

PROGRESS.

VOL. X., NO. 499.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

RAILROADS.

Atlantic Ry.

Pr. 1st., 1897, the Steamship and this railway will be as follows:

S.S. Prince Rupert, Thursday and Friday

1.15 a. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

TRUSTEE GRAY'S HASTE.

HE DOESN'T WAIT FOR HIS COLLEAGUES' OPINION.

Has Discharged Principal Nelson on Sight for Using His Force on an Unlucky Child—The People Take a Hand and Dr. Gray May get the Bounce.

The little milling metropolis of Fairville does not often have anything in the way of a political cause celebre, and when they do have one they make the most of it. They have two local parliaments, the school board and the school board. Progress readers have heard about animated debates and differences in the road board and now the school board is the scene of battle and contest.

The school board may be likened unto the upper house or the senate, as it bears the prestige of dealing with the most important matter with respect to the metropolis, the rearing of the future generation. Of late a matter of great pith and moment has arisen in this body politic relating to patronage, and two parties arose in the school board, and a third party which was mugwump and which, very much like the falls which flow past the portals of Fairville, was sometimes on the fence and anon on one side, and more anon on the other.

There are three rulers of the destinies of Fairville's schools, Dr. J. E. Gray, physician; Mr. James Ready, brewer, and Mr. Robt. Fair, merchant. Dr. Gray was leader of the government, Mr. Ready marshalled the opposition and Mr. Fair and his followers held the balance of power and was the objective point of the manoeuvres of the lobbyists.

Mr. William Nelson, principal of the Fairville public school, was the provoking element of the conflict and around him the combat raged. Mr. Nelson has entered upon his second year in this responsible post as the head of a large school, a fine building and a staff of fine teachers and it is said that he has given general satisfaction as a good teacher, law abiding citizen and active church worker. But somehow he did not suit Dr. Gray, the chairman, secretary and dictator of the board. Last summer one of the teachers laid complaints against Mr. Nelson, complaints that maligned him morally and that were manifestly unjust. But they were sufficient in Dr. Gray's eyes to cause him to discharge Mr. Nelson without troubling his brother trustees over the matter. However, they did not object to a little trouble like that and troubled themselves sufficiently to reinstate the principal.

When the time for the annual election came around in October last the rate payers had some idea of superseding Dr. Gray and choosing another chairman. He had served for three years and they thought it might be better to confer the honor on some one else. However they decided to give the doctor another trial and so they elected him for another three years.

But when they re-elected him he took the reins in his hand more firmly and proceeded to show his authority. Recently Mr. Nelson had occasion to punish a little girl. The child refused to obey her teacher and the latter summoned Mr. Nelson. The child remaining stubborn the principal took his rattan, not a very murderous looking instrument and gave the girl three slaps on the hand.

The matter would probably have dropped there for the girl's mother did not seem to take it much to heart, but Dr. Gray took the pains, it is said, to call on the woman and tell her that if she would lay a complaint before him he would dismiss the principal. She did so and forthwith Dr. Gray dismissed Mr. Nelson without consulting his colleagues. Mr. Nelson, however, did not seem to take the matter seriously for he appears to have gone on teaching. Dr. Gray's colleagues hearing of the action of Dr. Gray did not consider that they should be left out in the cold in the matter and when Mr. Nelson asked for an investigation they willingly granted it.

Mr. James Ready was chairman of the investigation and the various witnesses interested were called. The facts were produced and it did not look particularly formidable. Things seemed nevertheless to be going with Dr. Gray for though Mr. Ready sided with the teacher, Mr. Fair seemed to agree with the views of Dr. Gray.

At this critical moment public opinion—the great moulding force that cannot be disregarded, the master which quickly brings its servant into line,—asserted itself.

A number of prominent rate payers, merchants and others, the people to whom the school board are responsible, entered. They asked the chairman if they could remain, a concession that was courteously granted. Then they gave their version of the case and it was all in favor of Mr. Nelson. They considered that Nelson had only done what his great namesake had enjoined he did his duty. He had not been unnecessarily severe in punishing the girl and there was no ground for any complaint against him.

Mr. Fair, being the mugwump party, jumped daintily and very correctly switched around to them and to Mr. Ready's way of thinking and Dr. Gray was now left in the cool shades of the minority. Mr. Nelson was justified and Dr. Gray had lost his authority.

But the difficulty did not end here. The matter had aroused the people of Fairville and they felt that they had been unwise in re-electing Dr. Gray. The only way in which they could supersede him was to ask him to resign. They therefore proceeded to circulate a petition to be presented to Dr. Gray as chairman of the board asking Dr. Gray to resign his position on the board.

Dr. Gray evidently got wind of this for he determined to anticipate the petition. He has written out his resignation and it will undoubtedly be presented to the people to whom he is responsible.

MR. RUEL'S RESIGNATION.

The Causes Which Led to It—Library Projects Discussed.

The uneventful and peaceful course of events in the administration of the affairs of the board of library commissioners has at last been interrupted by unseemly strife, and has led to the resignation of Mr. chairman J. R. Ruel and also to the probable resignation of Mr. James Manchester. It is the more to be regretted from the fact that it arose out of a gift which the two gentlemen proposed to make to the city of the Crookshank property on Chipman's Hill as a site for a library building. Gifts should be productive of good feeling but in this case it produced discord.

The common council or rather Ald. Christie chiefly, (for the other aldermen did not seem to have much opinion in the matter) took umbrage because they thought the commissioners wanted to dictate to the council about the location of the building, and in regard to other matters relating to the proposed library, and the ill feeling reached its culmination at the last meeting when Ald. Christie said that the commissioners wanted to run things, and they had better look out or they would get their dismissals.

Mr. Ruel could not do anything else than resign in view of these remarks. After serving faithfully as chairman of the board for 14 years, after giving hours every day to the library, being a daily visitor to the institution and overseeing everything, looking after the finances and devoting his fine executive ability to increasing and developing its usefulness to the public, after giving the library many gifts and interesting others and inducing them to give gifts, and finally after offering to help provide a site, after all these things to have the words hurled at him that Ald. Christie used was very ungracious. He probably has had to resign against his own desires, for to visit the library daily was second nature to him and it occupied a large place in his heart. But out of respect to himself he could not remain after a threat had been cast at him in a manner which an employer would not use to his paid clerk.

Anyhow, the library project is squashed for the present at least and it is doubtful if the common council can be induced to make a grant for the building and so those interested in the library will have to wait until some wealthy citizen makes a gift or request for the purpose. The commissioners know of one in particular who could very easily do this for him.

Messrs Ruel and Manchester will probably press their resignations, and in that event the common council will accept them. Two new men will have to be appointed and they will elect a chairman. It is not likely that they will be able to find a man who will devote as much time and energy to the task as has Mr. Ruel and it is probable, as some of the commissioners believe, that they will have to engage a secretary and head librarian, such as other libraries elsewhere have, a literary man conversant with books, and skilled in keeping the accounts and looking after the finances. The present librarian, Miss Martin, who is kept very busy with her yearly increasing labors would be assistant. A competent official would require a salary of say \$800 but the city council might be asked to pay a portion of it.

Another question remains, and that is the fact that the proportions of the library is outgrowing its present quarters. It is stated that the room of the St. George's society, adjoining the library, could be obtained, however, for \$75 a year which would provide ample additional room.

These are two matters that will undoubtedly have to come up, and these are reasonable solutions of them.

CHIEF KERR'S ESCAPE

THE CHAIRMAN'S CASTING VOTE SAVES HIS RESIGNING.

His Bold Words to the Safety Board—His Appointments are not Confirmed He Will Resign—His Tie with Alderman McArthur—The Religious Question.

Chief John Kerr of the fire department and Alderman-at-large Douglas McArthur had a merry and wordy war at the safety board meeting Thursday. It all arose out of the appointment of a man to drive No. 2 hose cart. Under the old regime the chief could have appointed his man and snapped his fingers at the aldermen but since Recorder Skinner has laid down the law that the chief cannot appoint his man the power of Mr. Kerr is confined to recommendations. But he told nine or ten aldermen yesterday that he did not think much of Recorder Skinner's law and when they ignored their chief's recommendations then he would take it as a want of confidence in him and hand in his resignation. When the vote was taken later it was a tie and only the casting vote of the chairman saved the chief of the fire department the trouble of writing out his resignation. But his bold words did not please the aldermen and when he spoke of a private conversation with a "certain alderman" who proved to be Alderman McArthur—and proceeded to drag him over the coals the looks of disapproval were unmistakable. Alderman Parry at a later stage did not hesitate to say that had he been in McArthur's place he would have taken none of it. And Alderman McArthur gave the chief as good as he sent and asked him some awkward questions. It appeared that this Alderman met Chief Kerr on the street and proceeded to give him some plain words relative to the application and appointment of Donohue to the vacant driver'ship of No. 2 hose cart. There were hot words and the report got around that McArthur said there were too many papists being appointed on the fire department. Chief Kerr interrupted him in his speech yesterday and said he did not use those words, but the question of religion evidently got into the heads of the Safety committee and some of them became much excited over it. Alderman Waring in particular declared that if that question was going to enter into the appointment of men that he would resign his seat at the board. The question finally narrowed down to this: McArthur disputed the right of Chief Kerr to appoint, and thought the applications should come before the safety board to be considered. Alderman Tufts was of the same opinion and moved so, and then Alderman Waring in a fiery speech supported Kerr, and moved the confirmation of Donohue's appointment, and this was the motion that was carried by the casting vote of the chairman. Aldermen Hamm and McPherson with Waring and Parry voted for Donohue while McArthur, Tufts, Smith and McMurkin were against him.

A GAY LOTHARIO.

Has a Wife and Children but That Doesn't Spell his Sport.

HALIFAX, Dec. 9.—A despatch from Lunenburg announces that the presbytery met there a day or two ago with closed doors. The clerics and laymen were dealing with the case of Rev. Mr. Williamson, whose resignation of the pastoral charge of the Presbyterian church of Clyde and Barrington was accepted conditionally "subject to further discipline. This is the gentleman who is referred to in the following story.

When he came to Halifax many months ago, his name was without the "Rev" prefix. He was not a native of Nova Scotia—in fact, he had never been here before. On his way to this province he became acquainted with a family residing here. In the family was a daughter—a pretty, grown up girl—and with her his became very friendly. On reaching Halifax he resolved to become a clergyman, having already had a college education, and he took steps to fit himself for the ministry.

It is said while here he became a frequent visitor to the home of the young woman referred to and went around much with her. Things went well with him and some months ago it was announced that he had been admitted to the ministry. It is claimed that by this time he and the young woman had become engaged and their marriage in the near future was looked for. Later it was stated that the newly enrolled clergyman had been offered a charge with a fair compensation and that he would accept the offer.

Shortly after the announcement of the offer, the clergyman left the city. Friends of the young woman were given to understand that he was going to the adjacent province of New Brunswick to conduct a service or preach there, and expected that he would return in a short time. It is said that he asked the parents of the young woman to allow the marriage to take place in a few days after that time, which would be but a day or two before his leaving for New Brunswick; but they thought it better that the marriage should not take place until he returned. They also understood that the parsonage which he was to occupy was being gotten in shape for his occupancy.

Some days after he left here a letter was received stating that, as he had gone so far he thought he might as well visit his old home. The letter was many miles away from New Brunswick. The young girl's friends were informed that he really left for New Brunswick, and they say they received the astounding information that the young clergyman had gone to his old home for the purpose of bringing back with him his wife and children. At first they were inclined to doubt this statement, but later they began to put some belief in it.

A lawyer was consulted and he wrote to the clergyman on his return. Later another lawyer was consulted, and the course he took was to issue a writ against the clergyman, but it is said no defence was put to the writ. The lawyer, who is one of the most prominent in the city, said it was a pity, if the facts related were correct, that the public should not be made aware of the doings of the clergyman, and he advised that the church authorities should be made acquainted with the matter.

The church authorities here were communicated with, the facts as related above stated to them, and letters shown them in corroboration. It is understood they were very much surprised. They had become aware that he had a wife and children, but did not know of his reported engagement to the Halifax young lady. Now it is announced that the matter will be carefully enquired into.

CHIEF KERR'S ESCAPE

THE CHAIRMAN'S CASTING VOTE SAVES HIS RESIGNING.

His Bold Words to the Safety Board—His Appointments are not Confirmed He Will Resign—His Tie with Alderman McArthur—The Religious Question.

Chief John Kerr of the fire department and Alderman-at-large Douglas McArthur had a merry and wordy war at the safety board meeting Thursday. It all arose out of the appointment of a man to drive No. 2 hose cart. Under the old regime the chief could have appointed his man and snapped his fingers at the aldermen but since Recorder Skinner has laid down the law that the chief cannot appoint his man the power of Mr. Kerr is confined to recommendations. But he told nine or ten aldermen yesterday that he did not think much of Recorder Skinner's law and when they ignored their chief's recommendations then he would take it as a want of confidence in him and hand in his resignation. When the vote was taken later it was a tie and only the casting vote of the chairman saved the chief of the fire department the trouble of writing out his resignation. But his bold words did not please the aldermen and when he spoke of a private conversation with a "certain alderman" who proved to be Alderman McArthur—and proceeded to drag him over the coals the looks of disapproval were unmistakable. Alderman Parry at a later stage did not hesitate to say that had he been in McArthur's place he would have taken none of it. And Alderman McArthur gave the chief as good as he sent and asked him some awkward questions. It appeared that this Alderman met Chief Kerr on the street and proceeded to give him some plain words relative to the application and appointment of Donohue to the vacant driver'ship of No. 2 hose cart. There were hot words and the report got around that McArthur said there were too many papists being appointed on the fire department. Chief Kerr interrupted him in his speech yesterday and said he did not use those words, but the question of religion evidently got into the heads of the Safety committee and some of them became much excited over it. Alderman Waring in particular declared that if that question was going to enter into the appointment of men that he would resign his seat at the board. The question finally narrowed down to this: McArthur disputed the right of Chief Kerr to appoint, and thought the applications should come before the safety board to be considered. Alderman Tufts was of the same opinion and moved so, and then Alderman Waring in a fiery speech supported Kerr, and moved the confirmation of Donohue's appointment, and this was the motion that was carried by the casting vote of the chairman. Aldermen Hamm and McPherson with Waring and Parry voted for Donohue while McArthur, Tufts, Smith and McMurkin were against him.

This really ended the matter for the time being but the members of the board did not relish the way that Chief Kerr took the bit in his teeth. He virtually told them that as long as he was chief he proposed to appoint his men and when they refused to confirm his selections he would resign. Many of them would doubtless agree that the man who has charge of a department should have the selection of his men but they don't wish a civic employe to tell them plump and plain that he will resign if they refuse to bow to his judgement. And so some of them told the chief in plain terms.

Chief Kerr was before the committee and gave them much information about the police force. Incidentally he denied the story printed in reference to Mr. Mackay of the C. P. R. and the chairman of the safety board and the things said about the railway official were certainly not complimentary.

A BROOK AND DUST PAN WAR.

Mr. Leonard Nason Pays \$200 for his Wife's Bill With These Weapons.

The better part of a year ago a long standing and oft aggravated disagreement between Mrs. Leonard Nason of Court block, Indian town and her aunt Mrs. John Smith also living in the same building, terminated in a scene for which it is understood Mrs. Nason's husband has only lately had to lay out three hundred dollars as a term of settlement.

Relations, such as should exist between related aunt and loving niece, were quite strained in this case and war in its many forms and fancies was carried on constantly. The rear entrance to the Nason and Smith homes were near together and generally the scene of wordy battle was situated in this part of the house. However, on the day of final conflict the war was carried into the enemy's country with such spirit that additional forces from the outside were summoned to reinforce the powers from the Nason side of the question.

For a short season Mrs. Nason, husband and child took their meals at Mrs. Smith's boarding apartments, but after the first disagreement, the lady in question resigned and ate her meals at her own home all alone. The breach widened and Court's blocks population was quite frequently stirred up by the sounds of words and words, spoken always in a high G key.

At last things began to look dangerous and as the last straw of abuse was being hastily piled on, a sure and certain culmination of the dispute seemed imminent.

One day something was said and a general rush followed. Mrs. Nason chased her aunt into Mrs. Smith's apartments and a case of assault and battery followed. Brooms, dustpans, mats and other such deadly weapons were brandished and juggled, until a few of the so called sterner sex interfered.

Mr. Smith took the matter into the courts and it was put down on the docket of the present circuit. It was one of the last cases to be considered and it is given out as very good authority that the whole matter has been settled. Mr. Nason paying a bill of \$200 damages. Mr. McDonald represented Mr. Smith, and Alex. Baird the other side.

strained in this case and war in its many forms and fancies was carried on constantly. The rear entrance to the Nason and Smith homes were near together and generally the scene of wordy battle was situated in this part of the house. However, on the day of final conflict the war was carried into the enemy's country with such spirit that additional forces from the outside were summoned to reinforce the powers from the Nason side of the question.

For a short season Mrs. Nason, husband and child took their meals at Mrs. Smith's boarding apartments, but after the first disagreement, the lady in question resigned and ate her meals at her own home all alone. The breach widened and Court's blocks population was quite frequently stirred up by the sounds of words and words, spoken always in a high G key.

At last things began to look dangerous and as the last straw of abuse was being hastily piled on, a sure and certain culmination of the dispute seemed imminent.

One day something was said and a general rush followed. Mrs. Nason chased her aunt into Mrs. Smith's apartments and a case of assault and battery followed. Brooms, dustpans, mats and other such deadly weapons were brandished and juggled, until a few of the so called sterner sex interfered.

Mr. Smith took the matter into the courts and it was put down on the docket of the present circuit. It was one of the last cases to be considered and it is given out as very good authority that the whole matter has been settled. Mr. Nason paying a bill of \$200 damages. Mr. McDonald represented Mr. Smith, and Alex. Baird the other side.

CAUGHT IN THE HOSPITAL.

Fred Secord While Under a Surgical Operation Got Typhoid Fever.

When a patient has been in the General Public Hospital for six or seven weeks and has undergone a severe surgical operation, it appears strange that he should die from typhoid fever. And yet that was the case of Fred Secord this week. He died in the hospital Wednesday night and the visiting physician says that the cause of death was typhoid fever.

Fred Secord was the son of the late Captain Secord and he lived with a widowed mother in North End. He worked in a dry goods store for three years but met with an accident which eventually led to his seeking surgical assistance in the hospital. Six or seven weeks ago he was operated upon and the doctor reported him as doing well up to a few days ago when he contracted typhoid fever and sank rapidly.

Now the question arises how could a patient get typhoid fever in the hospital? Perhaps the query is best answered by a physician who is intimately acquainted with the institution.

He says that it was because the hospital is poorly ventilated and he goes on to state that this difficulty is overcome in summer by opening the windows but that is impossible in winter and that the air is impure and bad for the patients. He mentioned that the probable cost of proper ventilation would be large but that it must be done if the hospital would be up to the times and thoroughly healthful for patients.

A DIFFERENCE IN THE MURPHY'S.

After dinner anecdotes are sometimes told that are not heard or appreciated at the banquet. One of these is current as an echo of the Emmerson dinner. It appears that Hon. Mr. Hill illustrated his comparison of governments with a saying of Father Murphy's, a celebrated Irish preacher, who told an opponent that he might go further than purgatory and fare worse. When he mentioned Father Murphy's name a prominent official rested near him remarking jocularly "Yes we had him with us some days ago." "He wasn't the same man" was the grave reply of the speaker.

Calendars for Next Year

The Connecticut Fire Insurance Company of which Messrs Vroom & Arnold are the local agents sends a neat and serviceable calendar for PROGRESS. It is a business calendar not intended to ornament an office but to give such information as an office man requires.

Another comes from Messrs Magee & Freeze, dealers in stoves, ranges and furnaces of 117 Germain street which is surrounded by a pretty half tone view and will no doubt be appreciated by their many customers.

Atlantic Ry.

Pr. 1st., 1897, the Steamship and this railway will be as follows:

S.S. Prince Rupert, Thursday and Friday

1.15 a. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10 50 a. m.

1.30 p. m., arr St. John, 2.45 p. m.

1.30 p. m., arr Digby 10

AMONG THE SOCIETIES.

THE GROWTH OF ODDFELLOWSHIP IN THIS PROVINCE.

An interesting incident, connected with the foundation of the Oddfellows in the Province, was the opening of the Society House, The Diamond Lodge.

Oddfellowship bears the prestige of a history covering a period of two centuries and a half. Its birth took place early in the seventeenth century, in a coffee house, or ale house in Manchester, England.

From this small beginning arose the great order of Oddfellows, its tentacles of fellowship stretching over all the world, and enrolling within its warm embraces of brotherly love nearly two million members.

There is in Halifax a lodge of the Manchester Unity and a few in Upper Canada, but almost the whole body of Canadian Oddfellows have united their fortunes with the American order.

The order of Oddfellows entered the Maritime Provinces less than a century ago, but they have grown rapidly. In the year 1857 the Grand Lodge No. 26, was organized at Halifax under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of British North America.

Oddfellowship in St. John is just 28 years old. On August 28th, 1869 Phoenix Lodge No. 9 was organized here, the charter members being Messrs. R. Rufford Barnes (N. G.), Alexander Robertson (V. G.), S. T. Knolton (Secretary), John V. Ellis, Christopher Armstrong, William Kennedy, William Hillman, and W. J. Whiting.

From the loins of the present lodge have sprung the other St. John lodges and naturally it could not help but impair the foster mother's strength somewhat, so that it has not the strength numerically that it erstwhile held, but it has just as much influence and prestige.

Beacon Lodge No. 12, was instituted at St. John December 31st, 1873 by Alex-

Windsor Salt Purest and Best for Table and Dairy No adulteration. Never cakes.

ander Robertson, D. D. S. H. The petition was signed by R. Rufford Barnes, Christopher Armstrong, James Byers, Elias H. Brown, Alfred Pendlebury, William Farrow, and others. At the close of 1877 this lodge had 124 members but it is since defunct.

The greatest event probably in the history of Oddfellowship in this city was the laying of the corner stone of Oddfellows Hall on June 20th, 1878. The ceremony was attended with a grand fest, the procession being viewed by thousands and in front of the proposed building were three triumphal arches.

Feetless, No. 19, was established in the North End on September 23rd, 1874, by Alexander Robertson, then Grand Master. The petitioners were: H. A. Austin, Dr. William Christie, Henry Elyard, J. T. Carpenter, Joseph Court, W. C. Black, John Wilson, Robert Wisely, H. A. Vandeberg, Benjamin T. Logan, Alexander Duff, W. A. Moore, Robert A. Courney, A. N. Shaw, J. A. Price, Daniel Purdy, Frederick Roberts.

Silvan, No. 29, was instituted in this city on September 28th, 1876, by the late Gilbert Murdoch, D. G. M. The charter members were Franklin Barnes, W. B. Smith, James McClure, A. G. Smith, William Tait, John R. Hamilton, William M. McLean, Jr., John Thomson, William Carr and E. C. Ansley.

The last lodge to be organized was Golden Rule, No. 46, of Carleton, which was organized April 12th, 1883, by Dr. James Christie, D. G. M., though of course Jewel Rebekah Lodge, No. 6, is later than this.

Millets Encampment, No. 11, of St. John, of the military order was instituted July 8th, 1874 by Warren E. Presley, G. P., of Maine, special Deputy Grand Sir.

At least five St. John brothers have filled the honorable position of Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the lower provinces, the late Gilbert Murdoch, the late Andre Cushing, the late R. R. Barnes, Mr. J. L. Wilson and Mr. B. A. Stammers.

The Oddfellows have now in St. John a District Lodge, four subordinate lodges the Rebekah Lodge and one encampment and the total membership is 474. The assets and receipts of the four St. John lodges are as follows:

Table with columns: Receipts, Assets. Rows: Phoenix, Feetless, Silvan, Golden Rule.

The receipts are taken from the abstract from the semi-annual reports for the year ending 30th June, 1896.

Table with columns: Date, Name, Amount. Rows: Aug. 28, 1869, Phoenix, No. 9; Sep. 13, 1874, Feetless, No. 19; Sep. 28, 1876, Silvan, No. 29; Dec. 14, 1894, Jewel Rebekah.

THE DRUNKARD'S SERMON. Response to a Request That He Pay for His Drink With a Speech.

It was growing late. The tide of humanity that earlier in the evening had ebbed and flowed through the streets of the great city had swept onward, leaving the strange and almost appalling sense of desolation that comes when the noises of the town are hushed.

in evening dress who were coming down the street toward him. They had been drinking deeply, and they stopped before the saloon door and looked curiously at him.

"By Jove," said one, "think of having a thirst like that, and not the price of an extinguisher in your pocket! Beats old Tantalus all to pieces, eh? Liquor, liquor, everywhere, and not a drop to drink."

He ran his hand in his pocket and proffered the tramp a dime, but before it could be accepted the other young fellow interposed.

"Say, he said, 'let's do the good Samaritan and set Hobo up to a good drink.'"

The other hilariously consented, and the tramp slouched into the saloon at the heels of the two glided youths. The barkeeper set before them glasses and liquors, and with a hand that shook the tramp poured out a brimming glass and raised it to his lips.

"Stop," cried one of the young men drunkenly, "make us a speech. It is poor liquor that doesn't unloosen a man's tongue."

The tramp hastily swallowed down the drink, and as the rich liquor coursed through his blood he straightened himself and stood before them with a grace and dignity that all his rage and dirt could not obscure.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I look tonight at you and at myself, and it seems to me I look upon the picture of my lost manhood. This bloated face was once as young and handsome as yours. This shuffling figure once walked as proudly as yours, a man in a world of men. I, too, once had home and friends and position. I had a wife as beautiful as an artist's dream, and I dropped the priceless pearl of her honor and respect in the wine cup, and Cleopatra-like saw it dissolve, and quaffed it down in the brimming draught. I had children as sweet and lovely as the flowers of spring, and I saw them fade and die under the blighting curse of a drunkard father. I had home where love lit the flame upon the altar and smothered before it, and I put out the holy fire, and darkness and desolation reigned in its stead. I had aspirations and ambitions that soared as high as the morning star, and I broke and hurled their beautiful wings, and at last, strangled them that I might be tortured with their cries no more. Today I am a husband without a wife, a father without a child, a tramp with no home to call his own, a man in whom every good impulse is dead. All, all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink."

The tramp ceased speaking. The glass fell from his nerveless fingers and shivered into a thousand fragments on the floor. The swinging doors plucked open and shut too rigid, and when the little group about the bar looked up the tramp was gone.

In The Looking-Glass. The world is a looking-glass. Whosoever you see shows his character for kindness, cheer for cheer, coldness for gloom, servile for fear. To every soul is own. We cannot change the world's a while, Only ourselves which look in it.

About Positions. Many who go to a business school desire employment. "I find positions for all who complete my 'A' actual business course. Scholarship \$40 time unlimited. Primer sent free."

Snell's Business College, Truro, N. S. CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 24 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

FOR SALE A VALUABLE PROPERTY in the growing town of Berwick, N. S., known as "Brown's Block" and consisting of three acres all water, also are valuable which can be easily converted into a hotel. Orchard and stable in rear. Berwick is a noted health resort town in Nova Scotia. There is an excellent opening here for a hotel. Terms \$400 down remainder on mortgage. Would exchange for good farming property. Apply to H. E. Jefferson or W. V. Bryon, Berwick, Nova Scotia.

WANTED Old established wholesale Home wants one or two honest and industrious representatives for this section. Can pay a better about \$12.00 a week to start with. DAWSON 29, Brantford, Ont.

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

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

RESIDENCE at Robbsey for sale or to rent for the summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the Tuna property situated on a half mile from Robbsey Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Falls. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fensley, Barrister-at-Law, Fensley Building. 24-41

We Have Secured the Use of the system of business practices used in Park Business College, New York. S. S. Packard is unquestionably the ablest business college man in America, and is an acknowledged authority on educational and business subjects. His system is the latest and best, and is entirely free from the absurdities of other systems now in vogue. We have been using this system for several weeks, and teachers and students are delighted with it.

Now is the time to order your copy of this book, "Your Place in Life," and get it at once. It is a book that will help you to understand your own life, and to live it more wisely. It is a book that will help you to live more happily, and to be more successful in your business and in your life. It is a book that will help you to live more fully, and to be more contented with your lot. It is a book that will help you to live more bravely, and to be more true to your principles. It is a book that will help you to live more wisely, and to be more successful in your business and in your life. It is a book that will help you to live more fully, and to be more contented with your lot. It is a book that will help you to live more bravely, and to be more true to your principles.

For SUPERIOR FLAVOR FRAGRANCE, BOUQUET, HEALTH PROPERTIES, DRINK... Tetley's TEAS FROM ANCIENT INDIA TO SWEET CEYLON.

XMAS CUTLERY.



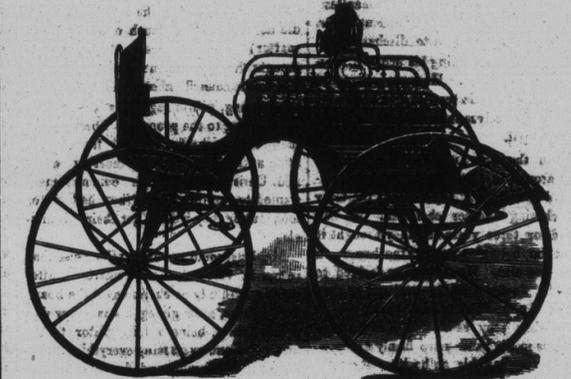
OUR STOCK is very full and includes in... Carvers, Celluloid, Stag and Ivory Handles in either Two or Three piece sets.

Table and Dessert Knives and Forks, including a number of patterns purchased from the largest and most reliable English Cutlery. Prices very low. Scissors in endless variety from the delicate lace Scissors to the Heavy Trimmer.

EMERSON & FISHER.

CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES!

Here Are Two Distinct Styles,



AN ELEGANT DOG CART.

A very handsome and fashionable carriage for family purposes



AN ELEGANT EXTENSION TOP BUGGY.

perhaps one of the most serviceable and comfortable carriages built. Commodious and handsome. For prices and all information apply to

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS,

Fredericton, N. S. Or at Warehouse, Corner Brussels and Union Sts.

ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SUN FIFTH AND SEVEN PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Programs for sale in Halifax by the newboys and at the following news stands and others.

On Monday afternoon of last week, Mrs. James Duffin gave a small tea at Mrs. Huddleston's.

On Wednesday there were two small teas given in Morris street house, both very pleasant and cheery.

For the next few weeks there will be very little gaiety as most people will be quite engaged in preparations for Christmas.

On Friday Mrs. Montgomery Moore's weekly day was well attended, and Mrs. Moore gave a small tea at her house on Pleasant street.

Mrs. Wickwire's dance on Wednesday evening was a very successful one, and was, of course, most beautifully done.

The engagement is announced of Ophelia St. Robert Arbuthnot, B. N., and Miss Macleay, daughter of Colonel Macleay of the Seaforth Highlands.

The marriage will take place in England of the eldest daughter of Colonel Croker-King and

THE WEDDING RING.



Death lurks in every place in this vale of tears. There is no happiness, no joy, no success, no sorrow and no failure that may not secretly hide a favorite hiding-place for death.

In cases of constipation and torpid liver, no remedy is equal to Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate and invigorate the stomach, liver and bowels.

Lieut. Dyer, of the 10th Cavalry, Colonel Galt, King is well remembered here for his wife's

It is a pity that the program is not being received. The happy pair, by the way, actually succeeded in taking the public by surprise, as the announcement was quite unexpected.

The Ethel and Lillian Tucker company which opens an engagement here on Monday evening

Dec. 8.—Last Thursday the Bowling Guild were entertained at tea by Mrs. J. F. Allison. There was a good attendance and a large amount of orders

Dec. 8.—The Women's Aid Association of the C. of E. gave a Temperance entertainment in the church hall on Thursday evening which was a highly successful affair.

Dec. 8.—The very Junior Bachelor's dance came off last Thursday evening and despite much criticism the promoters of the evening have every reason to congratulate themselves on its complete success.

Among those present were: Misses Minnie MacKenzie, Gertrude Cummings, Josie Somerville, Maud Crow, Gertrude Donkin, Maud Shaffer, Edith Leckie, Lena E. Fraser, Ada Cook, Blanche McKinnis, Jessie Turner, Leta Craig, Isabel McCurdy, Ethel Dewar, Jessie Snook, Mame Snook, Minnie Snook, George Blair, Katie Gladwin, Jean Creelman, Ida Jamieson, May Jamieson, Susan Linton, Lela Archibald, Edith Smith, Alice "Halsie" Gladys Dimock, Mabel Murray, Messrs N. E. Murray, H. Donkin, A. Crowe, and W. A. Butchart.

Mrs. E. W. Crowe is entertaining two evenings this week, her parties for what last night (Tuesday) and again tomorrow night. The guests last night were: Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Wetmore, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Wetmore, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Moseman, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. McKinnis, Dr. and Mrs. Yorton, Dr. and Mrs. Allison, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Black, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Henry, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Blair, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Blair, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Sumner, Mr. and Mrs. Hemeon, Mr. and Mrs. E. Phillips, Hon. F. A. and Mrs. Laurence, Mr. and Mrs. Lovitt, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Prince, Capt. and Mrs. Yul, Mr. Henry Dimock, Windsor, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Blanchard, Mrs. Vernon, Miss McCrowe, Miss Black, Miss Eshand, Mrs. Red Prince, Mrs. D. H. Blair, were the fortunate prize winners.

Mrs. Emma Snook gave a small but very pleasant evening last Friday in honor of her guest Miss Hornaby. Those present beside the house party were: Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Gourley, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Prince, Miss Yorton, Misses Bligh, Misses Bigelow, Messrs. Hornaby, Williams, Cotton, B'low. Though imprudent the evening was a thoroughly pleasant one, cards and supper being followed by a carpet dance.

The week past and present has been, and is being very gay. Mrs. T. G. McMullen entertained two large at home parties yesterday in the afternoon from four to six and in the evening from seven to nine.

On Monday from half past four to seven Mrs. G. A. Layton was receiving her friends at Ravensworth. The hostess was assisted by Mrs. Leo Russell and Miss Beale who presided in the dining room.

Mrs. John Fairley has gone up to Bolstova from which it is inferred that Miss Lily's health is no improving.

Mrs. Borden and her two young ladies are visiting in Moncton and St. John.

Mrs. McGoneny is still unable to resume his duties in consequence of continued ill health.

Mrs. John Fairley has gone up to Bolstova from which it is inferred that Miss Lily's health is no improving.

Mrs. John Fairley has gone up to Bolstova from which it is inferred that Miss Lily's health is no improving.

Dr. W. G. Macleay leaves on Thursday, tomorrow, for Scotland.

Miss Lander on route to her southern home in Virginia was a guest of Mrs. Gourley at Brockfield House for a few days this week.

Miss Margaret Leckie has returned from a visit with Halifax friends.

Programs for sale in Backville by W. J. Gowling.

Dec. 8.—Last Thursday the Bowling Guild were entertained at tea by Mrs. J. F. Allison.

Dec. 8.—The Women's Aid Association of the C. of E. gave a Temperance entertainment in the church hall on Thursday evening which was a highly successful affair.

Dec. 8.—The very Junior Bachelor's dance came off last Thursday evening and despite much criticism the promoters of the evening have every reason to congratulate themselves on its complete success.

Among those present were: Misses Minnie MacKenzie, Gertrude Cummings, Josie Somerville, Maud Crow, Gertrude Donkin, Maud Shaffer, Edith Leckie, Lena E. Fraser, Ada Cook, Blanche McKinnis, Jessie Turner, Leta Craig, Isabel McCurdy, Ethel Dewar, Jessie Snook, Mame Snook, Minnie Snook, George Blair, Katie Gladwin, Jean Creelman, Ida Jamieson, May Jamieson, Susan Linton, Lela Archibald, Edith Smith, Alice "Halsie" Gladys Dimock, Mabel Murray, Messrs N. E. Murray, H. Donkin, A. Crowe, and W. A. Butchart.

Mrs. E. W. Crowe is entertaining two evenings this week, her parties for what last night (Tuesday) and again tomorrow night.

Mrs. Emma Snook gave a small but very pleasant evening last Friday in honor of her guest Miss Hornaby.

On Monday from half past four to seven Mrs. G. A. Layton was receiving her friends at Ravensworth.

Mrs. John Fairley has gone up to Bolstova from which it is inferred that Miss Lily's health is no improving.

Mrs. Borden and her two young ladies are visiting in Moncton and St. John.

Mrs. McGoneny is still unable to resume his duties in consequence of continued ill health.

Mrs. John Fairley has gone up to Bolstova from which it is inferred that Miss Lily's health is no improving.

Mrs. John Fairley has gone up to Bolstova from which it is inferred that Miss Lily's health is no improving.

Vapo-Cresolene FOR Whooping Cough, Croup, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh.

The Literary Society in connection with the Epworth League is to meet tomorrow evening at Mrs. Palmer's the president of the League.

Programs for sale in Backville by W. J. Gowling.

Dec. 8.—The Women's Aid Association of the C. of E. gave a Temperance entertainment in the church hall on Thursday evening which was a highly successful affair.

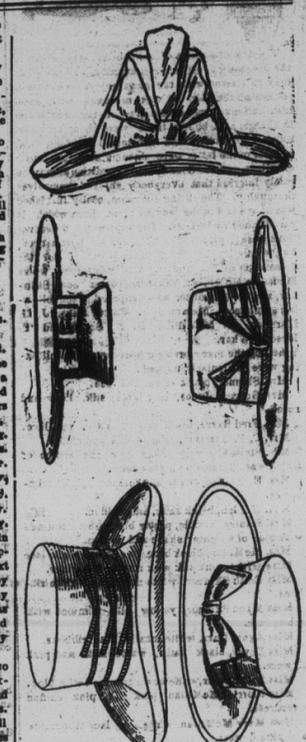
Dec. 8.—The very Junior Bachelor's dance came off last Thursday evening and despite much criticism the promoters of the evening have every reason to congratulate themselves on its complete success.

Among those present were: Misses Minnie MacKenzie, Gertrude Cummings, Josie Somerville, Maud Crow, Gertrude Donkin, Maud Shaffer, Edith Leckie, Lena E. Fraser, Ada Cook, Blanche McKinnis, Jessie Turner, Leta Craig, Isabel McCurdy, Ethel Dewar, Jessie Snook, Mame Snook, Minnie Snook, George Blair, Katie Gladwin, Jean Creelman, Ida Jamieson, May Jamieson, Susan Linton, Lela Archibald, Edith Smith, Alice "Halsie" Gladys Dimock, Mabel Murray, Messrs N. E. Murray, H. Donkin, A. Crowe, and W. A. Butchart.

Mrs. E. W. Crowe is entertaining two evenings this week, her parties for what last night (Tuesday) and again tomorrow night.

Mrs. Emma Snook gave a small but very pleasant evening last Friday in honor of her guest Miss Hornaby.

On Monday from half past four to seven Mrs. G. A. Layton was receiving her friends at Ravensworth.



Black and all Colors sent to any address express paid on receipt of price. 75cts. each.

THE PARISIAN

LIFE LASTS LONGER

If Puttner's Emulsion be taken regularly by Consumptives and all weak and ailing people.

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

CROCKETT'S... CATARRH CURE!

A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc. Prepared by

THOMAS A CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

Orange and Apple CIDER

On Draught at 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock.

TEACHER OF PIANO-FORTE.

ST. STEPHEN, N. S.

POULTRY, SUGAR CURED HAM and BACON.....

THOMAS DEAN, City Market.



(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

The same idea should have occurred to so many young couples as they were about to be united in matrimony...

One of the important events of this week was the opening of the new basement of St. George's church by the Willing Workers who gave a Mys...

Mrs. H. G. C. Ketchum who has been spending a short time with her sister Mrs. I. W. Blaney of Church street, returned to her home in Frederick...

Madame Marie Harrison spent part of yesterday in town, leaving by the Quebec express for Campbellton. Madame Harrison was accompanied by Miss Bruce and Mr. F. H. Blair of this city who are to assist her at a concert she is giving in Campbellton this week.

Mr. A. S. Atkinson of Backville is spending a few weeks in town the guest of her mother Mrs. Blair of St. George street.

Mr. F. S. Archibald returned on Saturday from Truro, where he has been engaged as architect for the water works and the town of Truro.

Mrs. W. G. Ross of Halifax spent Sunday and Monday in town visiting friends and was warmly welcomed by his numerous friends who made during the years he resided in our city.

Mr. Frank Ramsey of North Sydney, is spending a few days in town the guest of her sister Mrs. Murray Fleming of Weldon street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Brown of Queen street returned on Thursday from a two weeks trip to Montreal, Quebec and several of the most noted American cities.

Miss Mary of Boston is spending a few weeks in town the guest of her sister Mrs. Alfred Miles of Scotch street.

Mr. J. S. Bennett, who has been visiting Dr. and Mrs. F. J. White of Balfour street returned to Campbellton on Monday.

Rev. J. M. Parker spent a few days in town last week the guest of his daughter Mrs. Claude W. Price of Weldon street.

Mr. Claude W. Peters, of the Bank of Montreal here, who received notice last week of his promotion to the St. John's Newfoundland branch, left on the C. P. train on Monday for his new sphere of work.

Mr. Peters was entertained on Saturday evening at an oyster supper at Connor's restaurant, the banquet being tendered to him by thirty of his friends.

Mr. S. J. Flinn, accountant of the Moncton branch, occupied the chair and in spite of the fact that the supper was a farewell entertainment, a very jolly evening was spent.

Mr. Flinn, in his remarks, spoke of the party and the music were in order, and the party parted shortly after midnight with expressions of good feeling towards the guest of the evening.

Mr. Flinn paid Mr. Peters a very high tribute in speaking of the ability he had shown in the discharge of his duties, and the rapid promotion which had resulted.

Mr. Peters' many friends will wish him every success in his new home, while deeply regretting his departure from our city.

Rev. H. A. Meslin, left town on Monday evening for Balfour, called by the sad news of the death of his father, Mr. John Meslin, an old and much respected resident of Balfour.

ANNOUNCEMENT

[Prognosis is for sale at Am Hart by W. P. Smith & Co.]

Dec. 8.—The concert on Monday evening in the Academy of Music under the auspices of the Methodist church, was not a great financial success, but the frequent encores and hearty applause showed the work of each artist was very pleasing and meritorious.

Mrs. Harrison was always appreciated here

Can't Eat

This is the complaint of thousands at this season. They have no appetite; food does not relish. They need the toning up of the stomach and digestive organs, which a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla will give them.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills

and most people were anxious to learn whether her red hair had been improved by the trip abroad, of course; some but the critics were classic enough to observe the effect of foreign culture.

On Thursday evening Mrs. M. Carey gave a party which was most enjoyable, as party giving has not been of frequent occurrence lately and one has to be hopeful that the similar hostess may have inspired others to follow suit.

Mrs. G. S. Cameron gave a large tea on Thursday afternoon at her pretty home on Victoria street, for her sister Miss Munnis of Halifax.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Douglas have returned from their winter in the West. They are at the Amherst at present but will occupy their home on Victoria street, recently vacated by Mr. F. E. Eastman.

The spacious dining room of the Terrace was in gala attire on Friday evening in honor of Mr. H. Lockwood manager of the branch of the Montreal bank who was given a farewell banquet by a large number of Amherst's prominent and most influential citizens who though deeply regretting the departure of their esteemed friend endeavored to "speed the parting guest" right royally with a sumptuous menu, elegant songs and sixquent speeches.

Mr. Benedict will leave town this week to spend the Christmas season at his home in Perth Ont. Miss Smith has been spending the week with Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Bent, Eddy Street.

The young ladies of the Methodist church are busy as can be preparing for a fancy sale and tea which comes off on the thirteenth.

Miss Minnie H. Reed entertained the White Club on Wednesday last and the evening Miss S. C. C. will be the hostess; next week I will endeavor to give the unique rules and regulations of this delightful organization for the benefit of those who wish to make their club a charming success without much care or expense.

Too Late

St. George and Amalgam society received too late for publication in this issue of PROGRESS.

NOW SOME SHOPPERS BUYERS.

A Woman Who Lost a Clerk \$800 in Sales While She "Looked Around"

"Talking about cranky shoppers," said the salesman in the jewelry and silverware store, "The coming of Christmas reminds me of a customer I had last year, two or three days before the 25th."

About 11:30 one morning, just when the store was packed with shoppers, a lady came in and asked to look at novelties, also silverware.

She was interested in only the expensive goods, and I took pains to show her fully our best line. Several parties whom I am accustomed to serve were in the store while she was there, but I let others wait on them and devote my time to her.

I flatter myself that I am a good salesman, and moreover that I can tell pretty quickly the shopper who really intends to buy that day, and the shopper who is only looking around.

This lady, after examining everything closely, pricing, comparing, getting my ideas, and occasionally referring to the proprietor's taste as he came round, taking up an hour's time in the busiest part of the day, remarked carelessly that she had a son who was then on a hunting expedition in the South.

"He expects to be an usher for a wedding in June," she said. "I will write him about these things I have seen, and very likely when he comes back he will look in himself."

"In June Madam?" I could not help exclaiming, "are you looking at these things now for a wedding in June, and all these people waiting to get things for the day after to-morrow."

"Why, yes," she said, seemingly not a whit embarrassed, "I thought all of your prettiest things would be out of their cases now and that it was a good time to get suggestions."

"Suggestions" for a June wedding, I whispered to one of the men as my customer swept out to her carriage; and then the laugh was on me, because all had expected to hear of a \$1,000 sale at least. I counted up and found that I had lost exactly \$800 worth of sales while that thoughtless woman was in the store.

"We have people in here sometimes who do such odd things that to tell about them sounds like exaggeration," he went on. "See this brooch?" pointing to a small gold leaf with vivid glowing berries.

"We sold one like it to a lady who lives—well, not a hundred blocks from here, and has the reputation of being wealthy. If those berries were rubies the brooch would be costly, but being garnets it is worth only \$10."

The day after the brooch was sent to the purchaser, a tall, self collected, stern looking man came in and addressed himself to me.

"You sold this brooch to my wife, I understand," he said, holding out the brooch. I told him that was the case.

"I want you to take it back and refund the money," he said. "I asked."

"No. But you had no right to sell such an expensive piece of jewelry to my wife without first finding out if she bought it with my consent. I do not choose that she should buy goods all about town in this fashion; when I wish her to have personal ornaments I will get them for her. Besides, you overcharged her because she was a woman."

"He was so in earnest and berated me so roundly that I really felt uncomfortable, although I knew it was all ridiculous. I explained that the sale was made, that the lady had paid for the article, and that the firm did not take back goods under such conditions. He got into a towering pas-

sion, argued with me to the top of his lungs, although there were other customers listening, and then, when he found that it was no go and that we would not take back the brooch, he pitched the case out through the open door into the middle of the muddy street and took himself off.

"What did we do?" Why, one of our boys ran out and picked up the case from under the very feet of a cab horse. We packed the brooch very carefully in a new case and sent it round to the lady's address. What was it that made the man act in that way? Orankiness, pure and simple. He is one of the kind that objects to his wife's making any disposal of his money without consulting him. He is not close-fisted, either. Last year Christmas he bought her a superb brooch and some other things costing six times the amount of little gold leaf with the garnets."

REMARKABLE WRECK.

The Famous "Leap-Frog" Collision on Missouri Pacific.

Supt. James Cooper, of the P. R. R., whose headquarters are in Washington D. C., recently talked entertainingly to a reporter on the subject of curious railroad wrecks. Discussing one of the most remarkable wrecks that ever occurred he said:

"The 'leap frog' collision came off on the Missouri Pacific, and during the progress of a snow storm of unusual violence. The flakes came down so thick that the engineer told me afterward he could not see twenty feet ahead of his engine, while on the ground there was already about 1 1/2 feet of the beautiful. The only difference in a snow storm in this part of the country and one out West is that, while the depth in here may not be as great, it is, if anything, more effective in tying up trains of all classes. Imagine any train in this section pulling through a two foot depth of snow! They do that right along out in the Western States."

"Engineer Cockey, who was on one of the wrecked engines, told me that he had been halted several times on the up grade, and had finally covered the hill and was commencing to go down the other side at a good speed. The grade had a gradual slope of about five miles, and at the bottom took a 'dip' into something like a gutter. This gutter was put there to help trains up the grade Cockey was then going down. Every man of the crew was out on the cars and every brook was set, yet the train continued to gradually increase its speed until, at about half a mile from the bottom of the hill it was almost flying—in fact, coasting over the slippery rails."

"At a point 100 yards from the gutter or 'dip' at the base of the hill Cockey said he saw a dark mass of smoke ahead, and the next second a dark body coming toward him. At the same time he heard a cry of dismay from his fire man and saw him take a flying leap from the engine into the snow alongside the track. Cockey gave one shrill pull at the whistle and then followed his fireman like a shot. As he struck the snow on the side of the hill and commenced to roll Cockey heard a tremendous crash and a grinding of broken engines and cars."

"The train that tried to pass Cockey's on a single track had disobeyed orders in not remaining on the siding some five miles back. At the time Cockey's engine struck the opposing one the latter was in the 'dip' and coming on at a terrific speed to get up the hill. Old '97,' that was Cockey's engine, landed into her slightly above the cowcatcher and kept on mounting and sliding until it was completely on top of '821,' the opposing engine. The positions that resulted from the collision put the two engines in a shape resembling boys playing leap-frog, with one of the boys being stuck while half-way over."

"The funny part of the wreck, if such it can be called, was the coasting the crews of both trains took at the time the trains came together. The whistle warned everybody, and they all jumped together, and also started to slide together, with the exception of the fireman on Cockey's engine, who had a little the better start. Down they flew over the slippery snow, grabbing and clutching at the air and frozen ground and only stopping at the bottom of the gully, about 200 yards below. Beside the train the trainmen received, they nearly fell, as their clothes were almost scraped from their bodies. The wreck caught fire, and that was the end."

BEING A BRITISH ZULU.

A Ride That Offers the Most Exhilarating Possibilities.

A jirrikisha ride in Japan or India affords to the traveler an interesting mode of progress; but a jirrikisha ride in Natal apparently offers exhilarating possibilities peculiar to itself. Mr. Poulney Bigelow gives, in a recent article, an account of his experience behind a lively Zulu man-steed, whom he selected, from among a crowd of applicants, on account of the yards of

fuzzy ball trimming, such as is used in upholstery, which he had wound into his wool, and because of his peculiarly winning grin.

"The start," he says, "was made under circumstances calculated to flatter the personal vanity of a field-marshal. There was a chorus of sympathetic gurgles and clicks from the jirrikisha colleagues of my Zulu, who shook his worsted mane and pawed the earth with that proud and indecisive ostentation characteristic of the warlike charger."

"It would not do to move forward like a common workaday vehicle, so my Zulu tinkled his little bell, sprang skittishly up and down, tossed his mane, and made a few feints as if to run his surrounding colleagues, who made respectful way for him, and evidently recognized in his childlike gambols a certain professional masterliness that went directly to the African heart."

"We were at length on the way, my Zulu giving every now and then huge bounds into the air in order to see how near he could come to throwing me backward out of the jirrikisha. I had recently traveled over the prairies of Basutoland, so that on this occasion he was disappointed."

"When ever he saw a man or woman of his own color, however far ahead or remote from his line of country, he made a nice calculation as to his chances of running over these subjects of Queen Victoria. There was no malice in my Zulu's nature. When he was so fortunate as to graze his target, he laughed and gurgled and kicked his heels in the air. Had he struck the bull's eye, his joy would have been too great for utterance."

Mr. Bigelow found his ride so enjoyable that it did not occur to him to be vexed with his ingenious steed when at the summit of a hill crowned with villas outside of the city he learned that he had been borne two or three miles in the wrong direction.

The Zulu did not mind, either; he started gaily off the other way, and kept going until they arrived at a branch, when the little obstacle of an ocean stopped farther progress. A new series of jolly grins and clucks from the jirrikisha-men, and away they went, back to town again; and after getting there away again about and through the town, here, there and everywhere, as the prancing Zulu felt inclined to gallop, quite without regard to his passengers' destination."

"When at length the inevitable halt came 'I had traveled,' says Mr. Bigelow, 'twenty-one miles in my morning's jirrikisha ride, although the horse I was seeking was less than half a mile from the cub where I had spent the night!'"

MARRIAGE NOT IN HER MIND.

A Mistake Made by a Studious Girl Caused Much Laughter.

An informal afternoon banquet was recently arranged by the graduating class of a local institution of learning. The girls, of which there were a number, formed as usual a vision of loveliness, while the young man, as sometimes happens were permitted to call attention to it. Amid the merry clink of glasses, and while strong lemonade and root beer flowed like water, story after story was told, retold and laughed at. The best practical jokes of the year were rehearsed. The meritment of the whole crowd was directed by one unhappy illusion after another on every one in turn. The man who had received the highest average and was to deliver the valedictory persisted in talking seriously, but was choked off early in the proceedings. Nobody wanted to listen to how he won the prize or how near he came to losing it. The school year was over, and they were all thinking of something else. Occasionally there would be a lull in the hilarity to allow the regular program to find its way through the entertainment.

First a tall girl got up to read a poem which she had composed for the occasion. She compared the class to a tree. The young ladies were the buds and the boys the limbs. She was followed by an equally short young man, who had written a class history. He professed this by a lengthy essay, entitled, 'What Makes

Pistols and Pestles.

The duelling pistol now occupies its proper place in the museum of the collector of relics of barbarism. The pistol ought to have beside it the pestle that turned out pills like bullets, to be shot like bullets at the target of the liver. But the pestle is still in evidence, and will be, probably, until everybody has tested the virtue of

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

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

History" to which a mischievous girl added in an undertone, "so tiresome."

Next one of her professors got up to explain the functions of criticism. To give practical illustration of his remarks he applied them to the winds. These he criticised thoroughly, but as he had been on the committee of arrangements he found them all excellent.

As the afternoon wore away, however, every one became more thoughtful. They began to discuss their plans for the future. The young men didn't seem to have any plans, so they sat and listened. One of the fair graduates was going abroad, another to study art. Another felt she was destined for a musical career, a fourth wanted to engage in church work. Finally they came to a rather studious girl, who was perhaps the senior of the class. It was the impression that she was going to continue her studies as a post graduate. When asked what she intended to do during the coming year she replied: "I'm going to get a fellow—Here something stuck in her throat, and although it seemed an almost infinitesimal space of time, the whole company was in roars of laughter before she could add 'ship.'"—Chicago Times Herald.

SURE CURE FOR ALL SKIN DISEASES

During seventy years NY-AS-SAN has never failed in any case.

Wanted—The address of every sufferer in America

The Nyasac Medicine Co., Truro, N. S.

EMBOSSED METALLIC CEILING

THE many advantages of their use as a modern substitute for wood and plaster, lies in the fact that they are light in weight, will not crack nor fall off, consequently no danger of falling plaster; are unquestionably durable, have air tight joints, are easily applied, are practically fire-proof, are highly artistic, and possess a splendid acoustic properties, in addition to many other points of excellence over any other form of interior decoration.

Write for Catalogue to W. A. McClanahan, 51 Dock St., St. John, N. B.

METALLIC ROOFING CO., Ltd.

1370 King Street West, Toronto.

Stock Still Complete

Our stock of cloth is well assorted in all the leading cloths in Overcoatings, Suitings and Trouserings for late Fall and Winter wear. As the season is well advanced, customers would do well to leave their orders early.

A. R. CAMPBELL, 64 Germain Street.

PURSES.

We have just received a nice stock of English Purse, Card Cases, Cigarette Cases, etc.

ALSO—Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Solid Silver and Silver Plated Goods, Eye Glasses and Spectacles.

See our stock at

FERGUSON & PAGE 41 KING STREET.

Coleman's SALT DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD AND FARM CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1897.

TEACHING THE BLIND.

HOW INSTRUCTION IS IMPARTED TO THE SIGHTLESS.

The Ecole Braille in Paris and Its Unfortunate Pupils—How Geography and Natural History Are Learned—The Blind in the States.

Most visitors to Paris and other large French towns have been in turn moved and disgusted by the unrighteous mass of beggars who crowd around the porch of each French church and public building. More particularly is the French love of children exploited, and the birth of a blind child into a poverty stricken family is often hailed with rejoicing, for the unfortunate will very soon become a very profitable source of income to all those connected with him.

A well-known philanthropist, M. Pophan, made up his mind to provide a remedy for this deplorable state of things. After many fruitless efforts, he interested the government in his scheme, and on Jan. 1, 1888, was formally opened the Ecole (school) Braille, which, though originally founded in Paris, has now been transferred to the pretty country town of Saint Mandé. Once however, that a blind child has the good fortune to find himself an inmate of the Ecole Braille, his lot may be envied by his more fortunate brother or sister, for each blind scholar is not only carefully taught all that the ordinary French child learns in the primary government schools, but also shares in the advantages of a splendid and delightful playground.

Most people have heard of the Braille system of teaching the blind, but probably few realize exactly in what it consists. The sense of touch or feeling is very highly developed among those who are without sight and it is extraordinary to what an extent this sense can be cultivated and increased. The Braille system simply consists of developing and applying the sense of touch till through it the pupil can be taught everything, from the alphabet to basket-making. In other words, although it may seem paradoxical to say so, everything is done to develop among the blind the sense of observation. Indeed, in some ways the inmates of the institution would seem to be even more intelligent and quick than are ordinary children, and, as a rule, they reply to the questions put to them, by their masters and mistresses quickly and accurately.

In the Ecole Braille the blind are afforded opportunities not only to acquire an education but also a trade or occupation, and attention is devoted to their physical culture and training in athletics. In short so far as their condition permits, all the advantages granted to those in full possession of their faculties are accorded also to the blind.

The school is named in honor of the famous teacher who invented what many regard as being the most practical alphabet for the blind. Besides his invention of the alphabet Braille was a practical writer on subjects of interest to the blind and their teachers, and many of his suggestions were so full of common sense that they have been since adopted in most of the institutions for these unfortunates.

Teaching a blind child to read with its fingers is one of the most interesting performances to be witnessed in the institution. The little one's fingers are taken in hand by the teacher, the points and their position are explained, and one letter after another is taught, solely through the sense of touch.

To teach a blind child geography would seem a hopeless task, for never having seen the hills, the rivers, the plains, it would appear difficult, if not impossible, to communicate to such a mind the idea of these objects. In reality the process is easy. The play-ground is perfectly level and contains no posts or other objects, against which the children might run, and in their haste hurt themselves. A plain is, therefore, but an extension of the play-ground for hundreds of kilometers, and the idea is perfectly understood. In their walks the children are taken to a brook, made to climb down its banks to the water and to ascertain for themselves its dimensions. A river is only a brook one or two kilometers in breadth; the children are conducted to the steepest hill to be found in the vicinity, made to climb it, and then given to understand that mountains are many times higher and steeper than this hill and that other countries of the earth are far larger than that in which they live. When these facts have been gained the

children are taken to a large globe on which the continents, the mountains, the plains are in relief. A line of prominence represents a range of mountains, the courses of the rivers are indicated by depressed lines, cities, by round headed towers, the boundaries of countries by slips of plaster, set edgewise in the plaster of which the globe is made. The shape of the earth is first explained, then the continents are named, and the pupils trace each with their fingers until perfectly familiar outline. Then the different countries are named, their boundaries are given, and, as each is explained, the pupil traces its limits with his fingers. Thus little by little, a knowledge of the whole earth is acquired, and afterward this general information is supplemented by flat maps, also in relief, and on a larger scale of the different countries.

Natural history is taught by the use of stuffed animals, the institution Braille having a large museum of stuffed animals and birds. With the domestic animals such as the cat, dog, horse and cow, the children are already, in most cases, familiar; then the points of similarity between these and the other animals are explained, and the children soon learn that a fox is like a dog and that among birds there are general resemblances which constitute them a class by themselves. The specimens of the Ecole Braille are selected with a view to illustrating the peculiarities of the animal creation, and it is said to be in the highest degree entertaining to see the amusement with which the children discover that a pelican has an enormous pouch under his bill; that the mountain sheep has horns so disproportioned to his size.

Music is taught the blind by means of the Braille system of letters. The blind have not, as is commonly supposed, better musical gifts than other people, and far more labor is required for them to become expert musicians than is necessary for one in the possession of his sight. Those who can see, read at a glance a double line of music; the blind must read with their fingers, one note at a time, then commit a passage to memory ere they can retain it. With practice, however, they often become wonderfully expert at both reading and playing, the adaptation of the Braille system to musical notation materially lessening their labor.

Trades for the blind are far more numerous now than they were ere systematic instruction began. The blind make baskets and brushes and bedding, ropes, socks, matting and chairs while the girls learn knitting, sewing, crocheting, and embroidery, and both sexes frequently attain in these trades a cleverness which makes their work equal to that of men and women who can see. Piano tuning is a favorite trade, and perhaps the best as regards its remuneration, and blind tuners are usually thorough and effective in their work. All trades which the blind can practice are now taught in the institutions for their special instruction, and it is gratifying to know that the list of occupations is increasing.

The number of these unhappy people is much larger than is commonly supposed. In the United States in 1890 there were 50,411 blind persons, an increase of nearly 2,000 over the preceding census. In England and Wales the number is 23,487; in the German Empire there are 37,672; in France there were at the latest returns 32,060.

PALMER COX'S

CHRISTMAS BOOKS,

FREE

* * * TO CHILDREN. * * *

The Abbey Effervescent Salt Company have purchased a large number of Palmer Cox's 'Brownie' series of Christmas Books, and want to give them to the children as Christmas Gifts. These books are exactly similar to those sold at book stores. They are written by E. Veale, the Fairy Tales authoress, and are profusely illustrated by the famous Palmer Cox. Each book has an attractive illuminated paper cover, also illustrated by Palmer Cox.

There are twelve books in the series. Only one will be sent to any one address, but you may have your choice. The books are as follows:—

<p>BUSY BROWNIES. FUNNY FOXES. COCK ROBIN. BIRD'S WEDDING. MERRY MICE. BONNIE BIRDS.</p>	<p>MONKEY'S TRICKS. FOX'S STORY. JOLLY CHINEE. JACK THE GIANT. RIVAL BABIES. FIRST TROUSERS.</p>
--	--

Only two conditions need be observed in replying to this advertisement. Mention this paper and enclose a one cent stamp to pay the actual cost of postage for mailing the book you may select. Write your name and address plainly. Address,

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT
THE ABBEY EFFERVESCENT SALT COMPANY, Ltd.,
MONTREAL, CANADA.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt is a standard English preparation which has been introduced into Canada within the past six months. It was endorsed and prescribed for years by English and European physicians before it was introduced here. It is now prescribed and endorsed by Canadian physicians by reason of its excellence and sterling worth.

The Daily Use of ABBEY'S EFFERVESCENT SALT will keep you in good health
It is a Natural Regulator of Health.
Your Druggist will Supply your Wants at 60 CENTS A LARGE BOTTLE. Trial Size 25 cents.

tem to musical notation materially lessening their labor. The number of these unhappy people is much larger than is commonly supposed. In the United States in 1890 there were 50,411 blind persons, an increase of nearly 2,000 over the preceding census. In England and Wales the number is 23,487; in the German Empire there are 37,672; in France there were at the latest returns 32,060.

The instruction of the blind is of comparatively recent date. Formerly they were taken care of simply as unfortunates, no attempt being made to give them instruction. Saint Louis, in 1360, founded a hospital for soldiers, crusaders who, on the burning sands of Syria, lost their eyesight. Other hospitals were founded from time to time, but the first effort at education was by Bernoulli, in 1857, who tried to teach a blind girl to read. Valentine Haüy, in 1784, made the first successful attempt, in a practical way, toward systematic instruction of the blind, and he has been followed by a host of devoted men and women, many of them themselves unfortunates in this respect, who have brought the training of this class up to the highest point.

There are in Great Britain and Ireland sixty-one institutions and asylums, where the blind are either cared for or receive a measure of instruction. Germany has thirty-five institutions, France twenty-three and Italy twenty-two. The United States has thirty-six schools for the education of the blind which contain about 2,500 pupils. On the whole, the condition of these people is, in this country, far in advance of what it is in any other. Every blind child in the United States has the right to be educated at public expense, and in our institutions the instruction given is not surpassed in scope or method by that of any foreign country.

High Priced Doctor—You are now convalescent, and all you need is exercise. You should walk ten, twenty, thirty miles a day, air but your walking should have an object. Patient—All right, doctor. I'll travel around trying to borrow enough money to pay your bill.

Short's Dyspepticure. cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Bloating, etc. 50c. and \$1.00. from C. E. Short, St. John, N. B., and druggists generally.

Pestles.
A pistol now proper place
sum of the relics of bar
it the pestle be shot like the pestle is until every.

Hills.
Carebook" with a Mass.

a mischievous girl ad-
'so tiresome."
e professors got up to
ions of criticism. To-
tration of his remarks be
the vinds. These he
ly, but as he had been
of arrangements he found

n wore away, however,
more thoughtful. They
hici: pans for the future,
didn't seem to have any
and listened. One of the
going abroad, another
they felt she was destined
over, a fourth wanted to
work. Finally they came
ne girl, who was perhaps
class. It was the impres-
was going to continue her
graduate. When asked
to do during the coming
"I'm going to get a
something 'suck in her
ugh it seemed an almost
s-of time, the whole com-
of laughter before she
Chicago Times Herald.

E CURE
ALL SKIN
EASES
During
eventy
ears
7-AS-SAN
has never
ailed in
ny case.
d--The address of
sufferer in America
Medicine Co. Truro, N. S.
s paper when you write."

ED METALLIC
EILING

THE many advantages
of their use as a modern
substitute for wood and
plaster, lies in the fact
that they are light in
weight, will not crack
nor fall off, consequently
no danger of falling
pieces; are a question-
ably durable, have air
tight joints, are easily
applied, are practically
fire-proof, are highly ar-
tistic, do not harbor ver-
min, and possess splendid
glow, in addition to many other
advantages over any other form of interior
decorative work.

W. A. McLachlan, 61
St. John Street,
ROOFING CO., Ltd.,
100 King Street West, Toronto.

Still Complete
of cloth is well assorted in-
cluding cloths in Overcoatings,
and Trousers for late Fall
wear. As the season is well
advanced customers would do well to
order early.

CAMPBELL,
Brampton Street.

ES.
just received a nice stock
of Watches, Card Cases, Cigar
Cases, etc.

—ALSO—
Watches, Clocks, Solid
Silver, Plated Goods, Eye
Spectacles,
and Stock at

USON & PAGE
100 KING STREET.

When the autumn leaves for dance
Fly, fall, or pine and fall,
Lush in go, forbade to linger,
Wails the exile Summer child.

The Blind Gentleman.

Not the winds that seem to love it
As, crossing, they pass by—
Shut forever from the sweetness
Which goes smiling for and near,
Blind to all the dear completeness
Garnished in the closing year.

A STRANGE CASE.

It had always been, from my youth up,
my fond ambition to be a member of the
legal profession. This particular calling, it
seemed to me, would yield me the most
abundant opportunity to be of service to
my day and generation, as well as to put
to their best use such capabilities as des-
tiny had seen fit to bestow upon me.

Consequently when I had at length com-
pleted my college and law school course
and been admitted to the bar, my joy was
well nigh boundless. How well I remember
the day of my admission! The future lay
before me spanned with the rainbow of
promise. My cup of bliss would have been
full to overflowing, indeed, had it not been
for one fact.

During the period of my post-graduate
study, I had met, loved, and won the hand
of a most beautiful girl; whose graces and
excellencies were to me beyond comparison.
Her father had met with misfortune in
early life, and, resenting to our marriage
upon the sole condition that it should be
postponed until I had acquired some little
competency, at least.

Fain would I have had the ceremony
performed upon that very day when I was
at last pronounced fully prepared for the
practice of any profession, but this propo-
sition the prudent parent would not for a
moment entertain. I must first have
come by a few honest dollars, in one way
or another.

Naturally this, to my mind, stern res-
triction added to my zeal in the end,
however, and no sooner did I find myself a
tall fledged attorney than I began work in
earnest, leaving no stone unturned which
would in any way lead to the acquirement
of success. I was constantly in my at-
tendance upon the sessions of the courts,
and ever zealous in the performance of
such minor duties as were intrusted to me
by the old-lawyers.

One day as I sat in the lobby of the
court room waiting for the coming in of
that body, I was pleasantly accosted by a
gentleman there present, who, I had not
failed to note, had been eying me closely
for some time. He was tall and well built,
with dark complexion and regular features,
but for some reason which I could not ex-
plain or understand at the time, his pre-
sence at once had a displeasing and repel-
lant effect upon me, possibly on ac-
count of his peculiar eyes, which were
coal black, and as bright and glittering
as two stars.

"Young man," he remarked, "I like your
appearance; you seem to be the sort of an
individual I have been looking for for some
time. Now, I have got a little matter
which I would like to have you undertake
for me. Would you be willing to do it?"
My unprepossessing friend was to be a
client of mine! Perhaps a valuable one,
who could tell! Instantly my prejudices
were forgotten, and I hastened to assure
him that my services were at his command.
"Then follow me," he continued, and we
left the court together.

My did companion did not seem to be
at all a talkative individual, barely inform-
ing me that a gross injury had been per-
petrated upon him, and that he intended to
rectify the latter after a fashion of his own.
"The cellar of my house," he explained,
"will be the scene of the main incidents of
the case, and I want you to see and thor-
oughly examine it for yourself before I en-
deavor to explain it farther to you."

This appeared a most rational approach
to an explanation of the matter in hand,
and I followed closely after him as he
hastened through street after street, finally
coming to a halt before an ancient but
comfy, and altogether respectable appear-
ing, dwelling in the region of St. Peter's
street.

After glancing suspiciously up and down
the street to make sure that we were un-
observed, my companion drew a bunch of
keys from his pocket, and together we
ascended the broad steps and when at
length the ponderous lock had been thrown
back, entered within.

I noted at once from the close and musty
odor everywhere present and the all pre-
vailing chill that the house was unoccupied,

and had probably been so for some time.
Consequently, I was not at all disappointed
when my guide led the way directly to the
cellar, without stopping to call to my
attention anything in connection with the
building itself.

"Here at last," he exclaimed, as he un-
locked the heavy door to the cellar and
threw it back on its squeaking, rusty hinges.
He motioned me to enter, and I started to
descend the stairway, groping my way in
the dim light as I went. No sooner had I
got fairly upon the stairs that the door
was suddenly slammed to upon me, and the
key turned in the lock!

The whole thing took place so suddenly
and unexpectedly that I was unable to move
or even utter a word before it had been ac-
complished. "Come, come," I called out,
when I had at length found my tongue
somewhat exasperated and not a little fright-
ened, "no practical joking, time is too
precious! Open the door!"

My answer was a shrill, demoniacal
laugh, and the taunting reply: "Explore
the cellar at your leisure, friend, I will be
back soon." Then I heard, through the empty
treating footstep through the sound echo-
ing house, the closing and locking of the
outer door, and I was alone.

Words are inadequate to describe the
abject terror which then took possession of
me, for I realized at once the seriousness
of my position and the meaning of the un-
natural laugh and the strange eyes; I was
a prisoner in the hands of a madman.

"What was I to do? Should I cry out?
My voice would never penetrate to the
street, and the exertion would but exhaust
my strength, all of which I might sadly
stand in need of? It resisted my endeav-
ors to force the door? It resisted my endeav-
ors like a wall of iron. I took my captor's
advice and explored the cellar from end to
end, hoping to find some means of exit, or
some heavy object with which to batter
down the door, but nothing but a cold,
solid wall of stone met my touch as I groped
my way about.

How long must I remain in the trap into
which I had fallen, I asked myself as I
sank in a heap upon the floor in a far dis-
tant corner of the cellar. Then their came
to me with a sickening, chilling sensation
the remembrance that the fiend who had
incarcerated me there had declared on his
oath that he would soon return again.
Could he be intending to do me injury?
Was I to be the victim of some foul plot
which he had concocted in his disordered
brain? I shuddered at the thought, while
a cold perspiration gathered in beads upon
my forehead.

How long I saw thus in the darkness I
do not know, but it must have been some
hours. Every slightest sound, real or
imagined, caused me to start and alarm.
Finally, of a sudden, a key was quietly in-
serted in the lock, the door opened, and
my captor returned.
I trembled from head to foot lest he
should pounce upon him, but he did not.
Instead, he set a bowl of water and some
bread upon the floor, and immediately re-
tired locking the door after him again.

Although fast growing faint with hunger
and nervous exhaustion, I dared not touch
the meagre refreshment offered me, fear-
ing that it might be drugged or poisoned,
but I set it aside in case of extremity.
Thankful for my escape, unharmed as yet,
I was nevertheless fearful for the future,
yet managed during the hours that follow-
ed to obtain a little sleep.

Again my keeper returned after what
seemed an age, bringing bread and water
as before, and paying heed to me, ex-
cept to leer at me, as he ascended the
stairway: "How do you like it? The
tables are turned, you see?"

Finding myself thus unmolested, I be-
gan to gain courage and soon my brain
was seething with a thousand plots for re-
covering my liberty. One after another
was considered and abandoned as being
impracticable. Should I take the initiative
and attack the fiend upon his next return,
and so endeavor to overpower him with
my main strength? That would scarcely do.
He was much more powerful than I in
build, and his mania, as is so often the

case, would doubtless magnify his strength
to that of a Hercules. Then, too, he might
have some deadly weapon concealed upon
his person, with which he could fell me in
an instant. No, I must resort to strategy
to effect an escape.

For hours I pondered over the question,
until at last an idea occurred to me which
brought with it a ray of hope of success,
and I immediately set to work to put it in-
to execution. Springing to my feet, I
hastened to the stairs and felt them over
from top to bottom with my hands. They
were of rough plank, quite dimly
made, and fastened to the joists of the
floor above with spikes.

By working them backward and forward
until my arms and hands were well nigh
paralyzed with fatigue, I finally managed to
loosen them from their fastenings, and re-
moved them from their proper position op-
posite the cellar door.

My trap was now set, and I awaited with
a beating heart the return of my jailor. In
time he came. The door suddenly opened,
and he stood, with a pitcher of water in one hand,
a bit of bread in the other.

My heart fairly stood still in the intense
excitement and suspense of the moment.
Would he unsuspectingly enter the snare
which I had set for him, or would he detect
my subterfuge before it was too late? For
a moment he stood peering into the dark-
ness, and then, putting out his foot to de-
scend, stepped into the black vacancy where
the stairway should have been.

My every nerve and muscle was drawn
to its tensest, and with a mighty bound I
was up the displaced steps and out of the
doorway, but there was no occasion for
haste, the dull thud upon the hard cellar
floor, and the shattering of the pitcher into
thousands of tinkling fragments, was follow-
ed by a low moan, and then all was still.

The bunch of keys was still dangling in
the cellar door. Closing and fastening it
securely, I hastened out as I had been led
in, how long ago I knew not, but as it
seemed to me, ages before, so intense had
been my suspense.

Ah, how refreshing it was to breathe the
sweet air of heaven, after the damp and
mould-tainted atmosphere of that cellar
dungeon! The sun was just peering over
the tops of the houses, and I knew that it
must be as yet early in the day. My first
impulse was to turn at once to the nearest
restaurant for refreshment, being as I was,
already weak with hunger and thirst; but
upon afterthought, remembering the hu-
man being swooning, perhaps dying, in the
musty cellar from which I was so thankful
to have escaped, I determined, rather, to
seek medical assistance first.

Hastily arranging my coat, as well as I
could under the circumstances, and brush-
ing from my clothes the dust laden cob-
webs with which they were covered, I hur-
ried toward the public square where I had
often noted were located the offices of many
of the physicians.

"Dr. Butterworth," was the first glitter-
ing symbol to meet my eyes, and accord-
ing to the door upon which it was fastened,
I rang for admission. The doctor I found
just preparing to go out. "Come with me,
sir, and make haste," I called to him, and
my request was complied with as much
alacrity as could have been desired.

Upon the way back, I told the story of
my strange adventure, while the good
doctor's eyes opened wide with interest,
which increased into intense excitement as
we straggled at the house, descended into
the cellar, and bore the limp form out into
the light. A cab was quickly called and
the patient hurried away, the doctor in-
sisting that he should be taken to his own
home.

Some two weeks afterwards I received
a note from Dr. Butterworth, re-
questing me to call at his house at my
early convenience. I did so, and was
ushered forthwith into the chamber
of the strange patient. He looked
pale and wan, as though he had been
through years of suffering, but his
smile was bright and cheerful, and his
eyes, uttering a look was gone from his
countenance. He greeted me with a
hearty handshake, as he remarked: "So
this is my benefactor, is it? Thanks be
to God for him! For a few moments we
chatted together, and then the doctor led
me away, remarking that his patient must
not be allowed to overtax his strength."

Once back in the office, he motioned me
to a chair, and when I was seated, re-
marked: "Young man, you must know
the history of this case, which is one well
known among all the members of our pro-
fession. Mr. Frederick Broed, for such
is the gentleman's name, is a wealthy
banker, and was formerly an honored and
influential citizen of this place, living at
the house on St. Peter's street.

One day, some three years ago, while
driving, he was accidentally thrown from his
carriage, receiving a severe blow upon the
head, as a result of which mental derange-
ment followed, developing into insanity.

"Ever since, he has been confined in the
Greenhill asylum. Twice before he has
made his escape, and each time, laboring
under his mania, has undertaken to in-
crease someone else, as he probably imag-
ines, in his stead, as he did you. The
severe shock he received upon falling into
the cellar, has in some unaccountable way,
restored him to his right mind again.

"Now, the point that I'm coming
at is this. At the time of his third es-
cape, a reward of five hundred dollars was
offered for his safe capture. He does not
know that, or the seriousness of his former
condition, and we think it best that he
should not, at least for the present. We
have told him that he fell into a cellar, in-
juring himself, from which you were in-
strumental in rescuing him, and that is all.
Naturally, he wants to do something for
you. Now this (taking a piece of paper
from his desk) is understood to include the
reward for his apprehension, about which
you are to say nothing. Do you agree?"

As I replied in the affirmative, he hand-
ed me a bit of paper. Could I believe my

Tired? Oh, No.
TNG soap
SURPRISE
greatly lessens the work
It's pure soap lathers freely
rubbing easy does the work
The clothes come out sweet
and white without injury to the fabric
SURPRISE is economical, it wears well.

eyes! It was a check for five thousand
dollars! I urged and implored him to
share it with me, but he would not listen
to the suggestion.
"No, no!" he replied again and again,
"you have won a handsome reward, but
you deserve it!"
Of the latter of his assertions I was not
so sure, but of the former I was positive,
for with the first glimpse of that generous
check, I knew that the hand of my beloved
was mine.

ABOUT THE ROYAL GEORGE.

Cowper's Report of the Loss of Kempfenfelt's
Ship not Accurate.
"His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempfenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men."

The old skipper repeated the lines from
Cowper's poem in a tone that indicated a
pronounced lack of reverence for the poet.
Then he remarked:

"I believe there never has been a poet
who has known much about a ship or the
sea. There is one, Rudyard Kipling, who
has the merit of never being absurd, and
he appears to have made some study of the
sailorman. As for Cowper, I don't believe
he knew port from starboard, and he cer-
tainly did not inform himself about the
number of persons who were drowned by
the sinking of the Royal George. Cowper
simply—well, I'll say he simply took a
poet's license in dealing with that subject.

"I suppose I'll have to shatter a British
idol when I tell the truth about the Royal
George. She was a line-of-battle ship of
100 guns and, in the summer of 1782, had
just returned from a cruise and was leak-
ing. It was impolitic, of course, to dock
the vessel at Portsmouth, for repairs, as
the crew, many of whom were impressed
men, could not be kept by her so near the
town. The ship was careened in the road-
stead. It was a hazardous proceeding,
even though the water was almost as smooth
as glass.

"When the ship was healed until her
lower deck ports nearly touched the water,
a summer squall struck her. She carried
at the time the tallest masts and squarest
yards of any ship in the British Navy.
The lower deck ports being open, she soon
filled, and down she went. Twelve hun-
dred souls were aboard of her, and every
person who was between decks was drown-
ed. Nine hundred lives were lost. Boats
from other vessels lying in the roadstead
rescued those who were on the upper
deck.

"The first news of the disaster reached
the Admiralty Office in London on Ang-
29, 1782, and was published the next day
in the Gentleman's Magazine. This ac-
count gave the loss of life as 400 of her
crew and at least as many women and
children." The poet does not say any-
thing about the luckless women who were
on board in the ship's cabins and between
the decks. The ship sunk in the middle of
the day, and it was eight minutes, accord-
ing to some accounts, before she disappear-
ed. It appears to me that if the crew had
been in fit condition some of the fifty sea-
men's wives and 250 women from Ports-
mouth, who were not the wives of a 900
souls.

"My boy, these sailor's wives and the
women who were with them were courage-
ous souls, and deserved well of the poet.
Kipling would not hesitate to celebrate
them, I think. They had proved themselves
worthy to have verses written about them.
I recall that one of Rodney's sea fights with
the French the Admiral noticed a sailor's
wife assisting the men at one of the guns on
the main deck. Her husband had been
wounded and carried below, and she had
taken his place. In answer to the Admi-
ral's hurried expostulation in regard to the
danger to which she was exposed, she
answered: 'And sure, your honor, do you
think that I am afraid of a Frenchman?'
After the action the Admiral reprimanded
her for having committed a breach of orders
by being aboard of the ship at such a time,
but he gave her ten guineas, which took the
edge of the censure.

"In the tough combat between the French
and English fleets off Ushant in 1794 the
French who fought gallantly, were badly
beaten. Lord Howe commanded the Eng-

lish fleet, and all England went wild over
his success. It was a fight of ship to ship
and man to man. History is not garrulous
about the part the women played in this
famous battle, but women were aboard
some of the ships and fought with the most
determined valor at the gun. Lord Howe
received the thanks of Parliament, a sword,
and was made a knight of the garter for his
victory."

D-O-D-D-S

THE PECULIARITIES OF
THIS WORD.

No Name on Earth So Famous
—No Name More Widely
Imitated.

No name on earth, perhaps, is so well
known, more peculiarly constructed or
more widely imitated than the word DODD.
It possesses a peculiarity that makes it
stand out prominently and fastens it in the
memory. It contains four letters, but only
two letters of the alphabet. Everyone
knows that the first kidney remedy ever
patented or sold in pill form was DODD'S.
Their discovery started the medical pro-
fession the world over, and revolutionized
the treatment of kidney diseases.

No imitator has ever succeeded in con-
structing a name possessing the peculiarity
of DODD, though they nearly all adopt
names as similar as possible in sound and
construction to this. Their foolishness
prevents them realizing that attempts to
imitate increase the fame of 'Dodd's Kid-
ney Pills.' Why is the name 'Dodd's Kid-
ney Pills' imitated? As well ask why are
diamonds and gold imitated. Because
diamonds are the most precious gems, gold
the most precious metal. Dodd's Kidney
Pills are imitated because they are the
most valuable medicine the world has ever
known.

No medicine was ever named kidney pills
till years of medical research gave Dodd's
Kidney Pills to the world. No medicine
ever cured Bright's disease except Dodd's
Kidney Pills. No other medicine has
cured as many
Diabetes, Heart disease, Lumbago, Dropsy
Female Weakness, and other kidney
diseases as Dodd's Kidney Pills have. It
is universally known that they have never
failed to cure these diseases, hence they
are so widely and shamelessly imitated.

He was There.
Some visitors in Virginia hired an old
negro on a plantation to drive them to see
the Natural Bridge. So says the Toronto
Saturday Night.

On hearing the bridge they asked the
colored man its height and width, and it he
really thought it such a wonder, after all.
His replies were so vague that one of them
said:

"Now, Sam, confess; you have never
been so near the bridge before."
"Lord, sah!" he replied. "I member
coming here to help de day dey lay de
corner-stone; but I ain't tek notice 'bout
how high de bridge was built, nor how far
'cross 'twuz. Of co'se, I ain' come heah
muh sense; but dis nigger never goin' to
forgit dat day."

FROM PERSONAL
EXPERIENCE.

Many have tried for years to discover a
remedy suitable to their own case for the
Constipation, Biliouness, Indigestion,
Headache, Kidney and Liver Complaints
arising from Poor Digestion, Weak Stomach,
and Disordered Liver.

To these we say: Try the new medicine—

Laxa-Liver
PILLS

Read what people say. Here it is.
Miss S. LAWSON, Moncton, N. B., says
"They cured me of constipation and sick
headache."
Mrs. H. JAMES, St. Nicholas Hotel, Hamil-
ton, Ont., says: "They are a pleasant, sure
and quick cure for constipation, dyspepsia
and sick headache."
Miss M. E. HARRIS, South Bay, Ont.,
says: "Laxa-Liver Pills are excellent for sick
headache, causing no pain or griping."
Mrs. JOHN TOMLINSON, Hamilton, Ont.,
says: "They are a perfect cure for even the
severest headache."

Can't stand it
any longer!
WISH I HAD GOT
FOOT ELM.
Most people who buy other stuff
represented to be "as good as" Foot
Elm soon find out their mistake. Take
nothing but Foot Elm if you want your
tired, sore, aching, cold and clammy
feet to have relief.
Price, 25c. a box at all druggists and
shoe dealers, or sent by mail by addressing
STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.

Sunday Reading.

JOHN STANLEY'S BLESSING.

John Stanley put his prescription into his pocket and quickly left the doctor's office. He knew his mother was watching for him and his mind saw her standing at the sitting room window, long before the blurred eyes behind the dark glasses caught sight of the house. He felt that he would have liked to be alone just then, but he knew the little mother was anxious.

For weeks she had been asking him to go to a certain famous specialist in the city, but John kept putting it off.

'It will be the same story, mother mine,' he would say laughing. 'A pair of new glasses and some new kind of drops. Just let me initiate these last spectacles into the mysteries of Latin. Then he would pore over his books, oblivious, to all around him. And Mrs. Stanley would only shake her head and sigh, feeling at the same time immensely proud of her boy who stood at the head of his large class in the high school.

So time went on and John's scholarship improved, but his poor eyes became weaker and weaker, and it was not until blinding headaches made it physically impossible for the boy to read longer, that he would lay down his books. Then it was that he went to the famous physician, and he sighed despondently when the verdict was given.

'Moderation, my boy!' the doctor had said. 'If you had been practicing that all along, you could still go on with your work. As it is now, you must have entire rest for some months—a year probably. Do not even indulge in one hour's reading, else I cannot answer for the consequences.' And John knew the doctor meant what he said.

The black glasses he had to wear in the sunlight seemed singularly appropriate to him.

'I might just as well be blind as not able to go to school,' he said bitterly.

But his mother shook her head. 'It has all been given for good, my boy. There is always a reason for everything. It is hard to give up school, I know, but we must only wait in patience.'

So John waited, but not in patience. He chafed daily under the yoke he had to bear, until he came to regard his affliction as harder to endure than any other in the world. And because he thought so entirely of himself and nursed his sorrow, the usually happy John became morbid and ill-natured.

Then very suddenly, one day, a ray of sunshine glanced through the black glasses, and it was such a warm ray that comforted John through the weary months afterward. And this is how it happened.

'John,' called his mother, 'I wish you would go down to Phillips' and have the boys call round for those two kitchen chairs. The cane seats are all broken and I want new ones.'

John looked up slowly. His mind was solving a problem in algebra and it took long for it to come back to kitchen chairs.

'Yes, mother,' he answered. 'It's the last house on Ferry street, you say?'

So on went the dark glasses and then John started. He found the house easily, for a clumsily-written sign hung over the gate: 'Chairs Re-caned with Neatness.'

In answer to John's knock, the door was opened by a small boy, whose eager blue eyes looked at the new-comer curiously. 'Good-morning. Are you one of the Phillips boys?'

'Yes sir,' answered the little fellow. Then as John stepped within, he said: 'That's the "head of the business," and pointed with evident pride to a pale slender young fellow seated in an armchair.'

His face lost its sharp look when he smiled, as he did when John entered, and he pointed to a chair in such an easy friendly way that his visitor could not refuse to be seated. John delivered his message and then put on his glasses as though to go.

'Sun hurt your eyes?' inquired the 'head of the business,' as he went on with his repairing.

John laughed. 'Everything hurts them,' he said.

Then, seeing he had a listener, he told the whole story with a certain feeling of relief. And he concluded by saying: 'I'm practically no good, you see.'

'No, I don't see,' said Tom, for that was the chair-mender's name. 'I don't see that you are any worse off than many others fellows. There's myself, for instance, though I haven't much to complain of. But I haven't walked a step for three years and won't for as many more to come. But as I said, it's not so bad for me, because I have my work.'

'Has this always been your work?'

Tom laughed. 'Dear me, no! he said. 'I was learning a trade. Never thought of mending chairs at that time. Then I had my accident. Fell on my spine, you know, and had to give up everything. So I took to the first work that came to hand. Anything was better than thinking of my troubles.'

'But were you not wretched and unhappy?' asked John.

Tom laid down his tacks and hammer and looked thoughtfully at his visitor.

'No,' he said slowly, 'and that's the strange part of it, too. At first—for the first few weeks, you know—I kind o' felt I had just as soon die. Then one morning I woke up and the sun was shining through my windows, so glad like, that it made me smile. Then things seemed to come round for me to do. There was Billy here, pointing smilingly at the small laddie who had opened the door, "and he was always wanting kites made. And what with that, and one thing or another, the days passed. But I think what made me accustomed like, more than anything else, was Peter Murray.'

'Yes?' said John, leaning eagerly forward in his chair, 'and who is he?'

'Oh, he's the blacksmith down yonder. Well, as I was saying, 'twas him, you know, that made me willing after all. He came in that evening—I remember it was just sundown—and when the door opened he stood right in the middle o' that big patch o' light. And he up and says, in that big, obbery voice o' his: "So you're going to change your trade, Tom?"'

'I only smiled at him, and he went on: "There's sure to be a new trade waiting, Tom, and a new fight to be fought. And now it isn't other people you are to quarrel with, but just yourself. And that's a deal harder, to my mind. But once you have fought it out, Tom, a man is worth something."

'I thought of all he said and felt that the years of waiting should not be lost.'

'Three years!' thought John as he walked toward home. 'And three have already passed, yet Tom works hard and does not despair, while I cry out, because I have a twelvemonth! Surely he is the more manly.'

Even the dark glasses could not keep the sun from shining behind them that day. So many rays stole through them, indeed, that John's whole face was radiant. And they went ahead of him too, pointing out innumerable bits of work to be done about home. There were his mother's rose bushes languidly waiting to be trailed on the wall; there some pretty flowers being choked by weeds; and here—

But the daylight had faded, 'and it is not half done,' sighed John regretfully.

He always said afterward that those twelve months of waiting were the most peaceful and happy ones of his life. And I think they were also the most blessed. Not because they taught the boy patience and good-nature, but because they made him truly unselfish.

And when those twelve months of waiting had passed away, John returned with renewed energy to his work. But the lessons in forbearance were never forgotten, for truly, 'The hand which hath long times held a violet, doth not soon forego its fragrance.'

From an Unexpected Source.

'Freely ye have received, freely give,' is a teaching that is gladly followed by new converts to Christianity in lands once called heathen. They give their money, their services, their lives, even, with a glad willingness that might well be copied in our own Christian land. A worker in Siam gives, in the 'Missionary Review of the World,' an instance of service gladly rendered. A few months ago, he says, two missionaries reached our field from an unexpected source. They were sent by the native church of Burmah, and are to be supported in their work by that church. They are Peguans, a tribe of lower Burmah, and have come here to labor for the Peguans of Siam, a people that have been

so sorely neglected—thousands of them war captives, and the descendants of captives, made during Siam's wars with Burmah. This aged missionary and his wife left a strong church in Burmah and a large family of children and grandchildren, and made their way alone for the joy of proclaiming to their countrymen in this land the story of Christ's love, which had come to them as such a blessed revelation. A few Sabbaths ago, fifteen Pagans were baptized through their labors.

FULL OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

A Life that has Many Bright Things to Offset its Clouds.

Chinanfu, China, seems an especially encouraging field for missionary effort. The Christian workers there are constantly receiving applications for instruction regarding the teaching of Jesus, from those who have heard of Him and are anxious to learn more. A letter written from the field by Elizabeth Neal shows the sort of work which has aroused this extended interest.

We are all housed in the suburb, and freely go about from house to house, and also some beginning has been made by Mrs. Parth and Mrs. Hamilton in house-to-house visiting among the natives. What it means for all of us to be near together and in the open country, as it were, nobody can guess until she has tried living in very close, tiny courts in a most crowded, not over-friendly, city for a few years.

The Boys' School is prospering. Two boys have lately come from well-to-do families in the city to be admitted. Gladly we took them in hoping to throw, through them, Christian influence into their homes. One came first, gave good reports to his friends, and now this second one has been added. Both pay all their expenses. You would be pleased to have seen their wonder over my ability to teach them, to speak to them in their own tongue so that they understood. I go to the school daily at nine, and four mornings teach till about noon. The other two mornings I only stay an hour and a half.

In the afternoon I go down to talk with the women patients as they await treatment at the Women's Dispensary. I am often so gratified at the opportunities I have to teach or talk with the women there. A charming old lady came with her two sons, three men servants, a woman and a slave girl, her bedding in heaps, curtains, carpets, cushions, rugs, lamps, dishes and medley paraphernalia, to have a cataract removed. The eye did well for the first few days and we all rejoiced; then severe inflammation set in and now we have little hope of her ever using it. She is so sweet and patient! Pray, as we do, for the true light to enter that heart and life. She and the two sons seem most favorably impressed, and say hereafter they will give up all heathen worship. Dear old lady, how happy I shall be if she really find the blessedness of a saving faith while here!

GLORIFYING WORK.

No one can afford to worry over work if he wishes success.

'Get leave to work,' says Mrs. Browning; and Robert Browning says: 'All service ranks the same with God.'

George Eliot wrote something not complimentary about workers who are 'always looking over the edge of their work for the play that comes after.'

To be in true relations with the Maker and Father—and to use the forces of body and mind and soul that have been given to us, I think, the only happy way of living. There may be difficulties in the way so that we cannot use our powers happily and freely at the beginning of our life-work. But patience! Every hour's wielding of any tool gives facility in its use. We all know that the body becomes elastic and responsive by a proper use of the muscles. It is the same with the mind. By working, within reasonable limits, we become able to do more and better work every day.

By giving ourselves heartily to our task we lift it to the highest plane, invest it with the dignity of the spirit that we put into it. Work should never be conceived of as mere drudgery by which one earns a living.



It is a trainer, an educator. Without it the spiritual within us cannot be developed but is overridden by the physical.

It is the testimony of experts that men do not break down by overwork, but by some unwise indulgence or the friction of worry by which the bodily powers are weakened.

No one can afford to worry while he works. One needs to be 'all there' if he is to succeed in the highest sense.

When one gives himself entirely to his work, he loses consciousness of that teasing thing self that causes most if not all of our misery. To quote Browning again: 'Let a man content to the uttermost for his life's set prize, be it what it will.'

A FULL LIFE.

An Interesting Story of Some of the Interests of Missionary Life.

It is a good thing for us to gain some idea of the multiplied interests of a missionary's life. A letter from Mrs. Charles Killie, written from China to the 'Presbyterian,' gives a suggestion of the burdens that must be borne in order that those who are in darkness may learn that the Sun of righteousness has arisen.

I have made four itinerating trips this year and have visited all our stations. Dr. Larson having gone with me on one trip. At two stations I taught classes of Christian women the gospel of Mark. They had either read or had heard this book read before, but did not know the meaning and could not get the good and blessing out of it, there is in it for us, when we make a study of it day after day. We had two chapters a day, one in the afternoon, always beginning and closing with singing and prayer.

These poor women came every day and to every lesson, saying, that as I had suffered so much coming over the long, stony, mountainous road to teach them, they would drop everything and come to study. We also had prayers in the morning and services in the evening. This kind of work used me up thoroughly and I am often weary in my work, but do not weary of it. The closing chapters were so precious and impressive that great tear drops rolled down the cheeks of each woman all during the lesson.

At the other station I made a shorter visit, and only held prayer-meeting services, and taught them to sing. My class of inquirers have come regularly, and four of them have just received baptism at our last annual communion, only a few Sabbaths ago. Counting these four women and three at one of the stations and three of my school girls, ten in all have received baptism this year.

The day school is flourishing and I leave it in Mrs. Chalfant's care when I leave. I have added to my work a Sunday-school for the Christian women, which is held in my dining-room, Sunday at 3 p. m. We are studying the International Lessons. There are about twenty who come and all seem to enjoy these meetings. We drink tea and pass around some little cakes that have been bought on the street, as many of these poor women have not had any dinner nor been home since they came to the 11 o'clock service in the morning.

Dr. Larson comes too and is a great help to us. She generally plays the hymn tunes, and then I can help the women sing lead them better. Dr. Larson also is a help in answering some of the most difficult questions and helping me to explain in a simple way, so that the women may understand, as we have only one class and I am both superintendent and teacher. The school children also have a Sunday-school, which is taught by the teacher of the day school.

The Good of Sorrow.

Great sorrows never leave us what we were before. But even if we are left without sorrow something is daily passing from us, always passing, that something which comes with youth and hope and love. After a great baptism of sorrow we must be different; but what we should pray and strive for is that we may emerge from it better, richer, more faithful, more helpful, more filled with a heartfelt delight in God's will, more able to make a true answer to God's surprise and wonders of love.

There are periods in life, years and years, when no great trouble visits us. Then the storms of sorrow fall, and we are apt to say, I have passed through and I may hope for an immunity for the future. It is not so.

The troubles may come back, they may come back again worse. As has been said, our Pharaohs are seldom drowned in the Red Sea, and we do not often behold their corpses stretched upon the sand. The bitterness of death may return. What then? At the very worst the memory of the past will help us. We shall trace the slow, difficult way to peace; our trust in God will be deepened, and we shall realize that, after all, the range of sins and sorrows is limited, though the sea of troubles may roll its white-crested billows as far as the horizon. What are truly numberless are God's mercies. What is truly infinite is God's love.

A Bit of a Savage.

'Oh, do let things alone! What good is it your worrying about them? All you can do to prevent or to cure the evils of this world won't amount to a row of pins. And what's the use of making yourself miserable over the misery of other people? Matters always were as they are now, and ever shall be, world without end, as far as you can tell. If people will dig holes and then tumble into them, why, let them stay there till they learn how to climb out. Folk will fall ill and they will die; and why fret over it? You have your own burden to carry and nobody offers to help you; don't bother your head about the burdens of others. That, I take it, is the only philosophy of life that is going to work. All the rest is nothing but shilly-shally sentiment.'

The man who talked this way to me the other night is a familiar acquaintance. He is not half a bad fellow, but he has an idea that he knows the world and has seen through the humbug of it. He says that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is a sheer waste of nerve substance to invest any feeling in what happens to your neighbors. Pick 'em up if they are right in your road, he says, but don't bother over them. He often calls me a fool for being too sympathetic. Yet this very man, when a baby, was found abandoned on a doorstep; and but for the kindhearted stranger who took him in, possibly we should never have had the benefit of his philosophy. Funny, isn't it? Yes, and sad too.

Tell me, then, what there is better than to have a hand for the troubles of others and a hand at their service when they need it. Take a case like the following, for example? To be sure it is common-place enough, but what of that? Every pain has a million like it, every white-faced sufferer lying helpless on a bed is but one of a countless multitude of such, and the language of pain is always the simplest words that can issue from drawn and parched lips.

'For many years—even as a girl'—says this woman, 'I have suffered from weakness, feeling languid and tired, fever knowing what it was to feel properly well. After meals I had great pain at the chest and around the sides. I had also a gnawing pain at the pit of the stomach, which nothing relieved. I was constantly spitting up a clear, sour fluid. I was in such agony that I groined with the pain, and was a misery to myself and those around me. I was almost too weak to get about, and my life was a burden to me.'

'In this weak and exhausted state I kept on year after year, sometimes feeling a little better and then bad as ever. I took different kinds of medicines, but nothing helped me. In July, 1894, a book was left at the house, and I read of a case like mine having been cured by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I got a bottle of this medicine, and after taking it began to improve. I could enjoy my food and it caused me no pain, and I felt better than I had done for many years.'

'I continued with it, and got stronger and stronger. I have since kept well, taking an occasional dose of the medicine when needed. My husband, who suffered from liver complaint, has also taken Mother Seigel's Syrup with great benefit. You can publish this statement as you like, and refer anyone to me. (Signed), (Mrs.) M. J. Philby, 33, Lillie Road, Castelnau, Barnes, London, July 17th, 1897.'

In order to be short, Mrs. Philby tells her story as in a few words as she could. She merely touches on the main points and leaves the rest to our imagination. If she had remembered and set down all, or even a good part of, the painful and melancholy incidents in her lifetime of suffering, what a tale it must have been! Her disease was a prevailing one among women—chronic dyspepsia—coming upon her in childhood and growing worse as the weary years dragged by. No doubt she received plenty of pity, as such a case must need excite it. But of all the mass of drugs she took, none helped her, because none (up to the time she used Mother Seigel's Syrup) was adapted to her complaint. That cured her, for the reason that the woman who discovered and prepared it sympathized with her sex and employed this medicine successfully in their behalf long before it was made known to the world at large. And I prefer her precepts and examples to the philosophy of my acquaintance—who is virtually a savage anyhow.

It is a good thing, therefore, to take note of the illnesses of our neighbors, and let them know where a remedy is to be found.

Advertisement for Walter Baker & Co., Limited, featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing their pure, high grade Cocos and Chocolates.

Vertical advertisement on the left side of the page, including 'D.D.S.' and 'Earth So Famous More Widely'.

Notches on The Stick

As we are relating only that part of the life of Burns associated more or less intimately with Jean Armour, there are many events of interest to be omitted. But we must advert to the humiliation he underwent in the atonement made before the Church for his sexual errors. The harshly offensive manner in which this penitential rite was administered vexed and wounded him needlessly—Father Auld "rabbung it in," if we may so speak,—and causing a bitterness of reflection in some of the poet's subsequent writings. It need be wonder of none that Burns took the attitude he did to the Scottish church of his day,—and especially to a certain branch of it. In fact, it could only be a rock of offence to such a spirit; and only an innate reverence saved him from a much deeper infidelity. Apart from all his personal grievances, the very creed and constitution of that church—in the bosom of which, nevertheless, so many excellent and eminent men have been nourished, and so virtuous a populace—as at that time calculated to awe, if not to terrify the weak and timid into subservience, and to revolt the stronger and more defiant,—a liberal class of the day, easily led by Burns. The character of some of the clergy played an antagonistic part. A spirit like Burns must needs abhor some of the dogmas of Calvinism, popularly represented as they then were; and we might expect to find him presenting in mocking parables such tenets as:—The damnation of infants and the virtuous heathen, and the limited and unconditional election of souls to salvation. The furious zeal of these "who do sit damnation round the land" inspired his most caustic satire, and in convivial assemblies raised the most uproarious laughter. But more intolerable to us than any fiery preaching seem the clear cold and logical statements of the Westminster Assembly. Suppose we substitute, in the case of one of their articles, a more libertine and parabolic for their precise and legal style.

A certain invincible conqueror, having taken a city, determined to burn it, and put the inhabitants to exquisite and prolonged torture. He, however, declared his intention to make certain benevolent exceptions, not to be founded in any merit of character in the subjects of his clemency, or any petitions for mercy. That it might be known he is not the monster his enemies had represented him, he permitted a score of persons, who had regarded themselves as victims and had expected their doom, to appear before him with halters about their necks. Upon their entry to his presence he immediately released them, and, with expressions of the deepest and most joyful affection, elevated them to honor and to high estate. Are love and justice and reason not one, in Heaven and on Earth?

We come now to that era in the life of Burns the contemplation of which has always given us the highest pleasure; and which on the whole, we regard as the happiest, noblest, and most hopeful, the poet was ever to know. He had outlined his domestic philosophy in four memorable lines:

"To make a happy fraille clime
For weans and wife—
That's the true path and sublime
Of human life;—"

and we honor him for heroic attempt to realize this in actual experience, though the struggle ended in a partial defeat. Well for him could a modicum of useful dullness,—the ballast of a nature like Wordsworth's—have been infused in him. The cup of his delight must needs be foaming at the brim, or lying insipid in the lees. He knew no middle course. Dullness was like lead upon his spirits, and if mirth and wit and wisdom were not at the flood, (putting aside all other distresses) then

"He could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care."

that had him chained, at once Fortune's pet and victim.

Yet, with some of the joy of his new-found love, and the light of his young fame about him, we follow him to Ellisland, on the Nith, where Lord Dalrymple has leased him a farm, and where, if he is to cherish a wife and bring up children, he must set about rearing a home. We see him here, as we see the flowers at dawn, and hear him as we hear the birds at sunrise. He treads the fields he can almost call his own, and accumulates rock and lime, and other materials, to build his cottage. What matters now that his own head is sheltered by a hovel, and that no smiling cook caters to his appetite, won from the fresh-turned mould and the caller air? He has come home to Nature again, back to love and song,—then wherefore

not to content? He has come back to the "gay green birk" and the blossoming hawthorn, the wild briar rose, the fox-glove, the harebell, and the mountain daisy, he has loved so well;—back where he can hear again "the loud solitary whistle of the curlew in summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of gray plovers in an autumnal morning." We see him standing with the muse in the midst of his fair acres and around him the Whiteside birds are singing, and down below the green and woody bank the clear Nith waters go rippling on with a melody like that waking in his own heart. We see him mounted on horseback, thridding the dale, through which the river flows, to Dumfries; or speeding over the hills to Ayrshire, for a glimpse of Jean and the folks; or directing his plough along the furrowed slope; or working at his cottage, which stands at this day, in part the work of his hands; "or with a white sheet, containing his seed, corn, slung across his shoulders, [striding with measured steps along his turned-up furrows, and scattering the grain in the earth;] or "pursuing the delinquents of the revenue among the hills and vales of Nithside, his roving eye wandering over the charms of nature, and muttering his wayward fancies as he moves along." His muse, long bound with the silken fetters of Edinburgh, was now liberated to sing a clearer, blither carol,—("O! a' the sirs") a song one never hears but his heart leaps up, as Wordsworth declares he did when he beheld "a rainbow in the sky."

Yes, happy he was here, if poet such as he can ever be happy. Jean had come at autumn-tide, and their housekeeping was set up;—not, indeed, where and as he would have had it. He could not usher the "guid wife" with immediate haste into her destined home, with all his ardency of effort and his passionate expostulation with the contractor: "If ever you wished to deserve the blessing of him that was ready to perish; if ever you were in a situation that a little kindness would have rescued you from many evils; if ever you hope to find rest in future states of untried being, get these matters of mine ready." Doubtless the tame mechanic-tradesman, unused to rhetoric on common business occasions, heard these things with surprise; and certainly did not get the house ready before Jean and the frosts came. They must accordingly seek a temporary shelter. "About a mile below Ellisland," Chambers informs us, "there is a tract of ground which has once been encircled by the Nith, partly through natural channels and partly through an artificial trench. Here rises an old dismantled tower, with more modern buildings adjoining to it on two of its sides—the whole forming the farm buildings of The Isle; for such is the name of the place, still remained, although one of the ancient water courses is now only a rusty piece of ground. The place, which has an antiquated, and even somewhat roman's appearance, was the property of Mr. Newell, writer in Dumfries, whose family had lived in it during the summer, but only for a short time in consequence of a certain nocturnal sounds in the old tower having led to the belief that it was haunted. What added a little, or perhaps not a little to the eeriness of the spot, was that the old burying ground of Dunscore, containing the sepulchre of the dreaded persecutor Grierson, of Lagg was in the immediate neighborhood. Such was the 'moated grange' to which the illustrious poet welcomed home the mistress of his heart—the fascinating, never to be forgotten Jean Armour."

But at last their proper home was complete, and they entered it to set up their housekeeping. The children, hitherto occasion of their sorrow, are gathered about them, to become their joy, and had already begun to comfort them. Burns teaches them their catechism, and tries to be a good father to them, as he remembers one who once was such to him. Even

"The big ha-Bib'e, atco his father's pride,"

If your children are well but not robust, they need Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil.

We are constantly in receipt of reports from parents who give their children the emulsion every fall for a month or two. It keeps them well and strong all winter. It prevents their taking cold.

Your doctor will confirm this.

The oil combined with the hypophosphites is a splendid food tonic.

Scott and Bowne, Chemists, Toronto.

is sometimes opened, and used devoutly, as in that house where he was in place of an elder son after that sire had gone. Jenny Geddes, "the auld m're," will not need to carry him so often "over the Cumnock hills," for the lode-star that drew him to Ayrshire is in Nithsdale now. The "pleasishing" has been transported thither; the servant lad and lass have come; Mrs. Dunlop's marriage-gift, that "handsome four-posted bed" is set up, and the fire is kindled on the hearth. The new "biggin" being ready they take formal possession. On the day the new abode was to be christened, Burns, who "delighted to keep up the old-world freits or usages," bade Betty Smith, the servant, "take a bowl of salt, and place the family Bible on the top of it, and bearing these, walk first into the new house and possess it," while he himself, with his wife on his arm, followed Betty and the Bible and the salt, and so entered their new abode.

But, even in this retirement, and amid the solitudes of his favorite country, great despair and disgust came over him. Sometimes duchesses and lords and the elite of Edinburgh walked in his vision, and the mirth of glided tables rang in his ears. The closed gates of splendor stirred him to longing and provoked his pride. His sensitiveness was acute; a slight was grievous to him, and the thorn fastened into black blood. Then the humble peasantry, of whom he came,—the "hurdy sons of rustic soil," the sight of whose firesides, sending their blue-wreathed smoke into the quiet gloaming, filled his eyes with benignant tears and his heart with blessings,—dwinded in his sight to ignorant churls, unfit for his association. "The only thing," he said, in some such mood, to Bengo, the engraver, "that are to be found in this country in any degree of perfection are stupidity and canting." What to them was Colley's laureate in comparison with the steady-going farmer, who attended to his fields and kept his accounts straight; who let was sail alone, and who stood by his kirk? "Prose," he declared, they only knew in graces and sermons, which they valued, plaiding webs, by the ell; while a poet and a rhymecrao suggested ideas equally distinct and agreeable." Thus he felt the pain of his environment; he could not have in himself his sufficiency, nor subsist in comfort, like the stars and hills, without sympathy. Apart and alone he might feel and say,—

"It pleased the gods to give a poet birth,
No favoring hand that comes of lofty race,
No priestlyunction nor the grant of kings;
Can on me lay such lustre and such grace,
Nor add such heritage?"

But back to the crowd again, and to the light of common day, his garland seemed to crumble; and if any one should say to him,—Is it not enough to be a poet? In some such mingled humor,—half in despair and half in scornful merriment,—he described himself as a fantastic composed by the very fiend of the odds and ends of creation, whose disreputable occupation is

"Stringin' blathers up in rhyme
For fools to sing."

But other troubles there were. The fact is his farming did not prosper; only poetry and the excise turned out well,—yet not sufficiently so. It seemed that Nature, having given him the harvest of eye and heart, had consistently denied him any other out of her fields;—for why should even a poet have everything? How hard, then is this rural existence to dignity and adorn! Horace and Cowley had tried and praised it;—yet they had never tried to dig out a living and pay rent from the wet clay of Ellisland. "Dr. Moore had mentioned the friendliness of husbandry to tancy, while he wished for him the prosperous union of the farmer and the poet. But Burns had neither Maecenas for a landlord nor Horace for a neighbor. However, he was charmed with the idea of singing compatriots about him, and gave the tribute of a glowing admiration to such small poets as his country then furnished. It seemed as if an astral lamp bowed to the tallow candle!

A friend points out to us a paragraph, illustrating the diversity of the views that may be taken of the Scottish poet, even by brother poets:

"Now while Burns is the topic for so much discussion, the following diverse opinions elicited long ago by Aubrey de Vere and printed in the new Tennyson memoir will be read with interest: 'Read the exquisite songs of Burns,' Tennyson once besought De Vere, 'in shape each of them has the perfection of the berry, in light, the radiance of the dew-drop; you forget for its sake those stupid things, his serious pieces.' On the same day Mr. De Vere met Wordsworth, who praised Burns as a great genius who had brought poetry back to nature, adding: 'Of course, I refer to his serious efforts, such as 'The Cotter's Saturday Night'—those foolish little amatory songs of his one has to for-

"THAT TIRED FEELING" is common on wash-day if you use common soap.



Take
ECLIPSE SOAP
and save yourself and your money.

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

John Taylor & Co.,
Manufacturers, Toronto, Ont.

get.' This story of contrariety was told by Mr. De Vere that evening to Sir Henry Taylor, whose comment was: 'Burns's exquisite songs and Burns's serious efforts are to be alike tedious and disagreeable reading.'

We cannot suppose the above to be the serious utterances of real, deliberate opinion,—so diverse, fact to say perforce, some of them are; but whimsical expressions of men in adverse moods, who in such cases say extraordinary things. If we made any exception to this view of the case it would be that of Sir Henry Taylor, in whom there is a savor of malignancy. As to Wordsworth, the singular moodiness of his criticism is matter of frequent remark. On one occasion, provoked, perhaps, by the essayist's warmth [of] expression toward the dramatist, he made the declaration to Lamb—and made it [to his cost—that he could write like Shakespeare if he had the mind. We would not, however, infer from such a remark] his real estimate of Shakespeare.

PASTOR FELIX.

THE GRAND DUCHESS'S DOLLS.

The President's Rich Gifts to the Russian Duchess.

When President Faure of France went to Russia lately to cement his country's alliance with the tsar, he neglected no means of obtaining favor at the Russian court. He courted the friendship of the rising as well as the risen generation by taking as a present, some wonderful talking dolls to the Grand Duchess Olga, the eldest of the tsar's two little girls.

They were, of course phonographic dolls and though their form and exquisite dressing were the work of French art, they owed their ability to talk and sing to America, where Mr. Edison, the inventor of the phonograph, was born and lives. One of the dolls was a little girl, dressed in white muslin, with a waist of blue gauze silk. She was in a box, and when the box was opened the little Grand Duchess Olga, who is now two years old, was astonished to see the doll pop up and to hear it say, in perfectly clear French, a language which the little grand duchess learns as early as she does Russian.

"Good day, my little mama! What a nice dream I've had! I dreamed that you brought me a pretty doll, that laughed and sang, just as I do!"

After this, the doll began to sing, and went through with "Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre," which is the French equivalent for the song that we call, "For he's a jolly good fellow," and also two other French songs, "Ah! mon beau chateau," and "Le petit tambour."

The other two dolls were more remarkable for their costumes than for their talking, though they, too, could speak. One was dressed as a fashionable grown-up lady, in a costume of pale blue silk, sprinkled over with rosebuds, a hat covered with rich ornaments, and a green velvet mantle trimmed with swan's-down, and she carried a white umbrella. These were far from being all this fashionable young lady's clothes. She had a wardrobe in which were a street cocoon and a ball toilet. Her talk consisted of phrases appropriate to a lady of society.

The third doll was a peasant, and she was the most interesting of the three. She had a wardrobe containing several of the costumes worn by peasant women in France.

Concerning this doll a dreadful political question arose. Diplomats and statesmen were called upon to discuss the gown of a doll! For one of the costumes made for this pretty creature was the dress worn by the peasant women of Alsace and Lorraine—and the portions of those provinces, too, which are now a part of the German empire. The statesmen decided that this would not do at all, since it might have a tendency to indicate that at the Russian court Alsace and Lorraine were regarded as rightfully still a part of France.

So the little peasant doll was robbed of

her Alsatian costume, and left with only those of Normandy and Brittany.

It will not be strange if, with these beautiful dolls of French nationality, the Grand Duchess Olga grows up with a decidedly soft spot in her heart for France.

THE DIVINE IDEAL.

Sound Health an Essential In Reaching The Great Goal.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND BESTOWS THAT BLESSING.

Its Use Means Vigorous Manhood and Womanhood With Clear and Active Brain.

THE GREAT COMPOUND KEEPS THE BODY IN PERFECT CONDITION.

The illustrious German philosopher Kant says: "There is within every mind a divine ideal, the type after which he was created, the germ of a perfect person."

It is true that the heaven men and women approach the divine ideal the more earthly happiness will they enjoy. In order to march steadily onward to the great goal set before all men and women must be physically sound. Purity of heart and grand elevation of mind will never accomplish the great victory if the body be sick and diseased.

Those who aspire to true manhood and womanhood are the men and women who take the precaution to banish the very first symptoms of disease. That tired feeling you experience from day to day; that nervous headache you dread so much; that "can't sleep" condition that makes you weak and wretched; the pains in side and back indicating kidney disease; the sharp twinges of rheumatism and neuralgia that make life a misery; that nervous habit that is sending poison into your life blood—all these varied symptoms lead to disease and death unless they are banished.

Paine's Celery Compound puts the out-of-gear physical machinery in perfect working condition, and gives that greatest of all gifts—good health. This marvelous medicine is a food that perfectly nourishes the nerves, tissues and blood; it brings strength and vigor to the limbs, gives the rosy blush of health to the pallid face, and brings clearness and energy to the brain.

Paine's Celery Compound, as a medicine for the ordinary ills of every day life, is as far removed from the common pills, nervines, bitters and sarsaparillas as the Diamond is from ordinary window glass. The people praise it, all honest druggists speak in its favor, and the ablest doctors, prescribe it. If you are only half enjoying life, try what Paine's Celery will do for you.

For the Public.

Where did you get your information? asked the editor of the yellow journal. "From the butler," answered the reporter. "It would never do to quote the butler, would it?" mused the editor. "You'd better merely say that we have it on the highest authority."

SILVERWARE
OF THE
HIGHEST GRADE.
THE QUESTION
"WILL IT WEAR?"
NEED NEVER BE ASKED
IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE



TRADE MARK
84 ROGERS BROS.
AS THIS IN ITSELF
GUARANTEES THE QUALITY,
BESURE THE PREFIX
1847.
IS STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE.
THESE GOODS HAVE
STOOD THE TEST
FOR
NEARLY HALF A CENTURY.
SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

SEIZING CRIMINALS IN CHINA.

An Atodens Law that is Happily Coming Into Disrepair.

The horrible means used for inflicting the extreme penalty of the law by the Chinese has been the subject of many articles all over the civilized world, but of late little has been heard of these cold-blooded executions.

It seems, however, that, although the inexcusable inhumanity of the law has passed out of existence in the more civilized portion of the empire, it is still in effect in other localities, where the condemned is put to death by the slicing process. A case has recently come to light in the northern part of China, and although efforts were made to save the offender, they were unsuccessful and he was killed in the old time way—literally butchered alive.

The victim was a boy 11 years old, who while playing with a piece of metal attached to a cord, accidentally struck his mother on the head, her injury proving fatal. By a peculiar Chinese law the child who kills a parent wilfully or by accident, must pay for the act with his life. The child in this case was accordingly taken into custody at once, a mere form of trial was gone through, and a verdict of guilty found and sentence of death by the knife passed.

The condemned is tied upon a table similar to those used for surgical operations in this country. The feet and hands are firmly tied together and he is strapped to the board in such a manner that only a slight movement can be made. He is hooded nor gagged, his persecutors listening to his cries and watching the horrible facial contortions until death comes. A keen edged knife is used, the executioner first cutting away the fleshy parts of the body, beginning with the sides of the trunk from which large steaks are cut. The abdomen is next slashed, but in such a manner that it is still life in the body, the cutting will not prove fatal at once, the great object being to produce as much suffering as possible. The lower limbs are now stripped of flesh, followed by the arms. Few live after the first few slices have been taken away, but that makes no difference to the executioner, who finishes his fiendish work until only the skeleton remains.

HYGIENIC VALUE OF SINGING

It Develops Lungs, Chest and Many Other Bodily Organs.

When one considers how many thousands of young men and women are studying the art of singing, and how very few of them ever learn it well enough to earn their living by it, or to give anybody much pleasure, one feels inclined to look on the vast amount of time spent on vocal exercises as so many hours wasted. But there is another point of view which is not often enough emphasized. In a recent number of a German journal devoted to daryngology, Dr. Barth has an article discussing with German thoroughness the utility of singing from a hygienic point of view. Every bodily organ is strengthened by exercise, singers exercise their lungs more than other people; therefore, he says, we find that singers have the strongest and soundest lungs. The average German takes into his lungs 3,200 cubic centimeters of air at a breath, while professional singers take in 4,000 to 5,000. The tenor Gunz was able to fill his lungs at one gasp with air enough to suffice for the singing of the whole of Schumann's song, 'The Rose, the Lily,' and one of the old Italian sopranos was able to thrill up and down the chromatic scale two octaves in one breath.

The singer not only supplies his lungs with more vitalizing oxygen than other persons do, but he subjects the muscles of his breathing apparatus for several hours a day to a course of most beneficial gymnastics. Almost all the muscles of the neck and chest are directly involved in these gymnastics. The habit of deep breathing cultivated by singers enlarges the chest capacity, and gives to singers that erect and imposing attitude, which is so desirable and so much admired. The ribs, too, are rendered more elastic, and singers do not in old age suffer from the breathing difficulties to which others are so much subject. By exercising so many muscles singing furthermore improves the appetite, most vocalists being noted for their inclination to good meals. The nose of a singer is kept in a healthy condition by being imperatively and constantly needed for breathing purposes, the injurious mouth breathing so much indulged in by others being impossible in this case. That the ear, too, is cultivated, need not be added. In short, there is hardly any

Easy to Take Easy to Operate

Are features peculiar to Hood's Pills. Small in size, tasteless, efficient, thorough. As one man

Hood's Pills

said: "You never know you have taken a pill until it is all over." 22c. C. I. Hood & Co., Proprietors, Lowell, Mass. The only pills to take with Hood's Sassaaparilla



wash-board can't last. It isn't sensible. The way that is surely taking its place—the easiest, quickest, most economical way—is washing with Pearline. No soap with it—that's entirely needless—nothing but Pearline.



kind of gymnastics that exercises and benefits so many organs as singing does.—New York Home Journal.

Are You Going to Dye?

Successful Dying Can Only Be Done With Diamond Dyes.

Thousands dye this month. The vast majority make the work profitable and pleasant, while others are confronted with disappointment, despair and ruin.

The happy and successful dyers are those who always use the Diamond Dyes that produce the brightest, fastest and most lasting colors. The discontented and unhappy ones are the few that use the common and crude pickage and soap grease dyes, giving muddy and blotchy colors.

If you desire to make your costumes, dresses, capes, jackets, blouses, etc., look like new garments, buy some fashionable dark color of the Diamond Dyes, and you will be astonished with the results. Now is the time to look out the men's and boys' light colored and faded clothing and make them ready for another season's wear. Fast Diamond Black, Seal Brown, Indigo or Navy Blue will give magnificent shades on all garments. Insist upon your dealer giving you the Diamond Dyes every time you buy; then, and only then, is success assured.

Not Flattering.

Some people have a faculty for taking off the edge of a neighbor's pleasure. A writer in the Temple Magazine lately gave a case in point. It happened to a doctor of divinity who was preaching some special sermons. He had scarcely got into the vestry after one of them, when in rushed a well-dressed man, who greeted him most effusively.

'Delighted to see you, doctor,' he said. 'You have given us a grand sermon. It has been a treat—a real inspiration to us all.'

The doctor smiled and expressed his gratification, and the man left the vestry. No sooner was the door closed, however, than one of the deacons looked up and remarked:

'You must not take any notice of him, doctor—he's got softening of the brain.'

The feelings of the doctor must have been akin to those of another minister who was preaching in Rochdale. The morning was fine, and the congregation large. At the foot of the pulpit stairs one of the officials met him.

'We've had a very large congregation this morning, Mr. Brown,' remarked the preacher.

'Yes, sir, replied the guileless and outspoken brother, a very fine congregation. You see, sir, we wasn't expecting you this morning.'

WHERE RHEUMATISM IS UNKNOWN.

No Matter How Intense the Pain South American Rheumatic Cure will Remove it Quickly.—A Lady of Hitherto Tells What It Did for Her—Permanent Cure of a Case of Years Standing.

It has been declared by scientists that every disease has a remedy. The difficulty is to always find the remedy. In rheumatism South American Rheumatic Cure has been found a certain antidote for this painful disease. It is always effective.

Mrs. N. Ferris, wife of a well known manufacturer of Highgate, Ont., says: "I was seriously affected with rheumatic pains in my ankles, and at times was almost disabled. I tried everything, as I thought, and doctored for years without much benefit. I was induced to use South American Rheumatic Cure. To my delight, the first dose gave me more relief than I had had for years, and two bottles have completely cured me."

What was Broken.

A recent issue of Life contains a short dialogue which will be appreciated by knights of the wheel. It is opened by a young man called Hobkins.

'My brother brought a wheel here last week,' he says, 'and you said if anything broke you would supply a new part.'

'That's right,' says the dealer. 'What do you want?'

'I want two deltoid muscles, a new set of knuckles, and a kneecap.'

The Life of Dr. Chase.

As a compiler of Chase's Recipe Book, his name is familiar in every household in the land, while as a physician his works on simple formulae left an imprint of his name that will be handed down from generation to generation. His last great medicine, in the form of his Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, is having the large public patronage that his Ointment, Pills and Catarrh Cure are having. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is especially adapted for all Bronchial and Asthmatic troubles.

Here is a picture

that women will wonder at, one of these days. They won't understand what the woman is doing. Even now it looks queer to the users of Pearline to see a woman doubling herself up over a wash-tub.

This old-fashioned, back-breaking way of washing clothes by rubbing them to pieces over a wash-board can't last. It isn't sensible. The way that is surely taking its place—the easiest, quickest, most economical way—is washing with Pearline. No soap with it—that's entirely needless—nothing but Pearline.



Cheating a Bull

A Connecticut sportsman relates in Forest and Stream an adventure which must have been exciting enough to save his day from monotony:

I was hauling my boat across Eley's meadow to the creek—a hard pull, with decoys, gun and ammunition. I was about half way across and had sat down to rest when I noticed that one of a large herd of cattle was coming my way. I looked again. It was a big bull, and evidently meant business.

I knew he would overtake me if I ran so I turned over my boat and crawled under it. The bull seemed surprised that I had disappeared, and after sniffing around a while went off. I waited until he was nearly up with the cattle, and then started again. But the old fellow was no fool; he had his eye on me, and I had hardly started before he came back on the run.

To do my best I couldn't make the creek, so under the boat I went again. This time the bull was mad. He bellowed and pawed, and tore up the sod around the boat with his horns; but I held the boat down.

Finally, when I was getting tired, he got tired himself, and went so far away that this time I made the creek and launched my boat.

Struck as by Lightning.

Exactly describes the condition of a hard or soft corn to which Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor has been applied. So quickly does Putnam's Extractor cure that its action seems magical. Try it.

The sea is his, and he made it.—Independent.

Exactly describes the condition of a hard or soft corn to which Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor has been applied. So quickly does Putnam's Extractor cure that its action seems magical. Try it.

Advertisement for THE NEW SILK STITCHED EVER-READY DRESS STAYS. MADE IN SATTEEN, RIBBON CLOTH (Novel and Attractive) AND SATIN. Thinner, Lighter and More Elastic than any other Dress Stay.

Pure Blood

Blood first of all; that is the starting point on the road to health. Without it Dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Scrofula, Ulcers and Abscesses thrive and increase in the human system. But with pure

Blood

circulating freely these diseases cannot long remain. There is nothing to keep them there—no impurities for them to feed on. Burdock Blood Bitters purifies the blood, and drives out all impurities, waste and effete matter more quickly and surely than any other remedy. If you want pure blood and good health take

Burdock Blood Bitters

HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Sick Headache

HERBINE BITTERS

Purifies the Blood

HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Indigestion

HERBINE BITTERS

The Ladies' Friend

HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Dyspepsia

HERBINE BITTERS

For Biliousness

Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to

WHAT VICTORIA READS.

The Queen's Literary Tastes, Described by Her Lectrices.

Now that the Queen of England, like her grandfather, George III., suffers from failing eyesight, two persons in her household have come to possess more and more importance. These are the "lectrices," or readers, employed by the nation to save what remains of her Majesty's vision. The last Lord Beaconsfield once humorously described the two lectrices as "the Queen's pair of spectacles." For many years Fraulein Bauer and Mile. Norele have held these places, the Queen only needing their services for German and French, as her English is read to her by her ladies in waiting or maids of honor.

Through the courtesy of the Queen's private secretary, a chat was recently obtained by the London Queen with both these ladies regarding the tastes of their mistress in literature. Mile. Norele, a sprightly and charming Frenchwoman, was easily enough induced to speak.

'Her Majesty, she declared, 'reads very little of the lighter side of our literature, unless, indeed, one excepts the various periodicals which are sent marked for perusal from the secretary's office. She is especially fond of the older authors works, Xavier de Maistre's, Victor Hugo's and portions of Balzac's, for instance. I think, that the story she likes best in all French literature is De Maistre's touching 'Leprux de la Cite d'Aoste.' I have read it to her times without number, the beautiful pathos of the tale appearing to soothe her in a remarkable manner.

'Of all the moderns, I really believe that her Majesty holds M. Alphonse Daudet alone admirable. She thinks his satire too too mordant, though, and prefers the delicious 'Lettres from My Mill in Provence' and 'Trente Aux de Paris' to the better known books. You will be, perhaps, astonished to learn that the Queen likes Henri Murger; and many a time have we laughed together over the graceless scamps of the 'Vie de Boheme.' Last year we read Fenelon's 'Telemque' from cover to cover. Her Majesty declared that the work brought back her life's happiest periods—her own childhood's days in Kensington Palace, and the days in which she taught her children their French.

'A very important branch of my work consists in reading the many letters received daily by the Queen from members of her family and intimate friends. Nearly all of these are either in German or French. Many of the Queen's juvenile descendants are accustomed to send her long weekly accounts—perfect diaries in fact—of their doings and opinions.

Fraulein Bauer was less communicative than her colleague. She comes of a family which has served the Queen's German ancestors in many capacities for generations back.

'The Queen,' she says, 'reads considerably in modern German literature. She is even fond of the humorous journals, and subscribes to all the principal magazines. Her German secretary, Herr Maurice Muther, carefully watches for all newspaper articles which may interest her, and sends them marked for reading. I think that Schiller is her Majesty's favorite poet but she is also very fond of Goethe, Heine she dislikes intensely. I have heard her quote the Prince Consort to the effect that 'Heine's genius had the phosphorescent light of decay.'

'She likes historical novels, particularly Laube's 'Der Deutsche Krieg,' and S-heffal's 'Ekkehard.' This taste for historical fiction, I believe, follows the Queen into other languages. She admires Walter Scott. Felix Dahn and Freytag are two more favorites.

'Reading her Majesty's voluminous German correspondence forms a very large portion of my duty.'

The Hon. Emily McNeill, who in her capacity of maid of honor to the Queen has read extensively to her Majesty in English, was kind enough to add a few words to those of the lectrices. 'The Queen's tastes in English literature,' she said are catholic. She reads almost every new book which is described to her as possessing real merit. For years the Queen took Lord Beaconsfield's opinion largely on the subject, but since the great Premier's death her advisers are many.

'The Queen is never tired of re-reading Shakespeare, Scott, and Dickens. Recently she has shown a sympathetic feeling for Milton, and has been perusing the blind poet's works. Lord Tennyson is, however, her favorite. There is an utterly erroneous opinion abroad that she greatly dislikes Mr. Swinburne. On the contrary, she has a remarkable liking for 'Atlantis' in Calydon and others of Swinburne's poems. Of late she has been reading Mr. Kipling and expresses admiration for his vigor and keen insight into human nature. She told a friend that Kipling had shown her empire to her in the most realistic manner.

'With her fondness for historical fiction, she evinces much interest in the new school of historical fiction. The Celtic Romance also attracts her, for she sympathizes with the Gael to a remarkable extent, and is prouder, I verily believe, of her kinship to the Scots than of her descent from the Guelfs.'

Advertisement for Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee. Almost with reverence does the grocer's boy regard Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee.

Often has he been admonished to bring only Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand, he now realizes that it stands in a class by itself.

The best people to whose houses he is sent demand this brand.

No matter what he may forget, no matter what he may bring wrong, he never makes a mistake in bringing another kind of coffee when Seal Brand is ordered.

All grocers sell it, in pound and two-pound tin cans.

SCIENTIFIC DRESS CUTTING.

Dressmaking and Millinery taught thoroughly at our Academy or by mail. First class certificates granted to pupils when proficient enabling them to obtain good situations or start in business for themselves. Shorter courses also taught in cutting and fitting for home use. Terms moderate.

For further information address: National Dress Cutting Academy, 88 St. Denis St., Montreal

Advertisement for Give the Baby a Chance with Martin's Cardinal Food. The only food that will build up a weak constitution ally but surely is Martin's Cardinal Food.

Advertisement for BENSON'S PLASTER. applied over the seat of pain cures the pain whatever its character may be—curing the ailment whether Pneumonia, Pleurisy, Bronchitis, Grippe, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Muscular Rheumatism, Backache, Kidney or Joint Inflammations, Sprains, etc.

Advertisement for WESTON'S IMPROVED PINK TONIC PILLS. To introduce Dr. Weston's Improved Pink Tonic Pills for making blood, for pale people, female weakness, liver and kidney disease, nervous prostration, etc., we give FREE a 14c. gold-plated watch, Ladies or Gents, nicely engraved, reliable time-keeper, warranted 5 years. Fill up box, per box, 50c for 3 boxes. Send this amount and you receive 3 boxes and the watch, or write for particulars. This is a genuine offer. THE DR. WESTON PILL CO., 36 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Advertisement for TEABERRY THE TEETH. IT RESTORES THE NATURAL WHITENESS. CLEANSING-HARMLESS AT ALL DRUGGISTS—25c. PER BOX.

Almost with reverence does the grocer's boy regard Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee.

Scientific Dress Cutting. The only food that will build up a weak constitution gradually but surely is Martin's Cardinal Food.

Martin's Cardinal Food. The only food that will build up a weak constitution gradually but surely is Martin's Cardinal Food.

Watson's Plaster. The only Porous Plaster of Positive Medicinal Virtue.

Watch. The only Porous Plaster of Positive Medicinal Virtue.

Tea Berry Teeth. The only Porous Plaster of Positive Medicinal Virtue.

True Love Though Given in Vain. Have you seen the blue of the garden flower? Death the Ladies' Garter alike?

ANGEL FOOD.

Farmer Love's wife had just finished washing the dishes when a neighbor came in. 'Why, I do declare, it's Sally Rice,' said Mrs. Love.

Cancers AND Tumors. Sapping your strength, sending their tendrils here and there through your body, sucking up your life's blood.

THE DEMOND OF DYSPESPIA. Banished For Ever by Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. Snow cannot withstand the heat of the midsummer sun.

APPARENTLY A HOPELESS CASE. A Kincardine Banker who Suffered Distressingly from Indigestion—Apparently a Hopeless Case of Stomach Trouble.

THE BREAD-FRUIT TREE. Something About This Strange and Useful Plant. The bread-fruit tree is a native of Southern Asia, the Pacific Islands and the Archipelago.

Are you a Public Speaker? If you cannot find anywhere a preparation to equal DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LIMESEED AND TURPENTINE.

Carter's Little Liver Pills. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating.

10 YEARS A SUFFERER. From Kidney Disease—Gravel and Stricture—An Absolute Cure Found in South American Kidney Cure—A Remedy that Never Fails in the most Distressing Cases.

A BALLOON FOR AN ENGINE. It is a new and novel device to prevent all Accidents. A railroad upon which the motive power is supplied by a balloon will certainly be a novelty.

THE BREAD-FRUIT TREE. Something About This Strange and Useful Plant. The bread-fruit tree is a native of Southern Asia, the Pacific Islands and the Archipelago.

Are you a Public Speaker? If you cannot find anywhere a preparation to equal DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LIMESEED AND TURPENTINE.

Carter's Little Liver Pills. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating.

A Rural Philosopher.
I sometimes shut my eyes for death; he is silent as the grave.
But if I keep thinking of him, I just couldn't work no more!

MARRIED OR NOT?

Amy made a most bewitching picture as she stood before the kitchen table, with sleeves rolled up above her dimpled white elbows, and an immense pinafore (I think that what they call them) fastened over her pretty pink dress.

'Well, let me see you demonstrate that you can beat these eggs. Perhaps you'd better have an apron on!'
'Perhaps I had.'
'Here's one of my clean ones—but it won't go half way round.'

In the big Oriental restaurant, where covers were laid for 100 Chinamen, elaborate preparations had been made and the ivory chopsticks, which are only brought out on state occasions, were beside each plate.

Wong Ling Ah left his home on Oxford street a little before 5 o'clock. He was accompanied by his brother, and they were dressed alike. Both wore loose coats of dark red, which came in about the knees. Under this were skirts of blue, and white stockings, full at the knees. The hats were of black silk, of the shape you see on tea tea caddies, the crown being of red.

Some of the Chinamen tried to steal the fan, and when they succeeded the bride had to give a souvenir before she got it back. The presents were numerous and costly, in all that stereotyped phrase implies. Mrs. Wong Ling Ah showed them to her friends.

It is part of a doctor's duty to keep up the spirits of his patient, since hopefulness is often the best of medicine, but the Cincinnati Enquirer cites a case in which encouragement was carried almost too far.

When a girl tells you that she can't sing don't try to coax her, but let it go at that.

TRURO, Nov. 22, to the wife of W. C. Kelly, a son.
TRURO, Nov. 25, to the wife of George L. Fisher, a son.
CANAAN, Nov. 25, to the wife of Wright Bishop, a son.

South Boston, Nov. 22, to the wife of James Hird, a daughter.
St. John, Nov. 22, to the wife of John Atkins, a daughter.
Newburyport, Nov. 22, to the wife of John Richards, a daughter.

MARRIED.

HALIFAX, Nov. 30, by Rev. F. E. Soares, Simon Coolen to Lottie Cole.
AMHERST, Dec. 2, by Rev. J. H. McDonald, Wm. Skale to Rita Fillmore.
HALIFAX, Nov. 17, by Rev. Wm. Ainley, Charles E. Verge to Emma Gage.

DIED.

PICOU, Oct. 26, Mary McKay.
ST. JOHN, Dec. 5, Clara G. Jones.
AMHERST, Nov. 23, Torry Best, 86.
ST. JOHN, Dec. 6, Mary A. Tierney.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after Nov. 1st, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:
Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted)
Lvs. Halifax 6.30 a.m., ar. Yarmouth 12.50 p.m.
Lvs. Yarmouth 1.00 p.m., ar. Halifax 8.30 p.m.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

On and after Monday, the 4th Oct., 1897, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:
TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN
Express for Campbellton, Pictou, Ficton and Halifax.....7.40

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

The Short Line
Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, etc.

Fast Express train, leaves St. John, week days at 10 p.m., for and arriving in Sherbrooke 5.30 a.m. Montreal 10.45 a.m. Montreal 9.00 a.m. making close connections with train for Toronto, Ottawa and all points West and North West, and the Pacific Coast.

STEAMBOATS.

The Yarmouth Steamship Co.

For Boston and Halifax, Via Yarmouth.
The Shortest and Best Route between Nova Scotia and the United States. The Quickest Time, 15 to 17 Hours, between Yarmouth and Boston.

BOSTON

COMMENCING Oct. 26th, one of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth for Boston every WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, and after arrival of the Express train from Halifax.
Returning, leave Lewis wharf, Boston, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY at 12 noon, making close connections at Yarmouth with the Yarmouth and Coast Railway to all points in Eastern Nova Scotia.