity. With unfavorable conditions this longevity of the person, the family, or the race may be increased."

Herein are presented the two leading considerations, always present and always interdependent—the inherited potentiality and the reactionary influence of environment.

"The primary conditions of longevity," he continues, "are that the heart, lungs, and digestive organs, as well as the brain, should be large. If these organs are large, the trunk will be long and the limbs comparatively short. This person will appear tall in sitting and short in standing. The nostrils being large, open, and free indicates large lungs. A pinched and half-closed nostril indicates small or weak lungs."

"These are general points of distinction from those of short-lived tenemics, but, of course, subject to the usual individual exceptions. Still, it is well acknowledged that the characteristics noted are expressions of inherent potentiality, which have been proven on the basis of abundant statistical evidence."

Again he says truly:

"In the case of persons who have short-lived parents on one side and long-lived on the other side, the question becomes more involved. It is shown in grafting and hybridizing that nature makes a supreme effort to pass the period of the shorter longevity and extend the life to the greater longevity. Any one who understands these weak and dangerous periods of life is forewarned and forearmed. It has been observed that the children of long-lived parents mature much later and are usually backward in their studies."

AYER'S ARGUMENT.

If there is any reason why you should use any sarsaparilla, there is every reason why you should use Ayer's. When you take sarsaparilla you take it to cure disease; you want to be cured as quickly as possible and as cheaply as possible. That is why you should use Ayer's; it cures quickly and cheaply—and it cures to stay. Many people write us: "I would sooner have one bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla than three of any other kind." A druggist writes that "one bottle of Ayer's will give more benefit than six of any other kind." If one bottle of Ayer's will do the work of three it must have the strength of three at the cost of one. There's the point in a nutshell. It pays every way to use

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

MUTUAL

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Life Insurance Company make all mutums payable in any or gold, when

A. JOHNSON,
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Catarrh Cure

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J. CROCKETT,
Innes street, cor. Sydney.

—Ring bell at 95 Sydney St. David's Church, N. B. C.

"JUST ONE MORE TURN."

It was just midnight, and the revelry was at its height. The balls at Knutsford House were always perfect. So far as London balls can be; they were not overcrowded, and you met the people you wanted to meet.

This night was pre-eminently a success; the strains of "Wein, Wein, und Gesang" were commencing, and the scattered dancers were commencing the first bars of the exciting rhythm of their lances, and the throng of intending waltzers melted through the doorway.

A few late comers were at that moment mounting the stairs, and were obliged to pause a few moments, a mark for all unoccupied eyes, ere the throng of intending waltzers melted through the doorway.

"Lady Frostenden may well be proud of her daughter," remarked one critic to another, speaking of a beautiful girl who was standing with her mother at the top of the staircase.

"Hem! Well, I can't quite make up my mind about her. She is handsome, of course; but too marble, too statuesque for my taste. Those perfect features seem cast in a perpetual sublime indifference to all surrounding people and things."

"Perhaps she feels sublimely indifferent to trifles; and well she may, being about to make the match of the season."

"Indeed! Lady May engaged at last, and to whom?"

"Why, it's not absolutely announced; but it is quite an understood thing that she will accept Lord Pilkington."

"You don't say so? Well, the Longleys are an ambitious set; but even they are satisfied at last. I should think the old mother looks triumphant, doesn't she? She has married all her daughters well; but Lady May to £80,000 a year, and a dukedom in prospective, is a crowning stroke; and the girls themselves haven't a shilling."

"They have each £5,000 as they come of age."

"You here, Captain Rothsey! I thought you had sailed for India by this time—at least, I think somebody said so; but I am really not sure."

"Did you think so? and after a pause; you are very late, I have been for hours—Are we late? she interrupted, "Yes, perhaps we are. So much the better; it's a great bore to be here at all."

"Will you give me a dance?" asked Captain Rothsey, in a low tone.

"Let me see; I hardly know whether I shall dance."

"May dearest," said Lady Frostenden, touching her arm, "here is Lord Pilkington asking for this dance."

A big, florid young man was indeed muttering something in so low a tone, that he had been unheard.

Captain Rothsey eyed him curiously. He had not a bad, so much as a silly sheepish face; the nose was large, the forehead and chin retreated lamentably.

Lady May surrendered herself to him with her sweetest smile, and Rothsey drew back, hurt and angry.

"Lord Pilkington! Well, he's a pill which needs all possible gilding—he's a perfect fool."

"At this moment the crowd began to drift on; and a man, who had made several ineffectual attempts to pass the two speakers, struggled to the front. Lady May turned her head, and saw him."

A strange, wavering expression flitted over her face, and left it again harder than ever. A soft rose tint tinged her cheeks. There was a slight, almost imperceptible droop of the eyelids and the haughty carriage of her head. Say what you would about ice and marble, she was an exquisite creature. Of queenly height and figure, her sweeping white silks well became her. The masses of soft, dark hair were brushed into one of the wondrous coiled monstrosities with which women will adorn (?) themselves nowadays; but the delicately-chiselled features left exposed were perfect, as were the tiny ears, and the long, stately throat.

In a much shorter time than it has taken me to write these words, Lady May had iced herself again, and greeted the man, who had at last reached her side, with a faint smile and a raising of the eyebrows, which made her look just a little more wearied and uninterested, if possible, than before.

"It was for another sort of fellow," he thought; "but oh, my poor, poor child; what are you doing?"

He planted himself in the doorway, with his shoulders against the wall, and watched Lady May as she swam round.

Her partner was a bad dancer, and Rothsey felt savagely glad as he saw the excuse made to break off, and the couple retreated to a side bench, where Lady May played with her bouquet and did not even make a pretense at listening to the clumsy compliments of her adorer. She dared not raise her eyes; she could feel those were watching her.

"The little by-play before the dance had not passed unnoticed by the two before mentioned critics, General Arkwright and Sir Philip Payne by name."

"Did you see that, Payne?" said the General. "Terribly hard hit, that fellow. I suppose Lady May has bowled over a lot in her one season."

"Who is he?"

"That fellow? Rothsey—Hume Rothsey, of the 7th Dragoons. A capital headpiece he has—and a good looking one, too. It is he and Pilkington could exchange worldly goods, my lord wouldn't stand the ghost of a chance with Lady May."

"Cela va sans dire. Do you know him?"

"Rothsey? Just a little. Met him down at Heatherly's place in October—at least, he left two days after I arrived. Lady Frostenden and her daughter were there, and the fair May amused herself not a little with him. The old lady began to get fidgety, as I could see; suppose she knew she could depend on her daughter's coxswain to scotch her after all."

"He's no money, I suppose?"

"No—at least, not much; not enough to tempt a London belle. He's on sick leave nominally, but doesn't look as if he ailed much."

The night wore on. Lady May trod many a measure with her titled swain, but they were all quadrilles. She was too tired and bored to waltz. Still Rothsey watched her, striving vainly to read what lay behind the icy outer mask.

"If I could only think she would be happy I would try to cony for myself," he thought, with mingled tenderness and rage. But she won't, proud, false, cruel as she seems, she has the capability of love and suffering within her too surely to permit of her living a happy, because a negative, passionless life with that man. Yet look at her. She is smiling at him as she will not smile at me. I will not pity her; but have her, if I can. Perhaps, after all in those jolly days at Heatherly, when I was too young to think that I, and I only, was allowed to see her as she really was—that she showed to me 'that better' side of her nature which was proudly hidden from the rest of the world—it may all have been a lie and a trickery, an affectionation of the soft, pure womanliness which she knew was most seductive to me. I will speak. I will tell her what I think of her before we part."

While these thoughts, tender, fond, furious, and all inconsistent, passed through his brain, the object of them almost brushed against his arm as she prepared to quit the room on Lord Pilkington's arm. Captain Rothsey started forward.

"Lady May," he said, "you were surprised I had not yet sailed for India. You only forbade your adieu a very short time. I shall leave town immediately on business, and have engaged my passage by the next mail. Probably this is the last time I shall have the pleasure of seeing you, so I will say fare-well. By-the-by, will you give me this waltz?"

He looked into her eyes as he said it.

"Yes," she replied, relinquishing her partner's arm.

"I thought I fancied you said you did not wish to waltz. Lady May?" spluttered Lord Pilkington. But he was either unheard or unheeded. "But—your mother is waiting; she told me to fetch you. What—what shall I tell her?"

"Anything you like," said Lady May, as she whirled away with her daring abductor to the intoxicating air of the "Acceleration."

And what a waltz that was! Rothsey felt these were the last minutes he could ever claim as completely his own with the woman he loved. After to-night their paths in life would lie very wide apart indeed. He was about to return to India, to put thousands of miles between them. If he ever heard of her again, it would be as Lady Pilkington; she would belong to that rich, doped fool. He should never see her again. No; for the brief, fleeting present, she was still his, but for those moments only, and with a kind of madness, a fury of longing and despair, he strained her in his arms.

"They glided around faster and faster—a little spin now and then from Lady May; but she spoke not until, as his step became

BEST FOR WASH DAY USE SURPRISE SOAP BEST FOR EVERY DAY.

quicker and quicker, she whispered piningly:

"Let us stop; I cannot go on."

"Have I tried you, darling?"

"It is not that only; but you must not call me that name, Captain Rothsey."

"No; I know that very well. You are Pilkington's darling now, and not mine; nevertheless, I shall say it."

"Come and sit down a few minutes. This waltz will soon be over, and then you will probably never see me again, or be troubled by me. May, for pity's sake let me have you to myself for this short time."

She passively allowed him to lead her to a seat; he bent over her, and gazed at the cold, lovely face. The beauty of it was that you saw it could warm and glow, though it would not.

"You don't reproach me for my roughness and rudeness?" said Rothsey. "I know I am behaving like a brute; but I feel almost mad. Oh! why were you not always the haughty proud woman you seem at this moment? I could have resisted you then; and what was one heart more or less to you? But no; you must needs have your sport, and I was the victim nearest to hand. So, in those days at Heatherly when we walked and rode—in those long, happy hours when we talked in the forest, you were a gentle, loving girl, whose thoughts, words, joys, and sorrows answered to mine. On that day when we were lost by the others, and wandered alone on the purple moor—do you remember it?—you gave me my sprig of heather, and fastened it in my coat with your own fingers. On that last evening, when we sat alone in the library while the others danced, we did not say much, to be sure; but you did not chide the few words I did speak, and your hand lay restlessly in mine. And then—"

"Shall I go on?"

She bowed.

"Then I drew a ring from your finger, and vowed I would keep it, unless you desired it back, and still you said no word. Heaven! how happy I was that night! When I reached my own room, I sat for long, recalling your every word and tone and look. 'Ah!' thought I, 'though we shall meet no more for many months, I can trust my darling. Though she has said no certain words, she has allowed me to speak of my love, and to hope for her.' She has

promised to listen to me again when we next meet; and here it is a heart too pure, too tender, too true to be capable of the wiles and deceits of others. She would never kill an honest man's honest love. Another girl I might doubt; but her—never; for she has shown me her inmost soul." And I kissed your ring, and buried next my heart. It is there still a memento of our love, was it not? and probably you are laughing to yourself at this minute as I say it. When I came up to town a month ago, full of confidence and love, you know the change I found. The woman was transformed into a statue—no more, at least. The old days had passed away, and the new days were not for me. I quickly saw this; but I refused to realize the truth, until Lord Pilkington appeared upon the scene. Then, indeed, my chance was up. And when I contemplate the future before you, I wonder at my blindness and presumption in supposing for one moment that you could care for the share in my life which I dreamed of night and day of offering to you. A ring—a sprig of heather—a handclasp—what are such things to you, and women like you? The whole love of a life laid at your feet? Pshaw! tread it underfoot, and pass; never mind if the heart is left bruised and blackened for life. Fool! it was brought upon yourself by your folly and presumption. Yes; when I remember all this, I feel that I have only to crave your pardon Lady May, for my stupidity, and I will bring my heroics to a close. Many thanks for your patient listening. You forgive me? The waltz is nearly over; and see! your mother and Lord Pilkington are making their way to us. My lady looks very indignant at having been kept waiting so long. Allow me to take you to her, and to wish you good-bye!

She looked at her mother who haughtily indignant was within a few steps—at Lord Pilkington blundering and glaring at her with his little eyes; then rose hastily and lifting her quivering face to Rothsey's said in a piteous tone:

"Just one more turn."

Captain Rothsey you may look triumphant. Those few words have shown you that the prize has surrendered just as you thought it out of range.

As they whirl round, Lady May pants out in broken sentences:

"Hume, forgive me, and take me if you will. I loved only you all the time but my hateful ambition made me blind and mad. Thought has shown me my own heart and that it cannot forget you, trust me once more, and you shall never repent it."

And he never did.

And he never did.

And he never did.

And he never did.

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"BARCAROLE."

S. MEYERS.

Musical score for "Barcarole" by S. Meyers. Includes title "Allegretto con moto." and copyright information: Copyright, 1894, by The New York Musical Record Co.

Musical score for "Barcarole" by S. Meyers. Includes title "Barcarole" and copyright information: Copyright, 1894, by The New York Musical Record Co.

Sunday Reading.

OUR UNWORTHY TEARS.

The Master Will Take Away Nothing Which Will Not Harm Us.

When you come to the point of self-surrender, it is highly probable that some thing will suggest itself to your mind which it is very difficult to transfer from your control to that of the Lord Jesus. You would so much prefer to retain it under your own management. You are not quite sure whether He will introduce some sweeping and painful changes. You stand in dread, as the lad before he throws himself into the buoyant waves. But such fears are most unworthy of our loving Master. He will take away nothing which it will do us no harm to keep. He never amputates a limb without using some anodyne to lessen the pain without injuring the health. He will never give us one thrill of anguish from which it would be possible to save us. Do not be afraid of giving all up to the lovely will of Him who is love, and who will not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax. If your child were to say, 'I am going to give my life over to your ordering; do all you will, would you begin to make him miserable? Would you not rejoice in the opportunity of arresting him in courses which were harming him? Would you not gladly embrace the opportunity of filling him with joys that he never could have realized for himself? And your heavenly Father will not do less for you; only trust him with all. And should there be things in your life which you find it hard to abandon—dear as right eye, or hand, or foot; involving the happiness of others as well as your own—tell God that you give them over to Him and that you are willing to bring it to pass in His own good time and way. And if you cannot say as much as that, tell Him that you are willing to be made willing; hand over your will to Him, though it seems to be as a piece of cold, hard iron, sure that He can soften and weld it into the pattern on which He set His heart. There is even a more excellent way than any, which is within the reach of the feeblest hand, and that is to ask the Lord to come into your life to take that which you do not feel able to give. The only matter of which you need be safely left to His gracious arrangement. Directly you are willing, the door is open to Him, and He instantly takes full possession.—Rev. M. B. Meyer.

BOUNDING THE PARISH.

A Curious old Time New Year's Custom of Great Britain.

Down to the present century a custom prevailed in many parts of Great Britain of "bounding the parishes," or "beating the bounds" on New Year's day. The custom was designed to keep in memory the parochial limits, and as maps had not come into use and surveys of Great Britain had not been made this primitive method of preserving parish boundaries was high in popular favor. A procession was formed, headed by the leading dignitaries of the parish, including the vestrymen and sometimes the parson. Liberal potations were indulged in, and a procession was formed composed of all who wanted to go and including a number of boys who did not want to go, but were taken perforce. The procession then marched completely around the parish, and at certain specific points a halt was made, and a boy was whipped to make him remember the place. Other curious scenes often occurred during the "bound beating." In one parish, near London, the line ran through a man's kitchen, and the whole procession every year came in at the door and went out by the window. On one occasion in London a hackney coach stood directly in the line of the procession, and the entire body of men and boys went in at one door and out at the other, volunteers holding the horse while this novel performance went on and mocking at the wrath of the unlucky driver, who beheld his coach almost ruined by the tread of hundreds of muddy feet.—Exchange.

The Bravest Thing.

To stand by one's principles at all times and under all circumstances calls for the highest quality of courage. Colonel T. W. Higginson when asked to describe the bravest deed which ever came under his observation gave the following: On mature reflection, passing by some hair-breadth escapes, I should award the palm to something done by a young assistant surgeon of mine, not quite twenty-one years old, Dr. Thomas T. Miner, then of Hartford, Conn. It was at an exceedingly convivial supper party of officers, to which a few of my younger subalterns had been invited. I saw them go with some regret, since whisky was rarely used in my regiment, and I had reason to think that it would circulate pretty freely at this entertainment. About Dr. Miner I had no solicitude, for he never drank it. They sat late, and the fun grew fast and furious. Some of the guests tried to get

away, but could not; and those who attempted it were required to furnish in each case a song, a story, or a toast. Miner was called upon for his share, and there was a little hush as he rose up. He had a singularly pure and boyish face, and his manliness of character was known to all. He said: "Gentlemen, I cannot give you a song or a story, but I will offer a toast, which I will drink in water, and you shall drink as you please. That toast is 'Our mothers.'" Of course an atom of self-consciousness would have spoiled the whole suggestion. No such quality was visible. The shot told; the party quieted down from that moment and soon broke up. The next morning no less than three officers from different regiments rode out to my camp, all men older than Dr. Miner and of higher rank, to thank him for the simplicity and courage of his rebuke. It cost more courage, to do what he did than to ride up to the cannon's mouth.

A Lesson in Courtesy.

Very often on the feelings of sensitive little children are hurt by thoughtlessness which might almost be called a lack of good-breeding. Children who are pretty or attractive receive much attention, while the plainer ones are ignored. Illustrating this tendency the "Outlook" tells a story which has a plain lesson for many of our young people. It was a bright, sunny, golden day, when a party of friends started out for a long walk. In a wood back of the house of a friend of the walking party, were discovered a little boy and a girl, a brother and a sister, the little girl about four years old, pretty as a picture and attractive as a little wood nymph. She had been hunting chestnuts with her little brother; the nurse sat not far off, and a magnificent St. Bernard, who barked a warning the moment the group of friends stepped near the children, was also on guard. Each member of the party shook hands with the little girl, and spoke to her. The little boy, some two years older, stood in the background enjoying the attention; being bestowed upon his sister. The little man looked into the faces of each one with his big, soft brown eyes; and then, walking up to one he knew best, he stretched out his little hand and said, "Good-afternoon!" Every member of that group was mortified. All had been rude, and the sweet, gentlemanly little fellow had taught the lesson by his own innate spirit of good-fellowship. He did not resent the attention paid his sister, and enjoyed the favors bestowed upon her, but he wanted to be friends.

The Real Test.

The object and end of religious services are not to make us "feel good." Too many fall into the mistake of the gentleman mentioned in the following and think that the inspiration coming from hearing sweet music or uplifting sentences is an end in itself. "The services were delightful this morning," said one to his friend. "Most inspiring. So helpful, so uplifting," was the reply. "By the way, are you really to take that class in the Sunday-school which needs a teacher so much? I have been waiting ever since last Sunday to hear from you." "How can I? I dislike to bind myself to a class every week in the year. I am willing to be a substitute once in a while, but not to be obliged to teach every Sunday." "Are you not in good health?" "Perfectly so." "Do you work hard all the week?" "No; I have a good deal of time to myself, although, like almost everyone else, I am busy here and there." "And yet you said that the services this morning were helpful and inspiring. If they had been truly so, would they not have helped you to see your opportunity, and inspired you to undertake some real service for Christ? It is not a sign of loyalty to him that we enjoy 'services.' The real test is readiness for service."

Do Not Be Dumb.

What a weeping amongst the mothers of Britain, and amongst the fathers, too, there would be if all the children born during the coming three years were born dumb, and had always to make signs to a nurse to get her to convey their meaning to the parents. Ay, indeed, what a weeping in Britain would there be! Well, then, if angels now are looking down on England, must they not be ready to weep as they see the thousands and tens of thousands of English protesting Christians receiving the Lord's Supper, and yet leaving their duty undone and privilege of telling to their fellow-countrymen in their own tongue of the love that the heavenly Father has towards them, and that He has giving them his only begotten Son to die for them. For surely the lay men and women of Britain, with all our printing and inventions have not improved upon the Bible plan and usage of the early Christians, but sadly backslidden from it. It was a glorious beginning, that in Jerusalem, when every one of the women,

young and old, and every one of the men, young and old, was filled with the Holy Ghost, and every one of them, master or servant, or slave, was scattered, and all went not dumb, but spreading the Gospel wherever they went.—Reginald Radcliffe.

Lesson of the Bicycle.

The more rapidly the cyclist rushes along through the very midst of prancing steeds, the more need he has of strictest wariness; the more victorious our onward march against unbridled foes to goodness, the more need have we of eternal vigilance. Like the universe system embraces within its immeasurable boundaries numerous other systems, the smallest of which has its own orbit and orderliness of movement, to the eye of God "the new heaven and the new earth"—"the new Jerusalem"—is but the final circumference toward which the ever widening circles of intellectual and moral advancements are gradually moving. To our finite minds all may seem chaos. To the mind of the infinite, like this vision of Ezekiel, it has the appearance of a "wheel within a wheel"—nay, so absolutely perfect is the adjustment that the wheels appear to "turn not" when go.—Rev. C. B. Adams, Congregationalist, Philadelphia.

A Christian Shovel.

The world judges a Christian by his works. It has no other proof of the reality of Christ's possession of the heart than the expression of the Christ-life in deeds kind, sympathetic, honest. They may be humble in themselves, but when they are glorified by sterling integrity none who see will fail to perceive that Christian profession is supported by Christian possession. A friend of ours in Philadelphia went into a hardware store to buy a shovel. One was brought to him, and setting his foot on the neck of it to try his temper, he asked: "Is this a first-class shovel." The shop-keeper smiled. "I guess you don't know much about shovels," said he. "If you did you would know that anything bearing that name—pointing to the name of the manufacturer—is first-class. Mr. G. is a Christian man, sir, and he makes a Christian shovel."

An Up-to-Date Religion.

Much of the basis of theology is the idea of 1500 years ago. Then it was Deity. Now the message is, "God is here." The idea that kingdom is coming is a new aspiration to the world. What will the age believe in? The old things will not do. Modern invention has made possible the human brotherhood. Evolution was decried only a little while ago, but it was torn down the wall of 6,000 years ago and opened a mighty path. The telescope has torn the roof of heaven and added 1,000,000,000 worlds to our view. Modern science has enlarged and beautified our world. It is impossible to meet the demands of this enlightened age with a religion framed on a knowledge of the world long years ago.—Rev. Frank B. Vrooman, Presbyterian, Chicago.

Christ is King.

Does Christ call you to test your Christian sincerity by giving up your own ease and comfort to do his will when you would prefer your own? Yes. But he is your King. Does he ask for your toil, your money, your time? Yes. But he is your King. Does he sometimes lead you forth by bitter waters, or bow your head with sorrows, or darken your home with mourning? Yes. But he is your King. Then at the cross where he redeemed you, crown him Lord of all. At the Gilegal, where he rolled off from us the burden of our sins, let us renew the kingdom.—Bishop Charles E. Cheney, Episcopal, Chicago.

Meet Trials Bravely.

Every child of God has reason to presume that he will have trouble in this life. Who is there among the innumerable multitude of saints of God that wears the diadem—that obtained it without conflict? Even Jesus endured the bitter agony on the cross before he reached the throne he now occupies; so we must have trials. We ought to meet them bravely. God is our helper. Those who "fight the good fight of faith" will conquer eventually. Who fights with God is sure of winning. Though swords be needed and the battle hot, God's strong arm will be our defense.—Rev. W. L. McDowell, Methodist, Philadelphia.

Lessons of the Seasons.

The springtime has about it all the freshness and beauty of the morning of life, and it comes to us laden with sweet odors and bright hopes, with swelling blossoms.

The summer gives us the full richness of sun life, the ripening corn, and fields of harvest, which tell of the full prime of life when men and women are all of intellectual vigor. The autumn is like the long arm of the evening, when the shadows are lengthening. It tells us of maturity. It tells us of decline. Winter is like the night which men call death, but which is merely sleep, although it looks like death. We call it a picture of death, but it is only a picture of sleep.—Rev. T. M. Hayes, Presbyterian, Louisville.

ABOUT THE BLOOD IS YOURS PURE?

If Pure, You are Safe—Otherwise You are in Peril.

The Kidneys Alone

Purify the Blood—No other Organ Can—Dodd's Kidney Pills Help and Heal the Kidneys when Weak and Sore.

Is your blood pure? If it is, you are fit for all the duties and enjoyments of life, your eyes will be bright and your thoughts cheerful. If pure you will have good digestion, strong nerves, and your heart will beat as regular as a clock. If impure your blood will carry its impurities along to every nerve, tissue, joint and to every organ of the body; it will carry the seeds of disease, decay and death. It does not matter how these impurities come, their effects are inevitable unless the kidneys are doing honest work twenty-four hours every day. You understand—there is no other organ that can do the work of the kidneys, and like the heart, they must keep right at it, tired or not. But they are too often overworked by our imprudence in eating and drinking; they are disordered by chills, colds, shocks and injuries; and they must be constantly looked to, and signs of distress promptly heeded. Then, whenever they need help, give them the scientific aid of the scientific discovery embodied in the kidney treatment of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

A NOVEL WELL-BUCKET

The Stranger Who Called For a Drink Was Mystified.

A traveler was journeying through Florida, not far in the interior, stopped one day for a drink of water at a house by the wayside.

Travelled Half the Globe to Find Health Without Success.

Took the Advice of a Friend and Now Proclaims It From the Housetop—"South American Nervine Saved My Life."

Mrs. H. Stapleton of Wingham writes: "I have been very much troubled for years—since 1878—with nervous debility and dyspepsia. Had been treated in Canada and England by some of the best physicians without permanent relief. I was advised about three months ago to take South American Nervine, and I firmly believe it cured my life to it to-day. I can truthfully say that I have derived more benefit from it than any treatment I ever had. I can strongly recommend it, and will never be without it myself."

Itching, Burning Skin Diseases Cured For 35 Cents.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves in one day and cures tetter, salt rheum, piles, scald head, scabies, barber's itch, ulcers, blotches, and all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in the cure of all baby humors; 35 cents.

TRY SATINS, The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land. GANONG BROS., L'td., St. Stephen, N. B.

NEW YEAR'S CALLING.

A Good Old Custom That Has Gone With Bygone Years.

The old custom of New Year's calling, which for many years has been falling into disfavor, seems this year deadlier than ever. Except in certain quarters and among certain classes whose social canons are neither new nor exacting, there will be no calling. The doors of society will be more tightly shut than ever this year, and even the daintily ribboned basket at the doorbell will be missing, for the whole custom of exchanging greetings on the advent of the New Year is dead beyond the hope of resurrection. And it is an end which no sensible person regrets. What abuses it led to, what disgraceful scenes it rendered possible, what social outrages it sanctioned or tolerated, and how silly and disgusting it all came before society resolved to crush it out! The life of this deceased social function may be said to be coexistent with the life of the republic. As it existed in the earlier days it was, no doubt, both a pleasurable and profitable custom. It had its origin in France, but the custom became fully ingrained upon the American social fabric during the last years of the preceding century; New York and the cities of the south were where it was clung to most tenaciously. The Puritans of New England, paid little or no attention to the New Year's amenities. Thanksgiving day was their day, and they had as little use for New Year's day as for Christmas. And the same may be said of the Quakers in Philadelphia, with whom the custom of New Year's calling never did obtain general or cordial recognition. But among the descendants of the Dutch in New York and New Jersey and the cavaliers of Virginia the social functions of the new year were never lost sight of, and from them the custom spread to all portions of the country.—Exchange.

A LESSON FOR THE WEAK.

Do you see that locomotive engine standing on the side-track? Something has broken down about it. There is still a hiss of steam from its valves; it is still and cold as a dead whale on a beach; it can't draw a train; it can't even move itself. Now, tell me, do you believe that any amount of tinkering and hammering at it would make it go? Not a bit. No hing on earth will make it go except steam in the boiler, and even that won't unless the engine is in order. Everybody knows that, you say. Do they? Then why don't they act on this principle in every case where it applies? Here is such a case. Writing concerning his wife, a gentleman says: "In the autumn of 1880 my wife fell into a low, depressing state through family bereavement. Her appetite was poor, and no food, however light, agreed with her. After eating she had pain and tightness at the chest, and a sense of fullness as if swollen around the waist. She was much troubled with flatulence, and had pain at the heart and palpitation. At times she was so prostrated that she was confined to her room for days together, and had barely strength to move. "At first she consulted a doctor at Ferry Hill, but getting worse she went to see a physician at Newcastle. The latter gave her some relief, but still she did not get her strength up; and after being under his treatment for six months she discontinued going to him. Better and worse, she continued to suffer for over a year, when she heard of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. She began taking it, and soon her appetite revived and her food gave her strength. In a short time she was quite a new woman. Since that time (now nearly twelve years ago) I have always kept this medicine in the house, and if any of my family all anything a few doses put us right.—Yours truly, (Signed) George Walker, Grocer, &c., Ferry Hill, near Durham, October 25th, 1893."

We call attention especially to those words in Mr. Walker's letter which are printed in italics. You can pick them out at a glance. They show how fully he understands where human strength comes from—that it comes from digested food and not from any medicines the doctor or any one else can give us. Let us have no mistake or confusion of mind on this important point.

Traveled Half the Globe to Find Health Without Success.

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Care of Cloth Dresses.

Cloth dresses should now be thoroughly beaten and brushed. Hanging them on a line in the garden while the sun shines in the middle of the day will take off that musty smell which clothes that have been packed away accumulate in a mysterious fashion. The fresh air also removes the creases of folding more quickly even than exposure to the fire will do. After the brushing, the bands must be examined; possibly they may require fresh binding or the hooks and eyes and hanging tapes will need attention. The bottom of the skirt, too, must be looked to; it is rubbed at all, even a half inch turned up will improve the appearance of the dress greatly and it is well worth the trouble of doing. A new velvet binding should be sewn on strongly and will last all through the winter. The turning up of the sleeves is apt to rub through, and with wear the collar lining grows greasy—see to these, and to the buttonings as well. An hour or two spent upon a costume in this way will be amply repaid by the greater feeling of self-respect when the dress is donned again.

His One Great Trouble.

An old, bedridden fisherman at a fashionable watering-place, was frequently visited during his last illness by a kind-hearted clergyman, who wore one of those close fitting clerical vests which buttoned behind.

OUT OF THE TOILS.

Physicians Failed—Cure—Alls Failed—But the Great South American Kidney Cure, a Specific Remedy for a Specific Trouble, Cured Mrs. A. E. Foust of Barston, P. Q. Quickly and Permanently.

This is her testimony. "I was taken sick in January, 1893. I employed several of the best local physicians and was treated by them for kidney disease until the autumn of the same year, without receiving much benefit. I then began using your South American Kidney Cure, and derived great benefit almost immediately. I feel now that I am quite cured. I have taken no medicine for some length of time and have not had a return of the slightest symptom of the disease."

"Odorama" is used by refined people everywhere, yet its price, 25 cents brings it within reach of all.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited. Established 1876. Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocos and Chocolates. On this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufacture. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

BEST FOR EVERY DAY.

her mother who hughtily in within a few steps—at Lord blundering and glaring at little eyes; then rose hastily her quivering face to Rothe a piteous tone: more turn." theses you may look triumph- low words have shown you has surrendered just as you of rage. hirl round. Lady May pants sentences: rive me, and take me if you only you all the time but ay ion made me blood and mad. show me my own heart and forget you, trust me once shall never repeat it." or did.

CHASE'S DNEY LIVER PILLS CURE BACK-ACHE. DOSE: 25¢ A BOX.

Musical notation for a piece of music, including a piano introduction and several staves of notes.

AN OLD TIME FESTIVAL.

THE HARVEST CUSTOMS ARE HELD AFTER CROPS ARE IN.

How These Customs are Celebrated in Different Countries—Some of the Songs used Upon These Occasions—How a Queen is Selected—Other Features.

Wherever, throughout the earth, there is such a thing as a formal harvest, there also appears an inclination to mark it with a festive celebration. In England, this festival passes generally under the endearing name of Harvest Home. In Scotland, where that term is unknown, the festival is hailed under the name of the Kirm. In the north of England, its ordinary designation is the Moll-Supper. And there are perhaps other local names. But everywhere there is a thankful joy, a feeling which pervades all ranks and conditions of the rural people, and for once in the year brings all upon a level.

Most of our old harvest-customs were connected with the ingathering of the crops, but some of them began with the commencement of harvest-work. Thus, in the southern counties, it was customary for the laborers to elect, from among themselves, a leader, whom they denominated their 'lord.' To him all the rest required to give precedence, and to have all transactions respecting their work. He made the terms with the farmers for mowing, for reaping, and for all the rest of the harvest work; he took the lead with the scythe, with the sickle, and on the 'carrying days,' he was to be the first to eat, and the first to drink, at all their refreshments; his mandate was to be law to all the rest, who were bound to address him as 'My Lord,' and to show him all due honor and respect. Disobedience in any of these particulars was punished by imposing fines according to a scale previously agreed on by 'the lord' and all his vassals. In some instances if any of his men swore or told a lie in his presence, a fine was inflicted. In Buckinghamshire and other counties, 'a lady' was elected as well as 'a lord,' which often added much merriment to the harvest-season. For, while the lady was to receive all honors due to the lord from the rest of the laborers, he (for the lady was one of the workmen) was required to pass it on to the lord. For instance, at drinking-time, the vassals were to give the horn first to the lady, who passed it to the lord, and when he had drunk, she drank next, and then the others indiscriminately. Every departure from this rule incurred a fine. The blunders which led to fines, of course, were frequent, and produced great merriment.

In the old simple days of England, before the natural feelings of the people had been checked and chilled off by Puritanism in the first place, and what may be called gross Commercialism in the second, the Harvest-home was such a scene as Horace's friends might have expected to see at his Sabine farm, or Theocritus described in his Idyls. Perhaps it really was the very same scene which was presented in ancient times. The grain last cut was brought home in its waggon—called the Hock Cart—surmounted by a figure formed of a sheaf with gay dressings—a presumable representation of the goddess Ceres—while a pipe and tabor went merrily sounding in front, and the reapers tripped around in a hand-in-hand ring, swinging appropriate songs, or simply by shouts and cries giving vent to the excitement of the day.

Harvest-home, harvest home, We have ploughed, we have sowed, We have weeded, we have mowed, We have brought home every load, Hip, hip, hip, harvest home! So they sang or shouted. In Lincolnshire and other districts, hand bells were carried by those riding on the last load, and the following rhymes were sung: The boughs do shake, and the bells do ring, So merrily comes our harvest in, Our harvest in, our harvest in, So merrily comes our harvest in! Hurrah!

Troops of village children, who had contributed in various ways to the great labor, joined the throng, solaced with plum-cake in requital of their little services. Sometimes, the image on the cart, instead of being a mere dress-up bundle of grain, was a pretty girl of the reaping-band, crowned with flowers, and hailed as the Maiden. Of this we have a description in a ballad of Bloomfield's: 'Home came the jovial Hockey load, Last of the whole year's crop, And Grace among the green houghs rode, Right plump upon the top. This way and that the waggon reeled, And never queen rode higher; Her cheeks were colored in the field, And ours before the fire.'

In some provinces—we may instance Buckinghamshire—it was a favorite practical joke to lay an ambushade at some place where a high bank or a tree gave opportunity, and drench the hock-cart party with water. Great was the merriment, when this was cleverly and effectively done, the riders laughing, while they shook themselves, as merrily as the rest. Under all the rustic jocosities of the occasion, there seemed a basis of pagan custom, but it was such as not to exclude a Christian sympathy. Indeed, the harvest-home of Old England was obviously and beyond question a piece of natural religion, an ebullition of joyous gratitude to the divine source of all earthly blessings.

In the north, there seem to have been some differences in the observance. It was common there for the reapers, on the last day of their business, to have a contention for superiority in quickness of dispatch, groups of three or four taking each a ridge, and striving which should soonest get to its termination. In Scotland, this was called a kemping, which simply means a striving. In the north of England, it was a mull, which, I suspect, means the same thing (from Fr. melle.) As the reapers went on during the last day, they took care to leave a good handful of the grain uncut but laid down flat, and covered over; and, when the field was done, the 'bonniest lass' was allowed to cut this final handful, which was presently dressed up with various sewings, tyings and trimmings, like a doll, and hailed as a Corn Baby. It was brought home in triumph, with music of fiddles and bagpipes, was sat up conspicuously that night at supper, and was usually preserved in the farmer's parlor for the remainder of the year. The bonny lass who cut this handful of grain, who deemed the Harvest Queen. In Hertfordshire, and probably other districts of England, there was the same custom of reaping a final handful; but it was tied up and erected under the name of a Mare, and the reapers then, one after another, threw their sickles at it, to cut it down. The successful individual called out: 'I have her!' 'What have you?' cried the rest. 'A mare, a mare, a mare!' he replied. 'What will you do with her?' was then asked. 'We'll send her to John Snocks' or whatever other name, referring to some neighboring farmer who had not yet got all his grain cut down.

This piece of rustic pleasantry was called Crying the Mare. It is very curious to learn, that there used to be a similar practice in so remote a district as the Isle of Skye. A farmer having there got his harvest completed, the last cut handful was sent, under the name of Goabhir Blacagh (the Cripple Goat), to the next farmer who was still at work upon his crops, it being of course necessary for the bearer to take some care that, on delivery, he should be able instantly to take to his heels, and escape the punishment otherwise sure to befall him.

The custom of Crying the Mare is more particularly described by the Rev. C. H. Harbison, in his Salopia Antiqua (p. 498). 'When a farmer has ended his reaping, and the wooden bottle is pissing merrily round, the reapers form themselves into two bands, and commence the following dialogue in loud shouts or rather in a kind of chant at the utmost pitch of their voice. First band: I have her, I have her, I have her! (Every sentence is repeated three times.) Second: What last thee? What hast thee? What hast thee? First: A mare, a mare, a mare! Second: Whose is her? Whose is her? Whose is her? First: A. B.'s (naming their master, whose corn is all cut.) Second: Where shall we send her? A. B. First: To C. D. (naming some neighbor whose corn is still standing.) And the whole concludes with a joyous shout of both bands united.

In the south-eastern part of Shropshire, the ceremony is performed with a slight variation. The last few stalks of the wheat are left standing; all the reapers throw their sickles, and he who cuts it off, cries: 'I have her, I have her, I have her!' on which the rustic mirth begins, and it is practised in a manner very similar in Devonshire. The latest farmer in the neighborhood, whose reapers therefore cannot send her to any other person, is said to keep her all the winter. The rural ceremony, which is fast wearing away, evidently refers to the time when, our country lying all open in common fields, and the corn consequently exposed to the depredations of the wild mares, the season at which it was secured from their ravages was a time of rejoicing, and of exulting over a tardier neighbor.

Mr. Bray describes the same custom as practised in Devonshire, and the chief peculiarity in that instance is, that the last handful of the standing grain is called the Neck. On this being cut the reapers assemble round it, calling at the top of their voices, 'Arrack, arrack, arrack! we have'n, we have'n, we have'n.' And the firkin is then hauled round; after which the party goes home dancing and shouting. Mr. Bray considers it a relic of Druidism, but, as it appears to us, without any good reason. He also indulges in some needless profound speculations regarding the meaning of the words used. 'Arrack' appears to us as simply 'Our nag,' an idea very nearly corresponding to 'the Mare' and 'we have'n' seems to be merely 'we have him.'

In the evening of harvest-home, the supper takes place in the barn, or some other suitable place the master and mistress generally presiding. This feast is always composed of substantial viands, with an abundance of good ale, and human nature insures that it should be a scene of intense enjoyment. Some one, with better voice than his neighbors, leads off a song of thanks to the host and hostess, in something like the following strain: Here's a health to our master, The lord of the feast; God bless his endeavor, And send him increase! May prosper his crops, boys, And we reap next year; Here's our master's good health, boys, Come, drink of your beer! Now harvest is ended, And summer is past; Here's our mistress's health, boys, Come, drink a full glass. For she's a good woman, Provides us good cheer; Here's your mistress's good health, boys, Come, drink of your beer! One of the rustic assemblage, being chosen to act as 'lord,' goes out, puts on a sort of disguise, and comes in again, crying in a prolonged note, 'Largess!' He and some companions then go about with a plate among the company, and collect a little money with a view to further regalements at the village ale-house. With these protracted usually to a late hour, the harvest feast ends.

Such was formerly the method of conducting the harvest feast; and in some instances it is still conducted much in the same manner, but there is a growing tendency in the present day, to abolish this method and substitute in its place a general festival for the whole parish, to which all the farmers are expected to contribute, and which their laborers may freely attend. This festival is usually commenced with a special service in the church followed by a dinner in a tent, or in some building sufficiently large, and continued with rural sports; and sometimes including a tea-drinking for the women.

"I HAD NO FAITH." But My Wife Persuaded Me to Try the Great South American Rheumatic Cure and My Agonizing Pain Was Gone in 12 Hours, and Gone for Good. J. D. McLeod of Leith, Ont., says: "I have been a victim of rheumatism for seven years—confined to my bed for months at a time; unable to turn myself. Have been treated by many physicians without any benefit. I had no faith in rheumatic cures I saw advertised, but my wife induced me to get a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure from Mr. Taylor, druggist, in Owen Sound. At that time I was in agony with pain. Inside of 12 hours after I had taken the first dose the pain had left me. I continued until I had used three bottles, and I now consider myself completely cured."

What Progress Print Can Do.

Following is a list of some of the work done by PROGRESS PRINT, with a few prices quoted to give you an idea. Remember, these prices include Stock and Printing

Commercial Printing! Society Printing! Miscellaneous Printing! Envelopes, Bill Heads, Statements, Note Heads, Letter Heads, Gummed Labels, Dodgers, Posters, Note Circulars, Tags, Private Postals, Draft, Check and Note Forms

29 TO 31 CANTERBURY STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

made of parchment, is brought forward, and any one can sign it. A special law sanctions this marriage ceremony. The document, which amounts to the legal sanction of the marriage, is greatly prized among the descendants of Friends, so much so that the children have often similar marriage certificates made for themselves, though they may have been married outside of the society.—Worcester (Mass.) Gazette.

OLD WAR HORSE. A Grand Army Man Crosses Swords With Heart Disease and Wins a Glorious Victory With the Aid of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart can not be over estimated, says H. M. Munselman, a well known G. A. R. man of Weisport, Pa., and he continues: 'My ailments were palpitation and fluttering of the heart. I used two bottles of your valuable cure and feel like a new man. I have taken bottles of other medicines without help. I introduced it to my friends at every opportunity possible. It is a great medicine. Inside of 30 minutes after the first dose I had relief.'

IF YOU WANT A WIFE You Must Keep Your Eyes Open for a Warm Bundle of Femininity. The Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D., discusses 'The Young Man and Marriage,' in the Ladies' Home Journal.

When the approval is secured the couple marry themselves. The ceremony is appointed by the society to take place at some regular meeting, or else at one especially appointed. In the latter case it may be at a house, where any one of the society has the right to be present. But the most interesting ceremony is that which takes place in a regular assembly of the society at the meeting house. Any one who has been to a Quaker service knows the fashion of the meeting house, with its high seats in front, facing the rest of the meeting. The elders usually sit there, but when a couple of young people are going to get married they have to occupy this conspicuous place and have to stand up bravely, without minister or elder, and marry themselves. An old Quaker minister who said he had seen six couples stand up in this way before the congregation was asked why the young people had to do it alone, and he said that it was a matter that did not concern an intermediate person, but rested between themselves and God. Then he described how the young man would stand up in that high-perched place in the meeting house along with his bride, and, taking her hand, say: 'In the presence of God and this assembly, I take thee, A. B. to be my wife, promising to be unto thee an affectionate and loving husband until the hand of the Lord by death shall separate us.' The bride then speaks in a similar fashion. At the end of this ceremony a minister prays or speaks, and then, when there is a pause and the spirit moves no one else, the meeting is adjourned. At the close of the meeting the marriage certificate, which is

A Ninety ton Bell. The second bell in weight in the world, is that at Mingoan, in India, has lately been raised from the ground and arranged so as to ring again after a lapse of nearly a century. This bell weighs between ninety and a hundred tons. It is surpassed by the giant at Moscow in weight, but the latter has lost a large piece out of it, and as it is used as a chapel, cannot now be rung. There is, however, another bell at Moscow, which is used, and is said to weigh 128 tons. The Mingoan bell is twelve feet high and about eighteen feet in diameter at the rim. The immense wooden beams on which it formerly hung have long since been broken down at the shackle. It has recently been rehung on a steel girder at a height of twenty-five feet from the ground. It is proposed to encase the supporting columns and girder with carved oak in a Baroque design, and then erect a cupola over the whole structure. The P'king, which is the third largest in the world that can still be used, weighs only fifty-eight tons.

Grace Darling's Monument. London Sketch says: The monument in Bambargh churchyard, which was erected to the memory of Grace Darling, the sea-heroin, so well known has lately been restored. It is a striking monument, in the form of a couch, upon which reclines the figure of a young woman; an oak is by her side, and with head raised and eyes turned seaward, she appears to be keeping 'a fever over the scene of her now classic 'deed of derring do.' A Gothic canopy is supported over the figure by graceful columns.

DE CHASSE'S OINTMENT CURES. Fergus, April 6, 1894. To Robert Phillips, Druggist, Fergus. This is to certify that I have suffered from piles for a long time and tried several articles recommended for this complaint, but none of them benefited me till I tried Chase's Ointment, which has completely cured me. Mrs. JOHN GERRIE, R. Phillips, Jr., Druggist, Witness.

Sleep, Sound and Refreshing INDIAN WOMAN'S BALM. visits the nursing mother and her child if she takes INDIAN WOMAN'S BALM. My six-year-old daughter, Bella, was afflicted with eczema for six months, the principal seat of eruption being behind her ears. I tried almost every remedy I saw advertised, bought innumerable medicines and soaps, and took the child to medical specialists in skin diseases, but without result. Finally, a week ago, I purchased a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and the first application showed the curative effect of the Remedy. We have used only one-sixth of the box, but the change is very marked; the eruption has all disappeared, and I can confidently say my next cure. (Signed) MAXWELL JOHNSTON, 113 Anne St., Toronto. Sold by all dealers, or on receipt of price, 60c. Address, EDMANSON, BATES & Co., TORONTO.

WOMAN and HER WORK.

Of all the sports that one would expect women to take part in, curling is about the last! We are accustomed to hearing about champion lady golfers, and lately of lady cricketers, and even footballists, but curling seemed the one game of which men seemed likely to remain in undisputed possession. But one is never sure of anything now-a-days, and the other sex are rapidly losing their monopoly of the roarin' game. In fact so swiftly has it grown in popularity with the gentler sex that women's curling clubs are being started for the coming winter not only in Boston, Baltimore, and New York, but even in conservative Canada.

Strange to say the game was first played by women in a much more conservative place than even Canada having been introduced by women of high rank in the ice rinks of London, where these sport-loving dames of high degree eagerly welcomed any new sensation, and soon succeeded in giving it a vogue which bids fair to make it the rival of golf. One would imagine that the amount of strength required for the game would be rather a drawback to its general adoption by our sex, but this is the age of athletic women, and nothing seems to daunt them. Cricketing is supposed to be an excellent preparation for curling, and the girl who had attained some skill as a bowler is sure to be a successful curler. Considering that the regulation curling stone weighs about twenty-eight to thirty pounds it is hard indeed to imagine any woman handling one with anything like ease. I can lift a respectable weight myself, but I confess that I find it about all I can do to lift a curling stone a foot or so off the ground, and as for giving it the easy swing that a man does when he is taking aim, well, I would just as soon play marbles with cannon balls! The genuine curling enthusiast has the stones as well as her Tam O' Shanter mittens and the knitted woolen scarf with which she girds herself, sent over from Scotland, and it is more wise than ambitious she will not order stones weighing over twenty pounds, as heavier ones would be utterly useless to her, especially at first. In the United States genuine curling stones are seldom used, very heavy iron ones are being substituted for the Scotch granite, and an ordinary stout parlor broom takes the place of the veteran curler's 'beom.'

The outfit even of the smartest female is neither elaborate nor expensive, once the stones are provided, and it consists of very heavy rubber shoes with knobs on the soles, like tennis shoes, worn over high laced skating boots, a short skirt of some stout material like heavy serge or tweed; a sweater of heavy wool, a tam o' shanter, and a pair of thick loose woolen gloves. Not a fetching costume by any means but perfectly suitable and delightfully comfortable as well. The exercise of curling is very violent, requiring every muscle to have to have absolute freedom, consequently the clothing should restrain the motions as little as possible, and be both light and warm, while the corsets, if they are worn at all must be sufficiently flexible to enable the wearer to bend over and touch the floor with her finger tips.

The smartest of woman's curling clubs make it a point to employ some genuine old Scotch curler to instruct them in the mysteries of the game, and under his guidance they meet in the mornings and devote hours to the study of their newest fad. So earnestly are they devoting themselves to it, that on certain evenings of the week challenges are issued to some club to which the male relatives and friends belong, and a friendly bonspiel is indulged in to the great enjoyment of both sides.

It is a grand sport if one is only strong enough to stand it, affording exercise for every part of the body, lungs and brain included, and it is likely to prove invaluable to girls contemplating matrimony since it can scarcely fail to make them proficient in one useful branch of household work—the art of sweeping.

Furs are about the most important part of one's dress to consider just at present, because in spite of the mildness of the season up to the present time, winter is sure to swoop down upon us suddenly, and if we have not provided ourselves in good time, or at least had our old furs looked over, and smartened up a bit, we shall find ourselves rather out of the race, for once the busy season is on it is impossible to get any furrier's work done till the holidays are all over. Strange to say furs are unusually cheap this season, and the fact is supposed to be due to hard times. Probably the wet dull autumn which is said to have been pretty general throughout Canada, may also have something to do with it. Prices must be low in order to make any sales at all; so the customer with the lean pocket book profits by the stagnation in business.

Never have furs been lovelier or more fashionable than this year, and the varied combinations in which they are made up will make it possible to have a very fashionable garment made out of two old-fashioned ones which have been laid away in the

hope that the wheel of fashion would some day revolve them into style again. Some of the combinations shown at the fashionable furriers are almost startling in their novelty; wide revers, collar, and pointed cuffs of brown kid beautifully embroidered and perforated, while another has a vest of white kid, and a jacket of white lace at the throat. A very elegant coat of black Persian lamb of that beautiful silken wave which is only obtained I believe by slaughtering the mother sheep before the birth of her lamb and thus procuring the skin of the unborn lamb, has an ermine vest, and is very stylish to look at, but the woman who would wear it, knowing how the fur was obtained, deserves to have a curse go with it.

Long capes, short capes, jackets, and long cloaks all of fur are to be seen in the shop windows but the most popular of all the models are the short fitted jackets with basques, and the short capes. Amongst the imported designs are some jaunty little Eton and bolero jackets, which look very smart indeed, but are not exactly serviceable. The furs in which these little garments are developed are usually chin-chilla, seal-skin or Persian lamb, and they are either trimmed with contrasting furs, such as ermine with the black lamb, and sable with sealskin or else with vest and bands of embossed leather such as I have described. This leather is undressed, and of a rich snuff brown which sets off the bronze or jet beads with which it is often nearly covered. Some of the fur garments especially the jackets are so loaded with trimmings as to be positively grotesque, as the following description will show.

The garment was of sealskin, and cut on an Eton model, with a close vest and broad belt of brown leather embossed with dressed kid in a lighter shade. The neck was finished with one of the new high collars which are seen on all fur wraps, and was ruffled still higher with black chiffon and finished at the back with a tow of black satin ribbon. The sleeves were of the seal and in loose cape shape, and cut rather short, to show undersleeves of the leather fitted to the wrist with a band, and at each side of the vest was a blouse effect of black chiffon, while over the whole strange outfit hung heavy jet chains fastened on each side of the Eton jacket with round ornaments of cut jet. The effect of the whole can be more easily imagined than described. Plain comfortable capes made of Persian lamb and reaching to the waist are amongst the most popular importations, seen everywhere. They are by far the most useful purchase for anyone who can afford but one fur garment, as they are both pretty and comfortable; the collars are invariably very high Medici shape, and turn well up around the ears for cold weather.

Amongst the most fanciful fur capes are some very odd designs. A cape of ermine is really only a deep yoke, like those of all over embroidery, which we wore in our summer dresses. It is cut in three rather deep points in front and back, has an immense collar standing out in tab shape above the ears, and is finished with a deep full flounce of black velvet bordered on the edge with ermine. The muff worn with it is of ermine, and a pretty toque in tam shape with a deep band of ermine next the face gives with it.

Another new cape is in tippet shape, short on the shoulders reaching just beyond the angle of the shoulder, pointed in front and back, and finished all around with a full plaited flounce of chiffon.

Muffs are very large this season, and the furs, such as bear, black marten, and the sables look simply enormous when shaken out.

Collars and ties are seen in endless variety and they seem to abound in tails even more than they did last year. Short cravates, such as were worn last winter, are still seen, but instead of being made from a single skin with merely head, tail and feet they are modelled on the ties which were shown just at the end of last season, and have any number of little tails sticking up on each side and standing out grotesquely in all directions when the tie is put on. At the back of the neck the broad band of the collar is curved, and made to turn up in cold weather so as to protect the ears. The fronts do not lap, or cross over but hang straight down like stole ends. Some collars have stole ends that reach nearly to the foot of the skirt. Others are cut with a point reaching nearly to the waist at the back, very narrow on the shoulders and with the inevitable stole ends in front. The high rolling collars show sharp points turning over in front, instead of the rounded ends of last season.

It is always fashionable to have nice white teeth and sweet breath. The use morning and evening of "Odorama," the perfect tooth powder, assures this, and leaves the mouth in a delightful state of freshness. "Odorama" is used by refined people everywhere. Druggists—25 cents.

Would seem so. Mrs. Cobwigger—"Women are more careful about their dress than men." Cobwigger—"That's so. I haven't yet seen a pair of bloomers with a patch." N. Y. Ledger.

GIRLS BEEL OHRAF.

Captured Women Belong to the Fighting Mahdists.

Those persons who take a philanthropic interest in the affairs of other nations are deeply excited just now by the tales brought from Morocco by Englishmen who have been traveling about the domain of the young Sultan Abdul Aziz. It seems that slave dealers are more active among the Moors now than for many years past, and some attribute the increase of the traffic to the disturbances in the Soudan, where the Anglo-Egyptian troops are now waging war against the Mahdists.

Nearly all of the slaves sold in Morocco are stolen from the tribes which infest the Soudan, and of these slaves 90 per cent. are young girls, ranging in age from eight years to 25 years. The explanation of this is that the men of the tribes are away fighting under the banner of the Mahdi, leaving the women unprotected against the raids of the slave dealers.

The latter, from all accounts, are taking full advantage of the unfortunate condition of affairs, and, owing to the abundant supply, slaves are now selling in the principal cities of Morocco at cheaper prices than ever before. An unattractive woman of 24 or 25 years can now be bought for the Moorish equivalent of \$35, but a handsome little girl of 9 or 10 brings as high as \$60.

These women of the Soudan mature very early, and are old at 30. Children of 9 or 10 are as well developed as the average girl of 15 or 16. The Soudanese woman is quite black and ungainly in appearance, with all the familiar characteristics of the African negro.

Slavery is officially recognized in Morocco, and in each of the large cities there is a special slave market, where the wares of the dealers are sold at regular intervals. The sales are always conducted with great decorum, but the dealers resort to many tricks to get big prices for their unfortunate victims. Bulletins are posted in the market giving particulars of the next sale, and these are closely studied in advance by prospective buyers.

The slave market at Fez is one of the most important in the kingdom of Morocco. It is situated in the center of the city, being nothing more than a large open square, surrounded by a kind of arcade in which the buyers and speculators sit. On one side of the open square is a magnificent mosque, a fine type of Moorish architecture, and many of the people who come to the sale first visit the mosque and send up a prayer to Allah.

The slave sales invariably take place in the evening, for the purpose of concealing in the dim light any imperfections which the unfortunate may possess. During the sale the slaves are kept together in one of the recesses of the arcade. They are always surrounded by a group of men—prospective buyers—who look them over as a woman inspects household furniture at an auction sale.

The average age of the slave girls is about 14 years, but the raiders do not scruple to steal children who would almost be considered babies in other countries. The dealers, who in most cases are prosperous, fine-looking men, watch over their victims carefully until they are sold, feeding them generously and trying to make them contented, so that they will present an agreeable appearance when placed before the bidders.

The slaves are led out separately by the dealer, who cries out their many advantages in Arabic. The usual dress of the slave is a single garment of calico. The dealer marches her around in the rings of open space while the bidders raise one another. When there is no possibility of getting a higher bidder the girl is handed to the purchaser, the money is paid over, and the next slave is brought out to go through precisely the same performance. As the auctions take place every few days, there are not many slaves put up at one sale: 12 or 15 is the average number, but in some cases, where an exceptionally fruitful raid has been made, the number runs as high as 50 or 60. Abdul Aziz, the young Sultan, who looks ten years older than he really is, encourages the slave traffic, but he is very jealous of the details concerning it reaching European ears. For this reason nearly all of the sales take place in the towns rarely visited by foreigners, but should any of the latter appear at a sale it is at once postponed.

Most of the cities of Morocco are well protected against tourists, says the Boston Post, for the reason that the whole country is overrun by companies of brigands. To make a safe journey to the interior it is necessary to be accompanied by a formidable caravan, and the average tourist cannot afford the expense. These brigands are respected of no one. They would as soon

Everything in its Season



.....And this is the season for
OVERSHOES!

Like good custodians of your health, we have everything in the way of Overshoes to KEEP YOUR FEET WARM AND DRY.

WATERBURY & RISING,
61 King Street. 212 Union Street.

The "Famous Active" Range



THE PRODUCT OF... 50 YEARS EXPERIENCE.

The Handsomest and Best Working Cooking Apparatus ever made in Canada.

No guessing as to heat of oven. Thermometer in door shows it exactly. Every cook will appreciate this feature. Oven ventilated and cemented top and bottom, ensuring even cooking.

THE McCLARY Mfg. Co.,
LONDON, MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER.

For sale by **R. J. SELFRIDGE, St. John-**

Honestly made of pure Rubber. Thin, Light, Elastic, Stylish, Durable.

Granby Rubbers

Modelled each year to fit all the latest shoe shapes. Extra thick ball and heel.

Sold everywhere. They Wear like Iron.

LIVING GEN. SHERIDAN.

One of the Many Stories That Were out of His Book.

"Gen. Sheridan had a great deal more of his memoirs written than ever got into his book," said a gentleman who was for a long time officially connected with the late general of the army. "Had he lived the book would have been much livelier, I assure you. As it was, the memoirs were edited by Col. Sheridan, Gen. Sheridan's brother, after his death, and many of the best things, in my judgement at least, were for various reasons left out. Gen. Sheridan was very anxious to tell some of the funny experiences he had after he had reached the command of the army, and he had outlined several of them just prior to his illness which ended in his death.

One of these experiences referred to the first tip that he received for being pleasant to a visitor. In the guide book there is a description of his office of the general, or, as it is known, the headquarters of the army in the war department. It is stated in connection therewith that the office is generally open for public inspection, and that visitors to the city and others are welcome to inspect it at all times, at least during office hours. Once Gen. Sheridan was very busy preparing or revising official reports. He had kept the messengers generally stationed at the outer door of his office running around at a rather lively rate to his various subordinates, and for the moment there was no one at the door, when in marched a couple of visitors, a respectable-looking man and a lady armed with their guide book. The general did not relish the intrusion very much, but they did not know it, for he kept steadily at his work.

"They examined all the pictures on the walls and gave considerable attention to a marble bust of the general, which had just been placed therein. 'So that is Gen. Phil Sheridan,'" said the man to his wife. 'Well, no one would ever think that man was ever such a fighter as he was. To me he looks a little top-heavy—has too much load for his body.' He made other remarks, all of which the general heard, and the effect of them was to divert his attention from his work. 'How old is Sheridan?' asked the visitor, indicating for the first time that he noticed any one in the room. Gen. Sheridan gave him the information, and, thinking that the best way to get rid of his visitors would be to explain to them hurriedly the things of interest in the room, proceeded to do so. He warmed up somewhat on some of them, and his descriptions and explanations of some of the portraits, war scenes and Indian curios, blankets, etc.—there were a

number of them there in the room—were extremely interesting.

"The visitors were appreciative, however, and, as they turned to leave the room, the man quietly slipped a 25 cent piece into the general's hand, adding that they were thankful for the information and instruction, and departed. The story was such a good one that the general told it on himself, first to his messengers and afterward to many others. He had intended to run it into his memoirs, but it never got there. He always spoke of it as the first time he had received and accepted a fee for performing a public service."—Washington Evening Star.

"In all in the dark about how these bills are to be paid," said Mr. Hardup to his wife. "Well Henry," said she, as she pulled out a yellow one and laid it on top of the pile, "you will be if you don't pay that one, for that's the gas bill."—Washington Capital.

KNIVES FORKS AND SPOONS
STAMPED
1847. ROGERS BROS.
ARE
GENUINE AND GUARANTEED
BY
MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.
THE
LARGEST
SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS
IN THE WORLD.

SILVER GLOSS STARCH

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

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

Starches made by the Edwardsburg Starch Co., L'd., are always reliable.

THEIR LEADING BRANDS ARE
Benson's Canada Prepared Corn } FOR COOKING.
Silver Gloss Starch, } FOR LAUNDRY.
Enamel Starch, }

FLUID BEEF SET.

(Made of Pure Aluminum).

A Handsome and Convenient Outfit for Room or Office.

OUR SPECIAL OFFER.

1 Tray, 1 Spirit Lamp, 2 Cups, 2 Spoons.
1 Wire Roaster, 2 Salt and Pepper Casters,
1 Bottle Methylated Spirit.
1 16 oz. Bottle JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF (Brand Standard).

The whole neatly cased for \$3.50.
Express prepaid on receipt of price.

Remit by Express or Post Office Order, payable to

THE JOHNSTON FLUID BEEF CO., MONTREAL

No. ...
Books with ...
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Ninety ton Bell.
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om the ground and arranged
gain after a lapse of nearly
This bell weighs between
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still be used, weighs only

Darling's Monument.
ch says: The monument in
rebyard, which was erected
of Grace Darling, the sea-
l known has lately been re-
striking monument, in the
h, upon which reclines the
e woman; an ear is by her
e raised and eyes to
appears to be keeping
is a
of her now classic "deed"
e Gothic canopy is supported
by graceful columns.

Dr. Chase's
MINTH
CURES

Fergus, April 6, 1894
To Robert Phillips,
Druggist, Fergus,
This is to certify
that I have suffered from
piles for a long time and
tried several articles re-
commended for this com-
plaint, but none of them
benefitted me till I tried
Chase's Ointment, which
has completely cured me.
Mrs. JOHN GERRIE,
R. Phillips, Jr., Druggist
Witness.

old daughter, Bella, was afflicted
24 months, the principal seat of
behind her ears. I tried almost
saw advertised, bought innum-
and soap, and took the child
salts in sick diseases, but with-
only one-sixth of the box left the
marked; the eruption had all dis-
eased, confidently saw my child re-
sed) MAXWELL JOHNSTON,
113 Anne St., Toronto
alers, or on receipt of price, 60c.
MON, BATES & CO., TORONTO.

THE GREGORIAN CALENDAR.

Why Caesar's System Was Corrected by Pope Gregory XIII.

The present time measurement that is now used by nearly all nations is the re-modelled system adopted by Julius Caesar in the year 46 B. C.

But this year of Caesar was too long by 11 minutes and 18 3/4 seconds, or about three days in 400 years, so that by A. D. 1582 the error amounted to ten days at least.

All the Catholic countries adopted the Gregorian calendar as soon as the papal bull was issued, but it was not introduced into England and her colonies till 1752.

THE PERSIAN NEW YEAR.

No Beggar Asks For Alms in Vain on the 21st of March.

There is a day in the Persian calendar of which men, women and children, one and all, of this plebeian race bestir themselves and roam in frenzied glee.

Speaking of the peculiar boats in which the Persians navigate their river, they have retained that queer shape since time immemorial.

For the shampoo. For a good shampoo use five cents worth of powdered castile soap.

One Reason. Jacques, how is it that you never bring any good marks home from school?

When making preparation for your trip, don't forget your teeth. This will not only suggest "Odorama" the perfect tooth powder.

scrofula

Any doctor will tell you that Professor Hare, of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, is one of the highest authorities in the world on the action of drugs.

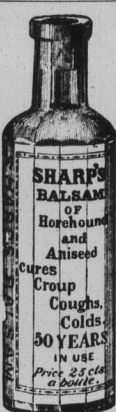
He also says that the hypophosphites should be combined with the oil. Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil, with hypophosphites, is precisely such a preparation.

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

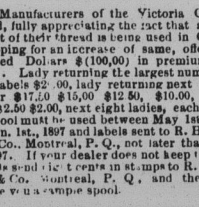


The celebrated P D Corsets are unrivaled for perfect fit, beauty of finish and style.

KONIG & STUFFMANN, 10 St. Helen Street, Montreal.



SHARP'S BALM OF Eucalypti, Peppermint, and Aniseed. Cures Croup, Coughs, Sore Throat, etc.



THE MANUFACTURERS OF THE VICTORIA CROCHET THREAD.

Memorials, Interior Decorations. CASTLE & SON, 20 University St., Montreal.

DRUNKENNESS. Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Dr. Hare's Golden Specific.

MENTAL FATIGUE relieved and cured by ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI. Insist on getting the right article.

PONY EXPRESS RIDING.

A Veteran of the Pioneer Service of the Plains Tells About It.

There has been a great deal of glamor and romance thrown around the pony express business in the days before the advent of the railroads.

"I commenced to ride for the express company in 1868, when the route was laid out and the company organized, and continued to ride until Butterfield came up and took the contract.

"Our stations were not fortified at all. They were log cabins or sod houses, with three or four men in each, and though they were rebuilt immediately, and no serious loss or inconvenience to the service was occasioned.

"The first trial of the pony express was the delivery of Buchanan's message in the spring of 1877.

"I saw a statement recently that there are only five survivors of the pony express riders. That is a mistake.

"There was a great excitement enough in our work, and nearly all of us had narrow escapes of one kind or another.

SAD COMPLAINTS.

Ladies Must Protect Themselves.

Several ladies have recently written to the manufacturers of Diamond Dyes complaining of having received very worthless dyes from certain dealers.

The manufacturers of Diamond Dyes, while they deplore this unwise and dishonest practice of substituting, cannot give any greater protection to the public than they are now affording.

Breaking the Spell. 'This won't do,' exclaimed Mrs. Bez, excitedly, 'there's thirteen at the table.'

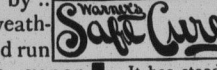
I was cured of painful Gout by MINARD'S GOUT CURE.

I was cured of Inflammation by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

I was cured of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S FACIAL CURE.

HIS IS THE TIME

of year... when men... and women... become weakened by the weather.



It has stood the test of time; it has saved thousands of lives; it has restored millions of sufferers to health.

Accept no substitute.

Ask your Dealer

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

But ask him

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

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

TURKISH DYES

EASY TO USE. They are Fast. They are Beautiful. They are Brilliant.

SOAP WON'T FADE THEM. Have YOU used them; if not, try and be convinced.

One Package equal to two or any other make.



POTS, PANS, KETTLES

and all other Kitchen Utensils in "CRESCENT" Enamelled Ware stand the test of time and constant use.

THE SAME MAN, Well Dressed

at a much higher price in the estimation of our friends, than when they are less and inferiorly clothed.

Newest Designs, Latest Patterns.

J. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, 64 Germain Street. (Let door south of King.)

PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT FOR SALE.

THE Royal Gazette Plant, (under the former Queen's Printer), all complete, is offered for sale at a very low price.

SAVAGE WEST INDIANS.

People Who Make a Study of Poisoning Their Friends.

One of the most horrible practices still survives among the colored population of several of the islands in the West Indies.

"These country people, a large majority of the population, form little settlements of scattered towns, and the Government provides them with little churches.

"It is an easy matter for any ordinary bright negro to establish a local reputation as an oshah man. He provides himself with some of the stock belonging to an oshah man—three white roosters' heads among the first and drops a sly hint here and there.

"The oshah man usually takes the precaution to know his victim before he practices his diabolical arts on a white planter, says the Philadelphia Press.

"It was not hard to have these leaves put into the water, because the oshah man knows all the servants in the house and some of them are very likely to put themselves in his power and must do as he tells them.

"A planter has been known, when the well known indications appear to point direct to the oshah man, to pound nearly all the daylight out of him and have him arrested and kept in prison to cool his heels until he has learned discretion in his dealings.

"His first step is to find out whom he has offended. He remembers the incident of the man who was discharged, and sends for him. He does not know how deadly the grudge may be.

"If there are any witnesses at all they are colored people, who are far more afraid of the oshah man than of the law, and could not be made to testify truly.

Dreadful Suspense.

A good yarn is to hand from the wilds of Australia. Two impetuous Scotsmen, traveling north in search of gold, came upon a saloon.

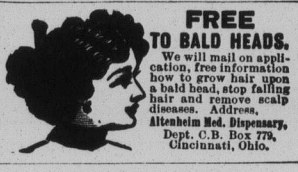
"They were hesitating who would have the first drink, when an 'ould' acquaintance joined them. Pretending that they had just drunk, one of them handed the newcomer the whiskey, requesting him to join them in a drink.

"He drank, and, after a few minutes of painful and silent suspense, said: 'Now, boys, you'll have one with me.'

"When mending gloves it is better to use fine cotton rather than silk. If cotton matching the color of the gloves be selected, it will soon soil, and be hardly noticeable, whereas silk has a glossy appearance, and attracts notice to the fact that the gloves have been mended.

Give the Baby a Chance

That will build up a weak constitution gradually but surely is Martin's Cardinal Food.



DOMINION Express Co.

Money orders sold to points in Canada, United States and Europe.

REDUCTION IN EXPRESS RATES.

Table with columns for destination and rate. Destinations include To Wolford, To St. Mary's, To London, etc.

CANADIAN EXPRESS CO.

General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers. Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe.

NURSE AGATHA'S LOVE.

A group of three grown-up people and one little girl were seated at a side table during the luncheon hour of a fashionable hotel in the North of England.

"This year, next year, sometime, never. This year," commenced the child in her deliberate little fashion, as she tucked off the stones on her companion's plate.

"But you are altogether so different," commenced both gentlemen, simultaneously.

"A grave, negative shake of the head was all the answer the girl gave, as, taking the child by the hand, she quietly left the table.

"Who is she?" he asked, glancing eagerly at the attractive figures.

"Ten years later, a fussy but kindly-eyed doctor stood in the corridor of the St. John's Home for Trained Nurses.

"Nurse Agatha took this card on which was written: 'Colonel Arbutnot, Westminster Palace Hotel, S. W.'"

The doctor turned to leave the room, but a fresh thought seemed to strike him at the door.

"You can be ready in ten minutes, you say. I think I will wait and see how far you are," he looked at the nurse as he spoke, and noticed the almost more than usual pallor of her face.

"But she answered, eagerly enough: 'It is only the heat, doctor. You forget I have had two days' entire rest. I shall be ready in a few minutes.'"

Three quarters of an hour later the doctor was leading the way into the sick man's chamber. The nurse followed slowly.

The doctor came in late in the afternoon of an oppressively hot day and insisted upon the nurse going out for a little fresh air, saying he would watch by the side of his patient until her return.

"My lawyer, Mr. Cameron, called to see me last night. I have left her (glancing to the chair where the nurse usually sat) fifty pounds a year. How kind and patient she has been! But this kind of life is much too hard for her. You must see that she takes a long rest when I am gone. I have left money to the different hospitals."

SAFE SOOTHING SATISFYING

You can safely trust what time has indorsed for nearly a century.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment

I. S. JOHNSON Esq. My Dear Sir—Fifty years ago this month, your father, Dr. Johnson, called at my store and left me some of his Anodyne Liniment for sale.

Parsons' Pills

Best Liver Pill Made. This certifies that Dr. A. Johnson, whose name is signed to every genuine bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, in the month of June, 1851, first left at my store some of the same medicine.

but the greater part of my property goes to a young lady whose acquaintance I made some few years ago.

"I have been troubled with rheumatism all my life, and about eight years ago I had a very severe attack, almost losing the use of my right arm."

"Oloroma," the perfect tooth powder, goes further and lasts longer than any other. Druggists—25 cents.

Plants AND CUT FLOWERS



Nova Scotia Nursery

Lockman St., HALIFAX, N. S. BORN.

Halifax, Nov. 17, to the wife of John Laffin, a son, Middleton, Nov. 16, to the wife of F. E. Cox, a son, Colesburg, Nov. 15, to the wife of Peter Lewis, a son.

Canadian Territory.

A Cedar Hill, Victoria, B. C. Case that has caused Much Favorable Comment.

After a Lifetime of Agony from Rheumatism, a Lady is Cured by Paine's Celery Compound.

There is no other medicine in the world so prominent to-day as Paine's Celery Compound.

ODOROMA

Sweetens the Breath, Hardens the Gums, Whitens the Teeth, Preserves the Enamel, Prevents Decay.

West Public, Nov. 10, to the wife of Louis P. LeBlanc, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Los Angeles Nov. 19, Edwin A. Eaton of Truro to Alice Louisa.

Truro, Nov. 10, by Rev. J. A. Rogers, Henry Weatherbee to Janie Sweet.

Halifax, Nov. 18, by Rev. J. B. G. Giles, Yarmouth Nov. 3, by Rev. J. H. Foshat, Arthur T. Snow to Margaret E. Nicholls.

DIED.

Lequille, Nov. 19, John Carr, 80. Canada, Nov. 1, Joe Mitchell, 55.

Blair, Ruel & Blair,

BARRISTERS, ETC., 49 Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

Pigs' Feet and Lamb's Tongues.

RECEIVED THIS DAY. 10 Kegs Pigs Feet, 5 Lamb's Tongues.

J. D. TURNER.

WINES.

Beef, LAMB, MUTTON, VEAL,

Painting!

That well-known Painter and Decorator, Cornelius Gallagher

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RISEING SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED. With Paste, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the front, and burn the face.

DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS

THE DUFFERIN.

This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the Hotel, facing St. John's Street, is most desirable.

Cafe Royal,

DOMVILLE BUILDING, Cor. King and Prince Wm. Streets. Meals Served at All Hours DINNER A SPECIALTY.

BELMONT HOTEL,

ST. JOHN, N. B. Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity.

QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDERICTON N. B. J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

Dr. H. B. NASE DENTIST.

86 King Street, St. John, N. B. A. G. BLAIR, G. G. RUEL, A. G. BLAIR, JR.

BORDON LIVINGSTON,

GENERAL AGENT, CONVEYANCES, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC. Collections Made. Remittances Prompt. Harcourt, Kent County, N. B.

THOS. L. BOURKE WATER STREET.

Beef, LAMB, MUTTON, VEAL,

Painting!

That well-known Painter and Decorator, Cornelius Gallagher

Intercolonial Railway.

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

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Fergus, Pictou and Halifax.....7.00 Express for Halifax.....10.30 Express for Sussex.....12.40 Express for Quebec and Montreal.....17.10 Suburban Express for Rothesay.....20.45

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex.....4.30 Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....7.00 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Camp.....10.30 Express from Moncton (daily).....12.40 Express from Halifax.....16.00 Suburban Express from Rothesay.....20.45 Accommodation from Moncton.....24.20

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

The Short Line TO QUEBEC, MONTREAL, & C.

EXPRESS TRAIN leaves ST. JOHN, N. B. at 4.10 P. M., Week Days, for arriving in Montreal 2.30 a. m., Quebec 2.00 p. m., Sherbrooke 6.40 a. m., and Montreal 9.05 a. m. connecting for Toronto, Ottawa, Winnipeg, and all points West, North West, and on Pacific Coast.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after 21st Sept., 1896, the Steamer and Trains of this Railroad will run daily (Sunday excepted).

PRINCE RUPERT.

Lvs. St. John at 7.45 a. m., arr. Digby 10.45 a. m., Lvs. Digby at 1.00 p. m., arr. St. John, 4.00 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Lvs. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arr. in Digby 12.48 p. m., Lvs. Digby 1.02 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.05 p. m., Lvs. Yarmouth 3.50 a. m., arr. Digby 10.47 a. m., Lvs. Digby 11.00 a. m., arr. Halifax 3.41 p. m., Lvs. Annapolis 7.00 a. m., arr. Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

4 Trips A Week, 4 THE STEEL STEAMERS

COMMENCING June the 30th one of the four steamers will leave Yarmouth on Friday and Saturday evening, after arrival of the Express train from Halifax.

INTERNATIONAL I. S. S. Co.

TWO TRIPS A WEEK TO BOSTON. COMMENCING Sept. 21st the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Boston, Portland, New York, and Montreal on Monday and Thursday mornings at 10 a. m. and on Tuesday and Friday mornings at 10 a. m. and on Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 10 a. m.