

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday at 10 o'clock in the morning...

Advertisements—Persons wishing to advertise in this paper should send a copy of the advertisement to the office...

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, FEB. 25th

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

SOME REASONS WHY NOT.

Declaration day speeches are usually tame, the return of thanks from the fortunate candidates and expressions of good will and farewell from the defeated...

The declaration speeches, therefore, and especially that of Mr. REYNOLDS had unusual interest. His explanation of his defeat may appear somewhat unexplainable...

To say that one has been thrown down by his friends is quite a serious accusation and one no doubt that some of Mr. REYNOLDS' helpers will require an explanation of.

Among the interesting statements made by Mr. REYNOLDS were that there were 2,800 Catholic votes polled for him. That would indicate that only 784 Protestants kept his name on the ticket...

In our opinion he has no reason to feel dissatisfied. He may think that the Roman Catholics, with whom he is now associated, should have a representative in the legislature...

know Mr. REYNOLDS thoroughly, and to vote for him in the short time he has been before them.

EFFECT OF REFORM SCHOOLS.

A New Jersey Judge has created a decided sensation by declaring that boys sent to the state reform school come out first class criminals. In a state noted for the strictness of its judicial administration...

Reform schools are benevolently intended to be a refuge for wayward children where they may be brought to a knowledge of their duties to themselves and to society...

Experts in phrenology are, for the most part agreed that the reformation of a boy is a far more uncertain problem than a girl, alleging that women and girls seldom become wayward from choice...

The present direction of thought to the subject is far from being new. It invites the profound study of practical humanitarians. Even wayward youth are of sufficient importance to enlist the best efforts to disprove in their behalf the police axiom...

In the heat of the campaign a collection of rhymes under the head of "Jubilate" was reprinted. They were said to be written by Mr. REYNOLDS one of the government candidates and the occasion of them was the appointment of the Hon. ROBERT J. RITCHIE as magistrate and city court judge...

Mayor SEARS wrote a letter to the Globe in which he referred to newspaper men who were hostile to him. Such references are better unmade because, if his worship wishes to grapple with the reporters he might come off second best...

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN is to the front again with his blue and red pencil. He sends PROGRESS the second number of a penny magazine which he is editing in La Crescent, Minnesota...

CANDIDATES FOR MAYOR.

The Names of Several Citizens Mentioned in This Connection.

Ald. T. Barclay Robinson did not give the public a surprise when he announced his candidature for Mayor Monday but he did surprise them when he withdrew on Tuesday...

There is not much doubt, however, that Mayor SEARS—if he runs again—will have opposition. That has been decided upon for some time! His opponent of last year, Dr. Daniel, wants a requisition if he becomes a candidate...

When it was thought that William Shaw had been defeated; many thought of him as a good representative man for mayor. There is talk of his resigning his seat in the local house...

Among the other gentlemen spoken of in the same connection is the president of the Board of Trade, D. J. McLaughlin, and Dr. W. W. White, the deputy mayor and chairman of the council.

So long as the campaign of talk has opened no doubt there will be many citizens talked of in the same connection.

Business Education.

Broadly speaking, a business education is one that educates for business. Few people realize the amount of special training that is requisite to equip a young man or woman for entrance into business life...

It is Marvellous.

In the cry from everybody that has a rug cleaned by the great carpet renovating process for cleaning carpets on the floor...

UNGARS LAUNDRY DYING AND CARPET CLEANING WORK.

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

A Knight's Heart! I had my heart on me once more... I had my heart on me once more... I had my heart on me once more...

Edmund Philopoyne. Again the drifting snows descended... Talk of me such my days... When shall we hear the spotted cow?

At the Set of The Gun. When the sun is in the sky... When the clouds are low... When the stream runs slow...

The Miller. He said to himself, "I would fain be rich... I would fain be rich... I would fain be rich..."

The Wild, Elusive East. Just watch the man pursue his hat... Now watch the people all go right... For that same life...

Why don't the man with needle bare... I think you will come to him who waits... To bring it back, brushed up with care...

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

THESE THAT FAILED. A Telegraph Operator's Effort to Place an Official by Allusion to Duty. 'The first effort that I found myself in possession of,' said the retired telegraph operator...

'Till it is dying,' the message read, and these three words sent the shivers up and down my back... 'At last I determined to take it myself. I knew I had no business leaving the office...

'It was in the fall of the year and raining as hard as it could pour, with good prospects that it would turn to snow before I got back... 'But he didn't. He said things that I would not care to repeat, and called me any number of names that were not the least bit complimentary...

Bad For the Conductor. The tramcar conductor was hardly in the best of humours. Someone had managed to give him a bad shilling, and he had just discovered it...

Mixed Order. First Customer (after looking at 'ball of fare')—'I'll have roast sucking-pig, mashed potatoes and cauliflower... Second Customer—'Give me toast-in-the-hole, scotch runners and turnips...

Shelves. In a small house, where there is little floor room space for cupboards in which to store articles, the wall must be utilized instead...

A child's wardrobe may be considered here by a certain. In the bedroom, over the bed, shelves may be placed for the bed linen and underclothes...

Mr. Williams's Talent. The Bookman reprints an old handbill, which was circulated in the north of England early in this century. It will be easily seen that Mr. James Williams was a man of 'parts.'

Should your clothes catch fire, throw yourself on the ground and roll over and over. If possible snatch a rug or blanket to wrap round you. Flame mounts. If therefore, you are standing up, the flame is sure to rise toward the face...

Any person sending a new subscription to this office with \$4.00 enclosed can obtain Progress for one year, and the Cosmopolitan, McClure and Munsey magazines for the same period with only one condition...



Mr. John Street of Woodstock was in the city the beginning of the week.

Mr. J. D. Fisher of Fredericton was here for a day this week.

Mr. John Ballou is entertaining Mrs. Robert Ballou of North Sydney, C. B., for a week or two.

As the concert arranged by the high school for Friday evening the following programme was rendered through an extended notice in possible as the concert took place after Frodo had gone to town.

Violin Solo - "Serenade from Lucia".....Dunsmuir
Mrs. W. W. Cameron, Mrs. E. Williams and Mr. A. Cook.

Violin Solo - "Queen of the Earth".....Miss F. A. Cahn
Mrs. C. E. Vall of Elliot row were given a pleasant surprise by their friends on Tuesday evening of this week when a large party assembled about 8:30 and proceeded to enjoy all the merriment that may be gotten out of such an event.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bellows have been spending a short time recently with Woodstock friends.

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A Magic Touch



Of cleanliness on the clothing, and in all household uses, is the touch of Welcome Soap. It is cleansing, pleasing and entirely harmless to the most tender skin or delicate fabric.

Welcome Soap

Is a home luxury that should be universal. An ideal soap for laundry purposes. Will do the greatest work at least cost.



McCALL'S MAGAZINE

(The Queen of Fashion) For 1899.

Will contain over 20 FULL-PAGE BEAUTIFUL COLORED PLATES—more than 800 exquisite, artistic and strictly up-to-date fashion designs—a large number of short stories and handsome illustrations—fancy work, hints on dressmaking and suggestions for the home.

ONLY 50c. A YEAR.

And each subscriber receives a Free Pattern of her own selection—a pattern sold by most houses at 25c. or 30c.

No magazine in the world gives such big value for so little money.

When You Order..... PELEE ISLAND WINES

Be sure you get our brand. A Most Rellish Tonic. Brandy - Pelee Port Dry Cider, West Quabbin, Isabella, St. Augustin, Old Port, Concord, Unsweetened Grape Juice, Chateau Pelee Chateau.

A PRIZE FOR EVERY CORRECT ANSWER

We ask not one cent of your money. This Picture Puzzle represents a Celestial energetically engaged at his traditional occupation, washing. About him are pictured the faces of three of his customers. Find these three faces, mark each and return to us. To each and every one of our patrons who interpret this puzzle correctly, we will give a genuine Fountain Pen complete, with filler, packed and sent postage free.



MUTUAL SUPPLY CO. 20, 21 & 22 Bowdoin Chambers Toronto, Ont.

McCLASKEY'S.

Special 10c. box best Chocolates and Bon-bons 1/2 lb. 50c. 1 lb. \$1.00. Large box of Fancy Biscuits and Xmas novelties.

McClaskey's - 47 King St.

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THE ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE NEWS AND SOCIETY PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Programme for sale in Halifax by the newsboys and at the following news stands and counters.
MORSON & CO., Barrington street.
CLUBBING NEWS CO., Con George & Grandville St.

The good sleighing during the last two or three days has been much enjoyed, and the long post-poned drives came off at last as all good things come to him who will but wait.
On Thursday and Friday afternoon a number of pleasant sleighing parties drove to the Ft. Roche, and came home by moonlight.

AMHERST.

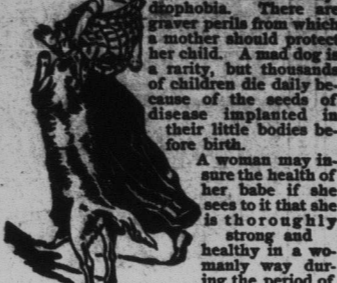
Programme for sale in Amherst by W. F. Smith & Co.
Feb. 22.—The weather is charming now, and we feel that our intense cold is over for this year.

Mrs. A. B. Dickey, left for Ottawa on Saturday night, but is expected to return the last day of the week.
The Mohawks of St. John were beaten for the first time since their organization, at the Aberdeen rink, by the Amherst team on Saturday night.

On Friday and Saturday afternoon Mrs. W. W. Black gave a very pleasant tea which was participated in by a crowd of ladies.

Colman's Salt. Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market.

SAVE THE BABY!



Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures all weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs that sustain the burden of maternity. It makes the system strong, healthy, and vigorous and elastic.

Dr. E. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.
The annual social in connection with the Y. M. C. A. which is generally held on New Year's Day did not come off until Friday night last.

Mr. Stanley Smith of Parrishboro, was in town on Tuesday.
Dr. McDougall delivers a lecture this evening in the hall of the Y. M. C. A., in aid of the association Subject "Microbes."

PARRISHBORO.
Programme for sale at Parrishboro Bookstore.
Feb. 22.—A very able and practical lecture on education as a Foundation for Life Work was delivered in St. George's hall by Dr. McGregor of Dalhousie on Friday evening.

The attraction mentioned was the play "The Stranger" by the Boston Comedy company under the management of the popular E. Price Webber, which has a week's engagement here ending tonight with the well known comedy Fanchon the Cricketer.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Rev. Mr. Hanson, Ontario, occupied the pulpit at St. James' church on Sunday in exchange with Rev. E. McLaughlin.
Mrs. Stanley Jenks has gone to New York.

The play Rebecca Triumph or the Cooking Sabbath is successful by some of the young people of St. George's church and will be given in winter week it all in well.

The first part of the evening was devoted to progressive whist and a lively play ensued. Mrs. Lane secured the ladies first prize, a handsome Worcester china pitcher.

Friday evening last the seniors "at home," the social event of the season, took place. The invitations this year were for over seven hundred and fifty.

There has and is considerable sickness about here this winter, and the doctors all seem to be kept busy.
Mrs. Carson, I regret to say, is still in a very critical condition.

Mrs. Sam A. Girvan is preparing for the Klondyke.
The friends of Mrs. E. Phinney were surprised to hear of her sudden death Sunday afternoon after only two or three days sickness.

MUSIC SONG AND STORY is the magazine for you, if you care for good music. Every issue contains 6 to 10 pieces of brand new sheet music—both vocal and instrumental.

The students of the ladies college looked charming as usual but were too numerous to make special mention of their attire and tasteful dress and look would fall to do justice to the ladies.

Among other visitors for the Seiners At Home, were Mrs. Chas. Bell, Halifax, Miss Humphreys, Moncton, A. Fraser, Moncton, Miss Johnson, Fredericton, Miss Ferris, Moncton, L. Crane, Bayfield, Miss Prescott, Bate Yette, Mr. Whittaker, St. John.

Mrs. Alice Roberts returned from St. John last week.
Miss Stewart is visiting in Halifax.

Mrs. J. E. Robinson, who has been spending a week with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Allison, expects shortly to join her husband in Durban, South Africa.

Mr. G. Bower, one of the oldest residents is seriously ill and not expected to recover.
Mrs. James Paterson at last accounts was slightly better but it is feared not permanently so.

Mrs. A. J. Girvan who has been quite ill for the past three weeks is improving under Dr. Doherty's skilful treatment.

HERB REMEDY CO., Wentworth, N. S. BASS & GO'S ALE LANDING 15 BBLs., EACH 36 GALS. THOS. L. BOURKE Prince Edward Island OYSTERS.

Cheap Rates to Montreal

Just one cent invested in a Post Card and directed to G. A. Holland & Son, Montreal, will bring you a most complete book of their magnificent line of

Wallpapers

We are in touch with the leading manufacturers of the world and buying in large quantities enables us, through the Press, to supply the people of Canada with a very extensive assortment of Wallpapers at minimum prices.

THE POST CARD. In writing your card mention... G. A. HOLLAND & SON. Established 46 Years.

R. F. J. PARKIN, 107 1/2 Union Street, has a full line of Dunn's Hams and Bacons, and Canned Bacon, Pure Keg Lard, Bologna, and Pork Sausages.

DON'T TAKE MEDICINE. If you are weak and run down, use Putner's Emulsion, which is food rather than medicine.

WALCOTT'S PAIN PAINT. The king of all medicine. Guaranteed to cure La Grippe, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dizziness, Sciatica, Liver Complaint, Kidney Disease, Nervous affections, Catarrh and all Diseases of the Blood.

HERB REMEDY CO., Wentworth, N. S. BASS & GO'S ALE LANDING 15 BBLs., EACH 36 GALS. FOR SALE LOW. THOS. L. BOURKE Prince Edward Island OYSTERS.



Baby's Own Soap. I Recommend Baby's Own Soap to all mothers who want their babies to have pink, clean, clear, and healthy skin.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL. MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED ALBERT TOILET SOAPS.

PROGRAMME for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Pusey and J. H. Howthorne. Feb. 25—Our records this week, have all been set to a music boy!

Feb. 26—On Monday evening the handsome residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Todd was ablaze with light and warmth it being the occasion of a political banquet given by Mr. Todd to his friends of the liberal party to celebrate the great liberal victory.

Feb. 27—The Natural History Society's convocations Tuesday evening was a very successful affair and those who attended had a delightful time. The Council Chamber was very prettily decorated for the occasion.

Feb. 28—After an absence of two months Mrs. A. Young has returned from Bridgetown, N. S. Mr. A. J. Boyle, Mrs. James McKay, Mrs. Sophie Barry and Miss Fannie Smith who have been confined to their homes through illness are able to drive out.

Feb. 29—Mr. E. Fairweather of St. John was in town on Monday. Dr. W. A. Ferguson of Montreal spent 8 Sunday and Monday in town.

Feb. 30—Miss Lettie Levee entertained a number of young friends at the parsonage on Monday evening. The many friends of Mr. W. W. Short are sorry to hear of his serious illness today.

Dr. J. C. Barry of Montreal received many hearty handshakes on his recent visit to our city. The general Dr. left for his home in Montreal on Monday.

Several little strangers have lately arrived to gladden as many homes. Mr. and Mrs. G. McFarlane, Mr. and Mrs. Bunting Thompson and Dr. and Mrs. Harvey are being congratulated upon the arrival of their sturdy boy to the family.

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Feb. 31—The friends of Mr. Mandan Russell are sorry to hear of her serious illness. Mr. Marten Lodge is making his annual visit to his mother. Mr. T. O'Brien of Boston is visiting his parents.

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Advertisement for Winsoon Indo-Ceylon Tea. "Demand it; its substitute is just as good." IMITATION IS THE SINCEST FLATTERY. That is what many dealers push their tea forward as "just as good" as...

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Vertical text on the left edge of the page, partially cut off, including words like "to", "treat", "doors", "change", "with", "Dunn's", "Emulsion", "fish", "oil", "building", "best", "warranted", "cure", "disease", "cures", "nasal", "catarrh", "Humphreys", "Ontario", "beef", "City Market".

How Japanese Catarrh Cure Cures Nasal Catarrh.

Japanese Catarrh Cure is a penetrating soothing, and healing powder, which is inserted up the nostrils by a small camel's hair pencil. The heat of the body melts this powder, and the patient breathes the soothing medication through the nostrils, and the nasal channels open up.

"77"

Is Dr. Humphrey's specific for Coughs, Colds, Influenza and...

GRIP

What it will do!!!

"77" will "break up" a hard Cold, that "hangs on" tenaciously.

"77" will "knock out" the Grip and leave no bad after effects.

"77" will prevent Grip, Colds and Pneumonia.

"77" will check a Lingering Cough that threatens the Lungs.

"77" will prevent Grip, Colds and Pneumonia. Carry and take "77" at the first chill or shiver and escape.

At druggists or sent prepaid; 50c. 50c. and \$1.00. DR. HUMPHREY'S BOON SENT FREE.

HUMPHREY'S ONTARIO BEEF. THOS. DEAN, City Market.

Better Sure Than Sorry.

It always pays to buy the best silver plated knives, forks and spoons that you can get. It may cost you a little more at first but you'll find that anything bearing this trade mark...

Profitable Printing!

We give character to our printing—make it stand out like a sore thumb. Any type may set lines alphabetically correct, but it takes brains—thinking brains—to design the striking impression to make "cold letters talk."

Hotels.

CAFÉ ROYAL. BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor.

Victoria Hotel, 81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator. and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

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

QUEEN HOTEL. FREDERICTON, N. B. A. Edwards, Proprietor. Fine single rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at train and boat.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock. TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B. The "Lively" Method also "Synthetic" for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. L. Whitelock.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1899.

USES OF PLUG TOBACCO

ITS CONSUMPTION HAS FALLEN OFF SINCE IT WAS GOOD.

WHEN THE OLD DEALER SAID TO BUY ABOUT THE USE AND ABUSE OF CHEWING TOBACCO—THIS IS AN INCREASE IN SMOKING BUT A DECREASE IN CHEWING—SOME FACTS.

The topic was the consolidation of the plug tobacco interests of the country, recently effected, making it the largest in the world, and one of the oldest tobacco men in New York was commenting on the time it had taken to bring it about and the plug tobacco trade generally. He said:

'It was in March, 1889, this matter was first mooted, and the cause undoubtedly was the difficulty of finding a satisfactory way of increasing the demand and selling the goods. Although the figures of production furnished by the Government show a big increase in that department, there is no doubt that the consumption of plug tobacco has fallen off. The increase shown is due to the fact that in the returns smoking tobacco and chewing are taken together as 'manufactured tobacco,' bearing the same amount of tax, so that although 1887 showed about 202,000,000 pounds for the year and 1898 showed about 290,000,000 pounds (fiscal year), the increase is much more in the smoking line than the chewing, while the greatest profit lies in the latter.

'Any one who can look back thirty years can remember that every one chewed. The men's cabins on the ferryboats were almost impassable. At the theatre the flood flowed from the rear on the orchestra seats so that women had to sit with raised skirts and men dare not place their hats under the seats. What has done away with it? Well, largely the introduction of the cigarette. At that time boys at college who wanted to be manly chewed because the men did. Later they began to smoke cigarettes instead, and so the new generation did not chew. This view is endorsed by some of the leading men in the business.

'I am rather sorry to see the practice of chewing pass away. The chewer, as a rule, was a good solid citizen; not light-headed, erratic or flighty, but given to careful thought, and a pretty decent fellow at bottom. There was also more fun around the chewing fraternity than ever there has been around cigars or cigarettes, pipe smokers or snuffers. I remember many years ago, just after the civil war, I was out in Calhoun county, Mo., and came across an old man boring 10 inch holes with a 1 1/2 inch bit into a pretty solid log, and asking my way, I next asked him what he was doing. He had just bored the last of a chain of holes, three inches apart, the full length of the log, and with sparkling eyes he said: 'I'll show yer, stranger.' Going to a bark lean to-be brought out tobacco leaf and a jar of honey, dropped some tobacco in each hole, rammed it down, dropped in a chunk of honey, more tobacco, more honey, ramming all tight until the hole was filled when he put in a plug.

'Let it lay that way for a month or so turning it twice a week,' he smiled; here is a ripe one, and lagging out another log from the brush, he drove a chisel and wedge in and split it from end to end, displaying two dozen made but appetizing plugs ready for use.

'Me and the boys gets away with quite a power during the winter nights. Try a bit.'

'It was the finest piece I ever remembered to have sampled, and never paid a cent of tax. In another case a friend of mine a well known dealer in Newark N. J. in 1873 made a summer trip down the Missouri River, and leaving Laysworth, Kan., was advised to take plenty of tobacco along, as it 'was better'n money' in that region. He did so and traded it right along the route for all he wanted, one purchase being a pig, a sack of flour, a young pig, bait for catfish, a gallon of home-made wine and a basket of fine apples, all bought for three twists and a deerskin pouch costing a quarter in St. Louis.

'Especially were the leading lawyers and Judges strong favorers of the chewing brands, and mighty good judges, too. There was a Southern firm bought some plug of a well known Atlanta jobber and later refused to pay for the goods, the plug being that the tobacco was damaged. The case came up before the leading Judge of the region, who listened gravely to the arguments, and then asked that a sample

be given him, of which he took a generous bite, and sat in silence for nearly five minutes chewing it, while counsel watched the up-and-down movement of his jaw. Then the oracle spoke: 'Damaged to the extent of 13 cents a pound,' and judgment for the plaintiff was given accordingly.

'This was nearly equalled by a Scotch Judge, Lord Deas, who died some eight years ago. He was once hearing a case when the smell of tobacco permeated the room, and being in opposition to the rules search was made to trace the offender, without avail. Finally the ushers said it must come from the retiring room of the lawyers. This his lordship scouted saying: 'No such thing. Das ye mean to tell me the gentlemen of the bar smoke common Limerick twist?' and strange to say shortly after an Irishman in court discovered the pipe he had placed agh in his pocket had set fire to the lining, and it was loaded with Limerick twist. The Judge had a good nose and knew what he was talking about.

'The talk about the habit being injurious is all nonsense. We had less dyspepsia and stomach trouble when nearly every one chewed than there is to day, with only smokers. Out of a dozen cases I could give it us take that of Peter C. Ulter of Rensselaerville, Ind., who was actually kept alive for seventy years by its use, beginning when a boy of 11, when he had a curious fever leaving a dangerous sore on his side which would not heal. The doctor told him he must use tobacco or die. He smoked a first, but after the third year chewed. The sore improved right away, but if he ceased chewing it broke out again, and this continued up to his eighty-fourth year, in 1890. I do not know if he is still alive or not.

'A still more curious case is that of a man in Atlanta who began the use of tobacco at 14 years, chewing as continuously that the uninterrupted flow of saliva caused chest troubles and threatened consumption. The doctor ordered him to swallow the juice, and for sixty odd years he has had no recurrence of the trouble. He has not had a headache in thirty years and no medical advice in over forty. A great friend of his has eaten tobacco for over fifty years and is a fine specimen of manhood to-day and a great hunter.

'Fine cut tobacco for chewing, once so popular in this region, is now almost dead. The oldest firm practically went out of business last week, passing its connection over to a very small house, comparatively speaking. At one time all the then prominent hotel cigar stands kept open packages of the leading brands for customers' use without charge, just as the bar has clove and coffee.

The Rev. Dr. Tiffany of Minneapolis was an inveterate chewer of fine cut, making no secret of it. A meeting was in progress once presided over by a well known Bishop, also a tobacco user, and the chewing habit came up for discussion. Brother after brother arose to condemn the habit. Finally one of them asked for Dr. Tiffany's views. The big doctor arose and said:

'Every one knows I chew tobacco, the best I can get. Now I would like all those who do not use it to rise in their seats.' There was a general uprising. 'Remain standing, please,' he said, looking over the cadaverous group (so he called them later). 'Will those who use tobacco step up here?' and a half dozen came forward, every one as sleek as could be; 'Stand up, Bishop, you are in with us on this,' he said to the presiding officer, and then looking over both groups, he said in his inimitable manner, 'Brethren, I think we are doing quite well.' The argument was unanswerable.

'Possibly it is well known that in the leading gold-working shops the American workers never have the gold raw material weighed out to them. It is a matter of honor and old-time use. They take a piece, work it up—so much left, so much waste, and that is all there is to it. Well, in these very shops every man has either to carry his plug in his trousers pocket or lock it up in his work table. It would not be safe a minute.'—N. Y. Sun.

She Never Forgot Agate.

Winkins has a servant-girl who is willing, active, and obedient, and gives her master and mistress every satisfaction. But Marie has one fault—she is very forgetful. Whenever the family sit down to dinner the bell has to be rung, as something is invariably discovered to be missing—say, a spoon, the bread, the salt. All means had been tried to cure her of this unhappy failing, but without effect.

The other day the family were seated at table, and the bell was rung as usual. The girl hurried to the dining-room.

'Marie,' said Winkins, 'just run and fetch the big step-ladder down from the attic and bring it in here.'

Marie, who had been disturbed at her dinner, gave a great dissatisfaction, but ran up the three flights of stairs to fetch

down the heavy ladder. In about five minutes she returned to the room pining with the exertion.

'So now,' said Winkins, 'put it up at the end of the room and climb to the top.' Marie did as she was told, and when she was at the top, Winkins quietly observed:

'Marie, you have now got a better view than we have; just look round and tell us if you can see any salt on the table. My wife and I could not find it.'

That did the business: Marie never forgot the lesson.

SOLIDIFIED ALCOHOL.

A Newark Inventor Discovers a Process to Transform the Liquid.

An inventor in Newark has succeeded in finding a compound which will hold alcohol in suspension in a solid form, and he declares that his discovery is both new and useful. Weather it be true that no one else has ever before succeeded in getting alcohol into a solid form, it is certain that no one has put it into the market in that shape. There is no doubt that the usefulness and advantage of such a compound. The inventor contemplates its use solely as a fuel. Whether it could be used for other purposes does not appear but their seem to be other possibilities for it.

After the inventor had exhibited a sample of the solidified alcohol to a San reporter and explained its uses, he offered to prove the character of the compound in a practical way by making some of it for the reporter if the reporter would go to his

workshop in Newark and take with him his own supply of alcohol. The only stipulation made was the alcohol should be at least 92 per cent, in strength, as the presence of water would prevent the success of the process. The reporter accepted the proposition and went to Newark, taking with him a half-pint whiskey flask, filled with 95 per cent wood alcohol.

The inventor measured out the alcohol, and then for every two ounces of it, added to it a slice of a waxy compound shaped like a piece of pie, and cut from a box the size and shape of a stove blacking box. Each slice of this compound was about an inch wide at the circumference of the box, half an inch thick, and 1 1/2 inches long. What this was composed of is the inventor's secret. It felt waxy, and was light and porous, and from its smell had evidently been prepared with wood alcohol.

The alcohol and this compound were heated together in a water bath until the alcohol boiled, and at that temperature the compound in it melted and mixed with it, forming a clear liquid except for a pink coloring which was an arbitrary addition to the waxy compound. The mixture was now set to cool, and in a short time it became a stiff paste.

It is in this form that the inventor proposes to put it on the market. Although it smells strongly of the alcohol, the mixture seems to be stable, and samples which were put up in two-ounce tin boxes three

months ago have lost little by evaporation. If a lighted match is touched to the alcohol, the paste melts on the surface and takes fire, burning freely with the characteristic blue alcohol flame, only with a tinge of yellow added at the outer part. Burning freely in the box and giving a flame big enough to heat a chafing dish, a two-ounce box of paste kept lighted for about two hours, where the same alcohol in a liquid form would have burned out ten in minutes.

Many uses for the new paste will occur to the reader. Alcohol is one of the most desirable of fuels for many purposes, and in a form where it can be transported without danger of its leaking or spilling would have an added value for hunting and camping trips and for exploring expeditions. Instead of a can of the fluid, my lady can have boxes of the paste to light under her chafing dish or to heat a curling iron, and a man can use it to heat shaving water or to make toddy. If the mixture be heated to a melting point and then kept in agitation while it cools, it does not harden, but the hardening compound separates and is held in suspension. In this state the liquid alcohol might be recovered, and this suggests other uses for the compound.

Inspector (to school-girl during examination): 'What is meant when it says, "He was amply rewarded?"'

Girl: 'Paid for it.'

Inspector: 'No, you don't know that. Suppose you were to go to the baker's shop and buy a half-quarter loaf, and laid down 4d.' 'Would you say you had "amply rewarded" the baker?'

Girl: 'Yes, sir.'

Inspector: 'Why?'

Girl: 'Because it's only 2 3/4.'

Collapse of inspector.

Rescue For All Suffering and Helpless "Grippe" Victims.

PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND Quickly Banishes All the Terrible After-Effects of the Dread Disease.

The Nerves Are Fed and Braced—The Blood Is Made Pure—Flesh is Solidly Built Up and Weight Increased—A Permanent Foundation of Health is Laid for Future Years.

At this time our thoughts naturally revert to our "Grippe-sick" relatives and friends, who are truly the most miserable of afflicted mortals.

We have all beheld the agony of body and mind that grippe victims endure. Suffering is clearly depicted in face and eyes, and the very soul is sorely vexed and cast down. Kindly hands minister in vain, and the sympathies and tears of near and dear ones are of no avail in this time of misery. The vice-like grip of the fiendish disease works havoc on the brain and nerves of its poor victims, they become so racked and

tried with aches and pains that, in many instances, death is evoked as a relief.

Until the mysterious and terrible fatal enemy has completed his work of torture, but a small measure of relief can be afforded by physicians. Dosing with quinine, narcotics and opiates, mustard applications and liniments may all pain for a brief hour, but they cannot drive off the implacable foe before he has accomplished his mission—the bestowment of broken health, unstrung nerves, heart troubles, confused brain power, poisoned blood, rheumatism and neuralgia.

It is after the fury of the disease has been passed—when the patient is weak and frail as an infant—that the grand work of rebuilding should begin. This work of re-establishing sound health for "Grippe-sick" men and women must be commenced with intelligence and great care. A move in the wrong direction will quickly prove fatal or bring on complications more to be dreaded than the original disease.

Those who have just passed the critical stage of grippe must avoid the weakening effects of ordinary drugs and medicine. Medical science and a world-wide experi-



ences point directly to that marvellously successful remedy of nature, Paine's Celery Compound, the only true nerve, flesh and strength builder that medical science has so far devised.

Paine's Celery Compound, with its life-giving virtues, commences by bracing the unstrung nerves. While this foundation work is progressing, the blood is rapidly purified; it becomes rich and red, and all parts of the body soon feel its vitalizing power. The reinforced nerves and pure, rich blood influence the digestive organs. The stomach is put in a healthy condition, food is relished, assimilation is perfect, re-

freshing sleep each night adds its quota to new health, it is gained, the brain is clear and active, and the whole system works so harmoniously that with ordinary care a long and happy life can be enjoyed.

To those who have thus far escaped grippe, but are not as strong and robust as they should be at this season, we say beware! A bottle or two of Paine's Celery Compound to restore your vitality and strength will save you from all impending dangers.

Paine's Celery Compound has, during this season of disease and death, won a name

and record that can never be reached by other medicine. Thousands of grippe convalescents have frequently thanked Heaven for its life-giving powers. Scores of thankful men and women have publicly declared that Paine's Celery Compound, and it alone, saved their lives. If you value life; if you would avoid the treacherous after-effect of grippe, you must do as thousands are doing to-day, please your faith and confidence in Paine's Celery Compound. You cannot be deceived or disappointed. Paine's Celery Compound is a great physician's prescription—the only medicine that guarantees a perfect cure.

TO THE BITTER DREGS.

By the Author of "Cast up by the Sea," "The Fog Woman," "The Secret of White Towers," etc.

He looked at it, lying on the palm of her hand; and something his father had said, the evening before, came into his mind. He did not remember the exact words. It was just a hint that, perhaps, he had been over-hasty in choosing Shirley Lorraine—that it was possible another style of girl might have suited him better.

She tossed the ring on to the tea tray with a sudden, impatient movement. 'I don't care that for the county, and, if you don't like to take it, you can leave it there, and it shall be sent to you.'

He sat staring at her, wishing she would leave off; but wishing, most of all, that she had never come to Fairfield that afternoon.

Arriving at Metherell Court, he flung himself off his horse, and with his shoulders humped up, and a scowl on his face, mounted the broad white steps.

Sir Martin was sitting in the inter hall. A huge log was burning in the wide, old-fashioned grate.

'Nasty weather,' Sir Martin said. 'You had better change, my boy.'

'I'm all right,' was the curt answer. 'You don't look it,' his father remarked.

'What is wrong?—I thought you had been to see Shirley.'

'I have seen her. She talked a lot of stuff about breaking off our engagement. She never knows her own mind two days running.'

Sir Martin bent forward, and stroked the dog's head.

'What was her reason for wishing such a thing?' he asked.

'Oh, I don't know—thinks we are not suited to one another!'

'And you agreed with her?'

'I am not in love with her; and, if I were, a Metherell could scarcely marry a girl of absolutely no family whatever.'

'Surely you would be the last to wish such a thing, considering the lectures I have had from you on that same subject.'

'I like the girl,' Sir Martin said, and, leaving his seat, he went into his study.

'The old fellow's mind is going,' Gilbert said aloud. 'He is as mad as a batter.'

Well, gipsy, where have you sprung from? Cora had suddenly appeared before him.

Gilbert had an uncomfortable feeling that the French girl might have been behind one of the screens, listening to the conversation.

His face went a dull red, but Cora soon put him at his ease.

'Ah, you have come home at last! I have missed you terribly. Her lady-

ship is tired of poor little me. She thinks I have been here long enough, and so, alas! I must go.'

'You won't go this side of Christmas.'

'But, yes; Lady Metherell has been asking me where I intend to spend my Christmas. I have been here so long, monsieur, she began to fear I should never go. I must relieve her mind instantly. You my friend will sorrow just a little for me will you not?'

'She said my hands upon his arm, and rested her cheek against his.'

'Why could not Shirley be like this? He thought.'

'My coat is wet,' he said; 'you will catch cold.'

'Do I care? with a flash of her dark eyes. He laughed.'

'You are rather fond of me, Cora, aren't you?'

'Ah, monsieur, no words can tell! But, there, I must say no more.'

He put his arm around her waist and kissed her.

'You're a jolly little girl,' she said. 'Well, I'm going to change my things. Wait here till I come down.'

She promised; but, directly he had gone she flew to the study door, and, without knocking went in.

Sir Martin lifted his head with a start. 'What is it you require?'

'A little word with you, my friend,' she replied, coolly, taking a chair near to him.

'I heard all that you said just now.'

He was not surprised.

He never spoke now without feeling that she was listening to each word.

to keep the girl, believing that in time she would learn from her the due to her husband's secret.

Months had passed since then, and she had gleaned one grain of knowledge.

She was convinced, now, that Cora had nothing to tell, and was desirous of getting out of him as quickly as possible.

She had never liked her; being particularly straightforward and plain-spoken herself, she naturally had nothing in common with one who was exceedingly cunning, and whose ways were tortuous.

Lately, too, she had advanced to the fact that Gilbert was rather too intimate with her.

She knew her son was weak, and she did not trust Cora; therefore, she determined that the daily intercourse must cease without further delay.

She was sitting in her boudoir, thinking of how she could manage this, when Gilbert came in, and flung himself in a chair by the window, through which the morning sun was brightly shining.

Lady Metherell had never quite recovered her strength since her accident, and usually breakfasted in her room, so that this was the first occasion on which they had met that day.

'You do not look very well this morning, my boy,' she said, glancing at his pale face and heavy eyes. 'Go for a ride—it will do you good.'

'Boah!' he returned, rudely; adding, in a half-shamed way: 'I say, mater, I am in the denso of a mess—and I'm hanged if I know how to act.'

She was sitting at her writing-desk. She laid down the silver-mounted pen with which she had been playing, and said: 'Perhaps I can help you.'

Metherell at once began to blurt out his story in a peevish, injured tone.

'You must have noticed—anyone with an atom of sense must have noticed—that Shirley hasn't treated me particularly well lately. I have had to take no end of humbug from her, and I have not liked it, I can tell you. Yesterday she was out with that ass, West, and behaved in the most ridiculous fashion when she got home and found me waiting for her.'

Lady Metherell had listened in her cold calm way.

'Mr. West has gone,' she said. He left by the early train. We all went rather mad about him—he is so gifted and so pleasant. I should take no notice of Shirley's little outbreak—she will come to her senses now, you will see.'

'She insisted upon returning my ring, said she was miserable, and that she had changed her mind,' Gilbert continued. 'I came away in a bit of a rage, I can tell you. Perhaps, after dinner I took a little more than I ought to have taken. I wasn't drunk, but didn't care what I did; and that little French girl, Cora, came, and was awfully sweet and nice—and I—well, like a fool, I proposed to her.'

'Gilbert!' For once her ladyship's dignified repose was disturbed. 'My dear boy, I must put this right at once.'

'You are mighty clever; but how?'

'I shall tell Mademoiselle Rozier the simple facts of the case. You cannot be engaged to two girls at the same time. Shirley has the first claim.'

'Oh! she has?' with an ugly sneer. 'Read that.'

He threw on to her desk a letter, which she opened and read.

'Fairfield. "DEAR GILBERT.—I am returning your ring and presents, and trust you will forgive me for any disappointment I may have caused you.'

'I know that Sir Martin and Lady Metherell will feel very angry with me, but surely they will agree that I could not wrong you more than by marrying you when I do not love you.'

'I hope, in time, we shall be friends again; but, believe me, this letter is final. I can never be anything but a friend.'

'Yours very sincerely, "SHIRLEY LORRAINE."

'She does not know her own mind,' Lady Metherell observed, as she returned the note. 'I will see her this afternoon, and talk her into a more sensible state.'

'What good will that do me?' Gilbert demanded, impatiently. 'And I am not so sure that I want her back. It is Cora that I am thinking of.'

her tall height, her yellow face flushed with excitement.

'You—a Metherell—to speak in this way? she exclaimed, contemptuously. 'Have you no pride? The girl shall not remain in this house another day—another hour. I will show you it is not too late to save our son—the last of the old name—from such an alliance.'

'We—we know nothing against her,' he stammered. 'She says—it is possible she may be of a good family.'

A derisive laugh answered him.

'She!—the daughter of a common, vulgar Frenchwoman, whose past you dare not mention. Who was she? What was she—this Mademoiselle Rozier? Surely it is time now to end all scruples.'

Sir Martin hesitated, while he moved his position, taking up that old attitude of his—resting his elbow on the table, and shading his eyes with his hand.

He could not stand, just then, his wife's direct piercing gaze. 'She was once,' he said, reluctantly, 'a talented singer.'

'That is all I have to tell.'

'She knew he was lying; she knew also it would be useless to press him.'

She hit her lip and tapped her foot upon the ground.

'I am busy,' Sir Martin said, breaking the silence. 'Is there anything more that you wish to say?'

'Nothing,' laughingly. 'My next interview is with Mademoiselle Rozier, to arrange the hour of her departure.'

'And that in all you will tell me?'

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'And that in all you will tell me?'

'That is all I have to tell.'

'She knew he was lying; she knew also it would be useless to press him.'

Cora surveyed her, bitter, angry disappointment struggling in her face.

'At one time,' she said, 'madame begged me to remain—now she would turn me out like a servant without a character. Monsieur is my friend. Will he allow it?'

Sir Martin had expected the girl to turn upon him, and in her fury to shriek out her knowledge of his crime.

The quietly-spoken appeal took him by surprise.

For one moment he felt a great rush of shamefacedness; the next, and he saw, by the expression of her face, that it was because she had not yet given up hope, and had still another card to play.

He wondered vaguely what it was; but no suspicion of the truth entered his mind.

'I imagined,' Lady Metherell hastened to say, 'that you would feel anxious to quit the house. It appears I credited you with feeling you do not possess. Pray suit your own, and—Sir Martin's convenience.'

Cora watched her leave the room, pride and fierce indignation shown in every line of her upright figure.

The girl shrugged her shoulders.

'She has a long way to come down, down to her knees.'

'You think you can accomplish that?'

Sir Martin asked, grimly.

'Certainly—you will see.'

He leaned wearily forward in his chair resting on his hands.

'My God! he said wretchedly, 'I wish I were dead.'

'One can always die,' she told him, mockingly. 'There are many ways of getting out of the world—but life is sweet.'

'Sweet? he echoed, brokenly, while his inner eyes looked at the wreck and havoc of his existence. 'It is not that I cling to life—but that I dread eternity.'

'You have good cause to dread it, my friend,' she replied, with a malicious little grin. 'Well, an revoir?'

Gilbert was in the hall, pushing his arms into the great overcoat that the butler was holding for him.

His idea had been to leave the house without seeing Cora, and not to return till she had gone.

He started as she drew the portiere aside, and stood before him.

'Ah! Monsieur Gilbert, going for a walk? I will come just a little way with you—this is, if you are a very good boy.'

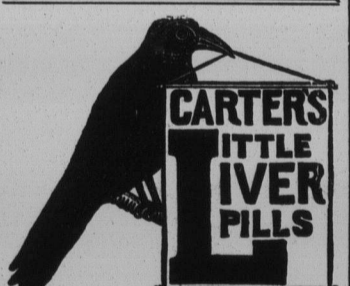
'Oh, I can't swear to that! he declared, lamely, trying to hide the discomfort he felt at the sight of her. 'My sentiments are the same as the little boy's who said to his grandmother, "Be good, and you'll be happy; but you won't have any fun." I say, you can't come out like that—the wind is awfully cold.'

'The sun is shining,' Cora said; 'I shall be all right.'

As they walked down the drive together, he began talking in hurried way about a new horse he was buying.

She listened in silence for a short time, then interrupted him with an abruptness which pulled him up with a start—

'We are engaged.'



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS SICK HEADACHE Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

MRS. GEO. SMALL, MT. FOREST, ONT., Considers Laxa-Liver Pills the best remedy for Biliousness. One after another is coming forward and speaking a word in favor of the new family medicine—Laxa-Liver Pills. Mrs. Geo. Small, Silgo Road, Mount Forest, after giving these pills a thorough trial, thus expresses herself:—"Laxa-Liver Pills are the best remedy I ever took for biliousness; and as a general family cathartic, they are far superior to anything in the market for that purpose."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures the severest coughs and colds of young or old quicker than any other remedy. Price 25c.

Sunday Reading

The Legion. Eternal food of truth and grace, Immortal Word and Spirit drive, The matchless love in words of truth Hath made to hope our highest man.

Presumptuous Sins.

In that wonderful XIXth Psalm in which David appropriates lessons of confidence in God from observing his handiwork in the heavens and the earth, he leads up naturally to the prayer for deliverance from presumptuous sins.

Sin is such a dreadful thing that no colors are too dark for its portrayal; it alienates the soul from God, destroys faith, and, unrepented of and persisted in, makes a wreck of life.

But dreadful as sin is, it is presumptuous sin that is the blackest of all. That is the sin into which the sinner falls not by yielding to a sudden temptation, not by being overcome by the force of besetting circumstances.

But there is mercy even for the 'presumptuous' sinner; the mercy of God is greater than the greatest presumptuous sin ever committed by the subsequently repentant sinner.

But let no repentant soul sincerely desiring forgiveness and heartily resolving to forsake his sin, ever despair;—'There is forgiveness with Thee that thou mayest be feared.' Where there is a genuine sorrow for sin, however great, however presumptuous, with an earnest purpose to forsake it and a new turning of the soul to God,—there the divine compassion will meet the sinner even as the grieving parent's heart went out to the prodigal, who will be welcomed back again in the father's house and the companionship of the loved ones, in place of an existence only supported by robbing the swine of their food.

'I cannot but think,' says an eminent writer, 'that the world would be better and brighter if our teachers would dwell upon the duty of happiness as well as upon the happiness of duty; for we ought to be as

Vigor Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills. FOR THE Weak and Nervous.

'Probably no single drug is employed in nervous diseases with effects so markedly beneficial as those of cod-liver oil.'

These are the words of an eminent medical teacher. Another says: 'The hypophosphites are generally acknowledged as valuable nerve tonics.'

Both these remedies are combined in Scott's Emulsion. Therefore, take it for nervousness, neuralgia, sciatica, insomnia and brain exhaustion.

Sole and Sole, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

cheerful as we can if only because to be happy ourselves is a most effectual contribution to the happiness of others.

Two faces come before me as an illustration of the enjoyment of religion. When I saw them last I was little more than a child, but their spiritual radiance has encircled me ever since, though the persons themselves have long ago passed on to their reward.

The enjoyment of religion does not imply the non-enjoyment of temporal things. The earth is the Lord's handiwork, he made the mountains and the hills and created the valleys; he planted the fertile plains and filled the glorious firmament with countless stars; he made the lily and the rose, and bedecked the earth with flowers.

An enemy had beheaded John, and his disciples hearing the sad news, went and buried his body. Nothing more could they do for the dead, and so 'they went and told Jesus,' it is written.

The enemy—'the last enemy'—death, enters your home and mine, and we, too, are bereft. Friends gather around, and tenderly shield, and think for us, when the half grazed brain seems too dazed to assert itself.

We do not realize that the loved form, lying, so still, is never again to cross the threshold, with gladsome bound; for we start at every turn, half expecting to hear the voice which is hushed, and the musical laugh which but yesterday bade gloom depart.

We have him, too, in a sense, for as we gaze at the still sunny face, he seems on the point of opening the closed eyelids and responding to loving tones, as was his wont; and so we do not realize, we cannot! that the never falling love-light in those laughing eyes will never more make labor light.

Oh, no! for the form we loved so well is still within our reach. And you know, and I know, fellow sufferers, that the saddest hours which follow in the wake of the 'enemy,' are not when we are alone with our dead, but when we are alone without the pulseless form.

'buried it,' what remains? Friends who until then lingered close, and perchance by loving sympathy kept the heart from breaking, leave us, one by one, until in the now desolate home we are left alone with our grief.

Alone, with the wailing hush; the stillness that can be felt; the heart-hunger; the evening sunset, which clutch at the throat, as begins the never-ending realization that the loved one is gone from the place still resounding with his footsteps, and gone forever!

What now? There is but one source of comfort left us. The disciples, after they buried John, 'went and told Jesus.' And 'it is, fellow sufferers, is our privilege, as 'all as these.

Tell Jesus, the Comforter! and lend a listening ear to 'It is I. Be not afraid.' And then the stricken heart will join the refrain:

'He doth all things well.' 'We say it now with tears' 'But we shall sing with those we love Through bright eternal years.'

How the Organist Spelled the Sermon.

Rev. Simon J. McPherson preached on 'Hell' in a Presbyterian church in New York recently. He pictured in burning words the terrors awaiting the unrepentant wicked in the next world.

The organist began to play the air pianissimo, and a broad grin spread over every face. Doctor McPherson looked appealingly upward to the organist, and turned over the leaves of a hymn-book with desperate eagerness.

'We must change that response,' whispered the pastor. 'Why?' asked the organist innocently. 'I have been preaching on 'Hell,' said the Doctor 'and the response you have chosen is 'What Must it Be to be There?'

The organist grinned as he climbed to the organ and started up 'Art Thou Worry?'

Remember His Promises.

Does your spirit faint? The Divine promises are a dropping honeycomb, better than Janathan's. Dip your pilgrim staff into their richness and put your hand to your mouth, like him, and your faintness shall pass away.

Why Doctor Temple had a Restless Night. Archbishop Temple was once taken home by a clergyman in the absence of the latter's wife.

'No, thanks,' the Archbishop laconically replied: 'Mrs. Temple doesn't at all like roughing it.'

The clergyman's feelings were deeply hurt, for the visit had meant some expense and much anxiety to him. He unburdened his soul to his wife on her return.

'Why, my dear,' she exclaimed, 'you didn't surely put the Archbishop in the pink bedroom, did you?'

'I certainly did.' 'Oh, then, that's it. I put all the plate in the bed for safety while I was away!'

Two country clergymen had agreed to exchange pulpits on a certain date, says the Syracuse Standard. One of them made the following solemn announcement to his congregation on the Sabbath previous.

'My dear brethren and sisters, I have the pleasure of stating that on next Sunday the Rev. Zachariah B. Day will preach for you. Now sing two verses of Hymn No. 489, that Awful Day Will Surely Come.'

And it took him some time to discover why the congregation smiled.

He was the son of a worthy citizen, and had just returned from college. His father was a brusque, matter-of-fact man, who had no liking for anything pronounced, and he noticed with sorrow that his son returned with the latest thing in collars, and various other insignia of fashion.

The old gentleman surveyed him critically when he appeared in his office, and then blurted out: 'Young man, you look like an idiot.'

Enameline is the Modern Stove Polish, because it has all the latest improvements. A brilliant polish is produced without labor, dust or odor. There are three styles of package—paste, cake or liquid. Get the genuine. J. L. PRESCOTT & CO., New York.

Just at that moment, and before the young man had time to make a fitting reply, a friend walked in.

'Why, hello, Billy! have you returned?' he asked. 'Dear me, how much you resemble your father!'

A CARD.

- We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache.

Odities of Poisoning.

The constitutional differences and peculiarities which exist among individuals should always be carefully watched and considered. One person can handle poison ivy with impunity, while another is poisoned if only in the vicinity of the vine and without contact.

It is this peculiar condition of the system which constitutes the danger point in the individual case and should be prudently observed by each one for himself.

More of earthly happiness depends upon what we eat than many people realize and it is for this reason that the different states are one by one passing pure-food laws.

Something For Nothing. A trial bottle of Catarrhosone and inhaler, prepaid, sent free to anyone who sends his address within one week.

'Gentlemen,' began the proprietor of the only hotel at Baswood corners, 'I've run this here institution for over thirty years. It's given me a first rate chance to study human nature.'

A Rural Sherlock Holmes. 'Gentlemen,' began the proprietor of the only hotel at Baswood corners, 'I've run this here institution for over thirty years. It's given me a first rate chance to study human nature.'

married by watchin' the husband get his wife a drink of water.'

'Go ahead,' we said. 'What's your discovery?' 'Well, when the tender young honeymooners come here, an' the feller gets the bride a drink of water, if there's any left in the glass after she gets through, why, he drinks it. If the couple has been married a year or so the feller will throw out the water that his wife leaves in the glass and get himself some fresh. Ain't that purty straight?—Judge.

married by watchin' the husband get his wife a drink of water.'

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A number of ladies had received an invitation to pay an ironclad lying in the Solent, and as they proceeded on their tour of inspection, paused, as might be expected, to examine the magnificent guns.

The gunner, who was always expected to keep the cannon bright, did not seem to be greatly pleased with the feminine compliments which were being lavishly bestowed, and the ladies had no sooner moved away than he seized a cloth, sprang to the cannon which the young lady had touched, and commenced rubbing it with renewed energy.

'The officer of the deck noticed his action, and, coming forward, remarked:—'Well, Brown, you don't seem to be pleased, as I should think a man would be with all that flattery.'

'Flattery!' said Brown, with a contemptuous snort. 'Taint enough for them to come and look at it' rub rub rub—but they've got to go and put their dirty paws all over it, sir!'

And he kept on rubbing with his fierce strength.

MISERY IN A HOSPITAL.

Rheumatism Made Life a Burden—South American Rheumatism Cure Effected in-A Permanent Cure.

The life of John E. Smith, of Anasco Wood Hospital, St. Thomas, was one long round of misery, he was so afflicted with rheumatism. He tried all manner of cures with much benefit.

Dogskin Dresses in China. In Northern China many of the natives are dressed in dogskin. There are many establishments where dogs of a peculiar breed are raised in large numbers for their shaggy pelts.

Take B.B.B. This Spring.

Very few people escape the enervating influence of spring weather. There is a dullness, drowsiness and inappetite for work on account of the whole system being clogged up with impurities accumulated during the winter months.

The liver is sluggish, the bowels inclined to be constipated, the blood impure, and the entire organism is in need of a thorough cleansing.

Of all 'Spring Medicines,' Burdock Blood Bitters is the best. It stimulates the sluggish liver to activity, improves the appetite, acts on the bowels and kidneys, purifies and enriches the blood, removes all poisonous products, and imparts new life and vigor to those who are weak and debilitated.

7-Big Mr. Wm. J. Hepburn writes from Centralia, Ont.: 'I can sincerely say that Burdock Blood Bitters is the best spring medicine on the market. Last spring my blood got out of order, and I had seven or eight good sized boils come out on my body, and the one on my leg was much larger than an egg. I got a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and inside of six days, when only half the bottle was taken, there wasn't a boil to be seen. I have recommended B.B.B. to different people in our village, and all derived benefit from it. I wish B.B.B. every success, as it is indeed a great medicine for the blood.'

B.B.B. is a highly concentrated vegetable compound—teaspoonful doses—add water yourself.

Notches on The Stick

Ferdinand Freiligrath [Fr-ig-rah] is the poet of freedom in modern Germany. He has been called the "German Whittier," and not without reason, since he wrote ringing free lyrics, akin in spirit to the Quaker poet's "Voices of Freedom."

As a specimen of his political songs we will give a translation of his "Black, Red, and Gold," which we do not wonder had an ill relish for the tyrants of that day.

How long is grief and darkness, we Oblivious were to conceal it! Now from its grave we set it free, And to the world reveal it.

The translation is by Louis Frederick Starrett, of Rockland, Me., a lover and student of the minor German muse; and, though we have given about half the number of stanzas, the reader can get some idea of the spirit and meaning of the whole.

CANCER And Tumors cured by stay... or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 75-page book—free, write Dept. 11, Mason-McCubbin Co., 377 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Stanza 7 to his fellow-workers thus the master-printer said: "Masters will be used to-morrow, and there will be no end of head."

Stanza 8 to his fellow-workers thus the master-printer said: "Masters will be used to-morrow, and there will be no end of head."

Stanza 9 to his fellow-workers thus the master-printer said: "Masters will be used to-morrow, and there will be no end of head."

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899. GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S "THE ROUGH RIDERS" (Illustrated serial), and all his other war writings. ROBERT LEWIS STEPHENSON'S LETTERS (never before published), edited by SIDNEY COLVIN.

HOOD'S PILLS. Remedy for biliousness, sick headache, jaundice, nausea, indigestion, etc. They are invaluable to prevent a cold or break up a fever.

Chat to... Boys and Girls.

A little girl, who is particularly fond of flowers has asked me to tell from our...

How the thistle became the emblem of Scotland is so well known I need scarcely relate...

The Irish have their pretty green Shamrock which closely resembles daisy clover...

A curious story is told of a milkmaid who having finished her work, picked up a handful of grass and clover...



bud as her badge. This modest little flower has played an interesting part in many a love affair...

FILLS OF FASHION.

Even the advent of Lent on the heels of a big blizzard does not check women's interest in fashions...

Lingerie just at present is receiving attention. To be arrayed in soft, well-made, well fitting undergarments...

figures is shown in the next illustration. Colored silk nightdresses have taken a new lease of the feminine heart...

All the same there are plenty of women who will always cling to the corset cover, as their figures do not warrant the wearing of the extra thickness...

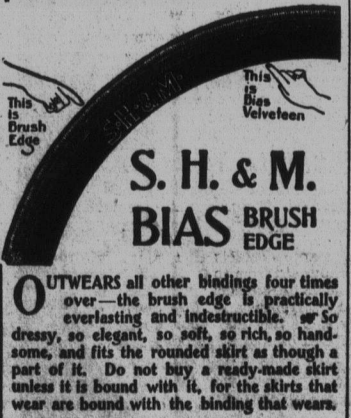
Drawers are more scant than they have been for some time, and are cut to fit as smoothly about the waist as possible...

While dressing saques do not come strictly under the head of lingerie, it is well to consider them at the same time...

Another new model is made of coral pink taffeta, tucked all over in tiny bias tucks. The loose fronts come only to the waist...

Something youthful in the way of a lawn model is really made of deep Irish point embroidery...

CURVES TO FIT IRON-LIKE WEAR



OUTWEARS all other bindings four times over—the brush edge is practically everlasting and indestructible...

Perfection of Strength & Flavor Chase and Sanborn's COFFEE Seal Brand Java and Mocha Guaranteed Absolutely Pure.

of fine tucks running from the shoulder seams down to the top of the bust, and the embroidery is gathered in at the waist line...

After all this petticoat is of supreme importance, for upon its perfect fit, hang and sweep depends that of the dress skirt.

Silk petticoats have undergone several changes, and if possible those designed for spring wear are more beautiful than ever before.

In this class the softest quality is sought, since the alluring ruffle is no longer considered so desirable. Most of the flounces are graduated, and are either pinked at the edge...

In point of color, violet in every shade is by long odds most in demand. Parisian women have adopted all shades of coral and other pinkish reds...

The indications are that all shades of violet and coral and national blue with predominate in spring millinery.

Some of the Fifth Avenue shops are showing a novel veil which is being worn by Parisian women. It is a made affair of black Chantilly lace...

is narrow, running down to a well-defined scallop in the centre. It enhances a beautiful woman's beauty...

The very newest color so far is a very bright rendering of the periwinkle tint. It combines cream or any of the paler tones of beige.

Embroidered fans are the mode at present. They are worked in silks with big roses, orchids or lilies, which are accentuated by spangles.

Cobweb braiding promises to be a feature this season. It has something of the appearance of lace without a pattern.

Ruchings are much employed on gowns and lingerie. This being so it is satisfactory to know that they are to be had ready made in every color and width.

At last it is really in fashion again—the colored handkerchief. One design is made entirely of delicately tinted linen...

Surest of All.

Diamond Dyes Excel All Other Dyestuffs.

FAST TO SOAP AND LIGHT.

These World Famed Dyes are Home Favorites.

We have tried to use other dyes, but they did not give us satisfaction. Bought eight packages of your Diamond Dyes...

For dyeing Carpets and Cotton Goods, Diamond Dyes are unequalled.

Hotel Clerk (anxiously): Your butler has come apart. May I ask what this queer thing is?

Guest: This is a new patent fire-escape I always carry it, so in case of fire I can let myself down from the hotel window.

Clerk (thoughtfully): I see. Our term for guests with fire-escapes, sir, are invariably cash in advance.



The Art of Dressing is brought to the highest degree of perfection by the adoption of the Dress Corset. It lasts longer, looks richer and wears better than any other...

HOWLERS GOT HIS GUN.

A Snake of Centre That Liked to Brought From His First Year.

'Spankin' o' luntin', said Uncle Lige Posthous, 'did I ever tell you tellers how I got my first gun?'

Nobody had been 'spankin' o' luntin', but everybody in the store knew Uncle Lige and seemed perfectly willing that the subject should be changed into any conversational channel he might choose.

'Wal, mebbe not, 'n' of I did 'trent' but ye none ter hear it agin, fur it shows just how much more a man kin do by thinkin' an' brain work than he kin by jest goin' ahead like a Maytag 'round a harrycorn chiniky.'

At this point—according to the time honored custom of story tellers—the veteran closed one eye, aimed at the red-hot portion of the stove with extreme accuracy and a hissing result, tilted his chair back against the brown sugar barrel and continued:

'T'was way back in ole Andy Jackson's time when the woods wuz es full o' game critters an' varmints es the summer modders es o' grasshoppers. I was a young switch uv a feller—sen year old er thereabouts an' limber an' strong es a raw-hide. Fatsur was a great hunter an' I got the fever airy an' bad, but every time I said anythin' 'bout hev'in' a gun mother kicked up the worst row you ever see. No, sir, I w'ant goin' to hev no gun, shootin' myself every day an' bein' brought home dead every night an'—pshaw, you know how women folks goes on when they get anythin' in their heads. One day me on' mother an' dad talked it all over. Dad was willin' but him an' mother final agreed that I couldn't hev no gun until I killed an' sold enough game without a gun ter buy one myself. She thought she hed me thar, 'n' I thot so, too, but it left some hope an' I started in. I hed a ole box trap an' I got a bow-arrows an' I worked em both fur all I wuz wuth. 'Bout every day fur a year I wuz at it an' all I made wuz jest \$1.30—proceeds from sellin' a skunk, two muskrats an' a pint o' chuck ile. Wal, this wuz pritty slow, an' at that rate I'd be 30 'fore I hed enny shootin' iron. One day I wuz out with the bow-arrows—nice, warm November day. Hadn't hit nuthin' all day an' wuz settin' on a log feelin' kinder down in the mouth. Suddintly I happened ter look down an' thar in some soft ground near the log wuz a footprint uv a all whoppin' big bar. Golly! I jumped up. I allers was a nervy kid an' so without waitin' a minnit an' with jest my little bow-arrows I started ter track the bar.

'I hedn't gone fur fore I come to some rocks an' windfalls, an' I walked along sly an' fust I knowed thar wuz the biggest bar I ever heara tell of all curled up under a ledge es sound 'n' sleep es the overlastin' hills. I gol! but it give me a start. Wal, I sneaked away 'n' ez I left I observed by the little road he'd made—reg'lar beaten cow path—that this place was his lodgin' place an' sort o' sanctowery, so ter speak. Fust I thot I'd tell Dad. Then I sez: 'No hol' on; mebbe here's a chance ter get my gun. Guess I'll steal Dad's 'n' shoot him. No—that wou'dn't do, fur then they'd just say I didn't kill him 'ordin' ter bargain.' Wal I thot an' thot an' I didn't sleep a wink all night fur thinkin' an' bright an' airy I wuz out agin still a-thinkin. I sez: down by a big bass wood stub an' ez I wuz mopin' away, a bee come bussin' round. I slapped at the cuss an' I gol! but he give me a right smart stinger in the thumb. It hurt like Jehu, but in a second I had clean furgit the hurt an' wuz jumpin' with joy, fur the stinger had prodded a idear inter my head thar wuz wuth somethin'; 'Hurroar!' ez I, I got it! sez I. 'Honey, I sez. 'Honey, ez I, 'I'll make a bee tree!'

'I turned and looked at the basswood stub an' ther hull plan come ter me like the robins comes in spring. 'Now, you tellers all know that basswood air the dumbdest wood ter swell when it's wet that is. Wal—ter out th' story short—I put fur home. First I took ole's measure uv a bar's skull hed hed out in the barn. Then I stole two pound of honey, a axe an' a pail an' put back fur the stub. On gittin' thar I marked jest the size of the bar's skull measure on the tree bout four feet above the ground. O' course it's onnessary ter say that the stub wuz holler. Then I tuk the axe an' cut a hole just the size uv the measure tel I struck inter the holler. It hadn't rained fur six weeks an' the stub wuz jest ez dry ez a baked sponge. Then I got some clay an' a pail er water an' I plastered the inside uv thar holler good, so when it wuz done I hed a baskin just inside the hole an' 'bout a foot below it. Then I tuk a pound o' honey an' omb an' tied it up in cloth so the water wou'dn't melt it all ter once; tied a stone on ter anchor it an' put it on

the bottom uv thar hole. Then done, I filled the pail with water, cut her chest ter the tub an' then, takin' the other box o' honey, damped a little on ther stub 'round an' on the edge o' the hole an' then made a honey trail right from thar ter the ole bar's den. He was thar agin an' asleep.

'I ended the honey trail 'bout twenty paces from him, an' then pickin' up a small rock I let him have it right in the head. I didn't stop 'ter see what he done, fur I knowed as soon es he smelt honey he'd furgit 'bout me, so I just skipped like a streak uv ile fur the stub, poured the pail o' water inter the basin on top the pound o' honey an' climbed up inter a neighborin' huckleb ter watch.

'I hadn't no more'n got fixed an' smelt rattle, 'lone come Mr. Bear at summer heat on the honey trail. Didn't stop fur nothin', but rared at up ther stub, looked off th' sides th' hole an' then—chuck! I went his head. It wuz es close fit, fur his old skull wuz bigger'n th' one dad hed, but he got in an' then yer oughter seen him, standin' on tiptoe ter reach that honey. I hed put it jest fur enough down so ez he had ter stretch fur all he wuz wuth. I tell yet that wuz a wheezin' an' a blowin' in thar hole. The water wuz jest deep enough ter cover his head an' neck an' hed lick honey es long ez he could hold outer his breath. 'n' then he wuz lickin' his head an' neck 'ud git soakin' wet an' then when he'd raise up ter breathe the water'd soak from his ha' inter th' sidges uv thar hole, an' in jest about three minuts the wood begin to swell.

'Mr. Bear wuz too wild about the honey ter notice that, but I cud see the hole gittin' smaller an' smaller an' creasin' first on his fur an' then on the hide an' uv his neck, an' then it begin ter ketch him in the swaller. First he wiggled a little, then begin ter pull, and then of ye'd ever see the kick-in' an' clawin' an' roarin' an' blowin' an' chookin' from thar stub! The hole kept shrinkin' an' shrinkin, tel it wa'n't no bigger'n the bunghole ter a 'lasses bar! Wal, that choked off the blowin' an' roarin', but the kickin' kept right on until he'd kicked so much dirt from the root o' the ground an' thar, ez the Judge says, he hung by the neck tel dead.

'I staid up in the huckleb a few minnits ter make sure, but I see he wuz gone, so I jest shinned down an' broke loose fur home ter tell the folks. The house wuz only 'bout a hundrad rod away an' I run in like a wild man.

'Laws sakes, son, what's the matter?' yells mother. 'Come and see, ez I, an' out I run an' when the ole folks got thar I stood by the bar with the axe ready ter chop him out.

'I didn't answer no questions, but jest chopped a circle 'round Mr. Bear's head an' pretty quick he fell back onter the ground with ez purty a wooden collar 'round his neck ez ye ever see. He face looked like a picter in a round frame. Then I jest pointed ter the hole an' Dad he looked in. Then he tuk mother by the arm and made her look in, an' they see the honey an' the water an' Dad he says: 'Mother, what-ever we be ourselves, our boys got brains.'

'Wal, the ole man cudn't do enuff. He helps me skin the bar an' cut him up an' we tuk him ter town an' sold him fur enuff so thet I got 'her gun an' ammyntion an' a pair o' boots an' mother warmin' pan an', besides, put \$5 in mother's cracked teapot. I tell ye, boys, ye kin say what ye like; it ain't the hardest workin' thet makes money, it's brains.'

Dried bananas are now being exported from Qu-ensland. They are intended as a substitute for raisins in Bri ish puddings.

Life Was a Burden.

TILL MRS. LAMPTON USED PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND.

The Only Medicine That Gives True Strength and Keeps the Body Nourished.

A Letter that Tells of Trials and Sufferings.

A New and Joyous Existence Experienced After the Use of the Wonderful Medicine.

Mrs. M. E. Lampton, of Woodstock, Ont., writes as follows regarding her rescue from suffering and agony: 'After serious consideration I think it my duty to acknowledge the great good that I have derived from Paine's Celery Compound. No living mortal can imagine the sufferings I endured for four months. That demon 'La Grippe' got a last hold of me; I became nervous, and was so prostrated that I could not sleep night or day. I was reduced to a mere skeleton, and my life became a burden. My appetite was very poor, and I was so extremely nervous that I could not bear to have any person in the room with me.

One Sabbath afternoon I read one of your books, and found that Paine's Celery Compound had cured many people. I thought I would try a bottle, and bought one that afternoon, and commenced to take according to directions. The relief was almost instant. I continued the use of the Compound, with the result that I can now sleep all night and feel rested when morning comes. My appetite is good I am gaining in flesh, and feel like a new person.

I cannot find words to express my gratitude for your great Paine's Celery Compound, and for the wonderful cure it has brought about. I am 73 years of age, and can now walk five miles without feeling very tired. I am telling my friends and neighbors who are sleepless and nervous and suffering as I was. I wish you unbounded success, and hope this may be read by some one who is afflicted and anxious for relief.'

Antes at the Gum Shoe in Commerce. 'I have no reason to complain,' said the shoe dealer who had not yet been absorbed by the department store, 'for I make my share of the profits whatever the sales may be. But if I sold only gum shoes the result would be different for me. That is one of the few signs of prosperity that does not benefit the manufacturer. When times are good the sale of rubber shoes diminishes almost 50 per cent. Then nobody seems to want them. There is almost an exact proportion between the sale of overshoes and the sale of shoes. When the people have money to buy one they don't want the other. So my customers buy leather shoes when they are not concerned about the price, and when they are economizing the sale of the rubber shoes up this sales and cracks and they cost less than a third of the price the others bring. So it comes about that the big sales of overshoes are always a sign that times are not prosperous.'—New York Sun.

FLASHES OF FUN.

She: 'What made him laugh?' Officer: 'Trying to select the best-made bicyclo.'

Somebody says: 'Don't pick a quarrel before it is ripe.' Better shake it off while it is green and growing.

Mamma: 'Ain't you there from school earlier than usual to day?' Bobby: 'Yes, mamma; I wasn't kept in today.'

'I wouldn't marry the best man living,' she said, and she kept her vow from the first. But she did not live to die an old maid—she married one of the worst.

Editor: 'Mary, please take the cat out of the room. I cannot have it making such a noise while I am at work. Where is it?' Mary: 'Why, sir, you're sitting on it.'

Couldn't bear torture. Is that the razor you shaved me with the last time?' Knight of the Razor: 'Yes, sir.' Customer: 'Chloroform, please!'

Never be at your place of business when a person wants to borrow money of you, because if you are in you will be out, but if you are out you will be in.

A Model Lover.—Ethel: 'Are you sure that all his thoughts are of you?' Edith: 'Oh, yes! Why, he has just lost his position on account of inattention to business!'

Boorman: 'Don't you think Footlights is a clever actor?' Hibbler: 'Clever? Well, I should say so. He hasn't paid the landlady any money for six weeks!'

Scribbler: 'Does your wife help you in your work?' Sweet Seventeen (to her partner): 'So I trod on your toe, Mr. Briggs?' Briggs (crossively polite): 'Not at all. Not at all, I assure you! I pardon me for bringing a toe.'

'Mary, I saw the baker kiss you to-day. I think I shall go down and take the bread in future.'

'I wouldn't be no use, me'am; he wouldn't kiss you, 'less he promised he'd never kiss anybody else but me.'

A little fellow, aged five, when taken on a visit, seemed surprised at meeting his host, Mr. Blank, on the staircase, and on being asked the reason, answered, 'Cause ma says Mrs. Blank always shuts you up when you're at home.'

The other day, as two friends were talking together in the street, a donkey began to bray and wheeze and cough in a distressing manner. 'What a cold that donkey has!' said one of the men. 'And, by the way, that puts me in mind—how is your cough?'

The Head of the College: 'So you confess that the unfortunate young man was carried to the pump, and then drenched with water? Now, Mr. Fresh, what part did you take in this disgraceful affair?' Undergraduate (mookily): 'The left leg, sir.'

Mrs. Henpeque: 'So you did an act of charity today to commemorate the tenth anniversary of our wedding?' Mr. Henpeque: 'Yes—one of my clerks wanted a rise of salary so that he could get married, and I refused him.'

'Hurry to the door, Mary, and let Mr. Yabley in. He has rung twice.' 'That isn't Mr. Yabley, it is the other young gentleman.'

'Well, wait a minute, then. I must change these photographs on the mantelpiece.'

Mrs. Growler: 'Now, grocer, you have charged me for things I've never had. What do you mean by such items as one handful of raisins, one pocketful of almonds, two mouthfuls of brown sugar—eh?'

'Grocer!' It means, Mrs. Growler, that ladies who will bring their children with them when they do their marketing must pay for all they get.

'Much business this morning?' said the chemist to his new assistant, as he entered the shop, which was also a post-office. 'Yes, sir,' replied the youth. 'I've had a busy morning of it. There have been six women in to look at the directory, and I've obliged eight people with postage stamps, besides changing a sovereign.'

Her Father: 'You say young Hankinson wants to marry you?' 'He does, papa.'

'Does he know I haven't a penny to give you?' 'Yes; he says he wants me for myself alone.'

'H'm! Has he known you long?' 'Oh, yes! Years and years.'

'Then he's a bigger fool than I want in my family.'

Mrs. Hanson: 'I understand, sir, that you have secretly been making love to my daughter, and I must forbid an acquaintance begun in that way. You should have seen me first.'

Shrewd Suitor: 'Madam, had I seen you first I should have forgotten your daughter and fallen in love with you.'

Mrs. Hanson: 'Um—the informality of the proceeding was all I objected to. Come with me and I will introduce you to my husband.'

To help the doctor.—In these energetic-ahead days, we are continually hearing of some new and curious way of making money, but the following method is, perhaps, as ingenious as any previously devised: A little boy entered a surgery the other day when the village doctor was

in attendance, and marching up to him whispered, cautiously:—

'Pshaw, sir, mother said we to say an how Linn's got scarlatina aint had; and please, mother, wants to know how much you'll give her to spread it all over the village.'

'I think I understand,' said the novice. 'It is something like you would administer a log of sassafras; you get the meat and leave me the bone.'

Lawyer: 'Did you ever notice any signs of insanity in the defendant?'

Witness: 'Only on one occasion. A passenger picked up a shilling one day, and he was the only man in the crowd who said he hadn't lost it.'

INCALCULABLE GOOD, AN EXPRESSION OF FAITH.

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills have done me an incalculable amount of good. I think they are the best, surest and quickest acting cure for nervousness, unhealthy action of the heart, insomnia or sleeplessness, anemia or impoverished blood, loss of appetite, general debility and ill-health. For nine years, before I commenced taking Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills, my heart was weak and in an unhealthy state. Its action was so much impaired that I could not walk across the street without suffering great distress, my heart fluttering and beating so rapidly that I could scarcely breathe, causing faintness, loss of strength, and leaving my nerves all unstrung. My sleep was very much disturbed, I had no appetite and there was little strength or vitality in my blood; I was always excessively nervous. I have now taken three boxes of Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills and since taking them I have not been away from my business an hour. Before taking these pills it was a frequent occurrence for me to be away from business. As a result of taking Dr. Ward's Pills my heart is perfectly healthy and strong and gives me no distress or trouble whatever. They removed all nerve trouble, made my nerves strong and gave me healthy sleep. These pills also made my blood rich and strong and gave me a healthy appetite. Dr. Ward's Pills have given me perfect health, restoring my lost strength, in place of continual ill-health, weakness, heart trouble and nervousness. In justice I cannot speak too highly of this wonderful medicine. Signed, Miss N. Millward, Walton St., Port Hope, Ont. Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50c. per box, 5 boxes for \$2.00 at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by THE DOCTOR WARD CO. Limited, 71 Victoria Street, Toronto. Book of information free.

Benson's Porous Plaster. The most successful remedy against Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, and all kinds of pain. It is the best Porous Plaster.

Grippe's Legacy. Shattered Nerves and Weakened Heart—A St. John Lady Tells About It. Mrs. John Quigley, who resides at 30 Sheriff St., St. John, N.B., states: 'Some time ago I was attacked by a severe cold, which ended up in a bad attack of La Grippe. Since that time I have never regained my health, being weak, nervous and run down. I suffered very much from indigestion, accumulation of gas in the stomach, and was in almost constant distress. I was doctored with some of the best physicians in this city; but got no relief until I began using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and am pleased to say that they have completely cured me. My appetite is restored; my nervous system has been toned up to its old-time condition; and I have no more trouble from the indigestion and can eat anything I choose. I am only too glad too testify to the merits of such a marvellous remedy as Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for the cure of nervousness, heart trouble, indigestion, etc. Price 50c. a box, all druggists.

Calvert's Carbolic Soaps. Are Supplied in various Qualities for all purposes. Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient. Ask your dealer to obtain full particulars for you. F. G. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.

Nature's Own Dyspepsia Cure. Nature's remedies are not like man's—they never fail. Of the many remedies intended to cure dyspepsia, sour stomach, distress after eating, weight in the stomach, wind on the stomach, loss of appetite, dizziness, nausea, impoverished blood, catarrh of the stomach, sick headaches, and similar results of indigestion, only one is uniformly and unfailingly successful—that is Nature's Own Remedy, found only in DR. VON STAN'S PINEAPPLE TABLETS. The pineapple contains a large amount of Vegetable Pepsin—nature's most potent aid in digesting food. Mix meat and pineapple and agitate the mixture at a temperature of 103°, and the pineapple will completely digest the meat. Take two of Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets after your meals and they will digest your food without aid from the stomach. This of course rests, strengthens and heals the stomach. The tablets will cure the most chronic case of dyspepsia. They give immediate relief. Take them for a short time and your stomach will be as strong and hearty as that of a farmer's boy. They are as pleasant to the palate as candy. At all druggists—35c. a box—or direct from THE VON STAN MEDICINE CO., Toronto, Can., and Buffalo, N.Y. I

Continued from Sixth Page.

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IT'S ALL IN THE POLISH.

Why Do Some Shoes SHINE BETTER THAN OTHERS?

It's not in the leather. It is in the quality of the polish.

PACKARD'S SPECIAL

Combination Leather Dressings are the kind that give the best shine and the longest life to your shoes.

All colors, Brown, Tan, Russet, Ox Blood and Box Cal.

PACKARD MAKES IT. PACKARD OF MONTREAL. L. H. PACKARD & CO.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

The above is the name and trade mark of the original Kidney Pills. The only reliable Kidney Pills. They were placed on the market by Mr. James Doan, Kingsville, Ont., February, 1886—long before other Kidney Pills were thought of. Their phenomenal success in all parts of the world, as well as in Canada, has brought forth many imitations. Take nothing that has a name that looks or sounds like D-O-A-N-S.

Always ask for D-O-A-N-S Kidney Pills—the pills that quickly and thoroughly cure all kinds of Kidney ills after other remedies fail.

The easier women cross, the less it means.

...What is your name, my dear? I have heard it, but quite forget it. I really can not call you Miss Loraine; it is too much exertion. Besides, we are connections by marriage, you see. Shirley is it? Well now, Shirley, sit down there; it is only a footstool, but quite comfortable. I am sure and let us have a quiet chat.

Lady Gildare's idea of a quiet chat was to babble aimlessly to anyone who would listen to her, and Shirley was becoming intolerably bored when Nurse Patience came to the rescue, with the cushions, and a message from Lady Ayerst, to the effect that Miss Loraine was wanted.

"I thought you would be bored to death when I heard you were in the clutches of Louisa Gildare," Madge said. "So I told the nurse to send you in. Would you like to go to your room, and have a rest before dinner? You are looking tired, and I want you to be at your best tonight, as it is your first appearance here."

Shirley was glad to have a little time to herself before the ordeal of meeting the man she loved.

To be Continued.

...The doctor began at once. "I understand you were the last who saw her ladyship before this seizure?"

"That is true I am in her room—she was going out—she seemed quite well."

"Did she seem happy? Did you notice anything unusual?"

"No; we were talking."

"On ordinary topics?"

"We spoke of Monsieur West. I told her something I knew of him—an amusing little anecdote. We talked also of Sir Martin. Then I left her."

"It is most extraordinary," the doctor muttered. "I cannot account for it. There is no doubt that Lady Metherell is in a most dangerous condition. I should like to have other advice."

That afternoon, three doctors came and held a consultation over the still unconscious woman.

She might recover consciousness—she might live, they said; but in all probability she would die as she was.

There was nothing to be done, but to watch and wait.

In the gray twilight of the dying day, Sir Martin Metherell sat beside his wife's bed, watching with sad, remorseful eyes, her pallid, drawn face.

He had brought her to this—he knew it. The story of his sin had stricken her down.

Were the evil fruit of his deed to have no end? he wondered, despairingly. If, in the hour of his temptation, he could have foreseen the consequences, how much he might have been saved?

He had never cared for the woman lying so strangely still upon her handsome bed; but they had spent twenty-two years of his life together.

She had been a good wife to him, and now they were parting for ever—and through him.

Death and destruction seemed to follow in his path.

His thoughts became too bitter and awful for endurance.

The air of the quiet, shadowy room seemed to strifle him.

Then the white hand resting on the silken coverlet moved, and Lady Metherell's eyes slowly opened and rested upon him.

He bent eagerly forward.

"Clara—wife!" he whispered, hoarsely as a agony of entreaty in his frantically uttered words, as he gathered her fingers in his. "My poor girl!"

He never forgot the expression which grew upon her face—such horror, such aversion, that he sank upon his knees, bowing his head to shut out the sight of it.

And when, at length, he lifted it again, Clara, Lady Metherell, had passed away.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was summer again.

The roses were in bloom, and tall white lilies scented the warm, balmy air.

Sir Henry and Lady Ayerst had wintered abroad, and, after a gay London season, had come down to Royal Heath for six weeks' rest, in a house full of visitors, and a long list of engagements, could be called rest.

But Lady Ayerst was a leading beauty and a woman of fashion, and could not do as humble folk, even though there had come upon her a strange longing for the quiet and peace of Fairfield.

She drove over there one day, and sat in the trim little garden, so sweet and odorous with its borders of old-fashioned flowers.

There was no sound but the cooing of the pigeons on the stable roof.

Daisies stared up at the blue sky from the smooth green lawn.

The daisies were an eyesore to Mrs. Loraine; she regretted their presence as she sat beneath the tree with her daughter.

"They are a perfect pest. It seems impossible to get rid of them. They entirely spoil the lawn."

Madge stooped, and, plucking one, daintily picked it to pieces.

"I believe Shirley," she said, "thinks they improve the look of it."

"Shirley never thinks the same as other people," Mrs. Loraine declared, impatiently. "She is the most self-willed, headstrong girl I have ever met with. It breaks my heart when

JACOB COPE'S NEW FRIEND.

In the Saturday Evening Post. The old Kensington Railway Station was wrapped in gloom. It was midnight, and the occasional gas jets simply seemed to bewilder the few passengers who were unfortunate enough to reach Philadelphia by this late train.

I mean,—but it was more owing to my vigilance than to my intent. The poor man stopped. He leaned back against a brick wall and looked into the distance, now becoming visible with more frequent lights. Jacob's heart was touched.

There were childish games of a simple fashion, such as had no false ring, and at last John Elbridge felt his tongue loosed, and he took the youngest on his knees, and told them tales of a seafaring life—his father's own adventures in the far East.

At nine to-morrow, then, I will go with thee on thy little journey, and, at thy return, these shall fill a place in our wardrobe. And a childish trouble added: 'I wish it were the New Year every day.'

Walters' True Brand SCISSORS. TRADE MARK. REGISTERED. ARE WARRANTED TO SATISFY.

MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO'S New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line.

Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, East's Point), November 14, 21, 28, and December 5, and weekly thereafter.

RAILROADS. Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1899, the Steamship as a Train service this Railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S.S. Prince Edward.

S.S. Prince George, BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and swiftest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N.S., every MONDAY and THURSDAY.

Intercolonial Railway

and after Monday, the 3rd October, 1898, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Peggwash, Picton and Halifax..... 7.00 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Moncton..... 10.00

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. -NEW- TRAIN CONNECTION

DETROIT, CHICAGO, &c. Leave St. John, N.B., 4.10 p.m. Arrive Montreal, 8.45 p.m. Leave Montreal, 9.35 p.m. Arrive Toronto, 1.00 p.m.

MR. FRANK P. MILLS.

Tells of his Struggle With Kidney Disease.

Got no Relief till I used Dodd's Kidney Pills—One Box of this Great Remedy Completely Cured My Disease.

DIED.

Pictou, Feb. 9, Wm. Everett, 71. Sussex, Feb. 2, Ellen J. Bear, 80. Yarmouth, Feb. 16, David Gear, 14.

Trade Mark SUSPENDERS GUARANTEED BORN.

Pictou, to the wife of E. McConnell, a daughter. Halifax, Feb. 16, to the wife of C. B. F. L., a son.

PATENTS. When you want to procure or sell a patent you should consult a worthy firm who understand the patent laws—beware of firms who offer schemes.